

We're The Millers

by

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INT. DAVID KORNGOLD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

DAVID KORNGOLD, 30, stares at himself blankly in a hallway mirror. This is what he sees: a man in reasonably good shape, long hair, three day growth of beard, a little haggard. He's not thrilled. He walks over to the hall closet and opens it. Inside is a fake wallboard on a hinge which he opens to reveal dozens of different-sized baggies of marijuana. Below the baggies is a cashbox, which he opens. It's filled with a few thousand dollars. He takes all this in and sighs.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

David walks down the steps of his brownstone and down the sidewalk. A CLIENT, 25, spots David and approaches him.

CLIENT

Dude, that shit you sold me? Man, that was shit. Total skunk weed.

DAVID

Okay, well I'll file a report with Frank over in Quality Control.

CLIENT

I'm serious, man.

DAVID

Give me a break. I just sell the shit.

CLIENT

Oh, sure, that's what the Nazis used to say.

DAVID

The Nazis used to say, "I just sell the shit?" I didn't know that.

CLIENT

Look, I had a choice lady over. And I'm like, hey I've got some quality bud here. She's game and I figure oh yes, I'm in there. So we spark it up and your shit goes all David Copperfield on me. Poof! Where'd the buzz go? I want my money back.

DAVID

Well, you should have bought the extended warranty.

CLIENT

Hey man--

DAVID

Look, this isn't Proctor and Gamble. Your "shit" is not inspected by number three, there are no quarterly reports to the stock holders on the state of the "shit," the "shit" is not regulated by any agency of the federal government. So you're shit out of luck.

CLIENT

Hey, fuck you!

The client walks off. David continues walking.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - EARLY EVENING

David's walking back to his apartment carrying a couple of books and a cup of coffee. He walks by a runaway punk kid, AGNES, late teens. She's well dressed for a runaway.

AGNES

Hey, you got any change?

David reaches in his pocket for change, then reconsiders.

DAVID

Look, you hit me up for money every day. Don't you have a family to beg from?

AGNES

I'm eighteen. I don't need a family. I make a decent living out here. I have an apartment with some friends. I have a library card. I'm an organ donor.

DAVID

Sounds like the life.

AGNES

Oh, the dope dealer doesn't approve.

David hands her some change.

AGNES

That's it?

DAVID

Give me a break! You're wearing two hundred dollar shoes.

AGNES
Just because I have nice shoes
doesn't mean I don't have to eat.

David starts walking away.

DAVID
Eat your shoes.

AGNES
Can't. I'm a vegetarian. See you
tomorrow.

David walks to the stoop of his building. SAM ROSS, 18,
stands on the stoop. He's kind of a nice-looking nerd with a
libido that far outpaces his self esteem.

SAM
Oooh, is she fine or what?

DAVID
The beggar girl? Ask her out, dude.

SAM
Please, I'm not in her league.
I'm president of the Math Club.
I've been AV Man of the Year three
times. Trust me, when it comes to
girls, I'm the beggar.

David sits down on the stoop. Sam sits next to him.

SAM
Ouch! Shit.

Sam reaches for his backside.

DAVID
What?

SAM
I did another one of those medical
experiments. It was for sunscreen.
Eighty bucks.

DAVID
What'd you have to do?

SAM
Oh, they rubbed some cream on my
ass and shot a laser at it.

DAVID
Ouch.

SAM
Oh speaking of...

Sam pulls out a tube of sunscreen and hands it to David.

SAM
Happy birthday. Big three-oh.

DAVID
Yeah...whatever...thanks.

SAM
Think of my ass, whenever you're tanning.

DAVID
I'll...try. Look, I've got be honest. I don't think eighty bucks is worth a laser-scorched ass.

SAM
I got into Dartmouth. I need the money.

DAVID
Just go to a state school!

SAM
No! Ivy League school equals money. Money equals beautiful women. It's a little loophole God wired into the evolutionary process. The species needs the intelligence of nerds so it has to give them a way to propagate. That way is fancy colleges.

DAVID
Where did you come up with that lunacy?

SAM
My Dad taught me. And then he died. I mean, not the same day, but...

DAVID
Yeah, I know...I didn't mean anything...

David puts his arm on Sam's shoulder.

SAM
It's okay. Maybe you're right. I could do what you do. You seem to meet a lot of women.

DAVID

Hey, I get hassled constantly. I live in non-stop fear of going to jail. What I do for a living sucks.

SAM

David, today I had a six foot two Polish male nurse shoot a laser at my ass for eighty bucks. A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

ROSE O'MALLEY, 30, walks down the steps. She's pretty but has definitely been working too hard. She's pissed.

ROSE

Hey, listen, Cheech--

DAVID

Would you stop calling me that? I'll have you know I have a degree from the University of Chicago.

ROSE

I didn't know they had a drug dealing program there.

DAVID

Yes, and it's very prestigious, thank you very much.

ROSE

Look, you've got every stoner on the north side at your door all night.

DAVID

I didn't think the noise was that bad.

ROSE

That bad? It's like I'm living next to Def Leopard. See, I need to get occasional sleep. I have a job.

DAVID

You're a stripper.

ROSE

And you're an asshole but you still need your sleep, right? Deal with the noise or I'm calling the cops! This is your last warning!

DAVID

Okay, fine. I'll keep it down.

ROSE
Thank you...Cheech.

She shakes her head and keeps walking. He looks down. She turns around, smiles, and continues walking.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

David walks over to the bookshelves. He pulls out a video, Joseph Campbell's philosophical documentary "The Power of Myth." He puts it in the VCR. He sits down on the couch and hits the remote. We hear the television:

JOSEPH CAMPBELL (V.O.)
"People say what we're all seeking
is a meaning for life. I don't
think that's what we're really
seeking. I think what we're seeking
is an experience of being alive..."

There's a pounding on the door. David pushes pause, walks up to the door, and looks through the peephole. We see two guys, TWEEZER and KYLE, late teens, preppie.

DAVID
Yeah?

TWEEZER
Hey, man, are you David?

DAVID
Who wants to know?

TWEEZER
We're friends of John.

DAVID
Uh-huh? Is that a religious group?

TWEEZER
John Crelly. From the Sigma Chi.
You know...come on, man. Open up.
We want to score!

Tweezer and Kyle let out a whoop. David opens the door.

DAVID
Will you shut the fuck up?

TWEEZER
Whatever. Listen, man, we want ten
hits of X, --

DAVID
I don't have X. No ecstasy. Just weed.

TWEEZER
How about laying some tabs on us?

DAVID
No acid. I told you: just weed.

TWEEZER
Shrooms?

DAVID
This isn't the IHOP, okay? I just have weed!

KYLE
What kind of a dope dealer are you?

DAVID
Look, you ever been to "Just Lamps?" I'm "Just Weed."

KYLE
Come on, Tweezer, let's get out of here.

DAVID
Tweezer?

TWEEZER
Yeah, that's my name, dude. Got a problem?

DAVID
No. Tweezer's fine.

David busts up, starts to shut the door. Tweezer pushes the door open and pulls out a pistol. He's clearly never used it.

DAVID
Oh, you gotta be kidding me.

TWEEZER
I don't like being laughed at.

DAVID
Then change your name.

TWEEZER
Gimme your fucking stash, man.

DAVID
My stash? Who says "stash?"

KYLE

Come on, Tweez. Forget about it.
This guy's a low-life. Let's go.

TWEEZER

Shut up, Kyle!

DAVID

You're gonna shoot me now, Tweezer?
Is that what you're gonna do?
(sing-songy)
You're gonna get in trouble.

Tweezer jams the gun in David's face.

TWEEZER

My dad's rich, man. I don't get in
trouble.

DAVID

Okay, okay! Chill out!

Tweezer and Kyle walk into the apartment. Tweezer keeps the
gun on David who walks to the kitchen. Kyle notices the TV.

KYLE

(to David)
Joseph Campbell, man. This shit's
cool. The hero's journey and stuff.
Do you think it's a coincidence
that all these myths from around
the world are incredibly similar
or, uh, is there some intention
there or what?

DAVID

Well if you buy into the idea of a
collective unconscious--

TWEEZER

What the fuck is this?! Get
together for lattes and talk about
it!

David walks to the closet and takes out a large canister that
says, "TEA," and starts shoveling its contents into a large
zip-lock baggie.

TWEEZER

That's your fucking tea!

DAVID

It's my weed.

TWEEZER
Bullshit, man. Why do you keep it
in the tea container?

DAVID
Because Walmart doesn't sell
containers that say, "Weed."

The door flies open. It's Rose. She's in a long tee-shirt.

ROSE
I warned you about the noise!

DAVID
He's got a gun, here. You do see
that, right?

ROSE
I don't care if he has a fucking
bazooka. I need sleep, okay? I'm
working the day shift!

DAVID
(to the guys)
She needs her sleep. She's a
stripper. She can't rub her titties
in your face on less than eight
hours.

KYLE
They have a day shift?

DAVID
Oh, they have a brunch. It's great.
I wouldn't eat anything though.

ROSE
Fuck off.

DAVID
(to the guys)
We don't get along. Can you tell?

ROSE
I'm calling the cops.

She storms away.

TWEEZER
(to Kyle)
Let's get out of here, man!

Tweezer and Kyle rush out with the pot. David walks to the
door and slams it. He sits back down, puts his head in his
hands, looks up and hits the remote.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL (V.O.)
"...so that our life experiences on
the purely physical plane will have
resonances within our own innermost
being and reality, so that we
actually feel the rapture of being
alive."

Davis stares off blindly. He feels no such rapture.

INT. S&B'S COFFEE SHOP - THE NEXT MORNING

David sits with his three dope-selling buddies, MATT, 30,
tough guy, Italian, and TOMMY, 50's, aging hippie, pony-tail,
tie-dyed shirt, etc. These guys are mid-meal. David puts his
head in his hands.

TOMMY
Hey, man, everybody gets jacked.

MATT
It's an occupational hazard, man.
Don't sweat it.

TOMMY
(trying to snap David out
of it)
Hey, you remember Droopy Lapidus?

DAVID
The guy with the eyelid and the
limp?

TOMMY
Yeah. This guy was a good solid
responsible customer. And now guess
what? He's in recovery.
(disgusted)
A twelve step program.

MATT
I got your twelve steps. Step one:
shut the fuck up. Step two: I don't
want hear about the other ten
fucking steps.

TOMMY
Shit was better back in the day.
You guys don't know. I was there.

MATT
Not the fucking Haight, again.

TOMMY

The Haight. Okay? 1969, man. The Summer of Love.

MATT

Okay, here we go.

DAVID

Tommy, 1967 was the Summer of Love.

TOMMY

No, fuck man, that was just foreplay. '69 was the shit. You've been listening to the '67 people.

DAVID

Yeah, that's what we've been doing. Listening to the '67 people. O-kay.

TOMMY

When I was dealing in the Haight, you know, it wasn't all dollars and cents. We were all like a family, you know? I mean you'd sell a little bud to cover the cost of your bud. Sure it was good business but that was just secondary.

MATT

To what?

Tommy thinks for a second.

TOMMY

Um, yeah, I don't really remember, man.

Tommy giggles. Matt puts his arm around Tommy.

MATT

I love this guy. Because every time I get worried they're gonna legalize this shit and drive me out of business, I think about him. He is our insurance. As long as he exists, nobody is gonna want this shit on their grocer's shelf.

DAVID

Guys, I want to tell you something...

(takes a deep breath)

I'm out. I'm quitting the business. I'm not gonna sell anymore.

MATT
Are you fucking kidding me?

TOMMY
(visibly shaken)
Oh man...

MATT
Why?

DAVID
Why? I'm thirty years old. I sell
dope.

TOMMY
So? I'm fifty-three.

MATT
(to Tommy)
Oh, that's reassuring, dumbfuck.

DAVID
Look, it's just not worth it
anymore. I'm going through the
motions. I'm not getting any closer
to the "ahh" moment.

TOMMY
You mean like after you pee?

DAVID
No. The "Ahh" moment. The Buddhists
talk about it, Campbell talks about
it all the time. It's when you
understand that you're in exactly
the right place, doing exactly what
you should be doing. I haven't
gotten near that.

MATT
Jesus, man. Tell Taylor yet?

DAVID
Naw.

MATT
He's gonna shit.

TOMMY
But we're like a family, man. You
can't just leave.

DAVID
Tommy, you're a good guy, but I got
to tell you: we're not a family. We
sell drugs for a living.
(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)
We're three burnouts who couldn't
make it in the real world.

TOMMY
You say that like it's a bad thing,
man.

MATT
So what are you gonna do?

DAVID
I'm going to get a job. I have a
college degree--

MATT
In philosophy, you fuck! Who you
gonna go work for? Hegel?

DAVID
How do you know Hegel?

MATT
I know things. I'm not an idiot.
(off their looks, sighing)
Okay. Fine. This Jewish chick I was
banging from the University named
her schnauzer, "Hegel," okay? I
thought it was a Jewish cake or
something. She explained it. Happy?

DAVID
I made a phony resume. You guys are
the references.

TOMMY
What? I don't know if I can handle
being a reference, man.

DAVID
Look, I'll make you a deal: you
guys be my references and I'll sell
you the rest of my stuff at cost.
You split it up.

TOMMY
Twenty percent below cost.

DAVID
What? I thought we were a family,
Tommy?

TOMMY
We are, man. This is the part of
the family dynamic where we fuck
each other over.

INT. TAYLOR'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

The tastefully appointed mansion living room of David's drug supplier, TAYLOR WALTON. Taylor, late thirties, gay, is the head of one the mid-west's largest marijuana cartels. Though seemingly sweet, southern, and thoughtful, he's truly passive-aggressive and violent. Think a male Vivian Leigh in Streetcar.

TAYLOR

David, I just don't know what to say. I'm speechless. You're one of my best movers.

DAVID

It's just time for me to get out.

TAYLOR

Please tell me the truth. Are you going to start moving product for the Chacon Brothers?

DAVID

No, no. Really.

TAYLOR

Well, good, because that would just absolutely break my heart. I mean I would have to cut off your gonads and feed 'em to my snow leopard, but it would still break my heart.

DAVID

Taylor, you've been great. I just need a change. I'm gonna get a job, save up for a few years. Try to find some kind of life for myself. I don't know. I don't really have it figured out.

Taylor sighs, dabs his eyes. MICHAEL and MARK enter. Both are gay, mid-thirties.

TAYLOR

Did you pick up the shipment?

MICHAEL

Not yet.

TAYLOR

What do you mean "not yet?"

MICHAEL

(ignoring him, admiring an armoire)

(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)
This is fabulous. Is it new? Oh, my
god, is it Louis XIV?

TAYLOR
I'm sorry. I thought we were drug
dealers. But apparently this is the
Antique Roadshow and you're here to
appraise my armoire. Now go get my
shipment before I give you two a
gasoline bath!

Michael and Mark exit quickly. David gets up.

DAVID
Okay, well, it's been nice.

TAYLOR
Wait a minute. Before you go, I
have a little proposition for you.
I have four hundred pounds of very
choice marijuana down in Mexico but
no way to get it here. My regular
courier got busted. I bailed him
out, of course, because that's what
I do. I give.

DAVID
Oh, man, no. The last thing I want
to be doing is taking it up the ass
in some Mexican prison. No offense.

TAYLOR
None taken. It's just that those
drugs are worth a fortune to me.
See, I've paid for them already.
And I'd be willing to pay you, say,
a million dollars to simply drive
them back home to me. One last
score.

David sits back down. It's a lot of money.

TAYLOR
A million dollars will buy a lot of
time "to figure it out," David.

David thinks about it for a second, then gets up to leave.

DAVID
I'm gonna have to pass.

Taylor sighs.

INT. Kinko's - A FEW DAYS LATER

David stands at the counter, wearing a white shirt, tie and
the Kinko's apron.

Pinned to his apron is a name tag that reads, "David: Assistant Manager." He's bored out of his skull. A male CUSTOMER, is standing at the counter. David is restrained but clearly frustrated.

DAVID

I told you. You put the card key in the machine. Punch in the number of copies you want and press start.

CUSTOMER

Can't you just do it for me?

DAVID

Yes. But again, if we do it, it's three cents a copy. If you do it, it's two cents a copy. Now given you want to make ten copies, we're talking about an additional ten cent investment. Personally, I think that's money well spent.

CUSTOMER

Naw. So card key, number of copies, start. Do I put my document in?

DAVID

No, you sit on it, spread your asscheeks and photocopy your kazoo!

CUSTOMER

What?!

GWEN, a woman no older than nineteen, overhears this and rushes over. Her name tag reads: "Gwen: Manager." She's an airhead. She pulls David aside.

GWEN

Um, look, David, when I hired you, you were all like "Okay, I need this job." And I was all like "Okay, cool." And then you were all like, "When can I start?" And I was all like, "Um, this Friday." And you were all like, "Cool." And I was all like, "Cool." I mean, am I like...wrong?

DAVID

No. That's pretty accurate.

GWEN

Because the owner is all like
"Gwen, why did you make this new
guy assistant manager when Jimmy's
been here for three years?" And I'm
all like, "Well, I don't know." And
he's all like, "Okay." And now
you're all like, "Go copy your
butthole, sir." And I'm like--

DAVID

Okay, okay!

GWEN

Okay. Cool. I'm glad we talked.

Gwen exits. David looks up toward the counter and sees Tommy
and Matt staring at him. He walks up to them.

DAVID

Just don't say anything.

MATT

Jesus, David. Look at you.

DAVID

Nobody's sticking a gun in my face.
I make legal dollars, okay?

TOMMY

Yeah, eight of them an hour, man.

MATT

You make eight bucks an hour?! Why
don't you quit and I'll pay you
eight bucks an hour not to wear
that fucking smock.

DAVID

Look, you asswipe, I could have had
that job at the publishing house,
if you hadn't fucked up the
reference when the editor called.

MATT

What? What did I do?

DAVID

You called her a cunt!

MATT

She was a cunt!

Gwen strolls by and stops suddenly.

GWEN

Is there a problem? 'Cause I'm all like, "Did I just hear the word cunt?"

DAVID

No, no, no. These guys are friends of mine. They're in a band. And, uh, they're gonna have us print their flyers. Big job.

GWEN

Cool. What's the name of your band?

MATT

Um...

TOMMY

Cunt.

DAVID

Yeah, uh, it's a cover band.

GWEN

All right. Cool. I hope you guys get really famous. Yeah, 'cause then I can be all like, "I knew Cunt when they were just starting out."

They all stare at her.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - LATER THAT EVENING

David is walking home from work. He runs into a MAN.

MAN

Hey, David, nice smock.

DAVID

Fuck you.

David continues walking. He turns a corner and sees Agnes.

AGNES

Got any change?

David doesn't stop.

DAVID

Fuck you.

AGNES

How about some free copies?

David flips her off over his shoulder. He walks up to his building to find Sam sitting on the stoop.

DAVID
(before Sam can speak)
Fuck you.

SAM
What's your problem?

DAVID
Look, you're a smart kid. How would you smuggle four hundred pounds of marijuana across the border?

SAM
Well, I wouldn't!

DAVID
If you had to.

SAM
A single guy? Long hair? Looks like you? There's no way in the world you're gonna get across the border without a major cavity search. You totally fit their profile.

DAVID
Well, who doesn't fit their profile.

Sam thinks for a minute then smiles.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - A WEEK LATER

In the middle of the wide body jet, we see David, Rose, Agnes, and Sam. They've all had make-overs. The picture of the perfect American family. David's hair is cut, a little gray around the sideburns and he's wearing glasses. He's dressed in a cardigan and slacks. He's added ten years. Rose has lost her stripper look in favor of something far more sedate. Agnes and Sam are dressed a little more conservative than your typical late teens. A PASSENGER sits down across the aisle from David.

PASSENGER
(to David)
On vacation?

DAVID
Yeah. We're gonna be visiting San Diego for the first time.
(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)
(he's been waiting for
this moment)
We're the Millers.

PASSENGER
Oh yeah. Well, you'll love it.
Great weather. You can see the Zoo--

DAVID
The Zoo, right....

PASSENGER
And Sea World, of course.

DAVID
Yes. Yes. And, uh, the big
amusement park...

PASSENGER
There is no big amusement park.

DAVID
Oh...
(to Rose)
Cross the big amusement park off
our itinerary, honey.
(to Sam and Agnes)
Sorry, kids.

Rose rolls her eyes. David notices Sam leering at Agnes. He
smacks Sam on the arm. Agnes turns to Rose, who's reading.

AGNES
Wanna play cards?

ROSE
No.

Agnes waits a beat, then:

AGNES
What are you reading?

Rose puts down her magazine in frustration.

ROSE
Nothing. Because you're bothering
me.

AGNES
Oo. Okay. It's the bitter chick.

ROSE
Look, I'm not in the mood to bond.

AGNES
I just asked what you're reading,
you fucking hag!

ROSE
Leave me alone, you little twat!

A section of the plane focuses on them. David bolts up.

DAVID
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Family meeting!

David pulls the other three out of their seats. He drags them to the area between coach and business class.

DAVID
(sotto, furious)
What the fuck is the matter with
you two?! Can't you maintain? We're
supposed to be a family, okay?
Pretend we're the Brady's.

ROSE
Okay. So?

DAVID
So? Ever hear Mom Brady call Jan a
"twat?!"

ROSE
No. I never saw the episode where
the Bradys smuggle dope over the
border either, okay?

DAVID
For a million bucks they would
have.

AGNES
I think they would have split the
money evenly. Greg would have
insisted.

DAVID
No, no. Mr. Brady would have gotten
more, especially if he knew--
(looking up)
Why am I having this conversation?!
Look, there's a lot of money at the
end of the dope rainbow. So the
more normal--

A stewardess approaches. David forcibly bows their heads.

DAVID
(to Stewardess)
Family prayer.
(bows head)
Oh Lord, Jesus Christ, let us have
a safe flight and give us...lunch
soon....

The Stewardess crosses away.

DAVID
The more normal we appear, the
easier to, you know, get our shit
over the border and back to
Chicago. So for the next few days
we're the Millers. A happy normal
motherfucking family from Chicago
on a motherfucking vacation. Got
it?!

They grudgingly assent and begin to walk back to their seats.
David pulls Sam's arm and keeps him behind.

DAVID
Dude. Remember, she's supposed to
be your sister, okay?

SAM
Yeah. So?

DAVID
So, that means you can't stare at
her like you want to bend her over
and drive her home.

SAM
I'll try to watch it.

DAVID
Thanks.

INT. TAYLOR'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Taylor is talking to Michael and Mark.

TAYLOR
You understand how important this
is to me, right? I've been waiting
years to fuck over the Chacon
Brothers. Now they've already paid
for the dope.
(MORE)

TAYLOR (cont'd)
All you have to do is fly down to San Diego, wait for David to cross the border with their weed, follow 'em out into the desert, get the drugs and take care of business.

MICHAEL
Take care of business?

TAYLOR
Yes, take care of business. You know, like in "The Godfather."

MICHAEL
You know, I never saw that movie.

MARK
Me either.

MICHAEL
We should rent it.

MARK
I know. I've been meaning to forever.

TAYLOR
Oh, how sweet. We're discussing cinema. Hey, have you guys seen that other Coppola classic, "Apocalypse Now?"

MARK
Is it fabulous?

TAYLOR
Oh yeah. There's this incredible scene where Martin Sheen takes a machete and chops off Marlon Brando's head while the natives are slaughtering an ox. I've always wanted to try that. What are you two doing next Thursday?

Michael and Mark turn pale.

MICHAEL
We'll take of business.

TAYLOR
That's so good to hear. Have a safe flight, 'kay?

EXT. SAN DIEGO - ESTABLISHING

The plane lands.

EXT. MOE'S MOTORHOME RENTAL/SAN DIEGO - A LITTLE LATER

David and the gang are walking around dazed amongst a field of motor homes. A man in his early fifties, Moe, approaches.

MOE

I'm Moe. How can I help you folks?

DAVID

Hi, we're the Millers. We're gonna take a little trip cross-country back to Chicago--

MOE

Rent it here, drop it off in Chicago?

DAVID

Right.

MOE

Okay, that's not a problem.

Moe motions David and family inside a motor home.

INT. MOTORHOME - CONTINUOUS

Rose, Agnes and Sam start exploring the motor home.

MOE

Are you familiar with her.

DAVID

Who?

MOE

Her. The vehicle. The Wanderlodge.

DAVID

The Wanderlodge. It's a she?

MOE

She's brand new. Top of the line. She's got a microwave and stove. Refrigerator. Bed over the cab. King size in the back. Fold out twins right here in the middle. Bunk over the cab acts as an extra bed, but you two won't really be needing that...

He winks at David and Rose. Rose rolls her eyes.

MOE

Of course her hook-ups are in the back. 500 hp diesel. Standard 110/220. Waste disposal O-ring right under the rear manifold.

DAVID

(no clue)

Right. Right. 500 hp. O-ring. 110/220. Sure.

MOE

It is a beaut. Check out the double wide commode and shower.

He points them to the tiny room with toilet and shower.

ROSE

Wait a minute. You mean we're supposed to shower and shit in here?!

David laughs uncomfortably and puts his arm around Rose.

AGNES

It has a plasma TV!

MOE

Of course. VCR and DVD too.

DAVID

How much?

MOE

She's a thousand a day. But she's worth it.

DAVID

What?! Are you kidding? Goddamn, she's an expensive (trailing off) little...bitch.

MOE

Well she's worth it! Did I mention she's got a Playstation 2, X-box and a Gamecube?

SAM

Cool!

(to Agnes, excited)
Ever play Knight Quest?!

AGNES

No, and I never will.

SAM

Yeah, me either. It's for nerds.

ROSE

Looks comfortable. We'll take it.

DAVID

Oh, I think it's a little out of our price range, scooterpie.

AGNES

We can rent DVD's!

SAM

And play cool games...

(to Agnes)

Not Knight Quest. Nerds.

DAVID

Well, we'll be seeing all the sights, kids. I mean we're not going to have a lot of time for TV and games.

AGNES

The fuck we're not!

MOE

Excuse me?

DAVID

Kids.

(coded)

See, the problem is that the money this thing costs comes out of Daddy's...salary.

AGNES

Well maybe if Daddy paid us more...allowance out of his salary, we would feel better about helping Daddy out with the rental fee.

DAVID

Well, the trip was Daddy's idea, right? Daddy is the one with the...connections. So, Daddy gets to make the decisions. Mommy and the kids should feel fortunate they were allowed to participate.

SAM

Actually, if you think about it, the trip was my idea.

Sam smiles proudly at Agnes. David slaps him on the head.

MOE

Maybe, I should let you folks talk about it.

DAVID

No, that's okay. Maybe you can show us something a little cheaper. Perhaps something in a "he."

AGNES

No! I want this one!

SAM

Me too....Dad.

ROSE

Sorry, snuggle-bear. You're out-voted.

DAVID

Ha ha. That's cute. Hey let's play United Nations Security Council! Daddy has a permanent veto and--

AGNES

Moe, Would you like to know our itinerary? First, we're crossing the border, then we're filling the motor home with--

DAVID

Joy. Joy. With family joy. Okay, okay! This one will be fine.

MOE

Oh good. I'll just go get the paperwork.

Moe exits. David turns to Agnes.

DAVID

Ya' little bitch!

AGNES

You cheap asshole.

DAVID

For a thousand dollars a day, this better have an auto-suck!

EXT. SAN DIEGO - A LITTLE LATER

The motor home tools down the highway. We see the Bay, various road signs to tourist attractions, etc...

AGNES

Hey, Look! Sea World! Next exit!

DAVID

We're not going to Sea World.

AGNES

Why not? I've never been to San Diego. I'd like to see Sea World.

DAVID

Well, I'd like to see Dope World. We're running late.

SAM

Oh what's a few hours?

DAVID

Shut up, Sam.

SAM

Okay.

ROSE

You know, I've never been to San Diego, either.

DAVID

Really? I'm kind of shocked. There's so many sailors here...

ROSE

Okay, we're going to Sea World, asshole! Make the exit!

DAVID

We're not going to Sea World! What's wrong with you people?!

AGNES

My daddy never took me anywhere!

SAM

I don't have a daddy!

DAVID

(beat, angry)
Fucking fine! I've never been to Sea World anyway.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. SEA WORLD - LATER

The large Shamu tank, mid-show. David, stands on a platform. A large mackerel sticks out of his mouth. Shamu jumps up and grabs the fish out of David's mouth and unfortunately takes David's head and torso with him. David flies into the tank. Rose, Sam and Agnes are besides themselves in hysterics.

EXT. SEA WORLD - LATER

A wet, pissed-off David exits the park with the family.

DAVID

Where to next? How about the Wild
Animal Park? Maybe a hyena can dry
hump my leg!

Rose and kids burst out laughing. David scowls.

EXT. HIGHWAY NEAR BORDER - A LITTLE LATER

David pulls over a few hundred yards shy of the Mexican border. He gets out and slaps a bunch of touristy bumper stickers all over the back of his motor home, e.g. "Good Samaritan Club," "I Had a Blast at Six Flags!" "This is Reagan Country," "Idaho Is For Lovers," etc. David gets back in the rig. Agnes gets out and puts a "I Love Sea World" bumper sticker on the motor home. She gets back in. They cross the border into Mexico.

EXT. JULIO'S HOUSE, ROSARITA MEXICO - A LITTLE LATER

The motor home pulls up to a remote beach house. They all get out of the motor home and walk up to the door. David knocks. A man, JULIO, late thirties answers the door. He's holding a rifle. His wife, JUANITA, maybe ten years younger, quite striking, is behind him. Sam eyes the wife, lustily.

JULIO

Yeah? What do you want?

DAVID

We're here for the stuff.

JULIO

What stuff?

DAVID

You know, the shit, the dope.

JULIO

You? Get the fuck out of here.

He points the rifle at them.

DAVID

Wait, wait! My guy in Chicago sent me down here.

JULIO

And you brought your family?! What kind of degenerate are you?

DAVID

They're a fake family.

(off Julio's perplexity)

I thought it'd be easier crossing the border with--nevermind. It was a bad idea, all right?!

SAM

(gawking, to Juanita)

I'm Sam. what's your name?

JULIO

Her name is Juanita. That's Spanish for, "I'm gonna slice your dick off if you look at my wife that way again."

SAM

That's a...a very nice name. Traditional, I'm guessing...

DAVID

Look, can we just get on with this?

JULIO

Yeah, okay. You're gonna have to help me with it. Fourteen hundred pounds is a lotta dope.

DAVID

Fourteen hundred pounds?! No, no. My guy told me four hundred! Why is there fourteen hundred pounds of dope?

JULIO

Well, I started using a nitrogen based fertilizer.

JUANITA

He's increasing production without sacrificing quality.

Julio smiles proudly at her.

EXT. JULIO'S YARD - A LITTLE LATER

David walks out of the motor home as Julio brings another package of marijuana to the motor home door.

JULIO
That's it.

He hands it to David who hands it to Rose.

JULIO
Be careful at the border, my friend. It's been bad for mules...INS, DEA, Border Patrol.

David nods nervously. Rose emerges from the motor home.

ROSE
Where the fuck are we supposed to sleep? There's barely room to sit in there.

DAVID
Okay. Change of plans. We don't sleep. We drive straight back through to Chicago. We'll drive in shifts.

SAM
Uh, I don't know how to drive.

AGNES
Me either.

ROSE
I don't have a license.

DAVID
Great, great. I brought the fucking Amish to smuggle drugs.

EXT. U.S./MEXICO BORDER - SIMULTANEOUS

Michael and Mark's motor home is parked on the U.S. side of the border a few hundred yards from the crossing.

INT. MICHAEL AND MARK'S MOTOR HOME - CONTINUING

Michael and Mark sit in the front seat. Michael's using binoculars to spy the border. Mark sighs.

MICHAEL
What?

MARK

Nothing.

MICHAEL

No, go ahead. Say it. What?

MARK

I just don't know why we couldn't have rented something more plush.

MICHAEL

Again with this?! I told you, we are not on vacation. We are here to...kill people!

Mark looks out the window. Something catches his eye.

MARK

Hey, look!

Michael turns around and looks out the window. He sees a HANNAH'S CURIO SHOP across the way from the motor home.

MICHAEL

Dare we?

MARK

Dare we not?

INT. DAVID'S MOTOR HOME/THE TIJUANA BORDER - LATER

The family's in a long line waiting to get back into the United States. Fourteen hundred pounds of marijuana are stacked precariously all through the motor home, covered by blankets, towels, sheets etc...

DAVID

Okay, this is it. Just keep your cool. Everything'll be fine. Remember, when the guard asks us if we're bringing anything back from Mexico, we tell him that we have two maracas and a bottle of Kahlua for our Aunt Dotty.

David's motor home inches slowly forward.

VOICE (OS)

Sam! Hey Sam!

Sam bolts up from his seat.

SAM

What the fuck?

David looks out his window. He sees another motor home exactly like theirs. This is the motor home of DON JAROSLAV, late forties, an enthusiastic Joe-Suburbs guy, his wife, EDIE, and his twin sons, SVEN and LARS, 11. David sees Don, motioning for him to roll down his window. David does so.

DON
Sam, right?

DAVID
Huh?

DON
Your bumper sticker. You're a Good Samaritan. A Sam, just like me. Don Jaroslav. My two kids are back there, Sven and Lars.

The two boys immediately start throwing garbage into David's motor home. Empty milk cartons, candy wrappers, soda cans etc., smack Rose and David in the face.

ROSE
Fuckers!

DAVID
Chill, okay? Chill.

DON
Sorry about that. The kids have been out of control since Mrs. Jaroslav left.

DAVID
Oh, well, sorry about that.

DON
No, no! I mean she's in the john. I begged her not to eat the shrimp.

Edie sits down clutching her stomach.

DON
So....showing the family the sights down May-hee-co way?

DAVID
Yeah...

DON
Me too. Nothing like it. Today we saw a real hat dance. So where you headed next, buddy?

DAVID
Ohhh...the, uh, Grand Canyon.

DON
Us too! Hey, how about that?

DAVID
Yeah, how about that...

Agnes sticks her head out the window.

AGNES
(to Don, yelling)
Um, we've got a couple of maracas
and a bottle of Kahlua for our Aunt
Dotty.

DAVID
(sotto, to Agnes)
Not now, you idiot.

DON
So what do you do back in....?

DAVID
Chicago. I'm in advertising.

DON
Oh, that's great. Selling the
American dream. Good for you.

DAVID
And, uh, how about you?

DON
Me? I'm an agent with the DEA.

Rose gasps. David gags on his own saliva. Sam is catatonic.

DAVID
Really? Wh-wh-what's that like?

DON
Oh, lots of paperwork. I haven't
been out in the field in a few
years. They stuck me on a desk job
after that business with the Puerto
Rican Archbishop. I still swear
that son of a bitch was holding.
Well, I'll be back out in the field
soon, though.

David's getting the flop sweats.

DON
Hey, you know what? We should meet
up in the Grand Canyon! It's a Good
Sam tradition. You can't say no.

DAVID

Oh, yeah, yeah. That sounds like a whole bag full of fun. Great.

(sotto)

Holy shit.

DON

(re. the border)

Oh, looks like they got one!

David looks up. Two guard dogs bark at an old VW Bus. The border guards pull a long-haired man out of the car and immediately start tearing apart his interior. Don yells out his window to the VW and the Border Guards.

DON

Trying to bring over a little of that reefer, huh, Hippie? Good for you, Border Men! Show 'em they can't bring that poison into the U.S. Of A.

(to David)

Makes me sick. Long-hairs bringing that crap over the border.

DAVID

Yeah. Disgusting. Don't look, kids.

DON

So we rendezvous fifteen hundred hours, North gate, Grand Canyon. Deal, Sam?

DAVID

Fifteen hundred. Yeah. Sounds great...Sam.

David rolls up his window.

ROSE

You can't be serious?!

DAVID

What? That's not a good idea? Meet a DEA agent at a National Park with a wagon full of marijuana?

(beat)

We're not gonna meet him at the Grand Canyon, all right?

The guy in the VW Bus is handcuffed and taken away.

DON

(yelling to VW Bus Guy)

See ya in twenty years, Hop-head!

A mortified Sam takes this in.

SAM

Great. I'm gonna be the only virgin
in prison.

Agnes gives him a compassionate look and slides in next him.
She puts her arm around him.

AGNES

Oh, don't worry, little Bro'. From
what I understand, they fuck you up
the butt as soon as you get there.

INT. HANNAH'S CURIOS - SIMULTANEOUS

Michael and Mark peruse the aisles of the quaint curio shop
with enthusiasm. Michael spies a photograph on the wall. It's
an old movie still of Susan Hayward, autographed.

MICHAEL

(re. photograph)

Oh...my...God. Susan Hayward.

MARK

God, that looks like it's from "I
Want to Live."

MICHAEL

Oh no, no, no. Much earlier. Like
maybe "Smash Up."

An older, quite gruff woman, HANNAH, approaches.

MICHAEL

Well, I must have this photograph.
I won't even quibble with you. Just
name the price.

HANNAH

A hundred and fifty.

MICHAEL

Are you fucking senile?! I'll give
you seventy-five.

HANNAH

(grudgingly)

Done.

MARK

You know, Taylor's gonna be all
freaked if we miss this guy. We
better get back there.

(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)
(proudly, to Hannah)
We're on a stakeout.

Michael elbows Mark.

MICHAEL
He means we're, uh...with the Drug
Enforcement Agency. Keeping our
borders squeaky clean.

HANNAH
You two are with the DEA? Come on!

MICHAEL
You say that like there's some
problem with gay men working for
the Federal government in a drug
enforcement capacity? Is that what
I'm picking up here?

HANNAH
No, no, it's just that we don't get
too many homosexual federal agents
shopping for old movie glamour
stills in here.

MICHAEL
And at these prices you won't get
many more! Hahahahahahahahaha.

Michael and Mark howl.

MICHAEL
Oh, it's oldest joke in the book
but I love it so....

Michael and Mark continue howling.

EXT. U.S./MEXICAN BORDER - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A BORDER GUARD motions the car in front of David through. The
entire family is shaking, nervous. David looks for something
to mop his brow. He focuses on something. His eyes bulge out.

DAVID
Oh my God!

ROSE
What?!

INSERT: One of the empty milk cartons Sven and Lars threw in
the motor home. The milk carton has a picture of Agnes on it,
with the words, "Usted me ha visto?" ("Have you seen me?")

DAVID
Agnes is on the fucking leche
carton!

AGNES
Uh...oh.

ROSE
What?

DAVID
(reading the carton)
She's sixteen!
(to Agnes)
You said you were eighteen!

AGNES
Will you calm down! I don't see
what the big deal is.

DAVID
The big deal? It's a fucking felony
to bring a minor across state
lines, let alone foreign borders
for illicit purposes.

He looks over at Don who waves. David waves back.

ROSE
We've got fourteen hundred pounds
of drugs in here! What the fuck is
that? A relief shipment for UNICEF?

AGNES
Yeah! Thank you...Mom.

ROSE
Don't push it, runaway.

AGNES
Look, nobody cares where I am. It
doesn't matter.

DAVID
Nobody cares? You're on milk
cartons in Latin America! People
are looking for you!

AGNES
It's just my fucking parents!

DAVID
Oh, just them?! Oh, okay. I feel
better now.

AGNES

Look, they know I'm okay. I call my sister from time to time. My dad's a total dick. He just wants his little possession back. I mean he's an Alderman and--

DAVID

He's an Alderman?! In Chicago?! Oh fucking great! Just fucking great!

Don honks. Motions David to roll down his window yet again.

DON

Hey, buddy! Looks like you're up. See you at El Can-yone Grande.

DAVID

Okey-dokey, Sam!

(to Agnes)

Pray they don't have a poster of your underage ass up there or we're hosed!

David nervously inches the car up to the Guard. CLOSE on David, Rose, Agnes and Sam. They're frightened beyond belief. CLOSE on the Border Guard. David stops at the Guard booth.

DAVID

(continuing; to the Border Guard)

Hi. We're the Millers.

The Border Guard takes off his sun glasses and looks into David's eyes. A beat, then:

BORDER GUARD

Welcome back to America.

(motioning for them to pass through)

Have a great trip.

David, stunned, keeps staring the Border Guard. He can't believe that's it.

ROSE

Go!

David snaps back into it. He waves at the Border Guard and drives across the border.

DAVID

Are they fucking kidding?!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The motor home passes Hannah's Curio Shop and stops a few hundred yards past it.

INT. DAVID'S MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

The "family" whoops in celebration.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Eight Mexicans jump out from underneath David's motor home and run into the country side.

INT. DAVID'S MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

AGNES

Hey, let's get some snacks for the trip!

DAVID

(pure relief)

Yeah. Sure. Why not?

EXT. COSTCO - LATER - ESTABLISHING

The motor home sits in a crowded parking lot.

INT. MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

David sits in the driver's seat, pissed off. The rest of the "family" is silent. Behind David sit a couple dozen boxes of stuff.

ROSE

I don't see what the big deal is?!

DAVID

The big deal is I sent you in there with my credit card on the sole mission of buying some, how did you phrase it? "Snacks for the road?"

ROSE

And...?

DAVID

And now we have two-hundred pounds of needless garbage.

(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)
What are going to do with 80 rolls
of toilet paper?!

AGNES
Wipe our ass?

DAVID
Why stop at us, Agnes? We can wipe
everyone's ass!

David sticks his head out the window and to a passerby:

DAVID
Hey Mister! Need your ass wiped?!

The passerby gives David the finger.

DAVID
I mean, Sam, I expected a little
more from you.

SAM
I don't know. I got overwhelmed.
I've never had access to that much
cheaply priced consumer goods.

DAVID
What? Do you live in North Korea?

David paws through the bags.

DAVID
A case of tampons?

SAM
(re. Rose and Agnes)
They both have their visitors. You
know, the curse, Aunt Flo--

AGNES
Shut up!
(to David)
We're menstruating.

DAVID
So? A case?! We're going to be gone
for two days! All-Girl Colleges
don't have that many periods!

INT. JULIO'S HOUSE/THE CHACON BROTHER'S HOUSE -

The phone rings. Julio picks it up. We cut back and forth
between Julio and BOBBY CHACON. Bobby and his brother DANTE,
Taylor's rivals in the mid-west pot trade, live in a
beautiful large house in Kansas City. Bobby answers the
phone.

JULIO

Yeah?

BOBBY

It's Bobby. Is the shit okay?

JULIO

Yeah, of course.

BOBBY

Good.

JULIO

I got it shipped off just now.

BOBBY

You what?!

JULIO

Your guy from Chicago...he came for the dope. What's the problem?

BOBBY

The problem? The problem is my guy from Chicago's not going to be there till Sunday! His kid's got a soccer game. That's why we were gonna call you, you fucking idiot!

JULIO

I don't get it.

BOBBY

You don't get it? You got screwed!

JULIO

Uh...oh...fuck!

BOBBY

You better get that shit back and waste those assholes!

JULIO

How am I supposed to get across the border? We don't have visas or a green card.

HECTOR

Figure something out! Or your wife's gonna be fertilizing the crops with your decomposing corpse.

JULIO

Tell you what. I'll figure something out.

Julio hangs up the phone. He stares at Juanita in horror.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. U.S./MEXICO BORDER - A LITTLE LATER

Julio and Juanita are in a motor home a few hundred yards from the border on the Mexican side. Julio pulls over by the side of the road. He gets out and replaces the Mexican license plate with an American license plate. He then slaps some bumper stickers on the back e.g., "Disneyland," "Fun, Fun, Fun at the Great Lakes!" "My Child is an Honor Student at the Carl Sandburg Middle School." He gets back into the motor home and up to the border.

INT. JULIO'S MOTOR HOME - SIMULTANEOUS

Julio and his wife sit in the front seat, tense.

JULIO

Okay. You know what to say?

JUANITA

Yeah. We have a package of jumping beans and a bottle of tequila for our Aunt Connie.

EXT. U.S./MEXICAN BORDER - CONTINUOUS

The Border Guard seen previously waves Julio up.

JULIO

Hi. We're the Andersons.

The guard takes off his sun glasses and looks into the motor home.

BORDER GUARD

Welcome back to America.

(motioning for them to
pass through)

Have a nice trip.

Julio's stunned.

JUANITA

(sotto)

Go!

A bewildered Julio drives across the border.

JULIO

Are they fucking kidding?

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Julio's motor home drives down the road a few hundred yards and stops by the side of the road.

INT. JULIO'S MOTOR HOME - SIMULTANEOUS

Julio and his wife whoop it up.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Eight Mexicans jump out from under the motor home and run into the country side.

EXT. HIGHWAY/INT. DAVID'S MOTOR HOME - A LITTLE LATER

The motor home sits by the road, the middle of nowhere, smoke billowing from it's engine. David sits, frustrated, tapping the steering wheel. Rose stares straight ahead.

ROSE

You know, maybe it just needs to cool off.

DAVID

Ya' think? Cool off? Well, it's on fire, so that's probably a pretty darn good guess there on your part, Rose.

ROSE

Oh shut up, asshole.

SAM

(to David)

I think we should just take a chance with Triple A.

DAVID

And when they tow us to Bumpkinfuck, Arizona what do we say to the local mechanic after he finds three quarters of a ton of weed in the rig?

There's a pounding on David's door that jolts all of them. David looks out his window. It's Don. David takes a deep breath.

DAVID

Oh fuck me....

David rolls down his window.

DON
(laughing, re: smoking
engine)
Having a little barbecue?

DAVID
No, no. Just a...just a little
mechanical problem.

DON
I'd say.

Don walks around to the engine. The Millers are scared.

ROSE
(to David)
God, why are you such a shit
magnet?

ROSE
Maybe because I was Stalin in a
previous life! I don't know.

Everyone's stunned silent for a moment, then:

SAM
Interesting that you went with
Stalin...I mean most people would
gone with "Hitler in a previous
life," but you went with Stalin...I
don't know if you were trying to
say Stalin was worse than Hitler or-

DAVID
Will you shut the fuck up!!

Don walks back around to David's window.

DON
Well, thank Christ I'm here. You
have no coolant in your hoses.
Plus, you're overloaded. Look at
this thing.

We see the motor home clearly weighed down.

DON
What are you hauling in here?

AGNES (O.S.)
We have a couple of maracas and
bottle of--

David turns around and whips a can of soda pop, ostensibly, at Agnes. We hear the thud.

AGNES (O.S.)

Ouch, dick...

DON

All right, I'll give you a tow to the Canyon. All this pup needs is some coolant and a good night's rest and she'll be as good as new.

DAVID

What? No, no, no. I couldn't do that to you.

DON

Hell, we're meeting at the Canyon anyway.

DAVID

Actually, we're gonna call Triple A, so we're--

DON

Why would you call Triple A? I'm a Good Sam. You're a Good Sam. You what that means?

DAVID

We're Good Sams?

DON

Damn right! It means we live by the Sam code. C'mon, you know the Sam Code, David. David? The code?

David sits, stumped. We hear Sam clear his throat.

SAM

"A Good Sam is a good friend. A Good Sam is a helping hand. A good Sam keeps his vehicle clean, comfortable and safe..."

David and Rose turn around in utter perplexity.

SAM

"...And most importantly..."

Don joins in.

SAM/DON

"...A Good Sam never, ever leaves another Good Sam stranded on the highway."

DON
Good boy. David, just give me a second and I'll hook you up to my rig. Hey, we can get a bite to eat on the way. I know a place.

Don walks back to his motor home.

DAVID
(to Sam)
What the fuck?!

SAM
(looking away,
embarrassed)
I, uh...the internet, I collect trivia, I, uh

AGNES
Don't have a life? Are a loser?

EXT. HIGHWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Don is towing David's motor home.

INT. DAVID'S MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

David, Rose, Sam and Agnes sit sullen in their motor home as it's being towed.

EXT. HIGHWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Don, with David's motor home in tow, pulls into the parking lot of a restaurant. The restaurant's sign reads: "The Blue Corn Inn."

INT. BLUE CORN INN - A LITTLE LATER

David, Rose, Agnes, Sam, Don, Edie, and their twin boys, Lars and Sven, sit in a large booth in a southwestern-themed restaurant. A happy, sing-songy waitress, Tina, walks up.

TINA
Welcome to the Blue Corn Inn. I'm Tina. What can I get for you?

DON
We'll have the Blue Corn Bonanza Platter.

LARS
Fleebin.

SVEN

Corker.

DON

Oh David, Rose, I don't think you
formally met the kids: Sven and
Lars.

DAVID

Oh, are you guys, uh, Swed--

EDIE

Really, don't ask.

DAVID

Norwe--

EDIE

Leave it alone.

DON

The kids are identical twins,
David. They kind of have their own
language with each other. Sure,
it's upsetting at first, but, they
speak English, too.

(pointedly to the kids)
When they want to.

DAVID

Do you know what they're saying?

DON

Not really. I think "glurk" is
either "midget" or "pineapple
juice", but I'm not sure. It's like
a code. They're probably talking
about me, huh?

Don laughs the laugh of the insecure.

SVEN

Glongin flak!

LARS

Leflarp!

The twins fall over in hysterics.

DON

The kids'll have grilled cheese.

SVEN

Florgin, Fluk-Man! Florgin!

EDIE

The hot dogs. They'll have the hot dogs. You really need to listen more, Don.

DON

I'm sorry.

LARS

Flostin.

DON

You're welcome.

DAVID

I'll have the blue corn tamales and a coke.

Tina looks to Sam.

SAM

And I'll have the Blue Corn Breakfast Numero Tres.

TINA

And on the blue corn bagel you get either jam or Jewish spread?

SAM

Uh...jam.

TINA

And what about you, Mom?

ROSE

I'll just have a bowl of regular oatmeal.

TINA

Regular? By regular, you mean...?

ROSE

Without a, you know, blue vegetable in it.

TINA

Blue corn has been around for centuries. The Native peoples ate it.

ROSE

Well, they're dead now, aren't they?

TINA

Not the fault of the blue corn.

DAVID
Oh, for Christ's sake. Just get the
blue corn oatmeal.

ROSE
I don't want any fucking blue corn!
Don and his family look off in horror.

TINA
(still cheery)
We're the Blue Corn Inn, Mom. If
you don't want any fucking blue
corn then you should have gone
across the street to Land O'
Fucking Sausage.

Rose fumes.

DAVID
Excuse me, everybody. I need to use
the restroom.
David exits.

DON
(to Rose)
I bet you begged him not to eat the
shrimp down.

INT. BLUE CORN INN/TAYLOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

David's on the pay phone outside the bathroom, mid-
conversation with Taylor.

TAYLOR
...Blue Corn Inn? How quaint. And
you're sure he's a DEA agent?

DAVID
Oh yeah. I mean, none of this
would've happened if you hadn't
bullshitted me about how much dope
was down here. The fucking rig's
overloaded!

TAYLOR
Oh don't get huffy, David. It
doesn't become you. All right, all
right. Let me think. Okay, I've got
an idea.

DAVID
Okay.

TAYLOR

Kill him.

DAVID

I can't kill him. He's with his kids for Christ's sake.

TAYLOR

Well kill them, too!

DAVID

Wow. You've got a heart of gold.

TAYLOR

Oh, David. Remember Jimmy Callahan? Used to do special jobs for me? I loved him like a brother. Every morning we'd meet for espressos. So classy, such a gentleman. Well, one day I find out that during one of our morning espressos, Jimmy's pal robbed me blind behind my back. Now I could have talked to him. We could have worked it out.

DAVID

But instead you killed him.

TAYLOR

Lord, no! I hired somebody to kill him. But not before prying open his ass-cheeks and pouring an entire carafe of boiling hot espresso down his anus followed by a couple of sugar cubes and a lemon rind. See, there's no room for sentiment in our business, David. No room at all.

DAVID

I'm not killing him, Taylor.

TAYLOR

Well have it your way, David. Just keep those drugs safe. 'Cause I like you...and I wouldn't want to see you blowing double-frappacinos out your ass.

DAVID

That's among the strangest threats I've ever gotten, Taylor.

TAYLOR

Really? Thank you, David. I try....

David hangs up. Taylor hangs up and hurls the phone.

INT. BLUE CORN INN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

David and Rose are seated with all the rest.

EDIE

So now, how long have you two been married?

DAVID

Oh, gosh, well, it's been, uh...

ROSE

About ten years.

Edie looks at Sam and Agnes strangely. David elbows Rose.

ROSE

What?

David laughs uncomfortably. There's a pregnant pause at the table. Then, RAPIDLY, almost over each other:

ROSE

I was widowed--

DAVID

Divorced--

SAM

We're bastards!

DON/EDIE

Ohhh!

Lars knocks over a cup. It falls to the ground. Agnes bends over to pick it up. Sam looks down her blouse and sighs.

Don looks at Sam strangely.

INT. MICHAEL AND MARK'S MOTOR HOME - A LITTLE LATER

Michael is at wheel, clearly frustrated. Mark is struggling with the road map.

MARK

We're fucked. There's no way we're gonna find them.

MICHAEL

Really? You don't think that if we just drive aimlessly like a couple of morons we'll eventually run into them?

Michael's cell phone RINGS. Michael sighs. He knows who it is. He answers it.

INT. MICHAEL AND MARK'S MOTOR HOME/ INT. TAYLOR'S HOUSE -
CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

(false enthusiasm)

Hi Tay!

TAYLOR

I just got a call from a ghost.

MICHAEL

Really?

TAYLOR

Yes, it was David. But he's dead! Yet here he is talking to me on the phone just as if he was alive.

MICHAEL

Well about that. We got a little sidetracked. We found an adorable collectible shop.

TAYLOR

I'm sorry, I'm confused. You let three million dollars in high grade, impossible to get marijuana, drive right by you because you wanted to go shopping?

MICHAEL

Well, if you put it like that.

TAYLOR

Okay, no problem. I'm just going through my rolodex to see who I'm going to get to dismember you.

MICHAEL

Hold on a sec, Taylor.

(cupping phone, to Mark)

He's not pleased. There's talk of dismemberment.

MARK

Give him the Susan Hayward.

MICHAEL

Are you kidding? I'd rather die.

Mark glares at Michael. Michael uncups the phone.

MICHAEL

Sorry, Tay. Hey, we got you a gift.

TAYLOR

Is it a buzzsaw to slice your head off?

MICHAEL

No. It's...

(choking it out)

an autographed Susan Hayward still.

TAYLOR

(beat)

Autographed?

MICHAEL

"Warmest regards, Susan Hayward."

TAYLOR

"Smash up," or "I Want to Live?"

MICHAEL

Oh definitely "Smash Up."

TAYLOR

(beat)

You just bought yourself some time, Mister. They're going to the Grand Canyon. Go get them. And no shopping!

Taylor hangs up.

MARK

Are we good? Did he take the Susan Hayward?

MICHAEL

I don't want to hear the name Susan Hayward again for the rest of my life? She's dead to me. Compende?

EXT. HIGHWAY - AN HOUR LATER

Don tows David's motor home.

INT. MOTOR HOME - LATER

As they're being towed, David is in the driver's seat. Rose, Agnes, and Sam are squeezed in the back.

DAVID
(to Rose, angry)
Married ten years?!

ROSE
So what?

DAVID
Do the math, you idiot! I mean you can count the dollar bills those perverts shove up your ass. Can't you count years?!

SAM
(to Agnes)
You want to play Yahtze or something.

AGNES
Sure. I'd love to.

Sam smiles.

AGNES
Because I'm six!

SAM
Geez, all right. I was just trying to pass some time.

Sam gets up and walks up to the driving cab with David. He sits in the passenger seat. Sam looks to make sure Agnes can't hear them.

SAM
She's driving me crazy. I don't think I'm getting anywhere.

DAVID
Good. That's how we want it.

Sam sinks his head. David feels sorry for him.

DAVID
All right, Dude, look. You're trying to be her little buddy, her girlfriend. That's not gonna get you anywhere.

(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)
I know they say they want a friend
but they really don't. Hasn't
anyone ever told you this?

SAM
Who's gonna tell me this? My Mom?

DAVID
All right, see, no woman wants some
guy who agrees with everything she
says. Be aloof. Act like you don't
care if she's around or not. They
want what they can't have.

SAM
Okay, I'll give it a try.

DAVID
Because if you don't change your
strategy, you're gonna end up being
the guy she calls when she wants to
cry about the guy she's fucking.
Trust me on this. I know from
experience. You want to be the
fucking guy. Not the phone guy.

SAM
You were the phone guy once?

DAVID
Oh yeah. Meg Johnson. Sophomore
year. Did her homework, did her
laundry. I was her bitch.

ANGLE ON: Rose and Agnes. Agnes is reading a magazine. Rose
looks to make sure they can't be heard, then--

ROSE
Have some fucking compassion, all
right?

AGNES
What are you talking about, psycho
chick?

ROSE
You're cock-teasing that poor dork
and it's not right.

AGNES
Now I'm sure I don't know what
you're talking about.

ROSE
Look, I'm hip to all your little
teenage girl games, okay? I
invented them.

AGNES
Oh, you did, huh?

ROSE
Yeah. I did.
(mimicking Agnes)
"What are you looking at?" Want me to translate? "Please keep looking at me. I don't know if I want you yet, but please keep looking. Oh, wait, here comes a turn, let me slide into you..."
(sliding into Agnes, then backing off)
"God, I'm sure, quit touching me."

AGNES
Yeah, whatever.

ROSE
Look, I'm not against a little sport teasing here and there. But Sam's a nice guy and he's just too easy to torment. The poor kid's so horny, he's gonna burst. He's been walking around the apartment building with a perma-bone for three years.

Agnes laughs.

ROSE
Look, he's a nice guy and I know that's not normally your thing.

AGNES
Okay, what's my thing?

ROSE
You only like guys who are shitty to you.

AGNES
You don't even know anything about me.

ROSE
I know a lot more about you than you think I do.

AGNES
Oh and why's that?

ROSE
Because you're me...

Agnes returns to her magazine.

AGNES
I'm not you.

ROSE
You will be....

EXT. GRAND CANYON PARK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Don pulls David's rig up to the Grand Canyon entrance.

EXT. DAVID'S CAMPSITE - A LITTLE LATER

We see Don pouring coolant into David's radiator as David and Rose look on. Sam and Agnes stand behind the motor home.

Sam looks off pensively.

AGNES
What're you thinking about?

Sam doesn't respond.

AGNES
Sam?

SAM
(intentionally aloof)
I'm sorry. What?

AGNES
I said what're you thinking about?

SAM
I don't know. Stuff. I'm gonna take
a little walk or something.

AGNES
You want company?

SAM
Either way.

Sam puts on a coat, turns the collar up, does his best James Dean and walks off. Agnes follows.

ANGLE ON: Don is pouring the last of the coolant into the radiator.

DON
That ought to do it.

DAVID

Thanks.

DON

That'll be twelve-fifty.

David laughs. Don laughs.

DON

No, really. That'll be twelve-fifty.

DAVID

Oh, uh, sure, no problem.

David hands him the money.

DON

She's as good as new.

DAVID

Thanks.

DON

All right, then, see you tomorrow bright and early. Edie's making flapjacks. You like flapjacks?

DAVID

Love flapjacks.

David elbows Rose to play along.

ROSE

Huge flapjack fans.

DON

Great. So you'll join us?

DAVID

You bet. We'll be there.

Don exits to his campsite. David makes sure Don is safely out of sight.

DAVID

All right, let's get the hell out of here.

ROSE

Isn't he gonna wonder when we don't show for flapjacks in the morning?

DAVID
Fuck the flapjacks, all right?
We'll be making flapjacks at Folsom
if we don't get away from this nut.

David walks into the motor home and immediately walks out.

DAVID
Where're the kids?

EXT. GRAND CANYON PARK ENTRANCE/ INT. MICHAEL AND MARK'S
MOTOR HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

Michael and Mark pull up to the Park entrance. The RANGER
sticks his head out of the kiosk.

RANGER
Entrance is twenty dollars.

MARK
Twenty dollars? Please. It's a hole
in the ground.

MICHAEL
(to Mark)
Shut up.
(handing a twenty to the
Ranger)
Hey, have you seen a motor home
pass through with four people in
it? A man, a woman, and two kids?

RANGER
You mean a man, a woman, their two
kids? And in they're in a motor
home? Nope. I haven't seen that.
(beat)
That's all I see, you asshole.
Every fucking day!

MICHAEL
Oh, the bitter Park Ranger. How
quaint.

Michael drives into the park.

EXT. GRAND CANYON VISTA - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The moon is full. Sam stares off at the vista. Agnes joins
him. There are a few moments of silence, then:

SAM
Got any smokes?

AGNES

Uh, no. You smoke?

SAM

Just when I write, you know,
or...think.

AGNES

Oh. What are you thinking about?

SAM

Hard to explain. Words kind of
diminish it, you know?

AGNES

Yeah.

(beat)

Can you try?

SAM

Oh, I guess there's a poetry to the
night, you know? Vastness. Dark,
empty. Like our souls. Eternity.
Longing. Stuff like that.

AGNES

(she's buying it)

Yeah...

SAM

It's kind of the theme of my novel.

AGNES

God, there's so much I don't know
about you. You're writing a novel?

SAM

Yeah. Last chapter's killing me.
Hopefully I'll be able to finish it
in Prague this year.

Sam looks away. Agnes grabs his hand and snuggles up to him.
She puts his arm around him. He continues to stare off. Agnes
waits a beat, then:

AGNES

Do you want to kiss me?

SAM

(feigning indifference)

Whatever.

Agnes leans in and kisses him. He kisses her passionately.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - SIMULTANEOUS

Michael and Mark stand at a view spot overlooking the Canyon.

MICHAEL

I don't know where we are! It's the middle of the night! Campsites? Trails? It's daunting. I feel daunted.

MARK

Remember the Brady Bunch episode where they went to the Grand Canyon?

MICHAEL

Are you kidding me? I dreamed about that Indian boy for weeks. I wanted to move here and be his squaw.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - LATER

David walks into his campsite carrying a flashlight. Rose is waiting anxiously.

DAVID

Did they come back?

ROSE

No. Didn't you find them?

DAVID

No.

ROSE

Great. Now what?

DAVID

Well, I'd leave 'em here if I wasn't so anxious to beat the shit out them first.

They sit down on a log.

ROSE

Well...you know Agnes is so irresponsible sometimes--

DAVID

Oh...and Sam's head is in the clouds half the time...

ROSE
(sighs)
Kids.

DAVID
Goddamit, you give and give and
then they break your heart, don't
they?

ROSE
They sure do...

EXT. GRAND CANYON VISTA - LATER

Don is walking along a trail. He stops and takes a deep, satisfied breath. He hears moaning somewhere and walks in the direction of the sound. Suddenly, he comes upon Sam and Agnes fully making out. They don't see him.

AGNES
Touch my breast.

Sam reaches into her shirt. Don is absolutely horrified.

INT. DAVID'S MOTOR HOME/EXT. DAVID'S CAMPSITE - DAWN

David and Rose are sitting in the front seat of the motor home, half asleep as the sun peaks over the horizon. Sam and Agnes walk hand in hand into the camp site. Rose wakes up. She jostles David.

ROSE
They're back!

David exits the motor home with Rose behind him.

DAVID
(part relieved, part
furious)
Oh, welcome back, kids!

AGNES
Um...I guess we lost track of time.

DAVID
You know we were looking for you
half the night?! Your mother was
worried sick!
(off their puzzled looks)
You know what I mean!

SAM
All right! All right! Lay off us!

Don approaches the David's campsite. The family doesn't see him. He hears the shouting and stays out of view.

DAVID

For Christ's sake, Sam. She's your sister! If you want to fuck her, do it back in Chicago!

Once again, Don looks horrified. Agnes walks past Rose, who scowls.

AGNES

Oh, don't give me that disapproving look, skank. You publically rub your titties for a living!

Don's jaw is agape. He clears his throat. The family sees him.

DON

(awkward)

Uh...flapjacks are on.

DAVID

Oh...uh... okay. We'll be right there. I just have to make a call.

DON

Yeah. Sure. Take your time...

Don fakes a grin and slinks away.

INT. MICHAEL AND MARK'S MOTOR HOME - SIMULTANEOUS

Michael and Mark are driving around, exhausted.

MARK

Are you sure we checked all the campsites?

MICHAEL

You mean all ten million? We did our best.

MARK

Well, we have to keep looking.

MICHAEL

Keep looking?! We've been up all fucking night looking!

(loses it)

It's the Grand Canyon, Mark! Not the Petite Canyon. The Grand Goddamn Canyon! It's endless!

(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)
Lucille Ball could come back from
the dead, grow a hundred feet tall
and hide out here. Nobody'd find
her either!

EXT. GRAND CANYON/TAYLOR'S HOUSE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

David is at a pay phone, mid-conversation with Taylor.

TAYLOR
This is just getting too sticky,
David.

DAVID
We'll just get back on the road.
We'll be back in Chicago--

TAYLOR
No, no. I've got a better idea. I'm
looking at a map here. You can be
in Durango, Colorado in about eight
hours.

DAVID
Yeah? So?

TAYLOR
I'm gonna fly Michael and Mark down
from Chicago and have them meet you
there. Durango State Park. You give
them the dope, they'll give you the
cash. Everybody wins. I'll take the
risk from Durango to Chicago.

DAVID
Wow, Taylor. Really? I mean, that's
so cool of you.

TAYLOR
I know. I give and I give and I
give. Just when you think I'm out
of givin', I give some more.

DAVID
Hey, man, thanks. We'll be in
Durango in eight hours with the
shit.

David hangs up the pay phone and walks back to camp. Don
emerges from behind the adjacent bathroom. He's heard the
whole thing.

DON
(sotto, to himself)
I knew it! I knew it all along.

A little kid is staring at Don perplexed.

DON

Okay, that's not quite true. I mean I didn't know it at the border, of course. Who would have? But I knew it here. Especially after seeing the kids...well, I didn't really know it there, either. The point is I know it now. Stop staring at me!

The kid runs off.

INT. MICHAEL AND MARK'S MOTOR HOME/INT. TAYLOR'S HOUSE -

Taylor dials the phone. Mark answers.

MARK

Hello?

TAYLOR

Where the fuck are you?

MARK

The Grand Canyon. Why?

TAYLOR

Why? Well, once again the corpse just called me and he's still got the drugs. And guess what? He's in the Grand Canyon, too! Isn't that a coinkidink?

MARK

Look, we're doing the best we can.

TAYLOR

Oh, I know, Mark. And that's why you're failing so miserably. Look, leave the Grand Canyon and head to Durango State Park.

MARK

Why?

TAYLOR

Why? 'Cause I'm throwing darts at a map. Why the fuck do you think?! Because David's heading there, you idiot!

MARK

Well, why don't you tell us where David is now and we'll go get him?

TAYLOR

Okay, let's play that out. "Hi, David, tell me exactly where you are, then hang tight for a while so I can send a couple of buffoons to kill you." See the problem there? See, Mark, I always find it's better to have the element of surprise working for you in drug murder.

MARK

Okay, just asking...

TAYLOR

Get to Durango!

MARK

Okay. We're Durango bound.

TAYLOR

Good.

MARK

Hey, "Durango Bound"! Just like the movie with Peter Rod!

TAYLOR

Well, of course. You'll find that most of your Wild West towns are named after obscure gay fuck films, you boob! My God. I would been better off hiring shellfish. Just find 'em!

Taylor hangs up.

EXT. GRAND CANYON - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Don runs into his own campsite. Edie's serving up the flapjacks.

DON

Edie! Change of plans. Pack everything up. Now!

EDIE

What about the flapjacks?

DON

Fuck the flapjacks, woman!

EXT. GRAND CANYON ENTRANCE/EXIT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The motor home stops. Agnes gets out and slaps "We LOVE the Grand Canyon" bumper sticker on the back of cab.

INT. DAVID'S MOTOR HOME - A FEW MINUTES LATER

David and family drive out of the Grand Canyon.

DAVID

All right. Eight hours to pay day.
Can we attempt to maintain?

We hear the sound of an aluminum can opening. David turns around. Agnes is drinking a beer.

DAVID

Agnes, where'd you get that?

SAM

I bought it for her.

DAVID

She's sixteen.

AGNES

So?

DAVID

You're not old enough to drink beer.

AGNES

You're not the boss of me!

DAVID

Hey! My motor home, my rules!

ROSE

(sotto, to David)
Look, she's just craving your attention. It's not like you spend a lot of time with her.

DAVID

Well, maybe I would... if she was actually my daughter! What's wrong with you?!

INT. DON'S MOTOR HOME - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Don and family drive out of the Grand Canyon.

EDIE

But you told the kids they were
going to go on the mule ride!

DON

Enough with the mule ride, already!

EDIE

I just don't see what's so
important about Durango...

DON

Only our future. Anyway, the
kids'll love Durango. It's a real
Wild West town. That'll be great,
won't it kids? Cowboys, Indians...

CLOSE on Lars and Sven making the stroking gesture out of
Don's sight..

DON

See? They're speechless!

EXT. HIGHWAY - SOMEWHERE IN NORTHERN NEW MEXICO - A FEW HOURS
LATER

David's motor home driving along the highway.

INT. DAVID'S MOTORHOME - SIMULTANEOUS

David drives with Rose in the passenger seat, looking at a
map. In the back, Sam and Agnes.

ROSE

Take this exit.

DAVID

What?!

ROSE

This exit. Quick. Take it!

DAVID

Okay, okay!

David quickly changes lanes to make the exit.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

David's motor home crosses a lane of traffic and exits onto
an empty road and pulls over.

INT. DAVID'S MOTORHOME - CONTINUOUS

David turns to Rose. In the back, Sam and Agnes continue to stare at each other, oblivious.

DAVID

What the fuck?! Did you see a cop?

ROSE

I want to visit my parents. They live a mile up the road.

DAVID

What?! Are you crazy? We have to be in Durango in seven hours.

ROSE

I haven't seen them in ten years. I want them to know I'm okay.

DAVID

No! Forget it.

AGNES

I want to see Grandpa and Grandma!

SAM

I want what she wants!

DAVID

Aww, is that what you two want?!

(beat)

Does anybody get what we're doing here?! Does anybody understand that we're smuggling drugs?!

ROSE

David...I need this....

DAVID

(sighs, starting to give)

And what are we supposed to tell them? "Hey Mom, Dad, just hauling a ton of pot to Chicago. Thought we'd just stop by for a chat."

ROSE

They think I dance with the Chicago Repertory Company.

David laughs.

DAVID

Yeah, loved your work in Stravinsky's "La danse du pole,"

Rose looks to David, pleadingly.

ROSE
Will you do this for me?

David shakes his head at himself-- he can't believe he's even considering it.

DAVID
Fine. You've got one hour. That's it.

She kisses him on the cheek. He's not displeased.

ROSE
Oh, and there's one more thing I'm gonna need you to do...

EXT. ROSE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

David, Agnes, and Sam watch as Rose hugs her mother, MOIRA, and father, BUCK, in doorway.

ROSE
Mom, Dad, I'd like you to meet my husband, David Miller. And these are my stepchildren, Agnes and Sam. We're...the Millers.

David, Sam, and Agnes wave awkwardly. Moira lets out an excited gasp and immediately hugs David.

MOIRA
Oh, Rosemary, I never thought I'd live to see the day.

DAVID
Me either.

BUCK
After ten years, showing up's the least you could goddamn do.

Buck and Moira turn around and motion the family into the house. David forces a smile and turns to Rose.

DAVID
I'm gonna hate it here, right?

Rose nods.

INT. ROSE'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - LATER

David, Rose, Agnes, and Sam sit with Rose's parents. Buck O'Malley, ex-Marine, menacing, is a permanent hard-ass. Moira O'Malley, is gentle and dutiful. Moira shows everyone pictures from a photo album. Rose is uncomfortable. David looks around the house filled with pictures of Buck from his military career, various other military accoutrements, etc. The place is like a military museum.

DAVID
(to Buck, smiling)
So, you're in the service?

BUCK
Marines. Career. How'd you know?

DAVID
Um...lucky guess?

David looks at his watch. He wants to get on the road.

MOIRA
(re. Photo album)
Oh, here she is dressed up like a ballerina.

AGNES
I totally have like that exact same picture of me.

MOIRA
And here she is as Maria in West Side Story.

DAVID
I would have figured you as a Jet.

Rose shoots him a look. David returns one: let's rap this up.

ROSE
How'd you guys get that picture? As I remember it, you didn't even bother to show up.

MOIRA
I told you, dear. We had an officer's dinner that night.

BUCK
You can imagine our surprise when she ran away three weeks later.

ROSE
(snotty)
Yeah. Surprise. Surprise.

DAVID
Okay, this has been fun--

BUCK
Hey. Now look, young lady--

MOIRA
That's enough! What's past is past.
(to Buck)
Honey, remember how Dr. Becker told
you how to deal with emotional
situations like this?
(to Rose)
Your father's in therapy.

MOIRA
What? Dad...?

BUCK
The Captain made me go. Even the
corp's gone therapeutic. We have a
shrink on the base now. A Jew. What
a shock...

David coughs.

DAVID
(sotto to Rose)
And you didn't stay close with
these people? What a shock.

MOIRA
So David, what is it you do for a
living?

DAVID
I'm in advertising.

BUCK
Commercials? Ha. You know what we
call commercials around here? "Piss
Breaks."

ROSE
Dad...

BUCK

Look, I can either sit and watch a bunch of she-men slither around telling me which clothes to buy from that Calvin Kleinberg or whatever that faggot's name is or I can drain the lizard.

(to Sam)

What would do, son?

He stares at Sam. Sam's scared.

SAM

The lizard. The lizard. Drain it. Not even close.

BUCK

Good man. I like this kid.

(to Sam)

Call me Grandpa.

MOIRA

Uh...Rose, your father has something he's been wanting to tell you.

(to Buck, encouraging)

Remember what the doctor told you.

Buck hems and haws for a beat then:

BUCK

Look, Rosemary. I know you have some pain regarding your childhood and I want you to know that if you would like to talk about it, I'm willing to hear it.

ROSE

(stunned)

What?!

BUCK

Come on, I'm ready. Dr. Becker prepared me. You've been pissing and moaning your whole life. I finally give you the chance and--

ROSE

Look Dad, I really appreciate you trying but I don't know if this is the time--

BUCK

Spit it out, girl!!

ROSE

Fine! You were a shitbag of a dad,
and though it's the most
embarrassing cliché in the
universe, you never wanted a girl.
You never wanted me and I knew that
from the day I was born.

Buck takes a deep breath.

BUCK

Okay, what I'm hearing is you feel
as though I was a shitbag of a dad
and I'm hearing that though it's a
cliché--oh, this is fucking absurd.

Rose looks down and shakes her head. David sees her agony.

DAVID

You know what, Buck? I can call you
Buck, right? Actually, don't answer
that because I don't give a shit.
Listen, Buckeroo, this woman busts
her ass night and day to make a
better life for herself!
And...uh...the rest of us! So, let
me give you a piece of advice. Just
tell her you're proud of her.
That's all she wants to hear. It
won't kill you, I promise. And you
might just save both of you a
lifetime of misery.

Rose looks at David. She's deeply touched. Buck puffs out his
chest, but then relents.

BUCK

Yeah, that's what the Jew said.

DAVID

Well, the Jew's right.

BUCK

Oh...all right. Look, Rosemary,
your mother and I want you to know
we're real proud of you. You've
made a great life for yourself.

ROSE

Thanks, Daddy.

BUCK

Great family, great dance career...
In fact, your mother and I would
love to come visit... maybe see you
dance. It'd be a big thrill for us.

DAVID

Oh you have no idea.

Rose elbows David. She hugs her parents. Agnes joins the hug. Sam joins. David looks at his watch. Buck looks at David.

BUCK

Come on, son, give it up.

Reluctantly, David joins the group hug. Buck pats Sam.

BUCK

Hey Sam, you like guns?

SAM

Um, yeah?

BUCK

Good man.

(to Sam)

C'mon, Grandson. Let's go out back.

AGNES

Can I come, too?

BUCK

You're a girl!

Rose glares at him.

BUCK

I mean, you're a girl and that's great...we need more...girl shooters.

Rose smiles. Sam and Agnes follow Buck into the backyard.

INT. ROSE'S PARENTS' LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rose, David, and Moira sit in the living room.

MOIRA

...see, Rose, he loves you. He just doesn't know how to express it.

From behind Moira, we see out through the glass door into the backyard.

SAM IS CRAWLING UNDER BARBED WIRE, MILITARY TRAINING STYLE, WHILE BUCK AND AGNES FIRE LIVE ROUNDS OVER HIS HEAD.

DAVID

Is he expressing his love to Sam with live rounds?

MOIRA

Oh, his bark is worse than his bite.

DAVID

His bite looks pretty bad.

MOIRA

Yeah, I should get the boy some bactine. He's gonna need it.

EXT. ROSE'S PARENT'S HOUSE - LATER

Buck and Moira are saying goodbye to the family. Moira hands an antique brooch.

MOIRA

This is for you, dear. I know it's nothing you'll wear now but--

AGNES

I love it! My other Nana never gave me anything.

Agnes puts on the brooch. Buck pulls Sam aside and hands him a hunting knife.

BUCK

My grandfather gave it to me. I'd like you to have it.

SAM

Hey, cool! Thanks.

AGNES

Oh, I don't want to leave.
(to David and Rose)
Can't we stay longer?

DAVID

No, we have to be on our way, sugar plum. We have to meet daddy's friends.

AGNES

Can we come back for Christmas?

DAVID

Um, sure.

AGNES

Promise?

Sam, David, and Rose look at her like she's nuts. Rose turns to her parents.

ROSE
Okay, then...

She hugs her parents. Agnes joins in. Sam joins in. Buck looks at David again. David shrugs and joins in.

EXT. FARM LAND/SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Julio and Juanita stand on a vista overlooking a beautiful old farmhouse in the middle of a field of corn. Across the road, herds of cattle graze.

JULIO
This is like all Little House on
the Prairie, you know? It's nice.

Julio sees David's motor home pass on the highway.

JULIO
Holy shit! There they are!

Julio darts to his motor home. His wife follows him.

INT. JULIO'S MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

Julio starts up the engine and takes off after David. As he drives, Julio continues to admire the scenery.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Julio catches up to David. He's on his tail.

JULIO
I'm serious. We should move here.
Look, it's so quaint.

Julio sticks a gun out the window and fires a shot.

INT. DAVID'S MOTOR HOME

David is startled by the sound of the gun shot.

DAVID
What the fuck!

David looks in his side-view mirror.

DAVID
It's that guy from Mexico!

ROSE
What the fuck does he want?

The sound of another gun shot.

DAVID
I think they want to have lunch.
What do you think they want? They
want to jack us for the drugs!

INT. JULIO'S MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

Julio is catching up to David.

JULIO
(to Juanita)
It's so clean. And smell that air.

Julio fires another shot.

INT. DAVID'S MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

ROSE
(to David)
Getting shot at wasn't part of our
deal!

DAVID
(snide)
You're right. You should call a
lawyer.

AGNES
Quit arguing. Do something. They're
catching up!

David sees a country road and makes a sharp turn onto it. David looks in his side-view mirror to see that Julio has successfully made the same turn. Up ahead, David sees a large herd of cattle walking across the highway. David swerves and makes it past the cows. The cows continue across the road, completely blocking Julio's path. Julio attempts to swerve around the cows, but ends up in a big irrigation ditch by the side of the road.

INT. JULIO'S MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

Julio bangs the steering wheel in frustration.

JULIO
Shit!

INT. DAVID'S MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

David looks in his side-view mirror to see that Julio's stuck.

AGNES
(yelling in celebration)
Yes!

ROSE
Thank God.

SAM
(to David)
Oh, yes! You the man.

DAVID
That's right. I need everyone to
take one moment and acknowledge
that I am, in fact, the man.

AGNES
You the man!

David looks to Rose. She smiles.

ROSE
(grudging)
All right. You the man.

DAVID
(smiling at Rose)
And don't forget it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Julio and Juanita stand beside their motor home stuck in the irrigation ditch.

JULIO
Juanita, aren't you getting a
little tired of this shit? I want
to get out of the business.

She looks at him quizzically.

JULIO
Oh Juanita, look at us! I mean, my
father was an Architect! My mother
was Professor of Linguistics. And
your parents...okay, your parents
were drug smugglers, but you know
what I mean. Anyway, I'd like to
start a family.

JUANITA

Really, Julio? You want to have a baby?

JULIO

Yeah, I think it's time.

Juanita beams. She nuzzles in close to him.

JULIO

I don't want this for our child.

JUANITA

I don't either.

JULIO

We can get new identities, start over. Get a little land for ourselves out here. We're farmers, Juanita. We'll grow soy or something.

JUANITA

Yeah! That might be good.

(beat)

What do you do with soy?

JULIO

You make fake meat out of it. They love it up here.

Julio puts his arm around Juanita. He points to the prairie farm land in front of them.

JULIO

All this could ours, baby!

EXT. DURANGO STATE PARK - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

EXT. MICHAEL AND MARK'S CAMPSITE - SIMULTANEOUS

Michael and Mark sit on the picnic bench outside their motor home.

MICHAEL

I hope they get here soon. I'm bored.

MARK

Me too. And I'm hungry.

MICHAEL

Well what do we have in the fridge?

MARK

Um, a Jenny Craig entree and a smidge of left-over penne.

MICHAEL

Really? Ew.

(beat)

I feel like we should be barbecuing something.

MARK

Like what?

MICHAEL

I don't know. A big hunk of pork, some armadillo. I mean we're in Durango for Christ's sake.

Another motor home pulls up in the space next to theirs and stops. A man leans out the window and waves. It's Don.

DON

Hi neighbor!

Michael and Mark halfheartedly wave back.

EXT. ANASAZI NATIONAL PARK - EVENING

David's motor home sits in a wooded area inside the vast park replete ancient Indian dwellings.

EXT. ANASAZI NATIONAL PARK/TAYLOR'S HOUSE

David is talking on a pay phone to Taylor. They're mid-conversation. We cut between David and Taylor:

DAVID

What the fuck? I'm driving along and suddenly the prick starts shooting at me.

TAYLOR

Oh, David, that's terrible. Are you all right? Did you lose him?

DAVID

Yeah, I swerved around some cows and he ended up wrecking his motor home in a ditch.

TAYLOR

Oh, wow, David. That's so "The Getaway." The original, of course.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (cont'd)
Not the remake, which was so
horrid. Anyway, where are you?

DAVID
We made it to the Anasazi National
Park. We're just gonna camp here
tonight.

Taylor writes down "Anasazi National Park."

TAYLOR
That's right. You just get yourself
some rest, sweetie. You get to
Durango whenever you can tomorrow.
The guys'll be waiting for you.

EXT. DURANGO STATE PARK - LATER

Michael is sitting on the bench dozing. Mark walks up
carrying a flashlight. Michael opens his eyes.

MARK
They're not here. I checked every
campsite.

Michael's cell phone RINGS. Michael answers it. Throughout
the following, we cut between Michael and Taylor.

TAYLOR
Listen. Change of plans. They're
spending the night at the Anasazi
National Park.

MICHAEL
Where?

TAYLOR
Look on a map. Anasazi.

MICHAEL
Is that Italian?

TAYLOR
Of course. All of our National
Parks are named after Italians.
It's an old Indian site, you boob!
Just get down there as soon as
possible and get this over with.

Taylor hangs up. Don enters Michael and Mark's campsite.

DON
Hey, guys. Listen, I saw you
sitting over here and thought you
might like to have dinner with us.
The wife made a huge venison stew.

Michael looks at Mark.

MICHAEL
Well...we're meeting some people,
but--

MARK
I am famished.

MICHAEL
Oh, what the heck. They'll be there
all night. Sure!

DON
Come on.

Don motions them over to his campsite.

DON
You guys Sams?

MICHAEL
No, we're gays.

DON
(beat)
Okay.

INT. DAVID'S MOTOR HOME - A LITTLE LATER

David enters the motor home.

DAVID
All right. I talked to my guy.
Everything's cool.

ROSE
Your guy?

DAVID
Yeah, my guy in Chicago.

ROSE
Please. One little car chase and
all of a sudden he's a goodfella.

Rose pulls out the biggest joint this side of the Pecos.
David notices. Does a double-take.

ROSE
Let's spark up this bomber!

Rose lights it up. She takes a hit. She's instantly stoned.
She passes it to Sam who also takes a hit.

DAVID
Jesus. We can't do this.

ROSE
Davey's so cute when he's worried.

DAVID
Sam, close the windows. Sam?

Sam is staring at his hand as Agnes hits on the joint.

SAM
This shit's potent, dude. Fucking
shit's, fuckin'...strong...and
shit...shit.

David stares at them a beat, then:

DAVID
Oh gimme that, fucking
lightweights!

Agnes hands David the joint. David takes a drag.

DAVID
Shit! Shee-hit. Fucking shit's
fucking potent.

All of them start laughing hysterically.

DAVID
Kids, would you like another hit.
Daddy's treat!

They all fall over in hysterics.

SAM
Shit. When I get to Dartmouth, I'm
gonna buy me a condo and shit. I'm
gonna have the party pad. Keep the
place stocked in bitches.

They laugh at this. Agnes laughs the hardest.

SAM
Hey, I could have the party pad! I
could have bitches!

AGNES
I wish I could have had this much
fun with my real family.

DAVID
What? You didn't get stoned on your
family vacations?

Sam puts his arm around her and hands her the joint.

SAM

Don't get all morose and shit,
baby. What's past is past. Treat
yourself right.

ROSE

What happened to you? One joint and
you're like Barry White.

They all laugh.

DAVID

Hey, I'm gonna take a little walk.
Make sure one of you stays with the
motor home.

David exits. Rose watches him.

SAM

Come on, let's keep this party
rolling.

Sam looks to Agnes who's staring at him.

SAM

Are you all right?

Agnes looks closely at Sam.

AGNES

When did you get six ears?

EXT. DON'S CAMPSITE - A LITTLE LATER

Don, Edie, Michael and Mark are sitting at the picnic table
eating dinner. Lars and Sven are playing a few feet away.

LARS

Glork, flygen hoot.

SVEN

Norbla.

MICHAEL

(sotto, to Mark)
They're scaring me.

Michael pours himself another glass of wine.

MARK

I think it's kind of cute. They
have their own language.

MICHAEL

It's not cute! It's a horror film!
God knows what they're saying. It
could be "Slash their throats.
Charlie is king," for all we know.

DON

So what brings you folks to
Durango?

MARK

Oh, well, uh....

MICHAEL

We just love the name Durango. It's
so sweaty and western.

LARS

(to Sven, re: Michael and
Mark)
Flargers?

SVEN

Mm-hmm.

MICHAEL

Great venison stew. What is
venison?

DON

It's deer meat.

Michael and Mark spit out their food.

EXT. ANASAZI NATIONAL PARK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

David stands on an cliff taking in the vast expanse of the
Park. He sits down on a big rock.

ROSE

It's beautiful here.

She sits down next to him.

DAVID

Beats the hell out of getting shot
at.

ROSE

Yeah.

(beat)

Did it ever occur to you to bring a
gun or something?

DAVID

Did it ever occur to you that if I had brought a gun, I might have used it on you?

Rose laughs. So does David. They look out at the Park.

ROSE

It's almost worth getting shot at just to see this. Hey, by the way, I forgot to thank you for what you said to my dad back there...that was pretty cool, Mr. Miller.

DAVID

No problem, Mrs. Miller.

They smile and sit in silence for a beat.

ROSE

What are you thinking about?

DAVID

Oh, you know, in a place like this, it's like you get a glimpse. You know, a glimpse of something possible.

ROSE

And what's that?

DAVID

Everything. Meaning, love, whatever. Some kind of connection to it all. Look, I don't really know. It's just that I can't believe we were put here to be alienated and lonely. I know, I sound like a lunatic, right?

ROSE

Yeah...

She looks at him, leans in and kisses him. They fall into a long embrace as David rolls on top of her.

EXT. ANASAZI NATIONAL PARK - A LITTLE LATER

Sam and Agnes have set up sleeping bags on another bluff overlooking the Park. They lay on top of the sleeping bags.

AGNES

Are you sure this is a good idea?
Sleeping out here?

SAM

This night's way too beautiful to waste in a motor home.

AGNES

It is beautiful.

(beat)

You know, this trip is the first time I've ever been out of Illinois. Pathetic, huh?

SAM

No. Before this trip, the only place I ever went to was my Aunt's place once in Wisconsin. We went on a tour of a brewery. My uncle got tanked. That was fun.

AGNES

When I was a little kid, I had this big map on my wall and I used to put pins in all the places I wanted to go. The whole map was filled with pins.

SAM

Well, maybe you'll go to 'em. Maybe we'll go together...

Sam kisses her. Agnes pulls back.

AGNES

Sam, we need to talk.

SAM

Oh god. Here we go...

AGNES

Last night was great and I really like you but it's just that...you're my brother.

SAM

In Pretend Land!

AGNES

I know. It's just that I've had boyfriends before and it's great for awhile but then you break up and you never see them again. I don't want that to happen to us. I'd rather have a brother than another ex-boyfriend. The messing around's just not worth it.

SAM
Good point. Okay, now let me tell
you why I think the messing around
is worth it--

AGNES
Sam...

SAM
(irritated)
Fine. Fine. Whatever...

Sam sighs in frustration and lays back down on his sleeping
bag. Agnes lays down too. They lay in silence for a beat.

SAM
So last night was really great?

AGNES
Yes.

SAM
How great?

AGNES
Sam!

SAM
Come on. Throw me one here. It's
all I got.

AGNES
It was the best night of my life,
okay?

SAM
Shit. That was nothing. You should
have seen what I had planned for
tonight. Gonna show you a little
trick I picked up while I was in
Europe... with Hemingway.

She laughs. He smiles, then sighs.

SAM
Good night, Agnes.

AGNES
'Night, Sam.

Sam shuts his eyes, then:

SAM
How about one quick feel?

She laughs and playfully smacks him.

EXT. DON'S CAMPSITE - LATE THAT NIGHT

Michael, Mark, and Don sit around a camp fire. They're plowed, passing around a bottle of wine, singing, finishing up a song: Elton John's "Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters."

MICHAEL/MARK/DON

"Mona Lisas and mad hatters/Sons of bankers/Sons of lawyers/look around and say good morning to the dawn..."

The all bust up laughing.

MICHAEL

I love this! Drinking cheap wine around a fire. Singing. I haven't had this much fun in years!

MARK

I don't want to leave.

MICHAEL

Oh, we have plenty of time. They'll be there all night. Fuck 'em.

(explaining to Don)

We have to drive to Anasazi to hijack some drugs from, get this, a guy in a motor home with his wife and kids!

Michael howls. Mark's shocked.

MARK

What are you doing?!

MICHAEL

Oh, he doesn't care. We're old friends now.

(laughing, to Don)

We're drug dealers. What do you do?

DON

(laughing)

I'm with the DEA.

Michael and Mark laugh, thinking he's joking. This makes Don laugh harder.

DON

No really, I am. I should probably arrest you but I'm way too drunk and having way too much fun.

Michael pours wine into Don's glass.

MICHAEL

Here. Have some more.

DON

A little toddy for the body. Don't mind if I do. So are you guys, you know, married?

MICHAEL

Oh God, no. We're just friends.

Mark giggles and then passes out.

DON

I see.

MICHAEL

How about you? Ever...?

DON

With another man? No, no.

CLOSE on Don.

DON

I mean when I was in the army there was a lot of that going on and, uh, well....I didn't uh...all right, look. There was this lieutenant I sort of fancied....

We pull back to see Michael and Mark asleep. Don nods off.

EXT. ANASAZI NATIONAL PARK - LATER THAT NIGHT

David and Rose are asleep, snuggled next to each other.

EXT. ANASAZI NATIONAL PARK - SIMULTANEOUS

Sam and Agnes are asleep in their sleeping bags, cuddled up against each other.

EXT. DON'S CAMPSITE - LATE, LATE NIGHT

Michael, Mark and Don are all sleeping around the remains of the camp fire. Michael wakes up and shakes Mark.

MICHAEL

Quick. Let's get out of here.

Michael and Mark quietly slip back to their motor home.

EXT. ANASAZI NATIONAL PARK - MORNING

The sun is rising over the crest. David wakes up to find Rose in his arms. He smiles. She wakes up and smiles back.

ROSE
Good morning.

DAVID
Good morning.

ROSE
Weird huh?

DAVID
Yeah.

ROSE
Weird good?

DAVID
Yeah. Weird good.

They both get up. We see from the back they're naked.

EXT. ANASAZI NATIONAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

A female Park RANGER, is taking a group of twenty-five people on a guided tour. She's mid-talk.

RANGER
And of course the Anasazi utilized the herbs indigenous to the area for all sorts of illnesses from food poisoning to rashes.

EXT. ANASAZI INDIAN CAVE - SIMULTANEOUS

David and Rose are standing admiring the scenery.

EXT. ANASAZI NATIONAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

The tour continues.

RANGER
Of course, the fate of the Anasazi is still a mystery. Were they killed off, or did they simply pack up and go?

A ten year old boy points up to the caves.

BOY

Hey! There's two of them!

RANGER

Oh, I'm afraid not. There haven't been any Anasazi Indians here for hundreds of years, son.

BOY

No! Right there!

Close on David and Rose, stark naked. The tour group is fifty yards from him.

BOY

And the's guy's scratching his nards!

David and Rose spot the horrified tour group and sheepishly wave.

EXT. DON'S CAMPSITE - SIMULTANEOUS

Don wakes up to see that Michael and Mark are no longer there.

DON

Shit!

EXT. DAVID'S CAMPSITE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

David and Rose return to find Sam and Agnes standing in an empty campsite. The motor home is gone.

DAVID

What the fuck?

SAM

We don't know what happened. We came back this morning and it was gone!

DAVID

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fucking fuck.

ROSE

Who do you think took it?

DAVID

The Mexicans, UFO's...Does it matter? It's not like we're gonna take off after them!

ROSE

Okay, you don't have to be a dick.

DAVID

You realize that we're all not gonna make a fucking dime and it wouldn't matter anyway because we're all gonna be fucking dead. Why didn't I drop you fucking morons in the Grand Canyon when I had the chance? God, I'm an idiot.

ROSE

Well, you got that right.

DAVID

I told you guys to keep an eye on the motor home but, no...that would be too smart.

ROSE

Hey, I didn't exactly see you hurrying back to the motor home last night.

DAVID

You know what? That was the worst fucking mistake I made.

ROSE

You're an asshole.

AGNES

Stop fighting!

ROSE

Oh shut up, you little bitch.

SAM

Don't talk to her like that.

AGNES

I can take care of myself, okay?

SAM

I know. I was just...

AGNES

(mimicking Sam)

Mister "this night is too beautiful to waste in a motor home."

DAVID

Fuck it. I'm out of here. Thanks for nothing everyone.

David starts walking down the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Michael and Mark are driving David's motor home with all the drugs.

INT. DAVID'S MOTOR HOME/INT. TAYLOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Michael is talking to Taylor on the cell phone. Throughout the following, we cut back and forth between Michael and Taylor.

MICHAEL

So how much do you love us?

TAYLOR

Do you have my drugs?

MICHAEL

Every single ounce.

TAYLOR

Then I love you enough to let you live.

MICHAEL

Do you love us enough to let us keep the Susan Hayward?

TAYLOR

Don't push it. Just bring me my drugs. And no stopping! I don't care if you have free tickets to see Bette Midler sing at the World's Biggest Cock competition.

MICHAEL

Got it.

Michael hangs up.

MICHAEL

Bitch.

Michael nervously checks to make sure the cell phone is off.

EXT. HIGHWAY - A LITTLE LATER

David, Rose, Sam, and Agnes are hitch-hiking by the side of the road. Agnes catches Sam looking at her.

AGNES

What?

SAM

Nothing.

AGNES

Why were you looking at me?

SAM

I'm sorry. I accidentally looked at you. According to laws of this state, I don't think that's incest!

Don's motor home drives by.

INT. DON'S MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

Don sees the family by the side of the road.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Don makes a u-turn and pulls up next to David and the family.

DON

Hey, Sam.

DAVID

Oh, thank God you're here.

DON

Where's the rig?

DAVID

It was stolen.

DON

Stolen?

DAVID

Yeah. Could you give us a ride to--

Don speeds away.

DAVID

(continuing; yelling after him)

What about all that Sam shit?!

EXT. HIGHWAY - A LITTLE LATER

David and family are thumbing as car after car passes them.

SAM

Maybe we should just call your guy
in Chicago and get some help.

DAVID

And tell him what? We lost his
drugs? He's out a ton of money? Do
you know who this guy is? Do you
know what he does to people?

Rose, Agnes and Sam stare at him.

DAVID

Let me tell you. He takes people...
and, I don't know, pours, like,
coffee down their ass or hires
people to pour coffee down their
ass-- look, you're gonna get a hot
beverage down your ass, let's put
it that way.

SAM

So what do we do?

DAVID

Do what you guys usually do. Fuck
something up. Me? I'm gonna grab
what I can in Chicago, hop a bus
and hide like a mole.

AGNES

So we never see you again?

DAVID

Hopefully.

ROSE

Yeah, whatever. This was shitty
idea anyway.

Finally a ten year old mini-van pulls up. Driving is a woman,
LORETTA, late forties. Her husband, DEL, sits in the
passenger seat wearing a turtleneck and beret.

LORETTA

(southern accent)
Where you folks headed?

DAVID

Chicago.

LORETTA

Hop on in. We can take you part of
the way.

David and gang squeeze in.

INT. LORETTA AND DEL'S MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

LORETTA

I'm Loretta. This is my husband,
Del.

DEL

(heavy French accent)
Zis ees a beautiful day, yes?

LORETTA

Oh shut up, Del.
(to David and family)
He ain't French. He was struck by
lightning. Ever since then he talks
like he's French. The doctors say
the high voltage did something to
him.

David rolls his eyes. Del shrugs and lights a cigarette which
he smokes in a mannered fashion.

AGNES

Wow...

LORETTA

Yeah, it was tough at first. I
mean, one night you're sleeping
next to your High School
sweetheart, the next morning you
wake up to a man with an accent who
won't stop babbling about
alienation. Pork rind?

She hands David a bag.

DAVID

Uh, no thanks.

LORETTA

Del used to love pork rinds. Now
it's all ripe cheeses and heavy
sauces. The boys at the chicken
plant make fun of him.

DEL

Zey are fools, ze boys at ze
chicken plant!

LORETTA

One of them head-shrinks told me to
try to reconnect Del with his
childhood. They think that may snap
him out of it.

(MORE)

LORETTA (cont'd)
That's why we're going to this Oz
festival in Kansas.

AGNES
What's an Oz festival?

LORETTA
Wizard of Oz? The movie with Judy
Garland? Del loved it as a kid.

DEL
Ahh, Judy... you tormented child-
woman. Your anguish hangs over me
like a black cloud of death.

LORETTA
Knock it off, Del! You're scaring
'em!

INT. DON'S MOTOR HOME - SIMULTANEOUS

Don and Edie race down the highway. Don's a man on a mission.
Edie and the kids are scared. Don finally spots Michael and
Mark driving David's motor home.

DON
There they are! Haha!

EDIE
Who? What is going on here, Don?!

DON
Look, if I told you I'd have to
kill you.

She laughs. He laughs.

DON
No really, I'm not kidding.

INT. MICHAEL AND MARK'S MOTOR HOME - SIMULTANEOUS

Traffic slows down as Michael and Mark drive by a large
outdoor fairground filled with hundreds of people.

MARK
Michael, just how strict is our no-
stopping policy?

MICHAEL
Strict. We can't stop. Why?

MARK

Oh, no big deal. It's just that we're about to miss out on the event of a lifetime.

MICHAEL

What're you talking about?

Mark points to a large sign: "WIZARD OF OZ FESTIVAL."

MICHAEL

Dare we?

MARK

Dare we not?

INT. DON'S MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

Don follows Michael and Mark into the Oz festival lot.

DON

Okay, who's up for the Wizard of Oz festival?

EXT. WIZARD OF OZ FESTIVAL - A LITTLE LATER

Michael and Mark are walking about the festival. There are scores of people dressed like characters from The Wizard of Oz, including many dwarves. Michael's pouring over a brochure.

MICHAEL

Okay, we have to make some choices. Now, we can either take a nap in the poppy fields---

MARK

Oh, I always wanted to do that.

MICHAEL

Or there's a Q&A with the Lullaby League! But I don't want to miss the house dropping on the Wicked Witch.

MARK

Oh, God, no. What's the point of even being here?

EXT. WIZARD OF OZ FESTIVAL - SIMULTANEOUS

Don and the family walk through the festival. Don looks around for Michael and Mark. The kids walk away from Don and approach a man dressed as the SCARECROW.

SCARECROW

Hello, kids! Which way are you going? Are you going this way?
(points left)
Or are you going that way?

He twirls around and points to his right. Lars takes out a book of matches and lights him on fire.

SCARECROW

Aaaaargh! You psychotic little fuckers!

The kids laugh and run away.

INT. LORETTA AND DEL'S MINIVAN - A LITTLE LATER

The mini-van pulls into the Oz Festival lot.

LORETTA

All right, end of the line, folks.

The family piles out of the mini-van.

DEL

Au revoir hitchhiking family. You are free spirits letting your souls wander around America's amber grainy fields--

Loretta and Del head toward the entrance. Rose, Sam and Agnes walk back toward the highway. David's staring into the park.

DAVID

Oh, goddamit! Oh shit! Of course!
How fucking naive was I?!

ROSE

What?!

David points inside the fairgrounds. We see Michael and Mark strolling, having a good old time.

DAVID

Those are the two guys we were supposed to meet in Durango. They should still be in Durango waiting for us!

They look at him perplexed.

DAVID
Don't you get it? They're the ones
that took the motor home. That
asshole Taylor set us up!

ROSE
Well that means the motor home is
in this lot somewhere, right?

DAVID
Yeah...

ROSE
Well...

DAVID
Can you hotwire a car? I can't.

ROSE
No.

DAVID
Okay, so we need another plan.

EXT. WIZARD OF OZ FESTIVAL - A LITTLE LATER

David and family are walking around the fairgrounds looking
for Michael and Mark.

DAVID
Do you see them?

ROSE
No...

A man dressed as an APPLE TREE grabs David.

APPLE TREE
(gruff, in character)
Hey, why don't you pick somebody
else's apples?!

DAVID
Oh, yeah, haha. Okay, that's great.
Let me go.

APPLE TREE
My apples don't have any worms!

DAVID
Right, right. I didn't say they
did. We're kind of busy. Could you
let me go?

APPLE TREE

Well, don't be picking apples that don't belong to you!

ROSE

He said let him go, you cocksucker!

Rose knees the Apple Tree in the balls. The tree releases David and slumps over. A crowd gathers, horrified.

DAVID

Thank you, Rose.

ROSE

You're welcome.

Davis stops two young guys dressed as FLYING MONKEYS.

DAVID

Hey. You work here?

FLYING MONKEY #1

No. We always dress like this, dickbrain.

DAVID

How would you guys like one pound of premium grade weed? Free.

FLYING MONKEY #1

Oh, yeah, okay. I'd like a Rolls, too. And a blow job.

DAVID

I'm serious, man.

FLYING MONKEY #2

You're just gonna give us a pound of dope?

DAVID

Right. Smoke it. Sell it. Whatever you want. I just need one thing...

EXT. WIZARD OF OZ FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Mark sit at a picnic bench. David and Sam now dressed as the Flying Monkeys approach Michael and Mark.

MICHAEL

Oh look! The Flying Monkeys.

David and Sam make monkey sounds and start playing with Michael and Mark. They're in heaven.

MARK
(playing along)
Oh leave us alone, monkeys! Don't
take us to the witch's castle!

MICHAEL
Oh no! Run, Toto, run!

They howl. Sam grabs the motor home keys off the picnic table
out of sight of Michael and Mark. David and Sam idle away.

MARK
That was a close call!

They laugh. Taylor, with a hamburger and fries, sits down
next to them. They're horrified.

TAYLOR
Aren't these burgers great? Right
off the grill. You don't find
burgers like this anymore.

MICHAEL
(shocked)
Uh, Tay...hi. What in the world are
you doing here?

TAYLOR
Well, I was sitting in my living
room thinking to myself, "What if I
had four million dollars worth of
marijuana placed in an unsecured
motor vehicle and my orders were to
get it back to Chicago as soon as
humanly possible? What would I do?"

MARK
You'd get it back to Chicago as
soon as humanly possible?

TAYLOR
That's right, Mark! Good job. And
then I said to myself, "Okay, now
suppose I was not one, but two, of
the biggest moron idiot fuck-ups in
the history of the universe? Then
what would I do?" So, I got on the
internet, looked at your route and,
long story short, here I am. Curly
fry?

MICHAEL
There's an explanation...

TAYLOR

Oh, I know, Sweetie. And I'll be happy to hear it when the doctors replace your larynx...

(screaming)

Because I'm gonna rip it out and eat it! Now where are my fucking drugs?!

MICHAEL

Calm down! They're safe. They're in the motor home in the parking lot.

TAYLOR

Give me the keys.

Michael looks around on the table. No keys.

MICHAEL

Mark, check your pockets!

MARK

I don't have 'em. You put them on the table!

MICHAEL

They're gone!

MARK

The flying monkeys must've have taken them!

TAYLOR

The flying monkeys took 'em. Of course.

MICHAEL

Yeah, you know. The flying monkeys? They kidnapped Dorothy and took her to the witch's castle?

TAYLOR

Yes, I know the movie, asswipe. Why would the flying monkeys take your keys?!

MICHAEL

I don't know.

TAYLOR

Can I ask you a question? When you got the drugs from David, did you kill him like I told you to?

Michael and Mark look away.

TAYLOR

So I guess we know which flying
fucking monkey took the keys, don't
we?!

MARK

It's not possible! We stole their
motor home and pushed ours over a
cliff. They'd have no way of
following us!

TAYLOR

Yeah. You're right. It was probably
just a flying monkey with a random
grudge. Now get up, you dimwits and
find him!

EXT. WIZARD OF OZ FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

A crowd of people gather around a small fake house, hoisted
twenty feet in the air by rope. Loretta and Del walk up to
the crowd. The TIN MAN walks up and stands next to Loretta.

DEL

(southern accent)

Hey, Loretta. You wanna a Polaroid
with the Tin Man?

Loretta stares at him in disbelief. Suddenly, she's
overjoyed.

LORETTA

Oh my God, Del! You're all better
now! It worked!

DEL

All right, Loretta, all right! The
whole world don't gotta know, do
they?! Just shut your pie-hole.

LORETTA

Oh Del, sweetheart, you're back.

She hugs him.

ANGLE ON: David, Rose, Agnes and Sam hurriedly walking
through the park. Agnes bends down to tie her shoe. David,
Rose and Sam keep walking toward the exit.

AGNES

David?

David turns around. Taylor is holding Agnes by one shoulder.
Michael and Mark stand on either side of her.

TAYLOR

I've got a gun in her back and of course you know I'll use it.

DAVID

Look, let her go. This was my idea. All your shit's in the motor home. I'll take you there.

TAYLOR

Aww, that's so touching. Tell you what, you caught me on a good day. Wifey and the kids can go. It'll be less sloppy anyway...

MICHAEL

That is so like you, Tay. A heart of gold. I was just saying to Mark--

TAYLOR

Shut up, you twit!

DAVID

(to the family)

Rose, kids, you guys better get out of here.

ROSE

But--

DAVID

Just go, goddamit! I'm serious. I'll be...fine.

TAYLOR

Yeah, don't worry about him. He'll be fine.

Taylor looks away as do Michael and Mark. They all guffaw.

ROSE

(to the kids)

Come on...

AGNES

But we're--

DAVID

Agnes, forget about it! Just go!

They walk away. David sullenly watches them walk away.

DAVID

Taylor, you son of a bitch.

TAYLOR

Oh, David, it was going to be so perfect. I mean, you were gonna be dead but, ah well...

DAVID

I trusted you.

TAYLOR

Well, mistake number one. I run a hundred million dollar drug dealing operation. I don't trust me.

David, Taylor, Michael and Mark approach the suspended house and the crowd. Taylor keeps David close, the gun in his back. A MAN with a microphone stands among the crowd.

MAN

All right, get your cameras ready folks! In a few minutes, we're going drop the house on the Wicked Witch of the East and begin the parade down the Yellow Brick Road.

MICHAEL

Tay, they're gonna do the house thing in a minute! Can we watch?

TAYLOR

Sure. Hey, then let's get some cotton candy and ride the horse of a different color.

MICHAEL

Really?

TAYLOR

No! Keep moving, idiots!

ROSE (O.S.)

David!

David hears a snap, looks up and sees the house coming down. He turns around, grabs Taylor and flings him. The house lands on Taylor, his feet sticking out from underneath as Michael and Mark stare at him, mortified. David turns and sees Rose, Sam and Agnes by the rope. Sam's holding Grandpa Buck's gift: the hunting knife.

Two DWARVES walk up to David.

DWARF #1

He's dead.

DWARF #2

You killed him...

TAYLOR

I'm not dead, you midget boobs! I'm stuck!

DAVID

(to Rose and kids)

Come on, let's get out of here!

David and the family tear off.

ANGLE ON: Michael and Mark pondering Taylor, still stuck under the house.

MICHAEL

You know, I'm starting to get the impression that we're not cut out for this.

MARK

Really? Me too. What do we do?

TAYLOR

How about freeing me from this hell, you imbeciles?!

MICHAEL

(ignoring Taylor)

Well as I see it, our options are fairly limited. I mean we can free him, continue on this wild goose chase...Best case scenario, we get back to Chicago and he offers us sedation before he maims and brutalizes us.

MARK

Or?

MICHAEL

Or we can run like fucking crazy!

They stare at each other a beat and then run away.

TAYLOR

Get back here!

EXT. FESTIVAL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

David and family are out in the parking lot. They're all holding hands rushing each other along to the motor home. They reach it, open the door and get in.

INT. DAVID'S MOTOR HOME - CONTINUOUS

As they enter, the Chacon brothers are waiting, guns drawn.

SAM

Holy shit!

ROSE

David, who are these guys.

DAVID

The Chacon Brothers. I was actually gonna call you guys. As you can see I have some dope to sell you--

BOBBY

You were gonna sell us our own dope back? That's sweet of you.

DAVID

This is...your dope?

BOBBY

Yeah, this is our dope. See that big fruitcake you work for took all of us for ride, my friend.

DAVID

Great. Fucking great. And how'd you guys find us?

BOBBY

We followed Taylor. He drives a pink Bentley. We didn't exactly have to be Colombo to stay on him.

SAM

Interesting you went with Colombo, there. I would have thought Kojak would have been--

Bobby slaps Sam.

DAVID

Oh I don't think so!

David gets in Bobby's face and smacks him. Bobby shoots David in the knee. David slumps to the floor.

ROSE

David!

Just then, Don bursts into the motor home with gun drawn. He's holding his badge.

DON
All right! DEA! Everybody down on
the floor!

The Chacons drop their guns.

DON
(to David)
May I say, involving your wife and
kids in this depravity is heinous.

DAVID
I wounded here! And they're not my
real wife and kids.

DON
(bullshitting)
Uh...I knew that. Just seeing if
you were gonna "cop" to it.
Anyway, this bust'll get me back
out in the field.

BOBBY
(pleading)
Look, I don't know who these guys
are! This isn't even my motor home.

DON
It isn't your motor home?! And you
don't know who these guys are?!

DON
Well that sounds reasonable. You
can go.

BOBBY
Oh thank you, sir, thank you!

DAVID
What?! Are you crazy?! Do you--

DON
Shut up, pervert!

Bobby and Dante run out of the motor home. They hop into
their car and speed away. Don looks at David.

DON
Oh, don't look so scared. I'm not
going to arrest you.

DAVID
You're not DEA?

DON

No. I am DEA. I just don't like being DEA.

DAVID

But what was all that stuff in there about the field?

DON

The field? Look, I'm not getting my nuts sliced off by a bunch of Colombians for 67 grand a year plus dental, okay?

DAVID

So then what do you want?

Don looks out the window at Edie and his kids and smiles.

EXT. A BEACH IN THE CARIBBEAN - A FEW MONTHS LATER

A beautiful sandy beach. On the edge of the beach is a beautiful little whitewashed house. The perfect vision of the tropics. David and Rose sit on the veranda. He's got his arm around her. We hear the TV in the background.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL (VO)

"Marriage is a relationship. When you make this sacrifice in marriage, you're not sacrificing to each other but to unity in the relationship..."

We hear a door open behind David.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL (V.O.)

"...You're no longer this one alone; your identity is in this relationship. Marriage is not simply a love affair, it's an ordeal, and the ordeal is the sacrifice of ego to a relationship in which two have become one."

Don walks onto the veranda. He's wearing rolled up white slacks and a Hawaiian shirt. His hair is a lot longer and he's got some beard growth. He's got a fishing pole over his shoulder. Sam enters, carrying a suitcase, followed by Agnes.

DON

Okay, we're ready. We gotta get going or he's gonna miss his flight.

David and Rose stand up and walk to Sam.

DAVID
(to Sam)
So...

SAM
So...

ROSE
Okay, well, let's not make this too
sappy. We'll visit you. You'll
visit us. It's fine.

Rose's chin quivers. She starts to cry. Sam gives her a big hug.

DAVID
You gonna kick some ass at
Dartmouth for me?

SAM
I'm gonna kick some ass.

David reaches into his pocket. He picks up an envelope and hands it to Sam.

ROSE
We wanted you to have it.

Sam looks in the envelope. It's a bunch of cash.

SAM
No, you guys, I already got my cut--

DAVID
Hey, not another word. You're gonna
need some walking around money. All
those rich kids. Gotta look sharp.

Sam gives David a huge hug. Don lights up a joint.

SAM
(to Don)
Hey, easy with that shit, man. You
gotta drive.

Don extinguishes the joint.

DON
(smiling, to David)
Kids.

Edie, Sven and Lars run on the sand up to the house.

LARS
Cheebass!

DON
(sweetly; he now
understands)
No, guys, no ice cream. You haven't
had your lunch yet.

SVEN
Peegin nockler!

DON
Hey, watch your mouth...

They run back out on the beach.

DON
Yeah, they're strange little
fuckers. But I love 'em. Hey Edie!

EDIE
Yeah?

DON
This dude on the beach says these
righteous ahi are running over by
the rocks. I'm gonna stop by there
after I drop Sammy at the airport.
Maybe I'll also pick some mangoes
and shit. Make a pie.

EDIE
Excellent.

Edie runs off following the kids.

DAVID
All right then.

Agnes gets up and approaches Sam. They look at each other.

AGNES
I'm not gonna cry.

SAM
No.

Agnes starts to cry. She hugs and kisses Sam.

AGNES
Okay. You better write me every
day!

SAM
(aloof)
Yeah, maybe. We'll see.

AGNES
(playfully)
Would you cut that shit out.

SAM
(laughs)
I promise I'll write.

He plants a big passionate kiss on her.

SAM
Too weird?

AGNES
(smiles)
No.

DAVID
You always have a home here, Sammy.

SAM
I know.

David and Rose smile. Sam waves at the group as he and Don exit.

EXT. THE BEACH - SUNSET

David and Rose are on the sand watching the sunset as Agnes sits next to them writing a letter. We hear:

JOSEPH CAMPBELL (VO)
"Just sheer life cannot be said to have a purpose, because look at all the different purposes it has all over the place. But each incarnation, you might say, has a potentiality, and the mission of life is to live that potentiality. How do you do it?"

Rose melts into David's arms.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL (VO)
"My answer is: follow your bliss."

End