

JAM

Written by

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FADE IN:

THE LOS ANGELES SKYLINE

Swathed in a rosy-fingered PREDAWN.

In the foreground, an elaborate concrete knot comprising the EAST LA INTERCHANGE, handling 550,000 vehicles per day. But just now, traffic is light, the first wave of early-bird commuters already on the road.

A KALEIDOSCOPE OF DIZZYING IMAGES

A visual symphony, all adding to the impression of a highly mobile urban population about to begin its DAILY GRIND.

AND AMONG THOSE QUICK IMPRESSIONS ARE:

A cacophony of assorted bedside clock alarms.

Shower knobs turning, shower heads blasting steamy water.

Microwaves beeping. Toasters popping. Orange juice flowing.

Thumbs pressing garage door openers. Garage doors opening.

Vehicle locks snapping erect, the machine gun rhythm of opening and closing doors.

Ignitions keyed or hot-wired. A screwdriver rammed into a steering column.

Seats adjusted. Belts fastened. Mirrors tilted. Knobs and buttons dialed or pushed.

Radios tuned, everything the dial has to offer. CDs inserted - classical, oldies, rap, books on tape.

Headlights igniting. Gears shifting, wheels turning. A garbage can flattened.

A freeway on-ramp signal flashing ONE CAR PER GREEN. Cars easing onto the ramp one at a time.

EXT. ROOFTOP LAUNCH PAD - TRAFFIC NEWS CHOPPER - DAWN

The chopper lifts, swoops away toward a twinkling river of freeway lights.

EXT. MCDONALD'S DRIVE-THRU - DAWN

A nondescript SUV pulls up to the menu board. MARK DUNLOP, 35, attired in a suit and tie, leans toward the intercom. It's on the fritz, STATIC.

DRIVE THRU VOICE
Welcome to the Golden Arches. May I
take your order?

DUNLOP
I'll have a sausage McMuffin and a
medium coffee.

DRIVE THRU VOICE
McNuggets?

DUNLOP
McMuffin. McMuffin.

DRIVE THRU VOICE
McWhat?

DUNLOP
McMuffin! McMuffin! McMuffin!

EXT./INT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAWN

JOSH WEINER, a wholesome-looking 17, drives a big white van
along a street of tract homes. Bold lettering on his white T-
shirt reads DON'T JUST DO IT! A button pinned to his chest
reads 100% PURE.

JOSH
(prayerful solemnity)
I, Josh Wiener, do hereby pledge
myself wholeheartedly to the cause
of teen abstinence. I pledge to
safeguard my purity.

We see PURITY PATROL in bold letters on the side of the van.

JOSH (CONT'D)
I pledge to maintain my self-
control -

The van pauses at a stop sign. A VAGRANT appears at the
windshield with a squeegee and a tin pail.

JOSH (CONT'D)
(suddenly hysterical)
Get away! Get away! Get away!

The van pulls away, nearly mows the vagrant down.

JOSH (CONT'D)
(resumes prayerful
solemnity)
(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

- and to embrace abstinence from
this day forward until such time as
I enter into the covenant of holy
matrimony.

EXT. TRADER JOE'S PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The van angles into the lot, empty save for four teens -
GREG, JENNA, DEBBIE and SUSAN - waiting beside a car. They
pile happily into the van. All are dressed just like Josh.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAWN

The vanity plate on a red Hummer says EATDUST. The driver,
MR. EATDUST, fills his gargantuan tank. Speed metal blasts
from the vehicle. He head-bobs along like a card-carrying
super-dork.

INT. HOLLYWOOD GREYHOUND TERMINAL - DAWN

HONEY HARRISON, 30ish, sits on one end of a metal bench. She
sports a sequined kitty sweatshirt and a brassy dye-job with
black roots. A travel bag sits beside her.

She discreetly removes a wad of gum from her mouth, sticks it
to the underside of the bench.

DOUG MACMANUS, 19, sits on the opposite end. A grungy
collegiate with a backpack and hockey stick, he is reading
Jack Kerouac's Beat classic 'ON THE ROAD.' Out of the corner
of his eye he watches Honey dispose of her gum.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A sweeping view of urban sprawl as the red ball of the sun
cracks the horizon. Freeways are filling up but traffic is
moving smoothly.

EXT./INT. TRAFFIC COPTER - DAY

High above the interchange, traffic reporter HEATHER
HARDWICK, a perky simpleton, is giving her morning report.
She's holding a Starbucks cup, chewing gum, and talking into
a headset.

HEATHER

Good morning from High-In-The-Sky
aboard Traffic-copter Nine. So far
it's smooth sailing on this
morning's commute. Wanna settle
your tax debt for pennies on the
dollar? Call Tax Tamers and get the
IRS off your back.

(MORE)

HEATHER (CONT'D)
Heather Hardwick reporting live
from Traffic-copter Nine.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The Hummer weaves through traffic, tailgating, cutting off other vehicles.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The gleaming white Purity Patrol van breezing along.

INT. PURITY PATROL VAN - DAY

Josh drives with a nervous, white-knuckled grip. Greg rides shotgun, engrossed in trigonometry homework. Susan, Debbie, and Jenna are in back, belting out 'The Greatest Love of All.'

JOSH
I gotta confess, guys, I'm feeling
the pressure today.

GREG
(not interested)
Oh, really?

JOSH
This is my first year as captain of
the abstinence jamboree. You
probably think it's all glamour,
but there's, like, tons of
responsibility.

JENNA
Not to worry, Josh. You've got all
us super-duper chastity sergeants
to help out.

JOSH
(loud and annoying)
Did everyone pack their official
Purity Patrol leadership badges?
Remember, we can't sit at the
officer's table without our badges.

GREG
Hey, c'mon, I'm trying to think
here.

JOSH
Sorry, Greg. It's just that, well,
abstinence really turns me on.

HONKING, tailgating, the Hummer races up behind the van.

DEBBIE
Back off, dickweed!

The Hummer driver flips the finger as he ROARS around the van. The virgins return the finger.

EXT./INT. DUNLOP'S CAR - DAY

Dunlop drives in a commuter's catatonia as NPR drones on. He finishes his McMuffin, tosses the wrapper in a little trash bin full of identical wrappers from identical days.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY - DAY

ANOTHER MONTAGE OF FREEWAY TRAVELERS:

TWO SURFERS in a VW van, their boards strapped to the roof.

A FAT GUY in a sedan, his La-Z-Boy recliner strapped to the roof.

A MARIACHI BAND and their instruments crammed in a station wagon.

A CUBE TRUCK with a sign reading: "DANGER! STAY BACK!"

EXT. GREYHOUND TERMINAL - DAY

Passengers boarding a Greyhound.

The driver, EUGENE PHILLIPS, late 40s, wears a tidy uniform and name tag. Friendly and efficient as he greets his passengers.

A GRAY-HAIRED LADY struggles aboard with her bag.

EUGENE
Let me help you with that, Mrs.
Miller.

MRS. MILLER
Oh, thank you, Eugene, dear.

A skinny hick, JIMMY-PAUL, climbs aboard.

JIMMY-PAUL
So, Eugene, how long will it take
to get there?

EUGENE
Who cares, Jimmy-Paul. Just relax
and enjoy the ride.

JIMMY-PAUL

Aye-aye, sir!

Eugene seems to know everyone by name. Everyone except Doug MacManus, the young, grungy dreamer with the Kerouac novel. Doug attempts to board the bus.

EUGENE

Whoa there, friend. Let's see your ticket.

Doug shows his ticket.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Sure you got the right bus?

DOUG

San Diego?

EUGENE

You don't want this bus. It's full.

Doug looks around. The bus is not full. All the passengers smile back in a weird, unsettling way.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Be another bus in an hour.

Eugene grabs the lever and starts to shut the door. Doug jams it with his hockey stick.

DOUG

Wait! I've come all the way from Pennsylvania. I'm tired.

Eugene sizes up Doug. Doesn't much like what he sees.

EUGENE

Suit yourself.

Doug boards. Eugene yanks the lever and the door shuts. Immediately he hears someone KNOCKING.

Eugene opens it again, this time revealing Honey Harrison, the vision in pink we last saw sticking gum under the bus bench. She climbs aboard and smiles engagingly at Eugene.

HONEY

Am I too late?

EUGENE

(ogling her)

Not from where I'm sittin'. Welcome to the Greyhound, young lady.

Honey roots around in her bag.

HONEY

Now, what did I do with my ticket?

EUGENE

(helping her board)

Never mind that ol' ticket. We're not sticklers for the regulations around here. You take this nice seat, right behind me.

Jimmy-Paul's already sitting there, but Eugene, with a jerk of the chin, wordlessly orders him to move his ass. Eugene steps ahead of Honey and flings Jimmy's gear into the aisle.

Honey settles in contentedly. Eugene gives her a wink, climbs back behind the wheel, SHUTS the door, REVS the engine and they ease out the terminal.

INT./EXT. DUNLOP'S CAR - DAY

The Hummer storms up from behind and flashes its high-beams. Dunlop is blocked in.

The Hummer streaks around him. Mr. Eatdust flips him the bird. A rock flies up in the Hummer's wake, striking Dunlop's windshield with a loud CRACK. Dunlop swerves and SWEARS.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The freeway is starting to clog. Traffic has slowed to about 30 mph. Dunlop, that Greyhound, the Purity Patrol, the Hummer - all tapping the brakes.

HEATHER (V.O.)

Looks like we've got a slowdown developing on the Hollywood Freeway heading toward the Four Level Interchange. Otherwise, no major tie-ups to report. This is Heather Hardwick reporting live.

In the thick of the slowdown we spy a vintage Thunderbird, the top down.

ZOOMING IN on the passengers reveals a trio of AFRICAN AMERICAN DRAG QUEENS adorned in bouffant wigs, heavy makeup and jangling accessories.

JANET, a dramatic skunk stripe streaking up the center of her beehive, drives while sipping from a Starbucks cup. PATTI curls her wig with a curling iron plugged into the lighter. MELINDA reads in back. The radio plays Mantovani strings muzak.

JANET
Fiddlesticks. We're slowing down.

MELINDA
Shucks. And we got such an early start.

PATTI
I haven't been up this early since I was in the Marine Corps. I feel like a cadaver. A magnificent cadaver.

JANET
(re Patti's curling iron)
That isn't safe, what you're doing.

PATTI
I'm in control, Janet.

JANET
What if we get in an accident? What then, missy? You could sear your dick off.

MELINDA
How 'bout if I read aloud to help us pass the time?

JANET
That's a good old-fashioned idea, Melinda. What's the book?

MELINDA
Robinson Crusoe. One of the great literary masterworks of all time. I found it in the john at Denny's.

PATTI
Lay it on us, Melinda.

MELINDA
Okay. Here we go.

Melinda licks her manicured index finger and turns the title page. She reads in a drag queeny voice.

MELINDA (CONT'D)
"Robinson Crusoe by Daniel Defoe. I was born in the year of 1632 in the city of York - "

INT. PURITY PATROL VAN - DAY

The virgins slog along at 25 mph in the carpool lane.

JOSH

Oh crud. Crud. Crud. Crud.

Greg continues calmly doing his trigonometry.

GREG

Calm down, Josh.

JOSH

We're gonna miss the kick-off ceremony! Who's gonna lead the abstinence pledge?

GREG

It's not the Gettysburg Address. I'm sure someone else can handle it.

JOSH

Are you retarded?

JENNA

Quick, form a worship ring!

They all join hands and bow their heads. Josh steers with his chin. Greg, although holding hands, is still covertly reading his trig book.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Dear Creator, as Thou knowest, we have been, like, preparing for the Youth Abstinence Jamboree in San Diego for a year, 24/7. We have made, like, a thousand units of flair and fifty team posters. We now call upon Thee to part this wicked jam and let us pass as You once parted the Dead Sea to help that one guy who escaped from the cloud of bees -

The freeway grinds to a halt. Josh slams on the brakes. The passengers SCREAM as they're whiplashed about.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Fuuuuuck!

The van stalls out with a SHUDDER. All is quiet. Jenna finishes the prayer.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Amen.

INT. T-BIRD - DAY

Inching along. Janet smokes. Patti has her feet propped on the dash and is buffing her toenails. Melinda reads.

MELINDA

"Nothing can describe the confusion I felt when I sunk into the water, for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath."

PATTI

Robinson's gonna drown! Swim, honey! Swim!

JANET

He never should've gotten in that goddamn boat. He should have listened to his father and he wouldn't be in that mess.

PATTI

But the law wasn't his dream, Janet. He wanted to go to sea. He followed his one true heart's desire.

JANET

And now he's a rebel without a canoe, Patti.

MELINDA

"The wave buried me twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore - "

INT. GREYHOUND - DAY

The bus creeps along. Honey leans forward in her seat.

HONEY

Excuse me, driver, would you care for a sandwich?

EUGENE

Depends. What kind?

HONEY
Underwood devilled ham on white.

EUGENE
Why, that's my favorite sandwich of
all time.

She gets a sandwich out of her bag, passes it to him.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Thanks.

He takes a sensuous bite.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Ooooo. Yeah.

HONEY
There's more where that came from.
Quite a traffic jam, huh?

EUGENE
I seen worse in my day.

HONEY
I'm gonna miss my appointment.

EUGENE
Hope it ain't too important.

HONEY
Divorce court.

EUGENE
Didn't work out, eh?

HONEY
Nope.

EUGENE
(chewing sandwich)
It's a tricky thing, the union of
two human souls in holy wedlock.
You can give it all you got, but
sometimes it's like chuckin' ping-
pong balls at a fish bowl.

HONEY
God, that's so deep. You talk like
you really know.

EUGENE
I been around.

HONEY

We haven't been properly
introduced. I'm Honey. Honey
Harrison.

EUGENE

Eugene Phillips.

She extends the straw of her Starbucks cup.

HONEY

Wanna taste my Frappaccino?

Eugene smiles wolfishly and offers an affirmative nod.

INT. DUNLOP'S CAR - DAY

Dunlop stops and goes in traffic. He vacuums his floor mats
with a Dustbuster while steering.

A BIT LATER

Still driving, Dunlop fills out an IRS tax form, calculating
with a CLATTERING adding machine and digging through a
shoebox of old receipts.

A BIT LATER

Dunlop reaches in a GAP shopping bag, pulls out several
colorful shirts with the tags still attached. He emits a
BORED SIGH as he looks at the shirts. His cell RINGS.

DUNLOP

Hello.

BOSS VOICE

You're late.

DUNLOP

I'm stuck in traffic.

BOSS VOICE

That's unfortunate. Maybe you
should think about leaving the
house earlier.

DUNLOP

Uh-huh.

BOSS VOICE

We've got to tear up the Clark
blueprints.

DUNLOP
You're kidding.

BOSS VOICE
He thinks the mall is shaped too
much like a strip.

DUNLOP
It's a strip mall.

BOSS VOICE
He wants it round.

DUNLOP
Round?

BOSS VOICE
Let's make it happen, shall we?

The phone goes dead. Dunlop stares blankly at the expanding concentric circle of his windshield crack.

INT. GREYHOUND - DAY

Stop-and-go traffic. A PRAIRIE WOMAN in a frontier dress and bonnet fans Eugene with a newspaper. Earplugs in, Honey listens to music on a cell phone. Traveling the length of the bus, WE SEE passengers knitting, chatting, doing the Sudoku. WE ARRIVE at the rear where Doug is reading 'On the Road.'

The next seat up is occupied by RHONDA and BUBBLES, a pair of gum-chewing skanks. They're playing a learn-Spanish CD on a boombox and repeating the phrases.

SPANISH CD VOICE
Buenos días, señor. ¿Dónde está el
baño?

RHONDA AND BUBBLES
(strange garble)

SPANISH CD VOICE
Hola. ¿Dónde está la oficina de
correos?

RHONDA AND BUBBLES
(more garble)

SPANISH CD VOICE
Hola. ¿Dónde están las piramides?

RHONDA
 (consulting a booklet)
 Hold on.

Rhonda stabs the off button.

RHONDA (CONT'D)
 Why's this dumb-ass teaching us to
 ask where the pyramids are?
 Everybody knows there ain't no damn
 pyramids in Mexy-co!

Doug is distracted. He peeps over his book at the skanks.

BUBBLES
 They must be talkin' about the
 pyramids in Egypt. Like where the
 mummies live.

RHONDA
 (authoritatively)
 If we go far enough south we should
 come to them.

BUBBLES
 True. But I think Brother Eugene
 said we were only goin' as far as
 Mexy-co.

RHONDA
 I always wanted to see that Spinx.
 (she says Spinx, like Leon
 Spinx)

BUBBLES
 We could ask Eugene. Maybe he'd
 agree to it. With a little friendly
 persuasion.

The skanks CHUCKLE naughtily.

BUBBLES (CONT'D)
 (gesturing toward Honey)
 So, who's that?

RHONDA
 Never seen her before. Sure is ugly
 though.

BUBBLES
 But Brother Eugene seems pretty
 interested.

RHONDA

Did you see her pushin' that sandwich on him? What a whore.

They glare at Honey, thinking, "You big old whore."

RHONDA (CONT'D)

That sandwich looked rancid. What if Brother Eugene catches that samon-ella?

Doug continues eavesdropping, now with a disturbed look.

DOUG

Excuse me. This is a Greyhound, isn't it?

RHONDA

Who the hell are you and what difference does it make?

BUBBLES

Yeah. What matters is, it's a bus and it's headed for Mexy-co, the land of opportunity.

DOUG

I didn't realize Greyhound crossed international borders.

BUBBLES

What's he mean, Sister Rhonda? Ain't we goin' to Mexy-co?

RHONDA

(hostile, to Doug)
Are you new?

DOUG

New?

RHONDA

New! New! Can't ya hear or what?

DOUG

You know, that's okay. I'm good, thanks.

Doug retreats behind his book. He checks his ticket, which he's using as a bookmark. Sure enough, it says San Diego.

INT. DUNLOP'S CAR - DAY

TIGHT on the webbed windshield crack.

Dunlop stares vacantly into the crack while NPR drones on.

EXT. SKY ABOVE FREEWAY - DAY

The traffic copter sweeps over the jam.

JIM IN NEWS 9 STUDIO (V.O.)
So, Heather, how's that slowdown
shaping up?

HEATHER (V.O.)
Not looking too good, Jim. Major
slowdowns forming on the Hollywood
Freeway in both directions from the
Ventura Freeway all the way to the
110. Glad I'm not down there, Jim.

INT. PURITY PATROL VAN - DAY

Josh stares ahead, stunned by the undeniable truth: He's
going to miss the jamboree.

JOSH
(a tragic hush)
Why, God? Why?

GREG
(engrossed in homework)
Chin up, buddy. There's always next
year.

JENNA
Yeah. That's right. We'll still be
virgins next year.

JOSH
Why would God send a plague of
traffic upon us, today of all days?
Is it some kind of a sign? What did
that plague of locusts mean?

JENNA
Well, Josh, Jesus had arrested that
one guy for worshipping the golden
goose and then -

GREG
Release the Jews, Josh. That's what
the plague of locusts meant.
Release the Jews.

JOSH

But there aren't any Jews in this van, Greg. I can't stand it! What does it all mean? What? What? What?

DEBBIE

I'm starving.

JENNA

What's a locust?

INT. DUNLOP'S CAR - DAY

Dunlop stares miserably out the cracked windshield. NPR drones on and on.

RADIO VOICE

New research from McGill University shows that more than half of senior citizens would rather be diagnosed with cancer than have their drivers license revoked.

Suddenly, WHAM! Dunlop rear-ends the car in front of him. He climbs out of his car to inspect the damage.

He's collided with MR. ZIPPITY, a sour clown. Exiting his Chrysler LeBaron, Zippity angrily hurls a cigarette to the pavement and stomps on it, his big shoe producing a HONK as he does so.

He's clad in a rainbow wig, a billowing polka-dot suit and wears a large name tag that reads MR. ZIPPITY. The painted smile contradicts his scowl. His shoes HONK as he approaches Dunlop.

ZIPPITY

Nice going!

DUNLOP

Sorry about that.

The two men stand and eyeball Zippity's bumper.

ZIPPITY

Son-of-a-bitch.

DUNLOP

It's just a scratch.

ZIPPITY

You call that a scratch?

Dunlop rubs his fingers on the miniscule scratch.

ZIPPITY (CONT'D)
Don't touch my car.

DUNLOP
I wiped it off. Look.

ZIPPITY
Don't patronize me, buddy. I know
what a scratch is.

Dunlop looks Zippity up and down.

DUNLOP
What kind of clown are you?

ZIPPITY
I don't see how that's relevant.

DUNLOP
Listen - Zippity -

ZIPPITY
That's Mr. Zippity and I think you
better give me your insurance card.

DUNLOP
What for?

ZIPPITY
You've damaged my car, pal.

DUNLOP
I haven't damaged your car.

ZIPPITY
Gimme your insurance card.

DUNLOP
Forget it.

Zippity shoves his way past Dunlop, opens Dunlop's passenger
side door and starts RIFLING through his glove compartment.

Dunlop runs up behind him.

DUNLOP (CONT'D)
Hey! Get out of there!

Zippity whirls and PUNCHES Dunlop in the stomach. Dunlop
doubles over, gasping.

MR. ZIPPITY
You don't know who you're dealing
with.

DUNLOP

Psycho!

Zippity produces a switchblade from the folds of his ballooning clown pants and assumes a fighting stance.

MR. ZIPPITY

I can ruin your life.

Zippity rushes at Dunlop with the knife.

DUNLOP

Holy shit.

He jumps out of the way. Zippity ROARS, lunges again. Dunlop dodges. Zippity SLASHES the front seat upholstery, then chases Dunlop around the car, his shoes HONKING with each step. Dunlop manages to keep just ahead of the enraged clown. Their cat and mouse continues for a half-minute before -

A PALM SPRINGS POLICE CRUISER comes creeping along the shoulder. The OFFICER sees the skirmish, jumps out, pulls a gun, trains it on the knife-wielding Zippity.

OFFICER

Drop it, clown!

Zippity smirks and drops the knife.

The officer slams him against the cruiser, the impact setting off a barrage of HONKS, DING-DONGS, RASPBERRIES and a burst of CONFETTI.

ZIPPITY

You can't arrest me.

The officer roughly slaps on the cuffs.

ZIPPITY (CONT'D)

You're way out of your jurisdiction, desert rat.

OFFICER

Hey, Bozo, I'm impounding your car. How d'ya like that?

ZIPPITY

I'm not Bozo! I demand to speak to my attorney.

Looky-loos rubberneck as they drive past the arrest in progress. Dunlop watches the scene, breathing hard.

EXT. FREEWAY - TEN MINUTES LATER

A tow truck hauls Zippity's LeBaron away along the shoulder.

The officer presses down on Zippity's fluffy rainbow wig as he maneuvers him into the back of the cruiser.

ZIPPITY
 (over his shoulder, at
 Dunlop)
 Watch your back! I'm coming after
 you -

The officer SLAMS the door, stifling Zippity's RANT. The cruiser pulls away.

Zippity presses his clown face against the window, mouthing threats as he disappears down the shoulder. Dunlop stares back in disbelief.

INT. PURITY PATROL VAN - DAY

Inching along. Debbie's taken over the wheel. Josh is slumped against the glove compartment. Greg squeezed between them. Josh's cell RINGS. He ignores it.

DEBBIE
 Your ass is ringing.

JOSH
 I could answer it, but what's the
 point?

DEBBIE
 Answer your fucking ass before I
 have a brain hemorrhage!

JOSH
 Nothing matters.

Jenna, in the back, lunges for the RINGING phone.

JENNA
 Hello?
 (beat)
 Oh hello, Cody.
 (to Josh)
 It's Cody Matthews.
 (to Cody)
 Thanks, Cody, God bless you too.
 (beat)
 Yeah, we're in that jam. It sucks
 the big wazoo.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)

Well, thanks, Cody. It's nice to know we were missed. So, how's the jamboree going?

(beat)

Uh-huh. Super-duper!

(to the others)

A record number of kids took the pledge! And TV cameras showed up!

(to Cody)

You led the pledge? Well, it's nice that you could step in, I know Josh appreciates -

Josh, hysterical, grabs the phone back.

JOSH

Listen, Cody, you pecker-head! You think you can take my place? I bet you prayed for this jam! Are you laughing? I'll get you, Cody Matthews! Cody! Codyyyyyyyyyyyyy!

(beat)

He hung up.

SUSAN

Josh, why don't you scrounge around in back and see if you can find us a snack. Might take your mind off things.

Josh climbs in back among some stacked boxes. Choking back ANGRY SOBS, he hurls leaflets out the window. Titles fly by; 'God's Plan for Your Vagina' and 'Use a Condom, Go to Hell.'

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

WE FOLLOW a leaflet as it lands on the windshield of a FORD FOCUS. The wipers come alive and swat at the leaflet, but it's wedged tight in a corner.

INT. FORD FOCUS - CONTINUOUS

The mousy FOCUS DRIVER frantically works his Blackberry as the wipers BAT back and forth against the leaflet.

FOCUS DRIVER

(an eerie singsong)

I'm Twittering and Twittering and Twittering, but nobody Twitters at me. Is anyone out there? Anyone at all?

He BANGS his Blackberry on the dash until it's smashed to bits, then leans on the HORN, HONKING as the wipers SWISH.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of the apocalyptic jam. The HONKING surges until the world is one humongous HONK OF DESPERATION. Then sudden SILENCE.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The Palm Springs cruiser is easing down the shoulder, but is cut off by a line of cars attempting to escape the jam.

The officer turns on his flashing red light, TALKS through his LOUDSPEAKER.

OFFICER

Attention! This lane is for
official use only! I repeat, this
lane -

He leans out his window, glimpses the endless queue of vehicles blocking his way.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Shit.

ZIPPITY

Got any gum?

INT. DUNLOP'S CAR - DAY

Dunlop sits behind the steering wheel in near-dead traffic, his windshield cracked, his upholstery slashed. He surfs the dial for a traffic report, finds one.

HEATHER'S VOICE

(stressed, confused)

- like, like, the 110 between the 5
and the 101, and the 10 between-
between the, like, 5 and the 710,
and the 110 between the 10 and the
105?

(suddenly perky)

Stuck in a dead-end job? Continue
your education at Santa Monica
College! Enrollment starts Monday.
Heather Hardwick reporting live.

INT. GREYHOUND - DAY

Honey has installed herself on a jumpseat next to Eugene. The bus inches forward.

HONEY

So that's my story. High school drop-out. Married at 16. Shit-bird husband. Crap job at the 99-Cent Store in Omaha, where I just got laid off from, by the way. And now, divorce. Not much to brag about.

Eugene puts his fingers under her chin.

EUGENE

You're just a little lost lamb, ain't ya?

HONEY

Now I'm pretty much alone in the world.

EUGENE

Maybe I can help.

HONEY

But how? I'm such a loser, Eugene.

EUGENE

Now, I'm sure that's not the least bit true.

Honey gets choked up.

HONEY

Not even the 99-Cent store wants me. Sometimes I think it would be better to just end it all.

EUGENE

Now, now. That's no way to talk.

He produces a fifth of Old Granddad from under his seat.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Here, take a snort.

Honey unscrews the cap and takes a swig between sobs.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Let me in, Honey. Help me help you.

She bursts into tears. Eugene embraces her with one arm while steering with the other.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

You see, Honey, we only go 'round once in this life, and so we gotta suck the sweet nectar out of every hour, every minute, every - Can I let you in on a little secret?

HONEY

A secret, really?

EUGENE

You see all them people back there?

Eugene adjusts the wide rearview mirror. He and Honey peer into it, at the assemblage of oddball passengers.

HONEY

Yeah.

EUGENE

That's my family. My loved ones. And you could be one of my most important loved ones of all.

Eugene starts to stroke her cheek.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

You could join up with us, and then you'd never feel lost or alone no more.

HONEY

When you say family, you mean - ?

EUGENE

Well, Honey, we believe a person should choose his own family, and not be forced to hang around with whatever shit-heads he happens to be related to, see?

HONEY

(tearfully)

Would you really have me in your family? Me, with all my flaws and fuck-ups?

Eugene dabs away her tears.

EUGENE

I'd be proud to. We all would. Well, I can't speak for that one guy in the back.

HONEY

What? Who?

EUGENE

That hippie reading his Jack Kero-Whack-off. I seen his type a million times.

HONEY

Him? He's not part of your family?

EUGENE

Hell, no. He barged on right as I was about to pull outta the terminal.

HONEY

Are we really going to San Diego, Eugene?

EUGENE

Call me Brother Eugene.

HONEY

Are we really going to San Diego, Brother Eugene?

EUGENE

No, child. We're goin' to our new compound in Mexy-co to wait for the end times.

HONEY

The end times?

EUGENE

Ya know, the end of the world. It's a-comin'.

HONEY

It is? How do you know?

EUGENE

I foreseen it.

HONEY

You did?

EUGENE

Yeah. But don't you worry. As long as you stick with us, you'll be one of the chosen. You'll reign with me in my heavenly condo. The rest of them assholes -

He gestures toward the jam.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
 - shall perish in a great fire.
 (beat)
 Or something.

HONEY nods somberly.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A HARLEY RIDER, sheathed in leather, cruises along unobstructed. The biker gives a sarcastic thumbs-up to the suckers trapped in their cars.

EXT. ABOVE THE FREEWAY - DAY

A panoramic nightmare of clogged, tangled, stalled or crawling traffic.

QUICK MONTAGE OF NERVOUS HABITS

GREYHOUND - Sister Rhonda methodically CRACKS her knuckles against her head one by one.

DRAG QUEEN T-BIRD - Patti loudly SUCKS her teeth. Janet eyes the tooth-sucking with disdain. Melinda reads aloud in the background.

GREYHOUND - Sister Rhonda has removed her shoes/socks and methodically CRACKS her toes, one by one.

PURITY PATROL VAN - Josh Wiener gnawing on his fingernails like a crazed rodent.

FORD FOCUS - Ford Focus Man furtively looks both ways, then picks his nose.

CRUISER WITH CLOWN - Mr. Zippity repeatedly SNAPS his gum.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Harley rider is weaving along when - uh-oh - the engine starts to CLUNK, CHUG, DIES. The bike rolls to a stop.

Harley tries to START the hog - once, twice, three times - but it's dead as a doornail. A RANDOM MOTORIST creeps past and gives Harley a smug THUMBS-UP.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

TWO CHP MOTORCYCLES are seen crossing an overpass above the jam. Motorists WAVE and CALL to them like castaways hailing a passing ship.

A WOMAN in a gorgeous Jag waves her arms frantically.

JAG WOMAN
Help! Save me!

The SURFERS stop waxing their boards to hail the officers.

SURFERS
Dudes! Hold up dudes! Hold uuup!

The patrolmen BLAST by and disappear in cloud of grit.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A sweeping view of the LA freeway system. Vehicles inch along through a haze of exhaust fumes. The fumes float upward like incense, carrying the GHOSTLY OVERLAPPING VOICES of stranded motorists as they try to communicate with the outside world. We hear snippets of NEUROTIC LAUGHTER, SOBBING, PLEAS FOR HELP mingling with EXPLANATIONS of tardiness, appointments being CANCELLED.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Harley rider sits astride the dead hog, eating from a huge bag of pistachios. Traffic crawls past.

Dunlop's car pulls alongside.

DUNLOP
Use some help?

Harley turns to Dunlop, then removes the helmet and shakes out a waist-length brunette mane. Yeah, Harley's female, a knock-out.

EXT. FREEWAY - 15 MINUTES LATER

Harley and Dunlop work on the hog. They are smudged with grease and surrounded by tools.

Dunlop's SUV has its hazard BLINKERS on. The jam inches around them.

HARLEY
Sure wish Cootie was here. He can fix anything.

DUNLOP
Cootie?

HARLEY
My old man.

DUNLOP

Oh.

Dunlop stands, cranes his neck to see what's ahead.

HARLEY

Wonderin' what's blockin' our way?

DUNLOP

It crossed my mind.

HARLEY

It's nothing.

DUNLOP

What do you mean, "nothing?"

HARLEY WOMAN

We're the cause. Us. You and me.
The cause and the effect.
Perpetrator and victim.

DUNLOP

Uh-huh. Go on.

HARLEY

I assume you're familiar with the
science of non-linear dynamics.

DUNLOP

You do?

HARLEY

Most people think of a jam as a
big, hairy, greasy, clogged drain.
An accident is the clog, and the
cars behind the accident are the
stagnant water that wants to go
down the drain. Get the picture?

DUNLOP'S VISUALIZATION

A clogged drain, like in a Drano ad, but the sink and drain are
full of little squirming, wriggling toy cars.

BACK TO SCENE

HARLEY (CONT'D)

At first, everything's fine and
dandy. But then more cars get on,
and more, until the traffic's so
heavy that everybody's forced to go
the same speed, sixty, let's say.

(MORE)

HARLEY (CONT'D)
Now one driver, just one, slows
down for a second.

DUNLOP
Why?

HARLEY
Could be anything.

ANOTHER FLASH AS WE VISUALIZE DUNLOP'S THOUGHTS

He pictures, in SLOW MOTION, Mr. Eatdust slowing to exchange
the FINGER with the occupants of the PURITY PATROL van. Both
speedometer NEEDLES WAVER slightly.

HARLEY (V.O.)
Point being, everybody behind that
one driver reacts by slowing down
the same amount.

A RIPPLE OF QUICK IMAGES

Other speedometers slowing from 60 to 58.

HARLEY (V.O.)
Traffic gets heavier. More people
slow down slightly for whatever
reason.

A SLOW-MOTION MONTAGE

Drivers mouth their frustration, exchange obscene gestures.

HARLEY (V.O.)
Speedometers drop another point.
And another. And another. Until
you've got yourself a stop-n-go
scenario. Then the biggest asshole
starts changing lanes to find a
faster one. Other assholes get the
same idea. They're all convinced
that one lane has to be the
fastest.

DUNLOP'S VISUALIZATION

Mr. Eatdust, HONKING and changing lanes in stop-and-go traffic.

BACK TO SCENE

HARLEY
But there's no escape. And why?
Because you're not really a
motorist anymore.

DUNLOP
What am I?

HARLEY
A particle trapped in a wave of
motion.

DUNLOP
So what you're saying is, I am the
jam. The jam is me.

HARLEY
I'm saying you're a particle - a
mere speck.

DUNLOP
I don't want to be a speck.

HARLEY
Neither do I. Which explains why I
ride a bike.

Harley sadly pats the hog.

DUNLOP
Let's say you're right. How long
before these particles get moving
again?

HARLEY
Maybe another minute. Maybe five.
Maybe never.

DUNLOP
Never?

HARLEY
Theoretically, a traffic jam can
last forever, at least according to
the laws of physics.

TIGHT on Dunlop as he considers this chilling possibility.

DUNLOP
(sotto)
Forever.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

That MARIACHI BAND in a station wagon PLAYS "Guadalajara!"
out the window with a lot of yip-yip-yipping. The bubbly
MUSIC continues over -

A MONTAGE OF EXASPERATION

An INDIAN WOMAN in a sari viciously kicks the tires of her Lexus SUV as the stop-and-go traffic inches past.

A NUN in a Mustang reads a book: 1000 THINGS TO DO DURING A SERMON.

Some CHOLOS bounce their low-rider up and down, FIRE HANDGUNS into the air.

Someone's bumper NUDGES the Fat Guy's car and the La-Z-Boy comes loose from the roof, lands on the road with a PLOOF!

AN AGITATED BANGING is heard inside the 'DANGER! STAY BACK!' cube truck.

INT. DUNLOP'S SUV - DAY

Traffic has come to a dead halt. The hog has been loaded into the back of Dunlop's SUV.

Dunlop and Harley sit staring straight ahead. Harley munches pistachios from the bag on her lap.

A sudden bolt of inspiration strikes Dunlop. He grabs his GAP bag and throws open the door.

DUNLOP

That's it. I'm outta here.

Harley sits there, takes her a beat to realize what's happening, then -

HARLEY

Wait! You can't escape the jam.

DUNLOP

Watch me.

HARLEY

But the science of non-linear dynamics dictates -

DUNLOP

Screw physics. I'm walking away.

HARLEY

What, like - with your feet?
(gravely)
No good can come of that.

DUNLOP

Good, healthy walking. You act like
it's against the law.

Dunlop starts boldly off. Harley pursues.

HARLEY

Hey, genius, it *is* against the law
to walk on the freeway.

DUNLOP

(wheels to face her)

How many years of my life have I
spent chained to this strip of
cement? Blind to everything but the
bumper in front of me, my body
tensed and waiting for the chance
to inch forward, like a, like a -

HARLEY

Fairground donkey?

DUNLOP

Exactly. An ass looking at the ass
of the ass in front of him. A link
in an unbreakable chain of asses
spinning off into ass infinity!

Dunlop marches off again.

HARLEY

I think you've cracked a strut.

Dunlop strides away. Harley watches him go, shaking her head
in disapproval. Now, a voice.

FORD FOCUS

Pssst. Hey you. Biker chick.

Harley looks around.

FORD FOCUS (CONT'D)

Over here.

Harley sees Ford Focus sitting in his car.

FORD FOCUS (CONT'D)

You can't let him go. Not like
that.

HARLEY

Like what?

FORD FOCUS

Naked. Without his tires.
 (insane giggling)
 He went without his tires. No
 tires. Naked.

HARLEY

Shut up, freak.

INT. CALIFORNIA DEPT. OF TRANSPORTATION HQ - DAY

A NASA-type nerve center dominated by a digital map of the LA freeway system. The billboard-sized map looms like an artificial night sky lit by a zillion stars.

A few EMPLOYEES sit in rolling office chairs, sipping coffee and contemplating the big map.

Red blinking lights represent the jam and pulsate on the faces of the employees.

BRENDA

What's causing it? No - don't tell me. Jack-knifed big rig? High-speed chase? Low-speed chase?

CHANG

Cause unknown.

Brenda gestures at the map, hypnotized.

BRENDA

(hushed and eerie)
 It's like an infection. A parasite spreading through a body. Starts at the foot, creeps up the leg, attacks the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, like some flesh-eating bacteria. I can't look away.

The rest fall under her spell, stare glassy-eyed at the map.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm bored now.

EXT. T-BIRD - DAY

The trunk stands open. Janet is wearing glasses on a chain, holding a pen and checking items off a list. In the trunk is a BOX labeled DISASTER PREPAREDNESS.

JANET

Five gallons drinking water. First Aid kit. One carton Marlboro Lites.

PATTI
Check. Check. Check.

JANET
Emergency radio. Flashlight. Three
kinds of batteries.

PATTI
Check. Check. Check.

JANET
One pistol. One sawed-off.

Patti tosses the shotgun to Melinda. The two queens inspect their weapons with obvious know-how.

PATTI
Check.

MELINDA
And Check.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

The cruiser is stuck somewhere in the jam.

ZIPPITY
Mark my words. In thirty years, the
Chinese'll be running everything.

OFFICER
So what. I'll be dead and could you
please shut up for two seconds?

Zippity SNAPS his gum.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The VIEW FROM ABOVE the Four Level Interchange. The Purity Patrol van visible on the upper deck. All arteries are stopped.

Susan hangs out the window, scanning the traffic-scape with binoculars.

PANNING THROUGH BINOCULARS

She briefly alights on Dunlop's SUV, the Greyhound, that T-Bird, the Palm Springs officer's car, some others we've spent time with.

She finally comes to rest on a MOBILE LUNCH WAGON away in the exhaust-cloaked distance.

SUSAN

I think I see a lunch wagon over there.

Debbie snatches away the binoculars.

DEBBIE

It's Mr. Footlong!

JENNA

Mr. Footlong! Thank you, Jesus.

DEBBIE

Mr. Footlong. Oh yeah. Here I come, baby!

JENNA

Me too! Here I come!

GREG

(shutting his trig book)
I could go for a dog.

Debbie, Jenna, and Greg climb from the van.

JOSH

(tragically)
Bring me back four chili dogs and a large Sprite.

SUSAN

Same here!

The three move off down the ascending lanes.

INT. GREYHOUND - DAY

The bus is empty except for Doug, who's asleep, cradling his hockey stick.

EXT. GREYHOUND - DAY

Eugene reclines on an impromptu divan of stacked suitcases. His nutty flock sits before him on the tarmac in neat rows.

The Prairie Woman kneels beside Eugene's divan, extending a 7-11 Big Gulp with a straw. Eugene occasionally takes a sip. He snacks from a bag of Cheetos on his lap.

Each kook holds a spiral-bound copy of 'The Holy Booklet.'

EUGENE

Continue reading from the holy booklet, Sister Rhonda.

RHONDA

(reading)

"And all holy wives of the one true heavenly prophet Eugene Phillips must couple with him upon every chance they get so as to secure a place in the heavenly condo via his holy magic seed. If the one true lord and prophet Eugene Phillips is very busy that day, several of the holy wives may do it with him at the same time. So sayeth the prophet Eugene Phillips."

KOOKS

Amen.

EUGENE

That's just fine Sister Rhonda.

RHONDA

(smiling coyly)

Thank you, sir.

EUGENE

Now, if you'll all turn to page 94.

The cult kooks all turn to page 94. Honey does the same.

EXT. MR. FOOTLONG LUNCH WAGON - DAY

A LONG QUEUE OF STRANDED MOTORISTS snakes away from the lunch wagon.

MR. FOOTLONG, a fat weasel in a greasy apron, reaches out the service window and changes the sign from 'FOOTLONG \$3' to 'FOOTLONG \$15.' The first CUSTOMER in line protests.

CUSTOMER

Hey, you can't do that!

MR. FOOTLONG

I just did.

The CROWD turns restless. PROTESTS are SHOUTED.

CUSTOMER

It's inhumane. I only have twelve bucks!

MR. FOOTLONG

Next!

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Debbie, Jenna, and Greg are jogging up the interchange, weaving through stalled traffic to Mr. Footlong.

DEBBIE

Mr. Footlong! Give it to me, baby!
Give it to me good!

EXT. GREYHOUND - DAY

The cult kooks continue their meeting on the tarmac.

BROTHER CHUCK

(reading)

"And there shall be a great stirring in the air, and a great multitude of sinners gathered and awaiting their final judgment, and great beasts will fill the sky. And let them great beasts be a sign unto you - "

He pauses as TWIN CHP CHOPPERS clatter overhead.

BROTHER CHUCK (CONT'D)

" - that Armageddon is at hand."

The cult kooks gaze skyward and smile dopily.

BROTHER CHUCK (CONT'D)

"And the sinners must be enslaved by the righteous or else slain by the holy weapons packed in the luggage compartment of the Greyhound."

Honey is staring at Eugene. Hard to read her.

BROTHER CHUCK (CONT'D)

"Only then will the righteous take their rightful place at the side of Eugene Phillips, the one and only heavenly potentate."

EUGENE

(cutting in quickly)

"And also, at the moment of Armageddon, all attractive-looking ladies must lay down and do it in the bus with Eugene Phillips right away, to make sure they are really and truly protected from the fiery furnace of eternal doom.

(MORE)

EUGENE (CONT'D)

The unattractive ladies may do it with Brother Chuck. So sayeth the booklet."

BROTHER CHUCK

That's what the light switch is for, Brother Eugene!

EUGENE

Right on, Brother Chuck!

Eugene and Chuck exchange a high-five. The cult kooks start flipping through their booklets.

MRS. MILLER

I can't find that last part.

Eugene jumps up from his divan with sudden inspiration and reaches skyward.

EUGENE

(mouthful of Cheetos)
Armageddon!

JIMMY-PAUL

But I thought we was gonna have Armageddon down in Mexy-co, Brother Eugene.

EUGENE

Silence, brother! There's been a change of plan.

EXT. MR. FOOTLONG LUNCH WAGON - DAY

The lunch wagon has been overturned. A MELEE in progress. Flying hotdogs, buns, fries, condiments, fist-fights.

Mr. Footlong defends his wagon with a set of tongs, using a pot lid as a shield.

In the thick of it, we make out Debbie and Jenna smashing the windshield with deep-fry baskets. Greg's not involved, stands to one side calmly taking pictures with his cell phone.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

The officer and Zippity.

ZIPPITY

You can't make me sit here this long. It's cruel and unusual. I got a hemorrhoid.

The officer heaves a heavy sigh.

LATER

The officer has his wallet out, is showing Zippity a string of family photos.

OFFICER
That's Cindy, my oldest.

ZIPPITY
(chuckling warmly)
Awww. Family. What it's all about.

LATER

The officer is bored to tears, his head resting on the steering wheel as Zippity blabs on.

ZIPPITY (CONT'D)
So then I press "one" for billing,
but instead I get technical
support. So I'm like, "Hey, what's
the deal?" And he's like, "You were
supposed to press four," and I'm
like -

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Harley, carrying the bag of pistachios, weaves between tightly packed vehicles, She hears approaching VOICES.

HARLEY
Mark Dunlop! Where are you? You
stubborn jackass! Mark!

Those irate motorists we saw looting the lunch wagon have coalesced into a marauding gang.

A wild-eyed MAN IN A TORN SUIT dabbling at his bloody nose with his tie steps forward and confronts Harley.

MAN IN SUIT
Well now, what have we here?

HARLEY
I'm looking for a friend. Gray
suit, medium height, carrying a GAP
bag.

MAN IN SUIT
Now that's funny, because I thought
you were looking for me, to give me
those pistachios.

(MORE)

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)

I do so love pistachios.
(to the mob)
What about you?

MOB

Yeah! Woo-hoo, etc.

The mob closes in on Harley.

MAN IN A SUIT

Oh yeah, hand over your wallet,
too.

HARLEY

Sure.

Harley steps to the suit and smashes him full in the face with the big bag of nuts. The man YELPS and collapses.

DEBBIE/JENNA

Trash her!

The mob assails Harley, but she is one tough biker chick. She punches a few in the face, knees a few groins, but they keep coming. She's outnumbered, a pair of hands around her throat when -

DUNLOP

Hello down there!

All look up to see Dunlop silhouetted atop a big-rig in the adjacent lane. He leaps from the truck, executing several flying KICKS that land in the faces of the attackers, creating confusion among the mob.

Dunlop and Harley flee the scene. They weave between cars, changing lanes, trying to evade the mob.

Dunlop helps himself to a skateboard from a pick-up bed. They hop aboard and zip along, executing a number of highly athletic but improbable pairs-skating maneuvers, the mob in pursuit.

They streak past the Fat Guy, now reclined in his La-Z-Boy with a brewski, watching a BASKETBALL GAME on a small TV.

The SHOUTS grow fainter.

They're peering back in the direction of their pursuers when their skateboard HITS a guardrail. They catapult down an embankment into a concrete culvert running beneath the freeway.

EXT. CULVERT - CONTINUOUS

The pair land out of breath in a no-man's land of strewn garbage and derelict shopping carts. They recover.

HARLEY

So what are you, Kung-Fu?

DUNLOP

Used to be a stuntman. Paid my way through college. Thought I'd forgotten it all.

HARLEY

Isn't that a co-inky-dink? I was an extra in a Roller Derby flick.

She pulls at the neckline of her top and exposes a shoulder, showing off a tattoo of a big roller skate.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Check it out.

He stares at her bare shoulder. It's an attractive shoulder. He can't look away. She watches him watching her. She replaces her neckline and stands.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's get outta here.

He tries to stand, but discovers he's injured himself tumbling down the ravine.

DUNLOP

Owww! My ankle.

HARLEY

Lemme see.

She pulls off his shoe and sock and rolls up his pant leg. He stares at her staring at his ankle. It's an attractive ankle. She caresses it.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Does that hurt?

DUNLOP

I'm not sure. Do it again.

Harley removes the do-rag from around her neck and starts to wrap Dunlop's ankle.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The Purity Patrol van's back doors stand open. Josh and Susan toss out abstinence propaganda in their search for snacks.

JOSH
A cooler. Praise the Lord.

Josh hauls the cooler out of the van. Opening the lid, he discovers a cache of foil-wrapped packages.

JOSH (CONT'D)
It's a whole picnic.

SUSAN
I hope it's fried chicken.

They each tear into a package.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
This one just has some seasoning.

JOSH
Mine too. Seasoning.

Susan finally gets the picture.

SUSAN
Wait a minute. I think this is weed.

Josh sniffs his package, tosses it aside.

JOSH
But I'm so hungry. Crud. This is the absolute worst day of my life.

They slump to the tarmac beside their cooler of weed.

Just then, they hear a TRIO OF VOICES singing a lively yet arcane ditty, with LUTE accompaniment.

Josh and Susan sit up to listen.

SINGING VOICES (O.S.)
"You stole my heart/Fie upon you,
fie!/ You stole my heart, fie on
you!/ Hey nonny! Hey nonny! Fie
upon you, fie!/You stole my heart,
fie on you."

At first, we see only the shadowy shapes of three figures. The singing stops.

KING (O.S.)
Hark! Who goes there?

JOSH
Josh Wiener and Susan Wong. Who's
that?

WENCH (O.S.)
Three weary travelers from the
northbound lanes!

The figures materialize out of the smog - three characters in very convincing Elizabethan garb. They've either arrived in a time machine from the year 1600 or were en route to a Renaissance Faire.

The tall, fleshy, saucy Wench is about 40, wearing an outrageous bustier. One hand carries a basket of flowers, the other drags a black garbage bag.

The court Buffoon sports a jingle-bell hat, carries the lute.

The manly King has a crossbow strapped to his back.

All have strong English accents.

The Wench notices the PURITY PATROL van.

WENCH (CONT'D)
Lookee there, my liege. If I'm not
mistaken, this be a caravan of
puritans!

KING
How now, good puritans! What news?

JOSH
Well, we missed the jamboree, Cody
Matthews ruined my life, and now
I'm here starving on the Four Level
Interchange.

The Wench picks up a discarded T-shirt with DON'T JUST DO IT stitched in pink sequins. She presses it against her bust and admires it.

WENCH
I quite fancy this bodice.

SUSAN
Take it. We've got twelve dozen.

The King steps to the gloomy Josh and slaps him heartily on the back.

KING
Come now, puritan. Don't look so
glum. Tis an unmanly grief.

JOSH
God, I hate Cody Matthews so much
right now.

Susan sniffs the air like a ravenous beast.

SUSAN
Meat.

The King produces a gleaming dagger, turns to Josh.

KING
Show me the blackguard Cody
Matthews. I'll skewer him with my
handy bodkin and then we'll all of
us make merry!

JOSH
He's at the Sheraton in San Diego.

The King considers this.

KING
Then let us forthwith hie ourselves
to the very spot!

JOSH
It's far away. It might as well be
on the moon.

KING
Ah yes! The inconstant moon, that
monthly changes in her circled orb.

BUFFOON
I say, is that a big cooler full of
weed?

The Buffoon and Wench scurry over to the cooler and start
digging around. The King overtakes them.

KING
Part, fools.

They step aside as he peers into the cooler.

KING (CONT'D)
And just where are ye puritans
bound with this cargo of medicinal
herbs?

JOSH

Ummm.

BUFFOON

I believe what his majesty means
is, might these merry-juana herbs
be for sale?

JOSH

Yeah, I guess.

They hear ravenous MUNCHING, turn to see Susan devouring a hotdog from the big plastic garbage bag the Wench was dragging.

KING

I propose an exchange. You puritans
may partake of our victuals, and in
turn you shall consign to us a
weighty parcel of your herbs.

Josh dives for the bag.

JOSH

(hotdog jutting from
mouth)

Done!

INT. CALTRANS CONTROL CENTER - DAY

Brenda is tossing popcorn at her coworkers in their wheelie chairs, who are trying to catch it in their mouths. WE PAN to the bank of freeway monitors behind them.

WE FAVOR A SINGLE MONITOR

The kooks stand by the open luggage bay of the Greyhound where they inventory a stockpile of weapons.

The elderly Mrs. Miller picks up an Uzi and shoots out the traffic camera. The monitor goes dark.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The queens are setting up a campsite beside their T-Bird.

JANET

Did I just hear gunfire?

PATTI

An Uzi, wasn't it?

JANET

Either that or an MP5.

They return to the task at hand. Janet unfolds a camp stool, sprays it with Windex, vigorously wipes it.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

THAT CUBE TRUCK marked DANGER STAY BACK idles in the lane bordering a steep embankment. The driver decides to maneuver up the incline and escape the jam.

He REVS the engine, angles up the slope, gets about halfway, and promptly begins losing ground. The truck tips, rolls and HITS a concrete wall, tearing a wide gash in the side.

The driver climbs from the cab, staggers to view the damage.

He spots the tear in the trailer. Terror clouds his face. He backs away slowly, then flees into the smog.

MOVING IN ON THAT TEAR

The interior dark as sin. Now, a soft SNARL followed by a FREAKISH CHUCKLE from within.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Josh, Susan, the Buffoon, and the Wench, are sprawled ecstatically in a pile of hotdog debris. The King relaxes in a lawn chair. They pass around a bong fashioned from a Sprite can. All are way stoned.

Josh lies with his head in the Wench's lap, utterly besotted. The Wench, now wearing the DON'T JUST DO IT shirt over her costume, has entwined Josh's hair with dozens of little flowers and is feeding him fries.

JOSH

What's your name, beautiful lady?

WENCH

Mistress Lacydrawers.

JOSH

(love-struck sigh)
Mistress Lacydrawers.

KING

By what good providence came you by
this cooler of weed, puritan, for
by my codpiece, I have never
sampled the like.

JOSH

It was in the back of the van.

The Buffoon strikes some CHORDS ON HIS LUTE and the Renaissance characters begin to SING.

ALL

"Now is the month of Maying when
merry lads are playing. Fa la. Each
with his bonny lass upon the greeny
grass. Fa la."

EXT. CULVERT - DAY

Harley wheels Dunlop down the culvert in a shopping cart. Drunk on adventure, the two are BELTING OUT Springsteen's 'Born to Run.'

Now, the sound of ROARING WATER coming from a tunnel ahead. Dunlop stops singing.

DUNLOP

Shhh. Hold on a sec.

They listen.

HARLEY

What's that?

DUNLOP

Water?

A freak Tsunami SURGES from the tunnel.

Harley turns the cart, races up the culvert, trying to outrun the oncoming RUSH OF WATER. Too late. A wave surges around them, sweeps the HOLLERING duo back the way they came.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

A disheveled Debbie, Jenna, and Greg trudge back to the van. They find Josh and Susan sacked out in the garbage. Those Renaissance folk have vanished. Josh wakes up suddenly.

JOSH

Mistress Lacydrawers! Come back!

Greg rushes to the ransacked cooler.

GREG

My weed!

Susan wakens, BELCHES.

GREG (CONT'D)

What, exactly, have you done with
my weed?

SUSAN

We traded it for a garbage bag full of hotdogs.

GREG

You didn't.

Susan giggles uncontrollably.

GREG (CONT'D)

Shit. You did.

DEBBIE

So you're a drug dealer, Greg?!

GREG

I sell a little weed on the side.

He's going through the roadside rubbish and has found a hotdog.

DEBBIE

On the side of what? Evil?

GREG

(while chewing hotdog)

I just watched you loot a lunch wagon, Deb. Maybe if you weren't such a big virgin, you wouldn't have all that pent-up aggression.

JOSH

Point well taken, my good fellow.

DEBBIE

Just a damn minute. You're not a virgin?

Chuckling at the very idea, Greg flops down in the lawn chair with the hotdog.

JOSH

He doth know the heat of a luxurious bed.

JENNA

But you worked shoulder to shoulder with us on our posters, our leaflets, our flair!

DEBBIE

Really, how could you, Greg?! How could you!?

GREG

I'll be honest. I got busted last year for selling a little weed at the Lilith Fair. I got community service. It was either this or Habitat for Humanity, but they meet on Tuesdays which happens to be my hockey night.

DEBBIE

And we meet on Thursdays. That's the only reason you joined!?

GREG

Not entirely. Weed sales are always brisk at the jamboree.

DEBBIE

Let me see if I've got this right. As your community service for selling weed at the Lilith Fair, you're selling weed at the jamboree?

GREG

I've already saved enough for college. I got into Stanford.

DEBBIE

Well, whoop-tee-crap!

JENNA

Yeah! What's your major, pot-head studies?

JOSH

If a man hath enough wit to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse!

JENNA

(leans over, eyeballs
Josh)

I think there's something wrong with Josh.

DEBBIE

(to Greg)

You're not fit to wear that button!

Greg removes his 100% PURE BUTTON button, flings it into the refuse, continues applying ketchup to his fries.

GREG

I exploited the teen abstinence movement for personal gain. Fair enough. But what about you? Haven't you done the same in your own way?

DEBBIE

That's fucking bullshit!

JENNA

Yeah. We've dedicated our whole lives to teen abstinence.

GREG

None of you give a shit about abstinence. You've simply adopted a cause that makes you feel worthwhile. It could just as easily be save the Polar bears. The key is that you get to be co-captains and have meetings and make posters. You're lost and confused unless you fit within a clear hierarchical structure.

JOSH

Verily, Greg doth strike at the heart of the matter.

Debbie fishes her cell from her purse, starts punching in numbers.

DEBBIE

Keep talking, Greg. I'm sure your probation officer will find this all very interesting.

Greg produces his own cell, flips it open.

GREG

Have I ever shown you my photo gallery, Deb? 'Cause I've got some nifty ones of you ransacking Mr. Footlong. Look, here you are smashing the windshield with a deep-fryer basket.

Debbie flips her phone shut, glares hatefully at Greg. He flips his phone shut in response.

DEBBIE

Screw you.

GREG

Hold that thought. Just let me finish these fries.

DEBBIE

(bursts into tears)
That's it. I quit!

She storms off into the jam.

JENNA

I quit too!

She follows in Debbie's direction.

EXT. CULVERT AND FREEWAY - DAY

Dunlop and Harley poke their heads from the embankment. Half-drowned, they haul themselves over the rail. Harley yanks the shopping cart up as well. They collapse on the tarmac.

DUNLOP

We're right back where we started.

HARLEY

I warned you not to mess with physics.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN BEACH - DUSK

The orange ball of the sun slowly sinks into the Pacific.

EXT. FREEWAY - DUSK

The queens sit on camp stools around a cozy fire, roasting marshmallows. Blankets cover their laps.

Patti wears a turban with a large gemstone on the front. She brushes her wig perched on a Styrofoam head in her lap. Janet has a marshmallow clamped in the tongs of the curling iron.

MELINDA

(reading)

"I, poor miserable Robinson Crusoe, being shipwrecked during a dreadful storm came on shore on this dismal island, which I called the Island of Despair, all the rest of the ship's company being drowned and myself almost dead."

PATTI

Oh, Robbie. Poor, poor Robbie.

They hear SQUEAKY wheels and peer into the dusk, soon see the shopping cart containing a soaked man pushed by a soaked and disheveled woman. The man wringing out his jacket as they pass. Each party takes the other entirely in stride.

QUEENS

(nodding)

Evenin'.

DUNLOP/HARLEY

(nodding)

Evenin'.

Dunlop and Harley trundle out of view.

The queens shrug, turn their attention back to their reading.

MELINDA

"Night coming upon me, I began with
a heavy heart to consider what
would be my lot if there were any
ravenous beasts in that country, as
at night they always come abroad
for their prey - "

EXT. FREEWAY - DUSK

An UNKNOWN POV, low to the ground, slipping past a line of ghostly vehicles housing dozing motorists.

POV sniffs around a Mustang, slowly rises, peers inside at the snoring Nun.

POV drops and peers ahead into the dark. A fiery glow ahead.

WHAT IT SEES

Mr. Eatdust outside his Hummer polishing his rearview mirror.

MR. EATDUST

He glimpses something reflected in the mirror, slowly turns, puzzles out what he's seeing. A low SNARL.

TIGHT ON EATDUST VANITY PLATE

That SNARL dissolving into HIDEOUS LAUGHTER, followed by a sudden, GUT-WRENCHING SCREAM! The Hummer's ALARM goes off.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Step back from the vehicle! Step
back from the vehicle!

INT. MUSTANG - SAME

Nearby, the nun bolts awake, peers in her rear view mirror, can't make out much in the fading light.

She climbs out, cautious, takes a step to the Hummer, now detects some movement ahead.

WHAT SHE'S SEEING

Mr. Eatdust, just his lower body visible, something slowly dragging him into a stand of freeway shrubbery.

She pales, bolts back to her car, climbs inside, locks the doors, makes a frantic call on her cell.

EXT. FREEWAY - DUSK

Drag queen campsite. Melinda places a bookmark in Robinson Crusoe and sets it aside.

MELINDA

I gotta tinkle.

She gets up and CLICKETY-CLACKS away.

JANET

I'm trying to think of the last time I sat in the gentle glow of a campfire.

PATTI

Mesmerizing, isn't it? A campfire. One forgets.

JANET

One does.

PATTI

In the flickering firelight I seem to catch glimpses of my past, portents of my future. I think of how short it all is. Of how we, too, shall flicker out into the cold and dark of forever and ever.

JANET

I used to be afraid of eternity, the moldering grave and all that. Not anymore.

PATTI

No?

JANET

Because when you really think about it, if we didn't die, well, that would be hell. Far worse than the maggots wriggling their way into your casket and devouring your rotting corpse.

Janet pops a toasted marshmallow into her mouth.

JANET (CONT'D)

Close your eyes and imagine a thousand years.

Patti closes her eyes.

JANET (CONT'D)

Yourself, alive, for a thousand years. Getting up. Getting dressed. Ordering a tall non-fat cappuccino to go. And then another thousand years. But there's still a billion more to go. And still no end in sight.

She clutches the wig head protectively to her chest.

PATTI

Stop. I'm gazing into the abyss.

JANET

Sorry.

They stare meditatively into the fire.

PATTI

Janet?

JANET

Yes, Patti?

PATTI

Do you ever think about - ?

JANET

What?

PATTI

No, it's nothing.

JANET

Come on. Say it.

PATTI

Do you ever think of leaving the car?

JANET

How do you mean, leaving the car?

PATTI

Just walking away and leaving it.

JANET

Lord almighty Patti, is it really necessary to be so macabre?

Somewhere not too distant, someone SHOUTS "Armageddon!" The queens peer into the dark. Melinda CLACKS back to the campsite.

MELINDA

Who's the dipshit screaming Armageddon?

EXT./INT. POLICE CRUISER - DUSK

The clown and the officer.

ZIPPITY

Guess what. I gotta take a poop.

OFFICER

Christ.

ZIPPITY

And I mean now.

The officer sighs in irritation, gets out of the car. He jerks open the back door. Zippity climbs out fast and runs away into the dark, shoes HONKING.

The officer watches him go, does nothing. The HONKS fade.

OFFICER

So long, Mr. Zippity.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Back with Dunlop and Harley. SINGING "Born to Run" again.

Getting dark now. Freeway lights ignite.

Dunlop stops singing, raises a hand.

DUNLOP

Wait. Stop a minute.

She stops.

DUNLOP (CONT'D)
Check it out.

WHAT THEY'RE SEEING

A BAKERY TRUCK bearing the words: 'LA GONDOLA FOODS OF ITALY'. The side bears an illustration of a chic couple in a gondola - the woman in a straw hat and sundress, the man in a pale suit, a red carnation in his lapel, a picnic basket between them.

The driver, a huge, bald Samoan with an eye-patch, stands guard with a sawed-off shotgun. Let's call him CYCLOPS.

HARLEY
Wonder what he's got in there.

DUNLOP
I bet it's stuffed with pizza.
Stuffed to the ceiling.

Cyclops ducks into the cab, emerges with a roll of toilet paper.

HARLEY
Looks like a trip to the powder room.

Cyclops hikes up an embankment and disappears into some shrubbery.

DUNLOP
Let's move.

HARLEY
Hold your horse there, Butch. How many laws you gonna break tonight?

DUNLOP
There's pizza involved. Normal societal conventions don't apply.

She considers a beat, then rolls him to the truck and peeks into the cab. The keys still in the ignition.

She snatches the keys and wheels Dunlop to the rear of the truck. She tries several keys, finds one that fits the lock. She rolls up the door - wincing as it RATTLES - reveals a cache of boxes: biscotti, fancy crackers, breadsticks, etc.

DUNLOP (CONT'D)
Bingo.

Harley climbs in.

HARLEY
You stand guard.

Dunlop ignores her, hauls himself awkwardly out of the shopping cart and climbs in after her.

They rip open boxes and begin stuffing their faces. It's soooooo good. And then -

CYCLOPS' VOICE
You're so dead!

Cyclops has taken them by surprise. He spikes his toilet roll to the pavement, COCKS his weapon.

Harley grabs the door handle and yanks it down with a BANG.

OUTSIDE

Cyclops struggles to raise the door.

INSIDE

Dunlop and Harley strain to hold the door down. It rises a few inches, then a few more.

HARLEY
You were supposed to stand guard.

DUNLOP
I didn't think he could do it that fast.

CYCLOPS

Still straining when he hears a soft SNARL. He turns slowly, peers into the dark, listens.

CYCLOPS
Who's out there?

That snarl dissolves into UNEARTHLY, FREAKISH LAUGHTER.

CYCLOPS (CONT'D)
What's so goddamn funny?

More SNARLS and LAUGHTER, followed by abrupt silence.

INSIDE

Dunlop and Harley freeze, strain to listen. The LAUGHTER erupts again, followed by a blood-curdling SCREAM.

The door SLAMS shut as Cyclops suddenly releases his grip, the sudden momentum flinging the burglars to the floor.

QUICK MONTAGE OF SURROUNDING DRIVERS

DOZING GUY - SNORING, oblivious to the LAUGHTER/SCREAM.

WOMAN IN JAG - In a heated argument on her cell, she half-notices the LAUGHTER/SCREAM, but only as an annoyance disturbing her conversation. She rolls up her window, keeps arguing.

FAMILY IN LUXURY SUV - They're watching a horror movie on a screen. The outside SCREAMS go unnoticed as they mingle with the on-screen SCREAMS.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Mr. Zippity stands in the glow of a freeway light. He raises his cuffed hands to his bushy wig, extracts a bobby pin. He begins to pick the lock on the handcuffs, all the while glancing about in a paranoid manner.

INT. CHP HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

CAPTAIN SUAREZ sits in his office, shuffling papers. SGT. LOMBARDO, carrying a clipboard, appears in the open door.

LOMBARDO

Captain Suarez, sir, it's about the body we found. Near that Hummer.

(consults clipboard)

Mr. Eatdust.

SUAREZ

Shut the door.

Lombardo enters and shuts the door.

LOMBARDO

It's worse than we thought.

SUAREZ

What's worse than dead?

Lombardo hands Suarez his clipboard. Suarez scans it.

SUAREZ (CONT'D)

Eaten?

LOMBARDO

Wasn't much left, sir. Some bones, half an iPhone, a Gucci sneaker with teeth marks all over it.

TIGHT on Suarez as his brain cogs whirl.

INT. LA GONDOLA FOODS TRUCK - NIGHT

Dunlop and Harley surrounded by heaps of empty food packages in a cone of bright light from a keychain. Dunlop is yanking on the truck door, but it's stuck.

Harley is eating from a cookie tin. There's an illustration on the lid like the one we saw on the side of the truck - a chic and carefree couple in a gondola. She studies it.

HARLEY
No cars. No roads.

DUNLOP
Huh?

HARLEY
Venice. They go around in boats.

Dunlop fiddles with the door, SMACKS it in frustration.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
Trapped at the scene of the crime.
It's embarrassing. You know, if
Cootie was here, he'd have had that
door open an hour ago.

DUNLOP
So - Cootie. What is that, French?

HARLEY
You tryin' to be funny?

DUNLOP
Maybe. How long you two been
married?

HARLEY
We're not exactly married. Sort of
engaged.

DUNLOP
How long you two been an item?

HARLEY
Seven years.

DUNLOP
What's the hold up?

HARLEY
No hold up. Cootie's just a little -

DUNLOP

Stupid?

HARLEY

Lay off him. He's working up to it.

Dunlop grabs the lid of the cookie tin, bends it into a tool, starts wedging it into the doorframe.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

That's never gonna work.

DUNLOP

So where'd you two meet?

HARLEY

The tool department at Sears.
That's where I work. He was looking
for a screwdriver.

DUNLOP

And he found you. That's lucky. I
never meet anybody.

HARLEY

Why not?

DUNLOP

Because they're not in my car, I
guess.

HARLEY

What about your co-workers?

DUNLOP

They're okay. If you like hairy
engineers with fungus breath.

HARLEY

What about your neighbors?

DUNLOP

I think I have some. I've seen
their garage doors going up and
down.

HARLEY

You're wasting your time with that.
Cootie always says you can't do a
job right unless you've got the
right -

The truck door slides up. Dunlop holds up the cookie tin triumphantly.

DUNLOP

Tool?

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN BEACH - NIGHT

A fog bank slowly rolling in, heading inland.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

TWO SURFER DUDES have raised a pirate flag above their VW van and lit some Tiki torches. They wax their boards in the flickering light as they exchange war stories.

DUDE 1

So I come screamin' down the point
in perfect trim, on the nose, and I
hit this hard bottom turn and
launch myself right out of the
curl.

DUDE 2

Way sick, bro!

DUDE 1

I look down, and my baggies are
gone. And I'm all, hey, barnies,
check my big white butt.

The dudes GUFFAW. Gradually, they're joined by HIDEOUS, EERIE LAUGHTER.

That HIDEOUS LAUGHTER and the dudes' GUFFAWS continue until the surfers realize they're not alone.

They freeze, peer into the night. Long beats, then, a sudden chorus of HORRIBLE SCREAMS and INSANE LAUGHTER!

INT. DONUT SHOP - NIGHT

THREE CHP OFFICERS, (DUDE OFFICER, SMART OFFICER, and LATINO OFFICER) share a booth. Smart reads an LA Times. Through the big window, a squad car materializes in the fog, pulls up outside. Lombardo gets out, enters, slides into the booth.

LOMBARDO

You hear about the guy in the
Hummer?

Dude and Latino nod. Smart is hidden behind his paper.

DUDE OFFICER

You hear about those surfers?

Lombardo nods.

LOMBARDO
Some weird shit. But did you hear
the whole story?

Dude and Latino all ears as they await the punchline.

LOMBARDO (CONT'D)
Something ate them.

SMART OFFICER
(looking over his paper)
Ate them?

LOMBARDO
Picked 'em clean.

DUDE OFFICER
Whoa, dudes.

SMART OFFICER
That's not true.

He retreats behind his paper.

LOMBARDO
I saw the report.

DUDE OFFICER
A lot of hungry motorists out
there. Maybe those surfers started
lookin' tasty.

LOMBARDO
Cannibals? Huh. Now that's food for
thought.

Silence as they sip coffee, ponder the notion of cannibals.

LATINO OFFICER
You know what it is, man? It's the
chupacabra.

DUDE OFFICER
Whoa, dude.

LATINO OFFICER
He's like, all scaly, with spikes
on his back and red glowing eyes.
He grabs you in the dark and sucks
all your blood out with his fangs.

He demonstrates by picking up a jelly donut, squeezes out the
jelly.

DUDE OFFICER
And then he eats you all up?

LATINO OFFICER
Not usually.

DUDE OFFICER
Well, that rules out the
chupacabra.

VAGRANT (O.S.)
You're all wrong.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL THE ADJACENT BOOTH

Occupied by the vagrant with the squeegee and the tin bucket
who tried to wash Josh's windshield that morning.

LOMBARDO
Oh, yeah, smart guy? What then?

VAGRANT
It's the freeway.

LOMBARDO
What about it?

VAGRANT
Trying to heal itself.

DUDE OFFICER
You speak in riddles, squeegee man.

VAGRANT
You get sick, what happens? Your
immune system goes to work. Your
white cells surround the contagion -
bacteria, toxins, parasites,
whatever - and eliminates it. The
freeway's killing off its
parasites.

DUDE OFFICER
(impressed)
That's messed up. But it totally
makes sense.

VAGRANT
Your basic science.

Smart Officer emerges from behind his Times to speak reason.

SMART OFFICER

The freeway's a hunk of concrete,
for Christ's sake. It doesn't have
cells.

VAGRANT

(eerie and prophetic)
Have it your way. But this isn't
over yet.

The officers look at each other uneasily.

VAGRANT (CONT'D)

(points at squeezed donut)
You gonna finish that?

EXT. LA GONDOLA TRUCK - NIGHT

Dunlop and Harley peep out the open truck door. No sign of
Cyclops. Harley climbs down, looks around cautiously.

She helps Dunlop back into the shopping cart and shoves off.
The cart rolls over something. They look and see the sawed-
off, glance around nervously. They CLATTER off.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Debbie and Jenna move past a queue of spectral vehicles.

DEBBIE

Where in the balls of God are we?

JENNA

Remember the time Jesus and Mary
were lost in the forest and they
followed that trail of bread
crumbs?

DEBBIE

Shit. It was here. Right here.

They approach a silver BENTLEY with tinted windows.

Debbie raps on the window.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Hello? Yoo-hoo!

JENNA

Debs, what about stranger-danger?

DEBBIE

Screw that. We need directions.

The driver's window rolls down. The man behind the wheel is SAUDI, with corresponding Persian Gulf attire.

SAUDI
(heavy accent)
Good evening.

DEBBIE
Have you seen a white van? It says
Purity Patrol on the side?

SAUDI
Indeed.

DEBBIE
You have? Where?

SAUDI
Welcome. Go, go, more go. First
bridge, no. Next bridge, no. Fifty
meters. More go. Welcome.

DEBBIE
Could you repeat that?

The Saudi smiles warmly.

SAUDI
Welcome. Welcome.

The Saudi rolls up his window.

Debbie starts off confidently into the dark.

DEBBIE
This way.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Zippity passes the open Gondola Foods truck. He ducks in and
grabs a box of cookies, then sees the shotgun.

EXT. FREEWAY - SHORTLY AFTER

Debbie and Jenna still lost in the fog. And now, a faint peal
of EERIE, UNEARTHLY LAUGHTER!

JENNA
Okay, what was that?

Another peal of HIDEOUS, HIGH-PITCHED LAUGHTER!

JENNA AND DEBBIE
Run!

They flee into the foggy dark.

EXT. FREEWAY - MINUTES LATER

Debbie and Jenna run smack into Eugene the bus driver, who's suavely dragging on a ciggy in the dark.

EUGENE

Whoa! Whoa, ladies! Where's the fire?

DEBBIE

Something's out there, chasing us!

EUGENE

Now, now. There ain't nothin' in the dark that ain't there in the light.

JENNA

It sounded weird, like a ghost.

EUGENE

A ghost. Imagine that, two grown-up ladies believin' in a thing like that. What you heard was the wind.

DEBBIE

I never heard any wind like that.

EUGENE

Grade school science, ladies. In a big-ass jam like this, the wind can't blow free. There's lotsa stuff blockin' its way. So it goes a-twistin' through the front-end grills, and a-whistlin' through the aerials, and a-whinin' and a-screechin' -

JENNA

- and a-laughin'?

EUGENE

Yep. You run along now.

DEBBIE

But it's scary out here.

JENNA

And we can't find our van.

Eugene looks them up and down.

EUGENE

You're just a couple of little lost
lambs, ain't ya?

INT. GREYHOUND - NIGHT

Debbie and Jenna each leaf through a copy of the Holy
Booklet.

DEBBIE

Armageddon?

EUGENE

Yep.

DEBBIE

Is it anything like a jamboree?

EUGENE

I suppose you could look at it that
way.

JENNA

And you have to be a member to get
in?

EUGENE

(nods, cheerful)

Otherwise you're headed for the
fiery furnace of eternal damnation.

DEBBIE

Would we get membership cards?

EUGENE

I guess I could make ya one.

JENNA

Wow. I think I'm tingling a little.

Eugene cozies up to Jenna and smiles sleazily.

EUGENE

Sure ya are. That's natural.

DEBBIE

And you're positive about this,
Brother Eugene?

EUGENE

Positive as can be, Sister Debbie.

Eugene calls to the back of the bus.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Sister Honey!

Honey comes scurrying up the aisle.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
Would you mind reviewing page 94
with these young ladies? Nature
calls.

HONEY
Certainly, Brother Eugene.

Eugene enters the lavatory with a rolled up magazine.

Honey's about to step off the bus.

HONEY (CONT'D)
Let's step outside.

JENNA
But we don't want to go out there.
Not with the laughing voice and the
fog.

HONEY
I'm not asking. I'm telling.

EXT. GREYHOUND - NIGHT

Honey, Jenna, and Debbie stand in a huddle.

HONEY
Listen carefully, girls.

She reaches into her purse, shows an I.D. Debbie takes it.

DEBBIE
Agent Bernstein? FBI?

AGENT BERNSTEIN
Correct.

Jenna takes the I.D., examines it from all angles.

JENNA
It's laminated.

AGENT BERNSTEIN
I'm conducting a top-secret
operation here. I need you to walk
away and not look back.

DEBBIE

But what about Armageddon? Brother Eugene said --

AGENT BERNSTEIN

(interrupting)

Eugene Phillips is an unstable cult leader with a busload of deadly weapons and a well-documented doomsday ideology.

They gawk in silence. Then -

JENNA

But now we don't have an extracurricular activity.

AGENT BERNSTEIN

If you retrace your steps I'm sure -

They hear a faint CACKLING nearby.

DEBBIE

AAAHHHHHH!!!! Run.

PANNING TO A BUS WINDOW, we realize the CACKLING belongs to Mrs. Miller.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Dunlop and Harley trundle along, moving toward an enormous digital sign that hangs above the freeway. The sign says EXPECT DELAYS.

DUNLOP

I should have done this years ago.

Harley stops pushing the cart.

DUNLOP (CONT'D)

Why are we stopping?

HARLEY

We need to talk.

DUNLOP

Okay, talk. But make it fast. Time's a-wastin'.

HARLEY

Look at yourself.

Dunlop looks himself over. All seems fine.

DUNLOP

What?

HARLEY

You're in a shopping cart. With a twisted ankle. And you're all - damp.

DUNLOP

If you're suggesting I go back to the car, the answer's no. I refuse to be a particle in a wave of motion.

HARLEY

You'd rather have me wheel you around in a shopping cart?

DUNLOP

Mock me, but at least I'm on a trajectory tangential to the wave of motion.

HARLEY

Jeez Louise. I never would've mentioned the science of linear dynamics if I knew you were going to take it so personally.

DUNLOP

The next exit is only about another mile. I say we go for it.

HARLEY

Mark, it's time to go back to the car.

DUNLOP

No.

HARLEY

Yes.

DUNLOP

No. No way. I'm going to live through this, and when it's over, I'll never sit in a traffic jam again. If I have to lie, steal, cheat, or kill, as God is my witness, I'll never sit in a another traffic jam again!

HARLEY

Suit yourself. I'm gonna fix my hog.

She starts walking off.

DUNLOP

Hey! Why not get old Cooter to motor over here and fix it, since he's so great!

She whirls around.

HARLEY

His name's Cootie! It's a term of endearment!

DUNLOP

It's a term of infestation. By disease-bearing vermin!

HARLEY

At least I haven't been sitting in my car all alone for the last seven years.

She starts off again, then decides she isn't done arguing.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

It just so happens, Cootie's unavailable. He's in Mexico. On a cruise.

DUNLOP

Great, he went without you. Helluva guy. Let me guess - he wasn't ready for a joint vacation. He needs to work up to it.

HARLEY

You're so irritating. I can't believe I've been pushing your cart.

DUNLOP

I've got it! He wouldn't spring for a second ticket.

HARLEY

(angry and tearful)

If you must know, he sprang for four. One for him, one for his wife, and two for his kids!

She disappears into the dark.

DUNLOP

Wait! Hey, I'm sorry! Come back.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Hummer stands abandoned, the driver's side door open. Orange traffic cones stand guard around it. Dying flares SPUTTER in the foggy dark.

The Hummer's ALARM is winding down, that computerized VOICE now a barely decipherable slur: "Step Back From the Vehicle."

Jenna, now separated from Debbie, approaches the spot.

JENNA

Debs? Is that you?

Something catches her eye. It's one of those cones, rolling along the pavement like a crazy wind-up toy. Mesmerized, she follows. The cone stops. She reaches for it, but it pirouettes out of reach. She GIGGLES, gives chase. The cone pauses, rocking slowly. She picks it up, peers inside.

WHAT'S INSIDE

A trio of rats chewing on something. A CLOSER LOOK reveals a human ear with a familiar Bluetooth earpiece still attached.

JENNA

YUCKKKKKK!!!

She drops the cone in cold terror. Backing away, she hears a low SNARL followed by a FREAKISH CHUCKLE.

Jenna hauls ass, her SCREAMS fading in the fog.

INT. GREYHOUND - NIGHT

Agent Bernstein huddled at the rear, her cell to her ear. Eugene approaches.

EUGENE

Where's them young ladies at?

AGENT BERNSTEIN

(looking around)

I guess they left.

EUGENE

Easy come, easy go.

INT. CHP HEADQUARTERS - CAPTAIN SUAREZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Capt. Suarez behind his desk when Lombardo knocks, enters.

LOMBARDO

We found her up on a billboard.

Dude Officer and Latino Officer escort a young female into the office. It's a wild-eyed, disheveled Jenna.

The officers ease her into a chair.

SUAREZ

Can you tell us your name?

JENNA

(murmuring eerily)

They were devils. They came up out of the fog. And they laughed at me.

Dude and Latino exchange glances.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I said, "Hey fog devils, what's so funny?" But they didn't answer. They just laughed.

She giggles creepily, then resumes in a psychotic whisper.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Greg's cooler was full of weed. He said we didn't give a hoot about teen abstinence and then Debbie said -

(suddenly very loud so that everyone jumps)

That is fucking bullshit!

(softly again)

The FBI lady said we couldn't go to Armageddon on the bus. Then the devils laughed and I ran and ran and ran -

Suarez turns discreetly to Lombardo.

SUAREZ

Better notify mental health.

INT. GREYHOUND LAVATORY - NIGHT

Agent Bernstein whisper-speaking on her cell.

AGENT BERNSTEIN

...armed to the teeth and he's talking Armageddon.

(beat)

No, sir, right here on the 101 southbound.

(beat)

You want me to create a diversion?

She accidentally turns on the sink faucet with her elbow. The water sprays on her shirt. Startled, she loses her grip on the phone. She juggles, but it lands in the toilet. She SHUTS the lid in annoyance, studies her reflection in the little mirror.

AGENT BERNSTEIN (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 Diversion?

INT. GREYHOUND - NIGHT

A blanket now strung across the driver's section to form a curtain. The SOUNDS OF CARNAL PLEASURE come from behind it, mingling with the strains of a country-Western ballad on the RADIO.

The CARNAL SOUNDS stop. Then the MUSIC. The blankets part and Eugene emerges. His bus driver hat is on backwards. His boxers jut from his fly.

EUGENE
 Attention brethren! Attention!

The cult kooks look up from their sodoku/pork rinds/etc.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
 I have an important announcement.
 (beat))
 I'd like you all to meet my new
 bride.

Bernstein sheepishly emerges from behind the curtain.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
 Everyone - Sister Honey.

Everyone CLAPS excitedly except Rhonda and Bubbles, who are unpleasantly surprised.

BROTHER CHUCK
 Many happy returns!

EUGENE
 And that's not all folks. In view of
 her wifely accomplishments, Sister
 Honey is my new senior wife.
 (beat)
 Sorry Sister Rhonda.

Rhonda's mouth pops open in gobsmacked disbelief.

EUGENE (CONT'D)
 And now, if you'll excuse us -

Bernstein and Eugene slip behind the curtain again. The RADIO resumes its twangy mood music.

INT. BEHIND THE CURTAIN - NIGHT

Bernstein straddles Eugene's lap wearing only a bra and undies. He's down to his hat, boxers, shoes and socks. She traces a finger coquettishly along the steering wheel.

AGENT BERNSTEIN

I've been thinking, Eugeneey-weeny.

EUGENE

What about, sugar bush?

AGENT BERNSTEIN

Armageddon, mostly.

EUGENE

Uh-huh.

AGENT BERNSTEIN

I was just thinking, do we have to have Armageddon right away? Can't we wait?

EUGENE

But I thought you wanted Armageddon as much as I do.

AGENT BERNSTEIN

I do. I do. It's just - I want to enjoy our time as newlyweds. You know - dine out, take in a movie, maybe visit the wine country, and then, later on, when we're all settled, there'll still be plenty of time for Armageddon.

EUGENE

Well -

AGENT BERNSTEIN

Say yes, Eugene. Pwetty please with double sugar bush on top.

Eugene ponders her proposal.

EUGENE

Done deal.

INT. GREYHOUND - NIGHT

Rhonda sobs angrily on Bubbles's shoulder.

Doug is still reading his Kerouac. His cell RINGS.

DOUG

Hello?

FBI VOICE

Is this Doug McManus?

DOUG

Yeah.

FBI VOICE

Of Scranton, Pennsylvania?

DOUG

Yeah. Who wants to know?

FBI VOICE

Doug, this is the FBI. Try to act natural.

(silence)

Still there, Doug?

DOUG

Yes.

FBI VOICE

Now listen carefully. The bus you're on is under the control of a violent doomsday cult. Try not to react, Doug.

DOUG

Good to hear from you, Mommy.

FBI VOICE

We need your help. We've lost contact with one of our agents, code name Honey. Do you know her?

DOUG

Yes, I do, Mommy.

FBI VOICE

What's her status?

DOUG

She's having - uh - relations - with the bus driver.

FBI VOICE

We're pleased to hear that. Now, Doug, you need to get the hell off that bus. Any questions?

DOUG
I think I understand. Thanks for
letting me know. Bye now!

Doug hangs up. He sits there, stiff and nervous.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Dunlop has acquired a derelict exhaust pipe with muffler attached and is using it as an oar to propel the cart. It's not working all that well.

And now he hears a sound from behind. A faint HONKING. It grows louder, nearer. HONK. HONKITY HONK. Clown shoes.

DUNLOP
(frightened whisper)
Mr. Zippity!

He spots Zippity a ways behind in the glow of a light pole at the same instant that Zippity spots him. The clown roars a WAR WHOOP and waves the shotgun. Dunlop rows harder.

INT. GREYHOUND - NIGHT

The curtain parts and Eugene and Bernstein emerge.

EUGENE
Listen up, folks. Sister Honey and
I have an announcement to make.

A MURMUR of anticipation from the cult kooks.

BROTHER CHUCK
Is it time to fetch them holy
weapons, Brother Eugene?

EUGENE
Hold your horses, Brother Chuck.
Sister Honey and I have decided
Armageddon's off.

A MURMUR of disappointment from the cult kooks.

SISTER RHONDA
You goddamn whore!

EUGENE
Sister Rhonda, another outburst
like that and I'm demoting you to
lunch lady.

MRS. MILLER
But I'm the lunch lady.

EUGENE

Quiet, please!

SISTER RHONDA

(pointing at Honey)

She's nothin' but a horny old alley
cat who boarded our holy vessel
with her Crappaccino and her putrid
sandwich on the way to a quickie
divorce! You know what she is?
She's a great, big -

Rhonda's rant is cut short by the sudden appearance of Debbie
pounding on the bus door, bedraggled and wild-eyed.

Eugene parts the doors and Debbie climbs up.

DEBBIE

FBI agent! Sister Honey's an FBI
agent!

Everyone eyeballs Debbie, then Bernstein.

Rhonda runs SCREAMING at Bernstein, grabs her by the throat.
A hair-raising cat-fight ensues.

Eugene steps back and observes with an air of titillation.
Rhonda gets Bernstein in a stranglehold, is about to finish
her off when Doug comes charging up the aisle with his hockey
stick, whacking the kooks who jump into his path and cutting
Rhonda off at the knees.

He and Bernstein climb down and flee into the fog.

EUGENE

Sister Honey! Come back, Sister
Honey!

(beat)

Dang.

The kooks rush to the windows to watch the fleeing pair.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Sister Honey's been kidnapped! It's
time to sally forth with them holy
weapons!

Lots of COMMOTION as the cult kooks stream off the bus.

DEBBIE

Didn't anybody hear what I said?
Sister Honey's from the FBI.

EUGENE

You're mistaken, Sister Debbie.
Sister Honey came from the 99-Cent
store.

DEBBIE

Sister Honey showed us her badge.
She said you have a busload of
weapons and a well-documented
doomsday ideology.

EUGENE

So what's your point?

DEBBIE

The point is, I came back because
I'm committed to Armageddon. I
truly am. It's not really
cancelled, is it?

EUGENE

Depends on who's askin'.

He looks Debbie up and down with salacious approval.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

(to cult kooks)

Change of plan, folks. You all go
on ahead. I gotta stay here and
administer some pastoral care to
Sister Debbie.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Rhonda and Bubbles, brandishing AK-47s, trot through the fog.

SISTER RHONDA

I think I just seen 'em!

SISTER BUBBLES

Where?

SISTER RHONDA

Over there! Headin' south in the
Diamond Lane! Hey you! I'll
splatter your whore brains all over
this 101 Southbound! You too,
hockey boy!

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Doug and Bernstein conceal themselves in the center divider
of oleander bushes. Rhonda and Bubbles steal past their
hiding place.

SISTER RHONDA
Come-out, come-out, wherever ya
are!

SISTER BUBBLES
Ya can run but ya cain't hide!

Sister Rhonda finds herself alongside a silver Bentley with tinted windows. She TAPS on the window.

SISTER RHONDA
Anybody home?

The window glides down. Middle Eastern MUSIC. The Saudi sees two skanks carrying assault rifles and is not in the least perturbed.

SISTER RHONDA (CONT'D)
How ya doin'?

SAUDI
Good evening, strange woman.

SISTER RHONDA
We're out looking for two dear
friends.

SAUDI
Indeed.

SISTER RHONDA
Maybe you seen 'em - a big fat ugly
girl, and a little pantywaist
hockey boy?

SAUDI
Welcome.

SISTER RHONDA
So which way'd they go?

SAUDI
Go, go, more go. Right, yes! Right
again - one time go. Bridge, then
no go. Fifty meters. Welcome.

SISTER BUBBLES
What?

SAUDI MAN
Welcome. Welcome.

The window glides up.

SISTER RHONDA

Come on!

Rhonda and Bubbles race off into the fog.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Zippity catches up to Dunlop. Dunlop swipes at him with the makeshift oar, misses. Zippity steps back, studies Dunlop.

MR. ZIPPITY

What happened to your ride?

Dunlop resumes his vigorous rowing, to little effect.

MR. ZIPPITY (CONT'D)

Are you mental?

DUNLOP

Go away!

Zippity raises the shotgun.

MR. ZIPPITY

Not until I get that insurance
card.

MATCH CUT TO:

A MONITOR IN THE CALIFORNIA DEPT. OF TRANSPORTATION HQ

Zippity visible on the monitor, brandishing the shotgun at Dunlop in the shopping cart.

PULL BACK FROM TO REVEAL WE'RE BACK IN THE CALIFORNIA DEPT.
OF TRANSPORTATION HQ

A group of employees gathered around a conference table,
playing cards, drinking pop, eating pretzels. The FREEWAY MAP
looms and pulsates behind them.

The card players are Brenda and Chang, who've been joined by
LARRY, STEVE, and KEVIN.

BRENDA

(to Larry)

Trade you a Manson Family for a
Menendez Brother.

STEVE

No trading. You can't trade.

LARRY

I don't need a Manson right now.

BRENDA

How 'bout you give me your O.J.,
and on my next turn I'll give you
my Hillside Stranglers.

LARRY

I can live with that.

KEVIN

I'm so bored. I hate working
overtime.

CHANG

Quit bitching, Kev.

KEVIN

Shut up, Chang. We're all stuck
here because of you.

BRENDA

What are you talking about?

KEVIN

He caused the jam.

CHANG

What?

KEVIN

I saw you banging on the big map
with your stapler. You totally
fucked it up.

BRENDA

Oh my God. That's right. He did
totally bang on it.

CHANG

You guys, the big map is a
representation of the traffic jam.
The traffic jam is not a
representation of the big map.

A beat as this logic sinks in.

KEVIN

Duh. It's the same thing.

LARRY

(raking in pile of chips)
Gin!

The employees continue CHATTING as we return to the bank of
monitors.

FAVORING A MONITOR

It shows the two skanks brandishing automatic weapons and glancing about.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Rhonda and Bubbles running in the fog.

SISTER RHONDA
I see 'em! I see 'em!

SISTER BUBBLES
Where? I don't see nothin'!

SISTER RHONDA
Up there, in the fog! Watch out,
Sister Honey, 'cause I'm a-takin'
you down!

The two skanks haul ass like commandoes. They pull up behind two figures.

SISTER RHONDA (CONT'D)
Evenin', Sister Honey!

The two figures stop and turn - Dunlop and Mr. Zippity.

SISTER RHONDA (CONT'D)
You ain't Sister Honey!

The men are unpleasantly surprised by the sudden appearance of two heavily armed skanks. Zippity drops his less-potent shotgun.

DUNLOP
Here, take my wallet. There's fifty
bucks in it.

Sister Bubbles accepts his wallet.

SISTER BUBBLES
Thanks.

SISTER RHONDA
Sister Bubbles, you give that back
to the nice man.

Bubbles reluctantly hands back the wallet.

SISTER RHONDA (CONT'D)
We mistook you for two dear
friends.

SISTER BUBBLES

But maybe you seen `em? A big
horsey slut-type girl, and a little
faggot with a hockey pole?

MR. ZIPPITY

Nope. Can't say we have.

SISTER RHONDA

Well, heck.

DUNLOP

Anyway, it's been nice meeting you.

SISTER RHONDA

(flirtatiously)

Ya mean it?

MR. ZIPPITY

(checks his watch)

Will you just look at the time? We
gotta be somewhere. Bye.

SISTER BUBBLES

(to Zippity)

I like yer big red nose. It's
downright sexy.

MR. ZIPPITY

(uneasy)

Thanks.

DUNLOP

Okay, well. See you later. Bye now.

Zippity starts to push the cart. Rhonda's AK drops to block
it.

SISTER RHONDA

What's your hurry, pretty man?

Rhonda perches seductively on the cart.

SISTER RHONDA (CONT'D)

So - tell me about yourself.

DUNLOP

Well, I'm a civil engineer -

SISTER RHONDA

Really and truly? I always wanted
to ride a choo-choo.

BUBBLES
WHOO-WHOO! All aboard!

SISTER RHONDA
(up in Dunlop's face)
How bout if I get right to the
point. I need a boyfriend real bad.
(getting closer)
I mean real, real bad.

She strokes his "oar."

SISTER RHONDA (CONT'D)
Ya see, I got this ache.

SISTER BUBBLES
Me too. I got one too. It's right
here in my pants.

SISTER RHONDA
Can I sit on your lap?

What may or may not be a SEX SCENE ensues, involving Dunlop, Zippity, the skanks, and the cart.

A BUNCH OF CUTS SO WE DON'T ACTUALLY SEE IT, but we hear the skanks PANTING in ecstasy and the HONKS and DING-DONGS from Zippity's ensemble. Confetti sprays.

INT. GREYHOUND - NIGHT

Eugene and Debbie occupy the driver's seat. She sits on his lap, wears his hat. They're both nude, their privates hidden beneath a blanket. They share a postcoital ciggy under the NO SMOKING sign. TWANGY COUNTRY WESTERN MOOD MUSIC plays on the RADIO.

DEBBIE
Brother Eugene?

EUGENE
Yes, Debbie?

DEBBIE
Call me Sister Debbie.

EUGENE
Yes, Sister Debbie?

DEBBIE
Do you believe in holy vengeance?

EUGENE
'Course. I love holy vengeance.

DEBBIE

Then you might help little old me
get back at some evil-doers?

EUGENE

Depends.

Eugene takes a pensive drag on the ciggy.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Like who?

DEBBIE

Greg and those guys.

EUGENE

Don't believe I know em.

DEBBIE

Just some evil-doers. Does it
matter?

EUGENE

What kinda evil doin' did they do?

DEBBIE

Well, Greg said I didn't really
believe in teen abstinence. Then he
took pictures of me looting Mr.
Footlong and threatened to show
them to the cops.

EUGENE

Now sweetie, that don't seem so bad
to me.

DEBBIE

I wanna throw a grenade at him and
blow him straight to kingdom come.

EUGENE

Maybe the first course of action
oughtta be some constructive
dialoguing.

DEBBIE

I want a grenade. Gimme a grenade.
Pleeeeeeese.

Eugene playfully pinches her cheeks.

EUGENE

Ain't you the cutest thing.

They start making out.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

WE PICK UP Rhonda, Bubbles, and Zippity hauling ass down the freeway, pursued by HIDEOUS LAUGHTER.

EXT. FREEWAY NIGHT

Dunlop, like a diver in a shark cage, has climbed inside the overturned cart for protection.

The EXPECT DELAYS sign continues to blink. Some of the letters have gone blank.

Now Harley steps from behind a vehicle.

HARLEY

How long ya in for?

DUNLOP

Didn't you hear it?

HARLEY

Hear what?

DUNLOP

That laughing.

HARLEY

You're surprised to hear laughing?

Harley lifts the cart off Dunlop.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

How's it been going?

DUNLOP

Two hags with submachine guns forced me into an orgy with a circus clown.

Harley has righted the shopping cart and is looking it over.

HARLEY

That explains this warped axel.

DUNLOP

Why'd you come back?

HARLEY

Well, I'll tell ya. I was out there, in the fog -

HARLEY ON THE FREEWAY

We see her walking between rows of phantasmal cars.

HARLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 - when it occurred to me - maybe this
 is what purgatory is like - not hell
 exactly, just a place in the mist
 where the clock ticks, and you sit and
 wait, knowing you might never make it
 to the party.

She stops walking, stands between two lanes of cars tapering off
 into dark infinity.

HARLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And then I said to myself, 'There's
 only one thing moving forward as far
 as the eye can see, and that's Mark
 Dunlop. Maybe he's onto something
 after all.'

BACK TO SCENE

DUNLOP
 Does this mean you'll help me?

HARLEY
 Count me in.

DUNLOP
 What I said before - I shouldn't -

HARLEY
 Forget it.

She notices particles in his hair, plucks one out.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
 What is this? Confetti?

Now they're staring into each others' eyes. Tenderness,
 attraction, magic. Their faces move an inch closer, and then -

BAM! The digital EXPECT DELAYS sign hovering in the background
 crashes to the pavement, where it POPS and SIZZLES. Startled,
 Dunlop and Harley leap apart.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Bernstein and Doug emerge from the oleander.

AGENT BERNSTEIN
 Where are we?

DOUG

I think we've crossed over to the other side.

AGENT BERNSTEIN

You mean - ?

DOUG

I think this must be northbound.

CREEPY, OTHERWORLDLY LAUGHTER is heard!

DOUG (CONT'D)

Did you hear that?

AGENT BERNSTEIN

I'm dizzy.

The CREEPY LAUGHTER resumes, this time closer.

DOUG

What is that?

AGENT BERNSTEIN

I can't breathe.

Doug raises his hockey stick in self-defense.

DOUG

We gotta get out of here.

Bernstein has fainted. Doug drags her along while brandishing the hockey stick.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The queens are still camped around their cozy fire. Melinda reads. Janet and Patti engrossed in the tale.

MELINDA

"I cannot express the horror of my mind at seeing the shore spread with skulls, hands, feet, and other bones of human bodies, and I particularly observed the place where there had been a fire made, and a circle dug in the earth, where I supposed the savage wretches had sat down to their human feastings upon the bodies of their fellow creatures."

Now Doug appears, dragging the unconscious Bernstein.

PATTI
Lordy Moses. What have we here?

The queens rush to lend aid.

DOUG
She fainted.

Patti starts fanning Bernstein.

PATTI
Get back. Give her air.

Bernstein sits up and shouts deliriously.

AGENT BERNSTEIN
Must gather evidence!

She collapses again.

JANET
What happened?

DOUG
We were hiding in the bushes.

PATTI
Those bushes are deadly oleander. A
hundred grams could kill a
Clydesdale.

DOUG
I feel strange.

Doug slumps and Patti catches him, helps him sit in the T-
bird.

PATTI
Here you go, young man.

MELINDA
Have you eaten?

DOUG
I just want to shut my eyes.

MELINDA
Your electrolytes are out of
balance. I insist you drink this
Gatorade.

Doug takes a sip. Melinda tucks a blanket under his chin.

Bernstein pops up again.

AGENT BERNSTEIN
FBI! Freeze!

She plops back down.

PATTI
She's delirious.

Doug's cell RINGS.

DOUG
Hello?

FBI VOICE
Is this Doug MacManus of Scranton?

DOUG
Mommy, is that you?

FBI VOICE
That's correct, Doug. Status
report, please.

DOUG
We escaped from the bus and now
we're camping with some big ladies.
I have to go to sleep now.

He lapses into a swoon and Janet grabs the phone.

JANET
May I help you?

We can no longer hear the FBI voice.

As Janet talks on the phone, we see Melinda and Patti in the
background, taking pulses, bustling around their patients.

JANET (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, they're in a stupor and
can't talk right now.
(beat))
May I ask who's calling?
(beat)
The FBI. You don't say. This is
Walter McBride of West Hollywood,
but you can call me Janet. Shall I
take your name and number?
(beat)
Randolph Crabtree? I knew someone
in Desert Storm by that name.
(beat)
You were? Randy? Small world.
(beat)
(MORE)

JANET (CONT'D)

What's new and different?

(beat)

A doomsday cult on a bus? Has the whole world gone mad, Randy?

(beat)

Uh-huh - Uh-huh.

(beat)

A siege? In my heart of hearts, I can't recommend a full-scale siege. Given the logistics, I'd go with a few elite commandoes.

(beat)

Of course I'm sure, silly.

(beat)

All-righty, then. Nighty-night.

EXT. PURITY PATROL VAN - NIGHT

Josh, Susan, and Greg are sprawled in back.

GREG

Know what I just realized? Deb and Jen never came back.

Susan, still high as a kite, looks around, GIGGLES.

GREG (CONT'D)

It's my fault. We should go look for them.

SUSAN

But then we might find them.

GREG

I'm gonna take a look around.

Greg starts to climb out of the van. Josh, his hair still festooned with flowers, follows.

JOSH

Miss Lacydrawers! Yoo-hoo!

SUSAN

Wait! Don't leave me here by myself!

Greg, Josh, and Susan exit the van and move off.

Then, after a few moments -

DEBBIE'S VOICE

That's it.

Eugene and Debbie steal up to the empty vehicle.

DEBBIE

Stand back.

She takes a grenade from her purse, pulls the pin, lobs it at the van and ducks. Eugene ducks too.

After a few seconds, KA-BOOM! Abstinence material RAINS down on the surrounding cars. Eugene catches a pamphlet. The dud grenade hasn't produced much of an explosion.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Come on!

Eugene and Debbie retreat into the fog.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN BEACH - PRE-DAWN

The first rays of the new day sun peek over the horizon.

INT. TRAFFIC COPTER - PRE-DAWN

Nearly twenty-four hours have passed and the Traffic News Chopper is back on duty.

Heather Hardwick gives a garbled traffic report that makes little sense.

HEATHER

The 101 between the 110 and the Ventura Freeway, and, like, Sunset Boulevard -

(begins sobbing)

- westbound to the Pacific Coast Highway, and the 5 between the 110 and the 10, and the 110 between the 10 and the 101 and the 101 between the 10 and the 110.

(suddenly perky)

Tired of those pesky letters from the IRS? Call 1-800-

Mid-report, she notices that the pilot is putting on a parachute.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What the hell you doing, Leon?

PILOT

This is the end, my beautiful friend.

HEATHER

Sit your fat ass down and fly this thing!

PILOT
We're out of fuel. There's another
chute under your seat.

HEATHER
How can we be out of fuel?!

PILOT
I don't know. We just are.

The pilot jumps out of the chopper, disappears into the
darkness.

Heather, in a panic, puts on her chute and follows.

HEATHER (O.S.)
Geronimo!

Moments later, the chopper CRASH LANDS atop a freeway
overpass, EXPLODES in a fireball.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

Harley's still pushing Dunlop in the SQUEAKY cart. The downed
chopper burns eerily in the background.

Dunlop's cell RINGS.

DUNLOP
Hello.

BOSS VOICE
Where the hell were you yesterday?
I need those plans, like pronto.

DUNLOP
Fuck off.

He tosses the phone in the GAP bag.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

Debbie and Eugene are skulking through the jam when they run
into the other cult kooks.

BROTHER CHUCK
Brother Eugene. Thank heaven. We
thought we'd lost you, too.

EUGENE
Yeah, yeah.

BROTHER CHUCK
We couldn't find Sister Honey.

PRAIRIE WOMAN

Brother Eugene, can I be your new senior wife?

Debbie knocks Prairie Woman to the pavement.

DEBBIE

What's this about, Eugene?

EUGENE

Well, it's like this, babe -

DEBBIE

You mean to tell me you're married and your wife is that FBI person?

PRAIRIE WOMAN

Sister Honey came from the 99-Cent store.

MRS. MILLER

In Omaha.

BROTHER CHUCK

Sister Honey is in the company of a demon. He stole her from our holy vessel. He carries a mighty staff!

MRS. MILLER

And he smote my knee! Wanna see the bruise?

Eugene slinks off into the fog while the others converse.

BROTHER CHUCK

(lasciviously)

I imagine that devil boy's workin' Sister Honey over pretty good even as we speak!

DEBBIE

Shut up, Brother Chuck. I can't hear myself think.

(notices Eugene is missing)

Eugene? Eugene? Where'd he go? Damn it.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

Eugene's hiding under a Ford Taurus perusing the pamphlet titled "God's plan for your vagina."

Greg and Susan wander past.

GREG

I give up. We're never going to find them. Let's go back to the van.

SUSAN

(scared)

Can we hold hands?

GREG

Yeah, sure.

They head off hand in hand.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

The cult kooks and Debbie trot past Eugene's hiding place.

DEBBIE AND KOOKS

Brother Eugene! Eugene! Where are you?

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

The King and Buffoon wander in the fog with their torch.

KING

The hour grows late. The poisonous damp of night sponges upon me.

BUFFOON

Tis a dankish mist, my liege, which rises from this-here carpool lane with ill portent.

KING

Take my hands, companions.

BUFFOON

(looking around)

But where's the lady gone?

KING

Lacydrawers! Lacydrawers!

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

Josh and Lacydrawers bump into one another.

JOSH

Miss Lacydrawers! I thought I'd never see you again.

They embrace. She's a foot taller and one 100 pounds heavier.

WENCH

Master Jake! My own true love!

JOSH

It's Josh. Josh Wiener.

WENCH

Yes, Josh. That's right.

JOSH

Marry me. Share my luxurious bed.

WENCH

It seems that Cupid hath pierced my bosom with his crafty arrow. I accept.

JOSH

If only we could get married right now. Right this very instant.

WENCH

I would jump at the chance. But I fear it is impossible, here on the 101 northbound at Broadway.

EUGENE'S VOICE

Heck, I'll marry you two lovebirds up.

Josh and the Wench peer about.

WENCH

Hark! What voice is that?

EUGENE'S VOICE

Down here! Under the Taurus!

WENCH

How strange to find a vicar on the tarmac, and in such persistent fog!

Josh and the Wench crouch to talk to Eugene.

JOSH

Can you really marry us, sir?

EUGENE

Shit, yeah. I've unlawfully joined lotsa folks in simulated holy matrimony, includin' myself, more times than I'd care to mention.

Eugene crawls from beneath the Taurus.

JOSH

What a stroke of luck. Marry us,
then.

EUGENE

Whoa. Keep your britches on,
cowboy. This is a big step.

WENCH

Tarry not, vicar.

EUGENE

Ya see, kids, marriage is a journey
of discovery, a lifelong process of
growin' and sharin' and -

JOSH

Marry us!

EUGENE

That'll be twenty bucks.

Josh roots around in his pocket.

JOSH

I've only got \$4.25.

EUGENE

Close enough.

EXT. DRAG QUEEN CAMPSITE - DAWN

The queen's campfire down to embers. Janet and Patti doze.
Melinda reads.

MELINDA

"I was now entered on the seven-and-
twentieth year of my captivity in
this place - "

In the background, Bernstein sheds her blanket, slips from
the T-bird and sneaks off unnoticed into the dark.

MELINDA (CONT'D)

"I had an invincible impression
upon my thoughts that my
deliverance was at hand, and that I
should not be another year in this
place."

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

Bernstein creeps to the Greyhound. It's empty.

INT. GREYHOUND - DAWN

Bernstein boards and begins rifling about for evidence.

Now, FOOTSTEPS as Rhonda and Bubbles CLOMP aboard.

SISTER RHONDA
Well, well, What have we here?

SISTER BUBBLES
You said a mouthful, Sister Rhonda.

SISTER RHONDA
Say your prayers, Sister Honey.

AGENT BERNSTEIN
I'd think twice if I were you. I'm
a federal agent.

SISTER RHONDA
I don't need no airline tickets.
Guess you're just shit-outta-luck.

DEBBIE
Drop it, skank!

Debbie has boarded behind them. She's wearing her virgin T-shirt and Eugene's hat and brandishes an Uzi. Behind her are the cult kooks, now under her leadership, armed to the teeth.

SISTER RHONDA
Sister Debbie!

Sister Rhonda drops her gun.

DEBBIE
You too, Sister Bubbles.

Sister Bubbles drops her gun.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Gather up your shit and get off my
bus. You're outta the family.

SISTER RHONDA
You can't kick us outta the family.

DEBBIE
That's funny, since I just did - ex-
holy wives.

The skanks angrily, tearfully gather their stuff.

SISTER RHONDA
Wait till Brother Eugene hears
about this.

DEBBIE
Brother Eugene put me in charge. Or
haven't you noticed the hat?

SISTER BUBBLES
It's true! She's got the hat.

SISTER RHONDA
Doggone it.

Debbie pulls the lever and the bus door opens.

DEBBIE
Thank you for choosing Greyhound.

Rhonda and Bubbles CLOMP down the steps and out the door.

Debbie pulls the door SHUT and dusts off her hands as if to
say - that's that!

AGENT BERNSTEIN
On behalf of the United States
government, I'd like to thank you -

DEBBIE
Shut up, spy. I haven't even begun
to deal with you. Brother Chuck,
Brother Jimmy-Paul, I want you to
tie up this FBI woman and impound
her until further notice.

BROTHER CHUCK
(saluting)
Aye-aye, Sister Debbie.

Chuck and Jimmy-Paul haul Bernstein to her feet.

INT. GREYHOUND LAVATORY - SHORTLY AFTER

Bernstein is bound and gagged in the bus lavatory.

EXT. DRAG QUEEN CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Patti tiptoes to the T-bird to check on the guests. Doug is
sacked out across the front seat.

PATTI
Agent Bernstein's gone!

MELINDA

I'll bet she went back to that bus.

JANET

Patti, pop the trunk.

INT. GREYHOUND - DAWN

The kooks are doing sudoku, crocheting, snacking, etc.

Debbie is in the driver's seat reading the paperback "Mind Control in Thirty Minutes" and finishing Eugene's Cheetos.

Brother Chuck approaches her.

BROTHER CHUCK

Any further instructions, Sister Debbie?

DEBBIE

Yes, Brother Chuck. We need to post some lookouts. I'm not going to have anybody spoiling my Armageddon.

BROTHER CHUCK

But I thought Armageddon was off.

DEBBIE

It's back on.

A CHEER erupts from the kooks.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Brother Chuck, you go outside with your holy weapon and guard the front. Mrs. Miller, you take the back.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

Eugene, still under the Ford, performs a marriage ceremony.

EUGENE

By the power vested in me by the state of California, I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride. And if I may say so, you make a lovely couple.

Josh and the Wench start making out. Eugene smiles proudly. The Wench hurls her bouquet into the dark.

EXT. FREEWAY - SAME

Heather Hardwick trots down the freeway, her parachute trailing behind. A bouquet flies out of the dark. She catches it on the run, smells it, keeps moving.

EXT. GREYHOUND - A BIT LATER

Chuck stands guard at the front of the bus. No warning as a manicured hand whips out and puts him in a choke hold.

JANET
 (into Chuck's ear)
 Move and I'll snap your geek neck
 like a dry twig -

She disarms Chuck and throws his gun to Melinda, who materializes from the fog with some panty-hose. She starts to bind and gag Chuck.

REAR OF THE BUS

Patti, wearing a pashmina, the bejeweled turban, and wielding a shotgun, has already bound Mrs. Miller.

MRS. MILLER
 That's a lovely wrap, miss.

PATTI
 (flattered)
 What? This old thing?

FRONT OF BUS

The queens try to board, Debbie has seen them coming and throws her weight against the door.

Janet motions the others back and BLASTS it with her Walther P-99. It springs open.

Debbie bolts down the aisle as the three queens storm aboard.

Debbie yanks Bernstein out of the lavatory and holds her at gunpoint. She FIRES into the air.

DEBBIE
 Nobody move!

INT. T-BIRD - NIGHT

Doug wakes up, looks around, pokes his head out the window.

DOUG
 Hey! Where is everybody?

He shrugs, snuggles into a blanket, turns on his book light and returns to Kerouac.

INT/EXT: GREYHOUND - DAWN

A stand-off in progress. Debbie with hostage Bernstein facing the trio of gun-wielding queens.

DEBBIE
Who are you bitches?

JANET
Never mind who we are. Just turn over Agent Bernstein and nobody gets hurt.

DEBBIE
Here's an idea. Get the fuck off my bus!

JANET
Here's a better one. Let her go.

Debbie activates the rear emergency exit.

JANET (CONT'D)
She's going out the back!

Melinda CLACKS out the front door and races around behind the bus. Patti follows close behind.

The emergency exit springs open. Debbie hops down, yanks out Bernstein, and encounters Patti and Melinda.

Janet, still aboard, looks out the open emergency exit.

PATTI
Get the picture? Let her go.

Debbie, insanely fearless, places her gun to Bernstein's temple, COCKS it.

DEBBIE
Throw down your weapons, ladies.

The queens consider what comes next.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Throw em or the spy gets it!

The queens, one by one, toss their guns.

EXT. FBI SWAT CHOPPER FLYING ABOVE THE JAM - DAWN

Flying low, following the winding course of the freeway. Its sunspot illuminates an endless river of stranded motorists and vehicles.

INT. FBI SWAT CHOPPER - DAWN

A SWAT TEAM prepares to storm the Greyhound. The bus comes into view. The pilot speaks into a headset.

PILOT

Target in sight, team leader.

TEAM LEADER

Roger that.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

The King, Buffoon, and Mr. Footlong observe the goings-on around the Greyhound from a safe distance. The Buffoon holds the torch. Mr. Footlong still armed with tongs and pot lid.

Now GUNSHOTS, SCREAMING and YELLING come from the Greyhound.

Harley pushing Dunlop approach.

DUNLOP

What's going on?

KING

How now? What's this? Are you not my noble kinsman, the Earl of Worcestershire?

DUNLOP

Indeed, I am!

Harley shoots him a look that says, "Are you insane?"

KING

Look cuz, trouble's a-brewing.

BUFFOON

I reckon it's the rebels, my liege.

KING

Accursed rebels! Give me mine armor!

BUFFOON

I'm afraid we didn't bring it, your grace.

KING

He whose cause is just requires no armor.

He readies his crossbow and trots into action. The Buffoon follows with the blazing torch. Mr. Footlong runs after them.

Dunlop and Harley exchange a "What the hell" look. Letting rip with a BATTLE CRY, they wheel after the others.

EXT. FREEWAY - SECONDS LATER

Mr. Zippity arrives at the same spot, breathing heavily. He spots his quarry - Dunlop - and trots off in his HONKING shoes toward the Greyhound.

EXT. GREYHOUND - DAWN

Debbie still holds the gun to Bernstein's head.

DEBBIE

I lived for teen abstinence. And when the time came to vote for a jamboree captain, who did they pick? Josh Wiener! He's an imbecile!! He thought Huckleberry Finn was a Baskin Robbins flavor! I'm not kidding!

Janet makes a slight move toward her gun. Debbie wheels crazily.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Don't you move a muscle, lady. I practiced the abstinence pledge in front of my make-up mirror ten thousand times. I should have led the pledge! I should have been on TV!

PATTI

(whispering to Melinda)
What in God's name is she talking about?

MELINDA

I'm not altogether sure -

DEBBIE

Shut up! Shut up! I'm in charge!

She raises one hand and recites the pledge.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I do hereby pledge to maintain my self-control, my purity and faithfulness, and to turn my back on the sex of all kinds being enjoyed daily if not hourly by my peer group, and to embrace abstinence from this day forward until such time -

From out of nowhere, a crossbow ARROW pierces her Greyhound cap, right smack through the middle. And in that moment of distraction, Bernstein grabs for the gun.

A knock-down, drag-out fight ensues between Debbie and Bernstein. The gun skids away under the bus.

The cult kooks pour out of the bus. A vigorous melee rages involving Debbie, the queens, Bernstein, and all the cult kooks. The King, Buffoon, Mr. Footlong, pile on.

Rounding the rear of the bus, Dunlop and Harley encounter a shotgun-wielding Zippity.

DUNLOP

(whisper of dread)

Mr. Zippity!

Zippity spots Dunlop and FIRES into the air.

ZIPPITY

Gimme that insurance card!

Dunlop and Harley SCREAM and scatter.

Zippity tries to fire off another warning blast, but the gun is empty. He casts it aside, gets a running start and hurls himself at Dunlop. The cart topples. Harley flings herself into the fight.

Pandemonium rages around the Greyhound. That mob of agitated commuters appears and joins in. In the thick of it, we spot our Vagrant, whacking people with his squeegee. All the frustration of the 24-hour jam pours out in one rollicking, preposterous, madcap brawl.

Then, EERIE, SPINE-TINGLING LAUGHTER! Everyone freezes. The LAUGHTER comes again.

MELINDA

(stops punching Jimmy-Paul to listen)

What the devil???

KING

Hellhounds! The hellhounds are upon us!

BUFFOON

Straight from the very bosom of Lucifer!

They peer off. And now they see them!

WHAT THEY'RE SEEING

Two skulking, SNARLING, LAUGHING HYENAS emerging from between vehicles.

JANET

Hyenas! Run for it!

Everybody scatters. Debbie and the kooks pile back onto the bus and slam the doors.

The queens, Bernstein, the King and Buffoon scatter, seeking safety in the oleander.

United in terror, Harley and Zippity set the cart back on its wheels, help Dunlop inside and flee up the 101, wheels SQUEAKING, the SNARLING, LAUGHING HYENAS in hot pursuit.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

The salivating, bounding hyenas gain on the shopping cart, SNARLING AND LAUGHING.

On the run, Zippity reaches into the folds of his clown suit and produces several boxes of Pop-its, those little exploding rocks you throw at the ground on the Fourth of July. He gives a box each to Dunlop and Harley.

ZIPPITY

Take some! Go on, throw em!

Dunlop and Harley grab handfuls of Pop-its and hurl them in the path of the gaining hyenas.

The MINI-EXPLOSIONS appear to do the job. LAUGHTER turns to WHIMPERS as the beasts give up the chase and fall behind.

EXT. FBI SWAT CHOPPER - DAWN

Hovering over the Greyhound.

PILOT

Target beneath us - now!

TEAM LEADER

On three, men. One. Two. Three!

The commandoes toss down cables, begin their descent.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

That FBI SWAT team steals between lanes of cars, moving in on the Greyhound.

INT. GREYHOUND - DAWN

The door bangs open and the SWAT team storms inside, weapons leveled, then suddenly freeze.

WHAT THEY'RE SEEING

The seats are occupied by a bunch of extremely tall men in warm-up suits that say TURKISH NATIONAL BASKETBALL ASSN.

TEAM LEADER

(speaking into headset)

Whoopsy.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

Doug sitting in the T-Bird hears a CAR ENGINE starting, then another, and another. He looks up from his book.

EXT. CENTER DIVIDER BUSHES - DAWN

Bernstein, the queens, the King and Buffoon emerge from the center divider. They hear the car engines, too.

Doug is tossing the last of the camping gear into the open trunk. He sees them coming, waves them over.

DOUG

Come on! Come on!

He SLAMS the trunk and jumps in the backseat.

Bernstein, the queens, and Renaissance folk pile in. They pull out, Janet at the wheel.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN

Eugene strolls between lanes, humming to himself.

Suddenly, all around, VEHICLES are coming to life.

He spots the EATDUST Hummer parked just ahead, the driver's door open. He jumps in, REVS the engine and eases into the flow of traffic.

EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

Harley and Zippity stand on the shoulder alongside Dunlop, who's still in the cart. Dunlop has his wallet out and is displaying his insurance card. Zippity is copying the info into a tiny notebook.

DUNLOP
 (pointing at Zippity's
 notes)
 No. Not State Farm. It's All State.

ZIPPITY
 (erasing)
 Oops. Let me just correct that.

Dunlop suddenly notices his vehicle a ways up the tarmac.

DUNLOP
 I think that's my vehicle!

HARLEY
 And my hog!

Harley starts to push the cart, CLATTERING and weaving through traffic. Zippity jogs along behind, shoes HONKING.

Harley wheels Dunlop to the SUV's driver's door.

DUNLOP
 But we walked all night. How can we
 still be here?

HARLEY
 Non-linear dynamics, plain and
 simple.

Vehicles now coming to life all around.

ZIPPITY
 The jam's breaking up!

Vehicles are starting to move all around them.

HARLEY
 Everybody in.

Dunlop makes no effort to leave the cart.

DUNLOP
 No. You guys go on.

HARLEY
 But it's over.

DUNLOP

(handing Harley the keys)
 Don't you see? It's never over, not really. If I stick around, this freeway's gonna kill me. Worse, it'll slaughter my soul, but my body'll keep changing the oil and rotating the tires until somebody drives a stake through my polluted heart.

ZIPPITY

But this is your family. Your great big dysfunctional freeway family.

Harley gets choked up. Dunlop embraces her.

Zippity watches wistfully, then joins the hug.

HARLEY

Goodbye, Mark Dunlop.

DUNLOP

Go on, before I lose my nerve.

INT. GREYHOUND - MORNING

Debbie's behind the wheel. She fastens her seatbelt, cranks the ENGINE, and turns to give the thumbs-up to the kooks, who smile back vapidly. She yanks the door LEVER and bullet-riddled GLASS tinkles to the pavement.

INT. PURITY PATROL VAN - MORNING

The van clunks down the freeway. Josh is at the wheel, displaying a confident, manly, non-virginal air. Lacydrawers snuggles against him.

Greg and Susan recline in the very disorderly back of the van. They ease toward one another, join lips.

SUSAN

Wait.

She removes her '100% PURE' button and casts it aside. The two entwine in a passionate embrace among the piles of grenade-singed abstinence literature.

EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

That Palm Springs officer veers onto the I-10 eastbound, finally heading home.

EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

Heather Hardwick trots down the shoulder with the bouquet in her fist, the parachute still attached. She MUMBLES a psychotic word salad of freeway numbers.

The Hummer rolls past, then suddenly stops. Eugene throws open the passenger door. Twangy country western mood MUSIC wafts from the RADIO.

No need to think twice, she gathers up her parachute, catches up and climbs in.

EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

Fat Guy is cruising along, his La-Z-Boy once again strapped to his roof. He passes Rhonda and Bubbles trying to hitch a ride, their destination scrawled on a cardboard sign:

OMAHA

EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

Harley drives Dunlop's SUV. Zippity is in the passenger seat. They pass the toppled cube truck, then zip past the mariachis, who are playing "Guadalajara," their horns sticking out the windows.

EXT. CALTRANS PARKING LOT - DAWN

The employees wander from the building, squinting in the morning light. FREAKISH LAUGHTER is heard.

BRENDA

What was that?

EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

The FBI SWAT members grab hold of the chopper cables and are lifted away into the sky. The Turkish basketball team waves farewell.

Among the SWAT members we spy someone who doesn't belong, a guy in a tattered, grimy business suit - Mark Dunlop.

EXT. IN THE SKY - MORNING

And now we're with Dunlop, soaring above the tangled, looping spaghetti bowl of the Four Level Interchange, the WIND in his hair, free. He flings away his GAP bag and the shirts tumble out and sail off like colorful birds.

Traffic is light, the first wave of early-bird commuters already on the road. We've come full circle.

Going to be another amazing day in La-La Land.

EXT. VENICE, ITALY - DAY

We SEE these words:

ONE YEAR LATER

Dunlop is in a boat, rowing along a Venetian canal on a bright, splendid day. We're viewing a whole new Dunlop, attired in a pastel linen suit with a cravat, a red carnation in his buttonhole.

We hear a soprano SINGING an aria.

Dunlop waves to a passing gondolier.

DUNLOP
Ciao, Guido!

GONDOLIER
Ciao, Marco!

He glides past canal banks where locals and tourists sip Campari under bright umbrellas. He's soaking up the view when -

BUMP!

He collides with a gondola. He whirls around. And there she is, Harley, wearing a sundress and a straw hat, a picnic basket in her lap.

She smiles as he climbs from his boat into hers and gathers her in his arms.

HARLEY
I'll need to see your insurance
card.

They take a seat and off they glide, locked in a kiss, retreating into the glittering backdrop UNTIL THE IMAGE FREEZES, MELTS INTO -

AN ILLUSTRATION

One we recognize: two lovers in a gondola, a picnic basket between them, on the lid of a cookie tin.

FADE OUT: