

FADE IN:

INT. AIRSTREAM MOBILE HOME - NIGHT

WIND LIKE HYENAS. Blackness outside - a rural highway. HARD RAIN. *Good ol' God, takin' a whizz on a dark, nutty world.*

IAN (rhymes with *dyin'*) MARS (33) drives. Matted beard. Wild hair. Filthy teeth. Eyes dart to mirrors. *Like hummingbirds.*

IV needle in his arm. Blood up the tube. EEG pads. Hospital gown. Hospital bracelet on one wrist. Handcuffs on the other.

Pedal to the metal.

IAN

Gone, baby, you're gone...nobody
saw you...breathe, Ian...hold,
and...*why'd you people stay there!?*
Hold and breathe...can't get you...

Photos hang from the rearview. FAT WOMAN in a bikini. Turkey leg in her fist. CHILDREN. He SMACKS them onto the floor.

IAN (cont'd)

No! I'm not...I didn't...

Oil light flares on. Flashes - *too bright*. He TAPS the display. It won't turn off. Red smears, haloes in his eyes. DRUNKEN SOUTHERN ROCK barfs out of the radio. Jars his ears. BREAKS UP. REVERBERATES. He SISSY-SLAPS it.

IAN (cont'd)

Why is it so-

ENGINE REDLINES. Smoke - off the hood, out the vents, into his nose. He rolls down the window. Rain - in his face, eyes, mouth. His HEARTBEAT LIKE DINOSAUR STOMPS in his chest.

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE. Eyes roll back. Neck slackens. He leaks a SICKLY FART. Hands go limp. Fall in his lap.

Wheel drifts right, *a fat sow shifting her bulk...*

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Airstream banks off the road. Over a ditch. Into...

EXT. PINE FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The trailer careens, a silver phallus penetrating thick bush.

INT. AIRSTREAM - CONTINUOUS

Ian. Out. BUMP goes a log beneath the wheels.

Eyes flutter open. Groggy pupils contract, look ahead. He sees something...SQUEALS...

EXT. COTTON FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Long-dead cotton. Brown ground.

The Airstream loses traction. Spins. Wheels hang in the mud. Tip! Tires lift. WHAAAWWWWWW goes the engine. GROOOAAANNN...

CHAM! On its side. Slides to a halt.

CRACK. Roof hatch opens. Ian staggers out. Lurches forward, dozens of yards. Drops to his knees.

Eyes plead - *help*. None comes. Convulsions fold him. Lean...

SPLAP. On his face. *A slab of floppy meat*. Out.

KHHHHHHHHHHH. Rain on dead leaves.