

INT. R.V. - DAY

Riley is in the driver's seat, white knuckles on the wheel, eyes focused. Angela lounges in the passenger seat, phone over her head, she scrolls with one thumb.

Riley wipes a bead of sweat from her forehead.

RILEY

This is uh, way harder than I thought. RV-ing is not fun nor authentic.

Angela looks over, she raises her phone, poses, and takes a selfie with Riley in the background. Riley sputters, the RV drifts, Riley over-corrects, the girls JOLT.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Ange, seriously? I'm two seconds away from crashing your Dad's RV.

ANGELA

Angelina.

RILEY

Whatever, there'll be no Angelina after this.

ANGELA

He can just get another, no biggie.

RILEY

No, it's a biggie, trust me. This thing costs more than my whole apartment.

ANGELA

It's his own stupid fault, he should've gotten us plane tickets instead.

Riley stays silent, she wipes another bead of sweat off her forehead. Angela sits up.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

We should crash it, just for fun.

RILEY

Crash it? Have you lost your mind or something? No. I am not crashing Angelina.

ANGELA

See, now the name sticks.

RILEY

Do you hate your Dad or something?
He seemed nice to me, maybe takes
way too much pleasure in seeing my
'oh shit' face but...

ANGELA

Nah not hate, more like despise.

RILEY

Damn, what'd he do?

ANGELA

He's kicking me out in a few years,
says I have to grow up like it was
my fault that Talent Goddess
declared bankruptcy.

RILEY

What is Talent Goddess?

ANGELA

My ex-modeling agency, duh. We're
not on good terms. I told you about
them.

Riley shakes her head.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Well, whatever.

RILEY

Okay, so get a job.

ANGELA

That's not my lifestyle.

RILEY

I'm pretty sure it's no one's. But
hey, join the club.

ANGELA

Your modeling agency went broke
too?

RILEY

No! The kicked-out club, you and me
both. It's been a while but I think
it still counts.

Riley peels her white-knuckled hand off the steering wheel,
she offers it to Angela. Angela takes it, she smiles. The RV
shifts, Riley snatches her hand back onto the wheel.

RILEY (CONT'D)
 Okay so two hands, now we know.

Angela focuses on her phone, thumbs on hyperspeed.

ANGELA
 Why'd you get kicked out?

Riley's breath gets caught, adjusts in her seat.

RILEY
 How about some music?

Angela grunts, eyes never leave her phone. Riley reaches over with a shaky hand, wide eyes glued in front of her.

She turns the radio on. *No Body, No Crime* by Taylor Swift plays. Angela looks up, phone drops to her lap.

ANGELA
 Live, laugh, love Taylor.

CUT TO:

INT. R.V. - EVENING

ME! by Taylor Swift plays. Angela sprawls across her seat, feet out the window. Riley hunches over the steering wheel. Both their eyes are glazed over, dead. Angela GROANS, she shuts the music off.

ANGELA
 I hate Taylor.

RILEY
 Don't disrespect Taylor, you're just tired.

ANGELA
 I hate anyone after five straight hours.

RILEY
 What about me?

ANGELA
 Especially you.

Angela shifts in her seat, legs go over the center console into Riley's lap. Riley shoves her feet out of the way.

RILEY
What do I look like, a footrest?

ANGELA
Are we almost there? God, I'm
deteriorating over here.

Riley squints down at her phone, she shoves it at Angela.

RILEY
Here, tell me where to go next. I
think I'm going blind.

ANGELA
Two hours?! Seriously?

RILEY
What? We're gonna make it, the
concert doesn't start until eight.
It's only four.

ANGELA
Not at this rate.

RILEY
Listen, I'm going as fast as I can.
I'm not speed racer.

ANGELA
Just step on the gas more.

RILEY
Who's driving here?

Silence.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Yeah, not you. Do you want me to
crash?

Angela opens her mouth-

RILEY (CONT'D)
Don't answer that!

Angela points out the window, Riley's phone in her hand.

ANGELA
Hey! You were supposed to take that
right back there.

RILEY

And you thought to tell me now?
After I clearly didn't take the
right, not before!

ANGELA

Well, now you know! Do a three-
point turn.

Riley grips the wheel harder, she glances in the side mirror,
she shakes her head.

RILEY

This guy behind us is on my ass and
I'm going up a hill.

ANGELA

(voice rises)
Just do it! Come on.

RILEY

It's gonna be a fucking thirty-
point turn in this thing. We don't
want to end up like Dr. Shepard
with an unexpected truck.

ANGELA

The Grey's Anatomy fan in you comes
out now? Seriously? Not during my
middle school phase?

Angela looks back down at the phone.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

We're lost, turn around.

RILEY

Maybe if this guy will slow the
ever-loving hell down.

ANGELA

Riley, you're only going thirty-
five.

Riley rolls down the window, she sticks her middle finger
out. Angela sticks her head out the window, she looks behind.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Great, now you're just making him
pissed.

RILEY

I'll fight, I don't care, I took a
self-defense class once.

Riley looks in the side mirror.

RILEY (CONT'D)
He's passing us.

A loud HONK, the girls watch from inside as the car passes, their heads move in sync. Riley HONKS the R.V. horn.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Yeah, fuck you very much.

Silence. Riley takes a deep breath, she closes the window.

ANGELA
Damn, you have road rage.

RILEY
Me? That guy was two seconds away
from rear-ending us.

ANGELA
(sarcastic)
But you could've fought him, right?

Riley gives a tight-lipped smile. Angela looks back down at Riley's phone for directions.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
OH! Here we go! It rerouted us,
take the next right, thank god for
technology.

Riley shakes her head, she turns the wheel.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - AFTERNOON

The R.V. turns onto a dirt road. A big sign behind low-hanging branches reads: NO ENTRY AFTER RAIN. SEVERE MUD. FINES ENSUE.

RILEY (V.O.)
See, I told you everything would be
fine.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The R.V. is parked, the engine STEAMS. The hood is up with Riley elbow deep, face hidden in the depths of the R.V.'s front end. Grease and oil on her arms and clothes.

Angela leans against the car, she holds her phone flashlight towards the front. She SIGHS heavily.

ANGELA

Everything's gonna be fine my ass.

Soft thunder RUMBLES in the distance, the girls don't hear. Riley stands up straight, stares at Angela.

RILEY

Really? How was I supposed to know your brand-spanking new ultra-whatever would go and break down in the middle of nowhere? Huh?... HUH?

ANGELA

Maybe if you would've driven faster, we could've made it to civilization by now.

Riley rolls her eyes, she leans next to Angela, she gestures to her phone. More thunder RUMBLES.

RILEY

Got anything?

ANGELA

No, I haven't been able to check in with TikTok for hours now. My followers probably think I'm dead.

RILEY

All three hundred of them?

ANGELA

I just reached a thousand for your information.

RILEY

(mutters)

What a milestone.

Riley slides to the ground, she swipes an oiled hand through her messed-up hair. Angela looks down at her.

ANGELA

And my phone's almost dead, like under twenty.

Riley reaches into her back pocket, pulls out her phone.

RILEY

Mine's already six feet under.

ANGELA

What if this is it? We die out here. They find our skeletons from starving to death or better yet a bear eats us. Crows pick at our bones.

RILEY

There're no bears out here...

Riley looks around the darkness.

RILEY (CONT'D)

... I think.

ANGELA

We should try restarting the car again, it might just need a reboot.

RILEY

It's not a laptop. But I've already tried that while you were too busy throwing your phone in the air for reception.

ANGELA

Sorry that I'm a committed content creator and I care.

More THUNDER, the girls still don't hear it.

RILEY

(ignores Angela)

There has to be something wrong with the gasket or the radiator. Maybe the cylinder head overheated.

ANGELA

Are you just saying car words?

RILEY

Well, yeah kinda. My Dad used to be a mechanic when I was a kid.

ANGELA

And that's all you retained? A fucking gasket?

RILEY

Not my fault he up and left. I have no idea what's what. It's like a jigsaw puzzle.

ANGELA
So now what?

RILEY
Wait for someone to drive by.

ANGELA
We've been here for hours and
there's been no one.

Riley pats the ground next to her.

RILEY
Take a load off then, it'll
probably be a while.

ANGELA
I'm not sitting in mounds of wormy-
ass dirt. I'm going inside the nice
warm R.V., having a little snack,
and going to sleep to wake up from
this nightmare.

Angela opens the R.V. door. LOUD THUNDER. They both look up
to the sky.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
That's my cue. I call the pull-out.

Angela climbs in the R.V., the door slams shut behind her.
Rain SPRINKLES.

RILEY
A little rain won't kill you, ya
know.

The rain gets heavier, Riley is soaked. She stands up, shoes
already sticky in the mud.

The rain DOWNPOURS, Riley squints up into the sky.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Really?

Riley opens the R.V., she gets in, slams the door.

INT. R.V. - MORNING

Angela lays in a pull-out bed, she sits up, rapidly blinks.
She YAWNS, peers down next to the bed; Riley's flat on the
floor, her jacket covers her. Riley stares at the ceiling.

ANGELA
How long have you been awake?

RILEY
A few hours now. Rain finally
stopped.

Angela looks around, silent, smiles. Riley turns on her side.

ANGELA
Oh yeah, lucky us.

RILEY
Comfy up there?

ANGELA
Ehh, there's a metal pole indent in
my back now.

RILEY
(mutters)
Really living the tough life.

Angela crawls out, stumbles over Riley, she puts shoes on.

ANGELA
Let's get a move on, we have
Cleveland tonight. We already
missed Chicago, we're not missing
any more shows.

RILEY
We don't even know if the R.V.'s
working.

Angela opens the R.V. door. Riley staggers to sit up.

RILEY (CONT'D)
You're going out there to check?

ANGELA
I feel re-energized today, maybe a
new pair of eyes will fix it.

Riley rolls her eyes, slumps back to the floor. Angela steps
out, she SCREAMS.