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 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.