

ROAD RATS

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Story by
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FADE IN:

INT. MODERN VERSION OF AN EGYPTIAN THRONE ROOM - DAY

KING TRICKY - Caucasian, forties, wearing jeans, white T-shirt, gold and emerald necklace, Topsiders, a bottle cap crown, and a cape made of hummingbird wings - sits on his throne which is actually a leather car seat.

He is holding a jewel-encrusted goblet.

TWO BEAUTIFUL ASIAN WOMEN are giving him a pedicure, dressed in short white coats, hair in buns, eye-glasses.

THREE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRLS - early twenties, all wearing marijuana leaf bikinis - are in an assembly line that produces giant marijuana cigarettes.

One is trimming giant marijuana buds with gold scissors. She pulls the buds from a gold 50-gallon drum.

The next is breaking up the buds with gold fingernails.

The third is rolling them into foot-long joints in huge gold rolling papers. She places them on a silver tray.

Tricky takes one and lights it from a candle in the shape of a naked woman. We are in Tricky's fantasy land.

A BUTLER - English type - approaches. He is carrying a bowl of shaving cream, brush, razor, scissors and a comb.

BUTLER

Care for a trim sir?

KING TRICKY

Sure, grab a nug.

BUTLER

No sir, I mean your hair...

KING TRICKY

Oh yeah, skin me out.

BUTLER

May I take your cape, sir?

KING TRICKY

No. Once you put on a cape made of hummingbird wings you never want to take it off. Can you work around it?

BUTLER

Certainly sir. Not a problem.

The butler moves behind Tricky. Tricky lowers his power car seat. His head reclines into a golden marble sink.

The butler lathers his head and face.

BUTLER (CONT'D)

You're looking well today, sir. And may I say you smell wonderful. Are you perchance sporting a new aftershave?

KING TRICKY

Yeah. It's called *A Hundred Octane* by Shell.

BUTLER

Well it suits you to a tee. Certainly makes my job enjoyable.

A CHEF - forties, heavy, French - appears, holding a golden plate of seafood. This is PIERRE.

PIERRE

Are you ready for your third lunch sir? I believe this plate has all the essence of the mongow that you require. You should, how do you say? Get it on the inside.

KING TRICKY

Thank you, Pierre. Don't mind if I do. It looks good as fuck.

The Butler finishes and leaves just a thin mustache on Tricky's lip, wraps face in hot towel, avoiding joint.

Tricky raises seat back up, still smoking giant joint.

Pierre presents him with seafood. Tricky discards towel, picks at the plate, licks fingers. Pierre refills his goblet with Steel Reserve malt liquor.

An electric sign BUZZES and FLASHES on the wall. It reads: KING'S DAILY POEM.

Everyone freezes. All eyes are on King Tricky. King Tricky unrolls a scroll and stands up.

KING TRICKY (CONT'D)

Good morning loyal subjects. I have a new Trik-u for you...

Everyone applauds excitedly and they all lean in to listen. King Tricky clears his throat.

KING TRICKY (CONT'D)
Always remember, anything is possible. Circle makes the square.

Everyone nods in agreement. His court and SUBJECTS (O.S.) repeat the last two lines like they are in church.

EVERYONE
Anything is possible. Circle makes the square.

TRICKY
(toasts)
Heres to the blood of the unicorn!

EVERYONE
All hail King Tricky!

Pierre refills his goblet again.

Tricky takes a swig, admires himself in the gold mirror the butler is holding for him, gets up and walks down the grand hall, carrying the goblet, smoking the giant joint.

Lining both sides of the hall are his SUBJECTS: All YOUNG BLONDE SURFER GIRLS wearing polka-dot bikinis. They toss bouquets of pot plants at Tricky's feet.

Tricky dips his fingers in the goblet and sprinkles them with Steel Reserve. They squeal in delight.

At the front of the hall are two enormous golden doors. The music climaxes. Tricky kicks the doors open.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SMALL RURAL FARM IN CENTRAL FLORIDA - DAWN

Peacocks and geese run freely. There is a small main house and several dilapidated outbuildings including an old leaning red barn. An old Chevy pick-up is parked against the fence.

EXT. BARN

The barn doors fly open as if they are the other side of the throne room doors.

Tricky - dressed in baggy shorts, ripped jersey with the number 00, girls flip-flops, extension cord belt, pants falling down, broken straw cowboy hat, necklace made from washers strung on twine - emerges and stretches.

He is holding a can of Steel Reserve and smoking a roach. He sucks in hard and the roach is sucked into his mouth.

He CHOKES and slams last of the Steel, bends double and vomits violently, but recovers instantly. He crushes the can and tosses it into the yard.

TRICKY

Pon, get up and walk the dog. We gotta hit the road before the old man wakes up. I'm gonna roll one.

A CLATTER OF BOTTLES is heard in the dark barn.

Tricky pulls a ragged grocery store bag (triple bagged) full of weed out of his pocket and starts to roll one.

PON - Caucasian, mid-twenties, a younger version of Tricky - appears sleepily, dragged by a large, wild, mixed breed dog straining at his rusty chain leash.

Tricky tears the glue strip off the rolling paper, quickly rolls a sloppy joint and lights it with a match.

PON

(straining against the leash)
Gimme a hit off that.

TRICKY

You'll get some of the next one, do your job.

Pon reaches out. Tricky hands it out, then pulls it back.

TRICKY (CONT'D)

(taking a long drag)
I'm gonna bring the truck around.
Get the hose. We're outta gas.

PON

You just told me to walk the dog.

TRICKY

Walk the dog then get the hose.
What are you retarded? Make sure he cags.

EXT. BARNYARD

Pon chains the dog to a tree.

Tricky rounds the corner in an old beat-up VW pick-up truck, joint in mouth.

The truck bed is overflowing with newspapers, rusty tools, a broken ATV, clothes, radios, TVs, canned, boxed, and fresh food, and all manner of detritus.

He parks alongside the old Chevy which by comparison looks brand new.

Pon digs in the truck bed and finds a long black hose.

Tricky unscrews the gas cap on the Chevy, inserts the hose and starts to suck. He spits out a mouthful of gas and sticks the other end in the VW's gas tank.

He pukes again, but keeps the joint lit.

TRICKY

Pon, get me a ketchup packet and a beer.

Pon pulls a ketchup packet out of the glove box and digs a can of Steel Reserve out of the truck bed.

PON

Come on, gimme some of that.

Tricky hands the joint to him, Pon barely gets his mouth on it and Tricky snatches it back.

TRICKY

That's enough, you'll wreck it.

Tricky takes the ketchup packet, tears it and sucks it down, grabs the beer, cracks it, and takes a long swig.

TRICKY (CONT'D)

That's an honest beer right there.
Got some kick to it. I love the
smell of Steel in the morning...
This shit could make a unicorn cry
tears of blood. Pack up. We'll get
coffee down the road.

Pon enters the barn, rolls the sleeping bags and gathers utensils. There is a large mess left in the barn.

Tricky takes another swig and drag and pukes for a third time. Then immediately hits the beer and joint again.

EXT. INTERSTATE 75

The truck cruises up the flat, empty stretch of highway.

INT. TRUCK CAB

Tricky is Driving. Pon rides shotgun. The dog restlessly scrambles around in the back.

TRICKY

Awww Pon, we on the road now. If we float her steady we can make Cali in three-four days. You better start enjoying your last week of freedom.

PON

I told you I ain't doing it.

TRICKY

Yes you is. And you gonna do it smiling.

PON

She's only fifteen.

TRICKY

So? They age different in the mountains. Fifteen is like thirty.

PON

And she's already two-hundred and fifty pounds.

TRICKY

So? They weigh different too. Two-fifty is like one-twenty-five.

PON

Right.

TRICKY

More bounce per ounce! They don't call her Two Moons for nothing. You a lucky man. She's an Indian Princess and her daddy is the chief. You marrying into California royalty, boy.

PON

No I ain't. I ain't marrying a fat fifteen-year old Indian girl I don't even know.

TRICKY

You know she got ten thousand acres of the best growing land in the country. That's all you need to know.

PON

I don't care if she got ten million acres and her daddy is King Tut. I ain't getting married. I'm too young. And she's way too young. I already got a girlfriend anyway.

TRICKY

Who? The Tumbler?

EXT. HOUSE - CENTRAL FLORIDA SUBURB - DAY - FLASHBACK

A modest two-bedroom house in a sprawling development. The front yard slopes down toward the road.

Tricky, Pon, and THE TUMBLER - mid-twenties, pretty in a rough way, missing teeth - are sitting in lawn chairs drinking cocktails.

Suddenly The Tumbler SHRIEKS, falls out of her chair and goes tumbling down the hill.

PON

Oh no, not again.

INT. TRUCK CAB - PRESENT

PON

Yeah, the Tumbler.

TRICKY

That ain't a girlfriend, that's a problem. You got 99 problems and a bitch *is* one.

PON

The only problem I got is you. And I ain't marrying that girl.

TRICKY

Yes you is. Think about it. We'll be set for life.

PON

You'll be set for life. I'll be trapped for life.

TRICKY

You're doing it if I have to drag you by the few hairs you got left on your pea head.

PON

Look who's talking, you ain't got no hairs left at all.

TRICKY

(takes off hat and rubs his scalp)

That's because I just skinned out. Gotta look right for the lot lizards. You skin out on top and wear a clean white T-shirt. Then you walk around standing up real straight and you look like a giant dick.

PON

You look like a giant dick all right. There's a Crack-onalds, pull over. I'm starving.

TRICKY

Oh, you're starving? Why, cuz you ain't eaten for six hours? That sounds like a First World problem to me. Right now you in the Republic of Tricky's Cab where it's Third World all the time. There's some mayonnaise packets in the glove box. They'd kill you dead for one of those any day of the week in Haiti. I could run this whole country on one mayonnaise packet.

PON

Don't you want your coffee? And you need to wash up, you stink.

TRICKY

I stink? You smell like a dead hooker.

PON

I'm clean. I showered in the farm hose yesterday. You're stinking up the whole truck. Pull over. We need to refill the jugs anyway.

TRICKY

Alright, but be quick about it. I
wanna make East Texas by tonight.
If we don't get to Humboldt by
harvest time we won't get our cut.
And I don't want to be late for
your wedding...

EXT. MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT.

The truck pulls in and parks.

Tricky picks up two filthy, hairy, cracked McDonald's coffee
cups from the floor. They disembark.

As the door opens the dog lunges for the exit, dragging the
chain around the cab, tearing everything up and showering the
parking lot with debris.

TRICKY

Pon, clean that up.

INT. MCDONALD'S

Tricky ignores the line and goes right to the front. He puts
the two busted cups on the counter. No lids.

TRICKY

Two refills.

COUNTER GIRL

Um, did you get those here?

TRICKY

Yeah.

COUNTER GIRL

Well I've been here since we opened
and I haven't seen you. I'm afraid
I can't give you free refills.

TRICKY

(growls)

Two Senior coffees, how much?

COUNTER GIRL

Forty-four cents.

Tricky digs in his pockets, pulls out a handful of change and
tosses it on the counter along with lint, sawdust, and a
crumpled rolling paper.

He grabs the rolling paper and re-pockets it. The girl counts out forty-four cents. Tricky pockets the rest.

TRICKY
Four creams and four sugars.

COUNTER GIRL
In each?

TRICKY
No. In both.

Tricky heads back toward the rest room. The customers in line are annoyed.

COUNTER GIRL
(gets the coffee)
Where did he go?

INT. MCDONALD'S MEN'S ROOM

Tricky enters as Pon exits.

TRICKY
Get the coffee.

Tricky turns on all three sinks to hot. The mirror starts to steam up.

Tricky takes off his hat and shoes and undresses. He sits in one sink with his feet in the other and leans his head back in the third.

He is lathering up with the hand soap, shaving, and brushing his teeth all at the same time.

An OLD MAN emerges from a stall, sees Tricky and almost faints.

TRICKY (CONT'D)
Can't you see I'm taking a bath?!

INT. MCDONALD'S

Pon goes to the counter and grabs the coffees.

COUNTER GIRL
Is that guy your father?

PON
Uncle.

COUNTER GIRL
Is he always so rude?

PON
Don't take it personally. He hasn't
had his medication yet.

OLD MAN
Um, excuse me miss, but there's a
naked lunatic taking a bath in the
men's room sink.

The Counter Girl looks at Pon who shrugs and smiles.

INT. MCDONALD'S

Pon sits in the kids play section, pulls a pint of whiskey
out of his pocket and pours some in both coffees.

Tricky approaches, re-dressed and dripping wet.

PON
How was your shower?

TRICKY
Good. Nice and hot.

Tricky takes a sip of his coffee. He tastes the liquor.

TRICKY (CONT'D)
Pon you motha-fucka. You Royaled
it.

PON
You made quite an impression on the
counter girls. I think the short
one likes you.

TRICKY
Bitch wouldn't give me refills.
Cost me my last forty-four cents.

Tricky reaches into his pocket and pulls out a handful of
ketchup packets. He tears one and sucks on it, leaving it
dangling from his mouth.

TRICKY (CONT'D)
I can tell if a town is any good or
not by one suck on a ketchup
packet.

PON
How's this one?