

GOOD OL' BOY

Written by:

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Logline: After a fatal accident in a southern college town, the entitled students responsible attempt to cover their tracks but soon find themselves making increasingly erratic decisions as they're pursued by a laid back but very astute detective.

FADE IN

EXT. WESTERN NC - RURAL ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

A two-lane stretch of pavement cuts through dense, deciduous forest. The sun beats down sharply through the trees. Crickets CHIRP from the stringy overgrowth lining the roadway. It's an otherwise quiet scene.

A JEEP breaks the serenity as it ROARS down the road, it's tires rumbling over the asphalt.

A crumbled WHITE CLAW can is tossed out the window and CLINKS down in the middle of the street. Black Cherry. The most pedestrian flavor.

INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - AFTERNOON

Three young MEN occupy the car. The trunk is packed with camping gear. The car is a newer model Grand Cherokee with some upgraded features and kept relatively clean.

TAD (21, Sports boyish Ken doll hair, Croakies and a polo) drives while JR (20, Lacrosse hair with a GEESE t-shirt) rides shotgun.

BRIAN (21, portly, preppie, dopey looking) sits in the back seat.

TAD
What are the chances he's ready?

BRIAN
None to zero.

JP
Fucking Marcus.

EXT. TOWNHOMES - CONTINUOUS

The Jeep pulls into a parking space in front of a group of townhomes and HONKS twice.

Tad gets out and leans against the car, holding a Monster Energy.

JP and Brian wait in the car, with the windows down.

TAD
Ten bucks says he comes out in the same Phish shirt he wore yesterday.

BRIAN

We said we were leaving at four, so he probably set his alarm for four.

TAD

What's he need a nap for? He doesn't do shit.

Brian turns around and wrestles with the luggage.

TAD (CONT'D)

What are you doing back there?

BRIAN

Trying to get a snack from my bag.

TAD

There's trail mix in the front seat.

Brian continues to struggle.

BRIAN

You couldn't have taken your golf clubs out?

JR

There's not even a course for like two hours.

TAD

Everyone in Augusta keeps 'em back there.

BRIAN

Well, we're in the mountains Rory McElroy, so maybe leave them at home.

MARCUS (21, pale, greasy hair, wearing the same Phish shirt he wore yesterday) exits his townhouse. He locks the door and strolls casually to the car holding a sleeping bag.

TAD

Is that seriously all you brought?

Marcus gets into the back seat and stuffs his sleeping bag under his seat.

MARCUS

What else would I need?

Tad looks at JR who is chuckling silently.

TAD
Jesus. This guy.

Tad takes a final swig of his Monster and chucks the can onto Marcus's roof.

MARCUS
Come on. How am I supposed to get that down?

TAD
I don't know. Find a ladder.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tad swings the car out of the parking space, jostling the other passengers.

TAD
B-ri, grab me a Claw.

Brian reaches into a cooler on the floor and hands Tad a White Claw. He cracks it and hits the gas, destined on a path toward collision.

EXT. FRENCH BROAD RIVER - AFTERNOON

A group of three MEN in KAYAKS bob and whip through sets of rapids. They're on a fast moving RIVER that runs through the dense, semi-tropical Pisgah National Forest.

The men hoot and holler as they navigate around rocks and whirlpools. The river is wide, but they remain in a line formation.

The water RUSHES and SLAPS at the boats, forcing them to use their paddles to cut through the obstacles.

EXT. RIVER BANK - AFTERNOON

Two of the men drag their kayaks out of the water onto the rocky shore. The third man remains in his kayak, floating in the slow moving water just in front of them.

MAN 1
That was a wild run!

MAN 2
Hell yeah! Did you catch that slide through the twin pools back there?

MAN 1

Dude, I almost went into the second one and hooked myself out just before it.

RANDY

I'm gonna cruise the last stretch and pop out by my car. I'll catch you guys later.

MAN 1

You sure? It gets tricky down there.

RANDY

I'm good.

MAN 1

Well, have fun. Catch you next time.

RANDY

Later boys!

Randy pushes off and catches the current, heading down the river.

INT. JEEP - AFTERNOON

The group drives into Pisgah Forest toward their campsite. Tad and JR are suspiciously quiet.

BRIAN

Hey JR, you got the sheet? I'm gonna get fuckin' wild!

Brian shakes Marcus and gets a laugh out of him.

JR and Tad glance at each other. JR turns toward the backseat.

JR

We're gonna need your guys help with something.

MARCUS

Yeah? What?

JR

Well, Jason didn't come through.

MARCUS

Are you kidding?

BRIAN

Why are we even going camping then?
You said you had a full sheet of
acid.

JR

Chill out. We're still getting it.

Marcus knowing his friends, is not at all excited about being dragged on this excursion. He slumps and looks out the window.

EXT. FRENCH BROAD RIVER - AFTERNOON

Randy breaks out of the rapids and steers himself across the water toward a bank.

He runs the kayak up onto rocks, pops his spray skirt off and hops out of the boat. Grabbing the front handle, he lugs the kayak out of the water onto the embankment. He lifts his head and pauses.

EXT. PARKING AREA - PISGAH FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Tad, JR, Brian and Marcus stand in the small pull-off area waiting for Randy. Their car is parked behind a SUBURU with kayak racks on top.

RANDY

JR?

JR

What's up Randy?

RANDY

Hey, man. What are you doing here?

Without breaking eye contact, JR points to the other guys.

JR

'Bout to go camping.

RANDY

What's up guys. You wanna give me a
hand here?

Tad steps forward and grabs the front of the kayak, pulling it up over the embankment. Randy hops up, takes off his helmet and shakes his hair out.

RANDY (CONT'D)
So you, go on your trip yet?

TAD
Nope.

Randy goes about his routine trying to pack up his boat and put his gear away. The other guys stand in his way.

RANDY
Ok. You need something?

JR
Yeah. Some real tabs.

RANDY
What? I gave 'em to you.

JR
They're shit. Just paper.

RANDY
No way. He didn't dose 'em?

JR holds up a perforated strip of paper in a plastic bag. The paper has an image of a colorful MANDALA printed on it.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Let me see that.

Randy inspects the product.

RANDY (CONT'D)
For real man. This looks dry. No blotting.

JR
No shit.

RANDY
Sorry bro. I'll talk to my guy later.

Randy steps around JR and throws his gear bag into the Suburu. Tad steps in the way.

TAD
We needed them tonight.

RANDY
Well I don't got 'em. So ain't shit I can do right now.

TAD
Then we want his money back.

RANDY
I gave it to my guy. I'm out too.

TAD
Not our problem.

RANDY
Guys, this shit happens. You took a risk. JR you know me man, I'll hook you up.

TAD
What else you got on you?

RANDY
I'm not a mule. I don't just carry my shit around with me.

Tad pushes Randy aside and slides into his car.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Hey! Get out of there.

Brian steps in, his rotund body blocking Randy while Tad roots around in the front seat.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Dude. Get out of my way. What the hell is this? JR, come on.

While Brian keeps pushing Randy back, Tad reappears from the car with a few small bags in hand.

TAD
Looky what I found.

Tad opens a bag filled with large green buds and takes a whiff.

TAD (CONT'D)
Whooo! This stuff smells like B-ri's taint.

He takes another sniff of the bag.

TAD (CONT'D)
And is that a hint of fruit punch I pick up? I think we'll hold onto this. And what are these pills?

RANDY

That's my personal stuff. I need those.

TAD

It's cool. We'll get you back.

Randy gets riled up pushing harder against Brian, who outweighs him.

Tad tosses the bags to JR, who shoves them in his pockets.

Marcus tries to intervene, looking like he's had enough of the shake down.

MARCUS

Alright guys. Leave him alone.
Let's just take the weed and go.

RANDY

You shut the fuck up, kid. You're not taking anything.

MARCUS

I didn't do anything to you.

RANDY

I'm not going to deal to any of you college shits again. Explain that one to you're rich friends. It's a dry campus now assholes.

TAD

You think you're the only dealer in Carolina?

RANDY

Give me my stuff back or we're gonna throw down.

Tad goes agro and gets in Randy's face. It becomes a pissing contest real quickly.

TAD

You're not gonna do shit, local. So go home to your trailer and forget about this.

Randy pushes back with his kayak paddle and holds it up threatening to swing it.

MARCUS

Guys, stop. He'll hook us up later.

Tad flinches, testing Randy. Randy nervously jabs with the paddle and hits Tad in the arm.

BRIAN

Ohhhh. Fuck him up, Tad!

MARCUS

Tad! Let's go.

Tad tries Randy's reflexes again. Randy takes the bait and swings the paddle, striking Tad in the face. The hit twists Tad around and he stumbles.

Randy realizes he's escalated the situation and looks to his car, trying to inch toward it.

RANDY

Come on. I'm serious now. Back off.

Tad stands back up, holding a cut on the side of his face. Any sense of humor is long gone. He's all ego and alpha predator now.

Brian laughs.

BRIAN

Oh, shit. He's gonna kick your ass.

JR grabs Randy from behind. Randy jerks to get away. Tad drives his fist into Randy's stomach.

Randy hunches over and then kicks Tad, knocking him back several feet. He breaks free of JR's grip.

Tad rushes forward and plows into him taking him to the ground. The two wrestle with the paddle between them.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Yeah! Whoop his ass Tad!

Marcus tries to butt in, but is blocked by JR and Brian.

Randy manages to kick Tad and push him to the side. He stands up, catching his breath and backs away.

RANDY

Entitled assholes. Just back off.
I'm leaving.

Tad gets himself up and goes into the back his car, returning with a GOLF CLUB.

BRIAN

Whoa! OK Tad. Chill for a minute.

Marcus finally cuts in between them trying to talk Tad down.

Tad elbows Marcus out of the way.

RANDY

Fine. Take the weed. Just let me go.

Tad is still in animal mode. His eyes look empty. He steps toward Randy, dodging swings of the paddle while poking at him with the club.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Seriously, back off.

He swings the paddle again, just brushing Tad's arm. It's enough to set him off.

Tad lunges toward Randy. Randy throws the paddle at him as he turns and runs.

EXT. WOODS NEXT TO RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Tad chases Randy out of the lot and into the woods, heading downriver. They jump over undergrowth and dodge branches.

The calls from the boys behind them just barely resonates over the rushing water from the river.

Randy scrambles out of the woods toward the water.

EXT. FRENCH BROAD RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The sound of thousands of gallons of falling water increases as they step out from the trees.

Randy stands cornered on a large rock. Behind him, one of the largest waterfalls in the area drops into a wide, shallow pool. It's a solid sixty foot plunge.

RANDY

Dude! I'm sorry. I'll go talk to my guy now and get your sheet.

TAD

See? That's all we wanted. Give me your hand.

RANDY

Fuck no.