

PREY FOR THE HUNTER

by

Chasing Ally

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Small boot crushes a gas pedal. Propelling a car along an open road.

REAR-VIEW MIRROR: a female motorist's frantic eyes dart between road ahead and road behind.

The speedometer needle surges right - 40, 50, 60 mph...

At the wheel is **ALLY MARIS** (early 30s).

Her pretty face is flecked with blood spatter. Hair unravels and is tossed by the wind of an open front passenger window.

Ally's right hand is heavily bandaged.

MIRROR: Headlights closing in. Ally's eyes widen, FREEZE.

SUPER: 13 MINUTES EARLIER

INT. GAS STATION CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Empty. Indistinct chatter of a distant TV.

Freezer door swings wide. Ally's left hand plucks a bag of ice. The ice bag drops into a plastic hand basket.

Left arm sweeps several cans of Red Bull into the basket.

Florescent lights reveal bruises on Ally's thin, white face. Her dirt-brown hair is pulled up in a tidy bun.

Right hand cut. Ally's thumb is smashed and purple.

She strides through an aisle. Her lanky body fits comfortably in a dark t-shirt and yoga pants. TV noise rising.

NEWSCASTER (FILTERED)

... a smash-and-grab robbery
at a Perris jewelers has
resulted in stolen jewelry
valued at over a million
dollars, authorities said.

On her way to the counter, Ally snatches a hand towel from a rack, a bottle of Advil off a shelf and a burner phone.

She pads to the front counter. Dumps her load.

Clerk **MICK** (50s), spins his attention from the TV to Ally.

MICK
Bar fight?

Ally glares at the tubby clerk. She lifts her right hand.

ALLY
You sell sports wrap?

MICK
Got medical tape. It broke?

ALLY
Broke it on somebody's
fuckin' face.

MICK
I'll get that medical tape.

Mick hustles around the counter. Down an aisle.

Ally's eyes scan an area road map spread on the counter. She holds the ice bag to her face.

TV draws her attention. The fuzzy screen reveals an older male **NEWSCASTER** in a suit.

NEWSCASTER (FILTERED)
Two armed suspects were seen
on security video fleeing
from the store.

The convenience store clerk returns with medical tape. He lowers the TV volume. Tallies Ally's purchases.

MICK
That'll be sixty-five even.
FYI, they got an urgent care
in the next town over.

Ally pays cash. Bandages her hand as Mick bags her purchases.

Her eyes drift to a CCTV monitor. She observes a tall **STRANGER** in dark clothes, lurking behind her blue Malibu.

EXT. STATION GAS PUMPS

Ally charges out the door. A can of Bull in her left fist.

ALLY
HEY...

The driver turns his back to Ally. Gets into his truck.

Ally sprints to the pickup as its engine thunders to life.

Pickup's front passenger-side window rolls up. Can of Red Bull taps the tinted glass. Ally can't see shit inside.

ALLY

What the fuck?!

The pickup truck, a black Sierra, rolls toward the open road. Ally hurls the Red Bull. It CLANGS off the truck's tailgate.

Pickup truck STOPS – Ally STOPS. A moment of uncertainty.

MICK lumbers out of the store. Chugs toward Ally. Carrying her bag of purchases.

MICK

Hold up, Lady.

Pickup engine revs. Tires SCREECH. POOF, the Sierra shoots down the road. Vanishes like a ghost in the night.

Ally squints. Burned rubber and smoke in her nostrils. She coughs and stares at the now empty road.

MICK

That your jerk of a husband?

Ally shakes her head.

ALLY

Same shit – different asshole.

She grabs her bag of purchases. Mick shrugs.

MICK

You got a death wish or somethin'?

Ally strolls around her car. Notices a MISSING license plate.

ALLY

Tell me something... I don't already know.

MICK

I called the cops.

Ally's eyes jump back to Mick. In a snap, she opens her car door. Slides into the Malibu and hightails it.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ally steers the wheel with her left hand. Foot mashes the accelerator. Malibu fires at a steady 70 mph.

Ally stares ahead. Focused. Her face emotionless.

Her eyes drift to the REAR-VIEW MIRROR: Headlights approaching fast. Red-and-Blue lights whirling.

Cop car in pursuit. Siren SHRIEKING. Getting louder.

Ally bears down. Grits her teeth defiantly. Then, relents.

Eases off the accelerator. Guides her Malibu to the shoulder and slows. Parks. Waits. Sees the

COP CAR

whip around her Malibu. Dust pinging her car as it passes. Cop car disappear around a bend.

Ally sits. Sucks in a breath. She just dodged a bullet.

On the road again, she drives her Malibu around a bend.

UP AHEAD

notices the cop car pulled to the road's shoulder. Lights whirling. In front of the police cruiser is the PICKUP TRUCK.

She spies two cops with their service weapons drawn. The dark stranger sits passively at the wheel.

Ally rolls down her front, passenger-side window.

Malibu slows. Passes the scene. Ally flashes a gleeful grin.

ALLY

INSTANT KARMA, you fuckin'
rodent!

OFFICER 1 turns to motion Ally to keep moving, when –

A SHOTGUN BLAST

slams his body into Ally's car. Pellets and spits of blood fly from the officer's defenseless body.

Through the open window. The ping Ally's face.

Then a second BLAST. This jolts Ally to act.

She stomps the accelerator. Malibu tires SQUEAL.

EXT. ROAD

The psychotic stranger, his features hidden in shadows, aims his shotgun at OFFICER 2's fallen body.

Pumps another round.

Stranger's attention pivots in the direction of Ally's car.

Quick strides carry the stranger to his pickup truck. He pitches the shotgun inside and gets behind the wheel.

His Sierra rumbles and in no time, he's back on the road.

INT. ALLY'S CAR

Ally's hair unravels and is tossed by the wind from an open window.

Her face flecked with blood spatter. Her breathing rapid.

Ally's desperate eyes search the woody area along the road.

FLASHBACK**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE**

Ally's eyes scan an area road map spread on the counter.

END OF FLASHBACK

MIRROR: Headlights closing in. Ally's eyes widen.

She looks away for a moment. Then back to the rear-view mirror – headlights behind her have vanished.

Ally turns around. Just darkness behind her car.

She sees a small turnoff in the road ahead. Slows...

When BAM. She's rear-ended by the Sierra. Its headlight killed. The Malibu is rocked.

Ally keeps her car on course.

Pickup pulls alongside Ally's car. A shotgun blast misses.

Ally slams her brakes – Malibu fishtails 180 degrees. Pickup sails past. Ally floors it and heads back down to the

SIDE ROAD

Hard dirt. Ally drives until she faces a roadblock. She stops. Bolts from her car just as the Sierra turns onto the side road.

Her left hand grips a semi-automatic handgun as she bails.

Ally stays low in the nearby bushes. Watches the Sierra stop. Headlights now bright and aimed at her Malibu.

The dark stranger steps out of his pickup. Shotgun in hand.

He strolls to the Malibu. Sees no Ally. Stranger's head swivels left to right. Searching the woods.

He briskly walks toward the shrubs. Stranger raises his shotgun. Blasts bushes right and left. Ally scrambles out of the way.

She drops her Sig. Too late, can't go back.

Stranger reloads.

Ally tosses her bullet clip into the nearby shrub. The noise distracts the stranger, for now.

She reaches into her pocket. Pulls a phone. Punches numbers.

A RING TONE coming from the Malibu's trunk. Stranger pauses. He turns toward Ally's car.

He backtracks to the Malibu. Stands over the truck. The tip of shotgun taps the trunk. Car lid rises.

Phone CHIMING loud from the trunk. Stranger looks inside.

He stand motionless. Then reaches into the trunk.

Ally is there behind him. Her Sig less than a foot from the stranger. BAM. A 9mm. slug to the back of the bastard's head.

Stranger's body slumps. Falls. Ally fires two more shots.

She lets out a sigh. Peers into the open trunk.

Ally's POV. A SCAN from left to right: Shovel. Two ski masks. Stolen jewelry. A man's body — Her partner in crime. Dead.

Trunk lid lowers. What a night.

FADE OUT

The End.