

MENOPAUSE MAD MAX

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FADE IN ON:

**EXT. APOCALYPTIC DESERT PLAIN - DAY**

Desolate and unforgiving. The sand puts Tatooine to shame. A trio of rag-clad travelers huddle behind one dune:

JETT (20s): dyed hair, multiple piercings. Lean and mean, she's primed for any fight.

BUCK (50s): A FLAMETHROWER dangles on his scarred shoulder. Buck's a mountain of a man, not too bright.

NEB "THE NAVIGATOR" (30s): Every inch of Neb screams "nerd". Cracked glasses block the BINOCULARS pressed to his face.

Through them, he scans the horizon for signs of life. YELPS!

**POV - BINOCULARS**

Sweeping across, the lens picks up two separate groups; a mile apart from each other - and 500 feet away from the dune.

On the left: PUNKS with AK-47s surround a smoking jeep. From the looks of them, real bad news.

On the right: three WOMEN in rags drag a sled loaded with jars. Judging from their lumpy figures, that trio's far past their prime.

**BACK TO THE DUNE**

A fidgeting Jett pokes Neb.

JETT  
Watcha starin' at, Nav-boy?

NEB  
Please. No title needed, just call me Neb.

JETT  
Whatever, six eyes. What's so interesting out there?

Neb hands the binoculars to Jett, points.

NEB  
Incoming. A band of hostiles to the left. And - uh - survivors on the right?

BUCK  
Hostiles?!? Buck will fry them up  
good!

He aims his flamethrower.

NEB  
Hold your horses, Buck.

Jett zooms the binoculars in on the women. Pans to the  
supplies in that cart.

JETT  
OMG. Christmas Day in a sandstorm!  
I bet that's water. Finally, score!

She unholsters a PISTOL, and steps forward. A nervous Neb  
yanks her back.

NEB  
Don't. They might see us.

Suddenly: A flash from the punk's encampment! Neb, Jett and  
Buck drop to the ground. But no explosion or bullets follow.

BUCK  
(grunts)  
They're not so tough. Just a dud.

NEB  
Or reflection from the sun.

Rolling towards Jett, he glares.

NEB  
But we're not taking anyone's  
water. That's theft. And not who we  
are.

JETT  
Maybe it's oil in those jars.  
That'd be worth it, right?

NEB  
No. Raiding's wrong, no matter  
what.

JETT  
Look at them! They're almost dead  
anyway. If there's something to  
scavenge, it never hurts to try.

NEB  
 (sighs)  
 Why don't we just go back the way  
 we came?

BUCK  
 Boss, that would be suicide. Ain't  
 no shelter for miles!

Neb stands up slowly, a wary eye on the AK-47 toting punks.

NEB  
 Fine. We forge forward, but to the  
 right. And no shooting old ladies  
 on my watch!

**LATER**

Neb trudges through sand, flanked by Jett and Buck.

NEB  
 (whispers)  
 Remember, when we get there -

BUCK  
 I know. Strike first and hard! I'll  
 take the short one. Jett, you shoot  
 the one on the left. Her red hair's  
 so bright, you can't miss!

NEB  
 No! We practice diplomacy. Weapons  
 down. On my lead.

Neb squints through harsh sun. This close, the old women can  
 be seen clearer, now.

LITA (55) - pudgy and short, she resembles a bowling ball.  
 That is, if a bowling ball sprouted head, legs and arms.

CARMINE (57) - Hair redder than the blazing sun. Inches of  
 makeup cake her sweating face.

PRISCILLA (60s) - Thin and boney, white hair cinched up in a  
 frizzy bun. In this hostile environment, it's a miracle she's  
 alive.

Spotting Neb's group, the women stop. Step in front of their  
 cart to form a shield.

NEB  
 (yells)  
 Don't worry, ladies. We're all  
 friends here!

Carmine steps forward - clearly the leader.

CARMINE

That remains to be seen, young man.  
What do you want?

JETT

Your water, bitc--

NEB

Shhhhh!

(to Carmine)

Don't mind her. We come in peace.

Buck fidgets with his flamethrower. Lita slides over and blocks the business end with her body; risking a possible fiery, gruesome death.

LITA

(New Jersey accent)

Keep that blow drier on low,  
handsome!

She touches Buck's arm gently, smiles.

LITA

A Flammenwerfer M. 16? Old school.  
I like your style.

Confused, Buck grins.

BUCK

Thanks!

Neb clears his throat, and forces a smile Carmine's way.

NEB

I apologize for my...associates'  
enthusiasm. We've all had a few -  
uh - tough months this year.

CARMINE

Yeah. Nuclear holocaust burns my  
bloomers, too.

LITA

(snorts)

Pffft. Getting divorced is  
tougher.

Buck blinks down at little Lita.

BUCK

You're divorced?

LITA

Yup. What a waste of time. The ex incinerated in that stupid house he fought for, when the bombs fell anyway. Either way - I'm back on the market now, big guy!

As the four banter, Jett eases toward the cart. Quietly, she reaches for a container. Her fingers graze one lid. Then -

WHAM!

Priscilla whips a machete out of her rags, and whacks Jett's hand with the dull side.

JETT

Ow!

Snarling, Jett reaches for her pistol. Ned grabs Jett from behind, pins her arms. Confiscates the gun, too.

JETT

(to Priscilla)

What'd you do that for, Auntie 'Em?

PRISCILLA

That's "Priscilla" to you. Queen of the Desert!

(stifles a prim laugh)

Not that a toddler like you would get the reference...

Priscilla and Jett lock eyes. Priscilla's baby blues harden to ice.

PRISCILLA

Touch the merchandise again, and I'll manicure that pretty hand of yours. Right up to the second knuckle, girl.

Behind Neb, Carmine and Lita chuckle. He whirls around - drags a still-restrained Jett along.

NEB

Please! I know we started out on the wrong foot.

CARMINE

Try the wrong leg, sand nerd.

NEB

But I promise, my friend here...

He shakes Jett to punctuate the point. Then lets her go.

NEB

Just wanted to know what you, er, you had available for trade! And we're all into trading, right?

Carmine steps forward - pats Neb down.

CARMINE

I don't feel anything worthwhile. What could we possibly gain from you?

NEB

Um, we've got protein bars. Just one year past the expiration date. See? Chocolate-Mocha Mint. Good!

He pulls a half-smashed bar from his pocket. Carmine's not impressed.

CARMINE

So, you weren't happy to see me? That explains a lot.

JETT

Nav, don't give those dried up cun-

PRISCILLA

Mind your manners, little girl!

Jett grabs her pistol from Neb. She points it at Priscilla, feet braced wide to shoot.

JETT

Take that back, or blood's gonna paint this dune!

PRISCILLA

(scoffs)

You think that scares any of us? I haven't seen blood in ten years!

JETT

Well, you're sure gonna see some now.

Jett reaches for another jar.

True to her promise, Priscilla swings the machete towards Jett's hand.

Hell breaks loose.

Jett dodges, but drops the jar. It smashes on the ground. Water gushes from it, evaporates. Showing just how searing this climate is.

Jett shoots Priscilla. CLANG!

The ammo ricochets off the old woman's bullet proof vest; hidden under her filthy, frilly blouse.

Camilla and Lita shed their shirts in unison. Revealing: formidable metal and leather armor underneath.

Camila grabs Jett's hair; smashes a knee into the girl's face. Jett goes down - blood pouring from her nose.

A terrified Neb backs away, accidentally bumps Buck.

Just as the man-mountain aims his flame thrower at Lita. The short woman glares back, no fear in her face.

LITA

You think a little heat can stop  
me? My flashes would eat you for  
lunch!

Lita twists, and flips Buck over her shoulder - snatches the flame thrower in mid-air.

Buck lands on his back. THUD.

Sand puffs from the impact, obscures everything like a veil.

Another water jar falls from the cart. CRASH. Screams. Cries. Unseen mayhem abounds.

Eventually the dust settles, revealing who's won this round:

Lita leans over Buck, flame thrower aimed at his face.

Jett's alive. But her nose is no longer her best feature.

Carmine kneels on Neb's chest... Jett's pistol pressed between his eyes.

CARMINE

Darling, you really shouldn't have.  
We're called bitches for good  
reason.

She glances back at Priscilla, stationed by the cart.

CARMINE

Status report, oh Queen?

PRISCILLA  
Pity. Two jars took a hit.

CARMINE  
Damn! That leaves us less than a month's worth of water. But, it'll do 'til we get to camp.

She glares at Neb.

CARMINE  
Looks like restitution's in order. You mentioned protein bars?

NEB  
You're... taking our food? That's all we have!

CARMINE  
(grins)  
Not from my vantage point, sweetie pie.

**LATER**

Neb, Jett and Buck hobble off - so beaten they barely move.

Behind the trio, the women warriors laugh. Carmine holds Jett's gun. Lita cradles Buck's flamethrower. It's bigger than her, by a foot!

CARMINE  
No hard feelings, right?

Neb turns back to comment. At this angle, he sees the writing on the cart:

"Carmine's Menopause Marauders. Water and Oil Transport - there's no trouble we can't match!"

NEB  
(mutters)  
We tried to rip off mercs? Crap!

Lita levels the flame thrower.

LITA  
Keep moving, little boy. Or brace for a sunburn you won't forget!

Groaning, Neb and injured pals obey. They retreat towards the setting sun. Silhouetted against it:

The punk encampment from before. Jett looks at Neb, unsure.

JETT

We're heading towards them? You're shittin' me.

NEB

After this? We can't do worse!

BUCK

Maybe they'll be protection. From those other... bad people.

(shudders)

They remind me of the nuns at school.

NEB

May as well. It can't hurt to try!

They head towards the punks, and the setting sun. Jett sniffles. Blood from her nose leaves a trail in the sand.

JETT

Fuck. Hope I'm that tough when I'm old!

FINAL FADE OUT: