

INT. 1986 BUICK CENTURY - NIGHT

The car's bench seats look more like bleachers. Ten people sit in the clown car.

In the front, Allen drives with navigator, Josh. Mike and Erica sit tandem on the remaining space.

KRIS
No, we all had a great
time. Eveybody had fun.
Yes, everybody -
That was everybody.

ERICA
We had a great time!

JOSH
Woo!

On the phone, Kris, on Blake, sits next to Pangs with Kevin. Paul, Jessica in his lap, looks out the window.

MIKE
Is anyone else hungry?

The whole car LAUGHS, even the trunk LAUGHS.

MIKE (continued)
Shutup, everyone's hungry, but the
fat guy's got to bring it up. Then
everyone laughs because I'm hungry
and I'm fat, but they're hungry and
skinny and totally gay.

Mike undulates, moving his arms up and down as if to start a wave in the bleachers.

JESSICA
Who is Kris talking to?
Who are you talking to?

ERICA
That's not why I'm
laughing.

BLAKE
Rehder.

MIKE
Why are you laughing?

ERICA
Because you jiggled. I giggle when
you jiggle; it tickles.

Erica pokes Mike in the belly, he LAUGHS, and she LAUGHS.

KRIS
 Dan, yes, Dan, no it's
 just Jessica, Erica, and
 Blake, and Paul, Pangs,
 Mike, the Clark brothers
 are in the trunk, don't
 ask me how, Allen's
 driving. Oh, and Kevin's
 here.

KEVIN
 Somebody say my name?

MIKE
 Nobody's calling anybody
 names here.

MIKE
 Then move, fatass.

PAUL
 Hey watch out now.

MIKE
 Watch it, copper.

JESSICA
 You watch it junior
 college student.

ALLEN
 You watch it, tanning
 salon-waitress.

Erica leans over Josh to grab the wheel. Greg Pangs pushes
 through Kevin to backseat drive.

PANGS
 You watch the road, Allen.

JESSICA
 How much did Allen have to drink?

KRIS
 No, Allen, wasn't
 drinking - He was?

TRUNK (O.S.)
 How much did you drink,
 Allen?

PAUL
 Allen didn't drink.
 He had two.

ALLEN
 I had two.

The car reacts with AWE. Jessica rolls down a window for
 air, then she starts to smoke. Paul COUGHS.

KRIS
 Hold on, Dan - That's it, we're all
 going to die.

MIKE
 It's going to be in
 the paper, 13 kids,
 youths die in single car
 accident.

JOSH
 Youths.

PAUL
That's ridiculous there are only 10
of us.

Kevin, pointing, counts the car.

TRUNK (O.S.)
Eleven.

KEVIN
Twelve.

MIKE
The news will pick a number, they
spins everything. If it's a potato
famine, they report potawto famine.

ERICA
Is it either or either?

MIKE
Either.

JOSH
It can be either, or it can
be either. Either way—
Jesus, Allen.

ERICA
What about aunt—

The whole car dips, with a CLUNK-CLUNK-OUCH from the trunk.
Jessica drops her cigarette onto her lap, which is Paul's
lap, the fish for it, awkwardly LAUGHING.

PANGS
The fuck, Allen!

ALLEN
Fucking rock road.

KRIS
Dan, you still there, I
can't believe what just
happened.

MIKE
What the fuck just
happened?

Erica's LAUGHING now, soon most of the car joins in.

ERICA
You jiggled.

KRIS
No, we just about had an
accident — Over by the
Och's, here's Allen.

MIKE
Why is she even on my
lap? Why isn't she on
your lap, Paul?

Kris passes the phone, now Allen drives with one hand.

ALLEN

I just about missed the turn. We're okay, I'm slowing down a little, damn gravel. Yeah, they must of just rocked the road.

PAUL

I've got Jessica, why aren't you on Mike's lap?

JESSICA

Mike smells.

Allen turns to pass the phone back to Kris, he moves the wheel in the same direction.

ERICA

Mike smells like all the skittles of the rainbo-

CRASH.

Corn surrounds the car as it spins. The whole vehicle flips and ERICA flies through the windshield. Allen does the same. An arm catches, ripping the sleeve in the glass, the body to the grass.

Jessica and Josh collapse into Mike, flung over the dash.

Kris pushes her feet into the seat, her back crushing Blake. She SCREAMS into the phone.

The car wraps around a tree, a lonely maple in the vast field. The force sends the remaining passengers in all directions. Mike moves half out the front. Paul's hand crashes through the side window and ricochets back with the branches and shrapnel, but no index finger.

The RUMBLING from the trunk is like a dryer drying shoes, football cleats.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The downed corn leads directly to the tree and the car around it. The horn HONKS and the trunk POPS.

Erica limps, more a zombie than person.

ERICA

Kris! Allen! Paul! Paul! Oh God,
Paul!