

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Beige walls and beige sheets with orange floral patterns dominate the room. There are two beds. A very pregnant woman, JOANNE (34), is sitting on the edge of one, and a thin, wiry man, RICHARD (38), is passed out on the other.

There are open luggage containers scattered around the room. Empty beer cans are littered around Richard's bed.

Joanne prods Richard's back with her finger.

Richard snores loudly.

Joanne pushes him off the bed.

He crashes against the beer cans on floor, crushing many of them.

RICHARD

What the FUCK?

JOANNE

Get up. Job's in one hour.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Joanne walks towards an old, yellowing pick-up truck. It's the only one in the lot. She has a weathered duffle-bag in her hand.

Richard trails far behind her, pulling on a sweater and covering his eyes from the sun.

RICHARD

I am going to throw up.

JOANNE

Don't you dare throw up in this car, Richard. You knew we were doing this today.

RICHARD

Really not feeling up to it, though, baby.

JOANNE

Get your skinny ass in the car.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

The pick-up truck pulls into a long alleyway that's shrouded in trees.

They park at the very back.

Joanne looks expectantly at Richard.

Richard is asleep against the gas.

She grabs a newspaper from the back seat, rolls it up, and smacks him on the head.

He wakes with a start.

RICHARD

Can you cut it out? Shit.

JOANNE

Get going.

RICHARD

Let's reschedule, baby, I feel like dung.

JOANNE

We already bought the ticket.

RICHARD

We've still got a bit left from the last job, we can buy another one tomorrow.

JOANNE

You are so right, honey. Let's do it tomorrow.

She puts the key in the ignition.

RICHARD

Thanks, baby.

Richard rests his head back against the window.

Joanne takes the key out of the ignition and smacks him again with the newspaper.

JOANNE

Oh, thats right! You spent the last of the cash on beer and pay-per-view!

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Quit it with the fucking newspaper,
already!

JOANNE

We're doing the job today. If you
want to be the one who sits around
in the car and waits then so be it.

Joanne gets out of the car and walks around to the back.

Richard sticks his head out the window.

RICHARD

Come on, Joanne. You look like the
octo-mom.

JOANNE

I'll get the newspaper.

RICHARD

All I'm saying is you are pregnant
as pregnant can be. Come on,
Joanne, you are slow as a turtle.

JOANNE

You're worried about *speed*? Not our
son?

RICHARD

I mean...him too...of course. But
the name on the ticket is Aaron!

JOANNE

Aaron could be a girl's name.

Joanne grabs the duffle-bag out of the back and starts
walking away.

Richard shimmies his whole upper-buddy out of the window to
shout over the roof.

RICHARD

You're making a big mistake. You
don't know how to do this type of
stuff, Joanne!

JOANNE

(shouting over her shoulder)
Be here when I get back!

Richard shakes his head and looks pale.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Oh, no.

Richard pukes on the roof.

He wipes it off frantically with his forearm.

As Joanne turns the corner of the alleyway, she takes a look back.

Richard stops wiping and gives her a thumbs up.

EXT. COACH BUS TERMINAL - DAY

Joanne is waiting in line to board the bus.

JOHN (48), the bus driver, is collecting tickets.

Joanne hands him her ticket.

JOHN

Hello, ma'am.

Joanne is sweating profusely.

JOANNE

Hi.

JOHN

Hold on a second.

JOANNE

Why?

JOHN

You're missing something?

JOANNE

No. I don't think so.

JOHN

Where's his ticket?

John points at her tummy and cracks a wide smile.

Relieved, Joanne laughs and puts a hand on his shoulder.

John helps her step up onto the bus.

JOANNE

You are a doll, thank you so much.

Joanne climbs the steps of the bus, duffle-bag in hand.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

The woman sitting in the front seat, KATE (25), stands up and offers her seat to Joanne.

Joanne, sweating through her shirt, accepts the seat.

JOANNE
You are too kind.

KATE
No problem, need a hand with your bag?

Kate reaches for the bag.

Joanne gives a nervous gag.

Kate backs her hand away.

JOANNE
Sorry, no, I need it with me. Has my...meds and stuff.

KATE
Should you be taking pills with a baby?

JOANNE
Oh you know just aspirin and pain killers.

Kate looks horrified at Joanne.

JOANNE
(nervously)
The baby-safe ones of course.

Kate curtly nods and takes her seat just behind Joanne's.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

The bus is driving along the highway.

Joanne unzips the duffle-bag in the empty window-seat next to her. There is a revolver inside.

With her body facing the window, she tucks it into her bra.

Joanne turns to Kate and starts screaming in pain.

(CONTINUED)

JOANNE
Oh my god, its happening!

KATE
(startled)
What's happening!?

JOANNE
I'm having the baby, you idiot!

Joanne winces in pain and grabs her stomach.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
It needs to come out right now!

JOHN
Is she going to be okay?

KATE
(to John)
I don't know!
(to Joanne)
Can you wait till we get to a
hospital?

JOANNE
No! The little bastard wants out
now! I need air! Pull over, please!

JOHN
Shit.

John pulls the bus over.

The passengers on the bus are standing up to watch the commotion at the front. A young man, Kevin, half way to the back of the bus throws up his arms in annoyance.

KEVIN
Let's get this show on the road!

John takes his seatbelt off and comes to Joanne's aid.

JOHN
What can I do?
(to the rest of the bus)
Is anyone here a doctor?

Joanne pulls the gun out her bra, stops wincing in pain, and points it at John.

(CONTINUED)

JOANNE

Back up. Sit down over there.

She motions towards the seat across from her.

JOHN

Are you out of your mind?

JOANNE

Nope. I've got a baby on the way
and Mama's hungry. Now hush.

Joanne rocks herself out of her seat and gets up.

Joanne points the gun at Kate.

Kate shields her face and squeaks.

The rest of the passengers gasp.

KATE

Don't shoot!

JOANNE

Get up, darling.

She lifts Kate up out of her seat.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Now if you would all be so kind -
(to Kate)
What's your name?

KATE

K-Kate.

JOANNE

Kate, here, is going to come around
and collect your phones and your
wallets. If everyone could please
put their hands in the air where I
can see them that would be greatly
appreciated.

The passengers stick their hands up in the air.

Joanne hands Kate her empty duffle-bag and Kate starts down
the isle collecting people's wallets and phones.

KEVIN

Are you even pregnant?

Joanne looks savagely at Kevin and lifts her shirt enough to
reveal her protruding belly.

(CONTINUED)

JOANNE

Come here.

Kevin hesitates and looks at the people around him for support, they avoid his eyes.

KEVIN

You guys are cowards you know that.

Kevin walks up to Joanne.

Joanne grabs his hand and puts it against her stomach.

JOANNE

You feel that? That's child.

Kevin, looking horrified, pulls his hand away.

KEVIN

I ain't never heard of no fat chick
robbing a bus before-

Joanne knocks Kevin on the top of his head with the butt of her gun.

Kevin coils onto the floor.

JOANNE

(to unconscious Kevin)
I'm not fat, I'm pregnant.

The passengers gasp and start forward.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Back in your seats! Now!
(to Kate)
And you! Keep collecting that
stuff.

Kate hurriedly starts collecting the phones from the last third of the bus.

Joanne groans loudly, grabs her side, and hunches over in pain.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Ahhhh! I think I'm about to shit a
watermelon!

JOHN

Give me a break, you already pulled
this stunt.

(CONTINUED)

JOANNE

I think it's really happening. My
uterus is going to explode!

John makes a quick lunge for the gun in Joanne's left hand.

Joanne turns towards him and his head collides with her
stomach and he gets thrown back into his seat.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Fuck off, man!

Joanne point her gun at Kate.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Are you done yet?

KATE

Y-Yes. C-coming now.

Kate hustles down the isle to Joanne.

Joanne grabs the bag.

JOANNE

Good girl. Now-

Joanne yells in pain again.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Mother Mary and Joseph's ass!

Kate grabs the strap of the bag and runs for the door.

Joanne pulls it back and Kate falls flat on the floor.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Stupid girl. Get out.

Kate scrambles to her feet and charges to the door in fear.

She hits the door hard with her face and slides down.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

(to John)

Help her.

John gets up and shimmies past Joanne, who keeps the gun on
him.

He clicks a button on the dash and the door opens wide.

Kate hurries out.

(CONTINUED)

Joanne points John out the door with the gun.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

(to John)

Sorry for the inconvenience. Have a nice day!

JOHN

For the record, I think what you're doing is shameful. Committing a felony with a baby on the way is absurd.

JOANNE

You know what? If you could do me one last favour and shut the hell up that would be great. I don't need a lecture from you, *bus driver*. You aren't my priest. You don't know how hard it is to survive on food stamps and petty theft. Get the hell off my bus.

John exits.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

(to the rest of the passengers)

Okay, people, let's go. Come on, now. Out you go. Thanks for your co-operation. Hopefully we never see each other ever again. That's right, it's all over. See ya!

Joanne stops a large man on his way out and points out Kevin's unconscious body on the floor.

The man slings him over his shoulder with the help of another passenger.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

You're a doll, thank you.

The passengers shimmy past Joanne as she follows them with her gun.

The last of the passengers exit and Joanne closes the door. Joanne gives the passengers standing on the side of the highway a wave and a big middle finger to the bus driver, John.

Joanne sits in the driver's seat, turns the key that was left in the ignition and hits the gas hard.

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She merges onto the highway and looks behind her laughing.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Woaah!

There is an audible splash.

Joanne looks down at her feet.

There is a small puddle of water on the floor and wet stains down her pants. Her water broke.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Oh, crap.