DISSOLVE IN TO:

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

The large sign of the Minimart fills the view.   
QUICK N GO.  
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 the hot pavement. The ‘Quick ‘n Go’ sign begins to distort and ripple with each WHOOPH WHOOPH.   
Reveal that the sign is reflected in puddle. Looking up from the puddle - here comes the vehicle, passing directly over the puddle. The underneath of the car blurs by as it rips into the corner..

The vehicle’s two occupants, similar in build, appear overly calm.

SIMON

Your turn signal’s on bro.

Mark  
(smiles)

No. No it is not.

Mark, just a bit pudgier, steals a quick look at the dash.

Simon - CU

**Why did you take the turn so wide?**

**From above, the arc of the turn can be seen. It’s a bit wide. The view follows the car.**

**SIMON**

**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

Super talented. And I’m easy! ‘Sides, I don’t call this work.

Mark checks the side mirror. It fills with a large blue drone. Shots FIRE and EXPLOSIONS rip along side the car and up into a water tower nearby which explodes and topples over.

As water splashes onto Simon’s hair, he instinctively slicks it back, then checks it in his 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 the makeshift jump which contains a Jet-Puffed Marshmallow truck underneath.

The speedometer needle is bouncing at 84 mph. As he looks up, the drone, just ahead of him, fires at the vehicle – tearing up the pavement along both car doors. Simon marvels at the squibs.

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

simoN  
(Looks at his bro)

.. 1. I’m out.

--at 88 mph, his brother exits the vehicle..

Mark

Lov ‘ya Gooch..

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

Above, the drone hesitates for a moment, trying to decide between the old target and the new one. In that lost moment, the Mark’s 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 cannot understand.

The car SMASHES into the drone’s cockpit. Glass SHATTERS as the engines begin to WHINE and IMPLODE. The collision causes a massive cannonball of an explosion so large that it will be talked about for the next five generations of Virginians to come.

From alleyways town folk begin to emerge and clap. From a distance, a dusty but smiling Mark stands and claps along.   
Simon looks up from the ground, blows the dirt of his boy face, adjusts his hair and claps along with two spare fingers.

DIRECTOR [O.C.]

And Cut! Ok people, that was pretty good. Back to first positions. Let’s go again. Hustle up! One more before lunch.

FADE OUT.