

DRIVEN

by

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12/10/2017

FADE IN:

EXT. SANDIA SPEEDWAY - ALBUQUERQUE, NM - DAY

It's a dusty old arena, the stands populated with LABORERS, OUT OF TOWNERS, and LOCALS.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

In the ring, a Demolition Derby is underway. Giant, decorated muscle cars and old sedans smash into each other like battering rams.

Just then, a Chrysler Fifth Avenue rams into the front of a wounded Chevy caprice, the front tires riding up on the hood. It tries to back down, but can't. Both cars are incapacitated.

Suddenly, a beat-up, '68 Road Runner whips around, zeroing in on the defenseless vehicles. It hauls ass at them, kicking up a cloud of dirt in its wake, homing in on where the two cars are jolted together.

At the last second, the Road Runner spins a 180 in the dust, keeping its momentum and smashing into the caprice, pinning it against the wall and keeping it there like a cockroach.

The crowd winces with "Ooohs" and "Aahhhs" raining down in torrents.

The Road Runner speeds towards the Chrysler as it tries to get away. The Road Runner violently slams into the Chrysler's rear, spinning it.

INT. '68 ROAD RUNNER - DAY (MOVING)

The DRIVER, who handles this beast with professionalism, wears a tattered grey jumpsuit, gloves, and full head-gear.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

The driver whips the Road Runner around and finishes off the Chrysler, right into the side, crippling it.

Out of nowhere, a '80 Chevy Malibu hits the Road Runner flush, bashing in the side.

INT. '68 ROAD RUNNER - DAY (MOVING)

The driver fights to put the car into reverse.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

The Chevy Malibu backs up and circles for another run. Still, in reverse, the driver maneuvers the car through the wrecked corpses of other cars.

The Malibu goes after Road Runner, slamming into to the cars, like Jaws zeroing on his kill.

The Road Runner makes a right turn and continues to go in reverse.

The Malibu whips the car around.

INT. '68 ROAD RUNNER - DAY (MOVING)

The driver shifts into drive and guns it.

EXT. TRACK - DAY

Now the two cars are nose to nose, barreling down the dirt. The Road Runner heading in reverse as fast as it can, the Malibu closing fast.

It rams the Road Runner's front bumper. The two cars separate for an instant.

The Malibu guns it, ready to smash into the Road Runner again... the driver clocks the upcoming barrier. In a last ditch attempt to evade the Malibu pursuer, the driver throws a reverse 180, then incredibly keeps going, spinning 270 degrees.

The Malibu tries to make the same turn, but this time the maneuver is beyond his ability. The driver of the Road Runner suckered him into a corner he can't control.

The Malibu crashes into the stands in a sickening crunch of metal on concrete. On-lookers race away from the damage, trying to get to higher ground.

EXT. TRACK - PIT LANES - DAY (LATER)

The vehicles are pulling in. The driver of the Road Runner climbs out, unstraps the neck-brace, then removes the helmet to reveal a LATINA with long flowing chestnut hair and natural good looks. This is RONDA CORDOVA, early-thirties. She unzips her jumpsuit to reveal toned tatted arms.

Ronda wipes the sweat from her brow as BRIAN WOODS, thirties, blonde, average looks, walks up to her and kisses her cheek.

RONDA

You like the taste of sweat?

BRIAN

Yeah, it tastes like victory.

RONDA

Yeah, that's my victory. So don't be stealing it.

Ronda embraces Brian and the two kiss.

BRIAN

Proud of you, sweetie.

RONDA

Thanks, babe.

She kisses him again.

BRIAN

Let's go home.

INT. BRIAN'S FORD TRUCK - DAY (MOVING)

Brian cruises through downtown Albuquerque and all that it has to offer. Ronda counts her winnings.

RONDA

Five-hundred. Minus two-hundred for the Amazon stock.

Brian lets loose a brief laugh.

RONDA

Keep on laughing, Brian. But when I have enough to buy five shares of stock, I'm gonna use that money for a trip to Sandals Barbados. Then we'll see who is laughing.

BRIAN

Where am I gonna be?

RONDA

I'm assuming here in New Mexico.

BRIAN

Whatever. You ever thought about racing real drivers. These yahoos in the sticks are not much of a challenge for someone like you.

RONDA

What like NASCAR?

BRIAN

Yeah, why not?

RONDA

That would take years and a lotta ass kissing. I have dreamt of about driving in the Monaco Grand Prix. But that's just a dream.

BRIAN

That would be a sight to see, baby.

RONDA

But, everyone would be focused on my past and the people I associated with instead of my skills. Besides, I'm happy with what I have.

Ronda holds Brian's hand, brings it up, and kisses it.

BRIAN

I love you.

RONDA

I love you more.

BRIAN

Yeah? Like how much more?

RONDA

That much?

Ronda makes a space between her fingers - indicating how much she loves Brian.

BRIAN

Really? That's it?

RONDA

(making a bigger space
between her fingers)

Just about.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY (LATER)

Brian drives through a quaint neighborhood. Most are without lawns and the ones that do have a lawn it's no more than five-by-five.

Brian pulls into a driveway with a small gravel yard. The house is a single story adobe with a garage. It's not much, but to Ronda and Brian, it's home.

INT. BRIAN AND RONDA'S HOME - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Ronda and Brian chat over half-eaten meals.

INT. BRIAN AND RONDA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They snuggle up on the sofa watching some horror film from the eighties.

EXT. NEW MEXICO LANDSCAPE - MORNING

The sun rises over the horizon.

EXT. HOME DEPOT - MORNING

Ronda parks her '14 Honda Accord in the semi-empty parking lot. She gets out, wearing tee-shirt and jeans and an orange vest. Ronda walks in.

INT. HOME DEPOT - VARIOUS AREAS THROUGHOUT THE DAY

Ronda pushes a dolly loaded with plywood towards a panel van in the loading dock.

Ronda operates a forklift, raising a pallet filled with a small mountain of 10-pound bags of mulch wrapped in plastic wrap. She gently places it on a flatbed truck.

Ronda sweeps up an aisle with a large broom.

Ronda helps a CUSTOMER in the tools department.

Ronda mingles with a HANDFUL of EMPLOYEES.

INT. RONDA'S '14 HONDA ACCORD - EVENING (MOVING)

She drives home while the sun sets.

INT. BRIAN AND RONDA'S HOME - EVENING

Ronda walks in.

RONDA

Hey, babe.

She walks through the house.

RONDA

How was work?

She gets nothing back.

RONDA

Brian?

INT. BRIAN AND RONDA'S HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Ronda walks in and sees Brian sitting at the table, eyes red and welled up with tears.

Brian looks to Ronda.

BRIAN

My uncle died.

EXT. MIDLAND INTERNATIONAL AIR & SPACE PORT - DAY (DAYS LATER)

A 747 touches down on the tarmac.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY (MOVING)

Brian and Ronda travel through rolling, grassy hills peppered with farmhouses and Methodist churches. Ronda stares out the landscape, taking in the beautiful Texas landscape.

EXT. CEMETERY - EVENING (DAYS LATER)

Brian's WHOLE FAMILY gathers. Everyone is in pure silence, mourning. Ronda holds Brian's hand. Tears run down his cheek.

The coffin is lowered into the earth.

EXT. CORNFIELD - EVENING

Below the robin's egg blue sky is a vast sea of corn stalks.

The corn all around is large and green and glowing. An outbuilding stands on the edge of the cornfield. A hundred feet beyond that is the farmhouse.

EXT. WOODS RANCH - EVENING

A massive farmhouse with a veranda on three sides. The huge yard is filled with cars and trucks. On the north veranda is a wooden porch swing where Brian and Ronda sit.

BRIAN

I'd spend every summer here. Working for Uncle Jim. This was my home away from home.

RONDA

It's beautiful out here. Big and beautiful.

BRIAN

Mom says there's talk about Uncle Jim leaving the farm to me.

RONDA

That's great babe.

BRIAN

Yeah, it is great. Problem is, the farm is in debt. Uncle Jim had a few bad years because of the price of corn kept dropping. He borrowed more from the bank and has been trying for years to pay back but...

RONDA

How much is the debt?

BRIAN

Forty-thousand.

Ronda looks at Brian with sad eyes.

BRIAN

The bank's gonna foreclose, sometime at the end of the month or so.

A beat.

RONDA

Let's go inside, sweetie.

Ronda grips Brian's hand and the two go inside.

INT. WOODS RANCH - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ronda and Brian share a bed. He's fast asleep, Ronda lies awake. Not by choice, head on the pillow, staring at the ceiling fan.

INT. WOODS RANCH - BEDROOM - MORNING

The sun slices through the flowing curtains. Brian stirs and eventually wakes up. He rolls over and sees Ronda is gone.

The door suddenly opens, Ronda stands in the doorway.

RONDA

Glad you're up. My driver's minutes away.

BRIAN

What's up?

RONDA

I'm really sorry, but I'm gonna catch an early flight back to Albuquerque. Get back to work so we don't fall behind on bills. I want you to stay as long as you want, sweetie.

BRIAN

I love you, Ronda.

RONDA

I love you, Brian.

Ronda leans in and kisses Brian as if it'll be her last time doing it.

RONDA

I'll text you when I get home.

Ronda walks out.

INT. 747 - DAY (MOVING)

Ronda stares out the window, clouds going by.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The city comes out of the gloom, appearing in all its splendor like a wondrous beast rising from the depths of hell; its many skyscrapers writhing tentacles, its illuminated windows millions of leering eyes, appraising us, considering us.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT

The beast nearly defies the most elaborate imagination, its hide is filled with countless souls that steal, murder, and maim along its armored back, labyrinthine streets that crisscross its skin like an intricate tattoo. This living place pulsates with all forms of evil.

EXT. THE LOUNGE - NIGHT

A comfort corner cigar club on Wilshire Boulevard.

Ronda is amongst the river of people. She stops in front of the Lounge. Hesitant to go in at first, but finally finds the courage to open the door.

INT. THE LOUNGE - NIGHT

Leather chairs and sofas rest on hardwood floors. There's a long aged bar with the finest liquor on the shelves. Most of the CROWDS are MALES, some are watching the game or news on the plasma TV on the wall, some are discussing cigars.

Ronda approaches the bar and speaks to the BARTENDER.

BARTENDER

Can I help you?

RONDA

Is Irish Mann in?

BARTENDER

Who's asking?

RONDA

Tell him it's Ronda Cordova.

The bartender reaches for the phone under the bar and speaks quietly into it. Moments later, he hangs up.

BARTENDER

He says he'll see you.

Ronda walks towards the back and enters a hallway.

INT. THE LOUNGE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ronda stands at the door and knocks.

IRISH (O.S.)

Come in!

Ronda enters.

INT. THE LOUNGE - IRISH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

IRISH MANN, mid-thirties, trimmed beard, styled hair, sharp suit. The man is all style. He sits behind a desk, breathing through his teeth, in a state of pleasure. He holds up a hand to Ronda.

IRISH

Come on, baby, keep going, I'm almost there...

Ronda grins leans against a wall.

IRISH

That's it, baby, that's it...

With little warning or preamble, Irish grits his teeth and orgasms.

IRISH

Oh, fuck...

Irish pants a bit. Wheels back in his chair. Emerging from behind the desk is a GORGEOUS, CURVY EBONY WOMAN.

IRISH

Wait outside, sweetie. This might take a while.

The ebony girl straightens her dress and exits the office.

RONDA

Still into black girls, huh? There's more than one flavor in town, you know.

IRISH

Hey, they're the ones that flock to me. There's just something about me that draws in the coco bunnies.

Irish laughs as he gets up and gives Ronda a huge hug, very much excited to see her.

IRISH

You been outta prison for what three years? What took you so long?

RONDA

Parole board. No contact with any criminal elements.

IRISH

Does that include me?

Ronda and Irish share a laugh.

IRISH

Are you still in LA?

RONDA

Albuquerque.

IRISH

Damn. Well sit down, sit down.

Ronda and Irish have a seat.

RONDA

What's new?

IRISH

Oh uh... Cusack's been strict as hell ever since his bank in Victorville got robbed. He thought Frank Doucett had something to do with it, but he's dead.

RONDA

I never liked Doucett, the guy was a prick.

IRISH

Yeah. Cusack's got some new guy running Doucett's strip club now. Oh hey, I got an eight-ball, you wanna bump?

RONDA

No, I'm straight. I got cleaned up when I was inside.

IRISH

Really? Fuck me. I remember you and me doing lines all the time. Never thought Ronda Cordova would go straight.

RONDA

Well, it wasn't just prison. Two years into my sentence, my celly got me hooked on this dating service for convicts. So I said fuck it.

(MORE)

A month later I met Brian. He's the reason why I stayed cleaned and outta trouble. He took me in when I got out, and we've been together ever since.

IRISH

What's he do?

RONDA

He's an electrician for Hawking's Electric and Plumbing.

IRISH

That's good. Do you love him?

A brief pause. There's an unspoken bond between the two.

RONDA

I do. So much that I came here asking for your help.

IRISH

What's up?

RONDA

Brian just inherited a ranch in Texas and its debt. Forty-thousand.

IRISH

Fucking hell.

RONDA

Yeah.

IRISH

So what, are you looking to come back to work?

RONDA

Sort of. I was wondering if you had any work coming up.

IRISH

Well, shockingly, there's something coming up in a couple of days. Mexican cartels wanna exchange coke for guns.

RONDA

Coke for guns? That's an odd thing for Cusack.

IRISH

Cusack's not behind this.

RONDA

Jesus, Irish. Are you still doing shit like this behind Cusack's back?

IRISH

He's in Philly. He never knew what was going on then, he's not gonna know what's going on now. You still in?

Ronda takes a moment to think about this.

RONDA

What kind of guns?

IRISH

HK416s. Nine rifles that equal to twenty-six-point-fifty-five keys. So we're getting back an even thirty-keys. Uncut. It's happening at the LA Harbor. I'll text you the details when the time is right.

Irish writes down his number and hands it to Ronda.

IRISH

Can I ask you something?

RONDA

Sure.

IRISH

Do you ever miss this? This life?

A beat. Ronda needs to think about this for a moment.

RONDA

Do you remember the last job I did before
I got sent up?

IRISH

Coleman and Sons jewelry.

RONDA

I was so fucking doped up that day.
That's why I fucked up the job. Cost you
the loot.

IRISH

Yeah, but you didn't talk. I was
grateful for that.

RONDA

Still. That's when I knew this "life"
was really a toilet and I was going
straight down.

IRISH

Yeah, and now you're back in the toilet.

Irish got Ronda on that one and she knows it.

IRISH

But, you've done a lot for me. So, I'm
gonna help you out.

RONDA

I appreciate it.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - STREET - NIGHT

Downtown LA in all its sleaze. There's a Catholic church and a seedy strip club and every fast food place imaginable and people shouting as they sell things, "flowers" and street food and there's a porno house showing Tight 'n Tender and pimps and druggies and guys slumped unconscious in the gutter and Ronda, studying all the humanity swirling around her. Seeing what she left behind and how she can't wait to get the fuck out of here.

RONDA (V.O.)

Hey, baby.

INT. RONDA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Ronda is stretched out on the bed, on the phone with Brian.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Hey, sweetie.

RONDA

How are things going over there?

BRIAN (V.O.)

A typical "after a funeral situation". People fighting over who gets what. We're going to the lawyer's office tomorrow. We'll find out who gets the ranch.

RONDA

It'll be you, baby.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Miss you.

RONDA

Miss you, too babe. Listen, my manager, Greg says the store in Los Angeles is finished and they need people to help train the newbies. So I volunteered. I'll be leaving in the morning.

BRIAN (V.O.)

I didn't know they were opening a store Los Angeles.

RONDA

Wasn't exactly hot news, babe. I didn't think they'd need any help. But I do get extra pay for this, so that's always good.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Well, just be careful, okay?

RONDA

I always am. I love you.

BRIAN (V.O.)

I love you, too.

RONDA

Good night.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Night, babe.

Ronda hangs up. She feels guilty for lying.

FADE TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - EVENING (A FEW DAYS LATER)

Long reefs of dull red clouds rack over the darkening city. Palm trees silhouette against a cherry sky. City lights twinkle. Street lights begin to come on.

INT. DINER - EVENING

A 24-hour Denny's knock-off.

Ronda sits in a booth, finishing up a steak. Her phone vibrates. It's a text from Irish: "955 N. Vignes St".

Ronda thinks for a moment. Glances at the steak knife.

The WAITRESS stops by her table.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything else?

RONDA

Just the check, please.

The waitress places the ticket on the table and walks away.

Ronda wipes the knife clean, wraps the napkin around the blade, and discreetly slides it into her boot.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (LATER)

Ronda sits on a bench, watching cars and people going by. She's on alert but doesn't show it.

Moments later two 2017 Ford Explorers pull up to her. The passenger window on the lead Explorer rolls down. BOYD, mid-thirties, thick, bushy goatee, collusive.

BOYD

You, Ronda?

RONDA

You, Boyd?

BOYD

No, I'm Santa Claus.

RONDA

Then I guess I'm the fucking Tooth Fairy.

Ronda walks up to the first Explorer and climbs in. The Fords drive off.

INT. 2017 FORD EXPLORER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda sits in the back with a GUY, EDDIE, thirties, more hair on his face than on his head. Driving the Ford is CHIP, also thirties, sandy blonde hair, looks like a kid than a criminal.

BOYD

This is Chip, that's Eddie. Irish told me all about you.

RONDA

Hopefully not everything.

CHIP

You do know you're leading on this, right?

RONDA

Leading?

BOYD

Yeah, Irish didn't tell you that?

RONDA

No.

(a beat)

But whatever. Where are the guns?

BOYD

In the other car. Here, you're gonna need this.

Boyd hands Ronda a sound suppressor. She tucks it into her jacket.

RONDA

Anyone have a spare piece?

BOYD

You don't need one, Eddie's you're backup.

RONDA

(softly)

Wonderful.

CHIP

How long have you known Irish?

RONDA

Probably longer than any of you.

BOYD

I didn't think Irish employed chicks unless he's fucking them.

RONDA

Wasn't like that. We met in a bar, saw each other for a while. I started to catch on what he did for a living and wanted to be a part of it. He moved up, I stayed where I was. And that's that.

Ronda just sits back.

EXT. PORT OF LA - NIGHT (LATER)

A landscape of concrete and steel. Shipping containers create a maze across hundreds of acres. Freighters big as sky-scrapers line the berths. America's Port is half as big as Manhattan, spanning 43 miles of coast-line.

INT. 2017 FORD EXPLORER - NIGHT (MOVING)

A smooth, silent ride. Ronda sits alert, ready. The Explorer moves through the port at an ominous crawl.

Eventually, the Ford stops at the edge of a container, not 100 yards from a freighter.

A beat.

BOYD

Where the fuck are these donkey fuckers?

Suddenly, from a dark container alley, SOMEONE flashes a flashlight three times.

Chip flashes his headlights.

Moments later, TWO CARTEL THUGS emerge from the dark. One of them waves to them.

BOYD

Okay, here's the deal. You, Eddie, and the others are going to take one rifle. Let them test it. If they like it, they'll let you test the shit. If it's good, Eddie will text me and we'll bring up the guns. Good?

Ronda has no choice.

RONDA

Yeah.

Ronda gets out, followed by Eddie.

EXT. PORT OF LA - NIGHT

Eddie heads to the second Ford. Ronda eyes the cartels. She scans the area, adrenaline coursing through her like speed.

Eddie comes back with FOUR MEN from the other Ford. One of them has an HK416. They all follow Ronda who takes charge like a boss.

Ronda and the others approach the two cartel thugs.

RONDA

Evening.

CARTEL #1

Hola.

RONDA

Inglés?

CARTEL #2

Joder no.

The two cartels laugh.

RONDA

¿Vas a mostrarnos las cosas o no?

Cartel #1 looks Ronda over and nods his head.

CARTEL #1

De esta manera?

EDDIE

What'd he say?

RONDA

This way I think.

Ronda follows the cartels through the maze of containers. The others are in tow.

The cartels round containers, head straight, then round a few more. Ronda keeps up, while at the same time checking the corners, keeping her guard up.

Moments later, the cartels, Ronda, and her group emerge from the maze to find EIGHT CARTELS, idling around their three Cadillac Escalade, some are smoking, chatting in Spanish with one another.

Ronda and the group are lead them to Escalades.

RONDA

¿Que pasa?

The LEAD CARTEL steps up.

LEAD CARTEL

Esperaba más de un pistola.

RONDA

Es un rifle, no un pistola.

LEAD CARTEL

¿Donde esta el resto?

RONDA

¿Donde esta la mierda?

LEAD CARTEL

Cerca a.

RONDA

Multa. Joder ¿Quieres probarlo o no?

The lead cartel nods.

RONDA

Uno de mis muchachos saca un pedazo, uno de ustedes hace lo mismo. No más.

LEAD CARTEL

Bien.

Ronda and the lead cartel turn to their group.

RONDA

Okay, here's the deal. Eddie, you take your gun, keep it at the ready just in case. One of his is going to do the same. Give me the rifle.

The thug with the HK hands it to Ronda. She applies the sound suppressor. Ronda turns back to the lead cartel. Eddie draws his Glock.

Ronda hands him the rifle. He checks the weight, the balance. He looks for a target, spots an 18-wheeler cab. He smiles, aims, and FIRES five-second bursts.

The rounds spider-web crack the driver side window then shatters. He peppers door. Then moves towards the engine. The rifle finally CLICKS empty.

RONDA

¿Bueno?

LEAD CARTEL

Me gusta.

Ronda reaches out for the rifle. The lead cartel hands it to her. She ejects the clip and checks the port. She hands back to one of the thugs.

LEAD CARTEL

De esta manera.

RONDA

Eddie. You guys wait here.

Eddie follows Ronda who follows the lead cartel to one of the Escalades. A CARTEL THUG follows them.

The lead cartel opens the rear door and removes a tarp, revealing 30 bricks of cocaine. Just as the lead cartel reaches for a brick:

RONDA

No.

The lead cartel stops and looks at Ronda.

RONDA

Lo elegiré.

The lead cartel makes a look and backs away. Ronda looks at the bricks and reaches for one. She turns to Eddie. He's got a "what" look on his face. She holds up the brick.

EDDIE

You don't wanna-

RONDA

No.

The lead cartel pulls out a switch-blade, flicks out the blade. The lead cartel cuts a small slit into the brick and brings out a dab of coke.

Eddie puts his nose to the blade and takes a hit. A beat. His expression says I like it. He nods to Ronda.

RONDA

Bueno. Voy a tener tus rifles aquí en un minuto.

Ronda hands the brick back and she and Eddie walk back to the group.

RONDA

Go ahead and text Boyd.

Eddie takes out his phone and starts texting.

INT. 2017 FORD EXPLORER - NIGHT

Boyd gets the text message. He sighs.

BOYD

(to Chip)

Alright, let's go to work.

EXT. PORT OF LA - NIGHT

Ronda and the group stand around, waiting. Eddie sparks up a joint. Ronda notices it.

RONDA

Professionalism is not in your rapport, is it?

EDDIE

This is a done deal.

RONDA

It's not done until we're far away from here.

EDDIE

With that being said, what're you doing later tonight?

RONDA

Nothing. And that's all I'm doing.

Ronda starts pacing. She looks over at the cartels, murmuring to one another. She's getting impatient. She sighs. She walks back to Eddie.

RONDA

(soft)

Call him.

EDDIE

Give him time, man.

RONDA

(soft, serious)

Call him.

Eddie rolls his eyes and starts calling Boyd.

Suddenly, GUNFIRE erupts from between containers surrounding all groups, darkness is the SHOOTERS' ally. Bullets rip into a few cartels.

Eddie is quickly gunned down. Ronda drops with him for his Glock and quickly runs low to a container.

Everyone engages the unseen shooters. Cartels and Irish's guys put a semi-good fight. NINE MEN in balaclava masks emerge from the darkness, armed with submachine-guns.

Bullets ZING past Ronda, sandwich between containers. She FIRES at two masked thugs heading toward the Escalade with the coke. She misses twice, it's been a while. Her third SHOT connects with one of the masked thugs. Dead as disco.

Bullets ricochet around Ronda. Shit is getting real.
Time to fish or cut bait. She bails.

Ronda runs on with no destination, only an instinctive need of self-preservation. The sounds of GUNSHOTS in the background fuels her drive to run harder. Her heart and mind are racing faster than her legs can carry her through the maze of containers.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ronda makes it to a chain-link fence and scales it. She looks around the quiet street. There's a handful of cars spread out along the curb. She walks up to a 2015 Chevrolet Cruze. She uses the butt of the Glock to shatter the window.

EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE - NIGHT (LATER)

The Chevy Cruze speeds across the bridge.

INT. 2015 CHEVY CRUZE - NIGHT (MOVING)

Wind is in Ronda's hair. She may be sitting down, but her chest is still pounding. She fights to hold back her emotions.

RONDA

FUCK!!!!!! FFFUUUCCCKKK!!!!

Ronda bangs her fist against the wheel, jerks it, almost ripping it off.

She finally calms herself down.

EXT. IRISH MANN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Modern. Sleek. Snuggled up in the hills with all the other expensive homes.

INT. IRISH MANN'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A BREATHTAKING NAKED EBONY GIRL with curves in all the right places lies on her back, moaning, licking her lips.

TIFFANY

Oh, baby. Oh God, baby.

A WOMAN'S HANDS move up to grasp Tiffany's nipples, pinching them. GEORGIA, another stunning ebony girl with thick curly hair has her face buried in Tiffany's crotch, mouth wet, going to town on Tiffany's pussy. Her round ass is up.

Georgia lifts her head.

GEORGIA

You having fun back there, baby?

Irish emerges from behind Georgia's ass, mouth wet.

IRISH

(shows a vial of coke)

I will in a minute.

Georgia giggles than goes back to eating. Irish snorts some coke through a straw then uses it to blow some into her asshole. Then does a bump himself. He sets it aside and plows his cock inside. Georgia lets out a GASP. Irish starts pumping.

Irish's phone starts RINGING.

IRISH

FUCK! Always when I'm inside.

Irish gets off the bed and grabs his phone off the dresser and answers it.

IRISH

Yeah?

INT. RONDA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ronda sits at the foot of the bed, head hanging low. A beat.

Her phone RINGS. She grabs it. Hesitates. But finally, answers it.

RONDA

Hey, Irish.

IRISH (V.O.)

Ronda.

(a beat, Irish mutters
inaudible words)

Boyd told me what happened.

RONDA

They fucking came out of nowhere-

IRISH (V.O.)

Ronda! Not on the phone. Tomorrow
morning at nine on Orange Drive.
Remember that place on Orange Drive?

RONDA

Yeah.

IRISH (V.O.)

I'll see you then. Get some sleep.

Irish hangs up.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Orange Drive is in a commercial district. Ronda rounds a corner and walks three buildings down until she gets to an abandoned building. She looks around, then knocks on the door.

Moments later, the door opens. A menacing MAN stands in the doorway. He steps aside and lets Ronda in.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - MORNING

The menacing man leads Ronda to Boyd, Chip, and FOUR other GUYS. No Irish.

RONDA

Where's Irish?

BOYD

He'll be here.

RONDA

(to Boyd and Chip)

So where were you two?

CHIP

Unloading the truck until we heard gunshots. Then we got the fuck outta there.

RONDA

Leaving me behind?

BOYD

You got out just fine.

RONDA

Fuck you, Boyd!

(a beat)

What about the dope?

CHIP

Gone.

RONDA

Has Irish made contact with the cartels?

BOYD

Don't know. Ask him when he gets here.

Boyd reaches into his pocket for his phone and steps away, talking into it.

Ronda notices two of the guys taking up positions behind her. She pays them no mind.

CHIP

Hey, everything's gonna be. Irish is gonna smooth out this whole thing.

Ronda now can't help but look at the two guys behind her.

Boyd comes back.

BOYD

Okay. That was Irish. He wants to change the meet.

RONDA

Change the- the fuck is going on?

BOYD

Take it easy, Ronda.

Ronda looks at the two guys, making slight movements toward her.

BOYD

He just wants to move to a more-

Ronda reaches around for the Glock. But the two guys are on her within seconds. She gets off TWO SHOTS.

One grabs her by the waist while the other pries the gun from her hand.

RONDA

YOU FUCKING MOTHERFUCKERS! YOU FUCKS!!!!
YOU STUPID FUCKS!!!!

They force Ronda to the ground. She tries getting free, but one of them kicks her in the rib. Chip cuffs her wrists with zip-ties.

BOYD

Come on, let's get outta here before cops show up. Fuck!

They haul her to her feet and walk her toward the back of the room.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

The Ford Explorer from the Port of LA is parked in front of a 2008 Dodge Challenger.

Boyd and three of his guys climb into the Challenger.
The rest head to the Ford Explorer.

As one of the guys opens the door for Ronda, she sees the metal ends of four shovels in the cargo space, next to a roll of thick plastic. She gets in.

The vehicles drive off.

INT. 2017 FORD EXPLORER - MORNING (MOVING)

Ronda sits quietly as Chip drives through the commercial area.

She looks at him from the corner of her eye: he's nonchalant, as well as the one riding shotgun and Chip driving. She looks down at her boot, remembering the knife. She takes small deep breaths, braces herself, and readies her right elbow.

BAM! Ronda socks the guy in the face with her elbow. Everyone reacts with shock. He cups his bloody nose, reeling back just as Ronda does it again and again. The nose CRACKS, bursting more blood.

The thug riding shotgun reaches for Ronda who scuttles to the door, using her left leg to kick at his hands and her right leg at the broken-nose guy's head, banging against the window.

CHIP

Cut it the fuck out, bitch!

Ronda quickly brings her right leg to her chest and retrieves the steak knife from her boot. She leaps at the broke-nose guy, jamming the knife into his throat.

Blood jets at her as she repeatedly stabs him again and again, unleashing a crimson geyser. The broken-nose guy bucks like a dying bronco, gargling up blood, trying to fight off Ronda as she stabs him in the throat again until the thug riding shotgun reaches into the back and grabs Ronda's arm.

Ronda slits his wrist diagonally, releasing a spray of blood. He reels back, grasping at it his wrist. Ronda reaches into the deadman's waist and grabs her Glock. She quickly cups one of her ears. The guy riding shotgun catches the iron in her hand and tries to draw on her, but: BANG!

The "eeeeeeee" sound is torture for everyone.

The round catches him in the throat: a gurgling scream as he claws at his windpipe, blowing out blood. BANG! His head snaps back and a new freshet of blood sprays out. The screams turn to low gurgles.

Ronda climbs into the passenger seat. She points the gun at Chip. She yells at him but can't hear. She shoves the gun in his face and quickly knows what she wants.

EXT. 2017 FORD EXPLORER - MORNING (MOVING)

Chip bails out of the Explorer and onto the street as if he was a paper cup.

INT. 2017 DODGE CHALLENGER - MORNING (MOVING)

Boyd reacts.

BOYD

The fuck?!

He ROARS by Chip who wounds up in a sitting position, dazed.

INT. 2017 FORD EXPLORER - MORNING (MOVING)

Ronda floors it. She maneuvers the Explorer with a dazzling aplomb. Braking and speeding up. She makes a hard right turn, cutting off a sedan.

INT. 2017 DODGE CHALLENGER - MORNING (MOVING)

Boyd gutter-balling the modified car, skating the shoulder.

EXT. 2017 FORD EXPLORER - MORNING (MOVING)

The Explorer cuts through the morning traffic. Passing cars and weaving through intersections.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Incredible speeds. Near misses with other vehicles.

The Dodge Charger swerves around a reversing line box truck.

INT. 2017 FORD EXPLORER - MORNING (MOVING)

Ronda almost hits a pick-up loaded with supplies. She swerves around it and takes a right.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Turn after turn the Explorer fighting like a sport-fish at the end of a line, unable to shake the Dodge Charger...

INT. 2017 FORD EXPLORER - MORNING (MOVING)

Ronda is an exceptional driver. The best. But she's driving a luxury tank. And her chasers are riding in a muscle car. She knows she can't lose them like this.

She sees the thing up ahead: an alley. She gets an idea.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Ronda slides left into the alley, gets it under control.

INT. 2017 FORD EXPLORER - MORNING (MOVING)

Ronda checks the rearview, sees the Charger pulling into the alley. She reaches into the back for the steak knife.

She jerks the wheel to a hard right. A wall comes rushing at her. BANG! She's violently jarred forward by the brutal impact.

The airbag deploys, punching her right in the face. She quickly gathers her moxie. She takes the steak knife and POPS the airbag. It deflates, giving Ronda time to snatch the car key and bail.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Ronda speed hobbles down the alley.

On the other side of the Explorer, Irish and his guys jump out of the Dodge. They climb over the Explorer and sprint after Ronda who makes it to the end of the alley.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Moments later, Boyd and his men reach the end. Seeing a dozen PEOPLE out and about. But no Ronda.

BOYD

Fuck!

INT. TAXI - MORNING (MOVING)

Ronda watches them as the taxi creates a distance between Ronda and her pursuers. She breathes a sigh of relief.

She's suddenly startled by her cellphone. She sees it's Brian. She answers it.

RONDA

Hey, baby.

BRIAN (V.O.)

(faint, so faint she can't
hear it)

Hey, sweetie? How's LA?

Ronda suddenly realizes she's got the phone in the bad ear. She puts to her good ear and listens again.

RONDA

What'd you say, babe?

BRIAN (V.O.)

I said, "how's LA"?

RONDA

Oh, uh... same as always: a real shit-hole. What're you doing?

BRIAN (V.O.)

Driving home.

RONDA

Are you back in Albuquerque?

BRIAN (V.O.)

Yeah, arrived an hour ago. Well, the lawyer says the ranch is mine; along with the debt it carries.

RONDA

We'll cross that river another time, babe. I'll be coming home soon. Training's pretty much done. Just can't wait to see you. I love you.

BRIAN (V.O.)

I love you, too. Bye, sweetie.

RONDA

Bye.

Ronda pockets her phone. So much weight on her head.

INT. RONDA'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Ronda cleans out the draws, stuffing her clothes into her travel bag. She dashes to the bathroom and gathers her toiletries.

Her phone RINGS. It's Irish. She answers it.

RONDA

Yeah?

IRISH (V.O.)

What you did, doesn't make you look good, Ronda.

RONDA

What I did? Fuck you, Irish!

IRISH (V.O.)

I offer to help you and this is how you fucking do me?

RONDA

You cannot be blaming me for this fuck up! You're the one who set up this whole thing in the first place, Irish! Your own fucking scheme fucked you over.

IRISH (V.O.)

This deal was perfect until I brought you into it you fucking, cunt.

RONDA

Irish, you can blame me, insult me, fucking whatever. But I'm done, do you hear me, I'm done. I'm going home.

IRISH (V.O.)

The fuck you are. You fucked up my deal. I want that product back in three days...

RONDA

Don't fucking threaten me, Irish. I can still find ways to get in touch with Cusack. How do you think he'll react if he finds out about the shit you're doing behind his back? I doubt he knows about that floor safe in your office.

A beat.

RONDA

Irish?!

IRISH (V.O.)

Go home.

The line goes dead.

INT. IRISH MANN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Irish stands in the living room. He dials a number on his phone.

IRISH

Hey. I need you find someone.

(pauses)

Brian, no last name. Albuquerque, New Mexico. Hawkins Electric and Plumbing.

Irish hangs up. The fires in his eyes are stoked.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - PRE-DAWN

A dark shade of blue in the sky.

INT. LAX - MORNING

Ronda stands at the counter while the LADY behind the counter books Ronda's flight.

EXT. ALBUQUERQUE INTERNATIONAL SUNPORT - MORNING

THREE UNSCRUPULOUS CHARACTERS exit the airport.

INT. LAX - TERMINAL - MORNING

Ronda sits and texts to Brian.

INT. BRIAN AND RONDA'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Brian reads his text: "I'll b home soon. I [heart emoji] you." He smiles. He writes one back.

INT. LAX - TERMINAL - MORNING

"I [heart emoji] u even more and don't test me, babe lol" flashes on Ronda's phone. She giggles.

INT. 2015 CHEVY SUBURBAN - MORNING (MOVING)

The three unscrupulous men ride in silence in a neighborhood.

INT. LAX - TERMINAL - MORNING

Ronda waits in line, watching others board the plane.

INT. BRIAN AND RONDA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Brian relaxes on the sofa. In the background, through the window, the 2015 Chevy Suburban pulls up to the curb.

INT. 747 - MORNING (MOVING)

Ronda watches as clouds fly past her window.

INT. ALBUQUERQUE INTERNATIONAL SUNPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

Ronda descends from the escalator, a smile on her face. She gets off and looks for Brian. He's nowhere to be seen. She texts him.

INT. ALBUQUERQUE INTERNATIONAL SUNPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY (LATER)

Ronda leans against a wall, still waiting for Brian. A beat. She starts walking.

EXT. BRIAN AND RONDA'S HOME - DAY (LATER)

A car pulls up. Ronda climbs out with her bag and walks up to the front door, noticing his truck is in the driveway. She grabs the door knob and realizes it's unlocked.

INT. BRIAN AND RONDA'S HOME - DAY

Ronda steps inside.

RONDA

Brian?!

She walks around.

INT. BRIAN AND RONDA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

RONDA

Brian?!

Ronda finds a piece of paper on the coffee table. It reads: "Call Irish".

INT. IRISH MANN'S HOUSE - DAY

Irish sits on his sofa waiting for his phone to go off. He answers it.

IRISH

Hello?

INTERCUT:

RONDA

WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO?!

IRISH

I took out some insurance so listen the fuck up. I'm going to make good with my buyer so you're going to get back what you lost. As of right now you, have three days to find it. If you don't, I'll kill him. If you call to ask me for more time, I'll kill him. In fact, if you call me for any reason other than "I have your stuff", I'll kill him.

Irish hangs up.

INT. BRIAN AND RONDA'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ronda's reads the gravity of the situation. She bursts into angry tears. Her legs give way and drops to the floor. Devastated, a soul ripped apart. Such despair she can barely breathe - as if she were a specimen in a satisfactory science experiment.

A moment goes by. She begins to gather her composure, breathing like a sane woman.

RONDA

Hollis.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - EVENING

The evening redness begins to fade, and night will soon come.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A 2017 Chevrolet Impala pulls into the driveway of a one-story bungalow with a screened porch.

Stepping out is DETECTIVE HOLLY HOLLIS, mid-thirties, a round blonde beauty in an elegant suit. Her detective badge on her hip is hit by the street light.

Holly walks up the small steps and enters the porch.

EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Just as she is about to enter.

RONDA (O.S.)

Holly.

She turns to find Ronda sitting in the rocking chair.

HOLLY

I heard you were back in town.

RONDA

And I wish I could stay out of town.

INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

They sit at the table. Holly has a beer, Ronda drinks a glass of water.

HOLLY

I wouldn't think Irish would do that to you. Especially what you two had-

RONDA

He's a fucking asshole.

Holly takes a swig.

RONDA

I need your help, Holly.

HOLLY

With what?

RONDA

I capped one of the guys that tried to steal the coke. I need his address.

HOLLY

Jesus.

RONDA

It could lead somewhere-

HOLLY

If Irish finds out that I'm helping you-

RONDA

He's not gonna hear from me. Please, Holly. Out of all the cops on the take you're the only one I can trust.

Holly looks into Ronda's begging eyes.

HOLLY

Give me an hour.

Holly excuses herself.

INT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Ronda sits on the sofa, clasping and squeezing her hands together.

Moments later, Holly walks in, pocketing her phone.

HOLLY

Bobby Stern. 1039 South Union Avenue.
Apartment 208.

Ronda sighs.

RONDA

Thank you so much.

HOLLY

I hope it gets you what you want.

RONDA

So do I.

Ronda gets up and hugs Holly.

HOLLY

Take care, girl.

RONDA

You, too.

Ronda pulls away.

RONDA

You still have that locking picking kit?

EXT. SOUTH UNION STREET - NIGHT

A rundown, quasi-deserted area. Alienation in the twilight. A lonely tenant watches the city from an open window.

Ronda approaches the apartment steps. She looks around, several cars are parked in the area. She steps into the building foyer.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - COURTYARD - NIGHT

A courtyard with a pool. Ronda takes the stairs up to the second floor.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Ronda passes the rows of doors until she finds her door: 208. She looks around. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a snap-gun (lock pick gun) and a kit that carries her picks.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLICK-CLICKY-CLICK.

The door slowly opens. Ronda enters the dark apartment. She takes out her phone and brings up the flashlight app. Her light cuts through the darkness, the flashlight reveals a sad state, it looks more like a drug den with a handful of electronic luxuries.

Ronda moves through the mess, kicking over some garbage. She looks for anything that might be useful; so far nothing.

Ronda makes her way toward the hallway. She trips over something and stumbles a bit. She looks down and kicks away a broom. She looks up and within a flash sees a MAN at the end of the hall with a gun: BANG! She ducks before he FIRES the second shot. Quickly scuttles back behind the wall as he FIRES again and again.

Ronda hides behind the wall, heart racing. She takes a second and looks back, using the flashlight on her phone to see. The man is gone. She moves carefully down the hallway.

She sees the door wide open and peers inside and sees the man climbing out the window.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The leaps and lands on the roof of the car but tumbles off.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ronda pockets her phone and races to the window and sees the man getting to his feet and starts to run. She quickly climbs out-

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

And lands on the car's roof. She is in a full-out sprint. A Point Break-style gritty chase through the neighborhood.

The machine-gun slap of the shoes on pavement, and the hard breathing of two people, each in overdrive, going all out in long blurring strides.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The man races across West 11th Street and banks left toward a vacant lot scaling a chain-link fence. He dashes across the vacant lot then climbs over a chest-high brick wall. Ronda follows in his footsteps.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The man navigates his way through a cluttered backyard. Broken field run through toys, swing set, stacks of God-knows-what.

The man runs through a Mr. Turtle Pool in an explosion of spray. Crashes through a hedge. Through the narrow gap between houses, Ronda powers into the tight space behind him.

Blurring along between stucco walls.

EXT. STREET - DAY

They emerge into the front yard and back into the street.

Everything is a blur. Suburbia smeared into staccato impressions.

The man flashes across the blackened street. Dodges in front of a car which locks up the brakes. Ronda dodges the car as well.

The house across the street is blocked by a fence on both sides. The man races up and goes right through the front door of the house.

Ronda follows.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Panting as he sprints down a dark hallway. A WOMAN with a basket of washing SCREAMS as the man blasts past her, knocking her down. Ronda leaps over her sprawled legs.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

The man exits the house and runs through the backyard. Leaps the fence and enters the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The man looks both ways, decides to go up the alley. Ronda drops down into the alley, goes after Cubby.

EXT. STREET - DAY

They both exit the alley and onto a commercial street. The man darts across the street, dodging one car, but not the second. The car brakes just before it reaches him. WHAM! The man goes over the grill, slams the windshield.

The car brakes hard, spilling the man back across the hood and down to the pavement.

Ronda is frozen for a moment. She rushes to him. The man GROANS in a heap, mouth bloody. The DRIVER gets out, freaking out.

DRIVER

Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit...

RONDA

It's okay, it's okay...

Ronda helps the man up while trying to calm the driver down.

RONDA

It's okay, this is my friend he's on speed. I've been chasing him for blocks.

DRIVER

We need to take him to a hospital.

RONDA

My car's around the block, I got him.

Thank you, sir. Thank you.

(to the man)

Come on, Barry. Let's go.

Ronda puts his arm around her shoulder and helps him along.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

As Ronda and the man get further towards the alley, Ronda hurls the injured man to the ground. He HOWLS in pain.

RONDA

If you're gonna shoot at me, you better take the time to aim.

Ronda kicks the man in the ribs. The man WINCES. She grabs him by the shirt and drags him behind a dumpster.

RONDA

Why were you at Bobby Stern's place?

MAN

I crash there sometimes, he's- was my friend.

RONDA

And why did you try to shoot at me?

MAN

I owe money to people, I thought you were a collector.

RONDA

What do you know about the robbery he was involved in?

MAN

I swear to God I had nothing to do with it.

Ronda kicks him in the leg.

RONDA

Talk!

MAN

All I know is that he told me his lawyer called him, said he had an easy job for him.

RONDA

What's his lawyer's name?

MAN

Stan Love.

(a beat)

You're not gonna kill me, are you?

RONDA

Fuck off.

Ronda walks away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (LATER)

Ronda gets further away from the alley. She brings up her phone and Googles "Stan Love attorney". A link pops up. She clicks on it and finds his web-page, scrolls down and finds the address.

EXT. STRIP-MALL - MORNING

A typical strip mall - a Chinese restaurant, half a dozen small businesses, one of which, sandwiched between a donut shop and a sex shop, bears the sign: "Love Law Office".

INT. LOVE LAW OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - MORNING

Ronda steps into a cramped waiting room. An attractive young SECRETARY sits a few feet away, behind her desk.

SECRETARY

Hello, can I help you?

RONDA

Do y'all do walk-ins?

SECRETARY

Uh... sort of. Can I have your name?

RONDA

Ronda Cordova.

SECRETARY

I'll see if he can see you. Have seat.

Ronda takes a seat. The secretary gets on the phone, whispering.

INT. LOVE LAW OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - MORNING (LATER)

Ronda looks like she's been waiting for an hour.

The secretary's phone RINGS. She picks it up and speaks into it.

SECRETARY

Yes, Mr. Love?

(a beat)

Okay.

She hangs up.

SECRETARY

Mr. Love will see you now.

Ronda gets up and heads into the back.

INT. LOVE LAW OFFICE - STAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Ronda enters the office. STAN LOVE, early-fifties, slender, sharp suit.

STAN

(Chicago accent)

Ms. Cordova. Nice to meet you. I'm Stan Love.

RONDA

Nice to meet you.

Ronda shakes his hand.

STAN

Have a seat.

She sits down.

STAN

How can I help you?

RONDA

I'm pressed for time so I'm gonna get right to it: why would you hire Bobby Stern for a dope heist?

A beat.

STAN

I'm sorry I have no idea what you're talking about.

RONDA

Did you have something to do with it?

STAN

I'm sorry, I really have no idea what you're talking about. Look, if you wanna "talk", you have to hire me. That way we can have client-attorney privilege conversations.

RONDA

How much?

STAN

Hundred bucks an hour.

A beat. Ronda digs into her pocket and produces eight twenty-dollar bills. Stan pockets the money.

RONDA

Tell me about Bobby Stern.

STAN

Bobby Stern was a piece of shit that needed a job. So I got him one.

RONDA

How?

STAN

One of my old clients came to me, offered me eight-thousand to find him so guys who had no connection to organized crime. So I did.

RONDA

Who was the client that hired you?

STAN

Yeah... that's gonna cost you more.

RONDA

Jesus, man I don't have a lot of money left.

STAN

I'm not talking about money.

(he grabs his tablet, reads
off it)

"Ronda Maria Cordova. Multiple counts of
grand theft auto-

RONDA

So that's why you had me wait.

STAN

-speeding, reckless driving". But
somehow you managed to get a slap on the
wrist. Why is that?

RONDA

I worked for the right kind of people.

STAN

Well, maybe you can work for me.

RONDA

What do you want?

STAN

A driver.

RONDA

Then call Uber.

STAN

I need a real one. Tonight. You see, I
run a small business on the side. My
regular driver is being held in Tijuana.
And I'm not postponing this job. You do
this for me, I'll give you all the files
on the guys I hired, plus the client's
file.

Ronda takes a moment.

RONDA

Fine. What's the job?

STAN

A warehouse gig. The guys will be waiting at Lucky O'Shea. The getaway car will be there too.

RONDA

How many guys?

STAN

Three.

A beat.

RONDA

Give me three-hundred and we have a deal.

Stan takes a moment to reconsider her. He gives in and hands over three-hundred dollars.

RONDA

Have the files ready.

Ronda gets up and leaves.

EXT. CAR RENTAL - DAY

Ronda walks out with paperwork and a set of keys.

EXT. CAR RENTAL - DAY (LATER)

Ronda drives off the lot in a 2015 Chrysler Town and Country van.

INT. ABC STORE - DAY (LATER)

Ronda strolls through the aisles and finds a forty-ounce bottle of beer.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - EVENING

Ronda is the next in line to purchase a ticket.

RONDA

Four for "Blue Tide" at eight o'clock.

The THEATER ATTENDANT gives Ronda four tickets. She walks away.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - EVENING

Ronda parks the van in a free space and gets out. She walks away.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

The sunlight is fading fast. The neon city-scape has come to life and the streets are a sea of glittering lights.

INT. LUCKY O'SHEA - NIGHT

Ronda enters. A pair of pool tables in the back come stamped with faded Jagermeister logos, and the deep booths that run opposite the bar are in desperate need of a re-stitching. TWO PATRONS sit at a table, barely sober.

At the bar sits THREE MEN in their mid to late-thirties in good to bad shape wearing street clothes: TODD, BILLY, and FRANK.

Entering from the back is the BARTENDER, early-fifties, comb-over hair, pot-bellied. Ronda approaches the bar.

BARTENDER

You the broad?

RONDA

I'm the driver.

Todd, Billy, and Frank look at each other. The three guys get up from the bar, Frank grabs his duffle bag and the three head to the door. The bartender throws Ronda the keys.

BARTENDER

Blue Subaru.

She follows the guys.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda is behind the wheel wearing driving gloves. Airbrushed movie stars stare down from their lofty billboards.

Billy sits in the front seat, notices the forty-ounce in the bag.

BILLY

We plan on celebrating afterward?

RONDA

Something like that.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

The Subaru cruises past rows of dingy warehouses on East Second Street.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda glances at her watch. She checks his mirror then turns into a side street.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT

A vast pharmaceutical warehouse adjacent to an alley with gated fence. An old rail line runs through the dark alley.

Ronda pulls over, making sure she has a good view of the alley.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT

The three men pull on the ski-masks and check their pistols. Frank hauls a duffle bag. They get out and head to the alley.

Ronda reaches under the seat and pulls out a small handheld scanner. She switches it on, tuning it to the right frequency.

POLICE SCANNER

...nine-Adam-eighty-one, what is your current location? Repeat, what is your current location?

Ronda watches as Frank pulls out a bolt-cutter and cuts the padlock off the gate. They open it and disappear into the alley.

Ronda sits in silence as the police scanner rambles on.

POLICE SCANNER (CONT'D)

All units shots fired at thirty sixth Street. Repeat, shots fired at thirty sixth street.

Ronda checks his rearview and side-mirrors.

All seems quiet...

Then suddenly the alarm SCREAMS to life. Ronda looks up, betraying just a hint of surprise -- this wasn't supposed to happen.

A long beat passes.

POLICE SCANNER (CONT'D)

...Attention all units we have a two-eleven. Warehouse on East Second Street.

She hits the gas, sooner than she would have wanted. In one smooth movement, the Subaru sweeps towards the entrance.

Ronda steers with one hand then reaches behind the seat and pushes open the rear door with her other hand.

A beat.

The masked men emerge now. Frank hauls a heavy duffel bag. They hurry over and get in the back of Ronda's car without a word. Ronda SCREECHES off.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - NIGHT

Ronda thunders over the First Street Bridge towards Boyle Heights, then eases her foot off the gas, slowing to a steady speed.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT (MOVING)

Frank, Billy, and Todd rip off their masks, looking pumped up with adrenalin.

Ronda studies them disapprovingly in her rearview mirror then swerves right on Mission Street as his police scanner crackles to life.

POLICE SCANNER

All units, suspects driving a red
Subaru... last spotted crossing the First
Street Bridge.

Ronda swings sharply into 4th Street now, crossing the LA River again, heading back in the same direction she came.

POLICE SCANNER (CONT'D)

...Airships dispatched. Downtown and
Boyle Heights. All units standby.
Repeat, all units standby...

Up ahead, the lights of Downtown LA glitter against the night sky.

Hovering between the neon green glow of the skyscrapers Ronda sees the red and white glint of a police helicopter. She switches off her headlights, turning left on Santa Fe Avenue.

The armed robbers watch in tense silence as Ronda weaves in and out of the industrial alleyways with her lights switched off. It's as if she's trying to find her way out of the maze or probing to see if there's anyone out there.

POLICE SCANNER (CONT'D)

One-Baker-eleven, heading south on Boyle Avenue. No sign of suspects. Repeat, no sign of suspects...

The armed robbers look relieved when suddenly a police car glides past at the end of the alleyway, its lights also off.

It's like catching a glimpse of a passing shark's fin. Ronda taps the brakes gently, her car sliding to a stop. She stays there a moment, then eases the Subaru forward, turning in the opposite direction as the black-and-white.

It's a high-risk strategy but Ronda continues to increase the gap between her and the black-and-white. The police car makes its way through the dimly lit industrial zone. Ronda keeps an eye on it then switches back to the road.

The police car swings left, disappearing from view. Ronda slows down too, anticipating the next obstacle. She doesn't have long to wait.

In the distance she suddenly sees the piercing beam of a police chopper's search-lights, sweeping the area one more time.

Ronda floors the gas, speeding straight towards the approaching helicopter. The armed robbers are too stunned to protest. They just sit there, watching the sweeping searchlights getting closer and closer.

Then suddenly it becomes clear what Ronda's doing. Up ahead, there's a multi-bay, coin-operated self-service car wash. Ronda slides the car under the safety of the port just before the chopper's searchlights spot them.

The ROAR of the helicopter thunders overhead. The robbers sit quietly; one of them is praying.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda waits for the echo of the helicopter to fade, then moves forward again.

EXT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT (MOVING)

Somewhere on Olympic Boulevard. Gloomy yellow street-lamps shine down on the industrial zone. Rows of delivery trucks are parked outside the meat-packing factories.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda cruises cautiously down the deserted street. Finally, up ahead she sees car-lights streaming back and forth on Broadway.

RONDA

Get down.

The armed robbers lie flat on the back seat, paying Ronda more respect now.

There's a steady flow of traffic on Broadway. Ronda falls in behind the other cars.

The passing head-lamps light up Ronda's face. There's not a trace of emotion in her eyes -- even when she spots a patrol car approaching in the opposite direction.

The two cars pass each other slowly. Ronda adverts her gaze, looking away from the cops in the black-and-white peering at the Subaru they head past. She focuses on the scanner.

POLICE SCANNER

This is one-David-sixteen. Blue Subaru headed South on Broadway and Pico. Couldn't get a look at her license plates. Appears to be only one occupant...

In the back seat, the armed robbers wait nervously for the police dispatch to respond.

POLICE SCANNER (CONT'D)
...one-David-sixteen, check it out to be sure...

As soon as she hears this Ronda swerves sharply onto a side street off Broadway. She guns it around the block now, building up speed.

POLICE SCANNER (CONT'D)
...This is one-David-sixteen. We lost the suspect somewhere between Broadway and Grand. Possible evasive action. Request airship and additional units...

Ronda bursts out onto Pico now. A squad car headed in the opposite direction slows down as it sees her but is caught up in the flow of traffic, unable to turn round and give chase.

POLICE SCANNER (CONT'D)
...one-David-eleven. Suspect headed West on Pico...

Ronda threads her way through the vehicles in front of her, so smooth and effortless it's hard to tell how fast she's going. She glances up as she hears the dull rumble of a police chopper overhead. The helicopter is almost directly above her, swinging its search-beam back and forth to get a lock on her position.

Ronda pushes the car as fast as it will go, but there's no way of outrunning the chopper. Blue light floods the asphalt around her as she guns down Figueroa.

POLICE SCANNER (CONT'D)
All units pursuit in progress. Blue Subaru. Headed North on Figueroa...

Even now Ronda doesn't panic. She steps on the gas as hard as she can.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Up ahead is a parking garage. She carefully drifts into the parking garage entrance and disappears into the darkness.

The helicopter lights flash on the parking garage, dancing across the structure.

INT. 2006 SUBARU IMPREZA WRX - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda drives up and up, braking to make the sharp turns then speeding up the ramps. Ronda unlocks the doors, unclicks her seat belt.

RONDA

Open the bottle, drink up, and don't lose the cap.

Billy does what he says, chugs a gulp and passes it to the other guys. She suddenly stops, right behind the van. The guys plan to get out.

RONDA

No, stay put, keep drinking. Give me the take.

Frank and Billy hand her the bags.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Ronda clicks the "unlock" button on the key, opening the rear door. She tosses the bags inside and slams the rear door. She hops back in the Subaru and speeds on up.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

Moments later, a black-and-white shows up and enters the structure. SIRENS begin to wail in the distance.

INT. LAPD CRUISER - NIGHT (MOVING)

The TWO OFFICERS keep a sharp look out as the one behind the wheel drives further up.

The officers see nothing but cars and cars and cars...

A beat goes by when they see Ronda and the three robbers shuffling along, laughing like drunks on a Friday night.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

The black-and-white comes to a SCREECHING stop. The officers palm the pistols as the four halt in their tracks. They say "whoa-whoa-whoa".

OFFICER #1

Hands, can we see your hands, please?

They all comply.

RONDA

Sorry, sorry, we're just trying to find our car.

OFFICER #2

Don't move.

FRANK

(acting drunk)

We're not, man.

RONDA

We just got back from a bar.

Officer #1 approaches the guys.

OFFICER #1

(to Billy)

Breathe on me.

Billy does. Officer #1 reels back.

RONDA

I haven't been drinking. I'm the designated driver. Look we left the movies and went to have a few drinks.

OFFICER #2

Still have the ticket stubs?

RONDA

Yeah, yeah, sure. Can we reach into our pockets?

OFFICER #1

Slowly.

Slowly, each one produces a ticket stub. The officers look at them.

OFFICER #2

Which level did you park?

RONDA

One more down.

OFFICER #2

Head on up I'll go with them?

Officer #2 goes with Ronda and the guys while Officer #1 keeps searching.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

They make it to the next level.

RONDA

(points to the van)

There, there's our vehicle. It's a rental, I'm only in town for a few days.

OFFICER #2

Hold on.

(speaks into shoulder mic)

Dispatch this is one-David-sixteen. I need a plate check on a Chrysler Town and Country van. Plate number two-Denver-four-Sam-niner-five-niner. Over.

A long tense beat. The guys look to one another, devising a plan. Ronda can sense it.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Dispatch to one-David-sixteen, van checks out. Over.

Each one does a silent sigh.

OFFICER #2

(into shoulder mic)

Copy that. Over.

(to the group)

Okay, you can go.

(into shoulder mic while walking away)

One-David-sixteen to all units, a Chrysler Town and Country van is leaving the vicinity, no need to check it.

Ronda and the guys gather into the van.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Black-and-whites begin to arrive. Ronda calmly drives past them, making her getaway.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

In the darkening recess of an empty lot bordered by a hillside. Stan Love leans against his 1967 Cadillac Eldorado

Moments later, the Chrysler Town and Country van pulls into the parking lot. Everyone piles out. Frank and Billy haul the goods.

BILLY

This girl is a fucking beast, man!

Stan claps. The guys load the stuff into Stan's Cadillac.

STAN

Well done, sweetie.

RONDA

Do you have it?

Stan looks at her for a moment. He leans into his car and takes out a stack of files. Ronda's eyes light up like the Fourth of July. She grabs them and starts flipping through, seeing photos, arrests records, etc.

Stan holds out another file.

STAN

This is the client that hired me.

Ronda grabs it and looks at it.

RONDA

His name is George Uhl?

STAN

Goes by a bunch of names. But that is his real name.

RONDA

Fuck. He lives in San Francisco. I don't have the time.

(flips through the others
until she finds one)

This one. Pete Cooper. He doesn't live far.

Ronda climbs back into the van.

STAN

You're welcome.

RONDA

Yeah.

She drives away.

EXT. CAR RENTAL - NIGHT (LATER)

Ronda parks the car and gets out. She tosses the keys at the entrance and walks away.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ronda strolls through a loaded parking lot, searching for the right car. She spots one: a black 2015 Dodge Charger.

EXT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Ronda removes the license plates.

EXT. 2000 HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

She removes the plates, then installs the Dodge Charger plates onto the Civic.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ronda burns rubber out of the parking lot.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Her face in the passing neon lights. Determined. Focused.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A low rent street in Lincoln Heights.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A happening party is in full swing with all sorts of random-looking PEOPLE. Some stand on the dead lawn.

The Dodge Charger does a slow drive-by.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda observes the party. She keeps driving until she finds a free spot at the curb.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Ronda snakes into the house, blending in with the party-guests. She scans the faces for Pete Cooper while her way through the house.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's thicker in the kitchen than anywhere else. Ronda squeezes past drunken idiots. She scans the room, still no Pete Cooper.

Ronda heads through the open back door that leads into the backyard.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The crowd is spread out. Ronda stands on the small steps and looks for Pete. After a few turns, she finds him near the back talking to someone. She moves closer, cutting through the crowds.

Ronda gets closer to Pete. She stops and stands next to a grill, glancing at Pete and the guy he's talking to. She studies his face. She remembers him from the files.

FLASHBACK: Ronda studying the photos and names. She lands on one: JASON BLACK.

She keeps on them while trying not to be noticeable.

Jason and Pete bump fists and part ways.

Ronda turns away as Jason passes her. She follows him.

INT. JASON'S 2011 FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT (MOVING) (LATER)

Jason drives out of the neighborhood. He checks his mirror as he turns into another street, seeing only the anonymous glare of headlights behind him.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda slows down and lets another car turn in front of him, keeping it between himself and Jason's car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The streets are less crowded in this residential area. As the car in front of Ronda pulls into its front drive, she takes the next turning, making sure the Mustang doesn't spot her.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda cruises along another residential street. At every intersection she glimpse the Mustang heading in the same direction down a parallel street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Mustang turns back into traffic on San Vincente.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda merges in with the traffic, weaving between the cars in front of her until she has Jason's Mustang back in her sights.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Mustang turns onto 7th Street.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

This time there are no other vehicles turning into the same street. Ronda has no choice, settling in behind the Mustang.

INT. JASON'S 2011 FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT (MOVING)

Jason travels through the Pacific Palisades. He glances in his rear-view mirror and spots Ronda's car for the first time. For now, he doesn't give it much thought.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Both cars head into Entrada Drive.

INT. JASON'S 2011 FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT (MOVING)

Jason checks his mirror again and notices Ronda's car still on his tail. Just as a precaution he slows down, seeing if the pursuing car will overtake.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda has to decide in an instant whether to take up the invitation. She overtakes the Mustang, speeding ahead.

INT. JASON'S 2011 FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT (MOVING)

Jason sees Ronda's car disappear up ahead, relaxing now.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda puts her foot on the gas, taking sharp turns on small side streets, driving fast around the block until she's back on the Mustang's tail, keeping a safe distance now.

INT. JASON'S 2011 FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT (MOVING)

Jason turns right into the Pacific Coast Highway.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda follows the Mustang at a distance, keeping the winding corners of the PCH between herself and her prey.

EXT. PCH - NIGHT

Ronda's car glides along the open highway, the rising hills on one side, the churning ocean on the other, no vehicles in sight.

EXT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

The headlights of Ronda's car sweep ahead of it on the open road. It looks like a shark closing in on its prey.

INT. JASON'S 2011 FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT (MOVING)

In his rearview mirror, Jason sees the headlights of the car behind getting closer.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda stares ahead, her eyes fixed on the Mustang's backlights.

INT. JASON'S 2011 FORD MUSTANG - NIGHT (MOVING)

Jason checks his mirror curiously. The lights of the car behind have vanished. He has a confused look on his face.

But then it quickly disappears when the Dodge Charger appears on Jason's driver side and RAMS him hard toward the shoulder toward a telephone pole. He throws both hands on the wheel, stands on the brakes, bracing, wide-eyed, for what's coming.

Jason is violently jarred forward by the brutal impact. Metal ROARS as it's ripped asunder. Jason's head slams hard against his own white knuckles on the steering wheel. Safety glass cracks and hailstorms in two directions at once.

EXT. PCH - NIGHT

A beat. Silence. The wrecked Mustang spills fluids like blood from beneath the smoking engine.

Moments later, the Dodge Charger returns to the scene, engine GROANING like a beast.

A bloodied Jason manages to shoulder the passenger side door open with a nasty shriek of buckled metal and staggers out.

Ronda gets out of her car, calmly walking over to the pulverized Mustang. She sees Jason stumbling off towards the beach but doesn't hurry after him yet, just slowly follows him.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Jason stumbles through the sand, running for his life now. He looks behind him and sees Ronda calmly pursuing him, he remembers her. He keeps running, but he's badly injured, slowing all the time.

Ronda picks up the speed.

Jason drops to a knee and draws a .45 SIG. He turns to aim at Ronda but she smacks the gun out of his hand and kicks him straight in the chest. He drops to the ground.

RONDA

You're fucked.

JASON

I remember you... I don't have wait
you're looking for.

Ronda kicks him in the rib.

RONDA

Cut to the fucking end!

JASON

George has it with him in Vegas. He
plans to sell it to this biker gang, the
Damned.

RONDA

Where's George at in Vegas?

JASON

I don't know-

Ronda kicks at his face like a soccer ball. Jason tries to block them but, the kicks are relentless and brutal.

She gets in a few stomps before stopping. Jason spits up blood and a few teeth.

JASON

I fucking swear I don't know. The meet, the meet, I'm supposed to meet up with him and some of the guys in Vegas. The Downtown Motel. 129 North 8th Street at nine o'clock tomorrow night.

Ronda walks away. Jason breathes, feeling safe. But, at the corner of his eye, he sees Ronda coming back with the SIG.

JASON

No, no, wait, wait-

BANG! A hole blossoms from his forehead, releasing blood and bits of skull.

Ronda walks back to her car.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The middle of the night in the middle of nowhere. The blacktop cuts through a dry, flat arid landscape. The Dodge Charger moves like a speed demon.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

The oncoming headlights hurt Ronda's eyes. She is getting sleepy and her vision is blurring.

Her eyes close, involuntarily, snap open again. She stretches them wide as if forcing them to stay open.

The oncoming lights seem to glare to a point beyond endurance.

Ronda drifts off for a few seconds. Then a bit longer. Lit up by a splash of headlights flooding the front seat. Windshield awash with twin head-lamps of an eighteen-wheeler rig bearing down on him. She has drifted on to the oncoming lanes.

Ear-splitting toots of the truck's horn shock him awake. Shouting, she spins the steering wheel hand over hand, swerving wildly onto the right side of the road. Head-on collision missed by inches.

The titanic tractor trailer-thunders past, shuddering the car's suspension in its after-blow. Then it is gone. Soothing country dark thick and tangible as oil flows into the Dodge Charger again.

The world outside the window is black and empty save for a distant pinpoint of headlights ahead and the red and amber warning lights of the big rig in the rearview mirror.

Broken white lines and blacktop roll out of the darkness in the Dodge Charger's high beams. Ronda gasps for a breath, long drags of air to calm herself down.

EXT. HIGHWAY - PRE-DAWN

As the first rays of the sunshine, the Dodge Charger crests the final hill to reveal Las Vegas in all its splendor...

EXT. LAS VEGAS - MORNING

The Dodge Charger rolls down the famed Strip, showcasing the absurd scale of Vegas. The five-thousand room hotels, the eight land roads. The Emerald City with legalized gambling.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MOTEL - MORNING

A chintzy roach-tel with tacky white paint. The Dodge Charger pulls up to the curb and parks.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - MORNING

Ronda kills the engine. She looks beyond ragged, sagging eyes, molasses-like movement. She's the walking dead.

She takes out her phone and sets the alarm for nine o'clock. She drifts off to sleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

OFF-SCREEN: the ROAR of a QUARTETTE of Harley Davidson bikes.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Ronda SNAPS awake, reels back from the sound. She looks out her window and sees FOUR BIKERS driving past her and going under the motel's breezeway. A 1990 Ford station wagon picks up the rear. The bikers wear faded leather vests. In the center, a skull with dual lightning bolts and a band: est. 1968. Next to the skull, a prominent MC.

Ronda turns the alarm off on her phone and waits.

FADE TO:

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ronda follows the bikers and the station wagon two cars behind on the Oran K. Gragson freeway.

EXT. FREEWAY/STREET - NIGHT

The bikers and the station wagon take an exit and turn right on North Valley View Boulevard.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The bikers and the station wagon cruise down a neighborhood that is nothing more than vacant lots and small crappy homes with brown lawns.

Ronda keeps her distance, just now turning the corner.

EXT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

Home base for the Damned. A two-story house with a carport. The windows, tinted and barred. Security cameras watch every entrance and exit.

It's half fortress, half adult arcade. Motorcycles are parked out front of the clubhouse. No soft-tails or choppers.

The bikers pull up and park. The station wagon pulls into the driveway. The garage door opens and the station wagon enters.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Ronda has parked four houses down from the clubhouse. She watches the garage door close and the bikers enter the clubhouse. She reaches for the glove-box and takes out the SIG. She thinks of a plan.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ronda darts across the street and enters the property of the first house. She creeps into the backyard.

EXT. HOUSE #1 - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Ronda checks if it's clear, it's empty. She sprints to the chain-link fence and scales it and jumps into the second yard.

EXT. HOUSE #2 - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Ronda scales the next fence with ease.

EXT. HOUSE #3 - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The next fence isn't easy to scale: it's a seven-foot wooden fence. Ronda knows she's going to need a running start. She gets into a runner's stance, takes a few deep breathes and sprints toward the fence.

Ronda wall climbs it, grips the top, and pulls herself up and over the fence. Dropping into the clubhouse's backyard.

EXT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The yard is dark and littered with bottles, beer-cans, and discarded paper-plates. There's wooden shed toward the back.

Ronda quietly makes her way toward the back door. Suddenly, the yard is washed in bright light. Ronda's eyes widen like saucers. A BIKER steps outside with a trash bag.

Ronda quickly sprints toward a grill, ducking behind it.

At the back door, the biker airs out the bike and a BIKER calls out to him.

BIKER (O.S.)
HEY, PROSPECT! DON'T FORGET TO PICK UP
THOSE CIGARETTE BUTTS!

There's laughter in the background.

PROSPECT
You got it.

The prospect closes the door.

PROSPECT
(mutters)
Fucking assholes.

The prospect starts picking trash off the ground.

Ronda knows the prospect's a problem. She waits, watching him. The prospect starts cleaning around the picnic table, close to the grill. He turns his back toward Ronda.

She takes her moment. She moves quietly and carefully.

The prospect continues to load up the trash bag when Ronda sneaks up behind him and wraps her around his neck and applies pressure to his throat.

Ronda brings the prospect to the ground as he bucks and squirms, gasping for air. He digs his boots into the brown grass. Ronda adds more and more pressure like a python.

After what seems like forever, the prospect begins to show signs of fatigue. His legs and arms go limp. He finally loses consciousness.

Ronda throws him off. She looks around, all clear. She takes him by the arm and drags him across the yard toward the shed. She stashes him in the back of the shed then proceeds to the back door.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ronda opens the back door. It's much as a mess inside as it is outside. There's CHATTER coming from all corners of the clubhouse and a rock song BLARING from upstairs. Ronda enters and closes the door. She navigates through garbage, staying low and quiet.

She sees a door that leads to the garage but notices the archway next to the door that leads into the living room where she hears some bikers talk trash about cops.

Ronda inches her way to the garage door, her nerves are fried. Her back hugs the counter. She looks around the counter to see if there are any bikers within view of the garage door: there isn't.

Ronda hugs the wall next to the door, tests the doorknob, unlocked. She opens the door just enough for her to squeeze through.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Ronda carefully closes the door. She sees the station wagon and looks into the back window. She takes out her phone and brings up the flashlight app. She shines the light into the car, the dope is gone.

Anger and concern wash over Ronda's face. She realizes she has to search the house.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The door cracks open. The bikers continue to chat. Ronda quickly sneaks back into the kitchen. She sees the winding stairs that lead up to the second floor. She ascends.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Ronda makes it to the second floor. The rock music is thumping. There are four doors on this floor, two on each side and a second staircase that leads into the living room.

Ronda tip-toes toward the first door on her right and opens it: an empty, disgusting bathroom. She closes and heads toward the next one on her left, locked. She moves to the one further up on the right, where the music is louder.

A shadow moves up on the second staircase. Ronda dashes to the door on her right. It's unlocked, she quickly enters it just as the BIKER appears around the corner.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - ROOM #1 - NIGHT

The rock music is DEAFENING. She turns around to see a NUDE BIKER butt-fucking a TATTOOED WOMAN from behind on a mattress. Both have their backs facing Ronda and are sweating buckets. She's frozen, a deer caught in the headlights.

The biker is fucking her hard, pulling her hair. She SCREAMS in ecstasy. Moments later, the biker grits his teeth and cums inside the girl.

Ronda knows she needs to move. She cracks open the door and sees the biker is entering the locked room. She quickly ducks out just as the biker gets up.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Ronda opens the final door and enters the room.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Ronda's nerves are plaguing her again. She looks around: it's a bedroom with assorted junk and boxes. Ronda rifles around, finding nothing useful. She's starting to think it's not in the room, but in the locked room.

Ronda stops, finds something handy under the bed. She reaches down and takes out a wooden baseball bat.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Ronda opens the door and hurries her back down to the locked door. She bangs on it, hard. Moments later it opens. The biker gets butt-whacked in the face.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - ROOM #3 - NIGHT

The biker stumbles backwards, MOANING, cussing and grabbing his busted, bleeding nose. Ronda moves in and swings the bat across the biker's head. The biker drops like a sack of potatoes, down for the count.

Ronda drops the bat at the sight of the bricks of cocaine on the table. She takes a moment to look around the room for something she can carry the coke in. She looks at the bedsheet covering the tattered mattress and rips it off.

Ronda lays the bedsheet on the floor and starts placing the bricks in the center of the bedsheet. She takes the ends of the bedsheet and ties them together, making a sack.

Ronda opens the window that faces the backyard. She takes the sack of dope and drops it outside. She gets her leg out the window, then the other.

EXT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Ronda holds onto the windowsill. Then finally lets go. She lands on her feet but still falls on her ass. She quickly gets up, grabs the sack of dope, then-

KARASSSH! The prospect cracks a better bottle across her head.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Ronda is bound to a chair, her arms are zip-tied to the chair's arms. Blood streams down her head. There's talking in the background. A moment passes, Ronda finally comes around.

Her eyes flutter open, her vision is a bit blurry, seeing only fuzzy figures. Eventually, it clears and she sees SIX BURLY BIKERS, plus the prospect and the broken-nose biker. She sees the sack of coke on the coffee table.

The president steps forward. He's bald with a long braided beard and tatted up to his neck.

PRESIDENT

Hello, bitch.

Ronda doesn't say anything.

PRESIDENT

Who sent you, bitch? Hmm?

The VP steps forward.

VP

El Sementales? The Iron Hordes?

RONDA

No one sent me. That coke doesn't belong to you.

PRESIDENT

I just paid a huge chunk of change for it, so yeah, it does belong to me.

The president slaps Ronda hard across the face.

PRESIDENT

Next one's a punch. Who sent you?

RONDA

Nobody fucking sent me.

BIKER #1

No disrespect, prez, but who gives a fuck? I mean she's not gonna tell us shit in this state. So, I say, let Baker and the prospect tag team her upstairs for what she did to them.

Ronda slightly bucks in her chair, she tries not to show fear. The broken-nose biker and the prospect seemed eager to do so.

PRESIDENT

You have a point. You two are owed one.

The president steps forward. Ronda's heart races with every step he takes. He's inches from her. His hand reaches for her jaw, massaging it, then pries her mouth open. She spits at him. This infuriates him.

The president balls up his fist and socks her in the mouth, multiple times. It is disturbing to see a woman take this kind of punishment.

He finally stops, blood spills from her mouth.

PRESIDENT

(painting)

Fuck her until she's dead.

The president steps away as the broken-nose biker and the prospect grab a hold of Ronda. She bucks like a bronco. They drag the chair out of the living room, making their way to the hallway.

The vice president turns on the radio, cranking up the volume.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ronda tries getting free of her restraints.

RONDA

YOU FUCKING BASTARDS!!!

They haul her into a room and slam the door.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The broken-nose biker takes out his buck knife from his boot and cuts her ties. Ronda leaps forward, shoving the broken-nose biker, but is punched in the back of the head by the prospect. She stumbles forward, the pain shot through her whole head.

The broken-nose biker throws Ronda onto the bed, face first. She has a little fight left in her. She tries to move, but the broken-nose biker mounts her, sitting on her bike. He slides his hands under her, undoing her pants while the prospect starts removing her boots, then her pants, all the while Ronda SCREAMS and SWEARS and fights to get free.

The prospect eventually gets her jeans and panties off. He starts to undo his pants. Then quickly mounts her, his bony ass moves back and forth, thrusting. Tan legs on either side of him, spread wide

Ronda's face is pressed against the mattress, sobbing, gritting her teeth. A burning pain starts in her stomach and ends up in her eyes.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

Ronda's face is swollen, lip busted open, dried blood caked around her mouth and nose. She lies face first on the mattress. The prospect lies next to her. The broken-nose biker is passed out in a recliner, shirtless.

Ronda opens her eyes, she sees the broken-nose biker, but then glances at his buck knife on the bedside table. She slowly reaches for it, wrapping her hands around the handle.

And without wasting any more time, she gets out of bed and darts across the small room and jams the knife straight into the broken-nose biker's throat.

The strange GURGLING NOISE wakes the prospect. He focuses on the noise to see Ronda coming straight at him, slashing his throat open. Blood jets out, splashing some on Ronda. He holds onto his throat as blood leaks between his fingers.

The broken-nose biker goes limp as the blood continues to flow from his throat wounds.

Ronda gets dressed as the prospect slowly dies, grasping for air, spitting up more blood. He tries to get to the door, but Ronda trips him up. He claws at the floor, trying to get to the door.

Ronda zips up her pants. She slips on her boots, then dons her shirt. She looks down at the prospect: dead, a pool of blood begins to form around him. She grabs the knife and quietly exits the room.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - HALLWAY - PRE-DAWN

Ronda treads carefully down the hallway. She sees light from the living room spilling into the hallway.

She glances around the corner and sees two bikers passed out: one is on the sofa, the other is on the floor.

Ronda sees a Colt .45 tucked in the waistband of the biker on the sofa.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PRE-DAWN

She walks into the living room like a cat, the knife is at the ready. She takes careful steps toward the biker on the sofa.

Ronda's next step causes a squeak of protest from the wooden floor. The noise causes the biker to stir. Ronda lunges at the biker, plunging the knife into his chest and snatching the gun from his waistband. His painful howl is cut short with a SHOT to the head.

The biker on the floor reacts fast, but not fast enough: BANG!

Ronda goes back to the hallway.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - HALLWAY/KITCHEN - PRE-DAWN

Her back hugs the wall, she hears the commotion from above and in the second room down the hall.

A biker steps out with a sawed-off pump-action Mossberg. BANG! BANG! She puts two in his chest, he fires off a shot into the ceiling as he slumps into the doorway.

Ronda grabs the shotgun, pumps a round into the chamber, enters the kitchen, and goes up the stairs.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - PRE-DAWN

Ronda gets to the top of the stairs to see a biker standing in the middle of the hallway and sprays him with buckshot. He hits the ground, screaming and squirming. She SHOTS him again, dead.

The bathroom door flings, the vice president comes out SHOOTING with a Beretta, peppering the wall in front of Ronda who ducks, turns, and SHOTS him in the chest.

She goes to the first door turns the knob on the door to her left: BANG! BANG! BANG! Just constant firing.

INT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - ROOM #3 - PRE-DAWN

The president unloads his whole pistol. The tattooed woman is in bed, plugging her ears. The president's gun CLICKS empty. He digs under his mattress for another weapon.

Ronda kicks in the door just as the president brings up a TEC-9 and is blasted in his chest, unleashing a mist of blood.

Ronda shacks in another and swings the shotgun at the tattooed woman.

TATTOOED WOMAN

PLEASE! PLEASE! DON'T KILL ME! DON'T
KILL ME, PLEASE!

Ronda is revenge-drunk and just wants to fucking kill everyone after what she's been through. Her finger tightens around the trigger. But she eases up.

She glances at the bricks of cocaine on the floor in the corner.

RONDA

Get off the bed.

EXT. THE DAMNED CLUBHOUSE - PRE-DAWN

The sky is a lighter shade of blue.

Moments later, Ronda nonchalantly exits the house, walking like a blood-stained zombie holding a sack of cocaine over her shoulder and a shotgun.

She starts walking up the street to the Dodge.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - PRE-DAWN

Ronda throws the sack of coke in the front seat and tosses the shotgun in the back before climbing in.

A beat. Ronda takes some time to breathe and reflect.

Ronda reaches into the glove box and takes out her phone. She dials Irish's number.

IRISH (V.O.)

You better have it.

RONDA

I have it.

IRISH (V.O.)

The old Vulcan Materials Company in
Pearblossom on 155th street at 12 p.m.

Irish hangs up. Ronda starts the car and drives away.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Another endless stretch of desert. A long strip of asphalt splits it. The Dodge Charger is the only car on it.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - MORNING (MOVING)

Ronda is so beyond the rim of normality even she's amazed she's still sane. Despite all this, her spirit has not been crushed, only amplified.

EXT. VULCAN MATERIALS COMPANY - MORNING (LATER)

An abandon industrial mining area. Several weather-beaten equipment and trailers were left behind.

The Dodge is already there.

INT. 2015 DODGE CHARGER - MORNING

Ronda looks at four .45 caliber bullets in the palm of her hand. She loads them back into the clip then ejects it back into the Colt, hitting the slide release.

She scans the area, nothing but desert and some hills. It's dead quiet. She looks back at the entrance: after a long beat, Boyd's 2017 Dodge Challenger pulls in, following in close are two 2017 Ford Explorers.

Ronda watches the vehicles park in front of the Dodge Charger, creating a ten-foot gap.

Ronda stuffs the .45 behind her waistband. She reaches into the back and grabs the files, pulls a rap sheet out of one of them and pockets it before getting out of the car.

EXT. VULCAN MATERIALS COMPANY - MORNING

Ronda walks to the front of the Dodge. Moments later, everyone gets out: Irish, Boyd, Chip, and SIX THUGS.

Irish looks her over.

IRISH

Sweet Christ. You really did go to hell and back, huh?

RONDA

Where's Brian?

IRISH

Show me the dope first.

Ronda stares daggers at Irish. She gives in. She goes back, opens the door, and brings out the coke.

RONDA

Where's Brian?!

Irish signals to Chip. Chip goes to the Explorer and brings out Brian.

Ronda's begin to well up a bit. But she holds back her emotions.

RONDA

Hey, baby.

BRIAN

(re: to her appearance)

God...

RONDA

I know. It's not my Sunday's best.

IRISH

Yeah. Bring the coke over.

RONDA

Fuck you. You bring Brian over and you come collect your shit.

Irish is starting to get annoyed.

IRISH

I don't have time for this shit.

Irish steamrolls over to Brian, grabs him by the arm, and escorts him to Ronda.

Irish shoves him toward Ronda. They two embrace each other while Irish goes through the sack.

RONDA

(whispers into Brian's ear)

There's a shotgun in the car.

Irish rifles through the bricks of coke making sure it's all there.

Irish looks up at them, rolls his guys.

IRISH

Oh please.

Irish hauls the sack back to the guys.

IRISH

Enjoy it while it lasts you two. Because you don't have long.

Ronda stops, she know what he meant by that comment.

RONDA

Irish!

Irish stops and turns back to Ronda.

RONDA

Who do you trust more: me or George Uhl?

IRISH

What the fuck are you talking about?

RONDA

I tell you I had nothing to do with the theft, you seem to listen to him more than me.

IRISH

Who the fuck is George Uhl?

Ronda slowly reaches into her pocket and takes out the rap sheet.

Ronda walks to Irish, handing him the rap sheet. He takes it and looks at it.

IRISH

(to his guys)

Chip.

Chip slightly reacts.

IRISH

So fucking what. I know a lot of guys that go by different names. Doesn't mean anything.

RONDA

You know where I got that? From a lawyer who was hired by Chip to look for guys not connected to organized crime. Now, I don't see Chip being the leader type, so, maybe Boyd put him up to it look for the guys.

Boyd rolls his eyes.

IRISH

That's nice. But, I don't see it.

BOYD

Yo, Irish, are we going to hurry this up? We gotta long drive back to LA, man.

RONDA

Why did you change the meet?

IRISH

What?

RONDA

On Orange Drive. Chip said you wanted to change the meet. Why?

IRISH

I never changed the meet. They said you flipped out and pulled a gun on them.

RONDA

Yeah, and I'm sure if I hadn't fired that shot, their plan would've worked.

CHIP

There's no fucking plan.

RONDA

What about the shovels?

IRISH

Shovels?

RONDA

You had four shovels in the back of the car.

CHIP

Bullshit. We didn't have that shit in there.

RONDA

You know I've dug my fair share of holes, Irish, so I know all the tricks. Two shovels for two people to dig one hole for one. Four shovels for four guys to dig two holes for two.

Irish lets it sink in.

RONDA

Who do you think they were going to bury me with?

BOYD

Irish, you're not believing this bullshit, are you?

RONDA

Tell me, Irish, who suggested to meet way out here?

BOYD

Irish...

RONDA

And are these guys with you, or with Boyd?

Irish looks into Ronda's eyes. A beat.

All at once, Ronda and Irish pull their pistols out just as Boyd, Chip, and the thugs pull theirs. Everyone FIRES within close range.

Ronda puts a thug down with a SHOT to the chest, moving while shooting. Irish plugs a thug with two shots. One of Boyd's rounds hits Irish in the shoulder, but Irish keeps FIRING until both of them are down and with bullet holes. Brian BLASTS a thug with the shotgun. Ronda guns down Chip with her last two rounds. She dives for a dead thug's Glock and FIRES three rounds into one thug then FIRES a final round to another thug, but not fatal. The Glock's slide locks. The thug raises his gun and is blasted by Brian.

The fight is over as quickly as it started.

Irish lies in the dirt, blood pulsing from numerous wounds in his chest.

Ronda walks over to Irish who's barely clinging to life. She kneels down.

IRISH

Four-six-seven-six. I... I think you know what that's for. I'm sorry.

Ronda takes a moment to watch her friend die. She looks over at Brian. Then back at Irish: he's gone.

Ronda walks over to Brian. She holds him close, closer than any other time in her life. She takes him by the hand and leads him to the Charger.

INT. THE LOUNGE - IRISH'S OFFICE - EVENING

The door opens. Ronda and Brian enter. She walks to the center of the room and kneels down to lift up the carpet to reveal a four-by-four floor safe with a digital combination

Ronda punches the numbers into the safe. It CLICKS. She opens it.

Bank-wrapped hundreds fill it. Each packet is stamped "\$10,000."

Ronda stares. She reaches inside to rifle the stacks, either to confirm that the bag is full or to estimate the amount. She looks up at Brian who can't believe his eyes.

FADE TO:

EXT. WOODS RANCH - MORNING (A YEAR LATER)

The ranch is in a much better state than it was last time.

INT. WOODS RANCH - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Ronda wakes up to a new day. She eventually rises, revealing a pleasantly plumped belly (six months pregnant). She slips on her slippers.

INT. WOODS RANCH - FOYER - MORNING

Ronda descends down the stairs and enters the kitchen.

INT. WOODS RANCH - KITCHEN - MORNING

Ronda opens the fridge, takes out a carton of juice and pours a glass.

EXT. WOODS RANCH - PORCH - MORNING

Ronda steps outside, sipping her cup. Brian is by the outbuilding working a tractor's engine.

She takes it all in. Gazing at the morning sun kissing her face. She takes another sip.

She's happy.

FADE OUT.

THE END