

HELL'S BELLES

by

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EXT. MIDDLE EAST WAR ZONE - DAY

Sand sweeps across an empty highway. A HUMVEE screeches up. A SQUAD leap out. Some bad shit just went down.

CORPORAL
(panicked into radio)
This is Shortstack twenty-one
requesting close air support on
quadrant niner-six! Insurgents
locked in tight, over!

They exchange worried glances.

RADIO
Received. Air support en-route to
your area Shortstack, over and out.

They sigh, relieved. A distant cackling. They peer into the desert. A Black Hawk skims the desert, a battered wreck going hell for leather, *Big Greasy* inscribed across an engine cowl.

TAYLOR (30's), tall and cool as ice, sits slumped across the open side door, her hair blowing in the wind.

INT. BIG GREASY - MOVING - DAY

Inside shudders like crazy. JUDGE (40's), African-American, shoots Taylor a mean stare from the cockpit.

JUDGE
Put your damn lid on, Taylor!

TAYLOR
You know the enemy only shoot up at
us, right?

Judge ain't too impressed with that remark.

SPIT (20's), Latin-American and just as alluring as that implies, straps in behind a mini-gun.

SPIT
It's so, when your head explodes,
we don't get covered in brains!

Taylor pats her lid on, a pair of gonads scrawled on it.

TAYLOR
You know I ain't got no brains!

MEMPHIS (20's), petite and sweet, clutches the control stick with a crazed stare in her eyes.

MEMPHIS
Comin' up on our ten-o'clock!

ON THE SQUAD

Big Greasy storms over. The squad gaze up. The girls grin back and give them the finger.

CORPORAL
Hell's Belles! Retreat back!

INT. BIG GREASY - MOVING - DAY

They approach the town. Memphis kisses her hand and taps a Pink Power Ranger toy glued to the dash.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - HELICOPTER CHASE - DAY

Big Greasy circles over and scopes for a fight. The girls intently scan the area.

JUDGE
There! Nine-o'clock! Batter up!

TAYLOR
On it like I wannit!

BWAAAAAAAP!! INSURGENTS get chewed into shreds.

JUDGE
On our five!

Memphis cuts the stick with style. Big Greasy kicks around. BWAAAAAAAP!! Insurgents are torn to pieces.

Silence. The girls sit waiting.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Is that it? They called us in for that boy-scout bullshit.

SPIT
Tell me that was just the foreplay, please.

MEMPHIS
That wasn't even third base.

TAYLOR
Dead ahead!

A battered old Pickup skids to a halt with an RPG INSURGENT in the bed. He aims a rocket launcher at them and fires.

Memphis puts the moves on him. WOOOOOOSH! The RPG shrieks by.

That Pickup is now getting out of town fast.

JUDGE

Oh, now we're talkin'!

The Pickup flees down the streets. Big Greasy swoops after.

Taylor and Spit clutch their mini-guns and open fire. Dirt kicks up around the Pickup. Walls shatter.

It dives down a street, Big Greasy looms over it. RPG Insurgent fires. BOOM! A stone building takes the hit. Debris flies everywhere.

They race into an Industrial Area and head for a--

HUGE WAREHOUSE

The Pickup blows by a security booth and ducks inside. A CREEPY INSURGENT in the booth shouts, goads, and generally insults the concept of freedom as Big Greasy thumps by.

Judge looks worried. The warehouse doors approaching. Memphis is in the zone, she's taking them in.

JUDGE

Oh, hell no, Memphis! No!

Big Greasy slips through the gap in the doors and--

INT. HUGE WAREHOUSE - HELICOPTER CHASE - DAY

The Pickup races around stacked goods. Big Greasy circles and fires. The Pickup screeches down a passage and hides.

Silence. The Girl's pupils flick around.

Insurgents everywhere, cleaning guns, playing cards, and plotting bad guy shit. They freeze and stare back.

JUDGE

Girls, we are one big-ass bull in one small-ass china shop!

Gunfire from everywhere. Big Greasy spins around and around, unleashing hell. The big warehouse doors close shut.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Get us out of here, Memphis!

MEMPHIS
No problem!

Memphis flicks up her missile button and fires. WOOOOOOOOOSH!
The missile punches straight through the doors and rockets
outside toward the security booth.

The Creepy Insurgent's eyes bulge. BOOM! His booth explodes.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)
Anybody got any better ideas?

Spit's mini-gun cuts out.

SPIT
I'm jammed!

Insurgents capitalize on it. They rush in and open fire.
Bullets ping. Memphis looks back.

MEMPHIS
Hang on!

Big Greasy turns, sweeps back, and blows gravel into the
Insurgent's eyes.

The tail crashes against an overhead walkway, and the
tailwheel gets stuck. The girls jolt. Memphis cringes as she
fights the controls.

TAYLOR
What's the problem?

MEMPHIS
Shit! Now I'm jammed!

Taylor's on it. She unbuckles, takes out her pistol, crosses
to Spit, and fires through the window.

Big Greasy writhes around, still caught on the walkway.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)
Come on, Big Greasy! Come on, baby!

Big Greasy tilts. Taylor falls back, slides out the door and--

Thuds to the warehouse floor. She leaps up, runs, and dives
to cover behind crates and a forklift truck.

Judge pulls out her pistol and fires from her window.

JUDGE

Could we be in any more of a mess!

MEMPHIS

Yes!

The girls snap around. RPG Insurgent aims for them, he can't miss this time, but--

Taylor pops up from behind the crates and fires. RPG Insurgent takes it in the leg. He buckles and fires.

WOOOOOSH! The RPG rockets past Big Greasy and hits the roof.

BOOM! The Squad in the desert wince. A huge fireball from the warehouse.

Memphis glances around. An Insurgent on the walkway. He crosses toward the tail. She kicks the rudder. The tail rotor screams. The force sucks the Insurgent into the rotors and chops him to shreds.

Taylor defends her position, pauses, and looks down. Turns out the crates are full of AK 47s! She grabs one, unloads a whole clip into insurgents, grabs another, and repeats.

Spit manages to unjam her gun.

SPIT

I'm back!

Spit lets rip and cuts into the stuck tailwheel.

Taylor grabs another AK and gets in the forklift. She races across the warehouse, raises the ammo crate, and fires back.

She jams the AK on the throttle and climbs up the lift, then leaps to Big Greasy, crawls onboard, and straps back in like it's another tough day at the office.

JUDGE

Good to finally have you back with us, Taylor! Now, let's get the hell out of here!

TAYLOR

Gladly!

Taylor opens up her mini-gun. A huge rack of fuel barrels cuts apart and collapses. The barrels clang to the floor and roll along as the Forklift bumbles toward them.

The Pickup screeches out of its hiding place and dives through a gap in the door.

Judge aims her pistol carefully, squints, and fires. BOOM!
The ammo crate on the Forklift explodes.

The Pickup races away from the exploding warehouse. The wall
blasts apart. The girls shield themselves.

JUDGE

Motherfuckers, we are a weapon of
mass destruction!

Spit continues firing. The tailwheel breaks free. Big Greasy
pulls away through an onslaught of explosions.

EXT. HIGHWAY - HELICOPTER CHASE - DAY

Big Greasy storms out the collapsing warehouse and dives
toward the highway. Two Motocross bikes take chase as the
building explodes behind them.

The Squad in the desert nod and applaud.

Big Greasy chases the Pickup, ducking an overpass like it's
routine. The bikes get close. The pillion riders fire.
Bullets ping. Memphis pulls back on the stick.

MEMPHIS

HOLD ONTO YOUR TITS!

Big Greasy pitches back and smacks an overhead sign which
crashes to the asphalt. One bike crashes into the twisted
metal while the other ramps it.

JUDGE

Enough of this! Belle Break!

The girls all clutch on. They know what's coming. Big Greasy
kicks back, rolls, and spirals up and around the bike in one
insane death-defying move.

The Squad stare, shocked, as their heads follow.

SQUAD MEMBER #1

Where the hell they learn that?

SQUAD MEMBER #2

They invented that shit.

Big Greasy swoops down and smacks the bike over. The
Insurgent riding pillion flies through the air and--

Memphis and Judge stare, the Insurgent hanging from the
landing gear, fear in his eyes as asphalt rushes by.

Big Greasy hugs the road, flies sideways, and draws alongside the Pickup.

The Driver and RPG Insurgent stare, shocked. The Clinging Insurgent shrugs back.

Judge snatches a microphone.

JUDGE

You in the truck, pull over!

The Driver can't believe what he's hearing. RPG Insurgent still fancies his chances. He goes to reload. The girls shake their heads. Yeah, that ain't gonna happen.

BWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP! Big Greasy's mini-guns light up. Hell is unleashed on the pickup. WOOOSH! BOOOM! A missile shrieks and detonates. The burning pickup shell flips down the highway.

Big Greasy banks, turns, and soars away while the girls celebrate by smacking in high-fives.

Taylor slumps down, takes off her helmet, and holds it up. A bullet in it. Judge shakes her head, unimpressed.

Memphis proudly pats the Pink Power Ranger.

The Squad stare fixed as smoke pours from the scene ahead.

CORPORAL

You know what they say about the Hell's Belles, boys. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

The Black Hawk thunders over, and the one remaining Insurgent crashes to the ground by his feet. Job done.

INT. ARMY MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A CAPTAIN enters a meeting, concern written across his face. A MALE and FEMALE OFFICER sit obediently waiting.

CAPTAIN

So... the Hell's Belles.

FEMALE OFFICER

(rolling eyes)
Hell's Belles.

MALE OFFICER

(shaking head)
Hell's Belles.

The Captain sits down. They sigh and open their files.

EXT. ARMY BASE - NIGHT

The girls mosey through the darkness past campfires. They're cool, they're mean, and they look like trouble.

They head for a tent decorated with flashing lights, a beat throbbing from within it.

INT. PARTY TENT - NIGHT

TROOPS drink and dance. One hell of a party.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Okay, tell me about these girls.

A SOLDIER rushes up. He really doesn't want the girls joining in. Judge glares, gestures, and points.

INTERCUT MEETING ROOM AND PARTY TENT

MALE OFFICER

Colonel Judith Newton, aka "Judge Judy". Left a high power career as a lawyer in Baltimore following a messy divorce. She's got an eye for detail and a nose for bullshit. She knows every rule, every loophole, every clause in our procedures and uses it to get whatever she wants.

Judge stands victorious as the Soldier reluctantly lets the girls join the party.

FEMALE OFFICER

And that's without ever playing the sexism or racism cards.

MALE OFFICER

Certified man-hater. She's got zero respect for men in unfair positions of authority and loves to challenge them.

CAPTAIN

But, that's most of us here?

MALE OFFICER

Doesn't seem to put her off, sir.

CAPTAIN

Okay, who else?

Spit crosses toward a dance area. Lights flash, colored laser beams flicker, and sweat-covered bodies gyrate.

FEMALE OFFICER

Valentina Armero, or as she's fondly known, Spit-Roast.

The beat builds, and she slips into the dancing. She's sexy, and she knows it.

CAPTAIN

Why the nickname?

FEMALE OFFICER

Really? Do I need to draw you a diagram?

MALE OFFICER

Father emigrated from Columbia, signed up first thing. She's Force through and through. Knows nothing else.

FEMALE OFFICER

Other than how to sleep her way through most of her barracks, she's a slut.

CAPTAIN

I think the term is nymphomaniac.

Spit seductively entwines with a Soldier.

FEMALE OFFICER

Oh no, she's what nymphomaniacs call a slut.

MALE OFFICER

She's the one we want to protect, the others are a bad influence.

CAPTAIN

She's the good one?

Memphis stands among the heaving crowd. She sips a beer and chews her lip while her pupils flick around paranoid.

FEMALE OFFICER

Isabella Amesbury aka "Memphis Bella", wanted to join so bad she ran away from wealthy parents in Beverly Hills at fifteen and tried to enroll.

Memphis jolts as she's shoved and flips out. She coils and points venomously up at the Soldiers towering over her like a cornered street cat facing a pack of dogs.

MALE OFFICER

Tiny, neurotic, and full of anger, she's a tempestuous little c-.

CAPTAIN

-Officer! This room does not want to hear your personal opinion or that tone.

MALE OFFICER

(waving report)

No, sir, her psychologist's words.

Memphis launches into the Soldiers and swings punches.

FEMALE OFFICER

After she broke his nose, that is.

CAPTAIN

Okay, so what about this last one, Taylor Trashmann?

Taylor idly sips her beer as she watches Memphis scrapping. She shakes her head, tosses the bottle down, and moves in.

MALE OFFICER

"Taylor Trash".

FEMALE OFFICE

You say that to her face. She's six foot of pure go fuck yourself.

Taylor crosses to the brawl, pulls Memphis out by the scruff of her neck, and squares up to everybody.

MALE OFFICER

Raised in the deep South. Childhood so screwed up she entered kindergarten with a thousand-yard stare.

A Solider gets in Taylor's face. CRACK! She head-butts him.

CAPTAIN

Okay, skip to the chase for me here. What's the big issue?

FEMALE OFFICER

They're a good crew, just too aggressive.

A full-blown fight breaks out, Taylor vs everyone.

MALE OFFICER

They cause too many problems both on and off the battlefield.

Spit and Judge run in and try to restrain Taylor, but Memphis leaps back into the mix and makes things even worse.

FEMALE OFFICER

Put it this way, sir, they're so volatile, sometimes we'd be safer if they were fighting for the other side.

The Captain sits back and thinks.

EXT. ARMY BASE - DAY

Music crackles from a boom box by a tent. The battered Black Hawk sits dumped on its tail in the dirt, Memphis in the cockpit, doing routine checks.

Spit catches some rays on a bed in a bikini. Taylor applies new skin to her knuckles. Judge marches out of the tent, a radio to her ear, taking no shit.

JUDGE

Hell no! You tell your captain I want maintenance out here, stat, no more bullshit!

(beat)

Yeah, well, go get him. I'll tell him what the procedure is.

Crunching footsteps. Judge looks around. The Male and Female Officers standing side by side, looking serious.

FEMALE OFFICER

Colonel, a word, please.

Judge sighs. The Girls exchange concerned glances. They sure ain't here to give them a badge of honor.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

The girls perched on their beds, shocked and angry. Judge looks guilty as she's just delivered some bad news.

SPIT

Cargo crew? Are you joking us?

JUDGE

Don't lay this at my feet. I fought our case, but we just done too much stupid shit.

MEMPHIS

Flying vans? Seriously? That's all we're good for? The Army's freaking delivery service?

JUDGE

Hey, it's an essential role! Don't demean it!

TAYLOR

She's right, though. We're fighters, and we get the job done.

JUDGE

Not the way they want it done we don't. We break too many rules, we take too many risks, it's as simple as that.

TAYLOR

No! It's called war, and it's as simple as us or them. These pencil pushers need to come for a ride-along, put some real lead down on the enemy, see how long they stick to procedure then.

SPIT

That's right! I just want to fight for something good, you know? My rules. I'll take my own risks.

They all look down and sigh while Memphis storms out.

MEMPHIS

This is bullshit! Bullshit!

EXT. AIRBASE, MIDDLE EAST - DAY

A dusty makeshift airbase in the middle of nowhere. Rock music crackles through tannoy speakers. Cargo Crew busy. The Girls in their separate work areas. Taylor heaves crates. Spit stacks boxes. Judge scans paperwork.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - DAY

CHAD MAN, an all-round weapons-grade douchebag, sits alone, slumped in his chair, slurping a soda.

CHAD MAN

(into mic)

And that was, of course, Beach Boys with Good Vibrations. This is Chad Man The Bad Man bringing a refreshing breeze of cool to your otherwise short and pointless existence as we slowly grind our way toward our inevitable demise at the hands of our enemy. Now, a little something for you ladies.

ON SPIT

Spit and a female co-worker roll their eyes.

CHAD MAN

(through tannoy speakers)

So, all you honeys, just lie back, think of your country, and let the Chad Man slip into every orifice.

The co-worker pretends to gag on her finger. Spit smirks.

ON CHAD MAN

Chad Man puts the mic by a Boom Box speaker as cheesy R&B plays. He spots a Cargo Plane coming in to land.

CHAD MAN

Yo! Big wassup, four-fan-trash-can. I've eye'd you in the sky, now please, identify.

MEMPHIS

(through speaker)

This is Memphis coming in South for touchdown.

A sly grin draws across Chad Man's face.

CHAD MAN
Well, well, well, the Chad Man and
Memphis mouth-to-mouth once again!

INT. CARGO PLANE - MOVING - DAY

Memphis at the controls wearing huge headphones. She's not happy to hear his voice.

INTERCUT CHAD MAN, MEMPHIS, JUDGE, TAYLOR, AND SPIT

Chad Man licks his lips and flicks a few switches.

CHAD MAN
You still aching for the Chad Man?

Feedback squeaks through the tannoy speakers.

CHAD MAN (CONT'D)
(through tannoy speakers)
You still pining from the best
night of your life?

MEMPHIS
(through tannoy speakers)
Whatever, Chad Man! Screw you!

Judge snaps up. This is worrying. Crew chuckle, amused.

Chad Man grins, his eyes darting around.

CHAD MAN
(into radio)
Screw me? Again? In your dreams,
baby. In your wildest dreams.

He peers at the runway smugly as the Cargo Plane lands below.

Taylor listens, she knows where this is going.

CHAD MAN (CONT'D)
(through tannoy speakers)
The Chad Man doesn't do seconds,
cutie pie. It don't matter how many
love letters you write in.

Spit stops stacking boxes and listens concerned.

MEMPHIS
 (through tannoy speakers)
 Fuck you Chad! Go to Hell!

SCREECHING TIRES! Spit snaps around. The Cargo Plane skids to a halt, with smoke pouring from the landing gear. Memphis flicks overhead switches, pissed off.

The loading ramp whirrs down and Crew rush in to unload.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 You know what, Chad? You're a jerk!
 A real dick-dipping jerk! You know
 that, asshole!

Crew snigger. Taylor grows really concerned. Judge is now at the foot of the Control Tower, waving her arms for Chad Man to cut it out.

No chance, he's the Chad Man, and he loves the attention.

CHAD MAN
 (into radio)
 Jerk, yeah? That's not what you
 were saying a few weeks back.

Chad Man takes out his cell phone and flips it open.

Crew busily unload the Cargo Plane.

CHAD MAN (CONT'D)
 (Through Tannoy Speakers)
 Message three-hundred-and-twenty-
 four of eight-hundred-and-sixty-
 two; Chad man, you bad man-

Memphis is horrified, broken heart still tender.

MEMPHIS
 (into radio)
 Don't you dare, Chad! That poem's
 private!

Crew wince. He's going too far. Spit's getting worried. Taylor's getting anxious. Judge's paces around.

CHAD MAN
 (through tannoy speakers)
 You make me sad, man. I'm mad, man.

Chad Man snorts, amused.

CHAD MAN (CONT'D)
 (through tannoy speakers)
 Yeah, you're crazy! Like that's
 news to anybody!

Memphis just got that crazy switch flicked.

MEMPHIS
 (into radio)
 Seriously, don't call me crazy!

She thrusts the power levers and--

The engines roar at full speed. Crew flee. The Cargo Plane starts backing up.

Judge freezes. Spit's eyes go wide. Taylor winces. Shit just got crazy, and it's at the helm of a Cargo Plane.

Memphis grits her teeth, clutching the control stick.

Chad Man peers at the runway, confused, the Cargo Plane reversing fast.

CHAD MAN
 (into radio)
 Erm, I have not given you
 permission to race backwards down
 my airstrip, Memphis.

Taylor stares at the Cargo Plane charging backwards as Crew desperately flee.

She knows it's only going to get more stupid. She climbs up on a crate, scans, and spots Spit. She gestures a steering wheel. Spit ain't too sure they should. Taylor pleads and--

Spit reluctantly gives in. She runs to a Humvee, fires it up, and races away.

The Cargo Plane stops, pops a wheelie, and crashes back down.

Judge needs to get in that Control Tower and stop this. She runs to the ladder. A GUARD blocks her.

JUDGE
 Let me up there, or we're gonna
 have one hell of a situation here!

GUARD
 No chance, sweetheart, back off!

Spit skids to a halt in the Humvee. Taylor leaps in. It scrabbles away toward the airstrip but--

Memphis rams power levers forward, eyes glaring, and the Cargo Plane roars down the strip. The Humvee crashes through a fence, racing after it and drawing alongside.

Taylor leaps and grabs the ramp as the Cargo Plane pulls up sharply. She hangs on as the ground sweeps away below.

Memphis shoves the control stick forward, and the Cargo Plane levels off. A short, fast take-off.

Memphis floats up in her seat from the negative g-force.

Taylor smacks against the ramp and winces. She looks up to find a partly secured Humvee jostling in the cargo bay.

JUDGE

Directive forty-two! In the interest of base safety, security should show leniency-

GUARD

Listen! There ain't nothing in that head of yours that's going to get you in this control tower!

Judge looks back frankly for a moment.

JUDGE

Ya think?

SMACK! She head-butts him and clutches her head wincing.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Shit! Ow! How does Taylor do that?

Spit gazes up, watching the carnage unfolding above.

Chad Man is terrified and he should be. The Cargo Plane banks tight and levels off, coming right at the control tower fast.

CHAD MAN

(into radio)

Hey now! It's cool! I'm just having a little fun is all! I'm sorry! What we had was special, okay? Real, real special to me!

Memphis stares ahead. The Tower closes in.

MEMPHIS

(into radio)

Yeah? You promise?

The Cargo Crew smirk. Chad Man's such a pussy.

CHAD MAN
(through tannoy speakers)
Yeah, I promise, honey! I promise!

MEMPHIS
(into radio)
Well, okay then!

Memphis pulls the control stick back hard, and the Cargo Plane pulls up at the last second. Judge clutches the Control Tower ladder, winces, and clenches her eyes shut.

Chad Man screams like a girl and cowers. The belly of the Cargo Plane fills the Control Tower window and --

It just misses, pulling into a steep climb. Crew applaud.

Taylor hangs on for her life. The Humvee hangs by a single strap. Memphis sits pressed back in her seat.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Chad, now we're like, cool again?

Chad Man's cowers on the floor, confused and scared.

CHAD MAN
(into radio)
Yeah, sweetie. We're cool.

Taylor's eyes bulge. The strap holding the HUMVEE splays apart. Memphis smiles to herself.

MEMPHIS
(into radio)
In that case, how about I give you
a hummer?

Chad Man grins. A hummer? After this? Oh, hang on.

The strap SNAPS. The Humvee drops. Taylor lets go of the ramp, drops, crabs a cargo net, and swings out the way as the Humvee soars right by her and--

Falls through the sky, impaling into the Control Tower roof.

Crew fall about laughing, they can't believe it.

Chad Man eases his eyes open. The Humvee grill stares back. The door to the room slams. He looks up to find Judge standing over him, shaking her head.

JUDGE
See what you done?

He looks up helplessly. She snatches his headset off.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 Memphis you receiving?

MEMPHIS
 (into radio)
 Judge? Is that you?

JUDGE
 (into radio)
 Yeah it's me. It's all cool, okay.

MEMPHIS
 (into radio)
 You in air traffic control now?

The click of pistol. Judge winces and looks around to see the Guard with his pistol raised, nursing his head pissed off.

JUDGE
 (into radio)
 Not for long, baby. I need you to put that bird on the ground right away, okay?

MEMPHIS
 (into radio)
 No problem!

Memphis shoves the control stick forward, and the Cargo Plane goes into a steep dive.

Taylor hangs onto the net, flying in mid-air.

The Cargo Plane lands hard on the dirt near the airstrip, and Taylor smacks into the dirt, dragging along behind, wincing until the Cargo Plane skids to a halt in a cloud of dust.

Spit sighs, relieved it's over. Sirens. MILITARY POLICE race up. She raises her hands slowly.

Memphis goes to leave and finds Taylor marching up the cargo area, filthy and furious. She freezes. Taylor smacks her to the ground, knocking off her headphones and points.

TAYLOR
 You really, really need to address your serious aggression issues!

Judge looks down and cringes as Chad Man winces back, ashamed.

JUDGE
 (through tannoy speakers)
 Let the record show, Chad Man has
 managed to piss his pants.

Crew fall about laughing and pointing at the Humvee wedged
 into the Control Tower. Best day on base ever.

INT. HANGER - DAY

The Captain marches past The Girls lined up in front of him,
 seething while The Male and Female Officers stand obediently
 by them. He pauses by Spit.

CAPTAIN
 Taking a vehicle without
 permission. Invading the confines
 of a military air base.

Spit hangs her head in shame. He pauses by Judge.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
 Assaulting a security officer.
 Commandeering control of an
 aircraft.

Judge bites her lip, frustrated. He pauses by Taylor.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
 Boarding a vehicle without orders.
 Boarding an aircraft without
 orders.

Taylor shakes her head, sneering. He pauses by Memphis, looks
 her up and down, and shakes his head.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
 Pretty much everything else.

Memphis stares at the floor, angry. He crosses to the center
 of the hanger in front of them.

JUDGE
 Sir, let me just-

CAPTAIN
 (pointing)
 Shut your mouth, okay? Objection
 overruled, Ally-Mc-Fucking-Beal!
 Let me paint the picture for you
 here. I've now got a situation so
 densely fucked up it's actually now
 gathering mass!
 (MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

And if I don't do something, it's going to start sucking in more fucked up situations from the immediate vicinity until this whole division becomes some sort of bullshit blackhole!

He glares across at them. They shamefully stare back.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

But I looked into you girls, your mission reports, everything, and I get it. You take me back to a time when we stuck with our crew like shit on a shoe, and we got the job done, even if it meant breaking a few rules. Now maybe I'm getting all misty-eyed or going soft in my old age, and believe me, my hands are pretty fucking tied here, but I'm throwing you a lifeline. You're disenrolled pending review. You fly back to the stars and bars with immediate effect.

The girls sigh, disappointed, and shake their heads.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

So go paint your nails, braid each other's hair, sing some karaoke, or whatever it takes to find some inner fucking zen. Dismissed!

EXT. ARMY BASE - DAY

Memphis gazes ahead solemnly as she strokes the nose of Big Greasy. Taylor and Spit exit the tent concerned.

TAYLOR

Memphis, it's going to be okay.
Don't worry about it.

Memphis nods forlorn. Taylor outstretches her arms.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Come on, bring it in.

Memphis trudges over and embraces her. Spit wraps her arms around them. Judge pops her head out of the tent and beams.

JUDGE

There's my girls.

Judge joins the group hug. They all clutch tightly.

MEMPHIS

(crying)

I just always want to be with you guys, you know. Seriously, I don't want us to be split up ever.

Judge's eyes glisten, it's all very emotional.

JUDGE

Quit it, you're starting me off.

Spit sniffs, upset, and tries to laugh it off.

SPIT

They can't keep the Hell's Belles apart forever, yeah?

Taylor turns away and hides her tears.

TAYLOR

You pussies really need to man up.

INT. TROOP TRANSPORT PLANE - MOVING - DAY

The Girls slouch in a shuddering hold, engines roaring.

TAYLOR

I mean, I just don't get it, you know? What the hell am I going to do? Get a job? All I'm good at is shooting guns and punching people.

(sarcastically)

Maybe it's time to find a good guy, settle down, make babies.

MEMPHIS

(delighted)

Seriously, you think it's time?

Taylor shoots back a dour look. Memphis gets the sarcasm.

SPIT

You're lucky. At least you've lived on the outside. What kind of job can I expect? Housemaid for some lazy rich guero?

MEMPHIS

I could ask my parents, see if they'll give you jobs.

SPIT

Yeah? What's their business?

MEMPHIS

A funeral home. It's good work, I like it. It would just be good if like, some of the people there could talk back, you know?

Spit's cringe says it all. Memphis smiles deflated.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

I don't know how to do anything else. Seriously, I never finished junior high, and I'm pretty sure watching Saved By The Bell every day for three years doesn't count as homeschooling.

TAYLOR

Yeah, that only counts if you've watched The College Years.

Judge lets out a deep, long sigh.

SPIT

Why you so worried, Judge? You can just go back to law, eh?

JUDGE

You think? Oh, when I left, I did not go gracefully. I made sure everybody knew what I thought. No, I'm just as screwed as Morticia Adams and Kid Rock here, and I've been married. I joined the force to relax from that shit.

They glumly look at one another for a few moments.

TAYLOR

So... you guys wanna, like, stick together when we get to L.A? I mean, who knows when this review will come up. No point getting too settled down, right?

They exchange nods. They don't need much of an excuse to stay together. Memphis smiles, delighted.

EXT. CALIFORNIA - DAY

The L.A skyline glints. Traffic clogs highways. The Hollywood sign stands proud. Surfers ride waves.

EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET - DAY

An oversize Black Pickup Truck towers above bustling traffic as it cruises along.

INT. BLACK PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Rap music booms. The Pink Power Ranger wobbles on the dash. Memphis drives and sings while scooched up behind the wheel. Taylor joins her singing from the passenger seat.

They pull up at a set of lights and dance around, throwing goofy gang signs and poses. Something catches Memphis' eye. An SUV full of GANGSTER THUGS glaring back. She stares back, unfazed.

MEMPHIS

What do these guys think they're staring at?

Memphis continues her deadeye. A Thug briefly flashes a Beretta. She drops her jaw sarcastically, unzips her hoody, and flashes a Glock. Taylor clips her round the ear.

TAYLOR

Hey! It's called concealed carry for a reason. Conceal it.

MEMPHIS

They won't shoot a little girl.

TAYLOR

They will. They'll shoot you in the tits. That's what they do to girls. I saw it on The Wire.

MEMPHIS

(coyly)
Shoot on my tits?

TAYLOR

Yeah, sure. They're gonna get out their car, drag you into the street, and shoot on your tits. Make a real example of you.

MEMPHIS

Where's Spit when you need someone
to take one for the team, right?

TAYLOR

Just tell her there's a gang bang
in town, she'll come running.

The signal turns green, and the Pickup roars away.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Judge and Spit stand waiting on the sidewalk, dressed smartly
with luggage and checking their watches.

SPIT

Finally!

The Pickup cruises by with Memphis and Taylor grinning back.

JUDGE

Is she driving that thing because
she lost a bet? All she needs is a
damn farm animal in the back.

SPIT

Why? She's got one in the passenger
seat.

INT. BLACK PICKUP TRUCK -DAY

Taylor peers ahead at Judge and Spit waiting as they pull up.

TAYLOR

Does Judge think we're going to
church?

Memphis glances in her mirror to see Judge struggling to lift
her luggage into the truck bed.

MEMPHIS

Judge religious? Seriously, taking
orders from a man?

The rear doors open. Spit climbs up effortlessly while Judge
huffs as she tries to scramble up in her pencil skirt.

JUDGE

For crying out loud!

Taylor and Memphis laugh as Spit drags her up, and Judge
slams the door, frustrated.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

How'd you even get in this thing,
Memphis? You use a step ladder?

TAYLOR

She wears appropriate clothing.

JUDGE

Oh yeah? You two ever thought about
trying to give a good first
impression? Look at you, dressed
like you're going to a damn
sophomore football game.

TAYLOR

It's concert security, Judge, we're
not applying for jobs at Microsoft.

SPIT

My father, when I was little, he
always told me, dress for the job
you want, not the job you have.

TAYLOR

Yeah? In that case, why aren't you
dressed as a hooker?

EXT. INTERSTATE - LATER - DAY

The Pickup cruises along the busy open highway.

INT. BLACK PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Judge peers around and studies a map.

JUDGE

Why are we still on the damn
interstate?

MEMPHIS

Erm, because like, that's what the
GPS says? Seriously, what's the
problem?

JUDGE

The problem is your computer is
sending us East. We need to be
headed South.

Memphis and Taylor exchange eye rolls.

TAYLOR

I think the GPS knows best, Judge.

JUDGE

Like hell it does! I didn't spend years training to have some jumped-up smartphone with a suction pad tell me which way to go! No, come off at the next exit, I got this.

TAYLOR

No, don't.

JUDGE

Excuse me? Did somebody get a promotion I didn't hear about?

MEMPHIS

You can't pull rank now, Judge, seriously, you can't boss us around out here.

JUDGE

Oh, I'm not saying I outrank you, I'm simply stating I outclass you, okay? I outsmart you, I outperform you. Now, I found these jobs, I got us these interviews, I planned this weekend, this is my thing, so what I say goes. And why am I all cramped up the backseat anyhow? Why is Taylor up front?

TAYLOR

Because I'm the tallest!

JUDGE

Oh, is that how it works? I try to get your sorry asses a job, and you throw it all back in my face, turn up dressed like idiots, make us all late, make me ride in the back?

TAYLOR

Fine! You know what, pull over!

The Pickup quickly stops. Taylor and Judge storm around.

Memphis pulls away as Judge studies her map.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

There's more room back here! She has her seat so far forward I could give birth! In a birthing pool!

JUDGE

Okay, now we're cooking. Take this exit up ahead.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - LATER - DAY

The Pickup roars along a desert road in what genuinely appears to be the middle of nowhere.

INT. BLACK PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Spit tries to get comfortable and looks across to find Taylor staring back, bored.

SPIT

What?

TAYLOR

I wish I was Mexican.

Spit leans against her window and watches scenery.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Seriously, being Mexican is sexy.

JUDGE

She's Columbian, not Mexican, Taylor.

TAYLOR

Same thing, right? Pretty much?

SPIT

Why do you always have to take the piss out of my culture?

TAYLOR

Well, I was tryin' to show an interest. Jeeze! Sorry!

Taylor sulks and glances at Spit.

SPIT

What?

TAYLOR

Teach me some Spanish.

SPIT

Like what Spanish?

TAYLOR

Like, say I've just pounded some
taco bender at a concert for, I
dunno, pouring a forty on someone.
What would be a cool thing to say?

SPIT

(sighing)
Como Chingas.

TAYLOR

Yeah, like that, that sounds cool.

SPIT

You want a good phrase?

Taylor keenly nods.

SPIT (CONT'D)

Okay, you repeat after me. Chupa.

TAYLOR

Chupa.

SUPER: "SUCK"

SPIT

Mi.

TAYLOR

Mi.

SUPER: "MY"

SPIT

Polla.

TAYLOR

Polla.

SUPER: "DICK"

SPIT

Chupa mi polla.

TAYLOR

Chupa mi polla.

SUPER: "SUCK MY DICK"

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What does it mean?

SPIT
It's like, kiss my ass, but way
more badass.

Taylor nods, impressed, as Spit leans back content.

TAYLOR
Chupa mi polla... oh, you can chupa
mi polla, asshole.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - LATER - DAY

The Pickup pulls up to a halt in the middle of nowhere. The wind whistles. Birds of prey shriek.

INT. BLACK PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Silence. The girls slouch, fed up. Judge peers around, confused, and checks the map.

TAYLOR
Admit it, you're lost.

SPIT
How much longer? I gotta pee.

JUDGE
Where's that GPS think we at?

MEMPHIS
(nodding at GPS)
Knock yourself out.

Judge looks at the GPS. The message *FIND NEAREST ROAD*.

Spit spots a car approaching.

SPIT
We should ask for directions, yeah?

JUDGE
Look, I got this, okay? We don't
need to be asking around for help.

SPIT
Come on, if I don't pee soon, this
big ass truck is going to be one
wet ass truck!

MEMPHIS

Spit, seriously, if you pee in my truck I will make you ride in the bed, okay?

A battered old 80's Firebird creeps by. PANCHO (30's), a cool handsome Mexican, stares up from the passenger seat. Memphis gives him the finger.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

Take a picture, Knight Rider.

SPIT

Chingalo!

Spit gets out in a hurry.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Spit runs from the Pickup and waves her arms.

SPIT

Hey! Hey!

The Firebird stops and backs up to her. Pancho smiles back. A GUY behind the wheel. A teenage MEXICAN GIRL in the back.

PANCHO

You got car trouble?

SPIT

Oh no, we're just lost out here.

PANCHO

(shaking head amused)

What is it with girls and getting lost, man? Why can you not find your way around for shit?

Spit politely laughs along.

PANCHO (CONT'D)

Your friend, she gave me the finger. She got a real attitude problem, you know?

SPIT

Oh, that, it's nothin'. She's in a lot of therapy, you know?

Pancho cackles along with the driver.

PANCHO
Ella está loca!

Spit glances at The Girl who remains silent, face indifferent and emotionless. But then there's a glance, a moment of pleading eye contact that's unmistakable.

PANCHO (CONT'D)
Tell your friend she should be less crazy, yeah? There are some real crazy people out here who are not to be messed with. Now where'd you want to go?

SPIT
Anywhere that has a restroom.

PANCHO
You go along this way for just a minute, there's a diner just in a few miles, no problemo.

He shoots a charming look and looks her up and down. She loses herself a little, the atmosphere flirtatious.

SPIT
(suggestively)
Gracias.

PANCHO
Maybe we see you there, hey?

SPIT
Maybe.

PANCHO
(romantically)
Tienes los ojos más bonitos del mundo. Me encantes.

SPIT
(flattered)
Eres tan cariñosa. Muchas gracias.

She jogs back toward the Pickup as the Firebird pulls away and he leans out of the window

PANCHO
Adiós bella!

INT. BLACK PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Spit climbs inside, looking rather pleased with herself. The girls look at her suggestively.

SPIT

What? So he was a very nice man.
Now drive, straight ahead, ándale!

JUDGE

Oh yeah, you don't want her getting
that seat wet, if you know what I
mean.

EXT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

A crummy wooden Diner that's barely standing. Beat up old cars dotted around the dirt car park. A lonely half dead cactus tree the most endearing feature.

The Pickup pulls in and skids to a halt. The girls hop out and stretch while Spit hot-tails it to the entrance.

INT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

Country music croons. Customers sit lazily at tables. Spit bursts in and dashes to the restroom. Judge, Taylor, and Memphis follow and cross to the counter.

BILL (50's), an old greaser, stands cooking and smoking.

JUDGE

Excuse me, sir, but where the hell
are we right now?

BILL

The sign out front and smell of off
meat inside not a hint? This is
Belle's Diner, honey.

JUDGE

I mean geographically.

BILL

Oh, then why didn't you say? If you
mean geographically, then you're in
Belle's Diner, deep in the warm,
sweaty butt crack of Southern
California, just a groping uncle's
finger slip from the puckered
greasy asshole that is Mexicali.

(nods toward restroom)

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

No offense to your friend who just dashed by, presumably either to evade our nonexistent border patrol or to pull coke balloons out of her hiney.

JUDGE

Wow, nice front of house you got there. Say, would you be Belle by any chance? Because I don't see any other bitch working here.

Taylor and Memphis don't like the confrontation, but it's cool, Bill is actually impressed with Judge's moxie.

BILL

I'm Bill, I'm the boss, and you're in Bogie. You won't find it on a map because they only put the places people want to get to on maps. And you're standing in my diner, using my shitter, wasting my time.

Bill's got mouths to feed and stomachs to upset. Judge ain't getting it, but Taylor takes the hint.

TAYLOR

We'll take four sodas, thanks.

BILL

She knows where she is.

Bill pops tops off bottles and plonks them on the counter with all the courtesy of a suicidal Hooter's waitress.

JUDGE

(to Taylor)

What you doin'? We ain't staying.

TAYLOR

Sorry, I've been pulled in by the ambiance now. Besides, we ain't gonna make it now, no way.

Judge checks her watch and sighs.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Actually thinking about it, Bill, that rotten beef smells good. You think you could burn the shit out of a piece and turn it into something resembling a burger?

BILL

Hell, it's the only thing I can do.
Something resembling a burger
coming right up.

MEMPHIS

Can I get one too? And can you
like, hold the onions?

BILL

Honey, I can hold anything but the
questionable aftertaste.

Judge folds up the map and gives in. Bill tosses burgers onto
the hot plate.

BILL (CONT'D)

You want in on this, Soultrain?

Judge rolls her eyes and nods. Spit exits the restroom.

BILL (CONT'D)

Lookin' for something else to
desperately fire out your ass,
amigo?

Spit pauses and squints, confused. What did she miss?

INT. BELLE'S DINER - LATER - DAY

The girls eat at a table. Taylor finishes up.

TAYLOR

Well, based on that, there's a
missing dog that ain't coming home.
(burping)
Okay, splash and dash, people.

Taylor leaves for the restroom while Judge watches her.

Outside, a huge old Tow Truck backs up to the Pickup. THUGS
of various creeds get out and chain it up, the girls
oblivious to it.

JUDGE

Why's she suddenly in a hurry?
Damn, she's testing my patience
today.

SPIT

You should try riding in the back
with her.

MEMPHIS

Don't be mean! She's just being Taylor. I don't know.

Memphis spots the Thugs outside.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

Are you fucking kidding me!

She runs out screaming. Judge and Spit run after her.

Taylor exits the restroom and joins the chase. She bolts through the diner and bursts through the door.

EXT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

Taylor sprints across the car lot on a mission as the Tow Truck drags the Pickup away backwards in a dust cloud. Memphis catches up with it.

MEMPHIS

Stop! Hey stop!

She grabs the truck's bumper and drags along with it.

Spit and Judge chase, but Judge can hardly run in her pencil skirt. Spit trips over. Taylor blows by them and climbs onto the Pickup hood.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

Don't scratch the paint!

Fuck scratches. Taylor scrabbles past into the bed.

Spit spots something. HECTOR, a bulky brute who looks like he could rape a grizzly bear, leaning out the passenger window of the Tow Truck with a gun aimed at Memphis.

Spit pulls her pistol and fires. BANG! BANG! Hector flinches and fires back. BANG! BANG! BANG! A bullet skims the pickup.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

You'll pay for that!

Taylor leaps to the Tow Truck and pauses. Green-blue dust all over her hands.

Judge, now way back from the chase, shuffles along slowly like she's constipated.

Taylor freezes and stares. The Firebird parked in the badlands ahead. Pancho sat watching. He raises a rifle and takes aim.

Hector leans out his window and tries to get a scope on Memphis. Spit fires. BANG! A shot pings by Hector. He glares and ducks back inside.

Taylor's too exposed. She clambers back down the Tow Truck. Pancho scopes her. She leaps for it. He fires and hits the pickup as she crashes into the bed.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

For fuck's sake! Stop shooting my truck, you dick-fingered assholes!

Taylor throws luggage cases out of the bed. This is now just damage limitation. BANG! A shot glances by her. No time. She's got to get off this ride.

She leaps the cab, slides down the truck, and grabs Memphis as she passes. They hit the ground and watch the Tow Truck roar away, the pickup dragging behind.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

(screaming furiously)

I'll make a beanbag out of your ball sacks, you thieving fuck nuggets!

Spit runs to them, and they stare, silent, defeated, and confused, while Judge finally catches up.

JUDGE

(panting)

Sorry, can't run for shit in this, tight, ass, skirt.

TAYLOR

Well, at least you probably left a great first impression.

EXT. BELLE'S DINER - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The girls cross back toward the Diner with the luggage cases Taylor managed to salvage.

TAYLOR

Did you see that Firebird up ahead? It was those guys who gave Spit directions. They set us up. I swear, it was the same guys.

JUDGE

I saw you throwing your own damn cases out! That's what I saw!

INT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

The girls burst in. Judge locks in on Bill. He winces.

BILL

Ah, shit.

JUDGE

You want to explain to me what just happened, Bill? You on parking permits around here or something? Because I sure as hell didn't see a damn ticket on our windshield.

BILL

Right, before you start, I'll bring your attention to the sign.

Bill presents a crudely made *NO-RESPONSIBILITY* sign.

BILL (CONT'D)

Now that thing cost me fifty bucks, and it absolves me of any legal responsibility, okay?

JUDGE

The hell it does! You bring it to court, bitch. You sit there with your stupid ass fifty-dollar sign while I explain the little racket you got going on here!

BILL

You think I'm behind this? Seriously? You think I'd be choking people with burgers all day long if I was stealing fancy cars?

TAYLOR

He's got a point, Judge, his food tastes like shit.

BILL

Thank you!
(beat)
I think.

JUDGE

Well, we're calling the cops right now.

BILL

Be my guest, in fact.

Bill snatches up his phone.

BILL (CONT'D)

Use my phone. And good luck getting them to give a shit.

Judge grabs it from him.

JUDGE

Oh, I'll make them give a shit.

SPIT

Why would the cops not care?

BILL

Because they haven't cared the last dozen times. These scumbags have been skulking round here for six months now, sniffing out what they can, takin' what they what.

(getting serious)

Taking who they want. It sure ain't conducive for repeat business, I can tell you that.

SPIT

Really? Kidnapping?

BILL

Well I'm not one to gossip, but there's an old latino lady on the outskirts of town, lives by the old farm. She's saying these guys took her daughter.

Spit remembers. The girl. That look in her eyes.

SPIT

I've seen her! In the car, when I was getting directions. Wait, why don't the cops just arrest these assholes?

BILL

Nobody knows who they are. They're as good as ghosts. Half of them are Mexican, so the police blame border patrol and border patrol blame the police. It's like a jerk circle at a uniform convention, and we're the ones getting fucked quietly in the basement.

TAYLOR

Aren't you guys worried they'll
come in here?

Bill confidently gazes around at his clientele.

BILL

Are we worried those assholes will
come in here?

Clicking. Arming. Cocking. Every customer draws a weapon.

Judge slams down the phone and broods.

JUDGE

No answer.

Bill isn't surprised. He looks at Memphis concerned.

BILL

You okay, Twilight?

She clearly isn't. She's pale, pensive, and consumed.

MEMPHIS

Seriously, I think I'm going to
throw up.

BILL

Hey, I did warn you about my
burgers.

She can't help but smirk. He grabs a soda and candy bar.

BILL (CONT'D)

Here you go. On the house.

MEMPHIS

Thanks, that's really sweet.

BILL

Yeah, well, what can I say? Deep
down, I'm the sappy, emotional
type.

Bill lights up a cigarette right there in his kitchen.

BILL (CONT'D)

That's why I'm in hospitality.

EXT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

The girls out the back of the Diner. Judge lights a cigarette for Memphis.

SPIT

I thought you quit?

MEMPHIS

Yeah well, you know what doctors don't tell you? Quitting smoking can seriously damage your mental health.

Taylor tries to brush off the green-blue dust on her top.

TAYLOR

What the hell is this shit?

A dog scampers around. Memphis goes from angry to delighted in a snap. The dog bounds up. She strokes its head lovingly.

MEMPHIS

Was-your-name, hey? Was-your-name?

She checks the collar and looks at the little copper tag.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

Hey Lily! You're adorable, aren't you? Aren't you, yeah?

She pauses and thinks. Something clicks into place. She studies the dust on Taylor's top.

JUDGE

What you thinking, Memphis?

MEMPHIS

Back when I was a kid, my parents bought like, this old morgue. I mean, real old. Cool right? Anyway, I was helping clear it out and there were hundreds of these little pots I had to move, full of ashes from the furnace, and they were covered in powder, seriously, just like that.

(clutching dog's tag)

And the pots, they were made of the same stuff as this, I swear.

TAYLOR

Jeeze, and I thought I had a messed up childhood.

SPIT

That's copper. My dad's old ornaments are all made from it. It's a big thing back in Columbia.

TAYLOR

So, you saying these guys are held up in a morgue somewhere? Just how big are the bodies if they need a tow truck?

Memphis shrugs.

JUDGE

No, but, that could be the shit they dig out the ground, right? Like from a mine?

The dog's owner walks out.

DOG OWNER

Lily? Hey, there you are!

Judge fumbles out her map.

JUDGE

Excuse me, sir? Do you happen to know of a Copper mine around here?

DOG OWNER

Copper mine? Hell, you're in what used to be copper country, honey.

JUDGE

Yeah?

DOG OWNER

Yeah! The big one, though, round here, was Berro Bordo.

Judge taps the map. She's found it already. This is on.

DOG OWNER (CONT'D)

What you girls want with a place like that anyhow? All you're going to find there is trouble and tumbleweeds.

MEMPHIS

Well, we sure aren't looking for tumbleweeds.

INT. BELLE'S DINER, RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The girls drag their battered travel cases into the neglected restroom.

JUDGE

I ain't going dressed for the office, hell no.

Taylor clicks open her case. The others reel. A mess of dirty, crumpled-up clothes a tramp would sneer at.

MEMPHIS

Woah! Oh my god, Taylor! Seriously, there are shoplifters who sort clothes more carefully than this.

JUDGE

What's in the other case?

Taylor defensively grabs the aluminum case.

TAYLOR

That's private.

The others are intrigued, but Taylor clearly doesn't want to talk about it.

JUDGE

...Okay then, Taylor. We won't look in your dildo stash. I guess we now know why you were so motivated to save it in the first place.

Memphis unzips her case. Spit takes out a pair of jeans and holds them to her legs.

SPIT

What the? Just how short are you, Memphis?

MEMPHIS

I'm five foot four and a half, okay? Seriously, that's like average. You're the tall freaks.

SPIT

You mind if I modify these a little?

MEMPHIS

Fine, whatever.

Spit pulls out a flick knife and goes into a cubical. Judge picks a few items and goes into the other.

INT. BELLE'S DINER, RESTROOM - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Spit struts out the cubical, wearing the jeans cut into shorts and a Gingham shirt knotted around her waist.

SPIT

So what do you think, ladies?

MEMPHIS

Wow, Spit, you look amazing! You sure about the heels though?

SPIT

(aghast)

Shorts without heels, no bueno!

The other door creaks open, and Judge walks out sheepishly, wearing flared jeans with a bold belt buckle, a crop-top, and a leather jacket. She looks like Cleopatra Jones.

TAYLOR

Hey, Judge! Can you dig it?

JUDGE

These are your clothes, dumbass.

Judge looks in the mirror and smirks a little.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

How'd you plead, you jive sukas?
Because the Judge is here to lay
the law!

INT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

Bill flips burgers and flicks sweat from his brow onto the hot plate. He turns to find the girls at the counter.

TAYLOR

Bill, we need to borrow a vehicle.

BILL

What?.. Why?

JUDGE

Can we or can't we? We got a lead on these assholes, okay, and we need to ask them a few questions.

BILL

That right, SuperFly? What you gonna ask them, trick or treat? How do I know I can trust you guys?

They all pull out their dog tags. He's impressed.

BILL (CONT'D)

You all army?

JUDGE

Air army.

He nods proudly and grabs his car keys.

BILL

Well, hoo-ah, ladies. You know what I like about the army? We're being terrorized, and you guys don't negotiate with terrorists.

(tossing keys)

White Caprice, try to bring the old piece of shit back in one piece.

INT. CAPRICE - MOVING - DAY

The old wreck of a Caprice drones along the empty highway. Memphis drives. Judge studies a map. Taylor and Spit in the back peer out of the windows, pumped up for a fight.

TAYLOR

Is this where Judge somehow manages to accidentally direct us to our job interview?

JUDGE

Take this track coming up.

The Caprice swerves off the highway and squirms up a mountain track. They pass a big red *DANGER OF DEATH* sign. Judge tosses the map aside.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Bam! Oh, we are gonna have a word with these tow truck fucks now.

Spit and Taylor take out their pistols.

MEMPHIS

There it is!

Memphis points out her Pickup parked up ahead on the crest.

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

The Caprice skids to a halt. The girls stare ahead, fixed.

The Tow Truck pulls into the badlands near the Pickup, and Hector gets out with two filthy SKANKS.

The girls cautiously get out of the Caprice.

A FAT THUG, an obese, greasy, grotesque man-pig, rides a moped across the badlands ahead. He takes up position with a rifle, his tongue hanging out. He's a real piece of shit.

JUDGE

Now listen up! My name's Colonel
Judith Newton of the US Air Force
and these girls are my crew! Now,
you better hand back that vehicle
or we're going to be forced to call
in a few favors from our good
friend Uncle Sam, you dig?

HECTOR

Fuck you!

JUDGE

That's your answer? That's the best
you got, Triple A?

HECTOR

No, this is!

The Skanks cross to the Pickup and open the doors.

MEMPHIS

No! You stay the hell away, okay?

They back away and slam the doors. Flames inside.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

You fucks! So help me god, I'll
butcher you up like a blind organ
thief, you whore's abortions!

HECTOR

You come up here, the same happens
to you!

Fat Thug spasms with laughter. He rubs his wobbling, big,
hairy belly. Memphis fucking loses it.

MEMPHIS

You stupid, skanky ass bitches!

She goes full Charles Bronson and pulls her Glock. This just became open season on Skanks. She opens fire. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! The Skanks flee to the Tow Truck.

BANG! Hector fires back. BANG! BANG! Fat Thug fires.

Judge, Spit, and Taylor run behind the Caprice and cover Memphis as shots ping around her.

Spit scopes Fat Thug reloading. BANG! She fires. The round misses. He cackles and buzzes away on his moped.

TAYLOR

The hell with this!

Taylor's had enough. She crosses to the trunk, pulls out that mysterious aluminum case, crouches down, and opens it.

JUDGE

Oh no you didn't!

Taylor pops up with a battered old Vietnam-era rocket launcher on her shoulder.

SPIT

Ay caramba!

TAYLOR

Memphis! Get the fuck out the way!

Memphis hits the deck. Hector can't believe it. He freezes.

Taylor fires. WOOOOOOSH! A rocket shrieks from the launcher.

BOOOOOOM! Fat Thug pops like an over-packed sack of giblets.

The girls stare, stunned, as meat slops down to the ground.

Hector snaps from his freeze and runs to the Tow Truck. He's outta there. The Tow Truck roars away.

The girls walk from around the Sedan and drink in the scene. A twenty-foot circle of scattered blood and guts surrounds the charred smoking moped. Fat Thug's rifle clatters down.

SPIT

Well, that intensity intensified.

Memphis gazes hopelessly at the burning Pickup.

SPIT (CONT'D)

You okay, Memphis?

MEMPHIS

(to Taylor)

Why?... Why couldn't you do that before they burnt my truck, you retarded fucking redneck?

Taylor winces. Memphis has a point.

Judge stands fixed, still processing the bloody scene.

JUDGE

Am I high? Or did you really just frag a fat Mexican with an RPG?

TAYLOR

You should be thanking me! That was clearly self-defense!

JUDGE

Self-defense? So, that's what you'd call reasonable force?

SPIT

Where the hell did you get that thing?

TAYLOR

At a yard sale.

SPIT

What kind of yard sale sells rocket launchers?

TAYLOR

The kind you find in Texas. And it's not even mine. I'm transporting it for friend.

JUDGE

Oh! That's great, Taylor! That's real great! So we can add arms dealing to the charge of murder now, can we?

Memphis paces back and forth, fuming. Spit gazes at the Pickup as the licking flames dye out.

SPIT

Hey, it's not so bad, look.

Memphis looks back, hopefully, just as the fuel tank erupts into a roaring fireball. Spit cringes.

JUDGE

Well, that's it. We're all going to prison! I hope you're happy, Taylor. Mind you, prison's probably summer camp to you! Not for me. Oh, I got plenty of enemies locked up there waiting for my black ass!

(pointing at Memphis)

She's probably going to be put in a mental ward! Spit, I sure hope you like eighteen-stone butch lesbians and badly carved strap-ons! Welcome to the rest of your lives, ladies!

They all stare silent and awkward as birds swoop down to eat the scattered flesh.

SPIT

Guys, this asshole, he was a criminal, right? And the police, they don't care what's happening out here. So, who gives a fuck?

They stare, shocked. Did she just say that? Taylor crosses over and puts an arm around her.

TAYLOR

See? See! Even the Mexicans-

SPIT

-Columbians-

TAYLOR

-Columbians are on our side here. All we've done is defend ourselves. Defend ourselves as vulnerable women in a hostile environment.

Judge rolls her eyes.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

And look, the wildlife is even cleaning up the evidence for us! We're not criminals, we're the good guys. If anything, we're conservationists. That thing's probably close to extinction, Judge. That's the best meal it's ever had. Look at him, pecking away there. I can see him growing stronger by the second, and-

JUDGE

-Just shut the hell up, okay? Point taken, you've made your case. Let's just get out of here.

They cross back to the Caprice.

MEMPHIS

But what about my truck? Can't they, like, trace it back to me? We can't leave it here like this.

Taylor, Judge, and Spit exchange a few nods. Taylor sighs and takes a rocket from the case.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

No! I meant take it with us!
Please, Taylor, no!

Taylor walks toward the Pickup, crouches, aims, and fires.

WOOSH! BOOM! The Pickup explodes. Fragments fire everywhere. Taylor closes her eyes as debris clatters down around her.

Memphis stands frozen and seething as Taylor offers her the charred Pink Power Ranger figure.

TAYLOR

You've got insurance, right?

Memphis snatches the figure, speechless with contempt, and they go to get back in the Caprice.

JUDGE

Hold up a second, let's just see what they're hiding over there.

EXT. BADLANDS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The girls walk to the crest and stare ahead at a tiny abandoned mine town. Wooden shacks swarm with dozens of Thugs as the Tow Truck pulls up in a cloud of dust, and Hector leaps out, animated and angry. Pancho appears from a bar.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Oh hello. It's our old friend.

Pancho bosses everyone around and points up at The girls. Memphis glares back and gives him both middle fingers.

SPIT

Why is it always the handsome ones?

He grabs The Young Mexican Girl. She fights back.

SPIT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Look! That's her! That's the girl I saw! Does she look like she wants to be here eh, eh?

He shoves her into an old bar.

TAYLOR

Well, here goes the neighborhood.

Taylor grabs the rocket launcher.

JUDGE

Woah! Cool it now, Rambo! We've had more than enough rocket launcher action for one day.

TAYLOR

Judge, you've got no authority out here, and these dicks have got my trigger finger itching.

JUDGE

Yeah, well, finger your own trigger for a few minutes. Hell, we don't what we're messing with here. For all we know, they could have hostages hidden everywhere.

Judge stares Taylor down.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Let's return to base, get ourselves a clue, get ourselves a plan, and if this looks like what it is, girl, we're gonna scratch that itch of yours, okay?

Taylor can get on board with that.

SPIT

Did she just call the diner "base"?

MEMPHIS

Seriously, you've tasted the food, right? You think it's fairer to call that place a diner?

INT. BAR - DAY

Pancho casually pours a shot with the Girl by his side. Hector and the Skanks stand shamefaced in front of him.

PANCHO

You let four women just walk in here and kill that fat retard? What are you, little pussies?

They remain silent.

PANCHO (CONT'D)

You owe me a truck. You can move a lot of shit in a beast like that.

HECTOR

How were we supposed to-

PANCHO

-Fuck your excuses, yeah? Now I got to make calls. You make me work too hard fixing up your shit.

He glares up at the Skanks. They stare back indifferently.

PANCHO (CONT'D)

What you think you staring at, you pig ugly bitches?

He necks his shot and forces himself upon The Girl. His lips slurp. It's pretty gross. The Skanks roll their eyes.

INT. CAPRICE - MOVING - LATER - DAY

The girls sit somberly as Judge spots something ahead. A farm and MRS MARTINEZ, an old Mexican lady, painting a fence.

JUDGE

Hey, pull over. I want to have word with Old El Paso here.

EXT. FARM ENTRANCE - DAY

The Caprice pulls up and the girls get out. Mrs Martinez looks back warily.

JUDGE

Ma'am, can I ask you a few questions?

MRS MARTINEZ

Sí.

JUDGE

We're looking for a lady who says her daughter's been kidnapped. Is that, by any chance, you?

Mrs Martinez's eyes widen, and she nods, surprised.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

You got a picture we can see?

Mrs Martinez fumbles out a tattered picture and hands it across. They study it. It's The Girl alright.

MRS MARTINEZ

I work here for many years for Mr Everdeen. Very kind. But he get sick, and he pass away. Everything he leaved to me. He a rich man. So I give all the monies to these men who come round here. They say they bring my daughter from Mexico to me. But as soon as we are together, they take her again, and police, no interested in my problem. She maybe not even alive.

SPIT

She's alive, anciana. We seen her.

Mrs Martinez drops her paintbrush and covers her mouth.

MRS MARTINEZ

Dios mío!

JUDGE

She's in some trouble, okay? But we're army, and it's trouble we're lookin' to do something about.

MRS MARTINEZ

Army? Oh gracias! Muchas gracias!

JUDGE

(to Taylor)

Well, looks like you got your wish.

TAYLOR

Oh, come on, admit it, you're loving this even more than me.

MEMPHIS

I'm not ashamed to say I'm on board, if only for the payback.

SPIT

So, are we going for it? We gonna save this girl? Really?

The girls all nod and try to hide their delight.

JUDGE

(to Mrs Martinez)

Look, if you need us, we're hanging out at Belle's diner. You know it?

Mrs Martinez thinks and gestures gagging on her finger.

MEMPHIS

Yeah, she knows it.

INT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

The Caprice skids to a halt outside. As the girls enter, Judge takes Taylor to one side.

JUDGE

Okay, you got some explaining to do, girl. A rocket launcher? What's all that about?

TAYLOR

Look, I'm a prepper, okay? You know what that is?

JUDGE

Really? Like on the pornos, where they, you know?

Judge crudely mimes a blow-job.

TAYLOR

No not a fluffer, Judge! I'm part of this secret prepper group. Something real big is going to happen soon; economic collapse, natural disaster, war, but most probably zombies. We've got foxholes around the state. So, when the shit hits the fan, we're leaving town and digging in.

JUDGE

That's some paranoid bullshit, you know that?

TAYLOR

Whatever, I was going to drop it off at one of these locations, but then you had to take us off on the runaround, didn't you?

JUDGE

And this foxhole, there'd be some firepower hidden there?

TAYLOR

Look, all I've got is some coordinates, some notes, and a few people's word. There could be nothing there but sharp sticks and rape alarms, for all I know.

JUDGE

Okay, well, we'll find out where it is, and we'll check it out.

Judge crosses to the center of the diner.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Can I get ya'll attention, please?

The Customers all pause and look up.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Your little gang problem you got here, well, it turns out it's a lot bigger than you think, but the good news is, we're here to fix it.

MALE DINER

Just who the hell are you girls?

The girls stand proudly together.

JUDGE

Sir, we're the Hell's Belles.

The Customers erupt into roaring laughter.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Yeah you laugh it up all you like. We've sent those guys a clear message. Now, thankfully, the police don't want to get involved.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

So, all we're asking is you help us
make sure it stays that way.

She nods smugly as a Cop Car pulls up outside the window.

The SHERIFF, gets out, takes off his shades, and scans around
suspiciously before entering. Everyone stays silent.

THE SHERIFF

The station received a missed call
from here? There a problem?

Bill goes wide-eyed and looks to Judge.

JUDGE

Oh yeah, there's a problem. We...
(pointing at Bill)
We want to press charges against
this asshole for poor hygiene.

Bill's cigarette droops in his mouth.

THE SHERIFF

Poor hygiene?

JUDGE

Uh-huh! We witnessed him go to the
restroom, and we did not hear him
wash his hands... and he was in
there a real long time. We think he
was, you know, rubbing the
unicorn's horn.

The Sheriff looks back confused. Judge winces and looks to
the girls for backup.

TAYLOR

Riding the great white knuckler.

SPIT

Engaging in hand-to-gland combat.

MEMPHIS

Causing a dishonorable discharge.

JUDGE

(deadly serious)
Officer, we believe he was holding
his sausage hostage.

Bill chokes.

THE SHERIFF

Well, that's not really our area. Anyhow, we've had a few calls in today. We'll be keeping a close eye around here. Just thought I'd let you all know that.

He locks eyes with Judge for a moment and leaves.

The girls cross over to Bill.

BILL

You want to tell me why, after six months trying to get that man through this door, when he finally shows up, we give him a reason to put me on a sex offenders register?

JUDGE

Look, we spoke to your local towing company, and the situation well... It kinda blew up.

He scans across their frank looks and sighs.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

And ask yourself this, the cops show no interest for all this time, then we start poking a few bushes, and suddenly they're showing up over a missed call? Don't that seem a little odd to you?

SPIT

You think the cops are in on this?

JUDGE

All I'm saying is this whole thing smells fishier than Taylor's luggage case.

TAYLOR

I'm right here, you know?

JUDGE

Yeah, so how about you get us some drinks while we work out where this foxhole of yours is?

Taylor leans on the counter as the others cross to a table.

BILL

(suggestively)
Your foxhole?

TAYLOR
Yeah, you suddenly need to go visit
the restroom?

INT. BAR - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Taylor crosses back to the table with a tray of drinks.

TAYLOR
You know what I've just realized?
We're the actual freakin' real-life
A-Team.

They all fall silent and exchange glances.

ALL THE GIRLS
I'm Face!!

ALL THE GIRLS (CONT'D)
No, I'm Face!

TAYLOR
Actually, I already got this worked
out. I'm the best looking, so I
have to be Face.

MEMPHIS
Erm, no. Spit is the prettiest.

Spit and Memphis exchange warm smiles.

TAYLOR
No, Spit can only be one person,
because there was only ever one
Mexican in the A-Team.

JUDGE
Columbian, she's Columbian. Why
can't you grasp this concept?

SPIT
I'm Daisy Duke, she was Hispanic.

TAYLOR
Right, okay, you can't be Daisy
Duke for two reasons, Spit. One,
she was from Georgia, and two, she
wasn't actually in the A-Team.

SPIT
The actress was part Latino. That's
why she was so beautiful.

TAYLOR

Can someone explain the rules to Spit, please?

JUDGE

Rules? Do you not think we have more pressing issues right now?

MEMPHIS

That would be cool though, Dukes Of Hazard in the A-Team, right?

Taylor dismisses the comment and turns to Spit.

TAYLOR

Look, at best, you can be a persecuted farm worker.

JUDGE

Okay, genius, if you think you're Face, who the hell am I?

Taylor looks at Judge deadpan.

TAYLOR

Seriously?

JUDGE

Oh, did we just go there? Are we doing this? It comes down to that, you simple-ass redneck fool!

TAYLOR

Fool, she said fool. You all heard that, right?

JUDGE

You're the one all up in people's faces, kicking they ass. Hell, you're big old Taylor T. You actually are Miss T.

Taylor sneers. Memphis sighs and shakes her head.

MEMPHIS

Don't make me Murdock, Taylor. I'm not being Murdock, okay?

TAYLOR

How can you not be Murdock? You're a pilot, and you're crazy.

MEMPHIS

Quit saying that! I'm highly introverted, and yes, that's a thing! Why don't you look it up, you idiot?

TAYLOR

Oh yeah, clearly! That was a real introverted response.

MEMPHIS

Screw you, Taylor! Seriously, it's about how you process things.

TAYLOR

Well, process this, you're cat-shit-crazy. End of conversation.

Memphis shakes her head, frustrated. She can't win. Judge points at Taylor accusingly.

JUDGE

Murdock was a redneck, you're a redneck, you're Murdock.

TAYLOR

Yeah? Enjoying your milkshake there Judge? Thinking about how you ain't gonna get on no plane?

JUDGE

You're unbelievable, you know that? Unbelievable. Look, we got to move out okay? So come on, enough of this bullshit, let's go.

They sigh, defeated, neck their drinks, and go to leave.

MEMPHIS

Who are we kidding? We're all Murdock, aren't we?

They let that one hang and leave.

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

The Caprice parked in the badlands. Taylor leads the girls into the desert as she follows her notes to a rock. The girls move it away to find a piece of rope.

JUDGE

So what's supposed to be here?

TAYLOR

A couple of m-fifteens and whatever
the fuck an m-one-nine-seven is.

Memphis and Spit pull away a panel. They stare down.

MEMPHIS

Well, that'll be whatever the fuck
an m-one-nine-seven is.

Six-foot of forty-yea-old Gatling gun stares back.

JUDGE

Okay, that ain't prepping. That's a
god damn uprising.

Memphis and Spit retrieve old dusty assault rifles.

MEMPHIS

Hey, look, some radios too.

JUDGE

Okay, not bad. Cover it back up.

TAYLOR

What? We're leaving this?

JUDGE

You a Terminator now? You going to
run around with that thing? You're
a liability as it is.

SPIT

How would we even fit that in the
car, eh?

TAYLOR

Fine. I can never have fun things.

Taylor stares down, disappointed as Memphis and Spit slide
the panel back over the crate.

INT. CAPRICE - MOVING - DAY

The Sedan approaches the Diner. WHOOP! WHOOP! A Cop Car
scrabbles out from behind bushes, and the Girls all glance
around, surprised.

MEMPHIS

You want me to pull over? 'Cause
we've got a trunk full of rifles,
and I'm all out of dick jokes.

JUDGE

Hell yeah. Let's see what he wants.

The Sedan eases to a halt, and the Cop Car pulls up behind. Out steps the Sheriff, who moseys up to the window.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

There something we can help you with, officer?

THE SHERIFF

This your vehicle?

JUDGE

We're borrowing it, from Bill. Why'd you wanna know?

THE SHERIFF

Could you all step out, please?

The Girls all look nervously to Judge.

JUDGE

Why?

THE SHERIFF

I need to perform a search of this vehicle.

JUDGE

The hell you do? On what grounds?

He blankly stares back.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

You got a warrant?

THE SHERIFF

I'm just trying to serve my community, ma'am.

JUDGE

Oh, I'm sure you are, but you overstep your jurisdiction with us again, and I'll make sure you'll be serving your community... over a fast food counter. You dig?

She stares him down. Lawyered.

INT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

The GIRLS walk in, and Bill snaps straight round from his hotplate with a note.

BILL

Excellent, Charlie and his angels.
You got a message. Old lady
Martinez, she wants you guys to
meet her on the farm. Sounded
pretty urgent.

The girls look at each other. Off they go again.

JUDGE

Thanks, Bill. Hey, cancel my five-o-
clock, will ya, sugar tits?

BILL

Oh, sure thing. You still good for
your prostate exam in the morning?

He watches Judge leave and smiles to himself.

EXT. DISUSED FARM - EVENING

The GIRLS roll up. Mrs Martinez gets out of an old van and greets them before leading them to a barn and unlocking it.

MRS MARTINEZ

I remember after you go. Mr
Everdeen, he put this away long
time ago when he first got ill. He
love this thing so much before, but
you say you air army so maybe...

The huge door slides open. The girl's jaws drop.

SPIT

I sure wasn't expecting that.

A dusty old Huey helicopter, stored away.

TAYLOR

Old-skool! Freaking A!

MRS MARTINEZ

Is good to you, yeah?

JUDGE

Oh, you done good, Mrs Martinez.
You done real good.

Memphis looks unimpressed, so Judge takes her to one side.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I know it ain't Big Greasy, but you can dig on this, right?

MEMPHIS

It's got no weapons. Seriously, what are we going to do with it? Dust these guy's crops?

JUDGE

Got no weapons, yet.

Judge smiles and nods to the van.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(calling)

Now does anybody know where I might find whatever the fuck an m-one-nine-seven is?

EXT. BADLANDS - NIGHT

The old Van backs up and skids to a halt. The girls leap out, pull the panel off the hidden crate, and heave the Gatling gun into the van.

The Van screeches onto the road and roars into the night.

INT. VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Memphis pensively drives, Judge beside her. Taylor and Spit sitting with the Gatling gun in the back.

JUDGE

Okay, let's stay under the limit. We don't want to attract the attention of-

WHOOP! WHOOP! Blue and red lights flash behind.

MEMPHIS

Seriously, who just so happens to be out here patrolling the middle of nowhere at this time?

They all look at each other suspiciously.

JUDGE

Okay, poker faces ladies.

The Van eases to a halt and the Cop Car pulls up behind. Out steps The Sheriff, who strolls up to the Van.

THE SHERIFF

You girls, running an overnight delivery service?

JUDGE

You interested? Is there a warrant you hoping to have to sign for?

THE SHERIFF

Oh, I ain't looking for no warrant. You think I need a warrant to search this here vehicle, miss?

JUDGE

I know you need a warrant, asshole.

THE SHERIFF

You'd think that now, wouldn't you? But then, you see, Patriot Act allows me to investigate anything I deem highly suspicious behavior.

JUDGE

The Patriot Act! Do we look like terrorists to you?

He tries to lean in to take a closer look, but Memphis blocks him, tweaks her hair back, and smiles awkwardly.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Now I suggest, unless you actually witness us doing something that, without a doubt, requires your intervention, you back the hell off, okay?

He locks eyes with Judge. She knows she's got him when-

CHACHACHACHACHACHACHACHACHACHA! The Gatling gun discharges. He snaps around to find a light on the Cop Car shot out.

MEMPHIS

Bye!

The Van scrabbles away, and he runs to his Cop Car.

The engine clatters. Judge glares at Taylor and Spit.

JUDGE

Just what the hell was that?

SPIT

I was just holding it when it went
off in my hands!

TAYLOR

Come to think of it, the guy who
told me about this did warn me it
was a little flaky.

Judge shakes her head at Taylor and peers in her mirror.

JUDGE

Well, is he following?

TAYLOR

No, he's gone to write us a ticket
and send it in the mail, Judge.
What do you think?

MEMPHIS

Here he comes!

Blue and red lights fill the back windows and-

BANG! The Cop Car rams the Van hard.

JUDGE

Damn it! Floor it!

MEMPHIS

What do you think I'm doing here?

JUDGE

Just lose him! And no crazy shit!

Memphis thinks and cuts the wheel hard.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - CAR CHASE - NIGHT

The Van races down the dirt track. The Cop Car follows. The
Sheriff pulls out a Mach-10 and fires. BWATATATATATATATATAT!
Bullets ping. Memphis fights with the wheel.

JUDGE

You want to tell me what kind of
cops carry full-auto machine guns?

The Van ramps a mound of dirt and lands hard. CHACHACHACHA!
The Gatling gun fires. The Cop Car swerves the mound as
bullets punch into the dirt.

Memphis has an idea. She peers ahead and guns it.

MEMPHIS
HOLD ONTO YOUR TITS!

JUDGE
Memphis, I said no crazy shit!

Their eyes bulge. The Van ramps another huge mound and sails through the air, dirt trailing from it.

The Cop Car swerves the mound.

The Van lands. CHACHACHACHACHACHA! Bullets spark off the Cop Car. The Sheriff fires back.

The girls wince. Memphis grits her teeth and aims.

The Van leaps, flies through the dark blue sky, and crashes down. CHACHACHACHACHACHA!

The Cop Car takes hits. It loses a tire, swerves, catches the dirt, and kicks up into a spectacular roll, spinning over and over as body panels tear away.

Spit and Taylor watch the cloud of dust disappear.

SPIT
I've never been so happy over a
premature discharge!

The Van skids onto the road and slews sideways. The Gatling Gun slides around inside. CHACHACHACHACHACHA! Taylor and Spit cower out of its way as Rounds chop holes into bodywork, and-

WOOOOOOOMPH!

The Van roars down the road with the rear quarter on fire. Taylor and Spit desperately kick at flames.

TAYLOR
Can I get off at the next stop,
please?

MEMPHIS
Wait! We're nearly there!

The Van slews into the farm, burning like a torch. Memphis peers ahead and smiles.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)
Perfect!

A pond in the moonlight under a picturesque tree. A small rowing boat to one side. Insects chirp.

The Van crashes through a fence, hits the boat, misses the pond, and rolls over in a cloud of dust.

The girls cough in a heap in the van, the now fire out.

TAYLOR

Real slick, Memphis. You know, the fire service are always lookin' for volunteers.

MEMPHIS

Well, you know what they say, stop, drop, and roll, right?

The Gatling Gun jolts. They wince. Nothing

JUDGE

Okay, well, bar the firefight with the police, writing off Mrs Martinez's van, and some minor boat related damage, I'm classing this mission as a technical success. Nice work, ladies.

INT. BELLE'S DINER - NIGHT

The lights flick off. An animal howls at the moon. Chairs stacked on tables. Everything put away. The girls on the floor, shuffling into sleeping bags.

BILL

You'll have to forgive the lack of cookies and Hannah Montana DVDs. I've never hosted a sleepover before.

JUDGE

Thanks for putting us up, Bill.

BILL

Like I said, my trailers far more accommodating. You girls any good at Twister?

JUDGE

And like I said, we're not safe to be around right now.

SPIT

Thanks, Bill.

TAYLOR

Night, Bill.

MEMPHIS

Sleep tight.

Bill goes to leave and looks back disappointed.

BILL

Guess I'm just going to have to miss the naked pillow fight then.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

The wrecked Cop Car. The Sheriff lies on his back, half out of the window, a real bloody mess. He chokes for this life.

PANCHO

Fuckin' pigs, man! They useless as shit in this country!

Pancho snatches the Mach 10 from the ground. BANG! He shoots The Sheriff in the head as Hector inspects the wreckage.

HECTOR

You seen the size of the entry holes on this thing?

The Sheriff whimpers. BANG! Pancho puts him down.

PANCHO

Jeeze, he can't even die right, you know? Fucking amateur.

HECTOR

I got some reservations here.

PANCHO

They are just fuckin' women. Stop being such a little puto, yeah?

They cross to the Firebird and Tow Truck, where a team of Thugs are waiting.

INT. BELLE'S DINER - NIGHT

A tap drips. A bug zapper occasionally zaps. Spit lies wide awake, frustrated, with Memphis snoring loudly next to her. She turns over to find Judge staring back.

SPIT

(whispering)

How can someone so tiny make so much noise?

JUDGE

(whispering)

At least she's finally stopped farting. I lost my damn earplugs with my case.

They sigh. Engines roar in the distance.

SPIT

You hear that?

Headlights illuminate the windows. Tires skid. Voices.

JUDGE

Heads up!

Taylor bolts upright, an M15 ready in her hands. She stares at Memphis gazing back wide-eyed, who then slides away as Judge and Spit drag her behind the counter.

RATATATATATATATATATATAT! Taylor dives over the counter. Bullets tear through the Diner, smashing windows, bottles, and jars. The girls cower as glass and debris showers over them.

Silence.

PANCHO (O.S.)

Estoy hasta la madre! You hear that? I had enough of, you stupid shit stinking bitches!

Taylor takes up position, but Judge pulls her back down.

PANCHO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If any of you are still alive, you listen, yeah? You don't mess with us, okay? You don't know what you messing with! So run home to your madres and padres where you belong.

Footsteps. Doors slam. Vehicles leave. Taylor runs to the door and peers through a small gap to watch the Firebird and Tow Truck race away into the darkness.

MEMPHIS

(yawning)

So much for a decent night's sleep.

Spit and Judge glare back at her.

EXT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

Bill's Caprice pulls up. He gets out and takes in the scene before cautiously walking up to the door and peering in.

The girls stare back from behind the counter, guns aimed. He scans around the destruction, horrified.

BILL

And here's me showing up early to make you all breakfast.

The girls crunch over the glass and comfort him.

MEMPHIS

Seriously, we're so sorry.

SPIT

We'll help you clean it up, okay?

BILL

Well, this puts my whole Michelin star dream back another year.

EXT. BARN - DAY

The girls struggle to mount the Gatling Gun to the Huey. Spit heaves it up while Taylor tries to do up a bolt, but Spit slips and catches her hand.

SPIT

Jeeze! Taylor, you idiot!

They drop the gun. Taylor slams down her wrench.

TAYLOR

If I had the right size wrench this would be easy. I said I need a one-and-one-fifth, Memphis.

MEMPHIS

And like I already explained to you three times! There's no such thing as a one-and-one-fifth wrench, Taylor! Okay?

TAYLOR

Well, a fine fucking montage this has turned out to be. Just what are we doin' here? I mean, they came back real strong last night. Who knows just what we're messing with.

JUDGE

Girl, this whole thing started because your stupid ass popped a fat Mexican on a scooter, okay? Don't forget that.

TAYLOR

Oh, I'm to blame? Who got us here in the first place, Judge? Who got us lost? You! And why? Because you're a control freak!

MEMPHIS

She's right, Judge, you like, always have to be the boss of everybody.

Judge angrily points at Memphis.

JUDGE

You! You need to shut your mouth! It's the crazy shit you're always pulling that got us disenroled in the first place!

MEMPHIS

Seriously, stop calling me crazy!

TAYLOR

You are fuckin' crazy, you crazy little crazy bitch!

MEMPHIS

Taylor, I don't care how much bigger than me you are, I will scratch your fucking eyes out!

TAYLOR

Good luck trying to reach, you pint-size problem child.

MEMPHIS

You bitch! You fuckin' bitch! I'm five foot four and a half!

Memphis starts crying.

JUDGE

And out comes the Valley brat.

MEMPHIS

I thought we stuck up for each other? I thought we were friends?

Spit comforts Memphis and glares at the other two.

SPIT

Back off her, okay? She's right, this is nobody's fault!

JUDGE

You think? You want to know why this whole problem existed in the first place? Because somebody thought you needed protecting from us. Because, apparently, we're a bad influence!

SPIT

Well, maybe they're right, yeah? I mean, look at this shit. I spend one day out the force with you guys, and now I'm strapping a Gatling gun to a helicopter?

TAYLOR

She's right, Judge. You've lost control of this whole situation!

JUDGE

I'm fixing this whole situation! I'm trying to keep your ass out of jail, you idiot! You know what? Let's turn ourselves in, let's go to trial! You can represent yourself!

TAYLOR

Fine with me! Three letters, "PMT". Every woman's get out of jail free card!

JUDGE

Damn, you're an idiot!

SPIT

Yeah, and you'd actually have to prove you have a chocha anyway.

TAYLOR

Well, it's a shame I'm not you then, isn't it, Spit? Because then they could just ask pretty much anybody in the force as an eyewitness.

MEMPHIS

Seriously, Taylor! That's crossing a line!

SPIT

Fuck you, you redneck fuckin' hijuepuerca! You want to go? You think I'm scared of you, Taylor Trash?

TAYLOR

What did you just call me?

Taylor and Memphis circle each other. They launch into a furious catfight complete with schoolgirl hair pulling, until Memphis and Judge drag them apart.

JUDGE

Enough! Enough!

Judge stands between them all.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Now, I appreciate everyone's a little tired, but damn, you girls, got to get with the program!

Judge stares at them intensely.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

You know what? Taylor, you are too aggressive. Spit, when you're around guys, you do lose focus. And, Memphis, I ain't calling you crazy, girl, but sometimes, you actually pull some crazy shit. And you know what, I'm a bossy black bitch, okay? But that ain't such a bad thing.

The girls stare back, panting.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Is this a dumb, fucked up situation we've got ourselves in? Hell yeah. But you know what? Dumb, fucked up situations are our specialty. And if it's fighting for our country or fighting for one girl's freedom, we'll fight for what's good. Sure, we break a few rules, but guess what? The bad guys, they ain't ever playing by the damn rules.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Somebody's got to be the rebels,
and ultimately, our hearts are in
the right place, and our strength
stems from our love for one
another. That's what makes us a
force worth reckoning with, so
don't ever, ever lose sight of
that.

They all share apologetic smiles.

MEMPHIS

(teary-eyed)

That was really beautiful.

Judge hugs Memphis. Spit hugs Taylor and pats her back.

SPIT

You should really go into team
building. I'm sorry, you guys.

TAYLOR

I'm sorry too, Judge, please still
be my lawyer if we fuck this up.

INT. HUEY - DAY

The Huey's engines whine up to speed, and the blades chop
through the air, the Gatling gun duct-taped underneath.

Memphis checks gauges and flicks switches. Spit cocks her
M15. Taylor slings the rocket launcher over her shoulder.

JUDGE

You know, for what's supposed to be
a break, this sure feels like my
day job.

MEMPHIS

Ain't no rest for the wicked,
right?

TAYLOR

The only thing we're missing is
helmets.

JUDGE

Yeah, well, thank god they only
shoot up at us.

SPIT

And at least you got no brains to splatter.

They all exchange amused smiles. Memphis kisses her hand and taps the Pink Power Ranger. They lift off.

EXT. MINE TOWN - HELICOPTER SHOOTOUT - DAY

The girls sit pensively, hair whipping in the breeze. They narrow their eyes, ready for battle.

Pancho stands ready with all his Thugs. A faint rumbling grows louder and louder.

PANCHO

These bitches think they are so tough! We will show them what is really tough, yeah?

The Thugs cheer.

HECTOR

I don't like the sound of this.

The Huey cackles around the mountainside. The Thugs flee to defensive positions. The Huey storms over.

The Thugs gawk up as they run. The Girls give them the finger. Here we go!

SPIT

There! By the bar!

Thugs drag The Girl into the Bar. The Huey makes a pass. BANG! BANG! Thugs fire up. RATATATATATAT! Taylor and Spit fire back with their assault rifles.

The Huey swings around and takes out more Thugs.

Memphis deviously grins. The Skanks sprint up the middle of the road. The Huey looms in behind them. CHACHACHACHA! The. The Skanks disintegrate like beetroots in a blender.

MEMPHIS

Seriously, nothin' personal.

JUDGE

Okay, put us down!

The Huey lands. Judge and Taylor bailout. Spit covers them as they run to the Bar

DERELICT BAR

Judge and Taylor burst in. BANG BANG! They take out Thugs and race toward a back room.

THUG (O.S.)
(threatening)
Jamás me llevarán vivo!

BACKROOM

They run in and freeze. A Thug with his arm around The Girl and his gun to her head.

THUG
You back off, perras, or I kill
her! Comprende?

Taylor hurries out. Footsteps running.

CRASH! Taylor bursts back through a side wall and puts her gun right against the Thug's head. BANG! Blood and brains splatter across the room.

TAYLOR
Adios asshole!

The Girl stares amazed at Taylor.

JUDGE
Hey, it's okay. You speak English?
Habla inglés?

THE GIRL
A little.

JUDGE
That's all you gonna need, honey.
We're the good guys, okay? Come on.

BAR

They run for the entrance. Thugs run up outside.

TAYLOR
No chance! The roof!

BACK TO HELICOPTER SHOOTOUT

The Huey sweeps over. BANG! BANG! BANG! A Thug shoots at it. The Huey soars over him. RATATATAT! His head pops like a water balloon.

Judge, Taylor, and The Girl burst out onto the roof. Taylor aims the rocket launcher and fires. WOOOOOOOSH! BOOOOOOM!

She watches Thugs flee and punches the air triumphantly.

TAYLOR
Chupa mi polla!

SUPER: "SUCK MY DICK"

Taylor smiles down at The Girl, thinking she's super cool.

THE GIRL
Eso explica muchas cosas.

SUPER: "THAT EXPLAINS A LOT"

RATATATATA! Gunshots hit around them. Hector across the street, assault rifle crackling. They're pinned in.

Taylor tries to get a shot on Hector. She can't.

JUDGE
(into radio)
We need some cover here!

MEMPHIS
(into radio)
Bringin' the noise!

The Huey sweeps in. RATATATAT! Hector fires up at it. The Huey has to duck away and circle.

SPIT
I can't get a sight on this,
asshole!

MEMPHIS
I've got an idea!

Taylor and Judge watch the Huey hover over them.

TAYLOR
What the hell is she doing?

JUDGE
Oh, god, no!

The Huey drops behind the bar.

MEMPHIS

Erm, you might want to like, keep
your heads down.

The Gatling gun spins up. CHACHACHACHA! Huge rounds punch into the back of the building and out of the front windows and walls.

Taylor and Judge cover The Girl as rounds thud below.

CHACHACHACHA! Hector cowers as rounds hit around him. He's outta there. He sprints away. CHACHACHACHA! BOOM! A vehicle explodes.

Taylor, Judge, and The Girl stare at the fireball as the Huey hovers through the black smoke. They go to climb in, but--

Pancho, hidden in a building, with an assault rifle, carefully aims and fires. BANG!

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Alarms ring out in the Huey. Memphis cringes. She fights with the control stick and tries to fire. Nothing. Gun jam.

The Huey hovers away and swings around out of control. Taylor and Judge wince, confused.

TAYLOR

This another one of her plans?

Memphis wrestles desperately with the controls. WHOOP! WHOOP! WHOOP! WHOOP! More alarms wail. Spit clutches on for her life. The Huey swings around, out of control, as smoke pours from an engine

It hovers over a Mine Shaft, kicks upward, and spins. Taylor and Judge watch, horrified. Memphis frantically glances around and grits her teeth.

MEMPHIS

This landing might suck!

Spit's eye bulge. She braces for impact. CRAAAAAASH! The Huey smashes through the wooden head-frame into the Mine Shaft.

JUDGE

Oh, hell no!

Taylor, Judge, and The Girl race down from the roof. They burst out of the Bar and sprint toward the wreck, engaging in gunfire. RATATATATATATATA! CLICK! They run out of ammo.

They run to an old Hoist House as shots ping against it and take up defensive positions inside.

INT. MINESHAFT - DAY

The crashed Huey hangs nose-first in the mineshaft. Spit comes to and gazes around. The cockpit empty, a hole in the windshield, and a bottomless black pit below.

SPIT

Memphis?

MEMPHIS (O.S.)

I'm okay!

SPIT

What the hell happened?

Memphis hangs from a wooden beam below.

MEMPHIS

Umm.... we got shafted. Well, this situation couldn't get any worse!

An engine on the Huey catches fire. The shaft illuminates. Spit clambers down the Huey to the shaft.

SPIT

I'm coming down. We'll climb to the bottom.

She eases her way down the cockpit.

MEMPHIS

Wait! Bring Kimberly!

SPIT

Kimberly?

MEMPHIS

On the dashboard!

Spit looks. The Pink Power Ranger. She grabs it.

SPIT

A la orden!

Memphis clambers down a little. Fire drips by her. She looks down. Fuel at the base of the shaft sets fire to the beams.

MEMPHIS

Erm, okay, now things couldn't get any worse!

SPIT

Stop sayin' that. You're jin-

BANG! The Gatling gun cycles a round and chops into the beam Memphis hangs from.

SPIT (CONT'D)

You see!

CHACHACHACHA! The Gatling gun chops the beam in two. Memphis falls and screams. She crashes through a rotten beam and grabs hold of another.

MEMPHIS

Well, I think it's safe to say now
it couldn't get any worse! Okay?

CRACK! The Huey jolts and starts to slip down the shaft.

SPIT

Just shut your stupid mouth!

Spit frantically clambers down beams. CHACHACHACHA! The Gatling gun fires. Spit freezes.

Memphis falls, crashes against the corner of the shaft, and manages to balance on beams upright.

She tenderly looks down at the furious fire below and spots an old drift shaft.

MEMPHIS

There's a way out, quick!

CREAK. CRACK. They look up. The Huey slips.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

Hurry!

Spit frantically clambers down. The Huey drops behind her. Fire climbs beams below. She slips and falls, but Memphis catches her as she passes.

CHACHACHACHACHA! The Gatling gun fires. Spit screams. Memphis heaves her up. The Huey falls as they run.

It crashes by, and BOOOOM! It explodes.

A fireball rushes up the shaft, and they hit the deck. WOOOOOSH! Fire sweeps over them.

They lie, panting. Spit hands over the Pink Power Ranger.

SPIT

Why do you have to care so much
about that thing?

MEMPHIS

Because it's, like, for good luck,
obviously.

INT. HOIST HOUSE - DAY

Judge, Taylor, and The Girl watch the fireball erupt from the
mineshaft. They stare horrified.

JUDGE

(into radio)

Memphis, Spit, you copy?

Taylor's eyes glisten, and her jaw quivers.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Girls, do you copy? Please!

Judge turns to Taylor, welling up. Taylor stares back
vengefully, she's already done grieving.

Footsteps. Taylor tosses down her empty rifle and yanks an
old rusty pick axe from the wall.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Okay, don't do anything stupid now,
girl. Just put a lid on, okay? Put
a damn lid on.

Judge cowers and protects The Girl.

Taylor puts on a miner's helmet and pounds it with her fist.

She walks into the next room. BANG! The helmet is shot off
her head. She ducks behind pipes as shots ping behind her.

A Thug waits for her to pop up. The axe swipes from under the
pipes and severs his foot. YEEAARRGH! He goes down screaming.

Taylor crawls out, grabs his gun, and pops up. BANG! CLICK!
Ammo already out. BANG! She ducks as shots zip by her.

She grabs the axe and hurls it at a Thug. It wedges in his
collar bone, and he flails around screaming.

The other Thug fires. She runs at him, holding up the helmet
as shots hit it. PING! PING! PING! PING! PING!

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Not what I meant! Not what I meant!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! The Thugs out. Taylor smacks him out cold with the helmet. CLICK! A cocking hammer.

Another Thug enters. She frisbees the helmet across the room. SMACK! The rusty metal lip impales in his face.

The Girl watches, amazed.

INT. DRIFT SHAFT - DAY

Memphis and Spit walk with flaming pieces of wood in hand.

SPIT

Where the hell are we going? This will just be a dead end, surely?

Memphis finds an old rope-pulley-style lift cage.

MEMPHIS

How's your tugging technique?

Spit is unamused.

INT. HOIST HOUSE - DAY

The Thug with the pick axe in his collarbone staggers around and screams. Taylor yanks it out. He collapses.

JUDGE

Taylor! Look out!

Another Thug, with a gun, right behind Taylor. She spins around with the axe and takes his forearm clean off. He clutches his splintered elbow and howls. YEEEEAAARGH!

TAYLOR

Heigh-Ho, dickless!

She tries to pull the gun from the severed hand.

JUDGE

Taylor!

SMACK! Taylor takes a punch to the head. One remaining THUG. A real big remorseless-looking fucker too.

She scrabbles away up a huge hoist pulley, but he grabs her legs. She thuds to the floor, kicks him in the shin, and climbs the pulley.

He grabs the gun from the severed hand and turns to fire.

THWACK! She kicks it out his hands, and it wedges in gears.

He elbows her legs from under her and climbs up. They square up to one another on top of the pulley.

THUG

Why don't you get back to your cleaning, bitch.

TAYLOR

Oh I'm nearly done sweeping up in here. You think you can take out the trash?

They swing for one another, duck punches, and take hits.

INT. MINE TUNNEL - DAY

Memphis and Spit pull the cage to the top and gaze around. Light beams through gaps in a boarded-up entrance. Spit crosses to it and kicks a board away.

The beam illuminates something by Memphis. She looks down. A cover draped over something big. She sweeps it away, and her jaw drops.

An old Dodge Charger that's been stored for decades.

MEMPHIS

Are you freaking kidding me! This is a classic! Why would somebody leave this here?

SPIT

Erm, maybe because of this?

Memphis crosses to the entrance, and her jaw drops as she looks down. The hillside mined away below them, a near vertical drop for over a hundred feet to the mine town.

SPIT (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Judge? Taylor? You out there?

INT. HOIST HOUSE - DAY

Judge's eyes bulge. She grabs her radio.

JUDGE
Spit? That you, girl? You with
Memphis?

INTERCUT JUDGE AND SPIT

SPIT
Yeah we're okay. You?

JUDGE
Oh, we're in a world of trouble. We
need evac right away. You think you
can find some transport?

SPIT
Yeah, we already got some... kinda.

JUDGE
You kidding me, girl?

Judge looks at the Boiler House from a window.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
You see the building with the big
ass chimneys on it? We'll meet you
there, okay?

Spit peers down at the Boiler House.

SPIT
See you there. Over and out.

Judge puts the radio away and wipes away her tears before
turning back to see the Thug kick Taylor off the pulley.

BANG! Taylor crashes to the floor. He takes his gun, his feet
on the gears, and aims at Taylor.

JUDGE
(grabbing brake lever)
Hey, sucker! Looks like you need a
break!

Judge releases the pulley brake. He freezes. The gears creak,
but nothing happens. Judge winces. He aims for her instead.

THE GIRL (O.S.)
Chupa verga un burro!

The Girl by the taut steel pulley cable with an axe. She
swings hard. CRACK! The Thug's eyes bulge. The cable whips
back and slices him up the middle. Blood squirts over Taylor.

TAYLOR

Woah! Holly fuckin' Jesus!

Taylor stares at The Girl, who proudly winks back. Taylor wipes blood off herself and nods respectfully.

JUDGE

C'mon, we're moving. Spit and Memphis are coming in hot.

Taylor grabs the pistol from the floor, and they run out as the injured Thugs scream and writhe.

INT. MINE TUNNEL - DAY

Spit stares down at the mine town as Memphis crosses to the Charger and drags away the rest of the covers.

SPIT

Are you serious?

MEMPHIS

Look, I'm a pilot. I can fly anything, like, even a car.

SPIT

Yeah, well, how'd you think you'll start it, eh? You don't think the battery will be flat, no?

MEMPHIS

Easy. We bump start it.

SPIT

Bump start it?

MEMPHIS

Backwards.

SPIT

Backwards?

Memphis tries the door handle, but it won't budge. She grits her teeth, kicks out the glass, and slides in.

MEMPHIS

We doin' this?

A Dodge Charger, a girl dressed as Daisy Duke, a plan to jump out a mineshaft, fuck yeah we are!

Spit smashes the other window and slips inside.

SPIT
See, no keys?

MEMPHIS
Give me your knife.

Spit hands over her flick knife. Memphis slices off the barrel, rams it into the ignition, and clicks it around.

SPIT
Where'd you learn that?

MEMPHIS
Try running away from home a few dozen times.

Memphis clutches the wheel and grabs the shifter.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)
Hold on to your-
(beat)
No wait.

She pulls out the Pink Power Ranger, sticks it on the dash, kisses her hand, and pats it.

SPIT
Oh yeah, our real lucky charm.

MEMPHIS
Okay, here goes.

They roll back. Memphis pumps the clutch and tries to select reverse. The gears grind. The speed increases.

SPIT
Come on, quickly!

Memphis fights with the stick and gets it into reverse. She tries the ignition. Nothing. Beams whip by fast.

SPIT (CONT'D)
Come on! Ándale!

Memphis tries again. Nothing. Again. VROOOOM! The Charger barks into life. She hits the brakes. The tires skid. Spit watches the end of the shaft approach fast.

SPIT (CONT'D)
Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop!

They wince, not slowing until they crash through beams.

SCRUNCH. They stop at the last moment. Spit sighs.

MEMPHIS

Seriously, I've got this. Now,
strap in. We're cleared for
takeoff.

She smugly smiles, grabs a gear, and floors it. ZZZZZZZZZZZZ!
Memphis looks out to find they're stuck in wet sludge.

SPIT

Oh, I see you real got this.

Memphis looks back at Spit, embarrassed.

INT. BOILER HOUSE - DAY

The room full of lab gear, including a rack of microwaves and
barrels of chemicals. Judge, Taylor and The Girl burst in and
scan around.

TAYLOR

I guess this is what you need when
half your gang only eats burritos.

JUDGE

Oh, they cooking, that's for sure.
This whole setup, it all makes
sense. These guys aren't into some
two-bit grand theft auto bullshit.

Taylor peers up at a cabinet. A large *EXPLOSIVES* warning sign
on the front. She smiles coyly.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

No, this is some serious drug
production shit. That's what this
is. This a goddamn crack factory.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Hey, check this out!

Judge looks around to find Taylor proudly waving two old
sticks of dynamite. Judge freezes, terrified.

JUDGE

Girl, you got to stop waving those
things around, okay?

Taylor sees the terror in Judge's eyes and freezes.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

That's dynamite. You know what that
does when it's stored for a real
long time?

TAYLOR

No!

JUDGE

It sweats, okay? It sweats pure nitroglycerin, and nitroglycerin is some volatile shit.

Taylor winces and holds the sticks of dynamite like they are, well, sticks of dynamite.

TAYLOR

Well, it's not the only thing sweating now!

JUDGE

Look, just put them down, okay? Carefully, real carefully.

Taylor eeks them into a microwave and shuts the door.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Seriously? That's your go to place to put dynamite?

Judge thinks for a moment and narrows her eyes.

TAYLOR

What you thinking, Judge?

JUDGE

I think I'm having what you might call a lightbulb moment.

INT. MINE TUNNEL - DAY

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ! Memphis stares back at the spinning wheels. She grits her teeth and guns the engine hard. Spit pushes.

SPIT

Argh! Easy! Easy!

The Charger slithers out the sludge.

MEMPHIS

Wow, you're a lot stronger than-

Memphis turns to find Spit covered in dirt.

SPIT

This better be worth it.

INT. BOILER HOUSE - DAY

A lamp with the bulb removed. Microwaves loaded with dynamite. Judge carefully screws a lightbulb onto the last stick of explosives.

TAYLOR

Well, I guess we now know how many lawyers it takes to change a lightbulb. One, and it will cost you a lot more than you think.

INT. MINE TUNNEL - DAY

Spit and Memphis look around, worried. CREAK. CRACK. The support beams start to give way. Dirt trickles. Rocks drop. Spit leaps through the Charger window.

SPIT

Go, go, go, go, go!

Memphis floors it. The Charger roars, fires rooster tails from the tires, and launches like a scalded cat as the shaft collapses behind it. Beams flicker by.

The entrance closes up with dirt, light fades.

SPIT (CONT'D)

Eres Loca!

MEMPHIS

Don't call me crazy!

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

The Charger bursts out shaft through the dirt. Thugs gaze up amazed. The whole cliffside gives way and drops.

The Charger crashes down and races down the cliff like it's a giant skate ramp. A landslide churning behind it.

SPIT

Ay-yi-ai! Faster!

MEMPHIS

Hang on!

The Charger hurtles toward the town. The Thugs flee.

Memphis stares ahead and aims for a collapsed building. They both wince.

The Charger kicks into the air and soars upward. Dirt and dust streams from the underside. A high-pitched, ear-piercing scream shrieks from inside.

Spit screams, terrified. Memphis stares meanly ahead.

Rubble rips through buildings, smashes them to pieces, and crushes Thugs, sending blood and torn-off limbs everywhere.

The landslide settles. Screaming gets louder. CRASH! The Charger touches down and roars away into the distance.

EXT. BOILER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The Charger growls up and skids around in a cloud of dust.

SPIT

Quick! Do the horn thing!

Memphis slams the horn. FAAAAARRP. They frown.

INT. BOILER HOUSE - DAY

Taylor, Judge, and The Girl crouch hidden behind a table.

Judge threads a very long stick slowly forward. It prods a microwave timer button over and over.

TAYLOR

C'mon, just how much time will this need?

JUDGE

Oh, I'm nuking this shit.

Judge positions the stick over the start button.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

You ready?

Taylor and The Girl tentatively nod and get ready to run.

Judge winces and prods the button. They bolt. The microwave hums, and the bulb flickers.

EXT. BOILER HOUSE - DAY

Taylor, Judge, and The Girl sprint out while Memphis and Spit wait by the Charger. Taylor reaches for the door.

MEMPHIS

No they don't work! You have to get
in through the-

Taylor yanks the door open no problem. The Girl ducks into the back seat. Taylor glares at Memphis, and clips her round the ear, frustrated.

TAYLOR

No Dukes of Hazard! A-Team only!

Memphis and Taylor fight back and forth with the door.

JUDGE

Where the hell you guys been?

Spit looks back offended, clothes filthy and the dust still settling from the landslide behind her.

SPIT

We just jumped a car outta
mountain! We're crazy! What've you
guys managed to do?

Taylor and Judge look at each other and look back at the Boiler House.

INT. BOILER HOUSE - DAY

The bulb flickers like crazy inside the microwave. BOOM! It blows.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Each microwave explodes in sequence.

BOOM! The explosives cabinet explodes.

BOOM! BANG! BANG! BOOM! BANG! The barrels explode.

EXT. BOILER HOUSE - DAY

BOOM! The whole building goes up in a monumental explosion (just look at the number of Os).

TAYLOR

That! That's the shit we're
accomplishing!

They all stare up at the fireball climbing into the sky.

JUDGE

Shaboom! Stick that up your nose
and snort it, you jive crack
peddling turkeys!

Taylor and Judge smack in a triumphant high-five.

THE GIRL

Who.. who are you people?

JUDGE

We're the Hell's Belles, honey, and
this dumb shit is our specialty.
Now let's get your little brown
Mexican ass back to your mother.

They climb in the Charger. It slews around and roars away.

INT. CHARGER - MOVING - DAY

Spit looks at The Girl and checks a graze on her cheek.

SPIT

Estás bien?

SUPER: "ARE YOU ALRIGHT"

THE GIRL

Si! Este hombre y su esposa negra
son bastante los luchadores!

SUPER: "YES! THIS HANDSOME MAN AND HIS BLACK WIFE ARE QUITE
THE FIGHTERS!"

Spit looks at Taylor. She smiles smugly back.

TAYLOR

Looks like somebody's a role model.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - CAR CHASE - DAY

The Charger races along an access road, but the Tow Truck
slowly rises up beside them, racing alongside on a lower
track. Thick black smoke pours from the stacks.

It swerves in behind and rams the Charger. Hector grins down
menacingly from behind the wheel.

JUDGE

Get us away from that thing!

MEMPHIS

Wow! Great idea, Judge!

The Charger swerves. The Truck keeps up. Spit points ahead.

SPIT

Look!

An old gatehouse. The only way out through a small Dodge Charger sized gap.

They smile. Memphis aims, and the Charger just slips through with splinters showering from the fenders.

The girls look back and grin, but--

The Tow Truck smashes through the whole gatehouse, shattering the timber like matchsticks. They frown as the Tow Truck closes right in.

JUDGE

Memphis, do something, girl!

Memphis stares back, worried.

MEMPHIS

Even something a little crazy?

JUDGE

Girl, crazy is all we've got left!

MEMPHIS

Okay then...

Memphis takes a deep breath.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

BELLE BREAK!

Everyone else looks at each other, confused.

Memphis cuts the wheel hard. The Charger swerves onto the dirt, spins around, and slews back into the road sideways, clipping the front of Tow Truck before spinning against it, smashing the cab hard, and skidding to a halt.

The Tow Truck growls to a stop in the distance as the girls sit shaken.

TAYLOR

What the hell was that, Memphis!
Crashing? Crashing was your plan?
Have you finally fuckin' lost it?

They watch Hector drop out the Tow Truck with his machine gun. He grins, delighted.

JUDGE

Oh hell, anybody else got ammo?

TAYLOR

A little.

JUDGE

Get us out of here, Memphis.

MEMPHIS

Wait!

SNAP! The cigarette lighter pops out. Memphis grabs it, hurls it out the window, and-

WHOOOOOOOOMP! Fuel in the road ignites. Flames charge toward the Tow Truck and-

Hector looks back at the truck to find the fuel tank destroyed in the crash. His eyes bulge. WHOOOOMP! He goes up in a huge fireball. Everyone but Memphis looks on in shock.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

Who's burnin' who's truck now,
fucknuts!

The Charger roars away and passes the burning wreck, but Hector runs out of the flames growling and throws himself onto the hood, his whole body on fire.

They all scream and duck. He drags Spit out the window.

JUDGE

Memphis stop!

Memphis hits the brakes. BANG! They don't slow down and look back to find Pancho in the Firebird, pushing them along.

Judge and Taylor lean out the windows and try to take him out with the little ammo they have.

Spit tries to fend off the burning Hector on the roof. He pins her on her back and clutches her neck, glaring as his skin sears and blisters.

Spit manages to get her leg right back under him and KICK! Her heel punches through his eye. He screams, writhing. She winces as she can't get it back out of his socket.

KICK! She spikes a heel through the other eye. He desperately flails. She turns him around, coils, and kicks him off the back of the Charger.

He wedges under the nose of the Firebird and slows it down, allowing the Charger to race away as Spit slips back inside.

Pancho stops the Firebird to get around Hector's body.

PANCHO

You stupid mamon fucker!

The Charger tears down the road. The Firebird storms after and closes in.

MEMPHIS

We're not gonna lose this guy!

JUDGE

Just get us back to base, okay!

A bend approaches. They wince and hold on.

Memphis cuts the wheel. The Charger slews around the bend, the tires screeching. It slides into a drift.

Memphis keeps her cool, carefully feeds the wheel back and forth, and controls the slide. The Charger squirms from side to side and roars up the road.

Spit, Taylor, and The Girl look out the rear window. The shadowy black Firebird races into the bend. Pancho winces and aggressively fights with the wheel.

The Firebird screeches around the bend, clips a bush, and loses speed. Spit smiles and proudly pats Memphis.

SPIT

Stay cool. You're losing him!

The Diner approaches. Memphis reaches for the handbrake.

MEMPHIS

HOLD ON TO YOUR TITS!

EXT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

The back wheels of the Charger lock up and billow smoke. It kicks sideways and skids into the car lot.

The girls get out, run into the Diner, and shut the door.

The Firebird roars up and grinds to a halt. Pancho creeps out, grins at the Diner, and raises his AK.

PANCHO

Come out, little pigs.

(checks around)

Don't make me come in there after you.

(skulking forward)

You're fucked, okay? So why don't you bitches come out.

(spits on the ground)

Face me like the men that you wish you were, eh?

He waits a few moments.

Clicking. Arming. Cocking. The Customers pop up at the windows with weapons raised. He goes to fire.

BANG! BANG! POP! BANG! POP! BANG! BANG! BANG! POP! BANG!
Gratuitous gunfire from everyone. No mercy.

He goes limp, stares back, and drops to the dirt, lying gasping, somehow still alive but completely fucked.

Footsteps. A shadow casts over him. A rifle barrel lowers to his head. He stares up.

THE GIRL

Adiós, asshole.

His eyes bulge. BANG! She puts one right through his nugget. Taylor clutches her mouth.

TAYLOR

Oh my god. I taught her that. She's one of us now.

The Girl shakes with vengeance as Mrs Martinez runs in and embraces her. They cry tears of happiness. The girls well up, Taylor the worst.

JUDGE

(sniffing)

You gotta love it when a family comes back together.

SPIT

(croaking)

Eso me encanta, es hermoso.

MEMPHIS

(wiping eyes)

What's the matter, Taylor? You,
like, actually getting broody now?

Taylor pathetically nods. She crosses to The Girl, takes a knee, and presents her M15.

TAYLOR

I know this rifle's got no bullets
in it, and that piece of shit
Knight Rider car's, like, thirty
years old, but I want you to take
them, okay? Take them and protect
these pussies in this diner. I'm
so, so proud of you.

Taylor ceremoniously hands over the M15.

THE GIRL

Eres el padre que nunca tuve.

SUPER: "YOU ARE THE FATHER I NEVER HAD"

Taylor strokes her hair lovingly and smiles.

TAYLOR

I don't know what that means, but
to me it was beautiful.

Taylor hugs The Girl. Everyone shares a smile.

EXT. BELLE'S DINER - LATER - EVENING

The girls in the Charger, Memphis and Judge in the front,
Taylor and Spit in the back. Everyone standing proudly
around. Bill crouches beside Judge.

BILL

So what's next for you girls?

Judge goes to reply, but her phone rings. She checks it as
the girls all exchange looks and declines the call.

JUDGE

Let's just say, we're currently
pursuing career options.

BILL

Well, if you're ever passing by,
it's on the house, okay?

JUDGE

Hell, Bill, technically, that would still be extortion.

BILL

C'mon, drop by sometime. Give a guy a chance to prove himself.

Bill shoots her a flirtatious smile. She shoots one back.

Mr Martinez and The Girl cross over to Taylor.

THE GIRL

Que tus cojones crecer fuerte con la derrota de nuestro enemigo.

SUPER: "MAY YOUR BALLS GROW STRONG WITH THE DEFEAT OF OUR NEMESIS"

Taylor awkwardly smiles back and leans to Spit.

TAYLOR

What did she say?

SPIT

(going to mock)

She says...

(contemplating)

You have the prettiest eyes in the world.

Taylor wells up again and whispers into Spit's ear.

SPIT (CONT'D)

(to The Girl)

Ella dice eres las estrellas en sus ojos.

SUPER: "YOU ARE THE STARS IN HER EYES"

The Girl grips the M15 and salutes Taylor, who starts weeping hopelessly.

TAYLOR

What the hell is happening to me?

MEMPHIS

And to think people have the gall to say we're a bad influence.

The girls look back at everyone.

JUDGE

You people just remember, when
there's trouble around and nobody's
man enough to step up and do
something about it, Hell's Belles
might just be coming to town.

The Charger wheel-spins away, and everyone waves while wiping
dirt out of their eyes.

The Girl stands meanly by the Firebird and shakes her M15 at
the wide-eyed customers.

THE GIRL

Todo lo que usted bitches trabajo
para mí ahora!

SUPER: "ALL YOU BITCHES WORK FOR ME NOW!"

Mrs Martinez crosses over, smacks her with her shoe, and
snatches the rifle out of her hands.

The Charger races up the highway, the chrome gleaming in the
setting sun and the mountains ahead basking in a golden hue.

MEMPHIS (O.S.)

So guys, seriously, like, where are
we actually going?

JUDGE (O.S.)

Okay, I got this. The sun sets in
west, right?

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Judge, if you don't know, then I
should definitely ride up front.

SPIT (O.S.)

Ay-yi-ai, girls, please! I think I
need to pee again already.

THE END