

~~VICKI EVANS~~

~~Praise Jesus.~~

~~It is quiet for an extended beat. Finally...~~

~~WHIP~~

~~Praise Jesus.~~

~~97 WHIP looks at EVANS and his WIFE whose heads are bowed with 97  
reverence.~~

EXT. WHITAKER FARM -- DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

A small pickup truck rambles to a stop in the driveway. We hear music and laughter as NICOLE gets out.

NICOLE

Thanks for the ride guys. I'll see you tomorrow.

COWORKER

Keep it up Nicole, you could be employee of the year.

They all laugh; Nicole waves as they drive off. She walks towards the house which is dark. She hears music and looks towards the barn to see bright light escaping through the sagging doors and split wood walls.

EXT. WHITAKER FARM -- BARN -- NIGHT

NICOLE slowly approaches the almost glowing barn door. Her curiosity compels her to pull it open.

INT./EXT. WHITAKER FARM -- BARN -- NIGHT

The door swings open to find the plane pointed towards the driveway with an aged patina but revitalized shine. **Lenny Kravitz, "Fly Away"** blares from the stereo...

WHIP emerges from the cockpit. He's still in his suit but with his jacket off and sleeves rolled up. He's energized like an excited kid. He runs up and kisses her.

NICOLE notes the cloud of smoke hanging in the air and the burning cigarette in the ashtray, empty beers.

WHIP

Looks great right?

NICOLE  
It's kind of...beautiful.

WHIP wipes at his nose.

WHIP  
It's a Cessna 172, it was my dad's.  
He kept it perfect.

NICOLE takes in this cool trinket of aviation history.

NICOLE  
Does it work...

WHIP  
Yeah, he flew this plane a few  
months before he died. I learned  
to fly in this plane. You can land  
it anywhere.

WHIP laughs, remembering...

WHIP (CONT'D)  
My friend Harling and I flew it to  
Jamaica.

NICOLE  
Jamaica? In this?

WHIP  
We set off for an overnight fishing  
trip two hours south of here. We  
ended up in Bethel, Jamaica.

NICOLE  
You're insane.

WHIP  
It was like a picture on a post  
card. The white sand and sky blue  
water. Most beautiful place I've  
ever been.

NICOLE  
Was the water warm?

WHIP  
Yeah, really warm.

NICOLE  
That's my kind of place.

WHIP  
Let's go.

NICOLE  
Sure, why not.

NICOLE laughs thinking they're playing a game.

WHIP  
Let's go tomorrow.

NICOLE  
You're serious?

WHIP  
We'll leave in the morning...we'll  
just go. Start over.

NICOLE realizes he's serious as he opens another beer.

NICOLE  
Whip, we can't.

WHIP  
It's a beautiful beach, it's  
paradise.

NICOLE  
I'm worried about you.

WHIP  
(laughs a bit lit)  
I'm fine thanks.

NICOLE  
No you're not, you're really not.  
You need help, Whip. I think you  
need rehab.

WHIP  
You go to a couple of AA meetings  
and all of a sudden you think  
you're Jesus Christ? Worry about  
yourself.

NICOLE  
We're the same Whip, you and me,  
we're the same-

WHIP  
We're not-

NICOLE  
We are-

WHIP

I didn't suck dick to get high.  
And don't give me a whole...

NICOLE

Never Whip, I never in my life-

WHIP

Your mom died and dad drank and  
bullshit, bullshit, bullshit --

NICOLE

Stop. Please stop.

WHIP

Is that why you shot dope?

NICOLE

That's not fair-

WHIP

Well there's a lot of people out  
there who lost their mom who've  
never had a drink in their life.

NICOLE

You're sick, Whip.

NICOLE walks away, leaving WHIP with his plane and his dream  
of freedom. WHIP calls after her.

WHIP

I choose to drink.

NICOLE

Do you? You choose it? I don't  
see a lot of choice goin' on.

WHIP

I choose to drink! And I blame it  
on me. I'm happy to. I've got an  
ex-wife and a son I don't see.  
Why? Because I choose to drink!

INT. WHITAKER FARM -- WHIP'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

We follow WHIP as he enters the house and approaches the  
doorway of the bedroom. WHIP sees NICOLE sitting on the bed.  
She quickly tucks her cell phone away as WHIP holds up his  
hand to signal a truce.

WHIP

Alright look, I was loaded when I crashed that plane. With this investigation going on, I don't know what's gonna happen. Come to Jamaica with me.

NICOLE

Whip. I'm afraid I'll use again.

WHIP

Come with me. I need help, I do.

NICOLE

I'd love for you to get help, Whip.

WHIP

When we get to Jamaica we can go to the local hospital. I'll do it for you. Anything you want.

NICOLE looks at the sincere love in his eyes.

NICOLE

I don't wanna use again. I can't. I won't make it back.

WHIP

I'll be sober. I won't force you to stay. I promise if you don't like it or if I don't clean up? You can leave.

This is the most sincere plea she's ever heard.

WHIP (CONT'D)

It's so beautiful there. We'll leave before noon. I'm a great pilot. You'll get to see so much.

WHIP wraps his arms around her. We stay on NICOLE's face as he holds her tighter and tighter.

~~INT. WHITAKER FARM -- KITCHEN -- EARLY MORNING~~

~~NICOLE is dressed and sitting at the kitchen table. Past NICOLE we can see WHIP lying in bed.~~

~~She has all her possessions in a crate and a duffel bag at her feet. She finishes a handwritten note and places it down. NICOLE picks up the note and begins to reread it.~~