

The Walk

By

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INT./EXT. DAMAGED BREAK ROOM - DAY

Eyes open. ISAAC stands in the center of a damaged break room. The only light is from an emergency fixture, pointed at the refrigerator, which sits open, bits of food wrappers falling out. The doors are all covered with rubble. Half the room tilts markedly up, appearing like a half-pipe. Isaac is, in appearance, in every way, typical of a corporate Generation X-er. He wears the trendy, though frayed, clothes of the day. He has the trendy hair cut. There's a spark to Isaac, though, which shines through as awkwardness in his garb.

Isaac stands, limply, under a busted water pipe. A drop of water hits his tongue. Then another. Three.

We hear the sound of distant power machinery. Isaac smiles, breaths hard.

ISAAC

Maybe.

We watch, in fast forward, Isaac wait for rescue. Finally, a shaft of light appears. An EMERGENCY RESPONDER (EM), lowers a ladder, climbs down.

EM

Are you hurt?

ISAAC

Holy shit am I glad to see you!

EM

Do you know where you are?

ISAAC

Hey man, I just wanna get out of here. I've been stuck three days. I haven't had a drink of...

EM

You're lucky.

ISAAC

Huh?

EM

They say could be 50,000 dead.

ISAAC

What happened? Fifty grand? The earthquake brought down this place, but... Fifty? Thousand? People?

EM

You have no clue. Lucky bastard. Go outside. See.

We move through the hole in the ceiling. Isaac has been trapped in the basement of a collapsed building. A survey of the surrounding area shows the rest of the EMERGENCY TEAM, and miles, in every direction, of flattened, damaged, or misplaced buildings. Everything is soaked.

We focus on Isaac emerging from the hole. The emergency team cheers behind us as we watch the devastation play on Isaac's face. EM follows him out.

EM

Move out, guys! More to save, more to bag.

ISAAC

Wait! Just gonna leave me here? What should I do?

EM

Here's some MREs. Bottled water. You're lucky.

ISAAC

What happened?

EM

Keep breathing. That's what you do. Keep drawing air. You do that, you win.

(walking off)

Natural fucking disaster, what does it look like?

EXT. BESIDE A GUIDEPOST - MISTING EVENING

Gathered are 12 or so SURVIVORS. Some try to make a fire. Others sift through destroyed homes.

As our vantage shifts back, we move over a winding street, then a guidepost. As we come upon the post, Isaac enters in front of us, climbing the hill upon which we sit.

ISAAC

(to one of the Survivors)

Hey. Hey, man.

(gets his attention)

Hey. So...

SURVIVOR 1

What'd'ya want from me?

ISAAC

I...geez. Can you tell me what happened?

Survivor 1 laughs gleefully.

SURVIVOR 1

You don't know? Armageddon! The Rapture! Dickweed!

ISAAC

Hey man, I just wanted...

SURVIVOR 1

Read a fucking newspaper. Can't get
no fucking cops or food or water,
but the Seattle Times keeps
delivering.

ISAAC

Where...

SURVIVOR 2

You mean you really don't know?
How can you...? Get all your news
online or somethin'?

SURVIVOR 3

Bet he just woke up.

ISAAC

Yeah. Sorta. Hey, look, I just
need a news...

SURVIVOR 2

Can't you see? Around you? Lot's of
shaking, then a biblical flood.

ISAAC

I felt the shaking...

SURVIVOR 3

Fucking idiot.

ISAAC

Hey.

SURVIVOR 4

Maybe he didn't have Geology

ISAAC

A tsunami.

SURVIVOR 2

Boy genius.

The Seattle blue, the magic hour on the Washington coast, has been approaching. It has become a bit hard to see.

ISAAC

So, since it didn't flood up here. And I was about this high at the office...

SURVIVOR 5

Seriously, dude. I know yer jus figuring this all out now, bu... well, we've been here fer three days, you know. Yer kinda bringing us down, man.

SURVIVOR 3

I was Not Good three days ago. Let me tell you.

A wave of realization comes across Isaac

ISAAC

I gotta get home!

SURVIVOR 1

No you don. You gotta stay here. At least here, the rescue teams come by. Here we got some refuge.

ISAAC

No man, you don't get
it. I...Nancy will kill me.

SURVIVOR 3

I was just like that, three days
ago.

ISAAC

Which ways North? She was downtown
when... North. Is that way.
(starts to walk off)

SURVIVOR 3

Confused.

ISAAC

She'll kill me. Three
days! She'll rip out my...

SURVIVOR 3

Blamed myself.

Isaac breaks down crying, a few paces up the street.

SURVIVOR 3

Total mess.

SURVIVOR 5

Dude. Man. You gotta chill
out. Yer not gonna get to yer girl
tonight, anyway.

ISAAC

But I. Have. To. Try.

SURVIVOR 2

What'er we in some b-rate

drive-in? Com'mon, guy. Listen to reason.

ISAAC

(moving, again, up the street)
Nope. Nope. Nu-uh. Gotta move. Get home.

We watch Isaac move up the hill, staggering.

SURVIVOR 4

Not really unhappy to see that one go. Don't think he'll last. Hate to see another one die.

SURVIVOR ALL

Yeah.

EXT. GUIDEPOST NEAR TOP OF HILL - MISTY NIGHT

The Seattle blue is fading into night as Isaac reaches the near summit of the rather large hill. He slumps down against the guidepost, sliding to a seat, begins to weep.

It begins misting, raining very small drops, causing the leaves on the trees to glisten occasionally under the ambient light.

Isaac begins to cry harder, now, his body shaking from the sobs. Nature seems to share his grief, and the mist is now a moderate rain.

Isaac curls into a ball. The guidepost is little shelter. Soon he is soaked.

Finally, when we can't stand to look at the wretch any longer, Isaac looks directly at us, the anguish flaring in his eyes. He lays his head against the post and closes his eyes.

EXT. THE GUIDEPOST - MORNING

Isaac awakens. He unfolds himself painfully, frowns

deeply. He stands, almost falls over, rights himself, looks up the road. His grimace somehow intensifies. With leaden shoes, he makes his way up the hill.

EXT. THE TOP OF THE HILL - A LITTLE LATER

Isaac can be seen in the distance nearing the top of the hill. To our left, we see three primarily undamaged houses. To our right, the hill falls some 50 feet to another street below. In that direction, four vacant housing foundations show what has happened here.

Isaac walks past us. We follow him. To our current-right, we see a fourth house, separated a bit from the other three. On its porch sits EMILY, knitting. She looks up, sees Isaac. For a moment she straightens, smiles, but then realizes Isaac is not who she had hoped to see and goes back to knitting.

EMILY

(still knitting)

You're alive.

ISAAC

Huh? Uh...yeah. Yes. I'm still alive.

ISAAC continues walking.

EMILY

You know a lot aren't. A lot died.

ISAAC

(stops. Turns to her.)

Yes. Sad. Your boyfriend?

EMILY

(looks up)

I'm not waiting for my fucking boyfriend.

(back to knitting)

Father. Haven't seen Papa since it happened.

ISAAC

You're close?

EMILY

What the fuck does
it matter? Stranger.

(beat)

Emily.

(extends her hand)

ISAAC

Isaac.

EMILY

He's 57, dark complexion,
Indian, East Indian. Could I
show you a picture?

Isaac looks at the picture, nods his head "no". Emily gazes
at Isaac. He catches her glance.

ISAAC

I'm sure he's fine.

EMILY

DoYouWannaFuck?

Isaac literally falls backwards at this. He loses his
breath. After a beat, he looks up, a stupid evil-boy grin
across his mouth.

EMILY

Forget it.

ISAAC

No no. Uh. I mean yeah. You're a
beautiful woman. I'd be hon...

EMILY

Honored! Seriously? Forget it.

Isaac is dejected, starts to walk on.

EMILY

Wait. Wait! I, I put you on the spot. I'm so lonely. I miss him, and I'm not even sure he's dead. Talk? Could we talk?

(best)

Where are you headed to?

ISAAC

Yeah. I have a wife anyway so...

EMILY

Is that where you're going?

Isaac sits down on the bottom step of the stairs to the porch. He can't look at Emily.

ISAAC

(seemingly dazed)

Yeah, yeah, my wife.

EMILY

What's her name.

ISAAC

(under his breath)

Nancy.

EMILY

Nancy? You love Nancy?

ISAAC seems to crumple like a wad of paper pressed harder.

ISAAC

I don't... We don't...

EMILY

You're going to go to get her,
right? You love her.

ISAAC

I just... I don't... It's not the
word... Can we talk about something
else?

EMILY

So, you're one of those guys who
can't say the word, "love."

ISAAC

Love. No, you don't understand. I
just...

(begins yelling)

I Hate talking about this shit!

(he half-looks at her)

You like a therapist or psych major
or something? I don't say I "love"
her. It's just weird.

EMILY

How far you have to walk?

ISAAC

Don't know. 20 miles.

EMILY

So Isaac doesn't "love." But he
sure as hell likes a lot. Fucking
high school word bullshit.

ISAAC

(looks directly at Emily)

I do love her. I do love
Nancy. My wife.

Isaac appears sick. Something within himself has
lit. There is a great distance in his eyes.

EMILY

Did I just witness you realizing
you loved your wife?

ISAAC

Yeah. I guess so.

A broad grin gleams from between Isaac's lips for a moment,
but suddenly there is a realization upon his face. A great
weight falls upon him.

ISAAC

(frowning deeply)

What if I...?

(sobs a bit)

EMILY

Come here, Isaac sad boy. You need
some comfort.

ISAAC

(looking up at her)

Comfort? I mean... I just figured
out...

EMILY

And if she loves you, she should
understand. You're broken right
now, Isaac. I see it in your eyes.
We're in the middle of the fallout
from a catastrophe and your psyche
is just waking up now. Great
timing, man. You need to get strong
if you're going to make it. I can't
sooth your mind. But I can sooth
your body.

(beat)

Anyway, if she ever learns, I
would explain in person, if it
matters.

ISAAC

Ok. You're right. How can I
complain?

Isaac dons his stupid grin, stands, and walks up the
stairs. Emily also stands, waiting for him at the top.

EMILY

Lose the grin. Seriously. For
ever.

Isaac smiles normal. He arrives at the top of the stairs,
looks directly into her eyes, though with his forehead
still pointed down. He prepares to kiss her but, instead,
breaks out sobbing. He buries his face between her breasts.
After a beat or two, they meet eyes. Emily leads Isaac into
her home.

EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - MORNING TO AFTERNOON

WE SEE A DAMAGED HOUSE. A CAT DRINKS FROM A FALLEN STORM
DRAIN

NOW, A VALLEY IN THE CITY. A FEW DAMAGED BUILDINGS STAND
AMONG A SEA OF FOUNDATIONS. A SMALL RIVER HAS DEVELOPED AT
THE VALLEY'S CENTER

NEXT, A DOG STANDS OVER A FALLEN GARAGE, EATING
SOMETHING. WHAT, WE CAN ONLY GUESS.

FINALLY, A TREE, ON IT'S SIDE, HAS BEEN SWEEPED INTO AN
INDUSTRIAL YARD. CHEMICALS LEAK.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

We come back to a view of Emily's porch. The door
opens. Isaac exits. He has washed his face and wears a new
shirt. He has not shaved, though.

ISAAC

...and the shirt. Might keep some
of the rain off me.

EMILY

(following Isaac out)
You can take his jacket.

ISAAC

It's only a few miles.

EMILY

Through the remnants of a
natural disaster.

Emily reaches behind the door, grabs a "Member's Only"
brand jacket, and throws it at Isaac. He drops it.

ISAAC

You've been so kind. I couldn't.

EMILY

That, in there? That didn't wake
you up? I actually care if you
don't die. Meekness was so four
days ago.

Isaac frowns again, sighs.

ISAAC

You... You've helped. You've done
more than...jeez...anyone... I
mean, I love...

EMILY

No one could ever accuse you of
not being sincere.

(beat)

Why don't you stay? I'm not sayin'
to keep hooking up. Just...it's
safer. Some semblance of normalcy
will return. The buses will start
running. Papa didn't say where he
was going, but maybe it was
downtown. There's this map shop...

Isaac slouches, walks to the porch railing, turns around twice.

EMILY

Ok. You're anxious to go. Just...
I like you. I don't want you
to... You gotta do what you gotta
do. I'm not gonna keep
you. Just... Be safe.

ISAAC

I'd stay, Emily. I would.
(beat)
I can't. I have to do this. I've
never, actually, felt so alive as
right now. I'll get there. And,
if she's dead...
(beat of sorrow)
I'll come back.

EMILY

Yeah. Ok. I'll think about you...
put my thoughts in your
direction. And if you do have to
come back, you'll be ready for
me.

ISAAC

(chuckle)
Like I wasn't in there?

EMILY

No, dear, in here.
(touches his head)

ISAAC

Oh. Do you think, if things were
different...

EMILY

I'll see you again. We'll know then.

ISAAC

I doubt it, dear. Final kiss.
(he kisses her)
I...can't thank you enough.

EMILY

Stay alive. That's all you can do
for me. And maybe that was the
final kiss and maybe not.

Emily kisses Isaac deep and meaningful. Their lips part with a light pop. Isaac stares deeply into Emily's eyes for a long beat. Emily looks away, finally, giggles. Isaac turns, begins walking down the stairs, turns half-way back around.

ISAAC

I...you...this will always be with
me, you know? Like one of the best
things... except my marriage, you
know...

EMILY

I know, dear. Now go find your
girl.

Isaac turns the rest of the way around, meets her gaze for a moment, turns back around, and is off.

EXT. MONTAGE - AFTERNOON

ISAAC WALKS PAST US, FROM OUR RIGHT TO LEFT. BEHIND HIM IS A PILE OF RUBBLE THAT WAS ONCE A FIVE-STORY OFFICE BUILDING. A SUPPORT BEAM CLANGS AGAINST THE SIDEWALK.

WE FOLLOW ISAAC FOR A BIT, AS HE STEPS OVER CHUNKS OF CONCRETE AND ASPHALT. PARTS OF THE STREET ARE DESTROYED. PARTS SIT AT AN AWKWARD ANGLE.

IN THE DISTANCE, A BLUE TARP FLUTTERS IN THE BREEZE. ISAAC APPROACHES, STARING. A GUST MOVES THE TARP IN SUCH A WAY THAT WE CAN SEE WHAT'S UNDER IT. ISAAC, AGHAST, RUNS.

FINALLY, ISAAC COMES TO A LARGE HILL, THE STREET LEADING DIRECTLY PERPENDICULAR TO ITS SUMMIT. ISAAC STRUGGLES UP.

EXT. TOP OF THE HILL - LATE AFTERNOON

Isaac crosses the summit of the hill. He is presented with a curious scene.

In front of him, to his left, stand four CRYING PEOPLE (CRY.) Beyond them, a crowd of ten (CARE) are tending, in various ways, to THE DYING MAN (D. MAN.)

D. Man has been crushed by his home. His legs and part of his left hip are covered by what was once his front doorway. There are clear signs of work to get him out, but they must have failed.

A tarp stands above D. Man. Around him, food containers are laid for his convenience. A bottle of water sits between his arm and chest. He is propped up a bit by a pillow.

ISAAC

This is unexpected.
(to Cry 1)
What is...
(realizing she's crying)
Oh. Wow.

D. MAN

We have a new visitor! Rejoice!

ISAAC
(projecting)
Hey.

CARE 1

Come. Come.

Isaac hesitates while three Care come up to him and attempt to grab his arms.

ISAAC

I, uh. I'm honored...
(now fighting)
What the hell!

D. MAN

They are over-zealous. They think
me a miracle.

ISAAC

Why you talking like that?

D. MAN

This close to death, things have
been shown unto me. New ways of
thought. Knowledges.

ISAAC

Wow. Well... You see, I have to
find my wife. I should...

D. MAN

Soon, tis night. This is the place
wherein thou should spend it.

ISAAC

(under his breath, smirking)
Thou.

CARE 2

We have blankets. And these futons
still covered with wrapping. Food.

CARE 3

Water.

Care 4 is a rather attractive woman. She approaches from
Isaac's rear, grabs his forearm.

CARE 4

Comfort.

ISAAC

Thank you, ma'am, but I am quite comfortable.

D. MAN

The man doth understand
double-entendre! Superb!

ISAAC

How'd you know that way a... Never
mind.

(best)

Aren't you in pain?

The Dying Man motions for Isaac to come closer. Isaac
kneels beside him.

D. Man shifts, for a moment, into a non-Shakespearean vocal
pattern

D. MAN

Morphine. The doctors...medical
staff...they come by every day and
give me a huge shot of morphine. I
think they give me too much, to try
to kill me. But yet I live.

Suddenly, the Dying Man assumes his early-modern English
speech pattern again. Tears well in his eyes.

D. MAN

...and I am grateful for it. Every
second yet I have is pure joy unto
me.

ISAAC

And here I thought you had stopped
the Shakespeare shit.

The Dying Man laughs a bit, then stops suddenly.

D. MAN

(non-Shakespearean)

You're an irreverent prick, aren't you. No, that's good.

(beat)

I was a floor supervisor for this printer downtown. We had a thousand policies, on this and that...and all pointless. I followed em. Did my job. Hoped to get ahead, buy a bigger house. The house that's sitting on my legs right now.

(a change comes across him)

And for a second more time, when not did I care of these trifles. Four days past, I saw my fault, that it is all for naught, this race we play day to day. When my house fell upon me.

(he is getting drowsy)

Egad! He finally comes!

(shouting)

Death comes upon me!

CARE 2

No!

CARE 4

Alas!

ISAAC

Stop it! We have to get him out of there! Maybe he can still be...

CARE 3

We tried. It is not his wish.

ISAAC

Yes. But now, when he's actually

dying...

(to D. Man)

Now that you're actually dying...

The Dying Man motions for calm. The Caregivers kneel. The Dying Man motions, again, to Isaac. Isaac, again, approaches The Dying Man's side, sits beside him.

D. MAN

What time I was given was to give
unto you what knowledge I
have. You have come.

ISAAC

It's just that I don't
understand. I can't
understand. Fifteen seconds ago,
you said you cherished every second
you had left. Now you say you're
dying and you don't want...

The Dying Man puts his finger to Isaac's lips.

D. MAN

(back to non-Shakespeare)

I got four extra days. I'm dead or
severely crippled. That's why I
told them not to save me. I lived
four extra days. If they saved me,
I'd be dead for the rest of my
time. In a wheelchair? A tube to
pee?

A spasm of pain covers the Dying Man, racks his body
with discomfort. He reverts to early-modern English.

D. MAN

Tis time soon. No doubt upon it.

(beat)

No, friend. Let me serve my
purpose and be gone. I am ready.

ISAAC

I don't understand death.

D. MAN

(back to non-Shakespeare)
...and that could be your
downfall. There is death
everywhere these days. You say you
go to your wife? Perhaps she is
dead. You must be prepared.
(he coughs loudly)
Live for now...
(continues coughing)
...you never know when your
house will fall on top of you.

We see blood on The Dying Man's tissue. He gasps for
breath. Care 5 props him up further, brushes sweat from his
brow with a dirty towel.

ISAAC

Ok. Watch for falling houses.

CARE 5

This man is dying...

D. MAN

(Shakespeare)
And he is sturdy under that
fact. It is your eccentricity that
will save you, friend. Now go. I
see your face harden, to hold back
tears. We have been well
parted. You need not see me die.

Isaac breathes in slowly, with a waiver to the stream of
air.

ISAAC

Thank you. I think I understand. I
know where I need to go. If I
survive this.

D. MAN

You will survive. Only if you
believe. Seize this day, the next,

and the next, more than all
others. Then you will hold life by
the very bit and it shall be yours
to control as you please. Now
begone.

The Dying Man coughs frantically for a few moments as we watch Isaac grab a futon from a stack of bedding, set to the side of the Dying Man's collapsed house.

Isaac pauses, as he is about to walk past us. He strives to look once more at The Dying Man, but can't. When he goes by, we see The Dying Man, struggling for breath, but with clear eyes, staring in the direction of Isaac.

EXT. A DESTROYED HOUSE'S LAWN - THE SEATTLE BLUE

Isaac drags the futon mattress to a empty spot on the lawn. Behind him, we see the Dying Man's camp. After a few moments of swaying, Isaac falls forward, hits the futon with a thud.

We see Isaac's face. He successfully holds back tears three times. He steadies himself, then curls into a ball, emitting a loud grunt.

ISAAC

Nancy.

He closes his eyes for a moment, opens them back up.

ISAAC

Nancy.

He rolls over, rolls over again. He grabs the lapels of his "Member's Only" jacket and wraps them tightly around his neck.

ISAAC

Emily.

We watch as a fight plays across his face. Finally, it is confusion that wins. He takes two deep breaths, shuts his

eyes tight, then relaxes them. Our view moves backwards as Isaac begins to fall asleep.

EXT. DESTROYED HOUSE'S LAWN - EARLY MORNING

We view Isaac from above, lying on his plastic-covered futon mattress, in a ball, shivering. It is dank this day. Dew drops have formed in his hair.

We move closer to focus on his face. Though shaking with some vigor, a slight smile sits upon his lips. His eyes open. The smile disappears.

He rolls to lay as if crucified, closes his eyes, opens them wide. He lets out a little sound, clears his throat.

ISAAC

Still breathing.

Isaac sits up. There is tangible thought upon his face, then a realization.

ISAAC

And more. Alive. Out here.
(beat. Then, matter-of-factly)
I'm crazy. Lost it all in that
basement. Loo-neey.

He hops up, does two jumping jacks. Then, he notices that The Dying Man has been covered with a sheet. Two Caregivers kneel around him. One of them trembles with sobs.

Care 4, the one not crying, notices Isaac, looks up. Their eyes meet.

We switch between the two sets of eyes. Isaac has the beginnings of a tear forming in his left eye. Quickly, though, his eyes widen. The beautiful Care 4's eyes respond in kind, but then shape themselves into knowledge. She looks down.

Isaac's eyes become surprise but slowly soften to understanding. He looks up the road.

The Caregiver looks back. Now her eyes exude warmth and

trepidation.

We watch as Isaac waves solemnly. He then turns toward the road and begins walking.

EXT MONTAGE - MORNING

WE VIEW ISAAC MAKE HIS WAY. HE IS GROGGY. HE PULLS AN MRE FROM ONE OF HIS POCKETS, CHECKS FOR MORE IN THE OTHER POCKETS - NONE. HE SIGHS, EATS HIS FOOD.

THE SUN THROUGH MISTY CLOUDS ILLUMINATES THIS PART OF THE CITY. AS AN IDLE SUNBEAM MAKES ITS WAY ACROSS THE DEVASTATION, WE CAN MAKE OUT A SCHOOL. A PILE OF BOOK BAGS LAYS PUSHED AGAINST A FENCE.

ISAAC WALKS TOWARDS US. TO OUR LEFT, TWO DOGS TEAR AT A PIECE OF CARDBOARD. AS ISAAC PASSES, ONE SNARLS.

SOME PROGRESS HAS BEEN MADE. THE SPACE NEEDLE CAN BE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE. IT IS NOTICEABLY TILTED.

EXT. A CROSSROADS - CLOUDY MID-MORNING

We are following Isaac. He steps sideways to get around a fallen wall. In front of him is a relatively flat

space. All but two of the buildings, houses, are missing; their concrete-slab foundations all that remains.

At the center of this is a crossroads. In the middle of the intersection stands PETE, standing, staring down one of the paths.

Pete is punk-rock, looking more so due to four days without bathing in a place where there's lots of mud. His boots, Dutch army-issue tankers, are almost clean, though.

ISAAC

Hmm...

We continue to follow Isaac as he approaches Pete. At about 15 yards, Isaac shouts.

ISAAC

Hey! Hey! Man!

Pete continues to stand. A slight cock of his head demonstrates that he's heard Isaac. Isaac doesn't seem to notice.

ISAAC

Hey! Oi!

At this, Pete turns his head. Annoyance shows upon his face.

ISAAC

(no longer shouting)

Yeah. Oi.

PETE

Wa?

Isaac approaches.

ISAAC

Well... I just...

PETE

(indignant)

What!

ISAAC

(diminished)

I was wondering what you were doing.

PETE

Waiting!

ISAAC

Ok.

Isaac meekly continues on a few steps, avoiding Pete. He turns back to Pete, some courage returning.

ISAAC

For what?

Pete bum-rushes Isaac, who flinches, but then stands taller. Pete gets within five feet of Isaac, jumps, and comes to rest inches from Isaac's face.

PETE

You flinched.

ISAAC

...but I didn't run.

PETE

You wanted to.

ISAAC

Cause I flinched?

PETE

(turning away)

I saw it in your eyes.

(beat)

Nut'in. Ain't wait'n fer
shit. Jus waitin.

ISAAC

K.

Pete swings quick back towards Isaac, approaches with menace.

PETE

Maybe for you! Maybe to hurt
You! Huh?

ISAAC

(now unafraid)

No, man. Why? I ain't got
shit. Not even food. Why roll me?

PETE

Maybe 'cause I just want a beat
down 'cause I'm grumpy.

(best)

You need some grub? I got some
beans.

ISAAC

I just ate.

PETE

Where'd you come fr...? Never
mind. You're going somewhere.
Better'an'ear. I'll follow you.

ISAAC

What?

PETE

I'm gonna follow you 'cause yer
headed somewhere.

ISAAC

Uh-huh.

PETE

Better than here.

ISAAC

That seemed too simple.

PETE

You're a pussy 'cause you flinched,
but you're a man 'cause you didn't
run. You're headed somewhere, which
is bett'r than what most these
dumb-shits gonna do. Jus sit on
their ass til Uncle Sam picks em

up. And you got some punk in you
'cause you can sorta talk right.

ISAAC

The obvious question is...

PETE

...can't get rid of me.

Long beat. Isaac ponders.

ISAAC

High-school. I used to...

PETE

Yup.

ISAAC

I was more a...

PETE

Goth.

ISAAC

I listened to a lot of...

PETE

Wha? Ska? Clash?

(beat)

We movin' anytime soon?

ISAAC

I guess so. Isaac.

(offers hand)

Pete grabs Isaac's hand, putting Isaac in some discomfort.

PETE

Pete.

Pete stops shaking, draws his hand back, stares intently on Isaac. Isaac looks around, clears his throat. Pete stops blinking.

ISAAC

Well, ok. North.
(points)

PETE

North.

Pete marches North. Isaac turns towards us, a smile crosses his lips. He follows after Pete.