

THE TWILIGHT RUN

written by  
Andrew McDonald & Nick Sanford

[andrewmcdonald108@gmail.com](mailto:andrewmcdonald108@gmail.com)

**A WOMAN'S FACE.**

Asleep, her head resting on a plain white pillow.

DIPSHIT (PRELAP)

Twyla...

(no response)

Twyla!

The camera SHAKES, the woman's eyes open, and we MATCH CUT TO:

**A REARVIEW MIRROR.**

Reflecting the same eyes we just saw, but fully awake and alert now. Strong, determined, resolute. CUT WIDE ON:

**INT. 1981 Z28 CAMARO (NOT MOVING) - DAY**

TWYLA, our hero. 30s, short hair, black bomber jacket. Don't fuck with her, she won't fuck with you. Lounging behind the wheel, she looks over at:

SOME DIPSHIT WHO'LL GET BLOWN UP BY PAGE NINE, 20s, messy hair, Stephen Hawking T-shirt under wrinkled blazer.

DIPSHIT

You keep zoning out. More than usual,  
I mean.

(Twyla stares; he sighs)

If anyone ever needed to take the  
edge off...

Dipshit digs a cigarette pack from his pocket and offers it to Twyla. Expression unchanged, Twyla looks away.

DIPSHIT

Come on. One's not gonna kill you.

TWYLA

It's not me I'm worried about.

Dipshit stares: what an odd response. The moment passes, and he starts waving the pack around her face.

DIPSHIT

Come ooooooon --

Twyla yanks the pack away and throws it out her open window. Dipshit leans back: what the hell, man? Twyla, ignoring him, leans forward:

OUT THE WINDSHIELD: a flat, open pasture. In the distance, getting closer: a bright blue Mini Cooper.

**EXT. RURAL PASTURE - DAY**

Twyla, Dipshit, TWO HENCHMEN, a BLACK SUV, and the Camaro are on one side of the pasture across from:

A FRENCH SCIENTIST, 40s, long flowing hair, a sick leather jacket, he's all business and flanked by TWO FRENCH GOONS. French Scientist looks around, not happy with what he sees.

FRENCH SCIENTIST  
Where is he?

TWYLA  
Hate to break it to ya, Robespierre,  
but I'm all you've got today.

French Scientist shares a glance with one of his Goons.

FRENCH SCIENTIST  
This discovery will change the world.  
I could've sold it to nations the  
world over.  
(steps forward)  
I made a deal with Twist Jackson. I  
want to deal with Twist Jackson.

TWYLA  
Suit yourself.  
(to Henchmen)  
Pack it in, folks. We're done here.

The Henchmen disperse. French Scientist, his bluff called:

FRENCH SCIENTIST  
Wait --

NEEEEEEEIGH! A HORSE whinnies off-screen. A strong gust of wind kicks up. They all look toward the top of a hill to see:

TWIST JACKSON, 40s. Cowboy hat, sunglasses, walrus mustache, vest, chaps, boots: ALL BLACK. He emerges over the top of the hill riding a white stallion. If the devil went down to Georgia to start a family, Twist Jackson would be his firstborn.

ANGLE ON: French Scientist, a tear streaming down his cheek.

Twist arrives, hops from the saddle, marches forward --

TWIST JACKSON

Gimme that.

-- and snatches a crocodile-skin briefcase from Dipshit.

French Scientist, smoothing his jacket, steps forward alongside one of the Goons, who holds an ORNATE WOODEN BOX.

In French, SUBTITLED:

FRENCH SCIENTIST

Don't embarrass me, Francois.

(smiles; in English:)

Twist Jackson, it is an honor --

TWIST JACKSON

Here.

UMPF! Twist shoves the briefcase into French Scientist's chest and swipes the Ornate Box from the Goon. The Frenchmen gawk at Twist, stunned. Twist tips his hat, turns to leave:

TWIST JACKSON

Pleasure doin' business.

FRENCH SCIENTIST

Twist Jackson!

(Twist looks back)

Beware the Twilight Run. The fate of everything we've ever known depends on it.

Twist stares, contemplating the nature of his responsibi --

TWIST JACKSON

Whatever.

Twist continues toward his posse. The Frenchmen leave.

#### **AT THE SUV.**

THUNK! Twist sets the Ornate Box on the hood. Twyla and the Henchmen gather round.

TWIST JACKSON

This here, folks, is everything we been working toward.

He lifts the lid, a GREEN LIGHT casts onto their faces.

INSIDE THE BOX: a plain black NOTEBOOK and a glass canister filled with a SWIRLING, GLOWING GREEN GAS.