

grand meadow

By

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BLACK SCREEN

YOUNG BOY #1 (VO)
He got caught on some drift wood.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

A young boy turns to two older boys who stand higher up on a snowy river bank. YOUNG BOY #2 climbs down. They stare out towards the flowing river.

A body lays in the middle of the river as the water crashes over the torso and head. The jacket is caught on a sharp branch as the face is covered with a toque and hood.

YOUNG BOY #2
How long's it been there for?

YOUNG BOY #1
Since this morning.

Young Boy #2 cringes in disgust, but still moves forward in interest.

YOUNG BOY #2
That's screwed up.

YOUNG BOY #1
I came out to see if the pond was frozen and there he was. Just laying there.

The third boy kneels softly on the ground above.

YOUNG BOY #3
Check his pockets.

The young boy climbs closer to the body, shuffling his feet across a log. He reaches his hands in his coat then pants.

He brings back a few things - cigarette box, knife case.

YOUNG BOY #1
A few smokes.

YOUNG BOY #2
How are they?

YOUNG BOY #1
(Inspecting the wet carton)
Ruined to shit.

He reveals a knife pack.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG BOY #1
And a hunting knife.

YOUNG BOY #2
(Fetching knife)
Let's see --

YOUNG BOY #1
That's it. Nothing else.
(Long pause)
I don't know. We should probably
tell somebody about the body...

Young boy #2 plays with the knife - Flipping it open and closed.

YOUNG BOY #2
Forget it.
(Placing knife in pocket)
Let someone down river drag him
out.

Young boy #1 climbs towards the body and unwraps the torn jacket from the branch. The body is quickly swallowed by the undertow.

They watch as it continues down river.

YOUNG BOY #3
I wonder if he deserved it.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL MINNESOTA - MORNING - 5 DAYS PRIOR

Billowing clouds adorn the ceiling of the small town. Middle of winter. People move to and fro as snow thunders to the ground.

Real people doing their real jobs. Snow plows move down mid class streets of the typical American working class.

CUT TO:

INT. DEALERSHIP OFFICE - DAY

A burly manager sits at his desk as he looks over a resume. Across him sits a young man, but with a more rugged and mature face.

(CONTINUED)

His complexion has the growth of a rough beard. A 5 O'clock shadow that naturally aligns itself across his face. Not big in size, but seems he can hold his own in any scrap.

This is JESSE MULDROW [24].

JESSE

I'm a worker. I don't cause trouble. Commission isn't a problem for me.

MANAGER

Did you ever sell cars before?

JESSE

No.

MANAGER

Any retail experience?

JESSE

I do some maintenance at the quad pad arena.

MANAGER

Sell anything?

Jesse shakes his head.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

So, my question would have to be what would someone like yourself want a job like this?

JESSE

It seems interesting. I've always been performance driven.

The manager inspects another form underneath his resume. A police record.

MANAGER

You've had some previous convictions?

JESSE

(Uncomfortably)

I don't really feel like talking about--

MANAGER

I'm not judging you. It's a mandatory record check.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Right.

MANAGER

Theft. An assault charge. Must've
ran with a bad crowd?

JESSE

It was a long time ago. It was
stupid.

The manager places down the resume. Turning to Jesse.

MANAGER

What exactly did you steal? Since,
we're on the subject.

Jesse swallows hard, fighting not to answer.

JESSE

A car.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA (ICE LEVEL) - DAY

A patch of warn ice with fresh blood is melted with hot
steam creating a new layer. Jesse clears the way with a
zamboni as it rides in the middle of the rink as a hockey
game finishes.

A few attendants sit in the dingy stands. A rusting facility
that is well passed it's local glory days.

Innumerable amounts of banners are draped across the ceiling
beams. Champions. Finalists. Record breakers.

He takes out a cigarette from his pocket and lights it. He
takes a puff, while making a quick spin of the wheel turning
the Zamboni back down the ice.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARENA - FRONT - SAME TIME

A younger kid stands by a large barrel of salt. Spilling it
on the front steps.

His face is youthful, soft and has a peach-like undertone of
a pubescent teen. His dark scruffy hair hangs over his ears.
This is SEAN MULDROW [20].

(CONTINUED)

Dis-interested in the task. He takes a look around for anyone. He moves to his jacket and pulls out a small can of beer.

He leans against the side of the arena as he sips from it. Taking another look around.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA - HALLWAY - LATER

Sean moves from picture to picture of previous year champions. He cleans them with windex and a small rag.

He stops for a moment on a championship picture. A young Jesse cheering with teammates. He squirts over a stain and cleans the picture.

Moving on to the next large window to the arena office. A knock is heard from the window.

An older gentleman [60ish] appears - with a flemmy cigarette cough. A walking corpse. This is SAL. He taps his watch.

SAL

Last games finishing up.

JESSE

I thought they had another hour.

SAL

Screw that. They've been jipping me on ice time for the last month. Get them off and take the trash out from the stands.

JESSE

Shift ends at five.

SAL

You better get started.

Jesse squeezes out the windex from the rag. He turns and strikes a middle finger against the glass as Sal fetches the phone from his desk.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA - STANDS - LATER

Jesse collects garbage and debri from the previous crowd of attendants. The ice is empty and cleared.

Sean stands at the end of the rink with a few pucks and a stick. He shoots the puck over the entire end in attempt to get into the far net.

Jesse stalls for a moment.

SEAN

You wanna bet a beer I can get it in?

JESSE

Stop fucking around.

Sean sets up.

SEAN

...With the over time win.

He roars the puck down the ice with a hard slap. Jesse watches as it crosses the rink and into the net. Just past the goal line.

Sean bursts in cheer.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Sean fuckin' Muldrow! Did you see that beauty?

Jesse shakes his head as he collects the garbage bins.

JESSE

Get the nets, retard. We we're supposed to pick up mom ten minutes ago.

Sean begins to walk across the ice. He slides to center ice with another hardy cheer.

SEAN

You still owe me a Coors.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - LATER

Jesse and Sean sit in the ford truck as they drive down a small street. Music plays on the radio. Meanwhile, Jesse lights another cigarette, places the carton on the dash and rolls down the window.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN
Did you go to that interview?

JESSE
They weren't hiring.

SEAN
Found out about that tempo you
jacked, didn't they?

Jesse rolls down the window as he lights a cigarette.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You gotta cut that shit out.

Jesse smirks as Sean snuggles in his coat.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I'm serious. I hate driving with
the window open all the time.

JESSE
You can always walk.

SEAN
I'm gonna get sick, you know that?

JESSE
Look at the upside. Gives you a
reason to do shit all at work.

Jesse laughs as Sean righteously nods.

SEAN
I can't wait when you have to use
one of those vibrators to talk.

CUT TO:

INT. MULDROW HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM

Kathy sits as she watches the weather cast on T.V. Maps and radars of upcoming blizzards and temperature readings.

She changes the channel to *Wheel of Fortune*. Her eyes switch from the screen to out the window as a FORD pick up moves down the road and pulls into the driveway.

She shuts the T.V. off.

CUT TO:

EXT. MULDROW HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kathy exits the side door as Sean gathers his lunch bag and belongings from the car. Jesse sits inside with the ignition still on.

Sean gives a soft hug to Kathy at the middle of the driveway. Sean begins to hurry inside.

KATHY

Theres some food on the stove.
 Leave some for your brother.
 (Begins to walk to Truck)
 And start working on the lights
 before we get back. I left the box
 by the side door.

Kathy enters the Truck.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - LATER

Jesse focuses down the road as they ride through the storm.

KATHY

Thirty centimeters by tonight.

JESSE

Is that right?

KATHY

These friggen' flurries. Get worse
 every winter.

Jesse checks his blind spot as he makes a turn down the road.

KATHY

Hows the arena holding up?

JESSE

(Hesitantly)
 Things gonna close down soon.
 Probably flooding the ice before
 spring.

KATHY

Played a lot of games at that
 place.

Jesse doesn't speak, but slumps in his seat.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY (CONT'D)

Sean's been saying something about you going up north with him this weekend?

JESSE

I don't know. Will see how bad it gets. Lucky if this thing made it up there.

She smirks.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I've been talking to Sal about fixing the furnace. So, it doesn't have to be so cold in the mornings for you.

KATHY

It's fine.

JESSE

It's not fine. He was supposed to fix it before fall.

KATHY

You know he won't do it, unless he saw money upfront.

Jesse makes another turn down the road.

JESSE

Did you eat anything today?

(No response)

Look, you got to eat. I don't want to sound like a nurse, but you can't take your meds on an empty stomach. It's bad for you, you know that.

She stares at him with a mother's admiration. Staring at his beard. She feels it with her hand.

KATHY

Are you gonna shave that thing off yet or what?

Jesse stares away.

JESSE

What? You don't like it?

She shares a brief laugh as he rubs his face.

KATHY
Captain Ahab lost out at sea.

JESSE
It's not that bad.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR OFFICE - LATER

Jesse sits quietly in the waiting room as THE DOCTOR performs a small blood pressure test on Kathy.

He lifts her sweater to reveal a respiratory pump stapled into her sternum with a jagged scar. Jesse watches in pain, but refuses to stare away.

The Doctor jots a few things down on a notepad. As he inspects her pale and frail upper body.

cut to: Kathy lays on a table as an assistant works on an ultra scan. Jesse stands by the doorway, leaning on the ledge.

The doctor stands behind Jesse for a moment. He turns and knows...something is up. The doctor takes him away.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR OFFICE - ABSENT HALL WAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse stands across from the Doctor who flips through a few sheets of his medical chart.

THE DOCTOR
How's she been at home? She's lost some weight.

JESSE
She won't eat anything, but soup and toast. Now she's talking about these pains in her chest. I don't know.

THE DOCTOR
(Nodding as he holds back his real intent)
It's been getting worse. There's been some more tearing of the tissue. It's hard to tell if it's going to heal this time around.

(CONTINUED)

(Pause)

If it doesn't, there's a chance her lungs could fail again.

Jesse swallows, but isn't news he hasn't heard before. He nods like a man.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I'm not sure if it was made aware to you...but her medicare seems to be a concern at this point in her treatment. That's why I wanted to talk.

JESSE

Is there a problem?

THE DOCTOR

Her coverage has lapsed. A grace period up until to the end of the month for any related prescriptions....

JESSE

I have benefits at work. So, does Sean. That counts for something-

THE DOCTOR

That wouldn't kick in for another year and even then...who knows where her condition will be or what the extent of the insurance would cover.

Jesse struggles to comprehend.

JESSE

What about...emergency surgery or whatever it is?

THE DOCTOR

She could have a procedure done, but there's a waiting list and it would have to be on a purely account basis.

JESSE

(Confusion)

I don't understand.

(Pause)

She's not covered? Is that what you're saying?

The Doctor looks away with difficulty.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE (CONT'D)

How much are we talking about here?

THE DOCTOR

A rough estimate could run between...sixty to eighty thousand and results aren't guaranteed. Not to mention the complications that might arise.

JESSE

(Frustration)

So what do you mean? That if she gets worse and I don't come up with eight thousand bucks your just gonna cut her off...is that it?

THE DOCTOR

There are medical regulations that have to be followed.

Jesse paces slowly, placing his face across his mouth. Holding back his emotion and shooting out with rage.

JESSE

She almost choked in her sleep? Did you know that?

(Before The Doctor can respond)

You don't hear her gasping for air every night, do you? And now you come to me and your talking about..."medical regulations"?

THE DOCTOR

It's not that simple.

The Doctor stares to the ground with no other comments. Jesse sits on a waiting chair and leans onto his knees.

He holds back his emotion as he looks to the floor. Hand rubbing his chin.

THE DOCTOR

The best thing for her is to be at home and rest. I know it's a going to be difficult, but we can limit her pain as much as possible for the time being.

He breaks down, but attempts to stay level as he clears his throat harshly.

(CONTINUED)

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

That's the only option there is right now. If there was another one...Believe me. I'm sorry, I really am. There's nothing else I can do.

Jesse stands after a moment of clearing himself. He leans towards the doctor as he looks behind his shoulder.

JESSE

Can you just not tell her, while I'm here.

The Doctor nods. He enters back into his office as Jesse stares into the dark corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - LATER

Jesse drives quietly as the mother stares at the window as birds sit on a telephone wire. Watching. Glaring.

The reflection polarize against the window.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSE'S BEDROOM - LATER

The room is old - with darkened walls that are outlined with chipped paint and cracks.

A few pieces of sports memorabilia and trophies from the old days adorn is shelf as they collect dust.

Jesse stands across his side drawer as he adds a few bills from his pockets and from various sources around the room.

He dumps it on his bed and pulls out a few more from his pocket. A close to a laughable amount. He places together and places it back in the drawer. Slowly closing it as he thinks.

All that is heard is the loud pulses of a staple gun as Sean puts up the Christmas lights.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse steps out from the side door. He lights a cigarette and watches as Sean struggles with the stapler.

Sean notices Jesse taking back a cigarette.

SEAN

Thanks for helping out, asshole.

JESSE

I'm having too much fun watching you trying to electrocute yourself you fuckin' moron. It's all crooked.

SEAN

Yeah, well I'm not taking them down.

JESSE

(Grabbing lights from box and holds ladder firm)

Here.

Sean continues to pull the lights and Jesse helps him with some slack.

JESSE

(Avoiding question)

Tighten the line a little more. Make sure it's straight.

Sean does so. Jesse nods as he continues to smoke his cigarette.

JESSE

You wanna go over to Sullivan's? Probably got the game up tonight.

SEAN

If your paying.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT - LATER

Jesse and Sean enter the completely empty bar. A medium sized joint with a t.v monitor bolted from the ceilings on each end.

(CONTINUED)

The smoke from previous dwellers fills the air. THE BARTENDER, a younger female [30ish] serves a large man as slumps on his stool. His face is scruffy and grimey. *He will be referred to as THE DRUG DEALER.*

He glimpses at the boys as they sit at the opposite end. Sean watches the game as Jesse wrestles for his wallet from his jacket.

The Drug Dealer is utterly drunk and has trouble from keeping himself straight. He flirts with the bartender.

THE DRUG DEALER
....Just one more.

THE BARTENDER
You've been here all day.

THE DRUG DEALER
Because I love staring at you.
That's why. Okay? I'd bring you
home to mom and dad if I could.
(Snaps fingers)
In a second. So, don't be like
that.

THE BARTENDER
This is the last one I'm
pouring...then you gotta leave.

He taps his drink. Accepting the offer. She refills his glass. Before taking a big chug.

THE DRUG DEALER
First time a barkeep would turn
down a good customer.

The bartender smiles as she tends to Jesse. He puts his finger up - usual beer - he takes out a few wrinkled pieces of paper, hardly looks like cash, and gives into her.

The bartender approaches back to dealer as she begins to collect some garbage from the counter.

Sean watches the game deeply. As Jesse watches half in interest and half in thought.

THE BARTENDER
How come I don't see Frank hanging
around here anymore?

The dealer laughs as he puts down another sip of his beer. Hiding something almost.

THE BARTENDER (CONT'D)
(Begins to wipe down counter)
Let me guess. He found God?

THE DRUG DEALER
He met a nice girl.

She raises her eyebrows in half interest as she continues to wipe down the table.

THE DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)
They have this - this little farm
now. Up in the boonies.
(Smiles before taking another
sip)
Right where they used to have those
tractor rides in the spring.

THE BARTENDER
Good for him.

Jesse turns down the bar as he watches out of boredom.

THE DRUG DEALER
Making a good living in that place.
(Takes another sip)
You know why?

She shakes her head as she collects a few glasses. He leans in forward, but is too intoxicated to lower his voice.

THE DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)
He's running dope now....with that
girl. Yeah...
(Nods)
I'm not screwing with ya. Who
knows...

She hardly pays attention to his "nonsense", but Jesse seems to be listening in, while sipping his beer.

THE DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)
(Becomes a little quieter)
How much they've been dealing with
since the summer. Right out...
(Holding back burp)
Of there basement? You wouldn't
believe it.

Takes another sip of his beer that is close to done.

(CONTINUED)

THE DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)
He sits in there like it's his
little bomb shelter.

He finishes the beer with a long sip. He attempts to stand up.

THE DRUG DEALER (CONT'D)
A little birdie told me about this
old couch.
(Smiles at her as he leans in)
Where he kept his earnings.

THE BARTENDER
You want me to call you a cab?

THE DRUG DEALER
(Laughs)
If I had that....I would get you a
nice dress. Buy a boat. How does
that sound?

Jesse stares as he stumbles out of the bar, Sean turns for a moment over the commotion and they both turn back to the game.

THE BARTENDER
Weirdo.

Jesse looks to the counter. Something is sparked, but is turned off after Sean cheers after the home team scores.

CUT TO:

EXT. MULDROW HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

The truck pulls slowly into the snowy driveway - illuminated from the Christmas lights wrapped around the eaves trough.

The truck stops still.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK (STOPPED) - CONTINUOUS

Sean sits quietly staring at the decorative bulbs as Jesse stares straight ahead.

SEAN
Looks pretty good this year.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Yeah.

SEAN

Pain in the ass to put up though.

Jesse's face grows blank in thought.

JESSE

You hear that guy in the bar?

SEAN

Which one?

JESSE

That guy. Sat at the end of the counter when we came in.

SEAN

(Conjuring thought)

Yeah-

(Slight chuckle)

I think he used to ref us in football when we were in peewee. Drank on the field and shit.

Jesse shares a nod and a slight chuckle.

JESSE

He was talking about that house...next to the fishing harbour.

SEAN

What about it?

JESSE

He said he had a friend there. Lives with some girl. Middle of booney-ville.

Sean's attention grows.

JESSE (CONT'D)

They had something going like

(Quieter in tone)

I don't know...a grow op or some kind of shit in their basement.

SEAN

What? You believe him?

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

I don't know. It sounded like he knew what he was talking about. He said they hid cash...in some old couch.

SEAN

(Chuckles)

The guy could've been talking to a stool that's how out of it he was.

JESSE

What if there is money? What if...by the off chance. They do have something? And someone took it. Who would they tell? A statie?

SEAN

Are you being serious?

JESSE

I'm just saying.

SEAN

You want us to rob them?

JESSE

It wouldn't hurt if we got something out of it, am I right?

Jesse becomes quiet as Sean mulls over the ridiculous thought.

SEAN

Jes, we just work at a hockey rink.

JESSE

That's what I mean. There's no connection. We're the guys that drive the Zamboni between games and salt the steps. That's it. Who's watching us?

SEAN

(Pause)

We're not cut out for something like that. If we got caught - who knows...

Jesse softly backs down.

He becomes quiet as he stares at a shepherd ornament placed on the neighbor's lawn.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Forget it.

Sean is silent as Jesse eyes fixate on the shepherd. They sit for a moment, as snowflakes drape across the wind shield.

JESSE (CONT'D)

You know how we used to live
by Grand Meadow?

(Pause)

We would fight in it the whole day
and when it was night she would
yell at us to get out.

(Pause)

You pretended you couldn't swim and
I had to pull you from the water
all the time.

SEAN

Yeah.

JESSE

(Deep Sincerity)

That was nice, wasn't it?

Sean sighs quietly - lavishing that same memory, but refusing to admit it. Jesse smirks.

SEAN

I'm going to bed.

Sean leaves opens the door and shuts and close. Jesse watches as he makes his way up the driveway.

CUT TO:

INT. HOCKEY RINK - DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

Jesse stands firmly at the top of a step ladder as he screws out the dead light bulbs and installs new ones.

Sal appears at the doorway as he throws a small envelope on a bench next to the door. Jesse turns to Sal from the light fixture.

SAL

Here's your pay. Wheres Sean?

JESSE

(Screwing in light bulb)

On break I think.

(CONTINUED)

SAL
Kids always on break.

As Sal begins to walk from the doorway. Jesse quickly climbs down the ladder to catch him.

JESSE
Sal?

SAL
Yeah.

He holds a moment. Almost ashamed of displaying vulnerability.

JESSE
If you got anything. For
like...overtime or need someone to
watch over the open skate. I can do
it. Any time. Close up and
everything.
(Looks to ground)
Whatever your paying, alright.

Jesse looks up to Sal who tries to hold back another bad cough.

SAL
I would if cash flow wasn't tight.
You know how it is this time of
year.

Jesse nods in agreement and chews on a bullet.

SAL (CONT'D)
I gotta pay through the nose just
to keep it from shutting down.

JESSE
Yeah...

Sal begins to walk down the corridor in dis-interest.
Coughs.

SAL (OS)
Maybe I can line up something for
next month.

Jesse doesn't bother to say anything like it was a punchline to a joke. After a moment of silence, Jesse grabs his envelope and rips it open. Looking at the check.

A measly eighty three bucks. He looks away in anger and takes a step out of the dressing room.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE
What about my furnace?

The question echoes in the empty hallway.

No one there to hear. Jesse takes the check and chucks it in the trash can. He climbs back up the ladder and continues his work.

CUT TO:

INT. HOCKEY ARENA - STANDS

Jesse cleans the glass boards with a sponge as kids skate back and forth for practice. He carries the bucket next to him as he dabs the sponge in it.

He notices Sean signaling him over from across the arena near the back garage exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOCKEY RINK - DAY

Sean sits quietly at the back of the Zamboni as it sits on the outer pavement. The shaved ice is piled on the grass. Sean...half way through his job.

A game of road hockey takes places on a nearby court. He watches as he discreetly sips from a tall boy of beer.

Jesse appears from the garage corridor pouring out sewage water.

JESSE
Sal, was looking for you.

SEAN
I'm on my break.

Jesse sits next to him as they watch the game. Sean hands him the beer.

JESSE
(Takes swig)
How much you get?

SEAN
(Pulls amount from front pocket)
Sixty eight something.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Let me see that.

Sean hands over his check. Jesse looks at the amount as Sean takes a swig himself.

SEAN

Doesn't even pay for the gas.

(Chuckles)

He was like..."I docked your bonus cause you brought home those spare pucks...arena property"...or some bullshit.

(Takes a another sip)

What a dick.

Jesse takes the beer as he hands the check back to Sean.

SEAN (CONT'D)

We've been waking up at four in the morning for I don't know how many years to clear the ice and we never get our share.

(Pause)

It's a dead end....it's always been that way here.

Sean turns to Jesse as one of the hockey balls flip from the court next to them. Sean fetches it and whips it to the court.

He sits back down for a minute and rests.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I was thinking...You know...that thing you were talking about last night...

JESSE

What?

LONG PAUSE

SEAN

You know...the farm?

JESSE

What about it?

A another long pause is held between them before Sean takes a drink.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE (CONT'D)

What?

SEAN

I don't know...Maybe you're right.
Maybe we should do it.

(Waits for Jesse to speak, but
doesn't)

An In and out thing, right? I mean
there could be nothing, which would
suck.

(Hands beer to Jesse)

We could get caught and get in shit
for it...but if the cash is there.

Jesse looks away at the game as Sean continues.

SEAN (CONT'D)

She's gonna think we're up north
anyhow. If it what was anytime to
do it...

JESSE

What do you want me to say?

Sean looks to the game as well.

SEAN (CONT'D)

If it's gonna be worth it.

Jesse turns back to Sean and takes a sip. Hands it back. He
doesn't say a word, but somehow it is already set into
motion.

Sean doesn't push.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(Holding beer to mouth)

I really didn't know how to swim.

Sean finishes the beer and chucks it off. Jesse continues to
watch the game.

JESSE

Good thing.

They continue to watch the game from the grassy knoll.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Jesse leans quietly on his side wall as he sits across his mattress.

He opens the windowsill and snatches a cigarette from his pant pocket.

He lights it and sucks it down without a moment spared. Blowing the smoke out the window crack.

After a few more inhales he reaches under his bed and fetches a large case. He opens it and reveals several attachments to a hunting rifle.

He begins to snap it together, adjusting it and checking the aim. He clicks the trigger. Cracks it back in place. Jesse then stands and covers it in the duffel bag along with spare clothing from the nearby dresser.

He places it on top of his bed. He moves from his room across the hallway - to the adjacent door. He knocks. Opens the door.

Sean stands up, placing on his shirt over his scrawny upper body. Awaken only a few moments ago.

He turns his head toward Jesse. No word is exchanged. Jesse shuts the door and moves into the last door of the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jesse enters the bedroom. Kathy lays in her bed dead asleep. He sits on the foot of the bed quietly and watches her.

Her pale face lies deep in the pillow. A few motherly wrinkles are apparent at the end of her eye lids. Her hair is long and flowing with hints of a graying end and bangs that ring across her forehead. This is KATHY MULDROW.

Jesse turns his hand to the alarm that goes off at 6:15 AM, but he quickly shuts it off. Kathy is still sound asleep.

He stands quietly and begins to tidy the room. He folds a few of her clothes and places her slippers nicely at the foot of her bed.

Jesse begins to take the blanket and cover it back over her shoulders. He stares a long moment at her. He covers her fully with the blanket.

(CONTINUED)

Jesse looks up and notices Sean standing at the door. Still not a word exchanged.

He walks out of the room next to Sean as they shut the door gently.

cut to: Jesse fetches his rifle from under the blanket and duffel bag. They head down the steps to the front, places on their boots and walk out the side door.

They approach the truck that sits at the end of the driveway covered fully in snow.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - JUST BEFORE DAWN

A mild snow storm. The distant sun pierces over the mountain side creating the obscure image of half sun light rising, half darkness. The mass of clouds sits above the flurried down fall.

After a few moments, two red lights become prominent in the distance through the gust of wind and snow.

Out of the storm appears the break lights - tracking behind a Ford pick-up, while it accelerates down a desolate road.

The truck weaves between the looming tree ranges and monstrous forestry that surrounds them.

CUT TO:

INT.TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINIOUS

Sean grips one hand over the wheel and begins to wipe the fog from the windshield with the other. His face is peachy red from the cold.

Jesse places his hands over the heater and rubs them together quickly.

Both sit quietly as their breathe is seen with every exhale. Their "construction-like" clothing doesn't seem to be warming them either as they hold back their shivering legs.

Jesse lights another cigarette and throws the pack on the dashboard.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM LAND- CONTINUOUS

They pull in to the completely absent dirt road. The storm seems to be dying down as the exterior landscape can be seen much clearly.

The FORD pulls behind a dying corn field with an old and un-assuming farmhouse sitting behind it.

The truck nears closer and stops.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK (STOPPED) - CONTINUOUS

They both sit quietly as they stare back at the farm house.

SEAN

Are you sure this is the place?

JESSE

I'm sure.

They stare again for a long moment. Just to be sure.

SEAN

So, what now?

Sean turns back to the field as they both sit silently.

SEAN(CONT'D)

Do you want me to go in with you?
Might scare 'em more that theres
two of us.

Jesse takes a toque from the glove box and places it on his head.

JESSE

Just stay in the truck.
(Puts on gloves)
We drive to the lake as soon as I
walk out of there.

SEAN

Alright--

Jesse stares at Sean's uneasy posture.

JESSE

(Intently on Sean)
You don't have to be part of this,
you know?

(CONTINUED)

(Pause)
I can drop you off somewhere. You
can find a bus. No one would know.

Sean deliberates in his mind for a short moment.

SEAN
I'll keep it running.

Jesse gives Sean a soft tap at the back of his neck and places the toque over his mouth.

He leaves the truck as Sean's eye switches back to uneasiness.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jesse approaches from the corn crops towards the house. He moves towards a window jutting out from the basement.

He kneels next to it.

CUT TO:

INT. FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the basement is completely black from the wood planks that cover the window. A few loud powerful smashes are heard causing the wood to break off.

A bright crash of light fills the basement as Jesse stares inside.

He places his feet in first as he attempts to squeeze through the tight crack, fetching the rifle at the same time.

He slides across the wall and his feet quickly connect with the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR (STOPPED) - SAME TIME

Sean sits anxiously as he plays with the radio knob, switching it on to a local hockey game just to hear noise.

(CONTINUED)

His eyes are glued onto the house. He forces himself not to look and notices the cigarette carton that sits on the dash. He lights one to calm his nerves and places the rest into his jacket.

He coughs like every other amateur.

CUT TO:

INT. FARM HOUSE (UPSTAIRS) - CONTINUOUS

THE OWNER [Late 50ish] stares from his window out at the corn crops. He notices the ford truck in the distance hidden on the side road of the field due to the muffler smoke shooting out from its end.

CUT TO:

INT. FARM HOUSE (BASEMENT) - CONTINUOUS

He moves across the empty basement towards the cellar door. Jesse places the rifle on top of the lock and smashes it open with one strike.

QUICK CUT BACK:

INT. FARM HOUSE (UPSTAIRS) - CONTINUOUS

The owner hears the cracks from underneath, stalls for a moment in attempt to hear another noise.

CUT TO:

INT. FARM HOUSE (BASEMENT) - CONTINUOUS

Jesse pulls on the cellar light revealing large amounts of heroine. All of which is tightly wrapped and secreted in clear cellophane baggage.

Jesse quickly heads toward a dilapidated couch, full of boxes and containers. He rips off the objects and slips off the couch covers.

He places his hand at the wooden cover and slides it out revealing money hidden deep underneath the couch.

He stares at it for a moment before he begins to pile it into his duffel bag.

(CONTINUED)

SFX: The creeping, yet thunderous sound of slow footsteps that move above his head from upstairs.

He quickens his pace as he zips up the bag. He passes through the cellar and moves to the window when the up-stairs door OPENS.

Jesse freezes in the darkness. The owner stands at the top looking down into the basement.

Jesse crawls slowly back into the dark - duffel bag and rifle with him to a small space behind the stairs.

Jesse holds his breath as the owner climbs down a few step and inspects a little further. His eyes shutter with each lowering foot step.

The owner feels a cool gust of wind hitting him from the side revealing the cracked window.

Jesse lifts the rifle upward towards the steps of where the owner stands. His head swivels from the window to the light that appears in the cellar room. THE MONEY IS GONE.

SFX: Heavy breathing. Becoming heavier.

The owner slowly realizes that the breathes are behind him. He moves gradually from the light to behind the steps.

All is seen is Jesse's pearly pupils that shine from the nearby window, which follows a slow load of the rifle.

The owner can only gape at the eyes without any words or movement.

CUT TO:

INT.TRUCK (STOPPED) - CONTINUOUS

Sean holds back his fierce coughs from the cigarette. He opens the door and begins to gag and spit. A small crack is heard in the distance.

Not an echoing gunshot that can be heard for miles, but more equivalent to that of a branch breaking close by or a door shutting.

He turns backward without suspicion and continues to spit.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE (UPSTAIRS) - CONTINUOUS

Jesse slowly makes his way up the steps as the corpse of the man lays at the bottom.

Jesse enters the kitchen. Places the duffel bag on the counter and cleans his hands from the blood and dries them with the oven cloth. He grabs the bag and walks across the home.

He moves down the absent hallway. Going door to door. Opening each one revealing empty room upon empty room.

He opens the final door of the bedroom. He enters and takes a look around. Not much. He starts to walk and places his hand on the knob. Stops. He notices the end of a TOE just barely peaking from the bottom door crack.

He slowly moves the door away from the corner. A young strung-out woman kneels holding a kitchen knife in the corner. She stares to the ground and cries.

Jesse is silent.

WOMAN

You're going to kill me too, aren't you.

Silence as she slowly looks up.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORN FIELD - FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jesse's bloody hand carries the duffel bag. His furrowed brow, shirt and jeans have small streaks and droplets of blood as well.

His rifle is held firmly next to him. Sean notices him as he appears from the field. Covered in blood.

SEAN

(Concerned)

The fuck happened?

Jesse ignores him as he moves to the end of the truck.

JESSE

Get back in the truck.

He places the duffel bag and rifle into the back cab, covering it with a tarp.

(CONTINUED)

Jesse sits back in the passenger's side. Sean enters after a long hesitation.

Sean stares at him in slight confusion and shock.

JESSE (CONT'D)

There are some rags under your seat. Pass em' to me.

Sean turns to under his seat and hands it to him. He begins to wipe off his blood as he sheds his cloths.

SEAN

(Slightly sick)

You shot them?

Pause.

JESSE

(Placing his sweater to the floor)

I didn't wanna do it.

SEAN

Fuck sakes.

Sean stares at Jesse who still clears away the dried blood.

JESSE

Get in the truck, Sean.

Sean enters the truck. He places his nervous, shaking hands over the wheel as he backs out quickly and books it down the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST AREA - ROADWAY

The truck fleets down the road. Increasing in speed. At the bottom of the passenger door crack - *blood droplets can be faintly seen shooting out and striking the snow covered ground lightly.*

Sean and Jesse sit quietly looking down the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - A WHILE LATER

Jesse places his hands into the water and splashes it over his face. His blood covered clothes sit on the ground next to him.

He begins to place on his other clothes from the duffel bag as Sean squats quietly by the lake. Shaken.

SEAN

How much did you take?

JESSE

I don't know. I think maybe
eighty...ninety grand.

(Turns away from Jesse)

You'll get your half. Don't worry.

Sean leans against the truck placing his hand on the hood.

SEAN

I can't do this.

Jesse turns back to Sean.

JESSE

What are you talking about?

SEAN (CONT'D)

I don't remember anything about
bringing a gun. I mean you went in
there and you just fuckin' shoot
two people. For maybe ninety
grand?

JESSE

(Defensively)

They were two strung out dealers.
If it wasn't them it would've been
us.

SEAN

(Quietly)

You can tell them it was a mistake.
That you tried to scare them and it
went off.

JESSE

You think the cops are gonna
believe that? We just stumbled on
the place and decided to have some
fun?

(Pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JESSE (cont'd)
Look, we have a plan. We do it like
we had it set out.

(Pause)
And when it's done. We can go home.

Sean begrudgingly becomes silent and accepts.

SEAN
(Quietly)
What about the truck?

Jesse lifts himself up and stares at the mountains.

JESSE
Leave the truck. Will hide out here
before anyone starts looking.

(Pause)
Will come back to it in a few days
and then we can get out of here.

SEAN
They'll find the rifle.

Changing into his dry clothes.

JESSE
(Looks away again)
We're bringing it.

Another silence.

SEAN
What about your clothes?

JESSE
I'll ditch 'em.

cut to: Jesse finds a large lake rock in a dirt patch and
warps his clothes around it. Dropping it into the lake.

They stand by the lake as Jesse holds the rifle in his hand.

JESSE (CONT'D)
(Staring out into the lake)
I'm gonna make this work.

A quiet and mellow break of silence is shared between them
as Sean looks towards his brother and back at the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST SIDE - A WHILE LATER

(CONTINUED)

They stare at the truck that sits deep into a dip. They begin to cover it with a massive amount of surrounding bushes and tree limbs.

All they carry away from the truck is the rifle, a few supplies stuffed with the money in their duffel bag.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING

The drug dealer sits in his Chevy as he drives down the road. Heading to his pick-up spot.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

They climb up the steep escarpment quite speedily and efficiently.

They rip through each step, no matter how deep their legs sink into the snow. They cross over the land unaffected by the cold or wind.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FEW MOMENTS LATER

The drug dealer pulls up towards the home. He places his hand at the back seat pocket and reveals a large amount of wrapped bills. He unwraps it, takes a few bills and places it back.

He wraps it again. After a moments, he exits the car and walks down the driveway right up to the front door.

He knocks. Waits. Stares at a quickly passing car. Another moment of waiting follows a harder knock.

After still no response. He moves towards the front window. He places his hand over his eyes for a better look. Empty.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST SIDE - SAME TIME

They move a little slower. They grow tired as their pace is slower. Jesse stops for a smoke as Sean takes a cup from the bag and places it into a nearby water puddle. He slurps.

JESSE
Don't drink that.

SEAN
I need something in me.

He walks towards Sean, grabs the cup and pours out the water.

JESSE
It's still water. Who knows whats
in it.

Jesse approaches a small flowing stream just hidden from a few trees next to them.

He places the cup under it and skims a small amount of water and hands it back to Sean.

JESSE(CONT'D)
Here.

Sean grabs back the cup and gives a small look - not liking his "guidance."

SEAN
I can't feel my hands anymore.

Jesse is silent as he takes a small look around.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Will freeze to death if we stay out
here.

Jesse looks into the mountains for a long moment. He notices a small hint of smoke - much further and higher up the escarpment.

He stands on a large jagged boulder and stares higher.

SEAN (CONT'D)
What is it?

JESSE
You see that?

Sean turns. Just trees. Sean follows suit and stands up on a boulder a little further way.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE (CONT'D)
(Pointing leftward)
Over there. See that smoke?

SEAN
Yeah-

Jesse flips out his cigarette to the ground.

JESSE
We keep going east we might find
something.

Pause. Sean notices Jesse's firm grip over the rifle, while Jesse looks away.

SEAN
Looks like it was put out a while
ago.

JESSE
Someones up there.
(pause)
It could give us a hide out for the
night.

Sean gets down and grabs the duffel bag. They continue on their way.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FEW MOMENTS LATER

The drug dealer leans back away from window with no movement evident within the house. He curses quietly.

He begins to walk away, when he notices a few dollar bills stuck near a bush by the dead side garden.

He approaches and picks the bills up. Placing them in his pockets as expected.

He turns to the side of the house and notices the broken wood plank revealing the storm window.

He approaches the broken window. Bends down and stares into the darkness of the basement. Nothing is seen, but the limp legs of the owner. Some blood.

The dealer stares quietly.

(CONTINUED)

THE DRUG DEALER
(Confused)
Frank?

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - SAME TIME

Jesse and Sean whip through the moss and weeds as they approach a small hunting cabin just barely visible past several acres of trees and bush.

CUT TO:

INT. FARM HOUSE (BASEMENT) - CONTINUOUS

The drug dealer climbs in from the gaping window and slips down. He tip-toes quietly as he passes the open cellar, which still has a light on.

He stands over the owner's body. He sighs in grief, wipes his mouth and stares out the window for a moment.

He walks back to the cellar and notices the empty couch - most of the cash is missing.

His eyes literally "glaze" as his sight beholds the loads of heroine and crystal meth that sits in the corner. The dealer begins to pack a few pounds and wraps into his pockets.

CUT TO:

INT. FARM HOUSE (UPSTAIRS) - MOMENTS LATER

The dealer moves from the basement up to the kitchen. He stares around the room and past the sink and rag.

THE DRUG DEALER
Celeste? You up here?

He continues to walk across the home. He turns down the hallway. Passing their bedroom room door. He stops.

He feels the squish of liquid in the dark carpet. Unable to tell what it is. He opens the door.

It stops half way. He peaks his head through to see what is wedging it from behind. He grins at the mess although the body is unseen. Only some blood is visible on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

THE DRUG DEALER

Shit.

He leans against the door to level himself as his stomach turns and his eyes lower in remorse.

He shuts the door behind him.

cut to: He stands at the sink in his socks as he washes off the bottom of his boots from any evidence of blood. Using the dish soap as the cleanser.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FEW MOMENTS LATER

The dealer climbs from out the basement window. Struggling, but makes his way out.

He enters his car and turns on the ignition. He sits there for a moment as he places the packs of heroine on his interior skirt. Hiding it.

He turns back to the home. Visibly disturbed.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Jesse crawl over the brush bordering around the cabin. They are quiet as they take a quick look around. Their ears turn some sharp scraping.

SEAN

What the hell is that?

Jesse and Sean continue to crawl over a rock face and notice a few fishing contraptions attached to a nearby river.

They make their way closer to the noise.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE BOOTH - LATER

The drug dealer stands by the phone as he dials 911.

DRUG DEALER

(Into Phone)

I'd like to report some gun shots I heard.

(CONTINUED)

(Pause)

Maybe...a few minutes ago. There's a place near route six off the harbour. Sounded like it came from inside.

The drug dealer puts down the phone on the pay phone lift.

He is quiet as he stares deeply for a moment to an off screen location.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Jesse and Sean stand quietly a few feet away from the cabin. An older Native [50-60ish] sits quietly as he scales some freshly caught fish at the side.

His stature is wide enough to compete with a bull, but his face is calm to that of peace maker. His dark hair shines brilliantly like a raven's wing.

The native periodically cleans his blade in a bowl of water nearby and continues to scrape with the end of his knife.

The boys squint uncomfortably from the terrible smell, while they stand to the back of the native.

THE NATIVE

You lost or something?

Jesse and Sean are quiet. The Native swivels from his small bench back to the two boys.

THE NATIVE (CONT'D)

Sorry about the smell.

JESSE

(Cautiously)

That's alright.

SILENCE.

THE NATIVE

First time you've been out here?

JESSE

(Nods)

We hit a little snag hunting. Lost our site a day ago.

The Native continues his chore without a word.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE (CONT'D)
(Whips the duffel bag around
his shoulders)
Me and my brother saw your cabin
when we crossed over.

The native still remains silent. He turns his head to sky,
almost sniffing it for a long moment. Eyes closed.

THE NATIVE
Storms rolling in.

JESSE
Yeah.

THE NATIVE
Got any food?

JESSE
Not really. No.

THE NATIVE
(Turning back to Jesse and
Sean)
Boys hungry?

Their eyes hesitantly welcome the invitation.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - FIRE

The boys and the native stand over the fire as he places on
a small wooden dowel across a live flame.

Fishes are tied along the shaft as they begin to cook.

SEAN
What kind of fish is it?

He adjusts the dowel to even the fish out.

THE NATIVE
Cod. Some red snapper on the end.

SEAN
Smells pretty good.

THE NATIVE
Tastes better.

He takes the rod of for a moment and begins to cool it in
water. Jesse and Sean just watch as he performs his ritual.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM LAND- SAME TIME

The exterior land is littered with cop cars. A police line begins to be drawn up as a few boys watch from a distance.
(SAME BOYS THAT FIND THE CORPSE)

A few officers sit around as paramedics work the house.

Young boy #2 smokes as they shoot the breeze.

YOUNG BOY #1

Holy shit.

YOUNG BOY #3

You ever see this many cop cars before?

YOUNG BOY #2

Guy probably when nuts and killed his wife.

YOUNG BOY #1

I heard he tied her in their room. They used to work for the mob and flipped.

(Smokes)

True story. Swear to God. That's why they never came out.

YOUNG BOY #3

Thought so.

Young Boy#3 nudges Young Boy #1.

He hands the cigarette to Young Boy #3.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARM LAND- CONTINUOUS

A few officer's stand by the field as they scan the side path.

OFFICER #1

Tough to say. Theres some tracks from the front and here to the window.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER #2

There were two assailants at the same time?

OFFICER #1

How would I know. I wasn't there.

OFFICER #2

Not much is missing that would need two cars.

OFFICER #1

One could've came after another. Or not. Could be throwing us off.

(Blows nose)

Oh, well...take the newbies to comb the roads.

CUT TO:

INT. FARM HOUSE (UPSTAIRS) - MOMENTS LATER

Officer #2 lifts the body tarp and stares. The other Officer#1 covers his nose.

A few pictures are taken by forensic.

OFFICER #2

Got scared maybe. Had a knife in her hand. Doubt if she was gonna use it.

Officer #1 takes a look around the room and finds hypodermic needles and elastic straps in the closet.

OFFICER #1

Who's the girl?

OFFICER #2

Junkie wife.

OFFICER #1

Foot prints?

OFFICER #2

Nope. I'm surprised too. Didn't seem like it was planned well either.

OFFICER #1

And the guy downstairs?

OFFICER #2 flips over the tarp.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

INT.FARM HOUSE (BASEMENT) - CONTINIOUS

The officer's stand next to the steps. They look at one of the broken steps as a few photographers adjust the body for prints.

Officer #2 moves Officer #1 behind the steps.

OFFICER #2

The bullet definitely came behind here and caught him under his chin.
(Points to window)
Shimmied through the window. Broke in. Took what he needed.

OFFICER #1

Couldn't make it out in time and tried to hide most likely.

OFFICER #2

Still doesn't explain the other car. Why didn't they just raid it then? One got upstairs and the other downstairs?

OFFICER #1

(Complexed sigh)
They used to have tractor rides out here, didn't they?

OFFICER #2

Just during the spring.

Shakes his head in sound disbelief.

OFFICER #1

Out of all places.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse, Sean and the Native gulp down their fish in large bites.

They tear the meat with their fingers and pop it into their mouths without a moment of placing it down on the plate.

(CONTINUED)

THE NATIVE

Watch out for the bones. Not a nice thing to be choking on.

Jesse is quiet as he stares around the cabin. He notices a picture hung on the wall of the Native and a woman when they were younger.

He stares at it with deep intent.

JESSE

Is that your wife?

The Native turns and smirks. A look when recalling an old memory.

THE NATIVE

She got a stroke a few years ago. Never even seen the damn thing coming.

The boys become quiet in respect.

THE NATIVE (CONT'D)

(Smirks)

She hated the place anyways. Had to bury her back home in Utah.

(Pause)

That's the way she wanted it.

After a few more bites of food in silence.

JESSE

How long have you lived here?

THE NATIVE

Since '88.

(Chews on fish end for a moment)

The air is pure. Quiet. You should hear when the wind roars off the water. Don't see any reason to be leaving it.

He stares at Sean for a moment who keeps quiet to himself. An odd disconnection from the conversation.

THE NATIVE

So, what were you two hunting?

A slight pause.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Deer.

THE NATIVE

Most deers left a season ago. You
might find a bear. Not deer.

The Native turns to Sean who stares dead straight at his
plate.

JESSE

Maybe that's why were not getting
any luck.

THE NATIVE

What happened to your gear?

JESSE

We forgot it.

The Native nods slowly, almost having a hard time buying it.

THE NATIVE

So, the only thing you brought with
you in the middle of a snow squall
was a rifle....and a bag.

He focuses his attention on Sean who looks up slowly with a
fake smirk.

SEAN

Yeah.

The Native places a rag across his mouth and rubs the oil
from it. His face is mute, but slowly begins to have a
innocent chuckle.

THE NATIVE

I'll make you some cots for
tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - SIDE ROOM

The Native places on some old linen coverings on top of one
large spring frame. He roams in a back room revealing
home-made blankets - bear fur.

THE NATIVE

(Handing it to Jesse)

Here's some bear hide. Should be
good to keep you warm.

(CONTINUED)

Sean lays back on the bed. Exhausted. Jesse begins to take off his shoes and rubs his hands over a nearby heater.

The room had heavily darkened, and only spots of light from the lamp illuminate faces and bodies.

The Native moves to an old radio and turns it on. He glimpses up for a moment and notices a large spot of blood on Jesse's sock as he takes them off.

Jesse and The Native connect eyes for a moment, as Jesse quickly places his socks into his duffel bag. He reveals his smokes and places one in his mouth.

THE NATIVE

Did you cut your foot?

JESSE

(Looks away)

Yeah, but it's fine now.

The Native nods as Jesse backs his feet into the darkness.

JESSE (CONT'D)

You mind if I lit one?

The Native shakes his head, no.

A small piano score strikes from the radio, with a child singing a chilling foreign tune. Jesse lights his cigarette and begins to smoke.

THE NATIVE (CONT'D)

That's the only clear reception.

JESSE

That's alright.

They are silent as they listen. Sean is almost half asleep. The Native sits on a kitchen chair, staring out the window - spitting in a cup from chew tobacco.

The song comes to an end and quickly shifts to a news report - The Farmhouse murders. A quick twenty second flash that awakes Sean.

The Native shuts off the radio half way through. Jesse is quiet.

The native grabs something from his pocket. Jesse watches. A pack of shredded tobacco.

(CONTINUED)

THE NATIVE

Some chew?

JESSE

No thanks.

The Native places it back into his pocket and stares out the window.

THE NATIVE

I remember when I was a kid.

(Spits into cup)

This old shepherd stabbed his entire herd one day.

The lamp goes in and out - enlightening his face in small intervals. Jesse's face. He leans back on the wall as Sean lays still.

The Native rocks in his chair.

THE NATIVE (CONT'D)

Didn't stop until the blade broke off. He left them lying in the brush fields and then he drowned himself by the forest.

(Spits)

They only found him 'cause the birds came flocking in.

Jesse's face sinks in darkness.

THE NATIVE (CONT'D)

Never know why he did it.

Jesse puts out his cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - SIDE ROOM - LATE IN THE NIGHT

Jesse lays in his bed fully alert. Sean sleeps next to him. The snow reflects off his face, while hand grips against the side of his bed linen.

He feels the end and begins to pull at it, but not radically in order to hold back the sound.

After a few moments of tearing, he carries a long strip of linen. About a 2 feet in length.

(CONTINUED)

THE NATIVE (OS)

Sometimes when the shore was clear.
You would hear the strangest sound
too. Like he was crying in the
woods.

(Pause)

You tend to hear stuff like that
when your young.

Jesse rises from his bed.

SEAN (OS)

Might've just been the wind.

He moves to the end of the cabin. He stands behind the
native who sits at the side of his cot. Staring out the
window.

THE NATIVE (OS)

Maybe.

Jesse is quiet as he wraps the cloth around his hand.

cut to: Sean is awake. Listening to The Native being
strangled to death. They whip from wall to wall, smashing
Jesse's back repeatedly, but to no avail.

The Native falls to the ground, panting and his mouth froths
of saliva.

He collapses to the ground as Jesse tightens the death grip
with one more long pull, to ensure no extra breathing room.
Jesse stands over the body.

The Native is dead. Sean shuts his eyes in slight pain, but
is motionless with his face to the wall.

JESSE

Help me carry him to the washroom.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - WASHROOM - MUCH LATER

They struggle to cradle the body into the baron washroom,
which only has a small sink and tub.

They carry the body and place it softly into the tub. The
body is still with a severe blood mark around the native's
throat.

(CONTINUED)

Jesse rips the bath curtain and begins to wrap the body as his hand limps over the edge. Sean is quiet as he stands at the end.

JESSE
Fix his hand.

Sean places the hand to the native's side.

JESSE (CONT'D)
(Looking away)
He would've given us up.

SEAN
How do you know that? We could've just left before morning.

JESSE
You think we would last out there passed a day?

Sean slumps down on the wall.

SEAN
(Sympathetically)
He didn't have anything to do with this.
(Pause)
Why didn't you let him go?

Jesse places the curtain over the face and body. Finished.

JESSE
We can't take that chance.

Sean looks at Jesse as wipes his sweaty brow.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jesse rips off the bed linen from the native's cot and hands it to Sean.

JESSE
Gather his stuff. Everything you find. Get rid of it.

Jesse enters into the washroom as Sean walks across the room. He fetches a few picture frames and belongings of the man.

(CONTINUED)

He places them in the linen. He crosses his bed and notices a small wooden box with a nice etching on the inline. He opens it. A few pictures and belongings.

He shows a deep interest in one of the objects. A hunter's knife. He looks back to the washroom as Jesse struggles with sliding the corpse out of the washroom.

Sean quickly lodges the box under the mattress.

Sean crouches down as he wraps the objects in the linen. Jesse stalls as the body lays in the middle of the floor.

JESSE

You done?

SEAN

Yeah.

JESSE

Alright. Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

A light flashes from the lighter. He places his hand over it to widely distribute the flame.

He flashes it against the fishing contraptions. He stops at a shovel. He grabs it as the flame goes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREST - DEAD OF NIGHT

The shovel digs deep into the dirt as they labor away to for a hole. Nothing is scene, but the stabbing and tossing of dirt.

JESSE

That's good enough. It's getting cold.

Jesse rises from the hole.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Grab his feet.

Sean grabs his feet as they toss him into the hole. Jesse begins to toss the dirt over the body.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Wait.

Jesse stalls as Sean fetches the linen and places it onto the body.

(SEAN (CONT'D))

(Looking away)

Alright.

He continues to toss the dirt back over the body. Jesse pats the shovel over the hole as he finishes the last pile.

SEAN

(Absently)

How long does it take...you know before he starts to rot?

JESSE

(While shoveling)

I don't know. A few days. A week. Maybe.

SEAN

Oh.

Long pause as Jesse catches his breath. Sean begins to vomit, but nothing is seen.

JESSE

Are you alright?

SEAN

(After a few moments of spitting)

Yeah.

JESSE

You sure?

SEAN

Yeah. I'm good.

Jesse grabs the shovel and helps up Sean.

JESSE

Let's go back.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

(CONTINUED)

Kathy sits quietly in the pharmacy. Her eyes are glued onto a mural of mother holding her newborn that is plastered onto one of the side walls of the store.

She looks away and notices a SMALL CHILD staring at her with curiosity. His face is still as she watches him.

Suddenly, she flashes a funny face causing the child to smile. She smiles back.

PHARMACIST CASHIER
Kathy Muldrow?

KATHY
Yeah.

She stands and brings her purse on the counter to buy the prescription.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENT LATER

She sits at the bus stop as she opens the canister and whips a few pills into her mouth - swallowing it down with a can of soda.

Her eyes squirm for a moment from the bad taste. She looks down the road for a moment. No bus in sight. Her eyes move to one of the neighboring phone booths where one man speaks on the phone. It's The Drug Dealer.

He hangs up the phone and turns to leave. They lock eyes on each other for a moment. He breaks it off with a quick turn and speed walks to his car in the absent parking lot. Don drives off from the driveway exit.

Her eyes skim back across the road and notices a CHRISTMAS TREE SALE.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - CHRISTMAS TREE MARKET

She weaves between rows and rows of Christmas trees. The market is full of nuclear families looking for the biggest and greatest tree.

She shies away from eye contact in a somewhat inferior notion. She moves across from the crowd and stalls. Her glance ruffles towards a smaller, older tree. A one that most likely to be chucked away.

(CONTINUED)

She brushes her hand down some needles. Some are already dying and brown.

One of the workers pack a few haystacks in the corner. Marking down prices.

KATHY

How much for this one?

MARKET WORKER

That things already drying out. There's some better ones at the front.

KATHY

(Takes another look at the tree)

I'll take it.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - LATER

She sits in the tightly packed box with the small tree - wrapped and sitting next to her. A passenger attempts to take a seat. She tries to adjust it for them.

KATHY

Sorry.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Kathy exits the bus, struggling to carry the tree. The bus drives off as she stands across a SMALL CHILD with a sled.

KATHY

I'll give you a ten for that toboggan.

SMALL CHILD

I just got it.

KATHY

(Slow sigh)

Make it fifteen then.

The kid looks to his sled. He walks over and gives it to Kathy. She gives him a few bills.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - LATER

Kathy walks across the parkland pulling the sled behind her as the tree sits on top of it. She stops for a moment to rest.

A small winter carnival takes place at the center. A few small spin rides, Santa Clause raffle and cotton candy.

Her face slowly lightens.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNIVAL - SPIN RIDE

Kathy stands in line as a few children begin to pile up in the ride. She hands her ticket away and straps herself in next to a few other children.

The ride begins to move slowly. Her hands grip over the rail as it begins to pick up speed. Spinning. Children giggle as they twirl in sync to other booths.

The child next to Kathy lifts her hands in cheer. Kathy lets her grip off the rail and cheers as well. The wind blows in her hair.

Her eyes are tightly shut as a solemn grin fills her face. The ride begins to slow down at a quick pace. Her hair falls back down to her shoulders and the booth comes to an eventual stop.

She opens her eyes and gets off with the other riders. She returns to a small bench and unties her toboggan and continues to walk back through the park. Dragging the tree.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jesse sits at the table as the money sits scattered over the table. Sean leans back in his bed watching.

JESSE

(Puts down last strap of cash)
Ninety six thousand, three hundred.
All together.

SEAN

That's a lot.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

We can do anything we want with this. This is our share, right?

SEAN

Right.

He begins to pack the money back in the bag.

JESSE

I figure...we can put some towards the house. Fix it up. Sell it maybe and get a new one.

(Pause)

We can bring mom. She would like that.

SEAN

Yeah.

JESSE

Forget the truck. How about we got a car like we talked about? A nice one.

(Pause)

We could drive around. Go out to the bend whenever.

Sean nods, but doesn't encourage the thought.

JESSE (CONT'D)

I'm not saying this is everything, but it's a start...and it's ours.

Jesse stops for a moment as he stares at Sean.

JESSE (CONT'D)

We can't stop. No matter what. This is it. We get to do something good with this.

(Pause)

I mean you said it yourself...it was a dead end and I'm sick of living like that. We get to change it.

Jesse places his hand over Sean's neck as he consoles him.

SEAN

(Close to a breakdown)

I'm just kind of afraid. I couldn't sleep.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Look at me.

(Stares straight at Sean)

It's gonna be fine. Alright? I
won't let anything happen to you.

Alright?

SEAN

(Nods in trust)

Alright.

Jesse rises on his bed and begins to put pressure on the ceiling.

He pushes open a panel above them as Sean watches Jesse sliding the money in the small ceiling space. Covering it closed with the panel.

JESSE

Anything left to eat?

SEAN

No.

Jesse takes a look from the bed and stares outside by the lake.

CUT TO:

INT. FOREST - LATER

Lake bed. They stand back above the rocky mount. A large line contraption sits idly in the roaring water.

They both stand with hands in their pockets as they plot their next move.

They make their way down slowly as they reach the edge of the water. Jesse places his hand around the line and begins to tug.

JESSE

Fetch the end.

Sean comes behind Jesse as they begin to tug on the line.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Pull hard.

They struggle to pull out the line from the water. They grin as their teeth clench. Slowly, but surely does the line come from the water with a strong group of flapping fish hooked on multiple strings.

(CONTINUED)

They splash above the water line and next to the shore. They stare in hunger.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Look at that!

Suddenly, the line BREAKS. Pulling Jesse and Sean into the water. They're forced under and struggle to stay up. Jesse whips his hands around to grab the line of fish.

Their feet unable to touch down throwing them all over the current. They have lost site of one another and can only save themselves.

Jesse continues to throw his hand around for the fish. His eyes bobble quickly up - a large log and fern sit across both shores. Thick branches jut out from it's side.

Jesse rips his hand against the log and holds on as the current beats against his side. He catches his breath as he pulls himself for air. Breathing. Sighing for life.

He looks around frantically for Sean.

JESSE

Sean?

Catches breath again.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Where are you?

A burst of coughing comes from the side of the water. Sean drags himself on the near shore as water spills from his mouth.

After a moment. He breathes back to normal. Sean looks to Jesse. They stare at each other deeply. The edge of death.

All Jesse can do is pull the fish from the water beneath him. Showing Sean.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Lake bed shore. A small fire pit roars as a line of small fish sit above cooking. They have party dried up.

Jesse and Sean picks at his fish.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN
(Nervously)
That was fuckin' close.

Jesse eats it straight and chucks the bones away.

JESSE
It could've been worse.

Sean turns to Jesse who fetches another fish off the fire.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Almost missed the fish.

Sean looks back to his fish and picks little meat.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A burly bearded man [Late 40-ish] sits on his bed and stares out into the mountains not far in the distance.

He is fully clothed in his police uniform and is in the final moments of rolling up his thick work socks.

His wife rolls in bed next to him.

THE OFFICER'S WIFE
You want me to make you a coffee?

THE OFFICER
(Fighting back yawn)
That's alright. I'll be passing by the diner this morning.

THE OFFICER'S WIFE
I can cook some eggs.

THE OFFICER
You know I don't like eggs.

She smiles as she snuggles firmly in her covers.

THE OFFICER'S WIFE
I know. I just wanted to sleep some more.

The officer smiles and lays back next to her. She grabs his arm. They lay in silence as they stare outside.

(CONTINUED)

THE OFFICER'S WIFE (CONT'D)
Watching the roads again?

THE OFFICER
Yeah. Just until the down fall
passes. I'll be back by tomorrow.

THE OFFICER'S WIFE
Well, it died down for now. Another
ones brewing for today. There not
sure when it's gonna hit.

THE OFFICER
It will sooner or later.

He sits up.

THE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Don't try to shovel the driveway
this time. I'll clear it when I get
back.

He places on his shoes.

THE OFFICER'S WIFE
You're lunch is in the fridge.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - FEW MOMENTS LATER

The fridge opens as he grabs his lunch bag from the front
shelf.

cut to: Sitting in the living room for a moment watching
hockey highlights.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICER'S HOUSE - FEW MOMENTS LATER

He clears the front of the wind shield with his police
jacket sleeve.

He gets inside and starts the ignition.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

THE OFFICER sits quietly in his cruiser. Sipping on his hot coffee. A car roars past him - he turns to his speed odometer which projects 79 Miles per hour on the dial.

Just under the limit. The officer continues to sit and watch the speed meter with each passing car.

A newspaper lays on the passenger seat. The farmhouse murder - underlies the front article.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Jesse cleans the barrel of the rifle as Sean sits next to the bed.

He takes off his boots and his soaked socks. He rolls them off and places them on a small vent covering on the floor.

He rests on the ground next to the bed leans forward on his lap. He notices the small wooden box - wedged in the mattress.

He opens and looks through the various pictures of old, family photographs, birth certificate, but a hunter's knife catches Sean's attention as he places his hand on top of it.

JESSE

We might need to start another
fire.

Sean quickly wrestles with the box, he places the knife in his pocket and slides the box back.

SEAN

I'll see if theres any wood left.

Sean rises and heads outside, unknowingly leaving a small picture behind on the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - FEW MOMENTS LATER

The officer takes a big gulp, grins as he swallows it as it comes to the sweet bottom.

He opens the door and chucks out the rest. Before shutting the door. He stops. Staring with intrigue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

62.

INSERT: Small blood trail in the snow leading up into the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - SAME TIME

INSERT: Grabbing Saw.

Sean lifts the saw by the end - he carries it next to him as he enters the looming forest.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

The officer stands outside the car and follows the small blots of blood that stop meters at a time but continue in small intervals.

The officer returns to the car and starts the ignition. He drives up the road following the blood trail.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Sean trots through the woods looking for broken tree limbs.

QUICK CUT BACK:

INT. POLICE CRUISER (SLOWLY MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

The officer drives slowly following the path. The faint blood trail stops. He pulls over - turning off the car.

He exits the car, kneeling as he inspects the ground. He turns and inspects the area. After a few glances he notices the Ford hidden deep in a dip and covered in massive amounts of bushes.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - SAME TIME

Sean cuts through thick browse as he picks up a couple of rocks - whipping them at a crowd of birds.

THEY BURST IN THE AIR - SHUDDERING THROUGH THE FOREST CEILING.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DIP - SAME TIME

The officer turns up at the abrupt noise of the birds that tear through the sky.

The officer stands and moves towards the direction. After climbing a few feet he notices THE CABIN hidden past an acre of timber trees.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Jesse sits quietly, while he checks the rifle.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - SAME TIME

Sean pushes a few logs around, sizing them up - he stops and turns to a small sound of footsteps.

INSERT: The officer trudging towards the cabin. Sean leans flat against the tree. The officer approaches.

Sean stares at the air dispensing visibly from his mouth - he places his hand across his face - holding back his breath.

The officer continues past him.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

SFX: LOUD KNOCK. BEAT.

(CONTINUED)

Jesse turns, hastily places the frame down and jets across the room. He leans against the front door frame - peering outside with a small flip of the drapes. The officer stands at the bottom of the steps.

Jesse stares at the rifle and fetches it next to him. He breathes slowly, while taking another quick peak out the drapes.

He opens the door and stands at the screen. Gun at his side hidden by the doorway.

The officer tilts his head upward while adjusting his cap. He eyes Jesse for a split moment.

OFFICER
Morning there.

Jesse is static.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Sorry to disturb you this early.

JESSE
(Absently)
That's alright.

The officer takes off his cap and rubs his head gently.

OFFICER
You mind if I came in for a moment?

Beat.

JESSE
Is there something wrong?

OFFICER
No, No. I just needed to ask a couple questions. Regarding an incident that occurred a few miles south.

The Officer scans the surrounding premises with his eyes nonchalantly.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Just wanted to see if you noticed anything peculiar. That's all.
(Pause)
If you saw anything by chance.

SILENCE.

(CONTINUED)

Jesse nods. He begins to open the door and step out from the screen.

OFFICER

I'd rather we go inside.

Jesse stalls for a moment. Behind him he slowly grips the barrel of the rifle.

The officer steps upward.

JESSE

Alright-

Jesse slips the rifle quickly in a hidden wedge under the kitchen table just before the officer steps inside.

JESSE (CONT'D)

(Hidden breathe of relief)

Is this gonna take long?

OFFICER

Only a few minutes of your time.

The officer walks past the kitchen staring around the cabin.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Its a nice cabin you have.

(pause)

I got a kwansit hut myself couple
acres away from here.

(Stalls)

I just -- don't remember seeing you
before.

Jesse is quiet for a moment.

JESSE

(Sticks out hand)

It's nice to meet you then.

The officer shakes his hand is suspicion.

OFFICER

(Nodding)

How much did this place run you?

JESSE

Not much.

OFFICER

(Smirks)

How much?

(CONTINUED)

The officer continues to walk across the cabin. Enters the washroom.

JESSE
(Blanking in thought)
Ten-- Eleven.

INSERT: Officer glares at a slight hint of blood at the bottom of the drain. Very minimal.

OFFICER
Ten, Eleven thousand?

JESSE
Yeah.

The officer approaches Jesse slowly.

OFFICER
Anyone else up here with you?

JESSE
No-
(Attempting to change subject)
I'm sorry, but do you know what
this is about?

The officer turns and nods re-assuringly.

OFFICER
There was a robbery that occurred
two mornings ago. Owner was shot
dead. So was his wife. Found out
they were drug runners. Had a den
of heroine in the basement and
money that went missing. Were not
sure how many were involved.
(pause)
Maybe one...most likely two. They
think they probably crossed over,
but I don't. Maybe they were local
dealers, but most of the stash was
left.

JESSE
Anybody else see anything?

OFFICER
They went on the run before anyone
could.

The officer approaches the nearby window staring out into the woods.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, he notices the picture of the native and his wife sitting on the floor..

OFFICER
You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

JESSE
No.

OFFICER
I didn't think you would.

Jesse slowly backs into the darkness. Static. The officer notices the picture of the old native and his wife.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
And what about that truck in the dip?
(Beat)
That's yours right?

JESSE
I don't think so.

OFFICER
Odd thing to hide it there.

LONG PAUSE

JESSE
Did you come up here for another reason?

OFFICER
There seemed to be this...small blood trail that led from an exit.
(Moves closer to Jesse)
Brought me all the way to your door.

Jesse fails to respond.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
This isn't your cabin, is it?

JESSE
What?

OFFICER
This isn't your cabin.

Jesse's face grows into a mute and emotionless expression as an eerie silents sits in the air.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

No.

OFFICER

Where is he?

He takes the picture and places it on the kitchen table. Jesse stares at it.

Jesse stands quietly, his face slowly becomes obstructed by a long dark shadow projected by the window sill. The officer stands across from him.

OFFICER

Listen. I need to know what happened to the person that lives here.

He places his hands on his belt, subtly revealing a holster.

JESSE

I'm living in it now.

OFFICER

I just want you to tell me what happened. That's it.

JESSE

That doesn't really matter anymore.

The officer moves closer, without imposing any threat.

OFFICER

You should take a seat. Just so you and I can figure some things out.

Jesse sits on a nearby chair. The officer stares at Jesse for a moment as he settles himself.

JESSE

What matters is what's going to happen to you.

OFFICER

(Beat.)

Excuse me?

Jesse stares out the window. As the officer slowly places his hand on the dispatch radio.

OFFICER

(Growing Authority)

Listen--

(CONTINUED)

JESSE
Can I ask you a question?

INSERT SHOT: The top of the back door ajar - slowly opening.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Before you came. Before you woke up
and went down the road that lead
you here.
(long pause)
Did you see ending this way?

OFFICER
(Growing confusion and fear)
I don't understand.

SFX: The cracking of the door open and shut.

The officer turns to reveal Sean who stands with the AX. The officer stares at Sean who looks down to the floor and grips the handle of the knife.

He wields the blade at the back of the officer. Wedging it deep into his shoulder.

Jesse and Sean stand over the officer as he wales and crawls across the floor.

Sean is in complete shock. Stunned. Jesse watches after a few long moments the officer becomes quiet and just holds back with deep groans.

Jesse grabs his radio from his hand. Takes his gun. Places it at the back of his jeans.

The officer begin to slowly crawl out of the doorway.

JESSE (CONT'D)
(Hands Gun to Jesse)
Here.

SEAN
Jes-

JESSE
You're doing him a favor this way.

Jesse and Sean follow slowly behind as the officer makes his way out and crawls outside on the ground.

SEAN
(Swallows)
Where do I shoot him?

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

It ends quicker if you do it at the back. Just look away when you do.

(Staring back at the cabin)

I'll start cleaning the floors.

Jesse watches as he crawls away. The disabled officer unable to speak.

Sean approaches with the gun. Turns away. The screen explodes in complete whiteness after he begrudgingly pulls the trigger.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - DAY

TILT DOWN FROM THE WHITENESS TO BIRD FLYING ACROSS THE SCREEN (TRANSITION INTO SKY)

Extreme long shot of Jesse and Sean dragging the body towards the police cruiser.

The cruiser sits on a steep drop - leading to the lake. Jesse carries the corpse of the officer into the cruiser and places the seatbelt on.

Jesse places a few of items to clean the scene in the passenger seat.

CUT TO:

INT. CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Jesse and Sean start pushing the vehicle from the front end.

They push with all their might as the vehicle rolls back and slams into the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE - EVENING

The cruiser begins to sink slowly - AND STOPS - They stare at one another in fear as the top end of the cruiser peaks out of the water for anyone to see.

Finally, it fully breaks and submerges under the water.

(CONTINUED)

Jesse and Sean wait until it is fully gone. Jesse turns away and walks back into the forest as Sean is still as his eyes are tranced deep into the water.

JESSE

It's gone.

Sean moves away from the lake and towards Jesse.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - LATER

Sean washes his face with water. He clears his face as he watches Jesse from the mirror.

JESSE

Where did you get the knife?

Sean dries his face with his sleeve, while Jesse is wiping the floor clean from the blood with a large linen. Sean looks down as his mind searches an excuse.

SEAN

It was on the grass outside.

Jesse looks up as he gathers the linen. Sean turns quietly and stares by the door with his arms crossed. Tightening in fear.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I...I didn't think it would bleed that much.

JESSE

Neither did I.

Jesse scrounges the linen in a ball. He notices Sean's hand shaking like a startled child. Jesse refuses to look up.

JESSE (CONT'D)

It was the only thing you could've done, Sean. You defended yourself. So, leave it at that. Okay?

Sean shakes his head as Jesse pulls out the rifle from the kitchen table.

SEAN

I need to get out of here. I'm not capable...I want to be, but I can't.

(CONTINUED)

Jesse approaches Sean and hands him the rifle, firmly. Straying away from compassion.

JESSE
You will. Now get your shit together.

Jesse grabs the linen and heads outside as Sean stands quietly holding the rifle limply in his hand.

CUT TO:

INT. MULDROW HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM

Kathy opens the side door as an middle-aged man, pulls through the tree. WALTER, the neighbor.

The needles scrape against the walls and enters it into the family room.

WALTER
Where do you want me to put it?

KATHY
In the corner if you can there, Walter.

He places it in the corner and leans it against the wall. She unties the wool covering as it opens up.

WALTER
You carried this darn thing with you all the way on the bus?

KATHY
It's a good tree.

WALTER
Wheres Jes and Sean?

KATHY
They left for the north yesterday.

WALTER
Well, why didn't you call me? I would've driven you there.

KATHY
You did more than enough.

He's quiet as he looks around the home. Both lonesome. She sits on the couch. She begins to cough quietly as she points to a PUFFER on a side table next to Walter.

(CONTINUED)

He quickly hands it to her. She dispenses it a few times. Walter watches as Kathy looks away confounded.

WALTER

Is there something else around the house-- I wouldn't mind.

KATHY

It's just my asthma. Comes in and out.

Walter nods. They become quiet as she steadies her breathing.

WALTER

Did you see about those route six murders on the news?

KATHY

No.

He sighs softly.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Some young couple just got killed. In their own home. Barbara said she went to school with one of them.

KATHY

When?

WALTER

About morning time. There was a dispute of some sort and they ended up getting away.

Kathy is quiet as she listens.

WALTER (CONT'D)

All over dope or something. They didn't go into it. I suppose someone owed some money like usual.

KATHY

(Shakes head)

That's terrible. You hear about those things, but never thought it would be here.

Walter shakes his head as well.

WALTER

It's tricky to get your mind around. People these days. You don't get them anymore. It's too bad.

They both share a slight nod.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Well, if you need anything. I mean anything. I'm right next door.

Kathy gives a small smirk as Walter walks out the side door. She stares back at the tree.

CUT TO:

INT. MULDROW HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Kathy fills a glass of water by the side counter and begins to take out her medicine. She fills the glass and swallows the medicine with a big gulp of water.

Next to the sink is a small picture frame of Jesse and Sean leaning against the Truck. Youthful smiles brims on both their faces.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jesse and Sean lay quietly over a bushel of weeds. A small rabbit frolics from one area to another searching for food.

Jesse attempts to grab the rifle away from Sean as they crawl inward.

SEAN

I got it.

JESSE

It's getting dark.

SEAN

Let me do it.

Sean and Jesse share a small glance. Jesse falls back to his position.

JESSE

Alright...but when I say.

(CONTINUED)

Sean places the scope to his eye. They begin to watch carefully as the rabbit moves radically to motionless.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Just keep it steady. I'll tell you when.

They hold their breath as the rabbit continues to move upward.

They watch like it's their meal for the day.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Stay on him.

Jesse continues to wait. A long wait as Jesse's eyes grow. Suddenly, Sean shoots prematurely and misses the rabbit. Causing it to weave away.

JESSE (CONT'D)

What the fuck was that?

Jesse rips the rifle away, stands upwards and begins to fire as the rabbit flees back and forth. He loses it.

He groans in frustration.

JESSE

Son of a bitch.

(Lowers rifle)

Did I tell you to shoot? What's a matter with you?

(Pause)

I'm not gonna starve because of your crappy aim. It was in your sight...this isn't target practice.

SEAN

I thought I had him.

JESSE

You thought, huh? Well...

(Laughs)

Good job hero. Now, it's almost night and we got no food because you can't shoot worth shit. Is it always me who has to do everything? You know what...

Sean looks to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE (CONT'D)
From now on. Only I shoot. And if
you ask me one more time. I'll
leave you behind. Got it?

SEAN (CONT'D)
(Quietly)
I'm sorry.

Jesse looks in the distance as he cuts Sean a break.

JESSE
Let's keep going. We don't have
much day left.

Jesse begins to walk away as Sean slowly gets up and begins
to follow from behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST BEND - LATER

Bird flock over a small moss hedge for feeding. Sean and
Jesse spot it across the field and begin to hurry towards it
before they hog it.

They approach the pit where a small pair of badgers, sit
frozen. Dead. The birds pick at their faces.

SEAN
We're gonna eat that?

JESSE
Don't have a choice, do we?

Jesse hits the birds away to clear the area. He fetches both
of them and hands one to Sean.

JESSE (CONT'D)
It's something.
(Pause)
We can put it around the fire.
Better than nothing.

Sean grabs the badger and they both continue out of the
moss.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - SHORE - LATE EVENING

The badger lays skinned above the fire as Jesse takes it off and begins to cut some meat off and chewing on it roughly.

Sean eyes focus closely and quietly on Jesse as he a piece of the meat with the knife. Jesse hands him some meat.

JESSE

Don't worry. I cleaned it a few times.

SEAN

I'm not hungry.

Jesse places the meat into his mouth.

JESSE

More for me.

Sean's eyes glaze over at Jesse who's gestures have almost become barbaric and savagery. His eyes move across the sky and accepts the wind on his face.

JESSE (CONT'D)

What was that poem they taught us in scouts? Had that part in it..."By the jolly fire I sit, to warm my frozen bones."

SEAN

I don't remember.

JESSE

(Quietly)

I liked it.

Sean rises and walks away from the fire into the darkness. Jesse just watches, but continues to eat.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Sean sits up in his bed. He turns towards Jesse who's sound asleep and moves back to the small box under his mattress.

Sean reveals the box and places it next to him. He begins to reveal and look at each article. A picture of him and his wife, a war medal and a photograph of his platoon. A birth certificate.

(CONTINUED)

Sean's eyes glow in interest. Jesse sits back in his bed. Eyes wide open. Watching in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - MORNING

Sean awakes in his bed - rising to the sound of scraping. He rolls for a moment to hear clearer and can only a faint hint of smoke in the sky from the rear window.

He stands over the window and outside sits Jesse. Whittling a long, thick branch. A freshly put-out fire pit sits far down from him.

The wooden box sits on the kitchen table. Sean rushes to the box and opens it. Empty.

He roars outside without even putting on a coat.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - SAME TIME

Sean approaches the fire pit and kneels next to it. The burnt remains of the native's memories lay in the pit.

Sean doesn't muster a word as Jesse as he still whittles away. Empty of emotion.

JESSE

I thought you were supposed to get rid of everything.

SEAN

(Back turned away)
No one would've found it.

Sean fetches one of the half burnt pictures.

JESSE

You're letting it mess with your head.

SEAN

Fuck you!

Sean rises in anger turning towards Jesse. He doesn't say a word. Ignoring Sean.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (CONT'D)

You drag me on this....fucked up
journey of yours and don't care
what happens either way and my
heads messed?

JESSE

It is what it is now. Get over it.

SEAN

(Increasing anger)

As long as the cash is safe right?
To think...I listened to your
bullshit this whole time.

JESSE

You gotta wake up, Sean.

SEAN

No, you wake the fuck up!

(pause)

We've been dumping bodies all over
the harbor and you expect me to get
over it?

(Cynically)

I must've missed that part when you
drew up this plan...

JESSE

(Stares down the wood shaft)

You didn't have to come.

Sean bursts at Jesse. Grabbing him by the collar with an
over-powering strength. He slams him on the outside wall.

SEAN

What the fuck did you get me into!?
Huh? I murdered a cop because of
you!

Jesse begins to wrestle with Sean as he smashes him to the
ground. He grips Sean's chin and holds it tightly.

Jesse takes out the knife and puts it above Sean's face.

JESSE

You think I couldn't just end you
right here, if I wanted to?

(Pause)

Not so tough anymore?

He wraps his fingers around Sean's neck as blood pours from
a cut under his eye.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE (CONT'D)

You come at me again.

(Grip tightens)

I swear to God...

Jesse unwraps his hand and stands over Sean. He grabs his wooden branch, which now looks more like a spear.

He heads away from Sean and into the woods. Sean rises and moves back to the fire pit. He gathers the ashes. The half burnt pictures and carries into back into the cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Sean places the remains into the box and shuts it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL - LATER

Sean sits over the dirt covered burial. He digs away with his hands until he gets to the shower curtain.

He sits the box on the man's stomach and covers it back up with the dirt.

He sits quietly on the edge of the hill as his eyes sit on Jesse who climbs through the adjacent reservoir with his spear.

A few sea gals sit at the bottom of a water pit, sipping from it. Jesse slowly moves behind the pack with his spear ready to attack.

He inches closer and closer. He STABS the spear into it's wing, pinning it to the ground. He stares at it for a moment as it flaps wildly to escaping.

He slowly places his foot over the sea gal's head.

Sean and Jesse connect eyes for a moment as Jesse carries the bird back up the hill.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - LATER

The road officer's wife stands in the family room with a robe around her. Almost waiting for the officer to pull into the snow filled driveway.

She rubs her arms in concern.

CUT TO:

INT. MULDROW HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Kathy begins to search through the closet to a small mountain of boxes of Christmas lights and flare.

cut to: She begins to delicately wrap the flare around the tree - fetching objects from the box. Her eyes stop over the box for a moment as she under some decorations.

A series of video tapes sit in the corner.

She places her glasses towards her face to check each one.

cut to: VCR - Kathy tries a series of video tapes. Some old hockey games. Some blank. She begins to fast forward. And stops.

The tape includes an old fishing trip from long ago. Laughter, jokes, yelling with bright images of the lake flash against the screen.

A young Jesse and Sean teeter back and forth on a canoe in attempt to knock each other off. A young Kathy lays on the beach covering the lens with her hand.

The camera tracks from the family room as Kathy laughs towards the screen and the light of the screen projects on her darkened silhouette.

The tree light's blink in the corner.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - EARLY DAWN

Jesse lays quietly on his side, his arm is stuffed underneath a pillow placed neatly under his neck. Jesse's eyes slowly flutter, awakening to the sun light that heats his brow.

(CONTINUED)

After a deep inhale and following exhale he notices Sean. Awake. Sitting on a nearby chair looking over Jesse. Heavy, dark bags lay under his eyelids.

The gleam in his face is gone. A mix between slight insanity and deep drowsiness.

JESSE

How long have you been sitting there for?

Pause.

SEAN

It's strange. I haven't seen you move your hand from under that pillow once.

He lifts himself up and notices Sean holding the rifle in his hand. Jesse swipes his hand from underneath the pillow, with the revolver held perfectly in his palm.

JESSE

What time is it?

Sean stares at the revolver as Jesse places it on the side table next to the bed, but still close for retrieval.

Jesse attempts to put on his pants that are wrinkled on the floor underneath.

SEAN

Was it supposed to turn out like it did?

(Pause)

Even if we do get away, which we won't, do you think she'll forgive us for this?

JESSE

We need to get some more food.

SEAN

Whats the point?

(Pause)

We're gonna hide out here until both of us are dead. Or at least one of us is. You just don't know it yet.

Jesse quickly checks his cylinder. Still loaded.

SEAN (CONT'D)

How come when I look at you. There's nothing there anymore.

CUT TO:

INT. MULDROW HOUSE - KATHY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Kathy begins to gasp in her sleep. She grasps her chest as it rapidly rises and falls.

Kathy lifts herself up and begins to adjust her apparatus tube. To no avail. She releases the tube slowly with a slight turn of a nozzle and valve.

Lifting her self up quickly. She moves, hand to mouth, to the nearby washroom. A few moments of silence, follows a sound of quiet vomiting.

Kathy's mouth and chin is covered with pink saliva. Her eyes are covered in tears as she clears her throat and chokes.

SEAN(OS)

You're just waiting to take out anyone that comes in your way. And for what?

Kathy stands at the white sink, covered in pinkish blood.

SEAN(OS)

For a bag of drug money you think is going to erase what happened.

She runs the water and begins to wash it away with her hand. She sniffs roughly and blows from the blood stuck in her nose.

SEAN(OS)

- That it's gonna change things?

She sits quietly on the top of the toilet staring at the large gap in her lower rib cage. She places her hand over top of it as she stares in the mirror.

JESSE(OS)

We did what we had to do. We could've helped --

(Quietly)

I didn't want her to worry about us.

(Pause)

You think blood didn't have to spill, but in the end it would've

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JESSE(OS) (cont'd)
anyway. And I will do it again if I
have to.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Sean stares directly at Jesse who looks to the floor.

SEAN
You don't know how crazy this all
is, do you?

Jesse stands over Sean reaching his hand out.

JESSE
Give me the rifle.

SEAN
What if I took it?

JESSE
What?

SEAN
What if I took it and ran? I just
waited here until you fell asleep.
Just took it all and disappeared.

JESSE
If I found you. I think you know
what would happen.

Sean stands up over Jesse as he grips the rifle.

Jesse is quiet as Sean begins to place on his coat and walks
outside, rifle in hand.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE OFFICE - MORNING

Officer #1 sits at his desk as he munches on a toast
sandwich. He stares at the pictures of the house on his
desk, while spilling crumbs on them.

He clears it away with his hand. Suddenly, as a knock
strikes the door.

(CONTINUED)

The officer rises and opens it. A receptionist stands at the door's edge. The road officer's wife stands in tears by the front.

OFFICER #1

What is it?

RECEPTIONIST

She says she's Officer Riley's wife. Told me that he never came back from his road shift yesterday?

The officer fetches his coat on the door after a moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAWN

Jesse and Sean trot through the icy terrain. The fierce wind blows sheets of snow across the landscape as they slowly make their way up a beaten side path.

FOREST: They crawl through a thicket of overgrown weeds and pass over dead logs. They no longer exude interest or warmth between one another, but are two MEN on a mission.

Their tired eyes are focused to kill, irritable and exhausted. Riveting their sight towards any animal to shoot. Sean HOLDS THE GUN NOW.

Jesse begins to move ahead away from Sean. He stares back for a moment as Sean shoots a piercing gaze towards him. Jesse turns back slowly, watching in doubt - watching without trust.

Jesse continues to jog forward shuffling and sliding down a small escarpment of leaves. Jesse tiresomely leans against the nearest tree. He spits out his saliva, while he lowers his hand to his side.

Jesse takes a swipe across his face, cleaning away the hot mucus pouring from his nostrils.

JESSE

Do you see anything?

SFX: RIFLE BEING LOADED

Jesse pans slowly back to Sean, who stands perched only 25 feet away. Sean places a new round of bullets as he loads his gun and lifts it towards his face. He adjusts his scope, as Jesse closes his eyes in defeat.

(CONTINUED)

Sean hesitates to shoot, as he breathes heavily and steadies his aim. Sean moves his finger to the trigger - AND PULLS IT.

The echo of the bullet lays in the cold,thick air----

Jesse, after a moment of silence, turns to a large patch of ice in a open land 6 meters below. A BABY DEER lays fidgeting as the blood pours from it's neck.

Sean approaches the end of the dip. He attempts to climb down as Jesse rises and makes his way closer to Sean.

Sean - leaps foolishly below with one jump - SMASHES AND CRACKS his ankle below on a bed of rocks.

SEAN

(Grabbing ankle in pain)
Shit, Jess. God dammit.

Jesse climbs down slowly.

JESSE

Are you alright?

SEAN

(Growling over his injury)
Come down here, Jess. I need your help- Shit.

JESSE

What hurts?

Jesse inspects Sean's leg closer.

SEAN

(Hissing)
My fuckin' ankle. I don't know - I think it snapped.

Jesse takes a wrap from his jacket as he begins to tie it around, while inspecting his leg.

JESSE

It's only twisted. It's not broken
I don't think.
(Pulling Sean slowly up)
I'll carry you back up.

SEAN

Grab the deer and then will go.

Jesse rises and crosses over to the ice patch. He grabs the deer and drags it across the ice, while Sean helps himself up gasping in pain.

SEAN

That kills. That fuck-

Jesse fetches Sean around his shoulder. He holds the legs of the deer pulling them both along.

cut to: Sean hobbles up and down, as they move over black spruce - holding back his curse words with hisses. Jesse is quiet as sweat pours down his brow. His pupils have almost vanished from extreme fatigue.

Sean's loose shoe, slowly begins to teeter off his back heel - falling deep into the snow below. They move forward only for a few steps before Sean turns back.

SEAN

My shoe.

JESSE

What?

SEAN

My shoe fell off.

Jesse turns back staring at the shoe a few or so meters away and begins to move back.

SEAN

(Turning face away)

Get it later. Get it later.

Jesse nods, as they continue to walk towards the cabin that is nearing in site.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - EARLY MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Jesse slogs inside as he whips the deer carcass on the counter and places Sean in a nearby chair.

Jesse moves to the sink, turns the tap and begins to chug the water straight from the faucet.

SEAN

(Holding ankle)

What were the chances we we're gonna get a deer-

(CONTINUED)

Jesse wipes away the drool with his sweat, opens a drawer and fetches THE ARMY KNIFE.

JESSE
(Forcibly)
Start skinning it.

Jesse places the knife on the table as he begins to tread back outside.

SEAN
What about you?

JESSE
I'm gonna go find your shoe.

Sean glowers from the window as Jesse treks away in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT.FIELD - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Jesse stomps back over to the snow bank. He moves his hands around the snow searching and digging - his hands are pitch red as he pulls out the boot.

He places his numb fingers inside and claws out the snow from the soles.

Jesse sluggishly tramps over the bank while he blows on his hand and carries the shoe in the other.

CUT TO:

INT.CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Jesse places the shoe on the ground and trudges to the sink again.

He turns the faucet and waits until the hot steam emits before shoving in his palms and fiercely rubbing his knuckles.

JESSE
Tie your boots tighter next time.

Jesse continues to rub and pinch the ends of his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE (CONT'D)
Do you hear me?

SILENCE

Jesse peers over from the sink to the deer on the counter - still untouched and Sean nowhere to be seen.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Sean, I told you to start skinning it.

NO RESPONSE.

Jesse scans the cabin. Nothing. BEAT.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Sean?

Jesse quickly rummages from room to room. No Sean. Jesse storms over to the ceiling and notices a small opening.

Jesse climbs on the bed and flips open the covering.

INSERT: MISSING SUITCASE.

Jesse strikes his hand against the wall repeatedly.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Fuck.

SFX: Sound of light tapping.

Jesse exits the washroom and notices a back door - opening and shutting from the wind. Jesse fetches the revolver from the back waist of his jeans and races outside.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Sean! Sean!?

Jesse stares at the fresh prints leading away from the cabin and begins to run the following route.

Sloppy tracks - as though he dragged his foot along while running.

Jesse climbs up the nearest escarpment and sees Sean far in the distance. Sean runs quickly with the suitcase in his hand - falls, gets up, falls again, gets up.

Jesse while running - wrestles with the revolver - he begins to struggle placing each bullet in the chamber and keeping an eye on a fleeing Sean.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE (CONT'D)
You fuck! Sean!? Come back! Sean!
(Pleading)
Please!

Sean continues without looking back. Jesse closes the loaded chamber and lays down peering over the plains.

Jesse tightens his grip over the revolver towards Sean. Watching as if he was a wounded animal himself trying to make his getaway.

JESSE PULLS THE TRIGGER - ONCE, TWICE...with shakey aim to Sean's feet.

Sean continues to run appearing to have missed, but falls a few movements after. Jesse races over the hill and towards Sean who attempts to crawl away by dragging himself and digging his hands deep into the earth.

cut to: Jesse jogs towards Sean, grabs his jacket and pulls him away onto a nearby log. He rips off Sean's jacket.

Sean is silent as he moves his head towards the forest. A rush of air blows across the limbs of the trees. Blood gushes from the side of his face.

JESSE (CONT'D)
(Staring at wound)
Jesus-

SEAN
(Dis-oriented)
How far did I get?

Jesse places his hands over Sean's face.

JESSE
Be quiet.

SILENCE

SEAN
(Eyes closing slowly)
It's okay. I'm okay.

Jesse ignores Sean as he wrestles to find the deep gash. Blood is pouring just under his neck from an exit wound.

Sean turns his ear, twisting his torso.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE
Stop moving. You'll be alright.

Jesse rips off his gloves and hat - placing it over the wound. The blood is too much, the wound too deep. Jesse is quiet as the struggle is useless.

JESSE
(Quietly in pain)
Why did you do it? You just left me out there.
(Begins to cry as he looks to the ground)
You left me out there alone.

PAUSE

Sean is silent as Jesse caresses his blood covered hand tightly. Jesse rubs Sean's hair softly as he lays his neck back.

JESSE (CONT'D)
(Softly)
Where were you going?

SEAN
(Slight chuckle)
I don't know--

Jesse turns to the trees in silence. The wind whistles through the air like PAINFUL WEEPING.

Sean's eyes slowly begin to go in and out. His blood pool encircles their legs.

Jesse is quiet as he holds back his tears. He places his hand over Sean's mouth forcing him not to say anything further. Jesse turns to Sean's hand that is gripped tightly to his bottom pant leg.

Jesse places his hands on his knees as he stares at the body slightly convulsing.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER RAVINE - A WHILE LATER

Jesse takes Sean's toque off his head and flips it over his face, covering up to his top lip. He places his hood over his head and zips it closed.

Jesse notices his only shoe on his foot, UN-TIED. Jesse ties it and pushes him in the ravine. He watches as the body floats away down the river.

(CONTINUED)

Jesse stares with bag in hand.

CUT TO:

EXT.FOREST - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Dogs are guided through the forest as state troopers comb the area. A few officers surround the abandoned FORD TRUCK.

OFFICER #1
What do we got?

INSERT: BLOOD STAINS DRIED ON FRONT CARPET.

OFFICER #2
(Touches carpet)
Probably a few days old.

OFFICER #1
You can call Grace down for some samples.

Officer #2 places his head closer to the stains.

OFFICER #1(CONT'D)
Run a search on the truck too. Find out who owns it.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Jesse stumbles through the forestry and notices the hill leading away. Jesse walks, unbalanced, on the shoulder of the path. He notices the search dogs moving through and towards the cabin.

Jesse exhales heavily shooting steam across the air. He begins to climb back down in desperation towards the rigged escarpment.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST LAKE - LATER IN THE AFTERNOON

Officers gather around the lake as they fish the officer's car from the water. They cover their mouths as his face is completely rotted and his throat is full of leaves.

The car floats just below the water line.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jesse fights through as the fierce wind begins reigning over Jesse again - who hardly seems to be making any headway. He holds his jacket closed to contain some warmth within him.

Jesse pushes up ahead squeezing out his remaining strength. Jesse stumbles.

His legs retort to each step, causing his jog to break down to small steps forward to small spurts of speed.

Jesse breaks down physically, as his knees weaken forcing him to fall to the ground. He holds himself up by his burned out arms.

Jesse stumbles upon an open cave jutting from the middle. He enters and leans against the side to catch his breath.

He places the bag down and sits flat on the rock. His mind is shot. He blows on his hands, but it only makes it worse.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CAVE - FEW MOMENTS LATER

His face is becoming blue from the fierce cold. He opens the bag of money and stares at it for a moment. Wrestling through it.

Jesse places his ice block of a hand into his front pocket and reveals his cigarette lighter. He pulls at it and scrapes it against his thumb. Only shooting small dispersing sparks.

At the brink of hypothermia. The flame strikes. He stares at it for a long moment as his eyes shift towards the money.

He takes out a wrinkled, half bloody bill and lights it on fire. He stares at it for even a longer moment. A choice. He places it down in the bag as the rest of the money slowly becomes consumed in flames.

Jesse places his arms across his shoulders and begins to rub them. He moves his face into the light - forward and back. forward and back. Shaking. We track away from the cave.

He lays back again, watching the fire. Hearing the wind.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CAVE - A DAY LATER

Jesse sits, close to frozen. He stares around into the distance, but nothing is seen or heard. He stands above the burnt money and destroyed duffel bag.

He moves from outside the cave - the wind is quiet. With no other alternative he walks down the escarpment and away from the cave.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE (MULDROW RESIDENCE) - LATE EVENING

Kathy leans quietly against her shovel as she scrapes against the driveway. Fully clothed in a winter jacket and toque.

The sky suddenly fills with a red and blue reflection against the fresh snow. She moves to the end of the driveway.

A police cruiser pulls next to her home and stops directly at the driveway.

Kathy stands with the shovel by her side as she stares at through the driver's window. The officer gets out of the car and approaches her. Kathy becomes frozen.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Jesse slides down the entire hillside and towards the distant road. He moves like a caveman - aware of his surroundings, but erratically.

His face has completely thinned, cheeks sunk and the only distinct feature is his thicker beard and beady eyes.

Jesse makes his way down the road. He continues down the road. Not necessarily walking, but sliding his feet.

After a few slides of his feet a distant sound is heard. Slightly inaudible, but enough to turn his head.

A few faint red lights can be seen in the distance. The sound becomes clearer as police sirens.

Jesse turns back and begins to put all his energy in moving forward. His feet can be seen lifting up and picking up speed.

Two police cruisers align the lane way, with another cruiser following behind.

INT. POLICE CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Muldrow sits quietly at the back of the rear cruiser as her eyes shift in fear and confusion.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Jesse, unable to make any lateral movement, runs ahead. The cruisers are moving slowly at 40-50 meters away. He begins to look backwards to see the distance between them.

They close in tightly.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT POLICE CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

From the front windshield all that is seen is a small speck in the center of the road. Slight shutters of movement. Moving in on Jesse.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Jesse collapses to his knees. He attempts to get back up, but falls even harder. This time he is unable to move.

All that is heard is his agonizing breaths, while everything else is muted. He looks upward and watches as a flock of birds glide over him in a soothing, yet formal "V" pattern.

The cruisers track in 10-8 meters.

FADE OUT:

EXT. RIVER - SAME DAY

A shot of a peaceful river. A few pieces of driftwood float as the water pierces pass the small patches of ice. The banks align the river like white canvas' due to the new layer of snow.

(CONTINUED)

The corpse of SEAN appears in the current and slowly flows down the river.

Disappearing off into the cold horizon.

THE END