

MISSION HILL (#15)

"FREAKY WEEKEND IN THE CRAPPY CRUDWAGON"
(OR, "TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE WE GO")

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. LOFT - LIVING AREA - EARLY FRIDAY EVENING

POSEY waters her plants while KEVIN relaxes on the couch, petting STOGIE and reading "Novelty Neckties" magazine. Suddenly, the front door flies open and ANDY and JIM burst in, home from work. They leap onto the couch, flanking Kevin, and stretch out languidly. Andy yanks off his tie.

ANDY

Hello, lazy holiday weekend!

Andy sets his tie on fire.

KEVIN

(RE TIE) Um, you will have to go back
to work, right?

ANDY

Yeah. On Tuesday.

KEVIN

Well, do you guys have any big plans?

JIM

Oh, yes.

He takes out a pack of cigarettes and lights one off Andy's burning tie.

JIM (CONT'D)

This marks the official beginning of
menthol cigarette season.

Jim takes a puff and **EXHALES** a frosty blue cloud of smoke. We can actually see little bursts of refreshment as Jim **SIGHS** with pleasure.

KEVIN

I meant any real plans.

JIM

(A BIT HURT) I've been waiting for this all year.

KEVIN

Is this how we're going to spend the whole weekend? Sitting around talking about cigarettes?

POSEY

(SITTING DOWN, EXCITED) Oh, can I join in? Which brand are we talking about? (HOPEFUL) Tareyton?

ANDY

You know, it might be nice to have a little All-American holiday fun. No reason we can't fire up the old barbeque...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

The roommates stand around their grill. It's rusty and dilapidated, laden with bottle caps and cobwebs, and has a dead possum lying across it.

POSEY

(TO POSSUM) Shoo, run away little fella, go home...

Posey pokes at it with a stick. It falls over with a **THUD**.

POSEY (CONT'D)

Shoo... run away...

ANDY

(NAUSEATED) I'm no longer interested
in a... (GULP) barbeque.

KEVIN

Well, this is a vibrant, colorful
neighborhood -- there must be something
going on in Mission Hill this weekend.

They look down to Avenue Three, where nearly every vibrant,
colorful neighbor is fleeing town: the NICE FREAK peels out
in his dune buggy; WEIRDO BEARDO locks up the store, then
rides away on his scooter, which is overloaded with camping
gear and fishing tackle; and FECHSTEIN waits impatiently at
a stoplight, a pink suitcase tied to the top of his car.
When the light turns green...

FECHSTEIN

Finally! (DRIVES OFF)

The street is left completely barren. We hear a ghost-town
style **WIND** blowing discarded "Weekly Freebies" around.

ANDY

Well, why don't we go somewhere? On a
road trip. We could take Jim's car.

JIM

Awesome. My car would love to go.

KEVIN

All of us, do something as a group?
That's great! We could even bring
Stogie along!

He looks over at Stogie, who eats a bug.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Would you like that, boy? To roam free
in the fresh open air?

Stogie stares back blankly. Then the bug flies out of his
butt.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(BEAT) (THEN, FAST) Gus and Wally can
take care of him.

ANDY

(FAST) He'll never have to leave the
apartment.

They all hurry back downstairs, away from the dog.

INT. LOFT - KITCHEN - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

The four sit around the table, perusing a roadmap.

ANDY

Okay, I've got the perfect place.

(POINTS TO MAP) The Pawnee Nation
Indian Casino and Massacre Site. It's
only 600 miles up this highway.

JIM

Sounds good.

KEVIN

But I'm not old enough to get in, and I
don't drink, or gamble.

ANDY

So you'll wait in the car.

POSEY

I would like to go to a field of
sunflowers and dance under a rainbow.

ANDY

Uh, sure, Posey. Now, the Indian
casino has something for everyone...

KEVIN

They won't let me in!

POSEY

My sunflower idea has a lot of merit.

ANDY

Jim?

JIM

Uh, I don't care.

ANDY

Great! Then it's decided: we're going
to the casino.

KEVIN

Don't I get a vote?

ANDY

No.

KEVIN

But we live in a democracy! Therefore,
everyone gets a vote. Unless you want
to be responsible for single-handedly
destroying the democratic process!

ANDY

(HATING THIS) Okay, okay. Where do you want to go?

KEVIN

Well, it's been a long time since we've seen Grandma.

ANDY

Are you nuts? This trip is supposed to be fun!

KEVIN

Come on, aren't you just a little curious about Grandma's new hip?

POSEY

I think my idea deserves more serious consideration: let's dance under a rainbow, in a field of sunflowers.

JIM

Why don't we draw straws? Short straw gets to choose.

Jim begins to tear up a straw from his drink.

ANDY

All right, but I really don't see why it's necessary to --

Before Andy can finish his sentence, Kevin picks the short straw and holds it up triumphantly.

KEVIN

Yay, I won! We're going to Grandma's!

(STARTS HUMMING "STARS & STRIPES
FOREVER")

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JIM'S CAR - STREET - A LITTLE LATER

KEVIN

(FINISHES UP HUMMING IT) Yay! We're
going to Grandma's!

Andy is sitting in the passenger seat, looking sour. Jim drives, and Posey shares the back seat with Kevin. They are stuck in a holiday weekend traffic jam. Nobody looks particularly happy, except Kevin.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Posey, you're going to love our
Grandma! You can call her Granbag like
we do! Oh, and her antique clocks!
She's got the loudest clocks I ever
heard! Dozens of them! (ETC.)

INT. LOFT - SAME TIME (EVENING)

Stogie is tearing down and shredding the curtains while **BARKING NON-STOP**. We hear a **KEY IN THE LOCK**, then Wally enters with Gus trailing behind.

GUS

Cripes! Don't that dog ever shut up?

WALLY

Oh, it's suppertime. He's probably
just hungry.

Wally goes to the cabinet, pulls out a sack of dry dog food, and pours some in Stogie's bowl. The dog ignores it.

STOGIE

(KEEPS ON BARKING)

WALLY

No din-din, huh? Well, maybe he just
needs to be walked.

Wally attaches a leash to the dog's collar. But when he heads towards the door, Stogie refuses to budge, no matter how hard Wally pulls.

STOGIE

(NON-STOP REPETITIVE BARKING)

GUS

(IRRITATED) Look, it's real simple!
Eat your food; take your walk; shut
your face! Got it?!

Gus tries to hold the dog's mouth shut, but it keeps **BARKING** through the sides of its mouth, wetly flapping its jowls. Then Gus uses his other hand to hold the jowls shut, but we can still hear **MUFFLED BARKING** coming from deep within the dog.

WALLY

Gus, stop! I think he might explode!

We see the dog is actually inflating a bit with each stifled bark. Gus releases his grip and the dog runs around like a deflating balloon.

STOGIE

(FAST BARRAGE OF WILD BARKING THAT
GRADUALLY SLOWS BACK TO NORMAL)

Gus and Wally look worried.

INT. JIM'S CAR - LATER THAT EVENING

The car is finally making it onto the open highway. Posey, Jim, and Andy have cheered a bit and are grooving to the radio.

ON RADIO: "EVERYBODY HAVE FUN TONIGHT" - WANG CHUNG

DEEJAY #1 (ON RADIO)

Wang-Chungin' with ya on Z-Rock's All-
Eighties Holiday Weekend. Keep it
tuned to--

Kevin leans forward from the back seat and turns the radio
down abruptly.

KEVIN

Why don't we revive the lost art of
conversation. Anybody read Aquaman
issue number 428?

Andy turns up the radio again. Kevin turns it off.

ANDY

Why do you keep doing that?

KEVIN

I'm just trying to find activities that
we can all enjoy together -- like car
games! "Botticelli" is my favorite
because it's both intellectually
challenging and hilarious. Who wants
to play?

Everyone else reacts with a stony silence.

KEVIN

No takers, eh? Then let's play "I Spy
With My Little Eye!" (LOOKS AROUND) I
spy...

Andy turns the radio on again. Kevin turns it off.

ANDY

(STEELY) Kevin. Let's play "If You
Touch The Radio Again, You're Dead."

Andy turns the radio back on.

KEVIN

Ha ha! You touched the radio, you're
dead! I win! Yippee!

ANDY

(ANGRY MUTTERS)

INT. LOFT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Wally, looking very sleepy, sits on the couch in front of Stogie, who is still **BARKING MONOTONOUSLY**. Gus walks over from the kitchen with a plate of food.

GUS

Maybe he won't eat 'cause he's sick of
that cheap dog food. So I made him one
of my Breakfast Specials -- Western
omelet with sausage-flavored patties.

WALLY

Oh, Gus, you even put on the parsley
sprig. You are a good, good man.

Gus sets the plate down in front of Stogie.

GUS

(PROUDLY) I never seen man nor beast
who could resist this.

Stogie begins wolfing down the food. Unfortunately, he continues to **BARK** while eating, spraying a fine mist of chewed food all over Gus and Wally. They look on, incredulous. Wally wipes off his glasses with a handkerchief; then he neatly drapes the handkerchief over Stogie's snout to ward off the spray and sits back with a **SIGH**.

INT. JIM'S CAR - AN HOUR LATER

Everyone except Kevin looks morose. Andy is eating Doritos and Jim is smoking a cigarette.

ON RADIO: "OUR LIPS ARE SEALED" - THE GO-GOS

DEEJAY #2 (ON RADIO)

Heyyy, like "totally!" Heh heh. This is Ron-Don Craig with more tubular hits on our "Awesome 80's Weekend!" A little Go-Go's trivia: I was watching this "totally bogus" animated show --

KEVIN

Are there any stations that aren't playing 80's music?

JIM

On a holiday weekend? Good luck.

Kevin leans forward and spins through the radio dial.

RADIO

(MUSIC) You can dance if you want to... (CLICK) Walk like an Egyptian... (CLICK) Footloose! (CLICK) Ghostbusters! (CLICK) Amadeus!

He **CLICKS** the radio off.

KEVIN

Hmmph. (BEAT) Oh, Jim, no smoking in the car, remember? Andy, that Dorito dust is making me nauseous. (OFF THEIR LOOKS) Hey, why is everyone so grumpy?

Suddenly, Posey's inert expression transforms into a grin. Almost perky, she turns directly to face Kevin.

POSEY

Kevin, why don't you tell us about all the neat things we're going to do at Grandma's? Maybe that will cheer us up.

KEVIN

A brilliant idea, Posey! We can sift through her boxes of old "Look" magazines, go shopping for irregulars at the Stroud's outlet-- Oh, then after church on Sunday, as a special treat we can all go to the Doubletree Hotel for brunch!

With each of Kevin's sentences, the others look increasingly mortified at the prospect of this trip.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - A LITTLE LATER

In the foreground, Kevin talks on a payphone. Far in the background, the roommates are having a heated argument -- which we see, but don't hear. They stand outside the car, gesticulating wildly and glaring over at Kevin.

KEVIN

(ON PHONE) Don't worry, Granbag --
Andy and I can sleep in your bedroom
with you ...of course he won't mind!

ANGLE ON THE OTHERS

The argument rages on. Suddenly, Kevin walks up -- they
all chill.

ANDY

(BEAT) (THEN, ARCHLY) So, to
Grandmother's house shall we go?

Andy opens the car door for Kevin. The others share a look
as Kevin gets in.

INT. JIM'S CAR - LATER

Everyone seems a lot more relaxed. Kevin looks out the
window, and his face suddenly falls.

KEVIN

Hey, that's the Beetleboro Bridge. We
passed that an hour ago! What's going
on here?

ANDY

Kevin, we're not going to Grandma's.

KEVIN

What? Of course we are. I picked the
short straw!

Kevin produces the short straw and waves it in Andy's face.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

According to the rules, you must obey
it! Obey the straw!

Andy grabs the straw and throws it out the window.

ANDY

Hey, sometimes in life the rules don't matter, okay?

KEVIN

Murderer! You're a murderer!

ANDY

What?!

KEVIN

You said sometimes in life the rules don't matter, therefore according to you it's okay to commit murder!

ANDY

I did not say that! Shut up!

KEVIN

Never! You'll have to make me shut up!

Murderer! Murderer!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin is in the car trunk and Andy is about to close the lid on him. Jim looks on, uncomfortable, and Posey watches with a slightly pleased, somewhat cryptic expression.

KEVIN

I'm not shutting up! Murderer!

ANDY

I wouldn't be doing this if you weren't such a pain in the ass!

KEVIN

And you need electro-shock treatment
from an insane asylum because you're a
pervert!

Andy **SLAMS** the trunk.

POSEY

Are you sure he can breathe in there?

ANDY

There are plenty of rust holes.

JIM

What if he gets hungry?

Andy opens the trunk, pours a bag of Doritos onto Kevin,
and **SLAMS** the trunk shut. Orange dust clouds waft out.

KEVIN (O.S. FROM INSIDE TRUNK)

(COUGHING AND SPUTTERING) Agh,
Doritos! I'm in agony!

ANDY

(SIGHS) (TO OTHERS) You know, this is
finally starting to feel like a
vacation.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. JIM'S CAR - SUBURBAN WASTELAND - LATER

The car speeds along the highway, past rest-stops and refineries. Andy drives and Jim rides shotgun, with one foot sticking out the open window. Posey is sprawled out across the backseat.

ON RADIO: "KARMA CHAMELEON" - CULTURE CLUB

ANNOUNCER (ON RADIO)

That was Culture Club on our "Super
80's Flashback Weekend," here on the
Highway Authority Traffic Alert
Channel. (PAUSE) AM 530. (LONG BEEP)

ANDY

Indian Casino, here we come! Don't
worry, guys, we still have until Monday
night to gamble and drink.

POSEY

Um, we're going to the Indian Casino?

ANDY

Well, yeah. It's only fair. I'm the
one who put Kevin in the trunk.

KEVIN (O.S FROM INSIDE TRUNK)

Shame! Shame!

JIM

Isn't it kinda far?

ANDY

Only because Kevin had us headed 300 miles in the opposite direction. But if I drive all night and we don't stop for food and we only eat the crackers in the dashboard and we pee in an oil can -- we can still get a full day in.

JIM

Okay.

KEVIN (O.S. FROM INSIDE TRUNK)

Your trip is doomed. Doomed!

ANDY

Hey, shut up back there! (UPTIGHT) I'm driving. I'm in charge. The trip is fine.

Suddenly, Kevin burrows through a rip in the rear upholstery, just enough to poke his face out and overlook the backseat like a gargoye.

KEVIN'S HEAD

Isn't it ironic that on this holiday weekend we traditionally celebrate freedom from tyrants such as you, Andy?

ANDY

I'm not a tyrant. I just want to have a good time!

KEVIN'S HEAD

That's what tyrants always say.

ANDY

You're just mad because the rest of us
are having so much fun, right? Right?

POSEY & JIM

(UNENTHUSIASTIC GRUNTS)

KEVIN'S HEAD

(DRAMATICALLY) "Uneasy lies the head
that wears the crown..."

Andy notices the grim faces of the others and begins to look a bit worried. A single bead of glistening sweat drops from his brow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - LATE AT NIGHT

Andy is filling up the tank while the others remain in the car. He suddenly feels uneasy and looks up, only to see Jim, Posey, and Kevin's Head quickly turn away from him. Andy turns back to the gas pump; after a beat, three sets of dotted eye-lines come to rest on his back, scrutinizing him. He wheels around to see the dotted lines retract quickly into the eyes of the others. Andy tenses. Is something up? Perhaps... a conspiracy?

MUSIC: TENSE DRAMATIC STING

INT. JIM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

ON RADIO: "HEY MICKEY" - TONI BASIL

Andy gets in and **SLAMS** the door shut. His visible agitation catches the others by surprise.

ANDY

Yes, okay. I know what you guys are up
to. And I don't care! We're going to
the casino.

JIM

Okay.

ANDY

Don't pretend to agree with me--

(NOTICES MUSIC, SCREAMS) Will somebody
turn that freakin' music off?!

Jim turns the radio off, looking baffled. Andy pulls away from the gas station.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(CALMING DOWN A LITTLE) Listen, I know there's a plot against me, but that's okay. I forgive you all. But as your leader, let me assure you--

KEVIN'S HEAD

"Uneasy lies the head that--"

ANDY

Shut up! (MAKES "SILENCE!" GESTURES)

I am in charge here. I've got this trip firmly under control.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE CAR - THAT MINUTE

As the car **SPEEDS UP**, we see Andy has driven away with a big soda sitting on the roof and a torn-off gas hose still sticking out of the tank. A gas station ATTENDANT has been running along in pursuit, signaling frantically, but he runs out of breath and gives up.

INT. MISSION HILL - LOFT - VERY LATE

Gus holds a pole out the window. We still hear **BARKING**, but don't see Stogie. Wally, CARLOS, NATALIE and BABY NAMELESS watch Gus anxiously. They all look exhausted, even the baby.

WALLY

It's not working!

GUS

Just give it another hour.

NATALIE

It's inhumane!

WALLY

Gus, stop it!

Gus pulls in the pole. Hanging on the other end is Stogie, who has been stuffed into a bird cage.

GUS

(SHRUGS) It worked in the Navy.

STOGIE

(NON-STOP REPETITIVE BARKING)

WALLY

That dog is driving me mad. Throw me into the snakepit already!

CARLOS

Yeah, I'm going un poco loco, too.

The baby, hanging off Carlos's back in a Snuglie, beats on daddy's head in time to the barks. Just then, the phone **RINGS** and an answering machine picks up. Stogie immediately stops barking.

ANDY'S VOICE (ON MACHINE)

(LAID BACK) Please leave a message.

KEVIN'S VOICE (ON MACHINE)

(PANICKY) Andy, you didn't tell them who we are! Say the French residence!

ANDY'S VOICE (ON MACHINE)

No, get away.

KEVIN'S VOICE (ON MACHINE)

(DESPERATELY SAYING IT) French
residence! French residence! We're
the French--

PHONE SFX: BEEP. HANG-UP. DIAL TONE.

After a moment, Stogie starts **BARKING** again, louder than ever.

WALLY

Didja hear that? He stopped barking
when he heard Andy and Kevin's voice!
That's it -- he just misses the boys!
Aww, poor little fella!

CARLOS

(FRANTIC) Play the message again!

Wally pushes a button on the machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Message deleted.

NATALIE

Not that button! Press the other
button!

Wally looks at the machine carefully and then pushes another button.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Outgoing message deleted.

CARLOS/NATALIE/GUS/WALLY/BABY

(SCREAMS)

STOGIE

(NON-STOP REPETITIVE BARKING)

INT. JIM'S CAR - WAY AFTER MIDNIGHT

It's pitch black. Andy strains to see road signs -- but, at best, they're only half-illuminated as they speed by. His eyes dart nervously from the road to the roommates to the road to the dashboard controls back to the roommates.

ON RADIO: "LUNATICS (HAVE TAKEN OVER THE ASYLUM)" - FUN BOY THREE

Posey rides shotgun, looking at a road map. Jim stretches out in the back seat. Kevin's head is still poking out of its hole in the upholstery. They all look at Andy, their faces blank but somehow sinister.

KOREAN DEEJAY (ON RADIO)

(IN KOREAN) Dulum shim nika yo "Fun Boy

Three" meecheen woda bulumingo johon

"80's Hits Weekend"!

Sweat beads on Andy's forehead. To the sound of **LOUD THUMPING HEARTBEATS**, we INTERCUT between his nervous face, the others' faces, and the glaring headlights coming towards them, then suddenly...

KEVIN'S HEAD

(SHRIEKING) Andy, a truck!

SFX: TRUCK AIRHORN

POSEY & JIM

(STARTLED SOUNDS)

Andy snaps out of his paranoid reverie and swerves away from an 18-wheeler just in time.

ANDY

(TO POSEY) I thought you said this was a residential area!

POSEY

(SQUINTING AT MAP) Well, yes. Either
that or an interstate highway. (BEAT)
I can't see the map. Jim, may I borrow
your lighter?

Jim passes Posey his Zippo, and she lights it. The map
suddenly goes up in flames.

ANDY/JIM/KEVIN/POSEY

(GASPS AND SCREAMS)

OUTSIDE THE CAR

It's illuminated from within by the flaming map, which
floats around inside like a fireball. The car swerves
wildly into oncoming lanes.

BACK INSIDE

The fireball comes floating towards Kevin's head. He tries
to blow it back.

KEVIN'S HEAD

(PUFFS) Help! (PUFFS) Get it away
from me!!

Jim extinguishes the fire by throwing a soda over it,
soaking Kevin's head. Once the fire is out, everyone
breathes a **SIGH OF RELIEF**, except for Andy -- who pulls
over the car and turns to Posey in a rage.

ANDY

You did that on purpose!!

POSEY

What?

ANDY

You deliberately set the map on fire so we'd get lost! You're trying to sabotage this trip!

POSEY

No! The map just burst into flames by itself! Like... a miracle!

ANDY

A miracle?! That's likely, you evil brain-damaged dingbat!

POSEY

(BEAT) (BURSTS INTO TEARS)

KEVIN'S HEAD

You monster! You made Posey cry!
You're worse than Slobodan Milosevic!
Posey, are you okay?

POSEY

(THROUGH SNIFFLES) Yes... I just need some fruit... or beer or something.

JIM

(FED UP) All right, that's it.

Jim gets out of the car, opens Andy's door, shoves him into the passenger seat, and takes the wheel. Posey looks on with the same cryptic expression we saw in Act One.

ANDY

Aha! So there was a conspiracy against me!

JIM

Andy, you're freaking out, man, so I'm just gonna take over, okay?

KEVIN'S HEAD

Jim, now that you're in charge, let me appeal to your sense of decency. It's not too late to honor the short straw.

ANDY

The casino and I'll forgive you!

POSEY

Have you ever even been to a field of sunflowers?

KEVIN

Honor my grandmother!

ANDY

Where are we going?

JIM

Everybody shut up, okay? It's late and I'm starving and I need food before I can decide. I gotta get some Chicken Dipsies.

Jim's eyes narrow and he focuses intently on the road, scanning for his favorite fast food restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. "FAT SLOB'S" FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - LATER

The four wait on line in the crowded roadside restaurant. As Posey, Kevin and Andy continue to harangue Jim like spoiled kids, he looks increasingly stressed-out. He has his fingers in his ears and is muttering to himself to drown out the others, but apparently, it's not working.

KEVIN

Grandma's probably sitting up late,
worrying about us.

JIM

I just need Chicken Dipsies so I can
think.

ANDY

State-sanctioned Indian gambling!
Drinking! Girls!

JIM

I can't decide anything without some
Chicken Dipsies.

POSEY

Sunflowers make you feel free!

JIM

I just need Chicken Dipsies before I
can decide...

JIM'S P.O.V.

We hear **WEIRD, WAVY, BAD-DREAM MUSIC**, and everything begins to get distorted. Posey, Kevin and Andy's heads disembody and float around Jim.

KEVIN

(DISTORTED) Grandma... Grandma...

POSEY

(DISTORTED) Sunflowers...

Sunflowers...

ANDY

(INDIAN CHANTING) Whoo-whoohyaaa-

hyaaa-whooh-whoohyaaa-hyaaa...

Their heads transform into the heads of Grandma, a sunflower and an Indian, respectively.

REALITY

Posey, who is in line ahead of Jim, walks away from the counter with her tray of food. The perky, pug-faced COUNTERPERSON snaps Jim out of his fever dream.

COUNTERPERSON

Welcome to Fat Slob's. May I take your order?

JIM

("AT LAST!") One order of Chicken Dipsies, please!

COUNTERPERSON

Oooh, I'm sorry. We just ran out of those.

A beat of silence as Jim digests the news. Then his pupils start doing crazy spirals.

JIM

(WEIRD GURGLING SOUNDS)

COUNTERPERSON

(CHIPPER AND FAST) However, you can choose between Pork or Fish Dipsies and, of course, any one of our five dipping sauces, including new Zesty Hawaiian or original Salty Ranch. What'll it be?

JIM

(GOES BERSERK) AAAAGH!! I CAN'T DECIDE WITHOUT FOOD!! I'M NOT A COMPUTER!! I'M NOT A MACHINE!! YOU WANT DECISIONS, GIVE ME MY FOOD!!

Jim has a fit. In a weird stiff-armed, almost robotic manner, he begins to throw condiments, kick over garbage cans, throw chairs, pound on tables, etc. The roommates look on, Posey with her usual somewhat-cryptic expression.

ANDY, POSEY & KEVIN

(PANICKY AD LIBS) Calm down! / It's okay, Jim! / (ETC.)

JIM

No food, no decisions!! Fooooood decisions!! Foodisions! Disions! Dissszzzz! (COMPUTERISH BREAKDOWN)

The counterperson, shaking badly, tries to read to Jim from a book marked "Customer Service Manual".

COUNTERPERSON

(READING) "Sir, kindly refrain from shouting and/or hitting and/or shooting. Please take a seat and a Customer Representative will be with you. Or, you can step outside--"

Jim kicks the manual out of the counterperson's hand.

JIM

I can't decide! I can't decide! Stop marking me tor to decide!

MANAGER

(RUSHING OVER) For God's sake, don't make him "decide"!

We hear approaching **POLICE SIRENS**.

ANDY

Jim! Let's just go!

JIM

I can't leave now, these people don't understand my point yet!

EVERY CUSTOMER & EMPLOYEE

(NODDING EAGERLY) We do!

Andy, Posey, and Kevin drag the still-spazzing Jim out the door as the **SIRENS** get closer and we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAWN

The roommates hide out in the car, which is parked behind a dumpster a few hundred feet from the restaurant. We see police cars in the background leaving the scene. Posey tends to the post-delirious Jim in the backseat -- giving him water and stroking his head.

JIM

Guess I'm just no good at deciding. I guess.

ANDY

Jim, don't feel bad. I mean, I screwed up and I don't feel bad! (OFF THEIR LOOKS) I'm extraordinarily immature.

POSEY

Well, what are we supposed to do now? We still don't know where we're going.

KEVIN

(GENTLY) The straw, Jim. Do the right thing -- honor the straw.

JIM

Fine! Grandma's house! We'll go to Grandma's house! Done.

ANDY

(SPLUTTERING) But, wait, he -- no fair!

JIM

(BEGINS WHEEZING AND EYE-SPIRALING)

ANDY

Okay, okay! (NERVOUS CHUCKLES)

Grandma's house it is!

KEVIN

I'll drive, heh heh.

EXT. VAST HIGHWAY - EARLY MORNING

We see a WIDE SHOT of the car driving carefully down the highway at precisely five mph below the speed limit.

ON RADIO: "WEIRD SCIENCE" - OINGO-BOINGO

KEVIN (O.S.)

(SINGS ALONG, CHEERFUL AND OFF-KEY)

"Weird science! / From my heart and
from my hand / Why don't people
understand / My intention / Weird
science!"

ANDY (O.S.)

(RESIGNED SIGH)

INT. MISSION HILL - LOFT - DAY

Stogie has a curious look on his face, but he's not barking. WIDEN TO REVEAL Gus and Wally standing before him dressed like Andy and Kevin. Gus has on Andy's sweater, and Wally is wearing Kevin's S.A.T. T-shirt.

WALLY

You see that? I told you it would
work.

GUS

Yeah, but it's humiliatin'. Dressin'
up like a straight kid...

STOGIE

(BEGINS TO BARK SOFTLY)

GUS

(ALARMED) Uh-oh. Do something and
fast!

WALLY

Uh... talk like Andy!

GUS

Huh?

WALLY

Call me a douchebag!

GUS

(DIGUSTED) Aw, please! That's for
ladies' private business!

WALLY

For the love of Pete, do it! And lay
down on the couch -- and drink that
beer!

Gus lies stiffly down on the couch and picks up a bottle of
malt liquor. Wally urgently motions for him to start.

WALLY (CONT'D)

(STAGE WHISPER) Call me a douchebag.

GUS

Wally, you're a douchebag.

WALLY

Kevin! I'm Kevin!

GUS

Eh, Kevin, you douchebag. (OFF WALLY'S ENCOURAGEMENT, WOODEN) Oh, look, I believe I will have some Bugles. (CRAMS SOME INTO HIS MOUTH) Blaah. This box was filled with packing material. I mean, yum! I love this garbage!

Stogie has stopped barking and wags his tail happily. Wally paces nervously, pretending to be like Kevin and trying to keep Stogie distracted.

WALLY (AS KEVIN)

Andy is a pervert! I want to go to Yale! Pervert! Yale!

GUS (AS ANDY)

Douchebag!

Stogie couldn't be happier, or more silent.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - LATE MORNING

The car pulls up to Grandma's house, a nice little split-level in the suburbs of somewhere. Kevin is elated. Everyone else seems resigned.

KEVIN

Ahhh, Grandma's house. Now be honest, aren't you just a teensy bit excited?

ANDY

(VERY FRIENDLY AND EXCITED) No.

POSEY

I'm going to run ahead to the bathroom.

As the boys start unpacking the car, Posey jogs up to the front door.

TWO MINUTES LATER

They finish unloading as Posey returns, holding a note.

POSEY

Look! I found this note on the door.
(READS) "Dear Children, I've stepped out for supplies. I've got a wonderful weekend planned for you! We're going to weed the garden, clean the gutters, kill the snails, move the piano upstairs, and take down the storm windows. Tomorrow, we'll unclog the toilets, kill the hornets, shampoo the rugs, assemble the armoire..."

Everyone looks at each other, horrified, for a silent beat. Even Kevin.

SMASH CUT TO:

FOUR SECONDS LATER

The car **SPEEDS AWAY** from Grandma's in a cloud of dust.

KEVIN (O.S.)

(FAST) We'll-speak-to-her-on-the-
phone-at-Christmas-I'm-sure-she'll-be-
happy-Step-on-it.

INT. LOFT - LATER THAT DAY

Gus and Wally, both looking exhausted, are making a noble effort to keep up their "Andy and Kevin" act. Stogie looks on, wagging his tail cheerfully.

WALLY (AS KEVIN)

(ARGUING) Well, gosh, Andy, how do ya expect me to study with all your loud music and heterosexual sex going on all the time?!

GUS (AS ANDY)

Listen to me, Kevin: I'm a no-good lazy disrespectful bum, and I likes it that way! So quit badgerin' me!

Just then, Carlos, Natalie, and the baby enter.

GUS (CONT'D)

(DROPS THE ACT) Finally, the relief shift! (TO WALLY) C'mon, let's go get some sleep.

He pulls off his Andy sweater and passes it to Natalie. Wally begins to hand his Kevin accessories to Carlos.

NATALIE

(TO CARLOS) You be Andy this time. I'd rather not have too much more malt liquor while I'm breastfeeding.

We see a few bubbles rise from the tipsy baby's head.

CARLOS

Whatever you say, douchebag! (OFF HER FURIOUS LOOK) Andy! I'm Andy now! Bite me. (ANOTHER FURIOUS LOOK) I'm Andy! Caramba...

INT. JIM'S CAR - MID-AFTERNOON

ON RADIO: "99 LUFTBALLOONS" BY NENA

Posey is driving now, **GIGGLING** and bopping along joyfully to the music. Andy and Jim recline in the back, and Kevin is in the front passenger seat.

ANDY

So what are we supposed to do when we get to this "field of sunflowers"?

POSEY

Oh... dance around! (GIDDY GIGGLE)

Andy stretches out. But his feet are blocked by something under the seat. Curious, he reaches down and pulls out a crumpled bag from "Fat Slob's."

ANDY

(LOOKS INSIDE) Hey, this bag is loaded with Chicken Dipsies!

JIM

What?

POSEY

Oh, uh, those must be left over from the last time you used this car, Jim.

JIM

(SNIFFING) No, these are fresh. I'd say these Chicken Dipsies can't be more than (SNIFFS AGAIN) ...eight hours old.

KEVIN

I thought they ran out of Chicken
Dipsies. How could-- Why would there
be a bag of them hidden under our seat?

(BEAT) (GASP) Stop this car right now!

Alarmed, Posey pulls over onto the shoulder.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The roommates stand outside the car, looking puzzled as
Kevin paces back and forth in an agitated fashion.

ANDY

Come on! If you're going to be car-
sick, get it over with!

KEVIN

(DRAMATIC ANNOUNCEMENT) Gentlemen, I
submit that from the very beginning of
this trip, we were never going anywhere
but to a "field of sunflowers to dance
under a rainbow."

JIM

What are you talking about?

KEVIN

We have been manipulated by the
greatest manipulator the world has ever
seen: Posey!

Everyone turns to Posey, who looks simultaneously innocent
and -- perhaps -- slightly shifty.

ANDY

(DISMISSIVE FARTING SOUND) Kevin,
being away from your computer for two
days has driven you insane.

But Kevin continues to march about, gesticulating and
pontificating like a master detective.

KEVIN

She systematically eliminated every
destination except her own. Her first
gambit was to destroy me -- by making
me incredibly annoying.

Andy and Jim turn to each other and start **LAUGHING**.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Yes, har har, more annoying than
usual...

FLASHBACK CLIP FROM ACT ONE:

POSEY (FLASHBACK)

Kevin, why don't you tell us about all
the neat things we're going to do at
Grandma's? Maybe that will cheer us
up.

KEVIN (FLASHBACK)

A brilliant idea, Posey! We can...

IN THE PRESENT

Jim and Andy look unconvinced. But Kevin pushes ahead.

KEVIN

Shortly thereafter, a mutiny. Next, Posey made Andy seem paranoid and out-of-control by deliberately setting the map on fire. For once, Andy, your paranoid delusions were correct!

ANDY

(PARANOID) They're always correct.

FLASHBACK CLIP FROM ACT TWO:

The scene where the map goes up in flames, followed by the scene of Andy screaming at Posey.

IN THE PRESENT

KEVIN

Shortly thereafter, a second mutiny. Sweet, innocent Jim was next. Posey ruthlessly pushed him over the brink -- by buying every remaining Chicken Dipsie!

FLASHBACK CLIP FROM ACT TWO:

As Jim steps up to the counter, Posey steps away with her order -- a mysterious bulging sack.

IN THE PRESENT

POSEY

That's preposterous! I'm a vegetarian!

KEVIN

Which is why you could not eat the evidence!

Kevin indicates the "Fat Slob's" sack, from which Jim is now eating.

JIM

(CHEWING, MOUTH FULL) If this is true,
you'll pay.

POSEY

(HIGH FALSE LAUGH) Come now. Haven't
we indulged Kevin's puerile rantings
long enough? We're wasting valuable
dancing time!

KEVIN

Then, the coup de grâce... May I see
Grandma's note, please?

POSEY

No. Absolutely not.

KEVIN

Produce it immediately, madam!

Posey hands over the note. Her eyes dart nervously.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(READING) "Dear Kids, I just ran out
to the market to get some milk.
There's a chocolate cake in the pantry.
Make yourselves at home! Love,
Granbag."

Kevin, Andy, and Jim turn to Posey with accusatory stares.

POSEY

(BREAKING DOWN) Well... Nobody took my idea seriously! I'm sick of being patronized all the time! I have real suggestions and they're not crazy! Listen to me!

But they just stare at her in disbelief.

POSEY (CONT'D)

(RESENTFUL) Just be glad my other plans didn't work out, like driving over Andy's foot or stealing the steering wheel...

ANDY

Posey, I can't believe you. You manipulated us this whole trip!

JIM

(ANGRY) And where's the sauce for these Chicken Dipsies?!

A beat. Then tears begin to well up in Posey's eyes.

POSEY

I'm sorry. I just wanted to be treated with respect, and dignity... and to dance in a field of sunflowers!

Posey starts crying. Andy and Kevin and Jim look somewhat ashamed.

POSEY (CONT'D)

(SOBBING) I'm really a nice person.

I-I didn't mean to be... manipulative.

She looks up with the sweetest, saddest face anyone has ever seen.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. A FIELD OF SUNFLOWERS - DAY

Posey (with the slightest hint of a sneaky smile) dances around jubilantly in a field of sunflowers. Sure enough, there's a rainbow in the sky, too. Jim and Andy lean against the car, drinking beers. Kevin is **SNEEZING** violently and wiping his watery, allergic eyes.

ANDY

You know, I'm kinda glad we ended up here.

JIM

It is pretty. Huh, Kevin?

But Kevin can only **SNEEZE** his head off. Jim and Andy **CLINK** their beers and smile. From inside the car, we hear...

FINAL DEEJAY (ON RADIO)

Well, that just about wraps up our "80's Flashback Holiday Weekend" on NPR. Here's one more...

ON RADIO: "I MELT WITH YOU" - MODERN ENGLISH

Jim and Andy smile as Posey continues to dance joyously, spinning round and round in the sea of sunflowers.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW