

INT. AIRSTREAM - MONTAGE

Mark hunches over the table and sketches. Piles of paper surround him as he draws concept after concept for some machine. His other hand spreads watered-down applesauce onto slices of Wonder Bread and shovels them into his mouth.

He crosses out some designs, circles others, draws connecting lines, assembles an idea...grins to himself.

ON THE FLOOR

sometime later, Mark puts pieces together, penlight in his mouth. Bolts, screws, cogs, metal plates...he constructs... something. He sweats. Tools are everywhere.

ABBINDON

by night, and Mark skulks unseen between trailers. He gathers materials - old appliances, car parts - drags them back...

IN THE AIRSTREAM

the machine grows. He stares at it...something's missing...

IN THE LIVING AREA

he pries the television from its custom nook among the cabinetry, flips it over, cannibalizes the circuits, the cables and capacitors...

BY THE DOOR

he unscrews his cell phone, plucks out tiny transistors...

IN THE BATHROOM

he lies on his back beneath the sink, penlight in his mouth again, wrenches apart the works, pilfers the pipes...

BY THE MACHINE

Mark stands and considers, face twisted. He taps an opening, in desperate need of something...

BY THE AIRSTREAM'S DASHBOARD

he looms, solemn, places his tarmac headset over his ears. He breathes deep, raises a fire axe over his head...

CHOP! The axe-blade rends the dash in two. CHOP! The metal plating on its surface peels back. Mark dives toward it, bends it back further, reaches inside...

IN THE LIVING AREA

Mark connects cords from the dash to the machine. They drape through the air, swing in the dimness. He stands back.

The ingenious monstrosity spans the length of the main cabin, hulking, oily, bristling. The Airstream is no longer a home but a factory.

Mark steps forward, turns a knob, flips a switch, then... fingers trembling...turns the Airstream's ignition key.

Nothing.

He GASPS, turns it again...nothing. His eyes flit...then land on the power cord -- flaccid on the floor, unplugged. He kneels and plugs in the machine.

WHUMMMM. Muted lights come on. FFFSHHH. Fans breathe. Life!

INT. AIRSTREAM - MOMENTS LATER

Mark loads the raw toothpaste into the machine's hopper, checks the aerator in the empty tube loading bin, tests the claws on the cap applicator.

He walks to the other end, toward the dash, by the exit conveyor, grabs a cardboard box, looks to the ceiling.

MARK

Gimme love...

He sits in the driver's seat, STOMPS once on the accelerator.

FFFITT. The aerator blows an empty tube into a series of foam-covered rollers, which spin the tube and position it nozzle-side-up. Pincers rotate in, grasp the tube - SHIK - and drag it beneath a thick plastic needle.

MARK (CONT'D)

Yeah...

The needle descends perfectly into the nozzle. WHHHUTT. Pneumatic plates press into each side of the flexible paste hopper and squeeze a calculated amount of Emancipaste into the waiting tube. The pincers rotate again...

MARK (CONT'D)

Come on...

...and bring the tube around to the cap-claw. The vacuum, reversed, blows a cap up, where it catches in a rubber valve - FFUPP - outside up. The claw grips it, pulls it from the valve, trundles to the tube, and screws on the cap -- SSSST.

The pincer drops the tube onto the conveyor - CHUNK - which brings it to Mark, who picks it up. The machine slows, stops.

Mark examines the fresh-stuffed tube of Emancipaste...

MARK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Perfect.

He puts it into the cardboard box, presses the accelerator down and locks it to the side so the machine stays on. The monstrosity THRUMS back to life...tubes start to move...