

THE SEARCH

by

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EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA WOODS - BOTTOM OF MOUNTAIN - DUSK

A MAN lays face down in the dirt, motionless. He is TORN TO SHREDS.

WE HOLD ON HIM -- SUDDENLY he coughs, sending dust in the air. SEAN DAVIS (30) struggles to open his eyes through the CRUSTY, DRIED BLOOD covering his face.

He lifts his head only to feel the intense pain of a CONCUSSION. He has CUTS, GASHES and BRUISES everywhere, including a particularly large laceration above his left eye.

Sean tries to flip himself over. He SCREAMS in pain, turning just enough to see his broken tibia STICKING OUT OF HIS LEG.

Turkey Vultures gather in high trees. They shriek and flap their wings, fighting for position on branches.

The YELLOW SUN sinks halfway behind the mountainous horizon.

Sean grabs the thigh of his broken leg and pulls it over. He SCREAMS, once again.

Sean drags himself along the ground. Once he has moved a body length away, he sees the ground behind him is soaked in DARK RED BLOOD.

Sean checks his head and other body parts before noticing the large damp ring of blood on his shirt over his rib cage. He is afraid to look underneath.

It's DARK, now. Sean searches for shelter. Finally, he crawls around a sizable boulder. On the other side... a CAVE.

Sean flips his backpack forward and takes out a HEAD TORCH.

He shines his torch into the inlet. It's deeper and larger than one would have guessed, but most importantly, it's EMPTY.

He crawls inside.

Sean pulls out his cell phone and turns it on.

The battery bar FLASHES.

There is NO SERVICE.

Barely able to click the buttons, he goes from "Contacts" to "Jess" then "Text Message".

The battery bar flashes.

CLOSE ON -- Sean's hands texting fast. SEND.

The MESSAGE SENT BAR shoots three quarters across and stops.

Sean looks at the service. It goes from ONE BAR to ROAMING and back again.

The battery bar flashes.

SEAN
(desperate)
Please.

We focus on the message bar when... The screen turns black.

His phone DIES.

Sean crawls deeper into his natural shelter and rests his head. He uses his torch to explore the cave. The light dances on the rock above him.

WE HEAR -- SCRATCHING at the entrance of the cave. Sean lifts his head to see what's there.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(nervous, hopeful)
Hello?

No response. Sean shines his light. Yellow glowing eyes move swiftly in the darkness.

COYOTES.

He grabs some small rocks with his left hand and throws them towards the entrance.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Get the fuck outa here!

The coyotes retreat quickly, but Sean grabs more stones with his RIGHT hand and throws. He grimaces and grabs his chest. Blood drips through his fingers.

SEAN (CONT'D)
HELLLLLLPPPP!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHOBE NATIONAL PARK - BOTSWANA, AFRICA - EARLY MORNING

A spectacular orange and red sun creases the horizon.

Large herds of WILDEBEEST and ZEBRA move through the grassland. GIRAFFE walk behind ELEPHANTS feeding on tree tops.

A BLACK-BACKED JACKAL sniffs the ground and then pounces on a fleeing rodent. Two CHEETAHS sit in the shade watching IMPALA graze.

INT. TORO SAFARI LODGE - SHACK - MORNING

A MAN does sit ups. An empty bottle of WHISKEY and numerous containers of PAIN KILLERS/OXYCONTIN/ANTI-DEPRESSANTS sit on a bed side table.

The room is small and plain. A lonely map rests on the otherwise barren wall. There is a box spring and mattress in the corner and a desk with a small light. A beat-up African style rug lays alongside the bed.

He PUSHES himself to pain.

LATER --

FOLLOWING FROM BEHIND -- The man walks in a towel, freshly showered.

A sequence of quick cuts as he...

- Puts on KHAKI SHORTS.

- Picks up BINOCULARS.

- Slides a long HUNTING KNIFE into a sheath.

- Clips his belt together.

- Grabs a .458 CALIBER RIFLE, pushes a LARGE BULLET down into the magazine and brings the bolt over leaving the chamber empty.

INT. TORO SAFARI LODGE - SHACK - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

FROM BEHIND -- He sits fully dressed on his closed toilet.

He opens a container and dumps a bunch of PILLS into his hand. He throws them back with a few good gulps of whiskey.

He splashes his face with water, pauses and then looks up to the mirror.

HENRY DAVIS (27) is revealed. He's thin, tan and has a shaggy beard.

His eyes are glazed and bloodshot.

INT. TORO SAFARI LODGE - LOUNGE AREA - MORNING

A group of safari guides drink coffee, smoke cigarettes and play cards. WAYNE (late 30's, tough, white South African) LUNGILE and MSIZI (mid 30's, brothers, pure blooded Zulus with thick accents).

Guests mingle outside the lounge. They are very clearly TOURISTS.

WAYNE

(of the guests)

Somtuymes, I wish a fuckin Ele'd tusk these whites.

LUNGILE

These whites? You are white, my friend.

WAYNE

I'm almost as blek as you. And I'm not talking about skin colla you racist prick. They are *whites*. White, whites. A different species. The type that wull little by little be pullin beck when you talk to them, afraid to get too close, like you are going to bayte them. Always looking over thea shoulder. Afraid of you blecks. A nervous people who cannot enjoy anything cause' they're so afraid of wuts coming next.

LUNGILE

(hiding his sarcasm)

Very very wise. Let me look at you for a second.

(he stares)

You are as white as day to me brotha.

Lungile and Msizi laugh.

WAYNE

Fuck you.

Henry enters.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Ahhh, here he is. The God of fuckin
buzz kills.

LUNGILE
What type of white is Henry? White?
Or white white?

The two laugh again. Henry ignores as he pours himself
coffee.

LUNGILE (CONT'D)
Did you hear the Lions last night,
Henry?

Henry doesn't respond.

LUNGILE (CONT'D)
Henry?

HENRY
I didn't hear em.

LUNGILE
Close. Very close.

MSIZI
One hundred Pula, I find Lion
first.

Msizi slaps down the money on the table while taking a deep
drag of his cigarette. Lungile and Wayne both agree.

HENRY
I don't bet.

WAYNE
Stupid fecking yank. You track
betta then'll these blacks.

HENRY
They don't track, they listen for
me on the radio.

MSIZI
Nought today. No no no no. I find
Lion, first.

LUNGILE
(to Msizi)
He always finds the animals first.
You are stupid with your money.
This is why no women like you.

MSIZI

The women I pay don't think I'm
stupid with my money.

Lungile and Msizi laugh and give each other a fist pound.

MSIZI (CONT'D)

Come on, Henry.

WAYNE

Ehhhh fek that, he's a panzy bitch.
Right, ef you win an find that
lion, I will lit you sleep with mah
wife.

Lungile and Msizi both give an *ohhhhhh*. As Henry walks out
the door...

HENRY

It's about time that woman got
laid.

Lungile and Msizi laugh hysterically in Wayne's face.

WAYNE

Fuck off.

EXT. AFRICAN BUSH - DAY

Henry leads a family of five wealthy English guests. They
walk in a single file line. Behind him is LAUREN (30), an
attractive blonde woman with a camera around her neck.

She is followed by her parents, RICHARD and DEBRA (late 50's)
and anchoring are CINDY (late 20's) and DAVID (early 30's),
Cindy's husband.

Henry keeps his head down as he TRACKS. The sun scorches in
the sky.

DEBRA

(whispering)

He hasn't said anything to us in
over an hour.

RICHARD

He's tracking.

Henry senses their boredom and puts his hand up signaling the
group to stop. He kneels down and looks around on the ground.
He waves them over.

The group circles around Henry as he points to a section of dirt. The group sees nothing.

LAUREN
What are we looking at?

HENRY
Hyena.

LAUREN
We don't see it.

Henry slowly and gracefully traces the footprint with his finger, revealing the track. The group is intrigued. Henry points ahead and the hyena's path becomes clear.

DEBRA
(interrupting)
There's a huge bird on a tree.

The group pulls out their binoculars.

DAVID
Vulture.

RICHARD
Look at the size of him.

DEBRA
Does that mean there's a dead
animal nearby?

CLOSE ON -- THE VULTURE.

After a beat, the bird turns and looks directly at Henry. A distinct, ominous look.

DEBRA (CONT'D)
Excuse me?

Henry snaps out of it.

HENRY
No. But, they *do* mainly scavenge.

LATER...

The group marches on as the sun beats down hard. Socially unaware and inconsiderate, Henry pushes forward with little regard for the comfort of the others.

Debra is dehydrated.

DEBRA
(frustrated)
What are you looking for?

HENRY
(annoyed)
It's a surprise.

DEBRA
Couldn't the surprise be anywhere
by now?

SUDDENLY, Henry kneels down. The group stops.

FRESH LION TRACKS. They lead into thick bush.

RICHARD
More Hyena?

HENRY
(whispering)
We're gunna swing around and see if
we can get a look from a safe
place. Stay behind me and don't
speak.

The group tip toes into a clearing. Henry, intensely focused,
puts his hand up again.

In the distance, two stiff and alert ZEBRA look in their
direction, they turn and run. A VERVET MONKEY screams in a
nearby tree.

Henry is in tune with EVERY DETAIL. The rest of the group is
oblivious. Lauren starts to speak. Henry quickly silences
her. He listens carefully.

Nothing.

He kneels down.

Another large LION TRACK. This one, however, has an identical
footprint next to it... ONE THIRD THE SIZE.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Oh shit.

In the blink of an eye, a large LIONESS STORMS out of a bush
directly towards the group. She charges at full speed.

Henry shoulders his rifle and sticks up his right hand.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(towards the lion)
HEYY!

The LIONESS halts no more than eight meters from the group. She SNARLS with rage. Debra, terrified, turns to run, when David grabs and pulls her into his chest.

HENRY (CONT'D)
NOBODY MOVE!

The lioness backs up quickly. Behind her, a pride of six more lions slowly comes out of the thicket.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Face the animals and slowly back up.

The moment the group moves the lead lioness COMES CHARGING BACK. Henry cocks the rifle. The sound makes the lioness stop five meters away. She paces back and forth, stopping to snarl ferociously and slap at the ground.

Henry screams at her and she backs up a little, but won't leave.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(to the group)
Move.

Again, after their first step, the lioness charges. HER MOST AGGRESSIVE CHARGE YET. Ten meters. Nine. Eight. Seven. Six. She does not slow down.

HENRY (CONT'D)
HEY!

Five. Four. THREE METERS. HENRY TAKES AIM.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Don't.

The lioness comes to a screeching stop, TWO METERS AWAY, spraying dirt in Henry's face.

Henry and the lioness lock eyes. With the same speed at which she arrived, the lioness leaves, darting into the bushes. The other lions disappear.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Back up.

The group slowly walks backwards. After a moment of calm, Henry brings the gun down and turns to face the group.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Surprise.

INT. TORO SAFARI LODGE - RESERVE MANAGER'S OFFICE - EVENING

PETER KNOWLES (50's, Aussie) sits behind his large wooden desk. His office is full of disorganized paperwork. Henry drowsily stands opposite of Peter.

PETER

Well?

HENRY

She sprung on us. I handled it.

Peter looks drained.

PETER

She was with her cubs wasn't she?

Henry stays quiet.

PETER (CONT'D)

I mean Jesus, Henry. What the fuck is with you? That old broad coulda had a heart attack. You don't stop for water? I mean fuck. You smell like a liquor store all the time.

HENRY

Who's saying that?

PETER

It doesn't fucking matter who says it, does it?

Henry is quiet.

PETER (CONT'D)

We coulda had a real nice funeral in the bush today. You've been attacked by something or other six times in the last three weeks. If you want to kill yourself fine, but I won't let you destroy my reserve doing it.

(Pause)

The *only* reason you are still here is because of your Dad...

EXT. CHOBE NATIONAL PARK - SAVANNA - DUSK

Henry sits on the hood of his GAME VEHICLE.

He stares off at a beautiful SAVANNA. He takes a swig of WHISKEY.

CLOSE ON -- Henry. His brain CHURNING as...

WE PRE LAP -- The sound of RHYTHMIC SCRAPING...

EXT. ADIRONDACKS, NY - WOODS - DUSKFLASHBACK

CLOSE ON -- A pair of young hands SCRAPING a small piece of metal against a flint rock.

It's early-fall in the wilds of upstate New York, deep in the lush Adirondack forest. The first layer of lifeless leaves coat the forest floor.

YOUNG SEAN (12, precocious and clean-cut) teaches his younger brother how to use a MAGNESIUM FIRE STARTER. Sean scrapes the stone gracefully producing sparks and smoke.

YOUNG SEAN

It works better when you do it smooth. See?

YOUNG HENRY (10, curious and grubby) can't contain himself. He reaches for the fire starter.

YOUNG HENRY

Can I try?

YOUNG SEAN

Henry, relax. Don't grab.

Sean hands it over. Henry scrapes aggressively.

YOUNG SEAN (CONT'D)

Slow down.

Henry scrapes and scrapes and gets no sparks.

YOUNG HENRY

It's broken.

YOUNG SEAN

It's not broken. You aren't listening.

YOUNG HENRY
I can make a fire with two sticks
and a rock. This is stupid.

Henry throws it back.

Sean considers how dark it's getting.

YOUNG SEAN
Ready?

YOUNG HENRY
Wait for the signal this time.

Henry pulls out a SLING SHOT and an ACORN. He puts the acorn
to his lips and blows making a loud WHISTLE.

YOUNG HENRY (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
Got it?

YOUNG SEAN
Give me a break.

YOUNG HENRY
I'm gunna get him in the forehead.

YOUNG SEAN
Million bucks says you miss.

YOUNG HENRY
Deal.

They shake hands. Sean looks up to scout out their plan.

YOUNG SEAN
I'll go this way, you...

Henry is gone.

EXT. ADIRONDACKS, NY - WOODS - TEN MINUTES LATER

Sean creeps through the forest, stepping on twigs and crunchy
leaves. He sees smoke from a campsite through the brush.

Out of nowhere, WILLIAM DAVIS (40's a robust, bearded man)
grabs his eldest son by the waist hoisting him in the air.

William is SOUTH AFRICAN, revealed by his blondish-brown
hair, his sun-wrinkled skin and the unmistakable accent.

Sean screams.

YOUNG SEAN

Damn it!

WILLIAM

You could bild a hut with all the
twigs you were stompin on. Walk
lahter.

We hear the acorn whistle.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

What was that?

Sean quickly pulls out of his father's arms as the acorn ZIPS
out of the forest and hits William in the forehead.

Henry comes screaming from the bushes and tackles his father.
William hits the ground laughing. Sean jumps on top of the
pile and the boys laugh and wrestle.

INT. CAVE - DAY

PRESENT

Sean tries to open his eyes, but the dried blood seals them
shut. The sun, HIGH IN THE SKY, creeps through the thick
trees.

He lifts his head and grits his teeth. His mouth is desert
dry. He feels for his water bottle and dabs a little into his
hand. He wipes the blood out of his eyes and opens them.

Sean guzzles his water, but abruptly stops. *Better conserve.*

He touches the wound on his head. It's severely swollen.

He checks out his leg. The blood around the wound has dried
and the PROTRUDING bone looks clean.

Sean slowly lifts up his shirt to investigate the wound on
his stomach and chest. He reveals...

A VERY DEEP GASH.

DARK RED oozes from his mid section. He removes his shirt and
pulls a clean one out of his backpack.

He dabs a little water onto the new shirt and wipes the dirt
and dried blood around the area of the wound. Even light
pressure makes the wound bleed.

Sean takes out a small FIRST AID KIT and pulls out a half used bottle of HYDROGEN PEROXIDE. Laying on his side, he pours the liquid on the wound.

Sean growls as the peroxide sizzles. He wraps the shirt tight around his abdomen.

Sean drags himself to the entrance of the cave to assess the predicament.

There is a steep incline to the north and a decline to the south. Everything is heavily wooded and rocky. *Difficult terrain.*

Sean looks up...

Tall trees above him block the sky. He can barely see the clouds.

EXT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S HOUSE - PORCH - EVENING

CLOSE ON -- A foot tapping a wooden floorboard.

It's JESSICA DAVIS (30, cute, but tough and athletic). She's five months PREGNANT.

Jessica stares anxiously out into the wilderness behind her home. She hears a noise and quickly leans over the balcony, only to see an older man and woman out for an evening stroll.

She grabs the CORDLESS LAND LINE and dials. Jessica bites her nails. We hear the other end of the line go straight to SEAN'S voice mail.

LATER --

Jessica paces nervously. She sits and turns on the TV. It's the news where a reporter behind a desk says...

TV REPORTER
Sam Mitchell, age 10, was last seen
on the outskirts of...

Jessica abruptly turns the TV off and lays down on the couch. Once more, she tries Sean's cell phone.

Straight to voice mail. Jessica grabs a pillow and hugs it.

EXT. ADIRONDACKS, NY - MEADOW - DAYFLASHBACK

A SLIGHTLY YOUNGER Sean (27) and Jessica (26) relax together on a blanket on a soft patch of grass. Both are thinner with younger faces. Sean has longer hair.

Sean rests his head on Jessica's lap. Jessica sketches a drawing of an OLD MAN and OLD WOMAN fishing together in a stream. It's VERY detailed and VERY good.

Sean turns his head to see the art work.

SEAN

I plan on being fatter.

JESSICA

(smiles)

Quit changing the subject. We have to come up with something.

SEAN

What's going to stop this perfect athletic specimen?

Jessica is serious.

SEAN (CONT'D)

A meal. Two meals. If I say I'll be home for dinner and miss breakfast... you call for help.

JESSICA

And if you say you'll be home for breakfast and miss lunch?

SEAN

I mainly snack my way through the day, I don't technically consider lunch a meal...

Jessica playfully knocks him in the stomach. Sean laughs and softly tackles her.

INT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNINGPRESENT

Jessica wakes up on the couch with the phone still in her hand. She sits up quickly.

JESSICA

Baby?

The house is dead quiet. She stands up and walks to her bedroom.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Sean?

No Sean.

EXT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S HOUSE - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Her pace quickens as she walks to the front porch. Jessica leans over the balcony and looks at their BIKE RACK.

ONE bike.

INT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - 30 MINUTES LATER

Jessica sits with her arms folded at her kitchen table. She stares at her clock. The minute hand clicks to 9:00 AM.

JESSICA

And that's breakfast.

EXT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

A couple POLICE JEEPS are parked outside of the house.

INT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jessica is frustrated and arguing with a YOUNG LOCAL COP when... "MICK", DAVID MCKORKLE, 60's, enters.

Mick, the local Sheriff, gives a false sense of competence. He has never been taken seriously as a law enforcement officer in his town, because there has never been much law to enforce.

JESSICA

Yes, last night. I've said that eight times.

She sees Mick.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Mick, these are kids you've sent over.

The young cop rolls his eyes.

MICK
(to Jess)
Let's talk outside.

EXT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S - DECK

Mick looks at a NOTE Sean left for Jessica. It reads.

"Good morning. I'm off to the woods to save our business. Be back for dinner Thursday. Love, Sean".

MICK
"Back for dinner
Thursday".

Mick checks his watch.

MICK (CONT'D)
He's about fifteen hours overdue at this point. I have to say, normally we don't report someone as missing until it's been at least twenty four hours.

JESSICA
It's our rule.

MICK
Your rule?

JESSICA
If he says he'll be back for dinner and misses breakfast... we call for help.

MICK
He's never just, been late?

JESSICA
Never.

MICK
I'll get in touch with Mountain Rescue. Right now, we've got volunteers and all the guys I can afford... are on foot.

JESSICA
He has a cell phone.

MICK
We'll look into it, but out here, I doubt that means anything.
(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

(pause)

Now, I need you to *relax*. Even professionals get lost in the woods. I'm guessin, in an hour or two, your husband will walk through the front door and ask what the commotions about.

INT. TORO SAFARI LODGE - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A door opens.

Henry walks through, entering a LUXURIOUS African-bush style restaurant, exposed on all sides to it's wild surroundings.

The five guests laugh and drink wine around the table. Henry sits with them.

DEBRA

Explain to me how a Westminster snob like myself could prepare for that. We lack man-eating cats, if you don't recall.

Laughter.

LAUREN

When I was mugged-- I thought I would lay down, cry and beg. But, I didn't. Some people are just built different.

Lauren glances over to Henry, trying to both impress and compliment him with that story. Henry doesn't care.

DEBRA

If I ever get attacked by a bottle of Chardonnay, I'll know what to do.

Laughter.

HENRY

She wasn't a man-eater.

DEBRA

Sorry?

HENRY

You said man-eater. She was defending her cubs.

DEBRA
(taken back)
Oh.

The table is quieted by Henry's aggressive remark. Richard breaks the silence.

RICHARD
Henry, mind if I ask you a personal question?

HENRY
I might.

DEBRA
Richard.

RICHARD
It's not too personal. How are you here?

HENRY
I'm not sure I--

RICHARD
Africa. How did you find yourself out in the bush?

HENRY
I was looking for something, I guess.

LAUREN
Have you been at Toro the whole time?

HENRY
I started in South Africa.

A STILL PHOTO --

Henry is shirtless. He wears Army pants and a head band. He holds a large machine gun.

HENRY (V.O.)
I did six months with an anti-poaching unit. That's where I learned about the bush.

Henry sits next to an OLD BLACK MAN with a long white beard. He also holds a large MACHINE GUN.

They are surrounded by green African jungle.

HENRY (V.O.)
A man who knew my father there took
me under his wing.

We hold on Henry's face from the photograph. An angry soul.

DEBRA
You arrested poachers?

HENRY
Sometimes.

DEBRA
And other times?

HENRY
We shot them.

The group is unnerved. Lauren is captivated.

INT. TORO SAFARI LODGE - HENRY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Henry sits at his small desk. He nurses a glass of whiskey
and stares at what seems like nothing at all.

Henry picks up a photo. It's of himself, Sean and Jessica. He
throws back some more pills and takes another swig of
whiskey.

WE HEAR -- a light KNOCK on the door. Henry quickly snaps out
of it and hides the pills.

Another light KNOCK.

HENRY
Come in.

The door opens and Lauren enters.

LAUREN
I hope I'm not interrupting.

HENRY
No.

LAUREN
You left so abruptly, thought we
might have upset you.

HENRY
No.

LAUREN

I can only imagine what you must think of the prudish city folk who wet themselves when they get their hands dirty.

HENRY

I don't care.

Lauren takes few steps forward and has a quick glance around his room.

LAUREN

I wanted to say thank you for today. You saved our lives for bloody sake.

HENRY

I got us into that jam.

LAUREN

Either way, it was remarkable.

Henry nods and looks away. An awkward silence. Lauren expected this to be easier.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Are you busy?

Henry picks up a guide book.

HENRY

I was... pretending to read a book.

LAUREN

I'm brilliant at pretending to accomplish things, as well.

Henry forces a fake smile.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

We are about to move from the table to the bar. You can't *pretend* to have a drink. Let me buy you one.

A long beat.

HENRY

Why?

LAUREN

(surprised)

Think of it as gratuity for rescuing us from impending doom.

HENRY

Why would you want to spend a second more with me than you have to?

There's no stopping Henry now. With this cold question, Lauren's romantic feelings turn to pity.

LAUREN

You're interesting.

HENRY

You think you can help me?

LAUREN

That seems near impossible.

HENRY

You know how many woman have knocked on that door? It does help, actually. For a few minutes. Then... it's ten times worse.

LAUREN

That's not why I'm --

HENRY

Right, you think a meaningless conversation we have is going to change something.

Lauren keeps her chin up.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You can't change a fucking thing. Like every shit-head tourist who comes out here to find themselves. What have you found? Did you find yourself?

(laughing)

You found a dejected, drunk safari guide who almost got you killed. And you still want to fuck him. Now, *that's* depressing... Go home, whatever your name is.

Lauren stares him down. Even Henry knows he went too far.

LAUREN

I hope getting that out helped in some way.

Lauren leaves. Henry sits back in his chair for a moment. In a rage he throws his lamp against the wall.

SMASH.

EXT. AFRICAN BUSH - NIGHT

Henry drives fast through the bush. Some IMPALA cross in front of the road. Their eyes glow.

Henry chugs whiskey, his eyes blood shot. He comes to a stop, far away from everything and everyone.

WE HEAR -- The deep sounds of ROARING LIONS and the high pitched yelps of HYENAS in the distance.

Henry grips his rifle. He looks at it for a moment, before taking a big swig from his bottle. He places the rifle in his BACK SEAT and steps out of the car...

Henry takes another swig and throws his bottle into the bush. He stares into the darkness, the deadly sounds of the wild calling to him.

Henry STARTS FORWARD. He raises his hands above his head, as he deliberately moves away from the safety of his car. His eyes stream tears. The African night begins to consume him.

He is about to disappear completely when --

The CAR RADIO CRACKLES.

RADIO VOICE

Henry, come in, mate. Henry, it's Peter.

Henry snaps out of his suicidal trance.

RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)

If you can hear me. I'm sorry, mate. It's your brother... he's gone missing.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Sean takes everything out of his bag...

A mattress pad, his one man tent, sleeping bag, head torch, long underwear, a sweatshirt, a swiss army knife, binoculars, rope, two pairs of socks, rain gear, an elastic cord with hooks on the end, a few granola bars, two cans of tuna, a map, notebook, some pens and his cigarettes.

He organizes, putting everything neatly and accessibly in a corner of the cave.

He uses his head lamp to check on his stomach. It does not look good. The cut is WIDE OPEN and mildly infected.

Sean takes his knife and cuts small punctures on each side of the wound. His eyes tear because of the pain. Once he cuts enough, he shakily puts his knife down and brings the foot of his unbroken leg close to him.

He removes his SHOELACE from the boot. Sean ties a marbled-sized knot on one end. He takes the shoelace and carefully dips it into the bottle of hydrogen peroxide.

He proceeds to thread his cut with his shoelace. Every insertion stings. Once the shoelace is through all of the punctures, he PULLS TIGHT.

Sean slowly and carefully cuts his pants open with his knife.

He tips the peroxide and pours a bit on the break. It sizzles.

Sean grabs rope and takes out the poles from his wrapped up tent. He cuts the rope into three sections.

Sean puts three tent poles against his broken leg and lightly secures them in three different spots with the rope.

Sean wipes sweat from his forehead.

He adjusts himself, takes a deep breath and puts his hands over his eyes.

SEAN

Fuck.

He lightly touches the top of the break and quickly pulls back as though receiving an electric shock.

He LUNGES forward, but stops himself.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Do it. Do it. Now!

He starts and stops, once again.

After a brief pause, he PUSHES down on his break, the bone SLAMS back into his leg.

CRACK.

Sean's eyes roll back. He VOMITS violently. His leg shakes uncontrollably.

About to pass out, Sean quickly TIGHTENS the ropes.

WE PRE-LAP -- A man YELLS over the PIERCING sound of a SAW cutting metal as...

INT. ADIRONDACKS, NY - GARAGE - DAY

FLASHBACK

YOUNGER SEAN (27), dirty and sweaty from the day of work, YELLS up to an OLDER MAN from the first floor of an OLD BARN turned MECHANIC shop.

The older man wears a WELDING MASK and saws a large sheet of metal on the second level of the open concept barn.

Sean stands next to an ELEVATED CAR. A few OVERWEIGHT mechanics sit around on boxes and eat sandwiches.

SEAN

HEY!! LENNY!! I'm takin off!

Lenny stops cutting. We think it's because he heard Sean.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Lenny, I'm taking --

Lenny starts back up again.

EXT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Sean exits the garage. The old barn is surrounded by a junk yard of OLD BEAT UP CARS, SCRAP METAL etc... FORECLOSED STORES and MOBILE HOMES line the sides of the street.

Sean lights a cigarette and opens the door to his been-through-hell 1982 Toyota pick-up.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN TOWN - BACK OF STORE - DAY

A SLIGHTLY YOUNGER, but just as tortured, HENRY (24) stands with his back to us behind a foreclosed store. He flips a large BUCK KNIFE around his finger. Very impressive.

A LOCAL BOY (16, hickish) approaches him from around the side. He is startled at the sight of the knife.

Henry flips it into his sheath.

BOY

You Henry?

HENRY
Yeah. Where's Boondo?

BOY
He's sick. I got wut you want.

Henry gives him a suspicious look.

HENRY
Let's see it.

The boy is nervous and fumbles in his pockets. He pulls out a VILE OF PILLS.

HENRY (CONT'D)
How much?

BOY
Thirty.

Henry hands him the money. The boy hands over the pills.

BOY (CONT'D)
Everybody know you round here.

Henry investigates the drugs.

BOY (CONT'D)
They say you could track a moose
two weeks in front of ya. They say
you smell better than a coyote.

HENRY
They sound like idiots.

Henry's done with this kid. He reaches for his pack of cigarettes. The boy slowly backs up.

He turns the corner and runs away.

INT. SEAN'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Sean drives through town. He sees the boy come running out from behind the store.

Sean stops. *Goddamn it, Henry.*

He pulls over in front of the store and rolls down the window. After a moment, he honks.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN TOWN - BACK OF STORE - CONTINUOUS

Henry peaks around the store to check out who is honking.

HENRY

Shit.

EXT. STREET IN TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Henry comes around the side of the store and approaches the car.

He gets in and looks straight ahead. Sean stares him down. Henry keeps his head pointed forward.

HENRY

Ready when you are.

EXT. ADIRONDACKS, NY - WATERFALL - DAY

Sean leaps off a forty foot WATERFALL and crashes into a natural pool, not before completing a graceful, mid-air flip.

SEAN

Fuck me. You either get your balls
smashed or ass raped by water. I'm
not sure which I prefer.

Henry sits, legs hanging over the edge of the jump. A cigarette hangs from the corner of his mouth.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(disgruntled)

I'm gunna have creature children.

Sean floats peacefully on his back. Henry remains seated.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You gunna jump or what?

Henry pinches the lit end of the cigarette out and places the butt in his pocket.

HENRY

I gotta find dinner.

EXT. WOODS - EARLY EVENING

A GREY SQUIRREL crawls up a thick tree trunk. Henry silently peaks his eyes around a nearby boulder. He watches, perfectly still.

Sean lays on the ground behind him. He impatiently fidgets and softly rustles the leaves below him. The squirrel stops, momentarily sensing danger. Henry puts a JAGGED STONE into a HAND-MADE SLING SHOT.

The boys whisper.

SEAN
Ten bucks.

HENRY
Quiet.

SEAN
Ten bucks.

HENRY
Make it a million.

In the blink of an eye Henry pulls the sling back and releases.

SNAP!

EXT. CAMP SITE - EVENING

A perfectly skinned and gutted squirrel roasts over a crackling flame. Henry cooks his meal on a stick over a fire that burns in the middle of an open, tentless campsite.

Sean sits a few feet away, his back against a log. He eats a store bought sandwich and a granola bar.

SEAN
(mouth full)
I'll write ya a check.

Henry takes a big bite of his squirrel.

SEAN (CONT'D)
And you ask me why you're single.

HENRY
I never asked you that.

SEAN
(pointing at squirrel)
You're eating my answer if you ever do. Women like things nice n' civilized. A picnic comes with a basket and blanket, not a sling shot and a dead raccoon.

A rare LAUGH from Henry.

EXT. CAMP SITE - SOME TIME LATER

Half a bottle of whiskey has been consumed. Both the boys smoke cigarettes. They sing "Redemption Song" by Bob Marley, in unison.

Won't you help to sing. This songs of freedom. 'Cause all I ever have: Redemption songs; Redemption songs.

They stop and enjoy the quiet.

SEAN

I need you to come with me to Chucks.

HENRY

You don't need shit.

SEAN

It'll look better if we both go.

HENRY

What am I gunna say?

SEAN

I don't want you to *speak* when we get there. This guy could give us everything. It isn't a coffee date.

HENRY

It's a picnic?

SEAN

Ladies and Gentlemen, in a dramatic turn of events, young Henry Davis has put all his contempt for mankind aside and shows us he understands *irony*.

Henry gives Sean the fist clenched "jerk-off" motion.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I can have that arranged for ya...
If you show me you're committed.

HENRY

I'd make it worse. I hate that guy.

SEAN

Henry, he's got money. Money we're desperate for.

EXT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAYPRESENT

Jessica stands on her back porch. She scans the woods behind her home with binoculars.

JESSICA
Come on baby. You are old and lost
track of time. That's it.

She looks back inside her home.

JESSICA'S POV -- Through her porch door Mick stands over the dining room table looking at a map. He talks to someone on the radio.

Jessica gets anxious. She storms into the house.

INT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JESSICA
Heard anything from search and
rescue?

MICK
(into walkie)
Keep heading north. Over.
(to Jess)
I wish it worked that quickly. It
just doesn't. I'm not going to
sugar coat anything with you. It
may be a while before we get a
helicopter or two.

JESSICA
Jesus Christ.

MICK
By tonight we'll have more
volunteers from town and the word
spread as far north as Montague.

Local police can be heard communicating on our end of Mick's radio.

JESSICA
I can't just sit here and wait.
There has to be something else we
can do.

MICK
(into walkie)
Exactly. You and Sammy. North.
(to Jess)
Like I said, it just takes a little
bit of time.

Jessica turns and looks out her window.

WE HEAR -- LAUGHTER as we PRE-LAP...

INT. DAVIS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

Family dinner in the IMPOVERISHED country house of Sean and Henry's childhood. Like so many families in the Adirondack Park, the Davis's have never had much.

Sean (27) sits next to Jessica (26). Accompanying them are Henry (24) and their mother, SUSAN DAVIS (50'S, country tough, proud), UNCLE IRV (50'S, overweight, funny) with Jessica's parents and a few extended family members from both sides.

We arrive to an animated Sean, mid story...

SEAN
... and this just is NOT... the
bunny slope. If I start skiing,
I'll die. I wouldn't even have to
fall, I would just drop dead.

Laughter.

JESSICA
He said he was a skier!

SEAN
I lied. I'm frozen there.

The table is engaged. Henry sips his beer, his mind elsewhere.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Then, I start sliding down and I
can't stop. People are whizzing by
me shouting. I could only hear the
end of their "uckk yooouuus".

Jessica reaches for Sean's hand underneath the table.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I had to choose. Die, or look really stupid. I choose stupid and I leaned forward and belly flopped into the snow.

Laughter.

FAMILY MEMBER

How'd you get down?

Sean acts out a crawling motion.

SEAN

On my stomach.

More laughter.

SUSAN

And that was your first date?!

Jessica smiles and nods.

JESSICA

Yes, it was. Susan tell my parents how you met Bill.

Susan smiles, but it still hurts.

SUSAN

Well. It was the only trip I've ever taken. My aunt brought me to Africa for a safari. Bill was our guide.

The table is intrigued.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

He was a tall, handsome safari guide. I don't think I saw any animals, I was watching him the whole time. I don't much believe in fate, but it was hard not to after he asked if I would stay in Africa with him. But, I convinced him to come here.

(pause)

You would have loved him. He would have loved you too.

Susan tears up. Uncle Irv rubs her back. Sean smiles at her. He glances at Henry.

UNCLE IRV
(diverting)
When do you all head out west?

SEAN
Depends on Chuck.

FAMILY MEMBER
Who's Chuck?

SUSAN
He's a long t--

Henry cuts her off, out of the blue.

HENRY
He's a prick with a ton of money,
who kills animals for the fuck of
it.

The table is stunned and sits silently.

FAMILY MEMBER
Oh.

SEAN
(clarifying)
We're looking for an investor. He's
a family friend who might help us
out.

The fun, boisterous atmosphere at the table has DIED.

SUSAN
(towards the guests)
You'll have to forgive my other
son. We gave him a room, but he
chose to live in cave.

HENRY
(to Susan)
I'm sitting right here, you know.

SUSAN
(to Henry)
I hadn't noticed, you've barely
said a word.

HENRY
(sarcastic)
Just trying to make you happy, Ma.

SEAN
Guys.

SUSAN

Do me a favor? Think about your
brother and not yourself, for once.

Henry stands up.

HENRY

I never think about either of us.

INT. SMALL PLANE - WINDOW SEAT - DAY

PRESENT

Henry stares out the window. The clouds look like an infinite white mountain range.

Henry holds a BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH --

WILLIAM DAVIS in full SAFARI GUIDE GEAR stands with a group of BLACK AFRICANS somewhere in the BUSH. It's the moment frozen in time that Henry has been chasing.

Henry regards it as we...

EXT. ADIRONDACK WOODS - CAMPSITE - NIGHT

FLASHBACK

The dark forest surrounds a small campfire. YOUNG Sean (12) and YOUNG Henry (10) sit beside William, who enjoys a Guord Pipe, a traditional African smoking device.

They sit atop their sleeping bags. The Davis boys sleep outside, under the stars.

Off to the side of the camp, an expensive tent is set up. CHUCK FOLEY fumbles around inside.

William glances over towards the tent.

WILLIAM

I can only save you so much of this
hea pipe, bru. It's too good.

Chuck (40's, wealthy, a nice man) pops his head out.

CHUCK FOLEY

One minute.

Chuck continues messing around in his tent, it sounds like he's struggling with something.

YOUNG HENRY
(quietly)
Why is he with us?

WILLIAM
Yu are with *us*. I'm werkin, you
know that.

YOUNG HENRY
You do everything and he gets to
shoot the deer.

YOUNG SEAN
Henry. Dad gets paid to do that.
And we get the meat.

YOUNG HENRY
So what?

Sean rolls his eyes.

WILLIAM
Ay didn't realize your lavish lafe
allowed for making fun of dinna.

YOUNG HENRY
(smiling and cocky)
I can get us all the meat we need.

YOUNG SEAN
Good lord, Henry, wake up.

YOUNG HENRY
I'm wide awake dumbass.

Chuck emerges from his tent. He's dressed in top of the line
camping apparel. Way overboard.

CHUCK FOLEY
May I?

William hands Chuck the pipe.

CHUCK FOLEY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Chuck takes a puff.

WILLIAM
Imported frem Africa.

CHUCK FOLEY

Irony, the man who restores
legitimacy to the ancient art of
Adirondack guiding is African.
Makes sense if you ask me.

YOUNG SEAN

There are still other guides here,
aren't there?

CHUCK FOLEY

Not the way there used to be and
none like your father. They say the
last great guides were gone by the
nineteen hundreds.

Sean is intrigued. Henry is annoyed.

CHUCK FOLEY (CONT'D)

Like anything else when there's
money to be made, art loses it's
purity. Along came -

YOUNG HENRY

Rich people.

SEAN

Henry, shut up!

YOUNG HENRY

Do something about it.

Sean pushes him. Henry pushes back. It gets serious.

All of sudden, as though they were sucked into a vortex, the
two are lifted into the air.

William has them, one in each arm.

WILLIAM

Sorry bout this, Chuck.

Chuck smiles and gestures "no problem". William carries the
two off into the woods.

When Chuck is out of ear shot, he puts them down. William
gets close.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Ah can see you two are entering
thet piss-your-fatha-off age,
aren't ya? This is my job, boys.

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

It's nice of em to lit me bring you
hea. We can't afford to screw this
up.

The boys feel bad. William warms up.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Wrestlin's one thing, fightin's
anotha. Whatever crap you are
dealing with, we gotta stick
togetha.

(to Henry)

An don't be an idiot and insult the
guy I'm workin for.

(pause)

You hearin me?

YOUNG HENRY

I'm sorry I said -

WILLIAM

No, the both a ya. We stick
togetha...

YOUNG HENRY/SEAN

Yes.

INT. CAVE - DAY

PRESENT

The SUN beats down violently in the sky. Sean's sweat has washed away some of the dirt and dried blood. However, he is pale and WEAK.

He takes a quick swig from his water bottle and wipes sweat from his chest and forehead.

Sean eats his granola bar. He chews slowly and painfully.
Everything hurts.

Sean digs a hole in his cave and buries the wrapper. He gives a quick look at his remaining food and water that is neatly organized in a small corner of his cave. A Hershey Chocolate Bar, two small cans of tuna and half a bottle of water.

Sean flips open his phone and presses power. Nothing.

He maneuvers his way to the entrance of the cave.

SEAN

Move.

He drags himself along the ground.

He throws sticks towards his cave. Small branches fly through the air, one after another.

Sean stops for a moment. He hears something. A HUMMING sound.
Help on the way?

His pace increases. Sean creates a pile of sticks. He checks his pockets for the lighter.

Not there.

The HUMMING gets louder. Sean painfully scurries back into the cave. He frantically checks his ruck sack.

No lighter.

Sean looks in his neatly organized food, clothing and supplies.

Nothing.

The HUMMING is very loud.

Sean pokes his head out to see a HELICOPTER shoot over head, above the trees.

SEAN (CONT'D)
HEEEELLLLLLLLLPPPPPP!

His exertion aggravates his stomach wound and he grabs it. The helicopter moves on and the HUMMING softens.

CLOSE ON -- Sean's bloodied face, emotionally destroyed.

INT/EXT. SEAN'S TRUCK - DAY

FLASHBACK

CLOSE ON -- Sean (27), clean cut and healthy. He drives through town, passing small foreclosed stores, abandoned homes and farming equipment, left for dead.

As he continues driving, the homes and properties get nicer. He's driving towards the future.

EXT. CHUCK FOLEY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Chuck's log cabin-style mansion sits water's edge on a large serene lake.

Sean exits his truck, wearing the nicest clothes he owns, a flannel button down and khakis. He reaches the front door, takes a deep breath and knocks.

INT. CHUCK FOLEY'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Chuck (50's now) answers the door. His grey hair and beard serve him well.

CHUCK
Seanny boy.

They shake hands and half hug. Chuck's demeanor is relaxed and inviting. Sean is a touch nervous. The two walk in.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Where's Henry?

SEAN
He had an emergency call.

Chuck doesn't buy it.

CHUCK
Always had the feeling that boy
didn't like me very much.

SEAN
Be news to me.

Chuck smiles.

CHUCK
Drink?

SEAN
No thanks.

CHUCK
Horse shit, you must want a beer.

SEAN
You're right.

Chuck heads towards the kitchen.

CHUCK
Make yourself at home.

INT. CHUCK FOLEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the house is large, clean and RUSTIC. It feels more like a museum than a home. The walls of the cavernous living room are made of thick beautiful logs and covered with gorgeously framed paintings of wilderness settings.

CHUCK (O.S.)
You proposed I hear,
congratulations.

SEAN
Thank you.

Scattered throughout are STUFFED ANIMAL HEADS, including A SIX POINT BUCK, a WILD BOAR and a *BLACK BEAR*.

Chuck returns with two bottles of beer.

CHUCK
(smiling)
Hell awaits you.

The two clink their bottles and take a sip.

SEAN
This is great.

Chuck plops down on the couch.

CHUCK
Thanks, brew it myself.

Sean sits.

SEAN
Really? Where do you sell it?

CHUCK FOLEY
I don't.

SEAN
Nice label.

CHUCK FOLEY
So people don't think I'm poisoning
them.

SEAN
Why don't you sell it?

CHUCK

I like that it's mine and no one else's. Not all investments need to turn a profit.

Sean sits silently, unsure how to respond.

CHUCK FOLEY

Others, however, do.

SEAN

Right.

CHUCK

Now, why should I team up with the Davis boys?

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

FLASHBACK CONTINUES

Henry (24) uses a BUCK KNIFE to carefully whittle a handle into a long walking stick. He wears an unkempt PARK RANGER UNIFORM.

Henry patrols the deep Adirondack woods. On his belt hangs the buck knife. On his shoulder, he carries a powerful BOLT ACTION RIFLE.

Henry bends down to inspect the ground. We see an extremely faint outline of a boot track. Henry digs a little and picks up a BULLET SHELL. He slips it into his pocket.

Henry continues looking for something.

He ducks under a branch and squats down, examining the bushy roots of a small tree. Henry traces something. Something invisible to the untrained eye.

He slowly lifts up a muddy cord, cleans off the dirt and a hidden WIRE, thin and silver, is revealed. He rests it back down.

As Henry walks to the other side of the tree. He steps back and reveals a GAME TRAIL or clearing in the dense thicket.

Carefully, Henry takes his walking stick and places it through the open space. In one fluid motion, he pulls up. A SNARE, or hidden LASSO of silver wire CATCHES the stick.

INT. CHUCK FOLEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

We return to the middle of the proposal. Sean excitedly pitches the tag line.

SEAN

"Where Mother Nature Dominates".

CHUCK

Maybe a less frightening slogan,
but I see.

SEAN

It'll be something else. The point
is, our store becomes a *name*. A
name that says "toughness,
woodsman, real outdoors".

CHUCK

That's what every outdoors name
wants. Why would this be any
different?

SEAN

One, our location. My father used
to talk about finding places that
were still unexplored. True
wilderness. There aren't many, but
we found something close.

Sean pulls out a crinkled map and opens it emphatically. He
points to a region in NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You gotta see this place, Chuck.
Beautiful and wild. We set up in
Etna. A small mountain town forty
miles southeast of Fresno,
California. Hundreds of square
miles of wilderness. We couldn't
find a *single* outfitter store. No
camps, no picnic tables, nothing.

CHUCK

And...

SEAN

Henry. We have Henry. I'm the
coach, he's the star running back.

Chuck Foley looks into Sean's eyes and nods.

CHUCK

I'm very impressed. It doesn't surprise me. You have always impressed me, Sean.

Sean is elated. Chuck stands up and walks to the window.

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I have a concern, though.

SEAN

What's that?

CHUCK

I don't see this working without Henry. His skills are unique, there's no doubting that. I'm just not sure how I feel about such a huge part... relying on him.

(off Sean's look)

Please don't take that the wrong way.

Sean leans back.

SEAN

Listen...

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The only sound we hear is Sean's voice continuing.

Henry walks through the woods, his arm full of SNARES made of wire and rope. He hears something and ducks down.

SEAN (V.O.)

When Henry was ten years old, a coyote got our cat.

Henry pokes his head out of the thicket to see a DOE with her head caught in a SNARE. She slowly writhes in pain... dying. There is nothing to be done.

Henry approaches and kneels down next to her. The DOE is defenseless, her back broken.

SEAN (V.O.)

Henry disappeared. When he didn't come home that night, we called the police.

A rustle in the bushes.

SEAN (V.O.)
After five days, we had prepared
for the worst. I was certain he was
dead.

Henry looks up to see a few month old FAWN peering at him
through the bushes. The fawn darts away after a moment of eye
contact.

SEAN (V.O.)
On the sixth morning, Henry walked
through the door. He stood for a
moment holding something behind his
back. He pulls out the dead coyote,
looks me in the eye and quietly
says "got'm".

A DEVASTATED Henry looks down at the dying mother. The deer's
eyes are stricken with fear.

SEAN (V.O.)
He's my brother, Chuck. I love
him...

Henry shoulders the rifle and cocks it.

SEAN (V.O.)
... and I trust him.

BANG. The gun shot is THUNDEROUS.

CUT TO:

INT. CHUCK FOLEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sean sitting on the sofa. Chuck soaks in the story.

SEAN
Let me control the other side.

Chuck slowly sits down. A man with his kind of money has the
luxury of drawing out dramatic decisions, even when his mind
has already been made up. Sean watches him anxiously.

CHUCK
I think we might just have
something here.

Sean claps and fist pumps in excitement.

CHUCK (CONT'D)
Just one thing.
(curiously amused)
(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)
How did you know it was the same
coyote?

Sean motions a knife to the stomach.

SEAN
Out popped old Astro.

CHUCK
Christ.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - EVENING

PRESENT

Henry's airplane lands.

INT. POLICE CAR - EVENING

Henry sits in the back seat of an ARRANGED POLICE ESCORT. He flips his buck knife fast around his finger.

The YOUNG COP drives. He notices the knife in the rearview and gives a half-worried look.

Henry looks out the window.

EXT. ADIRONDACK WOODS - CAMPSITE - MORNING

FLASHBACK

William packs up a cooking kit. YOUNG Sean (12) comes around a bend with a bucket of water to douse the fire.

WILLIAM
Mind fillin up another buckit?
Chuck'll be up and wantin coffee,
surely.

YOUNG SEAN
Do I get commission?

WILLIAM
You get to eat. Yu two are
unbelievable. Speakin' of which,
where is that little devil?

YOUNG SEAN
He was with you.

EXT. FOREST - MEANWHILE

Not far away from camp, young Henry uses the MAGNESIUM FIRESTARTER. He scrapes the flint against a rock creating sparks, but no smoke or flame. He scrapes harder and harder, becoming more and more frustrated.

YOUNG HENRY
(while scraping)
Bull shit. This is bull, bull, bull
shit. It doesn't work!

Henry fakes like he is going to throw the flint, but stops. He tries again. This time smoother. Sparks. Smoke. Henry's eye light up. He grabs more sticks and kindling.

FLAMES.

YOUNG HENRY (CONT'D)
Got it!

Young Henry jumps around, the overjoyed ten year old boy that he is. He is so excited, he forgets to set up a fire pit...

INT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHTPRESENT

Jessica goes over a map with Mick and SEARCH AND RESCUE. Base camp has been set up in the house.

EXT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The car pulls up. Henry, wearing his sturdy, but worn down hiking boots steps out of the vehicle. He puts on his old Adirondack park ranger cap.

INT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jessica sees Henry through a window. She puts the map down and walks briskly to the front door.

Jessica swings it open just as Henry knocks. Jessica takes his arm and pulls him in for a hug. She feels safer, already.

JESSICA
I'm so glad you're here.

After a long beat, Jessica pulls back quickly.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Let's go.

INT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jessica slaps down a map on the counter. Mick and Henry hover over it on either side of Jessica.

She points to the bottom right corner.

JESSICA
Our house is a mile south of Etna.
We run bikers through these trails
in Six Rivers.

She points northeast of the town.

HENRY
Why was he out there?

JESSICA
We've been looking for more places
to take guests. He was mapping an
area.

HENRY
(focused)
Pen.

Mick pulls a red pen from his shirt and hands it to Henry.

JESSICA
We spoke about this area in
Klamath. There were trails that cut
through the valley and into the
park.

HENRY
(drawing on the map)
He left four days ago. Heading
west, starting somewhere along this
general point.

Henry draws six lines extending left over wilderness area on the map. He draws a complete square from the tips of the lines to the main road.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(to Mick)
Where are your people?

MICK
(pointing on the map)
We have search teams hiking east
and west at ten mile gaps. Chopper
flies north and south.

Henry stares at the map.

HENRY
What about here?

Henry points to a southern entrance, via a road.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Did he walk from the house?

JESSICA
Road his bike.

HENRY
He must have started down a road.
If I were him, I'd start south,
head up and loop around. We have no
trace of him whatsoever?

MICK
Nothing as of now.

Henry stands up.

HENRY
I'm going to need a few things.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - SUNRISE

The sun slowly climbs over the mountains.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Jessica drives Henry in silence. Anxious and nervous, she continually looks over at Henry, who keeps his eyes straight ahead.

JESSICA
I'd think you'd have a lot to say,
after disappearing for three years.

Henry looks over.

HENRY
I do.

JESSICA
Why didn't you respond when we
wrote you?

Henry is quiet for a moment.

HENRY
I don't think I'm ever going to
have a good answer for that.

Jessica begins to tear up. Henry sits in silence.

EXT. SOUTHERN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Jessica pulls over to the entrance. Henry gets out of the car and comes to the drivers window. He is already at work, scanning the woods for ways in, assessing. Jessica watches him.

HENRY
(nodding his head)
Alright.
(focused)
I'm going to be checking in with
you and the Rangers. YOU need to
make sure they are covering ground.

Jessica takes a deep breath and nods.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Listen...

Henry starts as though he is going to say something apologetic.

JESSICA
Tell it to Sean.

Henry nods. He turns and walks towards the forest.

Jessica watches Henry as he disappears into the thicket.

CLOSE ON -- Jessica's face.

EXT. DAVIS'S BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

FLASHBACK

WEDDING.

Outside on the small yard behind the Davis House. Heavily wooded hills surround the property.

YOUNGER Sean (27) and Jessica (26) stand in front of forty or so family and friends watching from white plastic chairs on the lawn.

The newly weds take their vows, say their "I do's" and kiss. The crowd claps and cheers.

EXT. DAVIS'S BACKYARD - LATER

DANCING. A local band plays country music. Twenty or so people dance in an area close to the house. Jessica and Sean dance together.

Chuck Foley steals Jessica and swings arms with her. Sean dances with Susan.

Henry sits at a table away from the dance floor. He drinks a large whiskey on the rocks. He looks wasted and melancholy as usual.

DINNER and TOASTS. Susan stands in front of the guests who are now scattered at plastic fold up tables.

SUSAN

(choked up)

I never thought Sean would find a woman that could deal with him. Any girlfriend he had, I would say to myself, you can't handle Sean, his spirit... his love. That was until I met you, Jessica. You are the only person who's heart is as BIG as my son.

The audience claps. Sean and Jessica smile.

Henry reads off a flimsy napkin.

HENRY

I'm not very good at these things. Which is unfortunate because I'm supposed to be the

(making the quotation gesture)

"best" man.

The crowd gives a light sympathetic chuckle

HENRY (CONT'D)

Jessica. I think you're amazing. Sean and you, it works. It does.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)
You actually can get him to shut
up.

Genuine laughter.

HENRY (CONT'D)
My brother. I remember when all we
wanted was to go on adventures.
Life changes. But, no matter what
we do, who we meet or where we are,
there will always be adventure.

Henry brings the napkin down. The brothers LOCK EYES.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I hope the two of you make the most
of *yours*.

THE REVEAL. Henry has no plans to join them out west. For the
brothers, this subtle moment will define the rest of their
lives.

Sean KNOWS IT. He is shattered. He forces a fake half-smile
and claps.

Uncle Irv gives his toast.

UNCLE IRV
I remember, I remember when Sean
came trotting up to me, once. He
tugged my shirt and pinched my leg,
screaming "Uncle Irv, Uncle Irv!"
(acting out the story)
"What?!" I said. "What does it feel
like to make love to a woman?" he
asked. I said, Sean, for the love
of God, your wedding's this
Saturday...

Genuine laughter.

EXT. DAVIS'S BACKYARD - LATER THAT EVENING

More dancing. The band is back in action. Jessica swings arms
with an awkwardly dancing Henry.

Sean lolls in a chair off to the side, drinking a beer. He
GLARES at Henry. Henry gestures to Jessica that he needs a
smoke and walks off.

He walks towards the house, free from the party.

Sean rises, takes a good slug of his beer and follows.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Henry lights a cigarette and lifts himself onto the counter.

The kitchen is quiet. The sounds of the celebration outside are faint. Henry closes his eyes and puts his head back.

Sean enters. Henry looks up.

HENRY

I shoulda just read from the
napkin.

Sean glares at him and slowly walks to the counter.

SEAN

Where are you going?

Henry's confused.

HENRY

I'll hang out for a while.

Sean slams his beer into the counter.

SEAN

Where are you.. going?

Henry is amazed. He didn't want it to go like this...

HENRY

South Africa. Fuck, Sean, I was go -

-

SEAN

(interrupts)

You weren't gunna tell me shit.
You're too much of a pussy for
that. Do you know what I've put
into this? I gotta get out of here,
Henry. There's no future.

(building anger)

I've worked so fucking hard for
this. Did you even think about
that?

Sean is livid and intimidating.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I NEED you. Forget the fact that
you are stabbing in the back the
only person willing to put up with
your shit. I NEED you out there.

HENRY

You have a wedd --

SEAN

No, fuck you. Face this.

HENRY

Fuck you! When did I have a say in this? You drag me around everywhere. Like I'm on a goddamn leash! I'm sick of it. This whole thing was your idea.

SEAN

You prick, we planned this.

HENRY

You planned it.

SEAN

And you were never even gunna say anything because you are a miserable, selfish fucking outcast. *That's* why you're alone. You think, you'll leave your misery behind?

HENRY

(quietly)

I don't know.

SEAN

You'd rather go chase a ghost than stick with your brother who's here and *alive*.

A chord is struck in Henry. Sean tries to calm himself.

HENRY

Careful.

SEAN

You are doing this. At least give me the satisfaction of admitting that.

HENRY

This is who I am.

SEAN

Well, fuck who you are!

Sean turns to go, but before he does.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You know what?

HENRY
(aggressive)
What?

SEAN
Maybe, I've been wrong this whole
time. Maybe, if it weren't for "who
you are", we'd still have Pop.

Henry goes wide-eyed with RAGE. Sean starts to walk away, but Henry dives into his back, spearing him to the kitchen floor. Sean, quickly flips over underneath Henry and HITS him across the face, knocking him back.

In a flash, Sean is on his feet, TACKLING Henry into the refrigerator. The boys try to CHOKE each other. Sean lifts him up and SLAMS him into a glass cabinet, SMASHING it.

Guests outside hear the loud crash and look towards the direction of the noise. Through the window they can see the violent fight taking place. Jessica looks on, horrified.

BACK TO THE KITCHEN --

Sean pushes Henry against the broken glass. Henry knocks both of Sean's hands off his chest and punches him in the face, sending Sean back a few steps. Henry jumps down off the counter and swings for Sean's head. Sean ducks and drives Henry into the ground, tackling his waist.

The boys wrestle on the ground as family and friends come rushing in. A few older men pull Sean off Henry. The bruised and bleeding brothers violently go after each other while being restrained.

Susan SCREAMS for the two to stop. The boys stop struggling and breath heavily.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(dead serious)
Get the fuck out of here and don't
come back.

Henry gives his brother one last look and storms out of the house.

Sean wipes the blood from his face. Jessica enters the room. She gives Sean a look, starts to tear up and leaves. Sean says nothing. He just hangs his head.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Henry, with his face beaten and clothes ripped, walks into the middle of the dark, quiet road. We hear the sounds of the outdoors. The crickets and the soft breeze.

Henry, walks into the night... alone.

EXT. FOREST - DAYPRESENT

Henry moves briskly through the thicket. He smoothly leaps over logs. He walks as though he has seen something already.

The spider webs and prickly bushes are no match for this experienced TRACKER.

Henry pushes hard uphill. He grabs trees for leverage. He reaches an open area at the peak of an incline.

Here we can see the vastness of the North American wild. Henry takes out his map and marks the peak.

He takes out his binoculars and scans the terrain. We see some rocky mountainous regions. He notices a soft flowing river at the base of the rocky hills

Henry puts down the binoculars and takes off.

EXT. WOODS - HOURS LATER - DAY

Henry searches the ground, trees and bushes looking for a sign. Henry pauses and catches his breath, leaning against a tree. He takes out his radio.

HENRY

Come in house.

JESSICA (THROUGH RADIO)

(static, very unclear)

It's Jess. Anything?

HENRY

Not yet. Tell them to focus on rocky areas. If he's hurt, he's not building a shelter. He may be in a cave or under a cliff or something.

There is silence on the other end of the radio.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Jess?

The radio loses contact for a moment.

JESSICA

Here. Can you hear me?

HENRY

Let me know if something changes.

Henry puts the radio back in his bag. He quickly sprints up a hill. Looking through his binoculars, we see a small helicopter in the far distance.

HENRY (CONT'D)

SEAN?!

His voice echoes.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Sean pushes against the walls of the cave.

SEAN'S POV -- He lifts his good leg up and down. Sean takes a breath, his second leg begins to shake. Sean yells.

SEAN

Come on you pussy.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Sean in the nearby thicket finds a large stick.

EXT. OUTSIDE CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

He tries to pull himself up using a boulder. The injury on his stomach streams blood. Sean fights through the pain and stands up using the stick as a crutch. He smiles.

Sean slowly starts to ease his other hand off the boulder. He stands on his own.

Sean takes one step and puts the crutch down instead of his broken leg. Then another.

Sean takes a third step, but loses his balance and FALLS forward onto his face, kicking DUST into the AIR.

EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MOUNTAINS - SUMMER - DAYFLASHBACK -- THREE YEARS SINCE THE WEDDING --

CLOSE ON -- DUST kicked into the air by a BIKE WHEEL.

INTENSE MOUNTAIN BIKING. A group of seven speed down a hill. The terrain is rocky, but surrounded by green forest.

PULL BACK WIDE -- The bikers are dwarfed by the vastness of their surrounding wilderness. Snow peaked mountains as far as the eye can see.

WE SHOOT BACK IN -- These are experienced bikers. They weave in and out of boulders and take steep downhill slopes with confidence.

The bikers push hard up a hill and stop at the peak. The view is TREMENDOUS. The bikers breath heavily and go for their water bottles. The leader turns to the group and removes his sunglasses.

SEAN (Now, 30) is revealed. He looks older, but healthy as can be. Sean takes a few good gulps of water.

SEAN

Ahhh there is nothing better than a couple hydrogen for every oxygen molecule. Hydrate everyone. Drink, drink, drink. Water is life, life is all we got.

PHIL (mid-to-late 30's, almost bald) is particularly out of breath. He can barely speak.

PHIL

We are pushing it today, eh?

SEAN

(amused)

We are, Phil. Course I come back out here with the middle school on Thursdays, if this is too much.

Lite laughter. Phil waves him off.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(to the group)

Everyone else alright?

The group unanimously says they are fine.

Their view overlooks hundreds of miles of wilderness. Trees, mountains, valleys and rivers provide an epic panorama.

GUEST GIRL, early twenties, athletic, blonde.

GUEST BLONDE
We never ride out that way.

SEAN
I'm working on it, trust me.

Sean faces the area and extends his arms out.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Gorgeous, untouched land. It's all national park, but there's barely a hiking trail. I've heard if you go far enough it's a fair bet you get raided by Sioux.

The group doesn't buy it.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(joking)
I'm serious! We don't even know what's out there, haven't set foot on parts of it. We can send Phil to check it out.

The group laughs.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Phil, I'm fucking with you. I love you.

Sean puts his sunglasses back on.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Let's do it.

Scattered "Hell Yeah", "Let's go" ring-out with enthusiasm. They strap on their helmets and hop on the bikes.

INT. OUTFITTER STORE - "TRAILS" - EARLY EVENING

Sean walks through the door of his business, "Trails". It's small, but stocked with nice looking equipment. Bikes, backpacks, shoes, knives, tents etc.

Sean looks across the store at the checkout counter where GAIL (54, country sweet) his good friend/employee is folding clothing.

INT. "TRAILS" - EARLY EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Sean walks behind the register and sorts through paperwork.

SEAN
How'd we do today?

GAIL
A little better than usual.

SEAN
That bad?

GAIL
You got a message. From the
National Forest committee.

SEAN
(bright eyed)
When?!

GAIL
Ten minutes ago. Her name is Niomi,
her number is on your desk next to
a glass of cold water.

INT. "TRAILS" - SEAN'S OFFICE - 5 MINUTES LATER

Sean stands behind the desk in his small office. He is on the phone. We only hear Sean's side of the conversation.

SEAN
I'm sorry, I was told that I had
until August.
(pause)
Yes, I sent that in.
(pause)
I've tried getting in touch with
them numerous times. It seems as
though they are purposely ignoring
me.
(pause)
Yes ma'm. Mountain biking, hiking,
canoeing, white water rafting. All
of them.
(pause)

Sean looks at a calendar.

SEAN (CONT'D)
That's in two weeks. It's
impossible--
(pause)
(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)
Is there *any* way, I can have more
time?
(pause)
I understand.
(pause)
OK. OK, thank you for your time.

Sean hangs up the phone with force. He turns and stares out the window.

EXT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S - DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Sean pulls up to the back of the house. He chains his bike to the RACK underneath the balcony.

INT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S - EVENING

Jessica (Now, 29) fills a pot of water in the sink. Sean enters.

JESSICA
Hey there.

Jessica faces the sink and Sean approaches her from behind. He puts his chin on her shoulder and his arms gently around her stomach.

SEAN
The forest committee got back to me today.

JESSICA
(intrigued)
What did they say?

SEAN
I'm going to have to get a proposal and layout in.

JESSICA
By when?

SEAN
(lying)
Not sure, but soon.

Jessica turns back to the counter.

JESSICA
Chuck called looking for you.

Sean pretends he didn't hear.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Are we just ignoring him now?

SEAN
I'm afraid of what he'll say.
(off Jessica's look)
Don't even think it. We've come too
far to fold. Please don't worry
about it.

JESSICA
(adamant)
That's not the way this works.
Don't talk to me like I'm a poor
house wife who shouldn't concern
herself with her man's money.

She's a tough cookie.

SEAN
I know that. Good lord. You're
pregnant and I don't want you
stressing.

He spoons Jessica and begins kissing her neck passionately.

He slowly moves his hand up to her chest and grabs firmly.
Jessica closes her eyes.

JESSICA
We have no money, no plan and soon
no business.

SEAN
We work on those to make time for
this.

Jessica turns and they kiss passionately.

INT. CAVE - DAY

PRESENT

Sean takes the cloth off his leg. All of the skin around the
break is black. He pours more peroxide on it and re-wraps it.

Sean slowly lifts up his shirt. Dark red blood has soaked
through the white bandage. He removes it.

We see the wound. Puss oozes around the shoelaces. The skin
around the cut is dark and swollen. Sean winces at the odor
it produces and coughs again.

SEAN

Oh God.

Sean dabs more peroxide on it and takes a clean cloth to bandage it. He buries the two puss filled and bloodied cloths outside the cave.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Henry looks at bushes, trees and in the dirt for any kind of sign. He leans against a tree, takes out a map and a piece of BEEF JERKY. Henry looks at his map and briefly scans the surrounding area. He spots...

DISTURBED MUD.

Henry runs over to investigate. TIRE TACKS from a bike. Henry follows. He goes up and over, in and around boulders.

Henry reaches a peak and looks down and sees something! He slides down the hill and stands over a BIKE. Henry takes out his radio.

HENRY

Jess. Anyone there?

Static. Nothing.

HENRY (CONT'D)

House? House? Come in house.

More static.

JESSICA (THROUGH RADIO)

We're here.

HENRY

What kind of bike does Sean have?

JESSICA

Say again?

HENRY

What kind of bike does Sean have?

JESSICA

A Trek. Blue and yellow.

HENRY

I found it.

JESSICA
(ecstatic)
Where are you?

HENRY
I'm twelve miles north west from
where you dropped me. He started at
the bottom of a ravine. His bike is
on the east side of a narrow
stream. Looks like he headed north
from here. Will know more soon.
(pause)
Do you follow?

Pause through the radio.

JESSICA
We do.

HENRY
Send everyone you have this way. I
got his track now.

Henry shuts the radio off. He crouches down and outlines a
boot print with his finger reminiscent of the hyena tracks
from Africa.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
OK Sean. Here I come.

CUT TO:

WIDE -- CIRCLING SHOT -- of Henry heading up a hill
surrounded by the vast North American wilderness.

A lone warrior in search of his lost brother.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Sean sits at the entrance of his cave looking weak and thin.
His eyes, glossy. His body movements, slow.

- He hits a stick into the ground repeatedly and sings
"Yellow Submarine" by THE BEATLES, unenthusiastically.

- Sean lays on his back and throws a stone up to himself. He
coughs. A sudden, DEEP cough.

- Sean talks into his cell phone.

SEAN

You *do* deliver? I'll have a double
bacon cheese burger, fries and an
extra pickle.

(pause)

I appreciate the free extra pickle.

(pause)

Ok, bear with me. If you head into
the middle of nowhere, take your
second left, keep going straight
until you reach a tree, hang a
right and you'll see me sitting at
the entrance of this MOTHER FUCKING
CAVE!

INT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

FLASHBACK

Sean (30) writes THE NOTE on the counter. He tapes it to the
fridge.

INT. SEAN AND JESSICA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

From outside the bedroom, Sean looks in on a sleeping
Jessica. He chooses not to wake her.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CRACK OF DAWN

Sean rides his bike on a narrow dirt road. He reaches a peak
and looks out over the vast wilderness he is about to enter.
He descends towards the forest.

Sean weaves in and out of rocks and boulders. Suddenly, his
BIKE SKIDS and Sean hockey stops sending mud FLYING
everywhere. He gathers himself and continues to ride.

Sean stops at the top of a hill. Below him in the ravine is a
soft flowing STREAM. Sean rides towards it.

When he reaches the stream, he stops, jumps off his bike and
leans it against a tree.

He grabs a sip of water and takes out his map, a notebook and
a pen. He scribbles some notes.

Sean takes off into the thicket.

EXT. HILL TOP - DAY

Sean emerges at the peak of another hill. The forest around him is green and mountainous. He sits on top of the hill and scans the area with binoculars.

Again, he takes out his paper and jots down notes.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Sweating in the intense summer heat, Sean crouches down next to a stream and splashes water on his face. He picks up a stick and continues.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Sean wears his head torch and reads over paperwork from the National Forest Services as he eats a granola bar.

EXT. OUTSIDE TENT - NIGHT

WIDE -- The dimly lit tent surrounded by darkness.

EXT. RIVER EDGE - DAY

CLOSE ON -- A POWERFUL white water RIVER.

Sean stands on the edge looking down at the powerful force of nature.

He writes the number FIVE in his notebook.

EXT. RIVER EDGE - MOMENTS LATER

WE HEAR -- The sound of the river CRASHING just out of sight.

Sean climbs down into a small valley. He comes to a steep cliff face.

He looks back from where he came and realizes he's somewhat trapped. He either has to climb or backtrack a ways. Sean checks his watch.

SEAN

Shit.

Sean notices a narrow opening along side the riverbank. He walks over to check it out.

The narrow passage goes through, running dangerously close to the river. Sean proceeds forward.

He arrives at a gap dissected by a log. Sean checks it's sturdiness and makes his way across.

Walking one foot in front of the other, he steadily and smoothly crosses and avoids a twenty foot drop into water.

Once he's over the log, Sean walks up to the river's edge. He puts his bag down and lights up a CIGARETTE, while he turns his cell phone on.

NO SERVICE. His battery bar flashes. Sean turns it off to save power.

Sean makes one last note and slaps his book closed. He takes a step forward and...

CRACK!

A weak group of branches BREAK and uncover a GAP that falls down to the river.

Sean's notebook sails out of his hands. His LIGHTER flies into the river. His CIGARETTE lands next to the tree.

Sean grabs the ground and catches his fall. He pulls himself up.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(stunned)
Fuckin a.

He looks over to what he was about to fall into. A gully, pulling directly into the fast flowing river.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Sean hikes along with a smile on his face. He walks directly towards us. When his face fills the screen, he stops. A new look overcomes him. One of... confusion.

We see what Sean sees.... Trees. Trees that have been there for hundreds of years. Trees that have not moved. But, these trees are *unfamiliar*.

Sean looks at his map and then at the terrain ahead of him. The woods all look the same.

EXT. WOODS - DAY - LATER

Sean skids down an incline kicking up dust. Once again he tries to get his bearings. The woods feel sinister, as though they purposely rearranged themselves.

He begins to see the reality. He is LOST. Anxiety sets in. His heart races. Sean puts his map down and breathes deeply. He settles himself. He takes action and power walks uphill.

EXT. WOODS - DAY - LATER

Sean finds himself at a mountain peak. He gets to the edge of a cliff and looks down. The terrain is rocky and jagged. It's steep.

He looks out over the vast wilderness with his binoculars and then down at his watch.

Sean starts to make his way down the steep region of the rocky terrain. Still surrounded by lush green forest, this area is home to many large boulders, alcoves and CAVES.

Sean gets on all fours and crab walks down a particularly steep area. He lands on a sturdy rock that sits perpendicular to the almost vertical mountain side. Sean rests a moment.

He notices that somehow, somehow he managed to get himself stuck in a dangerous situation.

Sean decides to edge his way off the rock ledge. Using small trees to help himself down.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

With his hand on a sturdy stump, Sean finds his footing. He lowers himself down and reaches for a root without checking it's stability.

He grabs the root and it PULLS OUT!

SLOW MOTION -- Sean falls backwards.

He heads down an EIGHTY FOOT INCLINE.

SMASH CUT TO:

REAL TIME - Sean BOUNCES down the cliff side, rolling over UNCONTROLLABLY.

He gets flipped horizontally as he flies down the mountain, scraping and SMACKING everything around him.

He reaches out his arms, trying to grab anything to slow his fall. Sean SLAMS his mid section into a group of SHARP ROCKS.

Sean's shin SMASHES into a tree sending his body into a helicopter motion.

Finally, he flies off a three foot ledge, pounding the flat ground with his FACE.

Sean lays MOTIONLESS on the forest floor WHERE WE FIRST FOUND HIM.

CLOSE ON -- A stream of BLOOD trickles out of his HEAD.

EXT. CAVE - LATE AFTERNOON

PRESENT

CLOSE ON -- The last few droplets of water TRICKLE out of a water bottle.

Sean raises his shaky hand and pours the remaining drops into his dry mouth. His eyes are blood shot and his lips crusty.

SEAN
Gotta find water, Sean.

EXT. THICK WOODS - MINUTES LATER

Sean pushes himself slowly along the forest floor.

He grabs leaves off bushes and licks them. He sees a few light DEW DROPS on another bush and heads for it. He sucks the moisture off.

Sean looks for damp soil. He furiously digs a hole. He digs and digs. No water.

Frustrated and exhausted, Sean falls on his back and lays down to die, it seems.

We hear birds, light wind and SOMETHING ELSE. Something faint and soothing. Sean hears it too. The very sound puts life back into his veins. He rests his ear to the forest floor and listens...

The sound becomes clear.

RUNNING WATER.

Sean drags himself in the direction of the sound.

A hundred yards from the safety of his cave, Sean hears a twig break and whips his head around. He scours the thick forest.

SEAN
(paranoid)
Hello?

Sean gets to the top of a small hill and looks over. We see a STREAM eighty yards away. Sean heads toward it.

SUDDENLY, he stops and hides behind a tree.

CLOSE ON -- Sean's face, stricken with fear as...

A LARGE EMACIATED MALE BLACK BEAR paws for fish in the stream. This bear looks ABNORMALLY thin.

The bear catches a scent in the wind and points his nose to the sky. He smells something bloody.

Sean crawls as fast as he can back towards his cave. His shattered leg drags along the ground. As every rock, stone and bump jolts him with intense waves of pain.

The bear heads in Sean's direction, sniffing the ground and the air.

Sean makes it up the small hill and drags himself back into the cave. He crawls in deep and faces the opening.

SEAN'S POV -- The large head of the BEAR appears in the distance.

Sean frantically looks around for a weapon. He rifles through his equipment finding an ELASTIC CORD WITH HOOKS.

Sean hooks the ends to the opposite sides of the cave and grabs a jagged golf ball size ROCK. He places the rock in the middle of the cords and pulls back as far as he can.

The bear reaches the cave opening. He sniffs the ground where the bandages were buried. Sean is silent.

The bear pauses cautiously, before crawling inside. Sean, takes a deep breath and releases the slingshot.

The rock SMASHES the bear in the EYE. Blinded and startled the bear rolls on the ground, pawing it's face. It takes off, running away, yelping.

Sean exhales.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - SUNSET

TIME LAPSE -- The sun falls behind the mountains until it is dark.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

WIDE -- Pitch black forest. An abundance of crickets, owls and cicadas assaults our ears.

A beam of light dissects the darkness.

CLOSE ON -- Henry uses his HEAD TORCH.

GNATS fly ferociously around Henry's light. He slaps and swipes at them, spitting the bugs out of his mouth. It gets so bad, he can barely see.

Henry shines his torch past something that catches his attention. A small pile of ASH surrounded by a circle of rocks.

He turns and sees a pile of sticks and an area of grass that has been flattened. *Sean's campsite.*

Henry walks over to the ash and inspects a bit on his finger tips.

HENRY
(calling into the
distance)
Sean?!

Henry continues into the night.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Sean's head torch rests on a rock providing light as he tightens his knife to the end of a long stick with rope, creating a SPEAR.

He SUDDENLY whips his SPEAR in a defensive position.

Sean surveys the outside of the cave. No bear. Nothing but trees. Paranoia and delusion his newest enemies.

He rests his spear along the cave wall and clicks off his torch.

Sean lays half in and half out of his cave. It's a clear night and the stars glow magnificently through the trees.

He soaks in the moment, aware his opportunities to witness beauty are quickly running out.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Henry is out of breath. He stops at a tree to rest. He checks his digital watch.

5:27 AM

Henry sets the alarm then chops down a leafy branch. He puts a stick vertically into the ground right in the middle of Sean's closest BOOT PRINT.

Finally, he places the branch over himself and rests against the tree.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

FLASHBACK

Behind the TEN YEAR OLD HENRY... the fire spreads. Henry jumps on the flames, once he realizes. He manages to smother some, but not enough.

Before he knows it, the flames are high and the smoke is thick.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

William packs up his sleeping bag. YOUNG SEAN drops some sticks next to the FIRE PIT.

WILLIAM
(to Sean)
Mind getting that started there,
bru?

Sean checks his pockets. Nothing.

YOUNG SEAN
Henry must have taken it.

WILLIAM
Taken what?

YOUNG SEAN
My fire starter.

WILLIAM
Why?

YOUNG SEAN
He was pissed he couldn't do it.

William's fatherly instincts ignite.

WILLIAM
(calling out)
Henry?!

EXT. TREE - MORNING

PRESENT

Henry's alarm goes off. He checks the time.

5:40 AM

Henry stands up immediately, takes a chug of water and goes back to work, heading deeper into the wilderness.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Sean breathes heavily. Sick, hungry and dangerously dehydrated.

With shaky, weak hands Sean pulls out the can opener on his swiss army knife. He picks up a can of tuna and tries to make an incision. He is too weak. The opener slides off the can again and again....

Sean hits the can of tuna against a protruding rock. He hits again and again until it pierces.

Tuna water shoots out and Sean quickly puts his mouth on the hole. He tilts the can upside down and pours the liquid into his mouth. The moisture is insubstantial, but satisfying none the less.

Sean eats the tuna out of the smashed can with his dirty, bloody fingers.

EXT. CAVE - SOME TIME LATER

INTERCUT -- SEAN IN CAVE/MEMORIES

Sean leans against the cave wall. He takes a picture of Jessica out of his wallet.

DINING ROOM

Sean and Jessica around the dinner table with family and friends. Sean tells an animated story waving his arms and Jessica laughs, genuinely. She puts her hand through his underneath the dinner table.

Sean stares at the picture. Moisture in his eyes.

BEDROOM

Silhouette of Sean and Jessica making love in their bedroom. Jessica straddles Sean who sits upright. She leans her head back and Sean kisses the bottom of her neck and chest.

Sean fights back tears with all his might. He puts the picture to his face and cries on it. The emotional pain is worse than any of the injuries his body has sustained. He wipes the tears from his face.

After a deep breath.

SEAN
Keep it together.

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

Henry tracks through the forest. He arrives at the cliff face Sean failed to climb. The terrain is rocky and tracks are not easily visible.

He notices some disturbed soil and rocks at the bottom of the cliff.

Henry heads for the narrow path around the cliff, same as Sean. He follows along until he reaches the thick FALLEN TREE over the stream. Doubting Sean crossed *this* path, he hesitates before crossing.

Across the gap, Henry sees the CIGARETTE BUTT.

He sprints over the log with ease. To his left the river flows with frightening speed. Henry reaches the cigarette butt and picks it up.

HENRY
(smiling)
Still smoking.

He takes one step and CRACK. Henry disappears into the earth.

EXT. WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

VERY WIDE -- THE STILL WILDERNESS.

A hawk shrieks in the distance.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER RAPIDS - CONTINUOUS

Henry surfaces in the white water with a loud and desperate GASP. In a flash, he is pulled underneath again. He forces his head up and tries to take a breath, but the water SLAPS him in the face and he CHOKES.

Henry kicks and swings his arms wildly in an effort to gain control, but the water effortlessly tosses him around.

Finally, Henry manages to lay flat on his back and extend his legs out front. He flies past boulders large and small, round and jagged.

Henry hits a rock with his legs and bounces off of it. The current pulls him down. Henry fights to the top and takes another huge breath.

Laying on his back, Henry goes through two boulders three feet apart. His rifle, still around his shoulder and turned horizontally, CATCHES both rocks.

Stuck between, Henry grabs hold of the bolder over his right shoulder. The movement sets the gun free, but not before Henry has his hands tightly gripped around the top of the rock.

He climbs up and catches his breath. The boulder is small and the water thrashes VIOLENTLY around him on all sides. The river's edge is well out of reach. Henry is trapped.

He takes out his BINOCULARS. He looks DOWN river and sees a group of boulders dissecting the rapids. The succession of boulders reach the edge of the river.

Henry turns UP river. He notices a large dead tree overhanging the rapids thirty or forty yards away. A very thin and dying section of wood keeps the large trunk from falling into the river.

Henry puts away his binoculars. He takes the RIFLE off his shoulder, cocks it, aims at the tree and fires.

CLICK.

Henry shakes the rifle to get some water out. He cocks and fires again.

BANG!

Part of the wood explodes. Henry readies. He cocks, aims, fires.

BANG!

More wood is blasted. The trunk shifts. Again, Henry cocks, aims and fires.

BANG!

The large branch DISLODGES! It falls into the water and comes storming towards Henry. The log moves very quickly. It gets closer, Henry braces for it.

The log SMASHES into the two boulders. Henry takes a huge breath and LEAPS onto the log, bear hugging it.

The log spins over and over with Henry going in and out of the water. It shoots down the rapids towards the DISSECTING BOULDERS.

As he gets dunked and splashed in the face, he slides down the log to avoid a collision with the boulders.

Once again he braces for impact. The log SLAMS into the row of rocks. Henry is JOLTED, but hangs on.

The power of the water holds the log in place, giving Henry a chance to climb up onto one of the boulders, just as the water SNAPS the log in half.

Henry jumps his way across the river. He reaches the river bank and climbs up onto safe ground.

EXT. RIVER BANK - CONTINUOUS

Henry plops down and catches his breath. He twists his ruck sack around and unzips it. He pulls out the radio. Water spills out of its pores.

Henry looks around the river bank and at the unfamiliar forest. In the midst of saving his life and checking his equipment, he forgot about the most important new development in this journey. He lost Sean's tracks.

THUNDER overhead. The sky is GREY. Henry looks up.

HENRY
Don't rain.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

SEAN
(head to the sky)
Please rain.

A drop here and there turns to a light drizzle. Sean sticks his head out of the cave and lets it hit his face.

The light drizzle turns to strong rain. He opens his mouth wide. The strong rain turns into a downpour.

Sean slowly pulls himself up and back into his cave. He grabs his rain coat and returns to the entrance. He digs a hole in the mud.

Sean places his rain coat into the mud hole keeping the water in. The pocket fills up quickly.

In a dehydrated fury, he slurps the water and waits for it to refill again.

Sean appreciates the euphoric sensation of water reaching every corner of his body. He leans back and lets the rain hit his face.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The rain pours as Henry searches ferociously for a sign of Sean. He scours the ground looking for footprints as the water washes away all traces.

HENRY
Sean?!

Henry grabs bushes looking for breaks, trees looking for scratch marks. The rain comes down so hard, he can barely see. He searches like a madman.

Henry spots something on the ground. He kneels down to investigate. As quickly as he stopped, he stands up and nervously examines the foggy forest. His visibility is very limited.

A slight movement in the bushes ahead. White breath emerges from the thicket. Henry's eyes widen.

The ONE-EYED BEAR emerges thirty feet away. It walks slowly towards Henry with his head down. The bear is THIN, HALF-BLIND and desperately hungry. Henry puts his hands up over the top of his head.

HENRY (CONT'D)
(shouting at the bear)
HEY!

The bear pauses for a moment. Henry takes the rifle off his back.

Without warning the bear CHARGES!

Henry cocks the rifle and raises it to his shoulder.

HENRY (CONT'D)
STOP!

The bear continues. Henry has no choice this time.

CLICK. *Oh shit.*

The bear SLAMS into Henry's mid-section, knocking him to the ground, sending the rifle flying. With immense strength the bear CLAWS and BITES. Henry kicks and punches for his life.

The bear tries to bite Henry's stomach, but grabs his shirt. It thrashes it's head, shaking him like a rag doll.

Henry fights violently. The bear goes for his FACE. Henry shields and the bear BITES his FOREARM. With his other hand, Henry reaches for the KNIFE on his belt. He pulls it out and slams it into the bears PAW.

The ONE-EYED BEAR yelps and backs off. Henry hurriedly gets up and climbs a TREE. The bear watches him go up.

Once out of reach, Henry looks down. The bear stands on his hind legs and looks for a grip.

Henry notices the bear has ONE EYE. His blind eye looks recently wounded. *Sean? Possibly?*

The bear starts to climb, struggling because of the injury. Henry ascends even farther up.

The bear reaches Henry's feet, biting and pawing at his shoes. Henry kicks in defense.

The bear loses it's balance and drops to all fours looking up at his potential dinner.

Henry reaches some sustainable branches and gets comfortable. The bear circles down below, limping and grunting.

Just like that, the rain stops. The sun pokes through. The ONE-EYED BEAR lays down next to the tree, licking his wounded paw.

Henry, once again out of breath and in need of a psychological re-charge, puts his head back. From his ruck sack, he pulls out hydrogen peroxide and pours it on his forearm. He wraps it tight with a bandage.

Henry looks down at the bear. The bear looks back up. Henry puts his head back and closes his eyes...

EXT. WOODS - DAY

FLASHBACK

YOUNG HENRY (10) coughs on the ground as the fire spreads all around him.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

WILLIAM

Henry?!

A light mist of smoke reaches William and young Sean. They exchange worried looks and take off running.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Chuck! Get up!

Chuck pops his head out of the tent and scrambles to come help, having no idea what's going on.

The father and son RACE through the woods. They quickly reach heavy smoke.

EXT. FOREST FIRE - CONTINUOUS

Henry covers his face with his hands. He gets up and runs towards fresher air.

William and Sean arrive to the fire which is now OUT OF CONTROL and growing rapidly.

William stops Sean. He shouts over the LOUD crackle of the flames.

WILLIAM
You wait here! If you see your
brother, get him out of here!

YOUNG SEAN
What about you?

William heads right into the flames. He shouts for his son.

WILLIAM
HENRY?!

Sean waits anxiously just beyond harms reach. He also shouts for Henry.

William is in the thick of it. He dodges the fire searching desperately for his son.

In the blink of an eye Henry comes DARTING out of the smoke towards Sean, who grabs and hugs him.

YOUNG SEAN
(screaming)
Dad!! I got him!

William hears Sean's faint voice. Before he can respond, a LARGE FLAMING TREE BRANCH falls on his head, knocking him to the ground.

YOUNG SEAN (CONT'D)
Dad?! I have Henry!

Henry coughs and cries. The fire is vast now. It engulfs acres of forest.

YOUNG SEAN (CONT'D)
I HAVE HIM!!

Sean holds off as long as he can, but it becomes too dangerous for himself and his little brother.

YOUNG SEAN (CONT'D)
We gotta go Henry!

He tries to drag his younger brother away. Henry screams the way only a ten year old can.

YOUNG HENRY
Dad!!

His voice is lost in the swell of the flames. Chuck comes running up behind them.

CHUCK FOLEY
WILL?! WILL?!

The flames are too large now. Sean and Chuck pull Henry away as he screams for his father.

YOUNG HENRY
DAAAAAAD!!!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TREE - DAY

PRESENT

Henry screams in his sleep and is suddenly awakened by the tree SHAKING. The bear stands on it's hind legs pushing against the trunk.

Henry FALLS. He catches a lower hanging branch with his unwounded arm.

The bear swipes, but Henry lifts his legs, the claws just missing his feet. The branch starts to break.

Henry fights through the pain of his bad arm and switches hands, before the branch snaps. He finds some footing and climbs back up to a safe height.

Henry gathers himself.

The rifle is twenty feet away from the base of the tree. The bear is ten. He takes a swig of his water.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

The cave is a mess. Blood, food wrappers, empty bottles, grungy clothes strewn all over the place. No organization.

Sean breathes heavily. He lays on his back staring at the cave ceiling. He's even skinnier, hurting and losing his mind.

WE HEAR -- STEPS at the foot of the cave.

SEAN
(attentive)
Hello?! Please god.

A shadow outside.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I'm in here!

Jessica pokes her head in and enters.

JESSICA
Baby?

SEAN
Jess. Gorgeous. What are you doing here?

JESSICA
You're late.

SEAN
I know. I've been, stuck. In this cave.

Jessica lays down on her stomach next to Sean. He is so happy to see her.

JESSICA
When are you coming back? Gail is killing herself at the shop.

SEAN
She's a tough cookie. She can handle it.

JESSICA
(smiling)
You wanna hear something cool?

SEAN
Course.

JESSICA
I'm gunna sell one of my sketches.

SEAN
Finally, someone recognizes genius.

Jessica nudges him for the sarcastic remark. Sean smiles.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Congratulations babe.

Jessica's cute smile quickly fades. Sean puts his hand on her cheek.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You look sad.

JESSICA

Things are quiet when you're not
around. Just come home.

SEAN

God, you are so beautiful.

SNAP. Jessica DISAPPEARS.

Sean looks confused for a moment. He lays his head back.

EXT. TREE - DAY

The sun beats down hard. Henry sweats.

The bear circles below, limping and grunting out of
frustration. Henry takes notice of the bizarre behavior.

Abruptly, the bear heads into the thicket, turning to look at
Henry, one more time.

Just like that, the bear is gone. Henry waits quietly in the
tree. He puts his head down and listens.

He takes out his binoculars. Henry waits another moment,
before slowly making his way down. Henry stops and looks
around, again. No sign of the bear. He continues to descend.

Half-way down, Henry plants his foot on a weak branch and it
CRACKS.

The ONE-EYED BEAR comes darting out of the thicket!

Henry pulls himself up quickly. The bear reaches the bottom
of the tree and swipes at Henry's feet. Henry scrambles to
his safety branch. The bear stands on his hind legs and looks
up.

Henry is FURIOUS. *The bastard tricked me!*

HENRY

(at the bear)

You MOTHER FUCKER!

(to the sky)

SHIT!

(to the bear)

Leave me, the FUCK alone! You got
the wrong guy. I protect you!

Henry whips his head around and notices a BRANCHY TREE STUMP
next to his tree. *An idea.*

He opens up his ruck sack and takes out a LONG PIECE OF THICK ROPE and begins tying knots....

EXT. TREE - SOME TIME LATER

Quiet around our tree.

CLOSE UP - Henry's eyes move back and forth. He looks for the ONE-EYED BEAR who has, once again, DISAPPEARED.

A LASSO, like the SNARES Henry used to cut, is lowered onto the forest floor.

Henry drops a piece of Beef Jerky in the middle of the circled rope. The rope is tied around Henry's mid section. On the other end is another, smaller lasso.

He waits. No sign of the bear. Henry breaks off a branch near his head.

CRACK.

The bear RUSHES out of the thicket.

HENRY

Alright.

The bear walks to the tree base.

HENRY (CONT'D)

When shit hits the fan, you gotta make a move.

The bear steps closer to the lasso.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Shit.

The bear sniffs and eats the beef jerky.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Has hit.

The ONE-EYED BEAR steps in the middle of the LASSO with his injured paw.

HENRY (CONT'D)

The fan.

Henry LEAPS OFF the other side of the tree. The rope TIGHTENS and catches the bear's PAW.

Henry hits the ground HARD and the bear's caught foot SLAMS against the tree.

The bear GROWLS. Henry, stunned from the fall, squirms to get the rope off his mid-section.

The bear swipes, it's razor sharp claws come inches from Henry's face. The bear pulls the rope, dragging Henry closer.

With a sudden burst of ENERGY, Henry pulls himself back, twists out of the rope and hooks it on the branchy stump, trapping the bear.

Henry gets up and runs towards the rifle.

The bear BITES THE ROPE, ripping it in half and takes off after Henry. Henry reaches the RIFLE and cocks it.

The bear reaches Henry.

BANG.

INT. CAVE - DAY

The echo of the gun shot wakes up Sean. Not sure if he imagined the sound, he lifts up his head and tries to shout through his coughing.

SEAN
(soft and raspy)
Hello? Anybody?

He puts his head back down.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I'm in a cave.

EXT. TREE - CONTINUOUS

Henry stands and stares at the carcass of the ONE-EYED BEAR. He bends down and puts his hand on it's back.

HENRY
I'm sorry.

Henry massages his mid-section, probably having fractured his ribs on the fall. He takes out his map. He follows the river he fell into, but has no idea where he is.

Henry turns the bear's large head over and studies it's damaged eye.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Looks like you were shot.

Henry picks up a small rock and puts it up to the bears eye.

HENRY (CONT'D)
This is crazy.

Henry looks around.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Sean?!

He looks at the bear tracks. *It's my only lead.*

Henry follows.

INT. CAVE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sean lays on top of his sleeping bag. He coughs, too weak to react to the pain.

He holds the picture of Jessica. With shaky hands and moisture in his eyes, he turns the picture over and slowly writes "I'm sorry, I love you".

Sean brings the picture to his swollen, crusty lips and kisses it.

He places the picture over his heart and covers himself with his raggedy clothes.

Sean has prepared his coffin.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Henry walks fast. He is hurt, hungry and weak, but determined. He marches through the thicket following the bear tracks.

HENRY
Sean?!

He loses sight of the tracks for a moment, but notices a bush that has been CRUSHED. Henry heads in that direction.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Sean?!

He walks in circles staring at the ground. He scours trees looking for claw marks. Nothing. He gathers his energy and storms uphill.

Henry climbs hand over foot to higher ground, convinced he will find something promising. Henry reaches the peak of the incline. And.....

Mountains, valleys, trees, rocks. QUIET.

Henry is injured. He is exhausted. And he has FAILED. He failed to find Sean. Henry is LOST, in every sense of the word. He loses control.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Stupid fuck!

He slams his rifle to the ground.

HENRY (CONT'D)
What the fuck?! Fucking shit!
Should of fucking been there!

He grabs a stick and smashes it into a tree.

INT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Sean hears the faint echo of yelling. He tries to shout.

SEAN
(barely a whisper)
Help. Help me.

He coughs and clears his throat, but his voice is only slightly louder.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Help. Please God. Help.

EXT. WOODS

Henry plops himself down on the ground with force. His search is over.

INT. CAVE

Sean's voice gets louder as he fights through the pain.

SEAN
Over here. Help me. Please.

EXT. WOODS

Henry sits for a moment and stares out into the valley. He gives one last try.

HENRY

SEAN?!

No response. Henry slowly picks up his rifle and begins to limp in the other direction, shoulders hanging, DEFEATED... alone.

INT. CAVE/WOODS - DAY

INTERCUT -- SEAN IN CAVE/HENRY IN WOODS

SEAN

Help!

Sean looks around the cave, desperately.. For anything.

Henry walks away.

Sean spots something in the dirt. An ACORN! His last chance...

Henry continues to limp.

Sean places two fingers in the middle of the acorn and blows. His first couple attempts brings a soft whistle. But, by the third and fourth try, it's LOUD.

Henry walks away. We hear Sean's whistle. It's so faint if one was chewing food they wouldn't hear it. Henry stops.

He puts his head down to concentrate. The sound is much clearer. Henry whips his head around.

Sean puts his last breaths into blowing the acorn whistle.

Henry runs towards the very familiar sound. He stops and listens. It's MUCH louder now.

HENRY

Sean?!

Sean hears his name called and looks out through the entrance of the cave.

Henry dodges trees and jumps boulders. He jogs up a small hill. At the peak he looks down into the small valley at the base of the mountain. We see Sean's cave on the other side of the slope. Henry races towards it.

Sean sees movement in the distance. This time, it's not the ONE EYED BEAR. This time, it's Henry. Henry is the last person on earth he expected to see.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Sean!

Henry comes running up to the cave and enters it.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Sean, holy shit. Holy shit.

Henry hovers over Sean. The brothers lock eyes.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You're safe, now. You're safe.

Henry wants to hug him, but refrains.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Sean. Look at you.

Sean, painfully smiling, can barely speak. He mouths the word WATER and slowly raises his hand to motion drinking.

Henry whips open his ruck sack and takes out a CAMELBACK. He crawls to Sean's head and puts the tube to his lips.

Sean gulps the water, swallowing loudly. He coughs and clears his throat.

SEAN

(raspy, but clear)

Nice of you to stop by.

HENRY

Keep drinking.

Sean shakily grabs the mouth piece. Henry, moving with controlled urgency, takes out his first AID kit.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Where are you hurt?

Sean pours water on his face.

SEAN
My leg is broken. Bad. I set it.

Henry cuts through the bloodied and dirt covered bandage around Sean's leg. It's SWOLLEN and bruised, but the wound looks surprisingly healthy.

The area where the bone breached the skin has scabbed over, with minor traces of puss.

HENRY
Looks fine. We'll tighten this up,
but I'm not gunna fuck with it.

SEAN
The tent poles work well.

HENRY
Where else?

Sean doesn't answer.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Where else are you hurt?

SEAN
My stomach.

Henry takes off the bandages around Sean's mid section. His stomach is a combination of WHITE, GREEN, BLUE and BLUE-RED.

Sean has GANGRENE. It has spread into his chest. Henry cannot hide his concerned expression.

SEAN (CONT'D)
That bad, huh?

HENRY
(covering)
You'll be alright.

Henry takes out a clean bandage and re-wraps the wound. He feeds Sean some pain killers.

HENRY (CONT'D)
As bad as I want these, you'll need
'em more.

EXT. AREA ABOVE CAVE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Henry runs uphill. He looks out over the trees and spots a clearing, big enough to land a helicopter five hundred yards away.

He assesses the sun. *Ninety or so minutes of light.*

EXT. CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Henry jumps back in front of the cave.

HENRY
Where's your sleeping bag?

SEAN
Could you get a signal?

HENRY
I need you to get off your bag.

SEAN
If you'll notice, I'm almost dead
and can't move. Where is Jess?

HENRY
Jess is fine.

SEAN
Why are you alone?

Henry slows down for a moment.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Henry, talk to me.

HENRY
There's no time, you gotta move.

Henry PUSHES him off his bag. Sean SCREAMS into...

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

A MONTAGE. The following series of quick cuts has the rhythmic sound of HENRY CHOPPING wood over it.

- Henry cuts holes into the sleeping bag.

SEAN (V.O.)
Where are we?

HENRY (V.O.)
In a clearing. Big enough to land a
chopper.

- Henry chops wood in the forest.

HENRY (V.O.)
Two fires. One for us, the other
for the helicopters.

- Henry takes two large sticks and attaches them on either
side of the sleeping bag creating a STRETCHER.

HENRY (V.O.)
It'll have to be tomorrow, but
they'll see us.

- Henry drags Sean through the woods on his sleeping bag.
Sean winces and moans. Henry ignores his brother's cries.

SEAN
Henry, goddamnit. Fuck.

- Henry chops wood.

HENRY (V.O.)
And we'll get you out of here.

Henry throws a large log onto a large flame and it BURSTS.

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - NIGHT

Sean is wrapped up in as much clothing as Henry could offer.
The signal fire, twenty feet away, blazes high. Henry sits.

Sean eyes his little brother as he jabs at the flame.

HENRY
What were you doin out here?

SEAN
Does it matter?
(long pause)
You have a lady?

Henry chuckles.

HENRY
That definitely doesn't matter.

SEAN
What's wrong with you?

HENRY
Never said I didn--

SEAN
I know you don't. Don't women love
safari guides?

HENRY
Some of 'em do.

SEAN
Large ones? What's the problem?

The boys laugh. Sean painfully turns his head to look at Henry.

SEAN (CONT'D)
What's keeping you warm at night?

HENRY
Don't worry about me.

Henry pokes the fire.

SEAN
Henry?

HENRY
Yeah.

SEAN
I have to tell you something, but
you can't mention this to anyone.

Henry faces Sean, who is all of a sudden on the verge of tears.

HENRY
Of course.

SEAN
I really don't want to die.

HENRY
You ain't gunna die.

SEAN
I won't see Jess anymore. I won't
see my kid grow up.

HENRY

Stop, you--

SEAN

The thought of her alone, is...

Henry starts to tear up.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You have to tell her something for me.

HENRY

Whatever you're gunna say, you tell her yourself.

SEAN

Will you shut up. I need you to tell her that-- Tell her, she married an idiot. But one that really loved her.

HENRY

Sean, you'll see her tomorrow.

Henry lays down, facing Sean.

SEAN

Why didn't you write, Henry?

Henry sighs.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I don't want one of your bull shit answers. I'm dying.

Henry thinks it through.

HENRY

I was afraid. I didn't know what I was gunna say and the longer I didn't say anything, the worse it got.

(pause)

I was angry. At everything.

SEAN

I was the only person you had.

HENRY

You still are. The second before I heard the whistle-- that was the worst moment of my life. I know where I need to be, now.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

Right here. I have been angry until
right now.

(pause)

And if I lose you. Nothing will
have changed.

The boys are silent a moment.

SEAN

That can't be true.

HENRY

(confused)

Why?

SEAN

You pissed yourself at the Castler
wedding.

(beat)

That. Was the lowest point of your
life.

Henry laughs. Sean, wipes tears from his face and extends his
hand. Henry grips it.

SEAN (CONT'D)

It's not all on you. You're my kid
brother. I should've made it right.
I'm sorry.

HENRY

We're both sorry. Over and done
with.

SEAN

Also, no matter what... You found
me. I know you did.

Henry gets it, truly. Sean turns over. Henry watches him.
After a moment, he gets up and throws more wood on the large
fire.

Henry sits next to his brother. He lays back. The fire
crackles. He can't. Keep. His eyes...open.

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - NIGHT

WIDE -- The big and little fires in the clearing.

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - DAWN

The faint sound of thumping wakes up Henry. The camp site is full of thick black smoke coming from the large fading fire.

Henry, immediately awake, sits up. He scans the skies looking for the origin of the SOUND. We see a small speck in the sky coming towards us.

Henry, wide eyed, grabs some more wood and takes off his shirt. He throws the wood on the dwindling fire and uses his shirt to fan the smoke and flames.

HENRY

Come on.

The chopping gets louder and the speck gets closer. Henry fans furiously creating more and more smoke.

HENRY (CONT'D)

See us.

It becomes clear that the speck is a HELICOPTER and it's coming their way.

Henry stops fanning and separates himself from the flames. He jumps up and waves his shirt in the air.

HENRY (CONT'D)

We're getting out of here.

The helicopter comes closer.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(overjoyed)

Sean!

It shoots right over the top of the camp site. On it's side we see SEARCH AND RESCUE.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Sean! They're here!

The sound of the chopper mixed with his screaming should have garnered a reaction from Sean.

Henry is terrified to find out why it didn't. He walks over.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Sean?

His walk quickly turns into a sprint. He takes the covering off his brother and exposes his face.

Sean, pale white and eyes open, lays lifeless. He has been DEAD for hours.

Henry knows immediately.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Don't do this.

He shakes Sean's face and takes his pulse. He locks his fingers, straightens his arms and pushes down on his chest rhythmically.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Come on!

Henry blows air into Sean's chest through his lips. He does this on repeat a few times.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Come back.

Henry stops the CPR and hugs his brother. He pulls his lifeless body up into his lap and holds him.

Henry closes Sean's eyes and rests his body on the ground. He sits with his hands locked around his knees.

In the background, the chopper lands in the clearing.

FADE TO:

INT. DAVIS HOUSEHOLD - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

HOME VIDEO

CAMCORDER POV -- Susan records Sean's eighth birthday party. She enters the room where kids sit in a group eating chips, hitting balloons and laughing.

SUSAN (O.S.)
Sean, what are you doing? You've got underwear on your head.

Sean, the crowd pleaser, sits in front of the laughing children and wears tighty-whiteys like a hat.

YOUNG SEAN
(in a theatrical tone)
I am not guilty. The underwear was a gift and I can decide what it can be used for.

More laughter.

SUSAN (O.S.)
Where's Henry?

The camera pans the children. Henry sits in the back, quietly. We focus on him.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Henry, read Sean your note.

The boys give an "ohhh".

YOUNG CHILD
Henry wrote Sean a love note!

Young Sean comes to his Henry's defense.

YOUNG SEAN
He's my brother, morons.

SUSAN (O.S.)
Henry, hunny, don't be shy, it's so sweet.

Henry gets up from the back of the room and slowly walks towards the front.

SUSAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Baby, come here. Henry is giving his present to Sean.

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Coming!

The home video pans and we see William Davis come into the living room. He eats from a bag of chips. The whole family is together.

The children laugh and giggle softly amongst themselves, only a few pay attention to Henry and Susan.

Henry gets to Sean, who stands in front of the room. Henry hands Sean a SLINGSHOT. He reads off a NAPKIN.

YOUNG HENRY
Dear Sean. This is my slingshot. I made it myself. I want you to have it because you are my brother. Happy birthday. Thanks.

The boys quickly and awkwardly hug.

YOUNG SEAN
(heartfelt)
Thanks, Henry.

FADE OUT.

THE END