

"Death Proof"

Written

by

Quentin Tarantino

Final Draft
Valentine's Day
2006

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Faded, illegible text at the top of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

This script is dedicated
to the poet laureate of
The Drive-in
CHARLES B. GRIFFITH
Your work has always
"Rocked All Night," daddy-o.

Respect,


Quentin Tarantino

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9

POV OF A CAR WINDSHIELD - DAY

The car is driving fast down the road. A pair of female bare feet with a gold ankle bracelet lie propped up on the dashboard emanating from the passenger seat.

A Good God Almighty rockabilly tune beats out of the car stereo, the feet tap to the beat.

The opening credits play out over this image.

As the music continues

WE CUT TO:

INT JUNGLE JULIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A tall (maybe 6ft) Amazonian Mulatto goddess walks down her hallway, dressed in a baby tee, and panties that her big ass (a good thing) spill out of, and her long legs grow out of. Her big bare feet slap on the hard wood floor. She moves to the cool rockabilly beat as she paces like a tiger putting on her clothes.

Outside her apartment she hears a "Honk Honk".

She sticks her long mane of silky black curly hair, her giraffish neck and her broad shoulders, out of the window and yells down to a car below.

This sexy chick is Austin, Texas, local celebrity, JUNGLE JULIA LUCAI, the most popular discjockey of the coolest rock radio station in a music town.

JUNGLE JULIA
I'm comin' down!

EXT - STREET OUTSIDE JULIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Two girls are getting out of a white Honda civic, that's parked across the street from Jungle Julia's apartment.

One girl is SHANNA...

The other (the one with the sexy opening credit feet) is ARLENE.

All three girls are in their seven years after college phase (about twenty-eight).

The dynamic of the trio is as such, Julia, Shanna, and Arlene all went to the University of Texas together.

Shanna being a Texas native.

Julia being from Los Angeles.

Arlene being from Brooklyn.

After school was over, Arlene went back to New York, Julia got into the local Austin music scene, becoming a fixture on the scene, and ultimately becoming a drive time D.J. for the local oldies radio station Austin Hot Wax 505, and in the process turning into one of the most popular local celebrities since Stevie Ray Vaughn.

Arlene's in town visiting for a week, and it's sorta fallin' on Shanna to take care of her.

But since Julia's become a celebrity in the meantime, every plan arrangement, and girls night out is vaguely catered around Julia.

As Julia screams down to them, Arlene hurries across the street and screams up to her in her thick Brooklyn accent.

ARLENE

(yelling up)

Hold on, I gotta come up! I gotta take the world's biggest fuckin' piss!

JUNGLE JULIA

(yelling down)

We can't be late!

SHANNA

(yelling up)

We won't!

As Arlene and Shanna hurry up the stairs to Julia's apartment, the rockabilly on the soundtrack is cut off (by a needle being lifted) and a different song is put on the soundtrack.

INT - JUNGLE JULIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Julia has just put on a new record and is dancing to the music.

Arlene enters the front door with an I gotta pee body language.

Julia points in the direction of the bathroom.

Arlene disappears behind the bathroom door.

Shanna and Julia dance to the record while Arlene pees.

INT - BATHROOM - DAY

Arlene is sitting on the toilet, a horse race stream of piss can be heard emanating from under her. We slowly zoom into the pretty face of relief.

EXT - JUNGLE JULIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

In slow motion, the three girls walk out of the apartment, and head for their car.

They climb into Shanna's car, and head off to their next exciting 3 girls 3 adventure.

As the Honda drives away, A SUBTITLE APPEARS BELOW:

The City of
Austin, Texas

INT HONDA (MOVING) - DAY

Shanna is behind the wheel, Arlene is in the passenger seat, and Jungle Julia lies sprawled out in the back seat, her feet out the car door window, like Cleopatra.

JUNGLE JULIA
Who's holding?

SHANNA
If you're not, then nobody.

Arlene turning around in her seat to talk to the lying down Julia.

ARLENE
We were kinda hoping you were.

SHANNA
Yeah, how are you not holding?

JUNGLE JULIA
Jesus Christ, Shanna, it's not my fucking job to supply weed to ya'll when we go out.

SHANNA

Whoa Whoa Whoa, little lady, you're getting angry kinda quick, don'tcha think? I was just teasing you.

JUNGLE JULIA

I'm not angry, it would just be nice if ya'll didn't just count on me all the fuckin' time, and surprised me every once and awhile with pot.

SHANNA

Okay, mean girl in a high school movie, are you through being angry?

JUNGLE JULIA

I'm not angry.

SHANNA

Yes, you are, you've been in the car all of two seconds, and you're already cursing at me.

JUNGLE JULIA

I'm not cursing at you.

SHANNA

You said, "Jesus-Christ-Shanna". And before the sentence was over, you threw a "fuckin" in there to emphasize your irritatedness.

Julia smiles, she's not really mad anymore. Arlene takes it a little too seriously.

ARLENE

C'mon, guys, don't fight, I'll pay for it when we get some.

JUNGLE JULIA

One, it's not about the money, it's about the pain in the ass of scoring, and two, we're not really fighting.

SHANNA

Arlene, you've forgotten what hanging out with Jungle Julia's like. That wasn't a fight. That was Julia acting like a grumpy bitch and me calling her on it and indulging her at the same time.

SHANNA

It's how we tolerate each other
after all these years.

JUNGLE JULIA

Oh, yeah, like you're never a
bitch.

SHANNA

Oh, yeah, like you're never not.

They both bust out laughing. Arlene guesses it's okay, and
joins along.

SHANNA

So what's the plan, man?

JUNGLE JULIA

Margaritas and Mexican food at
Guero's - did you call Rafael, tell
him we're comin'?

SHANNA

Of course.

JUNGLE JULIA

You're so good.

SHANNA

I know. Okay, is Christian
Simonson going to be there?

Julia smiling.

JUNGLE JULIA

You bet your ass he is. He's gonna
be there with Jessie Leadbetter.

Shanna to Arlene.

SHANNA

Christian Simonson the filmmaker is
in town. And he's got a big thing
for Julia.

JUNGLE JULIA

If he had a big thing for me, he'd
fuckin' call me as opposed to
disappearing for six months. And
he'd get his ass down here more
often than he does and on my
birthday he'd give me a fucking
phone call. But other than that,
he's putty in my hands.

SHANNA

Yeah, but you get those legs of yours around him, it's all over.

(to Arlene)

Chris has got a thing for long Amazonian legs, and so whenever we hang out, eventually Julia will get her legs around Chris, or across him, and when she does, Chris ain't going nowhere. And neither is she.

JUNGLE JULIA

Yeah, well when I'm redecorating his house in the hills that I'm also living in, I'll let you know it worked. So, margaritas and Mexican food at Guero's. Touch base with Chris and Jessie, tell them about later, and make damn sure they come. The other guys'll be waiting for us to join them at Huck's.

(to Arlene)

Oh shit, speaking of which, what happened with you and Nate last night?

Arlene starts to recount last nights hook up with her tough girl way of talking.

ARLENE

Well, not much, you know, we just fuckin' met each other. I mean, if you don't bust their balls a little bit, they never gonna respect ya'.

JUNGLE JULIA

Okay, we're pretty clear on what you didn't do. How 'bout enlightening us on what you did do?

ARLENE

Awww, nothin' to write home about, we just made out on the couch for about twenty minutes.

SHANNA

Dressed, half-dressed, or naked?

ARLENE

Dressed. I said we made out, we didn't do, "the thing".

JUNGLE JULIA
Excuse me for livin', but what's
"the thing"?

ARLENE
You know, everything but.

SHANNA
They call that, "the thing"?

ARLENE
I call it "the thing".

SHANNA
Do guys like "the thing"?

ARLENE
Well, they like it better than
no-thing.

The girls laugh.

JUNGLE JULIA
Okay, I wanna get back to what it
is you did do? So you're making
out with Nate on the couch, right?

ARLENE
Correct.

JUNGLE JULIA
Whose couch, his or the one in your
hotel room?

ARLENE
What am I, stupid over here, mine.

SHANNA
Were you making out sitting up, or
lying down?

ARLENE
Started sitting up, worked our way
to lying down.

JUNGLE JULIA
Hummm, the plot gets thicker, who
was on top?

ARLENE
I was straddlin' him.

SHANNA

(to Jungle Julia)

Oh you know Nate had to love that.
What else?

ARLENE

Well, not much, that was it. So we made out a little while on the couch and I say, "Okay, I'm gonna go to bed, so it's time for you to leave". And then he whines; "Awww, right now"? And I say, "Yep, right now, let's go". Then he says; "Wait a minute, how 'bout this"? And I say, "No". And he says; "What'd you mean no? You don't even know what I'm gonna say". And I say, "I already know what you're gonna say..."

(beat)

...and the answer's, no". And he says; "How can you say, you know what I'm gonna say"? And I say, "Because you're gonna say, let's just go to bed together - we don't gotta do nothin' - just cuddle - sleep next to each other - wake up in the morning together -

(beat)

No.

(beat)

You're gonna leave.

(beat)

But, I'll see you tomorrow".

SHANNA

So what about tonight?

ARLENE

Well, we'll see. Look, I like Nate. He's cute, he's a nice guy, he's a pretty good kisser... but, ... it ain't a done deal.

JUNGLE JULIA

Yeah, fuck Nate. I mean, yeah, he's cute an all, but Jessie Leadbetter's gonna be all over her.

ARLENE

Jessie Leadbetter, the Austin director who did "Potheads"?

JUNGLE JULIA

He's a good friend.

ARLENE

Remember freshman year, getting stoned and going to "The Dobie" to see "Potheads"?

JUNGLE JULIA

Just think, play your cards right, you'll be sucking his dick within hours.

The girls laugh and make gross noises.

SHANNA

Hey, Jessie's got a big dick.

ARLENE

You went down on him?

JUNGLE JULIA

Half the girls in Austin have sucked Jessie's dick.

SHANNA

Yeah, but don't get your hopes up too high. Christian and Jessie might not even show up, they're big flakes.

JUNGLE JULIA

I'll kick his ass he doesn't show up.

SHANNA

But remember, we're not hooking up tonight. We're gonna hang out at Huck's with 'em, you can make out with 'em, but no hookin' up, cause we're driving to Lake L.B.J. tonight, and my daddy's pretty clear about one thing. He said; "I'm letting you and your girlfriends stay at my lake house. Not you and a buncha horny boys tryin' to get their fuck on with my daughter".

ARLENE

Your dad talks like that?

Julia and Shanna say together;

JULIA/SHANNA

Hell, yeah!

SHANNA

It's not like he ain't gonna know either. Because when I'm stayin' at the lake house with my girlfriends, in our bikinis, daddy has a tendency to just pop up, and make sure we don't need anything.

They all laugh.

SHANNA

Look he's totally harmless and cute as a bug's ear, but when he's got a bunch of half naked poontang walkin' the floor of his lake house, he just likes to pay a visit and make sure we got everything we need. And if you flirt shamelessly with him like this one in the backseat, you've got a puppy dog for life.

JUNGLE JULIA

I have my own relationship with Ben, and you're just jealous, because it doesn't include you.

ARLENE

You call her dad, Ben?

JUNGLE JULIA

I'm not a child, and that's his name.

ARLENE

Where's this bar we're going to later?

SHANNA

Huck's.

JUNGLE JULIA

It's a dive, but a fucking cool dive.

SHANNA

Yeah, no more college kid Sixth Street bullshit, Huck's is about drinking booze. No cosmos, nothing with a blender, just beers, booze and shots.

JUNGLE JULIA

And great music, don't forget about the music.

SHANNA

Yeah, Warren, the guy who owns the place, has this great classic jukebox. He calls it Amy.

ARLENE

He's got a classic jukebox that plays CD's?

JUNGLE JULIA

No! That's what's so cool about it, dummy. It's filled with classic Decca and Redbird 45's. They have moonshine under the counter.

SHANNA

Yeah,

(and with a thick southern accent)

And that shine'll blind ya' boy. You order coffee and he puts it in the coffee.

JUNGLE JULIA

And Cabo Wabo tequila.

Arlene's trying to forget Julia just called her a dummy two seconds ago. She could be the hurt girl, or the cool dude chick and has decided in her last two days in Texas to be the dude chick.

ARLENE

What's Cabo Wabo?

JUNGLE JULIA

Sammy Hagar's own personal brand of tequila.

ARLENE

When are the boys showing up?

JUNGLE JULIA

We're gonna meet them at Huck's.

ARLENE

Maybe they can bring some pot.

JUNGLE JULIA

Fuck those guys. I don't want to be either, A, depending on their fucking ass, or B, dependent on their ass. If we don't score ourselves, we're going to be stuck with them all fucking night.

SHANNA

Try Lanna-Frank.

JUNGLE JULIA

Best idea you've had all day.

Julia takes out her cell phone, pushes one button.

JUNGLE JULIA

Lanna-Frank?

(pause)

Julia.

(pause)

Hey girl.

(pause)

Is Steve with you?

(pause)

Yes!

(to the other girls)

Steve's with her.

(back to Lanna-Frank)

Look, Shanna and I and our friend from out of town, Arlene, are going to Guero's now and then Huck's later. Maybe you could meet us at either one of those places, and if Steve's around, bring him along.

Steve is obviously these girls idea of a secret code for pot.

JUNGLE JULIA

(pause)

So... you're thinking, midnightish?

(pause)

Now don't flake out, bitch, we're counting on you.

(pause)

Bye.

(she hangs up and looks to the other girls)

Mission accomplished.

SHANNA
 Hey we're passing by your
 billboard.

JUNGLE JULIA
 Oh c'mon, give me a break.

SHANNA
 C'mon, we said every time.

JUNGLE JULIA
 Okay.

Julia rises to sitting position.

EXT TEXAS ROAD - DUSK

A billboard of Jungle Julia Lucai, the discjockey of the local classic rock station, AUSTIN HOT WAX 505. The billboard shows Julia dressed as a leopard spotted Julia of the Jungle, Tarzan type surrounded by stacks of records.

Different styles of Jungle Julia billboards are all over town.

As the girls pass by it they scream.

...they pass by down the road...

...empty road, just billboard...

...then a menacing looking muscle car with a powerful thumping engine... passes by.

INT - MUSCLE CAR (MOVING) - DUSK

Out of the windshield of the powerful scary muscle car. Trailing the girls from way far back.

The unseen DRIVER eyes, hidden behind dark glasses, glances up at Jungle Julia's billboard as it passes it.

A bluesy early seventies rock tune plays out his thumping speakers.

All we can see of the DRIVER is, he wears a Silver Satin Jacket with an embroidered "ICY HOT" patch on the back, wears his hair in a greasy halfassed pompadour, and he smokes Chesterfields like a chimney, indicated by the overflowing ashtray.

As the music plays we see various INSERTS of the dash of this mechanical monster. Including one of the car keys in the ignition with a sparkplug keychain.

His hood ornament is a muscle bound duck flexing.

INT - THROUGH WINDSHIELD (MOVING) - DUSK

The girls have stopped in front of the Mexican restaurant Guero's, and are piling out of the car.

His heavy boot eases off the gas pedal.

We see the arrow on the speedometer fall to a crawl.

OVER THE DRIVER'S shoulder looking out the passenger side window, we see the girls bullshitting as they walk from car to front door.

DRIVER'S POV: SLOW MOTION shot of all the girls and each one individually.

The girls Christian name and first initial of their last name appears beside each girl during their slow motion single.

JUNGLE JULIA L.

SHANNA S.

ARLENE M.

We see rubber banded to the sun visor a Polaroid of Jungle Julia, Shanna, and Arlene, wearing different clothes. This stalking is not random. He didn't just find them today. This is one part of a longer process.

CU The DRIVER

Just as the music reaches a crescendo, we cut to a tight Sergio Leone CU of the Driver, smiling... then...

...the badass vehicle speeds off, making a thunderous racket.

EXT - GUERO'S - DUSK

Julia and Shanna oblivious, walk into the restaurant. But something makes Arlene stop, and give the muscle car an investigative gaze, as it hauls ass down the road.

Like "the final girl" in a slasher film, her look says; "something's not right. But that's just silly". She shrugs it off, and enters the restaurant to catch up with her friends.

INT - GUERO'S - NIGHT

The three ladies sit at a big booth, post dinner, the dirty dishes have been taken away, but the table still shows the mess the girls made.

Shanna pours out the last of the margarita from their last pitcher.

The bill comes, already paid by Jungle Julia.

ARLENE

Julia. You and Shanna have been paying for everything.

JUNGLE JULIA

Hey, my town my rules. But when I come to New York to visit you, I don't pay for shit.

ARLENE

Deal. I mean, in that case we won't be doing a bunch of shit, but the shit we do, deal.

While they went back and forth about the check. Shanna's phone rang, she's answered it, talked and hung up.

SHANNA

That's Pete and Nate and them, they're at Huck's.

Jungle Julia whips out her cell phone, and dials Christian Simonson's number. His voice mail picks up, and an outgoing message, that Chris made while sitting at the Hemingway bar in the St. Regis hotel in Paris. In fact, you can hear Colin the bartender, explaining a drink in the background.

CHRIS (VO)

This is Chris,... leave a message.

Julia leaves her message.

JUNGLE JULIA

(into phone)

Okay, you didn't make Guero's, but that's okay, I expected that. But we're leaving for Huck's right now. It would be a wonderful surprise if you beat us there. But in any case I'll see you in the next few hours. Don't disappoint me.

She puts away her cell phone.

Shanna picks up her drink, and proposes a toast their last margarita before moving on to "Huck's".

With their glasses raised, Julia looks across to Arlene.

Arlene smiles sweetly and obliviously.

Julia gets a devilish smile.

She looks over to Shanna, who looks over to Julia, and does her famous Shanna giggle, as Julia spreads her devilish smile.

It's obvious they're both in on something that Arlene is in the dark about.

Arlene sees this too, and puts her glass down.

ARLENE

Okay, what's up? You two are acting really fishy.

As Shanna uncontrollably giggles, she manages to say;

SHANNA

What makes you think that?

ARLENE

Well, you're giggling so much, you're gonna piss your pants.

As she giggles;

SHANNA

I already did piss my pants. A little.

The other girls laugh.

ARLENE
(to Julia)

And you look like... the devil.

JUNGLE JULIA

I'm not the devil, I'm simply
devilish.

Arlene continues with her mock concern.

ARLENE

Okay, what's going on?

JUNGLE JULIA

If you listened to my show this
morning, you'd know.

ARLENE

I know, honey, I'm sorry, I slept
in this morning - we been stayin'
out so fuckin' late every night,
but I'm sorry I missed it.

JUNGLE JULIA

Get a sense of humor, lady, I'm
just kidding. Of course we been
staying out late, and of course
you're gonna sleep in. You were a
sweetheart to get up and listen to
it, for the last few days. But I
predicted you'd start getting sick
of it today, and sleep in. So
that's why I said a little somethin-
somethin about you on the air
today.

ARLENE

What did you say?

JUNGLE JULIA

I didn't use your real name, I used
a code name.

This stops Arlene's momentum just a little.

ARLENE

What's my code name?

JUNGLE JULIA

Butterfly. I told them that you
were in from out of town. And that
we were going out somewhere in
Austin tonight.

JUNGLE JULIA

And if they were out on the town, maybe they'd see us, and I described you. And told them your name was Butterfly. And I said if they spotted you while we were out, if they'd do something, you'd do something.

ARLENE

Oh my god, what the fuck did you say?

JUNGLE JULIA

Chill out, Babarino, have another sip of margarita.

ARLENE

I don't want another drink, I want to know, - you know that's probably not a bad idea.

She takes a sip of her very good margarita.

ARLENE

Okay, now, Julia, I'm serious. What did you say, and what did you say I'd do?

JUNGLE JULIA

Anywho, I could explain what I said, which would be boring, or we can act it out. Which I think will give you a better idea about what you're in store for tonight.

ARLENE

Just tell me.

Jungle Julia grabs her friend's hand and says;

JUNGLE JULIA

I'm a raconteur, it's what I do for a living. Honey, ya' gotta let me do my thing.

ARLENE

Okay, I know, I know, I'm sorry. I love the way you tell stories. Tell me your way.

JUNGLE JULIA

So we'll act it out?

ARLENE

Sure.

JUNGLE JULIA

Okay, gimme your drink.

Arlene slides her margarita over to Julia, who now has two.

JUNGLE JULIA

So you're in a club or a bar, and I'm kinda cute, or kinda hot, or kinda sexy, or better be fuckin' hysterically funny, but not funny looking, guy, who you could fuck.

Arlene salutes.

ARLENE

Got it.

Jungle Julia gets all cool guy approaching a girl.

JUNGLE JULIA

(dude voice)

Hey.

Arlene busts out laughing.

JUNGLE JULIA

(own voice)

C'mon, grow up, stay in the moment. This ain't improv, you don't get points for breaking the scene.

ARLENE

Okay, sorry.

(she gets very sexy)

Hi there.

JUNGLE JULIA

Excuse me, but your name wouldn't be Butterfly, would it?

ARLENE

(all flirty)

Yes it is, and it seems you have me at a disadvantage.

Jungle Julia extends her hand like a him.

JUNGLE JULIA

Barry.

Arlene folds her hand femininely into Julia's big hand.

ARLENE

Please to meet you, Barry.

SHANNA

Y'all are getting me hot.

They both turn to Shanna and say;

SSSHHHH!

The two girls turn back to each other and pick it up again.

JUNGLE JULIA

Is Butterfly your real name?

She shakes her head sexually, "No".

ARLENE

How did you know my name, Barry?

JUNGLE JULIA

I listened to Jungle Julia's show this morning.

ARLENE

Oh you did, did you?

JUNGLE JULIA

Oh yeah, I listen to her show every morning.

ARLENE

Oh you do, do you?

JUNGLE JULIA

Yeah, she's the coolest lady in town.

Arlene leans in, and says confidentially;

ARLENE

Don't you think she's got a big ass?

JUNGLE JULIA

No, I like her ass that way. She's got a black girls ass.

ARLENE

You know that's what she always says, but in actual fact, she doesn't really have a black girls ass, she's just got a big ass.

Using both of her hands spread wide for emphasis.

Julia breaks character -

JUNGLE JULIA

Okay, what the fuck are you doing?

ARLENE

Oh, look who wants to get to the point all of a sudden.

JUNGLE JULIA

Okay, I'll get to the point. But just for your information, skinny-bitch, Black men and a few white men have had plenty fun adoring my ass. I don't wear their teeth marks in my butt for nothing.

Shanna laughs and raises up her hand.

SHANNA

You gotta give me some on that one.

Shanna and Julia high five.

ARLENE

If you're not going to buy me a drink, can I have mine back?

JUNGLE JULIA

Okay Okay Okay.

(in character)

So Butterfly, can I buy you a drink?

ARLENE

(in character)

That would be nice, Barry.

JUNGLE JULIA

What can I get you?

ARLENE

I'd love a margarita.

She slides it over.

JUNGLE JULIA

Here ya' go.

Jungle Julia raises her glass to toast, Arlene does too, then Julia says looking Arlene dead in the eye, with glasses raised;

JUNGLE JULIA

(breaking character)

So after they buy you a drink, when they raise their glass to toast, they look you dead in the eye, and repeat this poem;

"The woods are lovely
dark and deep

And I have promises to keep

And miles to go before I sleep".

Did you hear me Butterfly, miles to go before you sleep... and then...

if he says that... you gotta give him a lap dance.

ARLENE

What!

JUNGLE JULIA

If they call you Butterfly, buy you a drink, and say that poem, you gotta give 'em a lap dance.

ARLENE

That's bullshit. I ain't givin' them nothin'.

JUNGLE JULIA

Look, you can do it or not. But if you don't do it, everybody in Austin's gonna think you're a chicken shit, and I don't think you want everybody in Austin thinkin' you're a chicken shit.

ARLENE

I ain't givin' nobody no lap dance cause of what you said.

JUNGLE JULIA

You sounded just like an audience member on "Tyra" then.

ARLENE

I'm about ready to lose my motherfuckin' mind up in here like an audience member on "Tyra".

JUNGLE JULIA

It's gonna be funny.

ARLENE

Yeah, everything's funny to you when it's happening to me.

JUNGLE JULIA

Be that as it may, - look you don't have to do it with anybody you don't want. I said you'll do it for the first guy who says it. So some geek comes over and tries to be cool just tell 'em you already did it at another place earlier. No harm, no foul, but ya' get a free drink out of it. But maybe a little later in the evening...
...you've had a few drinks...
you're kinda loosey goosey...
you're safe with your girls... then some kinda cute, kinda hot, kinda sexy, hysterically funny, but not funny looking, guy comes up and says it. Then... maybe you did it earlier... ..maybe you didn't.

They stand up to leave.

ARLENE

I'm gonna have fuckin' guys buggin' me all night.

JUNGLE JULIA

Ain't nobody gonna be buggin' ya', that's why you got mama here to shoo them flies away.

EXT - GUERO'S - NIGHT

We see POV from the Driver in the muscle car, the three girls walk out of Guero's. The same bluesy rock number that was playing as the girls went in is still playing as they walk out.

One of the girls trips a little bit on the steps going down. Indicating they've polished off a few margaritas.

We hear the Driver laugh off screen.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

As the song continues...

The TEXT APPEARS:

"Two Hours later

at

Huck's"

FADE UP

EXT - HUCK'S BAR - NIGHT

A different billboard of Jungle Julia, this time dressed up as a roller derby queen, holding a record player, and placing the needle on a spinning L.P. "AUSTIN HOT WAX 505".

Then we see "Huck's"; it sure as hell's a dive, but in the words of Julia, "a fucking cool dive". Maybe the audience notices the girls white Honda and the Driver's muscle car in the parking lot, maybe they don't.

INT HUCK'S - NIGHT

The song from before continues on Huck's extremely cool vintage jukebox.

Jungle Julia, pint of beer in one hand and lit cigarette in the other, does a very sexy dance to the bluesey rock classic. For the audience in Huck's as well as the movie theatre she's putting on a one-ho-show.

Our three fox posse, has collected some stray sniffing dogs. The aforementioned NATE and OMAR and PETE.

Omar's talking up Shanna at their beer spilled, peanut shelled strewn table. Pete's drinking Shiner Bock beer from a pitcher, admiring Julia's dance. Arlene and Nate are dancing together (he's holding her from behind and their pelvises are moving together). Which shows Arlene's not a goody two shoes, she's out to party, she's just not clear about the new dynamic with her old college pals.

Needless to say, everybody's drunk.

The song ends, and Warren, the owner operator of Huck's, yells to Julia;

WARREN

Now, Julia, if you wanna carry on like the main attraction at a cathouse with four floors of whores, carry on. But, if I gotta tell you one more Goddamn time, to put out that fucking cigarette, I'm gonna treat you just like any other belligerent drunk, and climb across this bar and hit ya upside the head with a horse cock.

Every one in the place laughs.

Julia rolls her eyes to heaven, blows out a dramatic stream of smoke (ala Joan Crawford), and bitchy grinds out her cigarette in the table top (ala Bette Davis)

JUNGLE JULIA

Happy?

WARREN

As a clam. You may continue your one-ho-show.

Nobody's mad at anybody, they're just giving each other shit.

Julia sits down next to Pete.

SHANNA

When's Lanna-Frank getting here?

JUNGLE JULIA

That's a good fucking question.

She takes out her cell phone, and pushes a button calling Lanna-Frank.

JUNGLE JULIA

(pause)

Where are you?

(pause)

Well come over already, we're waiting for you.

(pause)

No, we're not coming over there. You come over here like you said you would.

(pause)

Chris Simonson is coming.

(pause)

Jessie Leadbetter too.

JUNGLE JULIA

(pause)

Well not yet, but they're on their way. So you get on your way, too.

(pause)

Okay, hurry up.

She hangs up the phone, and hits TEXT MESSAGE.

She quickly texts;

"I can't wait to see you.
Hurry!!!!!!"

Goes to the name Chris Simonson, and hits send.

"Your message has been sent"

appears on her screen.

Shanna schools Omar as she drinks a humongous Long Island Ice Tea.

SHANNA

Now there's one thing, that every girl in the whole world whose name is Shanna, has in common with each other. We all hate the name Shauna. And we really hate it when people call us Shauna.

OMAR

So that was a bad move on my part?

SHANNA

Oh yeah. Your fuckability stock is plummeting. Just remember, it's Shanna Banana, not Shauna Banuna.

Julia's phone rings with a text message. She hits the menu, and it says a message from; Chris Simonson.

She opens up the electronic mail. It reads;

"Me Too".

She smiles and texts back;

"XOXO
J.J."

She hits send.

Pete arrives with shots of Cabo Wabo tequila.

PETE

Okay everybody, time for shots.

Everybody groans, but they do them.

We see CU's of all three girls knocking back the tequila, and making faces, and having an alcohol tremor.

Arlene stands up, and takes out a pack of cigarettes called; "CAPITOL W - Lights".

ARLENE

I'm going out to have a smoke.

Arlene walks outside by herself to the front porch of Huck's.

EXT HUCK'S FRONT PORCH - (RAINING) NIGHT

Upon hitting the night air, Arlene immediately sees it's fuckin' pissin' cats and dogs.

ARLENE

Whoa, when the fuck did this start?

FEMALE VOICE (OS)

About ten minutes ago.

Arlene turns towards the voice, she sees a pretty girl, late twenties, (same age as the other girls) sitting on a porch swing, smoking a cigarette. Even though they won't get around to introducing themselves to each other for awhile, this angelic looking, blonde haired sassy little hippy chick, is named PAM.

PAM

Are your windows rolled up?

ARLENE

Yeah.

PAM

Lucky you.

ARLENE

How's it going?

PAM

It could be better.

ARLENE

Havin' a bad night?

PAM

Well I'm on a date, the highpoint of which, is me right now, smoking this cigarette.

ARLENE

So talking to me is the best part of your date?

PAM

Well you're behind the cigarette in popularity, but you're definitely way above my date.

Pam was venting and doesn't like how that makes her sound.

PAM

Awww, he's okay, - he could be okay.

ARLENE

Stuck with a geek.

PAM

NO. - I mean yes, but I don't care about that. I'm a big girl, I said yes, ... but he's just so fucking shy, it's starting to creep me out.

ARLENE

Oh, you're stuck with a dateless wonder.

PAM

I like the sound of that. What's that?

ARLENE

A dateless wonder is a guy who thinks about girls alot but doesn't have much social skills. So he doesn't go out alot. But he's not like his geeky friends, or his fat friends, or his confused sexualitys friends, he goes out... every once in a while. Every once in a while he gets the balls to ask a girl out. Now dateless wonders usually make it a point to ask girls out of their league. Since they don't expect to get the date anyway, why not aim high.

ARLENE

And every once in a while, they get their shit together long enough to be charming enough, to get a pretty girl to say yes. And you're that pretty girl.

Pam puts out her cigarette;

PAM

Okay okay... it's help the handicap week, I guess. Thanks to you, I'm ready to go back in there and give him another chance to get his shit together.

ARLENE

Can you point him out to me?

PAM

He's cute, actually. I mean you know, in that way. But no, he's genuinely cute.

They open the door to peer in, but when Pam looks towards her table, new people are sitting at it, and her date is nowhere to be seen.

PAM

Wait a minute, where the fuck is he?

ARLENE

Wasn't he at your table?

PAM

Yeah, that's what I'm talking about, that's where he was supposed to be.

ARLENE

Which one is your table?

PAM

The one with the new people sitting down is our table.

She looks around in time to see her dates car leaving the restaurant parking lot.

PAM

Hey that's my dates car... that's my date...

(she shouts to him)

Scott!

She starts walking towards the car, but stops because of the rain.

PAM

Scott!

The car takes off...

... leaving her stranded at the bar.

PAM

(to herself)

I don't fucking believe this.

(then yelling in frustration)

I don't fucking believe this!

She yanks out her cell phone and angrily dials Scott.

We lose Arlene at this point, and stay with Pam.

The other end of the cell phone picks up.

SCOTT (OS)

Hello.

PAM

Having fun? Where the fuck you think you're going, Scott?

SCOTT (OS)

Look, I didn't think it was going well...

PAM

That happens little boy, and you deal with it like a man, you don't abandon me like a sniveling little fucking worm.

SCOTT (OS)

I didn't think you'd have a problem -

PAM

- shut the fuck up and listen. You never abandon a woman like that. In a fucking bar no less, in the fucking rain! You take a woman out, safetywise I'm supposed to be in your care.

PAM

Or are you such a pathetic little fucking soft cock that you didn't know that was part of the date contract?

SCOTT (OS)

Do you want me to turn around, I can still take you home.

PAM

Yeah, I want you to come back here, so I can kick your fucking ass in front of everybody at this bar, that's what I want. I mean it, Scott, if I ever see you again, I'm gonna kick your fucking ass so bad, and you know I can do it too, and I don't care who you're with.

SCOTT (OS)

Pam, I'm sorry, I fucked up I know -

PAM

Oh just write your phone number on a gay bar bathroom wall, and fuck off.

She hangs up.

She storms back inside the bar.

She goes up to the bartender,

PAM

Can you fucking believe that shit?

WARREN

What?

PAM

Squiddly fuckin' bails on me.

WARREN

You mean you weren't through with your date?

PAM

No. I was outside having a smoke while he's paying the check and sneaking out the fucking back. At least I hope he paid the check. Did he pay the check?

WARREN

He didn't pay me.

She can't believe it, her cell phone rings.

She lifts it to her ear;

PAM

Hello, Scott.

SCOTT (OS)

Pam, I feel really really bad about what I did. Please Please Please let me come back and give you a ride home.

PAM

Well I'm sorry you feel "really really bad". But let me ask you a question, when you were cowardly sneaking out the back door, did you stop long enough to pay the check at least?

There's silence...

Then...

SCOTT (OS)

...Oh shit... I'm so sorry, Pam -

She hangs up the phone.

PAM

Warren, it looks like I owe you money.

WARREN

No kidding, how much?

PAM

Not much. We just had a coupla beers and some nachos.

WARREN

Want me to close you out?

PAM

No, I'll stay. I'll have another drink, or two.

WARREN

Well in that case, how 'bout your next drink and the nachos on us.

PAM

That's why I like this place.

WARREN

Membership has it's privileges. What can I get ya'?

BACK TO ARLENE
on the porch

Arlene's by herself on the porch swing smoking her cigarette...

When...

Her eyes land on the muscle car from earlier, sitting in the parking lot.

Her face shows she recognizes the car, that seemed suspicious before.

Something about this car makes her uneasy.

A hand comes up behind her touching her shoulder and making her jump.

It's Nate, he laughs at her reaction.

ARLENE

It's not funny, you shitty asshole, you scared the fuck outta me! What, you think scaring girls is cute?

Nate, palms out, pleading his case.

NATE

I'm sorry, Arlene, I swear I wasn't trying to scare you, I just got lucky.

ARLENE

Oh hardy-fuckin'-har.

She tosses her cigarette out in the rain.

ARLENE

Let's go inside.

NATE

Wait a minute.

ARLENE

What?

NATE

I was thinkin' we could make out?

ARLENE

What on the porch swing, not even
in the bar, but in front of the
entrance? Forget it.

NATE

No, in my car.

ARLENE

(referring to the
rain)

What, out there? It's wet as shit
out there.

NATE

Not in my car, it's not.

He takes out an umbrella that opens on cue.

NATE

You won't get wet, I promise you.

She gives him a look.

ARLENE

You know most guys wouldn't brag
about that.

Nate smiles.

NATE

I mean, you won't get rained on.

She still gives him a look.

NATE

C'mon, I know you guys are goin' to
Lake L.B.J. and we can't come.

(whining)

I wanna make out.

ARLENE

Okay, just stop with the whine,
it's not attractive.

She contemplates for a moment...

Nate waits for his fate to be decided...

ARLENE

Okay, but I don't want it super obvious to everybody in the bar we've been gone. So we go in your car, and make out for six minutes, and that's it. Deal?

NATE

Great.

ARLENE

No no no no no no, deal or no deal. If you're gonna whine when I pull the plug at six minutes, we can just walk back inside the fucking bar right now.

NATE

Deal. No whining.

ARLENE

And no begging.

NATE

No begging, when you say done, it's done.

ARLENE

I'm gonna remember you said that. Okay, let's go.

As she gets under his umbrella, and they walk in the rain, she says;

ARLENE

You got two jobs, to kiss good and make sure my hair don't get wet.

BACK IN HUCK'S

Pete and Omar stand up to get more drinks.

PETE

I'm getting more drinks. What can I get ya'?

OMAR

Shanna-Banana?

SHANNA

Another big ass Long Island Ice Tea.

Pete pointing cool like at Julia;

PETE

Bombay Shapphire and tonic, no ice.

Julia nods her head approvingly.

JUNGLE JULIA

Good boy.

As a new 45 falls on the vintage turntable... and the needle lowers...

We go behind a Customer sitting at the bar. Using both hands, he's eating the Huck's Huckin' Nacho Grande platter. Which comes with double everything, sour cream, melted cheese, queso sauce, enchilada sauce, and chili sauce.

While the Customer is not wolfishly devouring it, yet, using both of his bare hands, he's eating it in a way that expresses his hearty appetite. And apparently these nachos are finger licking good.

Due to the Silver Satin Icy Hot Jacket we can tell the Customer and the Driver are the same. But we can tell more now about him. He appears middle fifties, but actually might be older. His body is in good, if well-worn, shape.

He wears a beat up pompadour in place of a beat up cowboy hat, which he keeps afloat with a healthy mixture of Aqua Net and Tres Flores pomade.

His body language carries that certain breed of redneck elegance, that only Rodeo Riders and Professional Stuntmen have. He listens to the music on the jukebox as he eats his nachos, and drinks his glass of clear liquid.

We have yet to see him full on, but one more thing we can tell...

...he has a big scar running down his face.

Pete and Omar show up at the bar next to the Customer/Driver.

OMAR

Two soldiers of Shiner. One bigass Long Island ice tea.

PETE

And one Bombay Sapphire and tonic.

WARREN

Sure you don't want another pitcher of Shiner?

PETE

Nope, we want the soldiers.

WARREN

Three soldiers, comin' up.

INT. NATE'S CAR (PARKED) - RAINING - NIGHT

Arlene and Nate make out, as the car radio plays, and the rain splashes against the windows.

As they kiss, in the backseat, Arlene raises her ass off the seat a little bit to slide her shorts off her crotch and down to her knees.

She takes his hand, as they kiss, and puts it between her legs.

They kiss longer...

.....till...

...She breaks the kiss and the mood by saying;

ARLENE

Goddmanit. Do I actually hafta say the words; "finger fuck me?"

NATE

Oh, I'm sorry -

She irradiatedly waves him away.

ARLENE

Forget it.

She slides her pants back up.

Nate's window of opportunity has slammed shut.

CUT BACK TO

INT. HUCK'S - NIGHT

The Customer/Driver eats his nachos near the two young men without either looking or even glancing in their direction.

Omar in pussy pointers mode.

OMAR

Look, you can't look like you're trying to get her out of here before Christian Simonson shows up. But you gotta get her outta here before Christian Simonson shows up.

PETE

Yeah, but they're going to Shanna's daddys house on Lake L.B.J. and it's no guys, absolutely no guys.

OMAR

So after we bring the girls the drinks, in fairly rapid order, but not obvious, we order two more round of shots.

PETE

She ain't gonna fall for that.

OMAR

We'll be very convincing. And now's the time to turn up the volume. No more fuckin' around. We go to Jäger shots.

PETE

Oh man, they're not gonna drink that shit.

OMAR

Dude, as long as a guy's buyin' the booze, a bitch'll drink anything. Look, we can at least get one Jäger shot down these bitches throat. After that shot, we'll see if they have another Jäger shot in 'em. You never know. That could be the shot that puts them past the point of fuck-it. But I know, I can, at least, get Shanna to do a buttery nipple shot. What's Julia's sweet shot?

PETE

Key lime pie.

OMAR

C'mon, you can get her to do one more for dessert.

Arlene and Nate walk back in the bar.

The Customer/Driver looks over his shoulder, at Pete and Omar handing the Long Island ice tea and the gin and tonic to the ladies.

PETE

Oh great, I'm just getting more drinks, what can I get ya'?

NATE

Another Shiner.

Arlene notices Pam at the bar, drinking a drink out of a glass cowboy boot.

ARLENE

(to Pam)

What's that?

PAM

It's a Cadillac margarita on the rocks made with Cabo Wabo tequila. Have a sip.

Arlene takes it.

ARLENE

Uuuumm, that's good.

(to Pete)

I'll have this.

(to Pam)

Would you like to join our party?

Pam takes a look over at their table, sees Jungle Julia, and says;

PAM

No that's okay, I'll just sit at the bar and play the barfly vixen.

Arlene and Nate sit back down at their table.

JUNGLE JULIA

And where did you two disappear to?

ARLENE

I had to get something out of the car, and Nate was gentlemanly enough to escort me with his umbrella.

JUNGLE JULIA

Good for you, Nate.

ARLENE

See that pretty girl by herself at the bar?

Julia meows.

JUNGLE JULIA

Who, the dirty hippy?

ARLENE

(laughs)

Meow. She's not a hippy.

JUNGLE JULIA

She might as well be a hippy.

ARLENE

Do you know what just happened to her?

JUNGLE JULIA

No, but I know she's a skinny fake blonde bitch.

Everybody at the table laughs.

JUNGLE JULIA

Oh, I'm sorry, you were telling a story. What about her?

The old pop and crackly 45 continues it's revolutions on the vintage jukebox. The bass heavy speaker at the bottom, booms.

Referring to the record on the jukebox, the bartender Warren, yells out;

WARREN

Stax records, best goddamn label ever.

(he yells to the girls table)

Julia, you play this?

JUNGLE JULIA

You know I did, Warren. I know how
to take care of my man.

Julia holds up her gin and tonic, and says;

JUNGLE JULIA

Here's to Warren's jukebox.

Everybody at the table raises their glass.

OMAR

You know what, we should do a shot
of Jäger in honor of Warren's
jukebox.

Julia and the girls are responding negatively to Omar's
idea.

JUNGLE JULIA

Uh-huh, I ain't drinkin' no goddamn
Jäger shot.

OMAR

Why not?

JUNGLE JULIA

Because I don't wanna fuck any of
y'all, that's why.

The girls laugh.

She puts her hand on Pete's shoulder.

JUNGLE JULIA

Not tonight anyway.

Arlene glass cowboy boot in hand, turns and catches eyes
with Pam glass cowboy boot in hand.

They smile and silently cheers each other across the room.

Pam turns away, to Warren the bartender.

PAM

So Warren, is there anyone here at
the bar you'd vouch for to give me
a ride home?

The key to the muscle car with the sparkplug attached is
tossed onto the bar in front of her with a loud thud.

She looks up and sees the Driver seated one seat away.

We see him clearly now, no more obscure bullshit. He has a big scar on his face from what looks like a previous accident. But the scar doesn't make him look grotesque. It makes him look kinda cool.

DRIVER

Fair lady, your chariot awaits.

PAM

You've been eavesdropping on me?

DRIVER

Well there's eavesdropping and can't help but hear. I think I belong in the later category.

PAM

You offering me a ride home, Icy Hot?

ICY HOT

I'm offering you a lift, if when I'm ready to leave, you are too.

PAM

When are you thinking about leaving?

ICY HOT

Truthfully, I'm not thinking about it. But when I do, you'll be the first to know.

PAM

Will you be able to drive later?

ICY HOT

I know looks can be deceiving, but I'm a teetotaler. I've been drinking club soda and lime all night. I'm building up to my big drink.

PAM

What's that?

ICY HOT

Virgin Pina Colada.

PAM

Why would a person who doesn't drink, spend hours in a bar drinking water?

ICY HOT

You know a bar offers all kinds of things other than alcohol?

PAM

Like what?

ICY HOT

Women.

Icy Hot flirting, but not putting the bite on Pam, he's just being flirtatiously intriguing.

ICY HOT

Nacho Grande Platters. The fellowship of some fascinating individuals, like Warren here.

She laughs.

ICY HOT

The alcohol is just a lubricant for the individual encounters that a barroom offers.

PAM

Is that cowboy wisdom?

ICY HOT

I'm not a cowboy, I'm a stuntman. Very easy mistake to make, Pam.

PAM

How do you know my name?

ICY HOT

When you were talking to Warren, I couldn't help but hear.

PAM

Fair enough. What's your name, Icy?

ICY HOT

Stuntman Mike.

PAM

Stuntman Mike's, your name?

STUNTMAN MIKE

Ask anybody.

Pam turns to Warren.

PAM

Hey, Warren, who is this guy?

WARREN

That's Stuntman Mike.

PAM

And who the hell's Stuntman Mike?

WARREN

He's a stuntman.

PAM

If he gives me a lift home later,
would you vouch for him?

WARREN

All I can say is he's never raped
me. And it's not like I haven't
worn provocative clothing in front
of him either.

Our girls table shouts for Warren;

JUNGLE JULIA

Warren, six shots of Wild Turkey.
(to the guys)

If we're doing shots, we're gonna
do Junior Bonner style grown folk
shots. No college kid Slurpee
shots. And if you want to do a
shot after this, we do Early Time.
Got it?

PETE

Got it.

JUNGLE JULIA

(with a smile)

Now go fetch me my Turkey.

Six shots of Wild Turkey shots are poured by Warren on the
bar. Stuntman Mike notices it and Pete and Arlene coming
to the bar to pick up the shots.

Arlene comes up to Pam.

ARLENE

We're all doing Wild Turkey shots,
do one with us?

Pam looks over at the table and sees Julia and Shanna.

PAM

What's your name, honey?

ARLENE

Arlene.

PAM

Hi Arlene, I'm Pam.

ARLENE

What's up, Pam.

PAM

Now look, you're very sweet, and you're totally cool...

As Pam tells her this, Arlene notices Stuntman Mike, on the barstool next to Pam. She instantly knows he's the Driver of the muscle car from before and the one parked right outside.

He smiles at Arlene.

A chill runs through her.

PAM

Arlene, party of one.

Arlene realizes she just spaced out.

ARLENE

Oh, I'm sorry, I just spaced. What did you say?

PAM

I said; I hate your fuckin' friend Julia. So no offence to you, I'm just gonna sit at the bar.

ARLENE

Oh that's okay, none taken. Maybe I'll see you around.

Arlene carries the shots back to her table. Everybody takes them.

After Arlene does her Wild Turkey shot, her eyes come up on Stuntman Mike by the bar. He's looking right at her, watching her do her whiskey shot. He turns casually and continues talking to Pam.

This character makes Arlene feel more and more uneasy.

BACK TO PAM

PAM

Well Stuntman Mike, since I have a tab here, can I buy you that virgin Pina Colada?

STUNTMAN MIKE

Well thank you, Pam, that would be lovely.

PAM

Warren, a virgin Pina Colada for my Stuntman friend, and I'll have another Cadillac Cabo Wabo margarita.

WARREN

Cabo Wabo margarita.

INSERT

A finger punches a button with the symbol of a phone on it.

CELL PHONE SCREEN it says;

"dialing
Chris Simonson"

JUNGLE JULIA

(into phone)

Get your ass over here. We're fuckin' bored.

(pause)

C'mon, I'm missing you. You're making me wait and it's mean.

(pause)

Well then prove it.

(pause)

Dial me when you're on your way.

BACK TO PAM

STUNTMAN MIKE

So Pam, what do you do?

PAM

That's a very good question, Stuntman Mike. At this moment, unfortunately, not a fuckin' thing.

Their drinks arrive, Stuntman Mike takes a sip of the tall foamy white cocktail.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Well let me put it this way, when last it was you did something, what did you do?

PAM

The last job I had, I was a personal assistant.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Really? Whose personal assistant?

PAM

Do you know who Jessie Leadbetter is?

STUNTMAN MIKE

The Austin director who did "Potheads"?

PAM

Yeah, well I worked over at his company Roadblock for a little while, then I became his personal assistant for a couple years, then we started making out, then we had a little thing, and then it was best to leave.

STUNTMAN MIKE

He couldn't afford to have your ass around, huh?

PAM

No it wasn't that, you just can't get coffee for a guy whose dick you're suckin'. It's one of those things that can't help but rub you the wrong way.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Is that the kind of job you want next?

PAM

What, suckin' dick?

STUNTMAN MIKE

No, personal assistant.

PAM

Well that's the million dollar question I've got less than five weeks to decide.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Well it's funny you should bring that up, because you know, I was thinking about hiring a personal assistant.

PAM

(laughing)

No kidding.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Yeah, I think it could really help relieve stress in my life, if I had an assistant helping me cope.

PAM

(with a smile on her face)

Well what kind of things would you need a personal assistant to do?

STUNTMAN MIKE

Oh I don't know, you know more about how this stuff works. What do you think you should do for me?

PAM

That's not the way it works.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Okay, what did you do for Jessie?

PAM

Well if he was shooting I would wake him up, and have a cup of coffee ready --

STUNTMAN MIKE

You did that?

PAM

Yeah.

STUNTMAN MIKE

(laughing)

Baby, you're hired.

Looking like she was caught out in the rain, white trash pot dealer LANNA-FRANK, followed by two other BADASS LOOKING GIRLS, (no college kids these) walk through the door.

Julia, Shanna and the guys greet them with a big cheer.

Lanna-Frank walks over to the bar to give Warren some love.

She even knows Pam, and kisses her, then heads to Julia's table.

STUNTMAN MIKE

This Lanna-Frank would seem to be quite a popular young lady.

PAM

(meow)

When your drug dealer finally arrives, you're usually very happy to see them.

Stuntman Mike looks over in the tables direction and sees Lanna-Frank and her friends being introduced to Arlene and joining the table.

She takes a bag of weed out of her pocket, and shows it to the table. Stuntman Mike clocks all of this.

Pam says to Stuntman Mike looking over at Julia's table;

PAM

Take a picture, it lasts longer.

STUNTMAN MIKE

What?

PAM

That table seems to keep getting your attention.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Is that jealousy I detect, little one?

PAM

Hardly. But if you want to hook up with Jungle Julia, there's a easy way to do that.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Really, and what would that be?

PAM

Get famous. Then you won't have to find her, she'll find you. You don't even want to know what she did for that billboard.

She raises her glass to toast J.J..

PAM

Enjoy it, bitch, you've earned it.

STUNTMAN MIKE

What did she ever do to you?

PAM

We went through school together, from kindergarten through high school, that's what she did. She was her height right now at twelve. She was a monster. Half the guys she still fucks from the old class, she use to beat up and terrorize them in the 5th grade.

STUNTMAN MIKE

I see. She use to beat you up and take your chocolate milk, huh?

PAM

That pituitary case, might of kicked my ass a couple of times - sorry, I'm built like a girl - not a black man - but I would die before I ever gave Julia Lucai my chocolate milk. I've kissed a lot of ass in my day, but I'll be damned I kiss that bitches ass.

JUNGLE JULIA and ARLENE

ARLENE

So Julia, have you booked all the bands for SXSW yet?

JUNGLE JULIA

Here it comes.

ARLENE

What?

JUNGLE JULIA

It's nothing personal, honey, it's just everybody knows a band.

JUNGLE JULIA

And every band wants to play SXSW.
And everybody thinks it's as easy
as pie for me -

ARLENE

Look I'm sorry -

JUNGLE JULIA

- I get crabby, but the truth is
I've found some good bands that
way. What's their names?

ARLENE

What?

JUNGLE JULIA

The band you like, what's their
name?

ARLENE

I didn't say I like them.

JUNGLE JULIA

You don't like them?

ARLENE

I've never heard them. It's a
friend from work's band. I mean I
have their CD, it's been sitting on
my kitchen counter for months, but
I haven't listened to it yet.

JUNGLE JULIA

But you want me to?

ARLENE

Would you?

JUNGLE JULIA

Sure. What's the name of the
group?

ARLENE

"The Idols."

JUNGLE JULIA

"The Eyeballs?"

ARLENE

"The Idols."

LANNA-FRANK

Who's coming outside to smoke out?

All three of the guys stand up.

JUNGLE JULIA

Look, we can't all go out there in mass exodus. Pete, you stay and watch the table.

Pete is crestfallen.

ARLENE

No that's okay, I'll stay.
(to Shanna)
Can I speak with you for a minute?

SHANNA

Sure honey.
(to the others)
I'll see y'all out there.

Julia, Lanna-Frank, her friends, and the boys head for the door.

INSERT: The lever of a cigarette machine is pulled out.

A pack of Red Apple cigarettes falls to the machines catch-all.

Julia takes it and leads her little entourage to the porch when a female BAR PATRON approaches her.

BAR PATRON

Excuse me, are you Jungle Julia Lucai?

JUNGLE JULIA

Yes I am.

BAR PATRON

You know I was listening to your show once and you were talking about -

JUNGLE JULIA

I'm sure I don't remember. What's your name?

BAR PATRON

Peg.

JUNGLE JULIA

Well Peg, my friends and I are going out for a smoke.

Peg holds up a silver digital camera.

PEG
I hate to ask you -

JUNGLE JULIA
- no you don't.

PEG
- I'm sorry?

JUNGLE JULIA
You want me to take a picture with
you - fine - but don't tell me how
you hate asking me.

PEG
Can I take a picture?

JUNGLE JULIA
Sure.

PEG
(to Lanna-Frank)
Would you take it?

Peg and Julia pose smiling, while Lanna-Frank fumbles
around with the digital camera.

JUNGLE JULIA
I hate these fuckin' digital pieces
of shit cameras, nobody knows how
to use. Those disposable film
cameras were the bomb. Pitch the
digital shit and get a real camera.

Lanna-Frank takes the photo.

EXT - HUCK'S PORCH - (RAIN) - NIGHT

The rain comes down pissing.

INSERT: Oil imbedded in the highway is being brought up by
the rain.

Stuntman Mike, now outside having a smoke, watches the
rain, and the wet highway, as he smokes his Chesterfield.

You can tell he's really enjoying the rain.

Julia and Lanna-Frank sit on the porch swing. The guys
hover around them, sharing the joint.

Stuntman Mike turns in her direction.

STUNTMAN MIKE
Are you famous or something?

JUNGLE JULIA
Or something.

STUNTMAN MIKE
No really, what do you do?

JUNGLE JULIA
Really? What I do is work my ass
off to get my own record label off
the ground. But why that girl
wanted a picture of me is because
I'm a local D.J.

Stuntman Mike gets up and moves toward the pot smoking
crowd.

STUNTMAN MIKE
Wait a minute, you got a billboard
by "Big Kahuna Burger" don'tcha?

Julia turns to Lanna-Frank.

JUNGLE JULIA
See I told you, I'm not really that
famous, I'm just that recognizable.
If you know what I look like,
you'll know me when you see me.
(holding out her
hand)
Jungle Julia Lucai.

STUNTMAN MIKE
Stuntman Mike Mikki.

JUNGLE JULIA
Well it's good to meet you,
Stuntman Mike. Now my friends and
I are going to continue to get our
weed on. Would you care for some?

STUNTMAN MIKE
Thank you, Julia, but just the
same, no thanks.

JUNGLE JULIA
Suit yourself.

INT - GIRLS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Arlene and Shanna talk in the ladies room.

ARLENE

She just made me feel like an idiot
for asking her about her stupid
SXSW.

SHANNA

It's just that time of year where
that's all anybody asks her about.

ARLENE

That's all she ever talks about.
But that doesn't mean she's gotta
be a shitty ass about it... look
I'm here for four days, I'm just
getting a little sick of the Jungle
Julia show.

SHANNA

Look Julia's always given herself
complete permission to be a bitch,
it's one of the cool things about
her. And now she's a star -

ARLENE

Nigga please, she's not a star! At
the most, you could consider her, a
local celebrity. Fuckin' Superhead
is more famous than her. And
what's this bullshit about Chris
Simonson putting her in a movie?
Am I the only one who remember how
bad she sucked in that play?

SHANNA

Hey, that took balls.

ARLENE

In a cast of amateurs she
distinguished herself as being the
lousiest.

They both burst out laughing, and say in unison;

ARLENE/SHANNA

Thank you Grace.

Obviously a private joke only they get.

SHANNA

Give her a break, not everybody was
born to play Ibsen.

ARLENE

Least of all that bitch.

They laugh again.

ARLENE

Don't worry, I'm not really
mad-mad. I'm just havin' a little
Julia detest fest to get the
irritatedness out of my system.

BACK ON THE PORCH

Julia takes a hit on the porch swing, her long legs out in
front of her, her bare feet up on the wood porch rail, the
rain is splashing on them.

Stuntman Mike stands up and heads over to them again.

Julia says to the group.

JUNGLE JULIA

Uh-oh don't look now but Cannonball
Run's coming over.

STUNTMAN MIKE

You know there's a T.S. Elliot poem
about rain just like tonight.

JUNGLE JULIA

We're high Mike, spare us the T.S.
Fuckin' Elliot.

Lanna-Frank laughs.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Okay no poetry and I'm going back
inside, but before I go, there is
one thing I'm afraid I must point
out. Your feet are going to get
wet.

JUNGLE JULIA

I haven't given you permission to
concern yourself with my feet.

Lanna-Frank and her friends laugh.

Stuntman Mike gets cold. Looks at them, then to Julia.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Come again?

JUNGLE JULIA

You told me my feet were getting wet. Yes they are. Now I'm telling you, don't worry about it.

Stuntman Mike gets a little scary.

STUNTMAN MIKE

You playin' me for a fool -

She comes back the same.

JUNGLE JULIA

- I mean it. Don't worry about my feet. I don't even want you to think about them.

He looks at her.

JUNGLE JULIA

I said, stop thinking about them.

A moment passes between the two.

Then Stuntman Mike turns back into the flirtatious old fool.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Well we could fight about this. But as a rule, I usually pay women to beat the crap outta me.

This makes Julia laugh.

JUNGLE JULIA

Yeah, you wish.

She holds out her hand.

JUNGLE JULIA

You may kiss it.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Why of course my dear lady...

JUNGLE JULIA

That doesn't mean a soliloquy, just kiss it.

He kisses it, till she yanks it away.

JUNGLE JULIA

That's enough, now be gone.

STUNTMAN MIKE

As you wish my fair lady.

BACK IN THE BAR

Pam's bullshitting with Warren, Stuntman Mike rejoins them.

PAM

(referring to
Warren)

You got some voucher here. I asked him what movies you worked on, no fucking clue.

WARREN

Well technically, I don't know he's ever done anything for sure. He shows me a old episode of "High Chaparral", a guy falls off a horse, he says it's him... okay... could be.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Do you know the show "The Virginian"?

Pam shakes her head no.

STUNTMAN MIKE

There was a actor on that show, Gary Clarke, I kinda looked like him a bit. Obviously before I cut - (referring to the scar on his face) - myself shaving.

PAM

I like it.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Well damn if you ain't so sweet you make sugar taste just like salt. Well anyway, I did alot of Virginians doubling for Gary Clarke, then that show turned into "The Men of Shilo" and they brought Lee Majors on, and I doubled him.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Then from that point on, I mostly specialized in car stunts. I worked almost the whole third season of "Vegas". I was Robert Urich's driving double. Bob did another show, "Gavilan", he brought me on to that one. Till...

(he refocuses on Pam)

Do you know any of these shows or people I'm talkin' about?

She apologetically shakes her head "no".

PAM

Sorry.

Warren approaches.

WARREN

I hate to tell you this, Mike, but dropping Gary Clarke's name don't get Gary Clarke pussy no more.

Stuntman Mike and Pam laugh.

STUNTMAN MIKE

No I suppose it don't.

PAM

So how exactly does one become a stuntman?

STUNTMAN MIKE

Well in Hollywood anybody fool enough to throw themselves down a flight of stairs, can usually find somebody to pay ya' fer it. But really, I got into the business the way most people get in the stunt business.

PAM

And how's that?

STUNTMAN MIKE

My brother got me in it.

PAM

Who's your brother?

STUNTMAN MIKE

Stuntman Bob.

PAM

Ask a stupid question, get a stupid answer.

Stuntman Mike notices Arlene and Shanna walk out to the porch.

STUNTMAN MIKE

I tell ya' Pam, I think it's gettin' to be about that. But why don't I order you one more boot, and I'll go out on the porch and have one more smoke.

PAM

Sounds good to me.

He smiles and slides off the barstool.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Hey Warren, I think my little hippy friend here's thirsty.

BACK ON THE PORCH

The rain suddenly stops, they all notice it except Julia who's busy texting on her cell phone.

INSERT: TEXT MESSAGE SCREEN

"Your a asshole".

Then...

"Your message has been sent".

Julia and Pete sit on the porch swing, surrounded by their posse, passing a joint.

Lanna-Frank leans close to Julia, and whispers in her ear,

LANNA-FRANK

Can my friends come up to the lake?

Julia says, louder than she needed to;

JUNGLE JULIA

I didn't invite them bitches.

LANNA-FRANK

Well I kinda tole 'em -

JUNGLE JULIA

- well then you just untell them.

Arlene and Shanna walk out on the porch.

Julia slaps Pete on the arm, and says;

JUNGLE JULIA

Get up and offer the lady your
seat.

Pete stands up.

JUNGLE JULIA

Come here, baby.

Arlene sits next to Julia on the porch swing, and hugs her waist, putting her head on J.J.'s shoulder. Jungle Julia wraps her long arm around her, talking low to Arlene like a lover.

JUNGLE JULIA

How's my girl holding up?

ARLENE

(in a pouty voice)

I'm okay. But you were mean to me.

JUNGLE JULIA

I wasn't mean, I was rude, there's
a difference. Any who, I'm sorry.
Do you forgive me?

Arlene exaggeratedly nods her head yes.

ARLENE

But you hafta be real nice to me
for the whole rest of the time I'm
here.

JUNGLE JULIA

Promise.

(pause)

Are you ready to go to the lake?

She nods her head, yes.

JUNGLE JULIA

How 'bout your little friend, you
want to bring him?

ARLENE

I thought no boys?

JUNGLE JULIA

If you really want him to come,
Shanna won't mind. So how 'bout
it, boys or just us girls?

Arlene squeezes Julia tighter;

ARLENE

Us girls.

JUNGLE JULIA

Good idea.

Then two beers come into FRAME.

VOICE (OS)

Ladies.

Both Julia and Arlene take the beers without looking up.

We in the audience notice the hand offering the beers wears
a black leather glove.

VOICE (OS)

Cheers, Butterfly.

They look up to cheers, and see;

Stuntman Mike, sitting on his haunches.

STUNTMAN MIKE

"The woods are lovely
dark and deep
And I have promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep"
Did you hear me Butterfly, miles to
go before you sleep.

JUNGLE JULIA

Sorry Stuntman Burt -

STUNTMAN MIKE

- Stuntman Mike.

JUNGLE JULIA

- Mike, she already broke off that dance.

Stuntman Mike looks at Arlene, she's still a little
frightened of him.

But for whatever reason, he's not as scary now. In fact
there's something rather intimate about his manner, that
actually has a strange effect on the drunk Arlene.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Is that true, did I miss my chance?

She doesn't want to give him a lap dance, she's still creeped by him, but for whatever reason, she can't bring herself to lie to him. So she doesn't answer at all. She just looks back at him, fragiley.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Do I frighten you?

She nods her head yes.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Is it my scar?

She shakes her head, no.

ARLENE

It's your car.

Stuntman Mike smiles apologetically.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Yeah, I know. Sorry, it's my moms car.

This makes Arlene smile.

ARLENE

Have you been following us?

STUNTMAN MIKE

Nope. But that's what I like about Austin. It's so damn small.

JUNGLE JULIA

You've seen this guy before?

ARLENE

I saw him outside of Guero's.

STUNTMAN MIKE

I saw you outside of Guero's, too. You saw my car, I saw your legs. I ain't stalkin' y'all, but I didn't say I wasn't a wolf.

ARLENE

So you really weren't following us?

STUNTMAN MIKE

I wasn't following you, Butterfly,
I just got lucky.

This makes the pretty drunk girl smile.

STUNTMAN MIKE

So how 'bout that lap dance?

JUNGLE JULIA

Sorry, it was a one time only
offer, and she did it at Antoine's
earlier this evening.

STUNTMAN MIKE

No she didn't.

ARLENE

How do you know?

STUNTMAN MIKE

I'm good that way. You look a
little touché.

ARLENE

What's touché?

STUNTMAN MIKE

Wounded, slightly.

ARLENE

Why should I be wounded?

STUNTMAN MIKE

Because you expected guys to be
pestering you all night. But from
your look I can tell nobody
pestered you at all. It kinda hurt
your feelings a little bit didn't
it? There are few things as
fetching as a bruised ego on a
beautiful angel.

(paused)

So how 'bout that lap dance?

ARLENE

I think I'm gonna have to give you
a rain check.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Well since you're leavin' in the
next couple of days, that rain
check'll be worthless.

STUNTMAN MIKE

But that's okay, I understand if I make you uncomfortable. You're still a nice girl. I still like you. However, I must warn you of somethin'. You know how people say; "You're okay in my book". Or "In my book that's no good". Well, I actually have a book.

He takes out a small little book.

STUNTMAN MIKE

And everybody I ever meet goes in this book. And now I've met you, you're going in the book. And I'm goin' to write only nice things, except, I will be forced to file you under, chicken shit.

ARLENE

And what if I did it?

He gets real quiet.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Well, I definitely couldn't file you under chicken shit then, now could I?

ARLENE

What's your name?

STUNTMAN MIKE

Stuntman Mike.

ARLENE

Well Stuntman Mike, I'm Butterfly, my friend Jungle Julia over here tells me that jukebox inside is pretty impressive.

STUNTMAN MIKE

It is.

ARLENE

Pick out a good song for your lap dance.

He smiles.

ARLENE

Mike?

STUNTMAN MIKE

Yeah?

ARLENE

No touch.

STUNTMAN MIKE

I know.

ARLENE

I touch you. You don't touch me.

He nods his head, yes.

BACK INSIDE

Stuntman Mike puts a quarter in the jukebox.

A cool fifties oldie comes from the vintage jukebox.

He takes a chair, and puts it in the middle of the room...

...then sits down on it.

Arlene struts up to him and as all eyes are on them, performs a smokin' lap dance.

Her girls, and the bar, with the possible exception of Nate, cheer her on.

Pam and Warren can't wipe the smiles off of their faces.

By the end, Jungle Julia is taking photos with her instamatic, as Arlene and Mike do funny sexy poses.

Before the song ends, Arlene finishes up, she doesn't give Mike a kiss, but very lovingly holds his face in her two hands, like the sweet Italian mama that she is.

And as the song concludes, without another word, the girls, dance out the door of the bar and leave.

Leaving Stuntman Mike smiling, sitting on his chair.

When he stands, Warren and Pam applaud him.

WARREN

You know, maybe it was you who fell off that horse.

PAM

You ready to go, Fonzie?

STUNTMAN MIKE

I do believe it's about that time.

EXT HUCK'S - NIGHT

Stuntman Mike leads Pam out of the bar, towards his car.

In the b.g., the girls are arguing who's sober enough to drive, leaving their male admirers whining to go with them.

JUNGLE JULIA

Yeah, keep it up, nothing makes me
wanna fuck more then men whining.

Lanna-Frank wins the I'm the less drunk argument, the most stoned, but less drunk. So she gets behind the wheel, and the other girls, Julia, Arlene and Shanna, pile in.

But that's in the b.g.. We stay with Stuntman Mike and Pam.

He leads her up to his wicked automobile.

Pam is taken by the sight of the badass black muscle car.

PAM

Wow. That's fuckin' scary.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Well I wanted it to be impressive,
and scary tends to impress.

PAM

Is it safe?

STUNTMAN MIKE

It's better 'en safe. It's Death
Proof.

PAM

How do you make a car death proof?

STUNTMAN MIKE

That's what stuntmen do. You've
seen a movie where a car gets into
some smash up that there ain't no
way in hell anybody's walkin' away
from?

PAM

Yeah.

STUNTMAN MIKE

How do you think they accomplish that?

PAM

CGI?

STUNTMAN MIKE

Well unfortunately, nowadays, more often than not, you're right. But back in the all or nothin' days. The Vanishing Point days, the Dirty Mary Crazy Larry days. They were real cars crashin' into real cars, with real dumb, real people drivin' 'em. So you give the stunt team the car you want to smash up, they take 'er, reinforce that fucker everywhere, and Wa-La. You got yourself a death proof automobile.

PAM

That makes sense. I just didn't know you could make a car death proof.

STUNTMAN MIKE

I could drive this baby into a brick wall at a hundred and twenty-five miles a hour, just for the experience.

PAM

I'm impressed.

She peers into the car to see the entire passenger side is enclosed in plexiglass.

PAM

Why is the passenger seat in a box?

STUNTMAN MIKE

Well this is a movie car. And sometimes when you're shootin' a crash, the director wants a camera in the car, shootin' the crash from the inside. That's where you put the camera. They call it a crash box.

He opens the door to the plexiglass box, offering Pam to climb in.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Don't worry, Pam, you'd hafta choke to death on a ham sandwich to die behind the wheel of this baby.

Pam climbs.

Stuntman Mike shuts the door.

As he walks around to the passenger side.

He watches the other girls peel out, showering gravel. They make a left onto the highway, and disappear.

He smiles after them as he climbs behind the wheel of his death proof vehicle.

INT - DEATH PROOF - NIGHT

Stuntman Mike is in the drivers seat.

Pam is in the plexiglass box.

A plexiglass wall with some holes to talk through, separate them.

Mike has a few different seat belts to snap in place for himself.

Pam doesn't even have a car seat. She has a post that sticks out of the floor, that you would attach a camera to, that she has to balance herself on.

PAM

You know, when you asked to drive me home, you didn't mention your car didn't have a passenger seat.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Actually, I didn't ask to drive you home. You asked for a ride, and I said, yes. Look at the bright side, I won't be gettin' fresh, puttin' my hand on your knee.

Pam smiles.

PAM
That is a bright side.

Stuntman Mike smiles back through the plexiglass.

STUNTMAN MIKE
I thought so.

He yanks a homemade metal lever, that slides a metal bar into place, locking both doors.

Then starts up his powerful machine.

Pam smiles at the excitement of this trembling machine.

He slides the car into First, and pulls up to the highway.

STUNTMAN MIKE
Which way you goin', left or right?

PAM
Right.

STUNTMAN MIKE
Oh, that's too bad.

Thriller music sting happens on soundtrack.

Still smiling.

PAM
Why is that too bad?

STUNTMAN MIKE
Because it was a fifty fifty shot on whether you'd be goin' left or right. You see we're both goin' left, and you could of just as easily been goin' left too, and if that was the case, then it would of been awhile before you would of started getting scared. But since you're goin' the other way, I'm afraid you're gonna hafta get scared immediately.

Pam's smile fades away, as a look of Oh Shit terror replaces it.

As the look of panic appears...

Stuntman Mike jerks a hard left on to the road.

She's maybe scared shitless, yet Pam is one tough chick, and she lets loose with a violent stream of curses aimed at the Driver.

He shuts her up, by turning up the radio real loud, and driving real crazy, tossing her helplessly around the plexiglass box, crashing like a rag doll from wall to wall.

He does things like drive straight towards telephone poles at full speed then narrowly miss them.

STUNTMAN MIKE

'member when I said, this car was death proof? Well, that wasn't a lie. This car is 100 percent death proof. Only, to get the benefit of it, you really hafta be sitting in my seat.

He slams on the brakes and Pam goes flying face first into the unpaved dashboard. Her face might as well have exploded.

Stuntman Mike busts a gut laughing.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Boy, ya gotta love them unpaved dashboards. Ya get into a wreck, ya just hose it off, and sell it to somebody else.

Pam's nose is smashed across her face, her front teeth are knocked out, and her jaw is busted.

But she's still conscious.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Now I gotta catch me my other girlfriends.

He speeds down the road.

CUT TO:

INT - SHANNA'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Lanna-Frank is driving, Julia sits in the passenger side front seat stretched out with her bare feet up on the dashboard and pressed into the windshield.

Shanna and Arlene sit in the back.

Julia's on the phone.

JUNGLE JULIA

(into phone)

Thanks, honey,

(pause)

You'll play it next song, right?

(pause)

Good boy.

(pause)

(she does a tiger growl)

Bye bye.

The song Jungle Julia requested comes on the radio.

The girls move and shake to the beat of the song.

Stuntman Mike's car catches up with them...

...And then he passes them...

...Hitting the gas going even faster so he can pull ahead and leave them behind.

We cut back and forth between the girls and Stuntman Mike driving, and Pam, whose nose is smashed, her jaw is broken, and part of her upper teeth are knocked out, but her eyes still work. She watches, and pleads to the Driver on the other side of the plexiglass box.

Then Stuntman Mike, makes a u-turn.

The car stops, but the engine runs.

He watches the girls car far off in the distance come forward.

He turns off his headlights.

He revs up the engine.

He hits the gas.

The girls move to the song obliviously.

He heads towards them...

Pam watches in terror.

The other girls are obviously oblivious of what's about to happen to them.

They continue to chair dance.

His car is almost on them...

Then...

He hits the headlights.

The girls see the car.

He swerves head on into their lane going about a hundred and thirty.

The Moment Before

IMPACT

JULIA

with her feet up on the windshield sees the grill of the car head right for her.

Her face registers.

As she's bathed in fast harsh approaching headlights.

LANNA-FRANK

Sees Pam's blood face directly across from her heading for a collision.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Lets out a heehaw type of yell, as he heads towards Julia and her feet.

SHANNA'S

Smile disappears.

ARLENE

Sees Mike's face as she heads towards collision and softly closes her eyes.

CRASH

As much as we'll show the cars crashing in a horrible collision, we'll also cut back and forth what's happening inside the automobiles.

It'll be a slow motion equivalent of the crash test dummies footage we've seen before, but with real people.

The steering wheel is pushed through Lanna-Frank's chest as she folds around it.

Jungle Julia is propelled feet first through the windshield. Like being shot from a gun out of a sharks mouth only to be squashed by the colliding car.

Stuntman Mike's front tires tear into the roof of the girls car, and the spinning front tire hits Arlene square in the face, ripping her face off.

STUNTMAN MIKE

Just enjoys the ride.

Stuntman Mike crashed into the girls on the highway that was part of an overpass, so the two twisted wrecks tumble over the side crashing onto the highway below.

Shanna looks up and sees Stuntman Mike's car falling on her, she's pulverized.

Another car, also driven by a woman, sees the twisted cars fall into the road in front of her, it's too late to do anything.

She crashes into both of them at seventy miles an hour.

Destroying her car and herself.

AFTERMATH

The highway is deserted except for the busted broken cars, and the blood and glass, and flesh and body parts that litter the highway.

We see a tape put in a tape player.

Mike alive and well and upside down in his car, comes down off his rush, as he rocks out to the music.

No one's alive to witness his orgasm, but boy did he have a good god damn time.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

INT - HOSPITAL - DAY

We fade up on a hospital door. The door opens, we see two detectives questioning Stuntman Mike who's convalescing in a hospital bed.

Texas Ranger, EARL MCGRAW walks out of the room, he's joined in the hallway by his son, Texas Ranger EDGER MCGRAW.

EDGER

So Pop, what'dya think?

EARL

What do I think? Well Son, number one, what I think is so ghoulish I hesitate to speak it out loud.

EDGER

Give it a shot.

EARL

Well Son, what we got here is a case of vehicular homicide. I think that ol' boy in there murdered them pretty little gals. He used a car not a hatchet, but they dead just the same.

EDGER

What are you gonna do?

EARL

Not a damn thing. D.A. says ain't no crime here. Every damn one of them gals was swimming in alcohol, and floatin' on weed! "Hooper" in there was clean as a whistle.

EDGER

You actually think he premeditatedly murdered those girls?

EARL

I can't prove it, but since thinkin' don't cost nothin', I can think it, and I do.

EDGER

Yeah, but Pop, he got pretty banged up hisself?

EARL

Yeah, he got banged up. But them poor girls looked like a giant chewed 'em up and spit 'em out.

EDGER

Why?

EARL

I'd guesstamate it's a sex thing, only way I can figure it. High velocity impact. Twisted metal. Bustin' glass. Four souls takin' at exactly the same time. Probably the only way that diabolical degenerate can shoot his goo. Only thing we can even dream of gettin' him on is vehicular manslaughter for that hitchhiker in the death box. That was just plain goddamn reckless endangerment. But I got me a bartender owner operator that'll testify that Stuntman Mike didn't drink a drop all night. And his passenger was left stranded by her date, in the goddamn rain no less, and she asked him for the ride. On paper looks like he was just helpin' her out, that's what a jury's gonna see anyway.

EDGER

So what are you gonna do, Pop?

EARL

Well, I could take it upon myself to continue workin' the case in my off hours. Keep searchin' for evidence to prove my theory. Keep tabs on that bastard. Alert authorities. Dog 'em. Wherever he goes, I go. Or...
...I could spend that same amount of time and energy followin' the NASCAR circuit. Now, I've thought alot about it, and I think I'll have a happier life, if I do the later. But even through I can't punish Frankenstein for what he's done. If he ever does it again, I can make goddamn sure he don't do it in Texas.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

EXT - HIGHWAY SIGN - DAY

We fade up on a Big Highway billboard that says "Welcome to Lebanon, Tennessee".

A SUBTITLE APPEARS on the screen;

"14 Months Later"

The subtitle fades off.

We look at the sign for a moment...

WHEN

from off screen. A new badass muscle car, makes a jump and CRASHES through the sign.

The car lands on the highway, and just keeps on going.

INT - CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Stuntman Mike, back in ship shape, in a brand new Death Proof muscle car, drives down a Tennessee road, blaring hillbilly music from the radio, on the hunt.

He pulls the car into a "Circle A" convenience store parking lot. He turns the engine off as the radio continues.

When...

...in the parking space next to him...

...a yellow 2006 Mustang with black trim (Kill Bill colors) with three girls in their twenties pulls up in front of the Circle A.

These girls are part of a film crew that are shooting on location in Tennessee.

Behind the wheel, is a pretty black girl with a solid athletic build, dressed in jeans and a tight green camouflage t-shirt, named KIM (a stuntwoman).

Beside her in the passenger seat, is a young pretty starlet, LEE, who by the way just happens to be dressed in a cheerleader uniform. And laying down in the backseat, with her bare feet out the car door window, is the sleeping ABERNATHY (make up and hair).

It being early dawn, it's obvious these girls have been out partying all night, and have turned into vampires by the early morning light.

Like somebody would watch fascinated, pretty colorful fish through the windows of an aquarium, Stuntman Mike watches his new 3 Girls 3 Posse through the windows of his automobile.

He watches them talk silently through the window, with only the sound of his tape players music. He turns off the music and rolls down the window a crack so he can hear them.

KIM

So are you on the same floor as him?

LEE

No, I'm on the fourth, and he's on the seventh.

CUT TO

INSIDE The GIRLS CAR - MORNING

KIM

And who's in whose room?

LEE

He's in mine.

KIM

And so what happened then?

LEE

Well, that was pretty much it. We made out in the hall for about ten minutes, then I sent him off to his room.

KIM

So how's the Rock as a kisser?

LEE

Oh, he's damn good. He's got them mushy lips, an them fingertips.

KIM
Uuummm, I love them mushy lips.

LEE
And he's a big guy, so he spins me around.

(she demonstrates by pantomime)

So my back is up against him, he takes his big hand, puts it on my throat, tilts my head back, lowers over me and kisses me from behind.

KIM
Damn, that sounds sexy.

LEE
It was sexy.

KIM
But then that was it, you sent him off? How'd he take it?

LEE
Wait a minute, what are we doin' here?

KIM
If I'm gonna power through and pick Zoé up at the airport, I need a big ass cup off coffee. But finish up about the Rock, how'd he take it?

LEE
Well, naturally, he tried to talk me into it.

KIM
What'd he say?

LEE
You know, the whole thing about let's just sleep together, we don't hafta do nothin'...

KIM
Yeah, right, nigga, you got ta go.

LEE
But I told him look on the bright side.

KIM

If there's a bright side ta sending a nigga off to his room alone to jack off with the soap, I don't know that side. What side would that be?

LEE

I told him, if we had sex tonight, I'd want to avoid him tomorrow on set. Now, the way it stands, I can't wait to see him.

KIM

Ooohhh girl, that's a good one, you good. So, did you?

LEE

Hell yeah. It was fun smiling at him across the set all day.

Kim turns to leave the car, to go into the store and get her coffee...

LEE

Wait a minute, what time is it?

KIM

Six thirty in the morning.

LEE

You can buy alcohol in the morning in Tennessee, can't you?

KIM

If by you, you mean alcoholics, then yes, you can buy liquor in the morning.

LEE

Shut up. Look, I'm the only one here drinks gin, and I drunk the last of the gin, last night. So if we're gonna party tonight, I need me more gin. Bombay if you please.

KIM

Bombay Sapphire, and tonic, got it.

She opens the door...

LEE

And some Capitol W's Lights.

KIM
Got it.

LEE
And some "Sunny D" if they got it.

KIM
Damn girl, I just stopped to get
some coffee, not a pain in the ass.

The sleeping Abernathy, pipes in, without getting up or
opening her eyes.

ABERNATHY
Since you're getting that, get some
more vodka and some more sugar free
Red Bull.

The two girls look to the back seat.

KIM
We didn't know you were awake.

ABERNATHY
I'm not awake, I'm asleep, but get the
vodka and sugar free Red Bull anyway.

They laugh. Kim gets out, then say to Lee;

KIM
You remember how to get to the
airport, don'tcha?

LEE
Uh-huh.

KIM
Well then you should scoot over,
cause you should drive.

Kim goes, as Lee scoots over to the drivers seat.

INT - STUNTMANS MIKE'S CAR - MORNING

He watches the cute black girl with the oh so fine behind,
walk into the convenience store and do her business.

His eyes go to the car next to him, Lee in the drivers seat,
pluggin' her iPod earphones into her earholes. And the two
bare feet sticking out of the back seat drivers side door.

He looks intently.

INT - CIRCLE A STORE - MORNING

Kim is by the cold drinks cooler, she gets the Sunny Delight, but they don't have sugar free Red Bull, so she walks to the front door, opens it, and yells to the car from where she is.

KIM

(yelling)

They ain't got sugar free Red Bull.
They got regular Red Bull and sugar
free "G.O. Juice".

INT - CAR - (PARKED) - MORNING

Lee turns to the eyes closed sleeping beauty reclining in the backseat.

LEE

I'm aware you're not awake, and not
to bother you, but they don't have
sugar free Red Bull. They've got
regular Red Bull and sugar free
"G.O. Juice".

Without opening her eyes, Abernathy says;

ABERNATHY

G.O.

INT - STORE

Kim hears this, gets the G.O. Juice, walks up to the counter, places the Sunny Delight on the counter, and asks the guy behind the counter;

KIM

Pull me down a bottle of Bombay
Sapphire, and Galileo Vodka. And a
pack of "Capitol W Lights", and a
pack of Red Apple Tans.

The COUNTER GUY pulls down the bottles and the smokes, as Kim goes over to the coffee area and proceeds to make a big ass cup of coffee, called; "The Big A Cup of Coffee".

INT/EXT - STUNTMAN MIKE'S CAR (PARKED)

Stuntman Mike examines her through his windshield.

His eyes then go to the two bare feet of the sleeping girl propped up on the car door window, and her friend in the drivers seat zoning out on her iPod.

He steps out of his car, and approaches the two bare feet. Peering inside, he sees Abernathy dead to the world.

He glances back at the store, Kim's not looking in this direction, too involved in creating the right mixture for her big ass cup of coffee. Lee, back to him, ear phones in her ears, singing along with her iPod.

He looks back to sleeping beauty, and the pretty bare feet he's close enough to touch.

Stuntman Mike removes the black leather glove from his burnt right hand. Taking his index finger, he runs it down the bare sole of Abernathy's foot.

He watches her.

She doesn't stir.

He then takes his finger and lightly runs it up her bare sole, from heel to big toe.

CU ABERNATHY
the sleeping woman twitches,...

CU TOES
...and curls her toes quickly, but doesn't wake up.

CU STUNTMAN MIKE
Smiles. He looks towards the store.

The black girl inside still occupied...

...The girl directly in front of him, oblivious, singing out loud to the song on her iPod....

...so far, so good.

Time to press his luck.

He takes his index finger and runs it across her toes.

This makes Abernathy stir, and remove her feet from the window.

CU ABERNATHY
her eyes pop open, and she sits up abruptly...

Stuntman Mike has blasted pass and walks around the hood of his car to his driver side door. He doesn't hurry like he's guilty and fleeing, but like he's absentmindedly rushing to his car, and maybe he accidentally brushed pass her feet on his way, as well as Lee's elbows that was sticking out the drivers side car door window.

With ear phones still in her ears, she yells after him;

LEE

Excuse you!

She turns around and see's Abernathy sitting up in the backseat. She smiles and removes the iPod from her ears.

LEE

Sorry, I didn't mean to give you a concert.

ABERNATHY

No, it wasn't you. That guy bumped into my feet when he walked by.

(pause)

I don't know why, but it kinda creeped me out.

Just then Stuntman Mike's muscle car, ROARS to life, he REVS IT UP, vibrating next to the two girls.

Lee smiles and holds up her two fingers making a small pinch gesture to Abernathy in the back seat.

LEE

Little dick.

She smiles till she looks over at Stuntman Mike (for the first time) staring back at her, smiling.

Upon seeing his face, her smile fades and she says to herself;

LEE

Holy fuckin' shit.

Her next cardoor neighbor, slams the car into reverse, and peels out of there layin' rubber out to the road.

ABERNATHY

What?

LEE

Did you get a load of that fuckin' dude?

She shakes her head, no.

LEE

He looked like he fell outta an ugly tree and hit every branch on the way down.

ABERNATHY

Where do you get all these old sayings?

LEE

I watched "The Jeffersons" alot.

Then they notice Kim standing at the store front door, yelling at them again.

KIM

(yelling)

Hold on a minute! I gotta take a fuckin' piss!

Both Abernathy and Lee smile, saying to themselves quietly in unison.

ABERNATHY and LEE

(quietly to themselves)

That's a little more information than we needed, Kim...

(then yelling back to Kim)

...But you go right ahead!

Kim does.

ABERNATHY

Well since I'm up I might as well hit the ATM.

INT - STORE

Abernathy gets her money when her phone rings. It's whistling Bernard Herrmann's theme from "Kill Bill".

ABERNATHY

(into phone)

Hello.

LEE'S VOICE (OS)

It's me.

Abernathy looks out the window and see's Lee in the car talking to her on her cell phone.

ABERNATHY

Miss me?

LEE'S VOICE (OS)

I think I might be inside this months issue of Allure.

She turns towards the Counter Guy.

ABERNATHY

Do you have Allure?

COUNTER GUY

Magazines by the window, fashion section up top.

TIME CUT

An Allure magazine is tossed on the counter.

The Counter Guy rings it up.

COUNTER GUY

You know we sell other fashion magazines behind the counter.

ABERNATHY

No that's okay, this'll be all, thanks alot anyway.

She turns her back to him and heads for the door...

...when he says to her back;

COUNTER GUY

I have this months issue of Italian Vogue.

...she stops in her tracks...

...then slowly turns her head to look at him;

ABERNATHY

This months?

INT - LEE IN CAR (PARKED)

Listening to her iPod, when Abernathy comes out to her. She removes her headphones.

ABERNATHY
Okay, listen to this. The Circle A clerk has this months Italian Vogue.

LEE
No way?

ABERNATHY
Way.

LEE
I can't believe this fuckin' Circle A carries Italian Vogue.

ABERNATHY
It doesn't. It's his own personal copy. He'll let it go for eighteen bucks.

LEE
(incredulous)
Eighteen bucks?

ABERNATHY
What do you care, we're talkin' about fuckin' per diem here. Look, we found an issue of Italian Vogue in Lebanon, Tennessee, we're lucky he's not asking for fuckin' Krugerrands. I'm getting it and we're splitting it three ways.

LEE
What, me you and Kim?

ABERNATHY
No, Kim doesn't give a shit about Italian Vogue. But Brandy'll come in with us and if she won't, Tyson, her assistant will.

LEE
Okay, but if anybody tears out any sheets I want, you hafta make color Xerox of those pages. And I'm not talkin' about no fuckin' Kinko's either. You go to the art department and have 'em do it fuckin' right.

Abernathy, who was leaning into the car to speak with Lee, straightens up to walk back in the store and sees Stuntman Mike's car parked down the road. When she looks directly at it, the automobile speeds away.

This troubles the young lady but she's not sure why.

INT - AIRPORT (TENNESSEE) - DAY

A group of passengers are disembarking from an airplane, and filing out into the airport.

Kim, Lee, and Abernathy are watching them disembark, searching for a recognizable face.

Which is what they see when the bouncy, athletic, and, cute as a bug's ear Kiwi, ZOÉ BELL, exits the airplane.

Upon seeing the waiting friends, Zoé lights up, and bounces over to them, passing out hugs.

It's also obvious that while Kim and Abernathy know Zoé, Lee doesn't.

It's also equally obvious that Zoé and Kim are very close, which will make sense when the audience realizes both gals are Stuntwomen.

ZOÉ

(to Kim)

I see you still wear camouflage to all occasions.

KIM

Hey camouflage is the new black, it goes with everything.

After the girlfriends exchange hugs and greetings...

Kim and Abernathy introduce their new location buddy Lee to Zoé.

Zoé shakes the actresses hand strong and vigorously, like a bloke, her New Zealand accent singing a greeting.

EXT - AIRPORT - DAY

From a long distance away, we see the four women, complete with Zoé's baggage, exit the airport.

We SNAP ZOOM to a medium of Zoé, then a CLICK SOUND off screen and the image of Zoé FREEZES.

Sergio Leone CU of Stuntman Mike observing the girls through the shutter of his camera.

SNAP ZOOM and FREEZE FRAME to each girl in turn.

Stuntman Mike lowers the camera from in front of his face, smiles a shit eating grin (he's back in business).

STUNTMAN MIKE

(to himself)

Hello Ladies. We're gonna have a good time.

He exits. FRAME.

CUT TO

INT - CAR (MOVING) - DAY

The four girls are packed in the car.

ABERNATHY

...your timing couldn't be better, Zoé. It just so happens, we're all three off duty for the next three days of shooting.

ZOÉ

Fuckin' hell, how does that happen?

ABERNATHY

Well, I'm doing Lindsey Lohan's make up, and she's off for the next three days. There's no stunts being filmed during that time, so Kim's free, and Lee's on a will notify for the next four days.

LEE

Yeah, but if it rains that'll all change for me, their cover set is the cafeteria scene between me and Brandy.

ZOÉ

Brandy, the girl that plays Moesha?

KIM

Oh hell no, they show Moesha in New Zealand?

ZOE

Hell yeah,
(she sings the theme)
"Mo-to-the-E-to-the..."

They all laugh.

KIM

Oh that's great. Now it's gonna be one of them days I can't get the Moesha theme out of my head.

ZOE

So how's the shoot going?

ABERNATHY

Great. We're having the best time. The director, Cecil Evans, is so much fun, we're making the coolest movie and partying all the time.

The name Cecil is pronounced like Cecil Brown and rhymes with vessel. Not like "Beany and Cecil" and rhyming with diesel.

KIM

Hell yeah, the next job after this is definitely gonna suck.

ZOE

So let's hear it ladies, Set Romances, who's getting it off?

KIM

That would be Lee and Toolbox.

ZOE

Ohhhh, Toolbox, the name sounds promising.

ABERNATHY

He's a grip.

LEE

What he is, is a pervert.

ZOÉ

Well he keeps sounding better and better. What's his perversion?

LEE

He likes to watch me pee.

The girls laugh.

Kim and Abernathy chant;

ABERNATHY and KIM

(singing)

Lee's sitting on the toilet and
Toolbox is watching her pee,
P-I-SS-I-N-G.

KIM

Yeah, but not no more. Now she's
gittin' it on with The Rock.

ZOÉ

Your havin' one off with The Rock?

LEE

Not the real Rock. He's a
electrician named Bruce. But Kim
calls him the Rock cause he looks
like him, and now we all just call
him The Rock.

KIM

Yeah, this is an all star crew. We
gotta guy looks like Nic Cage, and
a guy who looks like Pee Wee
Herman, too.

ZOÉ

Kim - dick department - let's hear
it?

KIM

No dick this trip, I gotta man.

ZOÉ

Is he coming up every couple of
weeks and visiting ya?

KIM

Yep,... that's why no dick this
trip.

The girls laugh.

LEE

Just remember Kim, whoever you do
in Tennessee, stays in Tennessee.

They laugh.

ZOÉ

How long have you had a boyfriend?

KIM

About three months.

ZOÉ

Who'd you steal him from?

The other girls laugh.

KIM

Nobody.

ABERNATHY

Kim... he totally had a girlfriend.

ZOÉ

All of Kim's boyfriends, started
out as somebody else's boyfriend.

KIM

I didn't steal him. I didn't steal
any of them... they just... jumped
ship.

They laugh.

ZOÉ

What's your story, Abernathy?

LEE

Abby's got the big Kahuna.

ABERNATHY

I had a set crush on Cecil.

KIM

Set crush, nigga please. You were
his set wife.

ABERNATHY

Were and had being the key words
here.

KIM

Bitch you two are still into each other and you know it.

ABERNATHY

Oh yeah, well if he's so in love with me, then why did he fuck Daryl Hannah's stand in?

KIM

(smart ass)

Because he's a man?

ZOÉ

Yeah, was that a trick question?

ABERNATHY

Yes, men are dogs, oh it's so funny, oh it's so funny.

KIM

Oh stop actin' like you all hurt, your ass is just mad.

ABERNATHY

Yeah, he's a stand-in fucker.

KIM

Bitch, you need to get over that shit, that was two weeks ago.

ABERNATHY

(sarcastic)

Oh, well now you put it like that.

The girls laugh.

ABERNATHY

Oh I haven't told you the best part. He fucked her, on my birthday.

ZOÉ

Oh. That's a horse of a different color.

ABERNATHY

Thank you.

ZOÉ

Did he know it was your birthday? He is the director, he's kinda busy.

ABERNATHY

He ate a piece of my birthday cake,
and he got me a present. Yeah, I
think he knew.

ZOÉ

What did he get you?

ABERNATHY

He made me a tape.

LEE

He made you a tape?

ABERNATHY

Yeah.

LEE

He didn't burn you a C.D., he made
you a tape?

ABERNATHY

Yes, and I know what you're gonna
say, so don't even go there.

KIM

Sounds like the test of true love
to me.

ABERNATHY

Look I know you guys like him, he's
likable. But he fucked another
woman on my birthday, how can you
not be on my side?

ZOÉ

Well I admit that sounds bad.

ABERNATHY

It is bad.

ZOÉ

It just sounds like a little more
to it than that. Were you two
fucking?

KIM

Hell no.

ABERNATHY

(to Kim)

Hello, is your name Abernathy?

KIM

Sorry.

ABERNATHY

(to Zoé)

The answer to your question is no,
of course not.

ZOÉ

What do you mean, "no, of course
not"?

ABERNATHY

The reason Cecil hasn't had a
girlfriend in six years, is because
girls will fuck him. And if you
fuck Cecil, you don't become one of
his girlfriends -- not to say I
want to be his girlfriend -- but if
I did want to be his girlfriend, if
I fucked him, I wouldn't be his
girlfriend, I'd be one of his
regulars. And I'm just getting too
fuckin' old for that shit.

ZOÉ

How about blow jobs?

ABERNATHY

Nope, no blow jobs.

ZOÉ

You've at least made out, right?

ABERNATHY

Zoé, no. He does that shit with
too many other girls, I'm not going
to be that girl.

ZOÉ

You've never even kissed?

ABERNATHY

We've kissed.

ZOÉ

But no tongue?

ABERNATHY

No, no tongue. Not that he hasn't
tried.

ZOÉ

Have you let him do anything?

ABERNATHY

Yes. I've let him give me a foot message, and when we go to the movies, I've let him hold my hand.

KIM

Bitch, you may be actin' like you're twelve years old, but he's just actin' like a man. You need to be break that nigga off a piece.

ZOÉ

So let me get this straight, you're not fuckin' em, you're not suckin' em, you're not giving him any tongue. But Daryl Hannah's stand in is. You know some cultures might say he made the wiser choice.

ABERNATHY

Try being married to a prick who cheats on you, and see if you're still singing the same tune.

KIM

We ain't talkin' about marriage, we're talkin' about you and Cecil, you and Cecil married?

ABERNATHY

No.

KIM

Marriage is different. When a man finally breaks down and marries your ass, he's made the decision to settle down. That's why niggas try to hold that shit off to the last possible minute. Not only that, he's even made a vow to God, and in front of his peoples, that he's gonna settle down. Now how that shit works in the looong run remains to be seen. For both y'all. But that's a whole different thing. But this, I'm your girlfriend you're my boyfriend Mickey Mouse mess?

KIM

All that means is I got a date on Saturday night, and on my birthday and Christmas, that nigga better go deep in pocket. And by the way, what the fuck are we talkin' about anyway. You're neither married to Cecil or his girlfriend. That nigga can do what he please. Before you can claim a nigga, you got to claim a nigga. And you can start by givin' that motherfucker a hand job in the back of the van on Tuesday.

ABERNATHY

I'm not gonna do that.

KIM

I know you won't. But you know who will, the bitch that ends up livin' in that big ass mansion of his.

LEE

You know, I gotta say, I haven't entirely agreed on everything Kim said. But it's true when you stretch shit out as long as you have with Cecil. If you suddenly get dirty on 'em, it blows their mind.

KIM

Look baby, I love you, but you better recognize, Cecil's a good man. You give him a hand job on Tuesday, and he'll write your ass a poem on Wednesday. And when y'all get married, at your wedding, you give me presents.

Abernathy has stopped arguing, and sits back thinking a bit about what her friend said.

KIM

Mark my words, when this movie's over and done with, them two gonna get married.

ABERNATHY

I'm not gonna marry him.

KIM

Mark-my-words!

The girls laugh.

ABERNATHY

Okay, can we just take my sex life off the table?

ZOÉ

Actually, it was Cecil's sex life that was on the table and your lack of one.

The girls bust up, especially Kim who does a Sam Jackson pimp laugh.

Zoé and Kim give a high five.

ABERNATHY

Oh fuck both of you and your little high five.

INT - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

ABERNATHY

So Zoé, Kim, and I are in the Philippines at an outdoor rave.

LEE

What were you working on?

KIM

"Three Kicks To The Head Part III".

ABERNATHY

And admittedly, we're a little fucked up.

ZOÉ

Cheers to that.

They all cheers their coffee, and Abernathy continues her story.

ABERNATHY

So Zoé the genius wants to take a picture of me. It's dark as hell, and you can't see shit. So she's got her camera, and keeps saying step back a little. So I do. Then a little further. So I step back a little further. Step back more. So I do, then I realize I'm right at the edge of a seven foot concrete ditch, with god knows how many rocks and broken bottles and rats in it. And if I fell in that, I would've broken my fuckin' neck. So I'm yelling at her; "Zoé, you almost killed me". So we laugh about it, and walk a little further, and Zoé starts fuckin' around, and damn if she doesn't fall in the fuckin' ditch.

The other girls laugh.

Zoé takes their laughter like applause and bows.

ZOÉ

I remember taking a step looking down and just as I'm thinking "Oh, there's that ditch Abby was talkin' about", Bam, I fall in.

LEE

What happened?

ABERNATHY

What, with Zoé the Cat? Nothing. If I fell in that fuckin' thing, they would of had to helicopter me out of there. Zoé just lands on her feet. But then later, I started feeling a little bad about myself. Zoé falls in the ditch and it's nothin'. We're laughing about it. If I fell, I probably would of been fuckin' paralyzed.

LEE

Oh honey, you can't think like that. We all have our individual talents, that just happens to be one of Zoé's.

KIM

Well, physically speaking, Zoé is amazing. I mean agility, reflexes, nimbleness, there's few human beings that can compete with Zoé on that front.

ZOÉ

Awww Kim, I like you, too.

KIM

Having said that, before you get too envious of Zoé's prowess, you're missing the most important part of that story. You didn't fall in the ditch, Zoé did.

The other girls laugh, Zoé acts miffed.

KIM

Zoé even knew there was a ditch there, because you told her, and she still fell in. So Lee's right. We all have our talents.

Zoé acts irate.

ZOÉ

Hey, I resemble that remark.
(said like I resent
that remark)
So Kim, still pack a Roscoe?

KIM

Check it out, bitch.

Zoe bends down and looks under the table.

Kim lifts her left pant leg up and we see she wears a pistol in a ankle holster.

ZOÉ

(impressed)

Oh, nice one, Mate.

LEE

What's a Roscoe?

ZOÉ

A Roscoe's a pistol.

LEE

You carry a gun?

KIM

Uh-huh.

LEE

Do you have a license to carry it?

KIM

(sarcastically)

Yeah, when I became a Secret Service Agent, they gave me a license.

LEE

I didn't know you were a -

The other three look at her incredulously...

LEE

- I didn't say it. Stop looking at me. I didn't say it.

ZOE

That's Kim for ya', always takin' the piss.

KIM

I'm always takin' a what?

ZOE

Don't hurt yourself, it's Ozbonics, Mate.

LEE

(to Abernathy)

Did you know Kim carries a gun?

ABERNATHY

Yes. Do I approve, no. Do I know, yes.

KIM

Look, I don't know what futuristic Utopia you live in, but the world I live in, a bitch needs a gun.

ABERNATHY

You can't get around the fact that people who carry guns tend to get shot more than people who don't.

KIM

And you can't get around the fact, that if I go down to the laundry room in my building at midnight enough times, I might get my ass raped.

LEE

Don't do your laundry at midnight.

KIM

Fuck that! I wanna do my laundry whenever the fuck I wanna do my laundry.

ABERNATHY

There's other things you can carry other than a gun. Pepper spray.

KIM

Motherfucker try to rape me, I don't wanna give him a skin rash. I wanna shut that nigga down.

ABERNATHY

How 'bout a knife at least?

KIM

You what happens to motherfucker's carry knives... they get shot. Look, if I ever become a famous actress, I won't carry a gun. I'll hire me a do-dirt-nigga, and he'll carry the gun. And when shit goes down, I'll sit back and laugh. But until that day, it's Wild West motherfucker -

(to Zoe)

So Zoé, you thought about whatcha' wanna do first?

ZOÉ

It just so happens I know exactly what I wanna do.

KIM

Oh really, and what would that be?

ZOÉ

To me there's no point of being in America unless you're gonna drive a Detroit muscle car. And I want to drive a Dodge Charger, fuck me swinging, balls out.

The girls laugh.

ABERNATHY

I guess we can talk to transpo, does it hafta be a Dodge Charger?

ZOÉ

It's got to be a 1970 Dodge Charger with a 358 engine.

The girls bust out laughing.

KIM

And how in the fuck do you expect to do that?

ZOÉ

No worries, Mate, I got it all worked out.

She takes out a local newspaper.

ZOÉ

When I knew I was gonna come here, I went on the net and found out the local newspaper here in Tennessee is the Lebanon News Sentinel. So back home --

LEE

-- I'm sorry, where's home, Australia?

Both Kim and Abernathy wince when Lee says the "A" word.

Zoé acts mock angry.

ZOÉ

What do you mean by that, Mate?

Lee is confused.

Abernathy explains.

ABERNATHY

Zoé's from New Zealand, and you never, I repeat never, call a Kiwi an Aussie.

KIM

That is unless you want your ass kicked.

ZOÉ

It would be like me callin' Kim African.

LEE

Sorry.

ZOÉ

That's okay, I'm just taking the piss outta ya. Ackland to answer your question. Anyway, I subscribed to the local paper about a month ago.

KIM

Now why in the fuck you wanna local redneck newspaper in New Zealand?

ZOÉ

Pipe down and I'll tell ya. I've been gettin' the paper for the last month, and I've been checking the classifieds in the back looking at the cars for sale. So, as of yesterday, for sale, in this town, some guy is selling his stock 1970 Dodge Charger with a 358 engine, and a white paint job.

KIM

And you wanna buy it?

ZOÉ

Kim, I may be stupid, but I'm not bloody stupid. I want to say I want to buy it, so he'll let me test drive it. A 1970 Dodge Charger with a white paint job, that's Kowalski in "Vanishing Point", Mate, it's a fucking classic. If I can get this guy to let me drive it without him, I'll blow the doors off that bitch.

ABERNATHY

What's "Vanishing Point"?

ZOÉ

What's "Vanishing Point"? Abby, I'm supposed to be the illiterate one. It's just one of the best American movies ever made.

KIM

Actually, Zoé, most girls wouldn't know "Vanishing Point".

ABERNATHY

Excuse me, most girls? What are you two?

KIM

Yeah, well, we're gearheads, of course we watched it. Y'all grew up watchin' that "Pretty in Pink" shit.

LEE

I like "Pretty in Pink".

ABERNATHY

Oh, so you didn't watch John Hughes movies?

KIM

Of course I did, I'm a girl. But I also watched car shit, too. "Vanishing Point", "Dirty Mary, Crazy Larry", "Gone in 60 Seconds" - the real one, not that Angelina Jolie bullshit.

ZOÉ

We have an outdoor theatre in Ackland that shows "Vanishing Point", "Big Wednesday", all the classics.

INT - BARN - DAY

JASPER, the hillbilly who owns the tobacco road garbage farm (that seems to be the only thing that grows), that the girls have driven to, opens up the doors to his barn.

JASPER

There she is.

All four of the ladies take in the off screen sight. The other two are impressed, but the two motorheads are gobbsmacked.

KIM

(to herself with a black rhythm)

Now, that's what I'm talkin' about.

ZOÉ

(in her Kiwi rhythm)

That's what I'm talkin' about.

We see what they see;

A totally bad ass White Dodge Charger straight out of the movie "Vanishing Point".

TIME CUT

They pop the hood, we look up at the two girls. They like what they see.

We see what they see, a beautiful engine, that, gearheads that they are, gets them wet.

Back to the two girls.

KIM

This shit's off the fuckin' hook.

ZOÉ

Fuckin' legendary, Mate.

TIME CUT

EXT - BARN - DAY

Lee, in her short skirt cheerleader uniform, is asleep in a rusty patio furniture chair. Abernathy sits on three tires stacked on top of each other.

An ugly dog who looks like he just escaped a Korean kitchen, walks through frame.

Zoé and Kim are haggling with Jasper. Zoé says to Jasper.

ZOÉ

If you'll excuse us for a moment, I'd like to have a word in private with my business associate.

JASPER

You ladies take your time.

KIM

What are you waiting for? Ask him to let ya drive it by yourself.

ZOÉ

I intend to. But first I need to ask you somethin'.

KIM

What?

ZOÉ

If he lets us take it out on our own. I wanna play Ships Mast.

Kim's entire demeanor changes.

KIM

(loud)

Awww, hell no.

ZOÉ

Would you keep it down, big mouth.

KIM

Ain't no way, I'm doin' Ships Mast.

ZOÉ

Oh for Christsakes, Kim --

KIM

-- don't blaspheme.

ZOÉ

Sorry.

KIM

Now, what did you say after the last time?

ZOÉ

-- Look, I know what I said --

KIM

-- what-did-you-say?

ZOÉ

I know I said we shouldn't do this again --

KIM

Naw, you didn't say; "We shouldn't". You said, we ain't ever gonna do that again.

ZOE

-- But --

KIM

-- But my ass, you said not only are we never gonna play Ships Mast again, but ya also said, if you ever do, what you're trying to do now, to not only refuse, but that I had permission to physically restrain your ass, if necessary. Now, did you or did you not say that?

Zoé opens her mouth to weasel out of it.

KIM

Naw naw naw naw, answer the question, motherfucker, did you or did you not say that?

ZOE

Yes, I said it -- however --

Kim holds up her hand.

KIM

Whatever with your however.

ZOE

Look, I know I said it. And I know I meant it.

KIM

Damn skippy you meant it.

ZOE

But when I said it, I didn't mean in America.

KIM

Nigga please.

ZOE

No really, I meant, we can never do Ships Mast again in New Zealand or Australia.

KIM

You are such a liar.

ZOE

I know what I said, when I said it. But when I said it, I didn't know I'd ever come to America. And when I said it, if I had known I'd come to America and have the opportunity to play Ships Mast on the fucking Vanishing Point Charger, I would of added a however... right?

KIM

Okay, oddly enough, I actually understood that. However, just because you talked yourself into some stupid shit, doesn't mean I've lost my goddamn mind. You need two people to play Ships Mast, and I ain't playing.

ZOE

I'll be your best friend.

KIM

I don't need me no best friend that lives on the other side of planet earth.

ZOE

I'll crack your back.

KIM

You'll crack it anyway.

ZOE

Of course I would, but now, while I'm here, I'll be your back cracking slave. Anytime you want it, ya got it, you don't even hafta ask for it. You can order me to do it. Just say; "Bitch, git over here and get busy".

Kim thinks about this a moment... then makes a deal.

KIM

You crack my back, you give me foot massages, and after a shower, you put moisturizer on my butt.

ZOÉ
Deal.

They shake on it.

The two girls walk over to Abernathy, the sleeping Lee is in the b.g..

ZOÉ
So we're gonna see if this guy'll let us take the car out without him. If he does, you stay here with Lee, and we'll be back in a bit.

ABERNATHY
What?

ZOÉ
I said; we're gonna see if this guy'll let us take the car out with --

ABERNATHY
-- I heard what you said, I just can't believe what you said. You know, you two got some fuckin' balls.

ZOÉ
What?

ABERNATHY
Don't play dumbass with me. I've been up all night. I'm still a little drunk, and I have a hangover. I should be in my hotel room asleep, not fucking around here on Tobacco Road. But because Zoé wanted to drive some fucking "Vanishing Point" car, I'm here. Now you two got the balls to ask me -- no scratch that -- tell me, I gotta make conversation with Tom Joad, while the cool kids get to go out and play? Bullshit on that.

KIM
It ain't like that.

ABERNATHY
Then what's it like, Kim?

ZOE

You guys are our collateral. He's not gonna go for it if we all go.

ABERNATHY

You know, I really think one human being will be collateral enough.

ZOE

You're not gonna wanna do what we're doin'.

ABERNATHY

What, drive a car?

ZOE

We're doin' more than that.

ABERNATHY

What, drive it fast?

ZOE

We're doin' more than that.

KIM

Actually, we're paying you a compliment, cause we're gonna do some stupid shit. But that's okay, cause we're stunt people, we ain't got good sense. But you got good sense, and anybody with good sense, ain't gonna wanna do what we're doin'.

ABERNATHY

How do you know I don't want to do it?

ZOE

Cause you're a mom.

KIM

Yeah.

ABERNATHY

You know, we're suppose to be this big "Posse",

(she makes quotes
in the air)

but that's the excuse you guys use whenever you want to exclude me from something. So what is it you two daredevils are doing, that I'm just so uncool, I can't possibly understand?

ZOÉ

(under her breath)

You know, since we're kinda conning this guy, maybe it's best we don't go in detail about it, while he's watchin' us. Besides, he's probably not gonna let us do it anyway.

ABERNATHY

Okay, how about this? I'll talk him into it. But if I talk him into it, I go along.

KIM

How you gonna do that?

ABERNATHY

That's my problem. But don't worry, he'll say; yes.

ZOÉ

What are you gonna do, blow 'em?

She makes a face...

ABERNATHY

No!....

...face goes away.

ABERNATHY

...I'm gonna insinuate that Lee's gonna blow 'em.

All three girls burst out laughing. Kim does her Sam Jackson pimp laugh.

ABERNATHY

Not really, but let me handle it. We got a deal?

KIM

Okay, listen up, mommy. If you're gonna hang with the cool kids, you-got-to-be-cool. We take you along, you don't say shit. You don't even say, crap. You just sit in the back, and I don't wanna hear a peep outta your ass. You understand?

Abernathy is happy, her cool friends are letting her play with them.

ABERNATHY

Got it.

KIM

I'm serious now, you start naggin' us, we're pullin' over to the side of the road, kickin' your ass out, and pickin' you up later.

ABERNATHY

Agreed.

KIM

Okay, go work your magic.

Abernathy walks over to the hillbilly.

ABERNATHY

Hello, sir.

She sticks her hand out, he shakes it.

JASPER

Hello.

ABERNATHY

What's your name?

JASPER

Jasper.

ABERNATHY

Hello, Jasper, I'm Abernathy --

JASPER

Aber-What?

ABERNATHY

Abernathy --

She starts to continue...

JASPER
What your first name?

ABERNATHY
That is my first name. --

She starts to continue...

JASPER
What kind of first name is that?

ABERNATHY
I'll tell ya what, just... Call me
Abby.

JASPER
Okay, Abby.

ABERNATHY
Jasper... we were wondering, if my
friends and I could take the car
out for a little test drive on our
own; you know just to see if we're
comfortable in it.

JASPER
Why would I do somethin' stupid
like that?

ABERNATHY
To better sell your automobile.

JASPER
How do I know y'all ain't just
gonna steal it?

ABERNATHY
Four reasons actually. One, we're
not thieves, two, that would be
rude. Three, we're staying at the
Days Inn in town and you can call
the hotel and check with the
management we're registered for the
next month -- actually Zoé's not,
but Kim and I are, so we're totally
trackdownable --

JASPER
Who's Kim, the colored girl?

ABERNATHY

Yes... Kim is the girl of color.
And reason number four -- and the
most important -- while we're
taking the car out for a little
spin, that'll give you a better
opportunity to get acquainted with
our other friend, Lee.

She does kind of a ta-ta presentation of the sleeping Lee.

Jasper looks.

JASPER

Why does she look kinda familiar?

ABERNATHY

That would be because she's a
famous actress.

She holds up the Allure Magazine, opened to Lee's article.

Jasper takes it, looks at it, then at her, then to Abernathy.

JASPER

Why she dressed like that?

ABERNATHY

Well you see, we're making a
Hollywood movie in town, and it's a
cheerleader movie, and she's one of
the cheerleaders.

JASPER

What's a cheerleader movie?

ABERNATHY

A movie about cheerleaders.

JASPER

Is it a porno movie?

Abernathy starts to say no, then changes it to;

ABERNATHY

Yes it is. But don't mention it,
she's shy.

JASPER

What's the name of the movie?

ABERNATHY

"Cheer Up In Texas."

JASPER
This is Tennessee.

ABERNATHY
It was cheaper to shoot here. You know, not promising anything mind you, but you actually look like Lee's last boyfriend. She digs your type.

JASPER
What type is that, the no neck type?

ABERNATHY
With pretty girls, you never know, Jasper.

JASPER
She's asleep.

ABERNATHY
Oh, we'll wake her up.

CUT TO

INSERT a key is turned in the ignition.

The Charger ROARS to life.

Waking up the sleeping cheerleader -

The three other girls are in the car.

ABERNATHY
(yells out the car door window)
Lee this is Jasper, Jasper Lee, you two kids stay out of trouble.

Like that old commercial, Kim yells;

KIM
Hey good lookin', be back to pick you up later.

They peel out in a shower of gravel.

Lee looks up at Jasper standing over her.

LEE
Gulp.

EXT - BACKROAD HIGHWAY - DAY

The Vanishing Point Charger drives down the lone country road, cutting through the forest.

Inside are the three girls. Kim behind the wheel, Zoé in the passenger seat, and Abernathy in the back.

Zoé begins preparing for "Ships Mast".

Abernathy asks questions but is told to shut up.

Zoé takes her belt off, and asks Abernathy for hers.

She then wraps both belts around the car door window on both sides.

Then shimmies out of the passenger car door window up on to the Chargers roof.

A shocked Abernathy starts to say something and Kim cuts her to the quick.

As Kim speeds down the road, Zoé sits on the roof. She then lowers herself down the windshield on to the hood.

Kim drives looking past Zoé's ass.

Zoé on the hood finds the belt on the passenger side and hangs on to it with her right hand. Then Kim helps her get a hold of the belt on the drivers side...

...then once Zoé has both belts in her hands, she lowers on her back all the way down the hood, till her knees are over the hood, and her heels rest on the fender...

Then with her arms stretched out, and her legs spread eagle, laying flat on the Chargers hood like a human hood ornament, or a... "Ships Mast"...

She nods her head forward...

...which is Kim's cue to punch it...

The muscle car speeds down the road with the crazy Kiwi on the hood, laughing her ass off...

CUT TO

CU STUNTMAN MIKE W/BINOCULARS
 he lowers the specks from his face. This is as close to
 flabbergasted as Stuntman Mike ever gets and the cause of
 his flabbergastation is the two bad ass stuntchicks who
 apparently like to play as rough as he does.

He looks around...

...The girls know how to have an uninterrupted time...
 There's nobody around. They are in the middle of vast
 Nowheresville.

Stuntman Mike climbs in his car and starts her up.

She ROARS to rumbling life.

He buckles all his buckles, as...

...his foot revs the gas.

When he's safe and secure, one hand goes to the gear shift
 and the other to the wheel...and...

...He takes off after them.

Back tires kicking up grass and sod as the tires spin to
 life, before connecting with asphalt.

Once she hits the highway, she straightens out and power
 swims like a shark. Rubber to road like a fin through the
 water.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD
 coming up fast behind the girls car.

THE GIRLS CAR
 the trio are oblivious.

ZOÉ
 is laughing in daredevil ecstasy.

KIM
 is caught up in the adrenaline.

ABERNATHY
 can't believe what the fuck she's seeing, but after being
 frightened, she's slowly starting to let go and enjoy the
 moment. Her shocked mouth slowly turns into a smile.

STUNTMAN MIKE
 so is his.

The grill of his car coming up fast.

ABERNATHY
something makes her look behind her.

ABBY'S POV
Stuntman Mike's badass muscle car, coming at her at 120 miles an hour.

ABERNATHY
sees it's the same car that was at the Party Store and the same guy who brushed her feet behind the wheel comin' up at 120 miles an hour,
...and they will crash.

ABERNATHY
(to herself)
Oh my God.

KIM'S
eye goes up to the rearview.

REARVIEW MIRROR
car speeding to ram from behind.

KIM
What the fuck --

Stuntman Mike's grill CRASHES into the girls ass...

...BAM!

Stuntman Mike's car hits them with such force, that Abernathy is propelled from the backseat, through the space in the front seat between the driver and passenger seats, crashing hard into the dashboard.

ZOÉ
feels the car lurch and shake, but doesn't let loose of the belts.

STUNTMAN MIKE
foot presses the brake.

We see from his windshield, the girls car shoot ahead.

KIM
sees in the rearview mirror the car fall back.

STUNTMAN MIKE'S
foot hits the gas.

His car shoots forward heading for another crash on the girls ass.

KIM
watches it in the rearview. Waiting for impact.

STUNTMAN MIKE
yee hawing, waiting for impact.

CRASH!

Zoé's hand is jerked loose from one of the belts.

As she starts to slide off the hood, she quickly flips over on her belly, and grabs the frame between the hood and the windshield, like a cat on a tree.

ZOÉ
looks up and locks eyes with Kim.

ZOÉ
What the fuckin' hell!

Then she sees what's up. Stuntman Mike's car starts to pull along side the girls car.

He swerves his car into theirs.

Zoé is literally yanked from her perch, and does a 180 twirl and slide. She's now facing the opposite way, head towards the grill, feet towards the windshield. With no hand hold per sei, she begins to slowly slide towards the grill.

KIM and ABERNATHY
in the front seat watch in horror, but there's not a goddamn thing they can do.

STUNTMAN MIKE
sees it, too. He knows the next hit will be the death blow, and he wants it to be just right. So he falls back much further this time.

KIM
sees this, she knows what's coming.

STUNTMAN MIKE
hits the gas.

SPEEDOMETER
jumps.

KIM
he's coming up fast in the rearview.

She has no choice... She's got to out race him

She hits the gas...

and the chase is on.

ZOÉ

wind in her face, is trying to stop the slide, but she keeps inching closer to the edge...

KIM

is doing the driving of her life, keeping the car steady so not to shake Zoé, and still keep ahead of Mike's car.

Kim screams to Abby;

KIM

Get my gun, it's on my left foot.

As we cut back and forth between the two cars...

...Abby tries to reach the gun, but can't do it as Kim drives, without fucking her up.

ABERNATHY

I can't!

KIM

Fuck!

STUNTMAN MIKE

finds himself in a different situation. Both cars may look bad ass, but the girls Charger has more under the hood than his.

And Kim just may be a better driver. He's chasing after her, he's on her ass, but he can't quite catch her to smash her.

ZOÉ

has now reached the end of the hood...

...she sees the asphalt of the highway speeding under her.

She grabs hold of the hood ornament, with one hand, and as her upper body begins to fold over the side, she braces herself by pushing against the fender with her other hand, thus stopping her slow slide.

Will she continue sliding off? No. Is her position precarious as hell? Yes. Will a slight bump send her over the side? Hell yeah!

ABERNATHY

both hands out in front, bracing themselves on the dash, a little blood trickling from her scalp, is literally petrified, with her front row seat view of Zoé hanging half on half off their car as it goes eighty miles an hour.

Suddenly the paved road opens up into a big clearing.

A barn is off to the side. A pile of rubbish. And a big field of tall grass.

It opens up so wide, Stuntman Mike can get beside them, and clips them on the girls left side.

The Dodge Charger SPINS OUT like a steel and chrome muscle dreidel, whipping around a full three revolutions.

Zoé is sent flying from the hood.

TALL GRASS

Zoé as if shot from a gun that uses New Zealand women as ammo, sails over the grass, finally crashing deep in the brush. Her fall is obstructed from view.

The Charger skids to a stop. For a moment the girls sit shell shocked.

Stuntman Mike has stopped, too. He looks at the girls. He's thinking maybe he should let these girls be.

When Kim turns and sees him and his car stopped. She yanks the pistol out of her ankle holster, brings it up and FIRES at him.

The Bullet hits him right in the shoulder. He screams at the explosion in his body.

Like a cowardly dog, he hits the gas and drives off.

Both girls look straight ahead, their windshield pointing directly at the tall grass. Their hearts ready to explode over their friends fate.

When...

...Zoé's figure way in the background, leaps up for a moment above the grass and she says;

ZOÉ

I'm okay.

KIM and ABERNATHY

both break out in relieved laughter.

Abernathy rolls her eyes, putting her hands up in the air.

ABERNATHY

Of course she is, what was I thinking!

Zoé walks out of the grass and up to the girls.

ZOÉ

Whew! Now that was a close one.

KIM

Bitch, you like to give me a heart attack.

ZOÉ

Where's the fuckin' maniac?

KIM

I shot his ass and he sped off.

Kim and Zoé look at each other.

ZOÉ

Wanna catch 'em?

KIM

Hell yeah!

(she turns to
Abernathy)

Get out, honey.

ABERNATHY

Fuck that, let's kill this bastard.

Zoé sees something.

ZOÉ

Wait a minute.

She runs over to the junk pile, and pulls out a heavy duty piece of pipe. Then hops in the back.

Kim speeds off after Mike.

STUNTMAN MIKE

stops his car. He's bleeding and hurting worse. He's been shot in the left shoulder, so he can't move his left arm. With his right hand he unbuckles his straps, wincing and grimacing with each movement.

He struggles with his right arm to get at his glove box.

He finally does and takes out a bottle of Four Roses whiskey. He spins off the cap with his thumb, and takes a big down the hatch swig.

As the neck of the bottle is in his mouth, his eyes go to the rearview mirror, and he sees Kim's Charger heading at his stopped car at full speed ...before he can remove the bottle...

...BAM!

No longer held tight by the restraints, his face smashes into the steering wheel with the bottle in the middle.

Everything but the steering wheel shatters.

The car is sent flying.

Stuntman Mike screams in agony.

With his face smashed and bleeding, with a glass sticking out of his face and neck, he sees Kim starting her stalled car to ram him again.

He frantically starts his car and peels out in fleeing terror.

The girls are hot on his trail.

GIRLS CAR

in hot pursuit. Zoé in the back says:

ZOÉ

I've got an idea, Abernathy, give me that belt.

Abernathy does.

Zoé starts wrapping it around her waist.

Chase back and forth.

Once the belt's on;

ZOÉ

Abby, I need you to get in the back.

She does.

ZOÉ

Now Kim, I need you to pull up
along side of him on your side,
then pull ahead of him, but keep to
his right!

Kim starts doing this.

STUNTMAN MIKE

sees the girls Charger, moving up along side of him on the
right.

The two cars are parallel.

Kim and Stuntman Mike share a look. Roles reversed, he's
scarred and shaken, she's the cat playing with the mouse.

The girls car pulls ahead.

ZOÉ

Now when I tell ya, hit the brake,
got it?

KIM

Got it.

Zoé opens the back seat car door.

ZOÉ

Hit it!

Kim foot stomps on the brake.

The tires lock.

STUNTMAN MIKE

sees he's heading right for the back car door...

...WHAM...

...he takes it right off clean as a whistle.

Zoé, who now hasn't any backseat car door, says to
Abernathy;

ZOÉ

Now Abernathy, I need you to hold
on to the back of my belt for dear
life, can you do that?

ABERNATHY

Yes.

ZOÉ

Don't say yes if you can't do it.

ABERNATHY

You're not going anywhere, Mate.

ZOÉ

That's what I wanna hear.

Picking up the lead pipe, she says to Kim;

ZOÉ

Now Kim, I need you to get me parallel with his back tire.

Kim pulls up along side of him.

Zoé with the pipe raised like a whale harpoon, Abernathy with one hand holding onto to Zoé's belt, and the other arm wrapped around the seat.

The spinning back wheel of the Stuntman's car comes into FRAME next to the open backseat doorway.

ZOÉ

You ready, Abby?

ABERNATHY

Ready.

Zoé HARPOONS the pipe into the wheel well, then quickly lets go.

Stuntman Mike's right back tire locks up, and his tail, goes up in the air, and he FLIPS END OVER END down the highway, smashing the fucking shit out of the car.

Kim stops the car, and the girls watch the show.

INSIDE VEHICLE

Stuntman Mike, now with an immobile right arm, and no longer wearing his seat belts, is tossed around the cab, BUSTING, CRASHING and SMASHING into everything.

When the car finally stops, it's upside down.

Inside the wrecked vehicle, Stuntman Mike isn't dead but he's totally busted, broken, and helpless.

CU STUNTMAN MIKE

upside down. He sees in upside down vision. The girls stopped car. Then he sees the doors open, then he sees the three girls feet climb out of the car and hit the pavement.

Then he sees the three pair of feet walk towards him.

He's completely helpless.

They jerk his drivers side door open, and roughly yank his busted up ass out of the vehicle.

Yanking him up on to his feet, while pounding music blares on the soundtrack, the three girls with their fists, beat him to death.

When he hits the red asphalt, Stuntman Mike is no more.

Once he hits the ground, with the three girls standing over him...

The FILM FREEZE FRAMES like an old school Kung Fu film that ends at the death blow.

A Cheesy White Optical "The End" pops up on the screen.

And without anymore to do, "Death Proof" is over.