

BITCH FORCE

by

CJ Walley

EXT. MIDDLE EAST WAR ZONE - DAY

Sand sweeps across an empty highway. A HUMVEE screeches up. A SQUAD leap out. Some bad shit just went down.

CORPORAL

(panicked into radio)

This is Shortstack twenty one
requesting close air support on
quadrant niner-six! Insurgents
locked in tight, over!

They exchange worried glances.

RADIO

Received. Air support en-route to
your area Shortstack, over and out.

They sigh relieved. A distant cackling. They peer into the desert. A Blackhawk skims the desert, a battered wreck going hell for leather, *Big Greasy* inscribed across an engine cowl.

TAYLOR (30's), tall and cool as ice, sits slumped across the open side door, her hair blowing in the wind.

INT. BIG GREASY - MOVING - DAY

Inside shudders like crazy. JUDGE (40's), African-American, shoots Taylor a mean stare from the cockpit.

JUDGE

Put your damn lid on, Taylor!

TAYLOR

You know the enemy only shoot up at
us, right?

Judge ain't too impressed with that remark.

SPIT (20's), Latin-American and just as alluring as that implies, straps in behind a mini-gun.

SPIT

It's so, when your head explodes,
we don't get covered in brains!

Taylor pats her lid on, a pair of gonads scrawled on it.

TAYLOR

You know I ain't got no brains!

MEMPHIS (20's), petite and sweet, clutches the control stick with crazed stare in her eyes.

MEMPHIS

Comin' up on our ten-o'clock!

ON THE SQUAD

Big Greasy storms over. The squad gaze up. The girls grin back and give them the finger. Cocky bitches!

CORPORAL

Bitch Force! Retreat back!

INT. BIG GREASY - MOVING - DAY

They approach the town. Memphis kisses her hand and taps a Pink Power Ranger toy glued to the dash.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - HELICOPTER CHASE - DAY

Big Greasy circles over and scopes for a fight. The girls intently scan the area.

JUDGE

There! Nine-o'clock! Batter up!

TAYLOR

On it like I wannit!

BWAAAAAAP!! INSURGENTS get chewed into shreds.

JUDGE

On our five!

Memphis cuts the stick with style. Big Greasy kicks round. BWAAAAAAP!! Insurgents are torn to pieces.

Silence. The girls sit waiting.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Is that it? They called us in for that boy-scout bullshit.

SPIT

Tell me that was just the foreplay, please.

MEMPHIS

That wasn't even third base.

TAYLOR

Dead ahead!

A battered old Pickup skids to a halt with an RPG INSURGENT in the bed. He aims a rocket launcher at them and fires.

Memphis puts the moves on him. WOOSH! The RPG shrieks by.

That Pickup is now getting out of town fast.

JUDGE

Oh, now we're talkin'!

The Pickup flees down the streets. Big Greasy swoops after.

Taylor and Spit clutch their mini-guns and open fire. Dirt kicks up around the Pickup. Walls shatter.

It dives down a street, Big Greasy looms over it. RPG Insurgent fires. BOOM! A stone building takes the hit. Debris everywhere.

They race into an Industrial Area and head for a--

HUGE WAREHOUSE

The Pickup blows by a security booth and ducks inside. A CREEPY INSURGENT in the booth shouts, goads, and generally insults the concept of freedom as Big Greasy thumps by.

Judge looks worried. The warehouse doors approaching. Memphis is in the zone, she's taking them in.

JUDGE

Oh hell no, Memphis! No!

Big Greasy slips through the gap in the doors and--

INT. HUGE WAREHOUSE - HELICOPTER CHASE - DAY

The Pickup races around stacked goods. Big Greasy circles and fires. The Pickup screeches down a passage and hides.

Silence. The Girl's pupils flick around.

Insurgents everywhere, cleaning guns, playing cards, and plotting bad guy shit. They freeze and stare back.

JUDGE

Girls, we are one big ass bull in one small ass china shop!

Gunfire from everywhere. Big Greasy spins round and round and unleashes hell. The big warehouse doors close shut.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Get us out of here, Memphis!

MEMPHIS

No problem!

Memphis flicks up her missile button and fires. WOOSH! The missile punches straight through the doors and rockets outside toward the security booth.

Creepy Insurgents eyes bulge. BOOM! His booth explodes.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)
Anybody got any better ideas?

Spit's mini-gun cuts out.

SPIT
I'm jammed!

Insurgents capitalize on it. They rush in and open fire. Bullets ping. Memphis looks back.

MEMPHIS
Hang on!

Big Greasy turns, sweeps back, and blows gravel into the Insurgents eyes.

The tail crashes against an overhead walkway and the tailwheel gets stuck. The girls jolt. Memphis cringes as she fights the controls.

TAYLOR
What's the problem!

MEMPHIS
Shit! Now I'm jammed!

Taylor's on it. She unbuckles, takes out her pistol, crosses to Spit, and fires through the window.

Big Greasy writhes around, still caught on the walkway.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)
Come on, Big Greasy! Come on, baby!

Big Greasy tilts. Taylor falls back, slides out the door and--

Thuds to the warehouse floor. She leaps up, runs, and dives to cover behind crates and a forklift truck.

Judge pulls out her pistol and fires from her window.

JUDGE
Could we be in any more of a mess!

MEMPHIS
Yes!

The girls snap round. RPG Insurgent aims for them, he can't miss this time but--

Taylor pops up from behind the crates and fires. RPG Insurgent takes it in the leg. He buckles and fires.

WOOSH! The RPG rockets past Big Greasy and hits the roof.

BOOM! The Squad in the desert wince. A huge fireball from the warehouse.

Memphis glances round. An Insurgent on the walkway. He crosses toward the tail. She kicks the rudder. The tail rotor screams. The force sucks the Insurgent into the rotors and chops him to shreds.

Taylor defends her position, pauses, and looks down. Turns out the crates are full of AK's! She grabs one, unloads a whole clip into insurgents, grabs another, and repeats.

Spit manages to unjam her gun.

SPIT

I'm back!

Spit lets rip and cuts into the stuck tailwheel.

Taylor grabs another AK and gets in the forklift. She races across the warehouse, raises the ammo crate, and fires back.

She jams the AK on the throttle and climbs up the lift then leaps to Big Greasy, crawls onboard, and straps back in like it's another tough day at the office.

JUDGE

Good to finally have you back with us, Taylor! Now let's get the hell out of here!

Judge nods sagely out the window.

TAYLOR

Gladly!

She opens up her mini-gun. A huge rack of fuel barrels cuts apart and collapses. The barrels clang to the floor and roll along as the Forklift bumbles toward them.

The Pickup screeches out its hiding place and dives through a gap in the door.

Judge aims her pistol carefully, squints, and fires. BOOM! The ammo crate on the Forklift explodes.

The Pickup races away from the exploding warehouse. The wall blasts apart. The girls shield themselves.

JUDGE

Motherfuckers, we are a weapon of mass destruction!

Spit continues firing. The tailwheel breaks free. Big Greasy pulls away through an onslaught of explosions.

EXT. HIGHWAY - HELICOPTER CHASE - DAY

Big Greasy storms out the collapsing warehouse and dives toward the highway. Two Motocross bikes take chase. The building explodes behind them.

The Squad in the desert nod and applaud.

Big Greasy chases the Pickup, ducking an overpass like it's routine. The bikes get close. The pillion riders fire. Bullets ping. Memphis pulls back on the stick.

MEMPHIS
HOLD ONTO YOUR TITS!

Big Greasy pitches back and smacks an overhead sign. The sign crashes to the asphalt. One bike crashes into the twisted metal. The other ramps it.

JUDGE
Enough of this! Bitch Split!

The girls all clutch on. They know what's coming. Big Greasy kicks back, rolls, and spirals up and round the bike in one insane death defying move.

The Squad stare shocked. Their heads follow.

SQUAD MEMBER #1
Where the hell they learn that?

SQUAD MEMBER #2
They invented that shit.

Big Greasy swoops down and smacks the bike over. The Insurgent riding pillion flies through the air and--

Memphis and Judge stare. The Insurgent hangs from the landing gear, fear in his eyes as asphalt rushes by.

Big Greasy hugs the road, flies sideways, and draws alongside the Pickup.

The Driver and RPG Insurgent stare shocked. The Clinging Insurgent shrugs back.

Judge snatches a microphone.

JUDGE
You in the truck, pull over!

The Driver can't believe what he's hearing. RPG Insurgent still fancies his chances. He goes to reload. The girls shake their heads. Yeah that ain't gonna happen.

BWAAAAAAAAAAAAAP! Big Greasy's mini-guns light up. Hell is unleashed on the pickup. WOOSH! BOOM! A missile shrieks and detonates. The burning pickup shell flips down the highway.

Big Greasy banks, turns, and soars away. The girls celebrate by smacking in high-fives.

Taylor slumps down, takes off her helmet, and holds it up. A bullet in it. Judge shakes her head unimpressed.

Memphis proudly pats the Pink Power Ranger.

The Squad stare fixed. Smoke pours from the scene ahead.

CORPORAL

You know what they say about Bitch
Force, boys, hell hath no fury like
a women scorned.

The Blackhawk thunders over. The one remaining Insurgent crashes to the ground by his feet. Job done, bitches.

INT. ARMY MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A CAPTAIN enters a meeting, concern written across his face. A MALE and FEMALE OFFICER sit obediently waiting.

CAPTAIN

So... Bitch Force.

FEMALE OFFICER

(rolling eyes)
Bitch Force.

MALE OFFICER

(shaking head)
Bitch Force.

The Captain sits down. They sigh and open their files.

EXT. ARMY BASE - NIGHT

The girls mosey through the darkness past campfires, they're cool, they're mean, they look like trouble.

They head for a tent decorated with flashing lights. A beat throbs from within it.

INT. PARTY TENT - NIGHT

TROOPS drink and dance. One hell of a party.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Okay, tell me about these girls.

A SOLDIER rushes up, he really doesn't want the girls joining in. Judge glares, gestures, and points.

INTERCUT MEETING ROOM AND PARTY TENT

MALE OFFICER

Colonel Judith Newton aka Judge Judy. Left a high power career as a lawyer in Baltimore following a messy divorce. She's got an eye for detail and a nose for bullshit, knows every rule, every loophole, every clause in our procedures and uses it to get whatever she wants.

Judge stands victorious. The Soldier reluctantly lets the girls join the party.

FEMALE OFFICER

And that's without ever playing the sexism or racism cards.

MALE OFFICER

Certified man hater, she's got zero respect for men in unfair positions of authority and loves to challenge them.

CAPTAIN

But, that's most of us here?

MALE OFFICER

Doesn't seem to put her off, sir.

CAPTAIN

Okay, who else?

Spit crosses toward a dance area. Lights flash, colored laser beams flicker, and sweat covered bodies gyrate.

FEMALE OFFICER

Valentina Armero, or as she's fondly known, Spit-Roast.

The beat builds and she slips into the dancing. She's sexy and she really knows it.

CAPTAIN

Why the nickname?

FEMALE OFFICER

Really? Do I need to draw you a diagram?

MALE OFFICER

Father emigrated from Columbia, signed up first thing. She's Force through and through, knows nothing else.

FEMALE OFFICER

Other than how to sleep her way
through most of her barracks, she's
a slut.

CAPTAIN

I think the term is nymphomaniac.

Spit seductively entwines with a Soldier.

FEMALE OFFICER

Oh no, she's what nymphomaniacs
call a slut.

MALE OFFICER

She's the one we want to protect,
the others are a bad influence.

CAPTAIN

She's the good one?

Memphis stands among the heaving crowd. She sips a beer and
chews her lip. Her pupils flick around paranoid.

FEMALE OFFICER

Isabella Amesbury aka Memphis
Bella, wanted to join so bad she
ran away from wealthy parents in
Beverly Hills at fifteen and tried
to enroll.

Memphis jolts as she's shoved and flips out. She coils and
points venomously up at the Soldiers towering over her like a
cornered street cat facing a pack of dogs.

MALE OFFICER

Tiny, neurotic and full of anger,
she's a tempestuous little c-.

CAPTAIN

-This room does not want to hear
your personal opinion or that tone.

MALE OFFICER

(waving report)
No, sir, her psychologist's words.

Memphis launches into the Soldiers and swings punches.

FEMALE OFFICER

After she broke his nose.

CAPTAIN

Okay so what about this last one,
Taylor Trashmann?

Taylor idly sips her beer as she watches Memphis scrapping.
She shakes her head, tosses the bottle down, and moves in.

MALE OFFICER
Taylor Trash.

FEMALE OFFICE
You say that to her face. She's six
foot of pure go fuck yourself.

Taylor crosses to the brawl, pulls Memphis out by the scruff
of her neck, and squares up to everybody.

MALE OFFICER
Raised in the deep South, childhood
so screwed up she entered
kindergarten with a thousand yard
stare.

A Solider gets in Taylor's face. CRACK! She head butts him.

CAPTAIN
Okay, skip to the chase for me
here. What's the big issue?

FEMALE OFFICER
They're a good crew, just too
aggressive.

A full blown fight breaks out, Taylor vs everyone.

MALE OFFICER
They cause too many problems both
on and off the battlefield.

Spit and Judge run in and try to restrain Taylor. Memphis
leaps back into the mix and makes things worse.

FEMALE OFFICER
Put it this way, sir, they're so
volatile, sometimes we'd be safer
if they were fighting for the other
side.

The Captain sits back and thinks.

EXT. ARMY BASE - DAY

Music crackles from a boom-box by a tent. Big Greasy dumped
on it's tail in the dirt, Memphis performing routine checks
in the cockpit.

Spit catches some rays on a bed in a bikini. Taylor applies
new skin to her knuckles. Judge marches out the tent with a
radio to her ear.

JUDGE
Hell no! You tell your captain I
want maintenance out here stat! No
more bullshit!
(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(beat)

No, I'll tell him what the procedure is.

Crunching footsteps. Judge looks round. The Male and Female Officers stood side by side.

FEMALE OFFICER

Colonel, a word please.

Judge sighs. The girls exchange concerned glances.

INT. HANGER - LATER - DAY

The Captain paces back and forth in front of the girls lined up in front of him.

JUDGE

Sir, let me just-

CAPTAIN

(pointing)

Shut your mouth, okay? Objection overruled, Ally-Mc-Fucking-Beal! Let me paint the picture for you here. I've now got a situation so densely fucked up it's actually now gathering mass! And if I don't do something, it's going to start sucking in more fucked up situations from the immediate vicinity, until this whole division becomes some sort of bullshit blackhole!

He glares across at them. They shamefully stare back.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

But I looked into you girls, your mission reports, everything, and I get it. You take me back to a time when we stuck with our crew like shit on a shoe, and we got the job done, even if it meant breaking a few rules. Now maybe I'm getting all misty eyed, or going soft in my old age, and believe me, my hands are pretty fucking tied here, but I'm throwing you a lifeline. You're disenrolled pending review. You fly back to the stars and bars with immediate effect.

The girls sigh disappointed and shake their heads.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

So go paint your nails, braid each others hair, sing some karaoke or whatever it takes to find some inner fucking zen. Dismissed!

INT. TENT - DAY

The girls perched on their beds, shocked and angry.

TAYLOR

I mean, I just don't get it, you know? What the hell am I going to do? Get a job? All I'm good at is shooting guns and punching people. We're fighters, that's what we do, and we get the job done.

JUDGE

Not the way they want it done we don't? We break too many rules, we take too many risks, it's as simple as that.

TAYLOR

No! It's called war, and it's as simple as us or them. These pencil pushers need to come for a ride-along, put some real lead down on the enemy, see how long they stick to procedure then.

SPIT

That's right! I just want to fight for something good, you know? My rules, I'll take my own risks.

TAYLOR

Maybe it's time to find a good guy, settle down, make babies.

MEMPHIS

Seriously, you think it's time?

Taylor shoots back a dour look. Memphis gets the sarcasm.

SPIT

You're lucky, at least you've lived on the outside, what kind of job can I expect? Housemaid for some lazy rich guero?

MEMPHIS

I could ask my parents, see if they'll give you jobs.

SPIT

Yeah? What's their business?

MEMPHIS

A funeral home, it's good work, I like it. It would just be good if like, some of the people there could talk back, you know?

Spit's cringe says it all. Memphis smiles deflated.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

I don't know how to do anything else, seriously, I never finished junior high, and I'm pretty sure watching Saved By The Bell every day for three years doesn't count as home schooling.

TAYLOR

Yeah, that only counts if you've watched The College Years.

Judge lets out a deep long sigh.

SPIT

Why you so worried, Judge? You can just go back to law, eh?

JUDGE

You think? Oh when I left, I did not go gracefully. I made sure everybody knew what I thought. No I'm just as screwed as Morticia Adams and Kid Rock here, and I've been married, I joined the force to relax from that shit.

Memphis storms out furious.

MEMPHIS

This is bullshit! Bullshit!

EXT. ARMY BASE - DAY

Memphis gazes ahead solemnly. She strokes the nose of Big Greasy. Taylor and Spit exit the tent concerned.

TAYLOR

Memphis, it's going be okay. Don't worry about it.

Memphis nods forlorn. Taylor outstretches her arms.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Come on, bring it in.

Memphis trudges over and embraces her. Spit wraps her arms around both of them. Judge pops her head out the tent and beams.

JUDGE
There's my girls.

Judge joins the group hug. They all clutch tightly.

MEMPHIS
(crying)
I just always want to be with, you guys, you know. Seriously, I don't want us to be split up ever.

Judge's eyes glisten, it's all very emotional.

JUDGE
Quit it, you're starting me off.

Spit sniffs upset and tries to laugh it off.

SPIT
They can't keep Bitch Force apart for forever, yeah?

Taylor turns away and hides her tears.

TAYLOR
You pussies really need to man up.

They glumly look at one another for a few moments.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
You guys wanna, like, stick together when we get to L.A? I mean, who knows when this review will come up, no point getting too settled down, right?

EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET - DAY

An oversize Black Pickup Truck towers above bustling traffic as it cruises along.

INT. BLACK PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Rap music booms. The Pink Power Ranger wobbles on the dash. Memphis drives and sings, scooped up behind the wheel. Taylor joins her singing from the passenger seat.

They pull up at a set of lights and dance around, throwing goofy gang signs and poses. Something catches Memphis' eye. An SUV full of GANGSTER THUGS glare back up. She stares back unfazed.

MEMPHIS

What do these guys think they're
staring at?

Memphis continues her deadeye. A Thug briefly flashes a Beretta. She drops her jaw sarcastically, unzips her hoody, and flashes a Glock. Taylor clips her round the ear.

TAYLOR

Hey! It's called concealed carry
for a reason. Conceal it.

MEMPHIS

They won't shoot a little girl.

TAYLOR

They will. They'll shoot you in the
tits. That's what they do to girls.
I saw it on The Wire.

MEMPHIS

(cooly)

Shoot on my tits?

TAYLOR

Yeah, sure. They're gonna get out
their car, drag you into the
street, and shoot on your tits.
Make a real example of you.

MEMPHIS

Where's Spit when you need someone
to take one for the team right?

TAYLOR

Just tell her there's a gang bang
in town, she'll come running.

The signal turns green and the Pickup roars away.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Judge and Spit stand waiting on the sidewalk, dressed smartly
with luggage and checking their watches.

SPIT

Finally!

The Pickup cruises past. Memphis and Taylor grin back.

JUDGE

Is she driving that thing because
she lost a bet? All she needs is a
damn farm animal in the back.

SPIT

Why? She's got one in the passenger seat.

INT. BLACK PICKUP TRUCK -DAY

Taylor peers ahead. Judge and Spit stood waiting as they pull up to them.

TAYLOR

Does Judge think we're going to church?

Memphis glances in her mirror. Judge struggling to lift her luggage into the truck bed.

MEMPHIS

Judge religious? Seriously, taking orders from a man?

The rear doors open. Spit climbs up effortlessly. Judge huffs as she tries to scabble up in her pencil skirt.

JUDGE

For crying out loud!

Taylor and Memphis laugh. Spit drags Judge up. Judge slams the door frustrated.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

How'd you even get in this thing, Memphis? You use a step ladder?

TAYLOR

She wears appropriate clothing.

JUDGE

Oh yeah? You two ever thought about trying to give a good first impression? Look at you, dressed like you're going to a damn sophomore football game.

TAYLOR

It's concert security, Judge, we're not applying for jobs at Microsoft.

SPIT

My father, when I was little, he always told me, dress for the job you want, not the job you have.

TAYLOR

Yeah? In that case, why aren't you dressed as a hooker?

EXT. INTERSTATE - LATER - DAY

The Pickup cruises along the busy open highway.

INT. BLACK PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Judge peers around and studies a map.

JUDGE

Why are we still on the damn interstate?

MEMPHIS

Erm, because like, that's what the GPS says? Seriously, what's the problem?

JUDGE

The problem, is your computer is sending us East, we need to be headed South.

Memphis and Taylor exchange eye rolls.

TAYLOR

I think the GPS knows best, Judge.

JUDGE

Like hell it does! I didn't spend years training to have some jumped up smartphone with a suction pad tell me which way to go! No, come off at the next exit, I got this.

TAYLOR

No, don't.

JUDGE

Excuse me? Did somebody get a promotion I didn't hear about?

MEMPHIS

You can't pull rank now, Judge, seriously, you can't boss us around out here.

JUDGE

Oh I'm not saying I outrank you, I'm simply stating I outclass you, okay? I outsmart you, I outperform you. Now I found these jobs, I got us these interviews, I planned this weekend, this is my thing, so what I say goes. And why am I all cramped up the backseat anyhow? Why is Taylor up front?

TAYLOR
Because I'm the tallest!

JUDGE
Oh is that how it works? I try to
get your sorry asses a job and you
throw it all back in my face, turn
up dressed like idiots, make us all
late, make me ride in the back?

TAYLOR
Fine! You know what, pull over!

The Pickup quickly stops. Taylor and Judge storm round.
Memphis pulls away as Judge studies her map.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
There's more room back here! She
has her seat so far forward I could
give birth! In a birthing pool!

JUDGE
Okay now we're cooking, take this
exit up ahead.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - LATER - DAY

The Pickup roars along a desert road in what genuinely
appears to be the middle of nowhere.

INT. BLACK PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Spit tries to get comfortable and looks across to find Taylor
staring back bored.

SPIT
What?

TAYLOR
I wish I was Mexican.

Spit leans against her window and watches scenery.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Seriously, being Mexican is sexy.

JUDGE
She's Columbian not Mexican,
Taylor.

TAYLOR
Same thing, right? Pretty much?

SPIT

Why do you always have to take the
piss out of my culture?

TAYLOR

Well I was tryin' to show an
interest. Jeeze! Sorry!

Taylor sulks and glances at Spit.

SPIT

What?

TAYLOR

Teach me some Spanish.

SPIT

Like what Spanish?

TAYLOR

Like, say I've just pounded some
taco bender at a concert for, I
dunno, pouring a forty on someone,
what would be a cool thing to say?

SPIT

(sighing)
Como Chingas.

TAYLOR

Yeah, like that, that sounds cool.

SPIT

You want a good phrase?

Taylor keenly nods.

SPIT (CONT'D)

Okay, you repeat after me. Chupa.

TAYLOR

Chupa.

SUPER: "SUCK"

SPIT

Mi.

TAYLOR

Mi.

SUPER: "MY"

SPIT

Polla.

TAYLOR

Polla.

SUPER: "DICK"

SPIT
Chupa mi polla.

TAYLOR
Chupa mi polla.

SUPER: "SUCK MY DICK"

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
What does it mean?

SPIT
It's like, kiss my ass, but way
more bad ass.

Taylor nods impressed. Spit leans back content.

TAYLOR
Chupa mi polla... oh you can chupa
mi polla, asshole.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - LATER - DAY

The Pickup pulls up to a halt in the middle of nowhere. The wind whistles. Birds of prey shriek.

INT. BLACK PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Silence. The girls slouch fed up. Judge peers around confused and checks the map.

TAYLOR
Admit it, you're lost.

SPIT
How much longer? I gotta pee.

JUDGE
Where's that GPS think we at?

MEMPHIS
(nodding at GPS)
Knock yourself out.

Judge looks at the GPS. The message FIND NEAREST ROAD.

Spit spots a car approaching.

SPIT
We should ask for directions, yeah?

JUDGE
Look, I got this, okay? We don't
need to be asking around for help.

SPIT

Come on, if I don't pee soon, this big ass truck is going to be one wet ass truck!

MEMPHIS

Spit, seriously, if you pee in my truck I will make you ride in the bed, okay?

A battered old 80's Firebird creeps by. PANCHO (30's), a cool handsome Mexican, stares up from the passenger seat. Memphis gives him the finger.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

Take a picture, Knight Rider.

SPIT

Chingalo!

Spit gets out in a hurry.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Spit runs from the Pickup and waves her arms.

SPIT

Hey! Hey!

The Firebird stops and backs up to her. Pancho smiles back. A GUY behind the wheel. A teenage MEXICAN GIRL in the back.

PANCHO

You got car trouble?

SPIT

Oh no, we're just lost out here.

PANCHO

(shaking head amused)

What is it with girls and getting lost, man? Why can you not find your way around for shit?

Spit politely laughs along.

PANCHO (CONT'D)

Your friend, she gave me the finger. She got a real attitude problem, you know?

SPIT

Oh that, it's nothin'. She's in a lot of therapy, you know?

Pancho cackles along with the driver.

PANCHO
Ella está loca!

Spit glances at The Girl who remains silent, face indifferent and emotionless. But then there's a glance, a moment of pleading eye contact that's unmistakable.

PANCHO (CONT'D)
Tell your friend she should be less crazy, yeah? There are some real crazy people out here who are not to be messed with. Now where'd you want to go?

SPIT
Anywhere that has a restroom.

PANCHO
You go along this way for just a minute, there's a diner just in a few miles, no problemo.

He shoots a charming look and looks her up and down. She loses herself a little, the atmosphere flirtatious.

SPIT
(suggestively)
Gracias.

PANCHO
Maybe we see you there, hey?

SPIT
Maybe.

PANCHO
(romantically)
Tienes los ojos más bonitos del mundo. Me encantes.

SPIT
(flattered)
Eres tan cariñosa. Muchas gracias.

She jogs back toward the Pickup. The Firebird pulls away. He leans out the window

PANCHO
Adiós bella!

INT. BLACK PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Spit climbs inside looking rather pleased with herself. The girls look at her suggestively.

SPIT

What? So he was a very nice man.
Now drive, straight ahead, ándale!

JUDGE

Oh yeah, you don't want her getting
that seat wet, if you know what I
mean.

EXT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

A crummy wooden Diner barely standing. Beat up old cars dotted around the dirt car park. A lonely half dead cactus tree the most endearing feature.

The Pickup pulls in and skids to a halt. The girls hop out and stretch. Spit hot-tails it to the entrance.

INT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

Country music croons. Customers sitting lazily at tables. Spit bursts in and dashes to the restroom. Judge, Taylor and Memphis follow and cross to the counter.

BILL (50's), an old greaser, stands cooking and smoking.

JUDGE

Excuse me, sir, but where the hell
are we right now?

BILL

The sign out front and smell of off
meat inside not a hint? This is
Belle's Diner, honey.

JUDGE

I mean geographically.

BILL

Oh, then why didn't you say? If you
mean geographically then you're in
Belle's Diner, deep in the warm
sweaty butt crack of Southern
California, just a groping uncles
finger slip from the puckered
greasy asshole that is Mexicali.

(nods toward restroom)

No offense to your friend who just
dashed by, presumably either to
evade our non existent border
patrol or to pull coke balloons out
her hiney.

JUDGE

Wow, nice front of house you got
there.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Say, would you be Belle by any chance? Because I don't see any other bitch working here.

Taylor and Memphis don't like the confrontation. But it's cool, Bill is actually impressed with Judge's moxie.

BILL

I'm Bill, I'm the boss, and you're in Bogie. You wont find it on a map because they only put the places people want to get to on maps. And you're standing in my diner, using my shitter, wasting my time.

Bill's got mouths to feed and stomachs to upset. Judge ain't getting it but Taylor takes the hint.

TAYLOR

We'll take four sodas, thanks.

BILL

She knows where she is.

Bill pops tops off bottles and plonks them on the counter with all the courtesy of a suicidal Hooter's waitress.

JUDGE

(to Taylor)

What you doin'? We ain't staying.

TAYLOR

Sorry, I've been pulled in by the ambiance now. Besides, we ain't gonna make it now, no way.

Judge checks her watch and sighs.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Actually thinking about it, Bill, that rotten beef smells good. You think you could burn the shit out of a piece and turn it into something resembling a burger?

BILL

Hell it's the only thing I can do. Something resembling a burger coming right up.

MEMPHIS

Can I get one too? And can you like, hold the onions?

BILL

Honey, I can hold anything but the questionable aftertaste.

Judge folds up the map and gives in. Bill tosses burgers onto the hot plate.

BILL (CONT'D)
You want in on this, Soultrain?

Judge rolls her eyes and nods. Spit exits the restroom.

BILL (CONT'D)
Lookin' for something else to
desperately fire out your ass,
amigo?

Spit pauses and squints confused. What did she miss?

INT. BELLE'S DINER - LATER - DAY

The girls eat at a table. Taylor finishes up.

TAYLOR
Well, based on that, there's a
missing dog that ain't coming home.
(burping)
Okay splash and dash, people.

Taylor leaves for the restroom. Judge watches her.

Outside, a huge old Tow Truck backs up to the Pickup. THUGS of various creeds get out and chain it up. The girls don't notice.

JUDGE
Why's she suddenly in a hurry?
Damn, she's testing my patience
today.

SPIT
You should try riding in the back
with her.

MEMPHIS
Don't be mean! She's just, being
Taylor. I don't know.

Memphis spots the Thugs outside.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)
Are you fucking kidding me!

She runs out screaming. Judge and Spit run after her.

Taylor exits the restroom and joins the chase. She bolts through the diner and bursts through the door.

EXT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

Taylor sprints across the carpark on a mission. The Tow Truck drags the Pickup away backwards in a dust cloud. Memphis catches up with it.

MEMPHIS

Stop! Hey stop!

Memphis grabs the truck's bumper and drags along with it.

Spit and Judge chase but Judge can hardly run in her pencil skirt. Spit trips over. Taylor blows by them and climbs onto the Pickup hood.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

Don't scratch the paint!

Fuck scratches, Taylor scrabbles past into the bed.

Spit spots something. HECTOR, a bulky brute who looks like he could rape a grizzly bear, leans out the passenger window of the Tow Truck with a gun aimed at Memphis.

Spit pulls her pistol and fires. BANG! BANG! Hector flinches and fires back. BANG! BANG! BANG! A bullet skims the pickup.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

You'll pay for that!

Taylor leaps to the Tow Truck and pauses. Green-blue dust all over her hands.

Judge, now way back from the chase, shuffles along slowly like she's constipated.

Taylor freezes and stares. The Firebird parked in the badlands ahead. Pancho sat watching. He raises a rifle and takes aim.

Hector leans out his window and tries to get a scope on Memphis. Spit fires. BANG! A shot pings by Hector. He glares and ducks back inside.

Taylor's too exposed. She clambers back down the Tow Truck. Pancho scopes her. She leaps for it. He fires and hits the pickup as she crashes into the bed.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

For fuck's sake! Stop shooting my truck, you dick-fingered assholes!

Taylor throws luggage cases out the bed, this is now just damage limitation. BANG! A shot glances by her. No time. She's got to get off this ride.

She leaps the cab, slides down the truck, and grabs Memphis as she passes. They hit the ground and watch the Tow Truck roar away, the pickup dragging behind.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)
 (screaming furiously)
 I'll make a beanbag out your ball
 sacks, you thieving fuck nuggets!

Spit runs to them. They stare, silent, defeated, and confused. Judge finally catches up.

JUDGE
 (panting)
 Sorry, can't run for shit in this,
 tight, ass, skirt.

TAYLOR
 Well, at least you probably left a
 great first impression.

EXT. BELLE'S DINER - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The girls cross back toward the Diner with the luggage cases Taylor managed to salvage.

TAYLOR
 Did you see that Firebird up ahead?
 It was those guys who gave Spit
 directions. They set us up. I
 swear, it was the same guys.

JUDGE
 I saw you throwing your own damn
 cases out! That's what I saw!

INT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

The girls burst in. Judge locks in on Bill. He winces.

BILL
 Ah shit.

JUDGE
 You want to explain to me what just
 happened, Bill? You on parking
 permits round here or something?
 Because I sure as hell didn't see a
 damn ticket on our windshield.

BILL
 Right, before you start, I'll bring
 your attention to the sign.

Bill presents a crudely made NO-RESPONSIBILITY sign.

BILL (CONT'D)

Now that thing cost me fifty bucks,
and it absolves me of any legal
responsibility, okay?

JUDGE

The hell it does! You bring it to
court, bitch. You sit there with
your stupid ass fifty dollar sign
while I explain the little racket
you got going on here!

BILL

You think I'm behind this?
Seriously? You think I'd be choking
people with burgers all day long if
I was stealing fancy cars?

TAYLOR

He's got a point, Judge, his food
tastes like shit.

BILL

Thank you!
(beat)
I think.

JUDGE

Well, we're calling the cops, right
now.

BILL

Be my guest, in fact.

Bill snatches up his phone.

BILL (CONT'D)

Use my phone. And good luck getting
them to give a shit.

Judge grabs it from him.

JUDGE

Oh I'll make them give a shit.

SPIT

Why would the cops not care?

BILL

Because they haven't cared the last
dozen times. These scumbags have
been skulking round here for six
months now, sniffing out what they
can, takin' what they what.

(getting serious)

Taking who they want. It sure ain't
conducive for repeat business, I
can tell you that.

SPIT

Really? Kidnapping?

BILL

Well I'm not one to gossip but, there's an old latino lady on the outskirts of town, lives by the old farm. She's saying these guys took her daughter.

Spit remembers. The girl. That look in her eyes.

SPIT

I've seen her! In the car, when I was getting directions. Wait, why don't the cops just arrest these assholes?

BILL

Nobody knows who they are. They're as good as ghosts. Half of them are Mexican, so the police blame border patrol, border patrol blame the police. It's like a jerk circle at a uniform convention and we're the ones getting fucked quietly in the basement.

TAYLOR

Aren't you guys worried they'll come in here?

Bill confidently gazes around at his clientele.

BILL

Are we worried those assholes will come in here?

Clicking. Arming. Cocking. Every customer draws a weapon.

Judge slams down the phone and broods.

JUDGE

No answer.

Bill isn't surprised. He looks at Memphis concerned.

BILL

You okay, Twilight?

She clearly isn't. She's pale, pensive, and consumed.

MEMPHIS

Seriously, I think I'm going to throw up.

BILL
 Hey, I did warn you about my
 burgers.

She can't help but smirk. He grabs a soda and candy bar.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Here you go. On the house.

MEMPHIS
 Thanks, that's really sweet.

BILL
 Yeah well, what can I say. Deep
 down I'm the sappy emotional type.

Bill lights up a cigarette right there in his kitchen.

BILL (CONT'D)
 That's why I'm in hospitality.

EXT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

The girls out the back of the Diner. Judge lights a cigarette
 for Memphis.

SPIT
 I thought you quit?

MEMPHIS
 Yeah well, you know what doctors
 don't tell you? Quitting smoking
 can seriously damage your mental
 health.

Taylor tries to brush off the green-blue dust on her top.

TAYLOR
 What the hell is this shit?

A dog scampers around. Memphis goes from angry to delighted
 in a snap. The dog bounds up. She strokes its head lovingly.

MEMPHIS
 Was-your-name, hey? Was-your-name?

She checks the collar and looks at the little copper tag.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)
 Hey Lily! You're adorable, aren't
 you? Aren't you, yeah?

She pauses and thinks. Something clicks into place. She
 studies the dust on Taylor's top.

JUDGE
 What you thinking, Memphis?

MEMPHIS

Back when I was a kid, my parents bought like, this old morgue, I mean, real old. Cool right? Anyway, I was helping clear it out and there were hundreds of these little pots I had to move, full of ashes from the furnace, and they were covered in powder, seriously, just like that.

(clutching dog's tag)

And the pots, they were made of the same stuff as this, I swear.

TAYLOR

Jeeze, and I thought I had a messed up childhood.

SPIT

That's copper. My dad's old ornaments are all made from it. It's a big thing back in Columbia.

TAYLOR

So, tou saying these guys are held up in a morgue somewhere? Just how big are the bodies if they need a tow truck?

Memphis shrugs.

JUDGE

No but, that could be the shit they dig out the ground, right? Like from a a mine?

The dog's owner walks out.

DOG OWNER

Lily? Hey, there you are!

Judge fumbles out her map.

JUDGE

Excuse me, sir? Do you happen to know of a Copper mine round here?

DOG OWNER

Copper mine? Hell, you're in what used to be copper country, honey.

JUDGE

Yeah?

DOG OWNER

Yeah! The big one though, round here, was Berro Bordo.

Judge taps the map, she's found it already, this is on.

DOG OWNER (CONT'D)

What you girls want with a place like that anyhow? All you going to find up there is trouble and tumbleweeds.

MEMPHIS

Well, we sure aren't looking for tumbleweeds.

INT. BELLE'S DINER, RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The girls drag their battered travel cases into the neglected restroom.

JUDGE

I ain't going dressed for the office, hell no.

Taylor clicks opens her case. The others reel. A mess of dirty, crumpled up clothes a tramp would sneer at.

MEMPHIS

Woah! Oh my god Taylor! Seriously, there are shoplifters who sort clothes more carefully than this.

JUDGE

What's in the other case?

Taylor defensively grabs the aluminum case.

TAYLOR

That's private.

The others are intrigued but Taylor clearly doesn't want to talk about it.

JUDGE

...Okay then, Taylor. We won't look in your dildo stash. I guess we now know why you were so motivated to save it in the first place.

Memphis unzips her case. Spit takes out a pair of jeans and holds them to her legs.

SPIT

What the? Just how short are you, Memphis?

MEMPHIS

I'm five foot four and a half, okay? Seriously, that's like average. You're the tall freaks.

SPIT

You mind if I modify these a little?

MEMPHIS

Fine, whatever.

Spit pulls out a flick knife and goes into a cubical. Judge picks a few items and goes into the other.

INT. BELLE'S DINER, RESTROOM - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Spit struts out the cubical wearing the jeans cut into shorts and a Gingham shirt knotted round her waist.

SPIT

So what do you think, ladies?

MEMPHIS

Wow, Spit, you look amazing! You sure about the heels though?

SPIT

(aghast)

Shorts without heels, no bueno!

The other door creaks open. Judge walks out sheepishly, wearing flared jeans with bold belt buckle, a crop-top, and a leather jacket. She looks like Cleopatra Jones.

TAYLOR

Hey, Judge! Can you dig it?

JUDGE

These are your clothes, dumbass.

Judge looks in the mirror and smirks a little.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

How'd you plead, you jive sukas?
Because the Judge is here to lay
the law!

INT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

Bill flips burgers, and flicks sweat from his brow onto the hot plate. He turns to find the girls at the counter.

TAYLOR

Bill, we need to borrow a vehicle.

BILL

What?.. Why?

JUDGE

Can we or can't we? We got a lead on these assholes, okay, and we need to ask them a few questions.

BILL

That right, SuperFly? What you gonna ask them, trick or treat? How do I know can I trust you guys?

They all pull out their dog-tags. He's impressed.

BILL (CONT'D)

You all army?

JUDGE

Air army.

He nods proudly and grabs his car keys.

BILL

Well hoo-ah, ladies. You know what I like about the army? We're being terrorized and you guys don't negotiate with terrorists.

(tossing keys)

White Caprice, try to bring the old piece of shit back in one piece.

INT. CAPRICE - MOVING - DAY

The old wreck of a Caprice drones along the empty highway. Memphis drives. Judge studies a map. Taylor and Spit in the back peer out the windows, pumped up for a fight.

TAYLOR

Is this where Judge somehow manages to accidentally direct us to our job interview?

JUDGE

Take this track coming up.

The Caprice swerves off the highway and squirms up a mountain track. They pass a big red DANGER OF DEATH sign. Judge tosses the map aside.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Bam! Oh we going to have a word with these tow truck fucks now.

Spit and Taylor take out their pistols.

MEMPHIS

There it is!

Memphis points out her Pickup parked up ahead on the crest.

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

The Caprice skids to a halt. The girls stare ahead fixed.

The Tow Truck pulls into the badlands near the Pickup. Hector gets out with two filthy SKANKS.

The girls cautiously get out the Caprice.

A FAT THUG, an obese, greasy, grotesque, man-pig, rides a moped across the badlands ahead. He takes up position with a rifle, his tongue hanging out. He's a real piece of shit.

JUDGE

Now listen up! My name's Colonel Judith Newton of the US Air force and these girls are my crew! Now, you better hand back that vehicle or we're going to be forced to call in a few favors from our good friend Uncle Sam, you dig?

HECTOR

Fuck you!

JUDGE

That's your answer? That's the best you got, Triple A?

HECTOR

No, this is!

The Skanks cross to the Pickup and open the doors.

MEMPHIS

No! You stay the hell away, okay?

They back away and slam the doors. Flames inside.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

You fucks! So help me god I'll butcher you up like a blind organ thief, you whore's abortions!

HECTOR

You come up here, the same happens to you!

Fat Thug spasms with laughter. He rubs his wobbling big hairy belly. Memphis fucking loses it.

MEMPHIS

You stupid, skanky ass bitches!

She goes Charles Bronson and pulls her Glock. This just became open season on Skanks. She opens fire. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! VANG! The Skanks flee to the Tow Truck.

BANG! Hector fires back. BANG! BANG! Fat Thug fires.

Judge, Spit, and Taylor run behind the Caprice and cover Memphis as shots ping around her.

Spit scopes Fat Thug reloading. BANG! She fires. The round misses. He cackles and buzzes away on his moped.

TAYLOR
The hell with this!

Taylor's had enough. She crosses to the trunk, pulls out that aluminum case, crouches down, and opens it.

JUDGE
Oh no you didn't!

Taylor pops up with a battered old Vietnam era rocket launcher on her shoulder.

SPIT
Ay caramba!

TAYLOR
Memphis! Get the fuck out the way!

Memphis hits the deck. Hector can't believe it. He freezes.

Taylor fires. WOOOOOOSH! A rocket shrieks from the launcher.

BOOOOOOOM! Fat Thug pops like an over-packed sack of giblets.

The girls stare stunned. Meat slops down to the ground.

Hector snaps from his freeze and runs to the Tow Truck. He's outta there. The Tow Truck roars away.

The girls walk from round the Sedan and drink in the scene. A twenty foot circle of scattered blood and guts surrounds the charred smoking moped. Fat Thug's rifle clatters down.

SPIT
Well that intensity intensified.

Memphis gazes hopelessly at the burning Pickup.

SPIT (CONT'D)
You okay, Memphis?

MEMPHIS
(to Taylor)
Why?... Why couldn't you do that before they burnt my truck, you retarded fucking redneck?

Taylor winces. Memphis has a point.

Judge stands fixed, still processing the bloody scene.

JUDGE

Am I high? Or did you really just frag a fat Mexican with an RPG?

TAYLOR

You should be thanking me! That was clearly self defense!

JUDGE

Self defense? So, that's what you'd call reasonable force?

SPIT

Where the hell did you get that thing?

TAYLOR

At a yard sale.

SPIT

What kind of yard sale sells rocket launchers?

TAYLOR

The kind you find in Texas. And it's not even mine, I'm transporting it for friend.

JUDGE

Oh! That's great, Taylor! That's real great! So we can add arms dealing to the charge of murder now, can we?

Memphis paces back and forth fuming. Spit gazes at the Pickup as the licking flames dye out.

SPIT

Hey it's not so bad, look.

Memphis looks back hopefully. The fuel tank erupts into a roaring fireball. Spit cringes.

JUDGE

Well that's it, we're all going to prison! I hope you're happy, Taylor. Mind you, prison's probably summer camp to you! Not for me, oh I got plenty of enemies locked up there waiting for my black ass!

(pointing at Memphis)

She's probably going to be put in a mental ward! Spit, I sure hope you like eighteen stone butch lesbians and badly carved strap-ons! Welcome to the rest of your lives, ladies!

They all stare silent and awkward as birds swoop down to eat the scattered flesh.

SPIT

Guys, this asshole, he was a criminal, right? And the police, they don't care what's happening out here. So, who gives a fuck?

They stare shocked. Did she just say that? Taylor crosses over and puts an arm around her.

TAYLOR

See? See! Even the Mexicans-

SPIT

-Columbians-

TAYLOR

-Columbians are on our side here. All we've done is defend ourselves. Defend ourselves as vulnerable women in a hostile environment.

Judge rolls her eyes.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

And look, the wildlife is even cleaning up the evidence for us! We're not criminals, we're the good guys. If anything, we're conservationists. That thing's probably close to extinction, Judge. That's the best meal it's ever had. Look at him, pecking away there. I can see him growing stronger by the second, and-

JUDGE

Just shut the hell up, okay? Point taken, you've made your case. Let's just get out of here.

They cross back to the Caprice.

MEMPHIS

But what about my truck? Can't they like, trace it back to me? We can't leave it here like this.

Taylor, Judge, and Spit exchange a few nods. Taylor sighs and takes a rocket from the case.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

No! I meant take it with us! Please, Taylor, no!

Taylor walks toward the Pickup, crouches, aims, and fires.

WOOSH! BOOM! The Pickup explodes. Fragments fire everywhere. Taylor closes her eyes as debris clatters down around her.

Memphis stands frozen and seething. Taylor offers her the charred Pink Power Ranger figure.

TAYLOR

You've got insurance, right?

Memphis snatches the figure, speechless with contempt. They go to get back in the Caprice.

JUDGE

Hold up a second, let's just see what they're hiding over there.

EXT. BADLANDS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The girls walk to the crest and stare ahead. A tiny abandoned mine town. Wooden shacks swarming with dozens of Thugs. The Tow Truck pulls up in a cloud of dust. Hector leaps out, animated and angry. Pancho appears.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Oh hello. It's our old friend.

Pancho bosses everyone around and points up at The girls. Memphis glares back and gives him both middle fingers.

SPIT

Why is it always the handsome ones?

He grabs The Young Mexican Girl. She fights back.

SPIT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Look! That's her! That's the girl I saw! Does she look like she wants to be here eh, eh?

He shoves her into an old bar.

TAYLOR

Well here goes the neighborhood.

Taylor grabs the rocket launcher.

JUDGE

Woah! Cool it now, Rambo! We've had more than enough rocket launcher action for one day.

TAYLOR

Judge, you've got no authority out here, and these dicks have got my trigger finger itching.

JUDGE

Yeah well, finger your own trigger for a few minutes. Hell we don't what we're messing with here. For all we know, they could have hostages hidden everywhere.

Judge stares Taylor down.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Let's return to base, get ourselves a clue, get ourselves a plan, and if this looks like what it is, girl, we're gonna scratch that itch of yours, okay?

Taylor can get onboard with that.

SPIT

Did she just call the diner "base"?

MEMPHIS

Seriously, you've tasted the food, right? You think it's fairer to call that place a diner?

INT. BAR - DAY

Pancho casually pours a shot. The Girl by his side. Hector and the Skanks stand shamefaced in front of him.

PANCHO

You let four women just walk in here and kill that fat retard? What are you, little pussies?

They remain silent.

PANCHO (CONT'D)

You owe me a truck. You can move a lot of shit in a beast like that.

HECTOR

How were we supposed to-

PANCHO

-Fuck your excuses, yeah? Now I got to make calls. You make me work too hard fixing up your shit.

He glares up at the Skanks. They stare back indifferently.

PANCHO (CONT'D)

What you think you staring at, you pig ugly bitches?

He necks his shot and forces himself upon The Girl. His lips slurp. It's pretty gross. The Skanks roll their eyes.

INT. CAPRICE - MOVING - LATER - DAY

The girls sitting somberly. Judge spots something. A farm. MRS MARTINEZ, an old Mexican lady, painting a fence.

JUDGE

Hey, pull over. I want to have word with Old El Paso here.

EXT. FARM ENTRANCE - DAY

The Caprice pulls up. The girls get out. Mrs Martinez looks back warily.

JUDGE

Ma'am, can I ask you a few questions?

MRS MARTINEZ

Sí.

JUDGE

We're looking for a lady who says her daughter's been kidnapped, is that, by any chance, you?

Mrs Martinez's eyes widen and she nods surprised.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

You got a picture we can see?

Mrs Martinez fumbles out a tattered picture and hands it across. They study it. It's The Girl alright.

MRS MARTINEZ

I work here for many years for Mr Everdeen. Very kind. But he get sick and he pass away. Everything he leaved to me. He a rich man. So I give all the monies to these men who come round here. They say they bring my daughter from Mexico to me. But as soon as we are together they take her again, and police, no interested in my problem. She maybe not even alive.

SPIT

She's alive, anciana. We seen her.

Mrs Martinez drops her paintbrush and covers her mouth.

MRS MARTINEZ

Dios mío!

JUDGE

She's in some trouble, okay? But we're army, and it's trouble we're lookin' to do something about.

MRS MARTINEZ

Army? Oh gracias! Muchas gracias!

JUDGE

(to Taylor)

Well, looks like you got your wish.

TAYLOR

Oh come on, admit it, you're loving this even more than me.

MEMPHIS

I'm not ashamed to say I'm onboard, if only for the payback.

SPIT

So, are we going for it? We gonna save this girl? Really?

The girls all nod and try to hide their delight.

JUDGE

(to Mrs Martinez)

Look, if you need us, we're hanging out at Belle's diner. You know it?

Mrs Martinez thinks and gestures gagging on her finger.

MEMPHIS

Yeah, she knows it.

INT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

The Caprice skids to a halt outside. As the girls enter, Judge takes Taylor to one side.

JUDGE

Okay, you got some explaining to do, girl. A rocket launcher? What's all that about?

TAYLOR

Look, I'm a prepper, okay? You know what that is?

JUDGE

Really? Like on the pornos, where they, you know?

Judge crudely mimes a blow-job.

TAYLOR

No not a fluffer, Judge! That's not even a job anymore. I'm part of this secret prepper group. Something real big is going to happen soon, economic collapse, natural disaster, war, but most probably zombies. We've got foxholes around the state. So when the shit hits the fan, we're leaving town and digging' in.

JUDGE

That's some paranoid bullshit, you know that?

TAYLOR

Whatever, I was going to drop it off at one of these locations, but then you had to take us off on the runaround, didn't you?

JUDGE

And this foxhole, there'd be some firepower hidden there?

TAYLOR

Look, all I've got is some co-ordinates, some notes, and a few people's word. There could be nothing there but sharp sticks and rape alarms for all I know.

JUDGE

Okay, well, we'll find out where it is, and we'll check it out.

Judge crosses to the center of the diner.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Can I get ya'll attention please?

The Customers all pause and look up.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Your little gang problem you got here, well, it turns out it's a lot bigger than you think, but the good news is, we're here to fix it.

MALE DINER

Just who the hell are you girls?

The girls stand proudly together.

JUDGE

Sir, we're Bitch Force.

The Customers erupt into roaring laughter.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Yeah you laugh it up all you like.
We've sent those guys a clear
message. Now thankfully the police
don't want to get involved, so all
we're asking is you help us make
sure it stays that way.

She nods smugly as a Cop Car pulls up outside the window.

The SHERIFF, gets out, takes off his shades, and scans around
suspiciously before entering. Everyone stays silent.

THE SHERIFF

The station received a missed call
from here? There a problem?

Bill goes wide-eyed and looks to Judge.

JUDGE

Oh yeah there's a problem. We...
(pointing at Bill)
We want to press charges against
this asshole for poor hygiene.

Bill's cigarette droops in his mouth.

THE SHERIFF

Poor hygiene?

JUDGE

Uh-huh! We witnessed him go to the
restroom, and we did not hear him
wash his hands... and he was in
there a real long time. We think he
was, you know, rubbing the
unicorn's horn.

The Sheriff looks back confused. Judge winces and looks to
the girls for backup.

TAYLOR

Riding the great white knuckler.

SPIT

Engaging in hand to gland combat.

MEMPHIS

Causing a dishonorable discharge.

JUDGE
(deadly serious)
Officer, we believe he was holding
his sausage hostage.

Bill chokes.

THE SHERIFF
Well, that's not really our area.
Anyhow, we've had a few calls in
today. We'll be keeping a close eye
around here. Just thought I'd let
you all know that.

He locks eyes with Judge for a moment and leaves.

The girls cross over to Bill.

BILL
You want to tell me why, after six
months trying to get that man
through this door, when he finally
shows up, we give him a reason to
put me on a sex offenders register?

JUDGE
Look, we spoke to your local towing
company, and the situation well...
It kinda blew up.

He scans across their frank looks and sighs.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
And ask yourself this, the cops
show no interest for all this time,
then we start poking a few bushes,
and suddenly they're showing up
over a missed call? Don't that seem
a little odd to you?

SPIT
You think the cops are in on this?

JUDGE
All I'm saying is this whole thing
smells fishier than Taylor's
luggage case.

TAYLOR
I'm right here, you know?

JUDGE
Yeah, so how about you get us some
drinks while we work out where this
foxhole of yours is?

Taylor leans on the counter as the others cross to table.

BILL
 (suggestively)
 Your foxhole?

TAYLOR
 Yeah, you suddenly need to go visit
 the restroom?

INT. BAR - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Taylor crosses back to the table with a tray of drinks.

TAYLOR
 You know what I've just realized?
 We're the actual freakin' real life
 A-Team.

They all fall silent and exchange glances.

ALL THE GIRLS
 I'm Face!!

ALL THE GIRLS (CONT'D)
 No, I'm Face!

TAYLOR
 Actually, I already got this worked
 out. I'm the best looking, so I
 have to be Face.

MEMPHIS
 Erm, no. Spit is the prettiest.

Spit and Memphis exchange warm smiles.

TAYLOR
 No, Spit can only be one person,
 because there was only ever one
 Mexican in the A-Team.

JUDGE
 Columbian, she's Columbian. Why
 can't you grasp this concept?

SPIT
 I'm Daisy Duke, she was Hispanic.

TAYLOR
 Right, okay, you can't be Daisy
 Duke for two reasons, Spit. One,
 she was from Georgia, and two, she
 wasn't actually in the A-Team.

SPIT
 The actress was part Latino. That's
 why she was so beautiful.

TAYLOR

Can someone explain the rules to Spit, please.

JUDGE

Rules? Do you not think we have more pressing issues right now?

MEMPHIS

That would be cool though, Dukes Of Hazard in the A-Team, right?

Taylor dismisses the comment and turns to Spit.

TAYLOR

Look, at best, you can be persecuted farm worker.

JUDGE

Okay, genius, if you think you're Face, who the hell am I?

Taylor looks at Judge deadpan.

TAYLOR

Seriously?

JUDGE

Oh did we just go there? Are we doing this? It comes down to that, you simple ass redneck fool!

TAYLOR

Fool, she said fool. You all heard that, right?

JUDGE

You're the one all up in people's faces, kicking they ass. Hell, you're big old Taylor T. You actually are Miss T.

Taylor sneers. Memphis sighs and shakes her head.

MEMPHIS

Don't make me Murdock, Taylor. I'm not being Murdock, okay?

TAYLOR

How can you not be Murdock? You're a pilot, and you're crazy.

MEMPHIS

Quit saying that! I'm highly introverted, and yes that's a thing! Why don't you look it up, you idiot?

TAYLOR

Oh yeah, clearly! That was a real introverted response.

MEMPHIS

Screw you, Taylor! Seriously it's about how you process things.

TAYLOR

Well process this, you're cat-shit-crazy, end of conversation.

Memphis shakes her head frustrated. She can't win. Judge points at Taylor accusingly.

JUDGE

Murdock was a redneck, you're a redneck, you're Murdock.

TAYLOR

Yeah? Enjoying your milkshake there Judge, thinking about how you ain't gonna get on no plane.

JUDGE

You're unbelievable, you know that? Unbelievable. Look, we got to move out okay? So come on, enough of this bullshit, let's go.

They sigh defeated, neck their drinks, and go to leave.

MEMPHIS

Who are we kidding? We're all Murdock, aren't we?

They let that one hang and leave.

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

The Caprice parked in the badlands. Taylor leads the girls into the desert. She follows her notes to a rock. The girls move it away to find a piece of rope.

JUDGE

So what's supposed to be here?

TAYLOR

A couple of m-fifteens and whatever the fuck an m-one-nine-seven is.

Memphis and Spit pull away a panel. They stare down.

MEMPHIS

Well, that'll be whatever the fuck an m-one-nine-seven is.

Six foot of forty year old gatling gun stares back.

JUDGE

Okay, that ain't prepping, that's a god damn uprising.

Memphis and Spit retrieve old dusty assault rifles.

MEMPHIS

Hey look, some radios too.

JUDGE

Okay, not bad, cover it back up.

TAYLOR

What? We're leaving this?

JUDGE

You a Terminator now? You going to run around with that thing? You're a liability as it is.

SPIT

How would we even fit that in the car, eh?

TAYLOR

Fine. I can never have fun things.

Taylor stares down disappointed. Memphis and Spit slide the panel back over the crate.

INT. CAPRICE - MOVING - DAY

The Sedan approaches the Diner. WHOOP! WHOOP! A Cop Car scrabbles out from bushes. The girls all glance around surprised.

MEMPHIS

You want me to pull over? 'Cause we've got a trunk full of rifles and I'm all out of dick jokes.

JUDGE

Hell yeah. Let's see what he wants.

The Sedan eases to a halt. The Cop Car pulls up behind. Out steps The Sheriff. He moseys up to the window.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

There something we can help you with, officer?

THE SHERIFF

This your vehicle?

JUDGE

We're borrowing it, from Bill.
Why'd you wanna to know?

THE SHERIFF

Could you all step out, please?

The Girls all look nervously to Judge.

JUDGE

Why?

THE SHERIFF

I need to perform a search of this
vehicle.

JUDGE

The hell you do? On what grounds?

He blankly stares back.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

You got a warrant?

THE SHERIFF

I'm just trying to serve my
community, ma'am.

JUDGE

Oh, I'm sure you are, but you
overstep your jurisdiction with us
again, and I'll make sure you'll be
serving your community... over a
fast food counter. You dig?

She stares him down. Lawyered.

INT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

The GIRLS walk in. Bill snaps straight round from his
hotplate with a note.

BILL

Excellent, Charlie and his angels,
you got a message. Old lady
Martinez, she wants you guys to
meet her on the farm. Sounded
pretty urgent.

The girls look at each other, off they go again.

JUDGE

Thanks, Bill. Hey, cancel my five-o-
clock will ya, sugar tits?

BILL

Oh sure thing. You still good for
your prostate exam in the morning?

He watches Judge leave and smiles to himself.

EXT. DISUSED FARM - EVENING

The GIRLS roll up. Mrs Martinez gets out an old van and greets them. She leads them to a barn and unlocks it.

MRS MARTINEZ

I remember after you go. Mr
Everdeen he put this away long time
ago when he first got ill. He love
this thing so much before but you
say you air army so maybe...

The huge door slides open. The girl's jaws drop.

SPIT

I sure wasn't expecting that.

A dusty old Huey helicopter stored away.

TAYLOR

Old-skool! Freaking A!

MRS MARTINEZ

Is good to you, yeah?

JUDGE

Oh, you done good, Mrs Martinez.
You done real good.

Memphis looks unimpressed. Judge takes her to one side.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I know it ain't Big Greasy, but you
can dig on this, right?

MEMPHIS

It's got no weapons. Seriously,
what are we going to do with it?
Dust these guy's crops?

JUDGE

Got no weapons, yet.

Judge smiles and nods to the van.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(calling)

Now does anybody know where I might
find whatever the fuck an m-one-
nine-seven is?

EXT. BADLANDS - NIGHT

The old Van backs up and skids to a halt. The girls leap out, pull the panel off the hidden crate, and heave the gatling gun into the van.

The Van screeches onto the road and roars into the night.

INT. VAN - MOVING - NIGHT

Memphis pensively drives, Judge beside her. Taylor and Spit sitting with the gatling gun in the back.

JUDGE

Okay, let's stay under the limit.
We don't want to attract the
attention of-

WHOOOP! WHOOOP! Blue and red lights flash behind.

MEMPHIS

Seriously, who just so happens to
be out here patrolling the middle
of nowhere at this time?

They all look at each other suspicious.

JUDGE

Okay, poker faces ladies.

The Van eases to a halt. The Cop Car pulls up behind. Out steps The Sheriff. He strolls up to the Van.

THE SHERIFF

You girls, running an overnight
delivery service?

JUDGE

You interested? Is there a warrant
you hoping to have to sign for?

THE SHERIFF

Oh, I ain't looking for no warrant.
You think I need a warrant to
search this here vehicle, miss?

JUDGE

I know you need a warrant, asshole.

THE SHERIFF

You'd think that now, wouldn't you?
But then you see, Patriot Act
allows me to investigate anything I
deem highly suspicious behavior.

JUDGE

The Patriot Act! Do we look like terrorists to you?

He tries to lean in to take a closer look. Memphis blocks him, tweaks her hair back, and smiles awkwardly.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Now I suggest, unless you actually witness us doing something that, without a doubt, requires your intervention, you back the hell off, okay?

He locks eyes with Judge, she knows she's got him when-

CHACHACHACHACHACHACHACHACHACHA! The gatling gun discharges. He snaps round to find a light on the Cop Car shot out.

MEMPHIS

Bye!

The Van scrabbles away. He runs to his Cop Car.

The engine clatters. Judge glares at Taylor and Spit.

JUDGE

Just what the hell was that?

SPIT

I was just holding it when it went off in my hands!

TAYLOR

Come to think of it, the guy who told me about this, did warn me it was a little flaky.

Judge shakes her head at Taylor and peers in her mirror.

JUDGE

Well is he following?

TAYLOR

No, he's gone to write us a ticket and send it in the mail, Judge. What do you think?

MEMPHIS

Here he comes!

Blue and red lights fill the back windows and-

BANG! The Cop Car rams the Van hard.

JUDGE

Damn it! Floor it!

MEMPHIS

What do you think I'm doing here?

JUDGE

Just lose him! And no crazy shit!

Memphis thinks and cuts the wheel hard.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - CAR CHASE - NIGHT

The Van races down the dirt track. The Cop Car follows. The Sheriff pulls out a Mach-10 and fires. BWATATATATATATATATATATAT
Bullets ping. Memphis fights with the wheel.

JUDGE

You want to tell me what kind of
cops carry full auto machine guns?

The Van ramps a mound of dirt and lands hard. CHACHACHACHA!
The Gatling gun fires. The Cop Car swerves the mound as
bullets punch into the dirt.

Memphis has an idea. She peers ahead and guns it.

MEMPHIS

HOLD ONTO YOUR TITS!

JUDGE

Memphis, I said no crazy shit!

Their eyes bulge. The Van ramps another huge mound and sails
through the air with dirt trailing from it.

The Cop Car swerves the mound.

The Van lands. CHACHACHACHACHACHACHA! Bullets spark off the
Cop Car. The Sheriff fires back.

The girls all wince. Memphis grits her teeth and aims.

The Van leaps, flies through the dark blue sky, and crashes
down. CHACHACHACHACHACHACHA!

The Cop Car takes hits. It loses a tire, swerves, catches the
dirt, and kicks up into a spectacular roll, spinning over and
over as body panels tear away.

Spit and Taylor watch the cloud of dust disappear.

SPIT

I've never been so happy over a
premature discharge!

The Van skids onto the road and slews sideways. The Gatling
Gun slides round inside. CHACHACHACHACHACHA! Taylor and Spit
cower out of its way. Rounds chop holes into bodywork and-

WOOOOOOOOMP!

The Van roars down the road with rear quarter on fire. Taylor and Spit desperately kick at flames.

TAYLOR

Can I get off at the next stop please?

MEMPHIS

Wait! We're nearly there!

The Van slews into the farm, burning like a torch. Memphis peers ahead and smiles.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

Perfect!

A pond in the moonlight under a picturesque tree. A small rowing boat to one side. Insects chirp.

The Van crashes through a fence, hits the boat, misses the pond, and rolls over in a cloud of dust.

The girls cough in a heap in the van, the now fire out.

TAYLOR

Real slick, Memphis. You know, the fire service are always lookin' for volunteers.

MEMPHIS

Well, you know what they say, stop, drop and roll, right?

The Gatling Gun jolts. They wince. Nothing

JUDGE

Okay, well, bar the firefight with the police, writing off Mrs Martinez's van, and some minor boat related damage, I'm classing this mission as a technical success. Nice work, ladies.

INT. BELLE'S DINER - NIGHT

The lights flick off. An animal howls at the moon. Chairs stacked on tables. Everything put away. The girls on the floor, shuffling into sleeping bags.

BILL

You'll have to forgive the lack of cookies and Hannah Montana DVD's. I've never hosted a sleepover before.

JUDGE

Thanks for putting us up, Bill.

BILL

Like I said, my trailers far more accommodating. You girls any good at Twister?

JUDGE

And like I said, we're not safe to be around right now.

SPIT

Thanks, Bill.

TAYLOR

Night, Bill.

MEMPHIS

Sleep tight.

Bill goes to leave and looks back disappointed.

BILL

Guess I'm just going to have to miss the naked pillow fight then.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

The wrecked Cop Car. The Sheriff lies on his back out the window, a real bloody mess. He chokes for this life.

PANCHO

Fuckin' pigs, man! They useless as shit in this country!

Pancho snatches the Mach 10 from the ground. BANG! He shoots The Sheriff in the head. Hector inspects wreckage.

HECTOR

You seen the size of the entry holes on this thing?

The Sheriff whimpers. BANG! Pancho puts him down.

PANCHO

Jeeze, he can't even die right, you know? Fucking amateur.

HECTOR

I got some reservations here.

PANCHO

They are just fuckin' women. Stop being such a little puto, yeah?

They cross to the Firebird and Tow Truck where a team of Thugs are waiting.

INT. BELLE'S DINER - NIGHT

A tap drips. A bug zapper occasionally zaps. Spit lying wide awake frustrated with Memphis snoring loudly next to her. She turns over to find Judge staring back.

SPIT

(whispering)

How can someone so tiny make so much noise?

JUDGE

(whispering)

At least she's finally stopped farting. Thing is, I lost my damn ear plugs with my case.

They sigh. Engines roar in the distance.

SPIT

You hear that?

Headlights illuminate the windows. Tires skid. Voices.

JUDGE

Heads up!

Taylor bolts upright, M15 ready in her hands. She stares at Memphis gazing back wide-eyed who then slides away as Judge and Spit drag her behind the counter.

RATATATATATATATATATATAT! Taylor dives over the counter. Bullets tear through the Diner, smashing windows, bottles, and jars. The girls cower as glass and debris showers over them.

Silence.

PANCHO (O.S.)

Estoy hasta la madre! You hear that? I had enough of, you stupid shit stinking bitches!

Taylor takes up position. Judge pulls her back down.

PANCHO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If any of you are still alive, you listen, yeah? You don't mess with us, okay? You don't know what you messing with! So run home to your madres and padres where you belong.

Footsteps. Doors slam. Vehicles leave. Taylor runs to the door and peers through a small gap. The Firebird and Tow Truck race away into the darkness.

MEMPHIS

(yawning)

So much for a decent night's sleep.

Spit and Judge glare back at her.

EXT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

Bill's Caprice pulls up. He gets out and takes in the scene before cautiously walking up to the door and peering in.

The girls stare back from behind the counter, guns aimed. He scans around the destruction horrified.

BILL

And here's me showing up early to make you all breakfast.

The girls crunch over the glass and comfort him.

MEMPHIS

Seriously, we're so sorry.

SPIT

We'll help you clean it up, okay?

BILL

Well this puts my whole Michelin star dream back another year.

EXT. BARN - DAY

The girls struggle to mount the Gatling Gun to the Huey. Spit heaves it up. Taylor tries to do up a bolt. Spit slips and catches her hand.

SPIT

Jeeze! Taylor, you idiot!

They drop the gun. Taylor slams down her wrench.

TAYLOR

If I had the right size wrench this would be easy. I said I need a one-and-one-fifth, Memphis.

MEMPHIS

And like I already explained to you three times! There's no such thing as a fuckin' one-and-one-fifth wrench, Taylor! Okay?

TAYLOR

Well a fine fucking montage this has turned out to be. Just what are we doin' here?

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I mean, they came back real strong last night, who knows just what we're messing with.

JUDGE

Girl, this whole thing started because your stupid ass popped a fat Mexican on a scooter, okay? Don't forget that.

TAYLOR

Oh, I'm to blame? Who got us here in the first place, Judge? Who got us lost? You! And why? Because you're a control freak!

MEMPHIS

She's right, Judge, you like, always have to be the boss of everybody.

Judge angrily points at Memphis.

JUDGE

You! You need to shut your mouth! It's the crazy shit you're always pulling that got us disenroled in the first place!

MEMPHIS

Seriously, stop calling me crazy!

TAYLOR

You are fuckin' crazy, you crazy little crazy bitch!

MEMPHIS

Taylor, I don't care how much bigger than me you are, I will scratch your fucking eyes out!

TAYLOR

Good luck trying to reach, you pint size problem child.

MEMPHIS

You bitch! You fuckin' bitch! I'm five foot four and a half!

Memphis starts crying.

JUDGE

And out comes the Valley brat.

MEMPHIS

I thought we stuck up for each other? I thought we were friends?

Spit comforts Memphis and glares at the other two.

SPIT

Back off her, okay? She's right,
this is nobody's fault!

JUDGE

You think? You want to know why
this whole problem existed in the
first place? Because somebody
thought you needed protecting from
us, because apparently we're a bad
influence!

SPIT

Well maybe they're right, yeah? I
mean, look at this shit. I spend
one day out the force with, you
guys, and now I'm strapping a
gatling gun to a helicopter?

TAYLOR

She's right, Judge. You've lost
control of this whole situation!

JUDGE

I'm fixing this whole situation!
I'm trying to keep your ass out of
jail, you idiot! And you know what?
Let's turn ourselves in, let's go
to trial! And you know what, you
can represent yourself!

TAYLOR

Fine with me! Three letters, PMT,
every woman's get out of jail free
card!

JUDGE

Damn, you're an idiot!

SPIT

Yeah and you'd actually have to
prove you have a chocha anyway.

TAYLOR

Well it's a shame I'm not you then
isn't it, Spit? Because then they
could just ask pretty much anybody
in the force as an eye witness.

MEMPHIS

Seriously, Taylor! That's crossing
a line!

SPIT

Fuck you, you redneck fuckin'
hijuepuerca! You want to go?

(MORE)

SPIT (CONT'D)

You think I'm scared of you, Taylor Trash?

TAYLOR

What did you call me?

Taylor and Memphis circle each other. They launch into a furious cat-fight complete with schoolgirl hair pulling until Memphis and Judge drag them apart.

JUDGE

Enough! Enough!

Judge stands between them all.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Now, I appreciate everyone's a little tired, but damn, you girls, got to get with the program!

Judge stares at them intense.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

You know what? Taylor, you are too aggressive. Spit, when you're around guys, you do lose focus. And, Memphis, I ain't calling you crazy, girl, but sometimes, you actually pull some crazy shit. And you know what, I'm a bossy black bitch, okay? But that ain't such a bad thing.

The girls stare back panting.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Is this a dumb fucked up situation we've got ourselves in? Hell yeah. But you know what? Dumb fucked up situations are our specialty. And if it's fighting for our country or fighting for one girl's freedom, we'll fight for what's good. Sure we break a few rules, but guess what? The bad guys, they ain't ever playing by the damn rules. Somebody's got to be the rebels, and ultimately our hearts are in the right place and our strength stems from our love for one-another. That's what makes us a force worth reckoning with, so don't ever, ever lose sight of that.

They all share apologetic smiles.

MEMPHIS
 (teary eyed)
 That was really beautiful.

Judge hugs Memphis. Spit hugs Taylor and pats her back.

SPIT
 You should really go into team
 building. I'm sorry, you guys.

TAYLOR
 I'm sorry too. Judge, please still
 be my lawyer if we fuck this up.

INT. HUEY - DAY

The Huey's engines whine up to speed. The blades chop through the air. The gatling gun duct taped underneath.

Memphis checks gauges and flicks switches. Spit cocks her M15. Taylor slings the rocket launcher over her shoulder.

JUDGE
 You know, for what's supposed to be
 a break, this sure feels like my
 day job.

MEMPHIS
 Ain't no rest for the wicked,
 right?

TAYLOR
 The only thing we're missing is
 helmets.

JUDGE
 Yeah well, thank god they only
 shoot up at us.

SPIT
 And at least you got no brains to
 splatter over us.

They all exchange amused smiles. Memphis kisses her hand and taps the Pink Power Ranger. They lift off.

EXT. MINE TOWN - HELICOPTER SHOOTOUT - DAY

The girls sit pensively, hair whipping in the breeze. They narrow their eyes, ready for battle.

Pancho stands ready with all his Thugs. A faint rumbling grows louder and louder.

PANCHO

These bitches think they are so tough! We will show them what is really tough, yeah?

The Thugs cheer.

HECTOR

I don't like the sound of this.

The Huey cackles round the mountainside. The Thugs flee to defensive positions. The Huey storms over.

The Thugs gawk up as they run. The Girls give them the finger. Here we go!

SPIT

There! By the bar!

Thugs drag The Girl into the Bar. The Huey makes a pass. BANG! BANG! Thugs fire up. RATATATATATAT! Taylor and Spit fire back with their assault rifles.

The Huey swings round and takes out more Thugs.

Memphis deviously grins. The Skanks sprint up the middle of the road. The Huey looms in behind them. CHACHACHACHA! The. The Skanks disintegrate like beetroots in a blender.

MEMPHIS

Seriously, nothin' personal.

JUDGE

Okay, put us down!

The Huey lands. Judge and Taylor bail out. Spit covers them as they run to the Bar

DERELICT BAR

Judge and Taylor burst in. BANG BANG! They take out Thugs and race toward a back room.

THUG (O.S.)

(threatening)

Jamás me llevarán vivo!

BACKROOM

They run in and freeze. A Thug with his arm round The Girl and his gun to her head.

THUG

You back off perras, or I kill her!
Comprende?

Taylor hurries out. Footsteps running.

CRASH! Taylor bursts back through a side wall and puts her gun right against the Thug's head. BANG! Blood and brains splatter across the room.

TAYLOR
Adios asshole!

The Girl stares amazed at Taylor.

JUDGE
Hey it's okay. You speak English?
Habla inglés?

THE GIRL
A little.

JUDGE
That's all you gonna need, honey.
We're the good guys, okay? Come on.

BAR

They run for the entrance. Thugs run up outside.

TAYLOR
No chance! The roof!

BACK TO HELICOPTER SHOOTOUT

The Huey sweeps over. BANG! BANG! BANG! A Thug shoots at it. The Huey soars over him. RATATATAT! His head pops like a water balloon.

Judge, Taylor, and The Girl burst out onto the roof. Taylor aims the rocket launcher and fires. WOOOOSH! BOOOOM!

She watches Thugs flee and punches the air triumphantly.

TAYLOR
Chupa mi polla!

SUPER: "SUCK MY DICK"

Taylor smiles down at The Girl thinking she's super cool.

THE GIRL
Eso explica muchas cosas.

SUPER: "THAT EXPLAINS A LOT"

RATATATATA! Gunshots hit around them. Hector across the street, assault rifle crackling. They're pinned in.

Taylor tries to get a shot on Hector. She can't.

JUDGE
 (into radio)
 We need some cover here!

MEMPHIS
 (into radio)
 Bringin' the noise!

The Huey sweeps in. RATATATAT! Hector fires up at it. The Huey has to duck away and circle.

SPIT
 I can't get a sight on this,
 asshole!

MEMPHIS
 I've got an idea!

Taylor and Judge watch the Huey hover over them.

TAYLOR
 What the hell is she doing?

JUDGE
 Oh god no!

The Huey drops behind the bar.

MEMPHIS
 Erm, you might want to like, keep
 your heads down.

The gatling gun spins up. CHACHACHACHA! Huge rounds punch into the back of the building. CHACHACHACHA! Rounds smash out the front windows and burst through walls.

Taylor and Judge cover The Girl as rounds thud below.

CHACHACHACHA! Hector cowers, rounds hit around him. He's outta there. He sprints away. CHACHACHACHA! BOOM! A vehicle explodes behind him.

Taylor, Judge, and The Girl stare at the fireball as the Huey hovers through the black smoke. They go to climb in but--

Pancho, hidden in a building, with an assault rifle, carefully aims and fires. BANG!

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Alarms ring out in the Huey. Memphis cringes. She fights with the control stick and tries to fire. Nothing. Gun jam.

The Huey hovers away and swings around out of control. Taylor and Judge wince confused.

TAYLOR
 This another one of her plans?

Memphis wrestles desperately with the controls. WOOP! WOOP! WOOPW! WOOP! More alarms wail. Spit clutches on for her life. The Huey swings round of control. Smoke pours from an engine

It hovers over a Mine Shaft, kicks upward, and spins. Taylor and Judge watch horrified. Memphis frantically glances around and grits her teeth.

MEMPHIS

This landing might suck!

Spit's eye bulge. She braces for impact. CRAAAAAASH! The Huey smashes through the wooden head-frame, into the Mine Shaft.

JUDGE

Oh, hell no!

Taylor, Judge, and The Girl race down from the roof. They burst out the Bar and sprint toward the wreck, engaging in gunfire. RATATATATATATATA! CLICK! They run out of ammo.

They run to an old Hoist House. Shots ping against it. They take up defensive positions.

INT. MINESHAFT - DAY

The crashed Huey hangs nose first in the mineshaft. Spit comes to and gazes around. The cockpit empty, a hole in the windshield, and a bottomless black pit below.

SPIT

Memphis?

MEMPHIS (O.S.)

I'm okay!

SPIT

What the hell happened?

Memphis hangs from a wooden beam below.

MEMPHIS

Erm.... we got shafted. Well, this situation couldn't get any worse!

An engine on the Huey catches fire. The shaft illuminates. Spit clambers down the Huey to the shaft.

SPIT

I'm coming down. We'll climb to the bottom.

She eases her way down the cockpit.

MEMPHIS

Wait! Bring Kimberly!

SPIT

Kimberly?

MEMPHIS

On the dashboard!

Spit looks. The Pink Power Ranger. She grabs it.

SPIT

A la orden!

Memphis clammers down a little. Fire drips by her. She looks down. Fuel at the base of the shaft sets fire to the beams.

MEMPHIS

Erm, okay, now things couldn't get any worse!

SPIT

Stop sayin' that. You're jin-

BANG! The gatling gun cycles a round and chops into the beam Memphis hangs from.

SPIT (CONT'D)

You see!

CHACHACHACHA! The gatling gun chops the beam in two. Memphis falls and screams. She crashes through a rotten beam and grabs hold of another.

MEMPHIS

Well, I think it's safe to say now it couldn't get any worse! Okay?

CRACK! The Huey jolts and starts to slip down the shaft.

SPIT

Just shut your stupid mouth!

Spit frantically clammers down beams. CHACHACHACHA! The gatling gun fires. Spit freezes.

Memphis falls, crashes against the corner of the shaft, and manages to balance on beams upright.

She tenderly looks down at the furious fire below. She spots across. An old drift shaft.

MEMPHIS

There's a way out, quick!

CREAK. CRACK. They look up. The Huey slips.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

Hurry!

Spit frantically clambers down. The Huey drops behind her. Fire climbs beams below. She slips and falls. Memphis catches her as she passes.

CHACHACHACHACHA! The gatling gun fires. Spit screams. Memphis heaves her up. The Huey falls. They run.

It crashes by and BOOOOM! It explodes.

A fireball rushes up the shaft. They hit the deck. WOOOOOSH! Fire sweeps over them.

They lie panting. Spit hands over the Pink Power Ranger.

SPIT

Why do you have to care so much
about that thing?

MEMPHIS

Because it's like, for good luck,
obviously.

INT. HOIST HOUSE - DAY

Judge, Taylor and The Girl watch the fireball erupt from the mineshaft. They stare horrified.

JUDGE

(into radio)
Memphis, Spit, you copy?

Taylor's eyes glisten and her jaw quivers.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

(into radio)
Girls do you copy? Please!

Judge turns to Taylor welling up. Taylor stares back vengefully, she's already done grieving.

Footsteps. Taylor tosses down her empty rifle and yanks an old rusty pick axe from the wall.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Okay don't do anything stupid now,
girl. Just put a lid on, okay? Put
a damn lid on.

Judge cowers and protects The Girl.

Taylor puts on a miner's helmet and pounds it with her fist.

She walks into the next room. BANG! The helmet is shot off her head. She ducks behind pipes. Shots ping behind her.

A Thug waits for her to pop up. The axe swipes from under the pipes and severs his foot. YEARGH! He goes down screaming.

Taylor crawls out, grabs his gun, and pops up. BANG! CLICK! Ammo already out. BANG! She ducks as shots zip by her.

She grabs the axe and hurls it at a Thug. It wedges in his collar bone and he flails around screaming.

The other Thug fires. She runs at him, holding up the helmet as shots hit it. PING! PING! PING! PING! PING!

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Not what I meant! Not what I meant!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! The Thugs out. Taylor's smacks him out cold with the helmet. CLICK! A cocking hammer.

Another Thug enters. She frisbees the helmet across the room. SMACK! The rusty metal lip impales in his face.

The Girl watches amazed.

INT. DRIFT SHAFT - DAY

Memphis and Spit walk with, flaming pieces of wood in hand.

SPIT

Where the hell are we going? This will just be a dead end surely?

Memphis finds an old rope-pulley style lift cage.

MEMPHIS

How's your tugging technique?

Spit is unamused.

INT. HOIST HOUSE - DAY

The Thug with the pick axe in his collar bone staggers around and screams. Taylor yanks it out. He collapses.

JUDGE

Taylor! Look out!

Another Thug, with a gun, right behind Taylor. She spins round with the axe and takes his forearm clean off. He clutches his splintered elbow and howls. YEAAARGH!

TAYLOR

Heigh-Ho, dickless!

She tries to pull the gun from the severed hand.

JUDGE

Taylor!

SMACK! Taylor takes a punch to the head. One remaining THUG. A real big remorseless looking fucker too.

She scrabbles away up a huge hoist pulley. He grabs her legs.

She thuds to the floor, kicks him in the shin, and climbs the pulley.

He grabs the gun from the severed hand and turns to fire. THWACK! She kicks it out his hands. It wedges in gears.

He elbows her legs from under her and climbs up. They square up to one another on top of the pulley.

THUG

Why don't you get back to your cleaning, bitch.

TAYLOR

Oh I'm nearly done sweeping up in here. You think you can take out the trash?

They swing for one another, duck punches, and take hits.

INT. MINE TUNNEL - DAY

Memphis and Spit pull the cage to the top and gaze around. Light beams through gaps in a boarded up entrance. Spit crosses to it and kicks a board away.

The beam illuminates something by Memphis. She looks down. A cover draped over something big. She sweeps it away and her jaw drops.

An old Dodge Charger that's been stored for decades.

MEMPHIS

Are you freaking kidding me! This is a classic! Why would somebody leave this here?

SPIT

Erm, maybe because of this?

Memphis crosses to the entrance and her jaw drops. The hillside mined away below them, a near vertical drop for over a hundred feet to the mine town.

SPIT (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Judge? Taylor? You out there?

INT. HOIST HOUSE - DAY

Judge's eyes bulge. She grabs her radio.

JUDGE
Spit? That you, girl? You with
Memphis?

INTERCUT JUDGE AND SPIT

SPIT
Yeah we're okay. You?

JUDGE
Oh we're in a world of trouble. We
need evac right away. You think you
can find some transport?

SPIT
Yeah we already got some... kinda.

JUDGE
You kidding me, girl?

Judge looks at the Boiler House from a window.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
You see the building with the big
ass chimneys on it? We'll meet you
there, okay?

Spit peers down at the Boiler House.

SPIT
See you there. Over and out.

Judge puts the radio away and wipes away her tears.

Judge turns back to see the Thug kick Taylor off the pulley.

BANG! Taylor crashes to the floor. He takes his gun, his feet
by the gears, and aims at Taylor.

JUDGE
(grabbing brake lever)
Hey, sucker! Looks like you need a
break!

Judge releases the pulley brake. He freezes. The gears creak.
Nothing happens. Judge winces. He aims for her instead.

THE GIRL (O.S.)
Chupa verga un burro!

The Girl by the taut steel pulley cable with an axe. She
swings hard. CRACK! The Thugs eyes bulge. The cable whips
back and slices him up the middle. Blood squirts over Taylor.

TAYLOR
Woah! Holly fuckin' Jesus!

Taylor stares at The Girl stood proudly smiling. The Girl winks back. Taylor wipes blood off herself and nods.

JUDGE

C'mon, we're moving. Spit and Memphis are coming in hot.

Taylor grabs the pistol from the floor. They run out as the injured Thugs scream and writhe on the floor.

INT. MINE TUNNEL - DAY

Spit stares down at the mine town as Memphis crosses to the Charger and drags away the rest of the covers.

SPIT

Are you serious?

MEMPHIS

Look I'm a pilot. I can fly anything like, even a car.

SPIT

Yeah, well, how'd you think you'll start it, eh? You don't think the battery will be flat, no?

MEMPHIS

Easy. We bump start it.

SPIT

Bump start it?

MEMPHIS

Backwards.

SPIT

Backwards?

Memphis tries the door handle, it wont budge. She grits her teeth, kicks out the glass, and slides in.

MEMPHIS

We doin' this?

A Dodge Charger, a girl dressed as Daisy Duke, a plan to jump out a mineshaft, fuck yeah we are!

Spit smashes the other window and slips inside.

SPIT

See, no keys?

MEMPHIS

Give me your knife.

Spit hands over her flick knife. Memphis slices off the barrel, rams it into the ignition, and clicks it round.

SPIT
Where'd you learn that?

MEMPHIS
Try running away from home a few dozen times.

Memphis clutches the wheel and grabs the shifter.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)
Hold on to your-
(beat)
No wait.

She pulls out the Pink Power Ranger, sticks it on the dash, kisses her hand, and pats it.

SPIT
Oh yeah, our real lucky charm.

MEMPHIS
Okay, here goes.

They roll back. Memphis pumps the clutch and tries to select reverse. The gears grind. The speed increases.

SPIT
Come on, quickly!

Memphis fights with the stick and gets it into reverse. She tries the ignition. Nothing. Beams whip by fast.

SPIT (CONT'D)
Come on! Ándale!

Memphis tries again. Nothing. Again. VROOM! The Charger barks into life. She hits the brakes. The tires skid. Spit watches the end of the shaft approach fast.

SPIT (CONT'D)
Stop stop stop stop stop!

They wince, not slowing until they crash through beams.

SCRUNCH. They stop at the last moment. Spit sighs.

MEMPHIS
Seriously, I've got this. Now, strap in. We're cleared for takeoff.

She smugly smiles, grabs a gear, and floors it. ZZZZZZZZZZZZ!
Memphis looks out to find they're stuck in wet sludge.

SPIT

Oh I see you real got this.

Memphis looks back at Spit embarrassed.

INT. BOILER HOUSE - DAY

The room full of lab gear. A rack of a dozen microwaves and barrels of chemicals. Judge, Taylor and The Girl burst in and scan around.

TAYLOR

I guess this is what you need when half your gang only eats burritos.

JUDGE

Oh they cooking, that's for sure. This whole setup, it all makes sense. These guys aren't into some two-bit grand theft auto bullshit.

Taylor peers up at a cabinet. A large EXPLOSIVES warning sign on the front. She smiles coyly.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

No this is some serious drug production shit. That's what this is. This a god damn crack factory.

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Hey, check this out!

Judge looks round to find Taylor proudly waving two old sticks of dynamite. Judge freezes terrified.

JUDGE

Girl, you got to stop waving those things around, okay?

Taylor sees the terror in Judge's eyes and freezes.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

That's dynamite. You know what that does when it's stored for a real long time?

TAYLOR

No!

JUDGE

It sweats, okay? It sweats pure nitroglycerin, and nitroglycerin is some real volatile shit.

Taylor winces and holds the sticks of dynamite like they are, well, sticks of dynamite.

TAYLOR
Well, it's not the only thing
sweating now!

JUDGE
Look, just put them down, okay?
Carefully, real carefully.

Taylor eeks them into a microwave, and shuts the door.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Seriously? That's your go to place
to put dynamite?

Judge thinks for a moment and narrows her eyes.

TAYLOR
What you thinking, Judge?

JUDGE
I think I'm having what you might
call a lightbulb moment.

INT. MINE TUNNEL - DAY

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ! Memphis stares back at the spinning wheels.
She grits her teeth and guns the engine hard. Spit pushes.

SPIT
Argh! Easy! Easy!

The Charger slithers out the sludge.

MEMPHIS
Wow, you're a lot stronger than-
Memphis turns to find Spit covered in dirt.

SPIT
This better be worth it.

INT. BOILER HOUSE - DAY

A lamp with the bulb removed. Microwaves loaded with
dynamite. Judge carefully screws a lightbulb onto the last
stick of explosives.

TAYLOR
Well, I guess we now know how many
lawyers it takes to change a
lightbulb. One, and it will cost
you a lot more than you think.

INT. MINE TUNNEL - DAY

Spit and Memphis look around worried. CREAK. CRACK. The support beams giving way. Dirt trickles. Rocks drop. Spit leaps through the Charger window.

SPIT
Go go go go go!

Memphis floors it. The Charger roars, fires rooster tails, and launches like a scalded cat as the shaft collapses behind it. Beams flicker by.

The entrance closes up with dirt, light fades.

SPIT (CONT'D)
Eres Loca!

MEMPHIS
Don't call me crazy!

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

The Charger bursts out shaft through the dirt. Thugs gaze up amazed. The whole cliff side gives way and drops.

The Charger crashes down and races down the cliff like it's a giant skate ramp. A landslide behind it.

SPIT
Ay-yi-ai! Faster!

MEMPHIS
Hang on!

The Charger hurtles toward the town. The Thugs flee.

Memphis stares ahead and aims for a collapsed building. They both wince.

The Charger kicks into the air and soars upward. Dirt and dust streams from the underside. A high pitched, ear piercing scream shrieks from inside.

Spit screams terrified. Memphis stares meanly ahead.

Rubble rips through buildings, smashes them to pieces, and crushes Thugs, sending blood and torn off limbs everywhere.

The landslide settles. Screaming gets louder. CRASH! The Charger touches down and roars away into the distance.

EXT. BOILER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The Charger growls up and skids round in a cloud of dust.

SPIT
Quick! Do the horn thing!

Memphis slams the horn. FAAAAARRP. They frown.

INT. BOILER HOUSE - DAY

Taylor, Judge, and The Girl crouch hidden behind a table.

Judge threads a very long stick slowly forward. It prods a microwave timer button over and over.

TAYLOR
C'mon, just how much time will this need?

JUDGE
Oh, I'm nuking this shit.

Judge positions the stick over the start button.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
You ready?

Taylor and The Girl tentatively nod and get ready to run.

Judge winces and prods the button. They bolt. The microwave hums and the bulb flickers.

EXT. BOILER HOUSE - DAY

Taylor, Judge, and The Girl sprint out while Memphis and Spit wait by the Charger. Taylor reaches for the door.

MEMPHIS
No they don't work! You have to get in through the-

Taylor yanks the door open no problem, The Girl ducks into the back seat. Taylor glares at Memphis frustrated and clips her round the ear frustrated.

TAYLOR
No Dukes of Hazard! A-Team only!

Memphis and Taylor fight back and forth with the door.

JUDGE
Where the hell, you guys, been?

Spit looks back offended, clothes filthy and the dust still settling from the landslide behind her.

SPIT
 We just jumped a car outta
 mountain! We're crazy! What've, you
 guys, managed to do?

Taylor and Judge look at each other and look back at the
 Boiler House.

INT. BOILER HOUSE - DAY

The bulb flickers like crazy inside the microwave. BOOM! It
 blows.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Each microwave explodes in sequence.

BOOM! The explosives cabinet explodes.

BOOM! BANG! BANG! BOOM! BANG! The barrels explode.

EXT. BOILER HOUSE - DAY

BOOM! The whole building goes up
 in a monumental explosion (just look at the number of o's).

TAYLOR
 That! That's the shit we're
 accomplishing!

They all stare up at the fireball climbing into the sky.

JUDGE
 Shaboom! Stick that up your nose
 and snort it, you jive crack
 peddling turkeys!

Taylor and Judge smack in a triumphant high-five.

THE GIRL
 Who.. who are you people?

JUDGE
 We're Bitch Force, honey, and this
 dumb shit is our specialty. Now
 let's get your little brown Mexican
 ass back to your mother.

They climb in the Charger. It slews round and roars away.

INT. CHARGER - MOVING - DAY

Spit looks at The Girl and checks a graze on her cheek.

SPIT
 Estás bien?

SUPER: "ARE YOU ALRIGHT"

THE GIRL

Si! Este hombre y su esposa negra
son bastante los luchadores!

SUPER: "YES! THIS HANDSOME MAN AND HIS BLACK WIFE ARE QUITE
THE FIGHTERS!"

Spit looks at Taylor. She smiles smugly back.

TAYLOR

Looks like somebody's a role model.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - CAR CHASE - DAY

The Charger races along an access road but the Tow Truck slowly raises up beside them, racing alongside on a lower track. Thick black smoke pours from the stacks.

It swerves in behind and rams the Charger. Hector grins down menacingly from behind the wheel.

JUDGE

Get us away from that thing!

MEMPHIS

Wow! Great idea, Judge!

The Charger swerves. The Truck keeps up. Spit points ahead.

SPIT

Look!

An old gatehouse. The only way out through a small Dodge Charger sized gap.

They smile. Memphis aims and the Charger just slips through with splinters showering from the fenders.

The girls look back and grin but--

The Tow Truck smashes through the whole gatehouse, shattering the timber like matchsticks. They frown and the Tow Truck closes right in.

JUDGE

Memphis, do something, girl!

Memphis stares back worried.

MEMPHIS

Even something a little crazy?

JUDGE

Girl, crazy is all we've got left!

MEMPHIS

Okay then...

Memphis takes a deep breath.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

BITCH SPLIT!

Everyone else looks at each other confused.

Memphis cuts the wheel hard. The Charger swerves onto the dirt, spins around, and slews back into the road sideways, clipping the front of Tow Truck before spinning against it, smashing the cab hard, and skidding to a halt.

The Tow Truck growls to a stop in the distance as the girls sit shaken.

TAYLOR

What the hell was that, Memphis!
Crashing? Crashing was your plan?
Have you finally fuckin' lost it?

They watch Hector drop out the Tow Truck with his machine gun. He grins delighted.

JUDGE

Oh hell, anybody else got ammo?

TAYLOR

A little.

JUDGE

Get us out of here, Memphis.

MEMPHIS

Wait!

SNAP! The cigarette lighter pops out. Memphis grabs it, hurls it out the window, and-

WOOOOOMP! Fuel in the road ignites. Flames charge toward the Tow Truck and-

Hector looks back at the truck. The fuel tank destroyed in the crash. His eyes bulge. WOOMP! He goes up in a huge fireball. Everyone but Memphis looks on in shock.

MEMPHIS (CONT'D)

Who's burnin' who's truck now,
fucknuts!

The Charger roars away and passes the burning wreck. Hector runs out the flames screaming and throws himself onto the hood, his whole body on fire.

They all scream and duck. He drags Spit out the window.

JUDGE
Memphis stop!

Memphis hits the brakes. BANG! They don't slow down and look back. Pancho behind in the Firebird, pushing them along.

Judge and Taylor lean out the windows and try to take him out with the little ammo they have.

Spit tries to fend off burning Hector on the roof. He pins her on her back, and clutches her neck, glaring as his skin sears and blisters.

Spit manages to get her leg right back under him. KICK! Her heel punches through his eye. He screams writhing. She winces as she can't get it back out his socket.

KICK! She spikes a heel through the other eye. He desperately flails. She turns him round, coils, and kicks him off the back off the Charger.

He wedges under the nose of the Firebird and slows it down, allowing the Charger to race away as Spit slips back inside.

Pancho stops the Firebird to get around Hector's body.

PANCHO
You stupid mamon fucker!

The Charger tears down the road. The Firebird storms after and closes in.

MEMPHIS
We're not gonna lose this guy!

JUDGE
Just get us back to base, okay!

A bend approaches. They wince and hold on.

Memphis cuts the wheel. The Charger slews around the bend, the tires screech. It slides into a drift.

Memphis keeps her cool, carefully feeds the wheel back and forth, and controls the slide. The Charger squirms from side to side and roars up the road.

Spit, Taylor, and The Girl look out the rear window. The shadowy black Firebird races into the bend. Pancho winces and aggressively fights with the wheel.

The Firebird screeches around the bend, clips a bush, and loses speed. Spit smiles and proudly pats Memphis.

SPIT
Stay cool. You're losing him!

The Diner approaches. Memphis reaches for the handbrake.

MEMPHIS
HOLD ON TO YOUR TITS!

EXT. BELLE'S DINER - DAY

The back wheels of the Charger lock up and billow smoke. It kicks sideways and skids into the car park.

The girls get out, run into the Diner, and shut the door.

The Firebird roars up and grinds to a halt. Pancho creeps out, grins at the Diner, and raises his AK.

PANCHO
Come out little pigs.
(checks around)
Don't make me come in there after
you.
(skulking forward)
You're fucked okay? So why don't
you bitches come out.
(spits on the ground)
Face me like the men that you wish
you were eh?

He waits a few moments.

Clicking. Arming. Cocking. The Customers pop up at the windows with weapons raised. He goes to fire.

BANG! BANG! POP! BANG! POP! BANG! BANG! BANG! POP! BANG!
Gratuitous gunfire from everyone. No mercy.

He goes limp, stares back, and drops to the dirt, lying gasping, somehow still alive but completely fucked.

Footsteps. A shadow casts over him. A rifle barrel lowers to his head. He stares up.

THE GIRL
Adiós asshole.

His eyes bulge. BANG! She puts one right through his nugget. Taylor clutches her mouth. Her eyes well up.

TAYLOR
Oh my god. I taught her that. She's
one of us now.

The Girl stands shaking with vengeance. Mrs Martinez runs in and embraces her. They cry tears of happiness. The girls well up, Taylor the worst.

JUDGE
(sniffing)
You gotta love it when a family
comes back together.

SPIT
 (croaking)
 Eso me encanta, es hermoso.

MEMPHIS
 (wiping eyes)
 What's the matter, Taylor? You
 like, actually getting broody now?

Taylor pathetically nods. She crosses to The Girl, takes a knee, and presents her M15.

TAYLOR
 I know this rifle's got no bullets,
 and that piece of shit Knight Rider
 car is thirty years old, but I want
 you to take them, okay? Take them
 and protect these pussies in this
 diner. I'm so, so proud of you.

Taylor ceremoniously hands over the M15.

THE GIRL
 Eres el padre que nunca tuve.

SUPER: "YOU ARE THE FATHER I NEVER HAD"

Taylor strokes her hair lovingly and smiles.

TAYLOR
 I don't know what that means, but
 to me it was beautiful.

Taylor hugs The Girl. Everyone shares a smile.

EXT. BELLE'S DINER - LATER - EVENING

The girls in the Charger, Memphis and Judge in the front, Taylor and Spit in the back. Everyone standing proudly around. Bill crouches beside Judge.

BILL
 So what's next for you girls?

Judge goes to reply. Her phone rings. She checks it. The girls all exchange looks. She declines the call.

JUDGE
 Let's just say, we're currently
 pursuing career options.

BILL
 Well, if you're ever passing by,
 it's on the house, okay?

JUDGE

Hell, Bill, technically that would still be extortion.

BILL

C'mon, drop by sometime. Give a guy a chance to prove himself.

Bill shoots her a flirtatious smile. She shoots one back.

Mr Martinez and The Girl cross over to Taylor.

THE GIRL

Que tus cojones crecer fuerte con la derrota de nuestro enemigo.

SUPER: "MAY YOUR BALLS GROW STRONG WITH THE DEFEAT OF OUR NEMESIS"

Taylor awkwardly smiles back and leans to Spit.

TAYLOR

What did she say?

SPIT

(going to mock)

She says...

(contemplating)

You have the prettiest eyes in the world.

Taylor wells up again and whispers into Spit's ear.

SPIT (CONT'D)

(to The Girl)

Ella dice eres las estrellas en sus ojos.

SUPER: "YOU ARE THE STARS IN HER EYES"

The Girl grips the M15 and salutes to Taylor who starts weeping hopelessly.

TAYLOR

What the hell is happening to me?

MEMPHIS

And to think people have the gall to say we're a bad influence.

The girls look back at the everyone.

JUDGE

You people just remember, when there's trouble around, and nobody's man enough to step up and do something about it, Bitch Force might just be coming to town.

The Charger wheel-spins away, everyone waves while wiping dirt out of their eyes.

The Girl stands meanly by the Firebird and shakes her M15 at the wide eyed customers.

THE GIRL

Todo lo que usted bitches trabajo
para mí ahora!

SUPER: "ALL YOU BITCHES WORK FOR ME NOW!"

Mrs Martinez crosses over, smacks her with her shoe, and snatches the rifle out of her hands.

The Charger races up the highway, the chrome gleaming in the setting sun. The mountains basking in a golden hue.

MEMPHIS (O.S.)

So guys, seriously, like, where are
we actually going?

JUDGE (O.S.)

Okay, I got this. The sun sets in
west, right?

TAYLOR (O.S.)

Judge, if you don't know then I
should definitely ride up front.

SPIT (O.S.)

Ay-yi-ai, girls, please! I think I
need to pee again already.

THE END