

A HECK OF A RIDE PART TWO

Written by

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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.

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