## Bad Trip

by

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Flower pattern wallpaper tears along the dingy walls accented by broken, outdated furniture.

JACOB (18), in a suit and tie, leans against the windowsill and watches MATT (20), dressed in all black, zip a dufflebag closed on the bed.

> MATT The fuck you lookin' at?

> > JACOB

You tell me?

MATT Jesus Christ, Jake. Enough with the bitchin'.

JACOB Hey, you're not the one who was getting eyeballed by the asshole at the front desk.

MATT You ask stupid questions. I'd eyeball your ass too.

Matt leaves the dufflebag on the bed, heads for the door.

JACOB So now what? We planning to stay here forever?

MATT You got a better idea? We need to stay low until this shit blows over.

Matt opens the door. Jacob grabs ahold of Matt's arm.

JACOB Are you crazy? You just said we have to stay low.

MATT Take your hand off me before I fuckin' break it.

JACOB But the cops...?

MATT

Fuck'em... No way they're gonna find us here. But hey, in case there pathetic asses actually do... Matt reaches in his waistband and pulls out a handgun.

MATT ...we're not going down quietly.

Matt jerks his arm from Jacob's grip and slams the door behind him as he exits.

Jacob heads over to the bed and unzips the dufflebag. Inside: A black ski-mask and a handgun.

Jacob grips the handgun.

A faint voice echoes from behind Jacob.

ELDERLY WOMAN (O.S.) Feels good I bet? Holding that gun.

Jacob spins around. An ELDERLY WOMAN hideously discolored, creep towards him. Her red dress faded and ripped.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Hello Jacob.

Jacob aims the handgun at the elderly woman.

JACOB Who the fuck are you? How'd you get in here?

ELDERLY WOMAN My how you forget. Are we going to play this game everytime I see you?

JACOB I've never seen you before.

ELDERLY WOMAN Oh, but you have...

The elderly woman snaps her fingers. The room sinks to darkness. A woman NEWS REPORTER (20), appears under a spotlight holding a microphone.

NEWS REPORTER I'm standing outside First National Bank where minutes ago two armed men stormed in and took several people hostage.

The spotlight dims. A second spotlight appears from behind the news reporter.

A YOUNG WOMAN (18), has on a bright red dress that draps over her beautiful mocha skin. She's down on her knees in the praying position with a gun pressed to her head. YOUNG WOMAN Please, I don't wanna die. I beg you... please.

A SHOT rings out. The young woman is blank with expression as she falls to the ground. Dead.

The spotlight fades away over the young woman as the spotlight over the news reporter appears again.

NEWS REPORTER One hostage is dead. And now the manhunt begins for the two suspects.

The spotlight dims and the room lights up.

The elderly woman's head contorts to one side, spilling blood from her mouth.

ELDERLY WOMAN Remember me now, Jacob?

The elderly woman creeps closer. Jacob steps backward. The gun shakes in his hand.

JACOB Stay back! I'm warning you!

ELDERLY WOMAN Going to shoot me again?

JACOB I swear, I'll pull the trigger.

The elderly woman brushes aside matted hair with her cracked, yellow fingernails to reveal a bloody small hole on her forehead.

ELDERLY WOMAN Go ahead. You weren't this hesitant the first time.

The elderly woman's face morphs, the bottom of her jaw stretches past her shoulders. Her eyes become wide.

POP! Jacob stands in awe as the bullet travels through the elderly woman and hits the wall behind her.

ELDERLY WOMAN You can't kill what's already dead.

Jacob drops the gun and hurries to the door. Tries the doorknob. It won't budge. He pounds on the door.

JACOB

Matt! Help me! Matt!

The elderly woman creeps closer.

Jacob presses his face against the door.

JACOB Jesus, you're not real. You're just my imagination. You're not real. You're just my imagination...

He pounds on the door.

JACOB ...Matt, where the fuck... are...

Jacob drops to one knee. Barely able to keep his eyes open.

JACOB

...you?

He collapses to the ground. Out cold.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Jacob awakes on the bed. The handgun lies next to him.

JACOB Matt?... Matt?... Fuck my head... Goddamn, where the hell is he?

Jacob sits up. Eyeballs the handgun. He reaches for it when -- Matt rushes in from the front door.

MATT Jacob, they're here! C'mon, move your ass! Let's go!

Matt pulls Jacob off the bed.

MATT The fuck ya doing? Help me asshole. We need to block the window.

They hurry to rip the mattress off the bed frame, carry it over to the window, stand it on end and cover up the window.

> JACOB Did they see you?

MATT They've got the place surrounded. Shit bro, we're fucked.

JACOB

Did they see you?

MATT I can't go out this way. Not now. We've come too far. Jacob grabs Matt by the collar.

JACOB

Did they fucking see you?!

Matt slumps down against the mattress with his head between his knees.

JACOB

Fuck!

Jacob rushes over and picks up the handgun by the bed.

JACOB You just had to keep pushing me to come along, didn't you? Said it was a full proof plan and no one would get hurt. Well fuck you for getting me in this shit. This was your fucking idea. Not mine!...

MATT You're right, bro... If anyone deserves to go to prison it's me...

Matt walks to the door and opens it.

MATT .... Sorry I dragged you into this.

JACOB The fuck you doing?

Matt steps outside. The door closes behind him.

Gun SHOTS ring the air.

MATT (O.S.) Come and get me you motherfuckers!

Jacob rushes to the door. Tries to open it. Won't budge.

JACOB Open goddamn it!

ELDERLY WOMAN (O.S.) He controls you, Jacob.

Jacob drops to the ground, terrified. Aims the handgun at the elderly woman.

JACOB Go the fuck away. I'm done with you, bitch.

Jacob bangs his head with the butt of the handgun.

ELDERLY WOMAN Knocking yourself senseless won't erase me from your pain, Jacob... but there are other avenues you can take to make up for the terrible deeds you bestowed upon me...

A spotlight shines over a small bottle of pills in the middle of the room.

ELDERLY WOMAN ... Look familiar?

JACOB No... What is that?

ELDERLY WOMAN Only one way to find out.

Jacob stands, walks towards the spotlight.

JACOB What the fuck did you mean when you said he controls me?

ELDERLY WOMAN Open the bottle and you'll find the truth.

Jacob grabs the bottle. Twist the cap off. Takes out a pill and reads the name ingrained into it.

> JACOB Ketamine? What the hell is this?

ELDERLY WOMAN Why don't you ask, Matt?

JACOB Ask him? Ask him for what?

ELDERLY WOMAN Because he's been feeding them to you.

JACOB

Bullshit. I would remember if Matt or anyone was forcing these down my throat.

ELDERLY WOMAN Of course you would if your memory served you well but your no longer thinking straight. You can thank the little friend in your hand for that. JACOB No. You've got it all wrong. Matt takes care of me. He wouldn't do that.

ELDERLY WOMAN Than ask him. Watch him squirm when he denies it.

The elderly woman snatches the pill from Jacob.

ELDERLY WOMAN Someone has to take the fall for the crimes committed. Why not blame the person who has zero recollection of it. Don't believe me? Check the gun. Your fingerprints are all over it... not his.

The elderly woman crushes the pill in her hand and sprinkles the contents to the ground.

ELDERLY WOMAN You want this nightmare to end? You know what to do.

The elderly woman touches Jacob's shoulder -- suddenly he falls to the floor and convulses.

INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clean and tidy. Sports posters line the walls.

Jacob lies on the floor, awakes to a blurry image of Matt.

MATT Hey, bro. You okay?

JACOB

Where am I?

Matt helps Jacob to his feet.

MATT Are you for real?

Jacob scans the room.

JACOB Where's the motel room? The old woman?

MATT Jesus, man. What the fuck are you talking about?

JACOB The pills? Where's the pills? Matt points to the bed.

MATT In the dufflebag. Why?

Jacob rushes over to the dufflebag, snatches the bottle of pills and displays them to Matt.

## JACOB

You think I'm stupid? That I wouldn't know you were feeding me these to help keep me quiet.

MATT

What? Whoa, bro. You need to calm down. I never gave you the pills. You took them on your own.

JACOB

Liar! She told me you were going to say that you son-of-a-bitch... You've been playing me.

MATT

Wait, who told you I was playing you?

JACOB

Don't even try and talk your way out of this. I know what these pills do. I know about the bank. The woman in the red dress. You're not getting me to take the fall.

MATT

Bank? Woman in the red dress? Bro, are you talking about Suzanne?

JACOB You know her name? Than it's true. You pulled the trigger.

MATT

Pulled the trigger? What?

JACOB

You killed her.

Jacob rummages through the dufflebag, pulls out the handgun. Aims it at Matt.

MATT Hey man. What are you doing? That's not funny. Put that away before you hurt someone.

JACOB Only one way to end this nightmare...

MATT Jacob, c'mon. Put the fucking gun down. The bedroom door opens. In walks SUZANNE (18), in a beautiful red dress. JACOB She's here. See for yourself. The woman you killed at the bank. Matt turns to see Suzanne. MATT Jacob, that's Suzanne. You know her. You can see she's alive. JACOB Wrong! She's come back to avenge her death... and I'm going to see that it happens. MATT You need to get ahold of yourself. Put the gun down. Jacob stares at Suzanne. Her face morphs. Her jaw drops below her shoulders. Her eyes become wide. JACOB Oh, god. I'm so sorry for what Matt did to you... MATT Jacob, give me the gun. Please. JACOB I have to end this... Matt has to

Matt tackles Jacob, hits his arm. Jacob fires off a shot as he falls backwards.

Matt lays on top of Jacob, wrestles away the gun.

CHRISTY (19), dressed like an elderly woman in a torn red dress and AMY (20), dressed like a news reporter, rush in.

Christy screams in agony.

die!

Matt and Jacob look over to Suzanne who lies on the ground. Blood seeps from a bullet hole wound to her head.

Christy holds Suzanne in her arms.

CHRISTY What did you do?! Oh, god. No! Suzanne. Come back. Suzanne. Come back! PEOPLE crowd the door. Each one dressed in a costume.

JACOB The old woman? The news reporter? They were at the motel...

Jacob gazes at the crowd.

JACOB ... The fuck? I see a big ass frog... and a pirate... and a cowboy?

MATT Jacob, look the fuck around. We're having a costume party.

Jacob spots the windowsill he leaned up against earlier. The dufflebag on the bed. He eyeballs two small spotlights that hang from the ceiling above.

Jacob's eyes roll back as he drops to the ground. Out cold.

INT. JACOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: TEN MINUTES EARLIER

Jacob, in a black suit, leans against the windowsill and watches Matt, dressed in all black, zip a dufflebag closed.

MATT Is something the matter?

JACOB

You tell me? I can't get the overhead lights to turn on. How am I supposed to spotlight someone in the dark if they're not working? Maybe we should just cancel...

MATT We're not cancelling. We'll get the lights to work so quit your bitchin'.

JACOB I know, it's just I want everything

to go right. Your not the one trying to impress Suzanne.

MATT

Take it from me. Avoid the stupid questions and you're in. Speaking of Suzanne, I hear her and Christy are dressing up as some kind of beauty and the dead. Sounds kinda hot if you ask me.

Matt leaves the dufflebag on the bed, heads for the door.

MATT Feeling the pills yet? JACOB Don't know. How am I supposed to feel? MATT Oh, you'll know. Just a matter of time... Heading outside for a smoke. Matt opens the door. Jacob grabs ahold Matt's arm. JACOB I can't find my ski-mask and they're gonna be here anytime now. MATT Relax, bro. If it's that important than take mine. It's in the dufflebag... Matt reaches in the front pocket of his suit, produces a cigarette and lights it. MATT ... Got a surprise in there too. JACOB Surprise? Matt grins. Takes a puff from the cigarette. MATT Dad's gun. JACOB Dad's gun? Holy shit. He'll kill us if he finds out. MATT But he won't. Besides, I want to show it to Christy. Reservoir Dogs is one of her favorite movies and I hear the sight of a real gun turns her on. Matt leaves the room. Jacob heads over to the dufflebag and unzips it. He reaches in and pulls out the handgun.

FADE OUT