

UNTITLED DRUG TRIP FILM

Written by

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EXT. DESERT SUNRISE - DAY

Every color on the spectrum is represented. Can't possibly look as spectacular as being there. But damn close.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Dear, Boys: Suppose you reading
this means Momma grew her wings.

VARIOUS EARLY MORNING SHOTS IN DESERT

- BIRD SOARS

- TARANTULA CRAWLS

- RATTLESNAKE RATTLES

CLOSE ON - TRAILHEAD HIKING SIGN

HIKER ICON. Bent over hiking stick.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Mr. Reaper ain't such a bad fella.

Contrast the HIKER ICON with GARY, late 30s.

INT. GARY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gary sits in the driver's seat. Pudgy in his NEW TRACKSUIT.

CLOSE ON - DASHBOARD

A SILVER THERMOS, labeled "MOM'S ASHES: To be dumped at Vasquez Rocks on 9.1.2014"

MOTHER (V.O.)

Death brings families together.

(beat)

At least my death will.

ON GARY

Nervous. Strains over his shoulder. Glares in rearview mirror. Coast is clear.

MOTHER (V.O.)

This is your Mother's final
request. For the three of us to
take one last trip.

He grabs the thermos. Turns it upside down -

CLOSE ON - THERMOS BOTTOM

Taped underneath is a WAXY ENVELOPE.

Gary peels off the waxy square, inside is an LSD BLOTTER.

ON GARY

Closes his eyes. Puts the ACID TAB on his tongue.

MOTHER (V.O.)

A family who fries together, stays
together. You'll see... a Mother
knows...

EXT. TRAILHEAD PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Gary squirts HAND SANITIZER in his palms. The sanitizer
calms him instantly -

- Until a DIRTY PICKUP wheels in. Kicks up more DUST.

GARY'S POV

DONNIE, early 40s. High horses over the flatbed. JEANS.
SAFARI JACKET. PHOTOGRAPHY CAMERA around neck.

MOTHER (V.O.)

My death will bring you boys
closer. Plus...

(beat)

You'll discover who your Dad is.

CLOSE ON - HANDSHAKE

The brothers shake hands.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- TRAILHEAD - MOMENTS LATER

Gary squirts sanitizer. Rubs vigorously.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Hint - he was handsome. And
famous. In the 1950s, anyway...

LAPTOP BAG hangs limp over Gary's shoulder. Studies COMPASS.

GARY

Calculated the coordinates.

Compares compass to GPS coordinates on a CRUDELY DRAWN MAP.
The MAP is TORN IN HALF.

GARY (CONT'D)
Two miles West, then we turn on -

DONNIE
I know. I know. We're going to
Vasquez Rocks, yeah?

GARY
If you know, why am I here?

DONNIE
Let me see the half Mom gave you...

Gary grips the map. Donnie's PHONE RINGS. He ignores it.

GARY
Give me your half. Stay here, take
your phone calls with whoever.
I'll go on ahead and tell you who
Dad is later.

Donnie lugs his hiking pack, grunts. It's huge, with a
SLEEPING BAG, WATER JUG, TINS... he's prepared.

He pulls out a LENS from his pocket. Removes the CAP.

CLOSE ON - CAMERA LENS

LSD BLOTTERS.

Donnie sticks his tongue out like a little kid.

Drops the TAB.

DONNIE
You? Go by yourself? Impossible.

Gary glances down at -

GARY'S FEET

He has TWO LEFT FEET.

He sits down. Removes his shoes.

GARY
I lost my right shoe.

DONNIE
Maybe it didn't want to be around
your left shoe anymore.
(beat)
I don't blame it.

Gary glances into the DISTANCE, AT -

- VASQUEZ ROCKS. The sandstone peaks stick out of the ground like the Earth is flipping us off.

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - DAY

Sloping sand dotted with army-green sagebrush.

ON GARY

Already exhausted. Gasps like a Saint Bernard. His tracksuit makes NOISE - a Swisst Swisst SWISSST sound.

GARY'S POV

Up ahead - at Donnie. Hikes a quick clip.

Gary pushes harder... he glances down at his -

TRACKSUIT

A NUMBER "2" is taped to his chest.

ON GARY

Motivated. He jogs. Jog turns into a RUN.

HALLUCINATION SOUND - STADIUM AUDIENCE CHEERS

Gary pushes harder. Sweat pours down his temples. He eyeballs ahead -

GARY'S POV - IN THE DISTANCE

Beyond Donnie, is a FINISH LINE, represented by TAPE.

CLOSE ON - SMALL DESERT INSECT

ON DONNIE

Crouches down, focuses camera. Holds his breath. About to take the shot. When he hears -

GARY'S TRACKSUIT (O.C.)
Swisst Swisst Swissssssssttt!

SWISSSSSSHTTTT! The INSECT flies off.

Gary raises his arms high. Red-faced. Perspired.

GARY'S POV

He DARTS past Donnie - and THROUGH THE FINISH LINE TAPE.

HALLUCINATION SOUND - THE CROWD ROARS!

Gary glances down at his shirt - the number "2" is now a number "1".

GARY

I won!

Donnie doesn't know what Gary is talking about.

DONNIE

Your pants precede you, Gar.

GARY

My pants only know how to be pants.

Gary stops. But the sound of his pants CONTINUES...

MOTHER (V.O.)

Don't be scared.

HALLUCINATION SOUND - GARY'S PANTS MAKE THE "SWISST" NOISE, EVEN THOUGH HE ISN'T MOVING.

MOTHER (V.O.)

You will hear things...

ON DONNIE

Points to a SAGEBRUSH.

MOTHER (V.O.)

...and see things...

DONNIE'S POV

The SAGEBRUSH. The former dusty green color is now bright and LUMINOUS. He scans other desert scenery - the sand, the rocks, the sky - everything is bright and has a living, BREATHING quality.

He takes a PICTURE.

MOTHER (V.O.)

...As if for the first time.

ON GARY

His eyes GO WIDE.

MOTHER (V.O.)
 You see? Everything is alive!

GARY'S POV

He doesn't see a magnanimous sagebrush. He sees a DEAD ANIMAL, abuzz with FLIES.

Overhead - HE SEES VULTURES circling.

HALLUCINATION SOUND - AN AXE SWIPES THE AIR

Gary turns his head - beyond the dead animal, and sees -

GARY
 Mr. Reaper.

GARY'S POV

A MAN in a BLACK CLOAK. DARK HOOD covers his face. He carries a SYTH.

It IS the GRIM REAPER. And it's headed straight for Gary.

ON GARY

Scared. Grabs Donnie's arm.

GARY (CONT'D)
 Come on, let's keep moving.

EXT. CAVE - LATER

Donnie and Gary admire a PETROGLYPH. The image drawn on the rock is a MAN with his arms raised. Towards the SUN.

DONNIE (O.C.)
 Who do you think he is?

CUT TO:

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - AFTERNOON

Gary puts his arms up in the air. The same position as the Petroglyph Man. Towards the sun.

GARY (O.C.)
 Who?

WE NOTICE the WATER BOTTLE attached to Gary's waist has a hole in it. He LEAKS WATER.

Donnie takes shots of snake trails... sagebrush... flowers...
RANDOM THINGS. Despite the mild sunburn, he is fascinated by
everything.

DONNIE

Dad. Who do you think Dad was?

GARY

Some asshole.

Gary is the opposite. His face is very sunburned. And he's
nervous. Looks over his shoulder.

DONNIE

Come on, Gar. Why can't our Dad be
Elvis? Or JFK? Or Jim Morrison?

GARY'S POV

HE SEES the GRIM REAPER.

Stands atop a boulder.

HALLUCINATION SOUND - AXE SWIPES the air.

Gary stops. Continues to stare at the Reaper. Gary's lips
are PARCHED, PEELING. He looks terrified.

DONNIE (O.S.)

Shit, you're water's leaking.

Gary glances down at his water bottle. He pulls it off his
belt - unscrews the lid. Turns it upside down.

Only DROPS come out.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Bro, you need to stay hydrated.
Drink mine.

Donnie unscrews his water bottle - offers to Gary.

GARY

You put your lips on it?

DONNIE

Waterfall it.

Gary screws the lid back on. Hands to Donnie.

GARY

I'm fine.

Glances back at -

CLOSE ON - GRIM REAPER

Still stands atop the boulder. Stares right at Gary.

Gary rubs his eyes. Sweat drips down his face.

GARY (CONT'D)

I'm going back to the car.

DONNIE

What about Mom's last request?

GARY

I don't want to die out here.

DONNIE

Don't you want to find out who our
Dad is?

Gary digs in his pocket. Shoves Donnie his half of the map.

GARY

It's not Elvis. Dad is probably
just a corpse.

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - LATER

Gary trudges. Barefoot. His shirt over his face. He PEEKS
through the fabric at -

BOULDER -

The Grim Reaper is still there, watching him.

ON GARY

Walks faster. Eyes VULTURES above. Turns over his shoulder -

GARY'S POV

A WOLF trails him. Licks his chops.

WOLF

(subtitled)

Your Father was delicious.

ON GARY

Faster. Checks again at the -

BOULDER -

The Grim Reaper is no longer there!

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - LATER

Gary runs, full speed. Or as humanely possible as a dehydrated, tripped-out, half-naked man can.

He stumbles across a BARREN FIELD -

CLOSE ON - SIGN

Reads: "FIRE JULY 7th 2007"

ON GARY

Turns over his shoulder -

THE GRIM REAPER walks towards him. Gaining.

HALLUCINATION SOUND - AXE THROUGH THE AIR

CLOSE ON - SNAKE

Slithers across the sand, spells out "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, GARY."

ON GARY

Puzzled.

GARY

It's not my birthday.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Don't make me come down there.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOULDER PINNACLE - DAY

The GRIM REAPER STANDS ON TOP OF THE BOULDER

GRIM REAPER'S POV - VIA CAMERA LENS, ZOOMED IN -

ON GARY - A human ant.

Removes the camera out of frame, and -

GARY LOOKS NORMAL

HALLUCINATION SOUND - BIRTHDAY PARTY AMBIANCE

Children and adults... the sounds of party guests chatting, laughing, "ooohing" and "awwwing" over a BIRTHDAY CAKE.

CLOSE ON - GARY

A woman with RED PRESS-ON NAILS cover Gary's eyes.

EXT. VASQUEZ ROCKS - HALLUCINATORY FLASHBACK - DAWN

Gary sits at a table. The woman with red nails has her hands over his eyes. (We never see her face, she's out of frame).

In front of Gary is a BIRTHDAY CAKE with 15 CANDLES.

Gary is an adult, not 15. And he's still dressed in his hiking tracksuit.

CLOSE ON - RED NAILS

As they are removed from Gary's eyes. The nails CLAW across his face. Leaving TRACK MARKS OF BLOOD.

It looks like WARPAINT.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Make a wish, Gary.

Gary BLOWS out the candles.

STREAMERS and CONFETTI drop from the sky all over Gary and the cake.

HALLUCINATION SOUND - Ambient noise of people clapping.

CLOSE ON - BIRTHDAY PRESENT

Hands peel off paper from the box like dried skin.

EXT. BOULDER PINNACLE - DAY

Gary rubs his face, his face is peeling. He's covered in STREAMERS. When he removes the streamers, he sees -

He now stands on top of the boulder. FACE TO FACE with the REAPER.

The Reaper swings his Syth - and GARY JUMPS!

GARY
Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!

MOTHER (V.O.)
 Make a wish, Gary.

EXT. VASQUEZ ROCKS -- HALLUCINATORY FLASHBACK- DAWN

Gary SUCKS IN AIR. The candles are RELIT. (played backwards).

GARY
 I wish to find my brother.

The RED NAILED hands are placed back over Gary's eyes.

Gary reaches blindly at the BIRTHDAY PRESENT. He pulls out the object -

CLOSE ON - POLAROID CAMERA

Gary opens his eyes. Admires the camera. WE SEE from across the table Donnie (also an adult) admires the camera, too.

Donnie drops the board game CANDY LAND in front of Gary.

DONNIE
 Fair trade, Gar?

GARY
 Yeah.

Donnie grabs the Polaroid - a "600 Cool Cam Instamatic."

EXT. BOULDER - AFTERNOON

Gary FALLS, stumbles to the bottom of the boulder. He gets to his feet, and realizes he's no longer beneath the boulder, but at -

EXT. VASQUEZ ROCKS - CONTINUOUS

Gary steps backwards, trips over -

DONNIE

He's pale. Sweaty. Party streamers are wrapped around Donnie's leg.

GARY
 What happened?

DONNIE
 Rattler bit me.

Gary removes the party streamers... and reveals -

CLOSE ON - DONNIE'S WOUND

Red and nasty.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

You're going to have to suck out
the venom.

GARY

What?

Gary's complexion turns from blistered-red to a pale green.

He squirts the last of his SANITIZER on the wound.

HALLUCINATION SOUND - the LAST DREGS of the sanitizer squirts
out, but -

WE SEE only party confetti comes out of the bottle.

CLOSE ON - GARY

He puckers up. Sucks the venom out of Donnie's leg. Spits
it out.

GARY (CONT'D)

Water! Water!

Gary grabs Donnie's water bottle. Unscrews the cap - it's
empty.

DONNIE

I only have these...

Donnie removes a LENS CAP, reveals MORE LSD BLOTTERS.

EXT. VASQUEZ ROCKS - LATER

Donnie and Gary sit side by side. Their faces are red, lips
parched. The life left their faces... at death's door.

DONNIE

Check my bag.

Gary fishes inside Donnie's bag. Pulls out the POLAROID
CAMERA from his birthday hallucination.

GARY

My camera!

DONNIE
Actually, it's my camera. You
traded it.

(Beat)
You can have it back.

ON DONNIE AND GARY

They take turns snapping Polaroid photos of one another.
Laughing. Selfies on LSD.

EXT. VASQUEZ ROCKS - EVENING

Donnie and Gary are contemplative. Out of strength.

DONNIE
We're gonna die without knowing who
our Dad is.

GARY
You don't have your maps?

DONNIE
I gave them to a clown.

GARY
Oh. We can rule out Crocodile
Dundee. He would never have let
that rattler bite him.

Donnie's stomach growls.

DONNIE
I'm hungry. Do we have anything we
can eat? We need nutrients.

CLOSE ON - POLAROIDS

The brothers break tear up the photos... and eat them.

CLOSE ON - POLAROID CAMERA

Broken into bite-sized chunks. Picked up like finger food.

CLOSE ON - LAPTOP

The keyboard is broken apart - the computer brain strewn
about.

ON GARY

Chewing.

GARY
Tastes like chicken.

ON DONNIE

Grossed out.

DONNIE
Keyboards are bad for you. They're dirtier than a toilet seat.

ON GARY

Look of amazement. He quickly eats up the rest of the computer pieces.

GARY
The GPS data - it was in my laptop.
(beat)
NOW, that data is IN MY BRAIN. I know the coordinates to get to Dad!

EXT. VASQUEZ ROCKS - LATER

Gary drags an unfurled sleeping bag. Donnie lies on it.

Ext. cave - night

Gary drags Donnie by the sleeping bag into a cave. He lights a fire.

DONNIE
This is where we'll find Dad?

The flames cast shadows and dance across the cave walls.

GARY
While we wait to meet Dad, let's say goodbye to Mom.

Gary digs in his laptop bag. Pulls out the SILVER THERMOS.

CLOSE ON - CAMPFIRE

Gary empties half the ashes into the fire. Passes the thermos to Donnie, who empties the rest.

GARY'S POV

The thermos is filled with CONFETTI. He doesn't see ashes, but colorful confetti flutter into the fire.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Son?

ON GARY AND DONNIE

They spin around, and SEE -

CLOSE ON - CAVE WALL

An ALIEN FORM... skinny legs and arms, round BULBOUS HEAD casts a SHADOW across the cave wall.

ON GARY

Jumps up, approaches the shadow.

GARY

Dad! We found you!

WE SEE - GARY'S SHADOW

Cast on the cave wall, his shadow EMBRACES the ALIEN SHADOW.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You boys okay? Do you need a ride?

INT. UFO - NIGHT

It's a speedy vehicle. That darts across the desert landscape. RED LIGHTS and YELLOW LIGHTS circle the cabin.

HALLUCINATION SOUND - BEEPS... WOOSHES... GRAVITY SUCTION. Sounds of LIFT OFF.

GARY

Can you believe this? We're in Dad's UFO!

Donnie lies in the trunk. Gary sits up front in the passenger seat.

DONNIE

Of course! Why didn't I think of the Roswell crash. See? I knew he was famous!

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Actually, the fateful Roswell crash for my species...

(glances at Gary)

I mean... OUR species...

GARY
Thanks, Dad...

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
...Was 1947...

DONNIE (O.C.)
So you're older than Mom said.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Your Mother was never great with
historical dates...

GARY
Dad, Donnie's leg is pretty bad.
Do you think we can get medical
treatment on your planet?

CUT TO:

WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENING

INT. RANGER TRUCK - NIGHT

A Kris Kringal kind of NATIONAL PARK RANGER drives Gary and
Donnie in his truck. YELLOW LIGHTS shine the way into the
desert ahead.

He glances into the flatbed - SEES -

DONNIE

His leg is fine. Despite Donnie's constant grimace.

DONNIE
It's real bad, Dad.

CLOSE ON - DONNIE'S LEG

A MOSQUITO BITE. Small red bump.

ON FOREST RANGER

Plays along.

FOREST RANGER
I think Donnie is going to be just
fine. As long as you brothers look
out for one another.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Listen to your Father, Boys. He
knows...

The Ranger SMILES at Gary. Who smiles back... tripped out of
his mind.

END.