

ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS

Written by

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ON A BLANK SCREEN

A block of ten or so computer-screen numbers flashes on, and a soothing MUSICAL NOTE plays. After a moment, another block flashes on, followed by another NOTE. Then a column of numbers scrolls up the screen, and a series of NOTES and CHORDS play. Over time, more and more numbers and NOTES appear and play. Then, the NOTES take on a rhythm and gradually start to sound like music. The MUSIC grows in complexity, as numbers flood the screen.

The MUSIC is strange, electronic, experimental, played in a weird scale and mode, with lop-sided rhythms and very unusual chords and timbres. It's not unpleasant, but it sounds mechanical, not artful. As it evolves, however, it becomes strangely engaging.

INT. NATE BUNDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

ANGLE TIGHT ON NATE as he stares at a computer screen O.S., watching the glowing numbers fly by. He's twenty-two and good looking for an MIT math major, dresses strictly for comfort, and grows a mop of unkempt hair.

ANGLE TIGHT ON MOVEMENT IN THE ROOM as his hands enter characters on a keyboard, lights flash on electronic music instruments, and his fingers play single notes on a music keyboard.

WE PULL BACK from Nate. His one-room apartment is packed tight with a haphazard collection of musical gizmos and racks of electronic gear, flashing in sync with the music - the room of a musical madman. It's late spring. The windows are open on a clear, fragrant day. Kids are playing and SCREAMING outside.

Nate stops the MUSIC, stares at the screen of numbers for a moment, enters more numbers into a complicated program, and then starts the MUSIC again. It SOUNDS different somehow, not necessarily better.

He turns the SOUND UP, then stands and paces, listening intently as the score loops and transforms. He stabs the air with gestures as if he is conducting the off-beat score.

Mixed in with the MUSIC, we start to become aware of a PHONE RINGING. Nate turns, looks for the phone, stops the MUSIC. He sits and spins around quickly to the desk. He unearths an open book buried under a pile of papers. As he does, a buried container of tomato soup spills. He stands. He slides a laptop out of the way, pulls papers and books free of the mess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The phone CONTINUES. He listens. RING. He digs for the phone on the other side of the desk, as tomato soup drips on the floor. RING. He finds it.

NATE  
(Low, into phone)  
Hello.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Where are you?

Where is he indeed? He checks the clock: 7:30 PM.

NATE  
Oh my God.

EXT. CAMBRIDGE RESIDENTIAL AREA - NIGHT

Old two-story houses and trees line the street. Nate is trying to keep up with SAM REASONER, his girlfriend. She is moving quickly down the sidewalk, face forward, carrying a big, wide cake box.

NATE  
I forgot.

SAM  
We talked about it this morning.  
How could you forget?

NATE  
I guess I wasn't awake.

SAM  
Well, what about yesterday  
afternoon? You seemed awake then.

NATE  
So what if we're a little late.  
It's just a party.

She stops and he runs into her.

SAM  
I can't believe you're saying that.  
I really can't.

She holds up the box.

SAM (CONT'D)  
What's this?!

NATE  
Oh yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAM  
(Mocking)  
Oh yeah!

She starts walking again.

NATE  
I'm really sorry. Okay? I've been  
worried about finals.

SAM  
No you haven't. No you haven't. You  
never worry. I worry. It's easy for  
you.

NATE  
You're exaggerat-

SAM  
I have to practically lick the  
floors at MIT to get a three-five  
and you can't even fucking remember  
a fucking birthday party!

NATE  
That's not true.

SAM  
(Under her breath)  
Of course not.

NATE  
What?

SAM  
Fuck you!

She turns and walks up the path to a large three-story house.  
LOUD MUSIC is playing and people are partying inside.

INT. OLD HOUSE FRONT ROOM - LATE

The party room is dark, packed tight with spirited college  
students. Balloons and a "Happy Birthday Rex" banner festoon  
the rich, wood-paneled walls.

Nate is depressed, sitting by himself on one end of an old  
saggy sofa. He is holding a half-killed glass, focused on  
nothing off in the distance.

OLD HOUSE HALLWAY - LATER

He is standing, holding the beer, studying a picture on the  
wall - some Escher-like painting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A door opens next to him and a young woman comes out straightening her tee-shirt. She looks at Nate, then squeezes around him. A guy comes from the other direction.

PARTY GUY  
Are you waiting?

NATE  
No.

Nate is oblivious, as the guy squeezes into the room.

OLD HOUSE KITCHEN - LATER

Nate is refilling his glass from a keg, finding it more difficult to keep his balance. Without stepping away, he takes a long pull from the full glass. Another guest tries to grab the keg hose, but Nate beats him to it and tops off his glass again. Nate doesn't notice when the guy shoots him a dirty look.

Nate walks over to the chip table and starts stuffing his face. He is alone and in a daze. So far everyone has kept their distance. Then, MOE walks up and grabs a plate.

MOE  
How you doing, Nate?

Nate turns. His face lights up.

NATE  
Moe. Where the fuck have you been?  
Save me from this party, man.

MOE  
Where's Sam?

NATE  
Who knows? She's pissed.

MOE  
What did you do now?

NATE  
(Defensive)  
What do you mean, what did I do?

Moe smiles and pats Nate on the back.

MOE  
Nothing. Lighten up. Enjoy  
yourself. Mill around. Talk to  
people. You might learn something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATE  
I doubt it seriously.

Moe looks Nate in the eye.

MOE  
Smile.

NATE  
No.

MOE  
Come on, big smile.

NATE  
Fuck you.

MOE  
No, you're not smiling. I'm not  
going to fuck you without a big  
smile. Come on.

That breaks through. Nate's face softens.

NATE  
Asshole.

OLD HOUSE DINING ROOM - LATER

CARL, an overweight man with thick glasses and a Star Trek tee-shirt, is talking to Moe and Nate, while they work their way along a food table. Carl's mouth is filled with food and spraying the air with organic matter as he talks.

CARL  
It was an object the size of a golf  
ball.

MOE  
A golf ball?

CARL  
One electromagnetic pulse that  
could conceivably contain enough  
energy to light Philadelphia for a  
month.

MOE  
Why Philadelphia?

CARL  
Possibly the whole east coast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOE

How can you tell?

CARL

We can't exactly, but it was travelling at light-year speed and there were so many of them, like spraying out of this super nova. It was fucking insane.

MOE

How can you tell what they are?

CARL

By analyzing data from radio telescopes.

MOE

Doesn't all that data analyzing take the sport out of astronomy? What ever happened to telescopes?

CARL

Using computers to grab and analyze data is far more precise and useful. Take math? Where would you be today if you were still bound to paper and pencil?

NATE

Better off.

CARL

You can't be serious.

NATE

All great thought originates in a great thinker's mind. Sifting through lists of computer data is work for Neanderthals, not mathematicians.

CARL

I disagree-

Nate turns and walks off before Carl can get a word out. Carl looks at Moe, appalled.

MOE

You know, I think computers are just great.

OLD HOUSE FRONT ROOM - LATE

The original tempo of the party is waning. Nate is still holding his beer, standing with Moe in a small group. He is distracted and bored, but the alcohol has loosened him up. STUDENT 1 seems to be the center of attention.

STUDENT 1

The 90's was the saddest decade in the history of music.

STUDENT 2

You could say the same thing about the 70's and 80's.

STUDENT 1

True, but at least there were attempts made. I mean who remembers Lennie Kravitz?

The group LAUGHS, except for Nate.

STUDENT 1 (CONT'D)

Music today is... is nothing. It's a commodity. It's controlled by a handful of multi-national corporations that decide what the world is going to hear. They alone control the future of music.

STUDENT 2

It doesn't mean anything anymore.

STUDENT 1

It was sold out like Christmas and everything else.

Nate is sick of the conversation and the people.

NATE

Most people have no idea what the meaning of music is.

All eyes turn to Nate. Who is this guy?

STUDENT 1

(Politely)  
Right.

NATE

What do you think it is?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

STUDENT 1

(On the spot suddenly)

What do I...? It's uh... different for everyone, but for me it's, uh... I don't know. It's art. It touches me. It stirs my emotions and memories. I don't know. It doesn't have to have a meaning.

NATE

Everything has a meaning. Just because you don't know what the meaning is, doesn't mean it doesn't exist.

STUDENT 1

Okay. It has meaning. I just don't-

Nate rattles through his explanation condescendingly.

NATE

Music is simply a series of complex tones. When the tones are played, they act on the mind. They evoke emotions, cause the mind to change, fire different sets of neurons, whatever.

He pauses to see if he is getting through.

NATE (CONT'D)

It's another form of communication. That's all music is.

STUDENT 1

(Sarcastically)

I think you've missed the whole point. Music isn't supposed to be analyzed to death. It is made to be enjoyed.

NATE

It can be. Music can also be made to disturb. People choose not to listen to music that disturbs, because they choose to block the truth. They hear only what they want to hear, to pretend the truth doesn't exist.

STUDENT 1

Wow. If that's all music means to you, then I feel really sorry for you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STUDENT 1 (CONT'D)

Composers don't write tones to control people's minds. The whole point-

NATE

They do though! But they don't know what they're doing, because they choose not to think. They say music doesn't have to have meaning and crap like that, because it's difficult or unpleasant. They write music to be enjoyed because they don't have the mental capacity to envision anything beyond the obvious, and all they want to do is please the masses and get rich. Art is bullshit. There's no such thing. Art is... is people saying that something doesn't have to have meaning, so it's priceless and beautiful, but they don't know what priceless and beautiful are because they've shut down their minds. They've built this religion around music. We're all supposed to buy into this religion and believe music is like God. They say it doesn't have to have meaning. It just is, and...-

STUDENT 1

Hey, hey calm down, okay? Jesus.

NATE

And we're not supposed to think about it or analyze it or question it because then...

STUDENT 1

We're just having a conversation here! If you don't enjoy music, fine, but-

Sam approaches the group, worried about what Nate is doing.

NATE

I do enjoy music. You don't know what enjoying music is because you don't take the time-

STUDENT 1

You are so full of shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NATE

That was brilliant! Is that all you have to say?

STUDENT 1

No. I can say this.

Student 1 shoves Nate, who is taken off guard and falls back on the floor spilling his drink all over him.

The two Students walk off, talking about Nate behind their backs.

MOE

(To Sam)

He's the life of the party, as usual.

SAM

I can tell.

(To Nate, miffed)

Maybe you should hold off on the alcohol, bud?

NATE

(Knowing he's going to get it anyway)

Ah, you people. You use less than 1% of your brain. The rest is filled with Gummy Bears, like a big piñata.

SAM

I don't need to say what yours is filled with.

NATE

Fuck you. Isn't anyone here interested in what's really important? The fucking bombs are falling from the sky and everyone is sitting around talking about liposuctioning their asses.

SAM

You know. You're getting just a LITTLE tiresome. Why don't you give it up for awhile and give us all a break?

NATE

No, I can't. Uh-uh. There's no time for parties and lies. No time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SAM

Yes there is. You know what?  
There's no time for you. That's  
what there's no time for. Why don't  
you grow up-

Nate is hurt.

MOE

I know. Why don't I take Nate  
outside for some air?

SAM

I'm sorry, Moe.

Moe grabs Nate and pulls him away. FRED, another student,  
approaches Sam.

FRED

Who's that guy?

SAM

Oh, that's the famous Nate Bundy.

FRED

What's his problem?

SAM

Pretty much everything.

FRED

Wow.

EXT. OLD HOUSE BACK PORCH - LATE

Moe and Nate are sitting on the steps leading into the  
backyard. It's quiet, except for the crickets. The beer has  
mellowed them considerably.

MOE

It's not that people in general are  
stupid or don't care.

NATE

I know, I know.

MOE

It's that they... they know how to  
apportion their time. You know?  
They do a little partying, a little  
socializing, a little shopping, a  
little liposuctioning and then a  
little music.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOE (CONT'D)

You, on the other hand, are 100% music and math. And that's not healthy.

NATE

(Shakes his head)

No. Then, I'm not a person. Because there is more to life than shopping and liposuction.

MOE

You missed the point-

NATE

When I was in sixth grade, I looked at the other kids and saw what they were made of. They grew up and became bankers and hair dressers, and they all went to their kids' soccer games and pool parties and raised their little families, and bought their little powerboats and treadmills, and followed each other on Twitter, and drove around in their little SUVs, and lived their little lives, consuming and working and consuming and working. And in the end, you know what, they died, and they were merely replaced by another one just like them. They added nothing, they took nothing.

MOE

So what? That's life. That's what it's all about. You're making too much of it.

NATE

But a life like that is so small. Don't you see? A philosopher like Spinoza says more in one line than all the human beings you'll ever know. How can you disagree with that?

MOE

I can't. But... I don't know.

NATE

You know what Spinoza said? He said the simplest things. He told me to spend my life, my every waking moment, searching for the truth, for the essence, for pure thought.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NATE (CONT'D)

That's the goal. That's the bottom line. It's not landing a high paying career and getting vested in your pension plan.

He looks right at Moe.

NATE (CONT'D)

It's all about finding purity, simplicity, the essence of life.

It appears Nate is finished.

MOE

Okay, and what do you do once you've found it? Have a party with yourself?

NATE

You never find it, asshole. The point is, you devote your life to something worth devoting your life to, and along the way you become something. Something that's not so easy to replace.

Moe stretches and stands, yawning. He pats Nate on the shoulder.

MOE

Well, Nate I hope you get there. I really do. It won't be easy. You're going to have to keep fighting the wolves off. But you're a smart guy. If anybody can do it, you can.

Moe goes back into the house. Nate looks ahead into the backyard.

All he sees is blackness. He stands and walks into it. He finds that with each step, his eyes get used to the darkness. He stands in the middle of the black lawn and looks up. It's QUIET. The sky is full of stars. As he stares, the stars become brighter, then they become hot colors.

INT. MIT HALLWAY - DAY

Two doors burst open and a hundred or so haggard students emerge from a large lecture room. They have been run through the ringer and don't converse much. Nate is one of them. But his malaise comes mainly from a hangover.

The crowd moves down the hall and through another set of doors leading outside.

EXT. MIT MATH BLDG - DAY

Nate's eyes are squeezed so tightly from the blazing sun he can barely see the steps leading down from the doors. He reaches the bottom, then sits and holds his head between his knees. Sam walks up.

SAM  
How did you do?

He just GROANS.

SAM (CONT'D)  
What's the matter?

NATE  
I hate goddamn parties.

She smiles. Then, bends over and helps him up. He leans on her and she hugs him.

SAM  
I know you do. Come on. Let's get  
some coffee.

She holds him up and they shuffle off down the walkway.

INT. MIT COFFEE SHOP

It's busy and noisy. Nate is sitting at a table, holding his head up with his hands. Sam walks up with lattes, sets one down in front of him and sits.

SAM  
Feeling any better?

NATE  
I thought you were mad at me.

SAM  
I am.

They sit in SILENCE for a moment. A student approaches Sam, ignoring Nate.

COFFEE SHOP STUDENT  
(Talking excitedly)  
Sam, are you going to be at your  
house later?

SAM  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COFFEE SHOP STUDENT  
I got to talk to you. You won't  
believe what happened. It's the  
most...

(Euphoric gesture)  
Never mind, I'll tell you later.  
You're not going to believe it.

SAM  
Text me.

COFFEE SHOP STUDENT  
Okay. You won't believe it.

Student leaves.

SAM  
How did you do on your exam?

NATE  
(Shrugging)  
Okay.

SAM  
I can't tell. Every time I think  
I'm understanding differential  
equations I get kicked in the ass.

NATE  
What do you mean?

SAM  
It's not clicking. I don't know.  
It's random.

NATE  
I can tutor you, if you want. It's  
not that difficult.

SAM  
Maybe I'll take you up on that. But  
I'm changing my major anyway, so...

NATE  
(Genuinely surprised)  
What?!

SAM  
Yeah. I think I'd do better with  
biophysics.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

NATE

What do you want to do that for? I thought you liked mathematics. You were doing great.

SAM

No. I wasn't really. It's not for me. The people... I don't know. I was passionate about it last September, but now I kind of hate it. And it's not the math I hate. It's, uh... it's the whole culture, sort of.

NATE

You don't like mathematicians?

SAM

You know, I think that's it. I think the whole math thing just sort of leads nowhere. It's a bunch of guys mainly, just kinda whackin' off.

Nate's hangover is gone now.

NATE

I didn't know you felt that way. I thought you were... doing okay.

SAM

I was uh... taken by this vision, this passion, I guess.

She looks right into Nate's eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)

It seemed right at the time. Now it just seems wrong... and lacking, sort of empty. I'm sure you had your little flings with other... subjects when you were starting out.

NATE

Not really.

She attempts to turn the mood around.

SAM

Well, you know, this is you. You and math and your music. It's the perfect marriage. And forget what I said about whackin' off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SAM (CONT'D)

You're way out there, above all these people, in a different league.

NATE

The last thing I want to do is end up as a drone in some insurance company.

SAM

That's what I'm saying. You're on this path and it's going somewhere very far away and very cool. But I don't know where it is, and I guess it's a little scary.

She stops to let it all sink in.

SAM (CONT'D)

I have to pick up some things. Do you want to come along? Or?

NATE

No. I'll just crawl back home.

He looks so forlorn and vulnerable. She rubs his back.

SAM

Do you feel okay?

He dismisses her with a wave of his hand. She reaches over and gives him a peck on the cheek, then leaves. He plops his head down on the table.

SLOW DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. OLD CAMBRIDGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate is dreaming. The party is packed with raucous students and Nate is right in the middle of it, trying to get out. Whenever he attempts to push through the crowd, he's shoved back to the center. The VOICES are loud, excited, laughing, all jumbled on top of each other. Nate's MUSIC underscores the terror he feels.

The crowd points at Nate, ridicules him. He starts to shrink. The crowd engulfs him and shoves him back and forth. Then he falls to the floor and the crowd moves in.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. NATE BUNDY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

ANGLE TIGHT ON NATE IN BED as his eyes pop open wide. He is breathing rapidly and covered in sweat. He slowly recovers from his nightmare and sits up.

ANGLE ON NATE AND BED. His shirt is off, but he is still wearing the same pants he had on at school. He reaches for a pill bottle on his night stand, then shakes out a large capsule and swallows it without water.

He stands and stretches, then walks to the computer and presses the space bar to start the MUSIC. He's okay now.

He sits in his rolling office chair, closes his eyes and let's the MUSIC work on him. After a moment, a neighbor POUNDS on the wall and SHOUTS. Nate turns the MUSIC UP.

A phrase in the music begins repeating. Slowly a PIANO sound comes in, following the repeating phrase.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSIC LECTURE HALL

The MUSIC STOPS, except for the PIANO, which Nate is playing in the dark, empty hall. A door behind the lectern opens and DR. KROCZAC walks in carrying a box and briefcase. He's not that surprised to see Nate.

KROCZAC

(Smiling)

Mr. Bundy. I thought I'd gotten rid of you.

NATE

Not that easily. You're leaving?

KROCZAC

Just taking a few things home for summer break.

(winking)

Don't worry. I'm not abandoning you.

Kroczac starts up the steps. Nate follows.

NATE

So, have you had a chance to look at my proposal?

KROCZAC

Briefly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATE

What do you think?

KROCZAC

Well as I said, I won't be making any decisions until I return in August.

NATE

I know. I was just wondering if you had any initial thoughts.

Kroczac realizes he's not going to get away. He sets the box down and leans on the arm of a seat.

KROCZAC

Nate, I'll be honest with you. My first impression is that it's really too ambitious.

The news hits Nate like a dagger through the chest.

NATE

It's not. Really. I've been researching it for years. I have data, solid data. Rock solid.

KROCZAC

Nate, when you choose a topic for a thesis, you need to balance the risk. Of course, you want your thesis to be bold and innovative. But on the other hand, it is, after all, just a thesis. It doesn't have to-

NATE

What is the point of doing something that has no meaning-

KROCZAC

You should do something that has meaning-

NATE

I think you want me to do some safe little paper that won't cause any controversy, so it's easy to grade-

KROCZAC

(Feeling attacked)  
Mr. Bundy. I want you to succeed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NATE

I will.

KROCZAC

Okay! You want to quantify the affect of music on the human psyche, come up with some magic formula that turns the world of music upside down. That's a huge topic.

NATE

Why don't you trust me?

KROCZAC

There may be value in finding such a formula, but a theory like this is destined to fail given the amount of time you have.

NATE

I'll have enough time. That's not a problem. I can work on it during the break.

KROCZAC

Why set yourself up for failure? Choose a topic that is less ambitious. The whole point of the exercise is to write a good thesis, not change the world.

NATE

Why are you shooting me down?

KROCZAC

The whole point-

NATE

Look, I am willing to take a risk and do something that will have meaning.

KROCZAC

You can expand on the thesis later, when you have the time and resources.

NATE

I want to do it now.

KROCZAC

Don't be impatient. Impatience will kill you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NATE

Why won't you let me take the risk  
if I'm willing-

KROCZAC

Okay. First, you asked me how I  
felt. And I told you. I'm not  
making any decisions right now.  
Second... Nate, your idea seems  
pretty farfetched.

Nate backs off. His head drops.

NATE

I knew this would happen.

KROCZAC

Nate, listen to me. Finding the key  
to the human soul through music  
is... I don't know how to put this  
delicately... It sounds a little  
out there for an MIT thesis. I have  
a responsibility to let my students  
know when their goals are off  
track. Rein your idea in, bring it  
down to earth.

NATE

Fine.

Kroczac sees Nate is not going to buy his argument easily.

KROCZAC

Can you grab the box?

Nate looks up.

EXT MIT CAMPUS NEAR PARKING LOT - DAY

As Nate walks with Kroczac to his car.

NATE

I admit I've been pushing myself  
too much, maybe.

KROCZAC

It's true. I'm glad you see that.

NATE

I just need to get away from all  
the distractions around here.

KROCZAC

That's what summer's for.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATE

Yeah. I've had a lot on my mind.

KROCZAC

You just need to get away.

NATE

Far away.

KROCZAC

And take it easy. Relax, regroup.

Not exactly what Nate had in mind.

KROCZAC (CONT'D)

Do you have any plans?

NATE

No plans.

KROCZAC

(Big smile)

No plans? Well, you see. That's the problem. You have plenty of plans for doing school work, but no plans for taking it easy, getting some space.

NATE

Where would I go?

They stop by his car.

KROCZAC

Hmm. Let me think.

NATE

If you're thinking about a hot beach in Florida, forget it.

KROCZAC

How did you guess?

NATE

I need to be alone, away from people... and all this.

KROCZAC

Ok. Ok. I'm getting a picture. Like a Thoreau-type cabin in the woods with bugs and a big pond.

NATE

I could do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KROCZAC

You know. I met a guy at a party  
last week.

EXT. FARMER'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Nate is walking down a narrow residential street in  
Cambridge. He comes to an iron gate that appears to match the  
address he's looking for.

He walks through the gate and up a broken concrete path  
through thick unmanaged foliage to a dark, old, ivy-laden  
house. He stops to take it in, and then heads to the door and  
KNOCKS.

After an eternity, the door CREAKS open revealing FARMER, an  
old retired hermit with a long beard and unkempt everything  
to match.

NATE

Dr. Farmer?

FARMER

You must be the kid who wants to  
stay in my cabin?

INT. FARMER'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Farmer is seated in his threadbare easy chair, as Nate  
peruses one section of a floor-to-ceiling library, which  
takes up the entire room and covers most of the floor.

FARMER

Yeah. Sometimes I just sit here and  
stare at it all and think, what the  
hell was I thinking. But that's how  
I spent the better part of the  
last, oh, 50 years of my life.

Nate is truly awestruck by the collection.

NATE

How many books in all?

FARMER

I wrote 14 books and, I don't know,  
hundreds, thousands of publications  
and collaborations.

NATE

And all at your cabin?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

FARMER

Maddy. That's what I call her. She took care of me, gave me all my inspiration. Couldn't have done it without her.

Nate turns to him and smiles warmly. Probably the first time we've seen him smile.

NATE

Colorful.

FARMER

Thank you. I try to be.

Nate looks through a small stack of pictures he's holding.

ANGLE ON PICTURES of Maddy set against a green hillside, deep in the woods.

NATE

I think Maddy might be just what I need.

FARMER

Would you take good care of her?

ANGLE ON NATE, as he sits across from Farmer.

NATE

Dr. Farmer, I would treat Maddy like... Absolutely. I can give you a deposit, pay up front, whatever you want.

FARMER

Eh. I don't need your money. I just want someone who'll keep her company. As I say, I'm retired, finished with the books and dealing with the politics. Haven't been up to see her in years. If you can give me your word that you'll be a good caretaker...

NATE

Absolutely.

FARMER

Then, you got yourself a deal.

Nate thinks for a second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NATE  
What the hell.

They shake enthusiastically.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Umm. Where exactly is it again?

FARMER  
Northern Idaho. Ever been there?

He shakes his head.

FARMER (CONT'D)  
It'll change your life.

INT. PUB HANGOUT - NIGHT

It is noisy and dark, packed with college students drinking, listening to LOUD music. Moe is with a friend OSCAR shooting pool. Another friend RICHARD is sitting on a stool drinking beer. Moe is lining up a shot.

Nate enters the scene in a flurry. He's excited and actually joyful about something. He makes right for Moe.

NATE  
Moe, I got to talk to you.

MOE  
Uh, okay.  
(To the others)  
Oscar, Richard, do you guys know  
Nate? Nate, this is Oscar and  
Richard.

They acknowledge each other.

NATE  
Look at this.

Nate shows him the pictures. Moe thumbs through them.

MOE  
It's an old cabin.

NATE  
In Northern Idaho, middle of  
nowhere. It's ours.

MOE  
What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATE

(Jumping out of his skin)  
It won't cost us a thing. The owner's a retired prof, who wants someone to take care of it for the summer. No rent, utilities are paid, we just have to pay for airfare. It's the perfect place to go to get away, just get away from all this. What do you think?

MOE

Well, it kinda comes out of left field.

NATE

Remember, we were talking a few months ago about this. I could work on my music. You could, I don't know, read, unwind, whatever.

OSCAR

Moe. Your shot.

Moe starts to line up his shot, Nate tags along.

NATE

(Privately to Moe)  
You said yourself I need to find other things to do. This is it.

MOE

What I said was you should not devote yourself a hundred percent to this theory of yours. And that's exactly NOT this.

NATE

Come on. We'll go for hikes and stuff, fishing, I don't know. What happens, happens.

MOE

(Facing Nate)  
This is the perfect thing for YOU. I really think so.

NATE

And you?

MOE

I can't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NATE

Why? Come on.

MOE

What about the job?

NATE

What job?

MOE

What job? The intern job? At the insurance company? Statistical analysis?

NATE

Oh that. I didn't think you were serious.

MOE

I am serious. I'm very serious. You tried to talk me out of it and you thought you were successful.

NATE

But why would you waste your time with-

MOE

Nate! You're blind. Do you hear me? You're blind to things that don't agree with your... plans for the world.

NATE

That's not true.

MOE

(Not wanting to argue)

Anyway. It's my shot. You go stay in the cabin for the summer and I'll stay here and work, and we'll see each other in the fall.

NATE

I don't know.

OSCAR

Moe, you still playing?

MOE

Do it. It's one summer. You got nothing to lose. It'll be an experience.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Nate backs off so Moe can set up his shot.

OSCAR

We'll look after Moe for you. We won't let anything happen to him.

RICHARD

You two can pick up where you left off in the Fall.

Moe pokes Richard with the cue. Nate stands there like a bump, as the two look at him with grins.

INT. PUB - LATE

Nate is talking on the phone with Sam, as he sits in an old-fashioned wooden phone booth by the bar. A long lens shows happy social people moving in and out of SHOT in the foreground.

SAM (V.O.)

(On phone)

You're making people... not like you.

NATE

Well, thanks for the words of encouragement.

SAM (V.O.)

Nate, I'm not trying to hurt you. It's the truth. Maybe you should stay here and... and see a therapist or counselor or something.

NATE

Oh, that's nice.

His knee bounces up and down uncontrollably.

SAM (V.O.)

Nate, I love you but it happens. It happens to really intelligent people who push themselves too hard. Eventually, they crack.

NATE

What makes you the expert? All that fine public school education in Phoenix?

SAM (V.O.)

Now, why are you attacking me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATE

I'm sorry. You're right, you're right. I get very... anxious. Sometimes I feel out of control.

SAM (V.O.)

Right. You need to chill.

NATE

(With great difficulty)  
Chill. Yeah, whatever. I really... this cabin thing... I think it would work out. But I'd rather not go alone.

SAM (V.O.)

No.

NATE

(Beat)  
What do you mean?

SAM (V.O.)

If you're asking me if I want to go with you. No. I don't want to spend my summer in a cabin in Idaho. But if you want to go, you should. When you come back in the fall, you'll be all unstressed and you can start fresh on your post grad work.

NATE

(With difficulty)  
And us?

SAM

(After a beat)  
Us too.

He leans back against the booth, looks over the pictures of the cabin.

NATE

Would you do me a favor?

SAM

What?

NATE

Would you call me?

SAM

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He listens to nothing for a moment, then hangs up.

EXT. MIT CAMPUS - LATE NIGHT

Empty and very dark. The lights of Boston shine like stars across the slow and steady Charles. A lone figure is huddled on a park bench facing the lights.

ANGLE CLOSER ON NATE. His head is lowered, eyes fixed on a spot on the path. He is listening to the MUSIC in his head. After a moment, he looks up at the city lights.

ANGLE HIS POV as the white lights morph into colored lights and change shape.

RESUME NATE. As he stares at the lights, his sullen expression starts to lift.

INT. NATE'S BEDROOM - LATE

He is stuffing clothes in a backpack. A trunk is also on the bed, filled with electronic gadgets.

Nate checks around the room, looks through the things on his night stand. He picks up a large prescription pill bottle and tosses it in the backpack, then stops. He takes the bottle out and looks at it.

ANGLE NATE'S POV PILL BOTTLE. We don't recognize the name of the drug, but note the addictive drug icon and instructions to take twice a day.

RESUME WIDER ANGLE as Nate quickly tosses them behind the bed and zips the backpack closed.

EXT. IDAHO MOUNTAINS - DAY

The contrast is jarring. It is painfully QUIET, except for an occasional bird. The vivid blue sky is broken by a few sharp white clouds. A two-lane road winds down a pristine mountain 10 miles away. After a moment, a bus can be seen turning onto the highway from behind a stand of evergreens.

INT. BUS

Nate is deep in peaceful sleep as the mountain scenery flashes by his window. He doesn't notice the whiny two-year-old O.S.

EXT. MOUNTAINS

ANGLE LOW on the two-lane highway as the bus approaches and passes. The WHOOSH of the bus is quickly enveloped in mountain SILENCE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two ravens fly into SHOT in the foreground and rest beside some fresh roadkill. As the bus becomes a memory, the ravens SQUAWK and pull at chunks of meat.

EXT. HARPER'S HOT SPRINGS BUS STOP - DAY

This is no quaint village. The town is a group of isolated old wood or metal buildings separated by gravel parking lots, a wide place in the road.

Nate's bus pulls up and stops. He gets off. The bus driver steps out, removes Nate's trunk from the baggage compartment, and then gets back in and pulls away, leaving Nate in a wake of dust.

As the view clears, Nate can see that he is surrounded by thick green forest and spectacular wild, craggy mountains. It's quiet again except for the CRUNCHING of his feet in the gravel.

INT. MCGRUDER REALTY OFFICE

Nate is seated in an old padded plastic chair by the front window, staring out at cars passing by. FRANK MCGRUDER, the owner, is finishing a phone call. He is a big guy, balding, wears a short-sleeved sports shirt.

MCGRUDER

(On phone)

That's right, sometimes you got to prime the pump first or else it just hums away and nothing happens.

(Listens)

Nope, nope, the pump's okay. It works just fine. It's just very old...

(Listens)

Good and if you have any more problems, just give me a shout. Okay, bye now.

He hangs up and turns to Nate.

MCGRUDER (CONT'D)

Well, that was a fellow from California.

(Pronounces the word with disgust)

A lot of `em up here now. Never lived in a house with a basement. Didn't know they flooded. Never heard of a sump pump.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MCGRUDER (CONT'D)

If I hadn't been here to tell him about it, he would've stood there and drowned himself.

(Shakes his head)

You know what a sump pump is, don't you?

NATE

(Smiling)

Yeah.

MCGRUDER

Well, that's a start.

(Checks Nate over)

Farmer asked me to drive you out to the cabin and help you get comfortable.

He grabs some keys off a desk and heads for the front door with Nate in tow.

MCGRUDER (CONT'D)

Just so you know, I'm not in the business of chauffeuring people around and troubleshooting their sump pumps. I'm doing this as a one-shot favor to Farmer. With that out of the way, here's my card. Call me anytime you need help, but as a neighbor not as a goddamn concierge. Okay?

NATE

(Smiling)

Got it.

McGruder walks out.

EXT. FOREST SERVICE ROAD

The ANGLE is HIGH and WIDE, as an old Jeep drives away in the distance on this very rough, rural Idaho dirt road.

INT. JEEP

McGruder is oblivious to the intensely rough ride, as the jeep SLAMS into deep ruts and over sharp rocks. Nate is silent and expressionless, possibly a little carsick.

MCGRUDER

(Rapidly, like a tour guide)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCGRUDER (CONT'D)

Okay, Harper's Hot Springs, population 1,361, elevation 6,700 feet above sea level. The name came from a gentleman named Calvin W. Harper, who in 1912, came out West and staked his claim here hoping to parlay the many natural hot springs located in and around this area into a money-making tourist trap for rich Easterners. Instead, he focused on the rich silver deposits, convinced investors to build a mine, plundered the countryside, then closed the mine and moved back to Massachusetts when the land no longer produced a profit...

The Jeep suddenly BUMPS into a large rut, the engine GROWLS, tires spin and the car stalls.

MCGRUDER (CONT'D)

Shit. Hold on.

He starts up the engine, then engages four-wheel drive. He uses low gears and a lot of gas to rock and BUMP the Jeep out of the hole. Nate has never had a ride like this.

MCGRUDER (CONT'D)

So anyway, where was I. This road is an old forest service road, put in, who knows, in the 40's maybe. As you can see it hasn't been improved in many years. Your cabin's about 5 miles in. Without a car, your only option for getting around is walking. There's no landline phone and cell service is nonexistent. Closest neighbor is a mile away. So, you're pretty damn isolated. One question - do you have anything like a snakebite kit?

Nate turns to McGruder. His look says it all.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

HIGH, WIDE ANGLE as the jeep makes its way slowly past a stream. We PAN along the road to a spot where, way off in the distance, we can make out a small building.

## EXT. CABIN

The little rough-hewn cabin is smaller and a lot more decrepit than we had imagined from the pictures. The area is overgrown with blackberry vines that SCRAPE the sides of the Jeep as it pulls up and stops.

McGruder gets out of the Jeep and stands, leaning on the driver door. The SILENCE is deafening, broken only by the BUZZ of flying bugs and an occasional RAVEN. Nate gets out and heads toward the cabin, then turns back.

MCGRUDER

Go ahead. It's open.

Nate enters the cabin with his backpack. McGruder watches and shakes his head.

## INT. CABIN

As Nate enters and looks around apprehensively. He checks in cupboards, turns on lights. McGruder comes in with Nate's trunk.

MCGRUDER

It's a little dusty. As I said, no one's been here since last year. If you find any food in there, it's yours. I'd look out for the open containers in the refrigerator though. I had a guy check the plumbing and electricity last week.

The kitchen connects to the front room at a right angle. The bedroom fills the inside of the ell. The whole cabin interior is maybe 200 square feet. Nate goes into the...

## BEDROOM

It's only big enough for a saggy twin bed and night stand. Another doorway off the bedroom covered by a cheap curtain leads to a tiny bathroom. The more (or less) Nate sees, the more panicked he becomes.

MCGRUDER (O.S.)

The septic tank is okay. Your water comes from a well, which is out behind the cabin. If you aren't getting any water, it's most likely because of the pump. But everything should work. That's about it. Any questions?

FRONT ROOM

Nate enters.

NATE

Uh, this is... not exactly what I was expecting.

MCGRUDER

(Make my day)

Oh?

NATE

It's much smaller, it's a mess, the plaster is coming down, there's a big rat hole in the wall.

MCGRUDER

Might not be a rat. Might be a snake. I'd watch out for that.

NATE

A snake?

MCGRUDER

(Duh)

Yes, we have snakes here. Some are even poisonous. And I'd shake out my shoes in the morning, spiders like to crawl into warm places at night. And don't make any quick moves when you open a cupboard.

He waits for a response from Nate.

NATE

Spiders?

MCGRUDER

Black Widow. Brown recluse.

NATE

(After a pause)

Anything else?

MCGRUDER

Wear hiking boots around too. The leather makes it harder for a rattler to bite through. We also have bear, moose, cougars, coyotes, maybe a wild pig or two, and of course the usual selection of reptiles and insects.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He approaches Nate and puts a hand on his shoulder.

MCGRUDER (CONT'D)

I don't know what you were expecting Nate, but this is wild country around here. This isn't some resort. You got a cabin in the forest. That's it.

NATE

It's fine. Hey, I'm willing to... willing to learn something new.

MCGRUDER

The price is right, anyway. Right?

He smiles and punches Nate's shoulder lightly. Nate is more than a little concerned and feeling out of his element.

NATE

I'm not complaining. This is fine. Really.

MCGRUDER

Do you want me to drive you into town sometime to pick up supplies?

NATE

Yeah. That would be great.

MCGRUDER

What time?

NATE

I'll call you.

MCGRUDER

(Smiles)

How you going to do that?

NATE

Oh yeah.

MCGRUDER

So, stop by the office when you're ready.

NATE

Ok.

Nate stares out the window. McGruder waits a few beats, then leaves, shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MCGRUDER

You're welcome.

NATE

Thank you.

Nate takes a moment as the Jeep rumbles off into SILENCE, and stands in the middle of the small living room. He checks his cell phone. Sure enough. It's dead. He takes in his surroundings, at once in awe of his good fortune and petrified with fear.

He opens his trunk, pulls out the laptop and some wires, then stops, sits on the dusty couch and listens. The SOUND is warm and alive. As he gazes out the window to the south, WE PULL BACK from him.

EXT. CABIN - MOVING

In one continuous MOVE, WE BACK OUT through the front window. Nate slowly recedes from view as WE CONTINUE, MOVING AWAY from the cabin revealing where it is amid the overwhelming landscape. WE CONTINUE UP until Nate's cabin is a glowing dot in the dark forest.

The sun has set. The trees are black, the sky is deep purple. WE see no other sign of human life. WE PAN up into the blackness. All we HEAR is a distant wind.

In BLACK, the wind grows.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

ANGLE ON A HOT FULL MOON

Rising into the WIND.

ANGLE ON A STAND OF BLACK TREES

Against a dark sky. The WIND HITS HARD bending the trees. The stars are like high intensity lights. The warm BUZZ of day is long gone.

EXT. CABIN

The glow from the front window is framed by trees swaying in the wind.

## INT. CABIN KITCHEN

Nate is looking through cupboards and drawers. He pulls out a few old Melmac dishes, mouse traps, and finally a can of ravioli, which will serve as dinner. He finds a can opener and pan, but no matches to light the propane stove.

In a lower cupboard, he pulls out an old tube clock radio, and plugs it in. The sweep-hand clock works, but makes a tiny SCRAPING SOUND as the second hand passes between the two and five.

He SWITCHES on the radio. After a few seconds, the SOUND comes on, CRACKLY and DISTANT. He adjusts the tuner and a LOUD HETERODYNE WHINE sweeps up and down, and unintelligible VOICES and MUSIC fade in and out. He sets it to the only station that comes in at all and takes another bite of ravioli.

We MOVE IN TIGHT on the radio's glowing clock and dial as the radio spews Country MUSIC - TINNY and DISTORTED.

## CABIN FRONT ROOM - LATER

Nate is seated on the couch, eating cold ravioli, as he sets up his laptop, keyboard and speakers on the coffee table. The SONG on the radio ends.

## RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Well, folks that's about it for another broadcast day. KHPI, hot hits for Harper's Hot Springs, is signing off. Please join us tomorrow morning at six am for the morning show with Carl Thompson. Until then, this is Bill Carlisle. Have a pleasant evening. Good night.

"Star Spangled Banner" starts. Nate walks into the kitchen to find a place to throw out the empty ravioli can.

The MUSIC ends and the station goes off the air leaving only a CRACKLE and BUZZ. Nate turns it off.

The comforting NOISE suddenly stops, leaving a thick, smooth emptiness. The night is suddenly very QUIET and very dark. Now we can HEAR clearly the only thing moving in the cabin. Nate looks down.

The clock motor WHIRS and the second hand SCRAPES between the two and five. In the near SOUNDLESS void, the SCRAPING echoes. Every detail of it can be HEARD with crystal clarity.

## BEDROOM - LATER

A clear starry night provides a cool gray wash of light, as Nate lies face up in bed, eyes wide. With all SOUND gone, except for that of the clock, the WHITE NOISE in his head rushes in and pushes heavily against his eardrums.

## KITCHEN - LATER

He is standing at the sink in his underwear, drinking water. The only light comes from the moon and the dial on the radio. He sets the glass down and steps into the...

## FRONT ROOM

He stares out the window at the same dark earth forms against the hot points of starlight. He steps forward and leans against the window frame.

Suddenly, a LOUD RUSTLE of branches and leaves breaks the SILENCE, then a heavy THUMP against the back of the cabin. He jumps back. The rustling moves closer. He puts his head against the window to see around the side of the cabin. Another THUMP shakes the whole cabin.

In an instant, an immense black animal form rises up and fills the window. Nate snaps back, freezes. He is staring into what appear to be the eyes of a large bear, standing less than two feet from him on the other side of a thin pane of glass. The bear's hot breath steams up the window. Nate doesn't move. The bear raises its fist and raps it heavily against the frame. The cabin shakes. Another. WHAM!

The bear gets down and walks around to the front of the cabin, staying close to the windows. Then, it walks out of view behind the front door. WHAM! WHAM! The door rattles in its frame with each blow. WHAM!

It is SILENT for only a moment, then the doorknob starts to turn haltingly. The bear stops and pushes. It somehow knows what the door and doorknob do. It PLAYS with it and POUNDS the door.

Then after a few more attempts, it gives up. We can HEAR it run back into the woods behind the cabin.

Nate waits a moment, then drops onto the couch.

## FRONT ROOM - NEXT MORNING

The first beam of sunlight finds Nate asleep on the couch, sitting, head tilted back. He awakens and glances around the room with half-lidded eyes. He rubs his neck and falls back asleep.



## BEDROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

He is lying face down, uncovered in bed. He awakens, sits on the edge of the bed, and then shuffles into the...

## KITCHEN

He opens a cupboard and stares in, pulls out a can of beans. The clock reads: 3:47.

## EXT. RIDGE - DAY

With a backpack on, he is walking head down along a treeless ridge, wearing shorts, a tee-shirt, and old jogging shoes without socks. His hair hasn't been groomed since the morning of the previous day.

The air is warm and rich with the sounds of BIRDS and BUZZING bugs. He stops on a high point and looks up and around. He spots a small house below with a fenced pasture, containing a dozen or so sheep, a dog and some chickens.

He scans the view from his open vantage point - foothills of thick forest, with lush green spring growth, rising to a backdrop of craggy, snow-crested mountains thirty miles to the west.

Nate turns as a distant DOOR CLOSES. A young woman in jeans and tee-shirt is facing out from the back porch of the house. She calls to the dog. It runs toward her and jumps up. Nate crouches behind a bush and watches her intently.

She sits on a porch step and cuddles with the dog, as the sheep move toward her slowly. She walks to a wooden trough and fills it with hay. She is easy on the eyes. Her tight clothing reveals her form as she walks and bends.

## EXT. FOREST SERVICE ROAD - DAY

ANGLE TIGHT on a butterfly resting on a thin brown twig. We RACK FOCUS WIDE, revealing Nate walking toward town.

## INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

As Nate sets an armful of canned food on the counter. The ambient SOUND tells us we are back in civilization - walk-in REFRIGERATOR HUMMING loudly, CASH REGISTER BEEPING, a CRACKLY RADIO playing a right-wing talkshow. DAVE SCOTT the cashier puts his 30-ounce Slurpy down and starts ringing Nate up.

DAVE

(Chuckles)

Yum. Red beans and nails. Time to party, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dave is put off when Nate doesn't play along with the crack.

NATE  
Do you carry rice?

DAVE  
Hmm?

NATE  
Rice.

DAVE  
Rice. Did you look back there with  
the cereal?

NATE  
Yeah.

DAVE  
Well, that's where it'd be if we  
had it. Seven, sixty-two.

Nate tosses a ten down, Dave finishes the transaction.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Staying at the resort?

NATE  
No.

DAVE  
Three, thirty-eight's your change.

Nate takes it and walks away, abruptly.

INT. CABIN - EARLY EVENING

Sheets are nailed up over the windows. Another piece of cloth is nailed over the bare ceiling bulb. The cloth is colored, so the room is mottled with reds and yellows.

Nate is seated on the couch, eating canned red beans from a bowl, listening to MUSIC sequences. He stops the MUSIC and types in a number, then starts the MUSIC again. It doesn't SOUND much different. The MUSIC is very jagged and unpleasant, and Nate seems a bit frustrated.

He stands and paces, moves about the room, as he listens. Occasionally, he stabs the air to punctuate a tone.

CABIN - LATER

Nate is focused on his laptop, as a short LOOP plays over and over.

CABIN - LATER

He pours a glass of water and paces.

CABIN - LATER

He is kneeling on the couch PLAYING SINGLE NOTES on the keyboard slowly.

CABIN - LATER

It is warm and he has taken off his tee-shirt. He paces, frustrated. He is so focused he doesn't notice the monotonous LOOPING of the MUSIC. The clock reads: 1:32.

CABIN - LATER

He is seated on the couch. The only light comes from the glow of the laptop screen, as he stares at it in SILENCE.

BEDROOM - LATER

Nate is lying in bed, uncovered, asleep. All we HEAR is the tiny SCRAPING of the second hand between the two and five. After a long SILENCE, there is a loud CRUNCH and RUSTLE from the brush outside.

Nate awakens in a panic and bolts upright, as the bear passes by the window. He can only see its shadow on the sheets covering the windows, but there's no question what it is. WHAM! Nate springs out of bed and moves silently to the...

FRONT ROOM

As the shadow passes the front window heading toward the door. Nate turns the lock in place just in time. The bear stops when it HEARS the lock bolt. He waits. Nothing. Nate walks silently to the window and pulls the sheet up.

ANGLE - NATE'S POV

The bear is sitting on the porch scratching itself. It yawns, scratches some more. Then, after an interminable moment it gets up and lumbers off into the woods.

RESUME NATE

He lets out his breath and heads back to the bedroom. Suddenly, an intense flash of blue light fills the cabin. He freezes. A moment later, the cabin shakes with the CRACK and RUMBLE of THUNDER. Then, ANOTHER and ANOTHER.

## BEDROOM

Nate jumps into bed. Then, the rain starts. It is heavy, filled with hail. It POUNDS the roof. The THUNDER shakes the cabin to its foundation. All Nate can do is wait out the siege.

## ANGLE ON CLOCK

It reads: 2:43. Lightening flashes two, three times and the clock light flickers and dies.

## BEDROOM - LATER

He is asleep. The rain has let up some, but it's still loud and steady. From somewhere inside, we HEAR WATER DRIPPING rapidly from multiple sites.

## FRONT ROOM - LATER

The power is still out. Nate is moving through the cabin with a flashlight, locating leaks in the dark, and placing pans, dishes, glasses, whatever he can find to try to catch them.

## EXT. CABIN AND WOODS - NEXT MORNING

The area is soaked with rain, but the sun is beaming optimistically through crisp openings in the clouds.

## INT. CABIN

Nate is gone. We PAN the damp floor, strewn with pans and dishes. After a moment, the lights pop on.

We move in on a music module as a puff of smoke issues from the back of it.

## INT. MCGRUDER REALTY OFFICE - DAY

Nate faces McGruder, who is sitting on the edge of his desk. Nate's hair is greasy and uncombed, hasn't shaved for days.

NATE

What am I supposed to do?! There are at least twenty leaks in the roof. The water was pouring in. The floor is soaked. There's pans everywhere. The power's out. I can't live like this!

MCGRUDER

I agree. That's terrible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATE

And a fucking bear keeps trying to break in the front door.

MCGRUDER

Why would a bear do that?

NATE

Fuck if I know. It nearly tore the Goddamn door off its hinges.

MCGRUDER

Are you sure it's a bear?

NATE

Hell, I don't know. You tell me. It was huge, black, it growled and it had these... these gigantic paws that it was slamming the side of the house with. I don't know, maybe it was one of your local citizens.

MCGRUDER

Now, now, let's not start with that.

NATE

What am I supposed to do?

MCGRUDER

If you don't like it, you can always leave.

NATE

(Shouting)

Or you could help me out a little!

MCGRUDER

(Starts to see red)

I'd be happy to help you, but, as I said, you're NOT staying in a fucking resort, and I am NOT responsible for making sure you have a good time. Talk to the owner if you want your money back.

NATE

Funny. What the fuck am I supposed to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MCGRUDER

I can give you advice and I'm willing to drive you to pick up supplies, but you have to ask me nicely!

Nate thinks for a moment.

NATE

Okay, would you please drive me to get some supplies, and give me advice?

(Beat)

Please.

McGruder grabs his keys and heads out the door with Nate in tow.

EXT. CABIN ROOF - EARLY AFTERNOON

ANGLE TIGHT ON A HAMMER

As it SLAMS down on the head of a nail.

ANGLE WIDER

Nate is on the roof hammering the final nail into three blue tarps covering the entire roof area. It's hot. He sits and mops his brow, takes a swig of water.

He turns and checks out the view from up there. Not bad.

EXT. MOUNTAIN VIEW - LATE AFTERNOON

The view is spectacular. The clear, clean sunlight bakes the foothills dry in a vibrant glow of green. Thunder clouds are low and dark on the distant mountains. A small figure is moving along a road below.

ANGLE CLOSER ON NATE

He is trudging along, breathing heavily, head bent in thought with his backpack and the same dirty clothes. The path he is following is barely recognizable as a road - two-foot deep ruts, sharp rocks jutting a foot above the surface.

He stops, pulls out some folded papers and a pencil. Then, he writes something, crosses it out, writes again, looks at it, and then puts it away and continues walking.

EXT. CARSON LAKE - LATE

Nate is dwarfed by tall evergreens, as he walks along the edge of the lake. He is so deep in thought, he may as well be walking through a shopping mall.

The environment is vast and humbling. We feel at one with nature and at the same time at her mercy. It's all very QUIET and placid, but electric with life.

LOW ANGLE UP THROUGH TREES

A branch 100 feet up SNAPS and begins to tumble down. It grows quickly, becoming a massive bundle of debris, stripping off leaves and SNAPPING other branches. Closer and closer.

RESUME NATE

He stops and turns back toward the SOUND, just as the heavy clump of branches, ten feet high and wide, lands only a few feet behind him, jarring him back to reality.

LOW ANGLE, LONG LENS ACROSS LAKE ON NATE

He continues along the lake edge, now completely focused on the here and now. He is a small figure in the distance, as ripples in the lake dance in the FOREGROUND. A frog jumps across the FRAME, the flying bugs appear larger than normal. Everything seems more intense.

EXT. LAKE CARSON PUMPING STATION

Nate's walk leads past a fenced concrete bunker. Two large pipes run from the lake through other apparatuses into the building. Signs read, "Harper's Hot Springs Pumping Station" and "Keep Out."

Nate walks right past it and continues down a fairly well-maintained dirt road.

EXT. ROAD BY FARMHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Nate comes over a crest. The road eases down a slope and passes right by the farmhouse with the woman and sheep. He can see the ridge behind the property from which he watched them.

EXT. ROAD BY FARMHOUSE - LATER

As he walks along the picket fence. The dog runs from around the back of the house and BARKS at Nate ferociously.

The woman appears at the front door. Nate stops and smiles. She smiles back and calls to the dog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL  
 Suzie quiet!  
 (To Nate)  
 Sorry, she doesn't get a chance to  
 bark at strangers much.

NATE  
 That's okay.

She walks to the fence and pets the dog to calm it. Nate is  
 again taken by her.

RACHEL  
 Now, you be quiet Suzie.

NATE  
 (Not good at small talk)  
 You have a nice place.

RACHEL  
 Thank you. It's old. Needs a lot of  
 work still.

NATE  
 Lived here long?

It's hard for Nate to keep from staring at her.

RACHEL  
 No, no. Just a couple of years.

NATE  
 Beautiful.

RACHEL  
 (smiling)  
 Nice day for a walk.

NATE  
 Yes, it is. Beautiful lake. What's  
 it called?

RACHEL  
 Carson Lake. Good fishing, I'm  
 told.

NATE  
 Really. I'll have to give it a try.  
 (Pointing)  
 I live in a cabin just over the  
 hill there.

RACHEL  
 Oh?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

NATE

Just staying through the summer.

RACHEL

So, we're neighbors.

NATE

Yeah, I guess you could call us that. Even though you could fit a small state in between us.

They laugh.

NATE (CONT'D)

You've probably lived here all your life?

RACHEL

I grew up in Connor, twenty miles that way. Where you from? I can hear an accent.

NATE

Boston area. Grew up near Cambridge. My father was a professor at Havud.

RACHEL

(Smiling)

Havud, huh?

(A pause to regroup)

Well, it was nice meeting you, uh...

NATE

Uh, Nate. Nate Bundy.

RACHEL

I'm Rachel Allworth.

NATE

I'll see you around.

RACHEL

(Smiling at that)

Bye.

She goes back to the house.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Come on, Suzie.

The dog follows. Nate watches her until the door closes.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

ANGLE TIGHT ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

As a jumble of numbers flies by. The MUSIC is erratic and angry. The numbers and MUSIC stop abruptly. New numbers are entered and the MUSIC starts again.

ANGLE ON NATE

He is distracted and anxious about something. The MUSIC isn't right and he POUNDS the keys and SHOUTS at it. The answer is trapped in his mind and screaming to be let out.

He stands and paces. He peers out at the blackness behind a sheet curtain. He POUNDS his fist against the wall. He paces and turns on the RADIO. He unlocks and relocks the front door. The radio is playing some SCRATCHY MUSIC that FADES IN AND OUT, and CRACKLES.

He moves like a caged animal. He gets down a can of red beans and opens it. Then, he puts the can down and goes to the door. He wants something to be out there.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

He steps out onto the porch, and sees nothing. There's nothing but nothing out there, just blackness.

He steps off the porch and walks straight out into total darkness. When he is clear of the cabin, he looks up at the only thing visible, the bright, ultra-clear Idaho sky, with its hot points of stars.

As he stares, the points grow, and each becomes a different color and twinkles slowly. They pulse with Nate's heartbeat. When he turns his head, they leave multi-colored trails.

INT. FRONT ROOM - LATER

The radio station is off the air now. All we HEAR is CRACKLING and BUZZING. Nate is dialing, trying to find a signal. No luck. He is desperate. He turns the dial carefully past BUMPS OF NOISE that sound as if they could be MUSIC or TALKING. Finally, he hits upon a distant talk station that FADES IN and OUT.

FRONT ROOM - LATER

He is sitting on the couch in a fetal position, rocking slowly, listening, waiting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALLER (V.O.)

(on radio)

You talk about chastity? You seem to push the idea a lot. If it's not for religious reasons, what's the significance?

The VOICE is soothing, wise, and ageless, and above all believable and human. He has a very narrow range of emotion, because he has risen above all that. He is not preachy in the slightest. He is not selling anything, just answering questions. His delivery seems almost scripted.

VOICE (V.O.)

(on radio)

All right, first let me explain what I mean by purity.

That gets Nate's attention. He looks at the radio and becomes calm.

VOICE (V.O.)

Uh, when you purify water you remove everything in it that isn't water. Right? You remove not just the micro-organisms and poisons, you also remove the minerals - you end up removing the bad along with the good. Purity is finding the center, the essence. It's neither good nor bad. To attain purity in one's life, one must strip away everything down to the core - remove the bad and the good.

Nate closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NATE'S BOSTON APARTMENT - NIGHT

The color is drained, like an old 50's photo, and the SPEED is slow.

In his POV, Sam is removing her blouse. The only light comes from a very warm night light. She turns slowly to Nate, as if she has just heard him enter the room. A smile comes to her and she opens her arms to him. Nate approaches her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.)

Sex is usually thought of as being a good thing, but it is not an essential function of one's life - it is not part of the one's essence. It is an impurity if you will. Purity is the opposite of complexity.

INT. CABIN FRONT ROOM

Nate's eyes open.

VOICE (V.O.)

In our society, we live very complicated, confused lives. As we move toward purity, we see that many of the things we thought were good, are actually bad.

His eyes close.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MIT CLASSROOM

The same visual effect as before.

A very young and beautiful Sam Reasoner is listening to a lecture. She doesn't know WE (Nate) are watching her. She tilts her head, bounces a pencil on her chin. Then, she turns and sees Nate watching and smiles.

VOICE (V.O.)

Many that we thought were bad are actually good. Removing the need for sex is only one part of the picture of a truly pure life.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OLD CAMBRIDGE HOUSE

Same visual effect. At the birthday party for Rex, Sam is across the room, staring coldly at Nate. Happy party guests are passing in and out of SHOT.

VOICE (V.O.)

Complexity breeds confusion and wrong ideas. Purity removes complexity. We come back to the essence of life.

INT. CABIN FRONT ROOM - LATER

Nate awakens and shakes his head. It's very dark. The ceiling light is off, but the light on the radio is still on and the station is fairly clear now.

VOICE (V.O.)

As we go through life, we see more and more how we are controlled and changed by forces outside us. It starts when we are infants living with our parents, and continues during our school years, and then into our working lives.

His eyes close.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CATHOLIC BOYS SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Same visual effect. A short, skinny eleven year old boy is standing in a crowded line of boys. All are wearing school uniforms.

VOICE (V.O.)

We are controlled by not only our bosses, but by our neighbors, by our friends, by the government, by the media. We are told what to do and how to be.

Bigger boys line up behind him and crowd in beside him. We can't see their faces.

VOICE (V.O.)

We are told how to look, what to buy, who to be with, how to talk, why we are here. We are raised to feel comfortable with this control.

The boy behind the small boy pushes him forward into the boy in front, and that boy pushes him back.

VOICE (V.O.)

But our life goal is to rise above this. To be a self realized individual, means to cast off those forces outside us and within us that set boundaries, to find the true essence of life, to rebuild our lives and take back control.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The boy pushes him again, and soon the skinny boy is being shoved back and forth by several others.

VOICE (V.O.)

Attaining purity is finding that essence, and discovering ourselves - something no one else can do for us.

The line starts moving, but the shoving doesn't stop. The small boy has trouble staying upright.

VOICE (V.O.)

It is a lifelong journey, with many difficulties along the way. When you take this journey, there is no manual explaining how to proceed.

The small boy slides down and is pushed under the children moving forward. The crowd is too thick. He is being crushed. He tries to SCREAM and is shoved down.

VOICE (V.O.)

There is no model to emulate. You are writing the book as you go. You are the model. But in the end, you will have a life that truly means something.

The SCENE FREEZES and slowly...

FADE TO WHITE:

VOICE (V.O.)

And that is what I mean when I say, when you find yourself, you will find true happiness.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SUNRISE

God-like rays of light spray beams through holes in thick white clouds.

BEDROOM - SUNRISE

The station has long since disappeared and been replaced by NOISE. Nate is lying on top of the bed with his clothes on, sleeping peacefully.

FRONT ROOM - LATER

The sheet curtains are glowing with the afternoon sun. Nate is lying on the couch, still sleeping. The radio is still CRACKLING.

KITCHEN - LATER

Nate is heating a can of red beans.

EXT. CABIN - LATE

Nate is in the front yard, picking blackberries.

EXT. CABIN - LATER

Small birds are picking up bread crumbs that Nate is tossing in the dirt.

EXT. TOWN SIDEWALK - DAY

Nate is walking with his cell phone. After many RINGS, voicemail picks up.

SAM

(Phone recording)

Hi, this is Sam Reasoner. You know what to do.

NATE

(On phone)

Hey Sam, it's me, Nate. I, uh, just wanted to talk to you. I guess you must be out. Uh. Anyway, just wanted to see how you were. You hadn't called. It's kind of lonely here and... There's this bear that attacks the cabin every night and it rained hard, and there were leaks everywhere, and I had to nail tarps over the roof. One of my sound modules got fried by lightening. But... It's really beautiful, and I wish you were here. I really miss you. I didn't think it was possible for me to miss anyone so much.

(He's getting too mushy)

So anyway, I hate leaving messages. Give me a call, when you get back. Please call. I really need to talk-

BEEP. He looks at his phone. The battery is dead. He sticks it in his pocket.

INT. CABIN FRONT ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Nate is asleep again on the couch. Half-eaten bowls of beans and blackberries are on the table.

CABIN BEDROOM - LATER

He is asleep in bed. After a moment, a faint VOICE fades in from the radio. It grows louder and clearer. Nate awakens, his ears tuned sharply to the SOUND.

CALLER (V.O.)

(on radio)

It sounds like you're promoting anarchy when you talk about casting off control. Wouldn't that just cause more confusion and complexity?

VOICE (V.O.)

(on radio)

Good point. On the surface, it would seem that way, but... anarchy is only a problem if a society is filled with self-centered people. A self realized person is also a socially conscious person.

Nate closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CATHOLIC SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

The same drained-color effect as before.

A male teacher is at a blackboard drawing and explaining a geometry proof. The skinny eleven-year-old is standing close by, watching. They are the only ones in the room.

The teacher is enthusiastic, the boy's eyes are wide with interest. When the teacher turns toward the blackboard, the boy studies his face.

VOICE (V.O.)

His world extends outside himself to encompass all of humanity. He works for the good of all. When you rise above human frailties like greed, jealousy, fear, lust, and all the others, you automatically understand and embrace your neighbor's needs, even his or her frailties. You understand and embrace your place in society.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The teacher ends his explanation by drawing a geometrical shape that resembles a rabbit. He turns to Nate and they smile.

MATCH DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. FAMILY BACKYARD - NIGHT

With the same visual effect. The shadow figure of a rabbit is being projected on the ceiling of a small tent.

ANGLE ON TWO BOYS

In sleeping bags. The skinny boy is making shadow puppets with a flashlight. His friend, a skinny kid with glasses, is laughing.

VOICE (V.O.)  
You understand that no man is an  
island. You understand how it all  
works, and how you work.

The kid with glasses gets out of his sleeping bag and crawls out of the tent. The skinny boy watches him.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Self realization is the point you  
reach when you see the essence of  
yourself and understand what it  
means.

EXT. BACKYARD

The skinny boy crawls out of the tent and sees the kid with glasses looking up at the late night sky.

VOICE (V.O.)  
You get to that point by rising up  
and looking back. And it is from  
that vantage point you see clearly  
how everything in the universe fits  
together. The road to purity, as  
I've said, is not an easy one.

The skinny boy stretches out his arms, looks up and spins around. The other kid does the same.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Some people have the desire, others  
don't. For those who do, a journey  
toward purity is the only possible  
course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two collide and tumble to the ground. The kid loses his glasses, and they both scramble to find them.

VOICE (V.O.)

The alternative is emptiness filled with a malignant frustration and an empty death - with no legacy, a valueless life. But you already know that.

The skinny boy finds them and turns the other kid around. Then, he carefully places the glasses on his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

CABIN - DAY

Nate is asleep on the couch. Papers and open books are scattered over the coffee table. The radio is off.

VOICE (V.O.)

If you've been listening to this broadcast for some time...

DISSOLVE TO:

CABIN - LATE NIGHT

Nate is working on his music. He works quickly, productively. The MUSIC is less mechanical now, less dissonant.

VOICE (V.O.)

...It's because you have heard something that clicks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - AFTERNOON

Nate is walking toward town.

VOICE (V.O.)

My words are nothing new to you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

Nate is sleeping in bed. The MUSIC is gradually becoming more soothing and pleasant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.)  
They validate what you already  
know.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - LATE NIGHT

Nate is working. Numbers fly by on the computer screen.

VOICE (V.O.)  
You want something more for your  
life.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nate has showered and is shaving the last bit of hair off his head. The TONES in the music seem to be blending or combining.

VOICE (V.O.)  
You know somehow you're destined  
for greatness.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIDGE - AFTERNOON

Nate is sitting behind a bush, watching Rachel.

VOICE (V.O.)  
You know that no matter how things  
end up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN VISTA - AFTERNOON

Nate is a small dot, walking along a ridge. The pitch of the MUSIC gradually lowers.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Your life must have meaning.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Nate is listening to the radio with the lights off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.)  
Here's what I want from you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

Nate is asleep on the couch. The MUSIC begins to morph into a deep, uncomfortable, growling tone.

VOICE (V.O.)  
I don't want your money. I don't  
want fame.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - LATE NIGHT

Nate is listening to the MUSIC with his eyes closed, seated on the couch, legs crossed. He seems to be at peace, to have found the answer.

VOICE (V.O.)  
I want you... to be great.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIDGE ABOVE FARM - AFTERNOON

It's an intensely beautiful, hot, clear day. Nate is sitting cross-legged in the dirt reading a thick book. The MUSIC is now a pleasant, low, non-musical monotone.

A distant DOOR CLOSES. Nate looks down as Rachel steps outside and CALLS her animals. He watches her longingly with peaceful eyes, as she pets the dog and feeds the sheep.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATE NIGHT

Nate brings an armload of cans to the counter and dumps them. Dave is the clerk as usual.

DAVE  
You must get off on red beans and  
OJ? What's the deal with that?

NATE  
It's healthy... and cheap... easy  
to fix.

DAVE  
That it is.

He starts ringing up the sale.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE (CONT'D)

So you decided to cut off your hair.

(Smiling)

You ain't one of them Skinheads, are you?

NATE

(A bit of a smile)

No. It was just in the way... It's hot.

DAVE

Hey, that's cool. Are you one of them survivalists?

NATE

If you mean, am I into surviving, uh, yeah-

DAVE

No, no. You know what I mean. There's all those people moving up here to Idaho that're looking for, you know, independence, purity, a return to a simpler lifestyle.

He's fishing. But Nate hasn't stopped him, so he continues.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Instead of just rolling over and letting the politicians and multinational corporations call the shots, they want to take control back. That sort of thing.

(Waits for a response)

Know what I mean?

NATE

Yeah.

DAVE

(Facing him)

What do you think about it?

NATE

What?

DAVE

(Smiling)

Oh, come on now. You've been coming in here for at least a couple of months now. It's not as if I don't know anything about you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVE (CONT'D)

You wear the same clothes, you eat cheap, you probably live 10 miles out some dirt road by yourself. I'm guessing you're stockpiling so you can be independent of government-controlled electricity, water, telephone, all that. Am I right? You fit the type, man.

NATE

You missed one. I like to keep my affairs private.

DAVE

(Throws up his arms)  
Okay, you got me.

He loads the groceries in a plastic bag.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(quietly)  
Hey. I'm with you, man. Nothing could mess up a good thing faster than a big mouth.

(Beat)

But it's good to be united, don't you think? With others that have the same views?

He slides the bag over to Nate and looks him in the eye.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I can see it in your eye, man. We talk the same language.

Dave is getting a little creepy. Nate grabs the bag and turns.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Hey, you need a ride back to your place?

Nate stops.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(laughs)  
Hey, man, I ain't no fucking fag, if that's what you're worried about. I can give you a ride back to your place, if you want. I just have to swing by my place for a minute. Sound okay?

Nate shrugs.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

It is dark, but the house and exterior are well-lit by several powerful sodium vapor lights installed high up in the trees. The house is a sprawling flat brick structure, surrounded by a wide dirt area, containing twenty to thirty pickup trucks and four-wheel drive vehicles. The whole area is enclosed by a tall barbed wire fence.

Dave's black van RUMBLES and SQUEAKS badly as it traverses the last 50 feet. Two Rottweilers the size of horses stand by the front door and glare at the car.

INT. CAR

NATE  
(Starting to panic)  
What's going on?

DAVE  
Ah, just some people left over from the meeting. Usually cleared out more than this by now.

NATE  
What meeting?

DAVE  
Well, now it's more of a party.

Dave stops in a vacant spot by the front porch.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Come on in. I'd like you to meet some of the guys.

NATE  
No, I really don't like parties.

DAVE  
Come on. Just for a minute. They ain't going to bite.

NATE  
No, seriously.

DAVE  
Just for a minute.

Dave gets out and SLAMS the door. He motions for Nate to get out. Nate sits for a moment longer, and then opens the door and steps out.

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE

Nate stands by the car door for a moment and scopes out the scene. The dogs run toward him, GROWLING. He freezes.

DAVE  
(Shouting)  
Dog!

Dave CLAPS twice in quick succession, and the dogs stop instantly and retreat to their original positions. As Nate passes them on his way into the house, they give him a low warning GROWL.

INT. DAVE'S LIVING ROOM

Large, bare, echoey and dim. The room is filled with men talking in small groups, standing or sitting on one of three threadbare couches. The air is smoky and rank. Most of the men are drinking beer. All are dressed in jeans and tee-shirts or tank tops, and wear cheap caps. And all are white.

Dave leads Nate to one couple. CARL is a skinny old guy with a red face. JASON is in his twenties, biker moustache, short and very muscular.

DAVE  
Hey guys.

CARL  
Dave.

DAVE  
I want you to meet somebody. This is Nate, uh...

NATE  
Bundy.

CARL  
What was that?

NATE  
Bundy. Nate Bundy.

CARL  
(Pondering the name)  
Bundy.

DAVE  
(To Nate)  
This is Carl and that's Jason.  
(To Carl and Jason)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DAVE (CONT'D)

He's one of the customers at the store. We, uh, have similar interests.

Nate looks at Dave. Dave gives him a "just wait" gesture.

CARL

Oh?

JASON

(Suspicious)

Where you from?

NATE

Uh, Boston.

JASON

Boston. What brings you out here?

NATE

Just... getting away for the summer. I'm staying in a cabin.

Carl and Jason look to Dave for a clue.

JASON

(To Dave, upset)

So, what's up?

DAVE

Nothing, I just thought Nate would like to meet the group here.

Jason continues to stare right at Dave, his jaw set tight.

JASON

So would a lot of people.

DAVE

It's okay, Jason. Nate's... okay.

(To Nate)

Right?

Nate doesn't answer. Jason checks him over.

JASON

(To Nate)

Good to meet you. Excuse us.

He grabs Dave and pulls him aside. We stay with Carl and Nate. After an uncomfortable pause...

CARL

So, uh, what do you do in Boston?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NATE

I'm a student... post-grad student  
at MIT. Mathematics and music  
theory.

CARL

Sounds interesting.

NATE

(Pause)

Actually, he was just giving me a  
ride back to my place, and we  
stopped off here on the way.

CARL

Uh huh. You'll have to excuse us  
for being a tad unfriendly with  
strangers. It's nothing personal I  
assure you.

Jason and Dave are having a heated conversation.

CARL (CONT'D)

Well, let's go back and get a drink  
while they're...

He ushers Nate back through the crowd toward the kitchen.

CARL (CONT'D)

I don't know how much you know  
about us, but we're just a bunch of  
regular guys that likes to think  
for themselves. There ain't nothing  
spooky about that, is there?

NATE

No.

CARL

It's just that when the politicians  
and multi-national corporations  
tell us NOT to worry, that's when  
we worry. The truth is we keep  
seeing more bureaucracy, more  
corruption, more power flowing to  
Washington DC and more taxes. What  
do you think about that?

They enter...

INT. DAVE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

It too is large and bare, lit from glaring ceiling fixtures.  
The crowd is even thicker here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

You can almost smell the alcohol and sweat. A group of about fifteen good old boys surround one large TALKATIVE MAN. Carl leads Nate around the perimeter.

NATE

Yeah.

CARL

Then, bingo.

Carl stops at a table stacked with cases of generic beer. He hands one to Nate. Carl has to practically SHOUT above the din.

CARL (CONT'D)

That's the whole enchilada in a nutshell. The only difference between us and the average American is that we're doing something about it.

Nate pops the top.

CARL (CONT'D)

The problem is, Americans have been duped into thinking there's nothing wrong. But you and I know the truth, don't we?

Nate doesn't react.

CARL (CONT'D)

We're heading toward Armageddon, son, and it ain't going to be pretty. The Jews and politicians they got all the money, everybody else is gonna be out on the street - all the welfare niggers and the Mexican gangs and Taliban. It's gonna be war, hand to hand combat. Who's gonna be there to protect you and me? Take a guess.

Nate plays along.

NATE

No one.

CARL

Exactly. And when the-

A red-necked man interrupts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REDNECK

Hey, Carl, your wife's on the phone.

CARL

(Looking at his watch)  
Oh shit. Duty calls. Good meeting you, Nate.

Carl takes off, leaving Nate to fend for himself. He is jammed against the beer table.

A unanimous "YEAH" erupts from the crowd of ten. Nate's eye is drawn to the Talkative Man, who is holding up a large assault weapon.

TALKATIVE MAN

(To a MAN IN THE CROWD)  
We're being coerced to commit cultural and racial suicide.

MAN IN CROWD

What's that supposed to mean?

TALKATIVE MAN

It means we're being forced to go along with this anti-white, racial diversity shit, and keep paying taxes that ends up in the pockets of welfare blacks and illegal aliens. And we have to bend over and take it with a smile. I personally would rather use my asshole for other things... like shitting.

Another CHEER.

MAN IN CROWD

(Giving up)  
All I got to say is they're entitled to their opinion.

TALKATIVE MAN

(Cocking the gun)  
And I'm entitled to mine.

CHEER. The Man in Crowd joins the chorus. Nate makes his back toward the front room.

TALKATIVE MAN (CONT'D)

You can't argue with cold hard logic and one of these.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TALKATIVE MAN (CONT'D)

When the bullshit gets so deep you can't wade through it with rubber boots, there's only one thing that'll extricate you...

DAVE'S FRONT ROOM

Nate searches the faces. The crowd and its message is making him anxious. He is breathing heavier and his eyes are widening. He HEARS snatches of conversation as he moves through the crowd.

SHORT MAN WITH GLASSES

I think the bombings are deplorable. It does nothing to help our cause and it only strengthens their position. We need someone with brains who can make smart tactical choices.

NEXT GROUP

STOCKY YOUNG MAN

I finally got rid of that little Jap beer can I was driving. Best seventeen thousand I ever spent.

THIN YOUNG MAN

I had one of them Chevy trucks in high school. You could fuckin' haul anything...

NEXT GROUP

FULL-BEARDED MAN

Like that guy was saying tonight, even the Christians are following the party line.

BIG RED-FACED MAN

Who can you trust man? I ain't sending my kids to no public school. They're teaching them nothin' but lies, and...

Nate is panicking more. Dave and Jason are no where to be seen. A big-bellied man approaches Nate from behind.

RICH

(Suspicious, smiling)

Hi, my name's Rich. Looking for somebody?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATE

Yeah, I don't know his name. He lives here and works at a convenience store.

RICH

Hmm.

NATE

He was giving me a ride home.

RICH

I don't know. Why don't you stay here and I'll find the guys that own this place?

Rich leaves. Nate can HEAR a nearby conversation.

MUSCULAR MAN

This group's getting too big. They're beginning to let just anybody in.

MUSCULAR MAN 2

I hear you. All it would take is one asshole with a big mouth...

Rich has disappeared and Nate is approaching a meltdown. Now when he scans the faces, he sees more and more people looking his way. Their eyes are suspicious, fearful. There is a LOUD CHEER from the kitchen and Nate bolts for the nearest door. It leads into a...

HALLWAY

He closes the door behind him. The hall is dark and long, illuminated by one dim bulb. He starts walking toward some open doors.

One door leads into a spartan bedroom. A young woman is asleep on a bed. The next one leads to a stairwell. The room below is lit and men are TALKING, but Nate can't see anything.

Suddenly, a door flies open behind Nate. He turns. A toilet is flushing and a burly guy is standing there zipping up his fly. He eyes Nate.

BURLY MAN

It's all yours.

Nate nods. The Burly Man walks away down the hall.

## STAIRS TO BASEMENT

Nate goes into the stairwell and down a few steps, listening.

JASON (O.S.)

As soon as this meeting's over, I want that guy that talked to you to see me. We got to fix this.

Two LOUD GUNSHOTS. Nate jumps.

JASON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That asshole's been selling us shit, man. Do you hear me?

MAN IN BASEMENT (O.S.)

Yeah, yeah.

Nate bends over and looks into the basement.

## ANGLE ON NATE'S POV BASEMENT

We see Jason and the other man. Behind them is a large gray wire mesh cage filled with guns, rifles, other odd-looking weapons and 20 or so boxes. Jason is holding a black assault weapon.

JASON

We're paying a fucking premium for this shit and half the ammo is-

Jason looks up and sees Nate.

JASON (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

The other man spins around to look. Nate runs back up the stairs. Jason and the man run after him.

## HALLWAY

Nate moves quickly down the hall. He's in a full state of panic now. He tries a different door, which leads into the...

## KITCHEN

It's still crowded and NOISY. Nate searches frantically for the man from the convenience store. Nothing. He makes his way quickly through the crush toward the outside door. He imagines eyes are following him.

Jason and the man enter the kitchen, and scan the crowd. Nate makes it to the door and slides out unnoticed.

EXT. DAVE'S BACK PORCH - NIGHT

It is cool and QUIET. Nate is hyperventilating. He opens his eyes. Out fifty feet into the yard is an area lit by sodium vapor lamps. Two sentries with rifles stand casually, talking. A fenced area houses what looks to be a generator. There are also a large tin shed and an old Army troop carrier. The immense backyard has been cleared of everything but short grass.

He walks in the shadows along the side of the house. Then, he turns the corner and heads along the other side toward the front. It keeps getting quieter and darker. His heart slows. He can see the dirt road leading out of the compound, and heads toward that.

He is halfway to the front corner when two silhouettes run in, stand and face him, GROWLING. He freezes. They approach slowly. He steps back. That is all the provocation they need. The two Rottweilers start after him full bore, BARKING with blood in their eyes. Nate starts to turn. He HEARS a SHTUP SOUND and pitches forward violently to the ground.

FAST FADE OUT  
TO:

BLACK

After a moment, VOICES fade in gradually.

JASON (O.S.)  
Thing works beautiful. Knocks `em  
out cold.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Sure he's okay?

JASON (O.S.)  
Oh yeah. See? No marks. Won't even  
know what hit him. While they're  
laying there unconscious, you walk  
up and stick `em. No muss, no fuss.

DAVE (O.S.)  
He's moving.

JASON (O.S.)  
All right, you guys out. Dave, you  
stay.

We hear feet scrambling.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DAVE (O.S.)  
Hey, Nate, can you hear me? Nate?

FADE IN FROM  
BLACK TO:

BASEMENT

From Nate's POV, floor level. Dave is kneeling next to him. Jason is standing behind Dave in front of the gun cage.

DAVE  
You okay?

No answer.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
I was looking all over for you,  
man. You shouldn't have been  
walking around. These guys don't  
know you. How you feeling?

ANGLE ON THE THREE

As Nate sits up.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Come over here.

He helps Nate into a hardback kitchen chair. He rubs the back of his neck.

JASON  
You'll be okay. I'm sorry you...  
sorry this had to happen. I don't  
know who you are, man. Or what  
you're doing here. Or what you're  
after-

DAVE  
I was just giving him-

JASON  
Okay, what was he doing down here?

Dave looks at Nate.

NATE  
I was looking for him.

DAVE  
You should've stayed up-

Jason walks behind Nate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON

We're fighting a war here. Just so you know. This isn't some cute little mountain getaway for a bunch of rich fuckers from the city. Nothing personal, man.

(Squeezing Nate's shoulder)

This is serious shit. Very serious. This is survival, the essence of life. This is like nothing you've ever encountered. You're either with us... or you're the enemy.

(Looks for a reaction)

While the rest of the Country is sitting on its fat ass, we're getting prepared... mentally and physically.

(with great importance)

It's a whole new paradigm.

He pulls the action back on a bad-looking assault weapon.

JASON (CONT'D)

And this is what war is all about. It's about you or them. Very simple.

He kneels and faces Nate, holding the weapon out.

JASON (CONT'D)

Touch it. Go ahead.

Nate does, tentatively.

JASON (CONT'D)

While you're living your little complacent life in some Ivy League college, we're learning to live with these. It's not because we want to.

He stands and walks away from Nate toward the cage.

JASON (CONT'D)

Not because we get off on shooting guns. We're doing it because this once great country, the leader of the free world, is slowly dying. The liberals, the Jews, the blacks, the Arabs, the Mexicans, you name it. They've invaded our country and they're tearing it apart.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON (CONT'D)

And the really sad thing is the white Americans are letting them do it. The whites that built this country and laid down their lives so that we would be free. Think of how they'd feel if they were alive and could witness white Americans today not just giving away the country, but out and out inviting non-white immigrants to come in and take it. In fact, they'll even pay `em welfare, give `em free schooling and housing, let `em vote and then give `em preferential treatment in finding a job.

He FIRES a few rounds into a padded dirt wall. He steps toward Nate.

JASON (CONT'D)

I lost my last job. Know why?

NATE

No.

JASON

They closed my plant down. Moved it to Mexico. Who makes out in this?

NATE

(voice cracking)

Not you.

He walks back toward the cage again.

JASON

Not me. Not you. Not any American citizen, except for a few rich bastards somewhere back east and a whole bunch of Mexicans.

He faces Nate and strikes a pose with the gun.

JASON (CONT'D)

I'm not asking for much. I just want my country back.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATE NIGHT

As two headlights approach, weaving and bumping along. The vehicle passes us and slows. The lights illuminate the dark cabin.

INT. CAR

Nate is looking at nothing out the right window, as Dave stops by the front porch. The wake of dust catches up with the truck, enveloping it in a fog. Nate opens the door, starts to get out, then pauses without looking back.

NATE  
Uh, thanks for the ride.

DAVE  
Hey, wait.

Nate stops, looks back.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Here.

Dave hands Nate a small black pistol.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
It's got a few rounds in it.

NATE  
I can't take this.

DAVE  
It's okay. It's a loan. I feel bad about what happened.

NATE  
What am I going to do with it?

DAVE  
It's just for your protection.

NATE  
What about your friend?

DAVE  
I'll worry about that. Just take it.

Dave puts the truck in reverse.

NATE  
Seriously, I don't need this.

DAVE  
(Looking right at Nate)  
Trust me. You need it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nate closes the door and Dave backs away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAVE'S KITCHEN - LATE NIGHT

Nate is dreaming. Just like the dream of the Cambridge party, Nate is in the middle of Dave's kitchen packed with red-necks. Nate is trying to escape, but the door keeps moving farther away and more people crowd in between. There is someone after him, but WE don't see the person.

The crowd starts pushing him back and forth. Then, the Talkative Man with the machine gun points him out and everyone turns on Nate. They grab at him and push him down. He becomes smaller and falls to the floor. The raucous CHATTER grows to an unbearable intensity. Nate closes his eyes and rolls into a ball.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. CABIN BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

As Nate awakens suddenly from the nightmare, covered in sweat and breathing rapidly.

INT. CABIN BEDROOM - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Nate is naked, checking himself out in a cracked, full-length mirror hanging on the back of the bedroom door. The image that comes back to Nate is weak and flabby, impure and incomplete.

He picks up something off the bed, the pistol. He looks it over, checks out what he looks like holding it.

The RADIO VOICE FADES IN.

VOICE (V.O.)

If every person found purity, we would have no racial prejudice, fear, political unrest, religious persecution, hatred or war.

He holds the gun with both hands and points it at his head in the mirror.

VOICE (V.O.)

All of these problems arise from emotions. A pure individual is above emotions. In a perfect world, there would be no divergence of opinion. We would all be one.

FRONT ROOM - LATER

We are at Nate's ANGLE on the floor, as he attempts to do push-ups. He can only do a few before he collapses. He strains so hard, the veins bulge on his face.

VOICE (V.O.)

Total self-realization is the state of absolute purity of the mind. It is the state of perfection. And with purity of the mind, comes purity of the soul and the body. All three in complete alignment: a perfect individual.

EXT. ROAD - AFTERNOON

Nate is jogging, pushing himself to the point of nearly passing out.

VOICE (V.O.)

Most people live a life of almost total deprivation. They use their brains as little as possible.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

He is doing sit-ups, straining to do just one more.

VOICE (V.O.)

Improve their bodies only as much as they have to. They take the easy route, the quickest route they can to hell. These people are already dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Nate is sprawled out on the floor, listening to his MUSIC with eyes closed. The MUSIC repeats over and over. It has morphed into a crazy, mechanical, non-musical SOUND, like that of a large, demonic machine.

VOICE (V.O.)

The closer you get to perfection, the better you will feel, the more your life will have meaning, have value.

DISSOLVE TO:

CABIN - NIGHT

Nate is lean and strong. He does push-up after push-up now. His energy is limitless.

VOICE (V.O.)  
 Every push-up you do, every good  
 book you read, every mile you  
 run...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIDGE - DAY

The sun is burning hot. Nate is running along the trail with a heavy backpack. Shear will is the only thing keeping him moving.

VOICE (V.O.)  
 ...Every emotion you eradicate,  
 every step you take toward purity  
 expands your mind...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Nate is pacing, while conducting his MUSIC. It's rhythmic now and wild.

VOICE (V.O.)  
 ...Perfecting your body, enriching  
 your soul, is one more step toward  
 purity, one more step toward...

DISSOLVE TO:

CABIN - NIGHT

Every muscle in Nate's body is tensed to the breaking point as he squeezes out one last push-up, then collapses unable to move.

VOICE (V.O.)  
 ...Creating the person you want to  
 be, you need to be, in perfect  
 harmony with the universe.

We pull back from him lying on the kitchen floor. The MUSIC is stuck, repeating. It SOUNDS like a caged beast, breathing fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.)

It is completely sane, it is completely rational. It is the only life worth living.

The BEAST becomes calm and sleeps.

EXT. SKY - LATE NIGHT

The FRAME is a field of bright, multi-colored stars that change intensity and color. Red shooting stars streak across the field, leaving a trail as long as the field is wide.

The radio plays LOUD STATIC, filtered through a mind that transforms and distorts everything that it perceives.

ANGLE ON NATE

He is lying on his back in the dirt, eyes fixed, unblinking.

INT. HARPER'S HOT SPRINGS LIBRARY - DAY

We PAN TIGHT along a row of books, following Nate's finger scanning the titles. These books have to do with camping, fitness, outdoor recreation. He stops at one titled "Planning for Survival."

VOICE (V.O.)

Slowly the abstraction of purity and perfection will become as real as the book you are reading. The vague vision you started with will become your core reason to exist.

ANGLE NATE'S LAPTOP

We follow Nate's eyes as he scans a search engine, looking for topics related to survival, purification. We catch phrases like: "Simplifying your Environment", "It's all about becoming self-sufficient", "The Survival Paradigm" and "Clear your mind, purify your thoughts".

VOICE (V.O.)

Your viewpoint is high, your sight is as clear as an eagle's. The complexities of the past that filled your life like packing peanuts seem as ludicrous as a Roadrunner cartoon.

He finds sites that deal with homemade chemical compounds. We see illustrations of bottles containing pain relievers, household cleaners, toothpastes and poisons.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.)

You look down and you don't even have to search. The plan of your life is right there, laid out right before your eyes. As a pure individual, you can do no wrong. Everything you do is right.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

He is looking in the display window of this mom `n' pop store. One display in particular has his attention - a \$49 water purification system. He goes inside the old shop.

INT. HARDWARE STORE

It's obviously not a chain - narrow rows of tall shelves packed high with merchandise, most of it old and dusty, but paid for. The shop OWNER stands behind the register in the back, eyeing Nate over the top of his reading glasses. With his shaved head and torn jeans, Nate looks bad, doesn't fit in at all.

NATE

(Smiling)

I just wanted to check out your water filter. Okay?

OWNER

It's right in front of you on the floor.

NATE

Yeah, I know. Thanks.

Nate picks up a box and reads the outside. Then he looks up and notices a section containing plain-wrap boxes and bottles, with a sign "Bulk Chemicals".

OSCAR (O.S.)

I got it on sale for 49. Do you see it there?

NATE

Yeah, I see it, thanks.

He looks closely at the bulk chemicals - chlorine, alcohols, mineral spirits, poisons like arsenic. The collection is old and vast. It's very possible many of the chemicals are illegal now.

OWNER (O.S.)

Gets all the impurities out of the water and balances the pH.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OWNER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Five year guarantee, works like a charm.

(Beat)  
I use it myself. Easy to install. You got kids, anyone with allergies?

NATE  
(Distracted)  
Uh, no.

OWNER (O.S.)  
Kids love the taste. Works great if you have sensitivities to minerals in the water. You'll find your baked goods turn out better.

Nate stops on a box marked with huge warning labels and in bold type "Nitroglycerine."

NATE  
Thanks. I'll think about it.

INT. HOT SPRINGS CAFÉ - DAY

It's old and noisy - cheap, grease-stained wood paneling, too many quick and dirty upgrades over the years. Only a few customers are left after the lunch rush, the way Nate likes it.

Nate is in a booth by the front window drinking water, making notes on a yellow pad. The waitress brings him a flat sandwich.

WAITRESS  
Here you go hon'. Sure you don't want nothing to drink with that?

NATE  
I'm sure.

She walks off. Nate takes a bite and looks out the window just as a dark green, shiny new BMW pulls up. The front is facing him so he can clearly see the California license plate. A trendy So-Cal couple gets out.

Nate observes them as they stroll in and stand by the register. They have matching outfits with sunglasses on their foreheads and sweatshirts tied around their waists. The place is small and they are LOUD, so when they SPEAK everyone can HEAR them. After waiting a moment...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LA WOMAN  
(To LA MAN)  
What are we supposed to do?

LA MAN  
I don't know.

She SHOUTS at the Waitress who is busy with a customer.

LA WOMAN  
Excuse me. Excuse me.

The Waitress turns, with a look.

LA WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Can we be seated?

WAITRESS  
Sure, just help yourself.

The two mumble something between themselves and take the booth next to Nate.

The woman sits on the side facing him and gives him a nasty look. Staring right at her, Nate holds his pencil up and SNAPS it in half. She looks away.

The man grabs menus from behind the napkin dispenser and hands one to the woman.

LA WOMAN  
I'm not hungry.

LA MAN  
What do you mean, you're not hungry! You've been bitching about it for the past two hours!

Her jaw drops and she shoots him a tough, patronizing look.

LA WOMAN  
I'm hungry for food, not the kind of crap they serve here.

LA MAN  
How do you know what they serve here? It might be good.

LA WOMAN  
It's just not...

She picks up a fork.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LA WOMAN (CONT'D)

There's grease on everything. This table is like sticky.

LA MAN

(Giving up)

Do you want to drive some more?

LA WOMAN

You can't tell me you actually like this place.

LA MAN

Since when does it matter what I like?

LA WOMAN

Driving around for days eating in dives like this is not my idea of a good time?

LA MAN

This whole trip was your idea, remember?

LA WOMAN

Don't you throw it back at me. I just wanted to go for a little drive in the fucking mountains, not-

The Waitress arrives.

WAITRESS

Have you decided?

LA WOMAN

No.

LA MAN

I'll take a chef's salad with Russian.

WAITRESS

We don't have Russian, Sir.

LA MAN

Do you have anything fresh?

The LA Woman looks over at Nate again. He holds a broken pencil half up and SNAPS it. She looks down.

WAITRESS

I'm not sure what you-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LA MAN  
(fake smile)  
Do you make any of your dressings?

WAITRESS  
No. We have Italian, Thousand, Blue  
Cheese, Creamy-

LA MAN  
Thousand, please.

WAITRESS  
Okay. Miss?

LA WOMAN  
(Looking at LA Man)  
Nothing for me, thank you.

WAITRESS  
All right.

The Waitress starts to walk off and gets a few feet...

LA WOMAN  
(To Waitress)  
Excuse me?

WAITRESS  
Yes?

LA WOMAN  
Do you have anything like a chicken  
Caesar?

WAITRESS  
No ma'am. I can, uh, make you a  
chef's salad with just turkey and  
blue cheese. Something like that?

The Woman looks at the LA Man and shakes her head with a  
condescending smirk.

LA WOMAN  
That is NOT a chicken Caesar.

WAITRESS  
Well, I'm sorry, we don't serve  
that.

LA MAN  
(To Woman)  
They don't serve that. Why don't  
you get a club sandwich?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LA WOMAN

Do you have any idea what they put  
in a club sandwich?

LA MAN

Yes.

LA WOMAN

Greasy bacon, mystery meat-

WAITRESS

(Getting steamed)

How about a lettuce and tomato, or  
a plain cheese.

LA WOMAN

(fake smile)

I'll just have coffee.

The Waitress starts off again.

LA WOMAN (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Excuse me, what kind of coffee is  
it?

WAITRESS

I'll have to check-

LA WOMAN

Okay, whatever. Make sure it's  
fresh, please.

The Waitress leaves - she'll make sure it's fresh.

LA WOMAN (CONT'D)

(to LA Man)

From now on, I decide where we eat.

LA MAN

Fine with me.

LA WOMAN

What's that supposed to mean?

Nate is now glaring at her. SNAP. She bends over the table to  
the Man.

LA WOMAN (CONT'D)

(quieter)

The weirdo behind you is staring  
right at me. This place gives me  
the creeps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LA MAN

What am I supposed to do about it?

LA WOMAN

Oh, nothing. Just keep doing what you always do.

Nate does nothing to change her mind. SNAP. She tries every nasty look in her vocabulary, but nothing gets to him.

LA WOMAN (CONT'D)

(acting upset)

Let's go.

LA MAN

Come on. Just relax.

LA WOMAN

I'm relaxed. Don't worry about it. I just don't like be ogled at by some Idaho weirdo. This is where all those mass murderers come from, you know.

LA MAN

Mass murderers?

LA WOMAN

That Kavorkian guy came from right around the corner.

LA MAN

You mean Kazinski.

LA WOMAN

They have their little military groups and they go around wearing sheets and killing people. I would rather not be here, thank you. I'll be out in the car.

Just as she gathers her purse and prepares to stand, Nate drops the last bite of his cheese sandwich, tosses three bucks on the table and slides out. The LA Woman puts her purse back down.

Nate stops at the door and looks back. The woman is shooting him looks and yammering about him to the man. He leaves.

EXT. CAFÉ

Heading into the street, Nate walks by the LA couple's car. He pauses and looks around, then nudges it with his hip. This sets off the ALARM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nate continues walking, as all the lights flash, and a SIREN GOES OFF.

He smiles. The couple inside turn, aghast. The woman wags her finger at the man.

EXT. RIDGE - AFTERNOON

Nate is sitting on a rock, facing the small farm, reading a book. Rachel's BACK DOOR CLOSES. She steps out on the porch and watches the animals move toward her. She strokes the dog's fur, feeds the sheep and goes through her usual routine.

EXT. ROAD IN FRONT OF FARMHOUSE - LATER

Nate is standing at the gate outside the picket fence. The dog Suzie runs up BARKING ferociously. Rachel appears at the front door.

RACHEL  
Suzie, quiet!  
(To Nate)  
Hi.

She approaches Nate.

NATE  
Hi. How are you doing?

RACHEL  
Fine. I didn't recognize you at first. Your hair...

NATE  
Oh yeah. Um, you know, I'm glad you're here. I'm... I just wanted to tell you that I'm... I live alone in the cabin and I noticed you're alone here too. So, if you need anything, I'm just over there. It's just a twenty, thirty minute walk.

RACHEL  
Thank you. I'll keep that in mind. And the same goes for you. Don't hesitate.

NATE  
Good, good.

He starts to turn away, then stops.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

NATE (CONT'D)

You know. It just occurred to me,  
we could maybe have lunch sometime.  
I'd like to... talk to you.

RACHEL

(She smiles)

Hmm, lunch.

NATE

(With more confidence)

Sure. Um, I could make sandwiches  
and we could, I don't know, walk  
over to the lake or something.

(She is thinking)

Actually, the food is just an  
excuse. I've been here all summer  
and haven't really got to know  
anyone. I'd like to hear about  
you... your life. And I can tell  
you about mine. Whatever.

(Still no response)

What do you say?

RACHEL

Well, I don't get home until after  
three, but I can make us some tea?

INT. FARMHOUSE DINING ROOM

The room is attached to the kitchen and there's a big window overlooking the sheep pasture. The house is pretty and airy. Nate is wandering around looking at the antique pictures and doodads, as Rachel works in the kitchen.

RACHEL (O.S.)

I save for awhile and when I have a  
few hundred, I start looking. I've  
found some great bargains. I got  
that old wash basin for five bucks.  
Original owner. I think she was  
almost a hundred. She owned a small  
hotel around here way back when.

She enters with a tray of tea and cookies, and sets it on the  
main table.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You wouldn't believe the stuff she  
had at this garage sale. I only  
spent a few hundred and got maybe  
thirty pieces. I think she liked  
me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nate smiles at that.

NATE

You just don't see craftsmanship like this anymore.

RACHEL

Nope. But what about Boston? It must be beautiful with all those old buildings and statues.

NATE

Yes. MIT is very old. Sometimes you can feel the history.

RACHEL

And the Boston tea party and Paul Revere. All that happened right there. Have a seat.

He sits a bit stiffly.

NATE

Thanks.

RACHEL

So, what have you been up to?

NATE

It's hard to explain.

RACHEL

Do you go fishing? Mountain climbing?

NATE

No. I've been doing some walking. But mainly I've been thinking and composing music, working on my thesis.

He smiles and shakes his head.

RACHEL

What's wrong?

NATE

I was just thinking. I've spent so much time alone.

(Thoughts turn in his head)

I'm not even real sure what date it is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RACHEL

You're kidding.

NATE

Have you ever... thought about something for such a long time, you can't... break free of it? I've been alone for so long... I sit for hours up there and... It feels very strange talking to another person.

There is a mad look in Nate's eyes.

RACHEL

I've never been alone for that long. I don't think I'd like it.

NATE

I hadn't really thought about it, until just now. I wish I could...

Rachel looks at his eyes.

RACHEL

Are you feeling okay?

He takes a long pull from the hot tea.

NATE

You know. I feel fine. I've never felt better in my life. I'm going through a, sort of a period of re-examining my life. And I feel really good now.

(You wouldn't know it.)

I'm being open with myself and I'm ferreting out all the impurities. A cleansing process.

(Smiles)

And what happens is, I end up boring other people to death with my life's story. This is really good tea.

RACHEL

I'm glad you like it. It's just some generic plain wrap stuff.

NATE

It's the water. It's very good. I bought a water purifier.

RACHEL

Oh, do you like it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NATE

It gets rid of the minerals and impurities.

RACHEL

I can't see the advantage myself.

NATE

Pure water is better. You don't know what could be in ordinary tap water.

The phone RINGS O.S.

RACHEL

You got a point there. Excuse me.

She goes into the kitchen to answer the phone. Nate lets out a breath, gets up and stretches. His stomach is filled with butterflies.

He walks to a living room table filled with family photos. His eye immediately goes to a wedding picture with Rachel as the bride. It's as if he were struck by lightning.

Nate inhales. He can't breath out. He looks around the room. He sees more evidence of a husband - two chairs facing the TV, a pair of men's boots, a picture on the wall of the husband and a horse.

He panics. He goes to the door and starts to open it. Then stops.

He is aware of everything he is doing, every SOUND he is making. He is paralyzed. He walks toward the kitchen door. Stops. Takes another step. Looks in. Rachel looks up.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(on phone)

I haven't even started dinner yet.  
I'm going to feed the animals, then  
I want to sew up that tear in the  
comforter.

Nate motions that he has to go. Rachel shrugs, why? Nate mouths, "It's late." They wave and he darts out.

EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT

The last deep purple glow of day is dying fast. Nate is sitting cross-legged in the dirt watching the farmhouse. Lights are on inside and he can see Rachel and the husband occasionally pass by a window, busy with their normal routine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They are bringing place settings and food to the table. The husband eats a spoonful of potatoes au gratin from the casserole dish. Rachel sees him and slaps his hand.

Nate looks, feels, acts very abnormal. There is a craziness in his eyes. They show that he is now wild and out of control on the inside. He has stepped outside the real world and he's looking back in. But he's not seeing things as they really are.

We see the world through his POV. Everything is viewed through a crazy filter that colors everything and changes the shapes of objects and adds things that aren't there, removes things that are. The SOUNDS he HEARS in his abnormal world are like the visions he is perceiving, like a radio that's not quite tuned to the station. We HEAR his MUSIC playing and looping. It has a lop-sided mechanical rhythm, like a machine that is falling apart.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

He is walking back to the cabin. He has taken this route many times. The only difference is that now it's so dark, no person in his right mind would attempt it. Nate has a sense that something isn't quite right, but his mind is spinning so fast he has the wrong idea of what that is.

He walks haltingly with arms outstretched. He feels things that aren't really there and misses things that are. He BUMPS into a low hanging branch that knocks him to the ground. He lies there, staring up, with blood on his face.

He sees a sky of hot stars, all different colors, forming shapes and reforming them. The black meandering lines of the branches overhead, move and grow into each other and out of each other.

He closes his eyes and tries to shake the bugs out of his head.

He stands. He looks around to get his bearings and continues off into the dark.

INT. CABIN FRONT ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The RADIO is on. He is on the floor, sweat flowing from his brow, doing push-up after push-up with no end in sight.

VOICE (V.O.)

Push, push. Never stop. The moment you do, you fall back. The harder you push, the higher you rise, the closer to perfection.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

If you feel disappointment, you  
have failed, because feelings are  
emotions, and emotions are  
imperfect.

His eyes are wide and fixed in space, he forces each breath  
out through a tight jaw.

VOICE (V.O.)

But with every failure, you learn,  
you grow, the vision becomes  
clearer. When you push toward  
perfection you feel pain. Push  
through the pain, until it's gone.  
When you feel no pain, you are  
there.

KITCHEN - LATER

He is downing a large glass of water from the water purifier  
attached to the faucet. He DROPS the plastic glass in the  
sink and inhales, breathing deeply and intensely, as if each  
is his last. He grabs the edge of the sink counter and  
squeezes and tenses every muscle until he is about to  
explode. Then, he lets out an animal ROAR and SHRIEK.

He turns to the wall and POUNDS it until the plaster dents  
and his knuckles bleed. He is undergoing a catharsis. An  
animal caged deep inside is pushing against the walls,  
jumping on the bars.

Sapped, he lands heavily on his hands and knees, head bent.  
He is back to his animal roots. He is lithe and muscular now.  
His ribs show clearly, as his chest heaves with each breath.

As QUIET ensues, the purity Voice gradually FADES IN through  
heavy STATIC. Nate stands and faces the glowing radio,  
waiting for the word.

VOICE (V.O.)

Consider this. It does no good for  
a small subset of society to desire  
purity, if society as a whole is  
impure, and shows no sign of  
changing for the better.

(A big pause to let that  
soak in.)

Society is complexity, confusion,  
complete lack of clarity. There can  
be many ideas, but only one truth.  
Uniformity is truth is purity.

NATE

What can I do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.)

(as if answering him)

All that is evil must perish, if purity is to succeed. A pure being cannot abide impurity that consumes its host. The world is a living organism. Today's society is consuming the world... Like a cancer.

(Pause)

Do you understand? Do you get my drift?

He does.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

CLOSE ON BOOK TITLES as Nate scans a row slowly. He pulls down old books dealing with ethnic cleansing, the German philosophers, Nazis, eugenics.

VOICE (V.O.)

This gift of God to man, the gift of choice, means that we are predestined to variation... in the form of race, intellectual power, diseases of the mind, weaknesses of the body.

LIBRARY - LATER

He is seated at his usual desk surfing the Internet and taking notes, next to a stack of books. We see in his eyes that he is in a constant beatified state.

VOICE (V.O.)

Finding purity and uniformity in our lives is thus hampered by the very tissue we have inherited. Therefore, the task of purifying the human race can only be attempted by men possessing great power and fortitude.

LIBRARY CHECK OUT - LATER

The librarian is holding up a thick book.

LIBRARIAN

You can't have this.

Nate is facing her with a stack of books.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATE

Why?

LIBRARIAN

I've told you, Mr. Bundy, I can't allow you to check out anymore books until you've returned the ones that are past due.

NATE

I forgot. They're at home. I'll bring them back tomorrow.

LIBRARIAN

(Smiling)

I'm sorry, that just won't, uh, be acceptable anymore.

NATE

I promise.

LIBRARIAN

You have been promising for weeks now. I keep letting you take more books and you haven't returned any.

NATE

Please.

LIBRARIAN

Do you understand the dilemma that puts me in? I have to account for-

NATE

Please. I really will return them. I promise. I'll leave my driver's license, a credit card if you want.

There is a desperate look in his eye. She is helpless.

LIBRARIAN

You may have two books. Don't worry about it, I'll put the rest back.

He starts to get out his license.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

No, that's all right. I don't need your license.

NATE

(He is ecstatic)

Thank you. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

LIBRARIAN

Now please don't forget. I'm going to get in trouble. Do you understand?

NATE

Yeah. Thanks.

He stuffs the two books in his backpack and is off. The Librarian shakes her head, then looks down at the book in her hand: "Mein Kampf".

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - AFTERNOON

Dave is behind the counter ringing up a customer.

DAVE

That's fifty on pump two. Try it now.

The Customer walks out. Nate approaches with a couple of cans and a jug of orange juice.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(friendly)

Howdy, haven't seen you in awhile.

No response from Nate. He starts to ring up the purchase. Nate is incredibly distracted. His head is pounding and his mind is scrambled.

DAVE (CONT'D)

So, what's up?

NATE

Oh yeah, I've been studying.

DAVE

What?

NATE

I'm not sure you'd understand.

DAVE

Try me.

NATE

No.

DAVE

Anyway, so I talked to the other guys, and Jason's real sorry about what happened a few weeks ago, and we decided we'd like you to...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVE (CONT'D)

join the group. If you want. You can move in to our place. To tell you the truth, we're a little light on schooling. We could use someone with your education. What do you think?

NATE

I don't know.

Dave is floored by Nate's lack of gratitude.

DAVE

You can't tell me you actually like living in that dump.

NATE

I'll need to think about it.

DAVE

What's there to think about?

NATE

Nothing.

A Customer comes in and approaches the counter.

DAVE

Okay. What then?

NATE

I have to... I have things I'm working on.

DAVE

Hey, work on `em at our place.

NATE

I just don't think... it would work out.

Dave finally turns to the customer.

CUSTOMER

Pack of Camels.

Dave tosses the Camels on the counter and rings him up.

DAVE

(To Nate)

I did a lot of work on these guys to get them to come around. I need a better excuse than that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUSTOMER  
Can I get five ones?

DAVE  
It's a golden opportunity, dude.

Dave SLAMS the change down without looking at the Customer.

NATE  
I don't think so.

DAVE  
(Getting steamed)  
You don't think so, what? I can think of 50 people right now who'd jump at the chance.

NATE  
Not me. Sorry.

Nate grabs his bag and turns to leave.

DAVE  
Hey, wait a minute. I put myself out on a limb, man. You can't just blow me off like this? You owe me some kind of reason here.

The Customer heads to the door. Nate has an episode.

NATE  
(Suddenly exploding)  
I don't owe you anything! You got that? Huh?

Customer and Dave freeze.

DAVE  
What I meant-

NATE  
I'm not fucking interested in playing games with you and your fucking Neandertal friends in your little hate club! Okay? You're all a bunch of defectives, children of defectives... Spreading hate speech and... and slobbering around each other like apes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NATE (CONT'D)

Procreating like rats, and with every generation, the brain gets smaller and smaller until all that's left is a steeply sloping brow and a brain stem that knows enough to eat and fear and shoot guns. You're all bastards of the living earth, defective, broken creatures, impure and growing at malignant speeds, swallowing every last decent pure thought and perfect algorithm, stepping on them, crushing them into the ground, then pissing on them and defecating out every orifice until the world is brown and dead with the stench of your rotting crap. You're not harmless. You're not harmless. You're not harmless. You're not harmless. None of this is harmless. You're virulent and impure and you're procreating and dangerous. Very, very fucking dangerous.

He pauses for a moment to take in the expressions of terror on their faces. He knows he's right, but fears he has overstepped some boundary, and needs a way to back out.

NATE (CONT'D)

Do you understand? Is there anything about what I've said you don't understand? I want to be very, very, very, very, very, very clear.

DAVE

(Quietly)

I understand. You can stop now.

Nate looks hard at both men.

NATE

(Forcing calmness)

I want you to understand this. I am not crazy. I am not crazy. The world is crazy! I am perfection. Stop. Stop. I'm going to stop.

He leaves.

EXT. DIRT ROAD LEADING TO CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON, MOVING

As Nate trudges with psychotic intensity and purpose, wearing an overfilled backpack and carrying a plastic shopping bag and a book under his arm.

He pulls out his cell phone and presses the button several times. The battery is still dead. He tosses it into a puddle.

VOICE (V.O.)

(In his head)

The fools of the earth must perish,  
because they are impure, they are  
defective, they are not supreme  
beings, not part of the essence of  
life.

Nate's lips move, and his gestures and focus suggest he is always talking or listening to an invisible person.

NATE

Who will be alive when we are  
finished?

The Voice stops, doesn't answer.

NATE (CONT'D)

Who will be left?

No answer. Then, finally the voice starts up again with a warm glow.

VOICE (V.O.)

Can you feel the pulse of the  
earth? Stop and listen. Isn't she  
beautiful? She is a living being.  
Her cells are the living things  
that grow and reproduce within her.

Rain starts. It's sudden and heavy, and Nate and the book are soaked in seconds, but none of that matters. He walks faster and faster, then breaks into a run.

VOICE (V.O.)

She is sick now. She has a cancer  
that is eating away at her, killing  
her trees and her animals, killing  
her oceans, her rainforests, her  
atmosphere. Mankind, with all of  
its defectives and fools, is the  
disease. It doesn't matter who will  
be left, only who will not.

IN CABIN FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

The radio is glowing. Nate faces it, holding his writing pad.

VOICE (V.O.)

You will work with simple tools and materials available over the counter. You will obtain information readily available to the public. You will work in private, taking great care not to raise suspicion. The goal will be to eradicate great portions of the disease quickly, and with as little pain as possible. Now, here is what you will do.

Nate is ready.

DISSOLVE TO  
BLACK, THEN...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE NATE'S BOSTON APARTMENT - DAY

Nate's door is open and movers are carrying boxes out. Moe is walking down the hall, past all the activity, toward a heavysset old guy. AL BASKIN, the landlord, is smoking a cigarette and watching the movers closely, pissed.

MOE

Hi, you must be Al Baskin?

AL

Yeah?

MOE

I'm Moe Franks, Nate Bundy's friend.

AL

Hi.

They shake.

MOE

So, what's going on?

AL

Well, as I said, I have to rent the apartment out. Can't wait.

MOE

What's with the movers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL

Everything has to go. You can take it if you want.

Moe shakes his head.

AL (CONT'D)

I'll store it for a while, but if he doesn't show up, I'm dumping it. And he's paying for the storage too, and the moving costs.

MOVER

What do you want us to do with the stuff in the fridge?

AL

Toss it. Don't move the refrigerator, it's mine.

(To Moe)

Yeah, it's too bad. He was a good tenant. He was paid through August. Didn't hear anything from him. September came along. Still nothing. October. Didn't leave me any number. What am I supposed to do?

MOE

I understand.

AL

Leaves me stuck with all his crap.

MOE

How did you get my number?

Moe follows Al into...

INT. NATE'S BOSTON APARTMENT

They find an out of the way spot by a window, so Al can keep an eye on the movers.

AL

(Calling to a mover in kitchen)

Hey, don't spend all day with that crap. Just toss it.

(To Moe)

I had his parent's number. I called them. They didn't know where he was. They thought he was here. Hah! Some parents.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL (CONT'D)

They gave me your number. How long have you known the guy?

MOE

I met him a couple of years ago at a party.

AL

Tell you where he was going?

MOE

I forget. Montana or Idaho, something. That's all I know.

AL

Shit.

(Shakes his head)

Does he have any other friends?

MOE

Yeah, his girlfriend, or ex-girlfriend, I guess. She's supposed to be here.

AL

Yeah, well, you're it for now. See what you can work out with the girlfriend. I'll store his things for a month, then...

(Raises his hands)

Okay?

MOE

Yeah, thanks.

Al walks out. Moe sits on the window ledge.

APARTMENT - LATER

It's empty, the movers and Al have left. Sam is sitting on the window ledge now, while MOE paces.

SAM

I've only known him for like a year. He was my tutor. Did you know that? Then, you know, one thing led to another and... We got along okay, usually, but I can't say I ever really got to know him, in all this time. He never talked about a family much.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MOE

That's funny. You two seemed a lot closer than that.

Sam doesn't tell the whole story. But we can read it in her eyes. Nate affected her deeply somehow.

SAM

What can I say? You don't get close to Nate Bundy. He's this presence that comes in and out of your life.

MOE

I know what you mean. Okay, well, I guess we're it. I'd say there's a real good chance something has happened to him. He's not the type to just go off and leave everything.

SAM

You know, it's weird, I wasn't even concerned about him until just now.

MOE

I know.

(long beat)

Okay. I'll call his parents. You don't remember where he said he was going?

Moe starts to look through the trash and papers left around on the floor.

SAM

I think it was Idaho, something about Springs.

MOE

Like Springfield?

SAM

No, like water springs. Hot springs.

MOE

A cabin in the forest.

SAM

He left me a voicemail a few months ago. I tried returning the call a few times and left a bunch of texts, but nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MOE

That's weird. I guess we could keep trying.

SAM

Maybe we could track his cell signal somehow.

Moe finds something and picks it up.

MOE

Hey look, a map of Idaho.

He spreads it open on the floor. They both get on their knees and look it over.

MOE (CONT'D)

He's marked some roads up here.

They look closer.

SAM

Hot Springs.

MOE

Where?

SAM

Um, Harper's Hot Springs. See on highway 907. That's it.

MOE

Yeah. Good. All right. We got the place. Can you call?

Moe starts searching around again.

SAM

Call what?

MOE

I don't know. The local police department?

He finds something small, picks it up.

SAM

Sure.

MOE

Any idea what this is?

He shows Sam the prescription pill bottle. She looks at Moe, shakes her head.

EXT. CABIN - LATE DUSK

Nate is approaching the cabin from the road, carrying a full backpack and duffle bag. He dumps the heavy bag on the porch and unlocks the door. He is haggard and dirty from a long walk.

INT. FRONT ROOM

He drags the duffle bag into the cabin and dumps it on the couch. Then, he removes his backpack.

INT. KITCHEN

Behind him on the kitchen counters, we see what he has been up to lately. It's some sort of still. Several glass bottles and empty plastic milk containers are set up and connected via stoppers and plastic tubing to flasks on the stove.

He unzips the duffle bag and reveals boxes and containers of chemicals, like those we saw in the hardware store. The backpack too is filled with plastic tubing, jars and cans.

KITCHEN - LATER

As we MOVE TIGHT along the small chemical factory. The liquids boil on the stove, condense and run through the tubes, and then drip into the milk jugs.

Nate's hands carefully measure portions of powders into a measuring cup, following handwritten notes.

VOICE (V.O.)

Look ahead. Look only ahead. There  
is no yesterday, only tomorrow.  
There is no hate, only purpose.  
There is no fear, only action.  
There is no desire, only will.

BEDROOM

Nate is lying in bed, staring straight up.

VOICE (V.O.)

You are working toward greatness.  
Feel good, feel joy.

KITCHEN - LATER

CLOSE ON NATE'S HANDS as he removes two slices of bread from a plastic bag and sets them on the sink. He picks up a dropper and unscrews the lid of a partially filled jug. He tips the jug and reaches in very carefully with the dropper, and then draws a few drops into the glass tube.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (V.O.)

The cesspool you call home now will soon grow green and rebound with the fruits of your labor. Mankind has turned the earth into the horrid deformed creature it is today. Only man can bring her back.

EXTREMELY CLOSE ON DROPPER

As Nate places one delicate drop of the liquid onto each piece of bread.

VOICE (V.O.)

For every individual cell of disease you eradicate, a new healthy cell will grow in its place.

ANGLE ON NATE

As he carefully carries the bread out to the front porch.

VOICE (V.O.)

Keep that vision in front of you at every moment. Block out everything that is not part of it. You have the vision, you are in control, you hold in your hands the future of the world.

He places the slices on a wood stool just outside, and then closes and locks the door.

FRONT ROOM - LATER

The VOICE is SILENT now. Nate is sitting on the couch, head rolled back, asleep. We HEAR a RUSTLE of leaves from outside, then a THUMP on the back wall. Nate awakens and stands.

The bear passes the side window, then continues around to the front porch. Nate turns with the SOUND, as the bear's shadow passes by the windows.

We HEAR the stool SCRAPE and FALL, then the bear EATING the bread. When it's finished, it decides it wants more. It POUNDS and SHAKES the front door more violently than ever. At one point, we HEAR wood STRESS and CRACK.

The intensity builds, then sudden SILENCE. Nate takes a step closer. Then, WHAM, CREEK and the bear runs off into the woods. Nate opens the door. The bread is gone.

INT. CLEARWATER COUNTY WATER DEPT - DAY

Nate is following a CLERK down a short wood-paneled hallway.

CLERK

The plans are public, but hardly anyone ever asks to see them. And, as you can see, we're a little understaffed. So...

Nate is on his best behavior, working hard to control his reality.

NATE

(Smiling)

This won't take long, twenty minutes is all. I just need to make a few notes.

They stop at a door labeled "Records." The Clerk pulls out a set of keys, and unlocks the door.

CLERK

You say this is for a school project?

NATE

Yeah.

CLERK

What school?

NATE

(Thinking quickly)

Washington... University.

CLERK

(Brightens)

Wazzu?

NATE

Yeah. You go there?

CLERK

Many years ago.

He opens the door and Nate follows him in.

INT. RECORDS ROOM

It's packed tight with file cabinets and shelves loaded with odds and ends. The Clerk heads for a broad cabinet containing blueprints.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK  
What are you studying?

NATE  
Engineering.

CLERK  
What kind? Hydrology?

NATE  
Yeah.

CLERK  
That's great.  
(Looking through the  
prints)  
Let's see. Here we go.  
(Pulls one out)  
I'll set you up in the other room  
there.

NATE  
Thanks.

As the Clerk heads for an adjacent room.

CLERK  
So, what brings you to Harper's Hot  
Springs?

OFFICE POOL AREA

Twelve to fifteen people are seated at metal desks lined up  
in rows. The Clerk leads Nate to a drafting table and rolls  
out the drawing.

NATE  
What... what do you mean?

The Clerk stops and looks Nate in the eye.

CLERK  
Oh nothing. Just wondering. There  
are plenty of other reservoirs  
closer to Pullman.

NATE  
I, uh, no reason.

CLERK  
Snake River has a bunch. You know  
where Lower Granite Dam is? About  
ten, twelve miles south of Pullman?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NATE

Yeah.

CLERK

It's got a much bigger pumping station.

NATE

Oh yeah.

CLERK

You might want to check it out.

NATE

Okay.

CLERK

Of course we don't have the drawings here.

NATE

Right.

CLERK

(Shrugging)

Okay, I'll be right over there. Let me know when you're done.

NATE

Thanks.

The clerk leaves and Nate studies the drawing. It's very dense and Nate hasn't the foggiest idea how to read blueprints. After a moment, he sees something interesting.

ANGLE CLOSE ON DRAWING

We follow his finger along a wide pipe to a point marked: "Clean Out Access." He makes a note on some folded papers.

RESUME NATE

As he looks up, he sees the Clerk across the room speaking with another man. They stop what they're doing and watch him. Nate's eyes grow wide. He looks back down and writes quicker.

EXT. PUMPING STATION - AFTERNOON

Nate is walking around the perimeter of the station along the chain-link fence. He notes where the large pipes enter the station from the lake side, and where another pipe exits. There are some high narrow windows starting eight feet up and running along two sides of the concrete structure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nate can climb the fence just high enough to get a partial view inside.

NATE'S POV THROUGH WINDOW

We see a large electrical rack containing meters, heavy-duty switches and green lights. We can also hear a LARGE PUMP MOTOR.

ANGLE ON HEAVY METAL DOOR

The only entrance is accessible directly from the dirt parking area. Nate runs his hands around the jamb and gives the door a shove. It's heavy, but loose in the frame. He places a small folded piece of paper partially under the door, then leaves.

INT. CABIN - LATE NIGHT

The lights are low - a red cloth covers a cheap desk lamp on the sink counter. The still is in full production. A propane flame is boiling liquid in a flask, and the steam is condensing in jugs of yellow liquid.

Nate is in a half-dream state on the couch, listening to the purity voice. The Voice is now low and evil. His tone is hostile, paranoid.

VOICE (V.O.)

Now is the time. Every second we  
hesitate is time the enemy can use  
to mutate like a deadly virus into  
a form that will strike back.

Nate's eyes close.

DISSOLVE TO:

STILL PICTURES

In his mind, Nate sees the faces of those who will soon be the victims of his purification plan: McGruder, Dave Scott, the waitress, the LA woman, the librarian, the water department clerk, the hardware store clerk and finally Rachel.

VOICE (V.O.)

In your world, the shortest  
distance between two points is a  
straight line.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

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

There are no more lies, no more false illusions, there are no more homosexuals, perverts, imbeciles, social misfits, preferred races or unequal classes. There is only one world order. And you and the other pure creatures of the earth will rule.

After the picture of Rachel...

RESUME NATE

He opens his eyes and turns his head to the final jug.

ANGLE CLOSE ON JUG STOPPER

As a tiny yellow drop grows. It gets heavier and heavier, then falls.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. SHEEP FARM - DAY

As a sheep wobbles and collapses.

ANGLE ON ANOTHER SHEEP

As it too closes its eyes, takes a step forward and drops to the ground.

WIDE

More animals, chickens, even the dog, are lying dead.

EXT. RIDGE

CLOSE on Nate watching the scene. His eyes are hard and focused. He shows no emotion, but his jaw is tight.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

A storefront office in the Harper's Hot Springs town center. A Formica counter separates the public from the business, which consists of a handful of people sitting at old metal desks.

Five heavily-caffeinated journalists are hovering around the counter, waiting impatiently for their moment to come. The Office Manager MONA is at her desk, getting an earful.

MONA

(On the phone)

I hear you Syl, I hear you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MONA (CONT'D)

No, the Sheriff did it for you as a favor that one time. It's not his... He's... He's real busy now with the sheep investigation, so...

A Deputy, KRELLER, rushes in the front door and around the counter to Mona. He gets her attention and points to an office in the back.

KRELLER

Is he?

Mona nods. We stay with Kreller as he continues back, but we can still HEAR Mona's conversation.

MONA (O.S.)

Syl, I'll see what he wants to do. But as I say, he's too busy now to worry about running down overdue library books.

Kreller motions to Sheriff Baxter Brown through the window next to his office door. The Sheriff is on the phone, but waves Kreller in. He opens the door and stands next to it.

SHERIFF

(On the phone)

Well, how about sending me a PR guy to deal with the press then. Yeah, I thought that would get your attention. There's four or five of them standing around out there now. And I've promised them a... briefing. Yeah, you never know what could happen. I could say the wrong thing to the media and create a panic at the polls. Okay, let me know. Soon.

Hangs up.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

(to Kreller)

Asshole's more interested in our little media circus than sending backup investigators.

Kreller follows him out of his office. The media circus sees them and comes to attention. The Sheriff turns his back, and speaks so they can't hear.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

How did it go in Spokane?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KRELLER

They did a preliminary test on the two sheep. It's not a disease or infection like we thought. Looks more like a poison of some sort.

SHERIFF

Poison? Like a pesticide?

KRELLER

They didn't think so. No pesticide on the market could've done that much damage so quickly.

SHERIFF

When will they know for sure?

KRELLER

Early as this afternoon.

SHERIFF

Well, I can't wait any longer than that. We'll have to assume some sort of malicious intent here and get a jump on it.

KRELLER

What about leads?

SHERIFF

Well, that's why we get paid the big bucks, Kreller.

He pats the young man on the back and steps toward Mona.

MONA

Sheriff, what are you going to tell...

Pointing to the press.

SHERIFF

As little as possible. We don't want to run the risk of tipping off a bad guy if there is one. Any messages?

MONA

Mainly from the press. Syl called and wants you to go after a guy with overdue library books.

SHERIFF

You're kidding?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MONA

They're three months overdue.

SHERIFF

All right. Shit. We'll see how this goes?

(to Kreller)

The sun never sets for us law enforcement professionals, does it Kreller.

Kreller smiles. We follow him out the front door.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICES - DAY

Kreller heads for his cruiser parked in front. As he crosses the sidewalk, he nearly runs into Nate, who's walking slowly, reading a front page newspaper article intently.

ANGLE ON NEWSPAPER

Front page headline: "Animal Deaths Under Investigation".

WAITRESS (V.O.)

Yeah, isn't that the weirdest thing?

CAFÉ CUSTOMER (V.O.)

It had to have been done on purpose.

INT CAFÉ - DAY

As the CAFÉ CUSTOMER reads the paper at the counter, while the Waitress tops off his coffee.

WAITRESS

There you go again.

CAFÉ CUSTOMER

Why would all the animals just up and die like that?

WAITRESS

I don't know. Some bug in the water. Maybe they got some pesticide in them.

CAFÉ CUSTOMER

Doesn't make sense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITRESS

A lot of things don't make sense.  
Doesn't mean everything's a  
conspiracy.

CAFÉ CUSTOMER

I didn't say it was a conspiracy.  
She could've done it herself.

WAITRESS

Oh, that makes a lot of sense.

ANGLE ON NATE IN HIS BOOTH

His schizophrenia is in full bloom. He tries to look as normal as possible, but his wide, staring, paranoid eyes give him away. He imagines they are all looking at him, talking about him. How can he maintain his sanity when he is surrounded by the enemy?

NATE'S DISTORTED POV TWO FAT COPS

As they sit at a table consuming donuts and coffee.

COP 1

He's guilty as hell.

COP 2

(Starting up)  
Let's grab him.

COP 1

Wait, hold it. We'll get him on the way out. He hasn't paid yet. When he does, we'll grab him.

NATE'S POV WAITRESS AND CUSTOMER

WAITRESS

I don't like him in my restaurant.  
Never did. First time I saw him, I  
knew he was bad news.

CAFÉ CUSTOMER

He has that look about him. He  
don't belong in these parts. Big  
city type with them weird clothes  
and hair. Why don't they just stay  
in the city, where they belong?

NATE'S POV TRUCK DRIVERS

One is glancing suspiciously at Nate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRUCKER 1  
How do you think he did it?

TRUCKER 2  
Poison.

TRUCKER 1  
Where do you get poison like that?

TRUCKER 2  
You don't. He made it somehow.

TRUCKER 3  
It makes me sick.

TRUCKER 2  
He's from the big city. Probably a Jew.

TRUCKER 3  
That really makes me sick.

TRUCKER 1  
We're being invaded, man. We got to take them out before they get to us.

TRUCKER 2  
You have a piece in your truck?

TRUCKER 1  
Yeah, it shouldn't be any trouble.

TRUCKER 3  
(Starts to rise)  
Let's grab him.

TRUCKER 1  
Wait. Wait `til he pays his bill.

NATE'S POV TWO KIDS AND THEIR MOTHER

The kids are on one side staring at Nate, wide-eyed. The mother turns to see what they're looking at.

MOTHER  
Don't stare.

KID 1  
Is he going to kill us too?

MOTHER  
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KID 1  
I'm scared.

MOTHER  
I know. Just don't stare.

Nate is hearing a cacophony of VOICES now - all talking over each other, all talking about him. They're all staring. He is about to fly out of his skin.

He stands. As he does the room becomes SILENT. All we HEAR is Nate's racing HEARTBEAT. He carefully makes his way to the door. All eyes follow. When he finally gets there, he opens it and bolts out. The door SLAMS shut.

Normal café SOUND RESUMES. The SLAMMING door causes the Waitress to look up.

WAITRESS  
What the... That guy just left  
without paying.

The café customer turns back to see Nate running away across the street.

EXT. TOWN SIDEWALK - MOVING

As Nate rushes head down past windows and people. His gait is inappropriate. His lips move as he speaks SILENTLY with his inner Voice. His facial expression changes in reaction to the conversation. He tries to look normal as he passes people, but doesn't know how anymore.

ANGLE - NATE'S POV

The world is very different - even the color is redder, shifting with every heartbeat. Everyone is staring and talking about him.

EXT. TOWN SIDEWALK - LATER

Nate is standing by himself in an odd place, breathing anxiously, glancing about and mumbling.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - AFTERNOON

Nate is mulling over the canned vegetables, mumbling to himself. He's finding it impossible to focus with all the bees in his head. His eyes are glassy, dart about nervously and without purpose.

He looks up and sees Dave eyeing him suspiciously from across the store. They stare at each other for an uncomfortably long time.

EXT. PUMPING STATION - DUSK

An old mercury vapor light is starting to flicker on over the door where Nate is standing. He checks around, notes that the piece of paper he slid under the door is still exactly where he left it.

EXT. SLOPE ABOVE PUMPING STATION - LATE

Nate is in position high above the station, crouched behind a bush. He is in the perfect spot to watch the site. The sun has gone down, the sky is deep purple.

VOICE (V.O.)

Stop for a moment and listen to the sound of purity. It is crystal... a perfect crystal ringing in a vacuum.

INT. CABIN BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Nate is lying in bed on his back, nude, staring straight up. It's a hot September night and there is a coat of sweat covering his heavily tanned skin. The Voice is distant, distorted, FADING IN AND OUT, spacey.

VOICE (V.O.)

There is no back pressure to diminish the movement of the vibrations. The music is perpetual energy. It is a perfect abstraction, which has become real. A mathematical ideal, which has become a perfect creation, the musical code of the universe.

ANGLE ON STILL IN KITCHEN

As it bubbles away. There are now seven filled jugs.

VOICE (V.O.)

When the world is pure, there will be only beauty... a continuous cycle without end, that grows and evolves to infinity. There will be one moment when it all happens. One nearly invisible flash of light, a brief lurch in time. And from that point on, there will be no end.



EXT. RIDGE - MORNING

The sun has just risen above the hills. Shafts of light push through thick clouds and a steady drizzle has begun. The little farm is gray and lifeless.

INT. SHEEP FARM STORAGE SHED - MORNING

The Sheriff is standing by two men in hazmat suits who are going through cans and jars, looking at labels, checking out the contents. Rachel comes to the door. She watches them with the detached calm of someone who has lost everything. The Sheriff goes to her and holds her arm.

RACHEL

What are they doing? You said you were just going to look around.

SHERIFF

We are. The suits are just for their protection. Come on, let's go out here.

He escorts her outside.

EXT. FARM BY FEED AREA

Another man is taking samples from the feed bins and water.

RACHEL

What's going on?

SHERIFF

Rachel, they did blood tests on the sheep and found it's not an infection like we thought. So we don't have to worry about that. But it turned out to be a toxin - very strong, very lethal.

RACHEL

I don't have anything like that.

SHERIFF

Most people wouldn't. It's used in chemical warfare.

RACHEL

(Freezing)  
What?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF

(Holding her arms)

It may have come in some feed you purchased.

RACHEL

It's the same feed I've been using for months. And my dog wouldn't have eaten any of it.

SHERIFF

Okay. Well, we just have to take it one step at a time. Check out all the possibilities.

He guides her back to the house.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

In the meantime, there's something I need you to do. Okay? Later today, after we check everything out, I need you to come back and pack a few things for you and your husband and go stay with your sister. I can't have you staying here. It's too dangerous. Can you do that? Hopefully, it'll just be a few days.

She nods. He squeezes her arm.

RACHEL

Um, I know you don't want to panic me, but is it possible someone did this to us? Broke in and poisoned the animals?

He gives her a long, hard look.

SHERIFF

We have to look at all the possibilities.

ANGLE ON A WORKER

As he prepares to take a sample of water from the trough. We MOVE in to an EXTREME CLOSE UP as he dips the plastic cup in the murky water.

INT. CABIN BEDROOM - MORNING

Nate sits up in bed and rubs his eyes. Then walks into the...

## KITCHEN

Where he checks the liquid in the jug that is filling. He puts on plastic gloves and turns off the stove. Then, he removes the stoppers and tubes, screws the lid on the jug and sets it with six others that have been lined up on the counter.

## EXT. FRANK MCGRUDER'S REAL ESTATE OFFICE - MORNING

He closes the front door of the office and heads toward his car, cupping a cell phone against his ear. Someone is seated on the passenger side.

MCGRUDER

(On phone)

Nope. Haven't spoken to him since I drove him out there three, four months ago. What's up?

(Listens)

He opens the driver door and waits.

MCGRUDER (CONT'D)

No, I didn't. Well, you didn't ask me to, that's why. As far as I knew you were keeping in contact. I just... I ju... Dr. Farmer, you just asked me to pick him up and take him out there. I didn't.

He holds the phone away and mouths "sorry" to the passenger.

MCGRUDER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, did you want me to keep an eye on him too? I could've done that, but you... I would've been happy to...

(To Passenger)

It'll just be a second.

It starts to rain hard. McGruder ducks for cover under an awning.

MCGRUDER (CONT'D)

Right. Right. Well, to be honest with you I wasn't that worried about the place. As you know, it's not in real good shape... and I... and the kid... and the kid... he seemed fairly responsible, so I wasn't worried.

INT. CABIN

He slips a rope through the handles of the seven jugs and ties them together. Then, he fashions a handle with the rope and attempts to lift the jugs over his shoulder. They are too heavy. He unties the rope and removes two jugs and tries again. This time he can lift the jugs, but just barely.

He starts for the door, then stops and walks back to the kitchen. He picks up the gun from the counter and puts it in his pants pocket.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Mona is on the phone.

MONA

(On Phone)

Syl, I don't know what to tell you.  
He's like fixated on the sheep  
investigation. Can you give me a  
name? Maybe I can talk to him.

Rachel is seated at a desk near Mona, reading a paperback. After a moment, she looks up. She remembers something.

INT. SHERIFF'S PRIVATE OFFICE

The Sheriff is on the phone. Kreller is standing next to him, listening to the conversation.

SHERIFF

(On the phone)

It was the water. Yup. Thought so.

(To Kreller)

The trough was full of it. It just  
took a drop of that crap.

KRELLER

What are you thinking?

SHERIFF

Hell if I know.

There's a KNOCK on the door and he looks up.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Come in.

(On phone)

Pardon me just a moment.

Rachel comes in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

Oh sorry.

SHERIFF

No, no that's okay. Have a seat.

(On phone)

Carl, email the results when got them, okay? Thanks.

(Hangs up, To Rachel)

What's up?

RACHEL

Something came to me that I thought might be important.

SHERIFF

Okay.

RACHEL

You were asking if I'd seen anything unusual. Well, I just remembered there was this guy. Not an unusual guy, but...

She can't find the words.

SHERIFF

Tell me about him.

RACHEL

Well, I heard Suzie barking, so I went out to see what was going on. And there he was standing at the fence. We talked for a bit, and then he came back some time later and I invited him in for tea.

SHERIFF

Did you get a name?

RACHEL

I think it was Nate. Don't remember his last name. He's staying by himself in a cabin on the other side of the ridge. He was coming from the lake and asked about that.

SHERIFF

What did he do that was unusual?

RACHEL

Nothing really. Came all the way from Boston. That's unusual.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Certainly wouldn't think of him as  
a killer.

SHERIFF

(He's interested)

Hmm.

Mona appears at the door.

MONA

Sorry. Sheriff, Syl just gave me  
the name of that guy with the  
overdue books.

Rachel stands and wanders around the office.

SHERIFF

Mona, I'm not going to have time  
now-

MONA

I know, but listen. As it turns  
out, someone called a few days ago  
from Boston looking for someone  
with that name.

SHERIFF

Ok. You got my attention.

MONA

He's been missing for like two,  
three months.

SHERIFF

Does she have an address?

MONA

(Reading from note paper)  
He lives on the forest service  
road. Name's Nate Bundy.

RACHEL

Nate Bundy.

Mona and the Sheriff look at her.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - AFTERNOON

Nate is walking along a fairly steep grade. The five jugs  
strapped to his back and the partially filled backpack are a  
heavy strain on him. His breathing is labored and the  
drizzle, heavy at times, has soaked him through.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We HEAR what is playing in his mind. It SOUNDS like a badly tuned radio. We can HEAR bits of the Voice and his MUSIC replaying, FADING IN and OUT, overlapping. There is only the drive to do the job, there is no reason anymore, there is no sense. Nate is completely psychotic. His body has been programmed for one task.

He takes a step and slips. He falls forward and slides back through the mud ten feet. When he pulls his face out of the mud and turns to the side, he comes face to face with the grotesque visage of the bear, less than three feet away, staring at him with dead eyes and covered with flies.

He stands and quickly regains his stride.

EXT. ROAD TO CABIN - AFTERNOON

As Frank's Jeep comes down the road approaching the cabin. Every pothole holds a gallon or two of muddy water. He stops in front and gets out, shaking his head.

He goes to the door and KNOCKS. No answer. He looks in the front window. It's blocked by the curtain. He goes around the side. The windows are blocked there too. He goes back to the front door, tries the handle and finds it unlocked. He opens the door.

INT. CABIN

As Frank enters. His heart stops. The room is lit with one bare bulb, but it's enough to see how it's been transformed into the lair of a madman. He covers his mouth to protect against the oppressive chemical odor.

There are open bags of chemicals on the kitchen floor and empty and broken bottles everywhere. Acids have eaten through parts of the linoleum and bleached spots of color out of the wood. The sink counter is covered with chemical dust and liquids. Dirty and burnt flasks and tubing are coiled up.

The RADIO is playing LOUD STATIC. He switches it off, then runs out the door.

EXT. SLOPE ABOVE PUMPING STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Nate is in position high above the station, crouched down behind the same bush. He watches the site carefully and waits. It's still light.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Frank's car and several department vehicles are parked in front.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A Deputy is stringing yellow "police line" tape around the porch, although it does seem a bit superfluous, considering where they are. Two other technicians, wearing Hazmat suits, are doing an initial scrub for evidence.

Frank is in the backseat of the Sheriff's jeep, smoking a cigarette. The Sheriff walks up and taps on the glass.

SHERIFF

Come on out Frank, it's not raining anymore.

Frank opens the door. He's pasty white.

MCGRUDER

Do you believe it. The owner is pissed at me. Fuck him. I had nothing to do with this.

SHERIFF

I know, but you did know him better than anyone in town, far as I can tell.

Frank follows the Sheriff to his jeep.

MCGRUDER

What's with the space suits?

SHERIFF

You didn't touch anything, did you?

MCGRUDER

I don't think so.

SHERIFF

Talk. What's he doing here? What's his plan?

The Sheriff reaches in and pulls out his radio mike.

MCGRUDER

As I said, he's from MIT. Says he came here to be alone with his thoughts. That's all I know. Farmer would know more.

SHERIFF

Ok. Call him when we get back to the office.

(Into mike)

Base, this is Baxter, over.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

MONA (V.O.)  
(On radio)  
Base, over.

SHERIFF  
Mona, sorry you won't be able to go home yet. We need to issue a high priority APB right away on Bundy.

MONA (V.O.)  
Will do.

SHERIFF  
And see if you can locate the guy in Boston who reported him as missing.

MONA  
Got it.

SHERIFF  
(smiling)  
Good work, Mona. Over.

Tosses the mike in the cruiser.

MCGRUDER  
(Waiting on the phone)  
Why do all the wackos have to come up here? Huh?

Kreller approaches the Sheriff.

KRELLER  
Sheriff, excuse me. Cramer, the lead investigator, says Bundy could have easily cooked up enough VX to kill thousands.

MCGRUDER  
What the hell?

SHERIFF  
(Under his breath)  
My God.

Sheriff grabs the mike.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)  
(To Kreller)  
Where's Dunbar?

## EXT. PUMPING STATION - NIGHT

The sky is deep blue as Nate shoves a crowbar into the metal door jamb and wrenches it open. The Voices and STATIC in his head have grown to an unbearable level. Somewhere, we HEAR MUSIC in all the NOISE. It is a mad, crazy SOUND that pulses and shrieks.

## INT. PUMPING STATION

He enters the dark room and closes the door behind him. Then, turns on the overhead fluorescent. The pump motors are bigger than he had imagined and the SOUND is deafening. He circles the room noting the electrical rack, all the major pipes and the pump assembly. He locates the Clean-out Access cover on the floor.

He pulls out a heavy wrench from his backpack and starts working on it. After removing a bolt, water starts to flow. He continues, the flow increases. While loosening the last bolt, the cover suddenly breaks free and a forceful gush of water throws Nate back against the control panel. The plate fires across the room, CLANGING and REVERBERATING.

The moment he hits his head on the panel, the CACOPHONY of shrieking MUSIC and VOICES stops, replaced by the GUSH of high pressure water. It takes Nate a moment to collect his thoughts. And by the time he does, the water is already six inches deep in the small room. Every time he tries to get up or move forward the flow shoves him back.

NATE  
(Shouting)  
Help! Help!

He continues shouting. And every time he does, he HEARS his own voice echo back. He SHOUTS just to hear the comforting sounds of reality.

The water keeps rising. He panics - SCREAMING, scrambling, sliding under the water and bumping his head, trying to grab a breath of air.

Red warning lights start flashing and a bell RINGS on the control panel. The water is already knee deep. He lunges forward, but the force SLAMS him back. He can't move to either side. He sees a valve wheel and lunges toward it, grabs it and hangs on tight, tries to turn it. Nothing happens. He is SLAMMED back and lands hard on his knees.

The water is up to his chest. He continues to SCREAM over the bell, but eventually realizes he's out of options. He lets the water push him back against the panel, unable to fight it anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then, just as suddenly as the water started, a large electrical switch SNAPS and the pump motors shut down. The spray slows, and then nearly stops.

Nate stands and takes stock. All at once, it is very still and QUIET. He pushes through the waste-high water to the door and pulls hard to open it. Then, the water surges out the door, toppling Nate and carrying him out into the night.

EXT. PUMPING STATION - LATE

A Police cruiser and water company truck are parked outside the station by the open door. A water man is inside screwing the metal cover back on. A Deputy, DUNBAR, is holding a jug, talking on the radio.

DUNBAR

(Into mike)

They're regular one gallon milk jugs that are full of this yellowish liquid, over.

SHERIFF

(Over radio)

Put it down. Don't touch it. One drop of that stuff will kill you.

He sets it down.

DUNBAR

Holy shit.

SHERIFF

(Over radio)

I want you to stay there behind cover. He might come back. He's probably armed. I'm sending you a back-up. Got it?

DUNBAR

Right. 10-4.

He pulls out a flashlight and walks around the side of the station. He flashes the light over the area, then over to where the woods start. He crouches down behind cover and carefully checks the slope.

INT. FARMHOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Rachel approaches from a bedroom carrying two large suitcases, cradling a phone against her ear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

I packed enough for a week. Do you need anything else besides clothes and bathroom stuff?

(Listens)

Yeah, I got that. Yeah. Yeah. Need anything from your office? Okay, good. I'm on the way. Do me a favor and tell Judy to please not make a big fuss over dinner. She always does too much and then ends up whining about being unappreciated. I don't need anymore drama now.

She stops, takes a breath.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm okay. Love you too. Bye.

INT. FARMHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She enters, sets the suitcases down and puts the phone in her pocket. Then, something causes her to look toward the door. Her heart stops.

Standing in the open doorway is Nate. He is a frightening sight. His clothing is torn and covered with mud, hair is matted and stringy. He is shaking. He is no longer mad and out of control. Now, his expression conveys the extreme inner turmoil of a man re-entering the real world from hell.

They face each other. Neither knows what to do.

RACHEL

Nate.

NATE

You're leaving?

RACHEL

Yes. We can't stay here.

NATE

Why?

RACHEL

They need to find the poison, where the poison came from.

NATE

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RACHEL

Nate. Did you... Do you know what happened?

He starts to breathe rapidly, as if he is about to explode.

NATE

I'm sorry.

He shakes uncontrollably, the tears flow.

RACHEL

Do you know what happened?

NATE

Yes.

RACHEL

Tell me.

NATE

Your animals died.

RACHEL

Do you know how?

NATE

Yes.

RACHEL

How?

She begins to cry.

NATE

With poison.

RACHEL

Did you?

NATE

Yes.

RACHEL

Jesus Christ. Nate. Jesus Christ.  
Why did you... why?

Out of fear, he pulls the gun out and points it down in front of him. She stifles a SCREAM, freezes.

NATE

Help me, please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RACHEL  
What do you want?

NATE  
I don't know.

RACHEL  
Are you going to shoot me?

NATE  
No. No.

RACHEL  
Then what?

She sees that he has no plan.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Can you give me the gun?

NATE  
What will you do?

RACHEL  
I'll... I'll help you.

He looks in her eyes for a long time. Then, he turns the gun around and holds it out for her. She approaches him and takes it. He can't look at her anymore.

She stares at him and raises the gun slowly, holding it with both hands to steady the shaking. She squeezes the gun hard. He doesn't move.

NATE  
Help me, please.

RACHEL  
What do you want?

NATE  
I want it to stop.

RACHEL  
What?

NATE  
My mind. The thoughts in my mind.  
The voices, the stars. I want  
everything to just stop. I want  
something real to know that I am  
alive. I want to hear a real voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RACHEL

I'm real.

He looks at her.

NATE

I want to feel something.

RACHEL

Do you... want me to shoot you?

NATE

No. Yes. You can if you want?

RACHEL

You killed all my animals, Nate.  
Why...

NATE

I don't know. Kill me. It's ok.

She tenses her body, holds the gun steady, pointing it straight at his heart. He is still, stares at the floor. Then, she relaxes, lowers the gun.

RACHEL

Did you want to hurt me?

NATE

No.

RACHEL

The sheep?

NATE

No.

RACHEL

Who did you want to hurt?

NATE

Everyone. I wanted to purify the world.

RACHEL

By killing everyone-

NATE

No. You wouldn't understand. I don't want you to understand, or anybody to, because it's not real. It doesn't matter. It was the voice and it was wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RACHEL

How were you going to purify the world?

NATE

Don't think about it. It's not important.

RACHEL

It's important to me!

NATE

I know. I didn't mean that... I had this idea in my head, this idea of a perfect world. And I thought I had to change the world to be like that. I thought it was very important. I thought the ideas were right. But I was blinded by them. I can see that now, but I know the ideas will come back, and I don't know what I'll do. I can't be alone anymore. I need to feel something to remind me what's real.

RACHEL

All right, Nate. I don't know what to do. What should I do?

NATE

Help me.

He is broken. She watches him wilt. Then, she dials the phone.

RACHEL

(On phone)

Hi Mona. I have Nate Bundy at my house.

(There is panic on the other end)

Mona, it's... it's okay. Everything's okay. We're talking and we're safe. (Beat) We'll be waiting for you.

ANGLE ON NATE, MOVING IN TO AN EXTREME CLOSE SHOT. He is completely still and quiet, his mind a vacuum. The MUSIC and VOICE are gone, and he is at peace.

FADE TO BLACK.