

# ***FOR YOUR DREAMS***

by

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**EXT. DIRT ROAD, TEXAS - DAY**

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

A wrecked car lies upturned in a ditch, radiator hissing.

An EDGY POTHEAD and CHILLED STONER share a joint beside it, covered in cuts and grazes.

An engine approaches. They peer down the track to see a pickup racing toward them.

The Chilled Stoner lazily stubs out the joint.

The pickup clatters by, skids to a halt, and backs up. It's a faithful old mutt of a truck, dented and dusty.

Behind the wheel sits SAVANNAH JOHNSON (mid 20's), introverted, difficult, and shrinking behind her hair, a dog tag hanging around her neck.

Beside her sits her sister GINGER JOHNSON (early 20's), beaming, friendly, hotter than deep fried apple pie, and twice as sweet.

SAVANNAH

Y'all okay?

EDGY POTHEAD

Been better.

GINGER

What happened?

CHILLED STONER

Armadillo.

Savannah winces at the wrecked car.

SAVANNAH

What the hell was it drivin'?

GINGER

You need a ride to a doctor?

EDGY POTHEAD

We'd be much obliged.

Savannah warily looks at Ginger.

GINGER

They seem nice.

Savannah studies the Potheads and nods to the pickup bed.

CHILLED STONER  
Thankin' you, ladies!

They grab a bag and hop in. Savannah slams the pickup in gear and floors it.

**INT. PICKUP - MOVING - DAY**

Ginger turns the music up, opens a beer, and cheers. Savannah guns it and fights the wheel.

The Guys cling on as the pickup tears along. Ginger squeals excited. A smile slowly grows across Savannah's face.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY**

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

**INT. PICKUP - DAY**

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

Savannah eases off the gas. The Edgy Potthead lobs the bag into the cab.

EDGY POTHEAD  
Hide it! Hide the bag!

GINGER  
Why?

EDGY POTHEAD  
It's full of fuckin' pot!

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

SAVANNAH  
Oh they seem real nice, Ginger!  
Real nice!

**EXT. TEXAS COUNTRYSIDE - CAR CHASE - DAY**

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

SAVANNAH  
You gotta hide that weed, baby!

Ginger tries to cram the bag under her seat.

GINGER

I can't!

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

SAVANNAH

Hold on!

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

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

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

GINGER

Seems it's our bag now!

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

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

GINGER (CONT'D)

Woah! Watch the trees!

SAVANNAH

I'm not gonna hit a damn tree!

SMACK! Ginger gawks at the sheered side mirror fixing.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Okay, that might have been settin' the bar a little high!

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Quick! Throw it out the window!

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Is it gone?

GINGER

Some of it!

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

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

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

GINGER (CONT'D)

I hate to tell you this but I'm pretty sure the bridge ain't finished!

SAVANNAH

Well, I ain't finished either!

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

I saw this on TV! Hold on!

GINGER

Holy Moly!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

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

Ginger raises her beer and tries to look innocent.

**EXT. WOODLAND - CONTINUOUS**

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

Savannah looks into dark forest behind her and--

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

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

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

**EXT. WOODLAND - MINUTES LATER**

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

She stares hopelessly at a sleepy town in the distance.

**EXT. FIELDS - MOMENTS LATER**

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

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

**EXT. JOHNSON HOUSE - BACK YARD**

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

**EXT. COURTHOUSE - LATER - DAY**

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

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

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

ATTENDEES packing up. Ginger being led away in cuffs.

SAVANNAH  
 (not quite under breath)  
 Shit!

A few Attendees shoot her a disproving glance.

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
 What's happened?

Nancy hurries by, refusing to acknowledge Savannah.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
 Mom?

Goldberg creeps over with a devious grin across his face.

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

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

He reaches toward her hair and plucks out pond weed.

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

He waits for a confession. She holds her silence.

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

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

**EXT. CREEK - EVENING**

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

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

It starts up and glides away.

**INT. JOHNSON HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The kitchen unkempt. Savannah washes dishes as Nancy dries.

NANCY

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

SAVANNAH

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

Nancy scoffs to herself.

NANCY

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

Savannah scrubs plates hard.

NANCY (CONT'D)

And be careful with those, they were your grandma's.

Savannah scrubs harder.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Besides, justice don't come cheap.

SAVANNAH

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

NANCY

Somethin' you're hidin' from me?

Savannah keeps her mouth shut.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Thought as much. Sorry for thinkin' we shared things in this household. You enjoy your little power trip and we'll just keep beggin' to you when we need things.

(childishly)

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

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

NANCY (CONT'D)

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

Savannah holds a plate up to Nancy.

SAVANNAH  
Then stay the hell out my way.

She lets it fall. SMASH!

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

**INT. COUNTRY TAVERN - LATER - NIGHT**

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

SCREECH! They glance out a window.

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

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

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

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

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

She grabs a bottle and reaches into her pocket.

BAR OWNER  
Hey! That one's on the house.

She smiles appreciative and broods as she drinks.

BAR OWNER (CONT'D)  
Sav, no offense intended, but right  
now, you look like a bloodhound  
lickin' piss off a thistle.

SAVANNAH  
It's just family is all.

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

They laugh.

BAR OWNER

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

OLD BAR FLY

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

SAVANNAH

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

OLD BAR FLY

Well, not as much as I'd have liked to!

They all laugh. The Bar Owner looks at Savannah dead serious.

BAR OWNER

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

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

SAVANNAH

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

OLD BAR FLY

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

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

OLD BAR FLY (CONT'D)

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

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

SAVANNAH

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

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

**INT. COUNTRY TAVERN - LATER - NIGHT**

The customers gone. Savannah thoroughly wipes the bar clean, motioning around the Bar Owner who's passed out over it.

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

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

SAVANNAH

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

He lights up a cigarette ignoring her.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

And customers can't smoke in here.

He strolls around the tavern, admiring the serene paintings.

COLT

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

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

COLT (CONT'D)

Now I bet you're just rattling your brain, tryin' to work out why you ain't been arrested yet. Well, I got two battered and bruised employees of mine adamant you didn't take them for a little hayride earlier today.

She remains silent.

COLT (CONT'D)

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

He eases into a both.

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

She tentatively leaves the baseball bat and sits opposite him in the booth.

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

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

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

He turns dark.

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

SAVANNAH  
 I never asked for any favor.

COLT  
 Point taken. But the fact is, I'm the unfortunate soul who lost out most during your little shindig with the sheriff this morning. So, I'm simply here to collect fair compensation for my losses today and leave.

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

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

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

SAVANNAH  
 (sarcastically)  
 I drive like a girl.

COLT

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

SAVANNAH

I don't want anythin' to do with no drugs.

COLT

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

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

COLT (CONT'D)

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

He snatches back the note and goes to leave.

SAVANNAH

No wait!

He pauses and looks back.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

I do one job, one, and that makes us even.

COLT

(long beat)

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

He stubs his cigarette out on the table and leaves.

**INT. JOHNSON HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT**

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

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

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

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

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

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

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

NANCY

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

SAVANNAH

Come to bed.

NANCY

Stay away from me!

Nancy lashes out at Savannah, scratching her hand and fumbling up to her feet. Savannah warily backs away.

NANCY (CONT'D)

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

SAVANNAH

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

NANCY

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

Savannah grabs Nancy's arms to hold her back.

SAVANNAH

Stop sayin' that! That's not true!

NANCY

DON'T TOUCH ME!

Nancy shoves hard. Savannah tumbles backwards into the bath.

NANCY (CONT'D)

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

Nancy sneers at Savannah rubbing her head and leaves.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Savannah limps out the bathroom and pauses to study something.

A homemade GINGER sign on a door, old, tattered, and decorated with a collage of dancers cut from magazine pages along with images of Vegas. Savannah strokes it fondly.

**INT. SAVANNAH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

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

A proud man smiles back in US Army medic fatigues.

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

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

**INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT**

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

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

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

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

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

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

**INY. PARENT'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

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

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

**INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS**

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

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

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

Savannah proceeds carefully, raising the bat ready to strike.

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

JAMIE

Don't take another step.

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

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

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

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey! Easy! Easy!

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Listen, you win, okay? Take  
whatever you want. Just let her go.

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

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

Savannah continues to writhe. Jamie firms up his aim.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Back off, baby. He's got us.

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

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

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

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

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

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

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

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You promise it to me now.

SAVANNAH

(choking up)

I'll stand tall and protect what loves me back.

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

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

Savannah stares at Ginger sobbing, riddled with guilt.

**END FLASHBACK:**

**INT. SAVANNAH'S BEDROOM - DAY**

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

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

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

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

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

**INT. JAILHOUSE - VISITORS ROOM - DAY**

Ginger sits disheveled behind dirty security glass.

SAVANNAH

Jeeze, you get beat up already?

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

The usual. We've been discussin' who gets your room.

Ginger's worry breaks through her tough facade. She fights crying. Savannah leans in with a deadly serious stare.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

I got a plan and I got the money.

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

Then let me handle it.

**INT. PICKUP - MOVING - DAY**

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

**INT. ROBINSON'S CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY**

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

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

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

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

Jessie dabs her smart phone. The music cuts.

JESSIE

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

Savannah timidly nods.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

COLT, YOUR REDNECK'S HERE!

**INT. ROBINSON'S CARS - WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER**

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

COLT

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

SAVANNAH

Somethin' all serial killers have?

COLT

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

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

COLT (CONT'D)

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

She flinches as a Mechanic fires up a cutting torch.

COLT (CONT'D)

Hell, I don't even talk on the phone to arrange a meetin'.

(MORE)

COLT (CONT'D)  
I just set the criteria and it happens, like clockwork.

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

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

SAVANNAH  
Like Elvis?

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

COLT  
Oh, I got 'em all shook up.

**EXT. ROBINSON'S CARS - BACKLOT - CONTINUOUS**

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

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

She crosses to her wreck of pickup.

COLT (CONT'D)  
What's the mileage on that thing?

SAVANNAH  
(sarcastically)  
She's barely run-in.

COLT  
Run-in? She looks like she was run over.

SAVANNAH  
That's all I got.

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

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

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

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

SAVANNAH  
The 'Stang fast?

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

SAVANNAH  
I can work with it.

He lights up a cigarette amused.

COLT  
Country chicks. Nothin' you girls  
like more than firearms, fillet  
steak, and fast cars.

**EXT. CRUMMY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

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

**INT. CRUMMY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

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

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

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

MISNER (CONT'D)  
Savannah Johnson.

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

MISNER (CONT'D)  
Charges like your sister's get  
attention in this line of work.

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

MISNER (CONT'D)

Let's see; possession with intent to sell, drivin' under the influence, reckless drivin', and unlawful drivin' in a river. Original. Legally damnin', really damnin'... but original.

SAVANNAH

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

MISNER

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

He clutches his crotch and slumps back into his chair.

MISNER (CONT'D)

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

(beat)

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

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

SAVANNAH

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

He stares at the money impressed and raises his drink to her.

COLT

Holy shit, sweetheart! You just bought yourself one hell of a wildcard.

**INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

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

**INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY**

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

NANCY

That looks expensive.

SAVANNAH

Sorry I broke your plate.

Savannah gets into the Mustang and fires it up.

NANCY  
Where you goin'?

SAVANNAH  
To protect what's always loved me  
back.

Savannah pulls away. Nancy dashes out after her.

**EXT. JOHNSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY**

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

**INT. ROBINSON'S CARS SHOWROOM - DAY**

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

JESSIE  
Hey, you sold the Mustang?

COLT  
Redneck took it to make the drop.

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

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

JESSIE  
(flirtatiously)  
Well, you should have learned by  
now, that's a dangerous  
combination.

COLT  
But that's why I like it so much.

Colt crosses over and kisses her.

COLT (CONT'D)  
Anyhoo, just think about what  
she'll be bringin' back.

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

**EXT. JAILHOUSE - DAY**

The Mustang engine glugs. Savannah waits inside.

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

GINGER

What's this ride with my sister inside?

SAVANNAH

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

Ginger gets in. They hug tight.

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

I might have to hold you to that.

WHOOH WHOOP! They snap round to see Goldberg's cruiser pulling up. He gets out and crosses to Savannah's window.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

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

(admiring Mustang)

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

SAVANNAH

There's a hole in your theory.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

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

SAVANNAH

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

(MORE)

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

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

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

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

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

SHERIFF GOLDBERG (CONT'D)

Oh, going on vacation I see!

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

SHERIFF GOLDBERG (CONT'D)

Well, how 'bout that?

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

GINGER

What you doin' to her?

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

Shut your mouth or you're next.

Goldberg turns Savannah back facing him and grins.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG (CONT'D)

I hope you got a damn good lawyer.

SAVANNAH

Good enough to get my sister in this car.

She stares back deadpan and--

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

GINGER

Savannah! What the hell?

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

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

GINGER (CONT'D)

What you doin'?

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

SAVANNAH

Seein' what this girl's got!

She slams the shifter into drive and drops the hammer.

**EXT. STREETS - CAR CHASE - DAY**

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

GINGER

Holy moly!

SAVANNAH

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

Ginger stares back bewildered.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

So unlock the cuffs!

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

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

Goddamn country chicks!

He clambers into his cruiser and grabs the radio.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG (CONT'D)

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

**EXT. ROBINSON CARS - DAY**

Cruisers race up and screech round, blocking two exits.

POLICE RADIO

Gates are shut north and south!

**INT. ROBINSON CARS SHOWROOM - DAY**

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

The Mustang freight-trains past being chased by Goldberg.

COLT

Ah shit!

JESSIE

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

**EXT. STREETS - CAR CHASE - DAY**

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

SAVANNAH

Hurry!

GINGER

It's real finicky!

SAVANNAH

You wanna switch places?

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

GINGER

No, I think you got this!

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

GINGER (CONT'D)

Stop movin' your hands!

SAVANNAH

I kinda need to steer, Ginger!

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

POLICE RADIO

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

Goldberg grimaces at the snaking chaos unfolding ahead.

Ginger grabs onto what she can. Savannah fights the wheel.

GINGER

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

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

POLICE RADIO

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

Cruisers swoop onto the road, sirens screaming.

POLICE RADIO (CONT'D)

So was the last one!

Ginger winces. Woodland ahead. Savannah guns it.

GINGER  
Where we goin'?

SAVANNAH  
We're taking the scenic route!

The Mustang crashes down a track and slaloms trees.

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

The Sisters jostle around.

GINGER  
The trees! Watch the trees!

BANG! A cruiser smashes head on into a tree.

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

A cruiser miss-judges the bank and plummets into a ditch.

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

CRASH! The following cruiser doesn't.

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

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

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

### **A ROADBLOCK**

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

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

SAVANNAH  
For your dreams, baby! For your  
dreams!

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

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

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

POLICE RADIO

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GINGER

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

She slips back inside and rests against Savannah content.

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

**INT. ROBINSON CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY**

Colt and Jessie circle and scowl like angry dogs.

JESSIE

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

COLT

We can't cancel! It's impossible!

JESSIE

We just lost all our leverage!

COLT

I shit you not! We can't cancel!

Colt paces away with Jessie tailing him.

JESSIE

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

COLT

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

JESSIE

Not lookin' so smart now.

COLT

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

**INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY**

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

GINGER

We're drug dealers now?

SAVANNAH

Runners not dealers.

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

We ain't goin' back.

GINGER

What?

SAVANNAH

Well, we sure are sinners now, so I guess we should just double down on it and head to Sin City?

GINGER

Vegas?

SAVANNAH

That's the dream, right? Some horses gotta run, baby. So I say, let's keep the hammer down and chase the sunset.

GINGER

But, don't we have a bounty on our heads?

SAVANNAH

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

Ginger thinks it over and gets excited.

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

But it'll be cancelled now, right?

SAVANNAH

Not if we get there fast enough.

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

I think the cops can track us by phone. You need to throw yours too.

GINGER

It's got photos on it. Old photos.

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

SAVANNAH

We got the only one we need.

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

**INT. ROBINSON CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY**

Colt stands over Jessie sitting petulantly at her desk.

COLT

Technically, you're an employee!

JESSIE

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

COLT

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

JESSIE

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

COLT

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

JESSIE

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

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

COLT

Well, ain't this just darn tootin'?

**EXT. ROBINSON CARS CAR LOT - DAY**

Colt and Jessie pace out and intercept Goldberg.

COLT

Can we help you, Sheriff?

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

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

JESSIE

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

Goldberg frowns. Colt shifts in front of Jessie.

COLT

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

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

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

COLT

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

JESSIE

Yeah, we got a stolen car problem. So, how about you and your boy scouts toddle off and find it.

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

That's well outta my jurisdiction now. I do however need to search this here premises.

Colt struggles a smile and waves him through.

**EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY**

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

**EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY - MINUTES LATER**

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

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

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

Ginger throws a fry at Savannah. Savannah ducks it.

GINGER

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

They share a laugh.

SAVANNAH

You cried your eyes out when he did that.

GINGER

Well I really didn't like pickles.

(beat)

Savannah, I really don't think  
runnin' from the law should be as  
much fun as this.

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

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

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

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

**EXT. ROBINSON CARS - CAR LOT - EVENING**

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

COLT

We good, Sheriff?

SHERIFF GOLDBERG

Certainly no wrong-doing here. As  
far as I'm concerned, case closed.  
Good look finding your car.

JESSIE

Well, come back any time.

(under breath)

You, blazin' hard on.

COLT

Let's get on our merry way.

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

COLT (CONT'D)

Woah! Just what the hell is that? I  
have a personal brand to protect,  
you know?

JESSIE

Well, I have my personal ass to protect too.

Colt pulls out his comparatively tiny .45 Cal M1911.

COLT

Do you even realize how emasculatin' that is? I'm supposed to be top dog out of us two.

JESSIE

But it's purple, and I stuck rhinestones on it, and look-

She twists the laser sight to reveal it's lipstick.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

-it's an accessory now.

She runs it over her lips, the barrel in her mouth. Colt reaches out and cocks the hammer.

COLT

Don't tempt me.

**EXT. ROBINSON CARS - CAR LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

The Black Raptor screeches away from the dealership.

**EXT. DALLAS OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT**

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

**EXT. DALLAS - NIGHT**

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

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

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

**EXT. DALLAS MOTEL - NIGHT**

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

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

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

And do what?

SAVANNAH

Keep a lookout.

GINGER

Oh I see. You want me to keep a lookout or stay out? If I'm that useless, why don't you just drop me off at a nursery?

SAVANNAH

I need you to stay safe, baby.

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

I need this with me.

GINGER

Don't you need it to stay safe?

Savannah doesn't answer.

GINGER (CONT'D)

If you're willin' to take this in, you can take me in.

Savannah tugs the rucksack from Ginger's grip.

SAVANNAH

Fine. Just keep quiet and let me handle things, okay?

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

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

KRIS

Shit, you're like two hours early.

SAVANNAH

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

STAN  
Hell no! That's against the agreement.

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

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

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

The Guys peek out again.

KRIS  
Look, you wanna hang out?

STAN  
At the bar. Nothing creepy.

SAVANNAH  
Do we really have to?

STAN  
We can hang in here if you prefer?

The Sisters look at each other.

**EXT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT**

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

**INT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT**

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

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

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

STAN  
Let's get our hustle on!

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

GINGER  
(to Savannah)  
You okay?

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

STAN  
You wanna grind?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**EXT. MOON-GLOW BAR BEER GARDEN - NIGHT**

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

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

SAVANNAH  
Take it easy, baby, okay?

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

Well I guess that's just me.

SAVANNAH

That's not what I-

GINGER

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

Kris and Stan cross over.

STAN

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

KRIS

That they are, my friend. That they are.

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

GINGER

You alright?

Savannah nods, far from alright.

GINGER (CONT'D)

(to Savannah)

I gotta pee, you wanna come?

Savannah shakes her head and forces a smile.

**INT. MOON-GLOW BAR - CONTINUOUS**

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

**INT. MOON-GLOW BAR - TOILETS - MOMENTS LATER**

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

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

**EXT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT**

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

SAVANNAH  
What? You okay?

Ginger hands over a flyer for a Vegas club.

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

Savannah gasps and covers her mouth.

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

Savannah hugs Ginger tight.

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

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

STAN  
What you two so pleased about?

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

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

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

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

SAVANNAH  
Guess my true self just showed up.

**INT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT**

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

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

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

Ginger stares at scars running down Savannah's wrists.

**EXT. MOON-GLOW BAR - NIGHT**

Savannah exits, lighting a cigarette. Ginger tails her.

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

Well I guess that's just me.

Ginger grabs Savannah's scarred wrists.

GINGER

No, this is you!

SAVANNAH

Someone who gives up too easy?

GINGER

Someone who gives herself up too  
easy.

SAVANNAH

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

**INT. DALLAS MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

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

SAVANNAH

Okay, let's do this.

KRIS

But we still got a few minutes.

SAVANNAH

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

KRIS

Shit, where's the payment, dude?

STAN

Don't know. You know?

KRIS

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

The Sisters shrink back.

SAVANNAH

I think there's been some kinda mistake.

STAN

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

KRIS

Now that is what I would call, quite the faux pas.

STAN

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

SAVANNAH

This ain't in the agreement.

STAN

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

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

SAVANNAH

Can we get a minute?

STAN

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

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The Sisters enter, Ginger clutching herself disgusted.

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

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

Savannah glares.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

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

Ginger frowns silent.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

(voice raising)

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

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

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

SAVANNAH (O.S.)

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

Kris and Stan gang shake and fist bump.

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

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

STAN

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

KRIS

Well, this is how it is, I get  
(pointing to Ginger)  
this one, you get  
(pointing to Savannah)  
that one.

STAN

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

KRIS

Well, maybe I just called it, bro.

Savannah frowns offended.

STAN

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

Ginger's eyes bulge.

KRIS

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

STAN

I got some stimulants if it-

KRIS

Just shut the fuck up!

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

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

SAVANNAH

Let me get some protection.

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

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Kiss this.

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Freeze! Or that's the only pistol you'll ever have left to play with!

He freezes. Savannah sweeps her aim between them.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Get side by side.

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

(to Ginger)

Take the shotgun, baby.

Ginger takes it and aims uneasily at Kris.

KRIS

Now that weapon, you can't handle.

SAVANNAH

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

Ginger disables the safety.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Now, hold the bottom, the bit that slides, and pull it right back.

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

(to Kris)

You want to see if she can work out step three herself, asshole?

Kris and Stan shuffle next to each other.

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

They reluctantly undress.

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

SAVANNAH  
No, baby.

GINGER  
Phew!

Kris shoots Ginger a spiteful glare.

GINGER (CONT'D)  
You really think I'm drunk enough  
to sleep with you? Dude, I may be  
very drunk, but you are very-very  
mistaken.

The Guys strip to their boxers.

SAVANNAH  
Backup.

Savannah grabs their clothes as they cross to the bathroom.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

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

SAVANNAH  
Sit down.

The Guys sit on the floor against the grubby basin.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
Now, where's our shit?

KRIS  
In the closet.

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

STAN  
(to Savannah)  
And there I was throwin' trailer  
trash like you a favor.

SAVANNAH

No, you wanted to fuck us and now  
we're fuckin' you.

She pulls out Goldberg's cuffs and dangles them.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

So, who's feelin' kinky now?

**EXT. DALLAS MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT**

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

**INT. DALLAS MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

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

STAN

Harsh bong, man.

KRIS

Country chicks!

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

COLT

The girls! Where are they?

KRIS

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

**EXT. DALLAS MOTEL - NIGHT**

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

COLT

Fuck!

**INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT**

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

GINGER

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

Ginger pulls the bag from the back seat.

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

Savannah reveals a smirk. Ginger unzips the bag.

**INT. DALLAS MOTEL - NIGHT**

Colt storms back into the room furious.

COLT  
Where's the fuckin' coke!

**INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT**

The Sisters stare shocked at the bag full of cocaine.

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

SAVANNAH  
Did you get the right bag?

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

SAVANNAH  
Fuck!

Savannah smacks the wheel and fumes.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
Check the wallets.

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

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

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

SAVANNAH  
Hey, you did great, baby. I'm proud  
of you.

Ginger poses with the shotgun.

GINGER

And I like to think I'm pretty  
stunnin' when I'm gunnin', right.

Savannah reaches over the flicks the safety back on. Ginger  
leans back in the breeze with a big smile on her face.

**EXT. DALLAS MOTEL - NIGHT**

A motorbike glugs by. A single room light glows.

**INT. DALLAS MOTEL - NIGHT**

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

STAN

And that's what went down, bro.  
They've screwed us just as much as  
they've screwed you.

COLT

Well that's kinda fuckin' obvious.

Jessie picks up the bags of drugs.

JESSIE

Let's go home.

COLT

What? This ain't over, honey.

JESSIE

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

COLT

But we still ain't got our car.

JESSIE

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

COLT

But.

JESSIE

But what?

KRIS

The principle, man-

COLT

-Thank you! The principle!

STAN

You gotta strong arm those hoes,  
bro. Show 'em who's runnin' this  
shit, yeah?

JESSIE

(to Stan)

Yeah, and your dad shoulda left you  
tricklin' down the back of your  
momma's throat! Stay outta our  
business!

Jessie stares deadly. Everyone falls silent. Kris thinks.

KRIS

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

COLT

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

JESSIE

A big fuckin' city.

COLT

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

Jessie slowly comes around.

JESSIE

Them real fancy kinda shows?

COLT

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

He sweeps over to the fridge and clinks out beers.

COLT (CONT'D)

You deserve a vacation. This has  
all been very stressful.

JESSIE

Well, my neck has been kinda tight  
lately.

COLT

Hey, let me see to that.

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

STAN

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

Colt slams the bathroom door shut.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NEW MEXICO - NIGHT**

The Mustang cruises along the empty highway.

**INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - NIGHT**

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

The Mustang crosses the center line, engine humming.

Red lights sweep over the Sisters. Ginger snaps awake.

GINGER

Savannah!

Savannah jolts awake and hits the brakes.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

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

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

GINGER

Holy shit!

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

GINGER (CONT'D)

How long you been awake for now?

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

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

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

GINGER (CONT'D)

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

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

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

**EXT. HILLS - NIGHT**

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

**INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT**

The Sisters recline the seats and settle down to sleep.

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

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

Ginger shakes her head.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

I read about it years ago. We all come back, sometimes as different people, sometimes as animals, maybe even insects.

Ginger balks.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

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

Savannah smiles dreamily as she drifts away.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

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

GINGER

You still believe that?

SAVANNAH

I ache for it to be true.

Savannah drifts away clutching her dog tag, leaving Ginger frowning worried.

**INT. DALLAS MOTEL - BATHROOM - DAY**

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

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

COLT

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

Jessie pads in yawning half asleep.

JESSIE

He just starts them way too early.

She bombs a dose of speed and quivers with pleasure.

COLT

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

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

COLT (CONT'D)

(to Kris and Stan)

Hey! Don't you look at my girl!

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Colt struts out the bathroom and poses in a mirror. He adjusts his hair. A buzzing from inside a nightstand gets his attention.

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

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

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

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

They shake their heads.

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

STAN  
 The previous occupant?

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

They stare deadlocked as Jessie sings.

COLT (CONT'D)  
 Honey?

JESSIE  
 Bae?

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

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

COLT (CONT'D)  
 -written in code?

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

COLT  
 What's that supposed mean?

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

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

They stare scared.

COLT (CONT'D)  
Is my dick distractin' you?

STAN  
(to Kris)  
Stop staring at his dick, man!

COLT  
I said, is my dick distractin' you?

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

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

Colt paces out and returns with his gun aimed.

COLT (CONT'D)  
What does the message mean!

KRIS  
They're coordinates, okay?

COLT  
Coordinates to what, you dick  
scoping motherfucker?

STAN  
To our next deal.

COLT  
Then why'd you fuckin' lie about  
it?

KRIS  
Deals are our boss's business!

Colt stares into their eyes, gun still aimed.

JESSIE  
Hey, can I get a towel here?

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

COLT  
I said, don't look at my girl!

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

COLT (CONT'D)  
Now, look me and riddle me this-

Stan stares intense, panting, and sprayed with blood.

COLT (CONT'D)

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

Stan shakes his head.

COLT (CONT'D)

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

Stan cries and nods.

COLT (CONT'D)

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

STAN

Our boss, man. We had orders.

COLT

He wanted you to find the legendary El Muerto.

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

COLT (CONT'D)

You know what that means?

Stan shakes his head.

COLT (CONT'D)

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

Colt aims for Stan.

COLT (CONT'D)

You get scared to death.

Stan grimaces terrified. Colt pauses at the final moment.

COLT (CONT'D)

(to Jessie)

Hey, let me teach you somethin'. Take him out.

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

STAN

PLEASE NO!

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

STAN (CONT'D)  
Shit! Fuck it! SHIT!

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

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

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

BOOM! Jessie hits the ceiling. Plaster trickles down.

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

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

Jessie stubbornly marches over to Stan.

STAN  
OH GOD NO!

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

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

JESSIE  
Now I gotta take another fuckin'  
shower!

**EXT. HILLS - DAY**

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

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

GINGER  
I'm so hungry. You sleep much?

SAVANNAH  
Enough.

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

GINGER

Shit! Are we-

SAVANNAH

-Just, just shut up a second.

Savannah concentrates and tickles the throttle. No dice.

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

GINGER

You're makin' it worse!

SAVANNAH

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

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

GINGER

I'm going to push.

SAVANNAH

I think you're seriously  
overestimatin' yourself.

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

GINGER

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

Ginger climbs out and braces herself against the trunk.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Okay!

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

GINGER (CONT'D)

Argh! Cut it out!

Ginger trudges over fuming.

GINGER (CONT'D)

That was smart! You happy now?

Savannah throws her door open and climbs out.

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

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

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

GINGER (CONT'D)

Hey! Don't take it out on the car!

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

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

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

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

Yeah? You includin' mom in that?

GINGER

What's that got to do with anythin'?

Savannah winces at the mud on her hands.

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

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

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

SAVANNAH

Where you goin'?

GINGER

I'm gettin' some sticks.

SAVANNAH

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

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Follow me.

GINGER

Where?

SAVANNAH

I guess we'll have to see.

Savannah trudges away up the track.

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

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

Savannah keeps on walking. Ginger reluctantly follows.

**INT. DINER - DAY**

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

SERVER

You two celebratin'?

JESSIE

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

SERVER

Well ya'll enjoy your feast!

Colt glances up at the food unimpressed.

COLT

Really?

JESSIE

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

COLT

(unimpressed)

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

She sighs, hands over the tablet, and eats.

COLT (CONT'D)

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

JESSIE

You are smart, Bae. Real smart.

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

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Bae, you know your drug lord name?

COLT

What?

JESSIE

It's fine. It doesn't matter.

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

COLT

What's wrong with my name?

JESSIE

Do you know what it means?

COLT

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

JESSIE

But the name, you know what it means?

COLT

He's a ghost. It means ghost.

JESSIE

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

He dwells on that revelation for a moment.

COLT

You sure?

She nods sure.

COLT (CONT'D)

And you're giving me this information now?

She nods awkwardly.

COLT (CONT'D)

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

JESSIE

(regretfully)

A real big tattoo.

COLT

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

He grabs the nearest pudding and comfort eats. She winces sympathetically. He thinks for a few moments and sighs.

COLT (CONT'D)

Who knew?

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

COLT (CONT'D)

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

He proudly turns round the tablet to show a map.

**EXT. BACKROAD - DAY**

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

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

Well, I'm gonna say it anyway.

SAVANNAH

Go ahead then. I have a gun.

GINGER

Let's turn this struggle-

Savannah remains silent.

GINGER (CONT'D)

C'mon. Say it. Let's turn this struggle-

SAVANNAH

Fuck you.

GINGER

Say it! Let's turn this struggle-

SAVANNAH

(mumbling)  
-into a cuddle.

GINGER

What you say? I can't hear you!

SAVANNAH

-into a cuddle! There. You happy now?

GINGER

Bring it in, sister.

Ginger tightly hugs Savannah.

GINGER (CONT'D)

We're a team, okay?

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

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

GINGER (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

Savannah snaps round.

SAVANNAH

What the hell! Where'd that come from?

GINGER  
More importantly, where's it going?

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

SAVANNAH  
Run!

The sisters sprint up the road.

**EXT. WORKSHOP - DAY**

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

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

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

BOBBY  
Can I help you ladies?

SAVANNAH  
Umm yeah! We'd like our car back please.

BOBBY  
This thing yours? Really?

Savannah whips out the key fob. HONK HONK!

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Well, let me tell you something, princess. I found your car parked on private property.

SAVANNAH  
Parked! We got stuck in the mud!

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

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

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

GINGER  
Yeah, sorry we parked in your precious swamp!  
(MORE)

GINGER (CONT'D)  
I guess it was really bringin' down  
the whole neighborhood!

BOBBY  
That's Union Pacific property. It's  
the law and I have to enforce it.

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

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

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

BOBBY  
Yeah? Where you headed?

SAVANNAH  
West.

BOBBY  
Well, ain't that ominous?

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

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

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
And we're kinda desperate.

She draws in close and stares him in the eye.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
Ya hear that? Desperate.

#### **INT. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS**

Savannah and Bobby crash into the workshop kissing, a single  
light over a part assembled hot rod, music crackling from an  
old radio.

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

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

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

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

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

**EXT. WORKSHOP - DAY**

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

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

SAVANNAH

Cut it out, okay?

GINGER

I'm kinda impressed, if I'm honest. Didn't know you had it in you.

SAVANNAH

Yeah well, neither did I.

GINGER

So, what's changed?

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

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

Savannah goes back to scrubbing her boots.

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

Are you crazy? You're talking like we've been caught already. And how could you say that?

(MORE)

GINGER (CONT'D)

You got us out of town, you got me out of jail. Look, when I was twelve, who fixed my supper for me? Who did the dishes while I did my homework?

SAVANNAH

Don't do this baby.

GINGER

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

Savannah twists her face angry and nearly in tears.

GINGER (CONT'D)

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

SAVANNAH

-Enough okay? What's your point?

Ginger crosses over and holds Savannah's hands.

GINGER

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

Savannah accepts that.

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

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

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

GINGER (CONT'D)

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

SAVANNAH

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

They share a smile.

**EXT. WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER**

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

BOBBY

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

SAVANNAH

Don't wait up for me.

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

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

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY**

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

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

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

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

**EXT. WORKSHOP - LATER**

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

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

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

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

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

**EXT. WORKSHOP - MOMENTS LATER**

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

**EXT. FUCK KNOWS NOWHERE, NEVADA - EVENING**

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

**INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - EVENING**

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

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

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

We should just fill up and run.

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

You got a plan?

Savannah just looks back matter of fact. She hasn't.

GINGER (CONT'D)

Guess we're rollin' those dice.

**EXT. GAS STATION - LATER**

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

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

**INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

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

JOE (40's), a bulky greaser with his work shirt thrown over a grubby vest, smokes as he leers through a Playboy. He glances up carefree, barely acknowledging them.

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

GINGER

Should he be smokin' in here?

SAVANNAH

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

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

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

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

JOE

What can I get you, ladies?

SAVANNAH

Listen, we just want gas, okay?

JOE

Sure, how much you wanna buy?

SAVANNAH

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

JOE

Or else, what?

SAVANNAH

Or else, we blow your fuckin' head off!

JOE

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

SAVANNAH

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

JOE

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

The Sisters struggle to maintain their confident composure.

JOE (CONT'D)

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

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

JOE (CONT'D)

That's where the real killer is.

The dead eyed stare lingers between them.

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

JOE (CONT'D)

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

Savannah shakes her head. He picks up the receiver.

JOE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello.

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

JOE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yup.... yeah... sure.

Joe offers over the receiver.

JOE (CONT'D)

It's for you.

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

SAVANNAH

(into phone)

Hello?

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

**INT. BLACK RAPTOR - MOVING - NIGHT**

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

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

**INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM**

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

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

Savannah casually hangs up.

**INT. BLACK RAPTOR - MOVING - NIGHT**

Colt confidently smirks at Jessie and nods satisfied.

COLT  
She got it.

**INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

Savannah tosses the phone aside.

GINGER  
That who I think it is?

Savannah nods.

GINGER (CONT'D)  
How does he know we're here?

Savannah thinks and shrugs.

GINGER (CONT'D)  
He know where we're headed?

SAVANNAH  
He knows he's already lost.

Savannah hides her fear and aims at Joe.

JOE  
Concerned parent?

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

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

SAVANNAH  
No, but I'm workin' it all out real  
fast. You copy that, lamb chop?

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

GINGER  
Hey, keep em where I can see em.

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

**EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

Savannah crosses to the Mustang and starts filling.

**INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

From behind her shotgun, Ginger stares at Joe worried.

GINGER  
C'mon, show me your hands, okay?

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

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

GINGER  
Are you high?

JOE  
We could do that too.

**EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

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

**INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Savannah bursts through the door and glares at Joe.

SAVANNAH  
Why'd you turn the pump off?

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

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

SAVANNAH  
Open the till, we need gas money.

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

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

Ginger timidly reels.

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

JOE  
No can do.

SAVANNAH  
Why not?

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

SAVANNAH  
Bullshit. Stand up.

Savannah waves him aside and jabs the register. Nothing.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)  
Okay, spread em.

JOE  
Are you serious?

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

I really think we should just go.

SAVANNAH

We'll be out of here soon, baby.

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

JOE

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

She pulls out a bag of powder.

GINGER

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

JOE

Never chased the dragon, honey?

GINGER

No, I ain't actually!

He chuckles and leans back on the counter.

JOE

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

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

GINGER

Can we just go now, please?

Savannah barges past Joe and crosses to the entrance.

SAVANNAH

(to Joe)

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

**EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

Savannah storms to the Mustang and pops the trunk.

**INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS**

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

GINGER

Ummm, Savannah? What you doin'?

Savannah strides along the counter and glares at Joe.

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

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

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

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

She stumbles back exhausted and glares at the register.

KERCHING! The drawer pops. Bills flutter. Coins pay out.

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

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

SAVANNAH

(bowing)

Thank you.

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

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

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

Let's get outta here.

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

JOE

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

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

Ginger firms up her aim and glares down the sights.

GINGER

Don't you dare shoot her!

The three stand fixed. Store music chirps.

JOE

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

A Marines tattoo on Joe's forearm.

JOE (CONT'D)

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

Ginger jolts.

JOE (CONT'D)

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

Savannah spits out the cigarette.

SAVANNAH

What's that? A twenty two?

JOE

Twenty five auto.

SAVANNAH

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

JOE

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

SAVANNAH

There's somethin' you ain't considered.

Her fingers curl round her pistol. Her eyes narrow.

SAVANNAH (CONT'D)

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

JOE

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

SAVANNAH

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

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

JOE

I hadn't considered that.

Ginger sniffs back tears.

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

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

GINGER

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

SAVANNAH

That's not how this works, Ginger.

JOE

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

Savannah tenses her arm. Joe's eyes bulge.

GINGER

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

JOE

I prefer see myself more as a keen amateur.

GINGER

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

JOE

(to Savannah)

That true?

SAVANNAH

Enough blow to make it snow.

He peers out into the Mustang's trunk. The cocaine visible in the open bag.

JOE

That actually sounds pretty groovy to me. You game, Calamity Jane?

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

JOE (CONT'D)

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

**EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

The Black Raptor screeches up. Colt hops out.

COLT

Well, fuck me sideways with a four string fiddle!

He cocks his pistol and aims.

**INT./EXT. GAS STATION - SHOOTOUT - NIGHT**

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

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

Joe cowers in the shattered glass behind the counter.

COLT  
That people, was a warnin' shot!

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

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

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

JOE  
(incredulously)  
The dead one?

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

Jessie cringes. Colt raises his eyebrows at her.

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

Colt winks at Jessie.

JESSIE  
Nice workaround, I guess.

He smiles smug.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
We're still going to Vegas after  
all this. You promised.

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

COLT  
Now firstly, you girls better get  
out here and secondly, where's my  
fuckin' coke?

JOE  
You mean my coke!

JESSIE  
Who the fuck is this guy?

JOE  
Who the fuck are these guys?

Joe thinks for a moment.

JOE (CONT'D)

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

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

JOE (CONT'D)

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

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

JOE (CONT'D)

Okay, was not expecting that.

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

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

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

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

Slides it down the isle to Ginger. Ginger stares back confused. Savannah nods across the store. Ginger looks round to see a storeroom door.

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

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

JOE (CONT'D)

Medic!

He snorts some and gasps in ecstasy.

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

JOE (CONT'D)

Oh no you don't!

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

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

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

JOE (CONT'D)

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

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

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

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

GINGER

(to Savannah)

I can't.

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

SAVANNAH

Go!

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

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

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

Ginger reaches the store room and heaves Savannah inside.

**INT. GAS STATION - STOREROOM - NIGHT**

Ginger slams the door and bolts it. Gunfire echoes.

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

Spare rounds roll across the floor. Ginger fumbles for an old medics kit. Savannah grabs the rounds.

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

Savannah shrieks and smacks the clip into her pistol.

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

**EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

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

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

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

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

COLT  
I see you, girls.

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

COLT (CONT'D)  
You think that makes us even?

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

Colt's anger grows.

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

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

COLT (CONT'D)  
We had a deal! You work for me!

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

COLT (CONT'D)  
Now, if you girls want to live, I want your asses! You work for me!

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

SAVANNAH

You thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

GINGER

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

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

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

BOOM! A pump explodes into a bright orange fireball.

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

JOE

Oh shit.

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

Joe dives back down behind the window and braces himself. What windows are still intact blow out behind him.

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

GINGER

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

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

The Mustang roars across the forecourt sideways.

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

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

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

JESSIE  
 (dazed)  
 We won, right?

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

COLT  
 Not yet.

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

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

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

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

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

Savannah sincerely stares at Ginger.

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

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

Savannah mashes the pedal. The tires shred the asphalt. It launches down the highway back toward the gas station.

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

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

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

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

The Mustang kicks up and leaps through the air.

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

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

Colt stands panting, watching the Mustang disappear. The cruisers race up, sirens howling.

JESSIE  
REEAAARRGGGHHH!!!!

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

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

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Get in.

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

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

SHERIFF  
Jeeze Louise, looks like we sure  
kicked a soft turd on a hot day.

#### **INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

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

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

The smoldering cigarette in front of him. He frowns.

JOE  
Country chicks.

**EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

WOOMPH! The store goes up in flames. Everyone snaps round. Joe bursts out the door on fire and sprints up the highway.

DEPUTY  
 (into radio)  
 Dispatch, suspect has fled the premises and is proceeding East on highway on foot.  
 (beat)  
 And on fire.

Joe gives them the finger.

JOE  
 Fuck you, pigs!

The Deputy goes to pursue. The Sheriff holds them back.

SHERIFF  
 Woah there kid, that looks like fire department business to me.

Joe keeps on running, burning like a torch.

**EXT. HIGHWAY TO VEGAS - NIGHT**

The Mustang engine howls. It storms down the highway. Ginger checks Savannah's wound.

SAVANNAH  
 I'm not givin' out yet and this car sure ain't givin' out either.

The bullet-hole riddled Mustang hits triple digits.

A cruiser sits alone in the scrub.

POLICE RADIO  
 All units be advised of suspects fleeing West on Mead Parkway.

The Mustang blows by like a hot bullet.

POLICE RADIO (CONT'D)  
 Dispatch, last time anything came through here this fast it crashed in Rosswell. I am in pursuit.

The cruiser takes chase. The Sisters glance back. The headlights of the cruiser shrink. There's no way it can catch them but--

Another set of headlights draw up to the cruiser. It's the Black Raptor. Colt and Jessie stare vengefully. They side swipe the cruiser off the highway into the bushes.

Savannah cries pained and clutches her leg. The revs drop. The Mustang slows. The Raptor draws alongside. Ginger shakes her head. Savannah grits her teeth.

The Mustang and Raptor tear down the highway side by side. Colt aims his pistol. Jessie draws out the Stealth Hunter. The Sisters cower and--

BANG! Savannah slams the Mustang against the Raptor, shoving it across the road.

JESSIE

She bought a knife to a gun fight!

Jessie cuts the wheel hard. The Raptor swings back. BANG! It nearly puts the Mustang in the desert. Savannah fights the wheel and keeps them on the asphalt.

The Raptor rests up against the Mustang, slowly pushing it into the dirt. The Sisters wince as bushes crash off the hood. Savannah keeps fighting back.

COLT

You gotta love their tenacity!

JESSIE

You want me to finish them?

COLT

Yeah! Fuck these girls!

Jessie cuts the wheel hard. The Raptor swings away from the Mustang and serves back hard, but the Mustang dives out the way into the dirt, kicking up a dust cloud.

JESSIE

Aww, now they don't want to play?

COLT

Allow me.

Colt aims for Savannah and Ginger. They stare back, the Mustang racing alongside the highway in the desert scrub, the Black Raptor tearing down the asphalt beside it.

Colt locks eyes with Savannah. Jessie locks eyes with Ginger. Savannah brakes and cuts the wheel.

The Mustang swings back onto the highway behind the Raptor. Savannah punches the throttle and rides their tail.

Colt and Jessie look behind them confused, then at each other, and then back out the windshield, to see--

A police roadblock across the highway. Officers fleeing out of the way. Jessie goes for the brakes but, before she can touch them--

BANG! The Raptor hits a cruiser. CRASH! It rebounds into another, cutting a path for the Mustang right behind.

SMASH! It takes out the remaining one and kicks up into the air. The Sisters wince at the Raptor rolls through the sky. The Mustang just cuts under it and--

BANG! CRASH! BANG! The Raptor crashes back down, flipping and tumbling down the road, body panels tearing away.

It comes to a rest, smoke and steam pouring from it.

The Mustang's taillights fade into the night. The Sisters stare ahead determined. Heading for that glow.

Colt and Jessie look at each other dazed and confused, covered head to toe in the coke. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

They snap round to see Officers surrounding them with weapons raised.

They reluctantly raise their hands.

OFFICER

Drop any weapons, get out the vehicle, and put your hands on the roof.

Colt drops his pistol. They ease out and put their hands on the roof, the Stealth Hunter still in Jessie's hand.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Put the weapon down!

COLT

Hey, go easy on her, okay? She's got nothing to do with this. She's just some junkie.

Colt smiles amused at Jessie.

COLT (CONT'D)

I guess this what they mean by irony.

Jessie sneers back, seething with spite.

JESSIE

No, this is.

Jessie aims at him. BOOM! The gunshot echoes across the desert.

Colt's headless coke covered corpse thuds to the ground, his huge tattoo for all to see through his torn open top. The Officers stare open mouthed.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
He promised me a vacation!

**EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

The Sheriff casually kicks aside debris as she inspects what's left of the gas station. Her Deputy appears.

DEPUTY  
We got 'em. Two dealers. Kids from Texas. A Robinson and Torrez.

SHERIFF  
Big fish?

DEPUTY  
He calls himself El Meurto.

The Sheriff shrugs, she's never heard of him.

SHERIFF  
Works for me, whole damn scene's contaminated to hell anyhow.

DEPUTY  
A car got through. Red Mustang. Wanted in New Mexico and Texas.

SHERIFF  
Johnson Sisters?

DEPUTY  
Headed for the city.

The Sheriff nods to herself, stares at the glow on the horizon, and smirks.

SHERIFF  
Two young girls trying to make it in Vegas? Hell, the Chief Justice himself couldn't handout a sentence as tough as that.

**EXT. LAS VEGAS OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT**

The Mustang cruises down the empty highway. The Sisters spot a lonely old club in the distance, its neon sign flashing all but a few of the letters.

Ginger takes out the business card. They check it. It's the same place. The Mustang engine cuts. Savannah looks at the fuel gauge. Empty. They coast silently toward the entrance.

**EXT. OLD LAS VEGAS CLUB - NIGHT**

The Mustang rolls into the car lot and comes to a rest in a spot facing the door. The Sisters climb out.

They slump against hood together, bruised, blood-soaked, and beaten. Savannah proudly strokes the Mustang's fender. They stare at the sparkling golden city before them.

The cry of an eagle. Savannah looks up at the sky and back to Ginger with tears in her eyes.

GINGER

You ain't joining him just yet.

They look at one another victorious and hold hands.

GINGER (CONT'D)

I never imagined it this bright.

SAVANNAH

For your dreams, baby.

Ginger slips her arm around Savannah and pulls her close.

GINGER

For our dreams.

THE END