

WORLD OF SOLID CHROME

An Action / Thriller

Written by

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(WRITING SAMPLE)

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FADE IN

BLACK SCREEN

Police sirens and excited police radio traffic is heard.

POLICE DISPATCH (V.O.)
Suspects are on the run and heading
out of city limits. What is the
situation?

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)
Prisoner transport break. Two
Officers down in escape. Escaped
prisoner now fleeing in vehicle out
of city. Inform all Highway Units
to use what force necessary to stop
this dangerous criminal now at
large.

POLICE DISPATCH (V.O.)
What is the escape vehicle?

EXT. DIVIDED FREEWAY - EARLY MORNING

A large Semi-Truck Cab without the trailer barrels full
throttle down the highway. The truck is armored up from top
to bottom, front to back with thick steel plates welded
together to the frame.

The steel plates look dented and damaged, but are strong and
doing their job. The chain links of a couple road spike
strips are wrapped around the low front steel bumper.

The armored Semi-Truck Cab makes a path as it rams through
the scattered traffic in front of it or everything moves out
of the way.

Behind the truck cab is a troop of police vehicles in pursuit
trying to stop it. A helicopter is in the air following
everything. The chase is fast paced and dangerous.

INT. ARMORED SEMI-TRUCK CAB

A heavy set Biker person with a cigarette in his mouth drives
fast and reckless, SWAMP DOG, 48. He views the highway
through an armored up windshield.

In the passenger seat sits a person in prison clothing, JOHN
ROGERS, 46, years of prison life show on his face. He loads a
clip of ammunition into a high powered assault rifle.

EXT. DIVIDED FREEWAY

The armored Semi-Truck Cab is outside the limits of a large city behind it. John leans out the passenger side window of the truck with the assault rifle. He points it back at the pursuing police vehicles and fires off rounds.

The police try to evade the rifle fire, but one vehicle gets hit in the windshield and front end. The police car loses control and slams into a couple of other police cars next to and behind it.

John laughs as he watches. He then hears Swamp Dog.

SWAMP DOG (O.S.)
Hang on. This could be it.

John looks ahead of them and sees a line of police vehicles blocking the highway. Police Officers stand behind the vehicles with weapons aimed. John quickly gets back inside the truck cab.

The pursuing police slow down and stop as the blockade ahead of them gets ready to take the armored Semi-Truck Cab out with gunfire.

INT. ARMORED SEMI-TRUCK CAB

Swamp Dog gears up the stick shift and steps on the gas.

EXT. DIVIDED HIGHWAY

Police cars, trucks and vans block the whole highway section. The mood is tense as they see the approaching armored Semi-Truck Cab pick up speed and not show any signs of stopping.

The Police Officers fire their weapons. Multitudes of sparks fly from the steel plates of the armored Semi-Truck as the bullets hit but don't stop it.

INT. ARMORED SEMI-TRUCK CAB

John and Swamp Dog keep their heads down as the rain of gunfire is all around them. The loud sounds of the bullets hitting the steel plates is constant, but the two men are unharmed. Swamp Dog gears it up to the max.

EXT. DIVIDED HIGHWAY

The police see their efforts not working as the renegade truck seems unstoppable. A Commander yells out.

POLICE COMMANDER
Out of the way, he's coming
through.

Some Police Officers quickly get in their vehicles to move them, others just scatter on foot. The armored Semi-Truck Cab barrels through the center of the blockade, smashing through the cars, trucks and vans.

INT. ARMORED SEMI-TRUCK CAB

John and Swamp Dog laugh, pumped on adrenalin.

SWAMP DOG
Now watch this.

He quickly cranks the steering wheel to the left.

EXT. DIVIDED HIGHWAY

As the police gather themselves, the armored Semi-Truck Cab suddenly veers sharply off the divided highway, across the middle dividing ditch of grass and dirt and onto the other section of highway that goes in the opposite direction.

INT. ARMORED SEMI-TRUCK CAB

John sees that they are now heading back towards the city.

JOHN ROGERS
What the fuck are you doing? I'm
not going back.

SWAMP DOG
Just hang on.

EXT. DIVIDED HIGHWAY

The police try to move quick to continue pursuit as they see the armored Semi-Truck Cab getting away on the opposite highway heading back towards the city.

The armored Semi-Truck Cab approaches a side road of gravel that heads out into the country landscape.

INT. ARMORED SEMI-TRUCK CAB

Swamp Dog works the gears and turns onto the gravel road.

EXT. DIVIDED HIGHWAY

The armored Semi-Truck Cab turns sharply onto the gravel road and speeds fast across the country landscape.

The only police vehicle following is the helicopter. It turns sharply in the air and continues to follow the armored truck's path.

INT. ARMORED SEMI-TRUCK CAB

John sees the helicopter overhead and is concerned.

JOHN ROGERS
Fuckin' bird.

Swamp Dog is focused on driving.

SWAMP DOG
As long as we can stay ahead of
him.

John leans out his side window with the assault rifle.

EXT. COUNTRY GRAVEL ROAD

John, leaning out of the passenger door window, points the assault rifle at the helicopter. He fires rounds at it overhead. The helicopter gets hit.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER

The bullets are heard hitting the bottom of the helicopter. The pilot backs off the helicopter to stay more behind the speeding armored Semi-Truck Cab below.

HELICOPTER PILOT
I'm taking fire. Escapee is firing
off rifle rounds. He's on grid road
one forty two headed south.

EXT. COUNTRY GRAVEL ROAD

The police helicopter backs off behind the armored Semi-Truck to keep away from John's rifle fire. The truck continues straight, following the gravel road.

EXT. DIVIDED HIGHWAY

Police vehicles drive the highway and turn onto the gravel road to continue pursuit against John and Swamp Dog.

EXT. COUNTRY GRAVEL ROAD

The armored Semi-Truck drives fast in front of the cautious helicopter.

INT. ARMORED SEMI-TRUCK CAB

Swamp Dog sees a country dirt road intersecting ahead of them. He works the gearshift and speed to manage the turn.

EXT. COUNTRY GRAVEL ROAD

The armored Semi-Truck Cab turns sharply onto the side dirt road. The police helicopter follows behind.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER

The pilot keeps his distance, but follows.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Escapee has turned onto a dirt side road about twelve miles from highway.

EXT. DIRT SIDE ROAD

The armored Semi-Truck speeds fast down the dirt road. It approaches an old barn and stables in the distance.

INT. ARMORED SEMI-TRUCK CAB

John sees the barn and stables ahead of them.

JOHN ROGERS

Where are we going?

Swamp Dog is focused on his driving.

SWAMP DOG
Give it to that chopper again.

He turns the truck towards the old stables and barns. John leans out the passenger door window with the assault rifle.

EXT. DIRT SIDE ROAD

The armored Semi-Truck barrels off the dirt road towards the stables and barn. The helicopter following behind.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER

The pilot keeps back as John shoots at him from the truck.

INT. ARMORED SEMI-TRUCK CAB

Swamp Dog drives fast towards the backside of the barn and stables.

SWAMP DOG
Time to disappear.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER

The pilot sees the armored Semi-Truck drive behind the old barn and stables below.

HELICOPTER PILOT
Escapee has turned truck off dirt road and driven behind some old farm houses.

The pilot circles around and discovers the truck is gone. Nothing is behind the buildings except for the land of dirt and grass. The pilot is shocked.

HELICOPTER PILOT
He's gone. I lost Escapee. Truck could be inside buildings.

EXT. OLD FARM HOUSES

The helicopter circles around the buildings. The area is empty and silent. No armored Semi-Truck or John or Swamp Dog to be seen. The pursuing police vehicles finally arrive. They circle the barn and stables.

Police Officers get out of their cars, trucks and vans with weapons ready.

INT. LARGE OLD FARM STABLE

Police Officers armored up with body protection and guns break through the old wood doors and enter. They are ready for a showdown.

The stable is dirty and old with rotten wood and rusty ancient farm equipment. The armored semi-truck is there, the motor still running, but no trace of John or Swamp Dog.

POLICE OFFICER

They're not here. Search the whole place. They gotta be somewhere.

EXT. A GROVE OF TREES IN THE FIELD OUTSIDE OLD FARM

A small part of the ground in the center of the small patch of forest starts to move. It lifts and is thrown aside to reveal an underground tunnel.

An OLD MAN, 70, dressed in greasy mechanic farmer overalls climbs out of the hole followed by John and Swamp Dog. They hide in the bushes and look at the distant structures of the old farm. They see the helicopter, police vehicles and police doing their search.

The Old Man grabs a small detonator box hand controller laying next to the tunnel entrance and twists a knob on it. The old barn and stable explode in a giant fireball.

EXT. OLD FARM HOUSES

The buildings explode with Police Officers inside them. Police Officers outside are sent flying from the blast.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER

The explosion fireballs hit it and the pilot is in a panic as he struggles with the shaking control stick.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Holy shit, we're losing control.

EXT. THE GROVE OF TREES IN THE FIELD

John and Swamp Dog laugh as they watch the helicopter go down. They look impressed at the Old Man.

OLD MAN

That'll keep 'em occupied.

He looks at John and Swamp Dog.

OLD MAN

Now's your chance. Get the hell out of here while you can.

John and Swamp Dog nod. They follow the Old Man to a camouflage covering that blankets a couple of large objects. They pull off the covering and see two large motorbikes. John smiles with anticipation to ride hard and fast.

John and Swamp Dog get on the motorbikes and start them. The Old Man gives each of them a handgun.

OLD MAN

This was dug out by our group a long time ago. We stored lots of arms here in the past and nobody knew nothin'. I only opened it up now when Swamp Dog here told me he was bustin' you out.

JOHN ROGERS

Thanks Old Timer.

OLD MAN

You got your directions where to go so get movin'. More of the law is on its way.

John nods and holds up the handgun. He checks if it is loaded. He then suddenly points it at the Old Man.

The Old Man's eyes go wide. John shoots the Old Man and the Old Man collapses to the ground dead.

John and Swamp Dog look at each other. They rev up their motorbikes and speed off into the country landscape.

EXT. A ROADHOUSE SALOON IN THE COUNTRY - SAME MORNING

Next to a lone gravel road is a large Roadhouse saloon. Bikers fill the parking lot. Everybody dressed as Biker outlaws. They all sleep next to their motorbikes and look worn out from a night of partying.

An expensive, fancy, jet black car pulls up and parks. A couple of well dressed BUSINESSMEN exit the car and look around at their crude surroundings. The two men aren't intimidated and enter the Roadhouse.

INT. THE ROADHOUSE SALOON

The two Businessmen see the mess left from the night before. The Roadhouse is large and western. Glass and garbage litter the floor. A couple of Biker Waitresses clean up with help from the Bartender.

They stop working and are silent as the Businessmen walk by them and the mess.

There is a rodeo corral in the building with a mean-ass Bull pacing around inside it. It stops pacing and watches as the two Businessmen walk past and go to a back door in a far dark corner of the establishment. They enter the room beyond without knocking.

INT. ROADHOUSE BACK OFFICE

The room is a large garage storeroom with boxes of goods. The walls are fake thin wood paneling that hang with tacky ugly copies of painted western pictures, statues of bucking horses and bull horns on the walls. An office desk is in the center.

The Businessmen see no one in the room, but soon hear someone snoring, drawing their attention to a couch against one of the walls. A Biker lays sleeping on the couch.

The Businessmen go to him and stand there, staring down at him, unimpressed. The Biker rolls over on his back. He is WOLFE, 38, sports a goatee, slicked back long hair, tatoos.

One of the Businessmen coughs. Wolfe slowly opens his eyes. He has a Devil look to him. He moans when he sees the men.

BUSINESSMAN #1
Having a pleasant dream?

Wolfe slowly sits up. He looks tired and doesn't want to deal with anyone, especially these two. He keeps silent. He then gets to his feet and goes to a bar counter against a wall. He pours drinks.

WOLFE
Want anything to drink?

The two Businessmen stand behind him.

BUSINESSMAN #1
You heard the news yet?

Wolfe turns to face them. He walks past and shoves two drink glasses into their hands.

WOLFE
You're in my place, you drink.

The Businessmen reluctantly keep the drink glasses as Wolfe goes to the office desk and sits. He stares at them with his Devil look. The Businessmen go to the desk and sit in a couple of chairs. They are not interested in drinking.

BUSINESSMAN #1
You heard the news?

Wolfe's anger shows.

WOLFE
That fucker Swamp Dog busted him out earlier this morning. It's been on the news ever since, I know.

BUSINESSMAN #1
So this is how you're handling it? Sleeping on the couch? What are you doing about it?

WOLFE
I'm finding him. Besides, he's been in prison all this time. He's not taking over this operation again. He's fleeing for his life right now. What has the guy got at this moment? Nothing.

Businessman #1 puts his drink down and leans closer to the desk.

BUSINESSMAN #1
He's got Swamp Dog who sprung him. That means he has a following that are still willing to help him. He goes somewhere and gains strength. Our whole organization is now at risk.

Wolfe flashes his temper.

WOLFE
This shit happened twenty years ago.