

WICKED BITCH

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FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL KANSAS - DAY

West Kansas. Big sky, flat farmland.

No one wants to live here. Even the tumbleweed wants out.

Set back from a sleepy highway, at the edge of a dirt lot, sits a decaying but operational 50s-style DINER.

INT. AUNT EM'S DINER - DAY

The dining room behind her is empty.

DOLL GAGE (28), a natural beauty in an old waitress uniform, stares out the window. Bored, she breathes on the glass, scrawls "help" in the condensation.

BEGIN "BOREDOM" MONTAGE:

- Doll does yoga in the middle of the restaurant.
- Traces a small tattoo she has on her wrist (a terrier).
- She naps in a booth. The COOK naps in another.
- Doll lies on the counter, reading.
- She whips pencils into the foam ceiling, checks her watch.

END MONTAGE:

INT. AUNT EM'S DINER - DAY

Doll watches an ELDERLY COUPLE enjoying dinner. They're smiling, holding hands across the table.

DOLL
(sotto)
At least somebody's getting some.

Her cell phone BUZZES. She checks the number, answers...

DOLL (CONT'D)
Hello... Yes, speaking.

She frowns, walks to the back of the diner.

EXT. AUNT EM'S DINER - PARKING LOT

Out front, a black AUDI E-TRON GT pulls into the lot, parks.

ERIKSON (Dutch, 40s) climbs out with a BRIEFCASE. Holding it close against his side, he limps to the front door.

EXT. AUNT EM'S DINER - BACK ENTRANCE

Between the back of the diner and a 25' AIRSTREAM TRAILER, Doll paces while on the phone...

DOLL

No, and I keep telling your office the same thing... There is nobody else. I'm all she had-- *How much?!?* Well, what about the insurance--

(beat; sighs)

No, of course not. What was I thinking? Yeah, sure, do you want that in hundreds or twenties?

Doll abruptly hangs up, wipes away a tear.

A mile away, above a forest, a nasty STORM CLOUD is forming.

HICKORY (O.S.)

You got a live one. Table five.

Bear-shaped cook, HICKORY (40s), stands at the back door.

HICKORY (CONT'D)

Fella said he's in a bit of a hurry so I already threw a steak on the grill and gave him a beer--

(notices the tears)

Hey, you alright?

DOLL

Yeah, I'm fine. But we might have to charge eighty thousand dollars for that steak.

HICKORY

The hospice?

DOLL

(nods)

What am I going to do? I already sold Aunt Em's house and nobody wants to buy this old joint.

Hickory wraps a comforting arm around her.

HICKORY

I have some savings. Let me talk to
the bank. We'll figure this out.

Swallowed up in Hickory's giant arms, Doll looks out across
the fields, eyes those ominous BLACK CLOUDS.

DOLL

(re: clouds)
Sky look normal to you?

HICKORY

Nothing but a good ol' thunderstorm.
Hope it rains hard too, my truck's
covered in cowshit.

He walks back inside.

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

Come on, table five--

Doll takes one last look at the darkening sky.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Vinyl bench booths and large windows line the front wall.

The ELDERLY COUPLE occupy a table near the entrance. Erikson
sits alone at another.

Doll walks out of the kitchen, takes a steak dinner to
Erikson. She notices the BRIEFCASE next to him.

DOLL

Hi. Steak medium rare?

ERIKSON

(Dutch accent)
Thank you. Can I get another couple
of beers too?

DOLL

Someone joining you?

ERIKSON

No. They're for me. But don't
worry, I won't be getting back on
the highway for a while.

As he digs into the steak, Doll moves behind the counter,
grabs two more beers from a cooler.

DOLL

They say it's the best steak for fifty miles.

ERIKSON

Sure would be tough to beat.

Doll returns to his table. Puts down the beer.

Erikson looks around the near-empty diner. He gestures to the seat across from him.

ERIKSON (CONT'D)

Why don't you sit, take a break?

DOLL

I shouldn't...

ERIKSON

Come on, just for a few minutes. I sure would enjoy the company.

Doll hesitates, charmed by him.

After a beat, she adjusts her apron and slides into the booth. He smiles, pleased. As he takes another sip, she glances at his Audi outside.

DOLL

That is one fine-looking automobile.

ERIKSON

Take it. I don't need it anymore.

Doll frowns. Intrigued by this weird guy.

ERIKSON (CONT'D)

Tell me about your life. You worked here long?

DOLL

Since I was fourteen.

ERIKSON

You must meet some interesting people.

DOLL

Not really. Most of my customers are locals. All they talk about is God, farming, and whatever Fox News tells 'em to be mad at.

ERIKSON
You don't fit in?

DOLL
Some people are born in the wrong
body, I was born in the wrong place.

ERIKSON
Then leave. Go live in the big city
or by the beach. You'll love it.

Doll's expression tells us she wants nothing more.

ERIKSON (CONT'D)
You're in a prison cell here, kid,
you just can't see the bars.

DOLL
If I could leave, I would...

Doll points to a TIP JAR next to the cash register.

DOLL (CONT'D)
There's eleven bucks in there. And
I didn't empty it yesterday--

Erikson coughs, grimaces in pain. Doll realizes he's trying
to hide something under his jacket...

A BLOODY STOMACH WOUND.

Fearful, she quickly stands up.

DOLL (CONT'D)
I don't want any trouble, mister.

Erikson looks down, realizes how bad it looks.

ERIKSON
Believe me, sweetheart, neither do
I. All I wanted is one last steak
and a cold beer.

DOLL
Let me call an ambulance.

ERIKSON
It's too late for that.

DOLL'S POV -- Another car turns off the highway.

A BLOOD-RED PORSCHE. License plate: WKD BTCH.

Erikson sees it too...

ERIKSON (CONT'D)
 (sorrow)
 Way too late.

He slides the BRIEFCASE across the table.

ERIKSON (CONT'D)
 Listen. Take this, slip out the
 back. I was serious about the car.

DOLL
 Why would I do that?

ERIKSON
 Because if you don't, if you stay
 here, you're gonna die.

EXT. AUNT EM'S DINER - BACK ENTRANCE

Oblivious to the drama inside, Hickory sits on the back
 steps. He's smoking, watching those DARK CLOUDS...

INT. AUNT EM'S DINER - DINING ROOM

Doll glances out the window. The Porsche just sits there, in
 the lot. Nobody gets out.

ERIKSON
 Take the briefcase, kid. It's worth
 a lot of money.

DOLL
 I can't possibly--

ERIKSON
 Yes, you can. Just take it. Get out
 of here. Get the fuck out of Kansas.
 Go live that life you want.

Erikson grabs a pen, scrawls a phone number on a napkin.

ERIKSON (CONT'D)
 Run. Get far away from here. Then
 call this number.

DOLL
 I'm already having a bad day, so if
 you're running some sort of grift--

Erikson puts the briefcase on the table, opens it...

REVEALING -- A pair of black and red AIR JORDANS.

ERIKSON
No grift. Those are Jordan RS Ones.
The only pair on the planet.

DOLL
But they're just old sneakers?

ERIKSON
That are worth millions.

DOLL
Bullshit.

ERIKSON
(re: Porsche)
That's why she's here. And that's
why she's going to kill every
single person she finds.

The Elderly Couple, oblivious, put on their coats and head
for the door, waving to Doll as they go.

ELDERLY WOMAN
See you tomorrow, sweetie!

DOLL
Wait--

She's about to run after them. Erikson pulls her back, shakes
his head.

ERIKSON
Don't.

Doll watches the couple exit, head for their Cadillac...

DOLL'S POV --

A tall dark WOMAN in a trench coat and BLOOD-RED SNEAKERS
slithers out of the Porsche and strides for the diner. She
smiles as she passes the elderly couple.

Then she turns, executes both of them with a silenced 9mm.

PFFT! PFFT!

BACK INSIDE

Doll cups her mouth in horror.

ERIKSON
 Hell of a shift, I know. I'm sorry,
 kid. I'm sorry my problems had to
 blow your way.

Erikson grabs Doll's arm, shakes away the shock...

ERIKSON (CONT'D)
 But you need to go! NOW!

EXT. AUNT EM'S DINER - REAR ENTRANCE

Hickory's jaw drops at something off-screen...

A narrow funnel grows from the darkest cloud. It stretches
 until it touches the ground, then begins to grow and GROW...

Hickory bolts back inside.

INT. AUNT EM'S DINER - DINING ROOM / KITCHEN

Clutching the briefcase, Doll leans under the counter, grabs
 a sawed-off SHOTGUN. She fumbles it, clumsily.

Hickory enters in a panic...

HICKORY
Twister!!!

DOLL
 No--

HICKORY
 It's coming right at us.

DOLL
 The cooler!

Doll hurries to the walk-in fridge, pulls the door open.
 Hickory notices the GUN in her hand.

HICKORY
 Sweet Jesus, why do you have that?

She shoves him into the cooler, slams the door behind them.

INT. WALK-IN FRIDGE

The walk-in is basically a large metal box with thick,
 insulated walls. Doll pushes some shelves against the door.

INT. DINING ROOM

The Woman enters, strolls to Erikson's booth. This is VAL CRAVEN (40s). Beautiful. Cunning. Deadly AF.

Thunder roars, rain hammers the roof.

Val sits across from Erikson, places her gun on the table. She grabs a beer, takes a long sip.

ERIKSON

I was aiming to drink all of those.

VAL

Shouldn't have run, had me chase you.

She leans forward, peers at his wound, and smiles.

VAL (CONT'D)

Knew I clipped you. How long?

ERIKSON

Was hoping to finish my steak.

A low RUMBLING NOISE begins.

VAL

Where are they?

ERIKSON

I don't have them.

Val snatches up her gun and shoots him in the shoulder. He's slammed backwards in his seat.

VAL

Where are the goddamn shoes?

THE RUMBLING IS LOUD, like a FREIGHT TRAIN...

VAL (CONT'D)

What the fuck *is* that?!?

The building starts SHAKING. It's VIOLENT, TERRIFYING.

Erikson laughs, relishes the mayhem.

WINDOWS EXPLODE. The HOWLING WIND is deafening.

Even Val, this ice-cold killer, looks frightened.

INT. WALK-IN FRIDGE

Everything is SHAKING LIKE CRAZY. Doll and Hickory brace themselves as best they can.

DOLL
I'm scared, Hick!

HICKORY
Me too, sweetheart.

BANG! BANG! BANG!!! Someone is trying to get in!

There's a tiny window in the door. Val's deranged face appears, she locks eyes with Doll.

HICKORY (CONT'D)
We have to open it!

DOLL
No! You don't understand--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The small window explodes inwards. Val's face reappears, looking completely unhinged.

VAL
LET ME IN!!!

She shoves her gun into the cooler, fires off more rounds...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Searing hot lead ricochets around the walls.

Then the "freight train" hits, a TWISTER big enough to shred the diner.

DOLL'S POV--

The room spins as the entire walk-in fridge is sucked into the sky. Val is ripped clear and vanishes.

Doll and Hickory are tossed around, like clothes in a dryer.

It's chaos. Loud, terrifying chaos.

SMASH TO BLACK:

INT. WALK-IN FRIDGE - HOURS LATER

Bleeding from her forehead, Doll lies still, covered in food and debris. She slowly opens her eyes, then jolts awake...

DOLL
Hickory?!

He's in the far corner, slumped over. Doll gently sits him upright...

He's dead. A gaping bullet-hole in his chest.

DOLL (CONT'D)
No, Hick, no...

Doll falls back, devastated. She looks lost, no idea what the fuck to do next.

Then she eyes Erikson's BRIEFCASE, lying in the open, almost taunting her.

EXT. WALK-IN FRIDGE / FIELD - DAY

The storm has passed.

After some effort, Doll pushes the cooler door open.

REVEAL the cooler -- a huge metal box -- is sitting on its side, in the middle of a field, wedged in the dirt.

Clutching the briefcase, Doll jumps to the ground. She sweeps the shotgun left and right, worried Val might be near.

As Doll circles the cooler, she makes a grim discovery: TWO LEGS stick out from underneath.

We recognize those blood-red sneakers.

DOLL
Gross. But deserved.

Doll looks down at her own shoes. They're caked in ketchup, egg, flour, and mud. She lifts her foot, measures it against one of Val's feet...

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER

Wearing Val's sneakers, she crosses the field, back towards the diner.

EXT. AUNT EM'S DINER

As Doll gets closer, the damage to the diner becomes visible. The roof and walls are gone.

Behind the diner, the Airstream trailer is a mangled wreck.

The whole area looks like a war zone.

DOLL
Hell of a shift alright.

INT. DINER

Doll carefully picks her way through the carcass of the restaurant. She finds her purse, some bottled water, and her jacket. She empties the cash register too.

Erikson's corpse is still sitting in the booth. Grimacing, Doll fishes in his pocket for his Audi KEY FOB. She finds it, presses 'unlock' -- *Whoop whoop*.

EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Erikson's Audi looks like it's been in battle. Dented, scratched, cracked...

There's also a Cadillac sitting on top of it.

Doll slides behind the wheel. Seconds later, the Audi rumbles to life and she backs up. A bit too fast.

The Cadillac tumbles off the roof.

INT. AUDI

Doll flinches, then looks impressed with herself. She pulls out Erikson's napkin, dials a smartphone...

An automated message: *The cell network is down.*

DOLL
(grumbles)
Eat my ass, AT&T...

Doll's attention turns to the rearview mirror, to the destroyed diner behind her.

Life will never be the same. A beat. She floors the gas.

EXT. DINER / HIGHWAY

The Audi speeds away from the diner. The twister's path of destruction runs almost parallel with the highway so trees and fences are ripped up on either side.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CORNFIELD - MINUTES LATER

The Audi slows down. There's something colorful lying in the road ahead.

A HIKER'S BACKPACK. WITH A BONG STICKING OUT OF IT.

Doll gets out of the car, looks around.

 YOUNG MAN (O.S.)
Hey! Over here!!!

Doll turns to see a young man hanging by his jacket from a telephone pole. He's about 10ft up and *stuck*.

This is BENJI (25), a scruffy and likable hitchhiker who's making his way across the country. Mostly stoned.

 BENJI
You *do* see me, yeah?

 DOLL
I'm looking right at you.

 BENJI
Phew! Okay. It's just you didn't say anything and it feels like I've been up here for days--

 DOLL
The twister hit two hours ago.

 BENJI
That's it? Two hours? Wow. Could swear it's been at least a day.

 DOLL
Did you... see the sun go down?

 BENJI
(thinks)
Huh. Guess not.

Doll assesses his predicament.

BENJI (CONT'D)

Wild right? It came out of nowhere.
All I could do was run.

Benji circles the air with his finger.

BENJI (CONT'D)

Next thing I know, I'm getting spun
around in the air, probably fifty
feet off the ground. Then I blacked
out and woke up here.

Doll notices something.

DOLL

And you really can't get down?

BENJI

Nope. And I've been wiggling like
crazy too. If you can help me, I'd
be greatly obliged.

DOLL

You could unzip your jacket.

Benji looks down, realizes...

BENJI

No? Really?

DOLL

Yup.

Benji unzips his jacket and slides right out. He SQUEALS as
he drops out of sight behind a hedge.

DOLL (CONT'D)

(winces)

You okay?

Benji gingerly steps out of the hedge.

BENJI

No, I'm fine. My mom had a lot of
cats so I'm good at landing.

Doll looks at him askew.

BENJI (CONT'D)

(offers his hand)

Benji.

DOLL

Doll.

They shake.

BENJI
Any chance you can drop me in the
next town?

With those valuable Jordans in the car, Doll is apprehensive.

DOLL
I don't know--

BENJI
Look, you're the first car to come
along. I'm not an ax murderer.

Doll cracks a smile.

DOLL
It's not that, it's just--

He really does look harmless.

DOLL (CONT'D)
Aw, what the hell, hop in.

BENJI
Great! Thanks!

Benji hurries to grab his stuff.

DOLL
Is your phone working?

BENJI
No, I have AT&T. They suck balls.

Benji hurries over to the Audi, clutching his backpack and the colorful bong.

DOLL
(re: bong)
How did that not break?

BENJI
That's "Rose Byrne." She can handle
herself. You smoke?

DOLL
Once. I didn't inhale though.

He laughs, until he realizes she's not joking.

BENJI
Wait. You're serious?

DOLL

I was raised by my aunt. She was kinda conservative. But after the day I've had, doing weed sounds awesome.

BENJI

You said "*doing* weed."

DOLL

Is that bad?

He can't stop laughing as they get into the Audi.

INT. AUDI (MOVING) - LATER

Doll is driving. She finishes telling Benji her story.

BENJI

So the psycho killer crushed under the walk-in... this is her car?

DOLL

No. The guy she was chasing.

Benji opens the glovebox, pulls out a HUGE HANDGUN.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Told you it was complicated.

BENJI

So that's why you need a payphone, to call the cops?

DOLL

No, I have some other... business. An errand. Sort of.

BENJI

Hey, look, I'm just glad to be alive. So whatever else is going on, I really don't need to know--

DOLL

Sneakers.

Benji frowns. Not what he was expecting to hear.

DOLL (CONT'D)

The man who died in my restaurant. He gave me that briefcase on the backseat, told me to run.

Benji glances over his shoulder at the BRIEFCASE.

DOLL (CONT'D)

It's a pair of Jordans. He said they're worth a lot of money.

BENJI

What if he stole them?

DOLL

Honestly, I don't care. I was a straight A student and I worked my ass off. Then my aunt got sick, my dog died, and I had to sell our house to pay my aunt's medical bills. But I still owe more than eighty-thousand. So sure, I can turn 'em over to the cops and end up with nothing, or I can take them to whoever wants to buy them and get enough money to start over.

BENJI

I'm hitching because I got laid-off. Had to sell all my stuff to pay my student loans.

DOLL

Then come with me. We'll find the buyer and split the money.

BENJI

For real?

DOLL

The dead guy told me they're worth millions but I don't need much. Just enough to rent a place while I look for a new job.

BENJI

You don't plan on coming back here?

DOLL

To the middle of Kansas? Hell no. Everyone I loved is gone and the restaurant is a pile of firewood. There's nothing for me here.

BENJI

Can I see them? The Jordans.

DOLL

Sure. Go ahead.

Benji reaches for the briefcase and opens it on his lap.

BENJI
They're all beat up.

DOLL
Right? He said they're RS Ones.
Whatever that means.

BENJI
Hmmm. RS. RS. Rare Sneakers? Red
Sneakers? Ruby Sneakers? What do
you think?

DOLL
I look like a sneakerhead to you?

BENJI
If these are worth millions, aren't
you worried someone else will be
looking for them?

DOLL
Nah. Even if they were, how would
they find us?

CUT TO:

EXT. AUNT EM'S DINER - PARKING LOT - DAY

A black customized SUV prowls its way through parking lot. It rolls past the wrecked diner, stops 20ft from the walk-in.

EXT. DINER / FIELD

A woman climbs out of the SUV.

MARY CRAVEN (40s) is almost identical to her twin, Val. Same long leather coat but blue Converse. She's a little scarier looking too.

Mary has a GPS tracker on her smartphone, and it's pointing at the overturned cooler.

MARY
Val!

She pockets her phone, climbs up to look inside. Dropping back down, she notices the two shoeless feet.

MARY (CONT'D)
Oh, V...

Mary's face flashes with heartache. It quickly morphs into pure anger. She spots FOOTPRINTS moving away from the cooler.

Mary marches back to the SUV, unhooks a winch.

MOMENTS LATER --

Mary uses the winch to pull the walk-in cooler off of her sister's corpse.

Val Craven has been flattened from the knees up, her head, arms, and torso... complete mush.

Mary dials Val's number. Hears it ringing at her feet.

In a disturbing display of detachment, Mary digs through Val's bloody clothing until she comes up with her phone.

Mary turns it on, toggles through the apps, until she finds another location tracker.

Whatever the target is, it's moving along the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Doll's dinged-up Audi growls down the highway.

A State Trooper races past in the opposite direction.

INT. AUDI (MOVING)

Doll glances in the rearview, watches the trooper car recede.

DOLL

So where were you and Rose Byrne headed?

BENJI

Seattle. I landed a job up there.

DOLL

Ahhh, I've always wanted to visit. What's the job? You gonna drum for Pearl Jam, throw fish at Pike Place--

THUD!

Doll reacts to the noise.

DOLL (CONT'D)
 What the actual fudge was that?!

THUD!

BENJI
 Is that coming from the--?

A pair of LARGE BOOTS explode through the backseat as handcuffed JACK WOODMAN (40s) kicks his way out of the trunk.

Benji SCREAMS. Doll SCREAMS.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The Audi swerves all over the highway.

INT. AUDI (MOVING)

Woodman wrestles to free himself in the backseat, kicking and lashing out.

Doll fights the wheel. A panicked Benji fumbles the handgun.

BENJI
 Who is-- ?

DOLL
 I have no idea!!

Woodman's boot breaks Benji's seat, slams him into the dash.

As Woodman's wriggles out of the trunk, into the backseat, REVEAL his mouth is sealed with duct-tape.

EXT. HIGHWAY / AUDI

The Audi slides to a tire-smoking halt at the side of the highway, just short of plowing into a huge oak.

Doll and Benji leap out of the car. She awkwardly aims her shotgun at Woodman, Benji aims the pistol.

DOLL
 Oh my God, what do we do? I don't even know how to use this thing!

BENJI
 Just point it and act tough!

They watch, stunned, as Woodman slides out of the Audi, onto his knees. He ignores them, slows his breathing to calm down.

DOLL
Who are you?

BENJI
His mouth is taped shut.

DOLL
Take it off. I'll cover you.

BENJI
You take it off!

DOLL
Please!

Benji edges behind Woodman. Trembling, Doll keeps her gun pointed at him.

DOLL (CONT'D)
We're gonna take the tape off,
okay? Don't try anything!

Woodman nods, mumbles something.

Benji reaches around his head, rips off the tape.

WOODMAN
Take these cuffs off and I'll kill
you quickly. Leave them on and I'll
choke you, real slow.

DOLL
But I don't have the keys!

WOODMAN
(points)
Right there.

Doll takes the bait and turns to look...

Woodman strikes, sweeping out their legs. Doll hits the dirt, Benji is thrown into the Audi. His gun slides under the car.

Woodman slips his handcuffs under his feet, so he can use them to choke Doll...

Dazed, Benji struggles to stand.

Woodman tightens his grip around Doll's throat. She's beginning to change color...

SMASH!!!

Benji's bong explodes across Woodman's skull. He drops to his knees and Doll scrambles clear.

Woodman recovers to find the tip of Doll's shotgun pressed into his eye.

DOLL

I don't care how big or mean you are, mister. You try that again--

WOODMAN

And what? You going to shoot me, little girl?

He notices her gun hand is still shaking. Doll sees it too. Quickly calms her nerves to stop the shaking.

DOLL

After today... yeah, maybe.

Woodman raises his hands in submission, begrudgingly.

WOODMAN

Okay, tough girl. You win.

She backs away as he gets to his feet, dusts himself off.

DOLL

Who are you?

WOODMAN

I retrieve things. Where's the Dutchman?

DOLL

He bought the windmill.

Benji looks confused.

DOLL (CONT'D)

You know, like he bought the farm. Only he's Dutch. That's where windmills come from--

WOODMAN

I got it. And now a waitress and a stoner are driving around in his car. My friend had a briefcase--

DOLL

Your "friend" had you handcuffed in his trunk.

WOODMAN
Okay, not friend, business partner.

BENJI
He double-crossed you?

WOODMAN
Something like that. Where is the
briefcase? Give it to me and we can
go our separate ways.

DOLL
He gave the case to me. Said it was
my tip.

Doll reaches into her pocket, but it's ripped open...

DOLL (CONT'D)
And he gave me a number to call--

She looks panicked, her cool act long gone. She checks her
other pocket...

DOLL (CONT'D)
Where the-- ?

Benji points across a field.

BENJI
There!

Doll turns and sees the white napkin blowing across the
field. Her eyes go wide--

DOLL
Fudge!

She begins to run after it, but the napkin is whipped into
the air and disappears from view.

WOODMAN
Did she just say "fudge?"

BENJI
She said "doing weed" earlier.

Doll returns, looking forlorn.

DOLL
That was the number I needed to
call. Thanks to Stone Cold Steve
Asshole over there, it's gone.

Doll looks over to see Woodman smirking.

WOODMAN
Maybe we can help each other.

DOLL
Oh yeah. How?

WOODMAN
I know that phone number.

He holds up the handcuffs.

DOLL
Give me the number first.

WOODMAN
No. We drive to the next town, you
make the call, then you find me a
hardware store or bolt cutters.

DOLL
Give us a second.

Doll pulls Benji aside.

DOLL (CONT'D)
This is nuts. Maybe I should just
give him the case and go home.

BENJI
Go home to what? A pile of
firewood? Your words by the way.

DOLL
But if we get back in the car, who
knows what he'll try.

BENJI
We could put him back in the trunk.

WOODMAN (O.S.)
Backseat or the deal's off.

Doll and Benji glance back at Woodman from their huddle.

DOLL
You gotta keep that gun on him the
whole time, make sure he stays chill.

BENJI
Ooh, great idea!

Off her confused face...

BENJI (CONT'D)
We make him chill.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

The Audi is back on the highway.

INT. AUDI (MOVING)

In the backseat, Woodman sits in the middle, all three jerry-rigged safety belts keeping him firmly in place.

Periodically, clouds of marijuana smoke envelope his face.
The backseat is a one-man "Hotbox."

Upfront, Benji is facing backwards in the passenger seat, puffing a thick joint, exhaling in Woodman's direction.

Doll cracks her window more, tries to breathe fresh air.

DOLL
You're getting *me* high!
(coughs)
Is it working?

BENJI
He looks pretty chill to me.

Sure enough, Woodman is sporting a goofy smile. Benji waves a hand in front of his face.

BENJI (CONT'D)
Hey, you still want to kill us?

WOODMAN
Nah. Let's listen to music.

BENJI
Yup, he's chill alright.

EXT. HIGHWAY / AUDI (MOVING)

Smoke flowing out of the driver's window and MUSIC THUMPING, the e-tron cruises down the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

Many miles behind the Audi, Mary's SUV tears along the highway, easily doing 90-100mph.

We recognize the spot where Doll slid the e-tron to a halt.

The SUV blows right past...

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Night has fallen as the Audi enters a small town and pulls up in front of a gas station.

Next to it, an old PAYPHONE sits under a streetlight.

INT. AUDI (PARKED)

Doll peers at Woodman in the backseat. He's still grinning.

WOODMAN

(demonstrates)

You know if you hold up a dime, like this, and close one eye, you're covering up a hundred thousand galaxies. *Galaxies!* Think about that!

DOLL

(to Benji)

If you got him so stoned he forgot the number, I will kick your butt.

WOODMAN

Relax. I'm fucking with you. Let's go. I'll dial.

DOLL

Tell it to me.

WOODMAN

I'll dial it.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

It is eerily quiet and the gas station is closed.

Further along Main Street, a SHERIFF'S CAR is parked outside a 24hr coffee shop. Benji whistles at Doll, points to it.

BENJI

Five-Oh.

Doll follows Woodman to the payphone. She holds the shotgun as discreetly as possible.

DOLL

(sotto; nervous)

Oh, girlfriend, what the fudge are you doing?

She picks up the phone, gestures for Woodman to dial the number. His wrists still cuffed, he hits the keypad.

Benji hangs near the Audi, keeps his eye on the coffee shop.

BENJI

Man, I could really go for some waffles right about now.

Doll waits anxiously as the line rings. She signals Woodman to step back, give her space.

A distorted MAN'S VOICE crackles through the phone...

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Speak.

DOLL

Hi, yeah, uh, I'm a friend of the Dutchman. He told to call this number. I have something you may be interested in.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Animal, vegetable, or mineral?

DOLL

Um... Sneakers?

CLICK. The line disconnects. Perplexed, Doll hangs up.

WOODMAN

You get an address?

DOLL

He hung up.

RING. RING.

Doll snatches up the payphone.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Hello?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I know the older man with you.
Who's the hippy?

Doll reacts with shock -- he can see them?!

DOLL
How the--?

Doll is creeped out. She does a 360, searching for any possible way he could see her.

WIZARD (V.O.)
I'm the Wizard. I see everything.
And right now I see you, a young
woman in a waitress uniform,
standing on the Southeast corner of
Main Street in Colby, Kansas.

Benji notices Doll turning in circles.

BENJI
What's wrong?

DOLL
He can see us!

She spots a surveillance CAMERA over a small warehouse.

INSERT -- P.O.V. OF SECURITY CAMERA

Doll looks directly at us, gives the finger.

DOLL
What am I doing right now?

WIZARD (V.O.)
Fuck you, too.

BACK TO SCENE:

DOLL
No way. You really just hacked into
that camera?

WIZARD (V.O.)
If it's online, it's mine.

DOLL
So how is this gonna work?

Doll has to cover the phone and take a deep breath.

Benji gives her an encouraging thumbs-up.

WIZARD (V.O.)
Go West. Take I-70 to Denver.

DOLL
Denver?! That's three hundred miles!

WIZARD (V.O.)
I will make it worth the drive.

DOLL
How "worth it?"

WIZARD (V.O.)
I'll pay the same amount I agreed
to pay the Dutchman. Three million.

DOLL
(shock)
Three million dollars?!

WIZARD (V.O.)
But that's a million per head. It's
in my best interest for you and
your companions to work together,
not kill each other.

DOLL
Nobody's killing anybody.

WIZARD (V.O.)
Yet he's in handcuffs and you're
holding a gun.

DOLL
I need an address--

WIZARD (V.O.)
Call me when you get to Denver.

CLICK.

The Wizard has hung up. Again.

Doll puts the phone back in its cradle. She suddenly turns
away from the others and throws up.

Woodman smirks. Benji hurries over, concerned.

BENJI
Oh God, what did he say? Did he
threaten to cut our heads off?

Doll turns, wipes her mouth with her sleeve.

DOLL
We each get a million bucks.

BENJI
Ha. For real though, what'd he say?

DOLL
(to Benji)
I'm serious. A million each.

WOODMAN
So if I kill you two idiots, I get three million.

DOLL
Uh-uh. A million *per person*. The guy, calls himself a Wizard, wants us to work together. A "three heads is better than one" kind of thing.

WOODMAN
He give you an address?

DOLL
No. I'm supposed to call again when we get to Salt Lake City.

Woodman turns on his heels and quick-marches to the car.

DOLL (CONT'D)
Whoa! Where are you going?

WOODMAN
I get a million with or without you, and you're not going to shoot me. So thanks, but I'll go it alone from here.

DOLL
I knew you can't be trusted. That's why I lied about the city.

Woodman snarls.

At that exact moment, they're blinded by blazing headlights. Woodman dives into Doll, knocks her clear...

A split-second later, an SUV slams into the payphone.

Mary jumps out, opens fire with a G3 assault rifle.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!!

In a hailstorm of bullets, Woodman drags Doll behind the gas station's fuel pumps.

Benji hides behind the Audi, but Mary isn't focused on him.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!!

30 rounds spent, Mary stops to reload.

Woodman pushes Doll towards the gas station office.

WOODMAN

Go!

They sprint across 20ft of open asphalt. Woodman shoulders the office door off its hinges.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!!

Woodman and Doll disappear inside.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The local SHERIFF (40s) sprints to his cruiser. He looks excited as he opens the trunk, grabs an AR-15.

SHERIFF

Oo-rah.

INT. GAS STATION - WORKSHOP

Woodman pulls Doll into a workshop attached to the gas station. It's filled with tools and a TOW-TRUCK.

Woodman searches the workshop.

DOLL

Who is that woman?!

Ignoring her, he holds up a HACKSAW.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Now?!?

WOODMAN

I'm gonna need two hands. Trust me.
(hands her the saw)

Cut.

Doll frantically starts cutting the handcuff chain.

EXT. GAS STATION

Benji peeks around the Audi to see Mary unhook a gas pump. She begins to spray the garage in gasoline.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!!

The Sheriff appears, blasting his AR-15 at Mary. She drops the pump, returns fire.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!!

The Sheriff kneels next to Benji, draws a firestorm of bullets towards the Audi.

BENJI

This was a good hiding spot.

EXT. GAS STATION / AUDI

The Sheriff fires a no-look volley then ejects his clip.

SHERIFF

Just like Falujah! Sweet Jesus, I missed this shit.

Hiding behind her SUV, Mary eyes the gas pooling around the workshop. She aims at the concrete next to it...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!!

Sparks ignite the gas and the front of the building bursts into flame. A couple of PROPANE TANKS are engulfed.

INT. GAS STATION - WORKSHOP

Doll has barely cut halfway through the handcuff chain.

WOODMAN

Find another gear, waitress.

A BLINDING FLASH as a propane tank EXPLODES.

EXT. GAS STATION

Mary keeps the Sheriff pinned down with relentless fire.

INT. GAS STATION - WORKSHOP

Doll shakes off the concussion. Lucky for her, Woodman took the brunt of the blast. She feels for a pulse. Finds one.

DOLL
Stubborn. I like it.

With smoke and flames about to consume the garage, Doll tries to lift him. But he's way too heavy.

She eyes the TOW-HOOK on the back of the tow-truck...

EXT. GAS STATION

Behind the Audi, the Sheriff's AR-15 clicks empty. He flinches from more incoming fire, pulls his 9mm.

As Mary steps into the open...

The TOW-TRUCK blasts through the workshop doors.

Doll is driving. Woodman hangs from the tow-hook on the back, his unconscious body swinging wildly.

With Mary distracted, the Sheriff hits her with a couple of rounds, spinning her to the ground...

Doll skids the tow-truck to a halt. Clutching the briefcase, Benji runs, jumps into the passenger side.

The Sheriff watches the truck speed away, unable to chase it. Woodman still swings from the tow-hook.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The tow-truck thunders down the highway.

INT. TOW-TRUCK (MOVING)

Doll and Benji are coming down off the adrenaline high.

BENJI
I might have peed a little.

DOLL
Did that really just happen?

BENJI

The peeing? Or all the explosions
and shooting and stuff?

DOLL

We could have been killed. For
real. I'm still shaking.

BENJI

Is he dead?

DOLL

Who?

BENJI

Woodman.

DOLL

Oh crap.

She slams on the brakes.

EXT. TOW-TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Doll and Benji stand facing Woodman, who's now conscious but
still hanging by the handcuffs from the tow-hook.

He's not happy.

WOODMAN

Get me down, now, and I'll kill you
quickly. You won't even feel it.

DOLL

I saved your butt, mister. You
would have burned alive.

BENJI

She's right, dude. You owe her.

WOODMAN

Fine, no killing. Just get me down.

DOLL

You have to promise.

WOODMAN

I promise I won't kill you.

DOLL

And you'll come with us. You'll
help us find the Wizard.

WOODMAN
Yes! Goddamnit! YES!

Doll hits a lever on the back of the truck and Woodman drops to the ground. He slides the cuffs off the hook and CHARGES DOLL. She SQUEALS as he pins her against the truck, put his face right next to hers...

WOODMAN (CONT'D)
(softly)
My wrists really fuckin' hurt.

With that, he walks away.

INT. TOW-TRUCK (MOVING) - LATER

Doll is driving, Benji in the middle, Woodman rides shotgun. He rubs at his raw wrists.

WOODMAN
You're lucky my hands didn't come off.

BENJI
Doesn't that make you the lucky one?

DOLL
That woman back there. Who was she?

WOODMAN
Mary Craven. She's a contractor for the East. Will kill anyone or anything to close an assignment. And she wants those Jordans.

BENJI
"The East?"

WOODMAN
You don't want to know.

DOLL
Um, did Mary have a sister?

WOODMAN
(wary)
A twin. Val. You didn't see her today, did you?

DOLL
She killed my friend, two of my customers--

WOODMAN

Then what?

DOLL

A twister dropped a two-ton fridge
on her head.

WOODMAN

She's dead?! Are you telling me Val
Craven is dead?

Doll holds up two fingers, an inch apart.

DOLL

From the knees up, she's this thick.
So yeah, pretty sure she's dead.

Benji looks nauseous just thinking about it.

WOODMAN

That could be a problem.

DOLL

Why?

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A volunteer fire crew puts out the gas-station blaze.

WOODMAN (V.O.)

Because if Mary knows her sister is
gone, she'll want blood. Lots of it.

Mary sits in the backseat of a police cruiser, behind the
cage. She stares straight ahead, ice-cold, biding her time.

INT. SHERIFF CRUISER (MOVING) - MINUTES LATER

The Sheriff stares at his rearview mirror. Mary holds his
gaze until he looks away.

INT. SHERIFF STATION - JAIL - LATER

This place hasn't been updated in a century. The Sheriff
locks Mary inside a single-cell with a cot and a toilet.

SHERIFF

Just you and me for the night,
darlin'. Till the Feds and TV crews
show up tomorrow.

As he locks her cell, Mary nods at the TATTOO on his forearm.

MARY
Where'd you serve?

SHERIFF
Afghanistan. Two tours.

MARY
Spent some time there myself.

SHERIFF
You were in Afghanistan? Where?

MARY
Kunar Province.

SHERIFF
Bullshit.

She opens her leather coat and peels back her shirt to REVEAL a military tattoo above her breast. The Sheriff grins, likes what he sees, but then something dawns on him...

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
(realizes)
Aw shit. What are you, a government spook? You telling me I cuffed the wrong goddamn shooter tonight?

Mary shrugs.

MARY
Not exactly a sanctioned operation so I might get my wrist slapped. But yes, you let a couple of real bad people get away.

SHERIFF
Ain't no dirt on me, lady. That was a clean arrest.

MARY
Oh, I agree. Let's just hope my superiors see it that way.

Sheriff frowns as he tries to read her. Mary smiles, backs away from the bars of her cell.

Mary sits on the edge of the cot and her coat falls open, exposing her long bare legs.

MARY (CONT'D)
You ever fuck a detainee?

SHERIFF
 (chokes)
 Say what?

Mary uncrosses those perfect legs, putting on a show only the hapless Sheriff can see.

MARY
 You heard me.

SHERIFF
 Hell no. I'm a married man.

He subconsciously spins the cell keys. Temptation brewing.

MARY
 Two things in this world I enjoy
 the most, Sheriff. Shooting guns
 and getting fucked...

Mary slides off her panties, tosses them at his stunned face.

MARY (CONT'D)
 ...And you just took away my gun.

For a few seconds, it's unclear what the Sheriff will do. Then he fumbles with his keys to open the cell.

MARY (CONT'D)
 Good boy.

Stepping into the cell, the Sheriff sheds his belt.

MARY (CONT'D)
 Get on your knees.

The Sheriff kneels at her feet and she parts her legs. He's spellbound, eyes wide as saucers.

Her wrists still cuffed, Mary reaches behind her head.

SHERIFF
 Your... It's so beautiful...

As he leans in, between her legs...

THUNK!!!

Mary stabs a LARGE HAIRPIN into the top of his skull.

MARY
 Why thank you.

The Sheriff is already brain-dead but he starts twitching.

Mary kicks him away, scoops up his keys. She walks into his office, opens a weapons cabinet. Eyes a rack of BIG GUNS.

MARY (CONT'D)

Okay now I'm wet.

In the b.g., the Sheriff's body goes still.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

It's late. The streets are empty.

Mary strolls out of the Sheriff's station loaded down with guns and a gym bag. She throws everything into the Sheriff's car, slides behind the wheel.

Second later, the cruiser takes off, fast...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

A dive bar in the middle of nowhere. Live music, shitty beer, and a single-star on Yelp. The dirt lot out front is filled with cars, trucks, and motorcycles.

The tow-truck pulls off the highway and parks out of sight.

WOODMAN (PRE-LAP)

Goddamnit! How could I be so dumb?

EXT./INT. TOW-TRUCK

An angry Woodman grabs the briefcase and slides out of the truck's cab. Alarmed, Doll and Benji quickly follow.

DOLL

Hey, you gave your word!

WOODMAN

Relax, I'm not stealing it. I just want to check it for something.

Woodman places the case on the tow-truck's toolbox. Doll and Benji watch as he uses a knife to cut into the leather. He pulls out a flat, black strip, like a Band-Aid...

A GPS transmitter.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch. I should have checked earlier.

DOLL

That's how she tracked us?

BENJI

Crush it, dude.

WOODMAN

No. We can use this. Wait here. I'll be back and we'll find a new ride--

He scowls, slips away into the sea of parked cars.

In his wake, Doll spies an old NIKE BACKPACK in the truck bed. She pulls it out, digs through it.

BENJI

What are you doing?

DOLL

Trying to be less conspicuous. When's the last time you saw a waitress carrying a briefcase?

BENJI

You could always wear them.

DOLL

They're size thirteen! I'd look like a hobbit.

BENJI

What you said earlier, maybe we *should* just let him take them--

DOLL

We lived through a twister, survived a psychotic hitwoman, and now you want to quit?

BENJI

You know how some people have a peanut allergy. I'm like that with bullets--

Doll slides an OBJECT from under the driver's seat, stuffs it in the backpack...

BENJI (CONT'D)

(re: object)

You still have that--?

DOLL
Yep. Ssshhh.

Next, she grabs the briefcase, opens it...

DOLL (CONT'D)
Son of a--!

Benji double-takes. Doll holds up the briefcase. It's empty.
She takes off running. Benji hurries after her.

EXT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

Woodman crouches next to a row of motorcycles. He hides the GPS transmitter on a HARLEY.

In the mirrored surface of the bike's gas tank, Woodman sees an ATTACKER. He ducks out of the way as Doll swings her empty shotgun like a baseball bat.

DOLL
You gave your word!

Woodman leaps to his feet, dodges another futile swing. Doll circles around him, Benji right behind her. She's pissed.

REVEAL the Jordans hanging around his neck, laces tied.

WOODMAN
I took them because they're safer with me. That's all.

DOLL
Liar! You were going to ditch us. Admit it.

Woodman's tough to read. Maybe he was planning to take off alone, maybe not.

WOODMAN
(to Benji)
You thought I was gonna run too?

BENJI
Kinda. Yeah.

WOODMAN
No respect.

Woodman hands the sneakers back to Doll.

DOLL

Thank you.

WOODMAN

Now if you're done throwing your toys out of the stroller, go wait by the truck. I'm gonna hot-wire something and I don't need you two fucksticks standing behind me.

Woodman walks away. Doll and Benji watch him go...

DOLL

I bet he's a really shitty tipper.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Doll and Benji are walking back through the rows of trucks and cars. She still looks fired up.

DOLL

Argh. He makes me so mad!

Benji lights a joint, enjoys a long toke. Doll snatches it, takes a big puff of her own.

DOLL (CONT'D)

After the day I've had, I could use some chill myself.

EXT. TOW-TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Benji sits on the truck's hood, watches Doll boxing the night air. She's a little stoned.

DOLL

I just wanna punch him-- *POW!* Right in the dick!

(freezes)

Do you hear that?

Men jeering. Someone getting the shit kicked out of them. Doll heads off to investigate.

Benji curses, hurries after her.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Doll and Benji creep between two pick-up trucks, and see...

A lone BLACK GUY getting beaten by four REDNECK BIKERS.

DOLL
Back me up.

BENJI
Huh?! NO WAY!

Too late. Doll walks into the fray, waving her gun around.

DOLL
Hey! HEY! ENOUGH!

Incredulous, the Rednecks turn from their victim. The ringleader, GAS HEAD (40s), is a mean-looking asshole.

He clocks Doll's waitress uniform.

GAS HEAD
What the fuck are you barking at, lady? We paid our tab.

DOLL
Leave him alone.

GAS HEAD
Are you for fucking real?

He takes a step towards her. Doll points her gun at him.

DOLL
I'm just saying four-on-one is bad sportsmanship. That's all.

GAS HEAD
You got balls, I'll give you that.

DOLL
I don't have balls.

Gas Head isn't sure how to take that. He notices Benji.

GAS HEAD
Who's that? Your little sister?

BENJI
Actually my pronouns are--

GAS HEAD
Shut the fuck up, sissy.

Gas Head turns back to Doll, points to his victim.

GAS HEAD (CONT'D)
You two know this burned-up piece of black shit?

She looks down at a bloodied LEO (30s, African-American). He's a handsome guy, but one half of his face is covered in old burn scars.

DOLL
We haven't been formally
introduced, no.
(genuine warmth)
Hi!

Doll turns back to Gas Head, points to his sparkly earrings. She's most definitely stoned.

DOLL (CONT'D)
Pretty earrings.

A couple of Gas Head's henchmen snicker. Benji stares at Doll as though she's lost her mind.

Gas Head boils with anger, eyes the shotgun in Doll's hand.

GAS HEAD
Lucky you have that.

DOLL
What? No! I was being sincere! Your earrings are lovely. My grandmother had the exact same pair--

More snickers.

GAS HEAD
I'm gonna rip your *fuckin'* head off.

WOODMAN (O.S.)
Judas Priest, Sally Ann! What have you gone and done now?

Woodman storms out of the shadows, snatches the shotgun from Doll. He clutches the gun with both hands (to help hide his cuffs), and puts on a wholesome friendly persona...

WOODMAN (CONT'D)
Sir, I beg your pardon! My daughter just goes plum crazy when she's off her meds.

Woodman begins subtly backing Doll away.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)
(leans in; whispers)
Schizo.

Gas Head studies him, not entirely convinced he's genuine.

One of the REDNECKS interjects, gestures to his cell phone.

REDNECK #1
 (to Gas Head)
 Hey, it's on! Beth just texted me
 the address.

GAS HEAD
 You got my suit dry-cleaned right?

Doll and Woodman trade a perplexed glance.

The Redneck nods at Gas Head and he turns back to Woodman.

GAS HEAD (CONT'D)
 Tonight's your lucky night--

Gas Head finally notices the handcuffs. He locks eyes with Woodman, realizes he's been played. But now Woodman is holding the shotgun...

For a few tense beats, this whole ugly scene looks ready to explode. Gas Head is first to back down.

GAS HEAD (CONT'D)
 Get that crazy bitch outta here.

WOODMAN
 You betcha! God bless!

GAS HEAD
 (to the Rednecks)
 Let's ride.

Gas Head kicks Leo as he steps over him. With that, all four Rednecks disappear into the night.

Woodman spins on Doll.

DOLL
 You were amazing. That whole Ned
 Flanders bit was genius--

WOODMAN
 ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR FUCKING MIND?!

DOLL
 They were gonna kill him! What was I
 supposed to do, walk away?

WOODMAN
 YES!!! For all we know, he deserved
 to have his ass kicked. Maybe he's
 wacko, or a pervert!

Leo spits out some blood.

LEO
I beg to differ.

WOODMAN
Well what do you know, it speaks!

Doll moves to help Leo, leaving Woodman exasperated.

BENJI
Hey, weren't you supposed to find
us new wheels?

WOODMAN
I had to go inside and piss, okay?
Then I come outside to find Jean-
Claude Van Dumbass picking a fight.

Doll giggles. Woodman squints at her, suspicious. He turns
back to Benji...

WOODMAN (CONT'D)
Did you get her stoned?

BENJI
Her idea.

DOLL
Narc!

WOODMAN
I left you idiots for five minutes!

Leo watches in bewilderment.

LEO
Who are you people?

DOLL
(sweet smile)
I'm Doll. Hi. What's your name?

LEO
Leo. Thanks. For intervening I mean.

DOLL
What was that about?

LEO
I scared some girl that biker guy
was making out with. She said I
looked like a black Freddy Krueger.

BENJI

I can see that. Especially if you
had the hat and the sweater--

Doll shakes her head, urges Benji to be quiet. She notices
blood in Leo's hair.

DOLL

You're bleeding!

LEO

I'm okay. If you could just help me
to my truck...

Woodman's eyes light up.

LEO (CONT'D)

(points)

That's me.

A Peterbilt Truck with a Sleeper Cab and an empty "Bullrack"
(Livestock trailer).

Woodman locks eyes with Doll, grins.

WOODMAN

Looks roomy.

LEO

Whoa, wait, I appreciate you
helping me out but I can't--

Woodman sees something over Leo's shoulder. He pushes the
others behind a trailer.

A HIGHWAY PATROL CAR cruises through the lot.

LEO (CONT'D)

If you're in trouble with the law, I
don't care. I swear. Just let me
drive away. I won't say anything.

WOODMAN

(to Doll)

I vote we knock him out, take his keys.

Leo reacts in horror.

DOLL

I won't let him hurt you, I promise.
But we do need a ride to Denver--

Leo stumbles, still dizzy...

DOLL (CONT'D)

Easy.

LEO

Just light-headed is all...

Leo's eyes roll back in his head. Doll catches him.

WOODMAN

We hit the jackpot with this guy.
Leave him. Let's go.

DOLL

We are *not* leaving him!

Woodman digs the keys from Leo's pocket.

WOODMAN

Yes we are--

DOLL

You agree to take him with us, I
can take those cuffs off right now.

Woodman freezes.

WOODMAN

What? How?

DOLL

You gotta promise first.

WOODMAN

Again with this? Fine, I promise.

Doll reaches into her backpack, holds up the HACKSAW.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

You sneaky cu-- You had that this
whole time?!

DOLL

You were being rude.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

In a "Sleeper Cab," there's a tiny living area behind the seats, big enough for a bed, a small closet, and a TV.

Leo is passed out on the bed. Doll sits next to him.

Woodman climbs into the driver's seat (no more handcuffs) and Benji rides shotgun.

LEO
You know how to drive one of these?

WOODMAN
Piece of cake.

Leo tosses Woodman the keys. He fumbles the catch.
Benji suppresses a laugh. Woodman growls at him.

EXT. PARKING LOT / HIGHWAY

Woodman is about to pull out of the lot when FOUR MOTORCYCLES (including the Harley) cut him off. It's Gas Head and his gang. The last Redneck gives Woodman the finger.

EXT. INTERSTATE 70 (ON-RAMP) - MINUTES LATER

The truck turns onto I-70, follows signs for Denver.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Doll tenderly cleans some of Leo's wounds. He opens his eyes, alarmed to see Woodman at the wheel.

DOLL
He's okay, I promise. All bark.
Mostly. Besides, it's a win-win for everyone. You can rest and we get a ride to Denver.

LEO
I'm fine. I can drive.

She ignores him, surveys the "lived-in" nature of the cab.

DOLL
Must get lonely, living on the road.

LEO
Sometimes, sure. But I don't do well with people. Sooner just avoid 'em.

DOLL
(re: burn scars)
Somebody did that to you--

LEO
My wife's ex. He set fire to my house. I got out. She didn't.

DOLL
Oh man, that's terrible. I'm sorry.

Woodman glances in his rearview mirror.

WOODMAN
Do I have to listen to you two all
the way to Denver? Because if so,
I'll set myself on fire.

Doll eyes Woodman with disgust.

DOLL
I say we cut him in.

WOODMAN
No. Way. Nope.

LEO
Look, whatever trouble you're in, I
don't want to get involved. Just drop
me off at the next stop and leave my
truck in Denver somewhere--

Doll grabs the backpack, reaches inside...

WOODMAN
Dumb move.

DOLL
We're not in trouble.
(beat)
We're couriers.

Doll places the sneakers in front of Leo.

LEO
Basketball shoes?

DOLL
Jordans.

BENJI
RS Ones.

WOODMAN
Eighteen million bucks worth.

Woodman immediately regrets saying that because now Doll is
staring at *him* in the rearview mirror.

DOLL
That's quite specific.

WOODMAN

Just a guess.

DOLL

Oh yeah? I meant to ask you before.
Who hired you?

WOODMAN

Same guy you talked to on the phone.

DOLL

The Wizard? You were working for
the Wizard all along?

WOODMAN

Indirectly. The Dutchman set it up.

LEO

Did you just say 'Wizard?!?'

BENJI

Not a real one obviously...
(to Doll)
Right?

Doll turns back to Leo.

DOLL

We're going to deliver these
Jordans, get paid, and go our
separate ways. You help us out,
I'll see to it you get a share.
What do you say?

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Mary's police cruiser is hauling ass.

INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING)

She has her smartphone on the dash, next to the police
computer. It shows a GPS target moving West on the
interstate.

EXT. INTERSTATE 70 - NIGHT

The police cruiser guns it onto I-70.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - MINUTES LATER

Woodman spots the flashing lights in his side mirror.

WOODMAN

There's a cop, coming up fast.

Doll moves to a tiny window in the side of the sleeper cab.

EXT. INTERSTATE 70 - NIGHT

Mary's cruiser closes fast. At the last second, it slides into the left lane and blows past the truck.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Doll glimpses Mary at the wheel. Her eyes widen in shock.

DOLL

Oh my God! It's her!

WOODMAN

Told you she wouldn't stop.

LEO

Who is it?

Up front, Woodman and Benji watch the police car speed ahead.

BENJI

We should get off the interstate,
take back roads.

WOODMAN

That's the first smart thing you've
said tonight.

LEO

You said you weren't in trouble!

DOLL

We're not... except for the woman
chasing us. She wants the sneakers.

BENJI

You ever see The Terminator.

LEO

And she's coming after us?!

WOODMAN

Relax, Chicken Little. Thanks to me, she's tracking some other poor bastard.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE 70 - NIGHT

V8 roaring, disco lights flashing, the police cruiser veers onto an off-ramp, exits the interstate.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The police cruiser speeds through pitch-black countryside.

INT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING)

Mary checks the GPS-tracker.

Seeing a house up ahead, she kills the disco lights.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

The cruiser rolls to a stop outside a big farmhouse. Among 20-30 parked cars, we recognize the Rednecks' motorcycles.

LOUD MUSIC drifts from the house.

EXT. POLICE CRUISER (MOVING)

Mary double-checks the GPS tracker. As she approaches the motorcycles, it turns green. She leans over the Harley, quickly finds the Band-Aid-style transmitter.

Returning to the cruiser, Mary pops open the trunk and slides on a tactical vest with 'POLICE' written on both sides.

She strolls towards the house with an AR-15.

EXT. HOUSE - PORCH

Mary steps onto the porch, knocks on the front door.

The door swings open to REVEAL someone in a DOG COSTUME. For a few beats, neither Mary or the Dog speak.

DOG
You gotta say the password

Mary points to the word "Police" on her vest.

MARY
Is this it?

DOG
You're a real cop? *Shit.*

MARY
One of those bikes yours?

DOG
No, ma'am.

MARY
I'm looking for the owners.

DOG
They're out back.

MARY
Show me.

Reluctantly, the Dog leads her inside.

INT. PARTY HOUSE (VARIOUS ROOMS)

At first, it appears there's a loud rave underway. THUMPING MUSIC, COLORFUL STROBE LIGHTS, etc.

But as Mary makes her way deeper into the house, she's struck by two things:

1. This is an orgy.
2. *Everyone* is wearing an animal costume.

Mary sees a WOLF, TIGER, FOX, SQUIRREL, etc. All of them engaged in a variety of sex acts, in every corner of the house. She stands in the middle of it all, police uniform and gun clearly visible, but nobody stops fucking.

She turns to the Dog.

MARY
The bikers.

The Dog aims a paw at a pair of sliding doors (closed).

DOG
The Monkeys.

She points at an armchair.

MARY
Sit. Stay.

Mary opens the sliding doors REVEALING...

INT. PARTY HOUSE - PARLOR

Another group of "Furries" screwing their brains out. Mary clocks four dressed in MONKEY COSTUMES

Two are sharing a PIG.

A third is getting blown by a PANDA.

And the fourth Monkey is banging a CAT. He stops thrusting as he notices the cop in the room.

MARY
Oh don't mind me.

Everyone in the room pulls apart, and the FOUR MONKEYS (the Rednecks) fumble to tuck themselves in.

MARY (CONT'D)
I've seen things you people
wouldn't believe. Six war zones,
two prisons, one of 'em Turkish.
I've watched men fight, fuck, and
die in every conceivable way all
over the planet. But one thing I've
never seen... *a grown man in a
Monkey costume fucking a two-
hundred pound cat.*
(to the Cat)
No offense.

The Monkey in question rips off his mask. It's Gas Head.

GAS HEAD
You're no cop.

MARY
I don't get the appeal. Don't you
overheat, what with all that fur?
I'd at least crank the AC.

GAS HEAD

Unless you got a real badge or you aim to pull that trigger, you best turn around and walk the fuck out.

MARY

Or...?

GAS HEAD

We break you into pieces.

Mary nods as she chews on that. She closes the sliding doors, hangs the AR-15 from the handles, and wraps the shoulder strap tight to "lock" them.

MARY

I just got one request...

She turns back to face all four Monkeys. They're ready to rumble while the female furies cower in the corner.

MARY (CONT'D)

...If anyone's still hard, we wait.

The Monkeys trade glances with each other. Everyone seems good, except the guy in the back...

MONKEY #2

Gimme a couple seconds.

(long beat)

Okay. I'm good.

Mary glares at Gas Head. Both coiled to attack.

GAS HEAD

Ready?

MARY

Jungle Boogie.

The room explodes into a brutal fight. An unstoppable vixen in cop gear versus four redneck assholes in Monkey suits.

Mary ducks, weaves, dodges every attack. Then she punches, kicks, and twists limbs in return.

Absolute Monkey carnage.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Four bleeding and beaten Monkeys kneel in the dirt near their motorcycles. Hands behind their heads, torn costumes, and masks still covering their faces.

The Dog watches from the porch. The orgy continues inside.

Gas Head's turn to spit up blood.

GAS HEAD

What do you want?

Mary holds up the "Band-Aid" tracker.

MARY

Someone planted this on your bike within the last hour, and I need to find them. A young woman in a waitress uniform and two males. One twenties, one forties.

The Monkeys exchange knowing glances.

GAS HEAD

Yeah. We saw 'em.

MARY

Where?

GAS HEAD

Roadhouse. A live music joint east of here. Me and the girl had a little disagreement out back.

MARY

You see a vehicle?

They all shake their heads. Except Monkey #3.

MONKEY #3

Peterbilt with a bullrack.

Mary walks over to #3 and uses her gun to push back his mask.

MONKEY #3 (CONT'D)

Didn't see the girl, but the older guy was driving. I know cuz I flipped him off when we pulled out.

Mary's head snaps around and she looks back the way she came. Sifts through her recent memory -- did she pass it? Then she notices something:

The dash cam in the police cruiser.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Leo glares at Doll. He's angry.

DOLL

I don't understand. We saw her get arrested! She should be in jail!

LEO

You really just a waitress?

DOLL

Why do you say that...?

(re: shotgun)

Because of this? My aunt worried whenever I closed alone. So after my dog passed, she bought me a gun.

Doll snaps open the barrels to show him it's empty.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Nothin' but a souvenir at this point.

She snaps it shut.

LEO

I have shells.

(off her look)

I have the same gun. Just in case, you know.

Leo points to a drawer. Doll pulls it open, finds boxes of ammo. She smiles.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Mary rewinds the dash-cam footage. Onscreen, she's about to pass the truck... She FREEZES the video.

The license plate is clearly visible.

Mary types the plate into the cruiser's computer. Within seconds, she has Leo's personal info and his phone number.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The truck barrels along a rural back road.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Leo feels his phone buzzing. He answers...

LEO

Hello?

The caller (Mary) instantly disconnects. Leo frowns, puts his phone away.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Mary copies GPS coordinates from her phone, pastes them into her tracking app. A moving 'dot' (the truck) appears.

She *cackles*.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE / POLICE CRUISER

Mary walks back to the Monkeys and the Dog.

MARY

If you boys can swallow what little pride you have left, I got a proposition for you. I need to catch that girl tonight and anyone who helps me gets ten thousand dollars.

GAS HEAD

Each?

MARY

Each.

That changes everything.

GAS HEAD

Who are they?

MARY

Terrorists who aim to harm this beautiful blessed nation.

GAS HEAD

Are you telling us those people were goddamned Muslims?

MARY

Way, way worse. Atheists.

The Monkeys curse and spit.

MONKEYS (OVERLAPPING)
Satanist scum! Think we came from
animals! Fuck that Darwin shit!

MARY
They're planning to blow up a
Megachurch in Colorado Springs. But
not if we stop that Peterbilt.

GAS HEAD
We're in.

Gas Head's gang begin peeling off their Monkey costumes.

MARY
(almost smirking)
No. Leave the masks. It'll scare
them and protect your identities.

Gas Head shrugs, puts his mask back on. Mary opens the trunk
of the cruiser, invites the Monkeys to pick from an arsenal.

While they grab guns, she spots something behind them. A
bright YELLOW VAN, with writing on the side:

"Flying Frank Garland"

Aerial Crop and Agricultural Care.

Carville, Kansas 719-555-0353

Mary beckons the Dog close.

MARY (CONT'D)
You know a Frank Garland?

DOG
He's the, uh... purple hippopotamus.

MARY
Then you've got ten seconds to
bring me a purple fucking hippo.

The Dog bolts inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The truck thunders past acres of flat, featureless farmland.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Leo's cell phone *BUZZES* again.

DOLL

For a truck-driving hermit, you sure get a lot of phone calls.

LEO

(into phone)
Hello?

WIZARD (V.O.)

Put the waitress on.

Baffled, Leo hands the phone to Doll.

DOLL

Who is this?

WIZARD (V.O.)

Quite the show you put on back in Colby. There aren't many cameras around that sorry ass town, but I caught the highlights.

DOLL

How'd you get this number?

WIZARD (V.O.)

A few minutes ago, Mary Craven typed it into the mobile data terminal of a police cruiser.

DOLL

We saw her! She's headed West on I-70 so we're taking the backroads.

WIZARD (V.O.)

Not anymore. Now she's tracking this phone and heading your way. Shake her before you reach Denver. Or we won't speak again.

CLICK. The Wizard hangs up.

LEO

What did you get me into?

DOLL

My bad. I'm so sorry.

WOODMAN (O.S.)

Oh man the fuck up already.

Woodman slows the truck, pulls over.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)
If you won't fight, at least drive.

DOLL
What are you gonna do?

WOODMAN
A bunch of shooting.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - NIGHT

It's pitch black until keg-shaped FRANK GARLAND (50s), who's still wearing a hippo suit from the neck down, flips on the lights. In the middle of the hangar...

A CESSNA 180F, a small CROP-SPRAYING AIRPLANE.

GARLAND
She ain't pretty or fast, but she stays airborne, and that's the main thing I look for in an airplane.

He turns to see Mary reading the labels on CHEMICAL BARRELS.

GARLAND (CONT'D)
Those Monkeys got quite the head start. Would hate for you to re-neg on your generous offer should they catch the truck first.

Mary isn't listening. She picks up a GAS MASK.

MARY
(re: chemicals)
I take it this stuff burns your eyes, makes it hard to breathe?

GARLAND
Like huffing bleach, baby.

Off Mary's devious smile...

CLOSE ON -- PROPELLER

The spinning blades of Garland's aircraft, the loud belching of a cold engine.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

The Cessna takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The 18-wheeler speeds across the landscape.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Leo is driving, Doll is riding shotgun. She props Leo's phone on the dash, activates the SPEAKERPHONE.

DOLL
(into phone)
You guys see anything?

BENJI (V.O.)
Nothing.

INT. TRAILER (MOVING) - NIGHT

Woodman and Benji are riding in the empty livestock trailer. They each have a shotgun and watch the road behind.

Benji has his cell phone on speaker too.

BENJI
Wait, I see lights!

WOODMAN
Do not stop. No matter what.

WOODMAN'S P.O.V. --

Four individual headlights appear in the darkness.

WOODMAN
Those are bikes.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Doll sees the lights in the side mirror.

DOLL
It's gotta be her.

INT. TRAILER (MOVING)

Woodman sizes up Benji. The young hitchhiker looks nervous.

WOODMAN

Shoot them before they shoot you.
That's how you survive in my world.

BENJI

I don't want to kill anyone!

WOODMAN

Then aim for the wheels and put the
bikes down. Let the highway decide
who lives and dies.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The four Monkeys quickly catch up with the truck and hover
around it, engines revving.

Gas Head is the only Monkey not wearing a mask. He edges
alongside the truck, close to the cab.

INT. TRAILER (MOVING)

Woodman and Benji track Gas Head.

BENJI

It's that racist biker guy.

WOODMAN

Are they wearing monkey suits?!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Gas Head signals Leo to roll down his window. He does.

GAS HEAD

Pull over, boy!

Doll leans over Leo.

DOLL

Kiss his black ass.

Gas Head pulls out a gun, aims at the cab-- *KA-BOOM!*

He's blasted off his bike. Wipes out. Fatal.

INT. TRAILER (MOVING)

Woodman pumps his shotgun, ejects the spent shell.

WOODMAN

Here we go.

The remaining Monkeys pull weapons and start shooting.

As Benji presses himself against the trailer wall, Woodman marches to the back, fires another shot through the tailgate.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The biker-Monkeys empty their weapons at the trailer as they fly down the highway.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

The tailgate comes crashing down. An explosion of sparks as metal meets tarmac.

Woodman grabs a handhold, barely avoids tumbling out. Just as a Monkey takes aim...

KA-BOOM!

That Monkey is taken out by Benji.

WOODMAN

Great shot.

BENJI

You have to be nice to me now.

WOODMAN

Never.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Two bikes left.

Monkey #3 drops back, Monkey #4 speeds up...

INT./EXT. TRAILER (MOVING)

Woodman swings out of the truck on a cargo strap. He kicks Monkey #4 in the head, knocks him into oblivion.

As Woodman swings back into the trailer...

BENJI (O.S.)
Incoming!!!

Woodman turns to see Monkey #3's blinding headlight. The motorcycle comes roaring up the trailer's ramp and flies right at him. Monkey #3 jumps off the bike, takes down Benji.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Doll and Leo react to the impact -- *THUD!!!*

INT. TRAILER (MOVING)

Benji curls into a ball as Monkey #3 pummels him. Suddenly, Monkey #3 is hurled across the trailer...

Woodman is pissed. He kicks #3 right out of the truck.

WOODMAN
(to Benji)
You good?

Still hunched over, Benji gives a thumbs-up.

Seconds later, the drone of a small AIRPLANE overhead...

WOODMAN (CONT'D)
(to Benji)
You hear that?

They stand at the edge of the trailer, look up...

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / TRUCK - NIGHT

A Cessna dive-bombs the truck.

KA-BOOM!

A shotgun blast tears a hole in the roof.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Doll and Leo duck as the Cessna swoops past.

There's now a gaping hole in the roof of the cab.

DOLL
That's so her.

INT./EXT. CESSNA - NIGHT

As the Cessna gains altitude, Mary sits in the open door, gas mask over her face, shotgun in her arms.

MARY
Make another pass.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Doll presses her face against the window...

DOLL
Where is it? I don't see it!

WOODMAN (V.O.)
Six o'clock! Coming in low!

DOLL
(panicked)
Your six or my six?

INT. TRAILER (MOVING)

The Cessna matches the truck's 75mph, hangs on its tail.

WOODMAN
It's right on our ass!

Mary is visible in the open door of the plane, aiming her shotgun. Woodman fires first...

KA-BOOM!!! KA-BOOM!!!

WOODMAN (CONT'D)
(to Benji)
Get back!

They retreat into the trailer as Mary's 12-gauge replies.

KA-BOOM!!! KA-BOOM!!!

INT. CESSNA - NIGHT

Mary racks the shotgun, slings it on her back. She yells to Garland in the pilot seat.

MARY
Circle around and dump it right on
'em. Then watch for my signal.

Mary climbs down onto the landing struts.

INT. TRAILER (MOVING)

Woodman creeps back to the open mouth of the trailer, ready to return fire...

As he looks up, the airplane speeds over the truck...

EXT. CESSNA / TRUCK (MOVING)

Mary leaps from the Cessna, SLAMS onto the trailer roof.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Benji's voice comes through the speakerphone...

BENJI (V.O.)
She's on the roof!!!

In shocked disbelief, Doll locks eyes with Leo.

INT. TRAILER (MOVING)

Pissed, Woodman points his gun UPWARDS...

BOOM! BOOM!

Two new holes explode through the roof. Woodman drops the shotgun, tucks a .45 in his waistband.

WOODMAN
(to Benji)
Try not to shoot me.

With that, he climbs out the back of the trailer.

Doll's voice filters through the phone...

DOLL (V.O.)
You see her? She still on the roof?

BENJI
Yeah. Woodman too.

EXT. TRAILER ROOF (MOVING) - NIGHT

Woodman hangs on the side of the trailer, peers onto the roof. Mary, wearing the gas mask, aiming her shotgun...

KA-BOOM!!!

Woodman ducks, pops up, fires the .45...

But Mary is right there, kicks him in the face.

Woodman counters, sweeps her leg, and jumps onto the roof.

Mary kicks clear, retreats, hops to her feet.

A stand-off. Then they tear into each other.

Two skilled warriors duking it out MMA-style...

On the roof of an 18-wheeler... doing 80mph.

INT./EXT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Clutching her phone, Doll climbs halfway out the window to look back at the trailer. She glimpses the fight, helpless to do anything.

DOLL
(into phone)
What the hell was I thinking? I'm
so sorry I got us all into this!

INTERCUT:

INT. TRAILER (MOVING)

Benji can see fragments of the fight overhead. He aims through the blast holes Woodman made in the roof, but he can't get a clean shot.

BENJI
Are you kidding? This is awesome...

INT./EXT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Doll still hangs half-out of the passenger-side window.

BENJI (V.O.)
Coolest ride I ever hitched.

Doll catches another fleeting glimpse of the fight raging on the roof.

DOLL
(sotto)
Come on. Get her!

EXT. TRAILER ROOF (MOVING) - NIGHT

Blood splatters as Woodman absorbs a nasty punch from Mary.

They rain brutal blows on each other, flesh splits, bones crack... and the thunderous hits continue...

They break, gulp air. Both bloodied and hurting. Mary slides up her gas mask to take in more oxygen.

WOODMAN

What's with the mask?

MARY

Fashion statement.

WOODMAN

Round Two?

MARY

Ding-a-ling, motherfucker.

With that, they trade another wild combo of attacks/blocks.

Woodman sees an opening, kicks Mary hard in the chest, sends her tumbling to the front of the trailer.

Woodman stands tall, Mary is down. But she's smiling.

At the last second, Woodman turns to see the Cessna coming right at him. The SPINNING PROP gives him no choice...

Woodman leaps off the truck!

INT./EXT. TRUCK (MOVING)

As the Cessna swoops overhead, it unleashes a THICK CLOUD OF CHEMICALS from the crop-spraying gear.

A frantic Doll slides back inside the cab, but not before the blinding, choking fog envelopes everything.

DOLL

Stop the truck!!!

Doll and Leo begin to gag and rub at their eyes.

LEO

I can't see!!!

Leo jumps hard on the brakes.

EXT. ROAD / TRUCK - NIGHT

The 18-wheeler screams to a stop. The chemical cloud lingers in the stagnant night air.

INT. TRUCK

Doll moves to get out...

DOLL
Woodman went over the side. We have to go back for him.

LEO
But she's out there!

Doll pauses. Thinks about that.

DOLL
Keep the engine running.

EXT. TRUCK / COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Doll jumps from the cab wielding a tire iron.

Benji emerges from the trailer, gripping a shotgun. He's coughing, rubbing his eyes.

DOLL
(urgent)
Where is she? Did she come off too?

BENJI
I don't know.

HOOOONNNKKKK! The truck's AIR HORN.

DOLL
Leo!

She bolts back to the cab, pulls open the passenger door.

DOLL'S P.O.V. -- Leo has vanished, the driver's side door hangs open.

Doll runs around the front of the truck, finds Leo face down on the asphalt. She kneels to check his pulse.

MARY (O.S.)
Hello again.

Doll turns to see Mary, in her gas mask, pointing a 9mm.

Benji hurries around the corner, skids to a halt. Mary swings her gun on him...

MARY (CONT'D)
Drop the boomstick, nerd.

Benji drops his shotgun.

With her free hand, Mary snaps a RED FLARE and tosses it.

MARY (CONT'D)
(back to doll)
Where are the sneakers?

DOLL
Promise you won't hurt my friends!

Leo stirs behind her.

MARY
Forget your friends. Give me the
fucking Jordans!

Mary trails off. She's seen something which makes her hurry.

MARY (CONT'D)
Get up! Let's go!

The Cessna comes in terrifyingly low and Garland pulls off an impressive landing. Mary pushes Doll towards the plane.

Benji recovers the shotgun. Leo sits up, rubbing his neck.

BENJI
What do we do?!

LEO
(points)
Ask him.

HISS!!! Benji turns to see Woodman disconnecting the trailer's air brakes. He's ditching the trailer for speed.

WOODMAN
Get in the goddamn truck!

EXT. CESSNA

At gunpoint, Mary shoves Doll into the Cessna. Garland pushes the throttle and the plane picks up speed fast...

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Leo has the gas pedal floored. Woodman rides shotgun, Benji behind him.

Woodman raises his hand and Benji slaps a gun into it, like a squire to a knight.

WOODMAN
Ram the plane.

LEO
Are you serious?

WOODMAN
If that plane takes off, she's dead.

LEO
And what if a propeller comes
through the windshield?!

For the first time, Benji really loses his cool.

BENJI
RAM THE FUCKING PLANE!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The truck enters the frame, right on the Cessna's tail...

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Through the windshield the Cessna is tantalizingly close.

LEO
We're not gonna catch it!

Visibly aggravated, Woodman leans out the window. He starts blasting the shotgun at the Cessna's tail.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The Cessna leaps into the sky...

The bobtail truck slides to a halt...

Leo, Woodman and Benji jump out, watch the plane fly away.

WOODMAN
Well done, boys, you lost your
little waitress.

Leo turns green and quickly steps away to vomit.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)
And now he's puking.

LEO
It's from the pesticide!

Benji hurries back to the truck.

BENJI
That was topdressing, not
pesticide. I tasted Monocalcium
Phosphate. You'll survive but drink
lots of water.

Woodman and Leo trade a puzzled look: *how the hell does Benji know about pesticides?*

Benji is halfway into the cab, glances back.

BENJI (CONT'D)
Come on. We need to go after them!

Leo hurries around to the driver's side. But Woodman just stands there in the headlights.

WOODMAN
No we don't.

CUT TO:

INT. CESSNA - NIGHT

Doll is hunched in the back of the cabin. She stares at Mary with a mix of anger and fear. She wants to fight but she also knows what her captor is capable of.

Mary smirks.

DOLL
What about the sneakers? I thought
that's what this was all about?

MARY
Oh, they'll be mine. But you were
more important.

DOLL
Me? I don't understand.

MARY

I found the body of my sister
today. She was crushed to death.
Nothing left but a pair of legs.
(beat)
And you're wearing her Converse.

Doll gulps.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / TRUCK - NIGHT

Benji jumps back down from the truck cab.

BENJI

(angry)
We have to look for Doll!

WOODMAN

She's gone. I mean you did just see
her fly away in an airplane, right?

LEO

He doesn't care about her because
we still have the Jordans.

WOODMAN

(shrugs)
I know, I'm a monster.

BENJI

So we just give up?!

WOODMAN

No. We deliver as promised.

BENJI

Doll saved your life! You and this
guy would be a matching set if
she'd left you to burn.
(to Leo)
And she saved your ass too! She
stuck her neck out for both of you.
Giving up on her now is not cool.

LEO

Whoa, I'm on your side, but what
can we possibly do?!

WOODMAN

Nothing. So we deliver the sneakers
and you make more money than you've
ever seen.

(MORE)

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

You really want to risk it all to go after the girl? She was a complete stranger a few hours ago.

BENJI

Yeah, well, we've been through some shit since then.

Those words resonate with everyone.

Benji reaches into the truck and grabs Doll's backpack. He tosses it onto the highway in front of Woodman.

BENJI (CONT'D)

Here, take the sneakers. But I'm taking the truck and I'm going that way to find Doll.

(points after the plane)
West.

WOODMAN

That's East.

LEO

C'mon. We're wasting time.

Leo and Benji climb into the truck.

As it begins to pull away, Woodman sighs.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Leo is driving, Benji rides shotgun. The passenger door opens and Woodman squeezes into the cab.

Benji shifts over to give him room. Nobody says a word.

CUT TO:

INT. CESSNA - NIGHT

Doll is unlacing the red sneakers. Mary watches.

DOLL

I had no part in what happened to her! It was the twister.

MARY

Someone has to pay and your footwear tells me it's you.

Doll tosses her the Converse.

DOLL
 I lost my family too, you know?
 You're not the only one hurting.

Mary strokes her dead sister's sneakers.

MARY
 (almost human)
 She was my *twin*.

DOLL
 I'm sorry for your loss but it
 wasn't my fault!

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!!!

ALARMS fill the cockpit. Oblivious to their conversation,
 Garland barks over his shoulder.

GARLAND
 Strap in!

MARY
 What's wrong?

GARLAND
 We're losing hydraulic fluid.
 (beat)
 We're going down.

Mary straps herself into the co-pilot seat. She looks back at
 Doll with a deranged grin.

Doll adopts a crash position. Accepts her fate a second time.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The Cessna roars overhead, barely clears the trees. It's
 losing altitude fast...

CUT TO BLACK:

INT./EXT. CESSNA (CRASHED) - NIGHT

Doll's eyes slowly open and she feels blood on her forehead.
 Recalling where she is, adrenaline jolts through her body.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Doll is trapped inside the broken remains
 of the Cessna. It's wedged in a cluster of trees, wings shorn
 off, mangled engine smoking.

In the cockpit, Garland is slumped over, dead. His lifeless eyes stare back at her.

In the co-pilot seat, Mary appears dead too. Doll tentatively reaches over the seat, puts a finger on her neck.

Mary twitches, startling Doll.

Seizing her chance, Doll steals back the red Converse and squirms her way out of the wreckage.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Doll surveys her surroundings but it looks the same in every direction. Dense trees and darkness. She quickly laces her shoes and runs as fast as she can.

In the background, a small EXPLOSION.

Doll keeps running...

INT. TRUCK (MOVING)

Leo, Woodman, and Benji ride in silence. Until...

WOODMAN

If we had the tail number, we could find an airfield, get someone to look up the registration, maybe get a landing location...

BENJI

N0711

WOODMAN

There's nothing between your ears except THC and The Grateful Dead, but you remember a tail number?

BENJI

At first I read it as "No 7-Eleven" and then it got me thinking how much I love 7-Eleven.

LEO

All the shooting and the gassing and *that's* what you were thinking about?

BENJI

(shrugs)

The mind goes where the mind goes.

In the distance, a small FLASH OF LIGHT.

Something burns in the trees.

LEO

(grim)

I sure hope that's not an airplane.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST / GAS STATION - NIGHT

Doll emerges from the treeline and spies a lone 24-hour GAS STATION half a mile away, like a beacon in the night.

She hears movement in the woods behind her.

With a gasp, Doll starts running for the gas station.

INT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

A BELL tinkles as Doll bursts into the gas station's small convenience store. There's nobody around.

DOLL

Hello? I need help. Is there anybody there?

Inside a bulletproof kiosk, a craggy-faced ATTENDANT (40s) pops into view, startling Doll.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Fudge! You scared me! Quickly, do you have a phone? We need to call the cops!

The Attendant's head tilts, like a puppy, as he stares.

ATTENDANT

Would you like a lollipop?

Doll's crestfallen -- this guy must be developmentally-challenged.

Doll hurries back to the doors, fumbles with a lock at the top and the bottom. She peers outside.

DOLL'S POV -- Mary limps along the road in the moonlight, shotgun hanging at her side.

BACK TO SCENE:

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
No phone. Only lollipops.

Doll slides over a rack of junk food, barricades the door.

DOLL
(exasperated)
All the gas stations in the world...

She glances back at the kiosk. It's empty. The door at the side of the bulletproof glass is open.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Here. For you.

This time Doll jumps with fright. She looks down to see the Attendant standing right next to her, holding a LOLLIPOP.

He's barely 3ft-tall. A little person.

DOLL
Christ on a bike, you did it again!

BANG, BANG, BANG!

Mary's fist bangs on the front door, her terrifying face pressed against the glass.

MARY
You couldn't shake me for two
hundred miles. What makes you think
you can lose me now?

The pint-sized Attendant grabs Doll's hand, pulls her towards the sanctuary of the bulletproof kiosk.

ATTENDANT
Come. Safe with Petey.

Mary steps back to shoot the door lock, but she's out of shells. She curses, uses the butt of her gun to smash out the lower door glass.

Doll follows the Attendant (PETEY), into the kiosk. He locks them inside.

Mary bashes the shelving unit away, and ducks through the shattered lower window *into* the gas station. She strolls up to the kiosk, stares at Doll through the inch-thick glass.

DOLL
I didn't kill your sister. I never
killed anything! I use a glass to
trap spiders!

MARY

The Jordans. What was the plan?
Ebay? Craig's List?

Petey slides something into the cash slot.

PETEY

Lollipop?

Mary sneers at him, turns her attention back to Doll.

MARY

I'll ask one more time. What were
you going to do with the shoes?

DOLL

There's a guy in Denver. Calls
himself the Wizard. He was going to
pay me to deliver them.

Mary reacts to the name.

MARY

(incredulous)
You talked to the Wizard? *You?*
WHERE IS HE?

DOLL

Denver. I swear that's all I know.

Mary shifts her attention back to Petey.

MARY

Hey, Stuart Little, that your
shitbox parked out back?

PETEY

Petey's car.

MARY

Well, Petey, you slide me the keys
and maybe I won't torch this place
with you and missy here in it.

Petey gulps, drops the keys in the slot.

MARY (CONT'D)

(to Doll)
Be seein' you.

Mary snatches the keys and disappears the way she came in.
Moments later, an engine starts up and she speeds away.

PETEY

Lollipop always make things better.

DOLL

Sure. Why not?

Overwhelmed with relief, Doll reaches for the lollipop in the cash slot. She begins sucking on it as she emerges from the booth and looks out the front windows.

DOLL'S POV -- Mary's taillights fading in the distance. Suddenly though, Doll is seeing two sets of red lights.

BACK TO SCENE:

Doll is unsteady on her feet, woozy... She pulls the lollipop out of her mouth, stares at it.

Petey emerges from the kiosk, a malevolent grin on his face. This mentally-slow and cute little guy is anything but.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Petey, you wicked motherfu--

Her eyes roll back in her head and she collapses.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST / DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The truck sits parked at the edge of the forest. A 1/4 mile away, smoke rises above the trees...

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Woodman leads the way with a FLASHLIGHT. Benji, who's carrying the backpack, and Leo are close behind.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT

The smoldering, smoking carcass of the Cessna.

Leo points to bullet holes in the tail of the plane.

LEO

That's your handiwork. You brought it down!

WOODMAN

Then maybe I spared your friend from getting tortured.

In the cockpit, Garland's charred corpse is visible.

BENJI

But I only see one body and that
ain't Doll.

WOODMAN

Two people survived.

He points to two sets of FOOTPRINTS in the mud.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

And they went South.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Doll wakes up to find herself tied to an office chair. She jolts with fear but there's no sign of Petey.

Then a backroom door opens and a little arm slides a BOOMBOX into view, hits PLAY...

The ukulele intro to *Somewhere Over The Rainbow* by Israel Kamakawiwo'ole fills the room. Stranger still...

Petey appears in tiger print underpants and sunglasses. He starts dancing to the music, skipping around the aisles of snacks and soda.

DOLL

(snickers)

Oh my God.

Petey slides and glides around the room, a little one-man private performance.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Put your little clothes back on!

Sporting that evil little grin again, Petey leaps onto Doll's lap and begins fumbling with the buttons of her uniform.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Aw hell no. Get off me, you tiny-ass perv!

PETEY

Kisses for Petey.

DOLL

Ewww. Absolutely not!

As he leans forward, Doll clamps her teeth down on Petey's itty-bitty nose. He SCREAMS. As he struggles to get free, the office chair starts spinning, crashing into displays...

BOOM!

The front doors are kicked open and Doll's friends appear. The stoner, the muscle, and the cowardly trucker.

WOODMAN

What. The. Fuck?

Doll releases Petey's nose and he tumbles back, his face a bloody mess. Woodman swings the shotgun around but Petey disappears into another aisle lightning fast...

Leo quickly unties Doll. Benji turns off the Boombox.

DOLL

Where is he?!?

More scurrying... Woodman spins, blows away a stack of chips.

WOODMAN

Damn. He's fast.

BENJI

Little dude moves like Chucky.

Woodman spins, fires again...

DOLL

Don't let him get back in the--

Too late. The kiosk door slams shut. Petey is safely inside.

WOODMAN

(angry)

Oompa-loompa motherfucker.

MINUTES LATER

Woodman and Leo push an ice cream chest in front of the kiosk door, trapping Petey inside.

We hear the *HISS* of a paint can. Pull back to REVEAL Benji has sprayed "RAPEY MIDGET" on the kiosk glass with an arrow pointed downwards (where Petey is hiding).

DOLL

(points)

Dude, you can't say that word.

Benji crosses out "MIDGET," changes it to "RAPEY MUNCHKIN."

As the foursome exit, Doll pulls a lever plunging the entire gas station into darkness. Petey's gonna be there a while.

EXT. GAS STATION / TRUCK - NIGHT

Leo helps Doll climb into the truck cab.

LEO

You okay?

DOLL

Let's just get to Denver before
this trip gets any weirder.

Benji rips open a bag of stolen Cheetos. Has second thoughts.

BENJI

Crap, you think he laced everything?

Woodman smacks them out of his hands, climbs into the truck.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRUCK - NEXT MORNING

Doll wakes up under a blanket on the "bed."

LEO

Morning. How do you feel?

DOLL

After a twister, two shootouts, a
plane crash, and nearly getting
molested by a hairless Ewok, pretty
good I guess.

Upfront, Woodman is driving and Benji rides shotgun. They're bickering like a married couple.

LEO

They've been going at it all night.

DOLL

Where are we?

LEO

Twenty miles from Denver.

Doll looks out the window, at the beauty of the morning sun.

DOLL

Last thing Mary said was "I'll be seeing you." Maybe it's time to make a deal. I don't want anyone else to get hurt--

The truck suddenly swerves as Woodman pulls onto the shoulder and slows to a stop. Doll frowns.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Why are we stopping?

Woodman turns around in the driver's seat, points to the backpack holding the Jordans.

WOODMAN

(angry)

So what do you want to do, you want to give them back? After all this? You want to throw in the towel and give them back?

DOLL

Maybe. I don't know.

WOODMAN

There is no deal to be made with Mary. Once you hand over those sneakers, she'll kill you and move onto her next contract. Or you could turn them over to the cops. They'll auction them off and spend the money on GI Joe cosplay.

DOLL

But what about the people who died? That's on me.

WOODMAN

A trigger-happy cop? A pilot who helped Mary dive-bomb us? Racist bikers in monkey suits? Mary kills people wherever she goes, kid. You're not to blame for any of this. You just got caught in it.

Doll digests all he's said. She looks at each of her three new friends.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

What's done is done. Let's find out where the Wizard lives and get this over with.

(re: Leo)

(MORE)

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

Then the Human Torch over there can
buy a new face.

Leo scowls.

LEO

Such an asshole.

WOODMAN

(re: Benji)

Puff The Magic Dragon can buy all
the bongos he wants.

BENJI

Prick.

WOODMAN

(to Doll)

And you can do whatever the fuck it
is that you wanna do.

DOLL

I want another dog. And I want to
travel all over the world with him.

Woodman points out the window. Doll discovers he's pulled
over next to a PAY PHONE.

WOODMAN

Then make the call. Let's finish
this nightmare.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY (DENVER) - DAY

A small car (Petey's) speeds past a sign for Centennial
Airport, on the outskirts of Denver.

EXT. CENTENNIAL AIRPORT - DAY

A small airport for single-engine planes and private jets.

The car parks near a Gulfstream and Mary gets out. A man in
tactical gear, MERC LEADER (40s), appears.

MARY

How many?

MERC LEADER

Six including me. Full gear.

MARY
Transportation?

MERC LEADER
Exactly what you requested.

MARY
Good. Soon as we get an address, we
go in hot.

MERC LEADER
What's the target?

MARY
One of the biggest prizes the West
has to offer: The Wizard.

MERC LEADER
No shit?

She nods.

MERC LEADER (CONT'D)
The Jordans still in play?

MARY
Get me the Wizard's hard drives,
you can keep the stupid sneakers.

CUT TO:

VARIOUS EXT. SHOTS -- TRUCK (MOVING)

The 18-wheeler passes downtown Denver and keeps heading West,
towards the mountains.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Leo looks nauseous, rolls down the window.

BENJI
It's the phosphate. Nasty stuff,
but you'll be okay.

WOODMAN
There you go again. How do you know
what phosphate is? You some kinda
half-idiot half-genius?

BENJI
I have two degrees. One in chemistry,
one in botany. How about you?

WOODMAN
 (changes the subject)
 Where is this place?

DOLL
 The Wizard said to look North after
 the nine thousand foot marker.

WOODMAN
 And we passed it five minutes ago.

They all scan the landscape. Just dense forest on both sides.

LEO
 I haven't seen a house or driveway
 for miles.

BENJI
 (points)
 There!!!

DOLL
 Wow. Look at that!

DOLL'S POV -- in the distance, a narrow driveway becomes
 visible, winding upwards to a small peak.

The driveway SPARKLES with sunlight.

EXT. FRONT GATE - WIZARD'S ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

A large ornate gate swings open and the truck turns onto the
 sparkling golden driveway.

The views are spectacular. Eventually, the forest becomes a
 landscaped garden and then, at the summit...

A billionaire's mansion.

Modern, high-tech, but organic in design.

EXT. WIZARD'S HOUSE - DAY

The four travelers exit the truck and take in the sight of
 the Wizard's sprawling luxury compound.

Woodman kneels down to examine the surface of the driveway.
It's beautiful cobblestone, with brass bullets embedded in
 some of the stones.

DOLL
 Well that's a design statement.

WOODMAN

Heavy don't fuck with me vibes.

LEO

Maybe I'll wait in the truck--

CLUNK!!!

The front door, a giant slab of frosted emerald, swings open.

WIZARD (V.O.)

(booming voice)

Welcome.

With trepidation, our weary travelers venture into the house.

INT. WIZARD'S HOUSE - DAY

A bridge crosses a Zen garden half-inside/half-outside the home. On the other side of the bridge, there's a lobby with concrete walls, a large door, and a line across the floor.

In the center of the main wall, a tiny camera lens.

WIZARD (V.O.)

Please stand right on the line and
remain still.

Leo glances at Doll -- should I be worried? Doll shrugs.

A split-second later, the walls are covered in electronic images of the four people in the room. Photos, social media posts, DMV records, etc. Everything flashes past in a blur.

BENJI

Hey, that's us!

DOLL

Did I just see my prom photo? God,
I hated that dress.

WOODMAN

He's paying three million dollars,
only makes sense he wants to
confirm our identities.

WIZARD (V.O.)

The sneakers?

Doll opens the backpack, holds up the Jordans.

WIZARD (V.O.)
Excellent. Please place the bag on
the table in front of you.

Behind the foursome, a hidden panel in the wall opens up.

It REVEALS -- FOUR SMALL DUFFLE-BAGS.

WIZARD (V.O.)
With all you've gone through, I
decided to give you a million
dollar bonus. Please take the bags
with my gratitude. Goodbye.

Woodman doesn't hesitate. He snatches up a bag.

Doll turns back to the camera.

DOLL
That's it?

Silence.

DOLL (CONT'D)
Aw, hell no.

The table with the Jordans begins to lower into the floor.
Doll quickly snatches the backpack and stands defiantly in
front of the camera.

WOODMAN
What the fuck are you doing?!

DOLL
I want to meet the Wizard.
(to camera)
I want to meet you.

WIZARD (V.O.)
Please take your payment and leave.

DOLL
No. We drove all this way, I got
shot at, kidnapped, I was in a
plane crash...! Least you could do
is show some common courtesy and
meet face-to-face.

WOODMAN
You're crazier than I thought. I'm
out of here.

Woodman turns to leave, only to find the exit is sealed.

DOLL

(to Woodman)

Come on, admit it, you want to meet him too. You've been practically gushing about the guy since you jumped out of that trunk.

WOODMAN

If this ends with me empty-handed, you're leaving in a bodybag.

LEO

This *is* crazy, Doll. You know I don't care about the money but this Wizard guy could probably make us disappear if he wanted.

DOLL

(to Benji)

What about you?

BENJI

I do kinda wanna see what he looks like--

CLICK-CLICK-KACHUNK

The four travelers watch with bated breath as the main door swings open...

WOODMAN

Good going, waitress. You're finally gonna get us all killed.

A pale and SKINNY MAN (30s) appears. A young Steve Buscemi type. His hair is disheveled, his bathrobe screams agoraphobic gamer, and he's munching on a bowl of cereal.

SKINNY MAN

(casual)

Hey. What's up?

WOODMAN

Who the fuck are you? The butler?

The Skinny Man speaks into a smartphone and his (digitally-enhanced) voice booms throughout the house...

SKINNY MAN

I'm the Wizard.

WOODMAN

Bullshit.

WIZARD

Nice to meet you too.

The Wizard, turns to Doll.

WIZARD (CONT'D)

I'll be leaving soon but you're welcome to come inside. I apologize if I came off as rude earlier. Normally my staff would have dealt with you but they evacuated already.

Woodman and Doll trade a look: *evacuated?*

WIZARD (CONT'D)

Come. Follow me.

He walks deeper into the house. With a shrug, Doll follows and the others trail behind.

INT. WIZARD'S HOUSE - "THRONE ROOM" - DAY

This is the kind of room any computer geek would trade a limb for. The Wizard's "Throne" sits at the center of the fastest, most sophisticated computer setup a civilian could own.

DOLL

I don't understand. The way everyone talks about you. I was expecting someone more mobster-ish. Or a scary Russian guy. But you're a computer nerd.

WIZARD

I'm a computer *wizard*.

Woodman notices a couple of packed bags.

WOODMAN

Vacation?

WIZARD

Something more permanent. I'm leaving the West. Retiring.

WOODMAN

Can you even do that?

WIZARD

With those Jordans I can.

He packs items from his desk into a satchel. Papers, CDs, USB drives...

DOLL

No offense, but how did someone like you end up helping to run a criminal empire?

The Wizard sweeps his arms around the room.

WIZARD

(re: house)

All of this belonged to Roscoe Meyer, one of the founders of the West syndicate. He recruited me right out of college to shift his business from the analog age to digital. As he grew older and sicker, Meyer withdrew from the world and had me run *everything* from here. The West saw its revenue grow exponentially so nobody questioned anything. When Meyer died in his sleep, I made everyone believe he was still alive, in seclusion, calling all the shots. In reality, I just kept doing what Meyer had been doing and the West knew all along. They didn't care.

WOODMAN

If you're splitting--

WIZARD

Retiring.

WOODMAN

...Why did you need the sneakers?

WIZARD

I made a deal with a foreign Head of State. He's giving me a new identity and full citizenship. In return, he asked me to find the Jordans for his collection.

DOLL

Citizenship for a pair of old sneakers?

WIZARD

Those old sneakers are RS Ones. The first pair Michael Jordan ever wore in the NBA.

BENJI
 (realizing what RS means)
 Rookie Season! Argh?!

WIZARD
 Now if you'll excuse me, my ride is
 waiting on the roof.

The Wizard grabs his bags and walks past them, out the door.

WIZARD (CONT'D)
 Feel free to take anything you see.
 Consider it a bonus. But make sure
 you're clear of here before noon.

WOODMAN
 Earlier... you said evacuate.

The Wizard hits a wall button and an ELEVATOR slides open.

WIZARD
 Yeah. You should get clear of the
 whole mountain. Bye now.

Doll quickly steps inside the elevator. The others follow
 suit. The Wizard shrugs, doesn't care.

WOODMAN
 What happens at noon?

WIZARD
 I'm burning this mother down.

The doors slide closed.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

The elevator opens up to a roof deck where a SMALL HELICOPTER
 sits on a helipad.

WIZARD
 It's only a two-seater or I'd offer
 you a ride.

The Wizard stuffs his bags behind the pilot seat.

WOODMAN
 Fuck them. Take me.

WIZARD
 Okay--

Doll looks stung.

DOLL

Wait, what?!? So that's it? Just like that you're outta here.

WOODMAN

It's been real, kid. Good luck.

Benji sticks his hand out. Woodman shakes it.

BENJI

So long, asshole.

WOODMAN

Take it easy, shit for brains.

He fist-bumps Leo.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

Watch out for yourself, handsome.

LEO

You too, dickhead.

The Wizard fires up the engine, the rotors start turning.

Woodman holds out his hand for Doll to shake. She surprises him with a hug.

DOLL

Thank you. For protecting us.

Woodman looks taken aback by the show of affection. We get the sense he hasn't been hugged in a decade. Maybe two.

WIZARD (O.S.)

Let's go.

Woodman hesitates. Then he climbs into the co-pilot seat. The Wizard leans out of his open door to Doll...

WIZARD (CONT'D)

Thanks again! And I mean it, take anything you want on your way out! There's a Warhol in the shitter.

He pulls the cockpit door closed.

Doll, Benji, and Leo watch the chopper take off. Benji waves.

DOLL

A million bucks is enough for me. You guys want to take anything?

BENJI
Maybe a sandwich.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

As the chopper banks away from the house, Woodman notices something, points...

WOODMAN
They yours?

The Wizard looks down to see two BLACK CHEVY SUBURBANS approaching the estate.

WIZARD
Not mine. And I can't risk anyone getting hold of my servers. Shame about your friends, but I gotta start the fireworks early.

He holds the chopper steady with one hand, operates a small tablet with the other.

Woodman watches the scene below, torn.

WOODMAN
There some way I can warn them?

WIZARD
Nothing you can do. Everyone down there will be toast.

WOODMAN
Delay it. Give 'em a chance.

WIZARD
Maybe you weren't listening. I'm about to burn this place to the ground. This mountain's gonna look like the fucking Moon.

WOODMAN
Then put me back down.

WIZARD
Sorry, pal. No can do.

Woodman pulls a gun from nowhere.

WOODMAN
Maybe you weren't listening.

INT. WIZARD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Sure enough, Benji is making a sandwich. Doll grabs bottled water from the fridge.

BENJI

You ever notice sandwiches always taste better when someone else makes them?

LEO

I'm gonna check a couple things on the truck. Meet you outside.

Leo exits.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

The chopper hovers low enough for Woodman to jump out.

WIZARD

The garden show is about to start, but you'll have about ten minutes before the main house goes 'boom.'

The Wizard points to a BARN structure some 200 yards from the house, on a higher peak, surrounded by trees.

WIZARD (CONT'D)

If you need more guns, look under the stairs. Once you find your friends, make for that barn. I have a fear of wildfires so that's my emergency exit. What's inside will get you off the mountain.

Woodman sets a timer on his wristwatch -- *10 minutes...*

WOODMAN

Thanks.

WIZARD

(shrugs)

It's your funeral. Oh, and definitely don't be anywhere near the driveway once things get hot.

Woodman runs for the elevator. The chopper takes off again.

INT. SUBURBAN #1 - DAY

Riding shotgun, an MP5 across her lap, Mary looks up to see the chopper above the trees.

MARY
(to driver)
Faster.

INT. WIZARD'S HOUSE - DAY

Woodman steps out of the elevator, into the entrance hall.

WOODMAN
(calls out)
I'm home!

Spotting a door under the grand staircase, Woodman quickly moves to it and looks inside...

GUNS. LOTS OF GUNS. Woodman smiles.

Doll and Benji appear. Doll clutches a half-eaten sandwich. They're all shocked to see him.

DOLL
You came back?!

BENJI
(nervous)
Uh, what's with all the guns?

Woodman tosses Leo a rifle. He juggles it like a hot potato.

WOODMAN
Mary is outside and she brought friends. Figured I'd save your asses one more time.

DOLL
But how did she-- ?

Then it dawns on Doll. She looks down at the red sneakers.

WOODMAN
No. Again?

Doll slips them off. Checks inside. She holds up the Band-Aid sized tracker.

DOLL
My bad.

WOODMAN
Where's Black Freddy Krueger?

Realizing, Doll hurries to a window, peers outside. She can see Leo examining the damage to his truck.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)
Go get him. Fast.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

The SUVs race up the Wizard's driveway.

EXT. WIZARD'S HOUSE - FRONT

Doll hurries outside. Leo is in the cab.

Suddenly, sprinklers pop-up everywhere and begin to spray the foliage. Doll climbs onto the cab, startling Leo.

DOLL
Come on! We gotta go!

Leo looks up to see the approaching SUVs. The sprinklers are now blasting water everywhere, not only the foliage, but all over the driveway, the truck...

LEO
What the-- You smell that?

EXT. WIZARD'S HOUSE - FRONT

The two Suburbans slide to a stop. As the Mercs jump out, Mary stops, *sniffs* the air...

MARY
The sprinklers...

The spray is creating colorful RAINBOWS in the midday sun.

MERC LEADER
Who cares about a little water?

MARY
It's not water, you fool.
(beat)
It's gasoline.

A split-second later, the fireworks begin as the gas spraying out of the sprinkler system ignites.

All around the house, and all over the mountainside, FLAMES ERUPT and EVERYTHING STARTS TO BURN.

MARY (CONT'D)

Down!

Mary drops, rolls under the SUV. The other mercs follow suit as fire rains down around them.

One merc isn't fast enough. He's doused in burning fuel.

INT. TRUCK CAB

Doll barely closes the door as the fire ignites. The windshield is covered in flames.

Leo freaks the fuck out.

LEO

Anything but fire! I can't do fire!
We're gonna be burned alive!

DOLL

Only if we stay here!

Doll peers out the side window. Woodman beckons from a doorway, but it's 30ft away.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Back up!

Leo isn't listening.

Doll grabs Leo by the shirt and slaps him across the face.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Back up the fucking truck!

Leo snaps out of his panic.

INT. WIZARD'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Woodman and Benji watch, anxious, from the doorway.

BLAM! BLAM!

They duck back inside as Mary and the Mercs fire from beneath the burning Suburbans.

Woodman fires back, stares at the truck.

WOODMAN

Come on, get out of there...

The truck suddenly lurches backwards in reverse. Mary fires into the windshield but it doesn't stop.

Woodman grabs Benji, pulls him out of the way. The truck accelerates hard, reverses right through the front wall of the Wizard's house...

INT. WIZARD'S HOUSE - ENTRY HALL

Doll and Leo scramble out of the burning cab.

WOODMAN

This whole place's gonna blow!
Follow me!

EXT. WIZARD'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Mary's HIT SQUAD is still trapped under the SUVs, but with the inferno well underway, the gas-sprinklers shut off.

Instantly, Mary is on her feet, charging through the flames to the front door. The mercs follow.

CLOSE ON -- Burning fuel on the driveway cobbles... At 400F, bullets discharge... *BANG! BANG! BANG!*

Rounds begin exploding all over the driveway, shredding a couple of poor Mercs. Wrong place, wrong time.

INT. WIZARD'S HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - DAY

Mary studies the tracker on her smartphone. Signals the mercenaries to enter...

DINING ROOM

There, sitting in the middle of a 20ft banquet table, are those familiar red sneakers. Mary's face contorts in anger.

MERC #1 (O.S.)

Sir!!

The Merc Leader turns, see Merc #1 pointing out the window. Mary hurries over to see...

MARY'S POV --

Our four heroes running from the rear of the house.

MARY

Two of you search for zip drives,
hard drives, any digital data. The
rest of you can help me hunt those
little shits down.

EXT. WIZARD'S HOUSE - REAR

A pathway cuts through the burning gardens. The heat is unbearable, the smoke suffocating.

Woodman keeps a grip on Leo, keeps him moving.

WOODMAN

I got you.

As they move higher up the hill, towards the barn, they leave the fire and smoke behind.

LEO

(relieved)
Thank you.

WOODMAN

Oh, we ain't out of this yet. Not
by a long shot.

Bullets zip overhead. Woodman turns, fires a burst back down the pathway...

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

(to the others)
Keep moving!

More incoming gunfire. Heavier now. Woodman finds cover, scans the smoke for targets.

BLAM! BLAM!

Woodman drops two Mercs, runs to catch the others.

Leo glances over his shoulder to see a Merc aiming at Woodman. With flames growing at his feet, Leo courageously steps towards them and opens fire.

As the Merc is riddled with bullets, Woodman realizes Leo just saved his ass.

ZIP ZIP ZIP!

More incoming rounds.

Doll and Benji are hunkered down behind a stone wall. Woodman and Leo drop next to them.

WOODMAN

We gotta get to that barn!!

Woodman fires a burst to cover the others as they push further up the hill...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

After reloading, Woodman checks his watch -- *4 minutes, 37 seconds...*

ON MARY AND MERC LEADER

The flames are closing in on their position, but Woodman has them pinned down.

MERC LEADER

We're in a bad spot. We need to--!

PFFT! His head explodes.

Surrounded by fire, Mary empties an entire clip in response.

INT. BARN - DAY

Doll, Benji, and Leo burst inside.

Six harnesses hang from the ceiling. Each has two small tanks, an oxygen mask, and material attached to strings...

LEO

What the hell are those?!

Opening the door has automatically tripped something... The roof splits open like a missile bay.

DOLL

(grins)

Balloons.

BENJI

Groovy!

She helps Leo into a harness, snaps all the buckles. A bright red pull-handle hangs over his shoulder. It's stamped with "Emergency Evac."

Benji straps himself into another harness. Then he notices Doll isn't doing the same. She's focused on the door.

BENJI (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

DOLL

You go. I'll be right behind.

Benji is about to unstrap himself--

BENJI

Uh-uh, no way!

Doll pulls the release on Benji's harness...!

The balloon above him almost explodes as it inflates in seconds. Benji is yanked off his feet...

LEO

Don't pull mine--!

Too late.

Doll pulls the red handle on Leo's harness and he's pulled towards the sky...

LEO (CONT'D)

Aaahhh.

EXT. ESCAPE BARN - MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

Through the smoke, Benji's single-person hot air balloon, rises into the air. A beat later, Leo's balloon appears.

BACK ON WOODMAN

He empties another clip down the hill, slams in a fresh one.

Visibility is close-to zero as the raging fires and smoke intensify. But then Woodman spots something, crossing the path 10ft away...

It's Mary. She casts a shadow in the smoke and, for a fleeting second, her silhouette resembles a WITCH.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!!

Woodman drills the shadow with gunfire. A split-second later, Mary leaps out of the smoke and takes him to the ground.

They quickly jump to their feet, face-off.

WOODMAN

You got lucky last time.

MARY

If you hadn't jumped, I would have ended you. But that's okay, we can finish this now.

WOODMAN

Get some.

They slam together. Spinning, kicking, punching, gouging...

A cyclone of flesh and blood. All around them, the inferno grows, as if this final battle is unfolding in Hell.

Mary is outsized, but she's agile and gets plenty of vicious hits in. But when Woodman connects, she feels it.

Mary pulls a long, thin blade. Launches a new attack. Woodman counters but she cuts him a few times. Pissed, he unleashes devastating blows.

At the end of a brutal combo, Mary is swaying on her feet. Woodman grabs her, whispers in her ear...

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

Time for you to burn.

Woodman swings Mary and hurls her off the pathway, right into the thick of what is now a wildfire.

Exhausted, bleeding, he collapses... right into Doll's arms.

DOLL

Get your ass up. Come on.

Woodman checks his watch -- *45 seconds left.*

Doll pulls him towards the barn.

INT. ESCAPE BARN - DAY

Doll helps Woodman into his harness. Then she straps herself in. They both reach for the red release handle.

DOLL
 Together on three. One, two,
 three...!

With a deafening *WHOOSH*, both balloons inflate and their feet leave the ground--

Mary crashes through the barn doors and lunges at Doll. She manages to wrap her arms around her legs, slowing her ascent.

Without the extra weight, Woodman rises much faster, helpless to intervene...

Mary is a black and blistering nightmare, her flesh peeling off in strips.

Doll kicks and twists in her harness, desperate to shake her.

MARY
 (unhinged)
 I'M MELTING!!!

Doll manages to bring up her shotgun, presses the tip to Mary's bubbling forehead...

DOLL
 Get away from me, you witch!

BOOM!

Mary's headless corpse plummets back into the flames.

Unburdened by the extra weight, Doll ascends rapidly. She spots Woodman higher in the sky, signals she's okay.

As their balloons drift high over the Wizard's estate, explosions begin to rip through the house.

The fireworks show, especially from such a high altitude, is spectacular.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HICKORY'S DINER - DAY

A beautiful Fall day.

The same diner in rural Kansas, rebuilt to its former glory, only now it bears the name of Doll's ill-fated cook.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

Looking healthy and tanned, Doll is almost unrecognizable out of her waitress uniform. Like the first time we met her, she breathes onto the window, fogs it up. But this time she scrawls the word "asshole."

Approaching the entrance in a slick suit, Woodman spies her cheeky greeting.

INT. DINER - DINING ROOM

Doll sits in the same booth where Erickson died. She shares it with two familiar faces and a new one -- a Cairn Terrier.

Leo sits next to her, his facial scars far less visible than they were. He looks great.

Across from them is Benji. He's smartly dressed, far removed from the stoned hitchhiker we grew to love.

Woodman walks up to their table.

WOODMAN

Don't tell me you moved back here
and bought this place.

DOLL

Hey, there's no place like home.
(beat)
Just kidding. My friend's widow owns
it now. Me and my boy Reacher here
have been backpacking across Europe.

WOODMAN

You don't miss it, waiting tables?

DOLL

Like I miss gunfights and plane
crashes.

Woodman takes in the updated look of Leo and Benji.

WOODMAN

And check you two out.
(to Leo)
You really did get that face looked
at? I dig it. Can't make those
grilled cheese jokes anymore.

LEO

Um, thanks. I guess.

WOODMAN

I was a dick back then. I'm sorry.
You still trucking?

Leo points out the window at a huge new big-rig.

LEO

That's me, but I mostly do short-
runs these days. Girlfriend prefers
it that way.

DOLL

Girlfriend, huh? You kept that
quiet, you sly devil.

WOODMAN

Sure you don't want me to put a
couple of bullet holes in the new
rig, give her that lived-in look?

LEO

You even dream about scratching it
you better wake up and apologize.

Woodman turns his focus to Benji.

WOODMAN

And look at Willie Nelson over
here. That Seattle gig must be
treating you right. Let me guess:
professional hacky-sack player,
head shop...

BENJI

I have a marijuana farm.

WOODMAN

Of course you do.

DOLL

Come on, there's more to it than
that. Tell him.

BENJI

I grow strains that are low in
tetrahydrocannabinol and high in
cannabidiol, for sufferers of
Dravet Syndrome.

WOODMAN

I don't speak Pink Floyd. What does
that mean in American?

DOLL
He helps kids with epilepsy.

Woodman is taken aback, impressed. He high-fives Benji.

DOLL (CONT'D)
What about you? Still shooting
people, blowing up mountains?

WOODMAN
Eh, not so much. I took some time
off. Traveled a little, like you.

DOLL
So why get us all together again?
Just to catch up?

Woodman looks confused.

WOODMAN
What are you talking about? I
didn't set this up. You sent me
that message.

DOLL
I didn't send you a message.

Everyone looks at each other, perplexed. Then Doll's iPhone
rings. She answers it...

DOLL (CONT'D)
Hello?

As she listens, Doll's eyes go wide.

BENJI
Who is it?

She puts her phone on the table, activates the speaker...

WIZARD (V.O.)
I see you all made it! Wonderful.
So who's up for another adventure?

Doll locks eyes with Woodman. He grins.

THE END