

Ungoverned (Sample)

Written by

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Logline: One hundred years after the collapse of the U.S. government, teenagers Will and Jess cross the lawless country on a motorcycle, in search of a cancer treatment for Will's mother.

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EXT. ROADSIDE. AFTERNOON.

Will and Jess have pulled over to the shoulder. Will is taking a piss by the edge of the woods.

Jess is refilling the fuel tank. Through the milky plastic of the canisters, we can see that this one is nearly empty, but the second one is still full.

Jess spreads the map over the grass. Will walks up from the woods.

JESS

Looks like we crossed into Alabama Territory a while ago.

She squints at the angle of the sun.

JESS (cont'd)

Probably got a couple more hours of daylight.

WILL

Alright. Let's go.

EXT. ROAD. DAY.

Will drives the motorcycle along a dusty stretch of country road. Jess leans back on the rolls of blankets, watching the countryside go past.

Up ahead, there's a small treeless area off the side of the road. Two motorcycles are pulled over, along with their drivers. Jess looks hard at them, not believing her eyes.

The motorcycles are tough, factory-made machines, and their drivers—two men—are wearing dark tactical clothes. One of the men is on the ground with a wrench, working on his bike.

The other man leans against the other bike, eating lunch. One hand is bandaged. Carlile.

Jess stares in disbelief as they pass.

Carlile watches their approach. They make a curious sight: two kids on a jalopy bike, piled high with junk.

Then Carlile locks eyes with Jess. Her eyes, the long dark ponytail—even with the helmet, he knows it's the girl who shot him with an arrow.

Jess sees him clock her. She sees him drop his lunch and call to his friend.

She yells into Will's helmet.

JESS
We gotta get out of here!

WILL
What?

JESS
Faster! Now!

She looks over her shoulder. Carlile is jumping onto his motorcycle.

JESS (cont'd)
(to Will)
Just drive!

Will hits the throttle.

WILL
What's wrong?

Will and Jess both look over their shoulders. Carlile and his bike are quickly closing the gap between them.

Will turns forward again, focusing on the road.

There's a loud BANG, and the whiz of a bullet just missing them.

WILL (cont'd)
What the hell?!

Jess pulls the pistol out of her pocket and points it at Carlile. The jostling of the motorcycle makes it impossible to aim, but she squeezes the trigger anyway.

The BANG is deafening and Will nearly jumps out of his seat. Jess looks back, ears ringing. Carlile is getting closer.

He fires a couple more rounds. Jess ducks. Something in the corner of her eye catches her attention.

Splashing. It's the fuel canisters. One of them has been hit.

JESS
Will! Faster!

He floors it. The bike rumbles and shakes.

Jess stands up, turns around, and straddles the bike backwards. She fires another shot at Carlile.

She lifts her backpack off the rear of the bike, reaching in and ripping out a piece of cloth.

She slings the backpack over her shoulder and bends over the back of the bike. She reaches down and stuffs the cloth into the hole in the canister.

Holding onto the bike for dear life, she fumbles with the backpack. Finally, she finds what she's looking for—

The igniter. She grabs the canister with one hand, holds the igniter up to the ethanol-soaked cloth, and clicks.

Click, click. Spark. Flame.

Jess pushes the canister off the back of the bike and shields herself with the backpack.

The canister explodes. A fireball spreads over the width of the road, singeing trees and grass.

Carlile has no time to avoid the explosion. He drives through the flames, the motorcycle skids out of control, and throws him to the side of the road.

Will speeds ahead, knuckles white, eyes wide. Jess watches the flames disappear behind them.