

A HECK OF A RIDE PART TWO

Written by

Sara Wagner

INT. HECK LIVING ROOM

Frankie and Mike sit on the couch, a bowl of popcorn between them, each with a beer in hand. Kids YELL in the backyard.

FRANKIE

Finally, some peace and quiet.

MIKE

Is that what we're calling this
these days? Huh.

The silence is broken when the front door opens, and AXL, 37, with WEIRD ASHLEY, 37, walk in. Axl has a bit of a beer belly, wears glasses, while Weird Ashley has frizzy long hair pulled into a big bun on the top of her head. She lights a sage bundle and begins blessing the doors and windows in the house.

AXL

Hey guys!

FRANKIE

Axl? What're you doing here?

MIKE

Don't tell me you're moving in
across the street now, too.

AXL

Oh no, just here for fifteen slash
sixteen year reunion, whatever
they're calling it.

MIKE

Where are you staying?

AXL

Well, here's the funny thing...

FRANKIE

Oh, no...

AXL

I was a bit late on the whole hotel
reservation thing, so we kinda
gotta bunk here.

MIKE

We have no room here.

FRANKIE

Like, literally, we have no space.

Ashely begins to pull crystals out of her purse, place them underneath couch pillows, behind picture frames. Axl grabs a handful of popcorn and shoves it into his mouth.

AXL

Well, that presents a problem for me.

MIKE

You're just gonna have to stay at a hotel a few towns over, it's as simple as that.

AXL

Well, you see, I'm not only in town for the reunion, to be honest. That's more of a happy accident.

Frankie and Mike look at each other, cynical.

FRANKIE

Then why are you here?

Ax continues to shove popcorn into his mouth as he speaks.

AXL

Got run outa business over in Denver. Turns out once Walmart decides to edge in on your game there's not a whole lot you can do to stay afloat.

FRANKIE

But Walmart has always sold flowers, how is it just now that this is happening?

MIKE

You're a business major for gods sake, do something!

Axl begins to laugh, then forces himself to swallow his popcorn before speaking.

AXL

I totally forgot you still thought I had flower shops.

FRANKIE

What? Then what the hell do you sell? It's called "Buds and More"!

MIKE

You don't...

Axl shrugs his shoulders, still holding back from laughing.

FRANKIE
What? He doesn't what?

MIKE
He sells pot, Frankie.

AXL
I sold pot.

Frankie's face contorts. She stands and begins to hit Axl over and over again.

FRANKIE
My son is a drug dealer?

Axl, shielding himself, backs away.

AXL
No no no! It's perfectly legal,
drug dealers don't have to compete
with Walmart!

MIKE
Wait, so what does this mean, long
term? You don't think you're
moving back here, do you?

AXL
Well, yeah. Where else would I go?

Noise erupts from the kitchen, Sue, Sean, Sally, and Scott run in from outside. They are all covered in mud.

SUE
Bricks children are monsters!

Aramis, Athos, and Porthos storm in behind them, flinging mud balls as if they were snowballs. One hits Frankie on the side of the head, Axl ducks and one hits Weird Ashley. Mike gets one right in the stomach. Cindy and Brick trail behind their boys, trying to wrangle them.

BRICK
That's not the right way to play!

CINDY
Don't stifle their creativity,
Brick.

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Sue, Sean, Scott and Sally continue on out the front door, and are immediately pursued by the triplets and their parents. The room once again falls quiet, but is now covered with mud.

AXL

So, anyway, we'll be here for like, six months tops. That's not a big deal, right?

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO