

Night Moves

by

Jon Raymond and Kelly Reichardt

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1

EXT. DAM - EARLY MORNING

The fog is heavy over the glassy morning surface of the reservoir.

In the distance, two figures walk on the cement promenade of the dam's lip.

One of the walkers is JOSH STAMOS, a handsome, earthy man, late 20s, wearing a grubby t-shirt, jeans, and hiking boots.

The other is DENA BRAUER, a tall, gawky, energetic woman, early 20s.

Josh and Dena, spaced well apart, stop to view the dam from opposite sides. We view them through the thick mist.

Dena is talking, expelling energy in rough bursts, practically forcing herself onto the deep silence of the surrounding hills and trees.

DENA

...he rationalizes. That's his thing. Constant rationalizing. He seriously thinks it's all just going to come out fine in the end. You know? Everything's going to work out. Everyone's gonna be A-OK. But it doesn't come out all right for everyone now, does it? You're just rationalizing if you think it does. You're a hypocrite. Which is what I keep telling him, but he won't listen to me. And it's not that he doesn't understand. You know? He understands. On a rational level, he gets it. But some part of him just won't accept the facts as they are. He just looks away whenever it gets too close...

Josh is quiet.

The trowel face of the dam's retaining wall plunges into the river's banks, moistened in spots by seeping rivulets through the seams.

2

EXT. DAM / SIDE BANK - A BIT LATER - EARLY MORNING

Josh looks out over the still reservoir, the seething fog.

Dena stands further up the bank.

DENA

...you never hear about the Army Corps of Engineers. I can't believe no one's written a book about those guys. They're behind everything. They're the real worker bees. Not just here, either. That's the thing. Huge dams in Saudi Arabia. Draining wetlands in Latin America. Everywhere. These guys are the real Masons, or whatever. "Army Corps of Engineers." Just the name. Man oh man. Who would be an Army Corps of Engineers guy? Who would want to do that? You have to be a drone.

Josh turns to climb up the bank. He passes Dena. She continues talking, following Josh through a hole in a chain-link fence that separates the bank from the road's shoulder.

3 EXT. DAM / SHOULDER OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS - EARLY MORNING

DENA

No fish ladder? I thought they all had to have fish ladders. I wonder how they got around that on this one.

Josh walks around to the driver's side of the truck.

JOSH

This is before fish ladders. They just raped it. They've been raping this river for fifty years straight.

Dena digests Josh's choice of words as she opens the truck door.

DENA

(twisting her neck)

Whoa. I think that was an oriole. I didn't know we had those out here.

JOSH

(staring the engine)

It's the season.

4 EXT. SPA / INT. TRUCK - ASHLAND - LATE MORNING

Josh's truck pulls up to a funky Japanese/New Age spa in downtown Ashland. Two women are just entering.

DENA
I'm late. Better drop me around the
back.

Josh drives around the block.

5 EXT. REAR SPA / INT. TRUCK / ASHLAND - CONTINUOUS - LATE
MORNING

The rear entrance of the spa is located in an alley way.

A laundry truck has just completed a delivery. The LAUNDRY
GUY hops in his truck and pulls away.

DENA
Hey, can you come in and let me get
you those soaps for Anne?

JOSH
Seriously?

Dena hops out of the car. Josh trails behind.

6 INT. SPA - CONTINUOUS - LATE MORNING

Dena and Josh enter the back of the spa through a wooden
door, heading down a short path lined with palms, through
another wooden gate.

They enter the spa; a serene, idyllic world of new age music,
rippling water falls, and stone baths.

Dena motions for Josh to wait as she disappears through
another door.

Josh stands amidst the opulent serenity. He observes BARE
LEGS and hears giggles from under a wooden gate marked,
"private."

In an open pool a LARGE NUDE WOMAN floats weightless in the
salted water.

A heavy wooden door opens and a NUDE WOMAN with a towel on
her head emerges in a cloud of steam. Her wet flip flops
patter along the cobblestone path and take her out of Josh's
sight. A splash.

It's more nudity than Josh can stomach. He moves into the
waiting room, sits and peruses a spa catalogue, revolted by
the luxury lifestyle for sale.

He draws a Hitler moustache on a blonde attendant administering a facial, another on the reclining, masked woman whose eyes are hidden behind cucumber slices. Another on a grinning life coach in a New Age pamphlet. It's all the same to him.

Finally, Dena appears with a handful of towels and a bag of products.

DENA

You can go.

He leaves same way he came in.

Dena takes the towels into the lady's room.

The lady in the pool floats undisturbed.

7 EXT. FARM - DAY

A steady spray of water shoots into a concrete mixer as white fertilizer spins like clothes in a dryer.

The sun beats down on SURPRISE, a 20 year old intern, as she turns the mixer off. Lifts it from it's side and pours a bucket of dark fertilizer into the mix.

The churning continues.

Next to her, DYLAN, another young intern takes the already mixed fertilizer and dispenses it neatly into plastic cartons.

8 INT. GREENHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The greenhouse floor is covered with wall to wall leek bulbs.

Seeds dry in front of a propped up window fan.

9 EXT. FARM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A bee colony hums drowsily.

Pigs slop in the mud.

Dogs wrestle in the tall grass.

A baby lamb finds its legs.

A hose is placed into a blue plastic tub filled with eggplants.

10 INT. CHICKEN COOP - DAY

A tiny toddler's hand lifts a perfect chicken egg from its nest. We follow the egg as it is gently set into a cardboard egg holder containing perfect rows of the morning's take.

LOUIE and his YOUNG SINGLE MOM, JENNY, collect the eggs. The sunlight bounces off the angelic boy's golden locks.

11 EXT. FARM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The sound of birdsong, wind in the golden grass, and the happy yelps of children.

An eight year old, tow-headed boy, FELIX, kicks up dust as he buzzes down a dirt path on his bicycle. White wires hang from his ears and disappear in his front pocket. Felix sings in out-of-tune bursts. His voice mixes with the quiet whiz of bike tires on dirt.

Felix follows the gentle slope of the valley, passing his father SEAN, an organic farmer in Carhartts and suspenders, tossing golden straw around his zucchini plants.

Felix circles the far end of the farm's reservoir, passing a nearly adolescent girl, MABLE, who tosses a stick into the still water. A large yellow lab goes splashing in after it.

As Felix passes, Josh looks up from the bed of leeks where he is weeding. The sounds of cicadas rises, recedes.

A dragonfly bobs.

Josh rises. He watches as Felix circles back around and drops his bike in the tall grass on the opposite side of the reservoir.

The kids chase each other around the water's edge. Their shrieking voices carry.

FELIX

Daddy! Daddy! Come!

SEAN

Later!

FELIX

Now!

SEAN

Later!

MABLE
Josh! Come here!

Josh smiles and shakes his head, and returns to work...

MABLE (CONT'D)
You suck!

12 EXT. FARM - AFTERNOON

The late sun makes long shadows.

Josh and Sean walk toward the farmhouse, a big, stuccoed mansion with two wings extending from a central structure. The men walk in silence awhile, enjoying the cooling air.

SEAN
You're going up to Portland this weekend?

JOSH
Yeah. Just for a couple days.

They walk in silence again.

SEAN
I found some more starthistle today.

JOSH
Where?

SEAN
Up near the hangar. Probably came in on one of the trucks.

JOSH
Shit.

SEAN
I think I got most of it. Watch out for it, though.

JOSH
Will do. It's a bitch.

13 INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - AFTERNOON

Dinner is nearly ready in the communal kitchen area, a sunken, tiled expanse between the mansion's living quarters, combining an open kitchen, spacious dining area, and carpeted living room.

ANNE, Sean's wife, is tending a stew. The kids squeal and joke. Surprise and Dylan, Jenny, and little Louie drift on the edges.

Sean and Josh enter, going straight to the refrigerator for beers.

JOSH
Smells amazing.

ANNE
I think I fucked it up this time.

JOSH
I doubt it.

ANNE
We'll see. Different every time.
This one could be horrible.

SEAN
I've heard that before. You talk to Pam yet?

ANNE
Oh, man. I need to do that.
I forgot to get the box to them this week.

SEAN
You're a naughty CSA manager.

ANNE
Naughty? Naughty sounds all right.
As long as I'm not incompetent.

Josh sits at the piano next to Mable.

JOSH
Sexy CSA manager.

ANNE
That's right! Hey. Mable and Felix.
Dinner. Wash hands.

Josh noodles at the piano.

ANNE (CONT'D)
So Corser did it today. He burned his license.

SEAN
No shit.

Anne scoops out bowls of stew.

ANNE

Yeah. He held a press conference and everything.

SEAN

I guess that was always the plan. Huh. Good for him, I guess.

JOSH

Did anyone come out?

ANNE

No. Just the goats. His speech was good, though. Real Thomas Paine stuff. Don't Tread on Me.

SEAN

Bob Grimes would've liked that. Should have invited the neighborhood militia.

FELIX

(returning from the bathroom)

What did Corser do?

SEAN

He burned his license to make goat cheese. It's called civil disobedience.

FELIX

He needs a license for making cheese?

SEAN

In this country he does. Not in other countries. Like France or Spain.

FELIX

Why does he need a license?

JOSH

The laws are all made for huge corporate interests now. The state can't even comprehend an independent farmer anymore.

FELIX

That's stupid.

SEAN

It is kind of stupid.

FELIX

The government sucks dogshit.

ANNE

Hey, hey. Watch the dogshit talk, all right?(to the grown ups) You can Youtube the conference if you want. He posted it.

SEAN

I can see Corser talking to his goats in real life.

ANNE

Josh, you going to his thing tonight?

Josh gets up from the piano.

JOSH

Maybe. For a minute.

ANNE

You think maybe you could drop off a box on the way up to Portland? I can put it together tonight.

JOSH

Of course. No problem at all.

14 EXT. FARM - SUNSET

Josh walks from the farmhouse to his yurt. The lights are on in the main house, and the muffled sounds of the children dent the silence.

Things become more still as he hits the upper meadow. Josh turns to catch the last of the sunset behind the mountains.

The sound of a video documentary rises...

15 INT. GOAT STALL - NIGHT

Images of ecological degradation video-projected onto a sheet in a goat stall.

Oil slicks. Oil fires. Extreme weather. Mountaintop removal.

DOC NARRATION

The disaster we see is happening everywhere at the same time. The mountains. The oceans. The inner cities. And what that means is the struggle must take place everywhere, too, in every ecology around the world. All around the globe, an army must rise up to take on the fight. How long will it be until humankind understands that everything is interconnected? How long until multinational corporations understand that they can't make a profit off a dead planet? The clock is ticking. It's been ticking for a hundred and fifty years now. It might have already stopped.

16 INT. GOAT STALL - NIGHT

Applause from a small group of grungy activists, as their host, Corser, bounds in front of the screen.

Josh stands observing from the rear of the stall/make-shift theater.

Dena is seated on a crate up front with Anne by her side.

CORSER

Hey, hey, thanks for coming out everyone. As you know, we've got the filmmaker here tonight. Brad Christianson, up from Eugene. Really amazing work, Brad. Thanks so much for sharing that with us. I think he's ready to answer any questions if you've got them. Right, Brad?

BRAD

(joining Corser)
Yeah, sure.

ACTIVIST ONE

(without raising a hand)
I just wanted to say thanks, Brad, for such an uplifting, hopeful vision there! Really awesome.

Laughter.

BRAD

Hey man, I told Corser not to bill
it as a romantic comedy!

Laughter.

CORSER

Comedy of errors.

Josh stands in the back of the crowd. He spots Dena who is
sitting towards the front. Josh can see her whispering into
Anne's ear.

ACTIVIST TWO

I appreciate the work you've done,
but you know, I feel like if you
bombard people with too many
horrific images, it just feels like
it's too late or too much to take
on.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD

Fulfills their end of the world
vision.

Dena raises her hand.

CORSER

Well you'll never get anywhere with
that crowd. Dena.

Dena stands.

DENA

I'm not even sure that's true. But
okay, even for people aware of the
problems--you've given us a lot of
information--but what do we do with
it? What are the solutions you see?

BRAD

That's the big question. Seeing the
problem is really easy. And I'll
just tell you up front: I don't
know.

ACTIVIST THREE

I hear there's a new car they're
working on, powered by lime juice.

Brad smiles permissively, nodding to the next speaker.

ACTIVIST THREE (CONT'D)
Using lime-powered batteries, to be
precise. Have you heard anything
about that?

Josh turns and leaves the gathering.

ACTIVIST THREE (CONT'D)
And if so, then what's the hold up?
Why don't we see that kind of thing
happening yet...?

17 EXT. TRAFFIC / INT. JOSH'S TRUCK - LATE MORNING

Josh and Dena are stuck in traffic, assaulted by the white
glints of sun on chrome. A wave of honking comes and goes.
The sound of heavy machinery grumbles in the distance.

They are cleaned up and dressed like middle class
vacationers.

Dena sings to herself, putting on the final touches of her
outfit.

DENA
You didn't catch that? Oh man, she
was all over him. Carrying his
projector to his car, sending him
off with a dozen eggs. Right in
front of Blake's nose. I don't know
how he takes it.

JOSH
What time are we meeting him
anyway?

DENA
We said 11:00.

JOSH
We're never making it.

DENA
He didn't seem like he had a lot
going on. I could give him a call,
though.

JOSH
I don't want to find a pay phone
right now.

The traffic edges ahead.

DENA
(sticking half her body
out the window)
I think things are starting to
move. Let's go, let's go, people.

As soon as they move they are stopped again. Josh is growing tense.

DENA (CONT'D)
(soothing yoga voice)
Breathe, Josh. We'll get there. All
is well.

18 EXT. MEDFORD STREET - DAY

They drive down a residential street in a staid, middle class neighborhood, passing cyclone fences fronting scrubby lawns, ranch houses with vinyl siding, treeless sidewalks.

DENA
Left up here. Yeah, there it is.

A sizable boat appears in the driveway of a newish house. In the open garage door a hanging punching bag and weight set are visible.

19 INT. TRUCK / BOAT OWNER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

They park next to a much larger truck.

JOSH
Bigger than I thought.

DENA
Not too big, is it? I'm positive
it's in the right zone. It's what
you told me.

JOSH
I think it's all right.

They get out of the truck.

20 EXT. BOAT OWNER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

They walk around the boat. The boat's name is "Night Moves," stenciled prominently on the bow.

The BOAT OWNER appears from the front door.

BOAT OWNER
Howdy. Carl Hutton.

DENA
Hey. I'm Amy. We spoke on the phone. Sorry if we're kind of late. Traffic out here is pretty bad. I thought we gave ourselves enough time.

BOAT OWNER
(shaking her hand)
No problem. Good to meet you in person, Amy. You're younger than I thought.

DENA
This is Chris.

BOAT OWNER
(shaking Josh's hand)
Good to meet you, Chris.

JOSH
Yeah.

DENA
So this is it, huh? The love of your life?

BOAT OWNER
Yep. 28 feet. 1978 Trophy Executive. I got the ladder set up there for you.

DENA
Great.

Dena and Josh make their way up the ladder and onto the swim deck of the boat.

DENA (CONT'D)
Looks pretty nice.

They enter the boat's cabin through a set of glass sliding doors. The boat is outfitted with a small kitchenette and a forward V berth.

BOAT OWNER
(from below)
It's a great boat. I hate to get rid of her. We're just kind of downsizing around here. Not a lot of boating in our future.

Josh and Dena exchange a look of agreement and make their way back down the ladder.

JOSH
I wonder, could I use your
bathroom?

BOAT OWNER
No problem. Through the garage and
take the stairs.

Josh heads in that direction.

21 INT. GARAGE - DAY

Josh walks through the garage, past the king-size washer and dryer, a punching bag, the shelves full of bulk food and electronic toys.

22 INT. BOAT OWNER'S HOUSE - DAY

Josh peeks into kitchen, its giant refrigerator and TV on the counter, playing to no one.

Josh passes the living room, its giant flat screen TV, also playing.

23 INT. BATHROOM

Josh enters the immaculate bathroom with a built-in hot tub.

Out the window he can see Dena chatting with the boat owner. The conversation goes on as Josh takes a pee.

DENA
...we really love it there. We love
the people, the neighborhood. I
mean, the schools aren't that good,
and that'll be an issue sometime,
but not yet. We're not really
thinking about that yet. But you
know, down the road, who knows?

Josh is not happy to hear the loose chatter.

24 EXT. BOAT OWNER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Josh exits the house. He is quick to rejoin them.

DENA
So cash is okay?

BOAT OWNER
(surprised by the fast
sell)
Sure. Cash is great. Whatever works
for you.

DENA
(handing over an envelope)
It's all here. We'll hook it up to
the truck. You can go ahead and
count it if you want.

Josh is already walking to his truck.

BOAT OWNER
You need any help?

JOSH
I think we can handle it.

25 EXT. MEDFORD STREET - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Josh backs up the truck to the boat, with Dena guiding him.

DENA
Okay. Good. Right there. Stop.

Josh gets out and maneuvers the trailer's arm onto the ball
on his truck's bumper.

He tries to figure out how to wire the brake lights.

The boat owner comes over to help. He hands Dena the keys on
a flotational key chain.

BOAT OWNER
You might need a screwdriver for
that.

JOSH
Yeah. I think there's one in the
glove compartment.

Dena goes and returns speedily with a screwdriver.

BOAT OWNER
She's pretty big. You definitely
want those brake lights working.

JOSH

Yeah.

BOAT OWNER

So you two are from Salem? That's right?

DENA

Yeah. Sure are.

BOAT OWNER

Not too far from Detroit Lake. That's a nice lake.

DENA

Super nice.

BOAT OWNER

Very nice. Very easy. Good easements.

DENA

Oh good. We'll have to check that out.

BOAT OWNER

And you two work in Salem, too?

DENA

I'm a nurse. He works at a supermarket.

BOAT OWNER

Mmm. What one?

Josh looks up and meets his eyes, smiles.

JOSH

(getting back on his feet)
We've always wanted a boat like this. Can't believe this is happening now. Right, honey?

DENA

I'll believe it when I see you fishing from this deck. And when I'm drinking a Margarita up there.

BOAT OWNER

Oh yeah, you'll love this thing. I hope we can find another one pretty soon. Kind of an addiction, being out on the water. I'm going to miss her.

DENA

Well, you can always come out with us.

BOAT OWNER

I might take you up on that!

26 EXT. MEDFORD STREET - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Josh and Dena pull away.

The boat is clearly a heavy load for Josh's truck.

Dena waves out the window while watching the boat owner through the side mirror.

DENA

See ya, Carl Hutton.

Josh drives.

27 EXT. HIGHWAY - MONTAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

The truck hauls the boat along various mountain highways.

28 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

They drive. Outside, forest slips by.

Dena offers Josh some chips. He declines.

JOSH

I'm not hungry.

Dena keeps eating, watching the road.

DENA

How much farther? Good Lord. We must be in Wyoming by now. Coming up on the Dakotas.

JOSH

Half an hour maybe. He's pretty out there.

DENA

I thought you said he lived close.

JOSH

He does. This is close.

DENA

Not so close. This is close. (She holds her palms close together.) We've gone like this already. (She widens her hands.) Are we going like this? (She widens her hands farther still.) You can tell me if we are.

JOSH

Close for here. This isn't Connecticut, you know.

DENA

It's not? Shit. I got off on the wrong train.

They both spot something disconcerting on the road shoulder. Josh hits the breaks.

DENA (CONT'D)

What was that?

JOSH

Deer.

He pulls over to the shoulder, the boat trailing behind him.

DENA

You're stopping?

JOSH

That's what you do. It's half in the road.

He gets out. She follows.

29

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

A dead, pregnant deer lies on the road shoulder.

Josh and Dena stand nearby, watching.

JOSH

A doe. She's pregnant.

DENA

Oh man.

Josh leans down and touches her side.

JOSH

Warm.

DENA
What's that mean?

JOSH
The baby's alive in there.

DENA
Oh God.

They stand there a while, contemplating what to do. No cars pass by. The wilderness on all sides listens. The exhaust of the truck wisps red against the brake lights.

Finally, Josh pushes the deer off the cliff.

Dena watches with an odd fascination.

30 INT. TRUCK - LATER - NIGHT

Josh and Dena drive along a pitch black dirt road.

In the throw of the headlights a figure appears. A tightly wound wrestler of a man, strong jaw, big teeth, effortlessly quick, accidentally graceful, wearing a grimy baseball hat and soiled jeans.

Josh stops the truck.

HARMON swaggers to the window.

HARMON
Looking for water? You're off track, bud.

JOSH
Heard there was good fishing around here.

HARMON
(looking at the huge boat)
Nope. And this ain't no fishing boat. Jesus. What a fucking monster.

Harmon drifts back to the boat.

Josh cuts the engine and he and Dena get out.

31 EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Harmon is already inspecting the boat in the darkness.

HARMON

Where'd you get this thing, anyway?

JOSH

Medford.

HARMON

Party Barge. And you must be D.

DENA

And you're the infamous H. Pleasure
to meet you.

HARMON

At your service. "Night Moves."
Slick. Workin' on some night moves.
That's right.

DENA

Workin' on mysteries without any
clues. Workin' on our night moves.
Tryin' to make some front page
drive-in news Workin' on our night
moves

Dena goes off, singing into her fist, swaying. Harmon shoots
Josh a what-the-fuck look with raised eyebrows. Accustomed to
Dena, Josh shrugs.

DENA CONT'D

In the summertime...
In the sweet summertime,
summertime...

JOSH

What do you think? Size wise? This
gonna work?

Harmon swings up the ladder.

HARMON

You got the key?

Josh throws him a key and he opens the glass door to the
cabin. Josh and Dena climb the ladder and follow.

32

INT. / EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Harmon takes in the boat's details.

He starts the engine and turns it off immediately, detecting
nothing wrong.

JOSH

So?

HARMON

Good. Good space. We'll take out all this stuff. Yeah. How much this set you back anyway?

DENA

It wasn't cheap.

HARMON

(continuing his examination)

I bet. Paid cash, right?

DENA

No, I gave the guy my credit card number. And I told him to check out my web page and then we posted it on Facebook, so everyone else could hear about it, too.

HARMON

Cash. The poor people's money.

JOSH

So it looks all right?

HARMON

Oh yeah, she'll do. Shame. Not a bad ship here. Got years left in her if you treated her right.

They exit the cabin, climbing down the ladder one after another.

HARMON (CONT'D)

If I was keeping her I'd say there's some easy repairs to do. But I guess we don't give a shit about longevity, do we?

DENA

Nope.

33 EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Back on the ground, Josh and Harmon face each other. They smile and embrace.

HARMON

Good to see you, brother.

JOSH

You, too, Harmon. Been a while.

HARMON

You never come around.

JOSH

Yeah, well, neither do you.

HARMON

Yeah, yeah. Park your rig over there in the driveway, all right? Let's get inside. There're narcs everywhere around here. Don't trust these raccoons at all.

34 INT. HARMON'S RV - SOON - NIGHT

Harmon's house is a weathered RV parked in the pines. The lights are on. Josh and Dena enter. Harmon hands out beers from the fridge, and little laminated cards, too: their new fake IDs. Josh and Dena inspect their new identities as they take their first sips.

HARMON

Beer?

JOSH

Not yet. For me.

HARMON

More for me. And these are hot off the presses.

DENA

All right. Carrie Taylor. That's cool. Looks like I gained a few pounds. Whatever.

JOSH

(skeptically)

Carrie Taylor? Come on. (to Dena) She lived in our neighborhood.

HARMON

Stuck up little bitch. She doesn't give a shit. Anyway, memorize those. And I'd memorize each other's, too. Tomorrow that's who we are. No exceptions.

Dena looks inquiringly at Josh. He passes over his card and takes hers.

JOSH
(to Dena)
Joseph Macca. 10/30/81. 543-23-
6753.

DENA
I'll call you Joey. You always
looked like a Joey to me.

JOSH
These look good, man. Nice work.

HARMON
They are. And I'm Edward, so you
know. Just call me Ed.

DENA
Ed. Ed Sullivan. Ed McMahon. Ed.
Joe. McCarthy. I'm getting it all
down.

Josh and Dena continue scrutinizing their cards.

HARMON
You see the new golf course on the
way in?

DENA
Is that what that was?

JOSH
We just saw dump trucks.

HARMON
Yep. Gonna be real "cool," this
one. The new outpost of the
Portland empire. Taxidermy, gourmet
food, eight dollar coffee.

DENA
(acidly)
Sounds pretty cool.

HARMON
Yeah. Fuck cool. Keep your fucking
cool to yourself. Go buy your cool
somewhere else. You know how many
golf courses they got in Bend
already?

JOSH
Nope.

HARMON

Guess.

JOSH

I don't know. Five.

DENA

Fifteen?

HARMON

38.

Josh takes in the number.

HARMON (CONT'D)

This is high plains desert. Where's the water? Absolute bullshit. Real cool, all right.

They sip their beers.

JOSH

(pocketing his ID)

So how's everything else going?
We're on schedule, I take it.

HARMON

Mmm-hmm. Real close.

JOSH

What do you mean, close?

HARMON

We could use another few hundred pounds of fertilizer. That's all we need now.

JOSH

I thought you said you had it under control.

HARMON

Yeah, well, it's not that simple, bro. I can't go too often. And I've got a job. Those greens don't mow themselves, you know?

JOSH

So how much do you have?

HARMON

Thousand pounds. Give or take.

DENA

And how much do we need?

HARMON

I'd say another five hundred pounds would be nice.

JOSH

What?

HARMON

We could go with what we got. I mean, we'd probably be all right. God knows, that dam wants to come down, right? That's some serious tonnage of water pushing on her walls. Everything in the world is just telling her to give up and let go. But still, we want to give her as much help as we can, I'm thinking...

They wait through a tense, serious silence.

JOSH

Okay, so what are you saying we do?

HARMON

Go to the feed store in the morning, that's all.

JOSH

You think they'll sell us that much?

HARMON

One way to find out.

JOSH

Anything over ten pounds or under a ton sends up major red flags for those guys.

DENA

We should have known about this a lot earlier.

They sip their beers and ponder their odds a moment. At last Josh and Dena share a focussed glance.

JOSH

Okay. If that's what we've gotta do.

HARMON

We'll go in the morning. Then we'll get back here and stuff the turkey. We'll put in Sunday. Move into position Sunday night. Monday morning we'll all be back at work, like nothing happened. We're on schedule, bro. Don't worry about it.

JOSH

I'm not worried. Why would I ever be worried?

35 EXT. HARMON'S PROPERTY - LATER - NIGHT

Josh finishes erecting a tent outside. Dena stands with her bedding.

DENA

He knows what he's talking about?

JOSH

He does. Trained by the best. United States Marine Corps.

DENA

You trust him?

JOSH

Oh yeah.

Dena contemplates.

DENA

I'm going to bed.

She goes to the boat.

36 INT. HARMON'S RV - LATER - NIGHT

Harmon drinks a beer. Josh joins him inside.

Harmon stands at the open door looking out.

HARMON

So you think she's all right?

JOSH

We've been down the road a few times. She's good.

HARMON
(closing the door)
She did that thing in Eugene with
you? The cell towers?

JOSH
Yeah.

HARMON
She bankrolled it? That's what I
heard.

JOSH
What do you mean, heard?

HARMON
You told me. Dumb ass. But that's
good, you're paranoid. That'll keep
you healthy in the long run.

They drink.

JOSH
Yeah. She paid for it.

HARMON
Deep pockets.

JOSH
Very deep.

HARMON
Seriously, how much for that boat?

JOSH
Ten grand.

HARMON
Rich daddy. I don't see why she's
gotta be here, though. She already
helped out plenty.

JOSH
It's part of the deal.

HARMON
It'd be a lot easier if she went
home. We can drop her off at the
train station tomorrow morning.

Josh is shaking his head.

HARMON CONT'D.

This isn't the same thing as those other shows, bro. This is on a different level. You know that.

JOSH

You think I don't know that?

HARMON

You know. You definitely know.

A long pause.

HARMON (CONT'D)

(ruminatively)

It's gonna be big.

JOSH

Gotta be big. If people are going to start thinking anyway, it does. 'You're killing all the salmon just so you can run your fucking iPod every second of your life.' Think about it.

They sit quietly.

JOSH (CONT'D)

That's what's going to happen. They're going to start thinking. They have to.

HARMON

But seriously, the fewer hands in the pie the better off.

JOSH

That's not going to happen.

They fall into a pensive silence.

HARMON

You see Randy anymore?

Through the screen of the RV window, Josh looks at the light coming out of the boat cabin.

JOSH

Not for a while. He was squatting in Eagle Creek last I heard.

HARMON

Slipped out into the wild.

JOSH

Lucky man.

They drink their beers.

37 EXT. BEND - MORNING

The sun rises over the exurban blight of Bend's strip malls.

A Gor-Tex wearing SOCCER MOM loads her KIDS and their Ipads into the backseat of the family SUV. The GOATEED EXTREME SPORTSMAN FATHER fastens brightly colored kayaks to the rooftop.

38 INT. HARMON'S TRUCK / EXT. FEED STORE - MORNING

They cruise by. The windows are dark, the lot empty.

39 INT. SPORTS BAR - MORNING

Josh, Dena and Harmon sit at a table, eating breakfast. Josh checks his watch.

HARMON

I thought it opened earlier. Sorry.
It won't take long. Don't worry.

JOSH

I'm not worried. We gotta eat.

DENA

How're your eggs?

HARMON

Good. Pebbly.

DENA

They look dry.

HARMON

I like em that way. You want some?

DENA

(making a face)

No way. I only eat oatmeal in the morning.

HARMON

Girl, you need some protein. Your brain fires better, believe me. You should eat an egg.

DENA

My brain fires fine, mister.
Anyway, oats are the best. It's a
perfect food. It's the best grain
anyway.

JOSH

I don't think it's a grain.

A guy in kitchen whites approaches.

MAN

Yo, Harmon.

HARMON

Hey! Todd. What's up?

MAN

Keeping my nose clean, you know.

HARMON

Glad to hear it. These are my
friends, visiting from out of town.
Joe. And Carrie. Doing some rock
climbing this weekend.

MAN

Good to meet you. Take it easy,
brother. See you around.

Josh watches Todd walk away.

JOSH

Smooth. I thought you said you
didn't know anyone around here.

HARMON

Oh, Todd, I barely know him.

DENA

Seemed like you did. How don't you
know him?

HARMON

We did some time together.

DENA

What? I thought you said you didn't
have any priors! What the hell is
your deal? Were you going to tell
us that, or what? Did you know
about that, Joe?

HARMON

Calm down. That was so long ago, it doesn't really count. It's gone. Expunged.

DENA

Your friend's really something, Joe. Mr. Ed, here. Or is it Harmon? Kind of getting mixed up already, isn't it? And we're, what, an hour in? Shit. You think your record is gone? You think anything is ever just gone anymore? You should join this century, dude. Your record isn't in some filing cabinet somewhere. They don't just burn it up. Nothing's ever gone anymore. You need to know that...

HARMON

Yeah, yeah, just take it easy. It's not that big of a deal...

DENA

Don't yeah, yeah me. And it is a big deal. We need to know what we're dealing with here. We all need to know everything that everyone else is bringing to the party...

Josh gives Dena a look not to press it.

DENA (CONT'D)

OK. Hey. I guess you boys know what you're doing. There goes your buddy Todd.

Josh and Harmon share a look of mild shame and resignation. They eat.

40

EXT. FEED STORE / HARMON'S TRUCK - LATE MORNING

The parking lot is already teeming with customers.

Dena is leaving Josh and Harmon in the truck.

HARMON

Remember: just be as forgettable as possible. The cameras are on the edges of the store, so stay in the middle aisles as much as you can. And keep your hat on.

A last glance and Dena departs into the parking lot.

JOSH
She'll do all right.

HARMON
Seems harmless enough...

41 INT. FEED STORE - CONTINUOUS - LATE MORNING

Dena enters.

She wanders the aisles, keeping her head low, looking for help.

She finds a tall, weathered CASHIER.

DENA
Excuse me. I'm looking for the
fertilizer section?

CASHIER
Solid or liquid?

DENA
Solid.

CASHIER
Outside. Out the door and go left.
Just across the street.

DENA
Cool, thanks.

42 EXT. FEED STORE - LATE MORNING

Dena exits and heads for a hangar on the far side of the parking lot.

43 EXT. FEED HANGAR - LATE MORNING

Under the roof, many different bags of fertilizer make tall stacks. She wanders the piles and finally heads over to the man who seems to be in charge.

She approaches and waits for a FARMER to finish his conversation with a tall, bowlegged, taciturn fellow with a nametag that says "Goose."

GOOSE

...he should have seen it coming,
that's all. Anyone could've seen it
coming.

FARMER

Should have seen a lot of things
coming.

GOOSE

John doesn't always see what's in
front of his face. Never has.

FARMER

Pretty funny, though. Back in
Manila, she shares a room with ten
sisters. Gets here and she says his
house is too small! What are you
going to do?

They all chuckle, shake their heads at their friend's fate.

GOOSE

Well, you have a good day.

FARMER

Hasta Luego.

GOOSE

Can I help you?

DENA

Yes, please. I need a load of the
ammonium nitrate fertilizer.

Goose gives a blank stare.

DENA (CONT'D)

Do you have any of that?

GOOSE

I don't know. Did you look around?

DENA

A little.

GOOSE

Yeah. Nope. We don't have it.

DENA

None at all?

GOOSE

You can try across the street, at the factory. They could have it. None here, though.

DENA

That's the factory over there?

She nods at a giant, ramshackle industrial plant across the main street. The walls are rusted tin, with odd, protruding towers jutting from the rooftops. Trucks are parked in the narrow lot, getting loaded by sluices with loose fertilizer.

GOOSE

Yup.

DENA

Anyone I should talk to?

GOOSE

Front desk.

Goose is already returning to the dark shed where he lurks. He stops and turns back to watch Dena.

- Goose's POV: Dena runs across the parking lot
- Josh and Harmon POV through the truck window: Dena crosses the street.
- She walks among the men loading their trucks, searching for an office.
- Through the feed store window: Dena locates a corrugated addition and climbs the stairs.

44 INT. FEED FACTORY OFFICE - LATE MORNING

The office is barren and cold, lit by high fluorescent lights. The walls are empty, barring a few official, regulatory posters and an agricultural calendar. Behind the desk is a affable, cleanly shaved guy in a flannel shirt.

CLERK

Can I help you?

DENA

I think so. I'd like to buy some fertilizer.

CLERK

Super. You know what you're looking for?

DENA

Yeah. The ammonium nitrate, please.
I hope you've got it.

CLERK

We do. How much do you need today,
ma'am?

DENA

(checks her list)
Five hundred pounds.

CLERK

(lightly, but already
suspicious)
What are you growing? If you don't
mind my asking.

DENA

Beets, carrots, onions, parsnips.
And lots of broccoli. Lots and lots
of broccoli.

CLERK

Ahh. Wonder if you've tried the new
sodium fertilizer? Very good stuff,
by all reports. Fast uptake. Like
the ammonium.

DENA

I think I'll stick with what we're
used to. Thanks, though.

CLERK

Okay. All right. How much did you
say you needed today?

DENA

Five hundred pounds.

CLERK

How many acres you covering?

DENA

Ten.

CLERK

(with growing suspicion)
I'll need your signature first. And
your ID.

DENA

No problem.

Dena shows her card, and takes his pen and signs a fake name.

CLERK

And your social security card too.

DENA

Oh. I don't know if I have that on me. I don't usually carry it around.

Dena digs into the center pocket of her overalls.

DENA (CONT'D)

No. Not on me.

CLERK

Well, I'm going to need to see a social security card before I sell you any ammonium nitrate. You understand.

DENA

I could tell you the number. That's no problem.

CLERK

No. Gonna need to see it. Controlled substance and all.

DENA

All right. Maybe it's out in my car. I'll be right back.

Dena walks out patting herself. He watches her go.

45 EXT. FEED STORE / PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS - LATE MORNING

Dena returns to Harmon's truck.

DENA

He wants a social security card.

JOSH

What?

HARMON

Bullshit. Complete and utter bullshit. It's just a power trip. He's making shit up. Who carries around their social security card?

DENA

Yeah, well, that's what I said. I told him I was going to check the car.

JOSH

Let's go. This is no good. We'll find it somewhere else.

HARMON

Just split, you mean?

JOSH

Yeah. You don't think so?

HARMON

I'm just thinking that's the easiest way to get remembered out here. You probably oughtta go back in there. I'd say.

JOSH

Oh man.

HARMON

Just go in and tell him you left your card at home. See what happens. Worst case, he doesn't do the sale. But don't just leave him hanging.

Josh deliberates. He looks at Dena. She is focussed. This is why they are here, after all. He nods. She turns and goes back in.

46 INT./EXT. FEED FACTORY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - LATE MORNING

From the feed factory office window, we see Dena emerge from a small cluster of trucks. She holds her hat, hurrying through the parking lot and across the street.

47 INT. FEED FACTORY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - LATE MORNING

The clerk is waiting.

DENA

Yeah, don't have my card. Don't really carry it around with me or anything.

CLERK

Oh. Well, that's inconvenient.

Dena spots a small camera hanging from the ceiling behind the clerk...

DENA

I'll say. I don't even know where it is. But I really do need that load. I wonder if there's any way we can figure something out? You know, some way we can get around this?

Her eyes follow the camera's cord across the wall, behind a tack board and sees that the plug hangs loose alongside the wall socket.

CLERK

You could go home and take a look. Come back later. We're open til five.

DENA

(taking her hat off)

Too far. We're all the way near Pine Hollow. I wouldn't be able to get back for another week. (Looking directly at the man) I really need that fertilizer today.

Dena locks eyes with the clerk.

CLERK

I wish I could help. But I'm afraid I can't.

DENA

Well.... How much can I get without the card?

CLERK

None. Not today.

DENA

What if I leave you some collateral or something?

CLERK

Afraid not.

Dena looks around, leans against the counter.

DENA

Look, sir. I don't know if you noticed this year, but winter went extra long.

(MORE)

DENA (CONT'D)

So we're already way behind getting this stuff on the ground. The broccoli needs it right now or it won't be ready. That nitrogen hit is really important.

CLERK

I'm really sorry.

DENA

And the forage production is a big deal for us, too. We've got 120 milk cows that need that grass and clover.

A FARMER in Wranglers and suspenders trundles in the door. Nice, beefy, ruddy old timers, happily at home in the feed lot. The clerk gives him a greeting glance.

CLERK

You just come back with the proper identification I'm sure we can work something out. But until then, I can't help you. I'm sorry. That's just how it is.

DENA

You'd sell to me if I looked like those guys.

The farmer is watching with some bemusement.

CLERK

I know these guys.

OLD FARMER

Lucky you don't look like us!

DENA

Really, sir. If you could just let me get that load, it would be a huge help.

CLERK

My hands are tied.

OLD FARMER

What's the matter here anyway?

DENA

I'm trying to buy a load of fertilizer, that's all.

CLERK
Ammonium nitrate.

OLD FARMER
Oh, that's all! Young lady, you know that's an oxidizing agent. Brian's got to keep that stuff under lock and key.

DENA
It's also good fertilizer. We've been using it for years on our farm.

OLD FARMER
Can't be too careful, though.

CLERK
I told her, I need a social security card.

DENA
(to farmers)
You have your social security card on you?

OLD FARMER
Know my number.

DENA
Yeah, me too. But that's not good enough, apparently.

OLD FARMER
Well...

DENA
543-22-1256. Look, sir, you can call my uncle if you want. Nature's Harvest is our name. I've got the number right here in my phone. We grow broccoli, parsnips, onions, carrots. And we've got 120 milk cows that supply Wilcox Dairy. You probably drink our milk.

OLD FARMER
I do drink that milk. If it's on sale.

DENA
We're up near Pine Hollow.

OLD FARMER

Why you all the way down here then?

DENA

Our feed store stopped carrying ammonium nitrate. And so did the one in the Dalles.

CLERK

I told her to try sodium. That's what most folks are doing.

DENA

And maybe next year we will. But we mulched with sawdust this year. And that leached all the nitrogen out of the soil. And that means we need nitrogen. And we need it now, before the weather turns. That's what I keep saying. But I don't seem to be getting anywhere. I understand the concern. I really do. I'd be worried if you just handed it out. I'm just up against it here.

A pause, as Brian the clerk weighs his judgment.

CLERK

Head around to pick up other side of that wall. We'll have it up soon.

48 EXT. FEED STORE - 20 MINUTES LATER - DAY

The sun beams.

From a distance, Harmon and Josh sit on the curb watching Dena as she opens the back of Harmon's truck. A SKINNY KID loads in the fertilizer.

49 EXT. HARMON'S - DAY

In the daylight, Harmon's property is a pine shaded area.

Harmon and Dena are prepping the fertilizer, cutting open bags and making piles on some blue tarps.

DENA

So, you were in the Army? Is that right?

HARMON
Marines.

DENA
How long was that?

HARMON
Long enough.

DENA
Where'd they send you to?

HARMON
Iraq for a while. Afghanistan for a while.

DENA
And you blew things up over there?

HARMON
Yep.

DENA
What kinds of things?

HARMON
You name it. Bridges. Walls.
Mostly walls.

DENA
Huh.

Harmon keeps working.

HARMON
Most of the time I was just
guarding an oil refinery on the
gulf coast. Incredibly boring. Just
watching these Iraqi guys pump the
shit out, truck it off. Suck it
out, send it away. Every day the
same.

DENA
Feed the addiction.

HARMON
Yeah. Got me thinking, though. The
desert over there, it's pretty much
the same as the desert out here in
a way. Dust, rocks, sand. Even
Indians there, too. Not like our
Indians, but still. Indians. It got
me thinking.

(MORE)

HARMON (CONT'D)

What would all those Indians back home think, you know? Sucking out the oil? Sending it all over the world? Didn't look too good through those eyes.

DENA

Once you get that Dead Indian vision, there's no going back.

They keep working. Josh tosses some stuff out of the boat.

DENA (CONT'D)

So you've known Josh a long time.

HARMON

Since we were kids. He hung out with my little brother. They were buds.

DENA

He's always been so intense?

HARMON

Tell ya the truth, I never really noticed him back then. He didn't make a big impression.

They keep working.

50

EXT. HARMON'S - SOON - DAY

An ad hoc generator complete with a tacked on muffler, powers an Auger which turns the fertilizer.

A masked Harmon adds pink dyed diesel from an old tank he has propped up on two saw horses. The mixture falls into a hopper.

Dena, in gloves and wearing a bandana around her nose and mouth, shovels the mixture into plastic white mesh bags.

When Harmon is done mixing he helps Dena with the filling and stacking of fertilizer filled bags.

Josh exits the boat's cabin with a bench, drops it off the deck to the ground with a crash.

JOSH

You want to come check it out? See if it looks all right?

Harmon and Dena ditch their shovels and climb the ladder.

51 INT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The cabin is mostly stripped bare.

HARMON
You work fast, son.

JOSH
Came out real easy.

HARMON
Looks good. The important thing with this kind of charge is the shaping. We want a triangle. The base pointing out this way. Like this (he puts his wrists together, opens his hands) That way the force is pushing out in this direction. We'll nestle the boat up to the wall on this side, anchor up. And we should be good.

They look at each other.

HARMON CONT'D.
(rubbing his gloves together)
Let's finish filling these bags and load up.

52 EXT. BOAT - A BIT LATER - DAY

Josh ties off the last bag.

He hands the first bag up to Dena who stands on the ladder and passes them on to Harmon who is on the boat.

This routine continues until all 50 bags are on the boat.

As the last bag reaches the top Josh is catching his breath, stretching his back.

JOSH
What now?

HARMON
Take a run to the dump. I don't want any of this shit around here after tomorrow.
(MORE)

HARMON (CONT'D)
Me and Dena'll set these up and
then it's just a wiring job. That's
a one man job.

DENA
How long will that take?

HARMON
Surprisingly little time.

53 EXT. LANDFILL / HARMON'S TRUCK - DAY

Josh dumps the excess boat materials, tarps, auger, hooper
and tank into a huge gash in the earth.

Tractors and earthmovers shift steaming piles.

Crows dot the landscape of garbage.

54 EXT. PIZZA PLACE - AFTERNOON

Pathetic TEENAGERS hang out in the parking lot.

A GUY tapping on his blackberry.

Josh exits with two pizzas. He passes a kid and his father.

KID
Doritos! I said Doritos. You're not
even listening to me!

DAD
Aiden, get in the car.

KID
This is not acceptable!

DAD
I said back in the car.

55 EXT. HARMON'S PROPERTY - LATE AFTERNOON

Josh parks, gets out. No one there. Just sawhorses and tools.

He wanders to the boat. The name is almost erased, sanded out
of existence. He climbs the ladder. In the boat the work is
mostly done. The bags are piled in stacks where the V berth
once was. Between each row of bags comes a wire. Josh lifts a
bag and sees where the wires connect to strips of dynamite.

56 EXT. HARMON'S RV - CONTINUOUS - LATE AFTERNOON

Josh wanders through the trees toward the RV.

Getting closer, hears panting, scrambling.

He walks along the RV and listens at the door, hearing Dena and Harmon fucking.

57 EXT. HARMON'S / WOODS - CONTINUOUS - LATE AFTERNOON

Josh moves into the woods, the darkness.

Looks at the pale, late afternoon moon.

58 INT. BOAT - MORNING

The collection of wires hang from between the stacks of white mesh bags.

59 EXT. HARMON'S - MORNING

Dena inflates a dingy.

Josh hitches up the boat to the truck's ball. Harmon guides him.

HARMON

Easy, man. Heavy load.

The mouth of the hitch moves over the silver metal ball.

60 EXT. HARMON'S - A BIT LATER - MORNING

Josh wires the brake lights.

Dena and Harmon load a canoe shaped dingy into the back of Harmon's truck. Dena goes back up the path.

HARMON

So I'm thinking we'll put in
upriver a ways. Not so many
spectators that way.

JOSH

How far upriver?

HARMON

Boat slip's about three clicks from
the reservoir. You can follow me.

(MORE)

HARMON (CONT'D)
I'll show you. We'll need both
trucks this way anyway.

JOSH
Sounds good.

Dena returns with two paddles. Harmon takes them from her and loads them into the truck.

61 INT. JOSH'S TRUCK - LATE MORNING

Josh puts his foot on the gas. The engine labors.
He checks his side mirror and shifts into a lower gear.

62 EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATE MORNING

The boat trailer tires slowly roll across the dirt drive.

63 INT. BOAT CABIN - LATE MORNING

The explosive cargo shifts slightly with each bump in the road.

64 EXT. HARMON'S - LATE MORNING

Harmon sweeps the tracks of Josh's truck and the boat rig with a branch as they exit the property.

65 EXT. - ROAD TO PAVEMENT - LATE MORNING

The truck and trailer creep onto the paved road

66 INT. JOSH'S TRUCK - DAY

Josh and Dena driving.
Dena scratches her arm.

JOSH
What's going on over there?

DENA
My arm itches. God.

Josh is silent.

DENA (CONT'D)
It happens every year. Same time.

JOSH
Every year?

DENA
Pretty much. Agh. Or you know,
under stress.

JOSH
We can get something for it later.

They keep driving in silence.

67 INT. HARMON'S TRUCK - SAME TIME - DAY

Harmon driving, listening to speed metal.

He shoves the remainder of a breakfast sandwich into his mouth, rinses it back with the last of his coke, then tosses the wrappings and paper cup out the window.

68 EXT. RIVER CAMPGROUND / RANGER BOOTH - DAY

Josh gets a permit at the ranger booth, alongside signs warning against carrying knives, explosives, fireworks into the campsite.

69 INT. TRUCKS - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

There is another boat and camper idling around.

Harmon pulls up beside Josh.

JOSH
I thought you said no one would be here.

HARMON
This is nothing. You should see it in high season.

JOSH
So which way?

HARMON
Follow me.

70 EXT. RIVER CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Josh drives the boat through a small village of scattered luxury RVs.

PENSIONERS plays bridge in their enormous tents. TWO HUNTERS watch TV in the dirt lot beside their camper, enormous truck and three wheel vehicles.

Some FISHERMEN glance at the giant boat as it pulls through.

INSERT: The explosives rattle and shift in the boat's cabin.

Dena takes in the scene.

71 EXT. BOAT SLIP / JOSH'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Josh backs the trailer's rear wheels into the water.

Harmon and Dena glide the boat off the trailer, into the drink. The boat slides in, knocking waves against the shore.

The unlocking of the boat begins as a bored KID bikes through, presses his face to the glass of the closed canteen, and peddles on.

72 EXT. RIVER CAMPGROUND / TRUCKS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Josh stands at the window of Harmon's idling truck. The boat floats at the dock nearby.

HARMON

We'll be fast. Find a spot to unload this trailer.

JOSH

Careful where you park. The lots have cameras now.

HARMON

Roger, that.

Harmon drives away, followed by Dena in Josh's truck, pulling the empty boat trailer.

Josh watches the trucks disappear, engines fading.

A FAMILY OF THREE walks nearby, trailing a heavy-set kid.

KID (O.S.)
I've walked like eleven miles! I
can't go anymore! My ankles are
breaking.

The kid stops.

73 EXT. RIVER CAMPGROUND / DOCK AREA - DAY

Josh wanders the perimeter of the dock area. He observes KIDS playing their war games. The piles of accumulating trash. The gargantuan, gas-guzzling campers.

An ELDERLY LADY waddles by holding a towel, bath kit and a TINY DOG. The old lady smiles at Josh. He returns a smile.

He checks his watch.

74 EXT. DOCK - LATER - DAY

Josh sits on the dock.

He watches the light on the water, trying to block out the din of humanity.

The sound of a distant boom box; the gurgling thrum of an outboard motor; numerous tv sets blaring different ball games and car races.

And most of all, a faint and continuous buzz teases the air. The buzz grows louder.

Out on the water, a single JET-SKIIEER turns circles on the surface, followed by a rooster tail of spewed water.

Josh watches.

He checks his watch.

The boat waits in the water, waves lapping the hull. Snakes of reflected light play on the boat's skin.

75 EXT. DOCK - LATER - DAY

Josh sits on the dock.

Dena and Harmon are walking back.

The sound of footsteps on the dock grow.

HARMON

Sorry that took so long, dude.

Dena a bit flushed and oddly quiet avoids Josh's eyes.

JOSH

It's all right. We're still early.

The three conspirators board the boat.

76 INT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Harmon peruses the controls. He fiddles with switches, making himself at home.

Josh pulls the rope onboard. Takes a final look at the campground.

Dena steps around the dingy. Stows her backpack.

77 INT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Harmon, pleased to control the enormous vehicle, turns on the engine and the boat throbs to life. He sets the gears, gives some gas, and they're moving.

Josh and Dena hunch on deck as the boat chugs into the open water.

The dock recedes.

78 EXT. RIVER - AFTERNOON

The boat cruises down river, loaded with its deadly cargo, passing other little boats along the way, a canoe, two kayaks.

A GIRL and her DOG stand on a surfboard. She paddles up river.

They pass plants and overhanging trees.

Shadows churning on the water.

Traffic sliding by on the highway.

Deer sneaking into view.

The three passengers don't talk. The eye of the sun at all times above.

79 EXT. RESERVOIR - AFTERNOON

They arrive finally at the man-made lake and take in the spectacle of jetskiing, and other petroleum-devouring recreational activities.

The dam itself lurks on the far side, a low horizon of concrete.

Dena takes in the scene.

HARMON
Those are floating bathrooms over there. In case you were wondering.

DENA
America.

JOSH
Let's find someplace quiet.

HARMON
Aye aye, captain.

80 EXT. RESERVOIR - CONTINUOUS - AFTERNOON

They float off on the side finger of the lake.

Harmon cuts the engine. They anchor.

They climb down and wade ashore.

81 EXT. RESERVOIR CAMPSITE - SUNSET

Dena makes peanut butter sandwiches. She lays out the bread, wipes on the peanut butter, then the jam.

DENA
I'm going to learn how to make this stuff. Can't be hard. I'd make it smooth, though.

Josh sits on the picnic table surveying the reservoir.

Harmon hands Josh a sandwich.

Harmon looks...

82 EXT. RESERVOIR CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS - SUNSET

Just one boat remaining on the reservoir.

83 EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Harmon puts a sandwich on a napkin, cuts it in half, and opens a bag of chips.

Josh pulls out a road map.

HARMON
Which way you going back?

JOSH
26 across the mountain. It's out of the way, but more traffic up that direction. We can blend in.

HARMON
After we split - we shouldn't talk on the phone.

JOSH
No way. No contact-

He delivers this with a direct look at each of them.

DENA
No contact. Roger that.

A CAMPER wearing camouflage wanders out from the trees and into their space. He's a harmless guy--frazzled, late-middle-aged, potbellied, loose-limbed. Before they know it he's among them.

CAMPER
Howdy.

DENA
Hi.

CAMPER
How're you all doing today?

DENA
Not bad.

CAMPER
Beautiful day.

DENA
Yeah. Sure is.

The guest paces back and forth, at most pausing to shift his weight from foot to foot.

CAMPER

Don't mind me. I'm just walking around. Gotta keep walking. All the time.

DENA

Yeah?

CAMPER

Legs are killing me. Nerves are all messed up. You don't want to hear about it.

No one responds.

CAMPER (CONT'D)

Oh, well. You found an awesome spot.

DENA

Sure did.

CAMPER

They fixed it up real good. Wasn't always this nice.

No response.

CAMPER (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. I used to come here back in the 80s. Wild times, man. Those were wild times. Man, you could do anything out here, get anything.

He walks off.

CAMPER (CONT'D)

I'm telling you, sometimes there just ain't enough party in the world.

They eat their sandwiches.

84

EXT. RESERVOIR CAMPSITE / EXT BOAT - NIGHT

The boat lurks off the bank, still sticking close to land.

As night falls. Quiet. The pleasure boats are all gone. The frogs are croaking.

Across the lake, kids are setting off sparklers and bottle rockets. The dry pops and laughter barely make it over the water.

They are alone.

85 INT. BOAT / EXT. RESERVOIR CAMPSITE - LATER - NIGHT

The three conspirators sit, biding their time. Josh checks his watch periodically. Harmon inspects his wiring again. Dena stares into space, chasing her own thoughts.

DENA
How deep is this lake, anyway?

JOSH
Two hundred feet. This time of year.

DENA
Long way down.

They continue their waiting.

DENA (CONT'D)
What kind of fish are in it?

HARMON
Cutthroat Trout. Mainly. That's all I've ever seen.

DENA
That's an oily fish. Good Omega-3 fatty acids in trout. Good for the heart. Good for depression, too. They say.

HARMON
All I know is they're fun to catch.

DENA
What makes them fun?

HARMON
They know how to fight. They know how to jump. Sometimes they break free. I respect that in a fish.

DENA
I never fished.

HARMON
Never? Not once?

DENA
Nope. Saw a lot of paintings of fish when I was a kid.
(MORE)

DENA (CONT'D)

That was our family vacations.
Looking at paintings of places I'd
rather be.

HARMON

Someday we'll fish.

DENA

No. I'm not fishing now. No way.
2048, the oceans are going to be
empty. I'm not helping those trend-
lines.

HARMON

Who says?

DENA

Science. Marine biology.

HARMON

Maybe science is wrong.

DENA

29% of edible fish have already
declined by 90%. More people are
living on the coastlines all the
time. That's more pollution, more
waste. The situation is getting
geometrically worse. And in the end,
it'll go fast. The marine
biodiversity goes, everything goes
with it.

HARMON

You know a lot.

DENA

The one good class I took in
college.

HARMON

Really? That was it? Hate to hear
that.

DENA

Well, I wasn't there very long.

HARMON

You didn't like it?

DENA

Why would I? Bunch of posers
shooting up for four years before
they take their media jobs in New
York. What a joke. Couldn't wait to
get out of there.

Josh listens.

Harmon is aware of his friend's discomfort.

HARMON

Well, you should go fishing
sometime. Before it's all gone.

They're quiet.

86 EXT. DAM / BOAT - LATER - NIGHT

Low engine growling. Moonlit ripples on the water.

The dam is studded with safety lights.

Dena, in hoodie, hat, and gloves, stands on deck watching.
Her eyes roam. She scratches her arms.

The dark boat, pregnant with its payload, floats toward the
boom.

On the banks, all is quiet.

87 EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Harmon hangs from the ladder with a pair of clippers and cuts
the boom.

88 EXT. RESERVOIR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

They float towards the dam's wall, nestling against the
curved wall.

Finally, the engine is cut. Silence surrounds their actions.

Harmon pulls out a drill and presses it into the dam's cement
wall. The sound of the drill echoes. Harmon stops.

Josh takes off a layer of clothing. He hands Harmon his
hoodie. Harmon wraps the sweat shirt around the drill and
goes about sinking a huge screw in the dam's wall.

When the drilling is done, Harmon attaches a line to anchor the boat in place.

89 INT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Harmon gathers the wires coming out from between the stacks of fertilizer filled bags and connects them to a battery which is then connected to a phone.

Dena sets the stopwatch on her Iphone.

The time begins ticking.

90 EXT. BOAT / DINGY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

They drop the dingy from the deck with a solid splash. One by one they climb into the dingy.

They push off.

The dingy glides through the light falling from the dam, and into darkness.

91 EXT. RESERVOIR / DINGY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Josh and Harmon paddle. The sound of lapping water.

Dena's stop watch numbers glow in the darkness. She looks around into the night.

They've only traveled a few strokes, though, when a car pulls over near the dam, the headlights visible through the trees.

Dena grabs Josh's shoulder and points. The men quit their paddling.

All three watch a man climb out of his car.

They pull their paddles from the water and hold still.

Dena's timer continues to run.

92 EXT. ROADSIDE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

The DRIVER goes to the rear of his car where his tire is flattened.

DRIVER

Oh man.

He pulls a phone out of his pocket and looks up a number.

93 EXT. DINGY - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Three sets of eyes watch the action.

Dena is scratching the rash on her arm.

Josh lets the deep breath flow out his nostrils, in an attempt to calm his nerves.

DENA

That's not a good spot.

JOSH

No.

94 EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The driver has the spare tire leaning against the car as he steps on the tire iron, unscrewing the wheel lugs, keeping the phone pressed to his ear.

DRIVER

This isn't sexy, I know. You'd think I know how to do this by now. Yeah, yeah. I never learned!

He gets the last of the lugs loosened.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Alright. We're loose. Mmm, a jack? I think I know what that looks like. Yeah. Let me see.

He goes back to the trunk and digs around.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Yes, I do have a jack. Where would you like it? Ha ha. Very funny. I'm going to have to set you down for a minute.

The driver is on his knees at the side of the car. He sets the phone down onto the pavement as he searches for a place to set the jack.

95 EXT. DINGY - NIGHT

The iphone timer runs.

Harmon is sweating.

Dena is furiously scratching her wrists.

JOSH
(whispering to Harmon)
Can you stop it?

HARMON
Not too much longer.

They share looks. Gently setting their oars into the water, they begin to paddle, almost in slow motion, back toward the boat.

96 EXT. ROADSIDE - SAME TIME - NIGHT

The driver talks into the speaker phone as he jacks up the car.

DRIVER
Babe, I wish you could see this.
I'm looking pretty manly right now.
Car is in the air. How far am I
going with this?

A faint female laugh comes from the phone.

97 EXT. DINGY - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Josh and Harmon paddle.

Small ripples extend into the night.

They reach the ladder.

98 EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The driver has the new tire on the car. He is tightening the lugs. One drops and rolls out of sight.

DRIVER
Crap. Total disaster here. One of
these guys just got away from me.

The driver uses his phone as a flashlight. Locates the lug and its just out of reach.

99 EXT. RESERVOIR - NIGHT

The boat floats near the dam wall.

Dena's numbers come up on ten minutes.

Harmon grasps the boat's ladder and hauls himself up.

100 EXT. RESERVOIR - NIGHT

The driver drops the flattened tire into the trunk and slams the trunk shut.

He stretches and talks into his phone.

DIVER

Alright babe, I owe you one. Am I coming over? I'm exhausted. No, I'm kidding.

He listens...

101 EXT. RESERVOIR - NIGHT

Harmon takes a screwdriver and begins to detach the wires from the battery.

102 EXT. ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

DIVER

Then I'm not going to shower. I really want you to see me greased up.

At last, he walks around the car.

103 EXT. RESERVOIR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Dena watches as the driver gets into his car, starts the engine and drives off. She turns to Josh.

Josh climbs the ladder and gets into the boat.

104 EXT. BOAT - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Harmon is detaching the wires.

JOSH

We're good.

HARMON

Jesus.

Josh backs out as Harmon places the wires back.

105 EXT. DINGY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Dena steadies the dingy as Josh and then Harmon climb on.

They pick up their paddles and once again begin moving towards the shore with a new urgency.

106 EXT. BANK OF THE RESERVOIR - NIGHT

The bombers reach the shore.

Pull in their paddles and one by one, slowly step out of the dingy.

They creep through the water, pulling the dingy onto the shore.

Harmon takes a knife to the dingy. It deflates and is rolled into a small bundle.

Dena's timer is running.

107 EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

They scramble through the dark woods. Heavy breathing.

108 EXT. OFF ROAD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Harmon's truck is parked off the road.

Dena and Harmon hop in the truck and pull up onto the road's edge.

Josh slams the truck gate closed and joins them in the cab.

They drive and drive.

All falls silent.

The clock times out 000:00:00:0. A smiley emoticon appears on screen.

A distant boom followed by a low rumble.

They keep driving in silence.

109 EXT. CAMP SITE / JOSH'S TRUCK - NIGHT

They return to the place where they put the boat into the water.

Dena and Josh hop out of the truck. Harmon clasps Josh's hand. They exchange a glance.

HARMON

Later, brother. See ya D.

Sirens wail in the distance.

Dena and Josh run to Josh's truck.

Josh goes about taking the hitch off the back of his truck.

Dena is anxious behind the wheel.

Josh walks further into the woods and tosses the hitch.

Dena watches Josh through the side mirror. He runs back towards her. She slides over as Josh takes the wheel.

110 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Josh and Dena drive back toward Bend.

Ambulances and fire trucks race in the opposite direction.

Dena runs a search on her phone.

JOSH

Anything?

DENA

No...

JOSH

It's too early.

They drive.

JOSH (CONT'D)

We just gotta get back home. Show up for work tomorrow. Get back to normal.

He looks over to make sure she is listening.

JOSH (CONT'D)

You hearing me?

Dena groans, scanning...

JOSH (CONT'D)
What's it say?

DENA
Nothing. I don't know. I gotta
subscribe. It is such bullshit. And
nothing local anyway. No local news
anymore. Killed by this thing (she
shakes her phone). Everyone can
tell you what's happening in
Rockefeller Center every second of
the day, but they have no idea
what's happening in their own
river.

111 EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER - NIGHT

They drive through the night.

Dena continues to check her iPhone in hopes of some news.

Nothing and then...

DENA
Roadblock.

Josh begins to slow.

JOSH
You don't say.

Dena looks up and sees the roadblock in actuality.

Police blockade. Cop cars on the opposite shoulder. No
turning around.

A cop walks down the center lane. He stops at the driver's
side window of each car.

Josh watches as he gets closer.

Soon the cop is at the U-Haul in front of them. He talks for
quite a while to the men in the truck. He speaks into the
radio on his collar as the truck leaves the row of cars and
lumbers over.

Dena scratches her arms.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Cut that out.

The cop comes to Josh's window. Shines a flashlight in the car.

COP
Can I see some ID?

Josh hands his over.

The cop looks them over. He turns on his flashlight and walks to the back of Josh's truck.

He shines his light through the truck's topper.

112 EXT. BACK OF TRUCK - NIGHT

The cop's light shines on a box.

113 INT./EXT. DRIVERS SIDE WINDOW - NIGHT

COP
Step out of the truck.

Josh undoes his seat belt and gets out of the truck.

The cop points his light to the back of the truck.

COP (CONT'D)
Open the back of the truck.

Josh walks to the back of the truck and opens the truck.

COP (CONT'D)
Want to pull that box out.

Josh looks in. He has to climb partway in to reach the box.

The cop keeps his light shining on the box. The light hits Josh's face. He squints as he pulls out the CSA box.

Josh pulls the box to the rear of the truck where the cop can reach it.

The cop lifts the lid of the box. He shines his light over the vegetables and the handwritten note from Anne with an Ashland address.

COP (CONT'D)
What's that?

JOSH
CSA Box. Community Supported
Agriculture. Home delivery.
(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)
Tried to drop it the other day. No
one was around. Big dog in the
yard... (shrugs)

The cop is looking right at him. He turns off his flashlight.

COP
You can get back in your truck.

Josh nods. Puts the box back in the truck. Closes it up and
gets back into the truck.

We follow the cop to the next car.

114 INT. CAR - NIGHT

The cop shines his light into the car. TWO MEN in flannel
shirts squint in the light.

COP
Can I see some ID?

115 INT. JOSH'S TRUCK / MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

They ride in silence, each lost in their own thoughts.
They share a glance.

116 EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

In the wide landscape, Josh's truck moves along the highway.

117 INT. JOSH'S YURT / ASHLAND - MORNING

Josh awakens.

He's in his yurt filled with plants and books.

In his boxer shorts, he picks up scraps of clothes from the
ground, his gloves, the dam pamphlets and tourist guides.

Stepping outside into the herb garden, Josh burns the
remaining evidence in an igloo-shaped bread oven.

118 INT. COB KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

In the sun speckled room, Josh washes his face at the sink.
His reflection in a small hand mirror mounted to the wall.

He brushes his teeth. Looking through the large picture window at the farm house at the bottom of the hill.

119 EXT. YURT - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

The dome sits on a hill in the familiar Siskiyou mountain range overlooking a valley of the small organic farms.

Josh makes his way down to the main farmhouse.

He breathes in the clean air and listens to the gentle birds.

120 INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

The family and their interns eat breakfast.

Jenny and her little boy exit through the back door.

Anne cooks hashbrowns and eggs.

Sean peruses a laptop. Mable stands over his shoulder.

Felix bounces on a large exercise ball while he eats.

Dylan and Surprise lounge around.

ANNE

Morning. I didn't know you were back already.

JOSH

Yeah, I got in late.

ANNE

Eggs?

JOSH

Sure.

Josh opens the refrigerator and finds the orange juice.

DYLAN

Anyone seen the pepper?

Another intern points to the pepper mill.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

No, the peppercorns. It's empty.

Josh pours his orange juice. He sits at the kitchen island, his back to the family. The conversation floats around him.

MABLE

Oh. New news. (Pointing at the
computer screen)
Go there, daddy.

SURPRISE

What is it?

They read for a beat.

MABLE

A camper is missing.

SURPRISE

Missing where?

MABLE

Uh, he's missing. No one knows.

SURPRISE

He was there, though? It's related?

MABLE

(reading)

Seems like it. That's what they
think.

JOSH

What's going on?

SEAN

Someone blew up Green Peter Dam
last night. Big story. National
news.

JOSH

Whoa.

MABLE

And this guy was down river
sleeping on the bank. Washed away
while he slept, maybe.

FELIX

I'm never going camping again.
Unless I'm up hill.

SURPRISE

What a bummer. Can you imagine?

DYLAN

"Dude, quit snoring. Wait a minute!
That's a whole lake coming at us!
Shit!"

SURPRISE

DYLAN, you have like no feelings.

DYLAN

Sorry. My sympathies are with the water in this one.

SURPRISE

(dismissively)

Oh God. You're insane.

DYLAN

I mean, no, of course, it's horrible if something happened to that guy. That's awful. I hope they find him. But I'm just saying: someone's got to start somewhere, you know? Seriously.

SURPRISE

Whatever.

DYLAN

My grandpa used to camp out on that river. He remembers when it used to be wild. Try finding a wild river now. All for California's street lights.

SURPRISE

So you bomb your way to a better world. Pretty cool.

DYLAN

Or you just keep protesting. See where that gets you. How's that working out anyway, Surprise? You getting a lot of traction lately? Or are you just making yourselves feel better? At least this thing is serious.

SEAN is shaking his head.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

What, Sean, you don't agree?

SEAN

They're idiots. That's all.

DYLAN

You don't think they had a point?

SEAN

Sure. It's a fine point. But one dam, who cares? That river has ten dams. The grid is everywhere. You'd have to take down a dozen dams to make any difference. A hundred. It doesn't do anything. And what, you want a nuke plant? That's your other option, if you get down to it.

DYLAN

I'd rather people use less. Is that too much to ask? This is a start anyway. It says something. It tells people this is for real.

SEAN

It's a statement, right. I'm not that interested in statements. I'm interested in results.

DYLAN

Seriously? You don't call that results?

SEAN

I call it theater.

DYLAN

So what's your solution?

SEAN

Look out the window. It's a lot slower. But it makes a lot more sense to me.

ANNE

(to Josh, snapping him to attention)
You have a good time?

JOSH

Eh. It was Portland.

ANNE

Looks like you had a good time.

JOSH

I'm just tired is all.

ANNE

Did you end up seeing Rachel this time?

JOSH
No. Not this time.

ANNE
Oh. Where did you stay?

JOSH
A friend's place. A guy, he just moved to town.

ANNE
(to the kids)
Finish up. We're starting with math today.

The kids groan.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Then we'll go to the river, so don't worry. Jesus.

FELIX
Are there any dams on that river?

ANNE
No. It's just a creek, really. You don't have to worry.

FELIX
I'm not worried! I wanted to blow it up!

SEAN
(to Josh)
So, you around today?

JOSH
Yeah. That's the plan.

121 EXT. FIELDS / BEE HIVES - DAY

Josh tends the bees in a beekeeper suit. A net mask falls over his face.

He rises to watch the road. No one's coming.

122 INT. GREENHOUSE - LATER - DAY

A low sound is audible. Josh turns off the fan, goes to the plastic covered window and watches the driveway.

This time a car is coming. He waits, tense, as the engine grows louder, the dust cloud closer. He can't make out the details of the vehicle.

The car disappears behind the house. He hears a door slam.

He keeps waiting. Finally, Anne comes out of the house with a box of vegetables. She walks around and meets up with the car. Faint friendly voices are heard. The engine starts.

The car comes back into view as it heads up the road. Anne and the trailing yellow lab re-enter the house.

Josh returns to work.

123 EXT. FIELDS - LATER - DAY

Josh drifts near Sean's pick up truck, parked among the rows, radio blaring.

Sean and Surprise drink water from a cooler in the back. Josh helps himself.

SURPRISE
You were in Portland?

JOSH
Yeah.

SURPRISE
You went up Friday?

JOSH
Yep.

SURPRISE
What part of town do you stay in?

JOSH
Northeast.

SURPRISE
I guess you're not going up again
anytime soon?

JOSH
No. Probably not.

SURPRISE
Shit. Well, let me know next time,
all right? I might want to catch a
ride.

JOSH

Sure.

Josh gets a drink.

124 EXT. FARMHOUSE PATIO - DUSK

Dusk has fallen. Purple shadows fall over the land.

Josh and Felix whittle.

The workday is over and on the back patio the interns, DYLAN and Surprise, drink beer and tell jokes as the kids do acrobatics, laughing.

Surprise holds out two copper pointers.

SURPRISE

Come on, DYLAN, let me read your aura.

DYLAN

Do not point that thing at me.

FELIX

Read my aura!

Surprise stands Felix up against the wall. She walks towards him with her cooper sticks. As she gets closer to Felix the sticks part.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Wow, cool. Mom, look at my aura. I wanna try that.

Josh lingers at the edge of the scene.

SURPRISE

Josh, I want to read your aura.

FELIX

No. Give it to me.

ANNE

Cool it, Felix.

Corser, the neighboring goat farmer, approaches Josh.

CORSER

Hey, Josh.

JOSH

Hey, Corser.

CORSER
What's up, man?

JOSH
Not much. How about you?

CORSER
Well. Burned my cheese license last week.

JOSH
Yeah. I heard about that. Any fallout?

CORSER
No. Not a peep. I know the FDA knows about it by now. But they haven't said anything yet.

JOSH
What do you think'll happen?

CORSER
No idea.

They watch the aura reading a while. Taking in the night lost in their own thoughts.

Josh's cell phone rings. UNKNOWN NUMBER appears.

Josh smiles at Corser.

CORSER (CONT'D)
Oh sure, man.

Corser joins the others.

Josh wanders off towards the chicken coop.

125 EXT. CHICKEN COOP - CONTINUOUS - DUSK

Josh opens his phone. He waits for the caller to speak.

HARMON
It's me.

Through the mesh wiring Josh paces.

JOSH
Hey. What's up?

HARMON
Have you talked to Dena?

JOSH

No. I thought we weren't talking right now.

HARMON

Yeah. Well, that's what I thought, too. But she's been calling me. A lot.

JOSH

Why's she calling YOU?

HARMON

I don't know. But she is. And she doesn't seem like she's doing so good.

JOSH

No one should be talking. We shouldn't be talking right now.

HARMON

Yeah. I know. But it's happening.

A pause.

JOSH

What do you mean, she's not doing so good?

HARMON

She's worried. Really worried.

JOSH

Worried how?

HARMON

You read the news?

JOSH

Yeah.

HARMON

She's upset.

JOSH

Yeah, well, me too.

HARMON

He'll turn up. You watch. But she's not doing very good. I don't know her that well. She's kind of spinning out.

Laughter from the rear deck.

Silence from Josh as Harmon feeds another quarter into the pay phone.

JOSH
You don't think she'd do anything
stupid do you?

HARMON
I don't know. That's why I'm
calling you.

JOSH
She said something?

HARMON
Not exactly, no.

Laughter floats again from the house.

JOSH
But you're worried.

HARMON
Yeah.

JOSH
Maybe I should go talk to her.

HARMON
...maybe.

JOSH
You don't think I should?

HARMON
I don't know. I don't know how it
is between you two. If you think
it'd help, you should definitely
talk to her. If not, I don't know.
I just wanted you to know is all.
She isn't doing that great.

JOSH
Okay. How about you? You all right?

HARMON
I'm okay. Sure.

The kids come scampering through. Josh gets off the phone.

126 EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Josh is getting in his truck.

Sean appears from the shadows carrying a bucket.

SEAN
Headin' out?

JOSH
Yeah. Just for a little while.

SEAN
Okay. See you in the morning.
Early.

JOSH
Yep.

SEAN
Hold up.

Sean closes the back of Josh's truck for him, catching a glimpse of the undelivered CSA box in the back.

He watches Josh ride off.

127 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Josh drives. The twisty road is dark.

128 INT. TRUCK / EXT. JAPANESE SPA / ASHLAND - NIGHT

Josh drives slowly past the front of the spa.

129 EXT. JOSH TRUCK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

He continues on down the block and turns the corner.

130 INT. TRUCK / EXT. BACK ENTRANCE OF SPA - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

An EMPLOYEE comes out with her bike. She hops on and rides off.

Josh waits.

Eventually, Dena comes out. She pulls down a gate and locks the place up.

Josh flashes his headlights at her.

Dena goes to his truck.

Josh opens the passenger door.

Dena leans in the open doorway. She is full of hives. She looks distraught, nervous. Josh is openly disgusted.

DENA

I thought we were staying away for
a while.

JOSH

I just wanted to check in. Get in.

Dena looks around and reluctantly gets in.

131 INT. JOSH'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

DENA

Harmon called you, didn't he?

JOSH

We talked for a second. He said you
were worried. That's all.

DENA

Worried. Yeah.

JOSH

You want to talk about it?

DENA

What am I supposed to say?

JOSH

Yeah. I hear you.

DENA

Have you seen the website?

JOSH

What website?

DENA

No, of course you haven't seen it.
Why would you care?

JOSH

What website are you talking about?

DENA

The one for the missing camper.

JOSH

No.

DENA

You should see it. All his friends
are posting, his kids, wife,
mother...

She starts to cry.

DENA (CONT'D)

I can't believe this. I can't
believe this is happening.

JOSH

It's not what anyone wanted. I
know. He's probably fine, though.
We don't know anything yet.

DENA

You said no one would get hurt.

JOSH

I know.

DENA

But they did.

JOSH

We don't know that. But it's
natural to feel upset...

DENA

There's nothing natural about this.

They're quiet.

Dena picks at a peeling sticker on Josh's dashboard.

DENA (CONT'D)

We could have waited for the winter
when no one would be out there.

JOSH

We did what we had to do. You know?
We didn't choose this. We can't
wait any longer.

DENA

Wow. You blow my mind.

JOSH

I mean, this struggle we're in,
it's bigger than any one person.
You know that.

DENA

Wow. What the fuck does that mean?

They sit.

JOSH

So what are you going to do?

DENA

What do you mean?

JOSH

I mean, are you going to do
anything? Or are you going to be
able to get through this? And keep
going. It's tough, I know...

DENA

Is that why you're here? Do you
mean am I going to call the cops or
something? Am I going to go visit
the Halter family and tell them
what happened? Hell, if I know,
Josh. Why don't you just leave me
alone?

She goes to get out of the car and he grabs her wrist.

JOSH

Hey. Hey.

DENA

Let go.

He twists her wrist tighter.

DENA (CONT'D)

You're hurting me.

JOSH

Don't do anything stupid, Dena. It
won't help. Are you getting me?

DENA

(in pain)

Yes. Yes.

He lets her wrist go slowly. She looks away. Rubbing her wrist. She gets out of the car. He watches her disappear into the night.

132 EXT. FARM - MORNING

Interns load CSA boxes with produce and load the boxes into the truck. Josh silently helps.

The kids romp through with colorful streamers, playing some form of frisbee golf.

Anne approaches.

ANNE

Josh, we need some more artichoke boxes. Can you grab some from the hangar?

JOSH

Sure.

Josh walks into the hangar, the staging ground for the box packing.

DYLAN

Maybe it was the salmon that did it. They finally organized. Suicide salmon. Buying arms from the sturgeon.

They titter, but as Josh approaches they quiet down.

SURPRISE

So, the artichokes at Trillium Farm are kind of amazing this year. You should check them out. They had samples out last week...

DYLAN

Yeah. I'll get over there. Sounds great. Not like last year...

Josh packs artichokes.

133 EXT. FARMER'S MARKET / FOOD STAND - DAY

In the back of the farm's market stand, Dylan is ringing up a MAN'S purchase of beautiful beets, chard, and Italian parsley.

Josh sits down and watches the crowd churn. Earthy men and women with their dogs and children cross his line of vision.

A COP walks by.

Josh pulls the brim of his cap down.

Two browsing CUSTOMERS, arrive and pick over the vegetables.

CUSTOMER ONE (O.S.)
... took him five miles down. Can
you believe that? That tells you
how strong it was. Unbelievable.
He was stuck in the trees.

The customers move on, their conversation fading.

Gravity suddenly intensifies, bending the world. Everyone holds a secret, everyone is a possible undercover agent.

A MAN with a moustache, dark glasses and suspenders looks in his direction, a BEARDED MAN reads the paper behind his herb stand, a CHILD with butterfly wings eats a cookie, a WOMAN with a BIRD on her shoulder passes by looking right at Josh.

Surprise appears holding two coffee mugs.

SURPRISE
Check it out. Tommy Muller opened a
coffee stand. It kicks ass on
Willow's.

Josh snaps out of it.

134 EXT. FARMER'S MARKET - AFTERNOON

The vendors are packing up.

135 EXT. ASHLAND SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

Josh walks with anxious purpose through the purple-scarved, woolen-hatted throngs of Ashland.

He passes blissed-out masseuses, grungy kids, fatless joggers.

136 INT. / EXT. ASHLAND LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

The library doors are just being locked. Josh presses the door before the LIBRARIAN can get the door locked.

LIBRARIAN
Sorry we're closing.

JOSH
I'll be five minutes. Less.

LIBRARIAN
If I make an exception for you, I
have to make an exception for
everyone.

He presses his way in.

JOSH
Please, two minutes.

LIBRARIAN
So inconsiderate.

137 INT. LIBRARY / STAIRWAY - AFTERNOON

Josh takes the steps two at a time.

138 INT. LIBRARY / COMPUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS - AFTERNOON

Josh sits at a computer. He clicks on a search engine and
checks the Internet.

He scrolls through the national headlines first, with no
luck, then regional.

He finds an article: CAMPER FOUND.

The library lights shut down.

In the darkened room, the screen throws a greenish glow onto
Josh's face.

SCREEN: The body of Bill Halter of Medford, Oregon, was found
on the banks of the Santiam River Monday morning. Volunteer
searchers made the discovery, locating the body a mile from
China Hat Road. A spokesman declined to comment on the
condition of the body, but confirmed the cause of death to be
drowning. Mr. Halter was an airplane mechanic. He moved to
the Medford area in 1982...

Josh looks at pictures of the breached dam.

The librarian's reflection appears on the screen.

Josh clicks on the site for the drowned camper, full of
testimonials from friends and family.

LIBRARIAN

We all have lives, you know.

Startled by his voice, Josh closes the window. Erases the history.

He gets up and goes.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

So rude.

139 INT./EXT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS - AFTERNOON

The librarian locks the door watching as Josh takes the stairs down to the street. Josh peels off his apron as he descends the stairs.

140 EXT. ASHLAND STREET - EVENING

Josh walks the streets of Ashland, distraught.

The boutiques, the expensive restaurants, the gourmet coffee shops, the jewelry stores, the expensive cars, all blur around him as he stumbles down the sidewalk.

141 EXT. SHAKESPEARE THEATER - NIGHT

The theater has gotten out.

Josh burrows into the crowds of well-heeled SPECTATORS theatergoers, the heavily costumed Shakespearian enthusiasts, mimes and nighttime street vendors.

He punches some buttons on his phone.

JOSH

You see the news?

HARMON

I'll call you back.

Harmon hangs up.

Josh waits. Moves down the street, past the ice cream store, to the Avant Garb clothes store.

Eventually his phone rings. UNKNOWN NUMBER appears on the screen. Josh picks up.

142 EXT. CANDLE SHOP - NIGHT

Through a Crystals and Minerals shop window, we see Josh, phone to his ear.

Bar sounds can be heard behind Harmon.

JOSH
You talked to Dena again?

HARMON
Yeah.

JOSH
And? What's happening?

HARMON
She's taking it hard.

JOSH
Join the club.

HARMON
Yeah. Well, there's hard and
there's hard.

JOSH
She's talking?

HARMON
Just a matter of time, I'd say.

JOSH
One person. That's all it takes.

A long pause.

HARMON
Yeah. So. I don't know.

JOSH
I don't know.

HARMON
Something's gotta happen.

JOSH
You got ideas?

HARMON
Nope. But jail don't sound too good
to me. You know the time for this?
Try like life plus three hundred
years.

A long quiet. Harmon hangs up. A JUGGLER tosses a glowing hula hoop.

143 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Josh kneels behind a bush and vomits.

On his knees he hears talk of real estate, stocks, frivolous bullshit as it babbles by.

MAN (OS)
...meeting up in Marin for the
meeting, but I'll be back next
week...

WOMAN (OS)
...eight is a very lucky number. It
means wealth. What's your address
number? You add up the numbers and
then you add up those numbers...

MAN (OS)
...you haven't seen it? Oh, you
have to see it. I thought you
would've seen it...

An OLDER MAN with a headband and worn face squeezes a pigeon and looks at Josh. Josh stands, straightens his clothes and walks away, straining to appear casual.

144 EXT. ASHLAND - NIGHT

Josh turns off the main drag, down a back alley behind a row of restaurants.

Down a tree lined street. Giant TV screens light up the living rooms.

145 EXT. DENA'S APT - NIGHT

Josh arrives in front of an old Victorian house. A FOR RENT sign hangs in the downstairs window. He walks around to the back of the house.

A light is on upstairs.

From his perch he is able to see inside Dena's windows.

Dena moves from room to room.

She appears to be alone until someone sits up on the couch and takes a plate from her hand.

Josh watches as she goes to retrieve a pitcher from the kitchen counter.

Back in the living room, she settles down for a meal with her guest.

Another window in the building shows movement. Josh scrambles away.

146 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Josh drives, keeping to the speed limit.

A pair of headlights appear behind him and sticks there.

He turns, checks the rearview mirror. The car is still behind.

Finally he pulls over to the shoulder. The headlights zoom past, leaving the road empty. He goes on.

147 INT. YURT / COB KITCHEN - MORNING

Josh wakes up on top of his bed covers, dressed in the clothes and shoes from the day before.

The gentle morning sunlight is no comfort.

148 EXT. PATH - MORNING

Josh walks down to the farmhouse, head bowed. He passes Surprise's yurt, oblivious to her.

SURPRISE
Hey Josh, wait up.

149 EXT. SURPRISE'S YURT

Surprise watches Josh walk to the farmhouse.

150 INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

Josh enters the communal area to the familiar breakfast scene just as Jenny and little Louie are leaving. Jenny averts her eyes and does not say hello.

The kids are muttering over their homework.

Anne, making eggs, barely mumbles a greeting.

Sean sits at the table, looking at his computer. He says nothing.

The chill is palpable.

Josh goes to refrigerator and pours himself some orange juice.

151 EXT. FARM - DAY

Josh weeds a bed. The distant sound of a car carries on the breeze.

Josh stands, listening, fearful.

Across the field, Sean also pauses to listen.

Josh and Sean share a cool look. They return to work.

152 EXT. FARMHOUSE - LATER - DAY

The workers are collecting for lunch, but Josh is walking away toward the treeline.

SURPRISE

You want lunch?

JOSH

(over his shoulder)

No. Taking a walk.

153 EXT. FOREST - DAY

Josh hikes in the piney woods.

The boughs of the trees dapple the light over his face. A woodpecker beats out a coded message.

He strides quickly, burning off his anxiety and dread, unconsolated by the placid valley below.

154 EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Josh pushes himself up an incline, toward a brighter region of forest.

155 EXT. CLEAR CUT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Josh arrives at a brutal clear cut. A scene of recent logging destruction, piled with slash heaps and debris. The earth is violated, denuded.

He stands and takes in the degradation.

He turns and heads back down the mountain.

156 EXT. FARMHOUSE - LATER - DAY

The kids are playing a game with multiple frisbees.

Josh arrives on the scene.

FELIX
Josh, we need you!

JOSH
What for?

MABLE
Come here. Stand here. That's right.

FELIX
Put out your hand.

They loop a few frisbees over his arm.

MABLE
Good. Stay like that.

JOSH
How long?

MABLE
We'll tell you.

Sean appears. He watches a while.

SEAN
Hey Josh. I need to talk to you.

JOSH
All right. Now?

SEAN
Now would be good.

Sean starts walking towards the big shed.

157 INT. SHED - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The shed is dark and filled with old farm equipment.

Sean stops by a table covered with buckets and a lost glove.

SEAN

I don't know exactly what's going on. I don't want to make any accusations. What you do is your own business. But people are talking. You know that.

JOSH

What are they saying?

SEAN

(angrily, but controlled)
Don't... Don't try and bullshit me, all right, Josh? That's not what we're here for.

JOSH

Who's talking? I need to know.

SEAN

Dena and Anne talked. That's all. Last night.

JOSH

What did she say?

SEAN

She didn't... I don't know what she said. She didn't have to say anything. Anne knows her too well. Anne's not stupid.

JOSH

Who else is Dena talking to?

SEAN

She's not talking to anyone. Jesus.

JOSH

You know that for sure?

SEAN

She's... That's not the point. That's not what we're talking about here. I don't know anything, all right?

JOSH
I... Yeah. Okay.

Outside in the light, the kids can be seen playing.

SEAN
I don't know what happened. I don't want to know. I don't ever need to know. But one thing I know is I can't be an accomplice to this.

JOSH
You aren't. You weren't. You don't know anything.

SEAN
You're not getting it, Josh. You're living here. That means I'm abetting. My whole family is abetting you. Don't you get it, man? We could lose everything.

JOSH
Okay. Okay.

SEAN
I swear to God. I'm just... (He wrestles himself under control) I don't even know what to say. Do your thing. Whatever you want to do. But don't take us down, all right? Do you know how long this took to make?

JOSH
I get it. I'll get my stuff. I'll be gone in the morning.

SEAN
Now. You have to go now.

JOSH
Okay.

Josh studies the floor.

JOSH (CONT'D)
When it all blows over, though... maybe...

SEAN
It's not blowing over, man. It's never blowing over. You can't come back here anymore. Ever.

Josh nods. He turns and leaves his friend.

The birds sing.

158 INT. YURT - DAY

He angrily packs his bags. He takes a moment to take in the beautiful domed room. A pool of light falls on the wooden floor.

159 EXT. MEADOW - DAY

With an over-stuffed backpack and an arm load of bedding, Josh makes his last walk from the yurt down to the farmhouse.

160 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

He throws his belongings into his car.

The kids hover around.

FELIX

Where are you going?

JOSH

Not sure, exactly.

FELIX

You'll be back soon?

JOSH

Not sure about that either. I hope so. Someday.

MABLE

You didn't say anything about going.

JOSH

Yeah, it's kind of sudden. It's true.

He looks around, hit with sorrow.

MABLE

Are you okay?

JOSH

Yeah. Fine. But I'm not going to see you guys around here for awhile. I might see you...

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)
I don't know... somewhere else. I
hope I do.

He gets in his car.

JOSH (CONT'D)
You kids be good, all right? Be
strong.

FELIX
Bye, Josh.

MABLE
Josh!

Josh pulls away.

The kids follow his car to the fence and close the gate
behind him.

His car goes up a small incline, disappears behind some trees
then reappears as it heads down a long dirt road.

161 EXT. GOAT FARM - DUSK

Josh moves among young independent farmer types circulating
among hay bales, laughing, drinking, giving each other bear
hugs.

An old timey band with washboard and stand up bass plays in
an old barn.

162 EXT. GOAT FARM - DUSK

Josh stands near a fence drinking cider from a mason jar,
watching the party with veiled anxiety.

Some young country hippie-punk comes sloshing by.

FARMER
Hey Josh! What's up?

JOSH
Not much.

Josh keeps drinking, aloof.

163 EXT. GOAT FARM/STALL - NIGHT

Josh drinks more cider, listening to the band from afar.

Surprise from the farm approaches.

SURPRISE

Josh.

JOSH

What's up?

TWO CLEAN-CUT GUYS in new fleece vests and hiking boots talk among themselves, watching the party as well.

SURPRISE

I hear you're taking off.

JOSH

(distracted by the two
men)

Yeah. For a little while at least.

SURPRISE

Right away?

JOSH

Yeah.

SURPRISE

You going up to Portland? I might
be heading up, too.

JOSH

No. I'm heading east.

SURPRISE

Oh. Too bad. Well. Good time to be
getting out anyway.

JOSH

Yeah? What do you mean?

SURPRISE

You heard about Corser?

JOSH

Uh uh.

SURPRISE

Feds knocked on the door yesterday.
Took his computers.

JOSH

No shit. Why?

SURPRISE

Burning the license, they said. But Corser says that's bullshit. He says they're onto something. Out of control, right?

JOSH

(checking on the two guys)
So what'd he do?

SURPRISE

Gave them the computers! This wasn't the food inspectors, man. He's not messing with these guys. No way.

The band keeps playing.

DYLAN, Jenny and a group of other friends show up. They are full of laughter.

DYLAN

Surprise! Come on!

Surprise waves him away.

SURPRISE

I'll catch up in a minute!

She stays behind with Josh.

SURPRISE (CONT'D)

(quietly)
Go away. Leave me alone. God.

It's quiet between them.

SURPRISE (CONT'D)

You talked to Dena lately?

JOSH

Hmm? Nope.

SURPRISE

I haven't seen her much, either.

JOSH

Huh.

SURPRISE

I heard she was kind of down.

JOSH

Yeah?

SURPRISE

That's what Sarah said. Thought you might know something.

JOSH

Nope.

Surprise, not able to meet Josh's eyes, gives up.

SURPRISE

Well, if you talk to her, tell her to give me a call.

JOSH

Uh huh.

Surprise takes off. Josh turns to find the two clean-cut men gone.

164 EXT. GOAT FARM - LATER - NIGHT

Josh stands in the dark barn, listening to a loud hard core band, surrounded by jostling neighbors, but alone. He has had some beers. He breathes deeply, focussing his energies to withstand the coming ordeal, whatever it might prove to be.

165 EXT. SPA / BACK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The spa employee we saw before, coasts through the wet, dark parking lot on her bicycle.

Behind a row of potted trees, Josh watches her leave.

The back door of the spa opens and Dena steps out, holding the garbage.

She walks across the lot in the light rain and opens the lid of a dumpster.

Thinking she hears something, Dena scans the parking lot. Josh is no longer behind the trees. The lot is empty.

She deposits the bag into the Dumpster.

166 INT. SPA - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Josh walks down the hall.

Unexpectedly, A YOUNG WHITE WOMAN with long dreadlocks walks out into the lobby.

Josh ducks behind the strips of hanging cloth that hide the towel room. He backs deeper in to hide himself amongst the piles of towels.

Josh watches them through the hanging cloth pieces of the closet doorway.

Dena enters the lobby, still covered in hives.

The girl is pulling a towel from her wet head. She shakes out her long hair.

GIRL

Ah, that was amazing. Thank you. I hope this isn't too much trouble. This play just takes it out of me. Girl, you need to treat yourself too.

Dena scratches the red bumps on her arm.

DENA

Yeah. I think it's allergies or nerves - whenever I'm stressed-

GIRL

You're doing okay, though?

DENA

Oh yeah, yeah. I'm fine.

Dena's friend is fully dressed now. She holds up her necklace - a crystal on a chain.

DENA (CONT'D)

That's pretty.

GIRL

If you catch the light right there's a weird little face in there. A little spirit man... my good luck charm.

As they examine the crystal, the chain falls and the round crystal drops to the floor.

The crystal rolls across the carpet towards Josh.

It stops at the foot of the towel closet.

DENA

Oh no.

GIRL

Shoot.

Dena walks towards the closet, kneels to pick up the crystal. She holds it up to the light...

Josh holds his breath watching her through the slits of the hanging cloth curtain.

DENA

Your little spirit man looks OK.

A cellphone rings and Dena looks away from the closet. Her friend pulls her cellphone from her jeans, checks the number and turns it off.

GIRL

(sighs)

My mom.

Dena rises and goes back to her friend. She hands her the crystal.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Want to hold onto it for a while?
Maybe it'll help calm your mind.

DENA

Sure. Couldn't hurt.

Dena tucks the crystal into her pocket. The girl hands Dena her used towel and makes her way to the back door.

167 HALLWAY

Dena trails behind her friend. Unlocks the back door, kisses her cheek and watches her friend step out into the night. Dena locks the door and returns to the lobby.

168 LOBBY

Dena drops the used towel in the hamper. She turns and cries out.

Josh is sitting there lurking in the shadows.

DENA

What the fuck, Josh? You scared the
shit out of me.

He doesn't reply.

They face each other.

Dena makes a move towards the wall phone, as she grabs it, Josh comes at her, twisting her around.

DENA (CONT'D)
What's your problem? Hey, get your
fucking hands off me.

She tries to get away but he chases her, knocking over a massive thunderegg and knocking into a dreamcatcher mobile in the process. A lamp tips. The exaggerated shadow of the dreamcatcher swings across the wall.

He grabs her ankle in the hallway and drags her towards him.

DENA (CONT'D)
Hey! Let go! You fucking asshole!
Let go!

JOSH
Listen to me. Listen good.

DENA
Get off me, Josh. You've got a
fucking problem, man.

JOSH
(squeezing harder, until
she cries out)
I'm not fooling around here.

She kicks and pushes him back with her one free leg.

She's up and heading for the door.

He is behind her, grabs her by the hair and pulls her back causing her to knock into the stereo. The new age Devi Prayer begins to play.

DENA
Get your hands off me, Josh, you
fucking asshole. What are you
doing? Go home. Leave me alone.

JOSH
I'm not fooling around, Dena!

Her head pulled back. He walks her back.

DENA
Yeah. Neither am I. If you think
this is going to make anything any
better, you're crazy...

JOSH

Eat your granola. Get your facials,
your massages. Keep sleepwalking
like everyone else. Just keep your
fucking mouth shut.

He is forcing her to drop to her knees.

DENA

Okay. You got it.

She elbows him in the balls. Josh reacts.

She is on her feet. She grabs a rainstick and holds it
between them. Josh still hurting, gets up. They walk in
circles with the large stick between them, the beads rush
around inside the hollow bamboo.

DENA (CONT'D)

(getting scared)

Get out Josh. Just go home.

JOSH

One man doesn't mean shit in the
big picture. Get that through your
head. We're at war. We're soldiers.
And one rich bitch doesn't mean
anything either. You get me? If you
screw us over, if you don't get
your shit together, I swear to god-

DENA

Fine. I got it, Josh. I got it.

JOSH

Do you?

DENA

Yeah. Yeah. Now get out.

He has hold of the opposite side of the rainstick. They keep
moving around, the stick between them.

JOSH

Good. Now stay off the goddamn
phone. Stay off the fucking
computer. Don't open your mouth at
all. Go somewhere else. Get out of
town if you have to.

She breaks free, crying. He chases her. The new-age spa music
rises, is less in the room and more of a score.

She runs into the steam room and attempts to shut him out but he is pressing at the door. He breaks in.

She grabs the spray hose from the wall and aims it at him like it's a gun.

She sprays him with the hose. The steam kicks on. The room is covered in steam. The two of them are lost in the mist.

Through the heavy steam we catch glimpses of Josh on her, she is on her back on the wooden slats of the bench, his hands are on her throat. She is struggling, her arms flailing, his hands tightening.

Another blast of steam fills the room.

And all is lost. Her arms fall and hang off the bench.

169 EXT. SPA / ASHLAND - NIGHT.

The door of the spa opens.

Josh exits onto the suburban street

The rain is light.

Josh walks hurriedly. He zips up his jacket and puts on his hood.

170 EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

A single car zooms past the pitch black face of the forest.

171 INT. JOSH'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Anxiously, Josh sits in the cab of his truck, watching the red lights disappear.

He is parked up an emergency access road, lights off, tearing at his mind, at the memory he can't extinguish.

172 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Josh steps from the car and stumbles into the woods, trying to clear his head.

Above, the wind roars in the boughs of the trees. Below, his feet set off explosions of snapping twigs and leaves. His breath is fast.

He stumbles down an embankment and comes to a creek, the water shrieking over the rocks. He crouches and splashes his face.

He rises, fearful. The wind, the water, the crash of the rocks underfoot, are too much.

He flees back to the armor of the truck.

173 INT./EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Josh drives. The groaning sounds of trucks buffeting him ahead and behind.

He passes power plants, lumber factories, endless sprawl.

174 INT. JOSH'S TRUCK / TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Josh watches an endless line of freight train cars pass before him. The loads of lumber seem endless.

175 INT./ EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Josh stares ahead at the onrushing road, the bleak truck stops growing and shrinking in the windows.

176 EXT. GAS STATION - DAWN

Josh pumps his gas. He's deep in California.

He pays cash.

JOSH

(anxious, haggard)

Hey. You know where to get a sleeping bag around here? A really good sleeping bag?

GAS ATTENDANT

Mmm. There's a big sporting good store down off Panoche Road. Three exits down, I'd say. That's the most likely. Can't miss it.

Josh gets back in the car and goes.

177 EXT. STRIP MALL - EARLY MORNING

Josh paces outside, waiting for the big box sporting goods store to open. The store is dark. The windows are filled with sale signs, and a small help-wanted sign.

178 INT. JOSH'S TRUCK - MORNING.

The lot is scattered with cars. The donut shop is bustling.

A woman in pajama bottoms shuffles by. A man in heavily embroidered baggy pants with gleaming white baseball cap.

Josh sits, gnawing his lip, eyes screwed with anxiety.

His phone rings. UNKNOWN NUMBER. Josh hesitates, and picks up.

HARMON

It's me.

JOSH

It was an accident. I swear to God. I swear to God. I didn't mean to do it. I don't know what happened... I was there... And I was trying to talk to her... And...

HARMON

Whoa, whoa. Slow down, buddy. Slow down.

JOSH

I didn't think... I went to see her and...

HARMON

Are you talking about D? Is that what this is about?

JOSH

D. Yeah. I went to scare her. That's all. You haven't heard anything?

HARMON

I haven't heard anything. No. I don't want to hear anything. You're telling me D. isn't in the picture anymore? Is that it? She quit on us?

JOSH
She did. She quit.

HARMON
Whoa. Okay.

JOSH
It was an accident. She quit by accident.

HARMON
I know. I know, man. Just calm down. I know it.

JOSH
I just didn't... I went there... And...it wasn't suppose to go like this.

HARMON
Definitely not.

Josh takes some deep breaths, controls himself.

They are both silent.

HARMON (CONT'D)
What are you going to do now?

JOSH
I don't know. I just have to get away. I have to get out of sight. I've been driving all night and I don't even know where I am...

HARMON
Okay, okay. Don't tell me that. Don't tell me anything. I don't want to know. You're right, though, man. You've got to get lost now. You've got to get real lost. And stay lost.

Josh nods. Through the car window employees are arriving for their various job in the strip mall.

JOSH
Okay.

HARMON
Keep going. Keep your head down.

JOSH

Yeah.

They share the connection silently. And Harmon is gone.

The lights come on inside the fancy sporting goods store.

179 INT. SPORTING GOOD STORE - MORNING

Josh walks the aisles. He passes snowboard displays, jetskis and fishing rods before arriving at the camping section, dominated by diorama of a mannequin family in a happy nature setting, outfitted with every convenience.

He peruses the light weight sleeping bags hanging from a rack.

In another aisle the EMPLOYEES unload a shopping cart.

BLONDE GIRL (OS)

He just needs help is all. He's obviously so smart. But he's been making terrible choices.

MIDDLE MANAGER (OS)

He's an idiot. Are you kidding? Throwing that life away? You know how much they make per episode? And that's not even thinking about syndication. Syndication is where the real money is. Insane money. Like, buying your own island money. And he just blew it. For what?

BLONDE GIRL (OS)

He has a problem. It's sad. He can't control himself. A lot of people have problems.

MIDDLE MANAGER (OS)

He's an idiot. Throwing away that pay check. Just keep it quiet, you know what I mean?

A TEENAGE GIRL with pink hair and an arm full of flashlights appears in Josh's area.

BLONDE GIRL

Do you need any help?

Josh sets a thermos back onto the shelf.

JOSH
No. No, I'm good.

The girl begins stocking the flashlights.

BLONDE GIRL
Ok.

JOSH
Actually... I'm actually here about
the job.

BLONDE GIRL
Oh. OK, cool. Tim, this guy is here
about the job.

A tanned middle-aged manager appears.

MANAGER
Do you have any retail experience?

JOSH
Yeah.

MANAGER
Okay. Great. I've got an
application here if you want. You
can fill it out up front at the
desk.

Josh follows the manager down the aisle towards the front of
the store.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Are you from around here?

Around him we hear the trickling in of customers. Muzak is
playing.

JOSH
Yeah. Pretty much.

MANAGER
Well that's great. And you've got a
car?

JOSH
Yeah.

MANAGER
That's great.

At the front, the manager goes behind the tall counter and gets an application. He hands Josh a pen connected to a long chain.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Let me know when you're done and I'll fill in the parts I'm supposed to fill in. And we'll take it from there. All right?

JOSH

Okay.

MANAGER

Great!

The manager steps away.

Josh begins filling in the application. He stops and looks up to a round fish-eyed mirror. Josh takes in the place.

Customers are perusing the racks of gortex jackets and fleece wear, talking on their cell phones, eating their breakfast sandwiches...

180 EXT. FARM - MORNING

Sean emerges from the barn into the morning light pushing a wheelbarrow.

He reenters the barn and comes out with a handful of tools--a hoe, a pitchfork, a shovel--and puts them in the wheelbarrow.

He heads down the path with tools rattling.

181 EXT. FARM - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING

Sean scoops chickenfeed and throws it to the chickens.

He sees a small hole in the fence and pulls a pair of pliers from his pocket and mends it.

He returns to his wheelbarrow and pushes along.

182 EXT. FARM - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING

Sean arrives at his workplace for the morning. An irrigation trench he's digging. He pulls the shovel from his wheelbarrow and puts the other tools on the ground.

He climbs into the trench and resumes the digging of yesterday. The scrape of the shovel.

He pauses to listen to a bird singing. The sun is strengthening over the fertile land.

THE END