

2 OZ.

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WGA registered

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

DOLL GAGE, 28, a natural beauty in an old waitress uniform stares out the window. The dining room behind her is empty.

Bored out of her mind, she fogs up the glass, writes "help."

MONTAGE: (DOLL PASSING THE TIME)

- Doll does yoga in the middle of the restaurant.
- She draws a cartoon on the chalkboard.
- 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 - LATER

Doll watches an ELDERLY COUPLE enjoying dinner in a booth. They're holding hands across the table.

DOLL

(sotto)

At least somebody's getting some.

Her cell phone buzzes. She checks the number.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Hello... Yes, speaking.

She frowns, walks to the back of the diner.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DINER

Out front, a black BMW M5 pulls into the lot, parks.

EXT. BMW - DAY

ERIKSON (Dutch 40s) climbs out of the car and limps towards the restaurant.

EXT. AUNT EM'S DINER - REAR - DAY

Between the backdoor of the diner and a 25' AIRSTREAM TRAILER, Doll paces on her cell phone...

DOLL

No, and I keep telling your office the same thing: there is nobody else. I'm all she had-- *How much?!?* 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 and wipes away a tear.

A half-mile away, above a small forest, some nasty STORM CLOUDS are gathering.

HICKORY (O.S.)

You got a live one. Table five.

The 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 Bud--
(notices the tears)
Hey, you okay?

DOLL

Yeah, I'm fine. But we might have to charge \$87,000 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 place.

Hickory wraps a comforting arm around her.

HICKORY

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

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

DOLL

Those clouds look normal to you?

HICKORY

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

He turns to go back inside.

HICKORY (CONT'D)

Come on, table five--

Doll takes one last look at the sky and follows him inside.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

A row of booths and large windows line the front wall. The
ELDERLY COUPLE occupy a table near the entrance and Erikson
sits alone at another.

Doll walks out of the kitchen carrying a steak dinner and
approaches Erickson's booth.

She notices a BLACK BRIEFCASE on the seat 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. It's just been a long day.

DOLL

But you're driving.

ERIKSON

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

How is it?

ERIKSON

Divine.

*

Doll returns to his table. Puts down the beer.

DOLL

They say it's the best for fifty miles.

*

ERIKSON

Sure would be tough to beat.

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

ERIKSON (CONT'D)

Business is slow, huh? 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 BMW outside.

DOLL

That an 'M series?

ERIKSON

V8 twin-turbo. 560 horsepower.

DOLL

Fast I bet.

ERIKSON

Like shit off a shovel.

Doll snickers at that.

DOLL

Haven't heard that one before. So where you coming from?

*

ERIKSON

Kansas City.

DOLL

Business?

ERIKSON

Sort of. Way too boring to talk about though. What about you, you worked here long?

DOLL

All my life.

ERIKSON

No kidding. You must meet some interesting people.

DOLL

Not really. Most of my customers are locals. All they talk about is God, farming, and how much they hate Democrats.

*

ERIKSON

You don't fit in?

DOLL

I voted for Obama, I read Hitchens, listen to Radiohead, eat kale, make my own kombucha, practice yoga... Some people are born in the wrong body, I was born in the wrong place.

ERIKSON

So leave. Go live in the big city. 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)
But there's eleven bucks in there.
And I didn't empty it yesterday--

Only now does Doll notice the BLOODY STOMACH WOUND Erikson is hiding beneath his jacket.

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

He looks down, realizes how bad it looks. Doll stands.

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.

Something outside catches Doll's attention: another car
turning off the highway, into the parking lot.

A BLOOD-RED PORSCHE.

Erikson sees it too...

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

He slides the BRIEFCASE across the table.

ERIKSON (CONT'D)
Listen to me. Take this, slip out
the back. Get as far away from
here as possible.

DOLL
Why would I do that?

ERIKSON

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

EXT. DINER - BACK DOOR

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

INT. 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.

DOLL

(re: briefcase)
What's inside?

ERIKSON

The Silver Shoes. Diamonds. Two of the biggest in the world.
(beat)
Consider them a tip.

*

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 gift--

Erikson opens the briefcase. While Doll stares at the contents in awe, he keeps his eye on the Porsche.

ERIKSON

No gift. They each weigh an ounce. That's 142 carats a piece.

DOLL *
Stolen? *

ERIKSON *
Retrieved is a better word. *
Liberated even. Those rocks *
haven't had a legitimate owner *
since the 18th century. *

DOLL *
They must be worth-- *

ERIKSON *
Millions. Many millions. *
(re: Porsche)
That's why she's here. *

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--

Erikson pulls her back, shakes his head.

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

DOLL'S P.O.V.

A tall dark WOMAN in a trenchcoat and BLOOD-RED SNEAKERS exits the Porsche and strides towards the diner. She smiles as she passes the elderly couple.

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

Doll cups her mouth in horror.

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

Outside, the Woman continues towards the front door. Erikson spins Doll around, gets right in her face...

ERIKSON (CONT'D)
Go. NOW!

EXT. DINER - BACK DOOR - DAY

Hickory's jaw drops at the sight of 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 inside...

INT. DINER - DINING ROOM / KITCHEN - DAY

Clutching the briefcase, Doll leans under the service counter, fumbles a sawn-off SHOTGUN. She doesn't look comfortable holding it.

As she walks into the kitchen, Hickory enters in a panic...

HICKORY

Twister!!!

DOLL

No--

HICKORY

It's coming through the woods.
Right at us.

DOLL

The cooler!

Doll hurries to the walk-in fridge, pulls the door open. Hickory eyes go wide when he notices the GUN in her hand.

HICKORY

Why do you have that? I've never
even seen you touch--

*

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

*

INT. WALK-IN FRIDGE - SAME

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

DOLL

Help me with this!

INT. DINER - DINING ROOM

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

Thunder cracks outside, rain hammers the roof.

Val sits across from Erikson, puts her gun on the table. She grabs one of the beers, 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)

Ha, I knew I clipped you. You're already dead. How long you think?

ERIKSON

Was hoping to finish my steak.

A low RUMBLING NOISE begins.

VAL

Enough chit-chat. Where are the Shoes?

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)

(re: noise)

What the fuck *is* that?!?

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

Erikson laughs, relishes the mayhem. Rattled, Val scrambles out of the booth, just as the WINDOWS EXPLODE.

The HOWLING WIND is deafening.

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

INT. WALK-IN FRIDGE - SAME

The walk-in cooler is SHAKING LIKE CRAZY. Doll and Hickory brace themselves as best they can.

DOLL
I'm scared, Hick!

HICKORY
Me too, sweetheart.

A BANG on the door. Someone is trying to open it! But Doll has wedged the shelving unit under the door handle.

Doll lunges to keep it secure. There's a tiny window in the door and Val is on the other side. They lock eyes.

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

DOLL
No. You don't understand--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Doll ducks as Val shoots out the small window.

Val presses her face to the shattered window and peers into the fridge. She looks unhinged.

VAL
LET ME IN!!!

An instant later, she shoves her gun right inside the cooler and 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 P.O.V. -- the room spins as the entire walk-in fridge is sucked into the sky. Val tries to hang onto the door, but she's 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

Food and debris everywhere. Bleeding from her forehead, Doll lies unconscious, her limbs entwined in a shelving unit. She slowly opens her eyes, then jolts awake:

DOLL
Hickory?!

He's sitting in the far corner, slumped over. Doll scrambles across dented cans, torn bags of flour, etc. Reaching Hickory, she gently sits him upright...

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

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

Doll falls back, devastated, tears in her eyes. 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 and the sun is out.

After some effort, Doll pushes the cooler door open.

We PULL BACK to discover this huge metal box is sitting on its side, in the middle of a field, wedged in the dirt.

Clutching the briefcase and shotgun, Doll jumps a couple of feet to the ground. She quickly sweeps the area with her shotgun, in case Val appears.

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

We recognize those blood-red sneakers.

DOLL
Gross.

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:

CLOSE ON -- THE RED SNEAKERS -- MINUTES LATER

Doll is wearing the sneakers as she crosses the field, back towards the diner.

EXT. DINER - DAY

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.

It looks like a war zone.

DOLL
Hell of a shift alright.

In the parking lot, the Cadillac has been flipped onto the BMW, and the Porsche lies on its own roof.

INT. DINER - SAME

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.

In the dining room, Doll finds Erikson's corpse still sitting in the booth. Grimacing, she fishes in his pocket for his BMW key fob. She finds it, presses 'unlock' -- *Whoop whoop*.

EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Erikson's BMW looks like it's been in battle. Dented, scratched, broken windows, etc.

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

Doll gets into the BMW. Seconds later, it roars to life and she backs up. A bit too fast...

The Cadillac tumbles off the roof.

INT. BMW - SAME

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

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

DOLL
(grumbles)
You suck AT&T...

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

Her life will never be the same. She floors the gas.

EXT. DINER / HIGHWAY - SAME

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

EXT. HIGHWAY - CORNFIELD - MINUTES LATER

The BMW 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.

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

MAX
You *do* see me, yeah?

DOLL
I'm looking right at you.

MAX
Phew! OK. 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.

MAX
That's it? Two hours? Wow. Could swear it's been at least one day.

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

MAX
 (thinks)
 Huh. Guess not.

Doll assesses his predicament.

MAX (CONT'D)
 Wild right? It came out of
 nowhere. All I could do was run.

Max circles the air with his finger.

MAX (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?

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

DOLL
 Unzip your jacket.

Max looks down, realizes...

MAX
 No? Really?

DOLL
 Yup.

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

DOLL (CONT'D)
 (winces)
 You break anything?

Max gingerly steps through the hedge, clearly his leg hurts.

MAX
 No, I'm fine. My mother's side of
 the family were all cat lovers so
 I'm a good lander.

Doll looks at him askew.

MAX (CONT'D)
I'm glad you came along!
(offers his hand)
Max.

DOLL
Doll.

They shake.

MAX
Any chance you can drop me at the
next town?

With two priceless diamonds in the car, Doll is apprehensive.

DOLL
I don't know--

MAX
Look you're the first car to come
by in a long time. I promise I'm
not an ax murderer.

Doll cracks a smile.

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

She notices a Radiohead patch on Max's backpack.

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

MAX
Great! Thanks!

Max hurries to grab his stuff.

DOLL
Is your phone working?

MAX
No, I have AT&T and it sucks balls.

Max returns to the BMW, clutching the backpack and his colorful bong.

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

MAX

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

DOLL

Once. In junior high.

He starts laughing, then realizes she's not joking.

MAX

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.

MAX

Did you just say "Doing weed?"

DOLL

Is that wrong?

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

INT. BMW (MOVING) - LATER

Doll is driving. She finishes telling Max her story.

DOLL

...When I woke up, everyone was dead. My friend Hickory bled out from a gut wound and she was crushed under the cooler.

MAX

So this is the psycho killer's car?

DOLL

No. The guy she was chasing.

Max opens the glovebox, pulls out a HUGE HANDGUN.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Told you it was complicated.

MAX

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

DOLL

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

MAX

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

DOLL

Diamonds.

Max frowns, not what he was expecting to hear.

DOLL (CONT'D)

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

Max glances over his shoulder at the BRIEFCASE.

DOLL (CONT'D)

It's a pair of diamonds. *Big*
diamonds and I'm going to deliver
them and get paid a lot of money.

MAX

You don't think they're stolen?

DOLL

Maybe. The truth is, I don't
really care. I was a straight A
student in school, worked my ass
off, then my aunt got sick and I
had to sell our house to pay her
medical bills. But I still owe
more than eighty-thousand. So
sure, I could turn the diamonds
over to the cops and end up with
nothing, or I can take them to
whoever wants them and get enough
money to start over.

He nods with empathy.

MAX

I can relate. I'm hitching because
I've been laid-off twice in six
months. Had to sell all my stuff to
make my student loan payments.

DOLL

Then why don't you come with me?
We'll find the buyer together and
we can split whatever we get paid.

MAX

For real?

DOLL

Why not? The guy who had the
diamonds said they're worth
millions and I don't need much.
I'm not looking to get rich, just
enough to rent a place while I look
for a new job.

MAX

You don't plan on coming back here?

DOLL

To the middle of Kansas? Hell no.
Everyone I loved is gone and my
restaurant is a pile of firewood.
There's nothing to come back to.

MAX

Can I see them? The diamonds.

DOLL

Sure. Go ahead.

Max reaches for the briefcase and opens it on his lap. The
diamonds gleam in the sunlight.

MAX

Oh man. They're massive!

DOLL

I didn't even know diamonds that
big existed.

MAX

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

DOLL

Nah. But even if they were, how
would they find us?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DINER - DAY

A black SUV, customized for the highway or combat, prowls its way through parking lot. It rolls past the wrecked diner, across the field, and stops 20ft from the walk-in cooler.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A woman climbs out of the SUV.

MARY CRAVEN (40s) is almost identical to her twin, Val, but a little scarier. She's using a smartphone app, a GPS tracker, and it's pointing at the overturned cooler.

MARY

Val!

She pockets her phone and 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 evolves into pure unadulterated anger as she spots FOOTPRINTS moving away from the cooler.

She marches to the SUV and unhooks a front-mounted 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 skull turned to mush, completely unrecognizable.

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.

Walking back to her vehicle, Mary turns it on. She 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 BMW growls down the highway.

A State Trooper races past in the opposite direction, lights flashing, siren wailing.

INT. BMW - DAY

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

DOLL

So where were you and Rose Byrne headed?

MAX

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 around the market--

THUD!

Doll reacts to the noise.

DOLL (CONT'D)

What the actual fuck was that?!

THUD!

MAX

Is that coming from the--?

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

Max SCREAMS. Doll SCREAMS.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

And the BMW begins swerving all over the highway.

INT. BMW - DAY

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

Doll fights to gain control of the car while a panicked Max fumbles with the handgun.

MAX
Did you know-- ?

DOLL
No!!

Woodman's boot breaks the back of Max's seat and he's slammed into the dashboard.

As Woodman's upper torso emerges from the trunk, into the backseat, we can see his mouth is sealed with duct-tape.

EXT. HIGHWAY / BMW - DAY

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

Doll and Max leap out. She awkwardly aims her shotgun at the windshield, he aims the pistol. Both are clearly unfamiliar with firearms and appear terrified.

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

MAX
Just point it and act tough!

They watch, stunned, as Woodman slides out of the BMW and drops to his knees on the side of the road. He ignores them as he begins to control his breathing and calm down.

DOLL
Who are you?

Max elbows her, gestures to his own mouth.

MAX
His mouth is taped shut.

DOLL
Take it off. I'll cover you.

MAX
You take it off!

DOLL
Please!

Max edges behind Woodman. Trembling, Doll keeps her gun aimed at him.

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

Woodman nods, mumbles something.

Max 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, turns to look. In that split-second, Woodman strikes. He spins, sweeps out their legs. Doll hits the dirt, Max is thrown against the BMW. His handgun slides under the car.

Woodman slips his handcuffs under his feet, so they're in front of him, and straddles Doll. He chokes her...

Dazed, Max struggles to stand. He can't find his gun so he reaches into the BMW...

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

SMASH!!!

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

Woodman recovers to find the barrel of Doll's shotgun pressed into his eye. Her face is flushed red, her eyes watering.

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.

DOLL

Get up.

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

DOLL (CONT'D)

So who are you?

WOODMAN

I retrieve things. Where's the Dutchman?

DOLL

He bought the windmill.

Max 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.

MAX

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)
(sotto)
Where the-- ?

Max points across a field.

MAX
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
(to Max)
Did she just say "fudge?"

MAX
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.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

Get me out of these and I'll give it to you.

DOLL

Can't you pick the lock? What kind of criminal are you?

WOODMAN

These aren't five dollar cuffs, little girl.

Doll studies him.

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

What are the first few digits?

WOODMAN

206-780.

MAX

(to Doll)

Is he right?

She nods.

WOODMAN

Payphone. Bolt-cutters.

DOLL

Give us a second.

Doll pulls Max aside.

DOLL (CONT'D)

What am I doing? This is nuts. Maybe I should just give him the case and go home.

MAX

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.

MAX
We could put him back in the trunk.

WOODMAN (O.S.)
And I ride in the backseat or the
deal's off.

Doll and Max glance back at Woodman from their huddle.

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

MAX
That's it!

DOLL
(confused)
That's what?

MAX
We make him chill.

Off Doll's wary look...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

The BMW is back on the highway. She's suffered a few more
bumps and bruises but she's still rolling strong.

INT. BMW - DUSK

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, Max 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
I think you're getting *me* high!
(coughs)
Is it working?

MAX
He looks pretty chill to me.

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

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

WOODMAN
Let's listen to some music.

MAX
Yup, he's chill alright.

EXT. HIGHWAY / BMW - DUSK

Smoke flowing out of the driver's window and MUSIC THUMPING, the M5 cruises down the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

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

We recognize the spot where Doll slid the M5 to a halt.

The SUV blows right past...

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

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

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

INT. BMW - NIGHT

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

WOODMAN

Check this out...

(demonstrates)

If you hold up a dime like this,
and you close one eye, you're
covering up a hundred thousand
galaxies. *Galaxies!* Just think
about that!

DOLL

(to Max)

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. Max whistles at Doll, points to it.

MAX

Five-Oh.

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

DOLL

(sotto; nervous)

Oh, Doll, 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.

Max hangs near the BMW, keeps his eye on the coffee shop.

MAX

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 VOICE crackles through the phone...

VOICE (V.O.)

Speak.

DOLL

(into phone)

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

VOICE (V.O.)

Animal, vegetable or mineral?

DOLL

Mineral. Two sparkly minerals.

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

WOODMAN

You get an address?

DOLL

(bewildered)

He hung up.

RING. RING.

Doll snatches up the payphone.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Hello?

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 fu--?

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

MALE VOICE

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.

Max sees Doll turning in circles.

MAX
What's wrong?

DOLL
He can see us!

Doll zeroes in on 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.

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.

Max gives her an encouraging thumbs-up.

WIZARD
Go West. Take I-70 to Denver.

DOLL
Denver?! That's over 300 miles!

MALE VOICE
I will make it worth the drive.

DOLL
How "worth it?"

WIZARD (V.O.)
I'll pay you 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

Yet he's in handcuffs and you're
holding a shotgun.

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. Max hurries over, concerned.

MAX

Aw, shit, what did he say? Is he
threatening to cut our heads off?

Doll turns, wipes her mouth with her sleeve, and grins.

DOLL

We each get a million.

Woodman arches his eyebrows.

MAX

For real though, what did he say?

DOLL

(to Max)

I'm not messing with you. A
million each.

WOODMAN

Or I kill you both and get three
million.

DOLL

Uh-uh. It's a million *per person*.
The Wizard wants us working
together. It's a "three is better
than one" kind of thing. Makes
sense if you think about it.

WOODMAN

He give you an address?

DOLL

(shakes her head)
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 ignores her. But as he opens the car door, Doll is suddenly right there and stops it with her hand.

DOLL (CONT'D)

You were just gonna take off?

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 lied about the city.

Woodman snarls.

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

A split-second later, Mary's SUV slams into the payphone.

Mary jumps out, opens fire with an assault weapon.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!!

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

Max hides behind the BMW, 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 10ft of open asphalt and Woodman shoulders the office door off its hinges.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!!

Woodman and Doll disappear inside.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Patrons are hunkered down but the local SHERIFF (40s) sprints outside to his cruiser. He looks excited as he opens the trunk, grabs an AR-15.

SHERIFF

Oo-rah.

INT. GAS STATION - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

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

With gunfire still roaring outside and rounds slicing through sheet metal, Woodman searches the workshop.

DOLL

Who is that?!

Ignoring her, Woodman holds up a HACKSAW.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Now?!?

WOODMAN

I'm gonna need two hands. Trust me.

(hands her the saw)

Cut.

Doll puts down her shotgun and frantically starts cutting the handcuff chain.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Max peeks around the BMW 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 and returns fire.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!!!

The Sheriff drops down next to Max, draws a firestorm of bullets towards the BMW.

MAX

This used to be a good hiding spot.

EXT. GAS STATION / BMW - NIGHT

The Sheriff fires a no-look volley then ejects his clip. He peers over at a terrified Max.

SHERIFF

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

Hiding behind her SUV, Mary eyes the gasoline pooling around the office and the workshop. She targets the concrete, right at the edge of the gas...

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 - NIGHT

Doll has barely cut halfway through the handcuff chain.

WOODMAN

Find another gear, waitress.

A BLINDING FLASH as a propane tank blows, blasting debris at Doll and Woodman. They both go down.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Mary edges out from behind her SUV and keeps the Sheriff pinned down with relentless fire.

INT. GAS STATION - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Doll shakes off the concussion from the blast. Lucky for her, Woodman took the brunt of it.

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. He's way too heavy.

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

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Behind the BMW, the Sheriff is out of ammo for the AR. He flinches from more incoming fire as he pulls his 9mm.

As Mary steps into the open...

The TOW-TRUCK blasts through the doors of the workshop.

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...

The Sheriff is up and moving, his sidearm trained on Mary as she writhes on the ground.

Leaving the inferno behind, Doll skids the tow-truck to a halt near the BMW. Clutching the briefcase, Max comes running and jumps into the passenger side.

The Sheriff locks eyes with Doll as the tow-truck speeds away, helpless to pursue them.

Woodman still swings on the back of the truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The tow-truck thunders down the highway.

INT. TOW-TRUCK - NIGHT

Doll and Max are coming down off the adrenaline high.

MAX
I might have peed a little.

DOLL
Did that really just happen?

MAX

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

DOLL

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

MAX

Is he dead?

DOLL

Who?

MAX

Woodman.

DOLL

Oh crap.

She slams on the brakes.

EXT. TOW-TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Doll and Max 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.

MAX

She's right, dude. You owe her.

WOODMAN

Fine, I won't kill you. 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 AT DOLL. She SQUEALS as he pins her against the side of the truck. Woodman is right in her face, and it looks like he might rip her head off...

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

With that, he walks away.

INT. TOW-TRUCK - LATER - NIGHT

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

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

MAX
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 finish an assignment. And she wants those rocks.

MAX
The East?

WOODMAN
You don't want to know.

DOLL
Did Mary happen to 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

From the knees up...

Doll holds up two fingers, an inch apart.

DOLL (CONT'D)

...She's this flat. So yeah,
pretty sure she's dead.

Max looks nauseous just thinking about it.

WOODMAN (V.O.)

That could be a problem.

DOLL (V.O.)

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 - NIGHT

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,
darling. Till the Feds and the TV
crews show up for breakfast.

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

(disbelief)

You were in Afghanistan? Where?

MARY

Kunar Province.

SHERIFF

Bullshit.

She peels back her shirt, revealing a tattoo above her breast. The Sheriff likes what he sees, all of it. Until he remembers what they were just talking about...

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

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 do some time. But you
did help a couple of real bad people
get away.

SHERIFF

I intervened in a shootout involving
unidentified individuals with
assault weapons. Ain't no dirt on
me, lady, that was a clean arrest.

MARY

Oh I agree. Let's hope the Feds
see it that way.

Sheriff frowns as he tries to read her. Mary smiles, backs away from the bars of her cell. His eyes travel up and down her body and she knows she's got him.

MARY (CONT'D)
You ever fuck one of your
prisoners, Sheriff?

SHERIFF
(chokes)
Say what?

Mary starts to undo the buttons of her pants.

MARY
You heard me.

SHERIFF
Hell no. I'm a married man.

Mary peels off her pants. The Sheriff soaks in her insanely-hot physique. He can't help himself.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Jesus wept. Put your clothes on!

MARY
If this is going to be my last
night on the outside for a while...

SHERIFF
What are you getting at?

Mary walks back towards him, whispers through the bars.

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

Mary removes her panties, tosses them at his stunned face.

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

She turns and struts to the far side of the cell. She leans against the wall, naked from the waist down, and her perfect ass calls to the Sheriff.

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.

As he crosses the cell, the Sheriff sheds his belt and pants in record time. Looking back over her shoulder, Mary gives him a seductive smile as she guides him into her.

The Sheriff cannot believe his luck as he thrusts into Mary. She leans back into him and turns, so he is against the wall and she's in front.

SHERIFF

How's that? Huh? You like that--

Mary snaps her head back, slamming the Sheriff's skull into the wall, destroying his nose.

She snaps her head back again...

And again...

And again...

The Sheriff's face is a bubbling, bloody mess. But he's still inside Mary, and she wraps an arm behind her, to keep him there. She pushes back into him and orgasms.

When she steps away, the faceless Sheriff crumples to the floor. He is unmistakably dead.

In no hurry to put her pants back on, Mary picks up the Sheriff's keys and walks bottomless into his office. She opens a weapons cabinet.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

It's late. The streets are empty.

Fully-clothed, Mary strolls out of the Sheriff's station carrying several guns and a gym bag. She throws them into the Sheriff's cruiser, slides behind the wheel.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

"The Roadhouse" is 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 (V.O.)
 Goddamnit! How could I be so
 stupid?

EXT./INT. TOW-TRUCK - NIGHT

An angry Woodman grabs the briefcase and slides out of the truck's cab. Alarmed, Doll and Max 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 Max watch as he uses a pocket knife to cut into the leather.

CLOSE ON -- THE CASE

Woodman peels back the leather to reveal a GPS transmitter. It's small and flat, like an electronic Band-Aid.

WOODMAN
 Son of a bitch. I should have
 checked earlier.

DOLL
 That's how she tracked us?

MAX
 Crush it, dude.

WOODMAN
 No. We can use this. Wait here.
 I'll be right 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.

MAX
 What are you doing?

DOLL
 Being less conspicuous. When's the
 last time you saw a waitress with a
 briefcase.

MAX

Maybe you were right earlier.
 Maybe we should just let him take
 the diamonds--

DOLL

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

MAX

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... *

MAX (CONT'D) *

(re: object) *
 Is that--? *

DOLL *

Yep. *

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

DOLL (CONT'D) *

Son of a--! *

Max double-takes. Doll holds up the briefcase. It's empty.

She takes off running. Max 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 rolls out of the way as Doll swings her
 empty shotgun like a baseball bat.

DOLL

You gave me your word!

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

WOODMAN

Whoa, 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 Max)
You think I was gonna run too?

MAX
Kinda. Yeah.

WOODMAN
No respect.

Woodman hands the diamonds 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 hotwire something and I don't need you two fucksticks standing behind me.

Shaking his head and laughing, Woodman walks away. Doll and Max watch him go...

DOLL
I bet he's a really shitty tipper.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

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

DOLL
Argh. He makes me so mad!

Max lights a joint. Takes a big toke on it.

DOLL (CONT'D)
Let me hit that.

Max is taken aback, but then he smiles.

DOLL (CONT'D)
After the day I've had, I could use some chill myself.

EXT. TOW-TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Max is sitting on the truck's hood.

Doll is boxing the night air. She's a little stoned.

DOLL

We've only known him a few hours and
he's such a dick. I just wanna--POW!
Right in his face!

Doll freezes...

DOLL (CONT'D)

Do you hear that?

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

Max curses, hurries after her.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Doll and Max creep between two pick-up trucks, until they can
get a good view of "the fight." It's really just...

One BLACK GUY getting beaten by four REDNECK BIKERS.

Doll turns to Max.

DOLL

Back me up.

MAX

Huh?! NO WAY! What happened to
being chill?

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 right at him.

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

GAS HEAD
You got balls pointing a shotgun at me, I'll give you that.

DOLL
I don't have balls.

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

GAS HEAD
Who's that? Your little sister?

MAX
I'm Patrick but--

GAS HEAD
Shut the fuck up.

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 LEON (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. By this point, she's most definitely stoned.

DOLL (CONT'D)
Pretty earrings.

A couple of Gas Head's henchmen snicker. Max 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 serious!
Your earrings are lovely. My
grandmother wore similar--

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

WOODMAN (O.S.)
Judas Priest, Sally Ann! What have
you 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! This is my
daughter and she just goes plum
crazy when she's off her meds.
We're on our way to see her doctor
in KC, to get her head right again.

Woodman notices the religious flavor of Gas Head's tattoos.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)
I can only imagine what she might
have said, and I promise you I'll
see she makes good with the Lord.

Woodman begins subtly backing Doll away.

GAS HEAD
What's wrong with her?

WOODMAN
(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 your retard daughter some help.

WOODMAN

You betcha! God bless!

GAS HEAD

(to the Rednecks)

Let's ride.

Gas Head kicks Leon as he steps over him and 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!

Leon spits out some blood.

LEON

I beg to differ.

WOODMAN

Well what do you know, it speaks!

Doll moves to help Leon, leaving Woodman exasperated.

MAX

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 Max...

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

Did you get her stoned?

MAX

Her idea.

DOLL

Narc!

WOODMAN

I left you idiots for five minutes!

Leon watches in bewilderment.

LEON

Are you people actually a family?

DOLL

Lord no.

(sweet smile)

I'm Doll. Hi. What's your name?

LEON

Leon. Thanks. For intervening I mean...

DOLL

What was that about?

LEON

I scared some barfly he was making out with. She said I looked like a black Freddy Krueger.

MAX

I could see that. If you had the hat and the sweater, yeah sure--

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

DOLL
You're bleeding!

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

Woodman's eyes light up.

LEON (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.

LEON
(realizing)
Whoa wait, I appreciate you helping me out but I can't--

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

DOLL
What is it?

A HIGHWAY PATROL CAR cruises slowly through the lot.

LEON
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.

Leon reacts in horror.

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

Leon stumbles, still dizzy...

DOLL (CONT'D)

Easy.

LEON

Just light-headed is all...

Leon'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 Leon'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

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 little bit-- You had that this
whole time?!

DOLL

You were being an asshole.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

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

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

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

LEON
You know how to drive one of these?

WOODMAN
Piece of cake.

Leon tosses Woodman the keys. He fumbles the catch.

Max suppresses a laugh. Woodman growls at him.

EXT. PARKING LOT / HIGHWAY - NIGHT

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 - NIGHT

Doll pours some bottled water onto a towel, tenderly cleans some of Leon's wounds. His eyes open.

DOLL
You passed out on us.

LEON
We're moving?!

He's 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.

LEON
I'm fine. I can drive.

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

DOLL
Doesn't it get lonely, living on
the road?

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

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

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

DOLL
 My God.

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 kill myself.

DOLL
 Can't you quit being a dick for
 five minutes? Leon's giving us a
 ride, I say we cut him in.

WOODMAN
 No. Way. Nope.

LEON
 "Cut me in?" Look, whatever trouble
 you're in, I don't want to get
 involved. Just pull over and drop me
 off. You can leave my truck in
 Denver somewhere--

Doll places the backpack on the table in front of Leon...

WOODMAN
 Dumb move.

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

Leon peers inside.

LEON
 Those are real? Goddamn, they must
 be worth millions!

Without taking his eyes off the road...

WOODMAN

A hundred and sixty million.

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

DOLL

That's quite a specific price-tag.

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?

WOODMAN

Indirectly. The Dutchman set up
the job.

LEON

Did you just say 'Wizard?!?'

MAX

Not a real one...
(quickly; to Doll)
Right?

Doll turns back to Leon.

DOLL

We're going to deliver these
diamonds, 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 through the countryside.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

She has her smartphone propped up on the dash, next to the police computer. It indicates the GPS target is now moving West on the interstate.

EXT. INTERSTATE 70 - NIGHT

The police cruiser guns it onto I-70.

INT. TRUCK - 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 - NIGHT

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.

LEON

Who is it?

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

MAX

We should get off the interstate,
take back roads.

*

WOODMAN

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

LEON

You said you weren't in trouble!

DOLL

There's a woman who's been chasing us. She wants the diamonds.

MAX

(re: Woodman)

She's his competition. Think The Terminator, only hot.

LEON

And she's coming after you?!

*

WOODMAN

Relax, Chicken Little. She's after the poor son-of-a-bitch I attached her GPS to.

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 - NIGHT

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. Sounds like there's a party inside.

EXT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

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 - NIGHT

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. PARLOR - NIGHT

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

Two are double-penetrating a PIG.

Another 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 some things. Been in six war zones, two prisons, one of 'em Turkish, and I've watched men fight, fuck, and die in every conceivable way all over the planet. But one thing I've never seen before: a grown man in a Monkey costume fucking a 200lb cat.

(to the Cat)

No offense.

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

GAS HEAD
You're not a 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 badge or you're
gonna pull that trigger, you better
turn around and walk out of here.

MARY
Or...?

GAS HEAD
We break you into pieces.

Mary nods as she chews on that.

Then she closes the sliding doors and hangs the AR-15 from
the handles, wrapping it tight to "lock" them.

MARY
I just got one request...

She turns back to see all four Monkeys ready to rumble.
Their female animal companions 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.

Beat.

MONKEY #2 (CONT'D)
Alright. 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, and dodges every attack, all while she punches, kicks, and twists limbs in return. After 30 seconds of Monkey's getting destroyed...

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 the barrel of 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.

Mary turns back to the Monkeys.

MARY

Move and I'll cut your tails off.
(to the Dog)
You too.

Mary slides back into the police cruiser. Flips the
headlights on, blinding the Monkeys.

INTERCUT:

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Leon glares at Doll. He's angry.

DOLL

We watched her get arrested. We
thought she'd be in a jail cell.

He notes how Doll comfortably holds her shotgun. *

LEON

Are you really just a waitress?
The way you hold that gun...

DOLL

Oh no. Well yes, it is mine, but I
hate guns! My aunt used to worry
about me working late at the
restaurant. I asked for a dog, she
bought me this instead. *

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

DOLL (CONT'D)

Came in handy tonight but at this
point it's just a memento.

LEON

I have a box of shells if you want.
Right behind the TV.

(MORE)

LEON (CONT'D)

(off her look)

I have a shotgun too. A friend
gave it to me when I started long-
hauls. Just in case, you know.

Doll finds the box of shotgun shells. She sits back on the
corner of the bed, loads both barrels, snaps them shut.

DOLL

Just in case.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Mary is rewinding the footage from the dash cam. She stops
the video from when she was about to pass the truck. The
license plate is visible.

Mary types the plate into the cruiser's MDT (mobile data
terminal). Within seconds, she has Leon's personal
information, including his phone number.

She pulls out her smartphone.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The truck barrels along a rural back road.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Leon feels his phone buzzing. He pulls it out, answers...

LEON

Hello?

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

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Mary copies GPS coordinates from her phone, pastes them into
a window of code on her tracking app.

It shows a 'dot' (the truck) moving on a small side road.

She almost *cackles*.

EXT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Mary walks back to the Monkeys.

MARY

If you boys can swallow your pride,
I have a proposition for you. I
need to catch that girl tonight and
anyone who helps me will be paid
twenty-five thousand dollars.

GAS HEAD

Each?

MARY

Each.

That changes everything.

GAS HEAD

Who are they?

MARY

Terrorists who aim to harm our
beautiful country.

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 man!

For a brief moment, Mary relishes the irony of their outfits.

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 calls to the Dog.

MARY (CONT'D)

You know a Frank Garland?

DOG

He's the hippopotamus.

MARY

Then bring me the fucking hippo.

The Dog bolts inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The truck thunders past acres of flat, featureless farmland.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Leon's cell phone rings again.

DOLL

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

LEON

(frowns; into phone)
Hello?

WIZARD (V.O.)

Put the waitress on.

Baffled, Leon offers the phone to Doll.

LEON

Uh... it's for you.

Doll takes the phone, holds it to her ear.

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 saw 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.

Doll calls up to Woodman.

DOLL
She's still coming!

Leon doesn't like the sound of that.

WIZARD (V.O.)
Shake her before you reach Denver. Or we won't speak again.

CLICK. The Wizard hangs up.

LEON
What did you get me into?

DOLL
I know you didn't ask for this. I'm 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
All the 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
Well it don't smell like poppies, I can tell you that.

Off Mary's devious smile...

CUT TO:

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 truck speeds across the landscape.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

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

DOLL
(into phone)
You guys see anything?

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

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

Max has his cell phone on speaker too.

MAX
Nothing.

WOODMAN
(over his shoulder)
Tell them not to stop. No matter what.

MAX
I see lights!

WOODMAN'S P.O.V. --

Four individual headlights appear in the dark.

WOODMAN
Those are bikes.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Doll sees the lights in the side mirror.

DOLL
It's gotta be her.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Woodman sizes up Max. The young hitchhiker looks nervous.

WOODMAN

Hit them before they hit you.
That's how you survive in my world.

MAX

I don't want to kill anyone.

WOODMAN

Then aim for the bikes and put them
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, their bike engines revving.

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

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Woodman and Max track Gas Head.

MAX

It's that racist biker guy. Do we
shoot him?

WOODMAN

Are they wearing monkey suits?!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / TRUCK - NIGHT

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

GAS HEAD

Pull over, boy!

Doll leans over Leon.

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 - NIGHT

Woodman pumps his shotgun, ejects the spent shell.

WOODMAN

Here we go then.

At the rear of the truck, the other three Monkeys pull weapons and start shooting.

As Max 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 Max.

WOODMAN

Great shot.

MAX

You have to be nicer to me now.

WOODMAN

Don't push it, kid.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Two bikes left. Monkey #3 drops back, Monkey #4 speeds up to pass the truck.

INT./EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

No time to reload before Monkey #4 passes, 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...

MAX (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 Max.

Woodman ducks just in time as the bike slams into the front of the trailer.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

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

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Max cowers as Monkey #3 rains blows upon him. Suddenly, Monkey #3 is yanked clear and Woodman gives him a taste of his own medicine.

Monkey #3 is a tough fighter, but Woodman is pissed. He delivers a brutal combo then kicks #3 right out of the truck.

Seconds later, the sound of a small airplane overhead...

WOODMAN
(to Max)
You hear that?

They approach the open mouth of the trailer and look up to see the Cessna essentially dive-bombing the truck...

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

KA-BOOM!

A shotgun blast tears a hole in the roof of the cab.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Doll and Leon duck as the Cessna swoops past.

They look up to see a gaping hole in the roof of the cab.

DOLL
That is definitely 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 - NIGHT

Doll presses against the windshield, searches for the plane.

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

WOODMAN (V.O.)
Got him! Coming in low again!

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

The Cessna matches the truck's speed of 75mph, hangs in the air right on its tail.

Woodman spots Mary sitting in the open door of the airplane, aiming her shotgun. He fires first.

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

WOODMAN
(to Max)
Get back!

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

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

INT. CESSNA - NIGHT

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

MARY
Circle around and hit them. Then
watch for my signal.

Mary shifts her body out the door and climbs down onto the landing struts.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

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

As he looks up, the airplane disappears overhead...

EXT. CESSNA / TRUCK - NIGHT

Mary leaps from the Cessna, SLAMS onto the roof of the truck. She barely stops herself from falling over the side...

INT. TRUCK - SAME

Max's voice comes through the speakerphone...

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

In shocked disbelief, Doll locks eyes with Leon.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Pissed, Woodman points his gun UPWARDS...

BOOM! BOOM!

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

WOODMAN
(to Max)
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?

MAX (INTO PHONE)
Yeah. Woodman too.

EXT. TRAILER (ROOF) - NIGHT

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

KA-BOOM!!!

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

But Mary is right there to kick 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 - NIGHT

Clutching her phone, Doll climbs halfway out the window to look back at the roof of the truck. 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 - NIGHT

Max 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.

MAX
 Are you kidding? This is
 awesome...

INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

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

MAX (V.O.)
 Best 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) - NIGHT

Blood splatters past frame as Woodman absorbs a nasty punch from Mary. In that instant, we're thrust right into this brutal battle.

They rain blows upon each other, flesh splits, bones fracture... and the 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.

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 is standing 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 clear, right off the truck!

INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

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 Leon begin to gag and rub at their eyes.

LEON

I can't see!!!

Leon 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 - NIGHT

Doll moves to get out...

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

LEON
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.

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

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

MAX
I don't know.

HOOOONNNKKKK! The truck's AIR HORN.

DOLL
Leon!

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

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

Doll runs around the front of the truck, finds Leon 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.

Max hurries around the corner, skids to a halt. Mary swings her gun onto him...

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

Max drops his shotgun.

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

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

DOLL
You have to promise you won't hurt
my friends!

Leon stirs behind her.

MARY
Forget your friends. Give me the
diamonds.

Mary trails off. She's spotted something down the road which hastens her exit.

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

Doll looks confused as Mary drags her to her feet. She forces her along the road, in front of the truck.

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

Max recovers the shotgun. Leon sits up, rubbing his neck.

MAX
What do we do?!

LEON
(points)
Ask him.

Max turns and sees the same thing that spooked Mary...

Woodman limping towards them. He looks like shit but he's functioning.

WOODMAN
Get in the goddamn truck!

EXT. CESSNA - NIGHT

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

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Leon has the gas pedal floored. Woodman rides shotgun, Max behind him.

Woodman raises his arm and Max slaps his gun into it, like a squire to a knight.

WOODMAN
Ram the plane.

LEON
Are you serious?

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

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

For the first time, Max really loses his cool.

MAX
RAM THE FUCKING PLANE!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD (TRUCK / CESSNA) - NIGHT

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

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Through the windshield the Cessna is tantalizingly close.

LEON
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 (TRUCK / CESSNA) - NIGHT

The Cessna leaps into the sky...

The truck slides to a halt...

Leon, Woodman and Max jump out, watch the plane fly away.

WOODMAN

Well done, boys, you lost your
little waitress.

Leon turns green and quickly steps away to vomit.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

Wow. That's a whole new level of
chicken-shitted-ness.

LEON

It's the pesticide!

Max hurries back to the truck.

MAX

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

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

Max is halfway into the cab, glances back.

MAX (CONT'D)

Come on. We need to go after them!

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

WOODMAN

No we don't.

INT. CESSNA (FLYING) - 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 diamonds? I thought
that's what this is 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 sneakers.

Doll gulps.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / TRUCK - NIGHT

Max drops back to the highway.

MAX

(angry)

What do you mean: "No we don't."
We have to look for Doll!

WOODMAN

She's gone. You saw her leave in
an airplane, right?

LEON

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

WOODMAN

(shrugs)

I know, I'm a monster.

MAX

So we just give up?!

WOODMAN

No. We deliver as promised.

MAX

Doll saved your life! You and this
guy would be a matching set if
she'd left you to burn.

(to Leon)

And she saved your ass too! She
stuck her neck out for both of you.
Giving up on her now is uncool.
Really uncool!

LEON

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

WOODMAN

Nothing. So we deliver the rocks and you make more money than you've ever seen. You really want to risk it all to go after the girl? She was a complete stranger to you a few hours ago. To all of us.

MAX

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

Those words resonate with everyone.

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

MAX (CONT'D)

Here, take the diamonds. But I'm taking the truck and I'm headed that way.

(points after the plane)

West.

WOODMAN

East.

LEON

I'll drive.

They both climb into the truck and it begins to pull away.

Woodman picks up the backpack. He sighs.

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - SECONDS LATER

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

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

INT. CESSNA (FLYING) - 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 choice in footwear tells me it's you.

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

MARY
(almost human)
She was my *twin*. You understand?

DOLL
I feel bad 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 leaking 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 curls into a ball. Accepts her fate for 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 wrapped 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 grabs the sneakers 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 sneakers and runs as fast as she can.

In the background, a small explosion.

Doll keeps running...

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Leon, Woodman, and Max still ride in silence. Until...

WOODMAN

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

MAX

N0711

WOODMAN

You got a cartoon brain, yet you remember a plane's tail number?

MAX

At first I thought it read "No 7-Eleven" and I was thinking how much I love 7-Eleven.

LEON

That is what went through your head, during all that madness?

MAX

(shrugs)

The mind goes where the mind goes.

In the distance, a small FLASH OF LIGHT.

Something burns in the trees.

MAX (CONT'D)
I sure hope that's not an airplane.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED HAMLET - NIGHT

Doll emerges from the treeline to find a hamlet of abandoned buildings. Several houses, a farm, and a chapel.

Doll looks around for any sign of life. As she stands there, something odd becomes very clear...

The buildings are 50% smaller than normal.

Doll walks up to a house and knocks on the tiny front door.

DOLL
Hello?

There are no lights on anywhere and the more Doll's eyes adjust to the darkness, the neglect of the hamlet becomes visible -- overgrown weeds, trash, broken windows.

BLAM!!!

A bullet whizzes past Doll, slams into a wall in an explosion of wood. She sprints for cover.

Mary stumbles out of the treeline. She's banged-up and bloodied but her wounds aren't slowing her down.

MARY
If you make me chase you, it'll
only go worse for you.

Movement in the shadows...

BLAM!

Doll hides behind a small house. She watches Mary move out of sight, heads in the opposite direction to the tiny chapel.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

A mass of black wings as dozens of crows take flight. Doll yelps, trips over a child-sized pew.

EXT. ABANDONED HAMLET - NIGHT

Mary hears the noise, zeroes in on the chapel.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Doll hides among the pews, searches for a weapon.

EXT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

Mary climbs the small steps outside, aims her gun at the closed front doors. Kicks them open...

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

There's no sign of Doll.

Mary steps inside, sweeps the chapel with her weapon.

MARY

You couldn't shake me for 200
miles. What makes you believe you
can lose me now?

She moves further into the chapel, her eyes working hard to penetrate the darkness.

Doll appears out of nowhere, swinging a huge wooden cross. It splits across Mary's back and she goes down hard.

DOLL

I didn't ask for any of this!

Doll swings again. But Mary rolls away, scrambles clear. Doll drops the cross, scoops up Mary's gun.

Now the roles have reversed. Mary is hiding and Doll is pointing the gun around the chapel's interior.

DOLL (CONT'D)

I didn't kill your sister. I've
never killed anything! I use a glass
to trap spiders in the bathtub!

MARY (O.S.)

The diamonds...

Doll turns in a circle, unable to pinpoint Mary's position.

MARY (CONT'D)
 What was the plan? Sell them on
 Ebay? Craig's List?

Mary steps from the shadows.

DOLL
 Stay back.

MARY
 You're out of bullets.

Mary takes another step forward.

DOLL
 Stay back!

She aims to the side of Mary, pulls the trigger.

CLICK. Empty.

Mary smiles, throws a punch at Doll. Sends her reeling.
 Doll backpedals as Mary moves in for the kill.

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 stops in her tracks.

MARY
 The Wizard?

DOLL
 I don't know his real name. I only
 talked to him on the phone.

MARY
 (incredulous)
 You talked to the Wizard? You?

Mary grabs Doll around the neck, in a sleeper hold, and pulls
 her close. The way she asks the next question makes the
 Wizard sound like a bigger prize than the diamonds.

MARY (CONT'D)
WHERE IS HE???

DOLL
Denver. I swear that's all I know.

A NOISE.

Mary drags Doll to a window, peers outside.

MARY'S POV -- OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL

A freakishly tall man, a 7ft GIANT (50s), walks among the buildings holding a cane in one hand, a lantern in the other.

With Doll in a headlock, Mary whispers in her ear.

MARY
Sweet dreams.

Doll drops unconscious to the floor...

INT. CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER

The doors swing open and the Giant enters. His face remains in shadow as he approaches Doll, holds the lantern above her.

EXT. ABANDONED HAMLET - MINUTES LATER

Doll is hanging upside down. PULLING BACK, we reveal she's on the Giant's shoulder as he lumbers through the night.

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. Max, who's carrying the backpack, and Leon are close behind.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT

The smoldering, smoking carcass of the Cessna. Small secondary fires surround the fuselage.

Woodman shines his light across the plane. It's a twisted blackened mess.

Leon hangs back, scared to go anywhere near the flames.

Max points to bulletholes in the tail of the plane.

MAX
Your handiwork. You probably
brought it down!

WOODMAN
Oh yeah? Then maybe I spared your
friend from getting tortured.

Leon spots something on the ground. He picks up a GRENADE
RING-PIN, shows it to the others.

LEON
Isn't this from a grenade?

WOODMAN
(realizes)
Mary blew up the wreckage.

MAX
Why?

Woodman searches the forest floor.

WOODMAN
So it wouldn't look like anyone
survived.

MAX
You think Doll...?

Woodman points to two sets of footprints in the mud.

WOODMAN
Yup. And she's headed South.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Doll wakes up to find herself lying on a couch. Disoriented,
she sits up and... SCREAMS.

Across from her, the Giant sits in a huge armchair, smoking a
long pipe. There's a tiny armchair next to his.

GIANT
Don't be frightened.

DOLL
(nervous)
There was a woman--

GIANT
You were alone. I found you
sleeping in the chapel.

DOLL
She's dangerous. If she's still--

GIANT
I have big eyes and ears. I can
assure you, we are alone.

The Giant offers her a steaming mug. She eyes it warily.

GIANT (CONT'D)
It is tea. Nothing more.

She accepts it, takes a sip.

DOLL
Thank you.

GIANT
What is your name?

DOLL
Doll. You?

GIANT
People call me Munchkin.

Doll can't help but smile. He does too.

MUNCHKIN
My father's idea, after I outgrew
him. Never could shake it.

DOLL
What is this place? All those
buildings, they were so small.

MUNCHKIN
My wife was born with dwarfism.
After we married, I built this
place for her family.

DOLL
So where is everybody?

MUNCHKIN

She died a few years back. I'm the only one left.

That empty tiny armchair looks different now.

DOLL

I'm sorry.

MUNCHKIN

It's okay. Neither dwarves or giants live long lives but she had a happy one.

DOLL

You've lived here alone ever since? Doesn't this place make you sad? I couldn't stay.

MUNCHKIN

(amused)

Where else would I go?

DOLL

Travel somewhere. That's what I want to do. I want to see the world.

He directs her attention to some framed photos on the wall.

MUNCHKIN

Oh, I've seen plenty. That's how I met my wife. In a traveling circus. Now I'm content to live out the rest of my days here. And you know what they say about home--

DOLL

There's no place like it.

(bitter)

I wouldn't know. I've never been out of Kansas.

MUNCHKIN

Well you're not in Kansas anymore.

Doll lights up.

DOLL

Really?!

MUNCHKIN

This is Colorado.

DOLL
 (excited)
 Awesome.

The Giant's head snaps around. He heard something.

DOLL (CONT'D)
 What is it?

MUNCHKIN
 My truck. Someone is outside.

Munchkin climbs from his chair, pulls a rifle from a closet.

DOLL
 I don't hear anything.

OFF-SCREEN -- the sound of an engine *trying* to start.

Doll rushes to the window, peers out...

DOLL (CONT'D)
 It's her!

EXT. MUNCHKIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A farmhouse at the edge of the forest.

Mary is trying to steal Munchkin's old PICK-UP TRUCK. But it won't start. The Giant appears on the porch, AIMS HIS RIFLE--

MUNCHKIN
 I'll give you one warning!

BLAM!

The back window of the truck explodes. Munchkin hobbles down the steps, as fast as his gangly frame will allow...

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Finally, the engine catches. Mary throws the transmission into 'R,' stomps on the gas...

EXT. MUNCHKIN'S FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Doll watches in horror as Mary backs-up, fast...

DOLL
 Look out!!!

Munchkin can't move in time, and the pick-up slams into him with a sickening THUD.

Heartbroken and pissed, Doll scoops up the rifle and begins sprinting after Mary...

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Leon is driving. Woodman is riding shotgun, a map in his lap. Max hovers between the seats.

WOODMAN

There's a farm coming up on the left. Unless she crossed the river, she would come out of the forest around here--

A split second later, the pick-up cuts-off them off.

Leon turns the wheel hard, almost flips the big-rig as he wrestles it under control.

MAX

That was her! That was Mary!

LEON

What about Doll?

All three of them watch, stunned, as Doll runs into the road, slides to a halt...

With her back turned, it's unclear if she's even noticed the truck looming over her. But Doll is focused on Mary and she empties the rifle at the fleeing pick-up.

BLAM BLAM BLAM!!!

Now, at this moment, we see the profound change in Doll. The soft, innocent country girl is gone, replaced by a bad-ass.

DOLL

Get back here, bitch!

The truck's taillights disappear in the dark. Doll's shoulders slump in defeat and she turns around.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Oh, hey guys.

Max, Woodman and Leon exit the truck and run to her. Their joy to see her alive quickly subsides as she collapses in exhaustion and grief.

DOLL (CONT'D)
 He helped me and she killed him.
 She just fucking killed him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRUCK - NEXT MORNING

Doll wakes up in the truck, curled under a blanket on the "bed." She rolls over, finds Leon sitting nearby.

LEON
 Morning. How do you feel?

DOLL
 Getting mighty tired of being
 knocked unconscious.

Doll peers past him to see Woodman driving and Max riding shotgun. They're bickering like a married couple.

LEON
 They've been at it all night.

DOLL
 Where are we?

LEON
 Twenty miles from Denver.

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

DOLL
 (hurting)
 If I'd just handed back that case,
 the cop, those bikers, the Giant,
 they'd all be alive--

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

DOLL (CONT'D)
 What's going on?

Woodman slides out of the driver's seat and pulls the diamonds out of the backpack. They sparkle in the light.

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

OK. Who do you "give them back" to? To the killer who's been hunting us all night? She'll get paid by the East and move onto the next contract. Or you could turn the diamonds over to the cops. They'll sell them at a government auction, spend the money on guns and cars.

DOLL

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

WOODMAN

A trigger-happy cop who might be alive for all we know? Or a pilot who helped Mary dive-bomb us? Racist bikers in monkey suits shooting at us? And a Carnival freak living in the woods--

DOLL

Not cool. He was a good man.

WOODMAN

Beside the point. Mary kills people wherever she goes, kid. If not hunting you, she'd be working another job tomorrow, killing people someplace else.

(beat)

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: Leon)

Then the Human Torch over there can use his share to buy a face.

Leon scowls.

LEON

Such an asshole.

WOODMAN
 (re: Max)
 Puff The Magic Dragon can finish
 high school.

MAX
 Prick.

WOODMAN
 (to Doll)
 And you can do whatever the fuck it
 is that you wanna do.

DOLL
 I wanna travel.

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.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY (DENVER) - DAY

Munchkin's truck 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 truck parks near a Gulfstream and Mary gets out. A hard-
 looking guy in tactical gear, MERC LEADER (40s), emerges from
 the jet.

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)

Diamonds still in play?

MARY

You get me the Wizard's hard
drives, you can keep the diamonds.

CUT TO:

VARIOUS SHOTS -- TRUCK (MOVING)

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

INT. TRUCK - DAY

As the truck climbs a mountain road, Doll rides shotgun while
Leon drives. She has a map on her lap. Woodman and Max are
perched right behind them.

Leon looks nauseous, rolls down the window.

MAX

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?

MAX

I have a degree in chemistry and I
minored in botany.

WOODMAN

No shit. So you're like Rainman,
only you're really into gardening.

LEON

I haven't seen a house for miles.
This guy must live a lonelier
existence than I do.

Doll points out the window at an 8000ft altitude marker.

DOLL

There it is! The eight-thousand
marker. Stop!

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD / TRUCK - DAY

The truck idles at the side of the road.

Doll hops out and surveys the landscape. Woodman joins her,
shotgun slung on his shoulder. Leon leans out the window.

LEON

There's nothing out here.
You think he's messing with us--

DOLL

(points)
Look!

A line of shrubs and trees open up to REVEAL a barely-
perceptible driveway entrance.

Ahead of the travelers, a driveway of pale yellow stone
weaves through the forest.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - WIZARD'S ESTATE - DAY

With a hiss of air-brakes, the truck cab pulls away from the
trailer and turns into the hidden driveway.

The yellow bricks guide our heroes on a winding journey up
the side of the mountain. The views are spectacular and soon
the foliage evolves into a landscaped garden.

Near the summit of the mountain, a billionaire's mansion.
Modern, high-tech, but organic in design.

EXT. THE WIZARD'S HOUSE - DAY

The four travelers exit the truck and take in the sight of the Wizard's genuinely awesome home.

DOLL
Am I dreaming this place?

WOODMAN
Crime pays.

LEON
And then some.

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

WIZARD (V.O.)
Welcome.

With trepidation, our four heroes venture into the house.

INT. THE WIZARD'S HOUSE - DAY

They cross a footbridge over a Zen garden which is half-inside/half-outside the home. On the other side of the bridge, there's a room with concrete walls, a large door, and a line across the floor.

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

WIZARD (V.O.)
Please stand right on the line and remain still.

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

Green laser light sweeps the room.

A split-second later, the concrete walls are covered in electronic files and data on each of the four people standing in the room. Photographs, social media posts, DMV records, etc. Everything flashes past in a blur.

MAX
Hey, that's us!

DOLL
Did I just see my prom photo?

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

WIZARD (V.O.)
The Shoes?

Doll opens the backpack, holds it up for him to see.

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 diamonds 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.

LEON

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 Max)

What about you?

MAX

I'm just curious to 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 skinny and PALE MAN (30s) appears. His hair is disheveled, his bathrobe screams agoraphobic Gamer, and he's munching on a bowl of cereal.

MAN

(casual)

What's up.

WOODMAN

Who are you?

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

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're all
gone. Come. Follow me.

He walks deeper into the house. Doll follows. Woodman looks
like his mind has been blown.

INT. THE 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 PC setup a civilian can 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 diamonds 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 double 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 diamonds?

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 track down a national treasure.

DOLL

The Silver Shoes.

WIZARD

Bingo. 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.

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

WIZARD (CONT'D)

In fact, I'd 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

So that's it? Just like that
you're outta here.

WOODMAN

It's been real, kid. Good luck.

Max puts out his hand. Woodman shakes it.

MAX

So long, asshole.

WOODMAN

Take it easy, shit for brains.

He fist-bumps Leon.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

Watch out for yourself, handsome.

LEON

You too, dickhead.

The Wizard fires up the engine and 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.

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 meant it, please take anything you want on your way out! There's a Rembrandt in the master bedroom.

He pulls the cockpit door closed.

Doll, Max, and Leon watch the chopper takes off. Max waves.

DOLL

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

MAX

Maybe a sandwich.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

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

WOODMAN

They yours?

The Wizard looks down to see two BLACK CHEVY SUBURBANS at the "gate" of the estate.

WIZARD

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

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

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Suburban #1 reverses into the gate, smashes it wide open.

Suburban #2 speeds through, while #1 turns to follow.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

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 them a chance to get out.

WIZARD

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

WOODMAN

Put me back down.

WIZARD

Sorry, pal. No can do.

Woodman pulls a gun from nowhere.

WOODMAN

Maybe you weren't listening. Take me back down, pal.

INT. THE WIZARD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

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

MAX

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

LEON

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

Leon 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 small barn-like structure some 200 yards from the house, on a higher peak, surrounded by trees.

WIZARD (CONT'D)

If you need hardware, 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.

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. THE 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 Max appear. Doll clutches a half-eaten sandwich. They're all shocked to see him.

DOLL
 You came back?!

MAX
 (nervous)
 What's with the guns?

Woodman tosses Leon an AR-15. 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 patty melt?

Realizing, Doll hurries to a window, peers outside. She can see Leon examining the damage to his truck.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)
Go get him. Quickly.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

The Suburbans tear their way up the Wizard's driveway.

EXT. THE WIZARD'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Doll hurries outside. Leon has entered the cab.

Suddenly, sprinklers pop-up everywhere and begin to spray the foliage. Doll climbs onto the cab, startling Leon.

DOLL
Come on! We gotta go!

Leon 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...

LEON
What the-- You smell that?

EXT. THE WIZARD'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

The two Suburbans slide to a stop. As the Mercs jump out, Mary stops, *sniffs* the air...

MARY
The sprinklers...

The liquid coming out of the sprinklers is creating colorful RAINBOWS in the midday sun.

MERC LEADER
(frowns)
What about them-- ?

MARY
Gasoline.

A split-second later, the fireworks begin as the gasoline spraying out of the sprinkler system ignites.

All around the house, and all over the top of this mountain, FLAMES ERUPT and EVERYTHING BEGINS 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 liquid.

INT. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

Doll barely closes the door as the fire ignites. The front window is covered in flames and Leon freaks out.

LEON

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!

Leon isn't listening.

Doll grabs Leon by the shirt and slaps him across the face.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Back up the fucking truck!

Leon snaps out of his panic.

INT. THE WIZARD'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Woodman and Max 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 Max, 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 Leon scramble out of the burning cab.

WOODMAN

This whole place's gonna blow!
Follow me!

EXT. THE WIZARD'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Mary's HIT SQUAD is still trapped under the SUVs, but with the inferno started, the sprinklers shut off.

Instantly, Mary is on her feet, charging through the flames to the front door. The mercs follow.

INT. THE WIZARD'S HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - DAY

Mary studies the tracker on her smartphone. Signals the mercenaries to enter...

THE 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

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. THE WIZARD'S HOUSE - REAR - DAY

A pathway cuts through the rear gardens, but trees and shrubs on each side of the path are ablaze. The heat is unbearable, the smoke suffocating.

Woodman keeps a grip on Leon, keeps him moving.

WOODMAN

I got you.

As they move higher up the hill, towards the barn, they leave the fire and smoke behind.

LEON

(relieved)

Thank you.

WOODMAN

Oh, we ain't out of this yet. Not by a long shot.

Bullets zip overhead.

Woodman turns back and fires a burst back down the pathway.

WOODMAN (CONT'D)

(to the others)

Keep moving!

They're close to the barn.

More incoming gunfire. Heavier now.

Woodman finds cover, scans the smoke for targets.

BLAM! BLAM!

He drops two Mercs. Mary and the others take cover.

Woodman gets up, runs to catch the others.

Leon glances over his shoulder to see a Merc aiming at Woodman. With flames growing at his feet, Leon courageously steps towards them and opens fire.

As the Merc is riddled with bullets, Woodman realizes Leon just saved his ass.

ZIP ZIP ZIP!

More incoming rounds.

Doll and Max are hunkered down behind a stone wall. Woodman and Leon drop next to them.

WOODMAN
Get to the barn!!

Woodman fires a burst to cover the other 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. ESCAPE BARN - DAY

Doll, Max and Leon burst inside.

Six harnesses hang from the ceiling. Each has two small tanks, an oxygen mask, and material attached to strings...

MAX
What are those?!

Opening the door has automatically tripped something... The roof splits open like a missile bay.

DOLL
(grins)
Balloons.

She helps Leon into a harness, snaps all the buckles. A bright red pull-handle hangs over his shoulder. It's stamped with "Emergency Evac."

Max straps himself into another harness. Then he notices Doll isn't doing the same. She's focused on the door.

MAX
What are you doing?

DOLL
You go. I'll be right behind.

Max is about to unstrap himself--

MAX
Uh-uh, no way!

Doll pulls the release on Max's harness...!

The balloon above him almost explodes as it inflates in seconds. Max is yanked off his feet...

LEON
Don't pull mine--!

Too late.

Doll pulls the red handle on Leon's harness and he's pulled towards the sky...

LEON (CONT'D)
Aaahhh.

EXT. ESCAPE BARN - MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

Through the smoke, Max's single-person hot air balloon, rises into the air. A beat later, Leon'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 and she casts a shadow in the smoke. 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 Woodman to the ground. They both jump to their feet and face-off.

WOODMAN
You got lucky last time.

MARY

If you hadn't jumped, I would have killed you. But that's okay, we can finish this now.

WOODMAN

Get some.

They charge at each other and slam together. As they spin, kick, punch, gouge, etc. it's a twister of flesh and blood.

All around them, the inferno grows in size and it looks like this final battle is unfolding in hell.

Mary is outsized, but she's quick, 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 some 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)

Burn, bitch.

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...

Mary is a black and blistering nightmare, her flesh hanging off in strips.

Doll is kicking and twisting in her harness, desperate to shake Mary. She fumbles with her shotgun, presses it to Mary's bubbling forehead...

MARY
(unhinged)
I'M MELTING!!!

DOLL
Good.

BOOM!

Mary's headless corpse drops 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 burning estate, explosions begin to rip through the house.

The show, especially from these heights, is spectacular.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HICKORY'S DINER - 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*

Doll, looking healthy and tanned, 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 - CONTINUOUS

Only now do we notice Doll is sitting in the same booth where Erickson died. She shares it with two familiar faces.

Leon sits next to her, his facial scars far less severe than they were. He looks great.

Across from them is Max. He's smartly dressed, far removed from the stoner 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

Hell no. My friend's widow owns it
now. I've been backpacking across
Europe.

WOODMAN

You don't miss it, waiting tables?

DOLL

Like I miss the gunfights and the
plane crashes.

Woodman takes in the updated look of Leon and Max.

WOODMAN

And check you two out.
(to Leon)
You really did get that face looked
at? I dig it. Can't make those
Freddy Krueger jokes anymore.

LEON

Um, thanks. I guess.

WOODMAN

I was a dick back then. I'm sorry.
You still trucking?

Leon points out the window at a huge big-rig.

LEON

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 dog.

WOODMAN

Sure you don't want me to put a couple of bulletholes in the new rig, give her that lived-in look?

LEON

You even dream about scratching it you better wake up and apologize.

Woodman turns his focus to Max.

WOODMAN

And look at you. That Seattle gig must be treating you right. Let me guess: professional hacky-sack player, head shop...

MAX

I grow weed.

WOODMAN

Of course you do.

DOLL

Come on, there's more to it than that. Tell him.

MAX

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 Max.

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? You just wanted 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)

(into phone)

Hello?

As she listens, Doll's eyes go wide.

MAX

Who is it?

Doll puts her iPhone in the middle of 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.

FADE OUT.

THE END