

PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA

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EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

SUPER: COLORADO - STATE HIGHWAY 5 - 1999.

Tall pines, blowing snow, headlights. An eighteen wheeler crests a hill.

As it whips by, we get a view of THE RIG in all its glory.

A mean machine: Immaculate deep green paint job detailed with anaconda scales. On the hood, big, menacing yellow eyes.

On the driver's door, a giant anaconda wrestles a bear, 'DON'T TREAD ON ME' in bold text. On the other door, a woman with an enormous ass, more text reads: 'THIS ANACONDA DON'T WANT NONE.'

INT. THE ANACONDA - NIGHT

Anaconda leather seats and steering wheel, ivory ashtray, two posters taped to the ceiling: Vanna White and Olivia Newton John.

An alligator bobblehead, complete with sun hat, sunglasses, and ukulele, bobbles away happily.

A big black hand with three gold rings taps a Marlboro Red into the ivory ashtray and returns to the soft familiar leather of the steering wheel.

The hand belongs to JACKSON (20s), flannel jacket, brown leather vest, big black stetson. A long satisfying drag from his cigarette reveals two gold teeth.

He sings along with Charley Pride.

JACKSON

Im not the worst or the best, Im
just meee.

He lights up another Marlboro as The Anaconda passes a SIGN:

'HIGHWAY 5 - THE HIGHEST PAVED ROAD IN NORTH AMERICA -
ELEVATION 14,264 FT.'

Then another SIGN, text below an image of a WINDING ROAD:

'WARNING: DRIVE WITH EXTREME CAUTION.'

Jackson lets off the gas pedal.

EXT. HIGHWAY 5 - NIGHT

The Anaconda speeds by, blowing snow from a THIRD SIGN, revealing the text:

'SEASONAL ROAD CLOSURE IN EFFECT.'

A light atop the sign - which presumably should be flashing orange - sits dark.

Jackson speeds by, oblivious.

INT. THE ANACONDA - NIGHT

The alligator bobblehead dances to Conway Twitty and Loretta Lynn.

JACKSON
Louisiana Woman, Mississippi Man!
We get together every time we can--

The radio fizzles with STATIC.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Got dang radio.

He fiddles with the knob, no use. Then, headlights in the driver's side mirror. Jackson has to squint they're so bright.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
What the hell?

EXT. HIGHWAY 5 - NIGHT

Snow whips across the road, another RIG rides right behind The Anaconda, too close for the best conditions. She's all black, tinted windows, chrome accents, no distinguishing marks.

INT. THE ANACONDA - NIGHT

Jackson checks his mirror.

JACKSON
Looks like someone's in a hurry.

Jackson reaches for his CB radio.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 Let's see what the rush is all about.
 (Into the CB)
 Break.
 (Static)
 This is Anaconda. I'm creepin' down the High Five right now pullin' a Rocky Mountain Double and just picked myself up a particularly aggressive bumper sticker. Come back.

More STATIC. Jackson raises The CB handset to his mouth once more.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 This is Whiskey Jack live from inside The Anaconda... tellin' whoever's ridin' my ass they best ease up off the floor if they wanna stay shiny side up, ya feel me?

Jackson releases the CB, the only response, more STATIC.

Behind the Anaconda, the Mystery Rig lays on the HORN. Two long BLASTS.

EXT. HIGHWAY 5 - NIGHT

Both Rigs round a bend in the road. Tall pine trees give way to starry night sky.

On the left side of the two lane road, steep rocky mountains. On the right, a straight drop, one hundred meters down.

The Mystery Rig BUMPS The Anaconda's trailer and lays on the HORN again.

INT. THE ANACONDA - NIGHT

Jackson fights for control of his Rig, both hands grip the leather wheel.

JACKSON
 (Into the CB)
 This is The Anaconda on the High Five! Say again--

The Mystery Rig rams The Anaconda again. Jackson Drops the CB handset.

He reaches around for it, keeping control of eighty-eight thousand pounds with the other hand.

EXT. HIGHWAY 5 - NIGHT

The Mystery Rig rams The Anaconda's trailer again and again as the two trucks plow down the icy highway. Past another sign:

'SHARP TURN AHEAD.'

INT. THE ANACONDA - NIGHT

Jackson gets his hand on the chord of the CB and pulls, to find the handset stuck beneath the brake pedal.

Pulling with one hand, steering with the other. Eyes on the road, then the handset.

UP AHEAD, the sharp bend in the road, a thin steel barrier the only separation between icy asphalt and the thousand foot drop.

JACKSON

Hang on girl!

Jackson slams both feet on the brake pedal so hard the handset shatters beneath it. One hand gripping the wheel, he down shifts hard and applies the air breaks.

EXT. HIGHWAY 5 - NIGHT

The grill of The Mystery Rig presses firmly against The Anaconda's trailer, applying all its force.

Brakes SQUEEL and smoke. The Anaconda CREAKS and GROANS as every fibre of its mechanical being resists the forward momentum.

The Mystery Rig's diesel engine ROARS. Its dual chrome exhausts belch black smoke and flame.

Up ahead, the bend approaches.

INT. THE ANACONDA - NIGHT

The whole cab shakes and rattles. The sun visor drops down revealing a faded polaroid of a WOMAN (30s) and CHILD (7). Jackson's hands are glued to the steering wheel, his eyes to the sharp bend up ahead.

JACKSON
Come on baby, come on!

Jackson wrenches the wheel hard right.

EXT. HIGHWAY 5 - NIGHT

The Anaconda goes into the turn too fast, The Mystery Rig forcing it from behind.

The tractor makes the turn but the trailer whips around hard over the edge, shredding the thin steel barrier.

INT. THE ANACONDA - NIGHT

Jackson throws The Anaconda in gear and puts the gas pedal to the floor. The diesel engine ROARS.

EXT. HIGHWAY 5 - NIGHT

The Anaconda's trailer slips back over the edge of the cliff. The engine CHOKES and SPUTTERS, unable to compete with the force of gravity.

INT. THE ANACONDA - NIGHT

Jackson watches helplessly as the black and chrome Mystery Rig makes the turn and drives off down Highway 5. All taillights and no remorse.

He looks at the Woman and Child hanging from the sun visor, and reaches for his pack of smokes on the dash.

JACKSON
Huh, last one.

EXT. HIGHWAY 5 - NIGHT

The weight of the trailer pulls The Anaconda's cab over the edge of the cliff.

INT. THE ANACONDA - NIGHT

The cab is in free fall. Jackson lights his last smoke and takes a long satisfying haul.

JACKSON
That is smooth--

A MASSIVE FIREBALL consumes everything inside the cab.

EXT. HIGHWAY 5 - NIGHT

The Anaconda breaks apart in flames, tumbling to the bottom.

The wind howls and snow blows across Highway 5.

Nothing but the trees and the clear night sky.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

SUPER: MISSISSIPPI.

A new sky, grey and dismal, pours rain down onto a coffin as it is lowered into the ground.

Next to the grave, A LITTLE BOY (7), black, over-sized baby blue suit, looks on, tears in his eyes.

His right hand holds a small toy, his left hand holds the hand of his MOTHER (20s), split ends and her only black dress.

The Woman and Child from the photo.

A PRIEST (50s), the funeral's only other attendee, stands at the foot of the grave, holding an umbrella.

PRIEST

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust...

The Little Boy squeezes his Mother's hand. She yanks it free, removes a cigarette from a silver tin and lights up, bored.

The Coffin disappears beneath the ground.

LITTLE BOY

Papa!

He runs to the edge of the grave.

LITTLE BOY (CONT'D)

Papa one day I'm gon' be the
greatest trucker alive just like
you were!

His Mother steps forward and grabs her son's arm, pulling him from the edge.

MOTHER

Like hell you are boy! Come over here!

But The Little Boy's got some fight in him, pulling away with all his might, oversized dress shoes sliding in the mud.

LITTLE BOY

No! I wanna go with Papa to truckin' heaven!

His Mother pulls once more and The Little Boy drops the toy into the grave. A small truck, shiny and green.

The Little Boy is dragged away as the first pile of dirt buries the coffin, and the little truck on top.

The rain pours down in sheets on The Little Boy and his Mother as she pulls him by the arm through the headstones.

The boy CRIES and CRIES.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BIG ED'S TRUCK DRIVING ACADEMY - DAY

SUPER: PRESENT DAY.

FREDDY (25) - that little boy who tried to throw himself into a grave done grew up - though his tattered clothes suggest no improvement in his situation.

He sits at the end of a row of chairs among a half dozen other WANNABE TRUCKERS.

A SECRETARY steps out from behind a door studying a clipboard.

SECRETARY

Freddy Jackson?

Freddy rockets to his feet and follows the secretary through the door.

INT. TRAINING TRUCK - DAY

Freddy climbs up into the driver's seat and looks over to see his DRIVING INSTRUCTOR (30s), the kind of man who has had more clip on ties than romantic partners.

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR
Alright, let's take it nice and
easy.

Freddy nods and nervously turns the truck on. He pushes forward on the shifter.

The truck lurches forward with a terrible grinding sound. The Driving Instructor tuts and scribbles something on the clip board.

Freddy corrects his mistake and the rig pulls forward, smoothly this time.

INT. TRAINING TRUCK - LATER

The truck pulls back into the lot and stops. Freddy turns off the ignition and looks hopefully toward The Driving Instructor.

FREDDY
Well, did I--

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR
Pass? No, you did not.

FREDDY
What? How? I did everything right!

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR
Five over the speed limit is
certainly not alright.

FREDDY
Five...?

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR
Yes. I'm afraid you'll need to take
the test again.

FREDDY
But I can't afford that! Do you
know how long it took me to save to
take this one?

DRIVING INSTRUCTOR
Fortunately that is not my problem.
Now, if you don't mind, we need the
truck for the next test.

Freddy opens the door and climbs down out of the cab.

INT. FREDDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Freddy slinks through the door. Wallpaper stained with decades of tobacco peel from the walls. Dishes pile up in the sink.

A thin hand taps a Marlboro Red into a can of Bud Light.

ROXANNE (40s), Freddy's mother and time's worst enemy, apparently, stares daggers from the kitchen table.

ROXANNE
You're home early.

FREDDY
I failed.

ROXANNE
Oh thank Jesus. Some good news at least.

FREDDY
I said I failed.

ROXANNE
I heard whatcha said. When you' gonna learn boy? That truckin' Daddy o' yours was no good. Now I don't have to worry bout you bein' anymore like him than you already are.

FREDDY
Don't you talk 'bout Daddy like that.

ROXANNE
Oh yeah? If he was so great how come we're livin' in this dump? How come we ain't got no money? How come he died?!

Roxanne cries like hound outside a waffle house.

FREDDY
Now come on Mama! Everything's gonna be alright.

ROXANNE
No it ain't! I came back from the doctors today, and I got the cancer.

FREDDY
Mama no! How'd this happen?

Roxanne drops the butt of her smoke into the can and immediately lights another.

ROXANNE
(A deep haul)
I dunno son. Probably them damn vaccines. But I ain't got the money for the treatment. Probably die tomorrow for all I know.

FREDDY
Now Mama that ain't true! I been doin' some more research into Daddy's death. If we could prove someone liable, that could--

ROXANNE
--Freddy stop! Ain't no one lawyerable for your no good truckin' Daddy's death but your no good truckin' Daddy. He's the one done drove off that cliff leavin' us with nothin'. Now I'm gon' die, and you gon' be a lil' orphan.

Freddy holds his Mother tight as she SOBS.

FREDDY
We'll figure somthin' out Mama.
We'll figure somethin' out.

Roxanne hauls on the Marlboro Red and takes a sip of Bud.

INT. FREDDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On bare walls, tattered magazine cutouts of Kenworth Rigs. Clint Eastwood stares down from an *Every Which Way but Loose* poster.

Freddy sits down on his bed, sighs, and thinks for a moment.

He gets down on his knees and reaches around underneath.

Freddy sits back down on his bed, sets the box beside him and looks at it.

INT. JACKSON'S TRAILER - DAY - FLASHBACK

YOUNGER FREDDY (7) sits at a table littered with empty Bud cans.

YOUNGER ROXANNE (20s), having yet to start her feud with time, wears a sweat stained undershirt. A Marlboro Red dangles from her mouth, a trash bag from her hand.

She storms around the trailer throwing everything not bolted down into the bag. Younger Freddy watches.

YOUNGER ROXANNE
Junk, junk, nothin but junk. That
no good truckin' Daddy o' yours.

She stuffs some ancient photos, like Civil War era, of an old man and woman into the bag. The glass SHATTERS.

YOUNGER ROXANNE (CONT'D)
Shoulda just burned it like I said.
Damn big government.

Younger Roxanne looks to Younger Freddy.

YOUNGER ROXANNE (CONT'D)
Why dontcha make yourself useful
and go clean out yer Daddy's room.

She thrusts a black garbage bag into his hands. Freddy makes his way to the back of the trailer to the bedroom.

YOUNGER ROXANNE (CONT'D)
You find any women in there just
give em' a poke n' tell em' your
name's Freddy and your Daddy drove
off a cliff so they gotsta find
somewhere else to stay.

YOUNGER FREDDY
My name's Freddy and my Daddy drove
over a cliff.

YOUNGER ROXANNE
That's my boy.

INT. JACKSON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK

Younger Freddy pulls open the top drawer of a dresser, nothing but flannel and Hustler mags.

Younger Freddy opens the closet. Latoya Jackson, Betsy Russel Joan Jet and Christina Applegate stare down at him with sultry eyes.

Younger Freddy pulls open the middle drawer, a bald eagle spreads its wings, SCREAMS and flies out the open window.

Younger Freddy looks down. There, in the drawer, a metal box.

YOUNGER ROXANNE

Freddy!

Younger Freddy slams the drawer closed and turns to the door just as Younger Roxanne appears.

YOUNGER ROXANNE (CONT'D)

Find anything to pawn?

Younger Freddy shakes his head, no.

YOUNGER ROXANNE (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Man ain't never done nothin' worth while in his life.

INT. FREDDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

His Mother's voice echoes in his head.

YOUNGER ROXANNE (O.S.)

Nothin'!

Freddy opens the box. Inside, yellowed newspaper clippings: *The Anaconda Strikes again - State Troopers baffled, Trucking's Bad Boy, The End of An Era.*

Polaroids too: Women in daisy dukes, Truckers and bikers smile for the camera, Jackson leaning against The Anaconda - Better times.

Freddy flips through the photographs and sighs again.

He goes to return them to the box, but accidentally knocks it off the bed. It hits the floor with a CRACK.

FREDDY

Shit.

He gets to his knees to find the box in one piece, but it RATTLES as he picks it up.

Freddy looks inside.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

What the?

He turns the box over and shakes. Sure enough, a false bottom falls out, followed by another polaroid. It flutters onto the pile face down.

Freddy picks up the polaroid with shaking hands and turns it over.

Jackson leans against a SHINY RED RIG next to a WOMAN (20s), wearing a flannel shirt and denim vest. There is text painted on the truck, but only the first letters of each word are visible.

P, P, M.

Freddy squints at the photo, in the background, a blurry SIGN reads THE SALTY DAWG SALOON.

EXT. BRIGG'S RIGS - NIGHT

SUPER: ARIZONA.

Tractor trailers come and go, stopping at a security gate to be checked. Next to the gate, a sign:

'BRIGG'S RIGS INTERNATIONAL - NORTH AMERICA'S *SECOND* LARGEST SHIPPING COMPANY'

Inside the walls, a parking lot teeming with trucks, hundreds of trucks.

The parking lot leads to a large, multi-story complex.

INT. BRIGG'S RIGS - TYSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dark Wood accents, bear skin rug. Walls lined with the heads of animals with one thing in common, Browning Arms.

A large oak desk sits in the center, on top of which a model transport truck and a gold placard that reads

'TYSON BRIGG - C.E.O'

Behind the desk sits the man himself. TYSON BRIGG (40s), white Stetson, grey mustache, black bolo tie. Basically there are ancient bonsai forests less cultivated than his look.

Across the oak desk in a studded leather armchair sits MAX (40s), head of R&D, one of em' slick big city types. Dallas, not New York.

TYSON

I'm madder'n Hell! And I ain't gonna take it no more!

MAX

You mentioned that.

TYSON

Well don't make me mention it again! Should be readin my god damn mind for what I'm payin' you!

MAX

I told ya when you thought your wife was cheatin' on ya, that technology doesn't exist yet.

TYSON

Well I didn't need no John Malkovich brain tunnel to see she was bangin' ol' Cousin Leo on the side.

(On Max's reaction)

He ain't actually her cousin, just a nickname. Still pretty weird I guess. What was I sayin'?

MAX

You're madder n' Hell.

TYSON

Yer God damn right I am! And do you know why? I'll tell ya why. Cause for the last ten years, I've had to stare at that abomination!

MAX

Me n' Sally-May only been together seven years, and I told her to stop comin' by for--

TYSON

--The sign! That God damn sign! 'Second Best.' It's an embarrassment! Should say 'First Best!

MAX

Technically 'best' already implies--

TYSON

--I don't care what best implies. I care what second best implies. And do you know what it implies?

MAX

That you're almost--

TYSON

--That we're a bunch of failures!
Every one of us! And until we
manage to cut some costs around
here, it's gonna stay that way!

MAX

Have you looked at the drivers?

TYSON

What?

MAX

How much are you paying them? Fat
slobs, lounging around in their
cabs all day. Overtime, benefits,
insurance? How much are they
sponging from you?

TYSON

Well, ya need drivers.

MAX

Do you? Do you really?

TYSON

Not this again.

MAX

You wanna cut costs. My prototypes
have been on the road for years;
learning, growing, adapting. The
algorithm is ready, so ready in
fact I even installed it in my own
car. If the entire fleet would be
equipped with--

TYSON

--Now there ain't no way in Hell
that's legal.

MAX

You gonna let what's legal stop you
from bein' the best? Numero - uno?
Or you just gonna let Cousin Vinny
bang your next wife? The world is
catching up, and if we don't deploy
now, we'll lose our edge.

Tyson leans back in his chair, deep in thought.

TYSON
But what about the drivers?

MAX
What about em'? They've been
leechin' off you long enough far as
I'm concerned. The world is
changing, and if they can't adapt,
well that's on them.

Tyson looks out the window to the glowing sign out front.

TYSON
How long would it take? To get
every truck set up with your
aneurysm?

Max smiles.

INT. THE SALTY DAWG SALOON - NIGHT

SUPER: THREE WEEKS LATER

Van Halen's Jump blares from the jukebox. BIKER GANGS drink and yell and have a good time.

Freddy pushes through the door and looks around nervously.

He makes eye contact with a few angry looking Bikers in HELL'S FURY jackets and quickly looks away.

A bottle SMASHES into the wall next to Freddy's head. Across the bar, more Bikers in ROAD SINNERS jackets laugh hysterically.

Freddy approaches the bar where JACK (70s), dustier than Woody Guthrie's guitar, polishes glasses with his shirt.

JACK
What can I get ya?

FREDDY
I'm actually looking for someone.

Jack's eyes narrow.

JACK
I'd look elsewhere. If you catch my
drift.

Jack goes to turn around.

FREDDY
Wait! Please.

Freddy reaches into his pocket and removes the polaroid

FREDDY (CONT'D)
I just need to know if you know
this woman.

Jack leans in for a closer look, annoyed. His eyes widen.

JACK
Where'd you get this?

FREDDY
Belonged to my father. My name's
Freddy. Freddy Jackson.

JACK
Well I'll be damned.

FREDDY
Please. I need to find whoever this
is. I know this woman knew my
Daddy, and somethin' deep down
tells me she can help. But there
ain't no information online 'bout
her.

Jack sighs.

JACK
Look, yeah, I may know her, she may
be the most gifted woman to ever
sit behind the wheel, but don't
nobody know where she lives, and
she likes it that way.

Jack hands Freddy a beer.

JACK (CONT'D)
This one's on the house.
(beat)
Your Daddy was one hell of a man.

Freddy nods and sips his beer.

INT. BIKER BAR - MORNING

Light streams through grimy windows, giving the empty bar an eerie glow. Face down where we left him, surrounded by a dozen empty pint glasses, Freddy.

Freddy opens his eyes to see Jack hobbling back down the bar. He sits up and looks around.

Finally, Freddy looks down, and notices a sharp white edge poking out from under one of the glasses.

He picks it up, eyes it and turns it over to reveal a note:

'Take Cherry Blossom Rd to the dead end. Follow the path to the brook. Follow the brook up into the mountains. She'll find you.'

Freddy looks to Jack excitedly. Jack pays him no mind.

Freddy bolts from the bar, Jack smiles to himself.

EXT. VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS - DAY

Freddy makes his way up the rough and rocky terrain. Beside him, a thin stream bubbles down the mountain and out of sight.

Freddy trips and falls. He looks up, face to face with a cottonmouth rattlesnake!

Freddy screams, scrambles to his feet and takes off running.

EXT. VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS - LATER

The sun hangs low in the sky. Twigs and branches snap back into Freddy's face as he pushes through the trees.

A few scrapes on his face and a torn sleeve.

The mountains are eerily quiet. Until, a HISSING comes from somewhere in the trees.

Freddy spins around and does a little anti-snake dance. But the sound isn't coming from a snake.

Freddy pushes through the trees into a small clearing. Concealed by some bushes, an ancient copper still, hard at work.

Freddy looks around, not a soul in sight. He takes a step toward the still.

CLICK. Freddy freezes in his tracks.

ANNIE

Slowly turn.

Freddy turns, looks into the woods. Still nothing.

Then, like Predator, ANNIE (40s) - Orphan Annie to those in the know - appears from the bush in full camouflage. Parker break-action trained on Freddy.

She spits a wad of beechnut and eyes Freddy with suspicion.

FREDDY
Oh jeez, please don't kill me.

ANNIE
What are ya doin' here?

FREDDY
My name's Freddy. Freddy Jackson.

ANNIE
(Spits again)
Didn't ask ya who ya were. Asked
what you were doin' here.

FREDDY
I'm lookin' for, well, you I think.

Freddy reaches for his back pocket. Annie raises her gun.

ANNIE
Don't do that.

Freddy raises his other hand and cautiously continues reaching for his pocket.

Ever so slowly, he holds up the polaroid against Annie standing ten paces away, comparing their likeness.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
You got 'bout five seconds--

FREDDY
--My name's Freddy Jackson. My
Daddy was Jackson Jackson.

Annie lowers both barrels.

ANNIE
The Anaconda.

FREDDY
That's right.
(beat)
And you're...

ANNIE

Nobody.

FREDDY

You ain't nobody.

ANNIE

Who am I then?

Freddy hesitates.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Exactly. Now you best get down the mountain before dark.

FREDDY

I ain't goin' back down the mountain.

Annie raises her gun again.

ANNIE

Yes, y'are.

FREDDY

But I'm--

ANNIE

--Already gettin' a privilege I don't afford to most. Now get gone.

Freddy takes a step back, almost turns.

FREDDY

(To himself)

No.

(louder)

No! Everybody tells me I ain't smart enough, that I ain't never gonna be nothin'. They say, 'how could the son of some suicidal trucker ever be somethin'? Well he weren't suicidal! He loved truckin' and someone done run him off the road. And now my Mama's got the cancer and I gotta prove who done it or she gone die and I'm gone be a lil' orphan. Now I may not be the smartest, but I am gonna do somethin' with my life; I'm gonna save my father's legacy. But I need your help.

Freddy catches his breath, Annie lowers her gun.

INT. ANNIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Annie's cabin is one room: An '60s era fridge next to a sink and chopping block makes up the kitchen. A tattered leather recliner and coffee table, the living room.

Three guns sit propped next to the door like umbrellas: A Winchester '94 30/30 lever action, a Remington 700 and the Parker break-action from earlier.

In the corner, a wood stove CRACKLES softly beneath the sounds of intermittent CB RADIO CHATTER. In the opposite corner, a thirteen inch tube T.V. Covered in two inches of dust.

Freddy sits on a small stool watching Annie pour clear liquid from a mason jar into two filthy glasses, one of which she hands to Freddy.

She sits down in the recliner across from him. On the coffee table, the polaroid.

ANNIE

You're sayin' he was murdered?

FREDDY

That's exactly what I'm sayin'.
I've read all them newspaper
clippings 'bout my Daddy, he was
the best, and I know he didn't
drive off no cliff on accident or
on purpose.

Annie takes a long drink from her glass.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

And you know he didn't neither.

ANNIE

I don't know nothin' for certain.

FREDDY

Well I do.

Freddy reaches into his bag and removes a blank VHS tape.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

And I got proof.
(looks around)
Got somethin' we can play this on?

Annie gestures to an ancient VCR and dusty television in the corner.

Freddy hooks up the two long forgotten devices, and inserts the blank tape.

The SCREEN goes blue.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
You ready?

ANNIE
I guess.

Freddy presses play, and steps back.

ON THE SCREEN

Security camera footage from a TRUCK STOP. The time stamp at the bottom reads, 12/02/99. Trucks come and go: Filling up at the pump, parking to grab some food or take a leak.

Finally, The Anaconda pulls up. Jackson exits and starts filling his Rig with sweet, premium diesel. Once satisfied, he heads into the truck stop.

IN ANNIE'S CABIN

Annie squints at the grainy footage.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
What am I lookin' at?

FREDDY
Hold on, it's comin'.

Freddy looks back to the television.

ON THE SCREEN

Jackson emerges from the truck stop a moment later, cup of coffee in hand. He lights a smoke, gets in The Anaconda and pulls out of frame.

Thirty seconds later, a second truck pulls up to the pump. It's all black, shiny chrome accents, no distinguishing marks.

IN ANNIE'S CABIN

Freddy points to the screen.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Okay, okay watch!

Annie leans forward.

ON THE SCREEN

A long moment passes, but nobody exits the Rig. Instead, a small hatch opens and a mechanical arm reaches out, grabs the pump, and sucks it into the truck.

Another moment passes, the arm appears once again, replaces the handle to the pump, and disappears back inside the truck.

The black Rig pulls away from the pump and into the darkness.

The screen goes blue.

IN ANNIE'S CABIN

Freddy looks to Annie expectantly.

ANNIE

What was that?

FREDDY

The tape from the last truck stop
my Daddy visited the night he died.
Just before the climb to Highway 5.

ANNIE

Where'd you get it?

FREDDY

I figured I'd start at the scene of
the crime, so I hitchhiked to
Colorado first, told em' who I was
an asked 'em for the tape.

ANNIE

You got heart kid, I'll give ya
that. But this tape don't prove
nothin' other than some futuristic
truck gassed up after Jackson.

FREDDY

In all your years you ever hear
'bout a truck with no driver?

ANNIE

Just cause it's got some fancy
fillin' system don't mean there
weren't no driver.

FREDDY

But you gotta admit it's strange.
The night my Daddy, the best
trucker in the whole world, just
happens to go drivin' off a cliff,
this future truck just happens to
be on the same road at the same
time.

(beat)

It didn't even have no license
plate!

Annie downs the rest of her glass.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

And that ain't all! Look!

Freddy goes back to his bag and removes the folded papers.

He hands the papers to Annie.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Go on, look!

(beat)

Ever since I could go to the
library, I been doin' research on
truckin' deaths, and since 'bout
'99 there's been a clear pattern,
gettin' more frequent too.

(As Annie flips through the faces of each TRUCKER and their
destroyed rig, Freddy describes their demise.)

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Bradley Simpson, 2001. Drivin'
Yellow Death, run off The I-95 by
another Rig, never caught the
driver.

(then)

Wynona Henry, later that year.
Drivin' The Big Brown Beaver, drove
off The 75 into Lake Michigan, said
she was drunk, I know for a fact
she bin clean since '87.

(then)

M.C. ROAD, '03. Drivin' The Time
Machine, fiery pileup on the 69
just outside Muskogee. Witnesses
reported seein' a shiny black truck
drivin' away.

There are more pages but Annie sets them on the coffee table.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
There's almost twenty. Experienced
truckers just dyin' mysteriously.

ANNIE
My friends.

FREDDY
I'm, yeah. I'm sorry. I didn't mean
to...
(beat)
Look. These deaths, my Daddy's
death, they weren't no accidents.
Whoever's makin' these trucks is
responsible, and I gotta figure out
who it is if I'm gonna save my Mama
and stop em' from killin' any more
of yer friends. But I can't do it
alone.

Finally, mouth dry, Freddy reaches for his glass. He takes a
deep drink and SPRAYS the clear liquid across the room.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
What the Hell is that?

ANNIE
Homemade, you like it?

FREDDY
It's like fire.

Freddy sets the glass down.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
I know you used to drive, I'm
almost positive that's your rig in
my Daddy's picture.

ANNIE
Used to. Not anymore.

FREDDY
Why not?

Annie looks off into the distance. SQUEALING TIRES, BUSTING
GLASS, the PAINFUL SCREAM that she heard last.

She blinks.

ANNIE
Ain't none of your business. And
yeah, your Daddy and I were friends
once, but that was a long time ago.
(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

And this... rogue trucks... death
on the road, ain't my business no
more.

FREDDY

But--

Annie rises, heads for the door.

ANNIE

--You can stay here the night, head
down in the morning.

FREDDY

Where you going?

ANNIE

Out. You stay here.

Freddy stands, but Annie grabs a snub nose .44 Magnum from a
side table and stuffs it in her jeans. Freddy gets the
picture and sits back down.

Annie throws on her trusty plaid coat and steps out into the
mountain air.

INT. BRIGG'S RIGS - TERMINAL - NIGHT

Dozens of TRUCKERS, (20s - 70s), Men and Women, stand in the
terminal around a makeshift podium. A sea of gruff, confused
faces.

Hidden behind a shiny black Rig next to the podium, Tyson -
in his finest white suit - and Max, the man in black, talk
quietly.

TYSON

You sure this is the right thing?

MAX

Haven't you ever heard the saying
'might is right?'

TYSON

My GamGam used to say somethin'
similar.

MAX

The point is, you wanna be the
mightiest. So whatever it takes to
get there, that's what's right.

Tyson nods and the two step out from behind the Rig. The Truckers watch Tyson take the podium.

TYSON
(Tapping the mic)
Hey, howdy ya'll. Can ya hear me
alright at the back there?

A few disparate nods.

TYSON (CONT'D)
Good. Alright. Well, ya'll already
know me. Some o' ya'll been here
since the start. Hell, Marty, you
been here since day one.

In the audience, MARTY (90s), a crumpled Virginia Slim of a human being, nods.

TYSON (CONT'D)
Anyways, like I said, you know me,
and you know I've always strived to
make us the very best.
(Glances to Max)
Numero uno, and all that. So uh,
there's going to be some changes to
the way we'll be operatin'.
(Swallows)
Effective immediately, Brigg's Rigs
will be switching to an entirely
automated system.

Tyson lets this sink in, the Truckers look to one another, confused.

TRUCKER ONE
Whatchu mean, automated?

TRUCKER TWO
Means the trucks park 'emselves.

Max nudges Tyson off the mic.

MAX
He means you're all fired. Go home.

The Truckers erupt in a chorus of 'WHAT THE HELL'S' and 'YOU CAN'T DO THAT'S!'

Tyson leans back into the mic.

TYSON

What Max is trying to say is that, you'll all be receiving very nice severance packages, and uh, letters of recommendation for anyone who wants 'em.

TRUCKER ONE

I don't want no god damned letter!
I wanna drive!

TRUCKER TWO

I probably got a dozen or so kids to feed!

TRUCKER THREE

I can't even read!

TYSON

Look, I understand ya'll got needs and responsibilities, hence the severance packages. But unfortunately--

MAX

--The decision is final. Pack it up ya leeches.

The crowd disperses, a sea of dejection and disillusionment. Tyson watches, no trademark smile on his face.

INT. BRIGG'S RIGS - TERMINAL - LATER

Only Tyson and Max remain in the cavernous terminal. Tyson cuts a cigar, puts it to his lips and lights. Max taps away furiously on an iPad.

MAX

Moments away.

TYSON

You see the looks on some of their faces. Poor sonsabitches.

MAX

Huh, faces? I don't pay attention to those.

(A few more taps)

Ready?

Tyson puffs away, deep in thought.

MAX (CONT'D)
I said, are you ready to own the
largest trucking empire on the
globe?

Tyson perks up.

TYSON
Yer God damn right I am.

MAX
Then behold. My greatest work.

One last tap on the iPad and fifty LED high beams flick on.

Tyson squints through the blinding light at the immaculate
black and chrome trucks.

MAX (CONT'D)
Beautiful, aren't they?

TYSON
Where's the logo?

MAX
The what?

TYSON
My logo. My face and the cool
metallic text.

MAX
We're on the cutting edge here. So
cutting edge that for the time
being, it's better if the trucks
can't be traced back to us.
Eventually the world will come
around, see their beauty. But for
now, just reap the rewards
anonymously.

TYSON
That makes sense I guess.

Twenty five Cummins Diesel engines ROAR to life.

TYSON (CONT'D)
Ho-lee shit that's loud.

Max smiles menacingly.

EXT. BRIGG'S RIGS - NIGHT

Twenty-five sleek black Rigs with chrome accents, loaded to the max, pull unchecked through the front gate.

Their shiny exhausts belch diesel into the night sky as they haul ass past the sign, currently being repainted.

'BRIGG'S RIGS INTERNATIONAL - NORTH AMERICA'S LARGEST SHIPPING COMPANY ON THE GLOBE'

EXT. VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Annie sits on a stump at the crest of a hill. In the distance below, the head and tail lights of the I-81.

Annie watches the traffic deep in thought, an empty mason jar and revolver set next to her.

A raccoon lays passed out next to the stump, sleeping soundly with its own tiny mason jar.

INT. ANNIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Freddy wanders around the cabin, looking at whatever there is to look at. In the corner, The CB radio CHATTERS away with Trucker talk.

He admires an old banjo hanging on the wall, then a half finished taxidermy project; lil' squirrel eyes stare up in judgement.

He takes a sip of his moonshine, swallows, and takes another step.

CREAK. Freddy looks down to see a tattered rug, oddly out of place. He kicks the rug aside to reveal clear cut marks in the wooden floorboards.

Freddy gets on his knees and reaches into the cracks. The floorboards come away in one clean piece.

Freddy looks down at several large duffle bags and a metal box. He unzips one of the bags, inside, crisp stacks of bills, wrapped in plastic. Same with the second bag.

In the third duffle bag, more money and about thirty different license plates, different States and Provinces from San Juan to Sudbury.

He pulls the metal box out of the hole, sits down on the leather recliner and opens it.

Inside the box, faded photographs: House parties full of Truckers and Bikers, Annie on a motorcycle, Annie and some Truckers at the Golden Gate bridge...

Jackson smiling in the cab of a truck.

Freddy picks up the photograph with shaking hands. He turns it over.

'To my shining star. I'm sure gonna miss ya.'

The CB crackles to life with DESPERATE CHATTER.

DESPERATE TRUCKER

Break! This is Johnny Reb! Haulin' ass down the eighty-one just outside Lynchberg, doin' a double-nickel in the hammer lane! Driver, ease up!

(beat)

Driver! What's your handle! Call back!

(beat)

Damn it Driver! Ease up, Ease Up! Shi--

The CB goes static.

EXT. VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Annie burps, stands, and collects her belongings. She turns from her view of the I-81 down below.

The unmistakable sound of AIR BRAKES and HORNS causes her to wheel back around.

Just in time to see a MASSIVE EXPLOSION on the interstate below. Smoke and flame billow up into the night sky.

Annie starts down the mountain toward the chaos.

EXT. INTERSTATE EIGHTY ONE - NIGHT

Annie reaches the side of the interstate where dozens of police cars, firetrucks and ambulances have already arrived.

The I-81 is in flames. About fifty feet away, a massive Rig and two small cars burn furiously, FIREMEN battle immense heat to try and reach the blaze.

A few STATE TROOPERS and PARAMEDICS stand over three yellow tarps, one very small.

Annie takes in the devastation, noticing an ELDERLY MAN (70s), hauling on a smoke, eyes wide, seated on the side of the road not far away. She goes to him.

ANNIE

What happened?

The Elderly Man looks up. The thousand yard stare.

ELDERLY MAN

Me and my wife was comin' back from Orlando... Always stay in the right lane... Slow and steady wins the race...

(he laughs like a lunatic)

But then... outta nowhere... I ain't never seen no truck drive like that... Like... Like it ain't got no soul.

Annie looks around once again, staring for a long moment at the blackened Rig, burning bright.

Then the three yellow tarps.

INT. ANNIE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Annie bursts through the door, slams it shut and locks it behind her.

ANNIE

You best go now.

FREDDY

What, why?

She turns to see Freddy seated on the recliner, photographs spread out all around him.

ANNIE

What in the Hell are you doin'?!

FREDDY

Oh, these, I just sorta found 'em.

(looking down)

Is there anything you haven't done?

ANNIE

Yeah, got ridda you. Now it's time to leave, both of us.

FREDDY

Where you goin?

ANNIE

Somewhere there ain't no roads.

She darts around the cabin, packing up.

FREDDY

Hey I love Back To The Future!

ANNIE

What? Look kid, your Daddy and I was friends, and you seem alright, smarter than I expected all things considered. But I can't help ya, I don't drive no more, and even if I did...

FREDDY

What happened just now? Where were you?

ANNIE

You were right about one thing. There's some kinda monster out there, like Jaws on eighteen wheels, and I don't want no parta that shit.

FREDDY

But what am I gonna do?

ANNIE

Find an island if ya got any sense.

FREDDY

So what, you're scared? So you're just gonna run and hide?

ANNIE

I ain't scared boy, I'm realistic. I ain't driven in years and whatever's out there got the taste for trucker blood.

FREDDY

Well I guess yer safe then! Seein' as you ain't no trucker!

Annie's face goes the color of molten steel. She crosses the room toward Freddy.

She grabs him by the collar, Freddy holds up the photo of Jackson with the writing on the back.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
I know you two was more than
friends!

ANNIE
What--

Annie sees the photo, loosens her grip.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
--Boy I've got the mind to kill you
right now.

FREDDY
But you won't, cause you loved my
Daddy, and he loved you too! My
Mama's a good woman and she don't
deserve the cancer but she never
loved truckin'.
(beat)
But you do, you still do, even if
you don't want nobody to know it,
even yourself. But it's still in
yer blood. Why else you still got
the CB? You just gonna sit here
every night listenin' to your
friends, your brothers and sisters,
get turned into road kill?

ANNIE
You shut yer mouth.

FREDDY
No, you ain't. Yer gonna hop back
in the cab of your truck, and yer
gonna help me figure out who's
behind this.
(beat)
Or you ain't never gon' be able to
live with yourself.

Annie releases Freddy and steps back.

EXT. MIKE'S AUTO WRECKING - TRAILER - NIGHT

Annie BANGS on the thin door of the trailer. A piece of
plywood nailed to the center.

Freddy stands next to her. The wrecking yard stretches on
into the distance, long forgotten cars and trucks piled high.

She BANGS again, harder this time and a light in the trailer
flicks on.

ANNIE

Oh, right.

She steps to the side, pulling Freddy with her.

A shotgun blows a hole clean through the plywood, right where Annie and Freddy stood moments ago.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Did I getcha?

ANNIE

No Mike, ya didn't.

Through the door they hear an unmistakeable PUMP and an empty shell bouncing on the floor.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Mike, it's me!

Annie rolls her eyes, and ducks low. Pulling Freddy down with her.

Another round goes through the side of the trailer, right where their heads were.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

How 'bout now?

ANNIE

Mike god damnit it's Annie!

Silence, then, MIKE (50s), this guy wrecks more than cars, pops his head through the hole he just made and looks down.

MIKE

Ho-lee-shit.

Mike's face disappears, a moment later the door opens. Mike's hulking frame occupies the threshold. Double Barrel at his hip.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I don't believe it.

EXT. MIKE'S AUTO WRECKING - YARD - LATER

Mike leads Annie and Freddy through the dark car graveyard, flashlight in hand.

MIKE

I always hoped this day would come.

ANNIE

Yeah well, don't be gettin' all sentimental on me.

MIKE

I'll be honest, had my doubts over the years. Even thought about sellin' her once or twice.

(off Annie's look)

I didn't of course. Knew I'd be better off feedin' myself to the gators.

He laughs nervously, then looks to Freddy.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What was yer name again?

FREDDY

My name's Freddy, Freddy Jackson. My Daddy was Jackson Jackson, the greatest trucker who ever lived.

Mike smiles.

MIKE

Well it's nice to meet ya Freddy, but uh...

FREDDY

What?

MIKE

Your Daddy was a great man, and an even better trucker. But as for the greatest trucker ever lived?

(beat)

She's standin' right in front of ya.

Freddy looks to Annie.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And your Daddy woulda beat the hell outta any man who claimed otherwise.

Mike stops in front of a larger-than-normal shipping container. Heavy chains, deadbolts, and a large car battery wired to the metal.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Here we are.

He unhooks the car battery, removes a key from around his neck, and starts undoing the chains.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I come in every three months or so;
check the engine and tires and all
that. Still runs like a dream.

The chains hit the dirt. Mike opens the shipping container.

Staring back out of the darkness, a shiny chrome grill.

Mike steps over to Annie, reaches into his pocket and produces a set of keys.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Welcome back Mama.

ANNIE
(taking the keys)
I ain't nobody's Mama.

Mike smiles.

EXT. MIKE'S AUTO WRECKING - YARD - DAWN

The morning light just crests the treetops. Inside the dark shipping container, a beast ROARS to life.

High beams flick on, and out into the morning mist rolls the sexiest Rig to ever hit the road.

Deep candy apple red, the cleanest chrome you ever saw. On the hood, two silver Colt Single Action Peacemakers. On the passenger door, Rosie The Riveter brandishes her bicep 'We Can Do it' emblazoned beneath. On the driver's door, Annie Oakley holds a mirror in one hand with a shotgun slung over her shoulder. Three words painted beneath.

'PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA'

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - DAWN

Tan leather seats, cherrywood dash, steering wheel the perfect combination of both. Yosemite Sam bobbles away to the rumbling of the engine, pistols raised high. In the sleeper cab, a gun rack and three posters: Leonardo DiCaprio, Richard Gere and Lucy Liu.

Annie takes everything in. Running her hand along the dash, gripping the soft leather steering wheel. She breathes deep.

A door SLAMS shut and Annie looks over to see Freddy admiring the cab.

FREDDY
It's beautiful.

Annie reaches over into the glove box and finds an unopened pack of beechnut. She checks the expiry date, opens it and packs a lip.

Outside, Mike waves. Annie puts the window down and spits.

MIKE
Yer toy's still in the back. I
might have got a little bored and
may a few adjustments.

ANNIE
Thanks Mike.

Mike nods. Annie puts her hand on the crystal ball gearshift and looks to Freddy.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Ready?

Freddy nods. Annie puts the truck in gear.

EXT. MIKE'S AUTO WRECKING - FRONT GATE - MORNING

The Pistol Packin' Mama pulls out the gate, hauling a long white trailer. Light dances off the candy apple and chrome.

Mike watches, a tear in his eye.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - MORNING

Annie and Freddy cruise down the interstate. Freddy studying her every move.

FREDDY
So what's the plan? Drive around
'till we find one of these killer
trucks? Or one of them finds us?

ANNIE
I guess, but if we're gonna do
this, we're gonna need some help.

FREDDY
Like from the police?

ANNIE

That's the last suggestion I'd have
expected comin' from you.

FREDDY

Why?

Annie raises an eyebrow, reaches for the CB.

ANNIE

(into the CB)

Break.

(a moment)

This is Orphan Annie, checkin' in
to see if I still got any friends
on the road.

A moment of silence, and then,

SURLY TRUCKER (O.S.)

Break. Hold on' there lil' missy. I
don't know if you think that's
funny, but cut it out.

Freddy looks at The CB, then to Annie, who cracks a smile.

ANNIE

(into the CB)

This here's Orphan Annie. Mind
tellin' me what the problem is?

SURLY TRUCKER (O.S.)

The problem is that handle's
retired! Yer impersonatin' a
legend.

ANNIE

Well now mister that's mighty
flatterin', but a bit of a stretch
dontcha think?

SURLY TRUCKER (O.S.)

Hey now! You got a mighty big trap
behind that CB.

ANNIE

Got a mighty big Rig too, names
Pistol Packin' Mama. Can show ya in
person if ya'd like. What stretch
of road you on?

EXT. CIRCUS TENT - DAY

SUPER: OUTSIDE TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Bright sun reflects off a massive white circus tent in the center of a sprawling parking lot.

Clowns, Mimes, Trapeze artists, Tight rope walkers and THE RINGMASTER (50s), a bearded lady in a top hat and colorful duster.

She speaks to IMRAN (30s), South-Asian, bomber jacket, toque and a t-shirt that reads 'Truckers do it Cross-Country.'

IMRAN
(tapping on an iPad)
I'm telling you, that's all of
them.

Behind the conversation, Animal Handlers walk a Giraffe, Lion and two horses into the tent.

RINGMASTER
(thick Russian accent)
Where is the monkey?

IMRAN
There was no monkey.

RINGMASTER
There must be a monkey. There can
be no act without the monkey.

IMRAN
Well take it up with the, whoever
supplies your monkeys, cause the
trailer's empty. Now I need ya to
sign.

Imran holds out the iPad and digital pen. The ringmaster huffs, snatches it and signs quickly.

RINGMASTER
There you go, idiot.

She thrusts it back, turns and heads for the tent. She claps, and ten clowns appear seemingly from nowhere.

RINGMASTER (CONT'D)
We must do as we did in Albany!
Charles! Find a zoo. Do whatever
you have to, get me my monkey.

The clowns nod and honk. One does a cartwheel and they all pile into a tiny car and peel off.

Imran just shrugs and heads back across the parking lot.

Sparkling in the sunlight, his Rig: Icy silver and deep blue paint. On the hood, a massive white mountain lion bears its teeth, cold blue eyes fixed on it's prey. Expertly painted claw marks tear up both doors, and text which reads:

'COLD STEEL'

INT. COLD STEEL - DAY

Imran climbs up inside the cab. Crisp, clean white leather with blue-steel accents. A shiny, silver vape sits in the cup-holder beneath a Tie Domi bobblehead. Toronto Maple Leafs and Raptors posters cover the inside of the cab.

Imran takes a long haul of his vape pen and starts the Rig, Drake and The Weekend croon back and forth to each-other through the radio.

The CB crackles to life.

SURLY TRUCKER (O.S.)

--If you is who you says you is,
prove it.

ANNIE (O.S.)

Let's put it this way, hoss.
There's only one swingin' dick done
Texarcana to Atlanta in twenty-
three, and it weren't Burt
Reynolds, God rest his soul.

Imran eyes the CB in disbelief.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - DAY

SURLY TRUCKER (O.S.)

Muddy Mississippi! It is you! I'm
real sorry Ma'am, didn't mean no
disrespect. It's a real honor
sharin' the airways with ya.

Freddy looks to Annie, proud as a blue ribbon peach farmer.

ANNIE

That's mighty flatterin', Driver.
But it ain't Ma'am, it's Orphan
Annie, and much as I'd love to keep
reminiscin'. I'm lookin' for some
help.

SURLY TRUCKER (O.S.)

What can I do for ya?

ANNIE

I'm lookin' into some truckin'
deaths. Hit n' runs mainly.

SURLY TRUCKER (O.S.)

Yer talkin' bout them phantom Rigs,
aintcha?

ANNIE

So you know?

SURLY TRUCKER (O.S.)

All I know is rumors, stories.
Those who done come across em'
don't usually come out talkin' bout
it. What I do know is, it's as
dangerous as it's ever been out
here, and you best keep your wits
about ya.

ANNIE

Well I ain't got no patience for
unsafe roads. I'm puttin' the call
out. Orphan Annie's ridin' high
with the hammer down, gonna put a
stop to 'em killer trucks, but I
can't do it alone. If I still got
any old friends on the road, meet
me North of Forty. I got me a
hankerin' for one o' them fried
pies.

SURLY TRUCKER (O.S.)

You're comin' through crystal clear
there Annie. I won't be joinin' ya
on account o' I got my wife and
kids to think about, but by God
I'll help spread the word--

INT. STATE TROOPER CAR - DAY

SUPER: OUTSIDE BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

Seated in the passenger seat, listening to this entire conversation over a CB of his own, CAPTAIN BARNES (50s), possibly a chicken fried steak in an Alabama State Trooper uniform and hat.

SURLY TRUCKER (O.S.)
Orphan Annie's back on the road
baby! Woohooo!

Captain Barnes' eyes bulge at the CB. He frantically rolls down the window and sticks his head out.

EXT. ALABAMA FREEWAY - DAY

Ten meters ahead of where Barnes' squad car is parked on the shoulder, a small blue sedan and a second trooper.

JERRY (20s), in the same blue uniform as his uncle, sports a choirboy haircut, well pretty much everything about him says choirboy.

He leans in the window where a MAN (30s), looks back angrier than a hound that took a bite out a porcupine.

JERRY
-And I'll tell ya again Mister, I
don't much appreciate the attitude.

MAN
I'm not giving you any attitude!

JERRY
The State of Alabama has divested
in me the power to make that
decision.

A SCREAM from the back seat. Jerry glances back to see a WOMAN (30s), sweaty, red faced, and very much in labour.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Ma'am, again, I'm gonna need you to
relax. Findin' it hard to
concentrate up here.

Jerry flips through the Man's license and registration.
Reading out every word very slowly.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Oh hey, ya'll are from Auburn? I
got family out that way.

WOMAN

Who. The hell. Cares?! Mike, just drive!

MIKE

(Turning to his wife)
Ya want me to get a ticket?

JERRY

I'd listen to yer husband, Ma'am.

CAPTAIN BARNS (O.S.)

Jerry! Jerry!

Jerry looks back to his uncle. Half his pork rind of a body stuffed out the passenger window.

JERRY

Just a second!

CAPTAIN BARNS

Get yer ass back here!

JERRY

I'm in the middle of-

CAPTAIN BARNS

Now!!

JERRY

Well alright.
(returns the license and
registration)
Ya'll have a nice day now.

Jerry taps on the roof of their car and turns back his uncle and their squad car.

He's about five steps away when a baby starts to cry from inside the car.

INT. STATE TROOPER CAR - DAY

Jerry slides casually into the driver's seat.

CAPTAIN BARNS

Hurry the hell up!

JERRY

Where's the fire? I coulda written em' up for speedin' and disrespectin' an officer of the law.

CAPTAIN BARNS
Listen ya idiot! Orphan Annie's
back on the road!

JERRY
Orphan, who?

CAPTAIN BARNS
Orphan Annie!

JERRY
What's it matter that she ain't got
no parents? Long as she got a
license.

CAPTAIN BARNS
She got parents ya tree stump!
She's a rogue trucker, only one I
never gave a ticket, and now she's
back on the road.

JERRY
So?

CAPTAIN BARNS
So she's reckless! Always was. No
respect for the badge. I bet her
bein' back has somethin' to do with
all these truckin' deaths we been
hearin' bout.

JERRY
(working it out)
So... what yer sayin' is... whoever
catches her...

CAPTAIN BARNS
Would be a couple-o certified
heroes.
(beat)
You ready to be a hero boy?

Jerry smiles, Captain Barns smiles back and the squad car
takes off.

Jerry leans out the window as they pass the blue sedan.

JERRY
Congratulations!

They peel out down the interstate, all lights and sirens.

INT. BRIGG'S RIGS - TERMINAL - DAY

Max stands before two-dozen more shiny black and chrome Rigs. Next to him, a WHINY SCIENTIST (30s), some sort of whiny scientist, taps away frantically on an iPad.

MAX

But none of the trucks have been stopped by law enforcement?

WHINY SCIENTIST

Well no.

MAX

So what's the problem?

The Whiny Scientist hesitates.

MAX (CONT'D)

Go on, spit it out.

WHINY SCIENTIST

You have to admit the number of incidents is greatly alarming.

MAX

If my Mama taught me one thing it's that I don't gotta admit anything.

(beat)

So there's been a few fender benders, the algorithm is still sound. And so long as none of the trucks can be traced back to us, it don't matter anyhow.

WHINY SCIENTIST

That's the problem, the algorithm is too sound. We've been going over it, and are getting some strange results.

MAX

Strange how?

WHINY SCIENTIST

Well, these aren't just fender benders. The trucks seem to be, uhm, targeting, their human counterparts. With extreme effectiveness.

MAX

That doesn't make any sense.

WHINY SCIENTIST

Well, actually sir, it does. We programmed them to be the safest possible alternative to people.

(beat)

I think they've decided the best way to do that is...

MAX

No more people...

(beat)

Fine. Call a few of the trucks back for inspection.

The Scientist cowers a little.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh god, what?

WHINY SCIENTIST

Well, uh, we tried that.

MAX

And?

WHINY SCIENTIST

We've been shut out of the system. We can't call any of em' back.

MAX

Shut out? By who?

The Whiny Scientist's eyes say it all. Max swallows. A loud BEEP from the intercom above causes the pair to jump.

TYSON (O.S.)

Max. Max! Where the hell are ya?

Get on up here, we got some celebratin' to do!

(coughs)

How do ya turn this damn thi--

The intercom cuts. Max and The Whiny Scientist share a look.

INT. BRIGG'S RIGS - TYSON'S OFFICE - LATER

Tyson's gold nameplate and scale model rig have been pushed to the side to accommodate several massive takeout boxes of barbecue.

Seated behind the desk, Tyson, wearing a bib with a pig on it. He sets down a beer as Max KNOCKS sheepishly.

TYSON
There ya are! Come on!

Max enters like a guilty dog.

TYSON (CONT'D)
You expect me to eat all this by
myself? I'm a big man but I ain't
that big.

He laughs heartily. Max sits in one of the large leather
chairs.

TYSON (CONT'D)
Here, gotcha a full rack.

Tyson pushes a tray of succulent barbecue toward Max, then
returns to chewing a massive beef rib.

TYSON (CONT'D)
I gotta hand it to ya, you were
right all along.

MAX
Well I don't think--

TYSON
Don't be actin' all modest. Makes
ya look weak. No, you been tellin'
me for years to cut the drivers,
don't know what took me so damn
long to listen!

Max pokes at the food.

TYSON (CONT'D)
No more insurance, no more
benefits, no more lazy, no good
truckers gettin' paid just to take
a crap. Just pure profit. I can't
believe how much money we're
savin'! And that's only with twenty
five trucks!

MAX
There's something you should
know...

TYSON
And once we get the full fleet
outfitted with that smart-ass
computer program o' yours, you can
bet the world's gonna know your
name.

MAX

Come again?

TYSON

You were right about one thing, the whole damn planet's gonna be automated soon enough, and when it is, everyone's gonna know who the true genius is behind it all. Hell, they'll probly give you one-o-them Noble Prizes or somethin'.

(chews his rib)

Sorry, you was sayin' there was somethin' I needed to know?

Max snaps out of his Nobel Prize winning day dream.

MAX

Just that another twenty five trucks should be ready to go by next week. Oh, and I'll take one of them beers.

TYSON

Well sheit, why didn't ya say so!

Tyson pops two beers with his teeth and hands one to Max.

TYSON (CONT'D)

To the future!

They clink bottles.

EXT. NORTH OF FORTY TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

This here's North of Forty, one of the best damned truck stops in all of these beautiful United States. Truckers come from all around for gas, laundry, and most important, a good ole fried pie.

Rigs of all shapes and sizes come and go, gassing and grubbing before hitting the road again.

COLD STEEL pulls into the parking lot. In the back corner of which, The Pistol Packin' Mama sits concealed in shadow.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - NIGHT

Annie and Freddy look out into the parking lot, watching the rigs come and go.

Annie, chewin' hard, eyes the silhouette of a Rig parked in the shadows in the other corner of the lot.

FREDDY
We goin' in?

Annie looks out over the parking lot, then to the darkened Rig.

ANNIE
Go n' get us a booth. Somewhere in the back.

FREDDY
What are you doin'?

ANNIE
I'll be right behind you.

FREDDY
But--

ANNIE
--Anyone gives ya any lip, just tell em' I sent ya. Now go on, get.

With one last look, Freddy opens the door, exits the cab, and starts across the parking lot toward the Truck Stop.

Annie packs another lip.

INT. NORTH OF FORTY TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

The restaurant portion of The Truck Stop is packed. TRUCKERS and BIKERS line the bar and cram into booths. Kenny Rogers sings from the jukebox.

KENNY ROGERS
On a warm summer's evenin' on a
train bound for nowhere,
I met up with the gambler; we were
both too tired to sleep.

Freddy makes his way through the forest of Men and Women to the back of the restaurant, scanning for an open booth.

In the back corner, a table of BURLY BIKERS, bearded and smelly, real mountain men.

Freddy approaches.

FREDDY
'Scuse me.

The Bikers glance over, barely pay Freddy any mind.

BURLY BIKER ONE
We're all good fer coffee.

FREDDY
I ain't no waiter.

BURLY BIKER ONE
What?

FREDDY
I'm gonna need this table.

The Bikers look at Freddy, then to one another, then start hootin' and laughin'.

BURLY BIKER TWO
That's a good'n boy. Now why
dontcha go on and skee-dattle for
ya wear out yer welcome.

FREDDY
Listen here, Orphan Annie sent me
to get a table in the back, so I
suggest ya'll skee-dattle.

BURLY BIKER ONE
Orphan Annie, right, and if I'm
real good, Santa Clause gon' climb
his fat ass down my chimney and
turn my wife to Pat Benatar. Now
get lost.

Freddy turns, defeated.

KENNY ROGERS
You got to know when to hold 'em,
know when to fold 'em,
Know when to walk away and know
when to run.

He stops, looks up.

In the booth, the Bikers continue to laugh hysterically.

SMASH! The wooden barstool breaks clean over the First
Biker's back.

FREDDY
Orphan Annie requires the use of
this booth. Now I suggest ya'll get
gone before she has to ask ya in
person.

The Burly Truckers scramble from the booth. Freddy slides in and a WAITRESS (30s) arrives.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Sorry 'bout the mess.

WAITRESS
Happens all the time. What can I
getcha hun?

FREDDY
Ooh.
(grabs the menu)
Chicken fried steak sounds good.

WAITRESS
Comin' right up.

She leaves with a smile. Freddy looks around

A few more ANGRY BIKERS watch Freddy from a few tables over.

FREDDY
What?!

They look away. Freddy takes a sip from a half full pint,
lets out a satisfied sigh.

EXT. NORTH OF FORTY TRUCK STOP - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Annie makes her way between a row of parked trucks. Heading
for the Truck Stop.

POV - Someone watches her from behind.

Annie continues on through the shadows, unaware. She spits.

POV - Following her, closer and closer, until...

A LARGE FIGURE moves up on Annie from behind. She turns quick
as lightning and throws the figure hard against a trailer.
Long silver Peacemaker barrel pressed up under his chin.

ANNIE
Yes?

The majority of his face is concealed in shadow.

RASPY VOICE
You're gettin' slow.

Annie pulls the revolver away and the man moves his head into
the light.

Black handlebar mustache, gold tooth, face pocked by years of sun and cigarettes. JOSE (40s), is a bottle of sexy, smoky cologne.

JOSE

When I heard the rumors, I thought certainly they were a lie.

ANNIE

That's cause yer too smart to be believin' in rumors.

JOSE

And yet here you are, in the flesh.

ANNIE

So what's goin' on? I go and retire and now some killer trucker's on the loose?

JOSE

I wish it were only one. Unfortunately Annie, the roads are no longer safe for us. We are being picked off one by one, and it is only getting worse.

ANNIE

Worse?

Jose looks around nervously, and he ain't the nervous type.

JOSE

Before the accidents were rare, sounded more like ghost stories. But now, there is no question, we are being hunted.

ANNIE

Well I'm seein' to put a stop to it. Put the call out for a pow-wow.

JOSE

I would not expect much of a turnout.

ANNIE

Whatchu mean?

JOSE

As I said, the Truckers, they are scared. Many are too frightened even to get in their cabs and drive every day, let alone fight back.

ANNIE
We'll see about that.

She stomps off toward the Truck stop. Jose sighs and follows.

INT. NORTH OF FORTY TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Annie and Jose stare at the booth in the back corner where Freddy sits alone, tearing into his chicken fried steak.

JOSE
Hate to say I told you so.

ANNIE
No you don't.

They make their way to the corner table.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Any trouble?

FREDDY
Nope.

They sit.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
This is it?

JOSE
It is nice to meet you too.

FREDDY
Sorry, didn't mean nothin' by it.
It's just...

JOSE
Annie's name still carries much
weight, but as I have told her, the
people are scared.
(looking him up and down)
You look, vaguely familiar to me.

FREDDY
My name's Freddy, Freddy Jackson.

Jose's eyes go wide.

JOSE
The Anaconda. So you are the child.

Annie looks over. Standing next to the table, looking down at them, Imran.

ANNIE

Yes?

IMRAN

O...Orphan Annie?

The three at the table exchange glances.

JOSE

Who's askin'?

IMRAN

My name's Imran. Go by the handle
Big Cat. Heard your call over the
CB.

Annie looks him up and down.

INT. STATE TROOPER CAR - NIGHT

Parked on the shoulder opposite The Truck Stop, Captain Barns and Jerry look through binoculars, watching Rigs drive in and out.

JERRY

Let me at least go in and get us
some food.

CAPTAIN BARNES

Boy you don't know the first thing
about a stakeout.

JERRY

I know they're usually eatin'
snacks and stuff.

CAPTAIN BARNES

Shut up ya idjit. How can ya think
about food at a time like this?

Captain Barns scans the parking lot with the binoculars.

CAPTAIN BARNES (CONT'D)

Where the hell are you?

Jerry rolls his eyes and pouts.

INT. NORTH OF FORTY TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Imran scoots into the booth, forcing Jose to move down.

IMRAN

My Dad used to drive trucks, in Pakistan. Big military ones. I thought it was the coolest job in the world. Then he came here, well, to Canada, and had to work all over again just to be allowed to drive wood and nails around. But I still thought it was the coolest. He used to tell me stories, about you, but I never thought in a million years...

JOSE

You talk too much.

IMRAN

Sorry, I just. Damn this is so cool. You really are a legend you know that?

ANNIE

I ain't no legend. I drive and I bleed, just like everybody else.

IMRAN

Well still, I'm not ready to face my father in Heaven if he knows I turned down an opportunity to drive with you. How can I help?

FREDDY

Well ways I sees it, them trucks is bein' made somewhere, and if we're ever gonna find out who's responsible and stop em', we're gonna have to find out where.

JOSE

That would require getting close to one. And so far every trucker who has, well they are not here to speak of it.

The Waitress appears once again.

WAITRESS

Hey ya'll, what can I getcha?

IMRAN

Oh, nothing for me, I already ate.

ANNIE

Coupla fried pies, and some beers.

The Waitress nods and departs. Passing the table of Angry Bikers, their jackets read, THE WHITE WIDOWS - FT. LAUDERDALE, FLA.

EXT. THE OPEN ROAD - NIGHT

A sleek, black, eighteen wheeler with shiny chrome accents hauls ass down the dark road, past a billboard:

'NORTH OF FORTY, NEXT EXIT. TRY OUR FAMOUS FRIED PIES!'

It changes lanes without noticing a small car, which has to brake quickly to avoid being crushed by the soulless monster.

INT. NORTH OF FORTY TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

The table is littered with empty pie plates and pint glasses.

ANNIE

Damn I missed those.

The Waitress sets four cups of coffee down and departs. Freddy takes a sip.

FREDDY

Holy shit.

JOSE

Trucker coffee, boy. Good for six hundred miles.

IMRAN

So how are we gonna get near one of these trucks without ending up roadkill?

They consider this for a moment.

FREDDY

So far they've have only gone after lone drivers. Maybe they ain't smart enough to take on more than one rig.

ANNIE

We know that for sure?

FREDDY

I know I bin bullied plenty enough to know there's safety in numbers.

JOSE

So it is settled then, we will move
as a pack.

Imran bangs on the table excitedly.

IMRAN

This shit is so tight, we're like
Golden State or The Avengers but if
they all drove trucks. So sick.

JOSE

What the hell are you talking
about?

IMRAN

Like, Golden State, or,
(off Jose's blank stare)
Never mind.

ANGRY BIKER (O.S.)

Hey.

Everyone at the table looks up to see four Angry Bikers
staring down at them.

ANGRY BIKER (CONT'D)

Who ya'll think you are?

JOSE

I highly recommend you all return
to your table.

ANGRY BIKER

You can take that recommendation
and send it down the Rio Grande,
Pedro.

IMRAN

What's your problem buddy?

ANGRY BIKER

My problem, is this little shit
walkin' in here and smashin' a
stool over one of our own. Now me
and the boys was talkin' and we
think that's, damnit what was the
word?

ANGRY BIKER TWO

Symptomatic.

ANGRY BIKER

Symptomatic of you god damned
truckers; actin like you own the
road, sittin' in the god damned
fast lane, takin things that ain't
yers.

Other Truckers and Bikers throughout the Truck Stop have
started paying attention, some even standing to get a closer
look.

JOSE

You are boring me, what is your
point?

ANGRY BIKER

My point is somebody's gotta teach
ya'll a lesson.

(smiles)

The question we was wrestlin' with,
was whether to do it ourselves, or
leave ya for them ghost trucks,
cause,

(laughs)

They bin doin' a mighty fine job so
far.

All the Angry Bikers laugh, some other Bikers in the bar even
hoot and holler their approval.

The Truckers on the other hand are incensed.

INT. STATE TROOPER CAR - NIGHT

Jerry snores soundly, his seat reclined. Captain Barns
continues scanning the parking lot.

His stomach RUMBLES, then again, louder.

CAPTAIN BARNES

Dangit.

He pops open the car door and steps out onto the freeway.

EXT. NORTH OF FORTY TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Captain Barns does a big stretch and groans.

An AIR HORN blasts somewhere in the distance. Captain Barns
glances down the freeway toward the noise.

Seeing nothing, he shrugs and crosses to The Truck Stop.

INT. NORTH OF FORTY TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

All around the dining room, groups of Truckers and Bikers face off with one another, hollering insults and taunting the other to make the first move.

Chains, bats and tire irons are brandished, switchblades held at the ready. A particularly old Biker holds an ancient cavalry sword high.

At the table, Annie, Freddy, Jose and Imran are on their feet, face to face with their attackers.

The weight of the ancient sword is too much for the equally ancient man, both fall to the floor with a loud crash.

Everybody turns to the source of the noise. The Angry Biker reaches for a bottle and swings it at Freddy's head. Annie intercepts just in time, snatching the bottle from his hand.

In one smooth motion Annie tosses the bottle clean across the room and right into the jukebox, where it shatters and triggers Loretta Lynn's FIST CITY.

All at once the entire bar erupts into the largest brawl the state of Tennessee has, and likely ever will, see again.

Annie grabs the Angry biker by his jacket and hits him with a crushing right. Teeth skitter across the floor where dozens of truckers and bikers engage in some sort of Ragnarok of the Road.

Eyes are gouged, skulls are bashed. Freddy, cornered by two very large bikers, breaks a tap and showers them both with beer to escape.

The Waitress lights a smoke and sighs as a bottle sails inches from her head.

Captain Barns enters, hungry and clueless. At the sight of the brawl, he draws his sidearm.

CAPTAIN BARNES
State Trooper! Everybody freeze!

He is immediately shot at and ducks behind an overturned table.

CAPTAIN BARNES (CONT'D)
(Into his radio)
This is Captain Barns of the
Alabama State Troopers, requesting
immediate backup at the North of
Forty--

BWAAAAAAAAHH! BWHAAAAAHHH! The air horn drowns out everything.

Nobody has any time to react. A split second later a massive black rig plows through the wall and into the dining room.

Everybody scrambles to get out of the way, but for some it is no use. The walls and ceiling collapse in a cacophony of twisting metal and concrete.

Annie ducks beneath a table just in time to see the Rig pull out from the rubble and continue on down the freeway.

ANNIE

No way.

More of the ceiling collapses on top of her table, obscuring her view of the fleeing rig.

Jose digs himself out of the rubble and dusts himself off, elsewhere Imran crawls from beneath a pile of groaning bodies.

IMRAN

Sorry, sorry man.

JOSE

Annie! Annie!

ANNIE

Quit yer hollerin', I'm right here.

She packs a lip and looks around.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Where's the kid?

Jose and Imran look around at the pile of rubble and bodies.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

God damnit. Freddy!

BWAAAH! The trio wheel around expecting another rogue truck. Instead, they are greeted by the headlights of The Pistol Packin' Mama. Freddy jumps out.

FREDDY

Come on! It's gettin' away!

Annie spits through a half smile.

ANNIE

Jose, whatever your name is.

IMRAN

Imran.

ANNIE

Jose, Imran, saddle up.

With a nod, the pair run off to their rigs. Annie makes for The Mama as Freddy climbs up into the shotgun seat.

EXT. HIGHWAY 641 - NIGHT

The Pistol Packin Mama hauls ass down the dark interstate followed closely by Imran in Cold Steel.

Bringing up the rear, Jose's Rig - EL MATADOR. Long and lean, the color of the sun. On the hood, the matador himself dances with a proud black bull. A heard of wild horses race down the doors. A real set of massive Texas Long Horns protrude menacingly off the grill.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - NIGHT

ANNIE

I'm in a convoy headin' up the six-
forty-one Camden way, wonderin' if
anyone's got eyes on a rig. Black
as night, real mean, no tags.
Comeback.

A moment of silence, then.

CONFIDENT TRUCKER

This that Orphan Annie everyone's
been hollerin' about.

ANNIE

Go ahead driver, you got anything
for me?

CONFIDENT TRUCKER

I'm eastbound on the forty-five
just south o' Clarksville and I
just passed a whole convoy of
smokeys screamin' west.

ANNIE

South o' Clarksville you said?

CONFIDENT TRUCKER

That's right, hold up a second.
(beat)
What the...?

For a tense moment no sound comes from The CB. Annie and Freddy share a look. Then, the radio crackles to life once again.

CONFIDENT TRUCKER (CONT'D)
I do believe I've found what you're looking for.

ANNIE
Where?

CONFIDENT TRUCKER
Right on my tail.
(beat)
Miss Orphan Annie?

ANNIE
Go ahead driver.

CONFIDENT TRUCKER
I got a wife n' boy out Springfield way, if ya could, could ya tell em--

The radio goes static. Annie gears down and puts the pedal to the floor.

INT. COLD STEEL - NIGHT

Imran wipes tears from his eyes with a tissue. Marvin's Room by Drake flows out of the sound system.

Imran reaches for another tissue, but the box is empty.

A hairy black hand passes him one. Imran takes it and blows his nose.

IMRAN
Thanks.

He glances over at the chimpanzee in the passenger seat, then back to the road. Then back to the chimp.

He screams, the chimp screams, Drake croons.

INT. STATE TROOPER CAR - NIGHT

Jerry sits up, stretches and yawns. He looks out his window into a darkened corn field. Then out the opposite window at the collapsed and smoldering truck stop.

JERRY
Awh shucks.

He scrambles out of the squad car and runs to the restaurant. Bikers and Truckers moan in agony. The ninety year old biker appears to be delivering mercy killings with his cavalry sword.

He is about to put Captain Barns out of his misery when Jerry stops him and pushes him aside.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Holy moly! You alright?

He groans.

CAPTAIN BARNES
Where are they?

JERRY
Who?

CAPTAIN BARNES
Orphan Annie ya idjit!! Didn't ya just see her drive right through this place? Damn near killed me.

JERRY
Er, yeah, saw the whole thing! I think they took off...
(looks both ways down the highway)
That way!

CAPTAIN BARNES
Well help me up damnit!

Jerry helps his uncle struggle to his feet and dusts him off. They race toward their squad car and peel out, all lights and sirens.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - NIGHT

Orphan Annie's convoy screams past flaming wreckage and emergency vehicles on the side of the highway.

INT. EL MATADOR - NIGHT

Jose reaches for The CB radio.

JOSE
Annie.

Intercut.

ANNIE

Go ahead.

JOSE

This beast has the drop on us. We will not catch it at this rate.

ANNIE

Ever the optimist aintcha.

JOSE

It does not make me a pessimist to know we are not fast enough.

ANNIE

That's what you said on that Alaska run! And what happened?

JOSE

That was different.

ANNIE

I think what's different is you! So how bout you grow some lips and put the hammer down.

Jose smiles to himself.

JOSE

Good to have you back Mama.

ANNIE

Good to be back.

FREDDY

Uh, Annie?

But she sees it too. About five miles up the road, twinkling red and blue lights. A police roadblock crosses the highway.

ON Captain Barns' standing next to his cruiser, parked dead center. He smiles as the convoy approaches.

CAPTAIN BARNES

Gotcha.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - NIGHT

The roadblock is two miles away now, flashing lights visible in the distance.

FREDDY

What are we gonna do?

ANNIE
Take the wheel.

FREDDY
What?

ANNIE
You heard me. Stop just short of
them cars.

FREDDY
But I can't...

ANNIE
Like hell you can't. It's in your
blood.
(beat)
When they chase me, keep goin'
after that truck.

FREDDY
Chase you?

Annie pulls her Smith & Wesson revolver from the glove box
and stuffs it in her pants.

ANNIE
Ready?

Freddy gulps, but straightens his back and nods.

In one smooth motion, Annie opens the door and climbs out.
Freddy slides into her position in the driver's seat.

EXT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - NIGHT

Annie climbs back to the connector between The Mama and her
trailer. Unlike regular trailers, there is a small door
leading inside.

INT. COLD STEEL - NIGHT

From his position behind The Mama, Imran sees Annie briefly
appear on the outside of her truck. He reaches for the CB,
but The chimp is playing with it.

IMRAN
Give me that! God I'm so fired.
(into The CB)
Uh Annie, what are you doing?

Intercut with Jose.

JOSE
What? What's going on up there?

IMRAN
She just climbed out of her truck!

JOSE
She committed suicide??!

IMRAN
What? No. Like she was trying to
fix something, or something. I
don't know.

ANNIE (O.S.)
(Over the CB)
Stop at the roadblock. Follow the
kid's lead.

JOSE
Stop? You cannot be serious.

FREDDY
Alright, here we go.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - NIGHT

The convoy stops short of the roadblock. Captain Barns raises
a blow horn to his lips.

CAPTAIN BARNES
Orphan Annie! We gotcha surrounded!

Jerry leans in, accidentally speaking into the loudspeaker
also.

JERRY
(whispering)
No we don't.

Captain Barns just looks at his nephew.

CAPTAIN BARNES
We gotcha surrounded so you and yer
posse give yerselves up.

There is a moment of silence, then the revving of an engine.

Captain Barns only has a moment to look confused before the
source of the noise reveals itself.

The trailer doors of The Mama kick open, and a moment later a 1968 Ford Mustang 390 GT Fastback flies out, lands and turns to face the roadblock.

CAPTAIN BARNES (CONT'D)

Awh shit.

The Mustang's engine ROARS. Smoke rises from the tires as they squeal like pigs caught in a trap. Annie stares out the front windshield right at Captain Barnes, then with a smile, She throws the Mustang in gear.

The Mustang does a 180 and is off in the other direction.

CAPTAIN BARNES (CONT'D)

Come on, let's go!

JERRY

What about the trucks?

CAPTAIN BARNES

Forget the trucks! It's her we want!

Captain Barnes, Jerry, and all the other Officers rush to their vehicles, and very, very slowly, attempt to get themselves out of roadblock formation.

There is a lot of bumper banging, horn honking and cursing. Finally the squad cars are all flying down the highway after Annie.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - NIGHT

The highway free and clear, Freddy starts the engine back up and the convoy starts moving again.

INT. THE MUSTANG - NIGHT

Annie raises the CB radio to her lips.

ANNIE

You keep on that killer rig. Gimme some time to put the moves on these mothers and we'll link back up in no time flat.

Annie sets down the handset, presses a button on the console, and starts Waylon Jennings - Lonesome Onry and Mean.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - NIGHT

The State Troopers are in hot pursuit as Annie's Mustang flies down the highway, expertly avoiding traffic.

INT. STATE TROOPER CAR - NIGHT

Captain Barns sits shotgun as Jerry drives.

CAPTAIN BARNES
Stay on 'er damnit!

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - NIGHT

Annie speeds up an exit ramp and turns right onto a much smaller, rural road. The squad cars chase her up the ramp, but one is going too fast and flips trying to make the turn.

INT. EL MATADOR - NIGHT

The convoy continues full speed down the highway. Jose speaks into his handset.

JOSE
Alright kid, what's the plan.

Intercut between El Matador, The Mama, and Cold Steel.

FREDDY
Well these things may be fast, but
they still gotta stop for gas.
Either of you know this route?

IMRAN
I do, kinda. There's another truck
stop not too far up ahead.

FREDDY
Then that's where we're headed.

IMRAN
No, stop! Put that down!!

JOSE
What?

IMRAN
I said uh, put that hammer down.

JOSE
Right.

Freddy puts the hammer to the floor.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAWN

The sun just grazes the treetops of the great smokey mountains as Annie's Mustang kicks up rocks and dust, flying down the dirt road.

Three State Trooper vehicles remain hot on her tail.

INT. THE MUSTANG - DAWN

Annie checks her rearview, cool as can be. All she can see is dust.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAWN

A FARMER (60s) backs his combine out onto the rural road, warning lights flashing.

INT. THE MUSTANG - DAWN

Annie sees the tractor appear just up ahead, and accelerates towards it.

INT. STATE TROOPER CAR - DAWN

Captain Barns and Jerry follow close behind the first two cars, but with so much dust all they can really see are the blue and red lights.

CAPTAIN BARNES
Damnit, can't see a damn thing!

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAWN

The Farmer looks out his window to see the car chase speeding toward him. He panics and tries to get the tractor back into the laneway, but by now it's taking up the whole road.

At the very last second, The Mustang slips expertly off the gravel and onto the grassy shoulder. She zips around the tractor and swerves back onto the road.

INT. STATE TROOPER CAR - DAWN

The dust clears to reveal the tractor in the middle of the road.

The two leading cars are too close to stop. One swerves erratically off the road and slams into a tree. The other, unable to react, slams right into the giant combine.

Jerry slams on the breaks, stopping the nose of their cruiser an inch from the accident.

CAPTAIN BARNS
She's gettin away!

Jerry drives slowly onto the shoulder, around the tractor, and back onto the road. The Mustang nowhere to be seen.

INT. THE MUSTANG - DAWN

Annie checks the rearview once again, nothing but open road. She hits the on ramp full speed and returns to the highway.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - DAWN

Freddy looks like a natural behind the wheel of The Mama as the convoy speeds past the Truck Stop.

He glances scans the parking lot, no sign of the killer rig.

EXT. TRUCK STOP PARKING LOT - DAWN

The Mama whips by, followed by Cold Steel and El Matador. There is a moment of eerie silence.

A sleek black rig pulls out from behind the truck stop and onto the highway.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - DAWN

Freddy raises the CB to his lips.

FREDDY
Still no sign of it. Did we miss an exit?

Intercut.

IMRAN
Not that I saw?

The Chimp wears a vintage Vince Carter Raptors jersey and reads a map upside down.

IMRAN (CONT'D)

That's a map of Nevada!

ANNIE

We're runnin' outta time. Once these roads fill up we'll be puttin more n' just our lives at risk.

JOSE

Annie, you're late. Where are you?

ANNIE

Comin' up on your rears in what should be bout, five minutes?

In The Mama, Freddy crests a hill his eyes go wide. Right up ahead a killer rig speeds down the highway. Freddy grabs The CB.

FREDDY

I see it!

JOSE

Where??

FREDDY

Right up ahead!

In The Mustang, Annie too spots a sleek black killer rig.

ANNIE

We got a problem.

JOSE

What?

ANNIE

Jose, I'm clockin' one comin' right up on your tail.

IMRAN

There's two of them?

ANNIE

Looks that way.

IMRAN

Oh shit, shit.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - DAWN

The first killer rig whips by, all sleek black and chrome. Next, The Mama, then Cold Steel and The Matador.

Not five seconds later, the second killer rig speeds by, followed by The Mustang.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - DAWN

Freddy eyes the killer rig, which has not yet reacted to the convoy's presence.

FREDDY
What are we gonna do?

INT. THE MUSTANG - DAWN

Annie speeds up behind the second killer rig and swerves up beside it. She looks into the window but it's completely blacked out.

Suddenly, The rig swerves full force into The Mustang. Sparks fly, metal grinds and Annie grips the wheel.

ANNIE
Mother fucker!

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - DAWN

The truck continues crossing the lanes, giving Annie less and less room. A few more seconds and the car will be forced into the trees.

INT. THE MUSTANG - DAWN

Annie slams the shifter, the clutch and the breaks, expertly controlling the wheel with one hand.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - DAWN

Moments away from being crushed, The Mustang slows, and in one smooth motion, swerves beneath the trailer and emerges on the other side.

The engine roars as The Mustang overtakes the rig.

Annie looks into the rearview, and might even breathe a sigh of relief.

INT. THE MUSTANG - DAWN

Annie Reaches for the CB.

ANNIE

Jose!

Intercut.

JOSE

What's the plan Mama?

ANNIE

Imma bring this big bastard up
beside ya and you put em' in the
wood pile. Got that?

JOSE

Got it.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - DAWN

Annie places The Mustang right in front of the killer rig and eases off the gas, tempting it to ram her bumper.

The rig takes the bait, but The Mustang accelerates or swerves out of the way every time.

Annie hits the gas and pulls up beside Jose, the killer rig hot on her tail.

INT. THE MUSTANG - DAWN

Annie reaches under the passenger seat and removes a sawed off break action. Then, from under her own seat, she retrieves a wheel lock.

She glances out the window to see Jose smiling down on her from the cab of El Matador. They give each other a nod.

CRASH! The killer rig slams into Annie from behind. She clutches the wheel and checks the rearview - all she can see is a big chrome grill.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - DAWN

El Matador slams into the killer rig, trying to provide The Mustang with some relief. The killer rig slams back.

INT. EL MATADOR - DAWN

Jose shakes with the impact, but keeps control of his rig.

JOSE
So, you want to dance.

He looks out the window at the jet black cab of the killer truck.

JOSE (CONT'D)
Then let us dance.

INT. THE MUSTANG - DAWN

Annie looks down the straight away ahead. The highway mostly empty, for now.

Up ahead, she can see Cold Steel and The Mama in pursuit of the first killer rig.

She places some shotgun shells in the breast pocket of her denim jacket, then pops the break action open and slides two more into the barrels.

She locks the wheel, rolls down the window and reaches for The CB.

ANNIE
Ready?

JOSE
I was born ready.

EXT. THE MUSTANG - DAWN

Keeping her foot on the gas, Annie slides her body out the window and turns around to face the killer rig looming up behind her.

She levels both barrels on the rig's front tire. BOOM! BOOM!

Nothing but sparks, she reloads. The Mustang careens down the highway full speed.

The Rig accelerates and once again slams Annie's bumper. She falls, her head inches the asphalt. She hangs there a moment, dazed.

From this angle she can see a few inches of exposed rubber.

Hanging from the side of a speeding vehicle, head inches from being crushed by two eighty-ton rigs, Annie reaches into her breast pocket and removes two more shells.

She pops the break action open and slides them in.

BOOM! Nothing. BOOM! Rubber and smoke explode from beneath the rig's front wheel well.

Annie gives Jose another nod and slides back into The Mustang.

The killer rig swerves into El Matador, but El Matador swerves back.

INT. THE MUSTANG - DAWN

Annie tosses the smoking shotgun onto the passenger seat and removes the wheel lock.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - DAWN

El Matador applies the pressure, slowly pushing the speeding rig over onto the shoulder.

Sparks and smoke fly from the killer rig's empty wheel well as it attempts to push back against El Matador.

INT. EL MATADOR - DAWN

Jose gives the wheel one last hard turn.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - DAWN

CRASH! El Matador slams into the killer rig one final time, sending it off the shoulder and careening full speed into the tall trees lining the road.

BOOM! The killer rig explodes in a giant fireball, somethin' like the fourth O' July.

INT. THE MUSTANG - DAWN

Annie watches the fireball rise high into the sky from her rearview mirror.

She slams on the steering wheel.

ANNIE
Hoooweee!! God damn it's good to be
back!

INT. COLD STEEL - MORNING

Imran and the chimpanzee hoot and scream with excitement.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - MORNING

Freddy smiles wide, but only for a moment. Up ahead, the second killer Rig continues along. He reaches for The CB.

FREDDY
We ain't done here yet. And we're
gonna need this one in one piece if
we wanna find out where it came
from.

INT. EL MATADOR - MORNING

Jose chuckles and reaches for his own radio.

JOSE
Hear that Annie? Try not to
barbecue this one.

Intercut.

Annie chuckles.

ANNIE
Duly noted. So what's the plan
there Freddy?

Freddy looks at the radio in shock.

FREDDY
Me?

ANNIE
Well who the hell else?

Freddy gulps, looking ahead at the second killer rig up ahead.

INT. COLD STEEL - MORNING

Imran glances at his Toronto Maple Leafs Digital clock:
6:00AM

He reaches for his radio.

IMRAN
Shot clock's running out.

Intercut.

Freddy's mind races. Then, an idea.

FREDDY
We're gonna box it in.
(beat)
Annie, how much you love that car?

ANNIE
This old thing? I was always more
of a pickup girl.

FREDDY
Okay good. Wait till the rest of us
are in position. I'll give you an
exit strategy.

JOSE
You sure it's wise entrusting the
plan to the kid?

FREDDY
I ain't no kid. I'm Freddy Jackson,
son of Jackson Jackson, and you can
call me Diamondback.

Silence.

JOSE
That's the dumbest thing I've ever
heard.

IMRAN
I think it's sick.

ANNIE
We can work on the name later. For
now, I trust him with The Mama and
that's all you need t'know.

FREDDY
Right. Okay. Imran, you think you
can bait it into the center lane?

IMRAN
Put me in coach.

FREDDY

Good. I'm gonna take the left,
Jose, you take the back.

JOSE

Understood.

Jose looks up at Saint Frances of Rome and performs the sign
of the cross.

FREDDY

Let's do this.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - MORNING

The Killer Rig barrels forward in the fast lane.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - FURTHER DOWN - MORNING

A line of cars and trucks, morning commuters, take the on
ramp onto Highway 45, growing more crowded by the minute.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - MORNING

Cold steel pulls up right next to The Killer Rig.

INT. COLD STEEL - MORNING

Imran and The chimp stare out the window toward the ominous
blackness of The Killer Rig's window.

Imran Gulps.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - MORNING

The Killer Rig veers right and slams into Cold Steel.

INT. COLD STEEL - MORNING

The Chimp pulls the jersey over its eyes.

IMRAN

Shit!

Imran wrenches the wheel hard left to keep control.

The Cab shakes as the rig slams him once again.

Imran lets loose a string of curses in English and Urdu.

FREDDY (O.S.)
Good, now move over into the slow
lane.

Imran wipes sweat from his brow and nods.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - MORNING

Cold steel slowly drifts right, out of the middle lane and into the slow lane. The killer rig, like a shark with the taste of blood, follows.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - MORNING

Freddy sees his opening. He shifts down and puts the pedal to the floor, pulling up right next to the killer rig.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - MORNING

With Cold Steel and the Mama now on either side of The Killer Rig. El Matador pulls up behind. Pressing its grill firmly against the Killer Rig's Trailer.

The Rig Swerves right, slamming into Cold Steel once more.

Then it swerves left slamming into The Mama. Neither give an inch.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - MORNING

The convoy crests a hill to reveal, rush hour.

Less than five miles up the road, hundreds of cars, trucks, vans and motorcycles clog every lane.

INT. COLD STEEL - MORNING

Imran fights to keep The Killer Rig boxed in. The Chimp taps him on the shoulder and points ahead.

Imran reaches for The CB.

IMRAN
We're out of time!

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - MORNING

Freddy reaches for The CB.

FREDDY
Alright Annie.

INT. THE MUSTANG - MORNING

Annie assesses the scene in her rearview, then reaches for the radio.

ANNIE
Don't drop me now.

She lets her foot off the gas, slowing down to let the approaching convoy get closer.

Annie packs a lip and opens the driver's door slightly.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - MORNING

Freddy looks from the approaching traffic jam to The Mustang, sitting inches from The Killer Rig's front grill.

He applies a little bit of pressure to the gas, inching The Mama forward a few feet. Then leans over and opens the passenger door.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - MORNING

Thirty seconds away from being crushed between traffic and the convoy, Annie makes her move.

The Mustang breaks hard and turns sharp, right in front of The Killer Rig.

Annie leaps out and grabs hold of The Mama's Door handle just as The Mustang is crushed, exploding into a gigantic fireball.

The Killer Rig jumps up through the flames and over the twisted wreckage, wheels spinning uselessly in the air.

Sparks fly as the rig slowly grinds to a halt.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - MORNING

Annie climbs into the rig and closes the door. Freddy stares at her in disbelief.

INT. LUXURY SEDAN - MORNING

An AVERAGE JOE (30s) grooves away to easy-listening, unaware of the apocalyptic fireball barreling towards him.

He stuffs a breakfast sandwich into his mouth. Chewing and humming along to the song.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - MORNING

The entire convoy screeches to a halt inches from the tail end of the traffic jam.

INT. COLD STEEL - MORNING

The chimp hoots and screams and jumps around.

IMRAN

Holy shit! Did you see that?! That was like, every fucking action movie I've ever seen in one!

Imran and The Chimp embrace.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45

Annie and Freddy exit The Mama and run toward the cab of The Killer Rig. Jose meets them there a moment later, giving Freddy a punch on the arm.

JOSE

Not bad.

Freddy rubs his arm and smiles. Then jumps up to the driver's side door.

He tries to pry it open, but it's no use.

FREDDY

It's lock--

BOOM! Freddy ducks as the window shatters.

Everybody turns to see Annie and a smoking shotgun. She shrugs.

Freddy climbs through the window.

INT. THE KILLER RIG - MORNING

The inside of The killer Rig is a sleek, black cave. Clearly not designed for human use. On the dash, a series of screens display diagnostics, and a map.

The highlighted route points to Atlanta.

Freddy taps the screen and the route readjusts from Atlanta, to the middle of the Arizona desert.

Freddy presses the button again, and the map zooms out.

To his horror, dozens of glowing green dots - other rigs - crisscross The U.S. Canada and Mexico.

EXT. HIGHWAY 45 - MORNING

Freddy sticks his head out the window to Annie, Jose and Imran.

FREDDY
They're everywhere!

IMRAN
Like bedbugs.

JOSE
Yeah, okay. But who's makin em'?

FREDDY
I don't know, but it was headed to
the middle of the Arizona Desert,
is that weird?

Annie and Jose share a look.

ANNIE
Tyson Briggs.

JOSE
Tyson Briggs.

IMRAN
Yeah!
(beat)
Who's that?

JOSE
He runs a trucking company, but all
he cares about is money. He's a
real bastard.

FREDDY
So you think he's the one been
buildin' these trucks?

ANNIE
I'd bet The Mama on it.

IMRAN
Then what are we waiting for?

INT. BRIGG'S RIGS - CORNER OFFICE - DAY

Max sits behind a large Oak desk in a swivel chair three sizes too big.

The office is spacious and well lit, decorated similarly to Tyson's. Tyson himself paces about the room.

TYSON
And the best part, right next to mine.

Tyson smiles wide. Max swivels around, taking it all in.

TYSON (CONT'D)
You like it?

MAX
I don't know what to say.

TYSON
Just say you're gonna get a hundred more o' them trucks on the road!

Tyson winks. There is a knock at the door. Tyson opens it revealing the Whiny Scientist, iPad in hand.

WHINY SCIENTIST
Uh--

TYSON
Come on in, don't be shy!

Tyson smacks the Whiny Scientist on the back, pushing him into the room.

TYSON (CONT'D)
I'll let you get to work!

Tyson struts out of the room. Max leans back in his chair and sighs.

MAX
What is it?

The Whiny Scientist crosses to Max.

WHINY SCIENTIST
We lost two trucks today.

MAX
What? How?

WHINY SCIENTIST
We're still waiting on a diagnostic report, but that's not the strange thing.

MAX
What is it?

The Whiny Scientists hands the iPad across the desk to Max.

On the screen: The same map of North America, with all the Automated Rigs represented as glowing dots.

Max looks up, confused.

MAX (CONT'D)
Well? What am I looking at?

WHINY SCIENTIST
Watch the trucks.

Max looks back at the iPad. Slowly, the dots pulse a fraction of an inch, then again. All headed toward Arizona.

WHINY SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
They're all coming back.

MAX
But you said.

WHINY SCIENTIST
I know. They're doing it on their own.

MAX
Why?

The Scientist shrugs - all out of answers. The pair share a look of worry.

INT. STATE TROOPER CAR - DAY

Captain Barns and Jerry speed down Highway 45, using the shoulder to bypass traffic.

They speed up to the flaming wreckage of The Killer Rig and the burnt out Mustang, surrounded by onlookers and emergency vehicles.

Captain barns brings the car to a screeching halt and leans out the window. A STATE TROOPER (40s) approaches.

CAPTAIN BARNES
What the hell happened here?

STATE TROOPER
Got some witnesses sayin' three
trucks boxed this one here in n'
caused some sorta pileup.

The Trooper gestures to The Killer Rig.

STATE TROOPER (CONT'D)
This one's mighty futuristic. Can't
find the driver. Best we can tell
is he burst into flames on impact.

The Trooper leans in.

STATE TROOPER (CONT'D)
(Whispering)
But *I* think he went back to the
future, where he and this truck
came from.

JERRY
Woah.

STATE TROOPER
Yeah, anyhow, we alerted The
Arizona State Troopers to be on the
lookout--

CAPTAIN BARNES
Arizona?

STATE TROOPER
Yeah. Witness said they heard the
drivers sayin' that's where they
were headed next. Probably to hide
out in the desert.

He lowers his voice once again.

STATE TROOPER (CONT'D)
Way I see it is, there's this
underground militia right? And
they're at war with these future
truckers--

Captain Barns already has his foot on the floor. The Tires squeal as he and Jerry peel off.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - DAY

Freddy sits behind the wheel of The Mama, next to him Annie applies a bandage to a nasty burn on her arm.

Freddy keeps looking from Annie, to the road, and back again.

He swallows.

FREDDY

Annie?

ANNIE

Don't ask.

Freddy returns his eyes to the road. For a moment, there is only the sound of the rubber on the road.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Wasn't long after your father died. I was haulin' lumber for a company in The Blue Ridge. It was a two lane road, real icy, real dark... I don't know how long the idiot had been followin' me for. I was real tired. Maybe if I'd been more aware I woulda seen him swerivin'... He started passin' me on this incline, I didn't notice until he was nearly at the cab. I laid on the horn, but just as we came over the hill there was this school bus... I swerved, tried to ditch The Rig, but so did the bus driver... Learned later it was a bus fulla Girl Scouts headin' back from a campin' trip.

There is a long silence.

FREDDY

It wasn't your fault.

ANNIE

Well it sure weren't the bus driver's.

FREDDY

It was the car, the guy who tried to pass you.

ANNIE

One day you might understand, but drivin' truck is more than shiftin' gears and dodgin' speed traps. We got a responsibility up here, to be better'n the rest. To look out for those who can't... I failed all them kids, and I swore I wouldn't never fail nobody else again.

Annie finishes bandaging her arm. The pair sit in silence.

FREDDY

I'm glad you decided to come back.

Annie turns to look out the passenger window.

EXT. THE INTERSTATE - DAY

The Mama whips down the road, followed closely by Cold Steel and El Matador.

EXT. BRIGG'S RIGS - DAY

Annie, Freddy, Imran and Jose watch the compound through binoculars. Dozens of automated trucks line up to get through the gate.

JOSE

There are too many.

ANNIE

We're gonna have to lure em' away somehow.

FREDDY

If Jose and I can get the trucks to follow us, can you two get inside and turn em' off?

Annie and Imran share a look, then nod, yes.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Good. You mind if I take The Mama?

ANNIE

Not in the least.

FREDDY

Okay, here's the plan.

EXT. BRIGG'S RIGS - DAY

More Killer Rigs continue lining up outside. The entire fleet must be here by now. Suddenly, the unmistakable sound of AIR HORNS.

Down the road come The Mama and El Matador. They speed past two dozen sleek black rigs blaring their horns.

As they pass, the rigs rev their engines and take off in pursuit.

More trucks pull out from the parking lot and head after them.

A moment later, Annie and Imran make their way to the front gate.

IMRAN

Damnit, it's locked.

Annie grabs the padlock with her hand and yanks it off. The gate swings open.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - DAY

Freddy glances into his mirror to see a line of Killer Rigs following him and Jose. He reaches for the CB

FREDDY

Okay, we got em'.

Intercut between Freddy and Jose.

JOSE

Yeah, now what?

FREDDY

Uh... Keep em' occupied I guess. I didn't really think this far ahead.

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY - DAY

The Mama and El Matador, followed by a convoy two dozen killer rigs pass a sign that reads

"VISIT THE GRAND CANYON - ONE OF THE SEVEN NATURAL WONDERS OF THE WORLD."

INT. BRIGG'S RIGS - TERMINAL - DAY

Annie and Imran run through the darkened terminal.

ANNIE

We'll split up. See if you can find
a control panel.

Imran nods and head through a door. Annie continues on.

MAX (O.S.)

Stop right there.

Annie wheels around to see Max at the top of the stairs,
staring down at her.

ANNIE

Who are you?

MAX

I could ask you the same question.
(beat)
He won't find one, by the way.

Annie stares up, face hard.

MAX (CONT'D)

A control panel I mean.

ANNIE

Well then how do ya turn em' off?!
They're killin' drivers.

MAX

I can't. No one can. The trucks
think for themselves now. Isn't it
amazing?

ANNIE

It's gone too far.

MAX

It hasn't gone far enough! It's
progress, and I won't let you or
anyone else get in the way.

An engine ROARS and a pair of high beams flick on behind
Annie. She dives out of the way just as The Killer Rig
accelerates toward her.

Annie removes a revolver from her jacket and fires two rounds
at The Rig's front tire. They ricochet away and she's forced
to dodge the rig yet again.

Annie takes two more shots. This time, one of the tires explodes! She dances around the truck as it tries ramming her once again.

Annie takes two more shots at the other tire, but no luck. She dives out of the way once more just in the nick of time.

BANG! The second tire magically explodes! Annie and Max look up to see Tyson, aiming his Browning Hunting Rifle at the truck, smoke rising from the barrel.

Imran stands next to him.

TYSON

You didn't think this was just fer show didja? Now Max, what's this I hear bout yer rigs goin' rogue and killin' people?

Max looks from Tyson, to Annie, to Imran, then bolts out a side door.

TYSON (CONT'D)

Hey!

EXT. BRIGG'S RIGS - DAY

Max runs like The Yankees at Manassas, then The Rebs at Manassas, out into the parking lot.

He struggles for his keys and gets into his car.

INT. MAX'S CAR - DAY

Max breathes a heavy sigh of relief...

The car turns on without him even putting the keys into the ignition.

MAX

Oh, shit.

The doors lock just as he jumps for the door handle.

MAX (CONT'D)

No no no no.

Max pulls frantically on the handle as the car puts itself in gear and pulls out of the parking lot.

EXT. BRIGG'S RIGS - DAY

Max's car turns down the road and speeds off in the same direction as Freddy, Jose and the rest of the rigs.

INT. BRIGG'S RIGS - TERMINAL - DAY

Tyson and Imran have made their way to Annie in the center of the terminal.

TYSON

I didn't want to believe it.

ANNIE

Well believe it.

(beat)

Shit.

IMRAN

What?

ANNIE

We gotta warn Freddy there ain't no way to turn these bastards off, come on!

Annie races for the door, followed by Imran and Tyson.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - EVENING

Freddy keeps the pedal to the floor as he leads the convoy down the interstate.

JOSE (O.S.)

Any ideas kid?

Freddy glances in the rearview. Behind him, El Matador and dozens of angry chrome grills.

Freddy returns his eyes to the road, mind racing. A sign catches his eye.

'GRAND CANYON - NEXT EXIT'

He reaches for The CB.

FREDDY

One, but you're not gonna like it.

Freddy drifts into the right hand lane... But up ahead, a line of Arizona State Troopers barricade the road.

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY - EVENING

Standing in the center of the road block, Captain Barns and Jerry.

This time, the troopers are more prepared, guns trained on the advancing convoy.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - EVENING

Freddy reaches for The CB.

FREDDY
You see what I see?

Intercut.

JOSE
Sure do.

FREDDY
We gotta make that exit.
(beat)
We're goin' through.

Jose smiles, puts his foot on the gas, and pulls El Matador up next to The Mama.

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY - EVENING

The Troopers stand confidently behind their line of cars.

Captain Barns looks toward a large boulder next to the side of the road, some ways ahead of the road block.

Behind the boulder, a Trooper crouches low, spike strips in hand. Captain Barns gives him a nod.

JERRY
It don't look like they're
stoppin'.

CAPTAIN BARNES
Oh they're stoppin.'

The convoy barrels toward the blockade, five hundred meters away picking up steam.

JERRY
Like absolutely certain.

Captain Barns swallows, one hundred meters. He frantically gives the signal.

The Trooper springs from behind the boulder and releases the spring loaded spike strip.

El Matador's front tire blows like a shotgun.

INT. EL MATADOR - EVENING

Jose grips the wheel to keep the rig straight.

JOSE
Bastard!

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY - EVENING

The Arizona State Troopers pop off with their sidearms. Bullets ricochet off the grills of The Mama and El Matador.

But the convoy steamrolls ahead.

Captain Barns, Jerry, and The Troopers scatter with seconds to spare.

El Matador and The Mama rip through the blockade, sending squad cars flying every which way.

A moment later, the two dozen Killer Rigs fly by in pursuit.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - EVENING

Freddy looks glances out the window to see Jose and El Matador losing speed. He reaches for The CB

FREDDY
You alright?

Intercut.

JOSE
Lost my front tire. I won't be able to keep pace.

FREDDY
Sure you can! It ain't much further.

Jose glances into his rearview at the oncoming convoy of Killer Rigs.

JOSE
Whatever you say kid.

INT. COLD STEEL - EVENING

Imran speeds along, Annie sits shotgun. Tyson's head pokes out from the cab.

Annie reaches for The CB.

ANNIE
Freddy, Jose, Comeback!

Intercut.

FREDDY
Guess you didn't find a way to turn them trucks off.

ANNIE
You guessed right. There ain't no way to turn 'em off. We gotta destroy em'.

TYSON
What? Destroy em'?!! You can't!

A hairy hand reaches from behind a curtain and covers Tyson's mouth. He recoils in fear.

TYSON (CONT'D)
What the?! You know there's a god damned monkey in this truck??

IMRAN
His name is Vince Carter now shut up and let the lady talk.

The chimp hoots in agreement. Tyson does as he's told.

ANNIE
You hear that?

FREDDY
Loud and clear, we're way ahead of ya.

ANNIE
Where we gonna meet?

JOSE
He's leadin' em to The Canyon.

ANNIE
There's gotta be another way.

JOSE
We're all ears.

ANNIE
Just don't do nothin' stupid, ya
hear me?

FREDDY
That's a big 10-4.

Freddy sets The CB on the dash and wrenches the wheel hard left.

EXT. ARIZONA HIGHWAY - EVENING

The Mama leaves the interstate, kicking up dust and sand as it takes off into the Arizona Desert.

El Matador limps along after her, the Killer Convoy closing fast.

EXT. THE ARIZONA DESERT - EVENING

Two Killer Rigs close in and ram El Matador's trailer, which whips left, and then right.

INT. EL MATADOR - EVENING

Jose grits his teeth and grips the wheel. He checks his mirror, the convoy is upon him.

Jose reaches for The CB.

JOSE
Hey Kid.

Intercut.

FREDDY
Hang in there buddy.

JOSE
I've been thinking it over.
Diamondback is a pretty great tag.

FREDDY
You heard what Annie said, don't do
nothin' stupid! We're almost there.

JOSE
It's been a pleasure sharing the
road with all of you.

Jose slams on the shifter, the break, and the wheel all simultaneously.

EXT. THE ARIZONA DESERT - EVENING

El Matador creaks and groans under the pressure. The rig turns sharply and rolls hard.

The Killer Rigs behind it are unable to turn in time. Two of them smash into El Matador, creating a spectacular fireball.

Another half dozen Killer Rigs smash into the wreckage.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - EVENING

Freddy watches the fireball in his rearview.

FREDDY
No!

INT. COLD STEEL - EVENING

Silence in the cab. Imran wipes tears from his eyes, Annie stares straight ahead.

EXT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - EVENING

Freddy checks the rearview. The remaining convoy speeds after him.

EXT. THE ARIZONA DESERT - EVENING

The Mama blows through a chain link fence marked with a sign.

'WARNING - GRAND CANYON - EXTREME DANGER'

The convoy hauls ass after him.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - EVENING

Freddy reaches for The CB.

FREDDY
Annie.

Intercut.

ANNIE

Go ahead.

FREDDY

You got Mr. Briggs there with ya?

ANNIE

I sure do.

FREDDY

You tell him to make this right.
Not just with my Mama's cancer, but
for everyone these killer rigs done
wrong.

Annie gives Tyson a hard look. Tyson nods.

ANNIE

Say it.

TYSON

I'll make it right.

FREDDY

That's what I like to hear.

Freddy sets the handset back on the dash and removes his seatbelt.

EXT. THE ARIZONA DESERT - EVENING

The Mama speeds towards the edge of the canyon, followed by the killer convoy.

INT. PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA - EVENING

Freddy sees the wide open canyon just before him. He pops open the door and looks down at the desert sand speeding by below.

Another glance forward, two hundred feet from the edge. He makes his move...

But the seatbelt is wrapped around his ankle! Freddy dangles out the side of The Mama, head inches from the ground.

Freddy struggles to free himself. Grasping and clawing at the belt!

EXT. THE ARIZONA DESERT - EVENING

The Mama hurdles off the cliff and down into the canyon below.

Followed by the convoy of killer rigs, who are unable to stop in time.

The rigs tumble down into the canyon below. The sounds of grinding and compacting metal echo into the night.

A series of massive fireballs rise from the bottom of the canyon. Illuminating the seventh wonder in a brilliant display.

INT. MAX'S CAR - EVENING

Max kicks with both feet at the rear windshield, unaware of the direction he is headed.

When he finally turns around to face forward, he sees The Grand Canyon before him.

MAX

Oh--

EXT. THE ARIZONA DESERT - EVENING

Max's car, finally having arrived, follows dutifully off the cliff and into the blackness below.

A moment later, Cold Steel arrives and parks near the edge. Annie, Imran, Tyson and Vince Carter pour out.

ALL

Freddy! Freddy! Come on! Freddy!

The group make their way to the edge and look over at the carnage below.

IMRAN

He was so young!

Further down, unseen by his mourning friends, Freddy claws his way back over the edge. Seatbelt in hand.

A single tear rolls down Annie's cheek.

FREDDY

Are you, crying?

The group wheels around.

ANNIE
What? No.

IMRAN
Freddy!

Imran and Vince rush over and embrace Freddy, back from the dead. It is a long time before they finally release him.

FREDDY
Sorry bout The Mama.

ANNIE
She died doin' what she loved.

FREDDY
And Jose.

There is a moment of reflection.

ANNIE
I sincerely believe the same goes
for him.

Freddy and Annie smile. Freddy's attention turns to Tyson, standing off to the side sheepishly.

FREDDY
You and me need to have a long
talk.

TYSON
Yes son I believe we do.

Freddy nods, they all make their way back to Cold Steel.

IMRAN
Is it seriously this hot here, at
night?

TYSON
Sometimes hotter.

IMRAN
Holy shit.

They load into Cold Steel, and drive off into the sunset.

INT. ARIZONA STATE HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Freddy, wearing a plain white t, denim vest and a great big Stetson, strolls along next to DOCTOR BECKER (30s), hair in a bun, clean white coat and clipboard.

They pass a group of children doing aerobics in a swimming pool. Freddy watches them for a moment through the glass.

DOCTOR BECKER

Which was extremely... Oh yes, as part of the donation we installed a state of the art gymnasium which is used in all kinds of recovery programs... If you'd like to continue the tour?

FREDDY

Right, of course, after you.

DOCTOR BECKER

Like I was saying, Phoenix State is now the largest Lung Cancer Hospital in The United States, with patients being referred here from all over the world.

They pass a zone marked CONSTRUCTION.

DOCTOR BECKER (CONT'D)

And this is the cardiovascular wing, which we hope to have completed by the spring. And over here...

Freddy smiles. They continue on past a sign that reads

'JACKSON JACKSON LUNG CANCER CENTER'

INT. ARIZONA STATE HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY

Roxanne sits on the edge of the bed, wearing a hospital gown and necklace. She looks healthier, her skin brighter.

Freddy sits in an easy chair next to her.

ROXANNE

--And when the old birds go to bed,
yer Mama and the girls play a
little Texas Hold Em'! Can ya
believe it? Me!

Roxanne laughs heartily. Freddy smiles.

FREDDY

I'm glad you're happy here Mama.

ROXANNE

Boy, Freddy, this is the best I've felt in years. I don't know if it's the treatment or the sunshine, or the god dang lack of humidity, but I don't care. Thank you.

FREDDY

I told ya I'd find a way Mama.

They embrace.

ROXANNE

Yer No Good Truckin' Daddy would be damn proud.

Freddy laughs, a tear in his eye.

ROXANNE (CONT'D)

I'm damn proud.

FREDDY

Thanks Mama.

EXT. ARIZONA STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

Freddy makes his way across the road to a rig, glimmering in the Arizona sunshine.

Deep green, and gold scales, deep black accents, chrome grill.

On the passenger door, a Diamondback Rattler sits coiled, ready to strike. On the hood, a massive mouth opens wide, bearing its fangs, venom glistening on each one.

On the driver's side door, another large and menacing Diamondback wrestles with none other than, An Anaconda.

Freddy climbs up inside. The Rig roars to life, and pulls away.

EXT. BRIGG'S RIGS - DAY

A few trucks come and go through the gate, passing a TWO NEW signs which reads.

'BRIGG'S RIGS - AMERICA'S FRIENDLIEST TRUCKING COMPANY.'

'BIG FRED'S TRUCK DRIVING ACADEMY'

INT. BRIGG'S RIGS - TYSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Tyson sits in his big leather chair, Imran stands opposite him.

IMRAN

It seems every driver is accounted for, all back with full pensions.

TYSON

Well that's just great news. And how 'bout the newbies?

IMRAN

A few bumps here and there, but nothing that can't be buffed out.

Tyson stands and crosses to the window.

TYSON

Almost brings a tear to yer eye doesn't it?

IMRAN

It sure does, but uh...

TYSON

Oh yeah, don't let me keep ya.

Imran smiles and heads for the door.

TYSON (CONT'D)

Hey Imran.

Imran turns.

TYSON (CONT'D)

Thanks again.

IMRAN

Don't mention it.

Imran exits the office.

INT. COLD STEEL - DAY

Imran climbs up inside the cab and reaches for a bottle of coke. But it's empty.

IMRAN

Hey!

Vince Carter's head pokes out through the curtain.

Note: Imran and The Chimp now communicate using American Sign Language with subtitles.

IMRAN (CONT'D)
Oh, did I wake you?

VINCE
Yes actually.

IMRAN
You drank all the coke.

VINCE
I was thirsty.

IMRAN
You don't pay for this you know.

VINCE
Do you have any chips?

IMRAN
Unbelievable.

Imran starts the engine, and a voice crackles through The CB.

FREDDY (O.S)
Imran, you there?

Imran grabs The Handset.

IMRAN
Yeah, I'm here. This idiot never picks up when I'm out.

Vince just shrugs.

Intercut.

FREDDY
How's our old friend Mr. Briggs?

IMRAN
He's a real strange guy, like if Yosemite Sam was a real person.

FREDDY
Well, I hope he knows there's a lot of people that are mighty thankful for his contribution.

IMRAN
I think he does.

FREDDY
Where you headed?

IMRAN
Funny enough, I'm Jackson bound.

FREDDY
Is that right, well maybe we could
link up for a bite.

IMRAN
You heard from our other old friend
lately?

FREDDY
I haven't.

IMRAN
Maybe we could drop her a line.

FREDDY
I think she'd like that.
(beat)
Well I'll meet ya just south of Ole
Miss, I'm eastbound and down.

Freddy puts the pedal to the floor.

EXT. MIKE'S AUTO WRECKING - YARD - EVENING

Mike and Annie walk side by side in the waning Virginia
sunlight.

MIKE
I couldn't believe ya wrecked 'er.

ANNIE
Wasn't me, was the kid. Don't
matter, had to be done.

They continue on past the stacks of old vehicles, rising up
into the orange and purple sky.

MIKE
We're here.

They stand before another larger than normal shipping
container, no locks or chains.

Mike unceremoniously opens it up, revealing a rusty old rig.
Annie looks it over.

MIKE (CONT'D)
It ain't much.

Annie touches the peeling paint along the wheel well.

ANNIE
It's perfect.

CUE: Orphan Annie Theme Song

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END