

The Ranch
By
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EXT. RANCH HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Sounds of trees crunching. Heavy breathing. An arm is dripping blood. Eyes are darting left and right. A 23 year old man is staggering away from a larger than life house. Clothes torn, looking like he was on the wrong end of a severe beating. He is moving as fast as he can, but stumbles as he distances himself from the dark house.

EXT. FOREST - EARLY MORNING

The man continues down a hill, he is engulfed by large trees. They sway menacingly in the wind. In the distance he hears an engine fired up.

BLEEDING MAN

No, no, no.

Tears are welling up in his eyes. He pushes his body harder, grunting in pain. Branches fly in his face. More cuts, more bleeding. He falls hard. Rolls on the ground. Looks up and sees the road a mere 20 yards away.

BLEEDING MAN

Get up, get up. Get up.

He pushes himself off the ground on his good arm and staggers into the road. A car rounds the corner. The man waves with his good hand, flagging it down. The car stops, the man continues to limp towards the lights of the car.

The engine switches off. A silhouetted figure gets out, slams the door and freezes. The injured man stops and his body tightens.

BLEEDING MAN

You fucking asshole. You fucking asshole. Come and get me you fucking asshole.

Blood drips into his eyes. He blinks. He speaks softly to himself.

BLEEDING MAN

I know how this ends.

The man next to the car does nothing. The bleeding man breathes heavily and unleashes his pent up terror.

BLEEDING MAN

Well come kill me. Finish what you started you FUCKING ASSHOLE. Kill me.

TITLE CREDITS - THE RANCH

EXT. THE 101 FREEWAY SOUTH OF HUMBOLDT COUNTY - DAY

Those same eyes greet us as they glance in a rear view mirror.

A late 90s SUV flies down a curvy stretch of highway. Redwood trees litter each side of the road. Inside the car three 20 somethings nod their heads along to rap music. Seated in the back is SEAMUS FINNIGAN, 23, dark skinned and who speaks with a pervasive Boston accent. No one calls him Seamus.

FINNIGAN

You've got to be fucking kidding me. Where in the FUCK are we? I didn't even know California went this high up.

The driver, ALEX HOWARD, 23, is laughing and relaxed, no blood- polar opposite from the opening flashback. In the passenger seat, NOAH, 22, adjusts his glasses and looks up from his book.

NOAH

Shut the fuck up Finni- us educated types are trying to read. If your degenerate ass had paid attention to your no doubt drunk Bostonian high school teachers we wouldn't have to listen to you bitch every five seconds.

FINNIGAN

Whatever. I'll be stunned if we aren't using a fucking outhouse.

At this Alex smiles and looks over his shoulder.

ALEX

Who says we? If my family has an outhouse I hereby give you exclusive rights.

FINNIGAN

Christ. Where the fuck are we?

The question remains unanswered as the car speeds on into dusk.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

The three boys stare aimlessly at the aisle of the frozen food section in a run-of-the-mill grocery store.

FINNIGAN

Fucking frozen orange juice. How the fuck does that work?

NOAH

You're shitting me? You aren't really asking how frozen orange juice works are you?

Noah grabs a ORANGE JUICE CAN out of the freezer and looks to Alex.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Allow me to illustrate for my degenerative friend.

ALEX

By all means.

Finnigan gives him the finger. Alex smiles.

NOAH

In a very complex process first mastered in Ancient Ireland, no doubt by your lazy ancestors, one must take the contents out of the can.

He motions dumping the can out.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Then you add water.

He slowly mimics pouring water.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Then stir and- what's this?!
Mediocre orange juice? It can be taught!

Finnigan snatches the can out of his hand and reads the label.

FINNIGAN

You left out a step- Step Four, go fuck yourself.

Finnigan punches him in the arm, which Noah quickly rubs. Alex steps in between them.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

As exciting as this is, we still have forty five minutes up the hill- so could you two morons wrap it up?

FINNIGAN

Keep the orange juice?

ALEX

Well, now that you know how to make it.

A gorgeous girl in college sweats walks past them in the aisle. They freeze as they maneuver in the checkout line.

FINNIGAN

It's not L.A.

NOAH

But it'll fuckin do.

ALEX

Ten bucks says I get laid before you two.

NOAH

Not fair, you have a knowledge of the female population of the area, tendencies, likes, dislikes etc.

ALEX

Hey I've been coming up here with family- believe it or not we don't frequent the college bars.

FINNIGAN

College? There's a college-

NOAH

Yes, that's what you just spent upwards of 120 grand on to enter into our shitty economy up to your ears in debt, after which you made the educated decision to follow this idiot up to Northern California to some family ranch to essentially run away from all of your problems.

FINNIGAN

Always so cheery.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
(To Noah) And why did you tag
along?

FINNIGAN
Saw Brokeback Mountain
director's cut.

Noah doesn't have a chance to answer.

CLERK
That's one twenty seventy
five. You guys new in town?

ALEX
This guy's accent give you
away?

CLERK
No, you guys dress too nice.
Stick out like sore thumbs.

The guys quickly survey the rest of the store- realizing
their collared shirts and flip-flops reek of Southern
California.

CLERK (CONT'D)
You'll get used to it though.
Where are you staying?

ALEX
Ranch, north of Trinidad.

CLERK
Ah, way out there huh? Be
careful eh?

Alex smiles. It isn't returned.

ALEX
We'll do our best to stay out
of trouble.

Noah and Finnigan have started to load the cart. Alex faces
the clerk alone waiting for his receipt.

CLERK
Quick word of warning- stay on
your land, eh?. I used to live
up by the Burns ranch- heard
of it?

Alex nods.

ALEX
Hard not to.

CLERK
Well yes and no. (pause) These families have been around for years and years and years. Best to keep your nose to the ground and out of other people's business.

ALEX
Of course.

Alex reaches eagerly for the offered receipt.

CLERK
Good luck son.

EXT. DARK ROAD - NIGHT

It's pitch black. No moon. Alex drives slowly around steep curves that seem to go on forever. In the car, Noah stares at his IPHONE.

NOAH
Well my phone is officially useless.

ALEX
No more iPorn eh?

FINNIGAN
He has reserves in the spankbank. How much longer?

ALEX
I dunno, maybe ten minutes. I haven't been here in a while.

FINNIGAN
If you took a wrong turn and I end up butt raped by Bigfoot I'm going to throw you off of one of these cliffs.

NOAH
Butt raped by Bigfoot- that's a hell of a name for a band.

(CONTINUED)

FINNIGAN
Keep it.

Finnigan slinks back into his seat and stares out into the blackness.

FINNIGAN (CONT'D)
Good God we are alone out here.

ALEX
It's not Boston and it's not L.A.

NOAH
Is your Aunt going to be up here?

ALEX
Doubt it, no one really uses this place all that much anymore after my grandpa died. Hence why we can pull these shenanigans.

FINNIGAN
When did he die?

ALEX
Ten years ago.

NOAH
He had some pretty interesting taste being out here all by himself.

ALEX
He was a womanizer from what I gather. I doubt he was alone much.

FINNIGAN
Must skip a few generations. What the fuck happened to you Alex?

ALEX
I'm here to pick up the mantle. Annddd, we are here.

Out of the darkness rises an OLD RED BARN. Silence. As they draw closer they see the barn is fenced off and a bull stands silently regarding them. His eyes reflect back menacingly.

(CONTINUED)

FINNIGAN

Hey Noah, ten bucks to play
slap the bull.

The car enters a side road and begins a slow descent.

ALEX

So that's the barn, my
grandfather used to throw
parties in there. And here is
the actual ranch.

The blackness of the night gives way to a large two story
house, flanked on the right and rear by two buildings- each
two stories tall.

FINNIGAN

Christ, we could each have our
own house.

ALEX

You want to sleep out there,
be my guest. Just make sure to
keep the door shut- don't want
to wake up next to a bear.

FINNIGAN

I'll ride it out in the main
house I think.

Alex brings the car to a halt.

ALEX

Finally.

FINNIGAN

You got keys?

Alex grins.

ALEX

I've been coming up here for
twenty years, I know my way
in- you guys start unloading
the car.

NOAH

If you don't find a way in,
I'm going to help Finni throw
you off a cliff.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
I'll be fine. Hurry up with
the luggage.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Alex stands in front of the house. His frame dominated by the size of the place. He walks around the back humming to himself. He marches up the stairs to the front door. Tries the handle. Locked.

ALEX
Well fuck me.

He walks around to the back. In the distance he hears.

FINNIGAN
I swear to fucking God if he
can't get in I'm breaking a
window.

Alex smiles and stuffs his hands into his jacket to avoid the cold. He walks around the back of the house. Absolute silence except for his footsteps. He marches up the stairs to the back door.

ALEX
Come on, come on, come on.

Locked.

ALEX (CONT'D)
FUCK.

He looks around. Sees a window.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Bingo.

Alex walks to the nearly horizontal cellar door beneath the window, glances at it. Stares into the absolute blackness of the house.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Here we go.

He climbs on top the cellar door, losing his footing and looks down. When he looks back up a light has gone on upstairs inside the house.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (CONT'D)
Oh Christ.

He finally wriggles through and falls loudly onto the floor.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hello? Aunt Sylvia?

No response. He flicks on a light. The room is illuminated. An old dining room, china in cabinet. Alex smiles at the welcome familiarity. He rounds the corner and WALKS INTO A BODY.

ALEX (CONT'D)
JESUS FUCKING CHRIST.

Finnigan stands in front of him.

FINNIGAN
Relax douchebag. The front door was open.

ALEX
No it wasn't.

FINNIGAN
Yeah it was. What are you, high? Jesus, relax dude. Go help with the luggage already.

Alex relents and walks away. He turns over his shoulder.

ALEX
Yo, Finni!

FINNIGAN
What?

ALEX
You turn that light on?

FINNIGAN
What fucking light? The one you just switched on?

ALEX
Nevermind.

Alex passes through the front door and looks up. The upstairs light is back off.

INT. RANCH HOUSE STAIRCASE - DAY

Alex stands in pajama pants and a frat shirt. He is staring at a wall of photos that are hung alongside the staircase. Black and white, color, old and new- they serve as a visual family history. He stands absolutely still considering an old painting of a young boy, no older than 5 or 6. Something strikes Alex as odd and he moves in closer, looking at the scribble of an artist's signature - the letters R B H barely identifiable. Suddenly-

NOAH

Early to bed, early to rise.

Noah stands at the top of the staircase.

ALEX

Jesus Christ man, I swear we need to wear fucking bells in this house.

NOAH

Someones antsy- you make coffee yet?

ALEX

Na, figured I'd let our resident orange juice maker handle it.

NOAH

If and when he ever gets up.

From somewhere in the depths of the house-

FINNIGAN

I heard that, asshole.

EXT. RANCH ROAD - DAY

An old truck is fired up and Alex sits behind the wheel revving the engine.

ALEX

Still working. Awesome.

FINNIGAN

Can we swim in this river?

ALEX

Insert stereotypical Mexican joke here.

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

Dammit, beat me to it. And here I was thinking I was the comic relief.

Alex pulls the truck into gear and they head up a back road. The truck bounces the three of them around.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Hey Alex- what was with that ranch the clerk was talking about yesterday?

ALEX

Oh yeah- the Burns place.

Alex seems reluctant to go any further.

FINNIGAN

Well?

ALEX

Well, a few years back two of the Burns kids wandered onto a marijuana farm by accident.

NOAH

They were growing marijuana on a farm?

ALEX

Well no, the family wasn't. Someone had snuck onto the property and started growing it.

NOAH

So, you're telling me, that right now, someone could be growing weed on your property and furthermore we could legally seize said pot.

FINNIGAN

Easy stoner.

Noah shoots Finnigan a look and then regards Alex.

ALEX

I dunno man. I guess we could, but to get to the point of the story-

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

I love how this guy thinks that free pot is not the point of the story.

FINNIGAN

Hey- when you're family is from up here. I'm surprised he isn't sporting dreads and a Free Tibet shirt.

ALEX

As I was saying, that was NOT the point of the story. The kids fell into a booby trap that the growers had set. They were found like months later. So just keep your head up and out of other people's property.

FINNIGAN

Well that certainly put a damper on things.

The car comes to a halt at a gate.

ALEX

Gate duty, get on it Finni.

FINNIGAN

Shit, I'll take gate duty, just make Noah designated collector of pots.

Noah ignores him as Finnigan opens the gate.

NOAH

You don't really think anyone is growing on your land do you?

ALEX

No, but it makes a good story for Finni doesn't it?

Looking in the rear view mirror Alex spots something.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Look- cows. Watch this.

Noah turns to look out of the back of the car as Alex puts his head out the window.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (CONT'D)
Finnigan! There's a bear,
fucking run man!

Finnigan quickly looks up, looks and sees cows, but imagines bears. He is so scared he runs into the bed of the truck screaming.

FINNIGAN
GO MOTHERFUCKER GO!

Alex hits the gas pedal while Noah is bowled over laughing. Alex yells back.

ALEX
You okay man?

Visibly shaken and holding on for dear life in the back Finnigan still looks proud of himself.

FINNIGAN
You see me haul ass? Those fuckers never had a chance.

He turns.

FINNIGAN (CONT'D)
No free meals today. WOOO.

The truck comes to a slow stop and once the engine is off, the rushing sounds of a river can be heard.

EXT. RIVER SIDE - DAY

Finnigan hops out of the truck bed holding his back.

FINNIGAN
Well there go my fuckin kidneys. Nice driving, asshole.

ALEX
I wasn't the one who ran away from those cow-bears.

Noah laughs as the three of them grab towels and beers from the bed of the truck.

FINNIGAN
What the fuck is a cow bear?

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

Yeah Alex- what IS a cow bear?

The trio walks down a small hill covered in shade.

ALEX

Well the cow bear is a very small breed of bear noted for scaring retarded, half breed Irish Bostonians.

FINNIGAN

Fuck off- those were cows? No way.

ALEX

Yes, Finni. Cows.

They hit the bottom of the hill which unveils a spectacular vista of cliffs and river. The sun shines brightly.

FINNIGAN

Holy shit- this is nice.

NOAH

I think this might be why I came here.

Noah goes a few steps further lays out a towel and promptly collapses. The other two follow his lead. Noah pulls out a book, Finnigan snatches it out of his hands.

FINNIGAN

What book is it this time? Hemingway, Steinbeck?

NOAH

Actually- no. It's about the various psychotic diseases people can get.

FINNIGAN

That help you diagnose Christina?

NOAH

Fuck off. Here, I'll show you a trick though.

Noah grabs the book back.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Close your eyes Finni.

FINNIGAN
Alex, if he attempts anything
weird and you do not stop him
I'm holding you personally
responsible.

ALEX
You may proceed Dr. Noah

NOAH
Alright close em.

Finnigan obliges. Noah creeps closer, raises the book binding side down and then slams it on Finnigan's head.

FINNIGAN
Ow you fucking dick!

He reaches for Noah. Alex is laughing.

NOAH
No wait, wait- We have to see
if it works.

FINNIGAN
If what worked?

NOAH
Do you hear music? Old voices
from your past?

FINNIGAN
No, I hear one fucking asshole
who is about to be in my past.

NOAH
Ah, I guess it didn't work on
you. Thick skull.

Finnigan looks like he might lunge, instead he lies back down, talking to himself.

FINNIGAN
Just wait til tonight. You're
gonna get it. Asshole.

NOAH
It's actually true you know.
Head trauma. Causes people to
hear old voices, people from

(CONTINUED)

the past. One guy even heard a symphony on repeat for years. You have no control over what song you might hear. Nuts eh?

ALEX

If I had to listen to the Jonas Brothers on repeat I'd honestly jump off that fucking cliff.

FINNIGAN

Seconded.

The barbs die down and the only sounds are the wind and river.

EXT. RIVER SIDE - THE TRUCK

The truck sits idly where the boys parked it. A car engine starts. It is not the boy's truck, but instead another bigger WHITE TRUCK which slowly creeps up the hill.

EXT. THE RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Steaks sizzle on the grill as Finnigan watches closely.

FINNIGAN

Ten minutes out!

INT. RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Inside Alex and Noah are working on potatoes. Alex glances up at the clock whose hands point to 1:15.

ALEX

Noah, toss me a battery. Left drawer.

Noah tosses it and Alex replaces the clock battery and adjusts the hands to read 9:30.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Ah much better. Although I guess time doesn't matter much up here

The phone rings.

(CONTINUED)

NOAH
I'll grab it.

Noah walks out of the kitchen. Alex walks toward a window and freezes. Outside in the distance a man's silhouette stares back at him. Next to him a dog sits on his haunches. Both staring, perfectly still. Alex freezes, fists clenched. He stares, lost in his terror.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Yo Alex.

Alex jumps at the noise and turns back to the kitchen.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Jesus dude, relax. Just talked
on the phone to your aunt.
Nice lady. She is coming up
tomorrow to say hi.

Alex says nothing and turns back to the window. The man has disappeared.

ALEX
I could have sworn I saw
someone out in the yard. With
a dog. You see anything?

Noah comes over and stares outside.

NOAH
No, nothing out there. Didn't
you say you had caretakers up
here?

ALEX
Yeah, they watch the place
when no ones up here.

NOAH
And I bet they have dogs.

ALEX
Assume so.

NOAH
Well there you go.

ALEX
Yeah, we'll say hi to them
tomorrow I guess.

Finnigan walks in steaks steaming on a plate.

(CONTINUED)

FINNIGAN

Jesus Christ. And the potatoes aren't even done. You guys are a bunch of morons.

INT. RANCH HOUSE TV ROOM - NIGHT

The antique TV flickers annoyingly as the boys watch highlights of a baseball game. Empty beer cans are strewn across the den. Their DVDs and video game system sit next to the TV. A furnace contains a fire which is blazing- doors open.

FINNIGAN

Jesus Christ, this goddamn TV. When is the chick from The Ring going to crawl out?

ALEX

Great, as if there aren't enough creepy things up here at night. Thanks, dick.

NOAH

This cannot be good for my eyes.

ALEX

You're already blind- maybe it'll help.

FINNIGAN

I think it's getting better. Give me the remote it's Joey Greco time.

Alex tosses the remote over.

ALEX

Good luck finding something good on at midnight.

FINNIGAN

Maybe you didn't hear me? I said it's Joey Greco time.

NOAH

Who the fuck is that?

FINNIGAN

You poor, sheltered child. Joey Greco is the ultimate American hero.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

You don't mean the guy from
Maury Povitch?

FINNIGAN

The guy from Maury Povitch?
You've got be fucking kidding
me. He may grace the daytime
talk shows from time to time,
but Joey Greco is known from
land to land as the ultimate
enforcer of law. Watch.

On screen the flickering has ceased. Instead the opening
credits to the TV show "Cheaters" begin. Finnigan is smiling
broadly.

NOAH

What is this crap?

FINNIGAN

Crap. How dare you? Joey Greco
helps thousands of men and
women across the country catch
their cheating asshole
girlfriends in the act.

ALEX

Ah, the truth comes out, Finni
has a personal hero.

FINNIGAN

I'd like him even if it
weren't for that whore.

On screen Joey Greco appears.

JOEY GRECO

Hello I'm Joey Greco.

Finnigan responds.

FINNIGAN

Hey Joey.

JOEY GRECO

Welcome to another installment
of Cheaters.

FINNIGAN

Why thank you. See how polite
Joey is?

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

Good Lord I thought it took at least four weeks for cabin fever to set in. Alex, he's crazy, we're fucked.

FINNIGAN

Just watch.

On screen a lesbian couple punches each other viciously in the face while Joey Greco tries to intercede. Finnigan is animatedly enjoying every moment.

FINNIGAN (CONT'D)

See- he doesn't want them to fight, but somehow in every episode they get in three or four punches. OH YES, I've seen this episode, later he is going to bust a guy for cheating on his wife with a dominatrix.

NOAH

So basically this guy runs across the country destroying relationships? A life ruiner if you will?

FINNIGAN

I prefer defender of freedom and the American way.

On screen the words "COMING UP NEXT" preview the next scene- A cheap hotel room is busted into by Joey Greco, immediately a man in a black mask tries to run, while the appropriately dressed dominatrix shoves her whip in the cameras face.

NOAH

The American way. I'm going to go have a smoke.

EXT. RANCH PORCH - NIGHT

Noah sits on the porch and lights up. The trees sway ominously against the moonlight. Noah stares up at the stars. Crystal clear. A satellite is visibly moving across the sky.

NOAH

Awesome.

(CONTINUED)

A light glances against his glasses. He turns towards the road leading into the house. A car is moving slowly behind the trees. Too slowly. Noah turns towards the guys in the TV room.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Hey, guys!

He turns back. The lights have stopped in front of the house. He waits, the guys aren't coming. Tires squeal and the lights are gone.

NOAH (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

He pauses and heads back inside.

INT. RANCH HOUSE TV ROOM - NIGHT

Noah sits back down.

ALEX
Man, you reek of cigarettes.

NOAH
How many neighbors are up here?

ALEX
Well there's the ranch across the street- don't see much of them. Four or five miles down the road is the crazy Russian. His names Gregor or something. We should probably try and to stay away from him.

FINNIGAN
Yeah, the whole crazy thing, seems like a good idea.

ALEX
He's not crazy in the traditional sense. He just gets pissed when people go down the river on his land. Pulls out his shotgun and such.

Noah glances back out the window towards the road. He is nervous.

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

Well lets stay the fuck away
from his part of the river.

ALEX

That's actually part of the
crazy thing. The part of the
river he defends is on my
land. So in essence we get a
free pass.

NOAH

We'll let you be the head of
the "Department of Crazy
Russian" division.

FINNIGAN

Seconded. You tell the crazy
guy where his land ends.

ALEX

Pussies.

On screen Joey Greco has shoved a rambunctious man to the
ground. A woman is in tears pointing directly at the camera.

WOMAN

You're all dead. All of you.

The words hang in the air. A beat.

FINNIGAN

Don't mess with Joey Greco.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE PORCH - DAY

The boys sit on the porch, t-shirts and jeans. All three are
sipping coffee- Noah and Finni are putting out cigarettes.

ALEX

Alright, let's head over to
say hi to Jason.

FINNIGAN

Caretaker guy right?

ALEX

Yeah, he has a wife, too.

NOAH

First female we've seen in a
while.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Don't get too excited, the last caretakers we had were hippies who weren't really into bathing or any of that stuff.

Finnigan motions quotations as he speaks. The three have started the walk up the hill.

FINNIGAN

Not "into" bathing. How is one not "into" bathing and "stuff?" This fuckin county cracks me up.

NOAH

Hey, I get a bit of cell phone service here. Nice.

FINNIGAN

Be sure to update your facebook to "So close to Brokeback status it's scary."

Noah ignores him as they approach the house.

EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - DAY

JASON, 33, is chopping wood outside of his modest home. He stands tall at six feet, wears army fatigue pants with a long sleeved shirt. Well built, he sports a goatee and seems at ease in the wilderness. He walks towards the guys.

JASON

Alex, right?

Alex extends his hand, not caring that Jason's are dirty.

ALEX

Yeah, Alex. Nice to meet you, Jason, This is Noah and Finni.

Noah looks unsettled before shaking hands with Jason. Finni shakes with no trepidation.

JASON

Hey Noah, Finni. Interesting name. How long are you guys up here?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Not sure yet. A couple months.
Economy sucks and we're too
stupid to do anything else.

JASON

Not a bad place, Alex. Your
grandpa left a hell of a
ranch.

ALEX

Yeah, he did. We're seeing my
Aunt Sylvia later today.

JASON

Ah yeah. Sylvia, nice lady.
Pleasure to work for. She
handles all of your grandpas
business stuff, including this
place. Bit of a wild woman.
But then you know that.

ALEX

I haven't really been up here
since I started college- I've
been out of the loop.

JASON

Ah. Well. You've got quite the
family history. Look into it
sometime.

Noah spots a BLUE TRUCK coming down the road and interjects
to break the silence.

NOAH

We interrupting anything
Jason?

JASON

No no, that's Virginia, my
wife. She'll want to meet you
guys. .

He waves at the truck. The truck comes to a halt in front of
them. Out comes VIRGINIA, 29, brown hair tied back, boots,
dirty t-shirt and jeans not hiding her beauty.

VIRGINIA

Hey boys. Sylvia mentioned
you'd be getting up here soon.

The boys are at first stunned by her looks and her southern
accent. Alex snaps out of it first.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Nice to meet you Virginia,
this is Noah and Finni, two of
my college buddies.

Virginia shakes their hands.

VIRGINIA

Well good luck up here boys.
Let us know if you need
anything. It's going to get
cold real fast. Stock up on
that firewood.

ALEX

Gotcha.

JASON

Hey, would you guys do me one
favor?

ALEX

Of course.

JASON

Grab a six pack of beer and
sit on that porch with a gun
and shoot that gopher in the
front lawn for me. I've been
trying to set traps for
months.

Virginia looks over at her husband and smiles.

VIRGINIA

It's starting to get to him.
Plus, I bet you guys have been
looking for an excuse to fire
all those guns.

FINNIGAN

All those guns?

He looks at Alex who looks back blankly.

JASON

Yeah, gun closet first floor.
Couple of rifles, shotgun. Go
nuts.

FINNIGAN

Consider the gopher dead.

(CONTINUED)

JASON
Awesome, happy hunting.

They turn to head back to house. Alex turns back to Jason.

ALEX
Hey Jason, were you over at
the house yesterday?

JASON
No, we were in town all day
yesterday. We did drive by the
house slowly when we saw some
lights on- hope we didn't
scare ya.

ALEX
Nope, didn't even see ya. Bye.

And the three head off back to the ranch. Noah looks
relieved.

EXT. RANCH LAWN - DAY

Finnigan sits in a lawn chair, shirt off, sunglasses on
facing the lawn. Across his lap is a shotgun. He reaches
into the six pack next to him and cracks open his third
beer.

FINNIGAN
Come out, come out Mr. Gopher.

Alex opens the front door and walks towards Finnigan.

ALEX
You know I think Jason meant
over the course of a few
weeks. You don't have to start
today.

FINNIGAN
I'm sorry, when a man in
fatigues tells me to do
something, I listen.

ALEX
Well wrap up the hunt already.
Sylvia is on the way down.

FINNIGAN
And?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Yeah, great first impression Finni. Hey Aunt Sylvia who I haven't seen in years, no we certainly aren't drinking and holding loaded firearms to try and rid the ranch of a rodent.

Noah sticks open the front door.

NOAH

At least we'd be showing initiative.

On cue Sylvia's car appears heading down the hill.

ALEX

Finni, gimme the gun. Alright, degenerates, put on your civilized faces.

Finnigan gets up and hands Alex the shotgun.

FINNIGAN

You'll rue the day you crossed me gopher. Like Bill Murray before me, I will hunt you down.

Alex reappears sans gun and waves at Aunt Sylvia.

INT. RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Sylvia, 45, is tall and blonde. A kind face with a warm glow hides a deep sadness. She sports jeans and a jacket. No ring graces her left hand and the only hint of jewelry is a necklace she keeps out of sight. Grocery bags sit on the kitchen table as the four stand and chat.

SYLVIA

So how long are you guys staying up here?

ALEX

That's the magic question. I'm not sure. I think we just needed to get out of L.A.

NOAH

Not a lot of work down there.

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIA

Well, there's some work to be done on this place. We'll get you guys painting, moving cattle. It's not Hollywood, though.

FINNIGAN

That's a good thing. The only city where no one can make their own goddamn coffee.

He catches himself and looks up to Sylvia

FINNIGAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, bad Boston language.

SYLVIA

Relax, Finni? That's how you say it? You'll find I'm quite young for my age. On that note, let's crack a bottle of wine.

She grabs a bottle out of the bag.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Finni, if you'd be so kind.

Finnigan looks to Alex confused.

ALEX

I got it.

He snatches the wine bottle from Finnigan and goes to open it.

SYLVIA

Not a wine guy eh?

FINNIGAN

Not the kind in a bottle.

INT. RANCH HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dishes and open wine bottles litter the table. Everyone is having a good laugh. Finnigan sits next to Aunt Sylvia, gesturing at his plate.

FINNIGAN

Vegan, really? God that sounds awful. So no meat at all? Have

(CONTINUED)

you ever enjoyed the taste of
a good steak?

Noah leans over.

NOAH

Now Finnigan- you know meat is
murder.

FINNIGAN

Delicious murder.

Sylvia just laughs and turns to Alex.

SYLVIA

So you guys have any plans to
meet women?

ALEX

No, no real plans yet. Just
wait for them to come to us.
Should be no problem what with
all neighbors around.

SYLVIA

You guys are hopeless. You
know there's a college in
town? They have sorority girls
who just might be enamored
with the idea of three single
guys on a massive ranch. You
are single aren't you?

NOAH

Despite all our best efforts,
not a one L.A. girl followed
us up here. We need them given
our lack of basic housekeeping
skills.

ALEX

Yeah, ask Finni how to make
frozen orange juice.

NOAH

He had to have me explain it
slowly to him. With hand
gestures.

SYLVIA

Couldn't figure out how to
make frozen orange juice
Finni? Good God, you guys

(CONTINUED)

aren't going to last a week up here. Thank God I came up to cook.

NOAH

We haven't even talked about cow bears yet.

SYLVIA

What's this?

FINNIGAN

On that note, I'm going to step outside for a cigarette.

NOAH

I'll join you. You two health nuts with your insane desire not to get cancer, hold down the fort.

They exit and Sylvia gets up.

SYLVIA

Let's catch you up on the family history.

ALEX

I took a look at the staircase- tons of photos.

SYLVIA

Yeah, I'll have to go through that with you someday too.

ALEX

Whose the sketch of?

SYLVIA

You'd have to ask grandpa. He took to drawing later in life. I think your mother found that and framed it after he died.

She stands and walks over to a book case and pulls down two photo albums. Alex moves his chair closer to Sylvia as she sits and opens the album.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Ah, here's one of your grandfather, pretty young. God, he looks exactly like you.

(CONTINUED)

Alex's grandfather does resemble Alex, In the photo he sits on a boat, behind him lies a woman in a bikini.

ALEX

Guessing that isn't grandma?

SYLVIA

No. Another one of the girlfriends. Not one I particularly cared for. Although I didn't really like any of them.

She flips the page. Another photo- Sylvia at age 15 or so standing next to a severe looking photo of an aged Alex.

ALEX

Looks like my dad.

SYLVIA

Yes sir, buckets of fun in that photo.

She flips the page quickly. And then again. Alex's hand darts out and grabs Sylvia's.

ALEX

Wait.

His eyes focus on a photo of his grandfather standing smiling in the yard. A dog sits perched on his haunches. Identical to the silhouette Alex saw the previous night.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Grandpa had a dog.

Sylvia smiles.

SYLVIA

Doubt you'd remember him. Good old Carl. Grandpa's best friend, when the girls weren't around. Nearly inseparable. You don't remember him do you?

Alex sits for a moment. Predictably looking as if he has seen a ghost.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

You alright Alex?

ALEX

I only have a few memories of grandpa. I sort of remember his voice. I don't know anything really.

SYLVIA

Oh he loved you. His only grandchild. The apple of his eye. He left you everything you know.

Alex nods.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

One day this will all be yours- and on that day you'll receive the joy that can only come from 30 pages of property taxes.

As if on cue, a photo of Alex being held by his grandfather as a toddler appears. In the back of the photo stands another toddler, back to the photo.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Isn't that cute?

ALEX

Who is the other kid?

SYLVIA

A little play buddy of yours when you were young. One of grandpa's girlfriend's kids.

ALEX

His name was Devin right?

SYLVIA

That's right. Weird that you remember that.

She flips the page.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Your dad never liked that situation much.

ALEX

I can imagine.

Sylvia smiles.

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIA

You remind me of both of them.
Your dad and grandpa. A nice
mix.

Alex doesn't know what to say.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Well I think I'm going to head
back down the hill.

ALEX

Really, you don't want to
stay?

SYLVIA

No, back to the real world.
Work in the morning.

She stands and Alex gets up to follow her.

ALEX

Thanks so much for letting us
come up here and for dinner.
For everything.

SYLVIA

Hey, you're family. I'm glad
you're here. All of you guys.
It's nice to see this house
full again. It's been empty
for a long time.

She smiles a sad smile walks out, Alex behind her.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE PORCH - NIGHT

Finnigan and Noah are sitting and smoking as Alex and Sylvia
come outside.

SYLVIA

Mind if I steal one before I
head out?

Noah reaches in his pocket and hands her a lighter and
cigarette.

NOAH

Not at all. Won't be joining
us for the night?

(CONTINUED)

SYLVIA

Too much testosterone, I'm heading home. Although I was telling Alex, it's nice to have some family up here again. I'll have to adopt the two of you.

FINNIGAN

Hey if you keep cooking for us- I'll sign anything.

SYLVIA

Just the four of us huh? Quite the family. And when I'm gone, then what? Do we put Alex in charge?

NOAH

God I hope not.

FINNIGAN

It will take him all of ten minutes to destroy this place.

ALEX

Thanks guys. Great friends.

SYLVIA

Alright be safe guys, I'll see you sometime next week. We'll do another dinner.

The three hug her and thank her again as she gets in her car. Sylvia rolls down the window.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Hey Alex, you explain to these guys about Gregor. Jason says he's been seeing him around more and more these days.

ALEX

Gotcha. Bye Sylvia.

And with that her car disappears up the hill. Finnigan looks at Noah as they walk into the house.

FINNIGAN

Hey assclown- what time is it? Is it Joey Greco time?

(CONTINUED)

NOAH

It can't be more than ten,
relax, you'll get your Greco
fix.

INT. RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

As they head into the TV room, Alex glances at the kitchen
clock, which once again reads 1:00.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

The lights of the ranch turn off one by one, joining the
trees in complete darkness.

INT. RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Finnigan walks into the kitchen. It's early afternoon,
they've slept in. Finnigan angles his head upwards.

FINNIGAN

Get up shitheads! It's Friday
and I don't care if we live in
the middle of fucking nowhere-
I need to see some tits.

EXT. COLLEGE SORORITY HOUSE - DUSK

The boys stand outside of a sorority house. They each hold a
handle of vodka. They can hear loud music coming from the
house.

ALEX

You're sure you know one of
the girls who lives here.

FINNIGAN

Pretty sure. I made some
calls.

ALEX

God, this idea sucks.

NOAH

In his defense, it was your
aunt's idea.

(CONTINUED)

FINNIGAN
Exactly, and how could she be
wrong?

A loud cell phone ring. All three of them grab for their
pockets.

ALEX
It's mine.

He glances at his phone.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Unknown number, no thank you.

Finnigan exaggerates his waiting, pointing at his wrist.

FINNIGAN
You all done, Hollywood?
Alright, here we go.

Finnigan walks up to the door and knocks.

NOAH
And in case someone asks, just
how do we know this Katie?

FINNIGAN
Brother of J Hows.

ALEX
J How? That guy fucking hates
us.

NOAH
Well actually he fucking hates
you, Alex.

FINNIGAN
Yeah, but no worries. I'll bet
his sister doesn't know that.

The door opens to reveal BLAIRE, 22, a cute brunette looking
as if she just left an office job.

BLAIRE
Yes.

FINNIGAN
Hi, is Katie here?

BLAIRE
Katie who?

FINNIGAN
Uh, Katie Howard. We're
friends of her brother J How.

BLAIRE
There's definitely no Katie
Howard here.

ALEX
Nice work asshole.

Alex steps forward.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Sorry to bother you. I guess
we have the wrong house.

Blaire glances at the handles of alcohol in each of their
hands. Puts her hands on her hips and smiles.

BLAIRE
I'm fucking with you guys. I'm
J How's sister. I'm Blaire
Howard. Not Katie.

She smiles.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
Come on in. We were trying to
put on CEO party, but
apparently I'm the only one in
costume. You'll be fine.

ALEX
Thanks a ton. Blaire.

He shoots Finnigan a glance who returns a shrug.

BLAIRE
No problem, now what are your
guys names?

They head in.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Rap music blares through speakers as 40 or so partygoers attempt to entertain themselves- conversation, drinking games and shot taking; all occurring with regularity. The majority of partygoers are girls. The trio is playing beer pong on a kitchen table- Blaire on Alex's team, Noah and Finni facing them. Two of Blaire's friends, LIZ and LAUREN are watching the game, enamored with Finnigan's accent. LIZ, 21, a shorter brunette, walks next to Finnigan. Noah glances out of the corner of his eye- jealous. LAUREN, 23, eyes Alex across the table and sips her drink.

FINNIGAN

I can't help but notice that there aren't a lot of guys at this party, not that I'm complaining.

LIZ

Well, most of the guys in this town just sort of sit around and smoke pot. Not like Boston right?

FINNIGAN

Eh, you've got your fair share of stoners in Boston. But with hotties like you guys around- why not party?

Lauren, a tan exotic looking 22 year old stands next to Noah. Now it's Finnigan's turn to be jealous.

LAUREN

We like to party.

Noah smirks and mutters.

NOAH

Women talk for get shitfaced eh?

Liz laughs.

LAUREN

Could be.

Finnigan shows no signs of hearing.

FINNIGAN

Well Liz, what a coincidence- we happen to like getting

(CONTINUED)

shitfaced too. Have you heard
where we are staying up here?

Noah interjects.

NOAH

We're actually staying on a
ranch. I'll tell you about it
in one...

Noah aims his shot, the ball flies in the air and lands in a
cup in front of Alex. Noah turns to Liz.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Second.

Then to Finnigan, he flips a ping ball in the air.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Your turn- if you aren't too
busy.

On the other side of the table Alex pulls the ping pong ball
out of the cup. Looks at Blaire and tries to start a
conversation.

ALEX

Well, we're losing.

BLAIRE

Yeah, but hey- at least we're
drinking.

ALEX

At least.

Alex looks towards the living room, where a PARTYGOER is
staring at a BONG sitting on a table.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Is that guy talking to the
bong?

BLAIRE

Probably on a shroom trip.

They pause. Across the table, Finnigan aims and makes his
shot. An explosion of energy- he pumps his fist in the air,
runs over to a stereotypical TEENAGE HIPPIE, hair full of
dreads, CHE t-shirt, Birkenstocks, etc. and attempts to lift
the hippie into the air. The hippie, clearly annoyed, pushes
him away, directly into the arms of Lauren, whom Finnigan
gladly lifts instead.

(CONTINUED)

BLAIRE (CONT'D)
Well they're hitting it off.

ALEX
I think we just lost.

While still being held by Finnigan, Lauren looks over to Blaire and Alex.

LAUREN
Well, Alex, are you going to
invite us up to your ranch?

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Alex drives the old truck with Liz and Blaire to the right of him. In the uncomfortable back seat, Finnigan and Noah sit to either side of Lauren. In the distance, the lights of a gas station appear.

ALEX
Last stop before the ranch.

FINNIGAN
Beer run time.

LAUREN
So where exactly are we?

FINNIGAN
I asked that same question
when we came up here- Alex
never has a good answer.

The truck stops.

ALEX
North of Los Angeles, west of
Boston. Alright, you ladies
want to join us on this
exciting adventure?

LIZ
Anything to get out of this
truck.

ALEX
Ouch, it's a classic you know.

NOAH
Classically shitty- I'm
staying here- grab enough
beers for the river tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

Lauren looks at him.

LAUREN
I'll stay with Noah.

Finnigan stares at Noah.

FINNIGAN
Alrighty then.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Alex and Finnigan stand at the gas station counter, two thirty packs and three more handles in tow- an impressive amount for the six of them. The CASHIER, an older woman, moves slowly behind them. Finnigan is tapping his fingers on the counter.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
Can I see some ID please?

Alex starts to reach into his wallet.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Oh not you sweety- I know your
21.

ALEX
Oh yeah?

He smiles smugly at Finnigan.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Must be my maturity.

Finnigan reaches into his wallet and hands over his ID.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
Massachusetts huh? Where are
you guys headed?

FINNIGAN
Up the hill, we've got a ranch
up there.

He turns to the back of the store and mutters to himself.

FINNIGAN (CONT'D)
Why do they always go
together? Always.

(CONTINUED)

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
Near Maple Creek?

ALEX
Yeah, right off the river.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
Oh it's just beautiful up
there.

The girls appear from the back. Finnigan is distracted.

FINNIGAN
Definitely.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
Yes dear. Did you find it
okay?

Alex looks confused.

ALEX
Find it okay?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
The other day when you were in
hear asking for directions? My
husband was here. GERALD?

Rumblings from behind the counter, as an elderly gentleman,
GERALD, joins his wife.

GERALD
There's the ranch boy- with
friends this time huh?

Finnigan sensing a drawn out conversation, grabs the girls
around the waist.

FINNIGAN
Alex you can grab the alcohol,
let's get going ladies. Thank
you, ma'am.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT
Of course, you guys have fun
now.

Finnigan guides the ladies outside. As Finnigan turns to
wink, Alex covertly flips him the bird. Alex faces the
attendant.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Thank you ma'am.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Oh no problem, you kids have fun.

INT. RANCH HOUSE GARAGE - NIGHT

Loud music blares in a garage outside of the Ranch house. The sparsely decorated garage houses a ping pong table and a pool table. Finnigan leans next to Lauren holding her hands as she attempts a pool shot. Noah, Liz, Alex and Blaire sit around the ping pong table, attempting to flip quarters into cups of beer. Everyone looks giddy.

ALEX

Did you guys bring swimsuits?

BLAIRE

You want to go to the river right now- I'm thinking it might be a bit cold.

NOAH

No, I think Alex has something else in mind.

Noah smiles at Alex knowingly and puts his arm around Liz.

LIZ

I'm interested.

ALEX

How's a little indoor jacuzzi sound to you guys?

Finnigan looks over from the pool table, drops the pool cue and starts walking towards the door.

LAUREN

What do you think Finni? Feel like a swim or do you want to lose in pool again?

FINNIGAN

Are you joking? Fuck pool- Alex has never had a better idea. He should be nominated for the fuckin Nobel Peace Prize, let's go.

INT. RANCH HOUSE BATHROOM JACUZZI TUB - NIGHT

MONTAGE - The six partygoers are all in swimsuits. Handles of alcohol sit on the side of the tub. Smiles all around. Finnigan and Lauren get close as do Noah and Liz- although the two of them sneak glances at eachother's jacuzzi playmate. A bubble fight breaks out between them and ends with each of them with bubble mohawks.

The boys move in for the kill as Blaire and Alex stare at eachother awkwardly.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jason and Virginia sleep peacefully acres away in the night. Jason jerks up as his dogs begin to bark. Virginia mumbles.

JASON

I'll go take a look sweety.

Jason sleepily puts on pants and looks out the window seeing nothing but black as the dogs barking grows louder.

INT. RANCH HOUSE FINNIGAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Finnigan is passionately kissing Lauren, clothes being tossed aside. They fall onto the bed. Lauren's gorgeous body glinting in the moonlight.

INT. RANCH HOUSE NOAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Noah is in luck as well. Although perhaps a bit more awkward than Finnigan, he and Liz make their way to the bed. Noah smiles as Liz looks past him for a moment to the open window and the view outside.

NOAH

Enjoying the view?

Lauren looks back to him as he takes his shirt off.

LIZ

Definitely.

And she follows suit.

EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jason walks outside to where his dogs are chained up. The shadow of his house makes it tough to see anything. He leans down to pet him.

JASON
It's alright buddy- it's alright.
What do you see out there?

Behind him a black shadow slowly approaches him. The dog growls.

JASON
Nothing to be afraid-

Jason cannot finish his sentence because a knife is protruding from his chest and an elbow is around his neck. A low menacing whisper pierces the silence.

MAN
Shhh. Shhh. It'll be over soon. Be
quiet and I'll make it nice and
easy for your wife.

Jason offers a struggle to no avail, he is losing too much blood and on the edge of consciousness. The man's face is hidden by a hood and shadows. Jason's eyes go wide in his last moments as he staggers to his knees.

MAN
There you go, nice and quiet.

The dog is whimpering. Jason falls onto his face, his eyes fixated on his house and the thought of his sleeping wife. The man looks at him.

MAN
Have to clean you up in the
morning, what a mess.

He non-chalantly wipes the excess blood from his knife on Jason's white undershirt and slowly walks away. Jason's last words are barely audibly above the wind.

JASON
Virginia.

INT. RANCH HOUSE BATHROOM JACUZZI TUB - NIGHT

Blaire and Alex sit in the jacuzzi, the odd men out. Alex looks to her and shrugs as he pours himself another drink.

ALEX
Well- one more?

BLAIRE
Sure.

The awkwardness is palpable. Alex looks at her, admiring her beauty. She catches his eyes drifting from hers.

BLAIRE
What?

ALEX
Uh. Sorry, I just...

Blaire smiles at him and scoots closer in the tub.

BLAIRE
You just what?

She cocks her head and smiles.

BLAIRE
It's okay Alex. I think you're cute. You don't have to be so nervous.

ALEX
I'm cute?

She moves closer.

BLAIRE
In an awkward sort of way.

Alex relaxes, pauses and then gets up.

ALEX
Put your clothes on, I want to show you something.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A door outside Jason's bedroom slams loudly waking up Virginia.

(CONTINUED)

VIRGINIA
Honey? What was it?

No response. She gets out of bed and grabs a robe from the dresser and puts it on. The door slams again- the wind is bashing it against the frame.

VIRGINIA
Jesus. Honey? Where are you?

She opens the door and stares into the darkness.

INTERCUT - INT. RANCH HOUSE BEDROOMS / EXT. JASON'S HOUSE
-NIGHT

As the two couples go at it with drunken abandon we hear cries of both pleasure and pain-

Virginia is grabbed by her unseen assailant and stabbed repeatedly. Blood stains her white robe. Virginia sees Jason lying motionless. A pool of blood underneath his body reflects in the moonlight. She reaches hopelessly towards him as life leaves her body. The murderer stands over her body watching her die.

Noah is thrown against the wall by Liz as they passionately kiss. Noah bites her lip.

Finnigan and Lauren roll around the bed. Lauren screams loudly.

EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A shovel rips into the ground and a loud PING echoes against the trees. The murderer stops for a moment as nothing remains above ground but Virginia's face- fixed in agony. And with one last shovelful of dirt, she is completely submerged in dirt.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE PORCH - NIGHT

Alex and Blaire are sitting in a rocking chair, warm jackets on and bundled up, as Blaire nestles her head in Alex's shoulder. They stare up at the crystal clear sky, thousands of stars blinking in the moonlight.

EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Those same stars catch the attention of the murderer, as he washes his knife off with a hose. He looks up, his face still obscured.

MURDERER

What a beautiful night.

INT. RANCH HOUSE ALEX'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alex sleeps peacefully in his bed, Blaire next to him. He breathes in and out slowly, the only noise. His cell phone, charging on his night stand switches off. Alex jolts up, sweating. He quickly looks at Blaire who is slowly coming awake. His cell phone turns back on, the default setting reading 1:00AM. Blaire sits up.

BLAIRE

You alright?

ALEX

Bad dream.

Blaire reaches over and strokes his arm.

BLAIRE

What was it about?

ALEX

I, uh. I dreamt I was running in the dark. And I couldn't outrun him. And I had to save someone and I couldn't. And then...

BLAIRE

And then?

Alex looks at her, frightened.

ALEX

And then you and I go back to bed.

He kisses her forehead.

INT. RANCH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

A fresh pot of coffee sends steam into the air. Alex sits at the kitchen table motionless. Noah enters and yawns.

(CONTINUED)

NOAH
Christ, you're up early.

He glances at the kitchen clock which once again reads 1:00.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Although that piece of shit
isn't any help.

Alex still stares beyond Noah, silent.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Hello MCFLY?

Alex looks at Noah.

ALEX
Did you sleep okay last night?

Noah looks puzzled.

NOAH
What do you mean did I sleep okay?
Is that a joke? Or were you too
drunk to remember?

Alex finally releases some tension and pours the coffee.

ALEX
Yeah, yeah, fuck off.

NOAH
Although it looked like you
weren't doing so bad either.

Alex ignores this line of questioning.

ALEX
The girls still showering?

The phone rings.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Yeah- waters still running.
I'll get it.

Noah exits. Alex sips the coffee and smiles as he hears
steps on the stairs.

FINNIGAN
Who the fuck is calling at
this hour?

Looking at the clock-

(CONTINUED)

FINNIGAN (CONT'D)
And what fucking time is it?

ALEX
Sorry to raise you from your
slumber your highness. Lauren
still sleeping?

Noah returns, he walks in slowly.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Well?

NOAH
Someone looking for you Alex.