DISSOLVE IN TO:

INT/EXT.QUICK ‘n GO Gas station **—** DAY/NIGHT

The large sign of the Minimart fills the frame. In the background, a ROAR of a car engine and the SCREECHING of tires fills the air. Underneath that is an ominous THUD THUD of air beating down upon the pavement. The ‘Quick ‘n Go’ sign begins to distort and ripple with each WHOOPH WHOOPH. Reveal that the sign has been a reflection in puddle. Here comes the vehicle, tearing through the puddle and skids through a corner.

The vehicles two occupants, similar in build, appear overly calm.

SIMON

Your turn signal’s on bro.

Mark  
(smiles)

No! No it is not.

He steals a quick look at the dash to make sure. No one is going to ruin this take.

Simon

**Why did you take the turn so wide? I don’t know how you got this gig. Everyone knows I’m the better driver.**

Mark

Reputation lil’ brother. I got it. You don’t. I’m easy to work with. You are –

Simon

More talented. And I’m easy! You call this work?

Mark checks the mirror. A large drone fills it. Shots FIRE and EXPLOSIONS rip along side the car and up into the water tower which explodes and topples over.

Water splashes Simon’s hair. He slicks it back, checks it in the side mirror.

Simon

I’m the better looking one anyway.

Mark

Not after this. Mark in 8…

SImon

I can count too bro. I never miss. If you die midair, I get next take.

Mark

Not gonna happen. Just focus. 5..4..3..

The vehicle blisters towards a jump.

Mark checks the speedometer bouncing around 85 mph. As he looks up, the drone fires head on at the vehicle just missing along both doors.

Mark reaches down and untangles a strap from his brother’s costume which is wrapped around the handbrake –

simon

I’m out.

--just as his brother exits the vehicle going 88 mph..

Mark

Lov ‘ya Gooch..

.. Bro’s body hits the pavement, bounces hard and becomes a brown dirty blur of rolling fabric.

Above, the drone hesitates for a moment, trying to decide between the old target and the new one. In that lost moment, the car hits the ramp and launches skyward—

--In a perfect ballistic trajectory towards the drone.

The drone appears frozen in mid-air, like a deer caught in the headlights, it sees, but doesn’t believe. It doesn’t know how to respond.

The car enters the drone’s cockpit. Glass SHATTERS as the engines begin to IMPLODE. Car and drone collide with a massive cannonball of an explosion so large that it will be talked about for five generations of Virginians to come.

From alleyways town folk begin to emerge and clap. From a distance, dusty but smiling Mark claps along.   
Simon looks up from the ground, gives a light clap and adjusts his hair.

DIRECTOR [O.C.]

And Cut! Ok people, pretty good. Back to first positions. Hustle! Let’s get one more in before lunch.

FADE OUT.