

UP NORTH

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INT. OFFICE- DAY

A microwaveable meal spins in a microwave. The whir of the machine is loud. It spins and spins.

Drew (mid-30s, professional-adjacent, tired) stares at it. He has a spoon in his mouth.

It spins and spins...

A coworker enters.

COWORKER

Drew- grabbing a bite next door,
want to join?

Drew silently mimes with the spoon in his mouth how 'upset he is that he can't make it, but he's got the food in the microwave.'

COWORKER (CONT'D)

Next time then!

Drew shrugs and nods, 'yes, definitely next time.' He goes back to watching. He is content with his meal. He still sighs.

JUMP CUT TO:

Drew eats his "meal" alone and scrolls on his phone. He receives a call on his phone: Mom. He debates picking it up, but let's it ring on silent. The phone notifies him of a voicemail a minute or so later.

His Boss walks by and stops at his table.

BOSS

How are we today David?

DREW

Drew. Doing well, sir.

BOSS

Did the agency tell you I wanted to
speak with you today?

DREW

Oh. Uh- no. No, I don't think so...

He straightens up.

BOSS

(Sensing unease)
Oh, no.

(MORE)

BOSS (CONT'D)

All's well, in fact Dave- we've loved having you here... how long has it been now?

DREW

Since April.

BOSS

Well, you've fit in like a glove, David. Dave or David-

I wanted to get your thoughts on possibly leaving LTA and hopping on full-time, with us.

DREW

Oh wow. Really?

BOSS

(Jokingly)

I'll take that as a maybe?

He laughs.

DREW

No! Yes sir, I mean it's a yes, sir. Thank you. I appreciate it so much.

BOSS

Great! I'll set a time with HR to go through some stuff then. Dave, we're lucky to have you. Enjoy your lunch.

He exits.

Drew smiles as he looks down at his lunch. It's a sad meal.

EXT. OFFICE- DUSK

Drew leaves work. His feet make their way to his car, and the wheels guide him to the gym.

EXT. GYM- DUSK/NIGHT

The gym has vast windows on its front facade, through them one can see folks getting in their post work workout.

Drew runs on one treadmill amongst many that are filled with other members of the gym.

He looks forward with earbuds in.

His same coworker tries to get his attention behind him but his music impedes his ability to do so.

Once Drew notices him, he swiftly takes them out. Drew's out of breath.

DREW

Hey.

COWORKER

We're heading to O'Finney's. Want to come?

Drew checks his watch, but it's dead so he searches for a clock instead. He can't find one.

DREW

Ah, maybe not tonight- feels late.

COWORKER

Feels late?

Drew nods, he's out of breath.

His coworker stands in disbelief over the concept of not going with them because it "feels late."

COWORKER (CONT'D)

It's 7 o'clock.

DREW

What's that?

COWORKER

It's 7 o'clock.

DREW

Oh.

They stand uncomfortably.

COWORKER

Next time then-

DREW

-Yeah, next time. For sure. For sure...

His coworker leaves. Drew contemplates for a moment before kicking back on the treadmill and continuing his cardio.

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

Drew enters his apartment. It is sparse, lived in, yet practical. He places his keys, wallet, phone aside and kicks off his shoes.

He takes off his bag and enters the kitchen.

He microwaves another "meal" while he watches with a spoon in his mouth.

He leaves to check on his hamster, Cern- named after the UN funders of the Hadron Collider. He runs on his hamster wheel.

DREW
How's my lil guy.

He mutters sweet nothings and goes to pet his hamster who quickly exits the wheel believing he is to be given food. When he discovers there is none to have he goes back to his wheel.

Drew is hurt, but the microwave dings.

He eats his food on the couch. Next to Cern, he watches TV, and scrolls his phone.

INT./EXT. APARTMENT- MORNING

Drew rouses to his alarm on the couch he clearly fell asleep on. He is calmly frustrated on his inability to make it to the bed.

He begins his day over again.

Drews heads to work, where his feet guide, and where his wheels eventually lead us.

INT. OFFICE- DAY

Drew sits in a cubicle silently plodding away at menial data-entry. His same coworker and cubicle neighbor peeks in.

COWORKER
Wanted to catch you before you make
anything- want to snag lunch with
some of us?

Drew looks for an excuse.

COWORKER (CONT'D)
I'm buying...

Drew caves in and nods.

COWORKER (CONT'D)

Alright! I'll make sure we get you before then. You like burgers, right?

DREW

Sure.

COWORKER

Cool.

They go back to plodding away.

INT. RESTAURANT- MIDDAY

The office group is chatting away, Drew is listening intently, he's not upset from being there or anything but he does appear somewhat aloof.

Coworker 2 asks him a question.

They munch on fries or something shared for the table.

DREW

I'm sorry?

COWORKER 2

Well, are you excited?

DREW

The job?

COWORKER

Yeah, the job!

DREW

Oh yeah! Super cool, very excited about it actually.

COWORKER 2

Good! We all sort of came together and put in a good word, so it's also exciting for us because like...-

COWORKER

They listened to us!

COWORKER 2

Yeah! Super cool to work at a place that values our opinions, and now- I mean you'll be part of the team.

COWORKER

Officially of course, you already were.

COWORKER 2

(laughing)

Gosh! That's not what I meant!

Everyone chuckles, Drew chuckles along.

EXT. GYM- DUSK/NIGHT

Drew runs on a treadmill, silently and swiftly. No interruptions from his coworker this time. He checks his watch again, it's dead- again.

He looks for a clock. He can't find one so he goes on a mission to find a clock in the gym.

He goes to the weights section, the locker room, the gym-gym, no clock.

He gets sort of frantic before asking the attendant.

DREW

Excuse me, why are there no clocks in here?

ATTENDANT

I'm sorry?

DREW

There are no clocks in this gym.

ATTENDANT

Ok...?

Drew realizes that's a weird thing for him to complain about and backs down.

DREW

There should be clocks in here.

ATTENDANT

Ok. I'll let them know.

INT. APARTMENT- NIGHT

Drew goes about the same routine. Keys, wallet, phone, shoes, microwave dinner.

He has the spoon in his mouth and scrolls on his phone. He remembers his Mom called him the day prior.

He opens the voicemail.

MOM

Hey Drew. It's Mom. Hey, I have quite the request. You know your my Dad, right? I don't know if you remember him at all really... but he would be your Grandpa Lloyd... You were so little... well, Bruce and have been told he's not doing so hot... said he has Asperger's or dementia, or one of those things. Says he's not doing well.

Drew puts his hamster into a hamster ball and let's him run around as he listens.

MOM (CONT'D)

Long story short, the last of the brothers are all in Crosby- where they grew up- we'd been there a few times I don't know if you remember. I think it was '94, and '96... whenever that Thresher Festival was... well, long story short they went up they're in Crosby for something as a sort of last hurrah... and once it's done we were thinking of putting Dad- your Grandpa into a home down here.

A light thudding starts sounding.

MOM (CONT'D)

But I guess the favor, or whatever it is really- could you head out there and drive him back here. He doesn't fly because of the war... I know this is a lot but Bruce can't because of his cataract surgery, and you know me and long distances in a car... well, anyway, give me a call back- I don't have a ton more info- but we can figure out what it all looks like.

Drew looks at his phone, as if to say, hell no.

He starts to hear the thudding, and looks around. Cern is in his ball running into his cage, wanting to go back in.

Drew takes him out and he immediately runs back onto the wheel and sprints. Of all the apartment to run around in- he chooses his cage.

It makes him contemplate the call further. The ding of the microwave goes off and pulls his focus, but a loud thud behind him against the window startles him.

A small bird ran into his window, left a few feathers and a mild blood spot. On the sill, it sits gasping for its last breaths upside down.

Drew inspects it.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM- MORNING

Drew packs somewhat furiously while he's on the phone with his Mom. We only hear his side of the conversation.

DREW

Yeah, I know, I know- I should have called back yesterday, I know.

(awaiting response)

I know. I'm going, aren't I?

He packs a bag. He seems excited.

DREW (CONT'D)

What's the address?

(awaiting)

How can addresses be unlisted- so I just go to Crosby then?

Ok, ok. No, I don't really remember, I have like a faint thing, where I was fishing...?

EXT. OUTDOORS BY LAKE- DAY

A flashback Drew recalls; nothing concrete, only images. Drew narrates the images as he conveys to his Mom.

DREW

It was bright. Super cold, but super bright. I remember there was some blood. I think the fish died or something.

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)

He just cut the line and tossed it back in, I think, hook in its throat, but I guess it was dead so... I remember thinking it was cruel, but I was what...

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM- NIGHT

DREW

(awaiting response)

Well it couldn't have been '96.

(awaiting)

Ok, so I was 5, just tell me I was 5, Mom. The years mean nothing. I get lost in the years. I was 5.

Drew suddenly perks up from the couch. Did he fall asleep?

A man dressed in Korean war fatigues stands by the couch. A dream- Drew recognizes it as such and doesn't react. The soldier beckons him up into his kitchen.

Drew follows. It is eerily quiet.

The soldier is standing in front of the stove, waiting for Drew in order to show him something.

The soldier opens the drawer nearest the stove, turns to salute Drew then climbs into the drawer and disappears, his hand closes the drawer from the inside/out.

EXT./INT. AIRPORT- MORNING

Drew talks to his Mom over the phone.

DREW

What do you think it means...? I don't know, it's fun to guess sometimes.

He awaits an answer.

DREW (CONT'D)

Yeah, you might be right. Weird dream anyway. It'll be good to get away too... Yeah, I know- but I got the job I'm doing now, full-time- starting Monday.

He's in line to board.

DREW (CONT'D)

I don't think they'll pry if I say that though. I know it's not an emergency... But it's a family "thing" and they- look, I'm boarding the plane now, I'll call you when I get there- Oh- they know I'm coming right...? Okay then, love you.

EXT. NORTH DAKOTA AIRPORT- DAY

Drew stands waiting for a shuttle to take him to the bus. He smokes a cigarette.

He looks down at it, mid-way through it, and decides he's done smoking and tosses it.

The shuttle pulls up and he gets on.

JUMP CUT TO:

He is exiting the shuttle and getting on the bus with his bags in tow.

INT. BUS MONTAGE- DAY INTO DUSK

Drew witnesses the scenery. It's beautiful and desolate. He listens to music.

He witnesses other passengers in their own little worlds.

The bus stops people get on, people get off.

Drew stands outside the bus, stretching- puts a cigarette in his mouth out of habit, goes to light it and then remembers he's quit smoking and throws it out.

Back on the bus he begins to drift off...

INT./EXT. BUS- DUSK

Drew wakes up to the bus rattling. He removes his music quickly.

JUMP CUT TO:

Everyone is shuttling out of the bus, the front of it smokes.

BUS DRIVER

Alright everyone- we're not sure what's happening, but looks like this is it for us.

If you'd like to arrange a ride or something feel free to wait out here or on the bus, otherwise there is a motel up the road about half a mile. We will reimburse, so save those receipts!

Nearly everyone stays at the bus. Drew sets out pretty quickly, walking up the road.

EXT. ROADSIDE- NIGHT

Drew hears rustling.

He sees tire streaks and a bit of blood on the side of the road. It stops him.

DREW

Hello? Is anyone hurt?

A whimper and a rustle in the grass alongside the road leads him to see an injured coyote in a little patch of grass. It's gravely injured.

He goes to get closer but the coyote snarls.

DREW (CONT'D)

I'm trying to help, man. Shit.
Shit. Shit.

He can't get close enough to do anything, the coyote snarls, growls and bares its teeth, almost not even at Drew but at dying.

He backs away and leaves and continues down the road until he reaches the motel.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY- NIGHT

No one is in the lobby. He's confused. He knocks on a window. Nothing. He sits down in a chair and waits. He eventually falls asleep.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY- MORNING

Drew groggily wakes up in the chair he fell asleep in. He is confused.

MOTEL CONCIERGE
There he is.

DREW
Oh, man- I'm so sorry.

MOTEL CONCIERGE
You were so close, weren't ya. Just a few steps to a room, huh?

DREW
I knocked. No one was here.

MOTEL CONCIERGE
It's fine. I slipped out, ain't no one come up here after 10- sorry 'bout that.

Drew stands up to talk at the counter.

DREW
My bus broke down right down the road.

The concierge gives a look of "okay?"

DREW (CONT'D)
Is there any way to get into Crosby?

MOTEL CONCIERGE
Goin' to Crosby?

DREW
Yessir

MOTEL CONCIERGE
You a thresher freak?

DREW
What?

The concierge looks him up and down.

MOTEL CONCIERGE
The festival.

DREW
No. Not really.

MOTEL CONCIERGE
Why you goin' to Crosby...?

DREW
I- I don't know.

A guest leaves the hotel, walking between them. Drew looks out at him as he leaves- an abrupt interruption in their conversation.

MOTEL CONCIERGE
Well. You can hang by the petrol station, hope someone's headin' that way.

DREW
Are there taxis?

He shakes his head but offers no other solution.

DREW (CONT'D)
I guess I'll wait out there then.

EXT. GAS STATION- DAY

Drew sits waiting for a car. He questions whether or not to smoke, decides against it.

TIME CUT:

Drew paces a bit

TIME CUT:

He sits again, a car shows up.

DREW
Crosby. You're leaving? Crosby's that way?

He adjusts where he's facing as the driver rolls away.

TIME CUT:

He has decided to smoke his cigarette.

TIME CUT:

He walks back to his spot wiping his hands, bathroom break.

TIME CUT:

A car pulls in to get gas. Autry (30s, normal-looking, quick) gets out to gas up.

Drew approaches her.

DREW (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

AUTRY

I don't have anything.

DREW

What?

AUTRY

I don't have anything for you.

DREW

Oh, no. No. That's not this. I mean-
nothing. I want nothing.

She looks him up and down.

AUTRY

What's your deal then.

DREW

Are you goin-?

AUTRY

Look dude. I don't have anything
for you and I sure as Hell don't
want anything from you.

DREW

I don't want anything, and I don't
have anything.

'Fine,' she thinks and goes about her gas.

DREW (CONT'D)

You're not heading to Crosby, are
you?

AUTRY

Crosby? Yeah. I am.

The concierge came out for a cigarette comes up to them.

MOTEL CONCIERGE

Got yourself a ride?

Drew shrugs.

AUTRY

So he's telling the truth?

The Motel Concierge nods.

MOTEL CONCIERGE

I guess I don't know what he's been sayin' though. But there won't be a bus for a couple of days. I'm sure he'll slip you some cash.

Drew faces him so as to say, "wtf?"

AUTRY

Well, he's saying he's a "damsel in distress" needing a ride to Crosby.

MOTEL CONCIERGE

Well, he didn't use those words, but yeah guess it's the truth.

The concierge continues about his "taking a break" business. Autry checks Drew out again. Man, she really doesn't want to. Drew pleads with his hands.

AUTRY

This all your stuff?

Drew nods.

AUTRY (CONT'D)

Alrighty. But I have a gun.

INT. AUTRY'S CAR- DUSK

Autry drives quietly.

DREW

Lot of farms.

AUTRY

Yeah.

DREW

Thanks again, sorry I was so weird. I've never hitchhiked before.

AUTRY

Really? We have like 1 gas station in town, so we'd run out of gas all the time in high school.

DREW
So you're from Crosby?

AUTRY
Yeah. I lived in Texas for the last few years. Been back in Crosby for a bit. What about you?

DREW
Visiting some family.

AUTRY
Small town, who ya visiting?

DREW
My Grandpa- I barely know him though. I'm just picking him up and bringing him to my Mom's.

He fumbles through the next bit.

DREW (CONT'D)
He's old... I guess. So she wants him there.

Beat.

DREW (CONT'D)
I don't know. I guess him and his brothers are going to some festival...?

AUTRY
Oh yeah. It's super fun.

DREW
I kind of remember it- I went once as a kid... but what is it like an old-timey farming festival...?

AUTRY
Yeah but it's more like... well... it's like the past is alive for a bit, smashing up against the present and the future... it's hard to explain... you have to see it.

Drew gazes out the window.

DREW
Hm. Sounds cool.

Beat.

AUTRY

We're supposed to get a wind storm
this week. It's crazy how you just
never see the weather coming til
it's here. It's like the future
doesn't exist until it's now.

She tries to see the sky. The Sun has begun setting. Drew
looks at her thinking on her profundity...

AUTRY (CONT'D)

It's beautiful.

DREW

(jokingly)
Bunch of corn.

She laughs and goes back to driving quietly.

TIME CUT:

Drew is awoken by Autry.

AUTRY

We're here.

DREW

Huh?

He wakes up confused and suddenly.

AUTRY

This is a hotel. Like the one you
were at before, but here.

DREW

Oh.

AUTRY

You sure I can't take you to where
you're staying-

DREW

I can't even tell you how to get
there- this is good, thanks.

He exits the car and grabs his stuff. Hands full he peeks
down to speak to Autry.

DREW (CONT'D)

I really appreciate it Autry.

AUTRY

No problem.

He goes to leave but thinks of something else.

DREW

Should I get your number or something?

AUTRY

It's a small town- I'm sure I'll see you around. It was a pleasure driving you around.

DREW

Alright, then. Sorry.

AUTRY

My pleasure.

She laughs and drives off and he thanks her again and waves before he saunters with all his stuff to the motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM- NIGHT

Drew sheds his baggage and the day he just had and plops on the bed.

INT. MOTEL- DAY

Drew wakes up in the exact position he plopped down in, on top of the covers, with his clothes on.

He eats his continental breakfast alone with a phone- he has hotel wifi now- is his hand. He takes in the local news when it piques his interest.

He watches people as they get food as well. One family in particular stands out- a Mom and three brothers, they're unruly but not in a rude sense, just kids being kids.

MOM

Do you want eggs?

CHILD

(playfully)

I don't want eggs.

MOM

Do you want some oatmeal?

CHILD

(playfully)

I don't want oatmeal.

MOM

You have to eat something. A
muffin?

CHILD

(playfully)
I don't want a muffin.

This goes on in passing.

He looks at his phone and finds his destination with his GPS-
it's not far, an hour's walk.

TIME CUT:

Drew goes to leave the motel, he is staring at his phone. He
perks up and heads back in.

He checks in with the front desk.

DREW

This might be a silly question for
you, but are there Ubers here?

EXT. ROADSIDE- MORNING

Drew walks with his stuff. He's not over encumbered, but it's
more than one should carry on a long walk.

After his long walk, he's found his destination, the address
posted on the mailbox in front of him. He double checks then
heads up the driveway.

It's a farm. Silo, barn, house, the whole nine. He laughs to
himself how stereotypical it is.

DREW

Of course there's a broken down
car. Of course.

He looks at the farm just taking it all in when a shotgun
goes off and hits a tree near him. He cowers.

LLOYD

You're trespassin'

DREW

Don't shoot, don't shoot- I- I- I'm
Drew; this is the Johnson farm? I'm
Drew.

The old man stands for a moment. Drew is still somewhat
cowered. He shoots again but wildly misses.

LLOYD
Sorry. Ok then. Come on up.

He goes inside. Drew is taken aback but makes his way up to the house.

INT. GRANDPA'S HOUSE- MORNING

Drew makes his way in.

DREW
Sorry about that I didn't mean to,
scare you, or whatever that-

LLOYD
Didn't scare me. Now hush.

Drew finds Lloyd already seated, shotgun by his side, his two brothers seated as well, watching Hogan's Heroes on the TV.

The house is old, lived in, rustic. It's dark and somewhat gloomy, but very comfy. Drew notices old photos covering the walls and surfaces.

DREW
I'll just put these over here-

LLOYD
(annoyed)
Wherever you want.

Drew plops on the couch next to Otto (mid to late 80s, glasses, wears his age poorly). No one even looks at Drew.

DREW
So this is the-

RED
Shh, hush now.

Drew slinks back in his seat.

TIME CUT:

Drew wakes up to the final credits of the show, the front screen door slams as Drew catches a glimpse of someone leaving. Lloyd and Uncles are gone from the room.

He makes his way outside to see one of them entering the barn. It's like they're eluding him for some reason. So he smokes a cigarette on the porch. He looks down at it, frustrated that he's smoking.

DREW
(to himself)
What'd you get yourself into Drew.

Seconds later Lloyd pops up and scares him.

LLOYD
Give me a hand, why don't you?

INT./EXT. BARN- DAY

Lloyd slides open the barn door. Inside is a large hay baling machine. Lloyd knows what he needs assistance with and brings Drew right to the problem. Without words he shows Drew what to do. It involves holding a piece so Lloyd can weld something.

The welding spark scares Drew and he lets go.

Lloyd laughs, and then calmly reiterates what he needs him to do.

As he welds, Drew looks at him in deference and confusion how he needs to be put in a home.

TIME CUT:

Lloyd is rolling a cigarette. Drew is fascinated by the artistry, so he shows him what he's doing. They both ultimately smoke their own rolled cigarettes.

DREW
So, Mom wants me to-

Lloyd holds up his hand.

LLOYD
When we're done.

He holds up his cigarette.

Before they can finish his Red rolls in on a tractor.

RED
The transmission is shot.

LLOYD
Ah.

He springs into action. Tinkering away. He pulls something off and gives it to Drew to hold.

RED
You Lydia's son right?

LLOYD
He's my grandson.

RED
Lydia's right?

LLOYD
Yup.

He thinks.

RED
How is she?

DREW
She's good. I'm sorry... what's uh-
your name?

He chuckles.

RED
Red. I'm this one's brother.

LLOYD
Wish he weren't

RED
Oh hush up. This is my...
(thinking)
Nephew? Great-nephew?

They contemplate, but don't really know.

DREW
So... whose farm is this?

RED
Family's. Well shoot, your
family's.

Lloyd takes the piece back from Drew.

DREW
It's beautiful.

They laugh.

RED
Sure is- pain in the ass though!

LLOYD
Well she ain't doing much more
today.

RED
Ought to head into town. Otto!

He saunters over and pats Drew on the back, shakes his hand.
He looks at Red.

RED (CONT'D)
Lydia's kid.

Otto pats him on the back again, learning he's Lydia's kid.

He pats Drew on the shoulder again.

They all make their way to a dilapidated pickup truck. Drew
sort of stands and waits unsure if he's going into town with
them.

LLOYD
Growing roots?

DREW
What?

RED
Get in, Cap'n.

The brothers fill the seats. All three taken up, they look at
Drew like he's an idiot. Otto gestures to the truck bed.

They drive in silence. Drew can be seen in the truck bed
while the brothers jostle in unison with every bump and
pothole.

EXT./INT. BAR- DAY

Otto drops them off at the bar, aptly named "Bar." He leaves.

DREW
Isn't he coming?

LLOYD
Heading to grab some parts 'fore
they close up.

RED
He's got the best eyesight, so he
does the drivin' chores.

LLOYD
He don't drink.

RED
And he don't drink.

The group holds down the corner end of the bar. They settle, and the bartender throws down some coasters.

AUTRY
What'll it be tonight boys?

She notices Drew. He's a little surprised too.

AUTRY (CONT'D)
Well well, you didn't tell me you were with these ruffians.

LLOYD
My grandson.

AUTRY
Well alright.

DREW
She gave me a lift into town.

Thinking it would kick off a series of questions from the brothers, he pauses. No one makes a sound.

AUTRY
-and now I'm your bartender. So what'll it be?

RED
The usual sweetheart.

She grabs some bottles of beers, nothing fancy of course. She points at Drew.

DREW
One more for me I guess.

She pops it for him and places it right as the other brother shuffles in, he sits next to Red and gestures at the beers his brothers have.

They sit back in silence for a bit, mentally settling.

Drew doesn't know what to say, so he doesn't say anything.

TIME CUT:

Red and Lloyd are reminiscing with Autry.

RED

He says to her, he says- "it's pretty darn late for a pretty girl like you."

LLOYD

Oh it wasn't on the nose like that.

RED

It was!

LLOYD

No I was smoother than so.

RED

I know you weren't, she came up later and was asking about you.

LLOYD

See? I was smooth, I snagged her.

RED

She was askin' if you were a threat! I says "he wouldn't hurt a fly."

They drink.

RED (CONT'D)

That was your wife though. Curious about things that interested her.

LLOYD

Hush up.

Drew watches.

RED

What about you son? You married?

Drew just about chokes on his beer looking at Autry too.

DREW

Oh no, oh no, no, no. I am nowhere close to that.

LLOYD

Well how old are ya? You gotta be about, what... 28...? How old are you Autry?

AUTRY

A lady never tells.

RED

Good to know, I'll pass that along
if I see one!

He laughs. Autry knows their sass and they know hers.

LLOYD

Your Grandma and I- we met when we
were only 17. We decided then and
there. Married the next year, when
we could. I went off to war. She
waited. She was such a good woman.
God rest her soul.

They all drink.

TIME CUT:

Bottles have piled up faster than Autry can clear them. Red
and Lloyd sing a little song, Otto claps along. Drew pulls
Autry aside.

DREW

(aside to Autry)
Do they go this hard every night?

AUTRY

They aren't in here every night.

DREW

Are they celebrating... me being
here...?

AUTRY

No.

Drew is offended kind of.

AUTRY (CONT'D)

No, I mean they're happy, I can
tell. They're usually way quieter.
You don't know their whole ritual?

Lloyd yells out for Autry, more beer!

AUTRY (CONT'D)

They have a beer for every sibling
that's not here.

She leaves to snag another beer. Drew tries to count the
drinks on his hand, he's lost track.

He sits again.

DREW
Uh... J- Joh...-

RED
Red, kid.

DREW
How many brothers and sisters did
you have growing up.

They take time and name all of them.

Once they list the sixth he side eyes Autry as if to say
"Jesus Christ."

They finish listing.

DREW (CONT'D)
You drink 8 beers every night?

LLOYD
He doesn't!
(gesturing to the Otto)

RED
He drives! Best eyesight!

TIME CUT:

The brothers play darts. Autry and Drew are talking.

DREW
It has good benefits too, it's a
good job.

AUTRY
Sounds like you hate your job.

DREW
I don't hate it.

She looks at him as if to say "yeah, you do."

DREW (CONT'D)
It's just... I mean... take you for
example. I doubt you see yourself
working here for the rest of your
life.

AUTRY
What's wrong with here?

Drew gestures around, but realizes he's poking the bear a
bit.

AUTRY (CONT'D)

I like it here.

DREW

I mean it's nice, but you have to want to get out of here a bit too, right?

AUTRY

Why would I if I like it here?

He thinks for a moment.

DREW

That's hard to argue with.

AUTRY

How long are you here for?

DREW

Well I'm supposed to bring him back A-S-A-P but I guess after this festival thing.

She nods to herself.

AUTRY

Well. If you have time, I don't know- maybe the day after tomorrow, I'm off. I can show you the stuff I like about here.

DREW

Really?

AUTRY

Just give me your phone.

He hands it to her.

DREW

I'll be honest though I don't know how much good that'll do. My cell service has been at zero this entire time. I've been trying to call work.

AUTRY

Oh, you have to attach to wifi's. Only way to do anything with these things.

He looks at his phone.

DREW
Oh. What's your wi-fi?

AUTRY
(smiling)
We don't have any. The corner over there is about the best and only cell service we get in town.

He laughs, he's been "got."

DREW
You're kidding?

AUTRY
On Mondays you can see like crowds of people gather. It's pretty wild.

Drew chuckles.

AUTRY (CONT'D)
So you're taking him away then.

They look at the three brothers throwing darts stoically.

DREW
If I'm being honest, I don't see why he can't just stay here.

AUTRY
He seems good tonight. It's not always like this. Might be because you're here.

DREW
I doubt that. I don't know if any of them care I'm here. They may even hate me.

AUTRY
Not that crew. Sit. Listen. Boy, I have and I can tell you, there's a lot going on under those hats.

They both sort of inspect the brothers. Autry goes about closing up. Drew stays somewhat transfixed on Lloyd.

EXT. BAR- NIGHT

The non-sober brothers brace each other as they sing some Swedish drinking song or the likes. Drew opens the passenger door and the sober brother sits there already.

DREW
Oh. You want me to drive?

He nods. From the back Lloyd and Red drunkenly call out.

LLOYD
He got the best eyesight, don't
mean he got good eyesight.

DREW
Ok...- Oh wait!

Drew gets out and runs to the cell service corner Autry told him about and holds up his phone. Sure enough his phone gets a flood of notifications. Missed calls from "Work." Checking in texts from Mom, coworkers asking where he is. Before he can react, the brothers yell out at him.

He runs back over to the truck.

LLOYD
The hell was that.

RED
It's the cell phone corner, Lloyd.

LLOYD
Ah- get us home now!

Red and Lloyd laugh as they get into the truck bed. Otto and Drew share a silent ride as Lloyd and Red sing and laugh in the bed.

RED
The light'll guide ya home!

JUMP CUT TO:

Drew pulls into the driveway. Everyone pours out.

LLOYD
Finally!

RED
Land ho, kid!

DREW
No one told me how to get back!
Otto just pointed!

INT. FARM HOUSE- NIGHT

Like a river the 4 men stuff into the house, the brothers head upstairs mumbling and babbling leaving Drew at the bottom of the stairs. He looks around, spies the couch that served him well not too long ago. He sits and sighs.

A pile of blankets and pillows thuds in a disorderly fashion near him. He looks up and Lloyd has thrown them down. He looks at Drew and salutes him, to which he smiles, but Lloyd flutters away.

Drew settles in and seemingly drifts off.

He is awakened suddenly. Awoken by a yell? A noise? Something?

A shadowy figure descends the stairs. It mumbles at the base of the stairs before turning the corner to the kitchen.

Drew is pretty freaked out and goes to make sure everything is alright.

DREW

Hello?

He makes his way to the kitchen, he witnesses his Grandpa open the drawer by the stove pull it out of the cabinet, placed it on the floor and stand inside of it. He is startled by loud banging from the upstairs. Repeatedly, like someone is trying to escape a room.

DREW (CONT'D)

Hello?!

No response still. He turns and is nose to nose with Red. Drew falls back yelping, and shocked. It garners no reaction from Red. Drew, slowly stands.

DREW (CONT'D)

Are you alright? Red?

He waves his hand in front of his- nothing.

From behind him a voice that startles him even more.

OTTO

He's asleepin'

Somehow Otto has gotten past Drew and is sitting in the rocker by the couch.

DREW
 (clutching his chest and
 gasping for air)
 Oh- Jesus Christ... sleep walking?

Otto nods. Drew looks at Red one more time. Then doing his best to be calm sits on the couch for a bit.

OTTO
 Welp- 'night.

Drew watches him ascend the stairs, sort of guiding Red back with him, thudding upstairs continues, until it abruptly stops.

Drew is bewildered. Obviously he can't sleep.

FF; Morning: Drew's eyes finally start to close when the front door slams. He is frustrated but peeks through the window to see Lloyd walking to the barn.

He turns back to see Red. Drew jumps.

RED
 Understand you witnessed us last
 night, eh?

Drew nods.

RED (CONT'D)
 (laughing)
 Welcome to the farm, I s'pose.

EXT. FARM HOUSE- MORNING

Drew and Red walk around the farm. Red is taking care of minor tasks.

DREW
 Red, can I ask you a question?

RED
 It was me. I called your mother.

He looks off at Lloyd.

DREW
 He seems... really fine.

RED
 Oh he is. And he ain't.

Red cuts a piece of hay/wheat/whatever. Shows it to Drew.

RED (CONT'D)

Rot.

Drew doesn't understand.

RED (CONT'D)

Crop's not good this year. Son, he planted the wrong seed. We were 'sposed to go cabbage. Brassica crop.

(looks up at his brother)

Planted the wrong crop. Now there's nitrogen rot. 'Spose it's the brain he got... he ain't ever done that. Now he's workin' that baler like it's gonna save it. He ain't right. Shoot. None of us are, but we know it. It's the toilin' worries me, like he's gonna save his self...

Red sighs and moves on. Drew's Lloyd toils away at a distance on the hay baler. It sputters and smokes a bit but to no avail.

Autry rides up into the drive.

RED (CONT'D)

Well, well, well...

She pokes her head out the window. She pokes her head out the window.

AUTRY

I bet he said, "well well well"

Red laughs.

AUTRY (CONT'D)

Alright, well you want me to show you around or not?

DREW

Oh yeah, sure.

He climbs into her beat up truck. Classic.

RED

Oh Hey Drew-

Red leans on his window.

RED (CONT'D)

We are headin' to our cousin's place tomorrow.

Drew's waiting for the next part of that statement.

RED (CONT'D)

Well don't make me spell it out for you. You want to come?

He looks at Autry, back to Red.

DREW

Oh- yeah that would be awesome.

RED

Good-
(pointing at Autry)
'cause she's drivin'.

Autry looks off at him as he walks away laughing, like "come on." Drew looks at her.

DREW

Sorry.

AUTRY

Getting a healthy dose of them thanks to you.

They drive off. Red stares off at his brother just beaten down by the sputtering machine.

He looks on concerned.

INT. TRUCK- DAY

Autry and Drew jangle around in the squeaky truck.

AUTRY

No shit!

DREW

Yep. They all sleepwalk.

AUTRY

Those brothers... like a chapter book those three. Cliffhanger after cliffhanger.

DREW

So how long have you known them?

AUTRY

Oh, I've been working there since I graduated high school, so maybe like... 15 years now?

DREW

God, you knew them when they were
all alive didn't you?

AUTRY

I met every single one of them.
Twelve of them- or- eleven I think.
What about you? Did you know any of
em?

Beat.

DREW

No.

They're quiet. Autry wants to say something but can't place
what it is.

She parks.

AUTRY

Ok. Here's one of my favorite
spots. Two options, we go now and
come back and make out, or we make
out now and then check it out.

Drew is a little wide-eyed.

She is impatiently smiling.

DREW

(bashful)

N-n... now?

AUTRY

Was hoping you'd say that-

She swoops in and they kiss. It's tender. They quietly kiss
in the truck, looking at one another in bouts.

EXT. PRAIRIE- DAY

Drew is behind Autry, who is trudging through the tall yellow
grass. She occasionally runs her fingers through the grass
but she never turns around.

She keeps walking.

Drew notices a tree looming like it's competing with the tall
grass (I'm taller,/"No, I'm taller").

It's dead and scraggly and looks like a crack in the glass of
the bright blue sky.

AUTRY

It's up here, I promise.

They trudge some more.

He looks down as he walks and eventually walks past Autry unknowingly. She calls to him. As he looks at her, she's gesturing with her head.

He looks where she gestures. It captures his attention (a sweeping vista...?).

They stand, staring off. He tears up.

They've begun trudging back at sunset, everything is bathed in gold.

INT. TRUCK- NIGHT

Autry and Drew sit in the truck bed. He has his head in her lap as she pets him. They look at stars.

DREW

I didn't even know there were stars like this.

AUTRY

That one's my favorite.

He points from his perspective. He adjusts to try to see it from hers.

DREW

What is it?

She thinks.

AUTRY

It's called... corpus. No, corvus...! Its a crow god or something. Apollo sent it to get him water and he ate figs instead and then lied about it to Apollo. When he found out- Apollo- he flung the crow into the sky with the cup- see right there- and he made sure the crow would always be thirsty by putting the cup so far away.

They sit.

DREW
I feel like everything I don't know
is escaping me.

AUTRY
(chuckling to herself)
What does that mean?

He sort of sits up.

DREW
I don't know. Here, Corpus, my
family, you.

She sort of holds him a bit.

DREW (CONT'D)
What else don't I even know I don't
know...

AUTRY
(thinking)
Maybe you don't know... you need a
beer.

DREW
Yeah...

EXT. BAR- NIGHT

They pull up in front of the bar. Drew sees his family's
truck. He points, surprised. Autry is not and unfazed.

The three men sit at the bar, they have only a few bottles in
front of them- their night somewhat just beginning.

Lloyd is mid-story, the brothers nod at Drew and Autry.

LLOYD
He grabbed the Private- I think 'is
name was... Dakota or something, it
was a state I remember- but he
grabbed him by the collar and you
thought he's gone shake him to
death, but he pulls him real close,
I mean you really think it's gone
go bout as badly as it could. Out
of nowhere he plants a big ol wet
one right on his kissers. This
Private falls back- I mean he's
confused. We're all confused. Like
there's no sound for a minute or
something.

(MORE)

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Then Smiley just just bout dies
from laughter. We all laugh, this
Private, poor guy, he joins in.

RED

That was Smileyoir-
08765432\poiuytl;mncxz. .

His Otto raises his glass.

DREW

Who was Smiley?

They get quiet.

LLOYD

He was my brother.
(gestures to his brothers)
Our brother.

Everyone remains quiet.

RED

He died this day 5 years ago. Fell
off the dock broke his hip, didn't
find him til it was too late.

Drew feels like he made a faux pas. Everyone else is thinking
the same thing.

DREW

Tell me more about him.

It seems tense.

LLOYD

Not much more to say...

AUTRY

Oh shut up. You talk about Smiley
all the time- I heard one about him-

She gathers everyone to tell the story she heard.

Their words fade out and Drew finds himself enjoying the
company, rather than dreading it. He notices his family
lighting up and Autry grabbing beers and getting nice and
sauced together.

Drew eventually finds himself at a table alone with his
grandfather. Autry grabs one last round but chats with her
coworker for a minute. The brothers play darts.

The two sit for a moment.

LLOYD
So who are ya?

DREW
(confused)
I'm your... grandson...?

LLOYD
Naw, I mean who are ya, I know our
relation. I ain't crazy yet.

DREW
Oh. I work at an insurance company
I've been a temporary underwriter
for a bit- but they actually just
offered me a job.

LLOYD
Oh so you're a boring kid.

DREW
What do you mean?

LLOYD
Who are ya, son?

Drew thinks.

DREW
Well... who are you?

LLOYD
How the Hell am I supposed to know
that.
(he laughs, then gestures
for him to answer)

DREW
I don't know...?

They sit. Lloyd offers Drew a held up bottle, like a toast.
He clinks his bottle and sips.

LLOYD
Glad you're here. Heard your comin'
to Suze's tomorrow.

DREW
Yeah, Autry's driving too.

He looks off at Autry talking with the brothers. Red catches
his eye and winks casually.

INT. AUTRY'S CAR- NIGHT

The brothers are in the backseat singing a song as Autry drives them and Drew home. Drew is in good spirits, and trying to sing along. Autry does too but it's in Polish.

THE BROTHERS

Sto lat, sto lat
 Niech żyje, żyje nam.
 Sto lat, sto lat,
 Niech żyje, żyje nam,
 Jeszcze raz, jeszcze raz,
 Niech żyje, żyje nam,
 Niech żyje nam!

They all clap and cheer.

DREW

What's it mean?

Red pops up through the space between the seats.

RED

It's a Polish drinking song.

LLOYD

We sang it in the war, all the
 Poles taught us.

RED

It's about good luck, good health
 and long life. It's for birthdays,
 war, everything.
 (asking his brothers)
 In English?

Lloyd starts.

LLOYD

100 years, 100 years,
 May they live!

THE BROTHERS

100 years, 100 years,
 May they live!
 Once again, once again,
 May they live!
 May they live!

They don't cheer this time.

LLOYD

Not as good in English.

They laugh and start singing the Polish version again.

EXT. AUTRY'S CAR- NIGHT

The car idles out front the farm. The brothers drunkenly go to the house. Drew hangs back and talks through the car window.

DREW
Fun day.

AUTRY
Yes it was.

He pauses, looking at her.

DREW
Thank you... I'm glad I met you
Autry.

AUTRY
I am glad to have met you too,
Drew. Gosh, look at them.

He turns to look, They're arm in arm singing.

AUTRY (CONT'D)
They find joy where they can.

They admire them.

DREW
It's pretty dope.

AUTRY
Dope? Ok pal.

They chuckle.

DREW
(jokingly)
When can I see you again?

AUTRY
(joking back)
I'm sure we'll run into each other,
Hell- maybe even tomorrow...?

She leans in like going for a kiss, Drew goes to meet her.

AUTRY (CONT'D)
100 years! 100 years!-

DREW AND AUTRY
May they live! May they live!

He smiles as she drives off- leaving him in her brake lights.

INT. FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

Drew wakes up to screaming.

Red looms in the doorway.

Drew just looks on.

INT. FARM HOUSE- MORNING

Red and Lloyd stand over Drew. He casually wakes up.

LLOYD
You comin'?

He's taken aback.

DREW
It isn't even light outside.

LLOYD
It will be.
(Autry pulls up)
Autry's here.

Drew's confused.

DREW
What about Otto...?

RED
Oh, he don't like Suze. Hell I
don't even like Suze. You'll hate
her- come on.

INT. AUTRY'S CAR- MORNING

The brothers slide in the back. Drew up front.

AUTRY
Morning sunshine.

He smiles; he's not having it.

Drew is sleeping against the window in the front and the brothers in the back. Everyone is silent, save the radio.

He wakes up to the silence and looks around.

DREW
Where the hell is this place?

LLOYD
Suze lives about 120 miles outside
of town.

RED
As the crow flies, it's about 3
hours- ya big sleepy lil baby.

Silence pervades.

DREW
Wait why are you going here if you
all hate her so much.

RED
She's family.

Drew ruminates on that thought. The radio continues
dominating the conversation.

EXT. SUZE'S FARMHOUSE- DAY

The crew pulls up, the land is a little more dilapidated.
Suze is on the front porch, waves and makes her way to the
truck. She's slow, antiquated, but hearty.

SUZE
My, my- look what the cat dragged
in! Autry, my dear!

They all get out and she spots Drew, her demeanor changes
sour.

SUZE (CONT'D)
Who the hell are you?

Red shuts it down.

RED
It's Lydia's boy.

She thinks, gets overjoyed, nearly crying and grabs him
suddenly and tightly.

SUZE
Oh, Andrew! Look at you! You sweet
boy! How's your Momma? You know I
knew her when she was "this" big!
(MORE)

SUZE (CONT'D)

Wow, look at you all handsome!
Everyone come on up, come on up! I
want to hear about everything!

He wide eyes Autry, but happily.

INT. FARMHOUSE- DAY

They sit around a table, Suze brings them coffee.

LLOYD

Has the bank been callin-

SUZE

Hush up Lloydie. It's Drew! So what
are you doing? How are things?

She sort of leans back in a questioning manner.

SUZE (CONT'D)

Are you two
(gestures to autry and
him)
... what do you call it today... "a
thing?"

They laugh.

SUZE (CONT'D)

Oh don't answer that, my pryin'
eyes.

AUTRY

You should get 'em checked Aunt
Suze.

She laughs- though this surprises Drew.

DREW

Wait- we're related?

SUZE

(laughing)
Oh hon- I'm Aunt Suze to everyone.

Drew is relieved.

SUZE (CONT'D)

I knew it! You two are a thang!
Well, well, well- Autry. Officially
part of the family then.

LLOYD
Suze has the bank called.

She sighs.

SUZE
Yes. I ain't sellin'.

RED
You don't grow nothing, Suze.

SUZE
Well Arthur did.

They sip their coffee. Suze lights up.

SUZE (CONT'D)
Oh my gosh! You know what Autry, I think I have some old photos of this one somewhere.

DREW
Wait- you do?

SUZE
I sure do, you and your Momma.

She gets up.

SUZE (CONT'D)
I think I even have one of his lil pecker in the bath.

AUTRY
Oh wow. I finally get to see it.

Red and Lloyd stay back at the table.

SUZE
Come on- it'll only be a minute you two.

They go through photos. She holds up photos and Autry and her are more interested in them than Drew.

SUZE (CONT'D)
Here's you with your Grandpa, here.

It's a lovely photo on old disposable film. Drew is just a little baby and his grandfather is beaming. It makes him tear up. Autry notices and rubs his back, but continues speaking with Suze- trying to not spoil Suze's enjoyment of the moment.

EXT. SUZE'S FARMHOUSE- DAY

The whole group walks the property.

SUZE

That's the property line there, to there.

(she points for Drew)

Right about that big tree there.

DREW

It's huge.

SUZE

Only 75 acres!

They move on, sauntering.

AUTRY

Aunt Suze why don't we ever see you at the bar? I mean these boys are there all the time...

She gets quiet.

SUZE

Well, Autry. I have a hard time seeing familiar faces that have known Arthur's.

She mildly cries through her words.

SUZE (CONT'D)

These boys- well they honor and remember different that us.

(gesturing to Autry and her)

Us girls keep it. Like an oil or somethin that don't wash off good.

(thinking of something)

You ever read Dracula?

Drew laughs. She's a little offended.

SUZE (CONT'D)

Hush now. It's beautiful and so sad. That poor Dracula, remembers it all- can't escape it-

LLOYD

Jesus, Suze. Dracula?

SUZE

What! It's a beautiful book! You know "books?" Things with those things you can't read in em?

AUTRY

Yeah what's the last thing you read?

RED

I caught him readin a Playboy- other day.

They all laugh.

LLOYD

Come now- I ain't read that smut!

They laugh. Suze holds Drew's and Autry's hand as they continue walkin.

EXT./INT. AUTRY'S CAR- DUSK

The gang climbs in. Suze leans into the window.

SUZE

It was so good seeing you Drew. Tell your mother I miss her! Y'all are welcome back anytime.

DREW

Thanks- Aunt- Suze.

She jokingly gasps.

SUZE

My lord! It's a beautiful thing-family.

She points at Autry.

SUZE (CONT'D)

You be good- you know you're family too you sweet girl.

AUTRY

Thanks Aunt Suze. You take care!

They head out. They exchange glances as they drive home.

Drew hangs back with Autry. They are sheepish and shy.

TIME CUT:

They kiss with her against her truck- they separate.

DREW

It was amazing having you there.
You are so good with all of them.

AUTRY

Yeah- y'know, my Dad died when I
was 21.

DREW

I'm sorry

AUTRY

When people feel like they don't
have anything, all they need
sometimes is to be reminded they're
there. I'd visit and just sit
sometimes- no words. Sure, it was
hard for me sometimes but imagine
being alone and not being able to
do anything about it.

(she chuckles to herself)

I mean I was doing it more because
I didn't know what to do- I mean my
Dad was dying...

Drew doesn't say anything.

AUTRY (CONT'D)

Well, I got an early day tomorrow.
Better head out. Tell our Grandpa
goodnight.

She kisses him one last time and climbs into her truck.

AUTRY (CONT'D)

Actually, I don't like this joke.

DREW

(chuckling)
Yeah me neither.

AUTRY

I'll see you around Drew.

DREW

Yes, you will.

INT. FARM HOUSE- MORNING

Drew awakens and checks his phone "14 missed calls" from work. His bars still say "no service." Lloyd appears by the door.

LLOYD
You coming?

INT. DINER- MORNING

The brothers sit at a table. They quietly eat breakfast and sip coffee. The server comes by-

SERVER
Looks like y'all were hungry. Top
off on coffee?

She tops off their coffees.

They sit for a moment.

RED
The baler goin' to be ready?

LLOYD
It'll be ready. Need a part.

RED
Not much time there Lloyd.

LLOYD
I know it.

He thinks.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
(to Drew)
Want to grab it with me?

Drew almost spits out his coffee.

DREW
Sure! Yeah, yeah I'll come with.

LLOYD
You're drivin'

Red sort of nudges Drew like he's proud of him.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
(to Red)
Want to come too?

RED
I got things to do, old man.

LLOYD
You seeing Gloria today?

RED
Mhm.

Drew looks around.

DREW
Who's Gloria?

RED
His new "thang."

DREW
Cool.
(beat)
Hey, so...

They all wait, he becomes kind of nervous.

DREW (CONT'D)
What is this festival- thing...?

They laugh.

DREW (CONT'D)
What?

RED
Like asking football fans what the
Superbowl is like.
(beat)
Well, I bet you didn't know Lloydie
here has been a big part of this
festival for a long time.

DREW
Really.

RED
He's kind of a big deal.

LLOYD
Ah, pipe down.

Beat.

DREW
Well... what is it?

LLOYD

It's history, son. Every year, the past gets ripped from the past and pulled up into the present. Reminds us old folks where we came from, shows us where we want to be.

RED

Some ask why we bother with a past that's so damn tough.

LLOYD

That's the past though. Drew, when you look back you see the fun of it all, right? Nostalgia and the likes?

DREW

I get it- sure.

LLOYD

Well it ain't all that. It's everything. Tradition is a tea steeped in tragedy and joy.

RED

Tragedy is steeped in tradition.

LLOYD

-And joy. It's a way to remember. Warts and all. Like Red.

DREW

Who's Red?

RED

Red was our brother. Our Momma stashed him in the drawer next to the stove on them cold nights. Kept him warm.

LLOYD

When our Momma told us that we laughed and laughed. Started calling him "Drawers." People thought it was that he wet his pants or somethin'- and rumors spread.

RED

When all the other kids called him "Drawers"- they started rumors.

(MORE)

RED (CONT'D)

All cause a story our Momma told us
'bout keepin' him alive in the
Winter.

They chuckle.

They their sip coffee.

DREW

Hey- what's Autry's deal?

They laugh.

RED

She's great. Nice girl, stuck. But
a lovely girl.

LLOYD

Keeps us in line.

RED

This one time...

They talk and Drew is super interested.

INT. HARDWARE STORE- DAY

Cue "Either Way" by Wilco.

Drew and Lloyd search for the item for the baler/thresher.

They have a day of it. Grab some ice cream and what not.

Drew loves the attention he is getting and seems honored by
Lloyd's presence.

INT. TRUCK- DAY

They drive home.

LLOYD

-so your Mom just let's you go?

DREW

Well, not really. She put up a
stink, but, yeah, I went.

LLOYD

What was the name again?

DREW

Butthole Surfers.

Lloyd laughs. Drew I guess finds it absurd too.

LLOYD
That'll be the day.

DREW
(coyly)
I'll show them to you.

LLOYD
That'll really be the day.
(beat)
Drew, do you remember your Grandma?

DREW
(thinking)
No...

What was she like?

Lloyd sighs.

LLOYD
You know something- you notice how
I got all these damn photos- my
brothers, my mother, my father, the
whole damn lot?

DREW
You don't have any of Grandma- I
noticed.

LLOYD
Well Drew- it's because I can
remember everything about her.
(he gets nostalgic)
She had the most beautiful eyes,
you could almost hop right in-
mesmerizing. And her hair- now
you'd think it was crispy with hair
goop or what have ya- but soft as
silk. Your grandma was quite the
looker. God and her laugh; it lit
up the whole damn room. She really
pulled me out of it.

They sit with that.

Drew perks up.

DREW
I remember fishing at a pond.

The images show as he describes them like flashbulbs going off.

LLOYD

That was Porter's pond.

DREW

I caught a fish, a little fish. I can still see the glow of the sun catching the water drops and drips like they were little mirrors... I don't know- maybe I'm probably misremembering- making it seem-like- more beautiful than it was... But... the fish had barbs or something and I remember when I went to grab it, it cut me and I started bleeding.

She came down- Grandma, I must have been screaming, I don't remember that part, thankfully. Her hands were so warm, Mom always said she was like a reptile, soaking up the Sun for warmth. She picked me up to bring me down but you kept her there. I think you made me take the fish off the line still.

I didn't know why. But I was so scared of this little fish it took me so long. It was gasping for air- and I took so long. It died. She helped me bury it.

I cried. I remember seeing her crucifix dangle as she finished covering its little grave. It just seems like a moment. But I always remember how she took care to bury that fish.

Drew comes to from his memory.

Lloyd is quietly crying to himself.

LLOYD

That was to grow the garden.

DREW

What?

LLOYD

The dead fish grew her garden. That happened a lot. She'd kill the carp even, toss em' in her garden.

DREW

Huh. For some reason, I thought she cared about them.

LLOYD

She did. But Drew, that's just how it works. It ain't pretty, but it's the way of it.

(beat)

You know, I remember that- she came in right after and you know what she told me?

Drew shakes his head.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

She said "that might just be the sweetest boy alive."

EXT. FARM HOUSE- DAY

There is an ambulance in the drive.

Both Drew and Lloyd get worried.

INT. FARM HOUSE- DAY

Paramedics are in the house. Red and his brother are loudly speaking to each other.

RED

-and his girl- Claire- she was a looker. Not like mine- mine was Clare-uh. The names were confusing... but of course she broke up with me and went with him for a bit. I was fuming. Heard she died a bit back-

Drew and Lloyd enter the room, Otto has those EKG things on as he smokes a cigarette.

LLOYD

Red?

RED
Eh, thought he was having a moment.
All's well.

The paramedic perks up.

PARAMEDIC
He passed out. We recommend he go
to the hospital.

RED
He's fine.

LLOYD
He's fine.

PARAMEDIC
For now- he's alright. He should
come in.

LLOYD
What do you think Otto?

Otto takes a drag of his cigarette.

Thinks for a moment.

Then he shakes his head "no."

RED
Well there you have it. Good man,
Otto.

The paramedics go to leave. Drew chases them to their trucks.

DREW
Hey- Hey! What happened?

PARAMEDIC
You saw. Refused assistance.

DREW
No, why do you think he has to go
to the hospital?

PARAMEDIC
We got a call that sounded like a
heart attack-

DREW
But it wasn't?

PARAMEDIC

Look- we said he should come in. It might have been. You related?

He closes up the back door.

DREW

Yeah.

PARAMEDIC

Convince them to come in.

DREW

Them?

Yeah, all of them. Men that age- especially doing what they do- they're living on the edge is all I'm sayin'.

He closes the truck door and drives off.

Drew turns to look at the house and walks back in.

INT. FARMHOUSE- DAY

DREW

The EMT says-

The group shushes him. They're watching Hogan's Heroes again as if nothing happened. Otto kind of wheezes. Drew sits between them on the couch and watches too.

Otto's wheezing gets to him so walks to the barn alone.

INT. BARN- DUSK

Drew meanders through the barn.

He inspects tools.

Picks up things.

Looking at the thresher/baler, he notices a photo against the wall. All the siblings standing on top of the very same machine with their Dad.

LLOYD

That's all of 'em.

He startles Drew. Lloyd names them all left to right as he sets down the parts they bought earlier.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Give me a hand, will ya?

DREW
Why won't he go to the hospital?

LLOYD
It don't matter, he ain't goin'.

DREW
Why not? The EMT said it could have been a heart attack. How can you all three be so damn stubborn?

LLOYD
Damn it! Now- everyone we care about that goes to that damn place dies. If we want to live we are going to live until we can't no more! We all just live until we don't. So why bother with all that shit?!
(beat)
Now grab that crescent wrench!

Drew is frustrated. He hands him the wrench anyway.

DREW
You know Mom sent me to get you.

LLOYD
Figured as much.

DREW
You know why, right?

Beat.

LLOYD
I know why she thinks I need picked up-

DREW
Red called her. You have dementia.

Lloyd points to his head.

LLOYD
Steel trap-

DREW
You can't just say shit and it goes away. He told me about the crops.

LLOYD

Sure, I don't remember *everything*, kid. Who does? I can tell you what I definitely don't remember: you! You're a damn stranger. That ain't because I'm losing my mind neither- it's 'cause your Mom never brought you out here.

DREW

I can see why.

LLOYD

What in God's name-

DREW

This is toxic! You can't live in the past forever- you have to see what's here right in front of you!

LLOYD

I don't-

DREW

Why didn't you ever come visit us?!

LLOYD

I don't fly-

DREW

You don't fly?! What kind of bullshit excuse- I barely know you! If tradition and the past and all that other shit you talk about is so important, why wouldn't you want it to continue with your kids and their kids and so on?

Beat.

DREW (CONT'D)

You're old and dying-

LLOYD

You don't think I know I'm on my way out?

Beat.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

What do you know about all this, kid? You try lookin' down the barrel of a shotgun and tell me how you're 'sposed to be.

(MORE)

LLOYD (CONT'D)

He ain't goin' to a hospital 'cause he don't want to. That's it.

We're holdin' on because we don't know what else to do, kid. So if I want to go to the damn Thresher Festival 'fore I die and live out my days the way I know how and want to, then I will- god damn it. I mean, who are you? My kid's kid? What do you know about it! Death's been knocking on every damn door in that ol' house for years now. I've lost everything-

DREW

I know! We know! Everyone knows! Everyone dies!

LLOYD

What the hell does some kid know! Get out of here! Damn you to Hell!

Drew leaves the barn and kicks dirt.

DREW

(to himself)
God damn it!

He looks to the house and sees Otto and Red looking on towards him. Red tips his hat.

RED

He ain't goin' to the hospital.

DREW

(frustrated but defeated)
I know, Red.

Drew feels guilty and heads back in.

DREW (CONT'D)

Grandpa...-

He's crumpled over that photo.

LLOYD

I only know their names because I wrote them on the back.

DREW

What?

LLOYD

I... I sometimes can't remember their names. I loved them all so much... and sometimes I can't remember anything about 'em.

He holds up the photo. Drew flips it over, sure enough, their names all written on the back.

Drew thinks for a moment, looking on at this sad version of the strong man he knew.

He picks up the part.

DREW

So... where does this thing even go?

LLOYD

You gotta open the compartment there.

He points. Drew tries to find it with his point.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

No, no...- here.

He gets up and shows him.

He starts working on it, and suddenly looks up.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Drew. I ain't leaving this house.

He smirks.

DREW

Yeah. I know.

They laugh.

They work together. Tinkering away- Lloyd points. Drew listens, tries to pull some gas with the drawstring (?), hits some levers. They open up a compartment, adjust some stuff.

It revs and starts.

They look at it in wonder. They did it.

LLOYD

Let's try her out.

EXT. FARM HOUSE- DAY

Drew and the brothers throw hay into the machine, Autry comes out and joins for a while too. They have fun and learn how the machine works.

EXT. BARN- DUSK

Drew and the brothers are hitching the baler/thresher to the tractor. Autry heads out.

AUTRY

See you boys tomorrow!

They all wave goodbye.

RED

That does her! We got to check in with Cheryl tomorrow when we get in.

(to Drew)

Cheryl's the festival organizer...
Otto's got the hots for her.

Drew looks at Otto.

Otto slaps the machine like he'll never see it again.

RED (CONT'D)

Tomorrow- will be a sight to behold. Oh- Drew, forgot to tell ya. We got some stuff for ya to wear.

DREW

To wear?

RED

Well you didn't think it was just old farm shit did ya? Come on- I think you'll fit.

INT. FARM HOUSE- NIGHT

Drew stands in an old American civilian uniform from the Korean war. It almost fits him perfectly.

DREW

It feels wrong to wear.

RED

Nonsense. I wore the damn thing 50 years ago, my god damn right to let you wear it.

He inspects it.

RED (CONT'D)

Looks like we were close to the same size, eh. Got them Johnson genes, then. We're skinny lest we do something about it- course. I swear the fattest Johnson were Bobby and he only clocked in at 200 pounds.

DREW

200? I think I'm 200 pounds.

He inspects him.

RED

Don't look it, all that matters.

Beat.

DREW

What are you wearing?

Red pulls out an almost identical uniform. Drew's surprised.

Lloyd who was standing in the doorway pipes in.

LLOYD

It's what happens when you live in a house with almost nothin' but soldiers.

(to Red)

Who's is that?

He looks at it.

RED

I don't know.

Lloyd looks at it.

LLOYD

Well that's yours.

He checks Drew's.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

Oh, that's mine.

He eyes Drew, but ultimately pats him on the shoulders.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
You wear it well.

DREW
That seems like something you say
to an actual soldier...-

LLOYD
Thank God everyday you don't have
to be an actual soldier. Actual
soldiers get themselves killed.
(To Red)
Remember that kid? He was such a
good kid- enlisted at 17, little
portly fella? He went to our
school... I think at least... Me
and him were stationed together, I
forget where now. He was smoking a
damn cigarette out in the open.
Sniper got him as he was mid
sentence. I had to get down and
stare at his face for twenty
minutes 'fore we could lay down
suppressing... poor kid...

Lloyd is tearing up.

LLOYD (CONT'D)
Remember that kid?

No one answers. He walks away.

RED
(to Drew)
That was the portly Johnson...
Bobby.

They sit with that.

EXT./INT. DREAM SEQUENCE MONTAGE- NIGHT

Drew is standing in a field. He can see the farmhouse. The
lights are going nuts.

He hears quiet sobbing from a figure hunched over in the
grass with him. Without making a sound he approaches him but
his leg sinks into the dirt.

Each step he sinks farther until just his head is poking out.
Calmly, he looks around him and notices other heads resting
in the dirt. 8 total.

They all sleep with grey faces. The figure begins ripping out each person effortlessly, revealing their root filled appendages one at a time, until he reaches Drew and yanks him by his hair, as he screams he wakes up.

INT. FARMHOUSE- NIGHT

Drew startles himself awake. He falls to the floor. Lloyd stands, ominously like the figure in his dream.

LLOYD

Quit playing with the lights. Early start.

As Lloyd trudges back upstairs, Drew is left confused and out of breath.

EXT. BARN- MORNING

They are hoisting the machine to be towed into town. The festival. Autry pulls into the drive just as they're ready to head out.

AUTRY

You boys about ready?

RED

This sucker's ate up 'bout all his time, so I hope so.

LLOYD

Well come on then, kid!

AUTRY

I'll drive him in.

LLOYD

No hanky-panky.

He closes his door and the brothers drive off.

DREW

What's up?

AUTRY

You didn't drive your Lloyd into town last night did you?

INT. TRUCK- MORNING

The three brothers sit in the truck jiggling with the bumps along the road.

They park. Lloyd has a tear fall from his eye.

RED

Right. I'll lower the hitch. You find Cheryl, they'll get the tractor to put it in place.

(to Lloyd)

You watch me.

They exit, but Lloyd snags Red's arm.

LLOYD

Where's my wife?

RED

(sadly)

She's gone Lloyd. You know that. You **know** that.

Lloyd looks ahead.

RED (CONT'D)

Want to go?

He shakes his head.

RED (CONT'D)

Sit in the truck for a bit.

Lloyd exits once Red exits and begins wandering. The wind begins picking up. The horizon shows some sort of weather event. Gathering dust maybe?

Drew and Autry exit her car. Red's chatting with some folks by the unhooked thresher.

DREW

Where's my Grandpa?

He points. As Drew checks, Red pulls him back.

RED

Drew. He should go home.

The wind is picking up, it's kicking up dust. He doesn't see his grandfather. He yells out.

Lloyd chats with some folks. He is alright, seemingly.

He hears his name whispered. The dust is getting worse, but that doesn't stop him from wandering towards the voice. He encounters visions in the dust.

A small child running to the front of a house, and the door opening and a mother greeting them.

A dancing ballerina, swiftly making her leaps and spins in with the dust.

Drew fumbles as Lloyd does. He calls out to him.

A portly man, shot in the eye in army uniform smoking a cigarette making his way through the images.

A car, very old drives through the street weaving through the festival attendees.

A bomb goes off in the distance, and soldiers rush past Lloyd. He sees his wife.

Lloyd has become scared by what he sees. He calls out to her, but she disappears in the dusty mist.

Lloyd pushes ahead and tries too follow but encounters his entire family posing for a photograph.

Drew witnesses his mother, he squints, and calls out to her but she is elusive as well.

In his pursuit, he encounters Lloyd slumped over, sobbing. Drew gets to him and consoles him.

He sits in front of his wife's grave.

Lloyd suddenly sees Red from his position, and he proves to be just as elusive as his wife. He calls out and stumbles but Drew is there. He is terrified.

Drew collects Lloyd and tries to get back to the group.

As they make their way back to the truck and thresher they see flashing lights. It's an ambulance. Figures are loading a stretcher.

The dust is less a dust now and more a hue on top of everything. The close up the ambulance as Autry intercepts them.

AUTRY

It's Red! Come on.

They get in her truck.

INT. HOSPITAL- DAY (DUST-TAINTED DAY)

Autry, Drew, Lloyd, and Otto arrive to a bustling hospital. They rush the attendant.

DREW
Johnson?

ATTENDEE
Gonna need more than that.

DREW
Red. Red Johnson.

She's flustered but manages to find him.

ATTENDANT
I've got two.

DREW
Old guy, looks like these two.

ATTENDANT
429. Up, left- will be on your right.

They make their way, equally as confusing outside of the dust. Lot's of coughing emanates the halls.

They find him. He's unconscious, hooked up to all the machines.

Drew and Autry talk to the Doctor outside the room calmly. Lloyd sits with his thoughts, sullen in the room. Otto sits in the hallway sullen as well.

DOCTOR
We aren't entirely sure. We think a heart attack- but it's too early. Either way, in his advanced age... well, the prognosis isn't great. We'll keep monitoring him. But the probability of clots. I would make peace- it could turn very suddenly. This dust... might have triggered something. I'll be back shortly.

The Doctor leaves. Autry hugs him.

AUTRY
I'm sorry. I'll go grab coffees.

She leaves and Drew sits next to Otto by the door. He peeks in and looks at Lloyd sitting in the corner and Red beeping away.

He sits back and sighs.

OTTO
You gotta take 'im.

Drew looks at Otto.

DREW
You'll be alone.

OTTO
I got my girlfriend.

He stands.

OTTO (CONT'D)
Can't do this again. Headin' home.

He walks down the hall as Drew watches, Autry passes him and looks at Drew questioningly. He shrugs.

FF NIGHT INTO MORNING: Autry, Drew and Lloyd look at Red as a nurse covers his face. They console Lloyd with shoulder rubs and hand holds. He squeezes back. He quietly cries, Autry follows suit.

EXT. FARMHOUSE- MORNING

Autry's car pulls up to the house. Autry gets out, and helps Lloyd to the truck. They're taking the truck back home.

Autry and Drew share a moment.

DREW
Thanks.

AUTRY
It's the least I could do.
(she reflects)
Are you sure you'll be alright?

DREW
Yeah I'll be fine. Him? I don't know... I guess we're all fine til we're not.

They look after him shuffling to the truck.

DREW (CONT'D)
You think this is right?

AUTRY
I don't know... seems like it
though.

They hug.

AUTRY (CONT'D)
I'm glad I picked you up, Drew.

DREW
I am too. Hey- how do I reach you?

She pulls back and hands him a paper.

AUTRY
We don't have internet too good,
but we do have phones here y'know.
(smiling)
Well, go on then, git!

He smiles too.

DREW
I'll be back- I'm sure.

AUTRY
I'm sure too.

They kiss sweetly. He makes his way to the truck with his
bags and such.

AUTRY (CONT'D)
(calling out subtly)
May they live!

DREW
May we live!

She points at him like he made a good point. He waves goodbye
as he loads up the truck.

INT. CAR- DAY

Drew and Lloyd look ahead as the familiar landscape begins to
fade. They both sit quietly. Drew looks over at Lloyd, and
they both smile at each other. Drew pats his leg as they both
begin to tear up.

FADE OUT.

