

COTTONTAIL

An Action / Thriller

Written by

Parker Briscoe

(WRITING SAMPLE)

P.O. Box 1778  
St. Paul, Alberta, Canada  
T0A 3A0  
Telephone: (306)430-1285  
Email: parkerb@vfs.com

WGA Registration# 1790721

Parker Briscoe © 2015 All Rights Reserved.

FADE IN

EXT. LONE GAS STATION BY AN OLD DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

The landscape is barren with distant mountains on the horizon. The building is a last chance gas station truck stop diner. A small mechanic garage and wood sheds are next to it. A couple of hard biker gang motorbikes are parked at the diner entrance.

The terrified cries of a woman come from the gas station. A struggle is heard, then the loud sounds of gunshots followed by more rough voices crying out in pain.

A woman, CHARLOTTE, 31, exits the diner. She is very attractive with dark hair and dark eyes, but there is a hard look to her. Her clothes are torn, faint red bruises are on her face. She staggers as she fights to keep from being emotional.

She sees the motorbikes and knocks them over in a rage. She begins to walk behind the gas station building.

EXT. BEHIND THE LONE DESERT GAS STATION

Charlotte sees a MEAN BIKER laying on the ground. He is in pain as he struggles with a bloody gunshot wound to his stomach. His blood soaks into the sand and dust around him.

Charlotte's expression is dark with building rage when she views him. He looks at her. She continues to walk past him and looks around at the ground. She finds a handgun. She picks it up and dusts it off.

The biker gives a mean cry of pain from his wound and Charlotte goes to him with the handgun at her side. She stands next to him and points the gun at the Mean Biker's head. She is cold and hard.

CHARLOTTE

I'm going to split you in two.

The Mean Biker glares.

MEAN BIKER

Fuck you, you bitch.

Charlotte shoots the Mean Biker in the head. Blood splatters on the ground and he collapses backwards, dead. She stands motionless for moment as she stares down at him. She then quickly looks at the gas station and runs to it.

INT. LONE GAS STATION DINER

Charlotte enters and runs past a large muscular person laying on the blood splattered floor behind the main diner counter. He looks much like the Mean Biker Charlotte shot outside.

Charlotte runs to an older man in his fifties, MARVIN, laying on the floor next to one of the diner booths. Tears are in her eyes as she rolls him over on his back.

He is badly shot up. He looks slowly up at her and takes her hand. She tries to be strong and holds in her emotion. He gives her a bloody handgun. He talks weak.

MARVIN

... You're gonna need this now...

Charlotte shakes her head.

CHARLOTTE

... What do I do?...

Marvin gives a loving smile.

MARVIN

... Drive girl...

He then stares away motionless. Charlotte cries.

INT. LONE GAS STATION DINER - SHORT TIME LATER

Charlotte struggles as she drags the body of Marvin across the floor on a large table cloth. She passes the LARGE BIKER person on the floor behind the main counter. The Large Biker slowly moves.

EXT. BEHIND THE LONE DESERT GAS STATION - SHORT TIME LATER

Charlotte shovels the last of the dirt on a grave mound by an old tree. She is dressed dark in a race car leather outfit. She finishes shoveling and stares down at the mound in serious silence. She kisses her hand and touches the dirt with sadness.

CHARLOTTE

Good bye dad.

She stands and heads towards the gas station. She passes the Mean Biker she shot. A couple of buzzards pick at his body.

## INT. OLD WORK SHED

Charlotte quickly opens the front doors. Her guns tucked at her side by shoulder straps. The shed is just big enough to house a car, and that is what is before her: a covered car.

She pulls the cover off to reveal a black muscle road car in shiny mint condition. She gets in the driver's seat and starts the engine.

## INT. CHARLOTTE'S MUSCLE ROAD CAR

She looks stern and focused. She revs the engine loud. She puts the car in gear and steps hard on the gas peddle.

## EXT. THE LONE GAS STATION

Charlotte's black muscle road car spins out of the small work shed next to the diner and garage. Dust flies from the tires as she hits the highway and speeds away.

Charlotte's black muscle road car leaves behind the lone gas station, the dead bodies and the two motorbikes together on the ground. Both the motorbikes on fire.

## INT. THE GAS STATION DINER

The Large Biker on the floor behind the main counter slowly moves and clutches his wounded side. He crawls through the back kitchen door leaving a smear of blood behind him.

## INT. THE GAS STATION KITCHEN

The Large Biker gets to his feet next to a kitchen counter. He is in pain and looks at the kitchen utensils. He grabs some tongs and a steel knife sharpener. He spies a shelf with bottles of hard liquor on it. He grabs the whiskey.

At the gas stove, he turns a burner on high and places the steel knife sharpener and tongs in the high blue flames. He drinks a large portion of whiskey and opens up his bloody jacket and shirt.

A large bleeding bullet wound is on his side above his hip. He grabs the tongs and sits on the floor. He pours whiskey on the hot end of the tongs.

He breathes heavy as he pumps himself up, preparing for what he is about to do.

He sticks the tongs into the bullet wound and pushes it in. He yells out, but soon composes himself, taking the pain.

He grasps something in the wound and pulls the tongs out. Their bloody tips are holding the bullet. He drops it and drinks again from the whiskey bottle.

He now grabs the glowing hot steel knife sharpener. He braces himself again and drives the searing end of the sharpener into the wound on his side.

He cries out and squirms as he holds the sharpener against the open wound and quickly pulls it out. Steam and smoke rise from his burning, cauterizing flesh. He throws the sharpener away. His pain is intense, but he keeps strong. He drinks more from the bottle.

EXT. THE LONE GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

A large semi-truck with a trailer on the back pulls up to the gas station from the highway and stops. The name "HORSEMAN" is written on the front bug flap. The trailer is a livestock trailer with cattle in it.

INT. THE GAS STATION KITCHEN

The Large Biker is on his feet. He wraps and ties a number of kitchen aprons around his torso, bandaging his gunshot wound. He does not look happy.

Through the kitchen door, he sees the semi-truck pull up and stop outside. He looks around the small kitchen and finds a back door.

EXT. THE LONE GAS STATION

The trucker, HORSEMAN, is a fit mid-thirties man wearing jeans and cowboy boots. He is a man of the country with a James Dean ladies man appeal to him. He exits the truck cab, and stops for a moment. He smooths his hair with his hand. He then heads for the diner with his truck still running.

INT. THE GAS STATION DINER

Horseman enters and walks to the main counter. He waits for a moment as he looks at the mess around him. He begins to become concerned.

HORSEMAN  
Hello?... Lucy?...

EXT. BEHIND THE LONE DESERT GAS STATION

The Large Biker is outside the open back door. Horseman is heard inside.

HORSEMAN (O.S.)  
Lucy?... Sam?... Anyone here?...

The Large Biker sees the dead Mean Biker and the burned heap of their motorbikes. He makes an angered face. He turns his attention to the semi-truck at the front of the building.

INT. THE GAS STATION DINER

Horseman notices blood on the floor and sees it lead to the kitchen door behind the main counter. His eyes go wide.

HORSEMAN  
Oh, shit.

He rushes into the kitchen.

INT. THE GAS STATION KITCHEN

Horseman enters and sees the mess the Large Biker left. Horseman finds the open back door. Suddenly he hears his semi-truck being put into gear. He quickly sees his semi-truck being driven away.

HORSEMAN  
What the fuck?

He runs out of the kitchen and diner after it.

EXT. THE LONE GAS STATION

Horseman rushes out of the diner after his truck being driven away down the highway in the direction of Charlotte.

HORSEMAN  
That's my truck you piece of shit.

Horseman stops running and catches his breath. He shakes his head in disbelief. He then looks around at his surroundings and sees the burned motorbikes and dead body.

HORSEMAN  
What the...?

INT. THE GAS STATION DINER - SHORT TIME LATER

At the main counter, Horseman is angry and talking on the phone.

HORSEMAN

Ya, hello, 911? I need to report a crime scene.

INT. EMERGENCY DISPATCH OFFICE

A female 911 OPERATOR is sitting at her computer taking Horseman's call. Next to her are other operators at their computers.

911 OPERATOR

And where are you located?

INT. THE GAS STATION DINER

Still on the phone, Horseman looks around the counter for any address that might be available.

HORSEMAN

A small last stop gas station on highway 40.

He notices some keys hanging on a hook near the cash register.

HORSEMAN

... No, the old highway.

INT. EMERGENCY DISPATCH OFFICE

The 911 Operator looks at her computer as she talks.

911 OPERATOR

Alright, I'll try and get someone there as quick as I can.

INT. THE GAS STATION DINER

Horseman keeps his eyes on the keys.

HORSEMAN

Hurry. The owners aren't here. People are killed and my truck's stolen.

He hangs up the phone and takes the keys. He studies them and looks around.

INT. SMALL TOWN POLICE STATION

A young Navajo First Nation woman, AYZE, 26, in police uniform, sits at a dispatch computer desk. She is taking notes on a piece of paper as she talks on her headset.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
This one's for you Ayze.

AYZE  
I got it.

Ayze studies her computer screen.

EXT. MAIN HIGHWAY THROUGH FORESTED MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS

A police highway patrol car drives among the other traffic.

AYZE (V.O.)  
Are there any highway units near  
old highway 40? Over.

INT. POLICE PATROL CAR

The officer driving is a young man, HUNTER, 26.

AYZE (V.O.)  
Where are you car twenty-one?

Hunter picks up his radio receiver and talks into it.

HUNTER  
I'm on my way home. Over.

AYZE (V.O.)  
Not anymore. We got a 10-0  
situation and you're the closest.

HUNTER  
What's the 10-20?

AYZE (V.O.)  
A small gas station on the old  
highway 40.

Hunter straightens up.

HUNTER  
Can you repeat that?

INT. SMALL POLICE STATION

Ayze reads from her notes.

AYZE  
It's on the old highway, and use  
caution. I'll inform backup, but it  
is going to take time for their  
arrival. Over.

INT. POLICE PATROL CAR

Hunter begins to maneuver his car through traffic.

HUNTER  
I'm on my way. Over and out.

He hangs up the receiver. He shakes his head and chuckles.

HUNTER  
Headed for the desert. I love this  
job.

EXT. MAIN HIGHWAY THROUGH FORESTED MOUNTAINS

Hunter's police car moves through traffic.

INT. SMALL CAR MECHANIC GARAGE - SAME DAY

The main door to the garage opens and Horseman is standing there at the entrance. The garage is filled with dirty tools and an old pickup truck. Horseman walks around the pickup truck and enters the driver's seat.

INT. OLD PICKUP TRUCK

Horseman starts the truck with the keys he got in the diner. He smiles and revs the engine. The engine sounds strong. He puts the truck in gear.

EXT. THE LONE GAS STATION

The Old Pickup Truck speeds out of the small garage and onto the highway in the direction of Charlotte and the Large Biker.

EXT. HIGHWAY THROUGH DESERT LANDSCAPE

Charlotte's black muscle road car races over the cracks and curves of the old highway.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S MUSCLE ROAD CAR

Charlotte looks focused as she navigates the highway. Behind her, seen through the back window, the shape of Horseman's semi-truck emerges in the distance and closing in.

EXT. HORSEMAN'S SEMI-TRUCK

The large semi-truck barrels down the old highway with the purpose of running down Charlotte's muscle car still a far distance ahead.

INT. HORSEMAN'S SEMI-TRUCK

The Large Biker moves the gearshift to a higher speed.

EXT. HORSEMAN'S SEMI-TRUCK

The semi-truck picks up speed and begins to catch up. The cattle in the back livestock trailer move and make noise with agitated concern.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S MUSCLE ROAD CAR

Charlotte looks at her rear view mirror and sees the semi-truck. She makes a slight concerned annoyed face at the sight. She judges the speed of everything as she watches the semi-truck and her speedometer.

EXT. HIGHWAY THROUGH DESERT LANDSCAPE

The Horseman semi-truck picks up speed and is getting closer to Charlotte's muscle car.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S MUSCLE ROAD CAR

Charlotte sees the semi-truck getting closer. She doesn't like what she sees and moves up the gearshift.

EXT. HIGHWAY THROUGH DESERT LANDSCAPE

Charlotte's muscle car picks up speed with the Horseman semi-truck keeping on her tail.

INT. HORSEMAN'S SEMI-TRUCK

The Large Biker driving moves the gearshift up determined to run Charlotte down.

EXT. HIGHWAY THROUGH DESERT LANDSCAPE

Charlotte's muscle car and the Horseman semi-truck navigate the road at high speed with the semi-truck getting closer.

Far behind is the old pickup truck with Horseman behind the wheel.

INT. OLD PICKUP TRUCK

Horseman is a fair distance away and notices everyone ahead picking up speed. He looks frustrated and steps on the gas peddle. The old pickup truck engine sounds out and kicks in hard. Horseman is amazed.

HORSEMAN

Damn Lucy, you know your engines.

The truck picks up speed.

EXT. HIGHWAY THROUGH DESERT LANDSCAPE

The old pickup truck has guts and begins to gain and get closer to the chase with Charlotte and the Large Biker.

The three vehicles navigate the unpredictable road with the Horseman semi-truck closing in on Charlotte's muscle car and the old pickup truck getting closer to the Horseman semi-truck.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S MUSCLE ROAD CAR

Charlotte looks at her rear view mirror and can see the detail of the Horseman semi-truck behind her. She focuses hard when she recognizes something about the truck.