

FOR YOUR DREAMS

by

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*"We're all just a bunch of sinners,
but we do the best we can."
- Dolly Parton*

EXT. DIRT ROAD, TEXAS - DAY

The stark Texas countryside; barren, flat, unforgiving, and scattered with sparse vegetation. This isn't where living things flourish, it's where they hope to survive.

A battered old Ford F-150 hauls ass. It's a faithful old mutt of a truck, dented, dusty, and being driven with some skill as it drifts around bends and scrabbles for grip.

Behind the wheel is SAVANNAH JOHNSON (mid-20s), introverted and difficult but tough as a coffin nail, with a dog tag hanging around her neck and her eyes fixed on the horizon.

Beside her, sits her sister GINGER JOHNSON (early-20s), hotter than deep-fried apple pie and twice as sweet, sipping from a beer can and nodding to music blasting from the radio.

Ginger raises the beer out of her window and howls with delight as Savannah wrestles the wheel and threads the truck down the path. These girls ride fast and love to get dirty.

Up ahead, a wrecked car lies upturned in a ditch, steam hissing from the radiator and two shady-looking GUYS in the road waving for the girls to stop.

GINGER
(innocently)
Huh!

SAVANNAH
(skeptically)
Huh!

Savannah hits the brakes. The truck locks up and eventually skids to a halt, with the hood nearly touching them.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Y'all okay?

GUY #1
Been better.

GINGER
What happened?

GUY #2
Armadillo.

Savannah winces at the wrecked car.

SAVANNAH
What the hell was it drivin'?

GINGER
You need a ride to a doctor?

GUY #1
We'd be much obliged.

Savannah warily looks at Ginger.

GINGER
They seem nice.

Savannah studies the Guys and nods to the pickup bed.

GUY #2
Thankin' you, ladies!

They grab a bag and hop in. Savannah slams the pickup in gear and floors it, kicking up rooster tails.

INT. PICKUP - MOVING - DAY

Ginger turns the music up and smacks the outside of her door like she's riding a wild stallion. Savannah keeps the pedal to the metal, growing amused at Ginger's excitement.

The Guys cling on as the pickup tears along. Ginger squeals excitedly. Savannah cuts the wheel hard.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The pickup slews onto a road, accidentally cutting up a police cruiser and scattering dirt across its hood. The lights come on, and the siren wails.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

The Sisters look back, alarmed. The cruiser's grill looms, headlamps flashing through the dust.

GINGER
Oh shit! That's-

SAVANNAH
-Sheriff Goldberg. It's always
Sheriff Goldberg.

Savannah eases off. The Guys lob the bag into the cab.

GUY #1
Hide it! Hide the bag!

GINGER

Why?

GUY #1

Just hide the bag!

The Sisters look at each other shocked. Ginger unzips the bag to see wrapped bags of meth. The siren screams. The Guys pound the cab roof. Savannah floors it. The engine roars.

SAVANNAH

Oh they seem real nice, Ginger!
Real nice! Did I ever tell you,
you're a terrible judge of
character?

GINGER

I guess that's why I choose to hang
around with you.

EXT. TEXAS COUNTRYSIDE - CAR CHASE - DAY

The pickup dives into a field and takes a shortcut. The cruiser sticks to the road and races to cut it off.

SAVANNAH

You gotta hide that stuff, baby!

Ginger tries to cram the bag under her seat.

GINGER

I can't!

She pops back up. Savannah shields her with her arm.

SAVANNAH

Hold on!

The pickup leaps over the road and skims by the cruiser.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

It's their bag, give it 'em back!

Ginger turns to find the Guys leaping out of the pickup bed and tumbling along the ground.

GINGER

Seems it's our bag now!

Savannah shakes her head and cuts the wheel. The pickup scrabbles into woodland, and the cruiser follows. They squirrel through trees, kicking up leaves.

The Sisters sway side to side. A branch glances by Ginger.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Woah! Watch the trees!

SAVANNAH
I'm not gonna hit a damn tree!

SMACK! Ginger gawks at the sheered side mirror fixing.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Okay, that might have been settin'
the bar a little high!

The pickup races back onto a dirt road, and Savannah edges it over till it's brushing along the bushes.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Quick! Throw it out the window!

Ginger hurls the bag out. It catches between the pickup and the bushes, tears open, and scatters baggies of meth into the bed. She stares into the bed, shocked.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Is it gone?

GINGER
Some of it!

Savannah looks back into the bed and winces. The cruiser closes in fast and--

BANG! The Sisters jolt. Savannah pushes her foot to the board and spots something. The pickup cuts down a track, and the cruiser swerves after.

A *ROAD CLOSED* sign crashes off the pickup's hood.

GINGER (CONT'D)
I hate to tell you this, but I'm
pretty sure the bridge ain't
finished!

SAVANNAH
I ain't finished!

The pickup gathers speed. The cruiser tails behind. Ginger goes wide-eyed. Dirt bridge foundations ahead.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
I saw this on TV! Hold on!

A murky creek churns as the pickup closes in. The Sisters clench her eyes shut, and--

The pickup ramps the dirt, soaring through the air, drawing a long dust cloud through the sky.

The cruiser skids to a halt. The pickup's flight stalls. It plummets, nose first. The Sisters brace themselves as they free-fall toward a wall of water and--

SPLASH! The pickup nose dives into the creek and a huge plume of water rains down.

The cruiser's lights go out, and the siren falls silent. Out climbs SHERIFF GOLDBERG (40s). His DEPUTY follows him.

The pickup sits washed up on the bank as Goldberg strolls over and peers in unimpressed to find--

Ginger thrown behind the wheel alone, soaked through, the open beer still in her hand.

He looks down. Baggies of meth bob around in a pool of water by her feet.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

You goddamn country chicks just
never know when to let up, do you?

Ginger raises her beer and tries to look innocent.

EXT. WOODLAND - CONTINUOUS

A stream carries Savannah among shadowy trunks. She gasps for air, struggles her way out, and scans upstream to see Goldberg pushing Ginger into his cruiser and driving away.

Savannah looks into the dark forest behind her and--

She dashes in, batting away clawing branches and leaping fallen trunks.

The cruiser drones down a road. Savannah bursts out behind, sprints across the asphalt, and dives into more woodland.

She tumbles down a bank, gathers herself up, and battles on. She slaloms between trees, water flinging from her clothes.

EXT. WOODLAND - MINUTES LATER

Savannah stumbles, exhausted, and throws herself against a trunk. She creases in pain and tries to catch her breath.

She stares hopelessly at a sleepy town in the distance.

EXT. FIELDS - MOMENTS LATER

Savannah's silhouette sprints against the sky. Sweat trickles down her dirt-smearred face.

Dilapidated houses lie at the bottom of a field of long grass. She wades through, headed toward the most ruined.

EXT. JOHNSON HOUSE - BACK YARD

The neglected structure buckled and sun-bleached paint blistered. The yard dead grass over dry dirt. Savannah runs inside and slams the tattered back door.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - LATER - DAY

A proud Courthouse dominates the town square. Savannah runs to the entrance, her clothes changed and hair damp.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

She timidly approaches the imposing oak courtroom doors. After catching her breath a little, she swings them open, and her face sinks.

ATTENDEES packing up. Ginger being led away in cuffs.

SAVANNAH
(not quite under breath)
Shit!

A few Attendees shoot her a disproving glance.

Savannah spots NANCY JOHNSON (40s), a woman blessed with good looks but battle-scarred by adulthood.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
What's happened?

Nancy hurries by, refusing to acknowledge Savannah.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Mom?

Goldberg creeps over with a devious grin across his face.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG
Savannah Johnson. Now, do I really
need to ask about your whereabouts
over the past hour?

SAVANNAH
(long beat)
I was washin' my hair.

He reaches toward her hair and plucks out pondweed.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG
You need another rinse. Shame about
Ginger, left hung out to dry by her
compadres like that.

He waits for a confession. She holds her silence.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG (CONT'D)
I guess sometimes one's tasked with
bearing the burden of others,
whether they choose to or not.

He flicks the pond weed at her and leaves. The doors crash
shut. She stands lost and alone, fondling her dog tag.

EXT. CREEK - EVENING

The creek a tranquil trickle against bird-song. Savannah digs
the pickup out of the bank. She's strong for her size.

She takes a moment to rest and glances around to spy a sleek
black Ford Raptor pickup truck parked in the distance.

It starts up and glides away.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen unkempt. Savannah washes dishes as Nancy dries.

NANCY
A mother shouldn't be torn from her
daughter, not like this.

SAVANNAH
Like I told you already. I'll take
care of it.

Nancy scoffs to herself.

NANCY

You've done enough damage as it is.
You're lucky she ain't broken a
leg. A dancer can't dance with a
busted leg, Savannah.

Savannah scrubs plates hard.

NANCY (CONT'D)

And be careful with those. They
were your grandma's.

Savannah scrubs harder.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Besides, justice don't come cheap.

SAVANNAH

I told you. I'm gonna sort it out.

NANCY

Yeah? You gotta secret Swiss bank
account you're hidin' from me?

Savannah keeps her mouth shut.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Sorry for thinkin' we shared things
in this household. You enjoy your
little power trip. We'll just keep
beggin' to you when we need things.
(childishly)

Please Savannah, can we have some
money for some food? Please
Savannah, can we have some money to
pay the telephone bill? Please
Savannah, can we have some money to
put fuel in the truck?

Savannah stares at Nancy like she's about to explode.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You know what I think? I think
family should help family.

Savannah holds a plate up to Nancy.

SAVANNAH

Then stay the hell out my way.

She lets it fall. SMASH!

Nancy covers her mouth, shocked as Savannah storms out,
slamming the door behind her.

INT. COUNTRY TAVERN - LATER - NIGHT

Country music croons. CUSTOMERS relax in booths. The BAR OWNER and an OLD BAR FLY chat and laugh.

SCREECH! They glance out a window.

Savannah getting out of her pickup. She marches inside, glides behind the bar, and sweeps up an empty glass.

SAVANNAH

Ya'll runnin' on empty already?
Look who's just in time once again
to save the day.

She pulls a fresh one, her scowl fading as the beer flows.

BAR OWNER

Ummm... I hate to tell you, but
you're an hour early.

SAVANNAH

Then I guess that means your first
hour's on me.

She grabs a bottle and reaches into her pocket.

BAR OWNER

Hey! That one's on the house.

She smiles appreciatively and broods as she drinks.

BAR OWNER (CONT'D)

Sav, no offense intended, but right
now, you look like a bloodhound
lickin' piss off a thistle.

SAVANNAH

It's just family is all.

OLD BAR FLY

You're gonna have to be more
specific than that, Savannah honey,
family is why we're all here.

They laugh.

BAR OWNER

We heard what happened. That
Goldberg's as rotten as a promise
from a politician.

OLD BAR FLY

Guy's a total jackass. Got me on a broken tail light once. Next thing I know, I'm cuffed, stuffed, and headed to the sheriff's office with him holdin' me up on reckless drivin', a broken tail light, and abusin' an officer. Some more bullshit I can't even remember.

SAVANNAH

Yeah, I heard about that. Did you abuse him, though? Be honest.

OLD BAR FLY

Not as much as I'd have liked to!

They all laugh. The Bar Owner looks at Savannah seriously.

BAR OWNER

You gotta fight it, Sav. Law and justice are two different things in a town like this, and that local prison's turning into a workhouse.

She knows he's right but puts on a brave face.

SAVANNAH

So, either of you reprobates happen to know a good lawyer?

OLD BAR FLY

If I'm to assume by "good" you mean "cheap", there's that Ken Misner folk are talking about.

He points to the notice board. Savannah crosses over and peers up at a business card. *KEN MISNER, BANKRUPTCIES, EVICTIONS, IRS. ONE HOUR FREE CONSULTATION!!!*

OLD BAR FLY (CONT'D)

Greasier than a pot of Vaseline they say, and just as slippery.

She squints. *BAIL BONDS!* Added in pen. She takes it and returns behind the bar.

SAVANNAH

Greasy or not, right now, I'll take whatever help I can get.

She consumes herself with work and spots something outside. The Black Raptor towering over her pickup.

INT. COUNTRY TAVERN - LATER - NIGHT

With customers now gone, Savannah thoroughly cleans the bar, motioning around the Bar Owner who's passed out over it.

She checks out the window. The Black Raptor is still there. She goes to check the optics. Click. She snaps around.

In swaggers COLT ROBINSON(30s), overly groomed but attractive enough to justify it. Cowboy chic from his suit to his boots. He clutches his belt and chews his tongue as he gazes around nonchalantly.

SAVANNAH

Ummm, sir. I'm sorry. We're closed.

He lights up a cigarette, ignoring her.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

And customers can't smoke in here.

He strolls around the tavern, admiring the serene paintings.

COLT

Well, honey, I ain't a customer.
So, how 'bout that? In fact, right now, what I might just be, is your goddamn guardian angel.

Her hand moves to a baseball bat behind the bar. Colt shoots her a confident, menacing grin.

COLT (CONT'D)

Now I bet you're just rattling your brain, tryin' to work out why you ain't been arrested for your hijinks earlier today. Well, I got two battered and bruised employees of mine telling the cops you definitely did not take them for a little hayride.

She remains silent.

COLT (CONT'D)

I'm going to assume that silence is your way of sayin', thank you. And you're welcome. I am indeed quite the Good Samaritan. So, in return, what you gonna do for me?

He eases into a booth.

COLT (CONT'D)
How about you join me in my office?
Don't worry. I don't bite.

She tentatively leaves the baseball bat and takes a seat opposite him.

COLT (CONT'D)
You know who I am?

SAVANNAH
You're Colt Robinson. The guy with
the infomercials.

COLT
(performing, pointing)
Robinson Cars! I'm here to get you
on the road!

He turns dark.

COLT (CONT'D)
Just one of my many entrepreneurial
aspirations. Anyways, I thrown you
a favor and it sure would be rude
not to toss one back.

SAVANNAH
I never asked for any favor.

COLT
That's a good point, but the fact
is, I'm the unfortunate soul who
lost out most during the shindig
this morning. So, I'm simply here
to collect fair compensation for my
losses today and leave.

He takes out a notepad, scribbles on it, and slides it over.
She takes a look at it and scoffs.

SAVANNAH
You think I'd be workin' here if I
had that kind of money?

COLT
Well, if that's the case, it seems
we've reached an uncomfortable
impasse. You any good behind the
wheel?

FLASHBACK: The pickup ramping the unfinished bridge.

SAVANNAH
(sarcastically)
I drive like a girl.

COLT
This is how it's gonna go down; you
fix what you broke. You become my
delivery driver.

SAVANNAH
I don't want anythin' to do with no
drugs, especially meth.

COLT
You serve alcohol for a livin',
honey. Technically, I'm offerin'
you a much needed promotion.

Savannah stares defiantly as he tries to get a read on her.

COLT (CONT'D)
You know what? I just realized I'm
talkin' to the wrong sister. I
always fancied expandin' into the
penitentiary system anyways.

He snatches back the note and goes to leave.

SAVANNAH
No wait!

He pauses and looks back.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
I do one job, ONE, and that makes
us even.

COLT
(long beat)
Come by the dealership in the
mornin', first thing. I'd hate to
have to visit again. Place like
this gives a man a bad impression.

He stubs his cigarette out on the table and leaves.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

The back door creeps open. Savannah peers in to find plate
fragments still scattered across the floor.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A liquor bottle weeps onto the carpet beside an empty glass. Savannah turns the TV off.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

She peers into her bedroom, and her face sinks. The mattress askew, cupboards and drawers open, clothes, books, and CDs everywhere. She detects faint crying from another room.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Savannah enters and stares down at Nancy slumped against the bath, crying in hysterics and clearly drunk out of her mind.

NANCY

Where is it, Savannah? I know you've been hoardin' it all.

SAVANNAH

Come to bed.

NANCY

Stay away from me!

Nancy lashes out at Savannah and scratches her hand as she fumbles up to her feet. Savannah warily backs away.

NANCY (CONT'D)

How could I have created such a selfish, horrid, greedy child?

SAVANNAH

Don't you see? I'm protectin' us!

NANCY

You should be ashamed of yourself, I'm ashamed of you! Your father was ashamed of you!

Savannah grabs Nancy's arms to hold her back.

SAVANNAH

Stop sayin' that! That's not true!

NANCY

DON'T TOUCH ME!

Nancy shoves hard. Savannah tumbles backward into the bath.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Protecting us? Just look at you.
You can't even protect yourself.

Nancy sneers at Savannah rubbing her head, and leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Savannah limps out the bathroom and pauses to study something. A homemade GINGER sign on a door, old, tattered, and decorated with a collage of dancers cut from magazine pages along with images of Vegas. Savannah strokes it fondly.

INT. SAVANNAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Savannah trudges in and searches through her belongings on the floor. She picks up an old framed picture, crashes onto her bed, and gazes at it.

A proud man smiles back in US Army medic fatigues.

She clutches her dog tag, clenches her eyes shut, and everything comes flooding out. She breaks down and howls into a pillow, her whole body shaking.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT

A hand taps Savannah's bedroom door. A young Savannah opens it to see her father, JAMIE JOHNSON (40s), standing in the darkness with a finger to his lips and concern on his face.

He holds up his palm. She remains silent. He raises his fingers to his eyes and points to the stairs. She nods.

A disturbance downstairs. Her eyes bulge. He draws his hand across his throat deadly serious. She nods back, equally serious. She looks across the landing to see Nancy, far from the drunk she is now, staring back worried from a doorway.

Jamie taps Ginger's door. Nothing. He sighs and enters. Savannah and Nancy wait. Jamie ushers out a very sleepy and confused Ginger dressed as a ballerina.

Another disturbance downstairs. Ginger goes to gasp. Jamie covers her mouth and guides her to Nancy. Savannah emerges from her bedroom clutching a baseball bat.

She crosses the landing to Ginger and Nancy and joins them in her parent's bedroom. Jamie draws out a Beretta M9A1 service revolver and stares back at Savannah. They share a nod, and she eases the door shut.

INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy and Ginger cower. Savannah stands on point with the bat. The pensive silence drags until--

A crash from downstairs. They wait worried. Their eyes darting around concerned. Nothing. Savannah approaches the door. Nancy tries to pull her back, but she slips free.

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Savannah creeps down the stairs and peers down the moonlit hallway. A CROOK towers ahead, his bulky back to her.

Jamie stands by the front door, blocking the Crook's escape, his pistol raised.

They stare deadlocked, an old clock ticking next to them, a games console under one of the Crook's arms, a small revolver hanging from his free hand.

Savannah proceeds carefully and raises the bat, ready to strike.

Jamie stares into the eyes of the Crook, masking his rising concern that Savannah could get hurt.

JAMIE

Don't take another step.

Savannah keeps approaching. Jamie fights to keep his focus on the Crook and not give away she's there.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You don't know when you're beat.
Put that down, and let's end this
without anyone gettin' hurt.

Savannah closes in, grips the bat tight, and grits her teeth. Jamie's eyes twitch to her. The Crook spots it and--

He snaps around, drops the console, and snatches Savannah into his grasp. She screams and tries to wrestle free.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey! Easy! Easy!

Savannah struggles until she weakens. Jamie stares down his gun sights at the Crook, trying to stay calm.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Listen, you win, okay? Take
whatever you want. Just let her go.

Savannah shakes her head, upset. The Crook raises the pistol to her and clicks back the hammer.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I can't back off while you have my
daughter in your arms. You know
damn well I can't do that.

Savannah continues to writhe. Jamie firms up his aim.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Back off, baby. He's got us.

Savannah writhes even harder and pulls herself free. Jamie goes to shoot. Savannah swings the bat hard at the Crook--

SMACK! She swings too wide, knocking the gun out of Jamie's hand. It hits the wood floor and slides under a couch.

Savannah stares down the barrel of the Crook's pistol, into his menacing eyes. Jamie shoves her to one side and--

BANG! She slowly opens her eyes, trembling. Jamie thuds to the floor as the Crook flees. She looks back to her father.

Jamie clutches his bleeding chest, blood soaking into his nightshirt fast. Savannah pours over him, filled with regret, trying to help him stem the bleeding.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Look at me. You're my little
fighter, okay? Ain't nothin' about
that you need to ever apologize
for. This ain't your fault.
Remember that. This ain't your
fault. You stand tall now and
protect what loves you back. You
promise me that, okay?

She nods in tears. He proudly strokes her hair, knowing he's about to go.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
You promise it to me now.

SAVANNAH
 (choking up)
 I'll stand tall and protect what
 loves me back.

He smiles proudly and clutches her hand as he passes. She shakes, howls, and breaks down into tears.

Ginger runs downstairs, chased by Nancy. She stops, horrified, and clutches her mother screaming.

Savannah stares at Ginger sobbing, riddled with guilt.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. SAVANNAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Savannah jolts awake, still clothed in the fetal position. She thinks for a few moments and hurries out of bed.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Savannah peers warily into Nancy's room to find her snoring face down on her bed.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Savannah removes a panel on the bath, slides out a black bag, and unzips it, revealing bundles of grubby old bills.

INT. JAILHOUSE - VISITORS ROOM - DAY

Ginger sits disheveled behind dirty security glass.

SAVANNAH
 Jeeze, you get beat up already?

GINGER
 You should see the other girl. She fights like you. How's Mom?

SAVANNAH
 (sarcastically)
 The usual. We've been discussin' who gets your room.

Ginger tries to laugh, but her worry breaks through her tough facade. She fights breaking down into tears as Savannah leans in with a deadly serious stare.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

I got a plan, and I got the money.

GINGER

Don't! You'll lose everythin' you got. I can handle this.

SAVANNAH

Baby, what have you wanted to do all your life?

GINGER

Dance. You know that. Can be round a chrome pole in a rat hole for all I care. I just want to dance.

SAVANNAH

Then keep practicing and let me handle it.

INT. PICKUP - MOVING - DAY

Savannah pulls up at an intersection. The pickup stalls. She cranks to no avail and smacks the steering wheel. She sighs and sits back, thinking.

INT. ROBINSON'S CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY

A pristine white showroom. A beat thumps from the open doors of gleaming new cars, their stereos blasting in union.

Sitting slouched in one of the cars is JESSIE TORREZ (20s), her hair and punkish attire so radical she could be strutting down a catwalk or begging on a sidewalk.

She slips a pill into her mouth and closes her eyes. Brochures in racks tremble in time to the bassline.

She gets out and dances, her moves crazy, somewhere between crumping and convulsing. She snaps around to find Savannah standing in the entrance.

Jessie dabs her smartphone. The music cuts.

JESSIE

Don't tell me. You're lookin' for Colt?

Savannah timidly nods.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

COLT, YOUR REDNECK'S HERE!

INT. ROBINSON'S CARS - WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Air tools zip over a background of rock music. MECHANICS stare at Savannah as Colt leads her by cars up on racks.

COLT

The key to any business is a modus operandi. Drug business no exception. You got any idea what a modus operandi is?

SAVANNAH

Somethin' all serial killers have?

COLT

Funny. A method of operation. There's three ways you get yourself caught in this line of work; association with the product, association with the network, or association with the money.

Her eyes land on breaker bars, hammers, and clamps.

COLT (CONT'D)

So I stay my ass away from all three. I don't touch the drugs, I stay out of the deals, and I put all the income back into my empire.

She flinches as a Mechanic fires up a cutting torch.

COLT (CONT'D)

Hell, I don't even talk on the phone to arrange a meetin'. I just set the criteria, and it happens like clockwork.

He clicks his fingers. The Mechanic opens an oil barrel and retrieves a big bag of meth hidden inside.

COLT (CONT'D)

That makes me a supernatural entity to the law, honey. They call me El Muerto. You are talkin' to a literal livin' legend.

SAVANNAH

So you think you're Elvis?

Colt stops, strikes a pose, and shoots her a smile.

COLT

Oh, I got 'em all shook up.

EXT. ROBINSON'S CARS - BACKLOT - CONTINUOUS

Colt leads Savannah out the garage doors to the vast concrete lot filled with cars.

COLT

Dallas. You drop off a package. You collect a package. Simple as that. Now, where's your ride?

She crosses to her wreck of pickup.

COLT (CONT'D)

What's the mileage on that thing?

SAVANNAH

(sarcastically)
She's barely run in.

COLT

Run in? She looks like she was run over.

SAVANNAH

That's all I got.

She covets her pickup and clutches the remaining side mirror, which comes off in her hand. He thinks for a moment.

COLT

How about I let you take somethin' reliable? Take a look around. Pick anythin' you fancy. This is all just small potatoes to me.

He presents his lineup of prestige SUVs, luxury sedans, and high-spec convertibles.

She scans across them and eyes a brand new Ford Mustang Shelby GT500 at the end of the line, its grill like a gaping mouth and headlights like snake's eyes.

SAVANNAH

The 'Stang fast?

COLT

Oh, she's got the muscle to hustle, honey. Have you?

SAVANNAH

I can work with it.

He lights up a cigarette, amused.

COLT
Country chicks. Nothin' you girls
like more than firearms, fist
fights, and fast fuckin' cars.

EXT. CRUMMY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

One of Misner's business cards taped to a tattered door.
Savannah studies it and enters.

INT. CRUMMY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

KEN MISNER (30s), sits reclined at an untidy desk with a
phone to his ear. He ushers Savannah to take a seat. She
perches and scans around a war zone of paperwork.

MISNER
(into phone)
He can't claim they planted it on
him. No. No way. C'mon, he must
have known about it. Why? WHY?
Because they found it up his ass,
Edna, that's why! Damn!

He slams down the phone, grins deviously, and points at her.

MISNER (CONT'D)
Savannah Johnson.

She's surprised he knows her name. He crosses to a drinks
cabinet and tops up a glass.

SAVANNAH
We met already?

MISNER
Nah but charges like your sister's
get attention in this line of work.

Misner returns to his desk, and references a pad of paper
with some chicken scratch.

MISNER (CONT'D)
Let's see; "possession with intent
to sell", "drivin' under the
influence", "unlawful drivin' in a
river" - that one's original -
Legally damnin'... but original.

SAVANNAH
Your business card says you do a
free one-hour consultation?

MISNER

Hey, you want a lawyer with balls
between his legs, I'm your man.

He clutches his crotch and slumps back into his chair.

MISNER (CONT'D)

But your sister's case, unwinnable.
Simple as that, I'm afraid.

(beat)

So, what you want to talk about for
the next fifty-nine minutes?

He's cocksure, but she's not here to take no for an answer.
She picks up her bag and empties the cash onto his desk.

SAVANNAH

That's everything I got. Things
still look that simple?

He stares at the money, impressed, and raises his drink.

COLT

Holy shit, sweetheart! You know
what you just did? You just bought
yourself one hell of a wildcard.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Nancy peers into the kitchen worried and listens to
clattering coming from the garage. She snatches a knife from
the counter and heads toward the noise.

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Nancy creeps through the door and sighs, relieved. Savannah
and the Mustang inside. Savannah slams the trunk shut.

NANCY

That looks expensive.

SAVANNAH

Sorry I broke your plate.

Savannah gets into the Mustang and fires it up.

NANCY

Where you goin'?

SAVANNAH

To protect what's always loved me
back.

Savannah pulls away. Nancy dashes out after her.

EXT. JOHNSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The Mustang growls away down the street. Nancy shakes her head, disappointed. She looks back into the garage to find a bundle of bills left for her on a workbench.

INT. ROBINSON'S CARS SHOWROOM - DAY

Colt buffs a car with his sleeve as Jessie paints her nails with car touch-up paints. She compares them to the forecourt lineup and notices a gap.

JESSIE

Hey, you sold the Mustang?

COLT

Redneck took it to make the drop.

JESSIE

You let her take a Shelby? I hope you threw in a big pair of cojones to go with it.

COLT

What can I say? She likes fast cars. I like fast women.

JESSIE

(flirtatiously)

Well, you should have learned by now, that's a dangerous combination.

COLT

But that's why I like it so much.

Colt crosses over and kisses her.

COLT (CONT'D)

Anyhoo, just think about what she'll be bringin' back.

Jesse grins and passionately kisses him back. They borderline start banging one another there in the showroom.

EXT. JAILHOUSE - DAY

The Mustang engine glugs while Savannah waits inside.

Ginger walks out the Jailhouse searching. HONK! Savannah waves. Ginger trots over, intrigued.

GINGER

What's this ride with my sister inside?

SAVANNAH

Get in, baby. It's a long story.

Ginger gets in and they hug tight.

GINGER

Savannah, I never want to leave your side again, ever.

SAVANNAH

I might have to hold you to that.

WHOO WHOO! They snap around to see Goldberg's cruiser pulling up. He gets out and crosses to Savannah's window.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

Lovely day, ladies. You smell that fresh air? That's the smell of freedom. Smells good, don't it?

(admiring Mustang)

Now, this is quite the machine! Woo-wee! Look at that! Oh, this, now this, this is a race car. Look at that there racing stripe. Race car! Now, why would someone pick their sister up on bail in somethin' like this? Hmmm, now that is a quandary? Hey, here's a thought. Some people would say, not me, I'm always impartial. Some people would say, someone pickin' up their sister on bail in a race car, might be plannin' on makin' a run for it. Now, how 'bout that? What's your thoughts on that theory?

SAVANNAH

There's a hole in your logic.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

Oh, is that right now? Please do go on and educate my simple mind.

SAVANNAH

Well, if anyone needed to outrun you, why the hell would they need a car like this?

(MORE)

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

I mean, why wouldn't they just use
a tractor or a push bike or
somethin' like that?

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

Big words from a pretty little
mouth, sugar. Pop the trunk.

Savannah gets out, crosses to the back of the Mustang, and opens the trunk to reveal clothes, an Army medic rucksack, and four large ominous black bags.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG (CONT'D)

Oh, going on vacation I see!

He grabs a black bag, opens it, and finds the meth.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG (CONT'D)

Well, how 'bout that?

He spins Savannah around and cuffs her. She gasps in pain.

GINGER

What you doin' to her?

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

Shut your mouth, or you're next!

Goldberg turns Savannah back, facing him, and grins.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG (CONT'D)

I hope you got a damn good lawyer.

SAVANNAH

Good enough to get my sister in
this car, and that's all I need.

She stares back deadpan and--

CRACK! She head-butts him hard. He hits the ground.

GINGER

Savannah! What the hell?

Savannah stares down at Goldberg out cold, and spots the tiny little cuff keys on the asphalt.

She drops to her knees, grabs them with her teeth, runs to the door, and dives through the window.

GINGER (CONT'D)

What you doin'?

Savannah spits the keys into Ginger's lap, wriggles her legs through the cuffs, and fires up that 5.2L supercharged V8.

SAVANNAH

Seein' what this girl's got!

She slams the shifter into drive and drops the hammer.

EXT. STREETS - CAR CHASE - DAY

The Mustang peels out, leaving Goldberg in the kind of thick tire smoke only 760 screaming horses can deliver. Ginger gets pressed back in her seat as the scenery blurs by.

GINGER

Holy shit!

SAVANNAH

Look, all legal avenues have been expired, okay? And please understand, I'm acting' strictly on the advice of a professional!

Ginger stares back, bewildered.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

So, unlock the cuffs!

Ginger tries to get the key in the cuffs. Goldberg lurches up and shakes off his temporary confusion.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

Goddamn country chicks!

He clambers into his cruiser and grabs the radio.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG (CONT'D)

Ten-thirty-one! Red Mustang fleein' eastbound-on-Nine!

EXT. ROBINSON CARS - DAY

Cruisers race up and screech around, blocking two exits.

POLICE RADIO

Gates are shut north and south!

INT. ROBINSON CARS SHOWROOM - DAY

Inside the showroom, the sound of a V8 howling and supercharger whining in the distance causes Colt and Jessie to get up from their desks and walk to the window concerned.

The Mustang freight trains past, being chased by Goldberg.

COLT

Ah shit!

JESSIE

Guess she didn't need a set of cojones after all!

EXT. STREETS - CAR CHASE - DAY

Ginger struggles with the key in the cuffs. The road ahead blocked with more police.

SAVANNAH

Hurry!

GINGER

It's real finicky!

SAVANNAH

You wanna switch places?

Savannah spins the wheel with her palms. The Mustang slides sideways. The Sisters lean into the slide.

GINGER

No, I think you got this!

The Mustang dives down a dirt road. Cruisers race after them, sirens screaming. Ginger grabs at Savannah's hands, trying to turn the key.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Stop movin' your hands!

SAVANNAH

I kinda need to steer, Ginger!

Savannah spins the wheel with her palms. The Mustang swerves into yards, slithering around old car bodies and log piles. Cruisers wallow behind in a line.

POLICE RADIO

We are drivin' through yards!
Repeat, drivin' through yards!

Goldberg grimaces at the snaking chaos unfolding ahead.
Ginger grabs onto what she can. Savannah fights the wheel.

GINGER

Either these seats are heated, or I
just peed myself a little!

The Mustang slides onto another dirt road. The engine howls.
Dirt sprays from the tires as it fishtails away.

POLICE RADIO

We might have 'em here, this is a
dead end!

Cruisers swoop onto the road, sirens screaming.

POLICE RADIO (CONT'D)

So was the last one!

Ginger winces. Woodland ahead. Savannah guns it.

SAVANNAH

I always wanted one of these.

GINGER

You're sure making up for lost
time!

The Mustang crashes down a track and slaloms trees.

POLICE RADIO

Going to go off-roadin'! Headed
south into woods!

The Sisters jostle around.

GINGER

Watch the trees!

BANG! A cruiser smashes head-on into a trunk.

The Mustang bursts out of the woodlands and into a lumber
yard before slithering down a bank onto an access road.

A cruiser misjudges the bank and plummets into a ditch.

The Mustang fishtails onto an asphalt road, narrowly misses a
truck, and--

CRASH! The following cruiser doesn't.

Goldberg races past the wreckage in hot pursuit. He grits his
teeth, watching the Mustang pull away.

POLICE RADIO

These girls ain't slowin' down!
Snag 'em on the two-two-four!

The Mustang screams down the 224. But up ahead--

A ROADBLOCK

Officers already on point by cruisers. Savannah glances around for a way out of this mess. Ginger unlocks the cuffs.

GINGER

Savannah, if we get out of this
alive, where exactly are we headed?

SAVANNAH

For your dreams, baby! For your
dreams!

Savannah cuts the wheel. The Mustang crashes through a fence into a trailer park and slews through a line of washing hung out to dry.

The Sisters wince. A fence approaching. They clench their eyes shut and--

BANG! The Mustang punches out the fence on the other side of the roadblock with clothes clinging to it.

POLICE RADIO

Holy shit! They're still goin'! Ten
eighty! Pursuit still in progress!

Cruisers go to take chase but, in their panic, crash into one another into a snarled mess.

Goldberg's cruiser just manages to slip through the carnage.

Ginger peers back, shocked. Savannah checks the mirror. Goldberg on their tail and her foot pure lead.

The Mustang weaves through traffic. The Sisters' hair whips in the rush. Grass and power-line poles streak by.

Goldberg furiously watches the Mustang hit its stride and start to pull away from him.

Ginger wriggles out her window, plucks a pair of panties from the side mirror, and throws them at Goldberg.

The panties land on his windshield. He smacks his wheel and winces, defeated. Ginger gives him the finger.

GINGER

You taste that dust? That's the
taste of freedom! Tastes good,
don't it? Asshole!

She slips back inside and rests against Savannah, content.

The Mustang blasts down the open road and roars into the
distance, engine echoing triumphantly.

INT. ROBINSON CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY

Colt and Jessie circle and scowl like angry dogs.

JESSIE

You know what you need to do? You
need to cancel the deal, right now!

COLT

We can't cancel! It's impossible!

JESSIE

We just lost all our leverage!

COLT

We can't cancel!

Colt paces away with Jessie tailing him.

JESSIE

You're not listenin' to me! We
can't trust this girl!

COLT

No, you're not listenin' to me! We
can't cancel anything! A guy knows
a guy, who knows a guy. We're
distanced for our own protection.
You know, real smart.

JESSIE

Not lookin' so smart now.

COLT

Yeah, well, I still got a trick up
my sleeve. Don't forget, this deal
changes everythin' for us.

INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY

Hot gray asphalt streams under the Mustang. The engine roars up and down octaves as it eats up rolling road. Ginger stares at Savannah, shocked.

GINGER

So, we're drug dealers now?

SAVANNAH

Runners, not dealers.

GINGER

It ain't the semantics I'm takin' issue with. How's this gonna solve anythin'? When we get back, we'll just be goin' straight to jail.

SAVANNAH

We ain't goin' back.

GINGER

What?

SAVANNAH

Well, we're sinners now, so I guess we should just double down on things and head to Sin City.

GINGER

Vegas?

SAVANNAH

That's the dream, right?

GINGER

I don't understand. Don't we have a bounty on our heads?

SAVANNAH

Turns out the bond's insured in full and the court only asks for five percent compensation if we run. We just helped a lawyer get rich. He sure ain't comin' for us.

Ginger thinks it over and gets excited.

GINGER

Okay, let's do it! Vegas! Let's head straight there, right now!

SAVANNAH

We gotta do this deal first, baby.
I spent every dollar I had gettin'
you out.

GINGER

But it'll be canceled now, right?

SAVANNAH

Not if we get there fast enough.

RINGING. Savannah grabs her cell. Colt calling. She hurls it
out her window.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

The cops can track us by phone. You
need to throw yours, too.

GINGER

It's got photos on it. Old photos.

Savannah pulls out her photo of their father in Army fatigues
and hands it over.

SAVANNAH

We got the only one we need.

Ginger smiles at it. She takes out her cell and tosses it.
They share a delighted smile and hug excitedly.

INT. ROBINSON CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY

Colt stands over Jessie, sitting petulantly at her desk.

COLT

Technically, you're an employee!

JESSIE

That's funny 'cause, last night,
you made it more than clear I was
your girlfriend! Ain't that right
"daddy".

COLT

Well, either way, that means you
gotta come with me, now.

JESSIE

I don't wanna go. I hate road
trips. You go on your own. I'll
keep things runnin' here.

COLT

Firstly, have you got no soul?
Everybody loves a road trip, and
secondly, ain't you ever heard,
there's no "I" in team?

JESSIE

Believe me, there is if you say it
in Spanish, Bae.

He glances to a window and grits his teeth as Goldberg's
cruiser pulls up.

COLT

Well, ain't this just darn tootin'?

EXT. ROBINSON CARS CAR LOT - DAY

Colt and Jessie pace out and intercept Goldberg.

COLT

Can we help you, Sheriff?

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

We just ran the plates on a Mustang
that hightailed out of town and,
big surprise, the numbers rattle
back here.

JESSIE

Oh, no shit, Sherlock. A lot of
numbers rattle back here because,
if you look real close, you'll see
this is a freakin' car dealership.

Goldberg frowns. Colt shifts in front of Jessie.

COLT

What's she sayin' is, Sheriff, is
we sold a Mustang just this
mornin', signed and sealed. It's as
simple as that.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

Is it now? To Savannah Johnson? How
the hell does a piece of trash like
that afford a new goddamn car?

COLT

Well, she does what everyone else
who can't afford one does, she
finances it, right up the ass.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG
I'm searchin' the premises.

Colt struggles a smile and waves him through.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

The back of a line of parked-up semis. The Sisters creep over, carrying the Mustang's license plate. They kneel at the back of a tractor unit and swap the plates over.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY - MINUTES LATER

In a quiet corner by the fuel storage tanks, the Sisters eat. Ginger bites into a burger, filling dripping all over her hands while Savannah creases with laughter.

GINGER
You're so mean! It's just like that
time soda came out my nose!

SAVANNAH
I'm sorry, you're just so funny!

Ginger throws a fry at Savannah. Savannah ducks it.

GINGER
You remember when I hated pickles?
And dad ordered a cheeseburger with
everythin' on it? And he took a big
bite, ran round to me, kissed me,
and yelled, "pickle kiss"!

They share a laugh.

SAVANNAH
You cried your eyes out when he did
that.

GINGER
Well I really didn't like pickles.
(beat)
Savannah, I really don't think
runnin' from the law should be as
much fun as this.

SAVANNAH
Maybe not, but bein' together sure
as hell should be.

GINGER

Just how far are you willin' to go
though, to keep chasin' this dream?

SAVANNAH

(confident as hell)

Oh, baby, I'm prepared to go all
the way. But what about you?

Savannah raises a pickle from her burger. Ginger struggles a smile as an uncomfortable silence drags. She breaks the tension with laughter and throws another fry.

Savannah catches it and confidently eats it. She chases Ginger with the pickle while Ginger squeals and runs.

EXT. ROBINSON CARS - CAR LOT - EVENING

Goldberg strolls out of the dealership by Colt and Jessie, stuffing cash and drugs into his uniform pockets.

COLT

We good, Sheriff?

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

Looks like you gotta a stolen car
problem. Good luck findin' it.

JESSIE

Thanks. Come back any time...
(under breath)
...you, blazin' hard on.

Goldberg gets in his cruiser and leaves.

COLT

Let's get on our merry way.

Colt pulls out a stock .45 Cal M1911 as Jessie sweeps out a Smith & Wesson 629 Stealth Hunter; 13 inches of .44 Magnum slinging revolver, painted in Playboy Pink, decorated with rhinestones, and with what looks like a laser-sight taped under the barrel.

COLT (CONT'D)

Woah! Just what the hell is that?
You realize how emasculatin' that
is? I'm supposed to be top dog out
of us two! I'm an alpha male! I
have a personal brand to protect!

JESSIE

Well, I have my personal ass to protect too. Check this.

She twists the laser sight to reveal it's lipstick and runs it over her lips, the barrel in her mouth. Colt reaches out and slowly cocks the hammer.

COLT

Don't tempt me.

EXT. ROBINSON CARS - CAR LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The Black Raptor screeches away from the dealership.

EXT. DALLAS OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

The Mustang cruises across a bridge toward the twinkling city lights. The Sisters stare ahead in awe as the bridge struts sweep over them, the city gleaming ahead.

EXT. DALLAS - NIGHT

With the radio blasting, the Mustang drives in traffic. The Sisters gaze up at the skyscrapers towering over them.

They point at a bustling street lined with neon bar signs and customized choppers. Ginger waves to the BIKERS, her smile beaming. Some point and wave back.

They draw by a semi sparkling with chrome. Ginger waves to the DRIVER. The horn blares. She squeals and covers her ears as Savannah burst into laughter.

EXT. DALLAS MOTEL - NIGHT

A tired neon sign flickers by bottom dollar accommodation. The Mustang rumbles to a halt in the parking lot.

The Sisters get out and take in live music carried in the air from a nearby bar.

SAVANNAH

Okay, listen up. I need you to go sit across the road in that diner and wait till I come out.

GINGER

And do what?

SAVANNAH
Keep a lookout.

GINGER
No, you want me to stay out. If I'm
that useless, why don't you just
drop me off at a nursery?

SAVANNAH
I need you to stay safe, baby.

Savannah pops the trunk and takes out the army rucksack.
Ginger grabs it off her. Savannah pulls it back.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
I need this with me.

GINGER
Don't you need it to stay safe?

Savannah doesn't answer.

GINGER (CONT'D)
If you're willin' to take this in,
you can take me in.

Savannah tugs the rucksack from Ginger's grip.

SAVANNAH
Fine. Just keep quiet and let me
handle things.

The Sisters cross to a crummy door. Savannah composes herself
for a moment and goes to knock.

The door creeps open a little. KRIS and STAN (30s), small-
town players wearing snapbacks and sporting gang tats, peek
out through a cloud of white smoke.

KRIS
Shit, you're like two hours early.

SAVANNAH
We're in a hurry. Can we just get
this over with?

STAN
Hell no! That's against the
agreement.

KRIS
Yeah, it's against the rules of the
agreement.

The Guys click the door shut. The Sisters stand confused.

GINGER

Wow! Turns out drug dealers are
even more pedantic than the DMV.

The Guys peek out again.

KRIS

Look, you wanna hang out?

STAN

At the bar. Nothing creepy.

SAVANNAH

Do we really have to?

STAN

We can hang in here if you prefer?

The Sisters look at each other.

EXT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT

Kris and Stan lead the Sisters toward the Bar as music blasts inside and silhouettes dance in the windows.

INT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT

The joint bustles. A live band plays on a tiny stage. Kris and Stan make a B-line for the bar.

Dancers boogie under sweeping colors. Ginger cuts through drinkers and basks in curious looks. Savannah follows, shirking the stares.

Cold beers swap grubby dollars. The Sisters and Guys clink bottles. Savannah grows frustrated as she's jostled by the crowd. Kris and Stan pose around Ginger.

STAN

Let's get our hustle on!

KRIS

Shit, no, baby, he sucks! Get down
with me!

GINGER

(to Savannah)
You okay?

Savannah nods. Ginger leads Kris away, and they groove to the music. Stan leans into Savannah as he watches Ginger.

STAN

You wanna grind?

SAVANNAH

You know what, I'm good. I'm lookin' after the drinks.

He shrugs, dumps his drink in her hand, and leaves. Savannah watches him join Kris and cheer Ginger on. They leer and strut around her.

The guitars stop, and the drummer goes into a rapid solo.

Ginger kicks up into a fast-paced go-go dance. She throws her arms over her head and wiggles in time to the furiously increasing beat.

She paints funk with her hips, her coy smile grabbing the attention of everyone in the room.

The Drummer plays faster and faster, testing her talent. She swings harder and harder, pushing his pace.

Dancers become spectators and join a circle of drinkers cheering her on.

A rainbow of colors sweep across her wiggling body. She's the most intoxicating object for a hundred miles, curvier than a rum bottle and hotter than a spliff's tip.

Ginger beams at Savannah. Savannah forces a smile at her little sister exploiting herself to the max.

Ginger brings her arms up and gazes into the stage lights dreamily as the solo reaches its climax.

A feverish APPLAUSE erupts from the crowd! Ginger returns to a slower-paced seductive groove.

EXT. MOON-GLOW BAR BEER GARDEN - NIGHT

Tall brick walls frame festoon lights while benches below heave with drinkers. Chat and laughter fills the air.

Ginger and Savannah cross to a dark corner. Ginger guzzles back a beer, another ready in her other hand, and flirting gazes all around her.

SAVANNAH

Take it easy, baby, okay?

GINGER

Hey, I thought we were chasin' a dream here?

SAVANNAH

We are. But without makin' too much of a scene of it.

GINGER

Well, I guess that's just me, making too much of a scene.

SAVANNAH

That's not what I-

GINGER

-Look, lighten up! Fact is, it don't matter where we go, Savannah, our true selves have a bad habit of showin' up right after.

Kris and Stan cross over.

STAN

Dude, I'm movin' to the country. Seriously, the girls around here are some frigid bitches!

KRIS

That they are, my friend. That they are.

Kris and Stan fist bump. Ginger giggles drunk and flirtatious looks are exchanged. She studies Savannah, standing with her arms folded.

GINGER

You alright?

Savannah nods, far from alright.

GINGER (CONT'D)

(to Savannah)

I gotta pee. You wanna come?

Savannah shakes her head and forces a smile.

INT. MOON-GLOW BAR - CONTINUOUS

Ginger crosses the bar and heads to the toilets with a confident wiggle, all eyes on her.

INT. MOON-GLOW BAR - TOILETS - MOMENTS LATER

Ginger washes her hands and glances into the mirror. A STATUESQUE WOMAN looks her up and down.

STATUESQUE WOMAN
Quite the performer, ain't ya'll?

EXT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT

Kris and Stan fumble with paper and pot, consuming themselves with rolling a joint. Ginger stumbles out, shocked.

SAVANNAH
What? You okay?

Ginger hands over a flyer for a Vegas club.

GINGER
A lady in the restroom said she worked here. She's just passin' through, but she told me I should get there as soon as possible. That they need someone just like me.

Savannah gasps and covers her mouth.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Is this like destiny or somethin'?

Savannah hugs Ginger tight.

SAVANNAH
It is! That's exactly what it is, baby! This is the universe telling us we're on the right track.

They release and stare at each other, speechless. Stan lights up the joint.

STAN
What you two so pleased about?

GINGER
I think I just got a job offer, in Vegas.

KRIS
Vegas! Holy shit! How about that? Hey, we should celebrate!

Kris offers the joint to Ginger. She shakes her head. Savannah plucks it from him and takes a seasoned draw.

She blows smoke like a steam whistle and hands it back over, cool, confident, and a little dark. Ginger frowns.

SAVANNAH

Guess my true self just showed up.

INT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT

The band throbs a wall of psychedelic rock. The bass guitar strums, the lead Gibson howls, the drums march, the singer's voice echoes and distorts.

Ginger slowly dances. Kris and Stan strut around her. Beside them, Savannah sways at one with the crowd, her eyes closed and lost in the music.

Ginger watches Savannah, concerned. Savannah stares up and opens her eyes. They weep with tears. She raises her arms into the air and smiles.

Ginger stares at the scars running down Savannah's wrists.

EXT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT

Savannah exits, lighting a cigarette. Ginger tails her.

GINGER

You need to keep it together.
You're completely baked.

SAVANNAH

Well, I guess that's just me.

Ginger grabs Savannah's scarred wrists.

GINGER

No, this is you!

SAVANNAH

Someone who gives up too easy?

GINGER

Someone who gives up on herself too easy.

SAVANNAH

Quit worrying about me. I've never had it more together, okay?

INT. DALLAS MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

An air-con unit rattles. A TV plays in the next room. Savannah and Ginger let the bags of drugs drop to the floor.

SAVANNAH
Okay, let's do this.

KRIS
But we still got a few minutes.

SAVANNAH
We're done waitin' around. Where's our payment?

KRIS
Shit, where's the payment, dude?

STAN
Don't know. You know?

KRIS
The fuck I know. But a little more fun up in here to finish this night off nicely, I might just have an epiphany on that subject.

The Sisters shrink back.

SAVANNAH
I think there's been some kinda mistake.

STAN
Oh no, oh no, the only mistake to be made would be you not completin' this deal in full.

KRIS
Now, that's what I would call, quite the faux pas.

STAN
So we're sayin', you wanna make this sale, we gotta get some tail.

The Guys chuckle deviously.

SAVANNAH
This ain't in the agreement.

STAN

Terms just changed. Your boss is too chickenshit to show his face and complain anyhow. What the hell's he gonna do about us makin' the most of what he sends?

Stan reveals a pistol tucked into his pants. Kris casually takes a Remington pump-action shotgun from behind the dresser. The Sisters look at each other worried.

SAVANNAH

Can we get a minute?

STAN

Clock's tickin', and my cock's kickin', bitches.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Sisters enter, Ginger clutching herself disgusted.

SAVANNAH

Look, we need that payment, baby. You know that, right?

GINGER

Give them the car. We can catch a bus to Vegas.

SAVANNAH

The car? Baby, that ain't the kinda ride they're looking for.

GINGER

I'm not doin' this, Savannah, and I can't believe you're even contemplatin' it.

SAVANNAH

Fine! You go ahead, tell the two armed drug dealers in the next room you're too good for them. See how that plays out. The world gives nothing without takin' somthin', ain't you learned that yet?

GINGER

I've learned it's thinkin' like that that destroys people.

SAVANNAH

Well, ain't that just the story of my life!

Savannah glares, teeth gritted.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Look, I've been rock bottom. I've prayed at the foot of my bed for a miracle. I've tried being good and waitin' for a reward. Shit only got worse. So, don't go questioning my method, or worrying about me. That's the reality, and all that matters is you. Because your dream is the only one we got left, okay?

Ginger frowns.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

(voice raising)

And, if you truly care about followin' that dream, you'll know you have to do whatever it takes.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kris and Stan wait, bored, trying to overhear the girls.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)

So, I suggest you swallow your pride, shimmy your ass out there, and give them what they want.

Kris and Stan gang shake and fist bump.

The Sisters emerge from the bathroom shamefaced and stand on either side of the bed.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Five minutes. You wear rubbers. No tongues, no bitin', no oral, no anal, and certainly none of that porno stranglin' shit, okay?

STAN

Sounds good to me. So, who goes with who?

KRIS

Well, this is how it is, I get
(pointing to Ginger)
this one, you get
(MORE)

KRIS (CONT'D)
 (pointing to Savannah)
 that one.

STAN
 (nodding to Ginger)
 Well, maybe I want that one.

KRIS
 Well, maybe I just called it, bro.

Savannah frowns offended.

STAN
 Dude, I'm just sayin', we could
 double team that ass.

Ginger's eyes bulge.

KRIS
 No sword fights! You gotta cut that
 shit out, man. It's bad enough with
 just another brother in the room.

STAN
 I got some stimulants if it-

KRIS
 Just shut the fuck up!

Kris places the shotgun down on a nightstand and moves in on
 Ginger. She kisses him, confident and seducing.

Savannah watches awkwardly. Stan moves in slowly and goes
 to kiss her. She freezes and nearly obliges, but shies away.

SAVANNAH
 Let me get some protection.

She hurries into the bathroom. Stan jealously watches Ginger
 and Kris kissing and groping. He turns back to find--

Savannah's father's trembling Beretta pistol staring him
 square in the face.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
 Kiss this.

THWACK! Savannah pistol whips him in the mouth. His gun falls
 to the floor. Kris goes for it. Savannah locks in on him.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
 Freeze! Or that's the only pistol
 you'll have left to play with!

He freezes. Savannah sweeps her aim between them.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Get side by side.

They remain fixed. Kris stares at the shotgun on the nightstand by Ginger. He fancies his chances.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
(to Ginger)
Take the shotgun, baby.

Ginger takes it and aims uneasily at Kris.

KRIS
Now that weapon, you can't handle.

SAVANNAH
You see that button behind the trigger? Push that in, okay?

Ginger disables the safety.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Now, hold the bottom, the bit that slides, and pull it right back.

Ginger clutches the fore-end and pumps in a round.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
(to Kris)
You want to see if she can work out step three herself?

Kris and Stan shuffle next to each other.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Take off your pants and shirts.

They reluctantly undress.

GINGER
We're not actually gonna sleep with them, are we?

SAVANNAH
No, baby.

GINGER
Phew!

Kris shoots Ginger a spiteful glare.

GINGER (CONT'D)

You really think I'm drunk enough to sleep with you? Dude, I may be very drunk, but you are very, very mistaken.

The Guys strip to their boxers.

SAVANNAH

Backup.

Savannah grabs their clothes as they cross to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Guys back in slowly with the girl's guns in their faces.

SAVANNAH

Sit down.

The Guys sit on the floor against the grubby basin.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Now, where's our shit?

KRIS

In the closet.

Savannah looks to Ginger and nods. Ginger disappears and reappears with a heavy bag. Stan grabs his crotch pissed off.

STAN

(to Savannah)

And there I was throwin' trailer trash like you a favor.

SAVANNAH

No, you wanted to fuck us, and now it's us fuckin' you.

She pulls out Goldberg's cuffs and dangles them.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

So, who's feelin' kinky now?

EXT. DALLAS MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The Mustang squeals onto the street and roars into the darkness.

INT. DALLAS MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

As the engine fades, Kris and Stan stew hurt and yank their handcuffed wrists against the basin.

KRIS
Country chicks!

They sit in silence for a few long moments until an engine races up. The motel door creaks open. Colt peers into the bathroom, gun raised, Jessie behind him.

COLT
The girls! Where are they?

KRIS
They just hot-tailed it outta here!
Who the hell are you?

EXT. DALLAS MOTEL - NIGHT

Colt runs to an intersection and scans around furiously. Nothing, every street dark and desolate.

COLT
Fuck!

INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT

The Mustang blasts down the road, blows by stop signs, and ducks down side streets. Savannah focuses on the road as street lights flicker over the windshield.

GINGER
Holy shit! Did that just happen?
Did we just do that?

Ginger pulls the bag from the back seat.

GINGER (CONT'D)
And did you really say, "where's
our shit?". Never knew you could be
so gangster.

Savannah reveals a smirk as Ginger unzips the bag.

INT. DALLAS MOTEL - NIGHT

Colt storms back into the room, furious.

COLT
Where's the fuckin' coke!

INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT

The Sisters stare shocked at the bag full of uncut cocaine.

GINGER
I guess that'll be "our shit".

SAVANNAH
Did you get the right bag?

GINGER
This was the only bag! Are you sure
it was supposed to be cash?

SAVANNAH
Fuck!

Savannah smacks the wheel and fumes.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Check the wallets.

Ginger searches the clothes. She pulls out the wallets and plucks out a few bills. She continues rummaging until she finds nothing but a pack of cigarettes and a lighter.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Great! Just our luck! The poorest
drug dealers in Texas!

GINGER
I'm sorry, I think they spent it
all buyin' drinks for me.

SAVANNAH
Hey, you did great, baby. I'm proud
of you. We'll figure this out.

EXT. DALLAS MOTEL - NIGHT

A motorbike glugs by. A single room light glows.

INT. DALLAS MOTEL - NIGHT

Colt looks at the bags of meth left on the floor, and Kris and Stan handcuffed to the basin.

STAN

-and that's what went down, bro, I swear. They've screwed us just as much as they've screwed you.

COLT

Well, that's kinda fuckin' obvious.

Jessie picks up the bags of meth.

JESSIE

Let's go home.

COLT

What? This ain't over, honey.

JESSIE

Bae, we got our merch back. It's over. We're done. Let's roll.

COLT

But we still ain't got our car.

JESSIE

It's stolen, remember? I'm pretty sure that makes it tax-deductible or something.

COLT

But.

JESSIE

But what?

KRIS

The principle, man-

COLT

-Thank you! The principle!

STAN

Yeah, you gotta strong arm those hoes, bro. Show 'em who's runnin' this shit.

JESSIE

(to Stan)

And your dad shoulda left you tricklin' down the back of your momma's throat! Stay outta our fuckin' business!

Jessie stares deadly. Everyone falls silent. Kris thinks.

KRIS

Vegas! Hey! They said somethin'
about a job they had in Vegas!

COLT

Vegas, honey! Get you some of that!
Sin City!

JESSIE

A big fuckin' city.

COLT

A big fucking city we never
visited. You sayin' we can't mix us
some business with pleasure? Roll
us a few dice, see us a few shows,
find us a couple of girls?

Jessie slowly comes around.

JESSIE

Them real fancy kinda shows?

COLT

Sure! And hey, looks like we
already got ourselves a room for
the night, sugar pie. For the best
price, free! May as well take
advantage of the situation.

He sweeps over to the fridge and clinks out beers.

COLT (CONT'D)

C'mon, you deserve a vacation. This
has all been very stressful.

JESSIE

Well, my neck has been kinda tight
lately.

COLT

Hey, let me see to that.

Colt moves in on Jessie. They passionately embrace like
nobody is watching.

STAN

Yo! Some of us didn't get lucky
tonight, bro.

Colt slams the bathroom door shut.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NEW MEXICO - NIGHT

The Mustang cruises along the empty highway.

INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT

Savannah blinks hard as she drives. She smiles at Ginger sleeping. Her blinking drags, and she gradually drifts away.

The Mustang crosses the center line, engine humming.

Red lights sweep over the Sisters. Ginger snaps awake.

GINGER

Savannah!

Savannah jolts awake and hits the brakes.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Mustang nose dives, the ABS fights hard, the tires scrape like it will never stop, but eventually it does--

Mere yards from a towering wall of thundering freight cars. A crossing bell jingles as the Sisters sit panting.

GINGER

Holy shit!

Savannah shuts off the engine and hurries out. She lights up a cigarette, her hands trembling in the breeze.

GINGER (CONT'D)

How long you been awake for now?

SAVANNAH

Look, you run hard enough for long enough, and people have to stop chasin' you.

GINGER

Yeah, they do, because that's how you crash and burn.

Savannah perches on hood. Ginger gets out and rubs her back.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Let's just stop for the night. Look around. We got away, Savannah. Why can't you see that? Why can't you ever stop worryin'?

Savannah stares at a dark forest of towering trees and spies a track leading into the hills.

She sighs and tosses her smoke. The Mustang fires up and scrabbles down the track into darkness.

EXT. HILLS - NIGHT

The Mustang crunches to a halt. The lights flick off.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT

The Sisters recline the seats and settle down to sleep.

GINGER

Let's not get reckless. This ain't worth dyin' for. Nothin' is.

SAVANNAH

You shouldn't be so scared of death, baby. You know what reincarnation is?

Ginger shakes her head.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

We all come back, sometimes as different people, sometimes as animals, maybe even insects.

Ginger balks.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

It all depends on how good you been. So, I figured dad must have become somethin' wonderful like an eagle. And maybe, if I could be half the person he was, I could become the same and join him.

Savannah smiles dreamily as she drifts away.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

We'd soar above the world, care free, ridin' on the wind, knowin' nothin' down below can get us.

GINGER

You still believe that?

SAVANNAH

I ache for it to be true.

Savannah drifts away, clutching her dog tag, leaving Ginger full of worry.

INT. DALLAS MOTEL - BATHROOM - DAY

Sunlight pierces through a tiny window. Kris and Stan sit fed up, still handcuffed to the basin.

Funky music blasts. Colt bursts in completely naked, covered in tattoos. He kicks up the toilet seat and proceeds to piss like a racehorse. Kris and Stan avert their eyes.

COLT

Woo! There's no such thing as an ugly morning in Texas! Thank you, Lord, we are dearly blessed!

Jessie pads in, yawning, half asleep.

JESSIE

He just starts them way too early.

She bombs a dose of speed and quivers with pleasure.

COLT

You got to do that in here? I was kinda having a divine moment.

She shrugs, strips off, and hops in the shower. Kris and Stan watch the water running over her naked body.

COLT (CONT'D)

(to Kris and Stan)

Hey! Don't you look at my girl!

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colt struts out of the bathroom and poses in a mirror. He adjusts his hair. A buzzing gets his attention and draws him to a nightstand.

He opens the drawer. A cheap cell phone, a pack of *RUIN HER* brand male enhancement pills, and a bible.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessie sings softly to the music as she showers. Kris and Stan watch fixated. Colt re-enters, clutching the phone.

COLT
 (to Kris and Stan)
 Hey! I said don't look at my girl!
 This shit yours?

They shake their heads.

COLT (CONT'D)
 Well who's is it? I found it in the
 nightstand.

STAN
 The previous occupant?

COLT
 Oh, the previous occupant. Well,
 the previous occupant got
 themselves a message.

They stare deadlocked as Jessie sings.

COLT (CONT'D)
 Honey?

JESSIE
 Bae?

COLT
 Shut the fuck up.
 (to Kris and Stan)
 You see, I don't think this message
 is for the previous occupant,
 because why would the previous
 occupant want a message-

Colt crouches before them and holds the cell phone up, the
 message just numbers.

COLT (CONT'D)
 -written in code?

STAN
 (guilty as hell)
 That ain't code. Fucked up phone is
 what it is.

COLT
 What's this shit mean?

Jessie shuts off the shower. Kris and Stan glance at her.
 Colt hurls complimentary cosmetics at them.

COLT (CONT'D)

Hey! I said don't you look at my girl! So why the fuck are you gazin' up her cookie when I'm asking you a direct fuckin' question? What does it mean?

They stare, scared.

COLT (CONT'D)

Is my dick distractin' you?

STAN

(to Kris)

Stop staring at his dick, man!

COLT

I said, is my dick distractin' you?

KRIS

Look, we're all far too underdressed for this conversation!

COLT

I'll give you two somethin' to stare at!

Colt paces out and returns with his gun aimed.

COLT (CONT'D)

What does the message mean!

KRIS

They're coordinates, okay?

COLT

Coordinates to what, you dick scoping motherfucker?

STAN

(long beat)

To our next deal.

COLT

Then why'd you fuckin' lie about it?

KRIS

Deals are our boss's business!

Colt stares into their eyes, gun still aimed.

JESSIE

Hey, can I get a towel here?

Colt throws a towel at Jessie, not taking his eyes off Kris and Stan. She casually dries herself. Kris glances at her.

COLT

I said, don't look at my girl!

BANG! Kris takes it between the eyes. Colt aims at Stan.

COLT (CONT'D)

Now, look at me and riddle me this-

Stan stares intensely, panting and sprayed with blood.

COLT (CONT'D)

These coordinates, they ain't the location of your next deal at all, are they?

Stan shakes his head.

COLT (CONT'D)

No, no they ain't. But what they are, is the location of my coke. That right?

Stan cries and nods.

COLT (CONT'D)

But the plan wasn't to find the coke after the deal, was it? Your plan was to find me.

STAN

Our boss, man. We had orders.

COLT

He wanted you to find the legendary El Muerto.

Colt turns to present EL MEURTO tattooed across his back above a huge headless horseman.

COLT (CONT'D)

You know what that means?

Stan shakes his head.

COLT (CONT'D)

You found yourself a ghost. And you know what happens when you see a ghost, motherfucker?

Colt aims for Stan.

COLT (CONT'D)
You get scared to death.

Stan grimaces terrified. Colt pauses at the final moment.

COLT (CONT'D)
(to Jessie)
Hey, let me teach you somethin'.
Take him out.

Jessie shrugs, exits, returns with the Stealth Hunter, and aims for Stan.

STAN
PLEASE NO!

BOOM! The recoil nearly knocks her over. Stan cowers, terrified, as the shattered basis gushes water over him.

STAN (CONT'D)
Shit! FUCK! SHIT!

COLT
You see? Now that, that's the price
you pay for the large caliber!

Jessie gets up, shakes her head, and re-aims. BOOM! She fires through the wall. Screaming shrieks from another room.

COLT (CONT'D)
No accuracy! No accuracy at all!
Ridiculous is what it is!

BOOM! Jessie hits the ceiling and plaster trickles down.

STAN
Please, I got dependents, man! I
just got a goldfish!

COLT
(to Jessie)
You wanna take a bit longer?

Jessie stubbornly marches over to Stan.

STAN
OH, GOD, NO!

BOOM! Colt shakes his head, unimpressed. Jessie crosses back over, covered in blood.

They stand naked and pissed off. The screams from the other room continue as water gushes across the floor. She grabs the towel and wipes her face.

JESSIE
 Now I gotta take another fuckin'
 shower!

EXT. HILLS - DAY

Savannah gradually wakes up and stares at raindrops running tracks down the windshield.

A horn blares. Ginger jolts up as a freight train clatters by. They look at each other and struggle a tired smile.

GINGER
 I'm so hungry. You sleep much?

SAVANNAH
 Enough.

Savannah fires up the engine and lazily slots the Mustang in gear. The tires whine. Their eyes bulge. Savannah tries again. Mud thumps against bodywork.

GINGER
 Shit! Are we-

SAVANNAH
 -Just, just shut up a second.

Savannah concentrates and tickles the throttle. No dice.

She looks out the window at the rear tire buried in the deepest mud hole in New Mexico. She eases the throttle. The tire slithers and digs deeper.

GINGER
 You're makin' it worse!

SAVANNAH
 No, I'm not making it worse,
 Ginger. I'm getting' us out.

Savannah grows embarrassed and frustrated. She tries rocking the Mustang back and forth.

GINGER
 I'm going to push.

SAVANNAH
 I think you're seriously
 overestimatin' your strength.

Savannah guns the engine, gives up, and punches the wheel.

GINGER
You done spinnin' your wheels now?
I don't think it's me who's
overestimatin' herself.

Ginger climbs out and braces herself against the trunk.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Okay!

Savannah eases the throttle. Ginger heaves. The tires spin. Ginger winces and pushes hard, her feet slipping. Savannah shakes her head and floors it. Mud sprays over Ginger.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Argh! Cut it out!

Ginger trudges over, fuming.

GINGER (CONT'D)
That was smart! You happy now?

Savannah throws her door open and climbs out.

SAVANNAH
You wanted to have a sleepover out
here! You happy now?

GINGER
Yeah! Happier than I would be
crashin' into a train, Savannah!

Savannah screams. Birds flutter from trees. She kicks the Mustang hard.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Hey! Don't take it out on the car!

SAVANNAH
Oh, well, I'd just sure hate to
hurt it's feelings!

GINGER
If there's anyone to blame, it's
me. I'm willin' to accept that.

SAVANNAH
No, I let this mess happen. And the
mess we left behind us. So it's up
to me to unfuck this situation.

Savannah slumps to her knees and scoops mud from a tire.

GINGER

What we've left behind us was
always destined to be a mess!
That's why we left it behind!

SAVANNAH

Yeah? You includin' mom in that?

GINGER

What's that got to do with
anythin'?

Savannah winces at the mud on her hands.

SAVANNAH

She don't look out for you, Ginger.
Not like I do.

GINGER

Look, I'm not a kid, and you're not
my mom, okay?

Savannah gives up digging and scrapes mud off her arms. She
takes out her cigarettes and lights one up. Ginger shakes her
head and hurries away toward trees.

SAVANNAH

Where you goin'?

GINGER

I'm gettin' some sticks.

SAVANNAH

Sticks? This thing is stuck like a
duck in a rut. What you gonna do,
light a campfire and pray for the
Indian spirits to send a tow truck?

They stare deadlocked and angry. Savannah pops the trunk,
dumps the bag of cocaine inside, and takes out her rucksack.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Follow me.

GINGER

Where?

SAVANNAH

I guess we'll have to see.

Savannah trudges away up the track.

GINGER

Look, why don't we cut our loses,
hitch the rest of the way?

SAVANNAH

You want to take that risk, fine.
I'll be waitin' in Vegas for you.

GINGER

Is it risky? Really? Or is it just
out of your control?

Savannah keeps on walking. Ginger reluctantly follows.

INT. DINER - DAY

Jessie looks up from using a computer tablet and beams politely as a SERVER struggles to find enough room on the table to place a seemingly endless assortment of breakfast treats. Colt studies the numbers on the phone.

SERVER

You two celebratin'?

JESSIE

We're on a special vacation. We're
going to Vegas.

SERVER

Well ya'll enjoy your feast!

Colt glances up at the food, unimpressed.

COLT

Really?

JESSIE

Hey dig this! This hotel, it's got
five stars, it's got its own
theatre, three nightclubs, and a
beach! Now that's fancy!

COLT

(unimpressed)

A beach in the middle of the
desert? Well, ain't that a thing?
Give me that a minute.

She sighs, hands over the tablet, and eats.

COLT (CONT'D)

I can work this code shit out. I'm
a smart guy.

JESSIE

You are smart, Bae. Real smart.

She watches him tapping the numbers into the tablet. She has something on her mind but is struggling to say it.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Bae, you know your drug lord name?

COLT

What?

JESSIE

It's fine. It doesn't matter.

She tries to go back to eating as if she never asked.

COLT

What's wrong with my name?

JESSIE

Do you know what it means?

COLT

Yeah! El Muerto. The headless horseman of Texas. The ghost that roams the desert. For all that see him death awaits.

JESSIE

But the name, you know what it means? How it translates?

COLT

He's a ghost. It means ghost.

JESSIE

No, it means "the dead one". You're goin' around tellin' people you're a corpse.

He dwells on that revelation for a moment.

COLT

You sure?

She nods, sure.

COLT (CONT'D)

And you're giving me this information now?

She nods awkwardly.

COLT (CONT'D)

It's Mexican. That's what makes it cool. Hell, I got a tattoo!

JESSIE

(regretfully)

A real big tattoo.

COLT

I got my whole, scared to death speech! I worked my heart out on that, made it my own! Jeeze Jessie!

He grabs the nearest pudding and comfort eats while looking heartbroken. She winces sympathetically.

JESSIE

At least all those people you gave your speech to are dead now.

He sighs, appreciative of her support, and turns his attention back to the tablet. He bangs in the last of the digits, hits enter, and cheers up.

COLT

I guess these girls are going to learn the harder you run, the faster you hit trouble.

He proudly turns round the tablet to show a map with a location marker dead in the middle, pinned on some backroad.

EXT. BACKROAD - DAY

Savannah and Ginger stare up and down the empty road, looking very lost and fed up.

GINGER

You know what I always say when it gets like this.

SAVANNAH

Don't say it, Ginger. Please, that's the last thing I need to hear right now.

GINGER

Well, I'm gonna say it anyway because you need to hear it.

SAVANNAH

Go ahead, then. I have a gun.

GINGER
Let's turn this struggle-

Savannah remains silent.

GINGER (CONT'D)
C'mon. Say it. Let's turn this
struggle-

SAVANNAH
Fuck you.

GINGER
Say it! Let's turn this struggle-

SAVANNAH
(mumbling)
-into a cuddle.

GINGER
What you say there? I can't hear
you!

SAVANNAH
Let's turn this struggle into a
cuddle! There. You happy now?

GINGER
Bring it in, sister.

Ginger tightly hugs Savannah.

GINGER (CONT'D)
We're a team, okay?

Savannah actually needs this hug and she needs to hear that.

Ginger's eyes go wide as she watches a tow truck pull out of
the dirt road, dragging the Mustang behind it.

GINGER (CONT'D)
Oh shit!

Savannah snaps around.

SAVANNAH
What the hell! Where'd that come
from?

GINGER
More importantly, where's it going?

The Tow Truck drives a few hundred yards into the distance
and pulls off the road.

SAVANNAH

Run!

The sisters sprint up the road.

EXT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Savannah and Ginger's boots crunch across the dirt. A small workshop with the Tow Truck parked outside, the Mustang still hooked up to it.

BOBBY (40s), a remarkably handsome guy in oily work clothes, saunters out of the workshop yawning and tosses an empty fluid carton in the trash.

He pauses and stares a moment too long at Savannah, who glares back with her arms crossed.

BOBBY

Can I help you ladies?

SAVANNAH

Umm yeah! We'd like our car back please, if you don't mind.

BOBBY

This thing yours? Really?

Savannah whips out the key fob. HONK HONK!

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Well, let me tell you something, princess. I found your car parked on private property.

SAVANNAH

Parked! We got stuck in the mud!

BOBBY

Then I guess I did you a favor. Release costs a hundred bucks. Cash only.

SAVANNAH

A hundred bucks! For parking in some hillbilly red zone?

Savannah is hot and bothered and Bobby is really into it.

GINGER

Yeah, sorry we parked in your precious swamp!

(MORE)

GINGER (CONT'D)

I guess it was really bringin' down
the whole neighborhood!

BOBBY

That track's Union Pacific
property. I don't make the rules.

GINGER

No! This is our car, and we're
taking it back.

Ginger crosses to the Mustang and parks her butt on the hood.
Bobby couldn't care less. He's entranced by Savannah.

SAVANNAH

Please! We're from outta town, and
we need to get somewhere real fast.

BOBBY

Yeah? Where you headed?

SAVANNAH

West.

BOBBY

Well, doesn't that just sound a
little ominous?

He can tell he's dealing with a desperado on the run.

SAVANNAH

We don't have a hundred bucks. We
got cash flow problems.

She approaches him, reaching for the gun tucked into the back
of her dusty jeans.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

And we're kinda desperate.

She draws in close and stares him in the eye.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Ya hear that? Desperate.

INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Under the green hue of the fluorescent lights, Savannah and
Bobby crash into the workshop kissing, a single light over a
part-assembled hot rod and music crackling from an old radio.

A rhythmic beat. She sweeps her hair back and looks on
seductively. He smiles. Melodic guitar plays.

She teases her shirt buttons. His eyes follow. She lets it hang open. A female singer sings softly.

He looks back passionately and crosses to her. She looks him in the eye, her lips pouting and her breath short.

She brings her face to his, eye to staring eye, lip to quivering lip. She eases his shirt apart and tilts her head. He kisses her neck. She gropes his waist.

He pulls his top off and teases her top over her shoulders. The dog tag around her neck glints. She slides out her gun and discards it on the hot rod.

EXT. WORKSHOP - DAY

The winch on the Tow Truck whines as Bobby lowers down the Mustang with a very satisfied smile on his face.

Round the back of the workshop, Savannah scrubs her boots under a hose. Ginger wipes her jeans, smiling coyly.

SAVANNAH

Cut it out, okay?

Savannah can't hide a little smile of her own.

GINGER

I can see you enjoyed that. I'm kinda impressed if I'm honest. Didn't know you had it in you.

SAVANNAH

Yeah, well, neither did I.

GINGER

So, what's changed?

SAVANNAH

You really wanna know? I thought we weren't going to make it, okay? And I thought, you know what? To hell with it. If I'm going to prison I may as well treat myself to somethin', just somethin' for once in my life. So there you go, and real romantic it was too.

GINGER

Do you still feel like that? Like we're not going to make it?

Savannah goes back to scrubbing her boots.

SAVANNAH

I don't know, okay? I mean, look where we are, baby. Look where I've got us.

GINGER

Are you crazy? You're talking like we've been caught already. And how could you say that? You got us out of town, you got me out of jail. Look, when I was twelve, who fixed my supper for me? Who did the dishes while I did my homework?

SAVANNAH

Don't do this, baby.

GINGER

No! Who stayed up to look after grandma, on her deathbed, while I slept? Who woke up with her face in her books and still got me into school each morning?

Savannah twists her face, angry.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Who went into class, knowing she'd get bullied every single day? Who-

SAVANNAH

-Enough, okay? What's your point?

Ginger crosses over and holds Savannah's hands.

GINGER

You've always so concerned with keeping family together you've never stopped to consider what's holding you together. Yes, you got us here, okay? And it's something to be proud of. You got us all the way here. And I'd rather be here with you than anywhere else in the world right now.

Savannah accepts that.

SAVANNAH

It just feels like life's been taking pleasure in kicking our ass every step of the way.

GINGER

Then I guess it's time to pull up
our boots and start kickin' back.

Savannah nods sagely and takes out her cigarettes. Ginger
snatches them out of her hand. Savannah stares shocked.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Either we're a team or we ain't,
Savannah. You and me, we're lookin'
out for each other now. We're both
fighters.

SAVANNAH

Baby, we've been fightin' since the
day he was taken from us. Only
difference now is we're winnin'.

They share a smile.

EXT. WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Savannah fires up the Mustang with Ginger sitting beside her.
Bobby kneels beside Savannah's window.

BOBBY

Hey, if you ever find yourself
headed East, make sure you pass by
this way, okay?

SAVANNAH

Don't wait up.

Savannah floors it, spraying up two rooster tails of dirt and
fishtailing away from the workshop.

Bobby watches the most incredible woman he's ever met roar
away into the distance.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

The sun dips toward the horizon as the mud-smearred Mustang
paces over the hot desert like a starving coyote chasing prey
on the horizon.

It roars and breathes from corner to straight, spitting out
road behind and guzzling fuel fast.

The Sisters sit focused on the barren highway ahead. The
Beretta rests against Savannah's waist. The shotgun lies
across the rear seat.

The bag of cocaine rocks in the trunk. Hidden inside the bag, a small electronic device pulses a red LED.

EXT. WORKSHOP - LATER

The Black Raptor creeps up to the workshop and eases to a halt. Colt and Jessie climb out and gaze around.

The tow truck gone. Not a soul in sight. An old irrigation windmill creaking in the breeze.

Jessie walks up to the workshop doors and peers in. The hot rod sitting in darkness. Nobody inside.

Colt walks across the dirt and stares down at the two skid marks snaking onto the highway.

They sagely nod to one another. Colt checks the phone. It buzzes in his hand. A new message pops up. He draws a sly grin. Jessie smiles back.

EXT. WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The doors slam shut on the Black Raptor. It takes off and races away down the highway.

EXT. FUCK KNOWS NOWHERE, NEVADA - EVENING

A tiny dwelling in the mountains, one horse short of a one-horse town. The Mustang prowls through.

INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - EVENING

Savannah glances at the fuel gauge. The needle deep in the red. She brings the Mustang to a halt.

On the horizon, a golden jewel glows. Vegas. On the road ahead, a tired old gas station sits alone.

SAVANNAH

Just look at those prices. Now that's highway robbery.

GINGER

We should just fill up and run.

SAVANNAH

Pump has to be switched on and stay on. That makes it a two-person job.

GINGER

We agreed we weren't criminals. I thought we were just on the run-

SAVANNAH

We did, and we agreed if we're going to keep runnin' we're prepared to go all the way, right?

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

The moon climbs in the sky. Animals howl in the darkness.

The Mustang rumbles up to the pumps. The Sisters climb out and cross the forecourt, guns secluded, the rucksack on Savannah's shoulder, their faces pensive.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The Sisters enter. Cheerful music plays. They look across at the counter.

JOE (50s), a bulky greaser with his work shirt thrown over a grubby vest, smokes as he leers through a Playboy. He glances up carefree, barely acknowledging them.

The Sisters hurry down an aisle and peek around at him.

GINGER

Should he be smokin' in here?

SAVANNAH

Right now, that's the least of his problems. You ready?

Ginger nods. Savannah boldly marches down the aisle, right up to Joe, and points her gun in his face.

He slowly looks up, unfazed. Ginger swoops out from behind her, shotgun aimed and pumping in a round.

He takes a long draw, lays his cigarette in an ashtray, and smiles, amused.

JOE

What can I get you, ladies?

SAVANNAH

Listen, we just want gas, okay?

JOE

Sure, how much you wanna buy?

SAVANNAH

Don't fuck with us. We want a full tank now, or else.

JOE

Or else, what?

SAVANNAH

Or else, we blow your fuckin' head off!

JOE

Oh, so that's what this is? That's what the guns are for? This is a ummm, "a stick up", right?

SAVANNAH

You're very perceptive. Keep that up, and this'll go real quick.

JOE

You know there's a big difference between pointing a firearm at someone to try and scare them and the intent to actually shoot.

The Sisters struggle to maintain their confident composure.

JOE (CONT'D)

You gotta look through the eyes into the soul, and you gotta ask yourself, does this person really have it in them to go all the way?

As he locks eyes with Savannah, his hand walks from his knee onto a hidden shelf and fingers a small black Colt .25 Pocket Auto pistol.

JOE (CONT'D)

That's where the real killer is.

The dead-eyed stare lingers between them.

The phone on the counter rings. They continue to stare. RIIIIING! RIIIIING! RIIIIING! RIIIIING!

JOE (CONT'D)

You mind? I've kinda got my eye on employee of the month.

Savannah shakes her head. He picks up the receiver.

JOE (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hello.

He studies the Sisters as he listens and glances out the window at the Mustang.

JOE (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Yup.... Yeah... Sure.

Joe offers over the receiver.

JOE (CONT'D)
 It's for you.

The Sisters look at each other, perplexed, and back to Joe. He shrugs. Savannah takes the receiver.

SAVANNAH
 (into phone)
 Hello?

COLT
 (through phone)
 You think you've evaded me?

INT. BLACK RAPTOR - MOVING - NIGHT

Colt studies the tablet with his cell to his ear. Jessie focuses on the road ahead. The contact details of the gas station up on his map.

COLT
 (into cell)
 You think this is over? You think you and me are done? I'm just gettin' started, sweetheart.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM

Savannah stares at the Mustang as she listens. Ginger watches her. Joe sneakily locks the register and keeps the key.

COLT (CONT'D)
 Listen up, when you get to Vegas, you play a slot machine, you get me on every pull. You roll snake eyes, it'll be me starin' back at you. You walk behind the curtain for a private dance and it'll be me sittin' there with my dick in my hand. You cannot escape me.
 (MORE)

COLT (CONT'D)

I will haunt you, I will find you,
and I will destroy you. You get
that?

Savannah casually hangs up.

INT. BLACK RAPTOR - MOVING - NIGHT

Colt confidently smirks at Jessie and nods satisfied.

COLT

She got it.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Savannah tosses the phone aside onto the counter.

GINGER

That who I think it is?

Savannah nods.

GINGER (CONT'D)

How does he know we're here?

Savannah thinks and shrugs.

GINGER (CONT'D)

He know where we're headed?

SAVANNAH

He knows he's already lost.

Savannah hides her fear and aims at Joe.

JOE

Concerned parent?

SAVANNAH

Heavy breather. Now, pretty please,
turn the fuckin' pump on.

JOE

You really don't know what you're
doing, do you?

SAVANNAH

No, but I'm workin' it all out real
fast.

Joe flicks on the pump. Savannah leaves. He studies Ginger.
She winces back, scared and out of her depth.

GINGER

Hey, keep 'em where I can see 'em.

Joe shrugs carefree and drops the till key into his boot.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Savannah crosses to the Mustang and starts filling.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

From behind her shotgun, Ginger stares at Joe, worried.

GINGER

C'mon, show me your hands, okay?

He smiles and flicks his hand up, gesturing a gun. She flinches. He chuckles and raises his hands properly.

JOE

What are you doin' after this? You wanna catch a movie or somethin'?

GINGER

Are you high?

JOE

We could do that too.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The pump clunks to a halt. Savannah tries the lever. Nothing. She marches back to the store.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Savannah bursts through the door and glares at Joe.

SAVANNAH

Why'd you turn the pump off?

JOE

I didn't. I guess the tank ran dry. Happens all the time out here.

He grins menacingly. She can't tell if he's lying.

SAVANNAH

Open the till, we need gas money.

GINGER
Savannah, we probably got enough
gas now. It ain't far.

SAVANNAH
(snapping)
Enough ain't gonna cut it!

Ginger timidly reels.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
(to Joe)
Now, put those dick-beaters of
yours to some use and pop the till.

JOE
No can do.

SAVANNAH
Why not?

JOE
Cause I locked it, and darn it, I
think I forgot where I put the key.

SAVANNAH
Bullshit. Stand up.

Savannah waves him aside and jabs the register. Nothing.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)
Okay, spread 'em.

JOE
Are you serious?

SAVANNAH
I'm committing armed robbery, just
how serious do you need me to be?

GINGER
I really think we should just go.

SAVANNAH
We'll be out of here soon, baby.

He stands akimbo as she roots through his pant pockets. He
raises his eyebrows.

JOE
You have a good old root around in
there to be sure. Don't be shy.

She pulls out a bag of powder.

GINGER

Are we like, the only people in the world not on drugs?

JOE

Never chased the dragon, honey?

GINGER

I don't even know what that means!

He chuckles and leans back on the counter.

JOE

Wow, you pair really are country, aren't you? Squeal, little piggy!

Savannah searches the area desperately. Products clatter. She peers into the shelves. The pistol Joe was toying with gone.

GINGER

Can we just go now, please?

Savannah barges past Joe and crosses to the entrance.

SAVANNAH

(to Joe)

You wanna see how a country girl opens a fuckin' cash register?

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Savannah storms to the Mustang and pops the trunk.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Savannah re-enters, her sleeves rolled up, pistol in one hand and a long metal tire iron hanging in the other.

GINGER

Ummm, Savannah? What you doin'?

Savannah strides along the counter and glares at Joe.

She tucks her pistol in her jeans, and squares up to the register with the tire iron raised like a baseball bat.

BANG! She smacks the till hard. Ginger and Joe wince.

Savannah resets. BANG! She shrieks. Ginger watches, stunned. BANG! Products scatter everywhere. BANG! The till shifts to the edge of the counter. CLANG! It crashes to the floor.

Savannah swings the bar over and over like an axe. BANG!
RING! BANG! RING! BANG! RING! BANG! RING!

She stumbles back exhausted and glares at the register.

KERCHING! The drawer pops. Bills flutter. Coins payout.

Savannah closes her eyes and licks her lips. The tire iron
clangs to the floor. Ginger and Joe stare, shocked.

Savannah takes Joe's smoldering cigarette from the ashtray
and takes a satisfied drag.

SAVANNAH

(bowing)

Thank you.

She drops to her knees and shovels bills into a promo box.
Ginger and Joe watch silently.

Savannah heaves herself up and trudges past the counter. She
looks to Ginger and shares a victorious smile.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Let's get outta here.

CLICK. They glance around, shocked, to see Joe aiming his
pistol at Ginger. Savannah drops the box and goes for her
gun. Joe snaps his aim to her.

JOE

Ah ah! Now, maybe this is how you
all get gas where you come from,
but nobody, nobody walks into this
store, puts a gun to my head, and
walks out alive.

Savannah stares down the barrel, the cigarette hanging in her
mouth. He grins back, delighted, his eyes mean.

Ginger firms up her aim and glares down the sights.

GINGER

Don't you dare shoot her!

The three stand fixed. Store music chirps.

JOE

Just to bring you girls up to
speed, this ain't my first rodeo.
Back in the sandbox, I got jumped
by two Mujahideen women in a
situation just like this.

They now notice the Marines tattoo on Joe's forearm.

JOE (CONT'D)

One in front, pistol holstered. One to the left, firearm raised. All mad cos they'd heard what we were doing to girls there. So, I can't shoot the one in front, right? Cos that angry motherfucker on the left, she's going to pop me. Sure, that makes logical sense. But, when you're high, you aren't restricted by logic. And boy, was I high as a kite that day, I tell you, WHOO! I mean, these are just women, right. So I pop the one on the left, BANG!

Ginger jolts.

JOE (CONT'D)

She's down before she's even pulled the trigger. I swing back, BANG! She was still pullin' the gun when she hit the floor. So the question is, Butch and Sundance, just how quick do you girls think you are?

Savannah spits out the cigarette.

SAVANNAH

What's that? A twenty-two?

JOE

Twenty-five auto.

SAVANNAH

You'd do more damage throwin' it at us. You think she's gonna miss with that shotgun? She could pierce your fuckin' ears at that range.

JOE

That's if she fires. Besides, it ain't the girth of what I'm packing you need to worry about, sugar. It's where I'm going to stick it.

SAVANNAH

There's somethin' you ain't considered.

Her fingers curl around her pistol. Her eyes narrow.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

The pistol in my crotch right now,
that's a Beretta M-nine-a-one. That
mean anythin' to you?

JOE

Standard issue service pistol. Goes
real nice with your butcher's bag.
Quite the ensemble.

SAVANNAH

Oh, I've completed the look,
asshole. You see, the last man who
fired this gun, was my father. He
died holdin' it, protectin' his
family. So, if it protects what's
left, I'm more than happy to go out
the same fuckin' way.

Joe finds the anger in Savannah's eyes and spots the scars on
her wrists.

JOE

I hadn't considered that.

Ginger sniffs back tears.

GINGER

Don't, Savannah, please, I love
you! I can't be without you!

SAVANNAH

I love you too, baby. I always
will. I'll be waitin' for you with
Dad, okay?

GINGER

So help me god, Savannah! If you
don't back down, I'll point this
gun at you myself!

SAVANNAH

That's not how this works, Ginger.

JOE

Yeah, Ginger, you just let us grown
ups work this out while you have a
good think about your standoff
etiquette.

Savannah tenses her arm. Joe's eyes bulge.

GINGER

Wait! Look, you're, like, a drug expert, right?

JOE

I prefer see myself more as a keen amateur.

GINGER

Well, we got a lot of drugs, okay? So how about this, we take the cash, and you take our stash?

JOE

(to Savannah)

That true?

Savannah looks to the Mustang. He follows her eyes and peers out into the trunk, the cocaine visible in the open bag.

JOE (CONT'D)

That actually sounds pretty groovy to me.

Savannah loosens her hand from her gun as Joe slowly lowers his pistol, and Ginger eases down her shotgun.

JOE (CONT'D)

Huh, kinda got a little intense back there, right? Phew! Glad we all got past that.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The Black Raptor screeches up and Colt hops out.

COLT

Well, fuck me sideways with a four-string fiddle!

He cocks his pistol and aims.

INT./EXT. GAS STATION - SHOOTOUT - NIGHT

BANG! The glass shatters. BANG! Joe instinctively fires. Blood sprays across products. Savannah hits the ground, wincing.

Ginger watches, horrified. She turns up the aisle and scrabbles away for her life.

Joe cowers in the shattered glass behind the counter.

COLT
That people, was a warnin' shot!

JOE
Who fires a fuckin' warnin' shot
through a fuckin' window?

Colt's pistol smokes. Jessie cocks her Stealth Hunter.

COLT
People you should take me very
seriously! I'm El Meurto! You know
what that means?

JOE
(incredulously)
The dead one?

COLT
Yeah!... As in, you're a dead man,
motherfucker!

Jessie cringes. Colt raises his eyebrows at her.

JOE
(long beat)
Yeah, I get it, asshole.

Colt winks at Jessie.

JESSIE
Nice workaround, I guess.

He smiles smugly. Savannah grimaces and writhes on the floor.
She reaches to her thigh to find blood on her quivering hand.

COLT
Now, firstly, you girls better get
out here and secondly, WHERE'S MY
FUCKIN' COKE?

JOE
You mean my coke!

JESSIE
Who the fuck is this guy?

JOE
Who the fuck are these guys?

Joe thinks for a moment.

JOE (CONT'D)

Now, it seems there's some confusion over the ownership of this coke! So, let's put any discrepancy to bed. I hope you bought plenty of ammo, you country bumpkin motherfuckers!

Joe pops out the window and FIRES. Colt and Jessie run behind the Black Raptor and return FIRE.

JOE (CONT'D)

Hooya! Two against one! Let's see what you got, Bonnie and Clyde!

Jessie aims the Stealth Hunter. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! She lets rip. Windows smash, lights shatter, products explode. Joe cowers.

JOE (CONT'D)

Okay, was not expecting that.

He pops up and FIRES. Colt and Jesse FIRE back.

Savannah looks up the aisle to see Ginger staring back, horrified. She tries to stand up but can't. Her feet slip in the pool of blood draining from her.

She grits her teeth and wrings every last ounce of strength she has but slumps to the floor, gasping.

She lies watching bullets flying through the air above her and punching into products on the shelves. She thinks as she pants and looks at the box of cash. She grabs it, and--

She slides it down the aisle to Ginger. Ginger stares back, confused. Savannah nods across the store. Ginger looks around to see a storeroom door.

Savannah gestures for Ginger to flee. Ginger shakes her head in tears. Savannah stares intensely and fights back crying.

BANG! Joe takes one in the shoulder. He scrambles for his heroin and pours it onto the back of his hand.

JOE (CONT'D)

Medic!

He snorts some and gasps in ecstasy.

Ginger sits thinking. She takes a deep breath, toughens up, and readies the shotgun. She sprints down the aisle and grabs Savannah. She pulls hard and slips in the blood.

JOE (CONT'D)

Oh no you don't!

Ginger glances up. Joe aims for her. She freezes and squeals. BANG! A can of oil explodes by her head.

She aims back. Joe ducks. BOOM! Products on the counter decimate. The kick slides Ginger back on her butt, crashing her into shelves.

Ginger gathers herself up, grabs Savannah, and drags her away, leaving a bloody trail, the rucksack dragging along with them on Savannah's shoulder.

JOE (CONT'D)

Oh, you want a three-way now? Well, that's just bitchin'!

Joe aims up the next aisle. Ginger struggles to drag Savannah as fast as she can. Savannah grabs the box of cash as they pass, slowing them down further.

They pass by the open aisle. BANG! BANG! BANG! Bottles of soda explode in her face. Savannah gazes around, Ginger's legs pumping behind her.

Joe aims up the next aisle. Ginger stops to catch her breath.

GINGER

(to Savannah)

I can't.

Savannah stares at the cash and her father's rucksack in each hand and lets go of the cash.

SAVANNAH

Go!

Ginger heaves as hard as she can. They pass the next aisle. BANG! A fridge unit explodes glass. Ginger screams. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Colt snipes products by Ginger.

Savannah grits her teeth and OPENS FIRE relentlessly. Joe cowers. Full metal jackets punch through metal and wood.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Jessie's rounds rip through liquor on the back wall and shower the Sisters with glass.

Ginger reaches the storeroom and heaves Savannah inside.

INT. GAS STATION - STOREROOM - NIGHT

Ginger slams the door and bolts it. Gunfire echoes.

They hug tightly. Ginger sees the blood pouring from Savannah's wound. She empties the rucksack.

Spare ammo rolls across the floor. Ginger fumbles for an old medics kit as Savannah grabs the rounds.

Ginger packs the wound with gauze as Savannah loads the rounds into her empty clip. Ginger wraps Savannah's leg with a bandage and pulls tight.

Savannah shrieks and smacks the clip into her pistol.

Ginger heaves Savannah up and helps her to the back door. She finds it locked, grits her teeth, and gives it a kick any Vegas chorus girl would be proud of.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

BANG! The backdoor swings open, and Ginger limps Savannah along the wall as shots ring through the air.

They hobble to the Mustang and sit against it, right in the middle of the shootout.

Joe lunges up the window. Colt FIRES. Joe goes to aim but his hand goes limp. He passes out and slumps over.

Silence descends. The Sisters sit panting. Colt spies them, hiding behind the Mustang.

COLT

I see you, girls.

Ginger crawls around to the trunk, drags the cocaine out, and hurls the bag across the forecourt. Jessie sweeps in, grabs it, and throws it into the Raptor.

COLT (CONT'D)

You think that makes us even?

GINGER

We need the car! My sister's injured real bad!

Colt's anger grows.

COLT

You think that's what this is all about? A car? Some coke? Are you out of your tiny minds?

He reaches into the Raptor, plunges his hand into the coke, and holds it out, letting it run through his fingers.

COLT (CONT'D)

We had a deal! You work for me!

He aims at the Mustang. BANG! BANG! BANG! He riddles the bodywork with shots and stands fuming.

COLT (CONT'D)

Now, if you girls want to live, I want your asses! I OWN YOU!

The Sisters sit contemplating their options. They look at blood soaking through the bandage on Savannah's leg.

SAVANNAH

You thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

GINGER

For the first time in my life, I think I actually am.

Savannah chambers a round. Ginger pumps in a shell. They lie on the ground side by side, guns aimed under the Mustang and--

They let rip at the fuel pumps. Cartridges ping past Ginger's face. Muzzle flash flares from Savannah's pistol. Fuel vaporizes. Rounds spark.

BOOM! A pump explodes into a bright orange fireball.

The Sisters cower behind the Mustang. Colt and Jessie duck behind the Raptor. Joe regains consciousness and peers out the window.

JOE

Oh shit.

KABOOM! The pumps explode. A monumental fireball flashes over the forecourt.

Joe dives back down and braces himself as what windows are still intact blow out behind him.

Savannah gets behind the wheel of the Mustang. Ginger runs around to her side and spots Joe staring back wide-eyed from the window.

GINGER

Bet you wish the tank was dry now, don't you, asshole?

Colt and Jesse gawk up at the boiling ball of flames. The gas station canopy creaks and collapses. They duck. It smashes down around the Raptor, pinning it in.

The Mustang roars across the forecourt sideways.

A pump explodes. Fuel runs across the highway. A wall of roaring fire blocks the route to Vegas. The Mustang slews onto the highway and heads the other way.

Colt aims through the flames. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! The Sisters wince. CLICK! CLICK!

Jessie carefully aims the Stealth Hunter. BOOM! It smacks her in the face and knocks her clean on her back. Colt looks at her lying on the ground.

JESSIE

(dazed)

We won, right?

He peers ahead, grins, and smacks a clip into his pistol.

COLT

Not yet.

As the Mustang freight trains along the highway, the Sisters stare ahead at a sea of strobing police lights ahead. Savannah hits the brakes.

The Mustang nose dives and spins around. The Sisters sit facing the inferno in the distance.

SAVANNAH

Look, maybe I've lost too much blood to think straight. But, right now, as crazy as this might sound, those flames are lookin' like our best option out of this.

GINGER

You think there's a way through in all that mess?

SAVANNAH

I don't know, but I'd sooner crash and burn hopin' there is, than lose everythin' givin' up now.

Savannah sincerely stares at Ginger.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

But I can't make that decision for both of us, and I sure as hell ain't going in without you. So, what's it gonna be?

Ginger thinks for a moment, reaches over, and grabs the shifter. Savannah lays her hand on top, and they both slam it into drive together, sharing a brave smile.

Savannah mashes the pedal, the tires shred the asphalt, and the Mustang launches down the highway back toward the gas station.

Colt aims toward the glaring headlights. With the engine howling through gears, the Sisters stare into the fire ahead as red and blue lights flash through the rear window.

Colt glowers. BANG! BANG! BANG! He opens fire. The Sisters wince and cower as rounds ping off the hood.

The Mustang screams toward the inferno. BANG! BANG! BANG! The windshield cracks. The Sisters clutch one another.

They enter the flames. Their eyes bulge. A section of roof collapsed into a ramp. Savannah steers for it. They brace themselves, and--

The Mustang kicks up and leaps through the air.

Colt ducks and stares up in bewilderment as the Mustang skims over him and the Raptor.

BANG! The Mustang crashes to the ground, and sparks fly off the underside. The Sisters look at each other, their stunned expressions turning to elation.

Colt stands panting, watching the Mustang disappear as the cruisers close in on the gas station, sirens howling.

JESSIE
REEAAARRGGGHHH!!!!

Jessie leaps to her feet. She climbs up onto the Raptor furious, aims for the sunroof, and fires. BANG! The glass shatters. She drops inside and fires it up.

The tires smoke. It pulls free from the wreckage and slews around by Colt. Jessie stares seething.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
Get in.

Cut off from pursuing, The cruisers screech up at the flames as the Raptor races away. Stunned officers get out and scratch their heads.

A pair of boots stride in. A SHERIFF (50s) stands tall as she studies the carnage.

SHERIFF

Jeeze Louise. Looks like we sure
kicked a soft turd on a hot day.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Joe coughs as fire crackles outside. He warily glances at the
cops outside and looks to the storeroom door.

His eyes are drawn to the shattered liquor bottles on the
back wall, their contents tricking down the aisle to--

The smoldering cigarette in front of him. He frowns.

JOE

Country chicks.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

WHOOMPH! The store goes up in flames. The cops snap around to
see Joe burst out the door on fire and sprint up the highway.

DEPUTY

(into radio)

Dispatch, suspect has fled the
premises and is proceeding East, on
foot... and on fire.

Joe gives them the finger as he runs, burning like a torch.

JOE

Fuck you, pigs!

EXT. HIGHWAY TO VEGAS - NIGHT

The Mustang engine howls as it storms down the highway.
Ginger checks Savannah's wound.

SAVANNAH

I'm not givin' out yet, and this
car sure ain't givin' out either.

The bullet-hole-riddled Mustang hits triple digits.

A cruiser sits alone in the scrub.

POLICE RADIO

All units be advised of suspects
fleeing West on Mead Parkway.

The Mustang blows by like a hot bullet.

POLICE RADIO (CONT'D)
 Dispatch, last time anything came
 through here this fast, it crashed
 in Roswell. I am in pursuit.

The cruiser takes chase. The Sisters glance back. The headlights of the cruiser shrink. There's no way it can catch them, but--

Another set of headlights draw up to the cruiser. It's the Black Raptor. Colt and Jessie stare vengefully. They side-swipe the cruiser off the highway into the bushes.

Savannah cries, pained, and clutches her leg. The revs drop. The Mustang slows. The Raptor draws alongside. Ginger shakes her head. Savannah grits her teeth.

The Mustang and Raptor tear down the highway side by side. Colt aims his pistol, and Jessie draws out the Stealth Hunter. The Sisters cower, and--

BANG! Savannah slams the Mustang against the Raptor, shoving it across the road.

JESSIE
 She bought a knife to a gunfight!

Jessie cuts the wheel hard. The Raptor swings back. BANG! It nearly puts the Mustang in the desert. Savannah fights the wheel and keeps them on the asphalt.

The Raptor rests up against the Mustang, slowly pushing it into the dirt. The Sisters wince as bushes crash off the hood. Savannah keeps fighting back.

COLT
 You gotta love their tenacity!

JESSIE
 You want me to finish them?

COLT
 Yeah! Fuck these girls!

Jessie cuts the wheel hard. The Raptor swings away from the Mustang and serves back, but the Mustang dives out the way into the dirt, kicking up a dust cloud.

JESSIE
 Aww, now they don't want to play?

COLT
 Allow me.

Colt aims for Savannah and Ginger. They stare back, the Mustang racing alongside the highway in the desert scrub, the Black Raptor tearing down the asphalt beside it.

Colt locks eyes with Savannah. Jessie locks eyes with Ginger. Savannah brakes and cuts the wheel.

The Mustang swings back onto the highway behind the Raptor. Savannah punches the throttle and rides their tail.

Colt and Jessie look behind them, confused, then at each other, and then back out the windshield to see--

A police roadblock across the highway. Officers fleeing out of the way. Jessie goes for the brakes but, before she can touch them--

BANG! The Raptor hits a cruiser. CRASH! It rebounds into another, cutting a path for the Mustang right behind.

SMASH! It takes out the remaining one and kicks up into the air. The Sisters wince as the Raptor rolls through the sky. The Mustang just cuts under it and--

BANG! CRASH! BANG! The Raptor crashes back down, flipping and tumbling down the road, body panels tearing away.

It comes to a rest, smoke and steam pouring from it.

The Mustang's taillights fade into the night with the Sisters staring ahead, determined, heading for that glow.

From within the wrecked Raptor, Colt and Jessie look at each other, dazed and confused, covered head to toe in the coke.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

They snap around to see Officers surrounding them and reluctantly raise their hands.

OFFICER

Drop any weapons, get out of the vehicle, and put your hands on the roof.

Colt drops his pistol. They ease out and put their hands on the roof, the Stealth Hunter still in Jessie's hand.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Put the weapon down!

COLT

Hey, go easy on her, okay? She's got nothing to do with this. She's just some junkie.

Colt smiles, amused, at Jessie.

COLT (CONT'D)

I guess this what they mean by irony.

Jessie sneers back, seething with spite.

JESSIE

No, this is.

Jessie aims at him. BOOM! The gunshot echoes across the empty desert as Colt's headless coke-covered corpse thuds to the ground, his huge tattoo for all to see through his torn open top. The Officers stare open-mouthed.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

He promised me a vacation!

EXT. LAS VEGAS OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

As the Mustang cruises down the empty highway, the Sisters spot a lonely old club in the distance, its neon sign flashing all but a few of the letters.

Ginger takes out the business card. They check it. It's the same place. The Mustang engine suddenly cuts, and Savannah looks at the fuel gauge to find it empty.

They coast silently toward the entrance.

EXT. OLD LAS VEGAS CLUB - NIGHT

The Mustang rolls into the car lot and comes to a rest. The Sisters climb out and slump against the hood together, bruised, blood-soaked, and beaten, taking in the golden city before them before looking at one another victoriously.

SAVANNAH

For your dreams, baby.

Ginger slips her arm around Savannah and pulls her close.

GINGER

For our dreams.

THE END