

TRIPPIN'

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FADE IN:

EXT. FLYING J FUEL STATION - MORNING

A thirty-eight foot Thor Hurricane Motor Coach pulls away, enters onto Interstate 90 East.

SUPER: OUTSIDE YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

INT. MOTOR COACH - CONTINUOUS

BUTCH drives the rig. He's a big man, 66 years old, with balding silver gray hair pulled back in a tight ponytail. Although imposing, even seated, he exudes a warm friendly vibe, and he's smiling.

In the passenger seat, ANGEL, 60, still rocking her cute hippie aura, rolls a fat joint with years of precision.

ANGEL

How's she driving, Baby?

BUTCH

Like a dream, but like a really big dream. Think I'll keep her under seventy.

Angel seals the joint with a lick. Her eyes dart up to Butch.

And sure enough, Butch's eyes lock onto hers.

He smiles, shakes his head back and forth.

ANGEL

I know that look, Butch. You concentrate on the road, not my tongue, you old Horndog.

Butch laughs, stretches.

BUTCH

I'm gonna be stiff tonight, Angel. You know what I'm talking about?

Angel lights the joint, takes a big hit.

ANGEL

Baby, I known ya thirty-five years, and I definitely know what you're talking about. You're usin' one of those fancy double entendres there, huh?

Butch looks confused, raises his hands out in front of him.

BUTCH
Double huh?

ANGEL
Hands on the wheel, Baby.

She hands him the joint.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Ok, you can use one hand to take a
hit, then, hands on the wheel

Butch rolls his eyes, hits the joint.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I love you. This is gonna be so
fucking cool! Like back when we
were just kids.

Butch points his finger ahead.

BUTCH
Next stop, Coeur...Coeur D'...Coeur
D'Alene!

They both break out in laughter.

ANGEL
Looks like old One Hit Butch is back!

EXT. INTERSTATE 90 - AFTERNOON

The Hurricane cruises along. Traffic is nonexistent.

Ahead, a road sign.

INSERT - COEUR D'ALENE RIVER ROAD EXIT 43

INT. MOTOR COACH - CONTINUOUS

Angel points ahead, her hand shaking with excitement.

ANGEL
Here we are! Slow her down, Captain.

Butch eyes her with a chuckle.

BUTCH
Slowing down to exit speed, Co-Pilot.

EXT. JIMMY'S BAIT & TACKLE - MOMENTS LATER

The Hurricane pulls in, comes to a stop.

Angel climbs out, stretches.

Butch carefully climbs out, a wide smile on his face.

BUTCH

I'm just gonna say hey to Jimmy, and give him a couple bucks of biz.

ANGEL

Say hello for me.

INT. JIMMY'S BAIT & TACKLE - MOMENTS LATER

Butch enters, as JIMMY, 70, rather frail, gingerly walks out from behind the counter.

BUTCH

Jimmy James, you old coot!

JIMMY

Butchy Boy, always good to see you, my old friend.

They embrace, pull back, pump fists.

Jimmy looks out the front window, admiring the new Hurricane.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Damn, Son, mighty sweet lookin' ride.

He pats Butch on the back.

BUTCH

Yeah, you know, I turned 65 last year, kept working my ass off, and woke up one morning and said, "Fuck This". I quit, we bought this beauty, and we're headed cross country.

MARTA, 25, large camping backpack strapped on, approaches from the rear of the store.

She looks up to Jimmy.

Jimmy notices, motions her over.

JIMMY

C'mere, Girl.

Butch watches, unsure.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Butch, listen, old friend. This here's Marta. She's my Ex-Wife's kid. She just needs a ride over to Missoula.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

She's got her own tent and all she needs. Can ya help a brother out?

INT. MOTOR COACH - MOMENTS LATER

Angel and Marta sit together on one of the big sofas behind Butch. Both laugh and carry on like old friends.

Butch shakes his head.

BUTCH

You girls having fun back there? Sure sounds like it.

ANGEL

Honey, I knew you were a good man even when you really weren't all that good of a man, and it's a blessin' Jimmy bringing this child into our lives.

BUTCH

It's just this one night, so you remember, this road trip is just the two of us.

EXT. SAM OWEN CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

The Hurricane is parked, an awning covers a table and chairs, a campfire rages nearby.

Butch, Angel and Marta share a joint. All are obviously stoned, as laughter fills the air.

ANGEL

Yeah, we've Ben coming to this little spot for over twenty years, but this will be the first time we don't turn around and go home after a couple nights.

Marta looks around, eyes glazed over.

MARTA

It's beautiful here. So peaceful and quiet.

BUTCH

Well, yeah, it sure can be, but just be warned, me and the Missus here may be old, as you kids say, but we can still make a ruckus.

Angel swats at him.

ANGEL

Oh, don't you even get started.
Let's go see the water.

MARTA

Water? Is there a lake here?

Angel stands, pulls a syringe out of her front pocket, gently sticks it in Marta's neck.

Marta's eyes go wide, then she slumps forward, onto the ground.

BUTCH

Glad you do the stickin', Babe. I
hate needles.

EXT. EDGE OF COEUR D'ALENE LAKE - NIGHT

Marta is tightly tied in bungee cords, still out cold, on the ground. A rope is attached to around her ankles.

Butch and Angel approach, talking among themselves.

Butch holds a large flowering plant in his hands.

BUTCH

Wonder how big he is now? Every
year he's bigger.

Angel hops gleefully up and down.

ANGEL

I can't wait to see. And just think,
he was just a itty bitty baby when
we tossed him in twenty five years
ago.

Butch bends down, places the plant inside Marta's jacket.

BUTCH

He loves these Amazonicas, doesn't
he? Must make him think of home.

ANGEL

Honey, he was just a bay when we got
him. He doesn't remember. He just
likes 'em.

BUTCH

We ready?

ANGEL

Send her on her way, Captain.

Butch picks Marta up, walks her into the water.

BUTCH

Damn chilly!

A few feet from shore, he throws her into the water, catching the rope tied to her feet.

He walks back to where Angel is standing and recording on her I-Phone.

Angel waves.

ANGEL

Buy, Girl. You're just making our baby bigger and stronger. It's just the way it is.

Marta's body floats out into the water.

EXT. ON THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS

There's a ripple near where Marta floats.

Marta opens her eyes, panics against the cords.

The ripples increase madly around her, as her eyes go wide.

A long, narrow mouth filled with wicked teeth breaks the water several feet from Marta's body. They converge on her, splitting her in two, as a blood geyser shoots into the night.

EXT. MOTOR COACH - LATER

Butch and Marta smoke a joint in their chairs.

ANGEL

Well, Big Boy? You ready for that massage you've been begging for?

BUTCH

Massage?

They both break out into wild laughter.

FADE OUT