

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

In the distance, some giant headlights flash. The headlights create a blinding flash of light. Then the headlights go dark. With few streetlights on the road, it's hard to make out anything.

INT. SHELBY CAR - NIGHT

Davis slams the accelerator. Mouse grips his seat like he's riding a rickety roller coaster car.

DAVIS

I know what they are doing. Hold on!

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Two black vans move closer together like they are going to form a barrier. Four thugs in riot cop helmets stand in front of the vans.

INT. SHELBY CAR - NIGHT

From Mouse's point-of-view, it looks like the thugs are standing firm. The space between the vans looks too narrow for the Shelby car to fit through. Mouse lets out a terrified scream. Davis lets manically laughs. It looks like a crash is imminent.

But impact is avoided. The thugs break from their formation and run away. The narrow strait between the vans suddenly widens, and the Shelby car passes through the road block.

INT. SHELBY CAR - NIGHT

Mouse cheers as he looks back at what he thought was an impregnable barrier. He gives a war whoop.

MOUSE

You had me shitting in my pants!

DAVIS

Not in this beautiful machine. (A beat) I know a short cut to the old skate park.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

The Shelby car speeds down the street. A thug in a riot helmet views the car disappearing on the horizon with night vision binoculars.

EXT. OUTSIDE SCRAP METAL YARD - NIGHT

The Shelby car approaches a scrap metal business. Gates are locked. The car stops in front of the place.

DAVIS

(v.o.)

I used to deliver packages to this  
scrap metal yard. They said that  
they trusted me.

Davis hops out of the car. He presses a button and the yard's gate opens.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

If anyone's following, we're gonna  
lose them in this swamp.

Davis jumps back in the car and the car enters the scrap metal yard.

EXT. SCRAP METAL YARD - NIGHT.

The Shelby car moves through a dense slum of scrap metal. The car idles at an alley carved through mountains of metal junk. A hill of old tires are stacked on top of rusted metal sheets.

MOUSE

What are you doing? No time to take  
a break.

DAVIS

If they are as reckless as me,  
we're in for a treat.

MOUSE

Huh?

DAVIS

Have you ever heard of the domino  
effect?

Off in the distance, we hear some banging at the yard gate.

EXT. OUTSIDE SCRAP METAL YARD GATE - NIGHT

Thugs jump out of the black van with a battering ram. They smash it against the gate. There's a heavy thud. The gate breaks open. The van rushes past the open gate.