

IN A HICK TOWN

Entry for the One Week Writing Thing
By ?

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Farmland as far as the eye can see. The sun's rays blaze down onto dry weeds and rotting roadkill. The bloody carcass of a rabbit sits in one of the lanes. Flies circle around it.

Moments later the wheels of a green SUV drive over the body and speeds off.

INT. SUV

PETER MORRIS(35), a thin guy who always speaks with the sense of compulsiveness in his voice, jabbars on his cell phone.

PETER
I'll forward you the document
tonight, okay?...I'm sure they
have internet...hello? Hello?!

Peter looks at the screen which isn't displaying a signal.

PETER
Oh come on! Hello? Hello?

He dials again, but no luck.

PETER
Hello? Come on, you bitch!

EXT. ROCKLAND

He comes to a little spithole of a town with an aged sign reading "WELCOME TO ROCKLAND, NEBRASKA". There's not much to this town - a general store, a school, and a city council building -all looking to date back several decades.

EXT. GENERAL STORE

Peter parks his SUV outside the store and steps out. EARL(40s), a fat, hairy, sweaty hick, sits outside the entry way. Peter approaches him, still trying to work his cell phone.

PETER

Hi, do you know where Pleasant Grove
is?

Most of Earl's speech is garble and unintelligible.

EARL

S'pose so no I donk. Yeh new
'round eh' ain't no?

Peter is baffled.

PETER

I'm sorry, what?

EARL

Yeh new 'round eh'?

PETER

Yes, I'm here for a family
barbeque.

EARL

Yeh callin' me a liar?

PETER

Excuse me? What?

Earl spits a chunk of tobacco onto the ground. Peter
smiles and heads back to his vehicle.

PETER

Yes, well, thank you anyway.

He starts up his car, then sticks his head out the window.

PETER

Do you know a place where my cell
can get a signal?

Earl spits another chunk of tobacco and it lands right on
Peter's windshield. Peter acceptingly nods.

PETER

Thank you!

EXT. HICK HOUSE

Peter drives up to a colonial style house with a broken windmill in the front yard. Stacks of newspapers and bags of trash litter the entire property.

Peter exits his car and observes his surroundings; he's clearly uncomfortable. Yelling is heard from inside the house, then moments later, BERTHA(20s) emerges with a dead pig in her hand.

Bertha is obese, sweaty, and obnoxious.

BERTHA

You saddle up them keezlers then
serve 'em to them there guests
o' you'll be sorry, boy!

JED(O.S.)

Go cobble up a corn slab, man!

Bertha props the pig on a barbeque and starts roasting it. Peter cautiously steps onto the property.

PETER

Bertha?

Bertha looks up and erupts in happiness at the sight of Peter.

BERTHA

Pet-a! You here!

She dashes over to him, almost having her huge lumpy breasts pop out of her top, and gives him a big hug. Peter is horribly uncomfortable.

PETER

Yes, hello. How are things?

She releases him.

BERTHA

Things a' great, Pet-a! You
just in time! Rest o' family
is out back!

She starts jumping up and down, her lumpy breasts bouncing all over the place in the process.

PETER

Oh please don't jump.

BERTHA

They be so happy to see you!

PETER

Yes, well, thanks. I'll just go back there now.

BERTHA

Well c-ya later, Pet-a! I'd sure like to squeeze ya once more lat-uh on!

Peter shivers at the thought.

EXT. BACKYARD

Country music blasts on a nearly busted stereo system. The back is nearly identical to the front - trash and newspapers cover everything, only back here it's a party.

Peter observes the twenty or so people and notices that many are overweight. Some are stuffing their faces with food while others are bobbing for apples in a toilet that's placed on the lawn.

PETER

This can't be my family...

JED SLAW(30s), a "thin" 250 pounds, walks over to Peter.

JED

Peatie! Boy, you youngin' finally 'ere!

Peter forcefully smiles and hugs Jed.

PETER

Jed, how are you? How's the family?

JED

We doin' great! You came at
the right time! Bertha is
out front roastin' a porky
donk!

PETER

A porky who?

JED

Porky donk. Ya know. Porky
pig, that suit you?

PETER

She's roasting Porky Pig?

JED

Porky pig! Yeah!

PETER

I see. Listen, my cell doesn't
work out here. Do you have an
internet connection?

JED

An inna-who?

PETER

Internet. You know. World Wide
Web?

JED

Like a spida'-web?

Bertha sneaks up behind Peter and covers his eyes.

BERTHA

Guess who!

PETER

No!

Bertha removes her hands, but his eyes are still closed.

BERTHA

Open your eyes!

PETER
I don't want to!

BERTHA
Open!

Peter opens his eyes and stiffens up at the sight of Bertha in her bra and panties.

PETER
Oh my God! What are you doing?
You can't walk out half naked
to a family barbeque like that!

Bertha turns around and shakes her butt for Peter.

BERTHA
C'mon, Pet-a! Give us a spankin'!

PETER
Gah! You're my cousin! The
perversion wrecks off of you!

BERTHA
That just makes us closa'!

Peter shivers and heads into the house.

INT. KITCHEN

Peter enters and becomes nauseated at the sight of rotting food all over the place.

A FAT GUY is crouched down and examining something underneath the sink. He looks like a plumber; pants sagging below his butt and brown stained underwear with an appearance of the buttcrack.

PETER
Excuse me, is there a computer in
this house?

The man stands up to be none other than Earl.

PETER
What the...why are you here?

EARL

Yeh callin' me a liar, boy?

PETER

No, no, I'm not calling you a liar. Is there a computer in the house?

EARL

There ain't no computa in 'ere.

PETER

Look, I'm supposed to be in the office this weekend but I haven't seen the family in years and I really need an internet connection. Are you sure there's no computer here?

EARL

Yeh callin' me a liar, boy?

Peter sighs in aggravation.

PETER

No, I'm not calling you a goddamn liar!

EARL

I thank yeh are.

Peter has had it.

PETER

Okay. Fine. You're a liar. Happy?

Earl cracks his knuckles.

EARL

We dun't take kind to liars 'ere.

Earl spits on the ground. That's when UNCLE BILLYBOB(60s) bursts into the kitchen with a big smile on his face.

Billybob is a toothless guy with tattoos covering his arms and legs. He's the skinniest guy there.

BILLYBOB

Peter! My boy! You made it!

Peter shakes hands with Billybob.

PETER

Hey, Uncle Billy.

BILLYBOB

Boy, I haven't seen you in years!
Wait a tec...have you ever been out
here in Nebraska?

PETER

Actually no, this is my first
visit.

BILLYBOB

Well, saddle up the mule! Let's
get this show on the road!

Billybob drags him outside.

EXT. BACKYARD

Jed pulls an apple out of the toilet and takes a bite into
it. Billybob opens a bottle of gin and takes a drink.

BILLYBOB

Want some gin, boy?

PETER

No, thank you. I think everyone
here has had a little too much to
drink already.

BILLYBOB

Boy, they ain't drunk! They
always like this!

Peter is horrified.

PETER

Always?

BILLYBOB

Well of course!

Billybob walks over to the half naked Bertha.

BILLYBOB

Bertha, did you say hello to your
cuz?

BERTHA

Yes, Billybob! We also touched!

PETER

WHAT?!

BILLYBOB

Awe, don't sweat nothin', Peter.
You're only somethin' like second
cousins twice removed or some sort
of geo-metry.

PETER

This is insane! You people are
complete animals!

BILLYBOB

Boy, we ain't animals!

Earl enters the backyard holding the cooked pig high in the
air.

EARL

Feedin' time!

Cheers flourish and the twenty overweight hillbillies rip
pieces of the pig off and start devouring. The weaker
Peter is shoved aside and can only watch.

PETER

This is a madhouse!

Peter escapes to inside the house.

INT. FAMILY ROOM

TV dinner stands and a set dating back to the 50s are the
highlights of this room.

Peter flops onto the dusty couch and turns on an ancient radio sitting beside him.

RADIO DJ(V.O.)

K-WOOD 97.1. For people who drink milk past its expiration date. Let's get back to the country music!

Billybob enters the house with pig slop covering his face.

BILLYBOB

Peatie, ain't you hungry?

PETER

Not really.

BILLYBOB

What's hankerin' ya, boy?

PETER

Culture shock I guess. I'm not used to this kind of living.

Billybob smiles and pulls up a chair across from his nephew.

BILLYBOB

I tell you what, let's just start it off simple. Wanna play a game?

PETER

I see no harm.

BILLYBOB

Okay. Put your hand on ma' kneecap.

Peter does as he's told.

BILLYBOB

Good. Now guess what month I'm thinking of.

PETER

Uh, April?

BILLYBOB

Nope!

Billybob slides Peter's hand a few inches up the inside of his thigh. Peter knows where this game is going.

PETER

Oh God! I'm not playing this!

Billybob squeezes Peter's hand to his limb.

BILLYBOB

You can't stop now, boy! Just guess!

PETER

Jesus Christ. March?

BILLYBOB

Nope!

Peter's hand goes a few more inches up Billybob's thigh.

PETER

November?

Billybob grins and slides Peter's hand even further in. It's really close to his crotch now and Peter is having a panic attack.

PETER

Okay, no! This game is completely perverted! Let me go!

Peter tries to break free but Billybob's grip is too strong.

BILLYBOB

Come on, boy! Ya gotta finish!

PETER

No! This is disgusting!

BILLYBOB

I'll give you a hint. The month only has four letters.

Peter squeezes his eyes shut and breaths deeply.

PETER

June?

Billybob's face turns to disappointment.

BILLYBOB
Well I'll be damned. You're right!

Peter smiles in victory.

PETER
Thank God.

An evil grin comes to Billybob's face.

BILLYBOB
Just kiddin'.

Billybob grabs Peter's hand and -

EXT. ROCKLAND

Peter's scream of bloody murder can be heard all across town.

EXT. BACKYARD

Peter stumbles into the backyard and pulls the plug on the music and starts throwing a tantrum, wildly waving his arms as he does.

PETER
You're all insane! I can't believe
I'm related to all of you ham-
hugging hillbillies!

Everyone stares at him. Billybob emerges from the house. Bertha nuzzles up to Peter.

BERTHA
Come on, bab'ay. Let's snuggle!

Peter jumps away and continues his tantrum.

PETER
No! You're my cousin, goddamn it!
You all need to take a good look
(MORE)

PETER(CONT'D)
at yourselves in the mirror! All
of this is just...gah! It's madness!

Earl gets into his face.

EARL
Yeh callin' me a liar, boy?

PETER
And what's with this jerk and liars?
Is that all this fat tub of lard
can say?

Peter starts dancing in a mud puddle.

PETER
Look at me! I'm a fat hillbilly
so I can do whatever I want! Let's
all square dance in a mud puddle!

Peter jumps in it, splashing mud all over the place. Next,
he goes over to the toilet and digs around in it.

PETER
I'm a fat hillbilly so I can put
toilets on my lawn and bob for
apples in them!

He sticks his head into the toilet - making lots of slurpy
noises as he does - and comes up with an apple in his
mouth.

PETER
Yee-haw! We eatin' tonight, pa!

The family isn't amused - in fact they look angry.
Billybob quietly speaks up.

BILLYBOB
This is our way o' life, boy. For
every one thing you find wrong wid
us, we can find two things wrong
with you.

PETER

Oh, that's nonsense! I've lived in San Francisco for fifteen years. I know how to lead a normal life, thank you very much.

BILLYBOB

Do ya, boy? You came runnin' into the house today askin' for an internet connection.

EARL

Yeh asked for a place to use them there cell-ular-lio phone.

BERTHA

You can't even party it up, Pet-a!

BILLYBOB

Our way o' life is different than yours. You just gotta accept that cause we're all still family.

Peter looks around at his upset relatives. He wipes some toilet water off of his face.

PETER

Heh, I can't even get away from work for one day.

BILLYBOB

But you are now, boy. So why don't ya relax and have some dessert with your family.

Peter smiles.

PETER

You still want me to stay after all of that?

BILLYBOB

Well, of course! We're forgivin' folks out here. By the look on your face you wouldn't have forgiven you, eh?

PETER

I guess that's another thing that's
wrong with me, huh?

BILLYBOB

(smiles)

Two-for-one.

BANG! A drunk Jed bursts onto the scene firing guns into
the air.

JED

YEE-HAW! I got me some shootin'
to do!

The music turns up and the party continues on. Peter
starts enjoying himself and recreates with everyone at the
party.

INT. SUV - DAY

Peter drives in the opposite direction heading home. He
turns on the radio.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The SUV continues along the desolate highway.

RADIO DJ(V.O.)

Boy howdy! Let's get back to the
music on K-WOOD 97.1, country
music for people who use their
underwear as toilet paper! Yee-
haw!

PETER(V.O.)

YEE-HAW!

FINAL FADE

THE END