

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Desert. The middle of nowhere. A highway stretches as far as the eye can see. A drop-top 70's Pontiac flies down the road. Beaten and battered, rusted, sun-faded white.

INT. PONTIAC

An equally dirty man sits behind the wheel. This is MADDOX CARTER, late 20's. He is unkempt and scummy. He hasn't bathed in days. Despite his disheveled appearance, there's a ruggedly handsome man underneath.

The desert horizon reflects in his sunglasses. He flicks the ashes from his cigarette. They whirl around and out the top. A large piece lands in the cup holder of the door.

The speedometer needle is pegged at 90. If it could go any further, it would.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY

The Pontiac speeds past a sign that reads "87 Miles To Las Vegas". A cop clocks him with a speed gun. 114 Miles an hour. He pulls out, pops the cherries, runs him down.

INT. PONTIAC

Maddox checks the rearview mirror, eyes the cop. He takes his sweet time before pulling the car to a stop on the side of the road. He kills the engine.

Junk food wrappers, fast food bags, a Magnum XXL condom wrapper and an empty bottle of Jack Daniels litter the car.

Maddox takes a large bag of cocaine from the passenger seat. He looks around the car for a place to stash it. He grabs a Taco Bell bag, places it inside. He rolls it up, tosses it under the passenger seat.

He watches in the mirror as the officer saunters to the car. The cop reaches the driver's side window, pulls down his aviators. He takes a clearly irritated stance.

OFFICER

Do you know why I pulled you over?

MADDOX
(disinterested)
Dunkin's closed on Tuesdays?

OFFICER
I clocked you at 49 miles over.

MADDOX
That all? I've done better.

OFFICER
Smart-ass, are we?

Maddox takes a drag from his cigarette.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
What's that?

MADDOX
What's what?

OFFICER
That. There in the cup holder.

The officer points to the door cup holder. Ashes.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Is that cannabis residue?

MADDOX
No. Definitely not.

OFFICER
Are you sure? What is it then?

MADDOX
I don't know... stuff.

OFFICER
I'm going to need to see your
license and proof of insurance.

Maddox pops open the glove compartment. A few papers scattered. A black 9MM hand gun lays atop. He slams it shut quickly before the officer can get a look.

MADDOX
It's actually... a rental, so...

He fumbles through the pocket of his jeans. He pulls out an ID. The cop snatches it. He looks it over.

OFFICER
Hmm, Les--

MADDOX

Maddox! Maddox Carter.

OFFICER

Well, Mr. Carter, I'm going to bring the drug dog around to search your car. I'm not going to find any cannabis in here, am I?

Maddox glances at the Taco Bell bag full of cocaine beneath the passenger seat, just out of the officer's view.

MADDOX

Nope. No cannabis.

The cop stares him down for a moment. He nods, heads back to the squad car. Maddox watches him in the mirror. He glances at the glove box. The mirror. Glove box. Mirror.

The cop opens his back door, releasing a German Sheppard.

Maddox pulls the 9MM pistol from the glove box. He stashes it between his legs.

The dog leads the officer toward the Pontiac.

Maddox turns on the ignition. The car roars to life. He shifts it into reverse. The car accelerates backwards, smashing into the cop.

Maddox slams the car into drive. The dog leaps into the window, latching onto Maddox's arm. He yells out. The dog, hanging halfway in the car, viciously shakes its head side to side. Blood gushes, flings everywhere.

Maddox presses the gas pedal to the floor. The car burns out.

MADDOX (CONT'D)

God dammit!

He tries to jar the dog loose.

MADDOX (CONT'D)

Fucker! Let the fu--

He punches the dog in the head. Again. He grabs the gun from between his legs. He whacks the dog. It releases its grip and falls to the ground. The car's back tire runs it over.

Maddox investigates his wound. A deep bite spews blood all over his white shirt. The side of the door is stained red.

MADDOX (CONT'D)

Shit.

He turns around, reaching for a shirt in the backseat.

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The dog jumps to its feet, unharmed.

INT. PONTIAC

Maddox's attention is still on the backseat. The car veers to the right. He looks back to the road just as the car crashes into a behemoth of a cactus. His head smashes into the steering wheel. The cactus explodes into a thousand pieces.

All is still for a moment...

Maddox opens the door and falls to the ground with a thud.

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Laying on his back, he lets out a heavy sigh. He's hurt.

The dog rushes toward him. He pulls the 9mm. BANG! The dog lays on the ground, motionless.

Maddox picks himself up from the ground. He looks into the side mirror of the car. A huge gash across the bridge of his nose. He touches it, winces. He turns his head, to find a cactus needle lodged deep into his cheek.

He steadies his breathing, preparing himself. He plucks the needle from his face as he gives out a groan.

He gives the car a once-over. A headlight is cracked, but it could have been a lot worse. He gives the hood a gentle pat.

He makes his way to the cop. Searches his body. A wallet. He opens it and takes a small wad of cash.

MADDOX

You won't be needing this.

He continues searching the cop. Chest pocket. He removes his driver's license and shoves it in his pocket.

Maddox jumps in the Pontiac, slams the door. He reverses it then pulls away. He lights a cigarette. The police officer's body rests on the road as the Pontiac disappears into the distance.

FADE OUT.