

SHOTGUN

Written by

Jessica Lynn Bruce

SHOTGUN

WRITTEN BY

JESSICA LYNN BRUCE

MARCH 5, 2025

E-MAIL: LANDONSMOMMY123@HOTMAIL.COM

PHONE: 346-732-6669

ADDRESS: 6931 HAVEN CREEK DR. KATY, TX. 77449

FADE IN:

EXT.ALASKAN TRUCK STOP - DAY

Snow drifts lazily in the frigid wind. A row of big rigs sits under a pale, overcast sky. Cold. Still.

JASON Storm (40s)-grizzled, sharp-eyed, built like a tank-walks across the lot toward his semi. His boots crunch in the snow.

Retired Marine. Now a long-haul driver hauling freight across the Alaskan slope.

He fumbles through his keys, finds the right one. Opens the truck door with a stiff CREAK.

INT.JASON'S SEMI-TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

He climbs in and shuts the door.

A family photo-him, his wife, and their 11-year-old daughter-taped to the dashboard, edges curling.

WIDE SHOT - The cab is neat, minimalist. Military dog tags sway from the REARVIEW MIRROR.

Jason reaches up, adjusts the mirror.

He pauses.

CLOSE ON: HIS EYES IN THE MIRROR.

A flicker of memory.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT.WARZONE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY

TITLE CARD: Kunar Province, 2007

Dust swirls. GUNFIRE ECHOES across a scorched village. UNITED STATES MARINES take cover behind sandbag barricades, returning fire.

The TALIBAN fire in calculated burst. Explosions thunder nearby. The air is thick with smoke, debris, and screams.

JASON (20s). Younger but already weathered, is firing from behind a barricade. Grit on his face. Sweat in his eyes. He's two barricades down from a FELLOW MARINE.

Suddenly, the Marine is SHOT ABOVE THE HEART-he stumbles, collapsing hard.

Jason freezes.

CLOSE ON: Jason's face-the chaos around him dulls. His eyes widen, lips part.

He drops his rifle to his waist.

JASON
(into the wind, urgent)
Cover me!

Three nearby Marines immediately unleash a FIERCE COVERING FIRE.

Jason SPRINTS through the dust and bullets. He crouches, grabs the wounded Marine, and HOISTS HIM OVER HIS SHOULDER.

Bullets whiz past like angry hornets. Dirt erupts all around.

Jason's grip tightens.

He runs. Behind them, the Marines keep firing like hell's army.

Jason ducks behind a blast wall, laying the wounded Marine down.

He checks his pulse. Still alive.

CLOSE ON: Jason's trembling hand on the Marine's chest, trying to stop the bleeding.

END FLASHBACK.

INT.SEMI-TRUCK -DAY

Jason blinks.

The mirror sways slightly. His jaw sets. He exhales-a breath he's been holding for years.

A beat.

He glances down-at the faded family photo, sunlit and smiling. A snapshot of peace.

Jason's face softens.

His brow eases. Jaw unclenches.

For a breath, the war fades.

A quiet smile flickers-not joy, but memory. Then quickly, it's gone.

He exhales. Long. Controlled.

His eyes snap back.

He turns the key.

ENGINE ROARS TO LIFE.

He shifts into gear.

The truck rumbles forward down the icy lot and out toward the snow-slick road. Exhaust curls into the cold air.

EXT.TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

ANGEL ON" A BLACK BUICK

Two LATINO MEN (30s) sit inside. Armed. Watchful. Tension coils in the air.

The Buick driver, eyes Jason's rig in the distance. Cold and calculating.

The Jewel Thief, more volatile, taps his fingers on a worn pistol in his lap.

BUICK DRIVER
(low, skeptical)
You really think the diamonds are
in there?

JEWEL THIEF
(nods toward the semi)
Follow him.

The driver doesn't hesitate. He shifts into drive.

The Buick's tires screech on the frost as they peel out, merging onto the same stretch of mountain road behind Jason.

EXT.ALASKAN HIGHWAY - SNOWY MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

Jason's semi climbs the icy incline. The engine groans beneath him. Snow taps against the windshield like static.

INT.JASON'S CAB - CONTINUOUS

Rock music thumps the stereo - Jason bobs his head, eyes scanning.

The dog tags sway with each bump. He looks tired but centered-a man who's been through war and still finds calm in motion.

He rubs the corner of his eye, then glances in the rearview mirror.

The Buick comes into view. Jason notices-a flick of the eyes to the mirror, subtle tension in his jaw.

EXT.MOUNTAIN LOOP - MOMENTS LATER

A rusted Ford pickup barrels up. Behind it-a second semi, enormous and snarling with power.

INT.CHASING SEMI - CONTINUOUS

The Semi Driver (40s, bearded) smirks, his face weathered and dangerous.

He lifts his 12-gauge shotgun gun from the floorboard like a favorite toy.

He slams the horn-a massive BLAAARRRH...rips the air.

INT.JASON'S CAB - SAME TIME

Jason's eyes snap to the mirror.

His brow furrows. A muscle in his cheek twitches.

JASON
(low, controlled)
What are you after?

EXT.ICY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The chasing semi swerves-hits ice. Gun falls to the floor.

The rig nearly jackknifes.

Inside the cab: The driver's grin falters, panic flickers-then hardens into a snarl.

He regains control, breathes heavy.

SEMI DRIVER
(gritted teeth, amped)
Yeah!

He slaps the dash with satisfaction.

INT.JASON'S CAB - MOMENTS LATER

Jason opens the glove box-hand shaking just a touch, a micro-tremor.

He grabs the Colt.357 Magnum, knee to the steering wheel, starts loading.

Rock music still blares, but his focus tunnels in.

EXT.DENALI MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The Ford and Buick open fire.

INT.JASON'S CAB - CONTINUOUS

Jason jerks the wheel. Bullets ping across the cab.

He winches, breath heavy. A shot shatters his passenger mirror-glass rains.

Jason keeps his head low, fingers tightening around the wheel.

He leans out, eyes narrowed-then:

POW! POW! POW!

EXT.DENALI MOUNTAIN ROAD - SAME TIME

The Ford driver's head snaps back.

EXT.CLIFF'S EDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Ford swerves sharply. Tires catch the lip of the frozen shoulder.

The rear of the truck LIFTS-then the whole thing tips-

ANGEL: WIDE SHOT

The pickup flips-end over end-off the mountain.

CRASH!

It slams into boulders below and EXPLODES, fire licking up into the snowy sky.

INT.BUICK - MOMENTS LATER

JEWEL THIEF
(voice rising)
Pull back!

The driver's hands tremble. Blood drains from his face.

BUICK DRIVER
(breathless)
He's not backing down...

EXT.ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jason slams the brakes.

Snow erupts outward.

He pulls up next to the Buick. He glares at them-rage without shouting, just fury honed by discipline.

INT.BUICK - SAME TIME

BUICK DRIVER (CONT'D)
(frightened yell)
Oh, shit!

POW! POW!

The driver screams-a bullet tears through his arm. His scream is ragged, full of surprise and pain.

BUICK DRIVER (CONT'D)
(crying out)
AHHHH! Son of a bitch!

He clutches his arm. His breath comes in shallow gasps. Eyes glossy, body shaking.

JEWEL THIEF
(looking at the blood)
What the fuck happened?

BUICK DRIVER
(yelling, terrified)
I got shot! What do you think?!

INT.JASON'S CAB - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Jason stares-jaw clenched, breathing slower than he should be. The Marine in him knows how to pace panic.

He mutters to himself-not for fear, but control.

JASON
(low)
Wrong day, wrong rig.

EXT.HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Semi Driver eats potato chips from the bag on the dash, licks his fingers, grins.

He's savoring this.

Grabs his shotgun, leans out the window.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

INT.JASON'S CAB - SAME TIME

Jason winches. The cab rocks. He checks the mirror-sees six more vehicles flying around the bend.

His eyes flick-worry. He reaches for his CB.

JASON (CONT'D)

(into radio)

This is Retired Master Sergeant
Jason Storm. Denali Park Road-
approaching Mile 15. I'm under
attack. Multiple assailants. I need
back up. Now!

Silence.

Only static.

The weight of it sinks into him. He stares ahead, knuckles white on the wheel.

JASON (CONT'D)

(low to himself)

Copy that...I'm on my own.

He exhales through his nose. Eyes close for a beat-like pressing reset on a survival instinct.

He opens them. The warriors back.

Jason looks up.

EXT.DENALI PARK ROAD - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Distant engine growls pierce the wind.

More headlights appear behind the pursuing semi.

Three cars break formation and fan out-flanking left and right of Jason's truck.

Snow sprays. Tires spin. The wolves have circled.

INT.JASON'S CAB - MOMENTS LATER

Jason's eyes dart left, then right.

JASON (CONT'D)
(intense)
You're all in now...

He yanks the wheel left-hard.

EXT.MOUNTAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jason's rig swerves violently-his trailer SMASHES into a Sedan, flipping it off the cliff.

CRASH-THUD-METAL SHATTERS

It spirals downward into the icy rocks below.

The car behind it swerves to avoid, fishtailing on the ice.

BANG! BANG! BANG! - gunfire from both flanks.

INT.JASON'S CAB - CONTINUOUS

Jason ducks, flinching as bullets slice into the passenger side window.

Glass shatters into the ice-cold wind.

EXT.HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

A third vehicle pulls up-too fast.

Jason slams right, T-boning the car. It spins, skidding beneath the trailer.

CRUNCH-the semi rolls over it.

INT.JASON'S CAB - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The steering wheel jerks. Jason grits his teeth, knuckles turning red.

Blood on his cheek from glass shards. Eyes wild, but not afraid-dialed in.

He leans out the driver's window-POW! POW!

A car's windshield bursts. The driver slumps forward, dead.

His vehicle veers into a spruce tree-shatters on impact-flips down the ravine.

EXT.MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Only a few enemy vehicles remain.

INT.JASON'S CAB - CONTINUOUS

Jason looks in the rearview mirror-the second semi is pulling back.

Jason squints-breathing hard.

He dares to feel a second of hope.

He exhales, shaking his head. A ghost of a smile creeps in-
A beat.

WHAM!

The semi-SLAMs into the right side.

Jason's grin dies instantly. He's jolted hard-body thrown sideways against the door.

JASON
(grunting)
You son of a-

EXT.ROAD - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Jason retaliates-turns the wheel left, slamming back into the enemy semi.

The two beasts collide-steel on steel-scraping, roaring like monsters.

The enemy driver leans forward with a wicked grin, enjoying it.

They trade hits like titans until-

The enemy semi-SLAMs Jason's truck again-harder.

Jason's rig slides-skids-tips.

INT.JASON'S CAB - CONTINUOUS

Everything tilts.

The world turns sideways-then upside down.

Jason's body hangs in the cab as his truck flips to its side, sliding dangerously toward the cliff edge.

Outside the windshield-empty sky.

EXT.CLIFFSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Jason's semi hangs halfway over a 100-foot drop. The trailer teeters behind it.

Jason is hanging by the door. His legs dangle.

Blood runs down his temple.

Old wrappers from food and his Colt tumble into the void.

His CB dangles beside him.

His arms shake-not with fear, but with the weight of survival.

JASON
(grunting)
C'mon...move...

He reaches for the doorframe-slips. Tries again.

Muscles strain. He pulls.

EXT.ROAD ABOVE - SAME TIME

The second semi screeches to a stop.

The driver jumps down, cocking his shotgun, walking slowly toward Jason's rig.

Behind him-TWO MORE VEHICLES pull up.

One of them...the black Buick.

Doors swing open. The Jewel Thief emerges with the Buick driver, wounded but alive.

Four more gunmen join-all armed. All hunting.

EXT.CLIFFSIDE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The snow swirls, but Jason's breath is heavier than the wind.

His truck groans under its own weight-the front cab hanging over the abyss.

Jason, clinging to the edge of the driver's door, grunts with effort.

His face is bruised, bloodied-his uniform darkened by sweat and snow.

He pulls himself up, inch by inch, muscles trembling.

JASON (CONT'D)
I'm not dying in a ditch. Not today.

He grits down and throws his upper body over the cab's ledge-rolls across the snow-covered road, gasping.

Behind him, the rig CREAKS, shifting further toward the cliff.

Jason doesn't look back. He knows the risk-he's lived worse.

EXT.MOUNTAIN ROAD ABOVE - MOMENTS LATER

The enemy semi driver advances, shotgun loaded.

Behind him, the driver of the Buick, still holding his shoulder, limps forward beside the Jewel Thief and two more gunmen.

They fan out with military precision.

The Semi Driver gestures with two fingers, circling in the air-a command.

SEMI DRIVER
(nods)
We flank. End him clean.

They advance.

EXT.SIDE OF JASON'S TRAILER - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Jason crawls along the shadow of his own trailer.

He pulls his Glock 26 from the back of his jeans.

He pauses. Breathes. Calms his mind.

His eyes flick-tactical, surgical.

JASON
(low, to himself)
Just like Taliban...

EXT.FRONT OF SEMI - CONTINUOUS

The attackers' approach-slowly. Weapons raised. Eyes locked on the front cab.

The Semi Driver signals: wait.

They close in... but Jason isn't there.

EXT.SIDE OF TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Jason steps out from cover like a shadow in the snow.

BANG! BANG!

Two gunmen drop instantly-clean shots to the head.

Blood mists into the cold air. Their bodies fold into the snow.

The remaining attackers snap around, startled.

SEMI DRIVER

(eyes wide)

What the-

They open fire.

Jason dives behind the trailer, bullets peppering the frame like hail.

He reloads, chest heaving. Blood trickles into his eyes, and he wipes it with the back of a trembling hand.

INT.JASON'S HEADSPACE - FLASH CUTS

- . Sandstorm in Afghanistan.
- . Fellow soldier's face-eyes wide, then gone.
- . A younger Jason, screaming into radio static.
- . A folded flag.

BACK TO PRESENT

Jason's eyes ignite.

EXT.REAR OF THE TRAILER - SECONDS LATER

FOOTSTEPS-CRUNCH.

The Semi Driver, the Jewel Thief, and the Buick Driver creep toward the rear of Jason's trailer-eyes scanning every corner.

Jason watches from behind a tire, breath slow.

Then-he steps out, pivoting fast.

BANG! BANG!

The Buick Driver is struck in the throat and chest.
He staggers, blood jetting from his neck like a fountain.
He gargles, collapses. Dead before he hits the ground.

JEWEL THIEF
(eyes wide, shaking)
No!

He raises his pistol-BANG!

Jason shoots him in the shoulder. The gun flies from his hand. He drops, screaming in pain.

SEMI DRIVER
(yelling)
Finish him!

But before he can aim-

WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHUP!

The sky splits.

EXT.SKY ABOVE - CONTINUOUS

A military helicopter descends hard.
Rotors churn the snow like a blizzard.
A spotlight hits the attackers.

MILITARY OFFICER 1 (O.S.)
(via loudspeaker)
DROP YOUR WEAPONS! HANDS BEHIND
YOUR HEADS!

The Semi Driver and the Jewel Thief freeze.

They look at each other-one nod of defeat.

They drop their weapons.

EXT.CLIFFSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

The helicopter hovers low. Two soldiers rappel down, M240s drawn.

Four police cruisers arrive behind them, tires spinning on ice.

Doors open. Officers fan out, weapons trained.

MILITARY OFFICER 2
(shouting)
DOWN ON YOUR KNEES!

The Jewel Thief, clutching his shoulder, groans-drops slowly.

The Semi Driver kneels, glaring at Jason across the snow.

Jason just watches. Still. Breathing.

His weapon lowers to the ground.

MILITARY OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)
(approaching, gentler)
Sergeant Storm-you good?

Jason looks up-nods once, slow.

JASON
(still breathing heavy)
Took you long enough.

The officer chuckles, reaches out a hand.

Jason shakes it-firm, familiar.

MILITARY OFFICER 2
Just like Kandahar, huh?

Jason grins faintly.

JASON
No... colder.

EXT.ARREST - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Police move in. Hand cuffs-click as the Semi Driver and the Jewel Thief are restrained and hauled to their feet.

The Jewel Thief moans softly from his wound as medics rush in.

EXT.CLIFF - WIDER VIEW - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Snow falls again-peaceful now.

The wreckage tells the story: twisted metal, scattered shell casings, black scorch marks against the white slope.

But Jason-bloodied, bruised, standing-is still here.

MILITARY OFFICER 1
(into radio)
Target secure. Two suspects in
custody. One KIA. Civilians safe.
Airlift standing by.

EXT.JASON - CLOSE-UP

He looks to the distant valley, the wind in his face.

INT.JASON'S CAB - CONTINUOUS

The dog tags flutter slightly in the wind.

EXT.DENALI MOUNTAIN - SAME TIME

"Bodies" by Drowning Pool kicks in low-aggressive yet
victorious.

Jason turns slowly, walking back toward the cab of his
wrecked rig.

The camera pulls wide as the chopper lifts, rotors
thundering overhead.

The blue and red police lights swirl through the fog.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD:

SHOTGUN