

ON THE ROAD WE TRUST

Pilot

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EXT. BARSTOW-BAKERSFIELD HIGHWAY - DAY

A VW bus, lime green body, white top, chugs down the highway.

Top back luggage rack piled with suitcases.

The sepia toned delivery box skyline of Bakersfield sulks,
the Tehachapis mountains tower in the background.

Through the front a gas station squeegeed, one chip
windshield, we see BARB, forty seven and SUE also forty
seven, Both in T-shirts and jeans, scream along at the top of
their lungs to Chumbawamba.

AM RADIO, BARB & SUE

"I get knocked down, but I get up
again
You are never gonna keep me down
I get knocked down, but I get up
again
You are never gonna keep me down
Pissin' the night away."

Sue waves her hands in the air as Barb claps her hands up
from the steering wheel.

BARB

I can order onions on my pizza.

SUE

No one to eat my ice cream I was
saving.

BARB

Toilet seat always down.

SUE

I can pray out loud.

BARB

Watch my true crime all night long.

SUE

Why men.

BARB

Why men!

Suddenly rays of the rising sun explode and blind from behind
a cloud, shaped reminiscent of the cowardly lion.

Barb yanks up her pink flamingo sunglasses.

Sue slaps on her Sunflower sunglasses.

BARB (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Why men... Not a life sentence...

SUE
Divorce will not hurt anymore.

Barb glances up at a billboard that reads "Hell Is Real".

EXT. BARSTOW-BAKERSFIELD HIGHWAY- DAY

The VW bus chugs into the wide desert horizon.

The tailpipe backfires once. A mini belch to thirty years on the road.

INT. VW BUS - DAY

A festival of clouds, cirrus into circus span across the windshield.

Sue tries to grip the steering wheel with Bugle snacks on her fingers. A salty wicked witch.

BARB
(jokingly annoyed)
Eat those before you crash us into a cactus.

Sue quick bites off the tips of her right hand.

SUE
Ghost pepper jerky and a bottle of Yoo-hoo. Your tummies going to get awful bumpy.

BARB
I don't see how you kept that pickle flavored cotton candy down. You must have prayed pretty hard.

SUE
The lord answered my prayers on the bag bacon brittle, I've been saved.

BARB
I'll agnostic my way with Combos all day, thank you.

A cell phone rings between them on the seat.

BARB (CONT'D)
 (answers)
 Yellow...
 (pause)

BARB (CONT'D)
 Hey she's not MY Mother. She's my
 monster-in-law. Call my ex-husband.
 (pause)
 Divorced last month, thank God.

Sue nods in approval with a grin.

BARB (CONT'D)
 Well you should keep on trying.
 (pause)
 Hey, I'm with a friend on our way
 to our daughters commencement. No
 way we have time.

SUE
 That's the third rest home?

Barb shakes her head over at Sue with an eyeroll.

BARB
 You just can't kick her to the
 curb.

SUE
 Was she spreading the Chlamydia
 again?

Barb glares over at Sue.

BARB
 How bad was it?
 (pause)
 What, you're kidding me.
 (pause)
 No I don't suppose you kid.

BARB (CONT'D)
 Fine then let her sleep on the
 sidewalk. Haven't you heard, that's
 the new middle class.

Barb huffs and chucks the phone onto the seat.

BARB (CONT'D)
 We have to go pick up the lovely
 Grandma Ginger in Barstow.

SUE
That's convenient, it's on the way.

BARB
So convenient. Damnit!

SUE
Chlamydia sure is the devils grin.

BARB
Oh no. She learned her lesson about giving it away.

SUE
Well if she's on the right path--

BARB
Oh not giving it away, she's selling it. Evidently enough she was buying stock in the rest homes parent company and starting to demand menu changes.

SUE
Fillet mignon?

BARB
Cinnamon in the peach cobbler.

Barb grabs a couple Bugles from the bag and pops one in her mouth.

SUE
Well that doesn't seem that bad.

BARB
Oh no, not bad at all. Not bad at all.

SUE
Shoot, where are we dropping her?

BARB
She will be our passenger. I think we'll have a squatter. Gonna dig in like a shriveled tick.
(silence)

BARB (CONT'D)
But somehow, someday, we will not be carrying her to term.

SUE
The tick of Bethlehem.
(silence)

SUE (CONT'D)
I have a friend that works in a
rest home.

BARB
And that helps us how?

SUE
You wouldn't believe all the funny
saying they have for the patients.

BARB
Gems everyone of them I'm sure.

SUE
Liabetes. Sweet but can't tell the
truth.

BARB
That's Grandma Ginger alright.

SUE
Diagnosis is TMB... Too Many
Birthdays.

BARB
Again, Ginger to a T.

SUE
Disco rice... Maggots in wounds.

BARB
She wins the trifecta!

SUE
Cancel Christmas... the patient
died.

BARB
Pray for that would you.

SUE
And I'm sure she's had the fish
sticks.

BARB
The fish stick's?

SUE
Female STD swabs.

BARB
(laughing)
She should buy stock in those.

EXT. I-40 HIGHWAY - DAY

The VW bus labors past a billboard that reads "Flying Ranch Fireworks - TNT, Bottle Rockets, Blackcat's, Next Exit! Year Round Sales!" Around a cartoon Snorting Bucking Bull.

EXT. GENTLE TOUCH NURSING HOME - DAY

Barb has GRANDMA GINGER by the arm, a woman of eighty two with fire red hair, in heels and a skin tight flower pattern dress, beside a sidewalk full of alligator skin luggage, fancy furniture and electronics.

BARB
For Gods sake Grandma Ginger, the place is called Gentle Touch.

GRANDMA GINGER
I'm a capitalist, so Sue me.

SUE
Huh?

BARB
There was a bite mark on your ass!

GRANDMA GINGER
He was just supposed to nibble. He signed a contract.

BARB
They could identify whose dentures they were for Gods sake.

GRANDMA GINGER
It's not my kink. To me it's just customer satisfaction.

BARB
No, no customer satisfaction.

SUE
You should do that Rotten Tomatoes thingy.

BARB
That's just for movies Sue.

GRANDMA GINGER
What a great idea.

BARB
No ideas, just toss ONE suitcase in
the back and get in the bus.

GRANDMA GINGER
What about all my things?

BARB
Donate it to your customers as an
early Christmas.

Sue grabs the suitcase Grandma Ginger points her cragged
finger to.

SUE
This one?

GRANDMA GINGER
Well I guess the one will have to
do.

Sue hoist up the suitcase, lifts the back hatch and tosses it
in. It lands straight up.

SUE
The lords work there.

Barb smacks her hands together.

BARB
Alright everyone in the bus.

Grandma Ginger Cha, Cha hips swings her way up to the VW.

GRANDMA GINGER
What the Indigo Girls is up with
this vehicle, are you and Sue
wearing Birkenstocks now?

SUE
We're taking a trip celebrating the
freedom of our divorces.

Everyone begins to climb into the bus, Barb hops in the
drivers seat.

Grandma Ginger start to step up into shotgun but Barb SNAPS
her fingers for her to get in back.

GRANDMA GINGER
You should hold off celebrating
until you land. I'm still landing
from my great, great husband. The
decent is the fun part.

SUE
That's quite a verse.

BARB
Better than a prayer.

All the doors slam shut together.

BARB (CONT'D)
We're on the way to Adora and
Pixies commencement. You just let
us know when you're really hungry,
thirsty or really, really have to
go to the bathroom.

GRANDMA GINGER
You're so kind. Frank sure married
a great gal in you.

Barb lets out a uneasy breath as she white knuckles the
steering wheel

SUE
Flagstaff here we come.

GRANDMA GINGER
Adora actually graduated?

SUE
Predestination. I say it was
wholesomeness and all that reading
she loves. What a wit.

GRANDMA GINGER
Survived that great home life,
that's for sure.

BARB
Well you and your great memories of
Frank can just wait in the bus.

GRANDMA GINGER
This seats a little hard back here.

Barb grins as she stares up into the rearview mirror.

BARB
Predestination.

INT. VW BUS - DAY

The bus is chugging up and incline behind a G wagon with a "Baby On Board" sign crooked on the back windshield.

All the windows of the Volkswagen down. The checkered side window curtains flutter in a hurried constant fear of rips.

Grandma Ginger stares into the rearview mirror from the back seat as she tries to fix her hair as it blows wild into a red flame Medusa.

BARB

Would you stop that please.

GRANDMA GINGER

Would it kill you to turn on the AC
or is this part of the whimsy of
your adventure?

BARB

Betsy doesn't have one.

Sue teases her hair as it blows around.

SUE

It is an adventure.

GRANDMA GINGER

So the car has a soul now?

SUE

Betsy was her nickname for your
Franks--

BARB

He would need every movie ending
explained to him.

GRANDMA GINGER

Hey you married him sugarpants. I
kicked him out at sixteen.

BARB

Mom of the year.

GRANDMA GINGER

Wife of the year.

SUE

(smug smile)
Predestination.
(silence)

Grandma Ginger leans over behind Barbs seat out of her sight.

BARB

Grandma Ginger but your seatbelt on
right now.

Grandma Ginger pops back up with a wicked grin on her face.

GRANDMA GINGER

You two chicks been holdin' out.
You all doing blow now? Low-grade
though.

Barb flashes her eyes quick into the rearview.

BARB

No don't!

Sue spins her head around.

GRANDMA GINGER

Come on, just a little taste of
your freedom.

Grandma Ginger pulls on the quart size sandwich bag and yanks
it open.

Suddenly powder explodes all around the bus. The wind tunnels
in and whips the choking cloud all around.

BARB

OH my God! OH my God!!

Barb struggles to keep the Bus on the highway as she tries to
rub her eyes.

Grandma Ginger wets her pinky unperturbed, sticks it into the
baggie and takes a lick.

GRANDMA GINGER

Hey this isn't cocaine what is
this.

BARB

Close it! Close it!

GRANDMA GINGER

There's melted gold in here. OH
no...

Sue slow coughs twice.

SUE
(unbothered)
That's Bill my ex-husband. He was
very proud of his seven gold teeth.

Grandma Ginger quick zips the bag shut with a SNEEZE.

Sue smacks her lips together up and down, her eyes squinted.

SUE (CONT'D)
He still tastes the same. Like
leftover asparagus.

Barb starts to roll up her window.

BARB
Quick, windows up! Keep as much of
Bill in the bus as we can. We'll
wipe him back in the baggie.

GRANDMA GINGER
Why was Bill under the damn seat?

Grandma Ginger flip tosses the baggie back under Barbs seat,
while wiping her face with her sleeve.

BARB
Why do you always have to mess with
things? We're Taking him to the
bagpipers convention in South
Carolina. We have six days to get
there.

GRANDMA GINGER
We'd better haul ass.

SUE
He always wanted as many bagpipers
as I could gather to play at his
funeral.

GRANDMA GINGER
Drunken pipers throw the best
parties. Hurry Barb roll up the
window.

SUE
It's OK keep the windows down. Air
him out. This is as good as place
as any. It's further than he ever
made it from Bakersfield alive. So
it will do.

BARB

Are you sure Sue?

GRANDMA GINGER

There's still over half left and
the gold.

Sue brushes the ash that has clung to the small hairs on her arm. She presses a finger into her skin, it goes white to pink.

SUE

Lets go see the total eclipse in
New Orleans. Bill always promised
and promised to take me to one.

GRANDMA GINGER

Let the good time roll!

Grandma Ginger spits some of Bill out the window at the Saguaro cactus, that heat wave dance into car dealership tube men.

BARB

What? That's in three days, we'll
never make it in time.

SUE

You get over Frank your way. I'll
get over Bill my way. I don't even
want to pray about it I just want
to go see the eclipse.

GRANDMA GINGER

Betcha I get the most beads.

Barb reaches down in the seat and hands Sue her Sunflower sunglasses.

SUE

I'm serious.

BARB

We just can't, end of discussion.

SUE

Well I'm sure the girls would love
to see it.

GRANDMA GINGER

Adora's going with.

SUE

Pixie too.

BARB

We can't go to New Orleans we just can't. That's it. End of discussion.

Barb smacks the steering wheel.

SUE

Thought his trip was all about fun and finally letting go. Living for the moment.

GRANDMA GINGER

Me on Bourbon street, look out now! STELLA!!

SUE

So we're all agreed.

BARB

Frank lives in New Orleans now. He's existing in New Orleans!

GRANDMA GINGER

Why that fucker.

BARB

Exactly, with some creole chick.

SUE

Barb why didn't you say anything?

BARB

Well I'm saying something now OK. You didn't know Ginger?

GRANDMA GINGER

That fuckin' fucker.

SUE

Well we don't have to stop by Franks with a pie for Christ sake.

BARB

Sue did you just cuss the lord?

GRANDMA GINGER

Well I want to stop by to kill him. Having all that fun in the Crescent city without me for Christs sake.

SUE

I've said enough prayers the past few months, I'm allowed.

Grandma Ginger flicks ash specks out of her bright red hair

GRANDMA GINGER
Well right now we need showers.
There's a truck stop about ten
miles up. Showers are twelve
dollars.

SUE
How do you know that?

Barb slaps her Pink flamingo sunglasses on her face.

BARB
Don't wanna know, don't wanna know,
don't, want, to, know.

SUE
OK. I'll start praying.

EXT. I-40 HIGHWAY - DAY

The VW bus is losing a race alongside a roadside train, one boxcar graffitied with Betty Boop, fire shooting out of her eyes.

EXT. NORTHERN ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

The VW bus pulls onto a underlit campus road.

GRANDMA GINGER
You're so lost.

BARB
So, so lost. I'm sure the rescue
party is already assembled and on
their way. Grandma Ginger I
presume?

SUE
I hope we make the evening news.

GRANDMA GINGER
I see Adora!

The Bus squeaks to a stop in front of Reilly Hall dorm.

GRANDMA GINGER (CONT'D)
This looks like a Belorussian
apartment building from the
seventies.

SUE
They seem to love it.

GRANDMA GINGER
They love the parties.

BARB
OH not our girls.

Grandma Ginger side-eyes Barb accompanied by a Mona Lisa smirk.

ADORA twenty two dressed in a white blouse plaid skirt and knee high socks and sneakers and PIXIE in a long tie-dyed hippie dress and Doc Martin's, sit with there eyes closed on a pile of furniture and scuffed up boxes.

Everyone climes out of the bus, stiff and sore, clean hair in a frizz.

Adora jolts up as Barb rushes in and gives her a tight hug.

ADORA
What the hell is that seventies movie thing? Where is the U-Haul I said to bring?

BARB
Well hello to you too.

Pixie gives Sue and limp handshake.

SUE
You're coming with us Dear.

PIXIE
What are you talking about?

BARB
We are going on an adventure.

SUE
I just took a shower at a truck stop.

ADORA
Well I just wanna go home and chill. And how are we going to get all our stuff back?

Grandma Ginger struts out from behind the bus.

ADORA (CONT'D)
Grandma Ginger?

GRANDMA GINGER
You girls tear up the bars this
year?

ADORA
All the cherry stems in a knot like
you taught.

GRANDMA GINGER
Number one party school sweetheart.

Sue shoots a confused look at Grandma Ginger.

GRANDMA GINGER (CONT'D)
I'll pray on it for you.

PIXIE
Where's Dad? You said you were
bringing him?

SUE
Well..

PIXIE
At my graduation for sure. He was
finally leaving Bakersfield, his
Agoraphobia was cured.

SUE
It is.

Barb and Grandma Ginger both whip stares towards Sue and
freeze in place.

GRANDMA GINGER
OH wow...

PIXIE
I know newly divorced is weird
being together, but you promised.

BARB
Sue?

PIXIE
Well a promise is a promise.

BARB
You didn't tell her?! How could you
not--

SUE
Did you tell Adora?

BARB
The call me back queen? Please.

ADORA
Tell us what?

SUE
Pixie... There's something--

GRANDMA GINGER
He's just outside of Barstow.

PIXIE
What?

ADORA
How are we going to get all this stuff home.

BARB
In a minute. Read a book.

ADORA
You read one book.

GRANDMA GINGER
I know some truckers. Nice and clean.

Sue stares at Pixie eye wide open.

PIXIE
What are you talking about? I need my Dad right now there's something I have to--

BARB
Pixie what You Mom is-

SUE
Your Dad has passed.

GRANDMA GINGER
(overexaggerated)

What?

Adora slaps her hand over her over glossed lips.

PIXIE
Passed what?

SUE
I didn't know how to tell you...

Pixie flickers quick confused glances at everyone.

Barb slaps her hands on her thighs exasperated.

BARB

He's dead. Bill passed away last week.

PIXIE

No...

Pixie almost collapses into herself

Tears well up in Sues eyes.

SUE

We tried one last time to rekindle--

PIXIE

I knew you would...

Sue's chest heaves up and down as she begins to sob.

SUE

I just...

Her blouse crumples as her hand squeezes into a fist over her heart.

SUE (CONT'D)

His heart just gave out. I was just trying so hard to make it work out.

PIXIE

Mom what are you saying?

SUE

It's all my fault. It's all my fault.

BARB

No it's not Sue.

PIXIE

Your fault?

BARB

He died having sex Pixie.

SUE

He couldn't... Cum.

PIXIE

Oh my God...

SUE

I wasn't that to him anymore. But he knew how hurt I was and wanted so bad to show me how much he did care about me. He wouldn't slow down or stop for anything. He just kept going and going, huffing and puffing in and out, in and out, his salty sweat raining on--

BARB

Oh we get the picture, the vivid picture.

ADORA

That's beyond guilt shit there. That's legend.

SUE

I faked it three times to try to get him to stop.

GRANDMA GINGER

Sounds like you did all you could under the circumstances.

PIXIE

Predestination...
(silence)

Sue straightens out her blouse as she tries to get herself together.

SUE

I, I...

GRANDMA GINGER

I opened his ash baggie outside of Barstow and half of him flew up and swirled out the windows, in our hair and up our noses.

SUE

We showered at a truck stop.

PIXIE

What, Why is Dad here?

SUE

You know your father and bagpipes. We are going to take him to the national convention in North Carolina that starts in six days.

ADORA
Six days?!

BARB
Very nice of you Sue. I hope we
make it in time.

PIXIE
Oh my God those damn bagpipe
albums. And no they didn't drown
out the fighting.

Sue tries to hug Pixie but she pushes her away.

PIXIE (CONT'D)
I just...

SUE
You both hated each other and with
you racing to complete finals and
graduate I just thought...

PIXIE
Oh my fucking GOD! You're a fucking
monster!

Sue starts to sob again as she tries to catch her breath.

BARB
She did most everything right.

PIXIE
Did you fucking pray for him to die
while you were--

GRANDMA GINGER
During the divorce I'm sure one
like that slipped out.

PIXIE
A whole week you kept this from
me?!

SUE
I just thought it was the best
thing so your graduation didn't get
messed up, you've worked so hard.

PIXIE
Auuhhhh! Knowing you is therapist
recommended!

BARB

It doesn't change anything. You Mom loves you.

Barb glances quick over to Adora, who turns her head away.

PIXIE

Well guess what I didn't graduate. Didn't Graduate. Failed my whole last semester. I was going to try to live with Bill so my life wouldn't be turned into a prayer seance. How could you?!

SUE

So no commencement?

GRANDMA GINGER

Boring anyway I say.

BARB

We can all still go to Adora's tomorrow and we are proud of you both, I'm sure everyone tried their best.

PIXIE

Oh that won't be necessary.

SUE

Support you friend Pixie.

PIXIE

You always assume because you and Barb are in each others pockets...

SUE

From now on only the truth.

ADORA

(stern)

Pixie...

Pixie throws her arms up in the air.

PIXIE

The truth?

GRANDMA GINGER

The truth is good and eighty two years of truth is a degrees worth I think.

ADORA

I think we've all had enough of the truth.

PIXIE

OH really, well Adora for your information, didn't graduate either and why would she.

Adora shakes her head as she glares at Pixie.

BARB

What? Why would she?

SUE

I'm sure Adora tried real hard.

BARB

What the hell is going on?

ADORA

Mom, just calm down.

BARB

Calm down! You're a bookworm how can you not graduate?

ADORA

Graduating's not that big a deal.

PIXIE

Once you know, you'll know.

GRANDMA GINGER

That's true.

BARB

What the hell am I supposed to know?!

PIXIE

She makes five grand a month.

SUE

You sold your antique books?

PIXIE

(fake smile)

Good investment choice.

BARB

I always thought so, but why sell them?

PIXIE
Oh that's not what she's selling.

ADORA
I have a shop of sorts.

BARB
You have an Etsy shop?

PIXIE
Oh my God. She has an Only Fans, an Only Fans.

GRANDMA GINGER
Well there you go, now it's a show.

BARB
A book fan club?

Sue's eyes go wide as she backs up.

SUE
Oh wait... I was asked to pray for someone on there.

PIXIE
I'll bet you did. Prolly blew out your prayer fuses on that one.

BARB
What!!!?

SUE
It's that pornography Barb... Nudy stuff. People buy it like a magazine subscription to it. Penis in the vagina, a lot.

GRANDMA GINGER
One of three only ways to move up in society now. Being hot, exploitation or showing your ta, ta's.

ADORA
Or your brain.

Barb stares at Adora with a sad gleam of diaper changes and prom dresses in her eyes.

BARB
Five grand a month?

ADORA

It's up to ten grand a month now.
But I only do girl, girl. No penis
in the vagina, a lot.

GRANDMA GINGER

Use what the lord gave you right
Sue?

SUE

I just think sex before marriage of
any kind is very, very wrong.

PIXIE

But after marriage is to die for?

ADORA

It's more like acting than
anything.

BARB

How do I explain?

ADORA

Do or don't I don't care.

SUE

Adora it's just that a scarlet
letter is always capitalized.

ADORA

What?

SUE

It's the shame Dear.

ADORA

Well then if you want to talk about
shame then--

Pixie yanks a book out of a box and chucks it at Adora.

Grandma Ginger whips her arm out quick and catches it for a
hall of fame play.

GRANDMA GINGER

Lolita first edition.
Predestination.

PIXIE

You wouldn't dare, this is way
different.

ADORA
I think a jury of Moms should
decide.

PIXIE
Don't you dare!

SUE
What is she daring?

GRANDMA GINGER
Truth or dare never gets old.

SUE
Pixie are you a... You know what?
You can tell me if you are.

GRANDMA GINGER
A special prayer?

BARB
An actress!

ADORA
Adult performer.
(pause)

GRANDMA GINGER
I don't think I like being the only
adult in the room.

ADORA
I'm a librarian character. An
intellectual actually.

Barb rolls her eyes to the sky.

SUE
Why not be a nun character, it
would make the praying easier.

PIXIE
Mom!

SUE
Stay out of it Pixie.

ADORA
Oh yes, please stay out of it
Pixie. Or why not join the fun?

Adora plants her hands on her hips, the thrust them towards
Pixie.

ADORA (CONT'D)
(fake smile)
One vagina to another.

SUE
What the FUCK!

Everyone turns to Sue stunned.
(silence)

PIXIE
I'm pregnant, I'm pregnant, I'm
pregnant!

GRANDMA GINGER
Can't click your heels to that
Dorothy.

BARB
Grandma Ginger!

Sue turns towards Pixie her arms out towards her and a tear
in her eye.

SUE
Oh Pixie a baby with a baby.

Pixie rolls her eyes.

PIXIE
I'm not a baby.

BARB
Did a professor take advantage of
you? It happens.

SUE
I'll kill him.

GRANDMA GINGER
Starts with fuck and goes straight
to the killing.

SUE
Were you ruppeed?

PIXIE
No I wasn't ROOFIED. My God. You
always go to the worst.

ADORA
She was marijuana dispensary
janitored.

SUE
What? Marijuana got you pregnant.

ADORA
Yes.

SUE
How does that work?

BARB
Sue she fucked the janitor at the
marijuana shop.

SUE
Oh wow...

PIXIE
(flippantly)
Oh wow.

GRANDMA GINGER
Even the janitor gets an employee
discount.
(long silence)

GRANDMA GINGER (CONT'D)
So are we moving this fuck along to
marry or kill?

SUE
For God so loved the world...

PIXIE
Oh my God, Enough...

BARB
And with that it's time to go. Get
in the bus, don't get in the bus, I
don't care, but we are leaving.

ADORA
Oh God, this jalopy has a name?

PIXIE
I think it's cute.

EXT. VW BUS - DAY

The bus, stuck smack dab in the middle of a traffic jam that
stretches for miles in each direction, idles rough as the hot
sun scorches down.

Sue fans herself with an empty Bugles bag.

Grandma Ginger, in the back backseat waves at a baby as it screams and cries in the car next to them.

Adora and Pixie sit in the middle seat in their pout faces and the area around there underarms pitted out.

Barb taps her hand in the steering wheel in an annoyed rhythm of Queens "We Will Rock You" as she stares over at Sue.

GRANDMA GINGER
South Carolina here we come.

BARB
So this mess you don't pray on?

SUE
God bless the fucking traffic.

GRANDMA GINGER
Getting pretty comfortable with
that Mother Teresa.

BARB
Steppin' up your game killer.

Sue glares back at Barb with a twitch baby doll twitch in her eye.

SUE
Someone say a prayer for Barbara.

ADORA
How can you buy a vehicle without
AC? I'm fucking melting.

BARB
Feel free to open you legs and let
some of your vagina money fall out
and you buy one.

PIXIE
She lost her license for unpaid
parking tickets. Car was impounded.

BARB
All kinds of good decisions in and
out of you.

SUE
Pixie are we driving you to a
northern liberal state?

PIXIE
Mom how could you!?

BARB

Damn Sue, you JUST prayed.

PIXIE

Well I've already decided to keep it.

ADORA

I've had two. They're not that big a deal.

Barb smile as all her teeth show.

BARB

I'll alert the convent upon your arrival.

Sue leans forward and squints into the horizon for any sense of movement in the traffic.

Five tumbleweeds slow rolls backwards in the slight breeze.

ADORA

Where's the charger cord? Pass it back.

SUE

No charger cord and just AM radio.

ADORA

Your words are like melatonin.

PIXIE

AM radio is just rural billboards.

GRANDMA GINGER

We got any snacks left.

ADORA

Welcome to Ludditeville.

Barb glances down on the floorboard.

BARB

Pink snowballs and ghost pepper jerky.

GRANDMA GINGER

Pass the jerky back.

PIXIE

I'll take one.

SUE
Oh no you don't. Not in your
condition.

Sue whips the bag of jerky to Grandma Ginger down the middle
of the van.

PIXIE
So now I'm a condition?

GRANDMA GINGER
Eat all these you can at nine
months to help pop it out.

PIXIE
Pass the Yoo-hoo, has to be a
million degree--

BARB
A cool ninety five.

Grandma Ginger tosses Yoo-hoos up to everyone.

Everyone pops then chugs them down.

ADORA
Nasty chocolate water.

PIXIE
I love the stuff. Taste like
childhood.

ADORA
Guess you can't bottle screaming.

Adora gives a fake smile up at the rearview.

SUE
Auhh your first craving Pixie.

PIXIE
Just surviving the heat stroke.

Sue stares up at the sky ocean, every shade blue all at once
into boredom.

Adora does a drum roll on the back of Barbs seat.

ADORA
How can this be your life now? You
actually sold both of your houses?
That's crazy.

BARB

Time for us to be in the moment.
Work on living or do a puzzle.

GRANDMA GINGER

To be or to buzz.

SUE

If we keep moving people will
remember us.

GRANDMA GINGER

At last until they're dead.

Barb flashes a tight smile up into the rearview.

BARB

Well lets all hope you live
forever.

ADORA

So we're just supposed to drive
around with this merry bunch all
summer. No juice, no AC, Bumpik
billboard radio while staring out
at rundown roadside strip malls
with gun shops, taxidermy, strip
clubs and liquor stores?

PIXIE

What a great environment for a
pregnant woman.

SUE

We're on the way to see the eclipse
in New Orleans.

ADORA

That's in two days. A hot two days.

SUE

It cools down during the actual
eclipse.

BARB

With this delay we'll have to drive
straight through.

ADORA

Joy.

SUE

Oh and you can see your Dad, he
lives there now.

ADORA

What?

PIXIE

At least someone gets too.

SUE

He's right there at your feet Dear
under the seat.

PIXIE

Isn't that the best thing ever.

GRANDMA GINGER

Inheritance is in there too.

BARB

You can tell your father all about
your new fascinating girl, girl
career choice.

GRANDMA GINGER

He probably subscribes.

ADORA

Ick, ick, for ICK! Million Icks.

BARB

For him what is a bridge to far?

ADORA

Pixie could you reach down and hand
my your Dad I feel like being
adopted.

PIXIE

Wait 'till you meet my Mom.

Barb flashes a big grin into the rearview.

GRANDMA GINGER

I gotta piss like a horse.

BARB

Just hold your equine delight, I'm
sure we'd all like to run in the
pasture to some degree at this
point of the fun.

Adora crosses her legs and folds her arm tight across her
chest.

ADORA

Don't talk about it, that makes it worse.

GRANDMA GINGER

Well I gotta piss and piss now. To the winners circle.

BARB

Next rest stop thirty miles.

SUE

Or thirty hours in this traffic jam.

PIXIE

Don't even start praying Mom or I'll break my bridle.

SUE

Well I think you broke it.

ADORA

Who only brings Yoo-hoo on a desert drive?

PIXIE

Told you once you start drinking it you'd love it.

SUE

I wanted to bring PBR.

ADORA

Now there you go.

Barb flashes a stare squint into the rearview.

GRANDMA GINGER

Well you all can sit here in the barn, I'm going.

BARB

We'll be arrested on the spot.

SUE

I don't see the police. They're likely at an accident up ahead.

Grandma Ginger whacks Pixie on the top of the head.

GRANDMA GINGER

To the side of the road, pop that door bitches.

Pixie yanks the door open.

ADORA

The jockeys whipping mine now too.

SUE

Mine is starting to whinny a bit.

BARB

Grandma Ginger you are not going to pull your undies down alongside a highway full of traffic.

Grandma Ginger grins with a wink and a snap of her fingers.

GRANDMA GINGER

No, I am not.

BARB

You can't be serious, your not?

GRANDMA GINGER

Not since nineteen sixty eight.

Pixie hops out followed by Grandma Ginger right behind her.

PIXIE

Well if she's going I'm going. They won't arrest a pregnant woman.

SUE

I'll say a prayer for everyone who goes tinkle.

ADORE

I'm lifting my skirt. To the starting gate.

Sue glances back at Barb with a wince of a smile then flings her door open wide.

BARB

Well lets all have a squat then. Why the hell not. I'm chomping at the bit too.

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - DAY

Under a billboard that reads "Cosmopolitan Magazine Contains Porn," the women all squat and face away from the VW bus on the side of the highway.

Various degrees of relief come across their faces.

GRANDMA GINGER
Almost better than sex.

PIXIE
I applaud your lack of bitterness.

While the women pee, we hear the sounds of multiple doors open and close.

Midstream Barb looks up the highway and Sue stares down the interstate.

Hundreds of people stampede to the shoulder, the women squat, the men stand with their streams each arch into the ditch.

BARB
That's a lot of prayers Sue.

SUE
This might start a desert bloom.
(pause)

A flock of vultures appears out of the heat waves horizon.

Suddenly Adora yanks her phone out of the top of her white blouse and starts to snap selfies while she flashes a coy grin. She then snaps flash shots under her plaid skirt.

BARB
What the hell are you doing young lady?

ADORA
I have a job to do. Life is content.

GRANDMA GINGER
The romance of it.

SUE
Amen.

END OF EPISODE ONE