

It's present day. TONI is taking her cousin LAURA to her PAP's trailer for an afternoon birthday barbeque with the extended family. It's Pap's 80th birthday. There is a misspelled banner handmade with taped cardboard and Sharpie on the trailer deck that says "Hapy 80th Birthday Pap"

There are redheaded people everywhere: most of them are smoking, even the little eight year old kid (RAY-RAY). Virginia Slims for the ladies; Parliaments for the men (with a few smoking Marlboros). Few of the people have full sets of teeth. On the table is a gigantic jar of pickled eggs. One kid puts his filthy hand in the jar and one of the women slaps him "upside the head" with her smoking hand, ashes trickling down.

We also see three cardboard tubs of Middleswarth potato chips in various flavors, many glass-covered dishes of various casseroles, bottles of soda and emptied cans of cheap-o beer EVERYWHERE, and bags of generic Doritos. A large six-foot hoagie has been chopped up into sections, half of which are eaten, some of which are half-eaten. A pig is roasting on a spit behind the trailer, next to a burn barrel and a veritable Cub Cadet graveyard. An early 1970s Chevrolet is sitting in the driveway with a Pissing Calvin decal in the window, as well as several bullet holes in the back door. There is loud country music playing from a boom box.

In the distance we see a covered Kubota ATV zipping around in the extensive backyard. It is being driven by children ages 6-10. None of the adults are supervising much.

Toni

Pap, this is yer long-lost great-granddaughter, Laura.

Laura politely shakes his hand, which is wrapped up in a cast. Pap is very large, wears black sweatpants and flip flops. His toenails are unclipped. He has white hair, and a white moustache and a short beard. He wears tinted sunglasses. He has on a shirt with a POW-MIA logo. Surrounding him is a gigantic stuffed whale and a stuffed cat with the sign "Lushky" around its neck. He sits like a patient Buddha in a sagging lawn chair.

Pap (in a booming voice from a medicated world)

You do realize that at this very moment, helicopters carryin' syringes full of heroin are being dropped over the city of Shamokin, and ain't nothing them government dicks can do about it.

Laura (*slightly stunned*)

I...

Toni (apologetically)

Pap ain't right.

Pap

WATCH THE DAMN NEWS.

We see someone male in cutoffs, with long hair, chasing down the Kubota and cursing. Ray-Ray and Kenny have just driven it into a ditch full of mud. The adults all whoop and laugh and take pictures. Laura whips out her iPhone. We see her googling the news websites for the term "heroin helicopters."

Relative (*excitedly*)

Pap, we're gonna have to go get Big Norm's tractor to get that sumbitch outta there.

We see Ray-Ray and Kenny crawling all over the stuck Kubota like little monkeys, and one of the uncles is whapping them with a hat to get them down.

Toni grabs a pickled egg out of the jar and shoves it in her mouth. We see that Laura's iPhone web search is pulling up some weird conspiracy theory sites, but nothing real. She looks up, quizzically, and starts mulling over the story.

Toni

Fuckin' rugrats need some discipline in their lives. I'm gonna get the camera. This shit's going on the internet.

Toni runs into the trailer and gets a small camera from her purse. She runs out toward the Kubota. Laura sits in a patio chair with Pap. She daintily eats a few potato chips and eats some of the hoagie.

Pap

In Panama, the owls cry when a baby is born. I spent five years there working for the CIA. (*notices Laura's iPhone*) I carried one of those back in '62 to spy on the Reds..

Your mother is a fine woman. She has a nice ass. Those are what men really want. Big Norm's tractor is a filthy whore.

Michelle waddles out of the trailer with a giant bag of pork rinds. She stuffs a handful in her mouth.

Michelle (to Laura, whispering)

Pap ain't right in the head. Eat these. They're nice and warm.

She offers Laura the bag of pork rinds. Laura gleefully takes it and shoves some in her mouth. She takes a swig of Diet Pepsi.

We see Pap petting the stuffed animals as if they were real. He lets out a gigantic belch and stares off into space. He taps his bloated left foot against the folding table. He is unaware of the physical world.

We see in the distance a tractor heading over to the stuck Kubota. Kenny flips off the driver as Ray-Ray moons someone. A relative chases after them with a hat. They laugh and run off. Toni gets pictures of the flipping off and as she looks at the LCD screen on the camera, she cackles. We see a picture of Ray-Ray picking his nose, a picture of Kenny throwing a clump of dirt at an overweight aunt's ass, and Big Norm trying to chain the Kubota to the tractor.

The tractor pulls the Kubota out of the muddy ditch, but rips off the bumper. Toni slaps her knee and cackles. One of the uncles flips her off, and she takes his picture.

Another relative comes barreling through the field in his pickup truck. The truck is decorated with stars and bars bumper stickers.

Relative 2

Get out of my fucking way, assholes. I'll get that piece of shit outta there with my Ford.

Relative 3

Fuck that, man. A Chevy will get it out better. Fuckin' Fords. I'll take a piss on your fuckin' tires, I hate Fords so much.

Relative 2

SHUT THE FUCK UP, ASSHOLE. I am TIRED of your SHIT. And if you were

the one who pissed on my tires last time I'm gonna kick your ass.

Relative 3

Fuck you, pussy. It weren't me who pissed on your tires. I ain't pissin out fox piss. I put that on there to scare the deer. Ain't no harm done. Fords suck. See?

He points at his truck's bumper sticker that reads "Fords Suck."

Relative 2

Naw, shit man, mine says "Chevys Suck."

He points to a front bumper license plate that has "Chevy's Suck" written on it in crude airbrushing, with roses surrounding it.

The two of them start getting into an obscenities mouth battle and only interrupt their shouting to cram snuff in their mouths...and then spit it out on each other's boots.

Relative 2

Asshole, if Curtis were still alive he'd tell you Fords kick Chevy's ass any day. And Copenhagen kicks Skoal's ass.

Relative 4

Naw, he'd say Chevys rule, assfuck. And Curtis was a Red Man chewer.

Relative 2

Well if he chewed snuff, he'd be a Copie guy.

Relative 4

Three words. Wild. Cherry. Skoal.

Toni (suddenly enraged)

SHUT UP! SHUT THE FUCK UP!

She rips off her sandals, lunges at her brothers, and starts beating the shit out of them with the shoes. They get walloped hard, then punch each other and leave. Toni stands there, barefoot, redfaced. The other relatives have since stopped trying to get the Kubota out of the ditch and instead all stare at her. Even Ray-Ray and Kenny have stopped their shenanigans and stare slackjawed at Toni.

Laura, who has missed all of this, comes around the corner to see Toni

in this state, staring down her family. She runs down to them, completely oblivious of the fight and Toni beating up her brothers.

Relative 2

We're gonna sort this out the dema-cratic way. That's Curtis's kid.

Ask her! She'd know. Fords or Chevys.

He points at Laura, who looks completely confused.

Relative 3

I thought I told you to shut the fuck up.

Relative 2 (*arms crossed*)

Well? What about it?

Toni

Shut the fuck up! Shut up!

Laura

Well, that truck is kind of pretty... (*points to the Chevy*) but I just don't know. I guess it comes down to the stickers... (*looks at both trucks*) I like the one with the Alabama state flag on the window.

Relative 2 (*triumphant*)

What did I tell ya? That's Curtis talking right there. (*takes off hat*)

Toni

Just shut up about fuckin' Curtis! The fucker is dead! My kid ain't like him, thank fuckin' christ! And the two of you have been fighting over fucking Ford and Chevy for 25 years now. When the obvious answer to this age-old fight is motherfuckin' Dodge Ram.

Relatives 1 & 2

Shut up, Toni. You don't know shit about trucks.

Toni stomps back to the trailer, limping and swearing. Laura shrugs her shoulders and follows her back. Ray-Ray and Kenny try looking up one of their cousins' miniskirts, with some success. We see Pap still sitting on the porch, still oblivious about the showdown in the backyard.

Pap (*upon their walking on the deck*)
They knew everything about me when they put the satellite dish up.
Where I lived, what I ate, where the cocaine cartel of Centre Hall
was located.

Toni
That's nice, Pap. Tell Laura about lead paint and why you shouldn't
eat too much. I gotta take a piss. (*slams trailer door and stomps
inside.*)

Laura
Lead paint? I thought you were in the CIA.

Pap
I was a painter. The Smithsonian saw my work and wanted it for their
collection, but I told them my work was priceless. Do you like ham?

Laura
I like ham. I would love to see one of your paintings.

Pap
There's one right in there. On the fridge. Go check out my
masterpiece.

***Pap points to the screen door to the trailer. Laura goes in, grabbing
a pickled egg on the way, and looks at the refrigerator. All that is
on the fridge is an old magnet for Chuck Wagon dog food: the
checkerboard Conestoga. She scratches her head. Pap's hands begin to
tremble as he takes a sip of sweet tea.***

Laura
All I see is this magnet.

Pap
I am the Chuck Wagon driver. We circled around the table and a giant
dog chased us, and we entered the television. I wanted to remember
the hero of the trip: Clem. I distinctly remember he had an orange
aura.

***Michelle waddles into the kitchen from the living room upon hearing
this conversation.***

Michelle

Shut up, Pap, you're fucking making shit up. What the fuck. Chuck wagon.

Laura

Well, you never know what's true and what isn't. I'm trying to understand him.

Michelle

All you need to know about why Pap ain't right has mostly to do with the fact that he is obsessed with TV and mixes it up with reality a lot. And he has the shakes from diabetes.

Laura

But why is he eating all those doughnuts? Aren't they bad for him?

Michelle

Diabetes? That's the one where you have low sugar, right? I have that shit.

Laura

But your diets are so unhealthy!

Michelle

If you're gonna get preachy with me about my food I'm gonna slap you upside the head.