

ROAD TRIPPING

an original screenplay by

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(c) 2025

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 \$999 FUNERAL.

Under a drive thru covered area idles a black CADILLAC HEARSE.

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 fall forward and hits the horn. Both jerk awake. Floyd wipes slobber off his face and throws the Hearse into gear.

FLOYD
Alright. Alright. I'm going.

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

MILTON
What's the rush dude?

FLOYD
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.

Milton hunts for and finds a small smoked out joint between the crack 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 jerks the steering wheel toward the onramp to the freeway.

EXT. BOULEVARD - DAY

A Hearse travels in fast lane and dart across heavy traffic and enters the freeway onramp. Cars screech and slide to avoid slamming into the Hearse.

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

MILTON

Dude. What was that!

INT. HEARSE - DAY

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

MILTON

We got company.

FLOYD

Shit! My Dad must have loaded that last stiff.

MILTON

We got to go back.

FLOYD

No fucking way. We are road tripping. Let's drop it off and press on.

MILTON

Outstanding. Where?

FLOYD

Here.

MILTON

On the freeway? I think people will see.

FLOYD

Dude. This is California. Nobody will see shit.

Floyd pull off to the fast lane shoulder and stops the car.

EXT. FREEWAY - HEARSE -DAY

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

FLOYD
Son of a bitch.

The casket is full of gummy bears.

MILTON
Score!

They both fill their pockets with gummy bears.

FLOYD
Dude. I could go for a Big Mac.

MILTON
And a joint. Where can we get a joint?

EXT. MCDONALD'S - DRIVE THRU - DAY

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

FLOYD
I said two number ones!

DRIVE THRU SPEAKER
Was that one number twos.

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

DRIVE THRU SPEAKER
Got it two number ones and two joints.

Floyd stares over at Milton. Milton jumps across his lap toward the open window.

MILTON
Spectacular!

EXT. HEARSE - DAY

Milton and Floyd stare ahead at the road, popping gummy bears among the pot smoke. The radio blares HIGHWAY TO HELL by Steppenwolf. 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 Fazzar.

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.
(pause)
Cops.
(to Floyd)
He says he's calling the cops.

Milton hangs up the phone. Music and singing continue.

LATER

Floyd is weaving in and out of the lane. 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. You are
my gummy bear.

FLOYD
Don't ever leave me. I would just
die if you left.

Red and blue light flash in the rear view mirror. Milton turns and looks.

MILTON
Cops!

FLOYD
What?

MILTON
Cops dude.

FLOYD
What should I do?

MILTON
Step on it dude.

Floyd pushes the peddle to the metal.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The Hearse zooms along, followed by a line of police cars in pursuit. Lights are flashing.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

Floyd's eyes are fixated on the road. Milton stares ahead, popping gummy bears.

MILTON
I swear dude. This has been a
fantastic road trip.

FLOYD
Indeed. There's going to be no living
with my father after this.

MILTON
You are going to grounded for life,
plus the afterlife.

FLOYD
Definitely.

The gas gauge is below empty.

The Hearse sputters and comes to a complete stop. Floyd's hands are tight on the steering wheel. Milton slips lower in his seat.

Floyd taps on the gauge.

FLOYD (CONT'D)
Dude. It's over. How was your road
trip.

MILTON
Spectacular.

Screaming COPS outside the car.

COP (O.S.)
You two little jackasses step out
and have your hands where I can see
them.

MILTON
I think he is talking to you.

FLOYD
Nope. You go first.

MILTON
Me.

FLOYD
We will go together. On three.

Each place their hands on the door handles.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

They pop open their doors and step out, hands up.

The cops swarm Floyd and Milton.

In the distance an exit sign... ARROWHEAD 1 MILE.

FADE OUT: