

ROAD TRIPPING

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - PARKING LOT - DAY

A neon sign spins slowly out front along the main drag. The sign reads: HOME OF THE CUSTOM \$999 FUNERAL.

Under a carport and along the side of the building a black CADILLAC HEARSE idles.

Smoke fills the inside of the Hearse.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

Behind the steering wheel is FLOYD FILMORE (17). On the passengers side is MILTON FINNIGAN (16). Both decked out in chauffeurs' suits and passed out among the lingering smoke.

In the rear of the Hearse is a casket.

Floyd's head falls forward and bangs into the horn. Both jerk awake. Floyd wipes slobber off his face and throws the Hearse into gear.

FLOYD
Alright. Alright. I'm going.

EXT. BOULEVARD - DAY

Floyd bounces the car out of the parking lot and onto a busy boulevard.

MILTON (O.S.)
What's the rush dude?

FLOYD (O.S.)
My father. He's always like get this body here, get that body there. Sometimes I just want to cruise in this bad boy, or maybe just take it on a road trip.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

Milton hunts for and finds a small, smoked out joint between the cracks in the seats. He attempts to light it. No dice.

MILTON
Dude. A road trip sounds killer. But we can't road trip without more of this righteous bud. How about we road trip to Francisco's place to reload.

FLOYD
I think he said he was partying out
of town.

MILTON
Where?

FLOYD
Arrowhead.

MILTON
Dude. On ramp.

Floyd signals, does not check traffic, and meanders to the right across traffic toward the on-ramp. Cars screech to avoid the Hearse.

A casket in the back slides and slams against the inner side wall.

MILTON (CONT'D)
Dude. What was that!

Milton whips his head around toward the rear of the Hearse. He sees the casket, and the lid is open slightly.

MILTON (CONT'D)
We got company.

FLOYD
Shit! My Dad must have loaded that
last stiff.

MILTON
Should we jettison the stiff?

FLOYD
Fuck yeah. We are on a mission. Let's
drop it off and press on. I need
more of Francisco's righteous bud.

MILTON
Right on! Where?

Milton points at the shoulder off the side of the fast lane.

FLOYD
Right there.

Floyd pull off to the fast lane shoulder. The tires skid to a stop.

EXT. FREEWAY - HEARSE - DAY

Milton and Floyd pull the casket out onto the pavement with a thump. They lift the top and the bottom of the lid to take a peek.

A middle ages DEAD MAN (56), puffy face, excessive makeup, a balding comb over, dirty shirt, tie, and cheap suit jacket.

The bottom half is naked.

FLOYD
Look at that. The artistic works of
my cheap ass father.

They bow their heads to offer a brief moment of respect.

Milton raises an eyebrow and looks at Floyd.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
Dude. I could chow down on a
righteous burger.

EXT. FREEWAY - HEARSE - DAY

The Hearse meanders back into traffic.

EXT. BURGER JOINT - DRIVE THRU - DAY

Floyd hangs out the window and yells at the drive-thru clown speaker.

FLOYD
I said two number ones!

DRIVE THRU SPEAKER
Was that one number two.

FLOYD
No! Two number ones.
(to Milton)
This dude must be high.

MILTON
I wish I was high.

DRIVE THRU SPEAKER
Pull forward.

Floyd jerks the shifter into gear.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

Floyd and Milton stuff greasy burgers into their mouths.
Food all over their faces and the front seat.

LATER

Milton and Floyd stare ahead at the road. The radio blares the song WEED WITH WILLIE. Both sing along out of tune.

The song is interrupted by an incoming phone call. SATAN flashes on the caller ID. Floyd answers.

FLOYD
(smiling at Milton)
Sup Father.

Nothing but incoherent screaming coming from the other end.

Floyd holds the phone away from his ear. He hands it to Milton.

MILTON
Mr. Filmore. Dude. How can we help you.

More incoherent screaming.

MILTON (CONT'D)
No can do. We are on a righteous road trip pops.
(to Floyd)
He says he's calling the cops.

FLOYD
He ought to call the cops on himself for that hatchet job on that stiff.
(to Milton)
Hang up.

Milton hangs up. The music and bad singing continue.

EXT. HEARSE - DAY

The Hearse speeds past other cars on the freeway. A tire blows out.

EXT. HEARSE - REAR DOOR - DAY

The rear door is wide open.

Floyd scans inside the back of the Hearse. Throws his hands in the air, frustrated.

FLOYD
Just fucking great. No spare tire.

Milton rummages around on the ground and finds a small baggie with two joints. He pops up with a spry hop and a smile. Floyd holds up the baggie for Floyd to see.

MILTON

Score! Look dude... our savior.

Floyd pulls a lighter out of his pants pocket.

FLOYD

Might as well.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

Floyd weaves in and out of the lane, and cars are flying past him. He is super high and weeps.

FLOYD

Dude. You know I love you. You are my best bud.

MILTON

I love you to. I wouldn't want to get high with anyone else.

Red and blue lights flash in the rear-view mirror. Milton turns and looks over his shoulder.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Cops!

FLOYD

What? What should I do?

MILTON

Pull over. We can talk our way out of it.

Floyd adjusts his chauffeur's hat.

FLOYD

No way. It's Arrowhead or bust.

MILTON

Party on.

Floyd signals left and merges into the right lane, continuing to crawl slowly down the freeway.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The Hearse crawls along. A line of police cars is in slow pursuit. Red and blue lights are flashing.

EXT. CABIN - ARROWHEAD - DAY

A small A-Frame cabin in the woods.

The Hearse creeps up and parks close to the front door.

In the distance, a line of police cars.

INT. HEARSE - CONTINUOUS

Floyd slams the Hearse into park, clueless to the cops. He looks over at Milton.

FLOYD
We made it. Time to reload.

INT. CABIN - DAY

A skinny, jumpy RASTAFARI DUDE (50), hands Milton a gallon bag full of marijuana.

RASTEFARRI DUDE
Wait here I got something else that'll
blow your mind.

Milton and Floyd are sunk into an old couch. Milton rolls a joint and sticks it in his mouth.

Rastafari Dude comes back wearing rubber gloves and a mask. He holding a cookie sheet of Meth.

The cookie sheet drops as Milton strikes a match.

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The cabin explodes violently. Debris rains down on everything.

OVER BLACK:

PREACHER (O.S.)
We are gathered here today to
celebrate the lives of Floyd and
Milton. May they rest in pieces, er
eh peace.

FADE OUT: