

We Gotta Do This

written by

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EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

An old, rusty convertible Ford Mustang, top down, cruises through a desert wilderness, deep in the middle of nowhere.

It passes a sign: UTAH - 10 miles.

INSIDE MUSTANG

In the driver's seat: EDDIE, 30, blonde hair tied back in a ponytail. Ruggedly handsome, his face marked by a contemplative scowl as he stares down the open road.

Shotgun is KLARA, 25, cute as a button in a floral dress, blonde hair spilling from beneath a cowboy hat. Her pretty gaze shadowed by concern.

Beat.

KLARA

... How long is it now?

Eddie stays silent but his face grimaces.

KLARA

We've been drivin' near three hours in this narly heat without stoppin' once... I could sure be using a bathroom break... stretch these legs some.

EDDIE

... Darlin', would ya quit your moanin'.

KLARA

Moanin'. I'd say I've been as tolerent as can be ... why we gotta cross state to do this thing?

EDDIE

... You think we can do this anywhere? I searched long and hard to find this place. This is where we gotta go. No way round it.

Klara relents, folds her arms.

EDDIE

... Once we roll into Utah, I'll pull over and you can stretch those mighty pins to your hearts content.

He rubs her leg. She responds with a sultry smile.

EXT. REST STOP - DAY

The mustang is parked outside a diner.

INT. DINER - DAY

Klara sits across from Eddie finishing a sandwich, hair released from the cowboy hat. Eddie's expression remains pensive.

Klara finishes eating, looks across, studies her man.

KLARA

... You really think we should go through this?

Eddie checks his surroundings - nobody sitting near.

EDDIE

We need the money, hunny bunny.

Klara takes heed, though uncertainty lingers in her eyes.

KLARA

... People might be thinking we're the new Bonny and Clyde.

She smiles, Eddie's face stays serious. He leans in.

EDDIE

No. We ain't no Bonny and Clyde, hunny bunny. We're just Eddie and Klara. Both Bonny and Clyde ended up dead.

Her smile drops on a dime.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Mustang coasts through an equally barren landscape.

INSIDE MUSTANG

Klara mans the wheel, Eddie sips from a bottle of water in the passenger seat.

KLARA

... We got far to go, now?

EDDIE

... I'd say fifty miles.

Klara's face stiffens.

EDDIE

Would've been twenty five if you  
hit the gas some.

KLARA

Probably not the best time to be  
breakin' laws... not with what  
we're haulin' around.

Eddie thinks... nods, agrees.

KLARA

Sides, you know I can't stand my  
hair blowin' in my face.

EDDIE

I hear ya. You go easy on those  
pedals ... unlike you do my sorry  
ass.

Klara flashes her sultry smile.

EDDIE

... How bout' some music to help us  
along.

Eddie reaches for the radio, queue: ACDC's "Highway to Hell".

His head bobs to the chorus, until the lyrics sink in. Klara  
looks mortified.

EDDIE

... Yeah, I hear ya.

Eddie switches the channel. Cue: country blues. They both  
settle into the tranquil guitar rhythm.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

The mustang pulls up outside a small convenience store. This  
place is not far from a ghost town.

INSIDE MUSTANG

Klara switches off the engine. They sit apprehensive for a  
moment.

KLARA

... This is where were gonna do  
this, then.

EDDIE

This is the place.

Eddie looks across the street. Klara follows his gaze — a café, an antiques pawn shop, a grocery and... a BANK.

KLARA

... You say this town don't have a sheriff's office?

EDDIE

Not here. Next town. That's thirty miles away.

Klara takes a deep breath.

EDDIE

OK, I'm gonna to the trunk.

Klara's unease deepens as Eddie steps out of the Mustang. She stays seated, tense, while he pops the trunk behind her.

He pulls out a duffel bag, circles the car, and slides into the passenger seat. He places the duffel bag between them.

They sit in tense silence.

Eddie unzips the bag, pulls out two balaclavas, and hands one to Klara.

He then takes a quick look around before drawing a Winchester rifle from the bag — and passes that to her too.

She peers down at the rifle resting on her lap while Eddie retrieves his own rifle from the bag.

KLARA

... You think these will do it?

EDDIE

I sure damn hope so. They still fire n'all.

They share an uncertain look — Eddie sensing Klara's trepidation.

EDDIE

You really don't wanna do this, do you, hunny bunny?

KLARA

... I

She glances down at the Winchester.

EDDIE

Then we won't do it.

Eddie takes the rifle from her and slides it back into the bag, along with his own.

KLARA

... But we've come all this way.

EDDIE

Hey - I ain't gonna push you into anything you don't wanna do.

He places a hand on her knee. Their eyes lock - Klara's emotions simmering.

She suddenly slaps her hand down hard on his.

KLARA

I say we do this thing.

Eddie smiles, a flicker of nerves showing. He pulls the balaclava over his head. Klara does the same.

They share a quick, charged glance - then throw open their doors and step out, duffel bag in tow.

INT. ANTIQUES PAWN SHOP - LATER

Two Winchesters lie on the store counter.

The STORE PROPRIETOR, male, 60's, looks up from the rifles.

STORE PROPRIETOR

You two mind telling me why the hell you came strollin' into my store wearin' ski masks? Damn near gave me a heart attack.

Eddie and Klara face him. They pull off their balaclavas and toss them onto the desk - both grinning wide.

EDDIE

Didn't mean to scare nobody - we're just lookin' to sell those too. Thought you might wanna see how they look.

The store propretior stares...

STORE PROPRIETOR  
... Nine ninety-five for the  
shooters. I'll toss in five bills  
for the masks.

Eddie extends his hand.

EDDIE  
Well, shit. I'd say we got  
ourselves a deal.

EXT. ANTIQUES PAWN SHOP - LATER

Eddie and Klara emerge, bouyant, clamp each other with a hug.

EDDIE  
One thousands bucks! I damn knew  
this place would come through, what  
did I tell ya, darlin'.

Klara's smile slowly descends, she dips her head.

KLARA  
... Granddaddy sure did have a  
fondness for those guns. He took  
care of 'em like they were kin.

EDDIE  
And I'm gonna take care of you,  
hunny bunny.

He pecks her cheek, then glances toward the bank. Turns back,  
and raises the cash in her face with a grin.

EDDIE  
C'mon, lets see if we can deposit  
these badboys.

Her smile returns. He grabs her hand, and together they head  
toward the bank.

FADE OUT: