

SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Sun blazes.

A '67 Shelby roars across the sand like it owes the earth money.

Behind it—three cops and a whole lot of bad decisions.

INT. MUSTANG - MOVING - DAY

In the rearview: three cruisers gaining fast

A round-faced woman adjusts the mirror, sharp eyes beneath a bright pink ski mask.

She turns to the passenger side, where a tall, lanky man in a black ski mask sits.

AMBER

What's the plan now?

MARCUS

Hold on.

Marcus twists around. The backseat is a small armory—pistols, rifles, even a bazooka.

Marcus grabs a bazooka from the backseat, leans out, and fires—BOOM.

Three tightly packed cruisers become one giant fireball in the rearview.

Amber sips from a gas station Big Gulp mid-drift and doesn't look back. She pushes the pedal harder.

Cash FLUTTERS out the shattered windows.

Marcus ducks back inside.

Behind him, smoke and swirling money.

Marcus props his boots on the dash, smearing dirt.

He hums a song and stretches his arms behind his head in satisfaction.

MARCUS

That was too easy.

Amber glares at his dirty shoes on the dashboard.

AMBER

Marcus! Get your damn shoes off the dash!

Marcus's eyes go wide. He fearfully retreats into his seat.

MARCUS

Yes, ma'am!

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Amber and Marcus keep driving through the desert.

They see a giant restaurant sign that reads:

BIG ROB'S BURGERS

AMBER

Let's pull into this diner.

They'll expect us to run.

So we stop.

They pull into the diner and park in front of the restaurant.

They ditch the masks into Amber's purse before stepping out.

INT. BIG ROB'S DINER

They barge in, confident—every head in the diner tracks them to their booth.

Amber sets her bag on the table, and they both start analyzing the menus.

LOUD yelling and broken dishes echo throughout the diner.

A little girl (8) with messy curls and big, curious eyes runs out from the kitchen clutching a box of fries.

She dives into their booth and peeks up.

MOUSE (panting)

Shhhhhh. Name's Mouse. If anyone asks, I'm your niece.

I'm adorable. I don't steal fries.

A single fry falls onto the table, and she immediately picks it up and eats it.

A big, hairy arm slams on the booth above her head.

BIG ROB

You again?! I said next time I'd call the cops!

Big Rob grabs her arm. She winces as she struggles from his grip.

Amber and Marcus exchange a look, caught in the middle of this diner drama.

AMBER

We're a damn sideshow. Fix it.

MARCUS

Hey, big guy, there's no need to do all that.

She's just a kid.

Big Rob turns his attention to Marcus across from him.

BIG ROB

You know she's been stealing from me for weeks?

Does it look like I'm running a charity here?!

Marcus reaches for his wallet and pulls out a 50-dollar bill.

MARCUS

No worries, big fella. This should cover it.

Big Rob eyes the bill like it's an insult.

BIG ROB

Now, why would you pay for this little moocher?

AMBER

Consider it our good deed for the day.

The couple smiles at Big Rob, and he greedily takes the money and heads back into the kitchen.

Their smiles instantly disappear.

MOUSE stares at the couple, but doesn't speak.

AMBER

Now, run along, kid.

The girl stays put.

The TV behind them flickers on.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

"Breaking news—masked criminals still at large after a daring bank heist..."

Their eyes widen as they all turn their heads toward the TV.

NEWS REPORTER (on TV): "All we have is this image of them earlier today. One of the criminals was wearing a notable pink mask. If anyone has seen them, please contact the police."

AMBER

We have to go. Now.

Amber grabs her bag to leave—but the pink mask slips out.

MOUSE immediately grabs it off the table.

MOUSE

Hey wait... You guys kinda look like the people on TV!

You even have the pink mask!

The two sit back down at the table and look at the girl in horror.

AMBER

You must be mistaken.

Amber snatches her mask back, and the couple starts sweating.

MARCUS

Yeah, total coincidence, kid.

MOUSE (tilting her head)

Hmmm...even the pink mask? You sure?

MARCUS

I mean, lots of people wear pink ski masks.

AMBER (weakly)

Yeah...so popular this season.

MOUSE

It's summer.

The couple stares at each other for help, but both end up with a guilty gulp.

MOUSE

So it is you!

That's so cool!

Can I come with you guys?

Pleeeasssee...

AMBER

Absolutely not.

Where is your mom anyway?

MOUSE

No mom. Been on my own.

But it's fine. I'm quite good at it.

For a brief moment, Amber and Marcus look like they actually feel bad.

MOUSE shifts her demeanor.

MOUSE (shrugging sweetly)

You know... I'm *really* good at remembering faces.

And shouting. Just saying.

Amber and Marcus's eyes widen in disbelief.

AMBER

I thought mice were quiet.

MOUSE (grinning)

Not this one.

MARCUS

God, we're getting hustled by a little kid.

SFX: (Police sirens blare)

AMBER

Let's get out of here.

MARCUS

If we don't take her, we're screwed.

They look at the girl and then back at each other.

AMBER

Fine. Bring her. We can regret this later.

MOUSE

Shotgun!

EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Police cruisers **SCREECH** into the lot, tires kicking up dust.

MOUSE

Quick, there's a backdoor in the kitchen!

The three of them bolt for the kitchen door.

A familiar policeman barges in with a gun propped in his hand.

OFFICER WALLOWES

Everyone freeze! Hands up and don't move!

They freeze mid-run. Framed in the kitchen doorway. Sirens
scream.

MARCUS

Wallows?! We're toast.

CUT TO BLACK.