

FORAGERS

Written by

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October 2023

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Come back!

Even as a shadow.

Even as a dream.

– Euripedes

EXT. PORTLAND - DUSK

Not a sky in the clouds. Mountains, buildings, all obscured. Bridges hang in the mist like webs of rust.

BEEP. Voicemail. A deep breath, then we hear it record:

VERA (V.O.)
Maria. It's mami. Again.

Pouring rain casts a veil of static over everything...

VERA (V.O.)
I was upset. I didn't mean it.

...and out of it steps **MARIA MORA** (19, defiant and solitary, like a sapling growing in the middle of a river.)

VERA (V.O.)
Now I don't know where you are.

Maria walks through CHINATOWN (encampments, underpasses)...

VERA (V.O.)
And you haven't called.

...and over the STEEL BRIDGE (cars fly by, kicking up water)

VERA (V.O.)
And then Tom's called me.

Inside TOM'S DINER: empty mug. Empty seat. Abandoned phone.

VERA (V.O.)
Not sure why I'm even calling.

INT. CROWDED DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Maria, drink in hand, finds a table, recognizing someone.

VERA (V.O.)
Maybe it's just to hear your voice.

Her smile fades once she sits. And we hear her voice:

MARIA
Who's she?

Across the table: ERIC (20s, opportunistic) and --

ERIC
Lacey's with Willamette Week.

Maria looks from the eager reporter to her friend. Betrayed.

MARIA
You promised.

ERIC
With what your dad did?

MARIA
You don't even know.

LACEY
Then enlighten us.

Lacey hits "record" on her phone. Maria hesitates.

VERA (V.O.)
Or maybe I think you can hear me.
Somehow.

Maybe she can. SPLASH.

Maria exits, her spilled drink a liquid "no." Lacey clutches her phone, cancelling the voice memo, while Eric sits soaked.

LACEY
You said you were friends.

Eric's wet shrug answers: *you think she has friends?*

OUTSIDE THE BAR:

Maria rests her back agains the wall. Exhausted. Alone.

VERA (V.O.)
I know you're out there...

CHK-CHK. A scratching noise. Maria looks down to find:

A FIELD MOUSE, struggling in an industrial trap.

Once Maria's fingers ply open the mechanism--

The bloodied mouse scurries into a TINY HOLE in the building. Impossibly small. Even for a minuscule mammal.

VERA (V.O.)
...and you'll find a way home.

But enter it did. Maria gazes into the pencil-width gap.

And from the hole, we gaze back into her. Like we're slipping away with the mouse. Our view of Maria steadily shrinks.

VERA (V.O.)
I'll keep calling, mija.

The darkness expands as Maria's face gets smaller.
And smaller. Until we're so far down the mousehole...
...that she simply disappears.

BEEP.

EXT. EDGE OF THE WOODS - DAY

Between a deep dark wood and a wide black river...
A BOY WITH A CAULIFLOWER EAR stands on a riverbank's edge.
He's smiling. Big. Like some people do when they're scared.
He seems to notice us. Perhaps he's about to wave--
POP. A BULLET sails though him.
We turn to the shooter. Holding the smoking barrel of a hunting rifle--

JUNO (40s, like the undertow of the Columbia river ahead of her: quiet, powerful, propelled by an endless energy)
White-hot panic consumes her face. Then settles into relief.
Back across the riverbank, we see no Boy.
Only a white-tailed DEER, killed clean, bleeding on rocks.

EXT. BEHIND THE HOMESTEAD - DAY

Juno pulls a sledge, dragging the entire doe with her.
She comes around the side of a large wooden cabin.
Stops. Can hear chatter around the other side of the building, right where we'd find the front porch.
She listens in --
From a man: "*Bullshit. Think I can't tell a bird from a dog?*"
Juno starts -- this is unexpected. Listens closer.
From a woman: "*Just hope you called that fucker out on it.*"

Satisfied, she decides to make her way across the side.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - DAY

Sitting there, chatting with a neighbor--

ANDI (40s, like the massive "widow-maker" cones of a Coulter pine: sharp, with a thousand facets, full of life)

She points to Juno's catch:

ANDI
We can throw in half of that, too.

Juno eyes **POWELL** (the man; old and rambunctious).

POWELL
Another victim to Juno's charms?

JUNO
Don't you only come on Tuesdays?

Andi lifts an arm, revealing a sack bursting with onions, skins the brilliant orange artists still make dyes out of.

ANDI
'Tis the season.

JUNO
For onions?

POWELL
Everything has a season. As
homesteaders oughta know.

Juno stays there a beat. Eyes them both.

JUNO
Anything else worth trading?

POWELL
Just some honest conversation.
(re: the deer)
And maybe a leg. Haven't had meat
all week.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD ROAD - DAY

Powell, in his truck, more than half the deer wrapped up in the back, rumbling down the dirt road.

Back by the porch, Andi waves. Juno scowls.

JUNO
What a waste.

ANDI
C'mon, he just wanted to talk.

JUNO
When winter's four weeks away? And
lectures us about homesteading?

ANDI
He's lonely. And hey: free onions.

JUNO
For sixty pounds of venison. Andi,
that man is a fucking squirrel.
Give him a single filbert and he'll
never stop coming to our door.

ANDI
But give him sixty pounds of 'em...

Andi opens their door, reveals a frosty KEG of Deschutes.

ANDI (CONT'D)
...and he might feel compelled to
return the favor.

Juno submits a smile: Andi always has a plan -- or angle.

And on that note, she eyes what's left of the deer.

ANDI (CONT'D)
You see him again?

The Boy by the river. Juno doesn't hesitate.

JUNO
Nope. Let's eat.

ANDI
You mean I dress while you get fat
off endless IPAs?
(on Juno's look)
Don't worry: he brought an amber.

Fooled again. Juno can't help but smile.

JUNO
Thank god. If I wanted to drink a
fucking pine tree --

ANDI
 "--I'd walk outside and suck one
 off."

Andi's heard this before and loves hearing it.

And Juno loves hearing it from Andi.

You gotta, when it's just you out here.

EXT. HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

We're far enough out for stars to carpet the sky with light.

The ground, meanwhile: so dark that you'd miss the cabin altogether if a single window didn't twinkle with flame.

INT. HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

Warmth. Two clashing styles in a three-room schoolhouse:

Bookshelves groan under the weight of books, more than a few read: ROSA PARKS ELEMENTARY YEARBOOK. All the way to 2015.

Juno drinks out of a pint glass that reads TEAM USA 2004. A wall full of medals suggests that's not merely a souvenir.

At their stove, Andi cooks venison cutlets. Stiff digits on her left hand struggle to wrap around the pan's handle.

A neurologist might call it something else, but she just calls it her "trick hand."

Over the range, a PICTURE of the Boy from the river. Their Boy, it seems.

BZZ. June plays with a portable, unusual **RADIO SET** near her.

ANDI
 Anything on the set?

JUNO
 Spokane found that boy. And
 Klamath's headed north. That's it.

ANDI
 "No news is good news," right?

JUNO
 I hate those sayings. The ones you
 can take both ways.

Beat. They share a look: the sound of tires on dirt wasn't just in their imaginations.

Another moment passes. And the door SPLINTERS OPEN.

FOUR MEN (30s, tactical gear) break through.

Something like this hasn't happened before.

But you'd never know. Because these women are ready.

Juno's closest. Unlucky for them. She reaches under the table and, like a tripwire, EXTENDS the table's leaves --

SHK. Three feet of pine studded with razor-sharp metal juts out, slicing through tactical gear like Kevlar butter.

A piercing groan of pain. It only takes down one of the men.

Which means three guns pulled. Juno leaps onto her feet and, rather than charge directly at them --

SLAMS her elbow into one of the joints supporting the wooden shelves overhead.

500 pounds of support give way to just as much weight hurtling on the heads of the trio of assailants.

One gets lucky. A quick one gets out of the way. The other gets concussed.

The Lucky Man heads to Andi, who puts the kitchen to use:

HISS. A scorching-hot PAN finds purchase on the man's skull. He drops his gun --

But the Quick Man picks it up.

He aims at Andi, who just calmly steps back as --

THMWP -- Juno SWINGS at him. But the quick one dodges, on his back foot, dodges again --

And falls backward, hard: he didn't notice the OVEN DOOR Andi had opened while he was aiming.

And that quarter inch of metal is about to change his life: CRACK. His tactical helmet splinters like a ripe watermelon on the hard ground.

Satisfied, Andi grabs the kitchen knife --

And TOSSES it to Juno, who puts it to Concussed Man's throat.

JUNO (CONT'D)

If you talk, you might live. So--

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP. All four eyes go to the entryway:

And through it walks, applauding all the while:

BILL SQUIRE. The hired men on the floor and town car outside suggests he's wealthy. That'd be a gross understatement.

SQUIRE

Well done. I'm Bill Squ--

ANDI

We know who you are. Everyone does.

SQUIRE

And now I know you really are who they say you are. You can let go of my friends: we need to talk.

INT. HOMESTEAD - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Squire sits at their wooden table. Andi and Juno sit across.

The mess that his hired goons made still obvious -- and an eyesore. Said goons wait (and convalesce) outside.

SQUIRE

Lovely little place. You two been here at least, what, eight years?

Stony silence. Squire searches for another way in.

SQUIRE (CONT'D)

You ran for Team USA?

Squire points at a SILVER MEDAL poking out of the nearby box.

ANDI

She threw. Javelin.

SQUIRE

We sponsored y'all, didn't we?

A shrug. Then silence. Squire eyes their newly-broken shelf:

SQUIRE (CONT'D)

My guys weren't armed with anything lethal. But two middle-aged ladies in the woods... I wanted to be sure you'd live up to your reputation.

ANDI
And what reputation is that?

SQUIRE
That when someone you love goes
missing and you run out of options,
you go to you two. "Hood River."
(to Juno)
You "River?"

ANDI
She's Hood. Who's gone?

SQUIRE
Maria. Maria Monica Mora.

Squire pulls out a current PICTURE of MARIA. Andi eyes it.

SQUIRE (CONT'D)
You won't find her in any
connection to me.

JUNO
Of course: secret kid.

ANDI
Where's mom?

SQUIRE
Does it matter? I'm doing
everything I can right now to --

ANDI
There's a protocol for missing
persons. Home. Hospitals.
Neighbors. Officials....

SQUIRE
If you really know who I am, then
know I have my own means. But even
today, there's limits to where, and
what, my resources can reach.

JUNO
(still far from moved)
If only it were 2026...

SQUIRE
If only it were two days ago. But
it's been 48 hours. So please: tell
me what you need, and I'll get it.

ANDI
Last known whereabouts?

SQUIRE
Eastside Portland. Near Division.

JUNO
Who was she with?

SQUIRE
Nobody. Her mother says she was
spotted there.

ANDI
And she's what -- eighteen?

SQUIRE
Nineteen. She looks younger. In
photos, at least.

ANDI
Mom's contact?

SQUIRE
If you really want to find her, it
won't be hard. But we're past the
point where she can help. I have
police, PIs, my own security, who
you've met. You're my last stop.

JUNO
We're always the last stop... for
real people. Fathers with nothing
but a rumor. Working women whose
husbands vanish at truck stops.

(beat)
Why do you really want to save this
girl? Strikes me you'd be better
off with an illegitimate heir gone.

Squire looks to Andi, expecting her to be mortified...

ANDI
It's a fair question.

SQUIRE
And answers aren't owed the same
sense of justice. When my life got
big twenty years ago... her mother
got difficult. I had to mount a
defense. Expensive. I won.

ANDI
And Maria got left in the dust?

SQUIRE

I used to pray she'd vanish. I was like any artist: arrogant, selfish.

JUNO

You. The billionaire. An artist?

SQUIRE

Good entrepreneurs are simply artists who achieve in their own lifetimes. And a true artist can't help but love all of his mistakes.

Andi and Juno trade looks: *that might be the most egotistical, deluded expression of fatherly love ever said.*

But, to a warped billionaire, it is love. Almost.

JUNO

And we can't help everyone.

SQUIRE

I tried everyone. That leaves you.

ANDI

"You" is bigger than you think. There are more of us. With longer laurels. In Seattle. In Shang-hai.

SQUIRE

I've heard tales: there even may be more of you in Oregon, but nobody knows this city better.

JUNO

You sure she's still in Portland?

SQUIRE

I'm only sure that I need help.

Squire sets a black credit card on the table. Heavy metal.

ANDI

Money won't change our approach.

SQUIRE

My entire life is a testament to the opposite notion.

JUNO

We haven't even said yes.

SQUIRE

Have you ever said no?

EXT. HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

Juno and Andi watch from their porch as a car rattles away.

JUNO

Did you believe him?

ANDI

That artist crap?

(on Juno's nod)

An asshole's the most honest man he
knows...

JUNO

...and he's definitely an asshole.
And you thought the parents at Rosa
Parks were entitled.

She looks around. Andi's already gone. Mind moving fast.

ANDI (O.S.)

Look at this.

BACK AT THEIR TABLE: An OPEN YEARBOOK.

A PICTURE of a mixed nine-year old. The name underneath:

Maria Monica Mora

ANDI (CONT'D)

You don't forget a name like that.

JUNO

So that's why you wanna do it?

ANDI

She's one of my kids.

JUNO

One of a thousand. Ten years ago.

(beat)

We help farmers, firefighters,
teachers, Plaid Pantry cashiers --

ANDI

--but not billionaires?

JUNO

He doesn't need the help.

(before Andi can counter)

But she does. I know.

ANDI

You said it when we started: "they
could all be h--"

JUNO

Let's pack. Time's wasting.

And we won't waste time watching them pack.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAWN

An F-150 rumbles, headlights slicing through the big dark.

Andi drives. Juno looks out the window, watching what the high beams catch --

We see the outline of the chicken coop...

...Mount Hood in the distance...

...and a MAN on the road.

A decade older than the boy. Same cauliflower ear.

Andi doesn't react. Must not see him.

But Juno lowers the window, balls up some trash, and THROWS it right through him.

They drive past POWELL'S CABIN.

The man's up at odd hours, old eyes weary, but with only one conclusion possible:

POWELL

Must be the --

FORAGERS

EXT. LEE'S GAS - DAWN

Drab. The kind of gas station most folks just drive by. A local secret, serving coffee that cuts through mountain fog.

A pickup rests in the mist. Inside --

INT. LEE'S GAS - DAWN

Juno and Andi stand at the counter. They ring the bell, yell:

ANDI
Lee!

Waddling out from the back --

LEE (a redwood stump of a man: stout, gnarled, ancient)

LEE
Hood and River. I might've figured.

ANDI
Hey. Got our stuff back there?

LEE
I got what's left:

INT. LEE'S GAS BACKROOM - DAWN

The trio stare up at SIX LABELED CUBBIES:

HOOD RIVER	JOHN DAY
YAKIMA	KLAMATH FALLS
BANDON	POTPOURRI

The cubbies for Bandon, John Day, and Yakima are EMPTY.

And Hood River's CRATE lies cracked on the floor.

Lee picks it up, dusts it off, hands it to Juno --

LEE
Sorry. Bandon was in a hurry.

JUNO
(to Andi)
Four of us, gone?

Andi shakes her head. This is strange.

LEE
Big day for Foragers, eh? What's
the occasion?

ANDI
What'd they tell you?

LEE
"Tell me?" Hood, you're the only
one that talks to me.

Lee gestures to Juno, deep in her brooding.

LEE (CONT'D)
And I mean the only one.

JUNO
(on cue, only to Andi)
We gotta get to the Lilyham.

INT. F-150 - MORNING

We see the mountains on either side as their car flies down. Juno goes through the crate, complaining all the while.

JUNO
Not a useful damn thing in here.

ANDI
Is this about the Safe we chose?
(on Juno's silence)
If Maria was last seen on the
Eastside, I can't think of a better
guy to bring her to once we've
found her than Fred's. Can you?

JUNO
No! It's just... frustrating...
(she pulls out a RADIO)
What was wrong with our old one?

ANDI
Just tune it.

Juno does. Static. Until we start hearing voices. In Korean.

ANDI (CONT'D)
Geyonggi dialect.

JUNO
What does that mean?

ANDI
That we're listening to someone in
Seoul... or more likely LA.

JUNO
Serious range either way. Not bad.

Juno pulls out the antenna -- it extends to the car roof.

ANDI
I wonder how far out we'll get.

JUNO
 (gives it a shot)
 Hood River, headed to town. ETA
 thirty minutes. Over.

ANDI
 More like an hour.
 (trading a look w/ Juno)
 Fine.

Pedal meets metal. They HURTLE through the narrow passes.

EXT. PORTLAND - DAY

You've seen the sights. The Deer-in-Lights. Twelve bridges spanning the filthiest river this side of the Rockies.

And Mount Hood at the back of Andi and Juno's truck as it crosses the Hawthorne Bridge. It's already raining steadily.

Inside the vehicle --

Juno fingers through Andi's pocket notebook.

JUNO
 So she lives in St. Johns, but was last seen Eastside...

ANDI
 We should start north.

JUNO
 You just wanna visit your school.

ANDI
 And you just wanna visit your bar.

JUNO
 With what we saw at Lee's? We need to get a lay of the land.

EXT. OLD TOWN - DAY

The thorny underbelly of the Rose City:

Tenements and tents at street corners and below bridges.

Blue-collars shuttling between bars amidst pouring rain.

And Juno and Andi, striding past a half-dozen shuttered businesses. Strips of neon glow, illuminating the only brand-new posters around, for LETO athletic apparel.

ANDI
At least Squire's doing well.

Juno side-eyes the women in tight pastel sportswear.

JUNO
Who knew looking like a box of
crayons shaved seconds off your
time?
(grabs Andi's shoulder)
Andi, you just walked past it.

She did. We look, and almost like Platform 9-and-3/4, they
make a left turn into what seems like a basement apartment.

But it's really --

INT. THE LILYHAM - DAY

A secretive dive. Brimming with keen-eyed barflies, everyone
battling a demon or a deformity. It's Mos Eisley in leather.

Andi cringes as her boots contact sticky floors. Juno makes a
beeline for **LISE** (as young as an old, mean bartender can be.)

JUNO
Bathroom key.

LISE
That's it? No "hello?"

JUNO
Hello. Bathroom key.

LISE
Bathroom's locked.

JUNO
That's why we need the key.

LISE
One of you Foragers took it.

ANDI
Which one?

LISE
I dunno, a few of 'em came by.

JUNO
Where'd they go?

LISE
See any windows here?

Before she can pull Lise across the table, Andi tugs at Juno's sleeve. Before she goes.

JUNO
We're on the same team.

LISE
And we keep that room open for you.
So maybe trust us with a dupe key.

The silence shows a good point -- untaken.

ANDI
(to Juno)
You try to radio Bandon. I'll see
what we're working with.

INT. BATHROOM HALL - DAY

Three doors:

Mens. Womens. Other.

"Other" is padlocked.

ANDI
What a stupid-ass idea.

JUNO
Wasn't it yours?
(re: radio)
Nothing from the other four.

ANDI
It was all of ours. For moments
just like these, when the radio's
down. Once we know where they
are...

WHAM. Juno SLAMS the heel of her boot against the door.

ANDI (CONT'D)
...we'll know where not to be.

Bingo. WHAM. Juno slams again. Nothing doing.

ANDI (CONT'D)
Stop. You're gonna break a --

CRK. The door handle gives out. As does Juno's big toe: *Fuck.*

ANDI (CONT'D)
Jesus, Juno. Why?

JUNO
Some things just need to be kicked down.

Juno enters, hiding a newly-won limp, and Andi follows.

INT. OTHER RESTROOM - DAY

GRAFFITI lines every inch of the walls. The sink. The toilet. Etched in with pen, keys, any substance you can stomach.

The Sistine Chapel of shitty dive bar bathroom scrawls.

Juno scans the room. Andi already has a blacklight out.

Amongst the indecipherable, a few PHRASES can be seen:

GONE EAST

ANDI
That's Bandon.

GONE SOUTH

JUNO
Yakima.

GONE UNDER

ANDI
And John Day.

A nearby VOICE asks what Andi and Juno are wondering:

KLAMATH (O.S.)
Wait, did Squire hire all of us?

They turn and see **KLAMATH FALLS** (20s, a great man's merely good son, tall and reedy, like a trembling aspen.)

ANDI
Klamath! JUNO
KF. Great.

INT. LILYHAM - DAY

They're all at barstools. Pale lagers in their hands.

KLAMATH

Anyone ever gotten all of us
before?

ANDI

We've never been hired by a
billionaire before.

JUNO

Some poor janitor that cleans his
office probably told him about the
Foragers and he wanted them all.

KLAMATH

So do we even bother? I mean, John
Day's a legend. Plus the others...

JUNO

What would your dad say?

KLAMATH

"Only gone when you stop looking."

ANDI

So we keep looking.

KLAMATH

From that writing, it sounds like
the only direction left is West.
Oh, and North.

JUNO

Very clever of you.

KLAMATH

You know we've found more folks
than you. Or Yakima. Or Bandon.

JUNO

The old man did.

KLAMATH

I was right there with him. The
last few years, at least...

(digressing)

I'll take West.

JUNO

The suburbs. Figures.

KLAMATH

Fine, I'll take North.

JUNO
You can't handle that--

ANDI
Enough. Going solo's hard -- and we
wouldn't know.

That's enough to create a detente.

JUNO
Go West.

ANDI
Keep your radio on, KF. You pick up
the new one at Lee's?

KLAMATH
Yeah, but I like my old one. Say,
uh, where do you think he went--

JUNO
Why don't we leave our beers behind
and, uh, find out?

Klamath nods, ambles his long limbs out of the bar, ducking
out of the doorframe.

JUNO (CONT'D)
Why'd the old man have to die and
leave us with that tall twit?

ANDI
And why'd one of 'em take the key?

JUNO
I bet Bandon did. Greedy fuck
probably saw the other two's
scrawls and knew a game was on.
Thinks there's a reward waiting.

ANDI
A girl's life is at stake, Junie.
You can't really believe that.

JUNO
You know a lot babe. But you don't
believe nearly enough.

With that, Juno finishes her drink and rises. Grimaces on
foot's impact with the ground.

ANDI
You fucked us with that kick.

JUNO

I saved us time. And the car has
Vicodin.

ANDI

(that's her wife...)
North it is.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S BRIDGE - DAY

Worn wheels cross iconic green iron. Juno gazes at the water below as Andi drives.

ANDI

It's strange they'd leave us north.

JUNO

If they all have the same deets
from Squire, I'd head east, too.

ANDI

But north's where she went to
school. Grew up there, I bet.

JUNO

Bet you're the only one who knows.

And they cross the bridge --

ANDI

Can't believe Squire wouldn't even
give his ex's name. Like, did he
have her killed...

Juno sees The Boy standing on its edge. Same cauliflower ear.
She curses under her breath, haunted.

ANDI (CONT'D)

...too dark? Sorry.

JUNO

Huh? No... like you said, let's
start at the school.

Like any free-thinker, Juno's most compliant when distracted.

ANDI

That's what I was thinking.

Andi keeps moving, Juno rolls down her window, pops her last Vicodin, and TOSSES the empty bottle at the Boy.

As always, it flies straight through -- and he's gone.

EXT. ST. JOHNS - DAY

That beautiful bridge leads into an ugly, industrial area -- train tracks, shipping containers, air thick with pollutants. People who work longer and live shorter.

But no matter the strata, everyone wears LETO sneakers.

They bring their car to a stop on McCoy Park, steps away from ROSA PARKS ELEMENTARY -- Andi's old school.

JUNO
Still dilapidated and empty.

ANDI
I mean, it's Sunday.

Andi brings her iPhone to Juno's eyes--

ANDI (CONT'D)
There are a dozen Moras in North Portland.

JUNO
(brandishing her ancient Nokia)
Some help. Like I said, those things are useless. You think they haven't changed addresses by now?

ANDI
We don't need the address -- just the mom's name. The odds it's one of these 12 is actually good.

JUNO
...So you wanna break in?

ANDI
Well, it was my old school.

JUNO
After you, "Vice Principal."

EXT. ROSA PARKS ELEMENTARY - DAY

They're at the front door. Was crimson once. Is rusted now.

JUNO
Ten years and they didn't even put on a fresh coat of paint?

Andi digs into her pocket, pulls out a KEYCHAIN.

ANDI
Or change a lock, hopefully.

She slips a key in -- it doesn't work.

JUNO
Fuck.

Before Juno can swing a leg --
CLICK. It jiggles open.

ANDI
Patience.

INT. ROSA PARKS ELEMENTARY -- DAY

Shadows shift through dark tiled hallways.

Inside the ADMINISTRATOR'S OFFICE --

Juno searches through the file cabinets. To her dismay:

JUNO
Nothing.

Andi boots up a computer --

ANDI
Because it's 2024, Junie.

Password-protected. Andi tries something. It fails.

ANDI (CONT'D)
Fuck. They changed it.

JUNO
Cause it's not 2013 anymore, Andi.

ANDI
Any ideas.

JUNO
(surprisingly fast)
What's the fucking mascot here?

ANDI
The Green Dragons?
(she tries it)
Nope.

JUNO
"Go Green Dragons?"

ANDI
(typing, successful)
How did you...

JUNO
I'm not creative. And neither are
they. Not that you weren't.

Andi laughs at the half-insult as she searches through the folders, Juno's quick index finger hits the screen first:

JUNO (CONT'D)
Maria Monica Mora. Parent: Vera
Estella Mora.

Andi has her phone out. Is already searching.

JUNO (CONT'D)
C'mon, where's she work?
Any hits?

ANDI
Uh, a photo from a job she
worked... in 2015.

JUNO
Like I said, these fucking things
are useless--

CREAK. Juno and Andi trade a look.

Thap-thap: footsteps slow down the hall.

Andi swiftly logs off. Juno makes sure everything's closed.

JUNO (CONT'D)
Fuck, there's someone out there.

ANDI
(re: the window)
No one out here...

EXT. ROSA PARKS ELEMENTARY - DAY

CRASH. A CHAIR flies through the first floor window.

Juno and Andi leap after.

Hit the ground running. And keep going.

A MASKED HEAD is stuck out of the window, but Juno and Andi don't notice. They're already silhouettes down the alley.

ANDI

That window's gonna come out of
their budget.

JUNO

Maybe it'll green-light a repair.

They take a hard left turn and dash right into:

RUSSEL (big, intelligent guy, pronounced lisp, think Method Man), and **ELVIS** (beefy, beady-eyed, think Raekwon).

RUSSEL

Y'all like breaking other people's
things?

(he points back at the
school)

My niece goes there. Hard enough
without drafty windows and shit.

ELVIS

Robbing a school... that's low.

Russel raises his waistband. He's strapped.

RUSSEL

Real low. I'll be real, you're not
the type I'd exschpect.

Andi pauses. Recognizes the lisp.

ANDI

Russel? Russel Parker?

RUSSEL

Shiiit. Mrs. Yoon?

Russel wraps her up in a big bear hug.

ELVIS

Wait, I'm a little slow on this.
Who the fuck are they?

RUSSEL

This woman changed my life, man.
Twice. As a dope teacher -- and
then when you found Nia...

ELVIS

Shit... You're the Foreigners?

JUNO

Foragers. That's actually why we're
busting into your school.

RUSSEL
Shit. What you looking for?

ANDI
A girl -- or at least her mother.

RUSSEL
Y'all got a photo?

Andi offers it -- that hazy one of Vera off her phone.

The guys trade looks.

RUSSEL (CONT'D)
Yeah, we've seen her.

ANDI
Could you be a gentleman and take
us there?

Speak of the devil...

EXT. HIGHWAY 30 - DAY

...a GENTLEMAN'S CLUB: **JIGGLES**.

The men look slightly embarrassed. Andi looks at Juno.

ANDI
Didn't your dad run a--

JUNO
--let's just go in.

INT. JIGGLES GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DAY

Light. In every seedy shade.

Men of all stripes languish under the neon glow.

This is no Vegas temple to innovations in cosmetic surgery.

These are working women making ends meet as fast as possible.

Music's not bad, though.

RUSSEL
Ain't been here in a minute. Just
got a memory for faces, y'know?

ANDI
(not at Russel)
Yuck.

Andi looks in disgust toward Juno, who stands by a buffet tray nearby, gnawing on a buffalo wing.

JUNO
It's free. And clean. I'd know.

Andi clicks her tongue: Russel's pointing them to the stage.

RUSSEL
She's usually around there.

JUNO
But you haven't been here in *years*?

ANDI
(on Russel's discomfort)
It's cool: she grew up in one of
these.

That explains her relaxed posture. She ambles over past the few bedraggled MEN who'd be in a club on a Sunday afternoon.

She makes eye contact with one of them: the YOUNG MAN'S face is worn, but his CAULIFLOWER EAR is unmistakable.

She tosses a wing bone through him as she hits the stage.

STARRY, a dancer in her late 40s, recognizes her:

STARRY
No-fuckin-way.

JUNO
You're still at it?

STARRY
Your daddy gave me my first shot.

JUNO
Uh-huh. Where's Vera?
(on Starry's look)
Not a stage name. Really. Vera.

As the concept continues to percolate within Starry ---

VERA
Don't worry -- it's me.

Behold: **VERA MORA** (like obsidian from the depths of Crater Lake, once hot lava, now cool, dark, sharp.)

STARRY
You know Ms. M?

VERA
Give us a moment.

Starry excuses herself. Before Juno or Andi can speak --

VERA (CONT'D)
What do you know about my daughter?

JUNO
(well fuck you then)
What do you know about us?

VERA
That your father also owned a club,
but was far from a gentleman.
(and to Andi)
And that you did a decent job at
Rosa Parks, even if the kids don't
remember you.

She knows her shit. Andi gestures to Russel:

ANDI
He does. Led us here.

Vera smirks. Looks to Russel:

VERA
Would you mind pointing your
firearm at them? Please.

Russel doesn't hesitate. Andi and Juno freeze: *what?*

VERA (CONT'D)
I learned this the hard way from
Maria's father: it's not who knows
you, it's what you know they'll do.
Russel texted me before you entered
my club.

RUSSEL
Sorry, Ms. Yoon. You kept on asking
and... well, you always told me to
think critically.

ANDI
You did lie. A lot.

As they talk, Juno reaches towards the nearest glass--

--and the **PATRON** at that table already has a KNIFE drawn.

JUNO

You must not know what we do.

VERA

You find people. You've found a bunch. With guns. Well done.

JUNO

We're here to help you. Bitch.

CLICK. Hammers of multiple firearms are cocked back.

R&B continues to croon through the hostile room.

Andi sweats: *Shit. Are they about to die to Ginuwine?*

VERA

Telling me where you found the body isn't 'help.' Get out.

ANDI

You think your daughter's dead?

VERA

Don't play this game.

JUNO

(re: the guns)

Don't play this one. Let's talk.

A beat. And some rare diplomacy from Juno.

VERA

Meet me outside, Andy's girl.

With a turn of her heel, the guns go down, and "peace" falls upon the club. Andi turns to Juno as they follow her out--

ANDI

You said your dad's name was Drew.

JUNO

(shrugging)

Works, too.

ANDI

We're unpacking that later.

EXT. JIGGLES GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - DAY

A half-full strip joint lot and its accompanying indignities.

Vera, Juno, and Andi are mid-argument.

VERA

(shaking her head)

Maria's father had enemies, it was only a matter of time 'til one of them found out about her and...

ANDI

She's only been gone 48 hours.

VERA

You think I'm not aware of the realities of this place? I may keep the good ones in my pocket, but believe me: I meet a new monster every day.

ANDI

And we save people from them.

VERA

"People?" Maybe on the west side. When people like us vanish, we stay gone. So don't tell me she's alive.

JUNO

She's still alive.

VERA

Fuck you. You don't have to live knowing... I ruined my daughter's whole life the moment I...

(all there's left to say:)

Fucking Squire...

Vera can't help but fall to her knees, breaking down.

Juno and Andi unpack it quickly: they're no stranger to regrets. Andi kneels, puts her arm around Vera.

ANDI

They're only gone when we stop looking.

A beat. That holds real weight. Vera sniffles.

JUNO

Don't just wipe your nose. Nod and get up. Sitting there crying is exactly how daughters end up dead.

Andi shoots her a look, but Vera does start to rise.

VERA

What do you want from me? There's nothing I know that the police haven't already heard. They searched her hangouts, everything.

JUNO

They did. But we haven't.

Vera nods, a specter of hope breaking across her brow.

VERA

So, where do we start.

ANDI

Where was she last?

EXT. DIVISION STREET - DAY

Rain continues to pour, drenching the stores as customers sip drinks quietly from inside.

Their truck struggles to fit down the narrow street, Vera pointing from inside as they approach their destination:

INT. TOM'S - DAY

A local diner. Septuagenarians sip coffee in near silence.

JUNO

This is where your kid liked to hang out?

VERA

She was an old soul.

ANDI

Is an old soul.
(to Juno)
But we should try the usual.

VERA

The usual?

Juno nods, strides over to the **WAITER**, who recognizes Vera.

WAITER

Again, I'm so sorry about... we installed CCTV today. Wish we'd done it years ago.

JUNO
Did you know Maria?

WAITER
I wasn't there that day.

JUNO
Who was?

INT. TOM'S KITCHEN - DAY

The Waiter has rounded up two COOKS and a DISHWASHER. All Latino.

JUNO
And none of you saw where she went?

The Dishwasher looks confused.

JUNO (CONT'D)
He doesn't speak English?

VERA
Han visto a mi hija?

Confusion. The line cooks chime in. Vera nods, understanding.

VERA (CONT'D)	ANDI
He's...	Portuguese.

On Vera's nod:

ANDI (CONT'D)
Você viu a filha dela...

The Dishwasher smiles and they're talking a-mile-a-minute.

JUNO
(to Vera, sotto)
 Fucking showoff, right?

The Dishwasher points past the kitchen and down the street.

JUNO (CONT'D)
That way? He's sure?

ANDI
Yep.
(to the dishwasher)
Obrigado.

With a smile, they're headed out. Vera trailing behind.

VERA

What's going on? Where did you ask about?

ANDI

Asked which direction she headed in when she left.

VERA

We already got that.

JUNO

Not from him.

They exit the restaurant, heading down an alley BEHIND the restaurant. Dingy. Dumpsters. But a clear path.

ANDI

She turned this way, walked past him as he took out the trash.

VERA

Why didn't he say anything?

JUNO

Because nobody asked him.

VERA

If I knew, I would've.

(to Andi)

How do you know how to speak...

ANDI

My mom taught me. Korean-Brazilian. You know, they're the--

JUNO

--biggest Korean population in Latin America." Fun fact.

ANDI

I get it. So the car went that way.

VERA

Which is the opposite of where the waiters said she went. Shit...

JUNO

And that's why we're here looking.

VERA

But how will we know which way she went after she took that left?

ANDI
Tom's might not have CCTV...

She points at BLUNCH (twee, hip new cafe) a few blocks down.

ANDI (CONT'D)
...but they look promising.

MONTAGE: GRUNT WORK

-Andi and Juno chat it up with the twee cafe owners.

-CCTV is accessed, grainy tape showing a woman walking...

-...to more storefronts. More CCTV footage. More anecdotes.

-Vera speaking Spanish with a custodian. Pointing hands.

-And their truck driving further East. Leading them to....

EXT. 'REEL 'M INN - DAY

The sun catches twilight on a sketchy Eastside Tavern.

JUNO
Charming.

ANDI
Did y'all search here yet.

Vera shakes her head.

VERA
This is 21+ and she was only 19.

JUNO
Don't you manage a fucking strip club?

Fair enough.

INT. 'REEL 'M INN - DAY

Oil bubbles violently in a Broaster: a pressurized deep fat frier that turns out one full chicken and mess of potato wedges (called Jojos) at a time.

The sole surly BARTENDER is the frycook, working like an octopus with body piercings. And playing darts, alone...

JUNO
Motherfucker...

It's **BANDON** (30s, like English Ivy: greedy, widely disliked, and under the correct conditions... unstoppable).

Bandon nails one bullseye, then another. He's a good shot.

As he reaches to retrieve his quarry -- SHNK.

Another DART flies past his ear, hitting the bullseye from across the room. He looks back: *yeah, Juno's better.*

BANDON

Hood River. Thought I told y'all I had the East Side.

JUNO

We're not here to buy you a beer.

Bandon notices Vera by Andi. Nods.

BANDON

So this is Mami?
(in Spanish)
Don't worry, I'll find your daughter.

VERA

Who the fuck are you people?

BANDON

Foragers, dear. The best at what we do. Did those two not tell you?
(to the bartender)
Can we get another three beers? And where the fuck is the chicken at?

The Bartender grumbles. Juno, Andi, and Vera sidle up.

ANDI

We don't have time to chat long.

BANDON

(ignoring that thought)
So, Squire hired us all? Million-dollar bounty?

ANDI

Sure.

BANDON

I held out for two. Suckers.

Juno smacks down the black card.

JUNO

Whatever the fuck is in this card,
you can have. Now hurry up and talk
because we have til the end of this
drink to know what you know.

Andi looks at Juno, impressed.

ANDI

Why are you even at this bar?

BANDON

(pocketing the card)
Because it's where the trail led.
And no, I don't ask around like
some fucking fool.
(taking out a black debit
card of his own)
Money asks for me.

ANDI

You realize if money could buy
Maria, then Squire wouldn't even
have hired us?

BANDON

River, he hired me cause I do more
with his money.

VERA

So you're really Foragers? I
thought they were an urban myth.

BANDON

"Selfless local legends who
specialize in finding the lost?"
The only "mythical" part is that
I'm local.

JUNO

And selfless.

VERA

So you all work together.

JUNO

We all work. And sometimes our
paths cross.

BANDON

And usually, Hood and River here
are smart enough to stick to their
zone, but sometimes you need to
call in a real pro, like me, and it
won't be cheap.

JUNO

Do you do anything but talk shit?

BANDON

I do, but it'll cost you.

ANDI

(re: the card)

You already have all our money.

Bandon looks to Vera: *what about her?* Andi and Juno's looks
shoot back pure venom.

BANDON

Fine. So, kids have been illegally
drinking here for years. Maria's a
regular, and another regular said
she was drinking with this Indian,
sounds like he was ta--

POP-SHLURP.

Bandon slumps, gurgling, a bullet-sized HOLE in his throat.

POP. A bullet sails right past Andi's nose. She jerked her
head back just in time.

Standing up from their table in the corner of the room...

A HUGE, HAIRY MAN (BIGFOOT) and ONE-EYED WOMAN (CYCLOPS).

Bigfoot has a gun, the woman, a knife.

JUNO

I'll get the gun.

ANDI

Please do.

[Note: This isn't a movie where a man dies every six seconds.

When there's a fight, Juno and Andi are tested. Often hurt.

Things move fast. They have to.

*Because two middle-aged women can't outlast bigger, stronger,
younger, opponents. Only outthink -- and outmaneuver.]*

Vera's already behind the bar, terrified.

Before Bigfoot can get off another shot, Juno HURLS a barstool right into him.

The massive man BRUSHES it aside. Not much of a problem...

...but it gives enough of an opening for Juno to barrel into him, TACKLING him straight into the wall.

Her broken foot makes her wince, hesitating.

Bigfoot seizes his chance. He picks Juno up and THROWS her right over the bar, they land inches away from Vera.

JUNO

Shit. Move.

VERA

I'm trying.

Before she can flee, Bigfoot GRABS Vera by the arm.

JUNO

Double shit.

Across the bar, Andi is taking steps back as Cyclops swipes wildly with her knife.

For the first time, we see how Andi fights in her own.

She's not strong, fast, or in possession of two working hands. So every move needs to count.

ANDI

(re: the one-eyed woman)

This ain't the land of the blind.

And count it does. Cyclops rushes, thrusts big --

Andi sidesteps, shoves, putting Cyclops off-balance.

So Cyclops twists, tense, strikes again. Harder.

It's exactly what Andi was hoping for. She KICKS out a barstool, right in the woman's path. Her feet get CAUGHT.

The woman trips. Falls. Hard. Mouth-open.

CLK-CLK. Chitter-chitter:

TEETH clatter across the dirty tile like porcelain marbles.

Andi looks back to the bar.

ANDI (CONT'D)
You okay?

We see:

Juno, holding the gun she managed to wrest away from --
Bigfoot. Who holds a sharp, broken mug to Vera's carotid
artery.

BIGFOOT
Drop my shit.

ANDI
Junie...

Juno looks between them. Debates what to do. Gently sets down
the gun.

BIGFOOT
Alright n--

THWICK. Juno FASTBALLS the nearest mug straight at Bigfoot's
neck. It connects with his Adam's apple.

For a split second, the giant chokes. It's enough for Vera to
break free.

Juno seizes the opportunity, fires the gun--

CHK. Nothing left.

JUNO
What the f--

The enraged man charges back into her, the bartender scatters
as he pins Juno towards the actively frying broaster.

Her elbows contact with the hot surface, we hear the hiss.

Andi rushes towards them, but can't get there fast enough.

Bigfoot continues to press his edge, massive forearms aiming
to push Juno's face into the broaster.

ANDI
Away! Away!

Taking a page from Andi's book:

Juno simply shifts her face with the pressure, allowing the
Bigfoot's hand to soar past her...

...and straight into the pressurized cauldron.

PSST. The man SCREAMS.

Juno wheels around, forces his whole head INTO THE BROASTER.

POP. Sizzle. A brain full of hot oil.

It spatters on Juno, leaving raindrop-sized burns.

Bigfoot goes limp. It's over.

JUNO
Is the other one alive?

Andi walks over, lifts the Cyclops up: a pool of BLOOD
beneath her is the end result of...

ANDI
Fell on her own knife.

JUNO
Shit.

Vera and Bartender look up from the bar, terrified.

VERA
(to Bartender)
Why haven't you called the cops?

The Bartender gestures to a mound of cash in her hand.

BARTENDER
(re: Bandon)
He paid me not too.

VERA
Well, he's fucking dead. Call them.

JUNO
Hold off.

VERA
What? Why?

CUT TO:

EXT. 'REEL 'M INN - DUSK

Juno and Andi bid Vera adieu from the now-closed bar.

ANDI
Does that make sense?

VERA

We can get the police involved, but
it'll take the night to process.
Maria gets that much further away.

JUNO

Really, you're lucky the Bartender
took that million-dollar bribe.
Coulda asked for more.

VERA

How on Earth don't more people know
about you?

JUNO

(re: the corpses inside)
It seems plenty people do.

Andi and Juno trade a knowing look.

ANDI

You'll need to stay back. This is
good news. They're not after you.

JUNO

They're after Foragers.

VERA

But... I want to help.

Surprisingly, it's Juno who puts her arm on Vera's shoulder.

JUNO

(offering her phone)
You already have. Put your number
in here. We'll call you soon as
she's safe.

Vera puts down her digits.

VERA

His last words... it sounded like
he said...

ANDI

Downtown. We think the same.

VERA

Thank--

JUNO

Premature.

ANDI
 (Juno's... mercurial)
 You can thank us when she's back in
 your arms.

Vera nods, a half-smile.

VERA
 I can do that.

EXT. SLABTOWN - DAY

The quiet, industrial edge of Downtown. Juno and Andi round an alleyway behind MARQUEE KARAOKE. Mid-argument.

ANDI
 It's our easiest way in.

JUNO
 We saved his sister's kid, right?
 And he still has the gaul to charge
us to do our job?

ANDI
 You mean a "niece."
 (on Juno's glare)
 If you wanna try Chinatown, where
 they're probably looking for us...

Juno notices the Cauliflower-Eared Boy standing nearby. Startles her into agreement.

JUNO
 Fine, fine.

Juno pulls out some chewing gum and throws the wrapper through the vision. Then gets to a cellar door. Kicks it with her good foot: TAP-A-TAP-TAP-ing out a beat.

Some light cursing from within. The door OPENS, revealing:

MARQUIS. Ancient. Arthritic. Impatient. And a PASSAGE KEEPER.

MARQUIS
 Big day for Foragers, eh?

INT. CELLAR - DAY

An unassuming Karaoke Bar basement.

JUNO
 Who came through here?

MARQUIS
Bandon, for one.

Andi and Juno trade looks: let's hold off for now.

ANDI
And who else?

MARQUIS
The legend himself.

JUNO
John Day? What'd he tell you?

MARQUIS
Exactly what the best tell you --
nothing.

Juno rolls her eyes.

JUNO
He's really let that rumor float
around.

MARQUIS
He saved 12 kids in Southern Idaho
last winter. That's some rumor.

Juno shrugs, begrudgingly: his reputation does precede him.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)
So, do y'all want to help me move
this fucking thing?

Marquis gestures to an massive PAINTING OF NUDES IN A CIRCLE --
think Matisse's "Dance", but with joints ablaze.

JUNO
Subtle.

MARQUIS
On three...

1, 2... and with a heave, they push the work of "art" aside
and reveal the beginnings of a **TUNNEL**.

ANDI
Either of them come with back up?

MARQUIS
If they did, not here. Buyer-
beware. And speaking of...

Marquis holds out his hand. And Juno and Andi capitulate by placing a wad of the now-late Bandon's CASH in his hand.

JUNO
How's your niece?

MARQUIS
Natasha says hello. Happy hunting.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Narrow. Damp. Dark. Roaches skitter through the passageways. Andi consults GRAFFITI along the tunnel like road signs.

ANDI
Say what you want about KF, he's got some solid tagging skills.

JUNO
Just painting over what the Old Man wrote...

Juno puts her hand to the wall. Spray sticks to her fingers.

JUNO (CONT'D)
This is fresh. Like today fresh.

Andi nods. Pulls out her blacklight, allowing us to see:

Change of plans. Meet in Chinatown.

JUNO (CONT'D)
Is that handwriting...

ANDI
John Day's. I think.

JUNO
We gotta come up now. Powell's?

ANDI
It's only safe to go down. But Cormac's is close.

JUNO
Not at night. All the drunk tourists...

THNK-THNK-THNK.

The sound of pounding footsteps. Andi starts to shout--

And Juno covers her mouth.

JUNO (CONT'D)
No. Follow.

And follow they do -- chasing down whoever's down here.

EXT. CAMERON'S BOOK - DAY

From outside, you'd see an abandoned Chinatown book store...

INT. CAMERON'S BOOKS - DAY

But inside, you'd see an abandoned mess, too.

From a massive pile of books, deep within the aisles...

An **EPEE-MASKED MAN** bursts out from what was a cellar door.

Seconds later, Andi and Juno emerge.

ANDI
The books.

A series of fallen books covered in muddy sewer-stained footprints act as dirty breadcrumbs.

They keep moving, Juno sprinting out ahead.

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Juno breaks onto the street, deep in the chase. Sees the Masked Man, sprinting down the alley, he must not be armed.

JUNO
Fucker.

Andi catches up to see Juno rounding the corner, screaming --

JUNO (CONT'D)
Fucking fencing-mask!

Andi wheels the other way 'round: she'll try to cut them off.

EXT. OAK STREET - DUSK

Near the heart of Portland's city government...

A massive tent encampment. Maybe a hundred unhoused people, breaking LETO shoeboxes down into makeshift fires to keep warm through the cold night and steady drizzle.

Sweating, the Masked Man looks behind at Juno, in hot pursuit, then opts to dash straight through the camp.

Tenants shout in surprise. Juno follows, narrowly colliding with them.

JUNO
Move.

The unhoused folks try to. Syringes shatter underfoot. Among the tall gray tents, she's losing sight of him.

JUNO (CONT'D)
Shit. Shit.

She makes a wild left that pays off: he's back in-sight.

Just ten yards away now. She's focused, surging through a funhouse mirror's worth of weathered, watching faces:

Old eyes. Young ones. Wrinkles. Scarred lips. Cold red noses.

A CAULIFLOWER EAR.

She curses, mid-pant: no time for visions.

She pushes the offending body aside, knocking him back.

Juno keeps running, but her face contorts, stunned:

Did I just make contact?

She stops. Turns around, just to make sure it's not...

JUNO (CONT'D)
Lucas?

We see a YOUNG MAN, aged fast from years on the street. Slowly getting back onto his feet. Cauliflower ear and all.

EXT. SALMON STREET - DUSK

Andi's in pursuit. Luckily for her, the Masked Man trips.

A golden opportunity. She gets on top of him, pinning him. All she needs is her partner's help.

ANDI
Junie! I got him!

No response. The man struggles. Andi's strength has its limits.

ANDI (CONT'D)
Juno?

Andi calls -- but no one comes.

HNNGH.

With a swift KICK, Andi's on her side.

As the Masked Man wrests himself away, Andi's trick hand is able to RIP off part of his mask, revealing a ruddy scarred FACE unfamiliar to us, but instantly evocative to her:

ANDI (CONT'D)
Moscow?

MOSCOW (a fellow Forager from Idaho) makes eye contact.

MOSCOW
Stay home, River.

He escapes, leaving Andi clutching her belly, stomach -- and head -- spinning.

EXT. OAK STREET ENCAMPMENT - DUSK

Amongst the tents, Juno looks across at what must be **LUCAS**.

JUNO
I just... I knew it.

SLHLUMP. Lucas slumps to the ground, eyes glazed over.

JUNO (CONT'D)
Lucas!

Juno immediately rushes to his aid.

The POCKMARKS between his fingers shows he's often deliriously high. Perhaps he is right now.

A small crowd has gathered -- people noticing the ruckus.

CYRIL (an unhoused man) pokes his head out from his tent --

CYRIL
You know him?

JUNO
Get away from my son.

Juno looks around at the sea of looming bodies among tattered tents, approaching. She grabs Lucas' hand.

LUCAS

Huh?

JUNO

C'mon, we're going.

She supports her son on one powerful shoulder, walking forward, gripping him tight, like a cub in a lion's mouth.

EXT. OAK STREET - DAY

Andi wanders, calling for her partner --

ANDI

Hood? Juno?

JUNO (O.S.)

Here.

Andi runs, rounds the corner, following the sound of her voice. When she turns, she sees Juno, and the man hanging from her shoulder -- cauliflower ear as plain as day.

Jubilant, rivulets of relieved tears run down her cheeks:

JUNO (CONT'D)

I found him.

Andi runs forward, not smiling. Then, forcing one:

ANDI

Let's find a place where he can rest.

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

The sun is set. Lucas, still in a stupor, sits on a bench.

JUNO

He's been high as balls since I found him. We'll sober him up.

(beat)

I knew it, babe. He was out there.

Andi looks back at Lucas, the doubt in her eyes is obvious.

ANDI

Junie... do you remember how tall Lucas was when we last saw him?

JUNO

Five-something.

ANDI

Four-eleven. A shortie. And this guy is what, six-three?

JUNO

He was fifteen the last time we saw him. Men have growth spurts...

ANDI

Junie, the man we were chasing: it was Moscow. The Forager.

JUNO

Babe, take a step back for a second: I think we found him.

ANDI

...well, why don't we deposit him somewhere safe? Maybe a clinic where he can detox. Time's running short, so I think we should --

JUNO

Do you give a shit about him?

ANDI

Babe...

(there's no easy way to say this)

I don't know who that man is.

JUNO

You think I don't know my own son?

ANDI

It's the stress, and what you're going through. The meds take time.

JUNO

I haven't had a single vision since I saw him.

ANDI

And how long has that been? Ten minutes?

JUNO

Sorry I didn't get over my son in a second, like you.

SMACK. Andi's good hand hits Juno's cheek.

ANDI

I hurt from that in ways you'll
never have the heart to understand.

Juno searches for something that will injure. It spills out:

JUNO

You're why he ran away. You
suffocated him.

ANDI

You terrified him.

JUNO

With the truth? You fed him
bullshit fantasies.

ANDI

He was a kid. Someone had to mother
him.

A beat. Juno's incensed. She tries to stop herself, but:

JUNO

Then who went into relapse when it
came time to actually look for him?
You're weak. And a coward.

A nerve isn't struck: it's combusted. Andi turns and walks
away, failing to hide rivulets of tears.

ANDI

I'm headed underground. To find a
real person, you crazy bitch.

Juno calls back, furious: at Andi, at herself...

JUNO

Coward!

Groggy murmurs from the bench: Lucas has been stirred awake.

Juno turns to him, her frustration melts away to adoration.

JUNO (CONT'D)

It's you. It really is you.

She checks the world around her, just in case: no visions,
just the coming darkness, her, and her son. For now.

INT. UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Dark, deep tunnels. Occasional shafts of light provide just enough light to make out rats silhouettes among the shadows.

Wet stone beneath Andi's feet makes her approach obvious to anyone that might be out here. But that's a risk she's going to need to take.

She consults the wall graffiti, using her phone light to illuminate what she can.

And briefly, ever so briefly, checks her messages: nothing from Juno.

ANDI
Stubborn bitch...

Just as she rounds a corner, lost in frustration--

A PAIR OF DARK HANDS grab her, holding her mouth shut.

EXT. TENT ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

A few fires smolder as people cook on Coleman stoves and burn LETO overstock for warmth. You can smell the smoking insoles.

Juno attempts to lead Lucas, but if anything, she appears to be following.

JUNO
C'mon, let's grab the last of your stuff and get out of here.

LUCAS
Just one thing.

Lucas drowsily heads over towards a group of tents, right in the center of it all.

JUNO
Forget it, we have clothes at home.

LUCAS
Just one thing!

Lucas is insistent. And Juno capitulates.

They enter the mass of tents. Eyes and limbs loom in the darkness. Juno's uneasy.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Not here! It's not here.

He's still delusional. Juno clocks that, tries to be gentle.

JUNO
Someone here probably took it. It's okay.

LUCAS
One second.

Lucas enters a tent. We hear murmurs. Yelling.

Lucas BURSTS out.

JUNO
Are you okay?

LUCAS
Not here. Gotta go there.

JUNO
The fuck is there?

Lucas doesn't answer, but rather RUNS down the street. Juno has no choice but to follow.

INT. UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Andi stands across from the man who was holding her mouth:

YAKIMA, late 50s, like Oregon's own Snowball Cactus: Native, from the mountains, oft-overlooked, and prickly by nature.

ANDI
Jesus. You couldn't tell it was me?

YAKIMA
Sounded like a person's footsteps.
So I took precautions.
(beat)
Especially with her.

Yakima gestures just ten feet to their left. Hidden in the darkness, a pair of hazel eyes.

YAKIMA (CONT'D)
C'mon out. She's friendly.

With a step, the light just barely makes out the figure of:

MARIA MORA. A few days dirty. Red eyes suggest no sleep.

ANDI
How did you find her?

YAKIMA
I followed the bodies.

Yakima gestures down the underground path. Andi's sage nod and lack of surprise confirm a few things.

YAKIMA (CONT'D)
You've seen them too.

ANDI
They're hunting us. Bandon's dead. Right in front of my eyes. Someone was aiming for him. And us.

YAKIMA
I've been a coyote for too long. Thinking we ruled the empty land. Cowards wearing the wolf's face.

ANDI
But what hunts coyotes?

MARIA
Other cowards.
(beat)
I mean coyotes. It's true.

YAKIMA
(to Andi)
She must like you. Hasn't said a word to me all day.

ANDI
Well let's escape these coyotes.
(beat)
The Slabtown exit is still open.
Tried it today. J-Day took it too.

YAKIMA
Let's hope the only thing we run into is Marquis.
(to Maria)
Follow, but not too close.

And together, the three of them head down a tunnel, disappearing like silhouettes in the darkness.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Juno chases Lucas down the streets. Calling after him --

JUNO
Lucas, slow down.

LUCAS
It's around here! It is.

JUNO
What's around here, what do you
need?

They dart into another alley --

And Juno finally grabs a hold of him, she can't wait any
longer.

JUNO (CONT'D)
What are you looking for? Money?

Lucas' glazed eyes perk up at the idea.

JUNO (CONT'D)
I have money! See?

Juno reaches into her wallet, pulls out some cash. It catches
Lucas eye.

JUNO (CONT'D)
So can we go now?

Nothing from Lucas. He seems to be looking past her.

JUNO (CONT'D)
Lucas? Lucas?

He's looking beyond her... and to her side.

THWACK.

A TIRE IRON makes contact with the side of Juno's head. She
goes down, clutching it, concussed.

JUNO (CONT'D)
...Lucas?

She looks up at the DESPERATE, HAGGARD MEN standing over her.
Lucas stands just behind them as they pick apart her wallet.

LUCAS
That's not my name.

Some of the men laugh, kick her while she's down. She covers
herself to better absorb the blows -- while a strung-out
"Lucas" joins along in the excitement.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
That's not my name!

From the corner of her eye, she can spot a BOY with a Cauliflower Ear at the end of the alley, watching her.

Tears run down her face as she processes her mistake. Leading to tears of rage. Her face contorts itself.

And the next dirty boot that SWINGS into her arm -- gets CAUGHT in it.

Juno PULLS, and man goes down on his back, hard.

One steps back, suddenly not so bold. Another tries a kick-- THUD. THUD.

Juno growls, bringing them onto their backs one-by-one. Three, four men are on the ground, writhing in pain.

The others have since backed away.

Juno slowly rises to her feet. A massive bruise is taking shape by her right temple. She clutches her left ribcage.

And standing here, she can see them all:

The cruel, desperate men. The strange, twisted person who looks like Lucas. And the specter of her son.

Juno lets out a single, primal SCREAM.

Some men drop what they took. All of them RUN. Right through the unreal vision of her real boy.

A beat. Before she can limp away --

A TUG at her torn shirt sleeve.

She growls again, PUSHES the offender away and staggers off.

If she looked back, she might've seen, now in a puddle --

CYRIL, the unhoused man. Was he attempting to help? Probably.

Either way, he finds JUNO'S PHONE near him on the ground. One of the thieves must've dropped it. He calls, but she's gone.

INT. UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Andi, Maria, and Yakima make their way through the sewer.

YAKIMA
Where's Hood?

ANDI
Back in Old Town, last I saw her.

Sensing the worry in Andi's voice:

YAKIMA
She'll hold her own.

ANDI
Yeah. Of course.
(noticing Maria's silence)
You okay, Maria?

Silence.

YAKIMA
She's in shock.

ANDI
(to Maria)
You're brave as hell. We got you.

Maria nods, but unlike Andi, seems far from reassured.

Out of the corner of her eye, Andi notices --

ANDI (CONT'D)
Is that...

It is: MARQUIS. Shot in the leg. Eyes closed.

MARQUIS
You've come back for me, have you?

ANDI
Who did this?

MARQUIS
Your fucking Foragers.

Yakima shrugs, moves on, while Andi struggles to process.

YAKIMA
Ask questions when we're out.

ANDI
But we have to bring him with us.

YAKIMA
He can't walk, but he won't die --
as long as he plays dead.

Sure enough, Marquis nods. Understanding that this wasn't them, or he'd be dead already. Ever the Passage Keeper:

MARQUIS

Go on ahead, and please: let the
rest of them fucking follow you.

And so they go. Marquis quickly fades into the darkness.

It's a good thing. Because a few paces down the tunnel Maria stops. And simply points --

Ahead in the tunnel, a LIGHT and the sounds of men running.

A cry: "*HELP!*"

Pop. Silence.

Andi instinctively grabs Maria, ducks her down.

Yakima turns, tells them to shush.

The light grows closer. The footsteps slow down. We hear:

"You didn't ask who he'd let through."

"That wasn't Marquis. We already killed him. Dipshit."

Andi looks to Maria, her eyes conveying: *stay cool*.

Maria's eyes are panicked.

Yakima tries to look ahead--

And Maria TUGS at Andi's arm. They nearly slip. The sound of their boots on wet stone echo through the tunnel.

The voices ahead go quiet. And the light goes off.

ANDI

(whispering)

Shit.

(to Yakima)

I'll take her the other way.

YAKIMA

(whispering)

Stay. Get low.

Andi obliges, forces a still reluctant Maria down to a deep crouch while Yakima reaches into his bag.

He pulls out two metal rods -- attaches them.

Footsteps pick up heading towards them -- but nothing can be seen beyond the darkness.

Yakima pulls out a long, thick blade, and attaches it to the rods. He turns to Andi one last time.

YAKIMA (CONT'D)
Lower. Please. And stay.

Andi and Maria get into an army crawl, their shirts now wet.

And Yakima, with his pole-knife in hand, heads into the darkness.

A beat.

Maria tries to pull Andi away again, and Andi just keeps her down as --

BANG.

Andi can FEEL the bullet sailing over both their heads.

SHNK.

BANG-BANG.

SHNK.

A gurgle, then silence.

They stay down. Maria's eyes are closed. Andi realizes hers are, too.

She looks up, just in time to see Yakima emerge from the shadows.

YAKIMA (CONT'D)
You can come up.

They do, and they pass by Yakima's handiwork -- two slices, two bodies.

Andi examines them.

ANDI
One of these guys I don't know, but
the other...

He gets close to the man's face: pock-marked, distinctive, some old frostbite on his nose....

ANDI (CONT'D)
Moscow. I saw him on the surface.
He was in a mask.

YAKIMA
A long way from Idaho.

MARIA
Are you all... kidnappers?

Yakima's look sends Maria silent. But Andi catches on:

ANDI
What the fuck is going on here?
Foragers killing Foragers. She just
called you a kidnapper--

YAKIMA
I have plenty to atone for, and
more to tell -- if we ever get out
of here. You read the tunnels
better than I do. What now?

ANDI
Now you start talking, because we
aren't moving an inch until I know
why Bandon's dead.

Andi won't budge. Yakima nods, admits:

YAKIMA
There's a war. One where people
like you and Bandon didn't know you
were on the other side. And I
helped start it.

ANDI
With who? Why? I need more.

YAKIMA
(frustrated, desperate)
Anything you want, I will try to
give... when she is safe.
(they both look to Maria)
Now, where to?

ANDI
(relenting)
If we can't come up that way...
there's Cormac's.

YAKIMA
Quieter options. Hopefully east.

ANDI
There's under the bridge. To the
dead mall. It's a 50/50 shot of
dead ends though.

YAKIMA
I'll take a coin flip right now.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Juno wanders through the streets. Bloodied. Beaten. Distraught. Humiliated.

She approaches the weathered storefront of:

EXT. CAMERON'S BOOK STORE - NIGHT

Juno stands outside. Unable to muster the courage to go in.

She slides to her knees. Finally out of the rain, but nursing a dozen injuries.

Every move she makes seems to make her wince.

JUNO
What's wrong with me?

And at that moment, looking across the street, she sees:

The CAULIFLOWER-EAR BOY. Is that even Lucas anymore?

And as tears start to roll down her defeated face...

"Juno?"

JUNO (CONT'D)
Lucas?

But it isn't coming from the Boy.

It's coming from the man standing right over her:

JOHN DAY
I thought that was you.

Juno looks up. **JOHN DAY** (50s) is Jason Bourne and Paul Bunyan rolled into one, a true force of nature.

He stoops, his grey eyes like a bull elephant's: powerful, wandering. Juno wipes her own, trying to appear strong.

JUNO
John Day. How did you find me here?

JOHN DAY
(prodding her jacket)
You kept the new radio on.

Juno checks her jacket: it's the only thing the people who jumped her didn't come for. The fight must've switched it on.

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)
What happened?

JUNO
I... I just need a minute.

JOHN DAY
Let's get you two.

She's helped up, weakly fading into his arms, just like the Boy who has now disappeared from her sight.

INT. UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

The underground trio continue along the tunnels. They can hear the water from the Willamette rushing overhead.

ANDI
Ten thousand tons of river over
us... do you think the new radios
work down here?

YAKIMA
Not like you think they do.

Before Andi can inquire further, Yakima stops, ears sharp:

YAKIMA (CONT'D)
Quiet.

They wait a beat. Straining. Then they hear it:

"Yakima...."

ANDI
How the fuck do they know you're
down here?

We hear footsteps.

ANDI (CONT'D)
That doesn't sound like one person.

YAKIMA
It isn't.

"Yakima..."

"Yakima..."

"Yakima!"

It's a veritable chorus, reverberating through the sewers.

"Bring Maria out first and we'll be quick..."

YAKIMA (CONT'D)

This exit's no good. You both need
to turn and go.

ANDI

You don't need to stay.

Yakima looks to her. And to Maria.

YAKIMA

I'm sorry for all I did. Truly.

Yakima paces forward. Bellowing:

YAKIMA (CONT'D)

The girl's gone. But I'm here.

Lights come up. Maria freezes, but Andi drags her.

YAKIMA (CONT'D)

Go. Now.

BANG. A bullet sails by Yakima's ear. He grimaces, charges
blindly with his poleknife into the dark.

Andi GRABS Maria -- and they take off running.

INT. DANTE'S PIZZA - DAY

A pizza place attached to a burlesque bar. Juno holds a coke
-- and a handful of pills.

JUNO

Tramadol?

JOHN DAY

Technically a narcotic, but for
pain, it's the only silver bullet
that won't knock you out.

JUNO

I was in the Olympics, John. I know
what Tramadol is.

JOHN DAY

Good. I just need you on your game.
The night is not over.

JUNO

What the fuck is going on out here?

JOHN DAY

Maria is at the center of a lot of
shit. And we need to resolve that.
Foragers killing each other...
where's River?

JUNO

We separated... I think she's
underground.

JOHN DAY

Then they'll find her.

JUNO

Who?

JOHN DAY

The fucking Foragers.

JUNO

From where?

JOHN DAY

From everywhere.

JUNO

Then we need to go underground.

JOHN DAY

We're better off meeting them on
the other side.

JUNO

There's a dozen "other sides."

JOHN DAY

There were. But what I've been
doing is going to each entrance,
and believe me -- there's limited
passages.

(re: Cameron's)

Seems we're at one of the few.

JUNO

So where can we go? I have no clue
where she'll be.

JOHN DAY

We'll head east and call her when
she gets out.

(MORE)

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)

Radio's been spotty as hell, lucky
I found you at all... but you have
her number.

Juno feels her pockets... just the radio.

JUNO

Fuck. My phone. Those fuckers in
the alley...

JOHN DAY

Let's find this alley.
(as Juno rises)
Once you have something in your
stomach. For the meds.

Juno chugs her drink and heads outside: done.

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)

You haven't changed a bit.

JUNO

Hope your truck hasn't, either.

They step outside to find John's CUSTOM TRUCK: something
between a military vehicle and a big game hunter's wet dream.

JOHN DAY

Wouldn't dream of it.

INT. UNDERGROUND - NIGHT

Andi rushes through the tunnel, Maria right behind.

POP. POP. POP. A howl that's like Yakima's.

Maria starts to fall back in the darkness.

MARIA

I can't see.

ANDI

My hand.

Maria reaches out, grabs Andi's good hand. They keep going.

POP. POP.

"We hear you, Maria! We're gonna keep you safe!"

The voices echo. Andi tries to speed up, hands swinging --

SHK. Andi feels a strange TUG at her trick hand.

As the darkness swirls around them, she looks down just long enough to make out the grainy silhouette --

A LITTLE BOY'S HAND. To her *this* is Lucas.

ANDI (CONT'D)
Not now...

The hand PULLS, grips hard, pulling her back, slowing her down.

Now Maria is the one ahead...

The footsteps grow closer.

Andi's mesmerized by the sensation. The little hand pulls and pulls, trying to suck her into the darkness...

MARIA
C'mon! Please.

Maria's voice rings out. Andi takes a deep breath.

ANDI
Hold on.

And like no woman in Andi's condition ever has before--

She RUNS.

Like a mother deer from a forest fire. Bounding. Desperate.

A blur in the night. Shapes in the dark.

A hand in each of hers.

The little one made of shadow slipping away.

Her frozen fingers trying to hold on --

ANDI (CONT'D)
No.

His grip so faint. The prospect so painful...

ANDI (CONT'D)
No...

...that all she can do is close her eyes.

Let go.

And keep on going.

INT. CORMAC'S BASEMENT - DAY

A kitschy Irish bar.

With a haunted basement that features the occasional--

TOUR GUIDE
Midnight ghost tour, follow me!

A dozen jolly TOURISTS draped in bulging LETO store bags sip tasters of beer while a TOUR GUIDE tells them about the history of this place:

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)
In the old pirate days of Portland,
people used to get drunk at the bar
above, and pirates would move their
unconscious bodies through these
passageways, effectively "Shanghai-
ing" them on boats to China.

A tourist raises a hand. The Tour Guide intercepts.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)
Now, I know what you're thinking:
do these tunnels still work?
Unfortunately--

BAM.

Andi and Maria come FLYING out of the tunnel. Covered in sweat, grime, the blood of others.

The guests watch slack-jawed as the pair DASH up the stairs.

A few of them look at the dark ales swirling in their glasses, concerned:

TOURIST
What the hell is in this?

EXT. CORMAC'S - NIGHT

They're out on the street. Panting. Scared. Exhausted.

Andi talks to Maria --

ANDI
We're gonna get you home. Just hold
on...

Andi places a call on her phone.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Juno's phone, now cracked and wet, vibrates into oblivion.

BACK ON THE STREET:

ANDI
Goddamit, Junie.
(message beep)
Okay, we're headed to the old mall.
See you there if you get this.

MARIA
What's happening?

ANDI
We're getting you somewhere safe.

MARIA
Can we get a Lyft?

Andi has a finger raised, phone to her ear.

ANDI
We're in the Pearl. Off 2nd and
Salmon. Thanks.
(to Maria)
Rose City Cab. More reliable.

MARIA
But where are we going--

ANDI
We're gonna be okay. I got this.

Maria nods, experiencing comfort for the first time in days.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Juno and John Day step out of the truck and search.

Juno makes a beeline, finds it in a puddle.

JOHN DAY
Alright, you got it, head back to--

BANG. John Day narrowly manages to dodge a bullet.

Juno and John Day wheel around.

At the other end of the alley:

Three other unnamed, unmasked **FORAGERS...**

...Led by **KETCHUM** (40s, country strong, city mean).

They're looking for a fight.

KETCHUM
You too, River?

JUNO
I'm Hood, dipshit.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

Andi watches the city disappear in the rearview. And Maria watches Andi.

MARIA
You look familiar.

ANDI
I worked at your elementary school.

MARIA
Which one? I went to three.

ANDI
And that's why I only look
familiar. Rosa Parks.

Maria isn't satisfied, only more confused:

MARIA
Why are you doing this? Where are
you taking me?

ANDI
Quieter, please.

She looks up toward the CABDRIVER: he's not listening.

ANDI (CONT'D)
Fine: but you tell me what Yakima
was apologizing for. The war he
started. All that.

(on her nod)
Good. Your dad hired us to find
you. Me, Yakima, we're Foragers.

MARIA
So my dad had me kidnapped?

ANDI
No... I don't think... what
happened?

MARIA

We were in the tunnels--

ANDI

Before that.

MARIA

I'd been gone from home a couple days. My mom and I had a fight --

ANDI

About what?

MARIA

I told someone who my dad was. She freaked... I just had to go.

Andi nods: *she can see both sides here.*

MARIA (CONT'D)

I know I shouldn't. It slipped. And I'm just so sick of being seen as this stupid, scared living secret.

ANDI

I've met your mom, Maria. She misses you, and we're gonna get you back to her. But who took you?

MARIA

This guy... I was out late, and he grabs me, like picked me up like a can of something, and throws me in a truck and says he'll kill me if I scream and... it's been days since.

Andi glances back at the cabbie: *this guy must be deaf.*

ANDI

It has. Do you remember his name?

MARIA

He's Yakima's boss. And others, too. Told Yakima to take me to some "studio" where they could meet my dad... where are you taking me?

ANDI

Maria, if I were trying to ransom you like them, would we be having this conversation? So where's this studio?

MARIA

I never got there. At night, he
came to the room they kept me in,
crying.

ANDI

Yakima?

MARIA

I thought he was going crazy. He
had that long knife... I just
stayed quiet and he took me into
the tunnels. He didn't speak once.
Until you came.

ANDI

So Yakima changed his mind... but
who's his boss? You hear a name?

MARIA

They kept saying "Jandae." Or like
the town: "John Day."

Andi gasps, loud enough that even the cabbie turns around.

MARIA (CONT'D)

You know him?

Andi struggles to process: *this is bad. Really bad.*

ANDI

Thought I did.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Juno and John Day face down their assailants.

JOHN DAY

You really don't wanna do this.

KETCHUM

Probably not. But I've gotta.

The other Foragers all seem slightly... afraid of John Day.

But they pull out their guns --

BANG. BANG. BANG.

John Day's a modern-day gunslinger. Three Foragers lie dead.
Ketchum is winged.

KETCHUM (CONT'D)
River, you gotta --

BANG. That makes four.

Juno's more than a little horrified.

JUNO
What the fuck. Those were all us.

JOHN DAY
Not us. Not like us at all, Juno.
(on her reaction to
hearing her true name)
I'd give you my real one, but--

JUNO
It really is "John."

JOHN DAY
See, we're not like 'em. Too quick.
And not out to kill anybody.

As Juno contemplates, she notices creeping behind John Day --

ANOTHER MAN, knife in hand. As he leaps--

Juno PUSHES John Day out of the way.

The knife SLICES through the jacket, tearing at part of her shoulder.

She forces him off...

And John Day finishes him off. BANG.

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)
(reloading)
I should've watched my six. How's
your arm?

JUNO
It's fine. No one really can.

JOHN DAY
True. Wanna get that phone?

Juno obliges. Sees the message from Andi. Listens.

JUNO
Shit.

She calls back, which brings us to--

INTERCUT WITH: THE ROSE CITY CAB

A vibration in Andi's lap.

They're passing over the gothic Steel Bridge. Andi picks up.

ANDI

Thank god you're okay. What happened with Lucas--

JUNO

You were right. It wasn't...

Juno takes a breath. Relieved. Guilty. In between, we might not hear "*sorry, I'm an asshole*" -- but Andi will.

JUNO (CONT'D)

You okay?

ANDI

I'm with Maria.

JUNO

You are?

ANDI

Yep. We're on the Steel Bridge now.

John Day nods in understanding, impressed -- or surprised. Juno shifts her attention back to the call.

ANDI (CONT'D)

There are Foragers killing other--

JUNO

I know. Where can we meet you?

ANDI

The Safe. We'll call for Squire there.

(beat)

Wait, we?

But before Juno can answer --

CRASH.

Another car PLOWS right into the side of the cab.

On the other end of the line...

...Juno's getting nothing but static.

JOHN DAY

What happened?

JUNO

They're on the Morrison, we gotta--

JOHN DAY

On it.

They wheel the car around, speeding north.

EXT. STEEL BRIDGE - NIGHT

Their car is pinned between the Steel Bridge and the TRUCK that impacted them.

The Cab Driver is unconscious.

Andi and Maria struggle to get out.

A **MAN** comes around the other car, his Epee Mask knocked aside just enough for us to get a look at him: if Lucifer had alopecia, he might look like this. A Hairless Devil.

Andi tries to wrest herself free, but her good arm is stuck.

Her trick hand can't get the buckle.

But Maria gets it for her.

Maria helps Andi get out of the car.

The Hairless Devil slides on his mask. Pulls out a weapon.

ANDI

Shit.

(to Maria)

Follow me.

Andi grabs a piece of metal from the busted car (a weapon?) as they hurry to the edge of the bridge.

ANDI (CONT'D)

And keep following. Little steps.

Andi takes one small step and FALLS OUT OF SIGHT --

MARIA

Andi....

The Hairless Devil motions to her: *come here.*

MARIA (CONT'D)
Fuck.

Between a rock and a hard place, Maria decides to step forward and FALL.

Air rushes, but for all of eight feet as--

Andi GRABS onto her from the thick railing below,

With both of them safely on the undercarriage of the metal bridge--

Andi TOSSES the metal fragment she took into the water.

SPLASH.

They can feel the Hairless Devil just above them.

Cursing under his breath. Deceived by the falling car piece.

He runs back to his car and speeds away before anyone else on the bridge can understand what's going on -- or call cops.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

John Day and Juno race to the destination. Juno in passenger.

JUNO
Never been this grateful to run
into another Forager. Thank you.

John speaks calmly while making hairpin turns:

JOHN DAY
Ever thought about why we're called
that? "Foragers?"
(beat)
What does that even mean?

JUNO
(quoting Andi)
"Someone who searches far and
wide."

JOHN DAY
For food. Resources. We don't. We
find people.

JUNO
So what do you propose?

JOHN DAY
That we drive this truck straight
back to Michigan in '46.

Juno doesn't know what do to with that one.

JUNO
I thought you were from Oregon.

JOHN DAY
I am. But the Foragers aren't.
(beat)
You know how we were founded?

JUNO
The Old Man filled me in. As soon
as more cars were built, people
started going missing in them.

JOHN DAY
And 50 years before an Amber Alert,
it made sense. Those first folks in
Detroit were something the world
didn't already have. But it's 2025.

John Day's grip tightens on the wheel. Juno tenses, too.

JUNO
What are you saying?

He turns to Juno. Smiles. Like he's trying on something new.

JOHN DAY
Time's are changing, Hood. And if
Foragers find, then let's find a
new way. Right?

Off his chuckle, and Juno's uneasy nod --

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The city lights on both sides of the Willamette would be
beautiful, if they weren't suspended in the air a hundred
feet between.

Maria clutches the bridge for dear life.

MARIA
Fuck. I can't do heights.

Andi reaches out her hand, leading Maria along.

ANDI
Look long. Follow the horizon.

It's easier said than done: the black bars their feet rest on almost blend with the black water beneath them.

ANDI (CONT'D)
The bars are thicker than you think. Just follow, look long.

Maria does, unsteady step after unsteady step.

We hear the sound of cars gathering by their taxi, general commotion. But no lights or people checking under the bridge.

ANDI (CONT'D)
They think we're either in the water -- or gone.

The continue to walk, Maria growing confident in her steps. Andi notices it, smiles --

ANDI (CONT'D)
You got the hang of--

SHK. Andi's foot slips on a slick piece of metal -- her arm instinctively reaches out, but her trick hand can't form a solid grip.

She falls backward--

--into Maria, who surprises them both by holding steady, her own grip tight around Andi's shoulder.

They get onto their feet -- only we see Andi quickly trade in her outright fear for a devilish smile.

ANDI (CONT'D)
Now who's saving who?

Maria almost smiles at that, looks at her life-saving hands with dawning belief in her own strength... and notices she's looking down. Her legs start to wobble.

MARIA
So are we just staying under here the whole time?

ANDI
Fuck no.

Andi leads Maria a few feet further, to one of the several service ladders that leads to the shallows near the riverbank. They're climbing down.

Andi gives Maria a hand finding the ladder, and Maria notices Andi's are shaking.

MARIA
You hate heights, too?

ANDI
Hate? No: I'm fucking terrified.

OFF a pair of despite-it-all smiles as they descend.

INT. JOHN DAY'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Juno and John Day approach the Morrison Bridge. Emergency services is in the midst of blocking it off.

Juno reaches for the door, but John Day grabs her shoulder.

JOHN DAY
I know. But through all this shit,
it'll take 10 minutes, even
sprinting, to get whatever is at
the end of that bridge.

JUNO
Someone could be killing my wife.

JOHN DAY
Or she'll get out and meet you at
your Safe. Don't you want to be
there waiting?

Juno's silent. As John Day starts to turn south:

JUNO
No.
(beat)
Take the Fremont bridge. It'll be a
straighter shot down MLK this late.

John Day nods, as they turn and speed the opposite way--

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Off the bridge at last, Andi and Maria hustle their way East.

MARIA
Where do we go now?

ANDI
To your Safe.

MARIA
Is that, like, your headquarters?

ANDI
More like a friend's house. Someone somewhere only we know who can help you if... we can't anymore.

MARIA
They're Foragers too?

ANDI
Never. But trust me, they're always good people. My wife, who is a Forager, is gonna meet us there...
(fearful)
...and John Day. Fuck, what the hell are he and Yakima up to?

MARIA
Is he dangerous?

ANDI
(incredibly)
...We'll handle him. Just need to get to the Safe first.

MARIA
So if cars don't work, how do we get there?

ANDI
Quickly, by foot, on the quietest streets.

Andi starts to lead them down an alley, Maria tugs her sleeve.

MARIA
There's a new bar up around there, probably lets out around now.

Andi nods, happily deferring to Maria's choice of side street.

ANDI
Glad I'm with a local youth.

EXT. FREMONT BRIDGE - NIGHT

An extremely tall, wide suspension bridge. Sleek and modern where the Steel Bridge is gothic and old-world.

Easily crossed all the same at this late hour. Juno and John Day talk as they approach the end of the bridge, narrowing off at an exit.

They're in the middle of a hasty argument.

JOHN DAY

Look, you gotta tell me now, or we'll take the wrong exit.

(on Juno's reluctance)

Think you're the first person to share a Safe location? Well guess what, we're killing each other, so I think our "code" can take five.

Fair enough. Juno points towards the exit:

JUNO

3B. It'll take us to--

SHK.

The car comes to an halt mid-exit. Juno realizes she hasn't been paying attention. There's a LANE CLOSURE setup.

JOHN DAY

Any other options?

Juno looks from the lane closure sign to what she THINKS is The Boy, but he's not disappearing... in fact he's moving...

John Day puts it in reverse.

JUNO

Hold a sec--

But he's already backing up.

POP-POP-POP.

Their back tires EXPLODE. A spike strip must've been laid.

It takes all of one second to put two-and-two together:

JOHN DAY

Ambush.

Now it's the rear window's turn to ERUPT.

John and Juno duck. Glass shatters. Bullets zing.

The POPs of shooting stop.

Juno looks in the rearview mirror.

JUNO
How many on your side?

JOHN DAY
Just two.

JUNO
Same.

JOHN DAY
You ready?

Juno, a walking wound, can only scowl back.

JUNO
Just shoot.

JOHN DAY
Can do.

In unison, the car doors OPEN.

John Day LEAPS from the truck, getting off two quick shots.

Juno ROLLS out of hers, dodging bullets en-route to thick brush on the corner off the side of the road: shit cover.

JUNO
Fuck.

Juno looks down: a USED NEEDLE sticks out her elbow like an inner-city burr. This really is shit cover.

Juno can hear the assailants approaching her. She grabs her pistol and SHOOTS from the dark...

... "FUCK!" Sounds like her bullet found purchase.

She rises up, just one man to beat --

And finds two FORAGERS, (HACKAMORE and DUNSMUIR) unwounded. Must've faked the shout.

Hackamore trains his pistol, seething... "FUCK!" -- for real this time.

Hackamore grabs his newly-wounded shoulder as John Day fires. Dunsmuir returns fire and John Day ducks behind the truck.

Juno seizes the chance, pulls the trigger again -- empty.

Just her luck. She looks around mid-firefight.... a rock?

Sure: she grabs it from the brush, gets a running start and HURLS it at the firing Forager.

It makes sickening contact with Dunsmuir's skull--

CRK. The lights are off before he hits the ground.

The other tries to RUN... POP. John Day's barrel smokes.

Juno hobbles over -- behind him are the other two dead assailants, both Foragers, each dead with a shot apiece.

JOHN DAY
You a shot-putter in a past life?

JUNO
Close.
(re: John's handiwork)
Were you a hitman?

JOHN DAY
Guess we both are now. Shit.

They look at the busted tires. The few eyes brave enough to peek out of their windows in the midst of all this.

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)
Looks like we'll be getting there
on foot.

Juno's already two steps ahead, literally. John Day follows.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Maria and Andi sit in the shadows.

MARIA
Sounds like the shooting stopped.

ANDI
And we better stop stopping if we
want to get you home.

Andi rises, Maria doesn't follow. Instead she speaks:

MARIA
Then what? My mom's never around.
How do you think I disappeared so
easy: no one cares where I go.

ANDI
I remember when you were just a
fourth-grader at Rosa Parks--

MARIA

I'm a high school dropout. Remember that?

(beat -- of course not)

I sleep on couches. I don't even say "friends' couches," because I don't have any. I'm a loser, I'm alone, and even if you bring me back... I'll still be lost.

Maria's frozen in the alley, tears brimming in her fierce eyes. *Were they always fierce?* Andi wonders. Then confides:

ANDI

I was a dropout, too. Med School.

(on Maria's snort)

I know, not the same. But it broke me.

MARIA

School did?

Andi shakes her head and presents her "trick hand."

ANDI

This. I was gonna be a surgeon, like my dad prayed I'd be. Like I knew I'd be. And then I wasn't.

MARIA

(re: the hand)

What was it?

ANDI

MS. When I moved back home, my dad acted like I had a foot in the grave... or a hand. And it wasn't just my hand: my balance got fucked. I couldn't feel one of my legs, which meant I got fucking sepsis when I straight-up missed a gash on my foot... it got gnarly.

Andi laughs to herself. Maria studies her, curious.

MARIA

So what did you do?

ANDI

Cried. For a year. Would've kept crying, but I was out trying to find a quicker way to die... and I met a girl. It wasn't right away, but I stopped getting sicker.

MARIA
So she cured you.

ANDI
Cured? Honey, I haven't felt my left leg since 2004. But I've only had one real relapse since. So I'm not you, but believe me: I've been lost, too. And that's how I learned.

MARIA
Learned what?

ANDI
That I'm a good finder.

Andi moves ahead, letting Maria think on it. She really does.

So deeply, that she doesn't notice Andi calling until she's run all the way back, pulling Maria's sleeve:

ANDI (CONT'D)
Maria! Now!

They dive back into the nearest brush. Fast on them: THE HAIRLESS DEVIL. Mask still askew. Mere feet away.

MARIA
He'll find us. We're fucked.

ANDI
We're not: run to 619 Nightingale Street. Fred will take care of you.

MARIA
What?

ANDI
I don't have a speech in me. Just do it, dear. And zig-zag a bit.

Maria pauses. Afraid. Then leaps out of the brush.

The HAIRLESS DEVIL, hisses, gun raised:

HAIRLESS DEVILS
Stop or get shot, little girl.

Maria falters. Hesitates. As the Devil get closer...

ANDI
(sotto)
C'mon, keep running.

Caught between fight, flight, and freeze...

Maria decides to FLY. Zig-zagging as she goes.

ANDI (CONT'D)
(picking up a fistful of
dirt...)
That's my girl.

HAIRLESS DEVIL
A bad leg never killed anyone...

The Man cocks his gun -- but Andi's finally close enough.

She leaps out of the bush, TOSSING the dirt straight in to the Hairless Devil's mask.

The fine stone that passes through the sieve won't leave easy. As he struggles to remove the mask--

Andi HOOKS her foot under his leg and TRIPS him with force.

He HITS the ground hard. His gun goes skittering.

Andi looks away just long enough to see Maria disappear down an alley.

But not long enough to watch her own feet --

WHACK. The Hairless Devil trips her, and she lands on her arms, massive scrapes and a nose-tip away from smashing her face in.

Then, the two of them on the ground, one half-blind, one essentially one-handed, noticing the gun at the end of the sidewalk, under the city lamp light...

Begin to race towards it, crawling,

The Hairless Devil's too powerful. He reaches the gun first.

But Andi latches onto his arm like a cornered rodent, DIGGING under his mask with her trick hand, refusing to let go.

The man screams, trying to knock her off and fire at the same time. Andi screams back, primal. They roll and writhe and --

BANG.

Andi keeps her eyes closed. Certain she's dead...

But nothing fades away. She opens her eyes. Looks up.

The Hairless Devil lies limp on the ground.

The gun's been fired, straight through his own skull where the mask was torn open. A fatal mistake in the struggle.

Andi instantly recoils from the now-Brainless Devil. She rises shakily to her feet, feeling ill.

Getting her bearings, she turns: Maria's long-gone. And that the sound of bullets certainly won't bring her running back.

Exhausted, she remembers to grab the man's gun and starts to make her way to--

EXT. NIGHTINGALE STREET - NIGHT

A prim blue Craftsman at the edge of a dark street. Juno stands in front of it. John Day chuckles behind her.

JUNO

What? Expecting some run down-shack? Or industrial warehouse?

JOHN DAY

(he was)

Never'd've guessed it for an Safe.

JUNO

River'll feel validated by that.

They knock, and within moments:

FRED (Fred Armisen, ideally) answers. He's a bit flamboyant, generous, will overshare in the brief time we see him.

FRED

Come in, come in!

(to John Day)

Hood, have you been working out?

JOHN DAY

I'm John--

FRED

Day! The legend, I know. But where's River?

JUNO

She's not here yet?

FRED

She called an hour or two ago, said she had someone...

JOHN DAY
 Don't worry. She'll be here soon.
 Mind if we wait?

FRED
 Not in the slightest.

Juno seems anxious, John Day picks up on it:

JOHN DAY
 Why don't you wait out by the
 porch? You'll see her coming.

Juno nods, leaves. Fred turns to John Day.

FRED
 I don't think I've ever seen them
 separate.
 (barely a beat)
 So is it true that you once found
 twelve people in a week? Like,
 separate cases? Do you call them
 cases? I call them cases... Sorry.
 I talk a lot.

JOHN DAY
 I like to talk, too. And I hope you
 won't mind me saying I don't think
 I've ever stayed in a Safe this
 nice. Mind giving me the tour?

Fred's very ready for that.

INT. BLUE HOUSE - NIGHT

Juno steps out, pulls out her radio and adjusts the dials.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Andi hobbles along the road. Hears someone coming. Hides.
 From a bush, she checks a street sign: NIGHTINGALE.
 She heads down it, cautiously... but TRIPS on a tiny pothole.
 TCHK. She hits the ground, her gun skitters -- and DISAPPEARS
 into the sewer grate.

ANDI
 Fuck.

No time to mourn. She presses onwards, barely armed.

EXT. BLUE HOUSE - NIGHT

Juno waits on the porch. Sees MARIA wandering down the lane. Juno jumps off the rail, calling:

JUNO
Maria?!

Maria looks for John Day. Sees no one. (Mistaken) relief.

JUNO (CONT'D)
I'm River's wife. Where--

MARIA
We got separated.
(as Juno pulls out her
phone for yet another
call)
I... I think we lost the phone.
This guy attacked us on the bridge
and then later in the park...

JUNO
Fuck.
(slapping her own head)
Stupid. Stupid.
(realizing she's freaking
out Maria)
She'll be okay. You're safe here.
Let's get you inside.

INT. BLUE HOUSE - NIGHT

Juno leads Maria in. The door closes.

Three steps in Juno freezes. Because Maria is frozen. Her wide eyes recognizing:

John Day. Swallowing the hallway with a thin-lipped smile.

JOHN DAY
Told you not to run, hon.

EXT. NIGHTINGALE STREET - NIGHT

Injured, ailing, in the dark, Andi keeps moving.

The Blue Craftsman can be seen from the top of the hill.

ANDI
Maria, hold on...

INT. BLUE HOUSE - DAY

Juno looks from Maria, her look saying everything.

Slowly, she turns to John Day.

JUNO

You kidnapped her.

JOHN DAY

With Yakima. And a few friends. I'm no credit poacher.

Maria looks to Juno, betrayed and confused.

MARIA

Andi and you work for him?

Juno shakes her head, turns to John Day.

JUNO

Explain. Then get out.

JOHN DAY

Don't think I will. Appreciate you reuniting us, though.

A beat.

Static in the air. That half-second before lighting strikes.

THMP. Juno forces Maria down to the ground --

--as John Day draws his pistol and FIRES.

CRCK. Panes of glass in the front door shatter.

Juno takes advantage of the miss, grabbing hold of the hallway rug and RIPPING it back with all her might.

It throws off John Day's balance, sending the next shot awry.

Allowing Juno a chance to reach into the umbrella stand nearby --

-- and find NOTHING: *fucking anti-umbrella Portland...*

So instead, she flings up the metal stand --

CLING. It absorbs a bullet -- or at least sends it ricocheting into the ceiling.

CLICK. From John Day's gun.

He needs to reload. And Juno knows it, too.

JUNO
Stay low.

Maria obliges as Juno CHARGES toward John Day.

She LEAPS onto him, like a jungle cat onto a crocodile.

Straight to the throat, her arms wrapped around his neck, angling for a delicate vertebrae to twist into nothingness.

John Day SLAMS himself, and Juno, into the wall, trying to crush her loose.

But if there's one thing about Juno that we know, it's that she won't let go.

The veins in John Day's neck bulge. His eyes grow bloodshot.

SLAM. SLAM. SLAM.

We hear the crunch of shiplap on bone as John Day feverishly fights for his life.

And for the first time we notice Maria, crawling all this time towards the gun, her hands reaching for it--

--and Juno's fingers, ready to pop John Day's throat open like a stubborn jar lid...

The only free thing left of John Day is his mouth. And he uses it.

JUNO (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Juno's finally bucked off, landing opposite from Maria. She holds her left hand, a half-inch CHUNK of it missing...

...and John Day returns it, spitting it out of his mouth. His crooked yellow teeth stained red.

Maria finally gets her hands around the pistol -- only to have John Day looking down the barrel.

JOHN DAY
Didn't finish reloading, hon.

Shit. Maria shakes as John Day wrests the gun from her --

And SHOOTS Juno in the shoulder. Another loud groan.

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)
Oops, quicker than I thought.

Before Maria can even wade into her own guilt... CREAK.

The house door opens, Andi staggering in, processing it all.

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)
(gun trained)
You're just in time.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Juno and Andi sit tethered to radiators at the opposite end of the room. Metal cuffs keeping their hands behind time.

John Day keeps a pistol on Maria all the while.

JUNO
I'm going to fucking kill you.

JOHN DAY
Why? I wasn't going to kill you?
Look, I'm still not. I'm no killer.

Andi tries another tact:

ANDI
Why?

JOHN DAY
What does it matter?

ANDI
Because there has to be another way.

John Day laughs. A bitter one, like he's in on an old joke.

JOHN DAY
Oh, you want a grand plan?

JUNO
You turned these Foragers on each other. For what, a fucking ransom?

ANDI
You spend decades becoming a legend, doing the right thing... why now?

JOHN DAY

...You ever look back at those people you saved? Check-in?

Their silence suggests they don't.

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)

Some are doing alright. Most aren't. I've dragged girls and boys right back to the single most dangerous place in the world for 'em -- their fucking homes. The mom that beats 'em. The daddy that...

John Day chokes up.

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)

... I was a runaway. Know who found me? Nobody. It killed me. That no one gave enough of a shit to look.

ANDI

That's why we do what we do, John.

JOHN DAY

No, no, no. Don't you get it? That time alone in a world with not a single hand to catch me when I fell... that made me who I am. That's how "legends" are made.

JUNO

You conned the Foragers with that shit?

JOHN DAY

I didn't have to con anyone. Some wanted to throw on a mask and get their money. Some wanted to put a bullet in Bandon's head. Some just wanted to think for themselves for once. Guess once was enough for Yakima. Spineless.

ANDI

Whatever it is you're all after, money won't get it.

JOHN DAY

All this talk, and you still don't have a damn clue about what I want.

(to Maria)

C'mon now.

Waving his gun, John Day leads Maria up the stairwell.

JUNO
Get back here! John! John?

SLAM. The door to the house closes.

Juno sinks to the floor. Distraught. Looks across the room to her wife.

JUNO (CONT'D)
I fucked this.

Andi stares back at her, hard.

JUNO (CONT'D)
I know. I should've... I almost...
I love you.

Again, nothing put pure concentration from Andi.

ANDI
Shut up. I'm figuring a way out.
(beat, oh yeah)
Love you, too.

JUNO
Babe, this house is from the
1910's. These are 300-pound
radiators we're chained to. With
metal cuffs, not rope.

ANDI
Please, shut up.

JUNO
What? You wanna outthink this?
Who're we gonna call? Fred?
(fuck it, why not?)
Fred! Fred!

Juno's voice rings through the room. Nothing.

JUNO (CONT'D)
He'll come back and kill us, too.
Shit. If we had just one free hand.

Juno looks back at her own. The left one still bleeding.

JUNO (CONT'D)
Wish he'd just bitten the whole
thing off.

In a dark thought Juno tries to lean her own head towards it... not happening -- can't quite get there.

ANDI (O.S.)
Need a hand?

Perplexed, Juno looks back to Andi, who holds her OWN LEFT HAND in the air, freed from the cuffs.

This must've been her object of focus: slowly but surely muscling her permanently numb hand through the handcuffs.

The price to pay was obvious: the metal's PEELED HER SKIN OFF like an orange, its bloody pith dotting the basement floor.

JUNO
(astonished, horrified)
I can't believe you did that.

Andi smiles: sometimes MS has its perks.

ANDI
Didn't feel a thing.

EXT. NIGHTINGALE STREET - NIGHT

Juno and Andi run out into the street, looking for where John Day and Maria might've gone. Juno's hand has been wrapped. As has Andi's.

ANDI
We need a trail. Anything.

Juno points to a streetlight, reflecting a metal object.

JUNO
There's something.

They head towards it, finding a PISTOL. Juno picks it up.

JUNO (CONT'D)
Doesn't look like John Day's.

KLAMATH (O.S.)
'Cause it's mine.

Both Juno and Andi leap out of their boots. In the shadows, lurking behind a bush:

KLAMATH FALLS. Nervous. Bloodied. A wound in his leg.

KLAMATH (CONT'D)
I tried to stop him.

JUNO
You should've just followed. Jesus.

Juno inspects the wound, frustrated, but truly concerned.

KLAMATH
I did better than that: I've called
Foragers from all over. Moscow,
Hackamore, Dunsmuir...

Andi looks to Juno, who sagely nods back.

ANDI
They're all dead, KF.

KLAMATH
Shit. Are we screwed?

JUNO
Can you stand?

Klamath gingerly rises, his left leg can't take much. But he's up.

JUNO (CONT'D)
Then I guess not.

Juno slides her shoulder under him.

JUNO (CONT'D)
Point us the way.

And he does, leading what's left of the Foragers into the night.

EXT. MISSISSIPPI STUDIOS - NIGHT

A community warehouse littered with old appliances. Stoves, sinks, toilets, doors. Like an Ikea and Home Depot crammed together and caked in rust.

And just outside of it: a very expensive TOWNCAR.

The trio arrives. Andi and Juno recognize it instantly:

ANDI
That's Squire's.

KLAMATH
Is he here to make the deal?

JUNO
Hell of a location.

Juno sets Klamath down. He protests, but --

JUNO (CONT'D)

There's security, either outside or inside. And frankly, for whatever's going down in there, we need someone who can fucking tiptoe.

Klamath looks at his bum leg: fair enough. Hands his gun.

KLAMATH
I'll cover from outside.

ANDI
We'll be quick.

And with that, they head into the Studio.

JUNO
Any idea what we're heading into?

ANDI
I was gonna ask you that.

INT. MISSISSIPPI STUDIOS - NIGHT

In the midst of this carnival of rusted kitchen appliances, John holds Maria by her hair. Gun to her head.

JOHN DAY
I gotta ask. Remember me?

Across from him, BILL SQUIRE stands, alone. Holding a FOLDER.

SQUIRE
The card. The account in your name--

JOHN DAY
I bet you don't. But you know my name.

SQUIRE
John Day.

JOHN DAY
What's that bring to mind?

SQUIRE
The town. Your town, I assume.

JOHN DAY
How many people we got there?

SQUIRE
 (no more games)
 You'll be walking out of here a
 rich man, John.

JOHN DAY
 1,633. As of last census. Half of
 what we had in the '80s. Know why?

SQUIRE
 (catching on)
 You want revenge. For the factory.

JOHN DAY
Factories. Ten stateside. That
 became fifty in China.

SQUIRE
 I'm the single biggest-job creator
 in the state.

JOHN DAY
 I'm just saying: I borrow one kid,
 and I'm "evil." You turn a thousand
 union jobs into ten thousand dead-
 ends, plus the million teenage
 eyelet-installers in Xianjiang. And
 Ho Chi Minh. And Tanjerang...

SQUIRE
 You want my sorry for what your
 life has become? Sorry. Now:

Squire slides the Folder across. John points to Maria.

JOHN DAY
 Fuck that. Hand it to her.

SQUIRE
 But she's coming with me.

JOHN DAY
 No, no, no. What's keeping you from
 killing me? Her. We're both heading
 on a long, international trip, and
 if she really wants to find her way
 back to you, she will.

Squire's blood boils.

SQUIRE
 It's not enough to be ransomed? I
 need to be fleeced?

JOHN DAY
You're not being fleeced, Bill...

And THROWS Maria right against a nearby stove. Her back SHATTERS the glass oven door. The pieces fall over her.

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)
...you're being fucked.
(grabs Maria by her hair)
Now, go grab your daddy's money.

Maria obliges, takes the envelope from her father. They exchange a look: *when was the last time they saw each other face-to-face? Was Maria old enough to remember?*

SQUIRE
I'm sorry.

Maria nods. Before she can hesitate--

BANG.

A bullet hole sizzles in sheet metal, inches from John's head.

Juno emerges from the shadows, gun smoking. Andi by her side.

JOHN DAY
Y'know I could've killed you right?

JUNO
And I could've killed you...
(re: the bullet hole)
...with that. But I didn't.

ANDI
It's over, John. Drop the gun.

John Day doesn't. Instead, he thinks. Looks to Andi and Juno, determined. And to Squire, rendered impotent.

JUNO
I won't miss the next one.

JOHN DAY
Maybe. But before I put a bullet in
your wife's head? Wanna chance it?

A beat. Andi looks to her: do it. But Juno hesitates.

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)
I thought so. See, you two are just
as selfish as any Forager. Maria?

Maria obliges, walks back to John Day -- without the envelope.

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)
Honey, bring me my money.

MARIA
No.

JOHN DAY
You want me to shoot you?

MARIA
You can't. If you kill me, then...

Maria looks over to Juno and Andi, who both seem impressed.

JOHN DAY
Oh Maria...

But John Day just grins, pulling out a large LEATHERMAN TOOL with his free hand.

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)
You remind me of my brother. My mom used to make me watch while she beat him. Well, more than that -- she'd watch me while she beat him.

John Day slowly flicks across the knives tools: plier, scissor, screwdriver...

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)
Which means I can keep a steady hand ready for our friends here--

...and settles finally on the CORKSCREW. Long. Sharp.

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)
--while I do all sorts of hurt on you.

Andi urges Juno to shoot. But John's eyes are right on them.

JOHN DAY (CONT'D)
You won't be dead, dear. But you'll wish you were. So, about that fold--

SHK. BLGGL-BLGGL.

John Day gargles, BLOOD spurting from his mouth.

He slumps to the ground, and Maria wrests free, a large GLASS SHARD from the oven door held tightly in her bloody fist.

John chokes. Until, like many who live only for themselves, he drowns, with nothing but his own blood to hold onto.

Maria's shocked at what she did. Squire equally.

But Andi and Juno run to her. Wrapping her up.

Maria shakes her head, processing in an endless trauma loop.

MARIA

He wouldn't even look at me when he said it. Wouldn't look. It's the only reason why. Only reason.

ANDI

You're okay--
(thinking better of it)
We got you.

Juno nods. There's nothing else to say, or nothing better.

Squire, on the other hand, suddenly finds speech returning:

SQUIRE

We, we need a hospital.
(to his men)
Get the hell in here, it's over.
Now!

Squire wanders, half-ranting, half-ordering. Of course he didn't come completely alone. But before his men come in--

Through the skylights, among the broken things, lost boys and billionaires, searching mothers, and discovered daughters....

...dawn breaks. Like it always does. Letting some light in.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

Time has passed, but not much.

A familiar F-150 weaves through a desolate mountain road.

On the dash radio, we hear about:

“...another banner quarter for LETO shareholders...”

INT. F-150 - DAY

The truck comes to a stop at a fork in the road. And a scarred, bandaged hand turns the radio dial off.

Andi looks to Juno, who holds a mound of wildflowers.

ANDI
Ready?

Off Juno, raising her hammer --

EXT. FORK-IN-THE-ROAD - DAY

PLUNK.

That same bundle of wildflowers rests on a small wooden POST, freshly driven into the dirt. Andi and Juno stand before it.

ANDI
It doesn't need to be a grave.

JUNO
Who said it's a grave?

Fair enough. Andi inspects the fork where this road splits:

In one direction, a dark, dense wood, going up, up, up.

In the other, a winding trail to the city. Down, down, down.

ANDI
Trucker should've followed him.

No response from Juno: *This is the last place Lucas was seen.*

ANDI (CONT'D)
Who sees a kid, walking on the side
of the road in the Oregon winter,
and just watches?

Nothing again. Andi looks over to Juno --

Her gaze isn't on either path. But on the place in-between.

Andi doesn't ask what Juno sees. Doesn't need to.

But she does need to cry:

ANDI (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I can't see him.

Juno turns to her wife. Holds Andi tight.

JUNO
I'm sorry. For all of it.

Andi holds her right back. For a while. Strong and still. Like they're falling from the sky together, and losing even an inch of grip means winding up miles away.

ANDI
If we just knew which way he went.
One more detail...

Juno looks Andi straight in the eyes, and admits:

JUNO
He's gone. And he's right here.

Andi could say: "And that's just the fucking worst?" And Juno might laugh. And it'd make it a bit easier. But they don't.

Because one more joke about it, one more idea, one more word, and the impossible truth they share might vanish, too.

EXT. THE HOMESTEAD - DAY

Their home. Their land. With a notable change:

Andi tends to a small plot of graves behind their house.

True ones -- no wooden posts. We don't need to see each name to know they're fallen Foragers.

JUNO (O.S.)
Wanna come?

Andi turns, notices Juno with a rifle slung around her shoulder.

ANDI
Isn't this a solo thing?

JUNO
Isn't this an invitation?

ANDI
(smirking)
Don't be a bitch.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

Juno trains her shot, scouring the opposing riverbank, while Andi plays with the old Forager radio dial.

JUNO
Anything?

ANDI
KF said he's coming up North soon.

JUNO
Something happen?

ANDI
Thinks it will.

JUNO
Think he's right. Half the West
Coast, gone in a weekend.

ANDI
But John Day's dead.

JUNO
He's just the first. I try the
dials and hear less and less.
They're out there. And when they
act, who'll be there to help?

Juno's right. No solution in sight. Before she can spiral:

ANDI
You can help with dinner.

Fair enough. Juno nods, raises up her rifle again. Her scope
trains on...

A **PERSON**. The Boy? Yes, always, but...

Juno blinks twice, then notices, waving--

JUNO
Maria?

ANDI
(looking up and across)
Holy shit, it is.

They both come to the edge of the water to find **MARIA**, in
gear that suggests an extended stay.

JUNO
Fuck are you doing over there?

MARIA
It's where I thought you were.

ANDI
We're called Hood River, hon.
You're in Washington.

MARIA
Well, I found you.

ANDI
(to Juno, impressed)
She did.

A beat. As if nobody's sure what to say next...

MARIA
So, what are we looking for?

ANDI
We?

Andi looks to Juno, bemused: *she reminds me of you.*

Juno rolls her eyes, then looks back at Maria.

Reflected back at her across the river:

A young woman, with the eyes of a survivor, burning bright.

Bright enough to outshine the silhouette of the Boy.

In fact, Juno can barely see him at all.

THE END