

BEWILDER WILDMAN

INT. DOMINICK DE LUNE'S HOUSE - MAMMOTH, CA - DAY

RRRR. CREEEK. RR. RRRRR. CREEEK.

The front door opens. Painfully slow.

WILDER WILDMAN, early 30's, permanent farmers tan. Strong as hell with no vanity muscles. An alpinist who doesn't look like a NorthFace ad.

Through WILDER WILDMAN's eyes the world's a blur. Out of focus. Everything's suffocating.

Wilder's desperate in it.

Tip toe and stumble. Whisper and wretch.

From the front door, over the sitar,

around the nature table,

to the victorian couch,

to the kitchen's Middle Eastern tiled floor,

to the artisan oak basement door.

Wrestle it open - Down the steep flight of stairs.

INT. BASEMENT - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Break to wretch.

Onto the cool floor of the finished basement.

--

There *she* is. Wilder can just make *her* out. Through the fog and down the hall he sees that big old piano.

--

Longest hallway ever.

More: wretch and stumble. Quiet as he can be.

Wilder's not drunk. Just a disaster. Soaked in his anxiety and stress and demons and guilt and actual sweat too.

Finally sitting. Barely. Resting a moment. He's made it.

Breathing deeply: Maple, Mahogany, Spruce, and Ebony.

His posture straightens up right. One hand, two. Ready. Fingers drop. Gently striking hammers to strings.

--

And with that: the room opens, the hallway deflates, his clothing loosens, his stomach settles, the color comes back to his cheeks, replacing the strain that Wilder wore before.

Magically 100% again, Wilder closes his eyes and plays.

BLACK

EXT. BACK YARD - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

One hundred yards from the house. For us, Wilder's piano playing continues.

From a bird's eye view we fly from the stained glass kitchen door across the terra cotta patio.

Across green grass and sputtering sprinklers.

Through the canopy of cotton wood and acacia trees.

Below, four men: three standing, one on his knees.

Still flying, over brown grass that turns to sage and scrub oak.

A STAG and DOE run out from the bush following our flight path for a moment. Then they split off left and right as we pass over.

Over desert sand - with rocks, lots of rocks.

Turning up to hills that quickly rise into thirteen thousand foot jagged peaks: Mammoth, CA.

BACK TO THE FOUR MEN

DOMINICK DE LUNE. The Boss. Looking down with disdain. Pistol tapping his thigh - his gray sagging sweatpants. His oversized coyote t-shirt with hand drawn *Sigils* (symbols of power). And Uggs.

TOMMY GUNN FINIZIO and TONY MARAFINO. The Muscle. Standing in the shade of the Acacia Tree. Their hands clasped in front. A glock in their right and left. Topaz and Peridot birth stone necklaces hang from their gold chains.

Finally MARCO FINALE. The Mark. Pathetic. On his knees, hands clasped together pleading. No honor. No self respect.

Wilder's rolling PIANO is our cacophonous sound track. Too far away for these four to hear. But for us it drowns out every other sound.

We can't hear Marco begging for his life or Dominick cursing the son of a bitch.

A RED TAILED HAWK lands on the sapling between the three standing men (New Age Mafia). Enormous. Its wings are almost as wide as the men are tall.

Dominick, Tony, and Tommy are captivated by its majesty. Distracted.

Marco Finale runs. Back towards the house.

The hawk lifts off, opening her enormous wings.

The three men regain focus. Chasing and shooting at Marco.

Each silent gun shot is voiced by Wilder's chord strikes (Fortissimo).

A minor .

The stained-glass kitchen door shatters.

F major 7th .

INT. KITCHEN - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marco Finale is hit in the shoulder and tumbles through the broken glass sliding across the Middle Eastern Tiled Floor.

D-SUS4. D-SUS4. D-SUS4. D-SUS4. D-SUS4. D-SUS4. (Staccato)

The baby blue and gold wall paper is peppered with holes.

With heavy sustain, the piano drowns in an incessant repetition: **E-6. E-6. E-6. E-6. E-6. E-6. E-6. E-6. E-6. E-6.**

Dominick De Lune stands over Marco Finale. Opens the exhausted cylinder. Turns the gun upside down. Presses the plunger, dumping the empty cartridges onto Marco's chest.

Methodically replenishes the pistol with ammunition. Closes the gun. Aims at Marco's face. Moves his gun to his gut.

DOMINICK
(silent - his lips move)
So you feel it.

BANG .

The first audible gun shot stops the piano accompaniment.

BANG . BANG . BANG . BANG . BANG .

The rest ring out. Each shot tears through Marco's gut.

Marco strains in agony.

Dominick keeps him pinned with his foot.

Life fades from Marco's eyes.

The fuming vengeance and tense resentment begins to relax off Dominick's face.

Out of focus, Tommy and Tony step through the broken stained glass kitchen door.

Coming into focus, Wilder stands eyes wide, mouth agape, at the top of basement stairs. Having witnessed it all.

The remaining anger falls from Dominick. He's worried. But he smiles kindly at Wilder. A vain attempt to reassure. But Dominick knows it's no use. His smile vanishes. Sad.

Dominick takes a deep breath. His expression changes to reluctant determination - finish what he's started.

He raises his gun, aims it at Wilder, and pulls the trigger.

Click . Click . Click .

The gun is empty.

Wilder regains his bearings - he runs back down the basement stairs - locking the hardwood door behind him.

Click Click Click Click Click Click Click

Tommy's gun was empty too.

Tony just throws his hands up in defeat.

TONY

(Philly accent)

What the fuck?

DOMINICK

(Philly accent)

Tony! Tony. Tony, I know. I know.

Just cool it. Stay wit me.

Tony puts his hands over his eyes and begins to ball.

TONY
 (through sobs)
 Aw hell man. I'm sorry. I just
 really like the kid.

DOMINICK
 Ah geez. I know. Me too. Wilder!
 You hear that? We really like you.
 You too right Tommy?

Tommy nods, smiles, and gives a thumbs up.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
 Tommy likes you too. You a good
 kid.

Dominick clumsily crouches down to hands and knees to shout
 to Wilder beneath the door.

Tommy loads a fresh clip in his glock.

Tony sits on the ground and puts his head against his knees.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
 God damn it Wilder, what about the
 plan? The piano's only medicine,
 the mountains are the cure!

INT. BASEMENT - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wilder scans the basement. His eyes land on a pile of cinder
 blocks, the piano, his father's leather journal...

INT. KITCHEN - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DOMINICK
 You were supposed to be in the god
 damn mountains!
 (more compassionate)
 I get it. *We don't all make it this
 time around.*

THE BASEMENT

Wilder takes the journal in hand. Scanning the room again, he
 sees a framed photo of a mountain range.

THE KITCHEN

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
 Time to hit the reset button. I'll
 bear the karmic burden.
 (MORE)

DOMINICK (CONT'D)

No one wants to kill you -
 (beat)
 We just have to.

THE BASEMENT

Wilder looks more closely at the photo: Boston Basin, North Cascades, Washington.

EXT. BOSTON BASIN - NORTH CASCADES, WA - MORNING

CHYRON: A YEAR BEFORE

The RED TAILED HAWK sweeps over carpets of deep green pine forests. Rolling over and under, hills and valleys. Up thundering frigid streams peppered with house-sized boulders to the giant glaciers that frame the granite peaks.

Rock and bus-sized blocks of ice thaw enough to crumble under their own weight, detach and tumble down the steep slopes.

CRASHING! ERUPTING!

The title fades up:

BEWILDER WILDMAN

TABOO GLACIER - BENEATH MOUNT TORMENT

Narrowing in on Wilder Wildman and CHASE PADRE, weaving across the crevasse laden glacier, spaced thirty feet apart, connected by a bright nylon rope.

Wilder's pack is svelte, streamlined, and even, Chase's pack is lumpy and uneven with a sleep pad and mug strapped to the outside.

The same can be said about the men: Wilder svelte, streamlined, and even; Chase lumpy and uneven. A bit of a junk show.

CLIMBING MONTAGE

14 hours of climbing across Glacier, up and down rock, back onto glacier, up steep snow and ice. All told in a minute. This magnificent and seemingly endless landscape. And Wilder and Chase, tiny men crawling along in it.

END CLIMBING MONTAGE

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - BIVY LEDGE CAMP - DUSK

Wilder melts snow to cook their freeze dried meals.

WILDER
20 minute cook time.

Chase gives an exhausted thumbs up, laying on his pack, destroyed by the day.

Wilder continues working: melting snow for drinking water.

WILDER (CONT'D)
How're your feet?

CHASE
I'll manage.

WILDER
I think I got a hotspot.

He doesn't, but he fakes like his feet hurt. Wilder pulls out a blister kit and takes off his boots. Chase rolls his eyes.

WILDER (CONT'D)
Wanna join in?

CHASE
How many times are you going to try
to pull this on me?

WILDER
How many times are you going to
fight me on blisters?

Chase concedes, takes off his boots. Revealing blisters, Chase grins. Wilder pulls out his med kit and maternally performs blister care.

The sun is quickly vanishing.

The men do their night time rituals: CHASE smokes a cigar and jots some ideas in his journal. WILDER puts in his ear buds, lost in his music, thumbs through maps and notes on the PALISADE TRAVERSE in the Sierra Mountain Range, CA.

Both men brush their teeth and crawl into their sleeping bags - open bivy's - beneath the endless sky.

DREAM SEQUENCE EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Wilder stares up at an impossibly tall sky scraper. He is filled with dread.

He is at the top of the building. The edge of the building is made of rock like a mountain ridge. The rock crumbles under his foot.

He is at the base of the sky scraper again. There is a body wrapped in a sheet at the base.

He is at the top of the building again - NO, falling -

and a sheet is wrapping itself around him - Wilder is tangled in the sheet - it is suffocating - binding - claustrophobic.

He goes to scream but the sheet gags him.

EXT. BIVY LEDGE - NIGHT

Wilder wakes stuck deep inside his mummy-styled sleeping bag - he wrestles to unzip the stuck zipper - frustrating - panicked - breaking his way

Out!

Gazing at the billions of stars. The colors. The Milkyway. The relentless and beautiful meteor-showers.

Deep breath.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - MORNING

Wilder and Chase continue along the knife-edge-ridge leading to Forbidden Peak. It is exposed, a thousand foot drop on either side, but still, mostly a walk.

Stopping for food, water, a breath.

Chase looks inside his bag, then to Wilder's, realizing Wilder's taken the pickets and stove that were in his bag the day before.

CHASE

I thought my bag felt lighter.
Hustling that tip huh?

WILDER

Haha. You're helping me train for
the Palisade Traverse.

CHASE

For a guy who hates carrying shit -

WILDER
Come on! A tent? Climbing shoes?
Ounces add up to pounds. And -

WILDER (CONT'D) CHASE
Pounds equal pain. Pounds equal pain.

WILDER (CONT'D)
(laughs)
I'll carry your stuff if it means
we'll summit.

A crow sits on the ridge close to the men. Opening its powerful wings - then floating down over the valley below, circling back, up and over Wilder and Chase.

WILDER (CONT'D)
It'd be something to fly to the
car.

CHASE
Woof. Always feels longer on the
way out. You up for dragging me
back? Like on the North Ridge?

WILDER
You could always train harder
between trips.

Friendly shit talk.

CHASE
I don't even care about the summit.

WILDER
Why do you keep coming out?

CHASE
To get my ass kicked.

WILDER
It can't be worth paying me for
that. No offense Chase, but you
don't seem stoked on type-two-fun.

CHASE
Seriously! *Journeys over
Destinations*. You learn a lot from
hardship.

WILDER
The only thing I learn from
hardship is *train harder*.

Chase pulls his sleeping bag and extra water from his bag, shoving it into Wilder's hands.

CHASE
Train harder then. What's it?
Twenty peaks?

WILDER
Twenty eight.

CHASE
In a day!?! I know a good therapist.

It's obvious Chase is joking, but Wilder doesn't like being called CRAZY. Chase feels the change.

CHASE (CONT'D)
(retractive)
What's crazy anyhow?

WILDER
It's pretty obvious. I'm not.

CHASE
People love seeing extremes. This
side's MADNESS.

Chase points to one side of ridge. The word "MADNESS" appears boldly on the mountainside.

CHASE (CONT'D)
This side's MUNDANE.

Chase points to the other side. The word "MUNDANE" appears.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Step off one side and you fall all
the way down.

WILDER
I'll live in the middle.

CHASE
You could live on this knife-edge?

WILDER
Maybe.

CHASE
All alone on the mountain top.

WILDER
I'd have Claire.

CHASE

Oh I'm sure she'd love that.

WILDER

Claire's weird like that. Like the Dalai Lama mixed with Salvador Dali with a dash of Aleister Crowley. Only she's cute too. Not an old dude.

CHASE

SAINTS and **ARTISTS!** Intimate with the Boring and the Crazy.

WILDER

Hey, I don't want to be intimate with Crazy.

CHASE

Would you prefer being boring?

Wilder stands and shoulders his pack.

WILDER

You talk a lot. Trying to stall the inevitable? We're burning daylight.

CHASE

Ok, I'm Moving! I'm Moving!

Wilder and Chase continue along the ridge, walking together 10 feet apart, with 15 feet of rope coiled in Wilder's hand, the rest around his shoulder and in his pack.

Both preoccupied by their thoughts. Chase breaks the silence.

CHASE (CONT'D)

My daughter was a climber.

WILDER

You have a daughter?

CHASE

Had...

(beat)

Mina.

WILDER

Shit. That's why you climb?

CHASE

You remind me of her - but she was a cute. Not a dude.

WILDER
(Feigned laughter)
You two never climbed together?

CHASE
I was a shit dad.

The ridge becomes more uneven, still easy climbing, but they have to use their hands to negotiate narrow sections.

Both men are in their own heads. Serious.

Wilder moves across a section of loose rock. He instinctually moves around it without touching the rock.

WILDER
Dude, Chase I'm -

WUMP!

Chase steps on and pulls out the chunk of loose rock.

Gone - Off the ridge

TIME SLOWS

The rope between Wilder and Chase dives over the ridge - following the falling man.

No hesitation - Wilder dives off the other side of the ridge.

THUNK!

FAST AGAIN

The line stretches tight.

Wilder hits hard against the sheer rock wall, knocking the breath out of him.

Both men hanging on opposite sides of the ridge.

WILDER (CONT'D)
(Wheezing)
Chase! ... Chase!!! You ok?

No response.

Wilder shakes his head, trying to lose the stars.

He plugs a few *Cams* and transfers Chase's weight onto the quickly pieced together anchor.

Dropping some coils of rope from his shoulder he climbs back up to the top of the ridge.

Looking down over the edge on Chase's side:

WILDER (CONT'D)
Chase! You ok?

No response. Chase is dangling from the rope. His helmet is cracked. There is blood.

WILDER (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Fuck.
(to Chase)
I'm with you man! I'm coming down!

Wilder pulls his first aid kit and a cotton t-shirt from his bag then rappels down to Chase.

WILDER (CONT'D)
Chase! Wake up man!

Wilder checks his pulse.

WILDER (CONT'D)
Chase? You with me?

CHASE
With you.
(Groans)

WILDER
Jesus man. Ok, I'm going to check your head.

CHASE
Head.

WILDER
Aw, god damn it.

Wilder removes Chase's helmet. Lots of blood. He puts the t-shirt on Chase's head and puts the helmet back on him.

WILDER (CONT'D)
Alright, we're going to get you back up.

CHASE
Up.

WILDER
I'm going up first. Then I'm going
to pull you up, ok Chase?

CHASE
Up.

WILDER
Fuck.

Wilder ascends his rope quickly.

At the top of the ridge he rummages through his bag for his satellite texting device. He sends an SOS signal for rescue.

Wilder builds another anchor at the top of the ridge. Throws a traction device (to pull the rope) on Chase's rope. Adds a progress capture device (to hold the rope that's pulled) near the anchor. Then begins hauling.

Chase is a big man. Wilder is not especially big.

Haul. Haul. Haul. Reset the traction device. Tend the progress capture device. Haul. Haul. Haul.

PING! The SOS signal finally sends.

Haul. Haul. Haul. Reset the traction device. Tend the progress capture device. Haul. Haul. Haul.

Forever.

Haul. Haul. Haul. Reset the traction device. Tend the progress capture device. Haul. Haul. Haul.

Wilder finally pulls Chase over the lip and onto the ridge. He collapses onto his friend.

Wilder rechecks Chase's pulse and breathing.

He's still alive.

PING! A text comes through that help is being dispatched.

CHASE
Wilder?

Some clarity. Foggy still.

WILDER
Aw Jesus Chase! You're ok?

CHASE
I don't think so.

Wilder rechecks Chase's heart and respiratory rate. Chase is pale, sweating, and shivering.

WILDER
You took a bad fall.

CHASE
Good catch.

Wilder wraps Chase in a sleeping bag and adds another t-shirt to the blood soaked one on his head.

WILDER
I'm sorry I didn't point out the bad rock.

Wilder gives Chase water.

CHASE
I climb cause my daughter climbed.

WILDER
Mina.

Wilder rechecks Chase's vital signs. His heart rate and respirations are increasing.

CHASE
Mina.

WILDER
Fuck.

Wilder is trying to control panic. He obsessively rechecks the satellite receiver. Chase watches with concern.

CHASE
Wilder, you did good.

WILDER
No giving up Chase. Help is coming.

CHASE
You should climb with your dad.

Wilder can't bring himself to explain things to Chase.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Climb with your dad Wilder.

The dying wish of his long term client and friend.

WILDER
Ok Chase, I'll climb with my dad.

Chase smiles and squeezes Wilder's hand. His grip goes loose.

Wilder checks Chase's pulse again. None. He begins administering CPR.

The sun dips low in the sky. He continues CPR. The crow cries and circles above.

It is nearly dark.

A helicopter glides in front of the last rays of light.

INT. WILDER & CLAIRE'S APT. - NIGHT - SALT LAKE CITY

MONTHS LATER

The apartment is charming, but minimal. The living room has warm light with a few house plants, an area to stretch, and a place to meditate.

Months have passed. Wilder's beard shows that.

CLAIRE DOM DE LUNE JUNIOR is everything the *ambitious* aims to be: stoic, kind hearted, fit as hell, patient, with perspective. Somehow doing everything, and everything well. All without being annoying.

Claire sits deep in meditation, seated between two mirrors, staring at a candle's flame in front of her.

Wilder "patiently"/impatiently waits for her to be done. Trying to do headstands and handstand-pushups in her reflection's line of sight.

Claire tries not to be distracted. She is.

She snubs the candle.

WILDER

You didn't have to stop on account of me.

CLAIRE

Really?

WILDER

But since you're done...

Wilder presses play on his phone. Stevie Wonder "All I do" starts in, all corny and funky and great. Claire feigns that she's mad, but she loves the attention.

WILDER (CONT'D)

(singing)

You made my soul a burning fire.
You're getting to be my one desire.
You're getting to be all that
matters to me.

Claire - frowny face. Wilder - sickeningly sweet goof ball.

Wilder moves Claire's arms making her dance like a muppet. Claire's frown is no match for Wilder's muppet dance. She can't fake it any longer, Claire bursts out laughing.

STEVIE WONDER (V.O.)

(chorus)

All I do, is think about you.

Turning round, loving and tender. Claire buries her face in Wilder's chest and stands on his feet.

Wilder sways them back and forth, dips Claire low, and pushes her out for a ballroom swing.

TENSION - hands - at the end of their reach

The TENSION triggers a FLASH BACK - to the TENSION of the rope between Chase and Wilder

Wilder collapses from his memory.

Snatching his hand back from Claire. Abruptly cold.

He crumbles into a ball. Staring off into *nothing* - beyond the wood in the floor.

CLAIRE

Wilder? Wild?

Claire wraps herself around him like a blanket.

Her touch is suffocating, he *tries* to tolerate it. Poorly.

Wilder is a stranger to Claire. Worse than a stranger.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Please don't.

No response. Nothing.

This is not the first time. Claire's tears fight to come out.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'll brew some tea.

She goes to the kitchen. Taking in huge breaths - eyes squeezed tight.

Wilder leaves the apartment.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SALT LAKE CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

Wilder stands close to the edge. Feeling the exposure, the wind drafting up the tall building.

Eyes closed. Deep inhalation.

Opening his eyes he watches a pigeon fly in circles round an enormous lit billboard.

The billboard reads: GOD LOVES YOU. VISIT www.mormons.com A MESSAGE FROM THE CHURCH OF LATTER DAY SAINTS. Only "God" is tagged over with a graffiti "Mom", as is "www.mormons.com". The resulting message is: **"MOM LOVES YOU. VISIT MOM"**

Deep exhalation. Just keeping it together the best he can.

INT. WILDER & CLAIRE'S APT. - NIGHT

Claire, half dressed, doing her hair, readying to go out.

WILDER

Claire? Love? We're still going?

Claire ignores his question. She's really hurt.

WILDER (CONT'D)

It don't mean to shut you out. It just hits, like a truck!

She gets that. That's not the problem.

WILDER (CONT'D)

It's not about you. I just need time to work this all out.

Claire looks straight up into Wilder's dumb ass eyes, pressing her palm firmly against his chest.

CLAIRE

I don't want my love to feel like a weapon. It hurts to give and have you suffocate.

Wilder turns his eyes down and nods. Claire pushes his head up forcing eye contact again.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Get dressed Wild.

Wilder fishes a clean shirt and jeans of the closet, digs around looking for an undershirt. All his are dirty. He puts on a frilly tank from Claire's things.

WILDER
Claire, I know I'm difficult, but
I'm not going anywhere. I promise.

Claire laughs that he's wearing her undershirt.

CLAIRE
You're going to stretch it out!

WILDER
All mine are dirty!

CLAIRE
(beat - serious)
Remember, I have magic powers.

WILDER
Let me find my own way?

CLAIRE
It's not *crazy* to ask for help.

WILDER
I gotta get back to the mountains.

Claire's not buying it.

WILDER (CONT'D)
The exposure helps.

CLAIRE
(changing the topic)
Oh my gosh that reminds me! I have
to text my dad back.

WILDER
Marco?

CLAIRE
What? No - Dominick.

WILDER
Really?

CLAIRE
Check out this place he just bought
in Mammoth Lakes.

Claire shows her phone to Wilder.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
He said we could use it as a
basecamp while we project the
Palisades Traverse.

WILDER
You're talking to Dominick again?

Claire doesn't like the question, but she's patient.

CLAIRE
Parents are people too. Dom's got
baggage just like you and me -

WILDER
Worse.

CLAIRE
I'm strong. I'm ready to give him
another chance.

WILDER
You see, this is why I love you so
much. So patient and forgiving to
all us broken souls.

CLAIRE
You're not broken Wilder.

WILDER
What am I then?

CLAIRE
Handsome, resourceful, creative,
passionate...

Wilder nudges in, fishing for more compliments.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
And a big stupid scruffy faced
dummy! Get dressed, we're going to
be late.

INT. PETZL TECHNICAL INSTITUTE - SALT LAKE CITY - NIGHT

SILENT-FILM SCENE

Claire collects her name tag: "DOMINICK DE LUNE JUNIOR". The woman checking folks in gives Claire a hard time.

Wilder runs up from behind, stalled by a seemingly endless audience of colleagues and friends who want to say hello.

He takes a Sharpie from the woman's clipboard and writes "CLAIRE" in before the rest of her name, and takes his own.

The room is homogenous. Every guide is between 5'9" and 6'2", white, thin, male, with a plaid button down, a trucker hat, carrying themselves in the same way: hands clasped in front, nodding, faux respect.

Product placement, gear reps, climbing games: rope coiling, speed climbing, rescue drills, pull up contests.

Trader Joes cheese and crackers. Box wine. Everyone finds a seat for the awards and slide shows.

The CEO of the American Mountain Guide Association (AMGA) takes the podium. Her name tag reads ANNA PURNA. Anna says some things. Everyone cheers.

The lights dim. A slide show comes up "FALLEN GUIDES". Photos of guides who died that year. Birth and death dates. Everyone raises their IPA's to honor their dead friends.

Wilder is breathing deeply and sweating. Claire looks at him with concern and holds his hand.

Anna Purna returns to the stage and announces the next slide. "GUIDE OF THE YEAR" appears on the screen behind her.

ANNA PURNA
(lips - dialogue card)
Wilder Wildman.

The room erupts into cheers. His friends and peers shake his hand, give him hugs, dump beer on him, and push him up to the front of the room.

Wilder looks like a deer in headlights, Claire loses his hand as he's pushed up.

On stage, sweating under the lights.

WILDER
(lips - dialogue card)
I can't... He died.

Slack jaws sweep over the room.

Wilder loses his balance and stumbles into Anna.

Her finger slips and switches the slide. "RAFFLE AND FREE SWAG" appears on the screen. The guides snap back into party mode. FREE GEAR!!!

Wilder, delirious, ill, rushes off stage.

He hurries to the bathroom - there's a line.

He races through a series of locked doors.

Finally Wilder dives behind the Patagonia promo booth where he vomits into a prototype expedition puffy jacket.

Claire finds Wilder curled in a ball, stripped down to his boxers and her undershirt, laying on the vomit filled coat.

She pulls her sick man onto her lap and holds him. He lets her hold him this time. Embraces her touch.

She looks at the price tag of the coat -

CLAIRE
(lipped - silent)
Fuck.

END SILENT-FILM SCENE

INT. FAYE WILDMAN'S HOME - HALLWAY - DAY

Wilder's beard is full. He's walking through the hall between the kitchen and living room, looking at photos.

FAYE WILDMAN
I like the beard Wild.

FAYE calls out from the kitchen, making Wilder a sandwich from her electric wheel chair.

WILDER
When did you put these up?

FAYE WILDMAN
Very Mountain Man. Like Norman Clyde, or your father when he climbed.

There's an almost chronologic history of Wilder's father Hayden Wildman and his mom Faye Wildman:

*Bearded Hayden climbing - Hayden happy

*Hayden in front of a F15 jet in the Air Force - happy

*Hayden in a wheel chair with pregnant Faye - faux smile (in wheel chair from this point on)

*Hayden playing ballet accompaniment for Faye, baby Wilder in a crib - happy

*Wilder learning to ride bike - Hayden unhappy

*Wilder playing little league - Hayden unhappy

*Wilder playing the piano with Hayden - Hayden happy

*Faye and Wilder's move to Salt Lake City - No Hayden

--

Faye comes into the hall with the sandwich.

FAYE WILDMAN (CONT'D)
Your dad really loved climbing,
he'd be so proud of you.

WILDER
No he wouldn't.

She knows he's right, but she doesn't blame Hayden.

FAYE WILDMAN
It's hard when the world's against
you. He tried his damndest.

WILDER
We don't have to do this again.

MEMORY FLASH to Wilder's dream about a man wrapped in a sheet at the base of a sky-scraper.

FAYE WILDMAN
Your dad was an artist. I know
because I'm a dancer.

Expresses some cross between silly old mom and 60 years of prima ballerina training by moving her arms in the air - not leaving her electric wheel chair.

WILDER
(under his breath)
Dad was crazy.

FAYE WILDMAN
The world hates the ambitious
dreams of an artist. They shout
"but you're in a wheel chair."
(MORE)

FAYE WILDMAN (CONT'D)

But you're old. But you're a woman.
But you're **crazy.**"

She heard him.

FAYE WILDMAN (CONT'D)

The Devil was out for him. Hayden never gave up though. He never gave up.

Faye hands Wilder the sandwich.

WILDER

You want half?

FAYE WILDMAN

I ate before you came.

Looking at his frail mom Wilder knows she didn't. Faye returns to the kitchen to wash up.

The family Afghan Hound wanders in.

WILDER

Falcor! Hey ya Boy!

FALCOR pushes the flat of his head against Wilder, nudging him down the hall.

WILDER (CONT'D)

(comic, like Lassie)

Woah! Ok, you want me to go somewhere?

Falcor walks into the Den. He stops and looks back to make sure Wilder is following. Wilder does.

INT. DEN - FAYE WILDMAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The Den is a disaster, every keepsake, knick knack, photo album, newspaper clipping, piled high. A small mountain.

WILDER

(quietly to himself)

Jesus Christ Mom.

Falcor begins scratching at the mountain of junk. Wilder picks up a newspaper clipping of his dad's miraculous survival but debilitating F15 plane crash.

Falcor continues scratching at the pile. Wilder picks up an article about his father's *suicide*:

A photo of Hayden's body tangled in a sheet at the base of a sky-scraper.

Everyday Wilder remembers finding his dad's body. Looking at this clipping sucks.

Falcor doesn't let him go down that road. He continues scratching insisting that Wilder keeps digging.

Wilder digs through the pile, no longer distracted by the things he finds, digging - digging - digging - until:

DING!

Wilder stops, he's hit a piano key.

DING! DING! DING!

There's a piano under all this!

Wilder hastens his excavation. Falcor lays down - satisfied.

HOURS LATER the piano is unearthed with the keepsakes in reasonable piles around the perimeter of the room.

Faye wheels up to the Den and pops her head in.

FAYE WILDMAN

Oh I was looking for that!

She wheels up next to her son who sits on the piano bench.

FAYE WILDMAN (CONT'D)

Play your momma something nice.

WILDER

Shit Mom, I haven't played in forever.

FAYE WILDMAN

Oh but you were so good.

Wilder hesitantly presses a cluster of keys. **A minor 7** Sounds good. Another cluster **C major 7**. Another **F major sus 4**.

FAYE WILDMAN (CONT'D)

Like a bicycle! Hayden was always so happy when he played.

WILDER

It was the only time Dad was happy.

Faye nods. This they agree on.

Wilder looks through a pile of sheet music he filtered out of the larger pile of junk. Mostly notes his father had scribbled down. One in particular catches his eye:

ACCOMPANIMENT FOR FOUR HANDS

Wilder works out some of the melodies.

FAYE WILDMAN

Oh! You and your father used to play that for me when we all lived in New York! I always wanted to perform that piece!

Wilder looks more closely at the notation.

WILDER

I'd play this? It's crazy hard. And weird.

FAYE WILDMAN

You'd play hands 3 and 4. Hayden would play the others.

Wilder begins playing the easier hands: hands 3 and 4. Faye begins moving her hands to the music and singing a little of the melody for hands 1 and 2.

Mother and son stumble through the rust and cobwebs, but quickly find their *rhythm*. Falcor lifts his head up to watch as the feeble Faye Wildman goes from dancing in her wheel chair to standing and dancing about the room.

BALLET SCENE

The lights dim, a spot light on Faye.

She is an old woman for sure. And she's become so frail over the years: without her husband, with rare visits from her son, without dance or music in her life, still hung up on the trappings of the dance world - starvation and the lot.

But she has the grace of a Ballet master. 60 years in the craft. Her whole life.

Falcor circles Faye. Her long-haired-dragon dance partner.

Faye's movements tell the story of a passionate and difficult life that finally rests with Faye laying upon her dragon's (Falcor's) back, carried off to bed.

BALLET SCENE ENDS

The lights return and Wilder strikes the last note.

THUNK!

Dead note? Wilder strikes it again: **THUNK**. He looks under the hood-- at the harp. He pulls a leather journal from under the strings.

Opening the book Wilder finds his father's writing: "TO DO". Flipping through the pages there's lots of scribblings:

* ~~Walk again~~ Fly

* **Perform "Accompaniment For 4 Hands" w/ Faye and Wilder**

* Norman Clyde

* (A haunting drawing of a man in a tuxedo with antlers, giant wings, a coyote skin cape, holding a piano above his head, standing on a mountain ridge.)

* **Climb the Palisade Traverse** - (pages of maps and info)

WILDER
Mom! Did Dad ever -

Holding the journal and walking towards her bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY - FAYE WILDMAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

WILDER
I don't remember him talking about -

Blown away, staring at the book.

WILDER (CONT'D)
Would he tell me stories about -

INT. BEDROOM - FAYE WILDMAN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Arriving in the bedroom. Faye is in bed. Falcor at her feet. Both are still. Peaceful. Not breathing.

WILDER
Mom?

FADE BLACK

--

INT. DEN - FAYE WILDMAN'S HOME

TIME-LAPSE SCENE

Throughout the scene a clock counts down. Each time he gets up from the piano the clock resets to 8 hours:

8:00:00, 7:59:59, 7:59:58...

Wilder mostly sits at the piano as:

EMT's arrive and leave.

Coroner comes and goes with Faye and Falcor.

Claire comes and stays with Wilder.

Wilder leaves in a suit - for the funeral - returns.

7:45:00, 7:44:59, 7:44:58...

Movers clear everything out of the house except the piano.

Wilder sits at the piano. Claire sits by him.

He plays the piano.

8:00:00, 7:59:59, 7:59:58... (and so forth, each time he gets up from the piano)

He shows Claire his pages from his dad's journal.

Claire leaves and comes back with exercise equipment: pull-up bars, weights, hangboards, yoga mats, bands.

Wilder rotates between the exercise equipment, the piano, the Palisades Maps, and the journal.

Claire rotates between the exercise equipment, meditation (with small mirrors and a candle), and checking on Wilder.

Wilder drags a crazy heavy StairMaster into the room, and an even heavier TreadWall (treadmill climbing wall).

By the end of the montage they can both do one arm lock offs, and planks with the other person sitting on their back, and other feats of ridiculous body weight strength.

They pack for an expedition into the mountains. Wilder pockets his father's journal and the sheet music for "Accompaniment for Four Hands".

They leave the house, turning off the lights.

END TIME LAPSE SCENE

EXT. DOMINICK'S HOUSE - MAMMOTH, CA - NIGHT

Wilder and Claire drag their heavy duffles up the long walkway. Wilder's a mess. Massaging his dad's leather journal, breathing deep, sweating, his jacket is open, hanging off his shoulders. He should be in bed.

CLAIRE

Wilder. It's getting really bad.

WILDER

I'll be ok.

CLAIRE

Stopping at every piano bar and hotel lobby is not a longterm fix.

WILDER

I just need to get on this climb and I'll be good.

CLAIRE

I hope so.

(beat)

But can you be here for me now?
First impressions and all.

WILDER

I know - I won't embarrass you.

CLAIRE

Oh Wild. I just want him to see your best. Ten minutes and I'll bail you out.

WILDER

Promise?

CLAIRE

Promise.

WILDER

There's a -

CLAIRE

There's a piano.

They arrive at the front door.

There are strange sounds coming from inside. Power tools chewing through something? And a muffled voice of someone crying out.

Alarmed, Claire hesitantly knocks. The door creaks open. Unlocked. Continuing to drift open revealing:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The room is golden, and beautiful, and strange. Filled with an eclectic assortment of indigenous folk art, eastern religious ornaments, victorian furniture, yoga and pilates apparatus, Indian classical instruments, professional grade kitchen equipment...

In the center of the room are the three New Age Mafia. Tommy Gunn Finizio watches Tony Marafino push a jig saw looking tool into Dominick De Lune's low back. Dom's face is buried in a couch cushion on the floor.

DOMINICK
(muffled)
Ahhhhhh. Oh yeah, yeah, yeah,
that's the spot. Ahhhhhh.

TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT

Tony blasts the Theragun (massage device) into Dom's glutes.

Tommy is the first to notice the guests. He grabs Tony's arm and snaps the other hand behind him, reaching towards his waist line.

Tony stops the Theragun.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
Why'd you stop?

Tony taps Dom's shoulder. Dominick looks up.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
Junior! The prodigal daughter
finally shows.

Tommy relaxes his hand, but turns to Tony, accusing.

TONY
(to Tommy)
Shit, I left it open.

DOMINICK
Come in come in. Get out of the
cold.

Dominick, Tony, and Tommy approach. Tony's smiling wide, inviting. Tommy not so much.

They take Claire and Wilder's coats. Border line patting Wilder down while doing so. It's only a little awkward.

Tommy reaches for their bags.

WILDER

Oh, it's ok -

Tony speaks for Tommy.

TONY

You've traveled all day!

DOMINICK

Let the man take your bag Wilder.

(to Claire)

This is Wilder isn't it? The mountain man you've told me about?

Tommy takes their duffels to the guest room, carrying them as if they're light as feathers.

CLAIRE

Yes Dom - er - Dad - sorry -

DOMINICK

Call me anything you want Junior, no stress. I'll earn back "Dad".

CLAIRE

Dad. This is Wilder.

DOMINICK

Pleasure to finally meet you Wilder.

Dominick reaches out for a hand shake. Wilder complies.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Feel that grip!

Wilder blushes. Claire too.

Tony locks the front door and walks to the kitchen.

TONY

Yous guys want anything? Tea? Wheat grass? Kombucha? Kefir? Raw Milk?

WILDER

No thanks. What was that y'all were doing?

DOMINICK
 Butt massages! For my sciatica.
 Have you tried this thing?
 (showing off the Theragun)
 Life changing.

Tommy returns and just hovers near by. Hands crossed.

CLAIRE
 (to Dominick)
 You got both of these guys on the
 healthy lifestyle kick Dad?

DOMINICK
 I wish I could take credit, Tommy
 here has been a freakin' raw fooder
 for 16 years!

Wilder and Claire look at Tommy in disbelief. Tommy emotes
 almost nothing.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
 But yeah Junior, reconnecting with
 you has really inspired me to go
 full tilt with my health:
physically and spirit-like.

TONY
 (calling from the kitchen)
 We're so happy for your pops!

CLAIRE
 That's amazing Dad.

DOMINICK
 Come on let's roll while we talk.

INT. YOGA/MEDITATION ROOM - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - LATER

Claire is looking at the library with Tony.

CLAIRE
 You have the Red Book?! And
 Crowley's Book of Lies? Is this a
 first edition pressing?

She's absolutely enthralled.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Dominick and Wilder lay on the living room floor with giant
 maps and guide book passages of the Palisades laid out.

Dominick is rolling back and forth on a foam roller, and Wilder is rolling on a lacrosse ball while continuing to nervously massage his dad's journal.

DOMINICK

This thing -
 (referring to the Palisade
 Traverse)
 This climb is bonkers. It's a damn
 vertical marathon!

Tommy stands half way in between the living room and meditation area, watching everything that's happening. The unflinching body guard.

Wilder is at stage 3 out of 6 in his **need** to play the piano. He glances at his watch, which is counting down. There's a half hour left.

Wilder rubs the journal harder. The headache and dizziness persist. The sweating has become a fever. He'd stumble if he stood.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)

I've seen Claire's videos of you
 two training. Looks *wild*. You take
 care of my daughter while you're up
 in them hills.

WILDER

Claire's the better climber -
 better athlete in general.

Dominick beams with pride. Then grimaces as he rolls out his IT band.

Claire can hear them talking about her from the other room.

CLAIRE

(calling out)
 We complement each other.
 (walks over)
 Wilder is scrappy as hell. He leads
 all the pitches that scare me. And
 he can MacGyver us out of any
 situation. No one has more grit.

DOMINICK

Just like Norman Clyde!

Wilder and Claire look at each other, wondering how Dom knows about this 1920's climber.

WILDER

My Dad would talk about Clyde.

DOMINICK

He was a *man's man*: mountain climber, school teacher, gun slinger, writer, philosopher. I've been reading about his *Virgin Climbs* up here in the Sierra -

WILDER

(correcting)

First Ascents?

DOMINICK

First Ascents. He used to carry hundreds of pounds of gear into the mountains to live out there for months! Pots, pans, axes, guns, shovels, firewood, all kinds of stuff.

CLAIRE

(poking fun)

Wilder hates carrying gear.

WILDER

No, well, yeah -

DOMINICK

And you two are going to climb his climbs! My Junior is a bad ass mama jama!

Claire simultaneously loves and is embarrassed by all the attention.

CLAIRE

Too much! I'm going back to Tony and your books.

TONY

Come check out my nature table? You can make sure I've energized my crystals right.

CLAIRE

Definitely!

DOMINICK

Show her mine too?

TONY

You got it boss.

Claire and Tony walk into the next room. Wilder reaches out to Claire for help. His weak effort to remind Claire to bail him out. But she leaves the room without noticing.

Wilder breathes deeply. Nauseous. He feels like hell. It's been way over 10 minutes.

DOMINICK

Just like her old man -

(laughs)

Who am I kidding?

(more serious)

You kids are definitely going to the mountains tomorrow, right?

WILDER

I have to.

DOMINICK

The passion!

(beat)

In the morning though?

WILDER

Before sunrise.

Wilder is trying. But he needs the piano.

DOMINICK

I'm excited to spend more time with you two, but this timing is perfect. You'll do your climbing, and I'll handle this last bit of business that's been haunting me.

WILDER

(distracted)

Uh huh.

DOMINICK

After tomorrow everything changes. I'll be like a god damn butterfly coming out of it's cocoon. And you and Claire will do this crazy thing in the mountains.

Claire and Tony's laughs can be heard from the adjacent room.

WILDER

Not crazy.

DOMINICK

Not crazy. Brutal though. There's gotta be lifetimes of self-discovery in all that hardship.

WILDER

People say that.

DOMINICK

Cause it's true. You're lucky Wilder. You're figuring it out at a young age. *Not everyone makes it this time.*

Wilder tries to motion to Claire as she enters the open kitchen with Tony.

TONY

Here's my sourdough starter.

CLAIRE

Awesome! And you made this kimchi?

Claire gives Wilder a thumbs up, oblivious to his state of distress.

WILDER

Huh?

DOMINICK

It's a thing I say. Most people don't figure shit out before they die. They gotta come back and try again.

WILDER

Coming back? That would be nice.
(quietly)
Is there a piano?

Wilder looks around trying to see where the piano might be.

DOMINICK

Not me. I'm going to make it. I've been doing the worst things for so damn long. But Claire, seeing Claire again. She's really setting me straight. Making me see what's important. I'm so damn lucky.

Tony and Claire head into the basement.

WILDER

Claire is a saint - Is it downstairs?

DOMINICK

A god damn saint! But she was taken away, and they kept me from her. I'll be damned if anything keeps me from her again.

(admitting)

I wasn't a good dad. It's my penance. Hell, I was a monster. But I'm getting my House in Order.

WILDER

Sounds like a good goal.

DOMINICK

It's already a reality. The mind is a trap for some, but it's also a superpower tool. I mean damn, Belief is Form!

Wilder strains. He runs his fingers over the map, moving his fingers as if they're on piano keys. He begins shivering. His breath grows rapid.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)

I am embracing my present self, and manifesting my future self now. I am already where I want to be.

WILDER

Fake it to make it.

DOMINICK

It's not fake.

WILDER

Sorry.

DOMINICK

You're close, but the spirit is wrong. Live it and believe it to become it.

WILDER

Not fake.

Dominick is too self involved to notice the sweat pouring down Wilder's face or his hole he's wearing into the journal. Digging his fingers in to alleviate some of the sickness.

C MAJOR! struck on a distant piano.

Claire lets out a sudden scream from the basement, then:

CLAIRE (O.S.)
WILDER!

Wilder vomits into his own hands.

Dominick jumps back.

Claire runs up the stairs.

Tommy doesn't react.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Wilder, I'm sorry I forgot!

She embraces him. He falls over disoriented.

INT. MEDITATION ROOM - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Claire and Tony sit in full and half lotus (respectively). Facing each other. Claire is showing Tony: *Emotional Freedom Technique, AKA Tapping*.

Both of them tap with the tips of their right hands while speaking: first tapping their left hands, pinky side

CLAIRE & TONY
Even though I feel -

INT. BASEMENT - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Wilder is at the piano. Relieved. The symptoms fell away.

Still he is at work, playing a difficult passage of Accompaniment for Four Hands; Hands 1 and 2.

BACK TO CLAIRE AND TONY

(Wilder's playing continues)

Tapping the top of their heads

CLAIRE & TONY
Even though I feel unwanted, -

BACK TO WILDER

He plays the passage over and over and over, trying to dial the virtuoso level jumps and patterns.

BACK TO CLAIRE AND TONY

(Wilder's playing continues)

Tapping their right temples

CLAIRE & TONY (CONT'D)
- I deeply -

BACK TO WILDER

His hands playing the passage

BACK TO CLAIRE AND TONY

Tapping their chins

CLAIRE & TONY (CONT'D)
- I deeply and completely -

BACK TO WILDER

Concentration and joy

BACK TO CLAIRE AND TONY

Tapping under their right arms

CLAIRE & TONY (CONT'D)
- accept myself.

BACK TO WILDER

Dominick suddenly emerges from the shadows behind Wilder.

DOMINICK
That's really something.

Startled, Wilder nearly falls off the bench.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
Woah Tiger!

Wilder recomposes himself. Showing that he's back to 100%.

WILDER
Sorry about before.

DOMINICK
The piano really helps?

WILDER
Helps for a bit.

DOMINICK
 Claire says you've had a rough
 year.

WILDER
 I've had better one's.

DOMINICK
 Your mom died?

WILDER
 And my dog.
 (beat)
 And my client.
 (beat)
 And my dad before that.
 (beat)
 Years before.

DOMINICK
 Death is *funny*. Maybe not the end.

WILDER
 "Not everyone makes it this time."

DOMINICK
 Right! You were listening! I don't
 know if there are second chances.
 But it makes me feel better about
 the people who waste their lives,
 or just end up dead. Hell, I don't
 know why are we're so attached to
 life in the first place?

TO CLAIRE AND TONY

TONY
 I'm glad you're back in Dom's life.

CLAIRE
 I never went away.

TONY
 He was ashamed -

CLAIRE
 Of being poor?

TONY
 First that. Then of being a
 monster.

CLAIRE
 I never cared about those things.

BACK TO WILDER AND DOMINICK

DOMINICK

The dead don't need your sympathy.
You gotta be here for the people
who are still around. Embrace the
present. Who you are right now, and
who you're becoming.

WILDER

Who am I becoming?

DOMINICK

Mr. Wilder De Lune.

WILDER

Hahaha. Am I taking Claire's name?

DOMINICK

Oh, that's right! Claire Wildman.
Not bad. I got connections, can
source you affordable diamonds.

WILDER

(pointing to himself)
This disaster? I'm surprised she
sticks it out.

DOMINICK

She sticks it out because she sees
a good man. Don't let her down.

WILDER

I'll be better after the Palisade
Traverse.

DOMINICK

You think that'll work? That'll fix
you?

WILDER

It's got to.

DOMINICK

Don't hurt her Wilder.

WILDER

Same to you.

DOMINICK

Ha! Balls! Passion and balls!

(beat)

You're not wrong.

(MORE)

DOMINICK (CONT'D)

But my present self, and my future self is an awesome dad.

WILDER

Alright, then we'll both treat her good?

DOMINICK

Deal. Tomorrow. Tomorrow is the day. I'll be done with my past, and you'll be in the mountains.

(beat)

The mountains? Damn. I hope they do the trick.

WILDER

The mountains are the cure. The piano works for now.

DOMINICK

Let's hear some more of that medicine.

Wilder plays parts from hands 3 and 4. The sections he has worked out and can play beautifully, for his audience (Dom).

Dominick listens with admiration.

EXT. GAS STATION BIG PINE, CA - EARLY MORNING

Wilder and Claire pull up in the gas station. A STAG, DOE, and FAWN run from the parking lot back into the wilderness behind the station.

Wilder's Piano Meter is *defcon orange*, 4 out of 6, nearing red: headache, dizzy, sweating, blurry vision, and nausea.

CLAIRE

You should have played this morning!

WILDER

I just gotta get to the climb.

Claire is doubtful and worried. She presses forward with the plan. Entering the mini mart for bars and water while Wilder fills the tank.

The local Sheriff and Deputy pull into the gas station.

SHERIFF BECKY SUGARBAKER is a frat boy's dream girl: stacked, bad ass, mouth like a sailor, and a total bro.

DEPUTY DICK DUMAS is her Yes Man whipping boy.

Wilder takes deep breaths, and stumbles with short steps, trying to keep his shit together.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
(to Dumas)
Seriously, look at these gains!

DEPUTY DUMAS
Oh I'm seeing it.

Sheriff Becky Sugarbaker is showing off her bubble butt.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
Everyday is Glutes Day.

Wilder almost faints. Stumbling to stay on his feet.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER (CONT'D)
(to Wilder)
You drunk?

Wilder doesn't realize she's talking to him.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER (CONT'D)
You lost Drunk-Boy?

Deputy Dumas chuckles.

WILDER
I need a piano.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
What in the hell?

DEPUTY DUMAS
He's prolly high, look at him sweating. He's prolly one of them LA boys loaded up with drugs.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
You one of them Los Angeles boys?

Wilder shakes his head no. Deputy Dumas looks at Claire's license plate.

DEPUTY DUMAS
Salt Lake Becky!

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
A Mormon boy!?

WILDER
No Saint.

DEPUTY DUMAS
High.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
Too much meth this morning?

WILDER
Not enough piano.
(beat)
It's important.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
Is this some kind of new drug?
Are you talking about one of those
ding da ding ding ding dong's?

Sugarbaker bobs cartoonishly around with her hands pawing like a dog playing an air piano as she imitates the sounds.

WILDER nods Yes. He's fading.

WILDER
Piano. Emergency.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
Want us run the lights and siren,
blast the Chili Peppers, and high
tail it to a piano?

WILDER
Thank you.

Wilder steps towards their car to get in. He half faints.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
Get back tweaker! You can't touch
my car. Shit. Who knows what kinds
of Blood Born Pathogenys are
crawling all over you!

Wilder sits up.

WILDER
Jesus Christ.

DEPUTY DUMAS
Look at him praying! He's a Mormon
after all.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
How loaded are you?

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
(with one eye on Wilder)
What?

MINI MART WORKER
Your double bacon breakfast
chimichanga is ready, and your case
of Monster Energy just came in.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
Aw hell yeah!

Sugarbaker and Dumas lose interest in Wilder and go into the mini mart for their breakfast.

Claire peels out of the parking lot.

INT. CLAIRE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Wilder is sobbing, with shallow breaths.

CLAIRE
Wilder, you're not ok.

Claire spins the car around, driving back the direction they came from.

EXT. DOMINICK'S HOUSE - LATER

Pulling up to Dominick's Mammoth house. Wilder looks the worst we've seen him. The same as the opening scene.

CLAIRE
Get your piano fix. I'm going to
find a freakin' tiny piano you can
carry until we get up in the hills.
Lord help me, I don't know if those
even exist!

Wilder breathing.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Wilder this is too much for me. You
need to see a fucking doctor.

On that note Wilder gets out of the car and stumbles his way to the front door. Blurred vision, sick as a dog.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wilder stumbles in, same as the opening.

WILDER
Mr. De Lune?

Too loud. He realizes.

WILDER (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Dominick?

He lurches and dry heaves.

EXT. BACKYARD - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

The red tailed hawk flies over Dominick, Tommy, Tony, and Marco.

Marco is kneeling. Dominick is tapping his grey sweatpants with his gun. Tommy and Tony have their guns in hand.

DOMINICK
If it makes you feel better, this
is the last time.

Dominick waits for an answer, then rage builds up:

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
You stole Claire from me!

Marco cowers.

INT. BASEMENT - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wilder sits at the piano and strikes a chord. His symptoms fall off him like they would in a miracle drug commercial. Like Popeye eating his spinach or Adam turning into He-Man.

EXT. BACKYARD - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dominick breaths deeply, recomposing himself.

DOMINICK
I'm different now. I'm a good man
Marco. A good father.
(beat)
The universe expects its balance.
It's time to pay your karmic debt.

MARCO FINALE
Dominick the Fucking Loon.

Dominick aims his gun at Marco. The RED TAILED HAWK suddenly descends between the four of them. Perched with enormous wings on the spruce sapling dividing Dominick and Marco.

The New Age Mafia (Dom, Tommy, and Tony) are awe struck. Marco runs.

INT. KITCHEN - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

With a new perspective on the scene we see Wilder standing at the top of the basement stairs. He watches as:

BANG!

Marco falls to the ground.

Wilder's frozen with horror as he looks at Dominick's vengeful face.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Wilder remains frozen. Dominick turns and sees him. Wilder is crazy scared.

Dominick becomes sad.

CLICK CLICK CLICK

Dominick's empty gun.

Wilder rushes back inside the basement, slamming the door shut and locking it.

CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK

The sounds of empty chambers as Wilder runs down the stairs.

Tony sits on the kitchen floor with his face in his hands.

INT. BASEMENT - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Wilder has been staring at the picture of the North Cascades.

There's a bit of light shining brilliantly on the photo. He turns to see where that beam is coming from. A scratch in a blacked out window near the ceiling.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Through the front window we see a car pull up. Up half the walkway!

Claire gets out with a large toy piano in her arms. She knew a keyboard couldn't satisfy Wilder, this thing has real strings and hammers.

Dominick hurries out the front.

Tony and Tommy watch from the window.

Claire seems hesitant, worried. Dominick coerces her.

She jumps back into the car, throwing the piano into the trunk. Dominick gets in the driver's seat. Claire takes passenger. They drive off.

INT. BASEMENT - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wilder hears the car drive off. Then Tommy and Tony walking back to the basement door.

Tony speaks. Tommy says nothing.

TONY (O.S.)
(slowly)
Akaal. Akaal-

He stops.

TONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Wilder first?
(beat)
Hell, I don't want to do this
Tommy.

Wilder looks hopeful.

TONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dom said Marco Finale was the last
one. Now Wilder?

WILDER
(quietly - to himself)
Marco?

TONY (O.S.)
Couldn't we just talk to the kid?
He's family, maybe he'd understand?

Wilder shakes his head, No, he wouldn't understand.

TONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Alright, LAST, LAST time.

WILDER
 (quietly - to himself)
 No, not LAST, LAST time.

WUMP!

WILDER (CONT'D)
 Ah God damn it!

WUMP! WUMP! WUMP!

Tommy and Tony begin kicking the basement door.

Wilder stacks the cinder blocks to reach the blackened out window.

He shoves the journal into his back pocket, then escapes out the basement window, while Tony and Tommy continue to work their way through the hardwood basement door.

EXT. MAMMOTH POLICE STATION - DAY

A Paiute Nation (Native American) Mule Guide stands by his trailer. He is dressed in practical ranching clothes. The two men talking at him are dressed in crazy expensive and shockingly new expedition clothing.

EXPEDITION CEO 1
 You were great!

EXPEDITION CEO 2
 But your company just should have sent us a more experienced guide.

PAIUTE MULE GUIDE
 The conditions were too dangerous to push over the pass.

EXPEDITION CEO 1
 It's the fault of the company they didn't train you well enough.

PAIUTE MULE GUIDE
 And you insisted on strapping down your own pack. If I had strapped it down -

EXPEDITION CEO 2
 We paid for a service and we didn't get it. And we lost our pack. It's nothing personal.

They hand him a tip. He hesitates taking it. The men leave.

PAIUTE MULE GUIDE
(to himself)
Assholes.

INT. CLAIRE'S CAR - MAMMOTH POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

Claire and Dominick are parked in front of the police station.

The Paiute Mule Guide goes about securing his trailer.

CLAIRE
He just ran off? He's sick, but I
can't believe he'd run off.
(beat to think)
He was playing the piano?

Dominick is smart. Quick to know when to lie.

DOMINICK
He had just sat down. Hadn't played
more than a note.

CLAIRE
That makes more sense. It's like
he's magically 100% after he plays.

DOMINICK
For how long?

CLAIRE
For about 8 hours?

DOMINICK
What happens after 8 hours?

CLAIRE
All the stuff you saw and worse.

DOMINICK
And after that?

CLAIRE
I don't know what happens after
that.

Dominick discreetly sets the timer on his watch.

EXT. BEHIND THE MAMMOTH SHOPS - SAME TIME

Wilder sets the timer on his watch for 8 hours.

He jogs behind shop-buildings, and to the back of the police station. Stopping behind a tree, spying Claire's car as Dominick and Claire step out and start walking towards the entrance.

WILDER
God damn it.

EXT. MAMMOTH POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

DOMINICK
I don't know what good this is going to do.

CLAIRE
It's what you do when someone is missing.

DOMINICK
They're going to tell you he has to be missing 24 hours.

CLAIRE
Come on Dad, it's a small town.

DOMINICK
Shouldn't involve the cops, this is a family thing.

Claire is frustrated.

CLAIRE
This is difficult enough.

DOMINICK
Ok Junior. You go in and get started, I'll be right in.

CLAIRE
Hurry up now, you saw him last.

Dominick gives a thumbs up as Claire enters the police station.

Dominick texts Tony and Tommy

DOMINICK
(text message)
Finished?

TONY
(text message)
Flew the coop. Sorry Boss.

DOMINICK
What the fuck?

Dominick sees rustling in the bushes. He notices Wilder. Wilder freezes as if he hasn't been seen.

Dominick runs towards Wilder. Wilder quickly responds, running back at Dominick. Dominick stops. Wilder stops.

Wilder gestures towards the police building, and waves his hand up like "what the hell we're at a police station?" Dominick pulls out a GRENADE! Wilder runs the other way.

CLAIRE
Dad!

Dominick is caught off guard but tucks the grenade away.

Claire faces away from Wilder. Doesn't notice he's right there.

Dominick continues to watch Wilder from the corner of his eye. Trying not to draw Claire's attention to him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Dad! What are you doing?

DOMINICK
Huh? Uh - nothing - just, you know.

CLAIRE
They're going to send an officer to the house! Isn't that great?

Wilder runs behind shop-buildings. He keeps eyes on Dominick.

Dominick gestures threateningly with the grenade towards Claire when she looks away.

Wilder jumps into the back of the Paiute Mule Trailer as it comes to a stop at a light. He pushes in down by the feet of a mule.

DOMINICK
Shit, really? Yeah, that's great.
(to himself)
You scrappy fuck!

As the truck pulls away Dominick sees the two stickers on the bumper: "Indian and Proud: Bishop-Paiute Nation" and "Bishop Mule Days".

CLAIRE
You need to give a report inside.

DOMINICK

Ah yeah, ok.

(text message)

Spotted. Headed to Bishop. Clean kitchen first. Expecting guests.

Claire takes her Dad's arm and walks him inside.

INT. MULE TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

The inside of the trailer is basic. A rack of bailing twine on the wall.

Wilder sits leaning against the mule. Her big eyes looking at him curiously.

WILDER

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. This is fucked.

He takes deep breaths with his eyes closed tight. Clutching his dad's journal tight.

FLASH He sees Marco Finale dead in the kitchen and Dominick's sad eyes.

FLASH He sees him Mom and Dog dead in bed.

FLASH Chase dead on the mountain.

FLASH His Dad dead at the base of the building.

The mule chews on Wilder's hair. Lifting him out of his mental hole.

Wilder opens his eyes, looking at the big doe-eyed sweetie. He can't help but smile, scratching her behind the ears.

He opens his dad's journal to the notes on the Palisades Traverse. The map shows the trailhead outside Big Pine, CA.

The truck passes a highway sign "BISHOP 40 MILES / BIG PINE 60 MILES".

EXT. BACKYARD - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - DAY

Tommy puts the last shovel full of dirt over Marco's grave. He kicks sand over it to blend into the surroundings, then drags a rotted out log over the spot.

Satisfied with the camouflage, he walks back -

INT. KITCHEN - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tony wears an apron and kitchen gloves. Just finished painting recently patched holes in the kitchen wall. He burns sage and *smudges* the murder scene.

The basement door is in pieces burning in a pit fire in the backyard. The stained-glass back door is broken into little pieces in a bucket, and a hardware store door hangs in its stead.

TONY

This is the kind of work I feel
like I was meant to do: digging
holes, chopping wood, patching
plaster. Honest work.

(beat)

What a joke!

Tommy puts a hand on Tony's shoulder, squeezes it firmly, but with the love of a life long friend.

TONY (CONT'D)

I know, "last last time."

Tommy hands Tony a glass of Green Juice. Tony smiles.

EXT. BISHOP PAIUTE RESERVATION - NEAR BISHOP, CA

The truck with the mule trailer slows to a stop at a ranch in the Bishop Paiute Reservation.

The Paiute Mule Guide gets out and walks into the front house. Wilder crawls out, gives a head rub and hugs the mule, and walks swiftly away from the buildings. Looking behind him, making sure no one saw.

Wilder walks straight into an OLD MAN dressed in jeans and a faded button up. So sun bleached he's almost the same color as the sage and sand.

The Old Man holds a small mirror and has his arm through a spool of twine. Weaving a measure of it around his fingers to form a Cat's Cradle.

Wilder drops his father's journal, loose pages fall out.

WILDER

Oh I'm sorry!

OLD MAN

You can't be here.

The Old Man puts down the twine, fixes his hat, then helps pick up the pages.

WILDER

I took a wrong turn.

The old man seems to be thinking it over. He looks to the mule Wilder had been traveling with. Then to the pages in his hand.

He looks at Hayden Wildman's haunting drawing of a man in a tuxedo with antlers, giant wings, a coyote skin cape, holding a piano above his head, standing on a mountain ridge.

OLD MAN

"Boundary Man."

WILDER

What's that?

OLD MAN

The road, the Boundary to our Territory.

Pointing at the road.

WILDER

Ok. Thank you.

OLD MAN

You're looking for something.

Wilder looks a bit perplexed. Looks at his watch.

WILDER

Is there a piano I can play?

Old man thinks on it, handing the remaining pages back to Wilder.

OLD MAN

There's one -

He stops, thinks, and decides on another.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Big Pine. The Motel. 20 miles.

Old man points East, then twirls his finger and points South.

WILDER

Thank you. Sorry I trespassed.

Old man walks on, over to let the mule out of the trailer. Wilder starts jogging to the road and then East. Running out from the trees canopy into the clearing, the enormous Eastern Sierra shoot up tall behind Wilder.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - DAY

Dominick talks to his daughter through the open car window.

DOMINICK

Divide and conquer! I'll finish up with the cops, you go check at the shops around Mammoth Village.

CLAIRE

He's not going to be shopping!

DOMINICK

We have no idea what he's doing.

CLAIRE

Honestly I expected to see him here. There's a piano here.

DOMINICK

Tony and Tommy say he hasn't come back.

CLAIRE

What are they even doing?

DOMINICK

Junior - Claire - I know you're upset, but these things happen.

Claire exhales loud.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)

You said he has a family history?

CLAIRE

I'm not trying to diagnose my boyfriend. I just wanna make sure he's not dead in a ditch.

Dominick worries for a second that Claire is implying something about his work.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Maybe he found another piano in town. I'll check the bars and hotels.

Dominick pats the side of her car, Claire drives off. Dom walks inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM TO KITCHEN - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dom continues to the kitchen where Tony and Tommy are wrapping up.

DOMINICK

Look for pianos. Start in Bishop,
work South. I got Claire and the
cops.

Tommy nudges Dominick to look at Tony's handy work.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)

Nice work boys.

Tony beams with pride.

EXT. JUST SOUTH OF BISHOP, CA - DAY

Wilder is running down the road. His fitness from training is evident. He's moving at a staggering pace.

EXT. BIG PINE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Wilder stops at the Big Pine Motel. He eyes the piano through the front lobby window.

The cop car in the parking lot draws his attention.

He looks at his watch 3 hours 30 minutes left. Stoked. He has time.

Wilder walks towards the police vehicle. Sheriff Becky Sugarbaker and Deputy Dick Dumas step out. Wilder stops. His head slumps.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER

Gotta say, you look a lot better
than you did this morning. Still
covered in sweat though.

DEPUTY DUMAS

Must be on uppers now.

WILDER

No Sir. No Ma'am. I actually need
your help.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
Need us to drive you to a piano?

WILDER
No, there's a piano here.

The two cops nearly fall over laughing.

WILDER (CONT'D)
Seriously. My girlfriend's father
tried to kill me a few hours ago.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
If you were dating my daughter I'd
kill you.

WILDER
I'm serious. I saw him kill my
girlfriend's adopted father, then
he came after me. Him and his two
Raw Foodist New Age Mafia Goons.

They look at each other.

DEPUTY DUMAS
Acid?

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
Bath salts.

WILDER
I'm serious! Dominick De Lune, look
him up, he used to be the head of
the New Jersey mafia.

Wilder steps too close. Sugarbaker, takes a strong step back
and snaps a hand onto her gun handle.

Wilder freezes, hands up, backing up.

WILDER (CONT'D)
Sorry. Not trying to. Just need
police protection. And I need to
get my girlfriend away from him.

Sugarbaker and Dumas look at each other again.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
Let me and my partner pow wow for a
moment.

They step a few feet away. Wilder waits.

DEPUTY DUMAS
Buy his story?

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
Hell no. He's high on something.

DEPUTY DUMAS
We got to take him in?

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
Can't leave him on the streets.
Ain't safe for nobody.

DEPUTY DUMAS
What about our thing?

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
Oh I still wanna do our thing.

DEPUTY DUMAS
Too hot to leave him in the car.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
He'd roast like a baby.
(beat)
I have an idea.
(yelling to Wilder)
Hey!

Wilder comes closer.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER (CONT'D)
A guy like Donald Nick -

WILDER
Dominick.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
Dominick.

WILDER
De Lune.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
A guy like Dominick De Lune might
have connections on the force.
We're going to hide you out here
and call the feds.

WILDER
Shit really?

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER

Really. We got two rooms just upstairs.

WILDER

Wow, I was starting to think my story was sounding crazy. Thank you.

INT. WILDER'S BOARDED UP ROOM - BIG PINE MOTEL

Wilder sits on the bare bed in the abandoned room.

Looking at his watch: "**3 hours**". He listens with concern, rubbing his dad's journal, as loud rap rock starts emanating from connected room that Sugarbaker and Dumas are in.

INT. SUGARBAKER AND DUMAS' ROOM - BIG PINE MOTEL

Deputy Dumas wears a button down shirt and brown wool slacks with a bow tie and a cowboy hat. He has a ruler in his hand and an old west revolver in a quick draw holster.

Sheriff Sugarbaker steps out of the bathroom dressed in a super short plaid skirt, thigh high stockings, with her hair in pig tails, and a her face painted like a scary clown.

Both of them are bobbing a little to the music.

DEPUTY DUMAS

I'm worried for you Becky, you're failing out of all your classes.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER

Don't be a bigot Mr. Clyde. My Ninjas and I jus' be riding it out til Juggalo Island.

DEPUTY DUMAS

You have so much potential Becky. I don't know why you hang out with those -

(breaking role)

Becky, maybe our role play has gotten too -

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER

Awesome?

DEPUTY DUMAS

Couldn't we just -

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
Dumas, this is art, and it's hot.

DEPUTY DUMAS
Norman Clyde just makes me think
about my Dad.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
(flirtatious)
You wanna be my Daddy?

DEPUTY DUMAS
(back into role)
I don't know why you hang out with
those deadbeats when you could hang
out with a real man like me.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER
I've heard all about you, living
all alone up in those mountains,
wrestling bears.

DEPUTY DUMAS
It sure gets awful lonesome.

INT. WILDER'S ROOM - BIG PINE MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The rap rock next door turns to loud opera. The unmistakable
sound of a creaking bed and slamming head board starts in.

WILDER
Ah Christ.

Wilder opens his dad's journal and thumbs through the pages.
On the page with the haunting drawing of the man in the
tuxedo and antlers and wings and coyote cape. He writes
"BOUNDARY MAN".

A bit of sweat drops from Wilder's brow. He looks at his
watch "2 hours 45 minutes".

WILDER (CONT'D)
Already?

Like in the basement Wilder scans the room for an escape.
There's a box of tools in the corner. The wood boarding up
the windows are up with screws.

INT. SUGARBAKER AND DUMAS' ROOM - LATER

The freaky lovers lay in bed smoking vape pens with bath robes on. Sugarbaker, still in Juggalo face paint, with reading glasses on, both seriously focused on their phones.

DEPUTY DUMAS

Holy crap, there's a Mono County/Inyo County APB out on Mormon Boy: Wilder Wildman. Jesus. He's apparently having a psychotic break.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER

No shit.

DEPUTY DUMAS

Think he was telling the truth about his girlfriend's dad?

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER

I think he's deranged.

Dumas starts googling "Dominick De Lune".

DEPUTY DUMAS

Dominick De Lune, aka "Dom the Fucking Loon", was the head of a hit team known as "the Italian Triad". He allegedly murdered the entire Diavolo family. Somehow never convicted.

SHERIFF SUGARBAKER

There's gotta be some truth to the stories schizophrenics tell themselves. Check on him real quick? He's been quiet.

Dumas pops out of bed and peaks into Wilder's room. The boarded up windows have been unscrewed.

DEPUTY DUMAS

He's gone!

EXT. 2ND FLOOR BALCONY - BIG PINE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Sugarbaker steps onto the balcony to look down the stairs.

EXT. GROUND LEVEL - BIG PINE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

TONY and TOMMY are crouched by the front lobby window looking in. Wilder is inside banging away at the piano.

TONY
(reluctant exhalation)
God damn it.

Tommy squeezes his shoulder and gives compassionate eyes.

TONY (CONT'D)
Sorry Wilder. Last last time.

Tony and Tommy pull guns from their waist bands.

Sheriff Becky Sugarbaker sprints across the balcony and dives over the railing, her bathrobe flapping open like a cape. She lands on Tony.

The Sheriff beats on the sensitive gangsters face. Scary as hell in her Juggalo paint with her lady bits flapping around like an Amazon Warrior.

Tommy tries to kick her off but she is unmovable.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - SAME TIME

Wilder plays the piano. Back to 100% mental clarity. Hammering away at his father's composition. He's really getting somewhere. Focused. Unaware of the chaos just outside, until...

BANG . BANG . BANG .

Wilder turns to see Tommy standing over Sugarbaker with a smoking gun. She falls limp.

Tommy turns his gun to fire through the glass.

POW . POW . POW . POW . POW . POW

EXT. GROUND LEVEL - BIG PINE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

From above, two shots rip into Tommy's shoulder and side. Four shots pepper the ground. Tommy falls to a knee.

Deputy Dumas stands at the top of the balcony having emptied his revolver. Emotionally overwhelmed Dumas races down the stairs, his bathrobe and man bits flapping about like a unfortunate super hero.

BANG .

From under Sugarbaker's corpse Tony aims and fires.

The Deputy falls onto his lovers body. Their romantic end.

Tony slides out from under the Sheriff's body and helps Tommy to his feet. Tony kneels over the bodies to offer a prayer to their next place in the universe.

TONY
(slowly)
Akaal. Akaal. Akaal.

Shot twice, Tommy is still on it. He scans the area, Wilder is gone. Pulling Tony from the officers, they hobble out to the road, spotting Wilder sprinting down the highway.

Tommy and Tony hobble back to their car. A Tesla.

INT. TONY AND TOMMY'S TESLA - CONTINUOUS

Tony drives. Tommy pulls gauze and duct tape from under the passenger seat and starts working on his bleeding.

It's a mile before they see Wilder again.

TONY
Kid is fast!

Wilder comes into view just as he cuts into the small development of suburban styled houses separating the highway from the mountains.

Tony makes the turn, staying parallel with Wilder as he runs through back yards, striding over walls and fences.

TONY (CONT'D)
Fucking gazelle!

TOMMY loves it. He smiles between grimaces as he pulls tight on the duct tape.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DOMINICK'S HOUSE - DAY

Dominick gives a back rub to OFFICER HARRY BASS on the victorian couch. OFFICER YOUNG is looking through Dominick's book shelves. Both of them seem more like visiting friends than cops investigating a missing person.

Claire stares, perplexed by the cops, her dad, and the new back door.

Officer Young get a call on his radio.

OFFICER YOUNG
Harry! They're calling us in down
to Big Pine.

OFFICER HARRY BASS
I'm not going to Sugarbaker's
territory.

OFFICER YOUNG
It's a 10-24 at the Motel.

OFFICER HARRY BASS
Jesus!

HARRY jumps up, grabbing his hat and gun from the couch.

OFFICER HARRY BASS (CONT'D)
See you later Dom. We'll call you
about Wilder.

DOMINICK
Sure thing Harry.

The cops leave.

CLAIRE
What's a 10-24?

"10-24" is officer down. Dominick knows.

DOMINICK
Don't know.

CLAIRE
You don't think it's about Wilder?

DOMINICK
All the way down in Big Pine?

CLAIRE
Big Pine's right by the Palisades
Trailhead.

EXT. GLACIER LODGE SOUTH FORK TRAILHEAD - PALISADES - DUSK

Wilder is still running at a break neck sprint, across the alpine meadows, over river crossings, and towards the switch backs that lead up into the mountains.

Tony tears up onto a 4x4 road that parallels the trails, maxing out the low clearance of the Tesla.

WOOMPH! Closer. WOOMPH! Closer. WOOMPH!

THUNK! CRUNCH! PFOOO!

The Tesla bottoms out. The air bags release.

The New Age Gangsters stumble out of the vehicle and jog in pursuit. Wilder's lead quickly grows. He makes it to the switch backs that weave under KID MOUNTAIN.

They'll never catch him. Tommy and Tony begin firing.

Wilder dives behind a boulder and small grove of trees.

Tony and Tommy continue jogging closer.

Wilder tries to run. Each time he comes out they fire, forcing him back in place.

The New Age Mafia jog closer. Winded, but pushing up the steep switch backs.

WILDER

Fuck.

Wilder scans his surroundings. Pinned down. The clearing is not an option. Kid Mountain has a steep cliff face directly behind him. The wall is mostly protected by his current shelter. He starts climbing.

TONY

Ah hell!

Tony and Tommy can see through the branches. They fire their guns, but the bullets hit the boulders and trees. They hasten their pursuit.

Tommy's injuries look bad. It's crazy that he's doing all this with two holes in him.

--

Wilder shifts his focus to the climb. His breathing is intentional and consistent. He knocks on holds to make sure they're solid. Carefully placing his feet. He's fluid and steady.

--

The Gangsters reach the base of the cliff just as Wilder reaches a ledge 50 feet up.

Tony and Tommy aim their guns up, but Wilder tucks behind another boulder. A shot would be a waste of bullets.

Tony looks up at the intimidating climb.

TONY (CONT'D)
Wilder! That shit is nuts!

Tommy doesn't think twice. He runs at the wall, kicking off the face and throwing himself to the first decent hold. He continues climbing with big, reckless dynamic moves.

Tony and Wilder both watch in awe at his physical prowess.

Wilder is forced to continue up, climbing in his focused way. Tommy actually starts catching up.

Tony aims at Wilder. No clean shot, Tommy is in the way.

As Wilder goes, he knocks on a hold that is loose. He avoids it. He looks back at Tommy with concern.

WILDER
Stop man.

Tommy doesn't stop.

WILDER (CONT'D)
I don't want anyone to get hurt.

Tommy continues like a machine.

WILDER (CONT'D)
Stop him! It's not safe. This is
too much!

Tony looks up with concern.

Tommy is nearing, Wilder climbs away faster.

Tommy, throwing himself with the confidence of someone climbing only a few feet off the ground, catches the loose block. The block doesn't resist in the slightest. It gives and launches Tommy down the hundred foot drop.

Falling back, Tommy looks up at Wilder with compassion, holding the block against his chest as he goes.

THUD.

Tony races to his best friend, kneeling over him.

Everything is still.

Tommy takes his best friend's hand and looks lovingly at him. Pointing at himself:

TOMMY
 "Last last time."

Tony weeps. Tommy smiles and dies.

Sitting by his friend Tony looks at Wilder. Wilder looks back.

WILDER
 (sincerely)
 I'm sorry Tony.

Wilder finishes climbing to the top of the peak and rejoins a trail that leads towards the Palisades.

Tony stays with Tommy until dark, pressing his birth stone with his palm into his chest, and quietly chanting the kundalini mantra as the sun sets.

TONY
 Akaal. Akaal. Akaal.

INT. CLAIRE'S CAR - DRIVING TO BIG PINE

CLAIRE
 I should call Marco.

DOMINICK
 Marco Finale? When has that piece of shit helped anyone but himself?

CLAIRE
 He's my godfather! - er, my stepdad - adopted -

DOMINICK
 He's the devil's bitch. And he didn't give you one god damn thing. Just paid for you to be out of his hair.

CLAIRE
 He was there more than you.

Bad timing. They pull into the Big Pine Motel crime scene. Cop cars are everywhere. Police tape and a small crowd of locals surround Sugarbaker and Dumas's bodies.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 What the hell?

Parking on the street, they get out and hurry to the scene.

EXT. PARKING LOT - BIG PINE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Officer Harry Bass and Officer Young are holding SUGARBAKER and DUMAS'S WIVES back. The two women are livid.

SUGARBAKER'S WIFE
Becky, wasn't I good enough?

DUMAS'S WIFE
Until death do us part, Dick!

Dumas's wife is livid, Sugarbaker's is hysterical, Bass and Young catch them each time they rush forward, keeping them from their dead spouses.

CLAIRE
What the hell happened?

DOMINICK
Harry! What happened?

SUGARBAKER'S WIFE
I'm nothing without you baby!

DUMAS'S WIFE
Who's going to provide for these bastard kids?

OFFICER HARRY BASS
Shit is crazy. Someone saw your boy running down the highway.

CLAIRE
Wilder?

SUGARBAKER'S WIFE
Say something baby! Tell me how much better you are than me!

DUMAS'S WIFE
How am I going to find a pushover like you again?

OFFICER HARRY BASS
Met the description.

DOMINICK
(hides a smile)
Oh no, Wilder's really lost it.

CLAIRE
Dad! There's no way!

OFFICER HARRY BASS
I'm not saying he did, but doesn't
look good to flee the scene.

DOMINICK
You never really know what
someone's capable of.

Claire is really upset by her dad.

SUGARBAKER'S WIFE
Who's going to keep me in line? I
can't be trusted on my own. I'm
nothing.

DUMAS'S WIFE
Who can I order around? Peg on
weekends? I'm nothing without my
bitch ass husband!

OFFICER HARRY BASS
We're going to pull together an all
county man hunt.

CLAIRE
Wilder couldn't have.

OFFICER HARRY BASS
Maybe, but there's two dead cops.
He'd better turn himself in, or
it's going to get ugly fast.

DOMINICK
You said yourself, you didn't know
what happened after 8 hours.

CLAIRE
I'm going to the mountains.

DOMINICK
Claire it's not safe.

CLAIRE
I'm a mountaineer.

DOMINICK
No, you shouldn't look for Wilder.

CLAIRE
Are you kidding?

DOMINICK
He's not stable.

CLAIRE

We're a team.

DOMINICK

Look at this place.

SUGARBAKER'S WIFE

Who is going to beat me tenderly,
cry a little in front of me, and
then treat me like crap in public?

DUMAS'S WIFE

Who can I tie up and whip until I
feel better about myself?

The two wives are making eye contact while asking these questions.

OFFICER HARRY BASS

Oh my god! Get a room!

DUMAS'S WIFE & SUGARBAKER'S WIFE

Fuck off creep!

The two wives walk away towards their cars. Dumas's wife grabs Sugarbaker's wife by the hair and forcefully kisses her. Sugarbaker's wife comically feigns distress. Immediate disturbing role play.

DOMINICK

I'll come with you.

CLAIRE

You'll only slow me down.

Dominick feels dejected and rejected by his daughter.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

You're not acclimated. The altitude
will make you sick.

(beat)

Stay here, work with the cops. If
they find him first, don't let them
hurt him.

This works out perfect for Dom, but still he feels ditched by his daughter.

DOMINICK

(deep breath)

You'll be ok?

CLAIRE

I have my gear.

DOMINICK
Can we talk when you get back?

CLAIRE
Text me if he shows up. I might get
spotty reception.

DOMINICK
I love you Junior.

Claire gets in her car and drives off leaving Dom.

EXT. BELOW THE PALISADE TRAVERSE - NIGHT

Wilder is tucked inside a cave near the Palisade Glacier.

Wilder simultaneously sweats and shivers in the alpine night.
He leans against the west facing rocks, trying to pull the
last heat from the stones, clutching his dad's journal.

Exhausted he falls in and out of sleep. He watches a stag
cross the rocks. Between blinks it changes.

Blink. Stag.

Blink. Falcor. His family dog.

Blink. Stag.

Blink. Falcor with Faye riding on his back.

Blink. Boundary Man.

Blink. Nothing.

CHASE (O.S.)
All alone on the mountain top.

Wilder looks for Chase, he doesn't see anyone.

The sound of Accompaniment for Four Hands starts in. Hayden
Wildman's body lays on the rocks in front of him wrapped in a
bloodied sheet.

CHASE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Climb the Palisade Traverse with
your Dad Wilder.

WILDER
But I can't.

CHASE (O.S.)
Climb with your Dad.

DOMINICK (O.S.)
We don't all make it this time
Wilder.

EXT. BELOW THE PALISADE TRAVERSE - MORNING

A bee, frozen by the night thaws out in the sun. She eventually reawakens, begins crawling, then flies off to find alpine flowers.

Wilder wakes, frost melting off his clothes and face, still holding the journal.

WILDER
We made it to morning.

A shadowy figure is in the corner of Wilder's eye. He's not surprised to see anyone, nor does he try to get a better look.

EXT. BRAINERD LAKE - ON THE WAY TO THE PALISADES - SAME TIME

Claire's camp is the striking balance between ultra light and "glamping": like a Patagonia ad but not annoying.

A Red Tailed Hawk cries out as she flies low over Claire. Claire eats a breakfast of oatmeal with nuts and dried fruit, taking in the first rays of morning sun.

BACK TO WILDER

WILDER
You're thirsty? Me too.

Wilder gets up. We only see the shadow out of the corner of Wilder's eye.

The day is brilliant blue. The mountains are huge.

Wilder drinks from the spouting water in the glacier.

BACK TO CLAIRE

CLAIRE restarts a campfire from the night before.

She sits in full lotus, with her eyes closed. So still that a butterfly lands on her. The sounds of the fire, the lake and birds, and the rustling in the forest is loud and clear.

In the reflection of a mirror that she's placed by a tree, the 5 POINT STAG and FAWN, walk to the lake for a drink.

BACK TO WILDER

As if he's being forced out of bed:

WILDER (CONT'D)
Keep going? Ok. Keep going.

Wilder struggles to his feet. Stumbling across rocks.

BACK TO CLAIRE

CLAIRE remains still but with a fixed gaze on the mirror, watching as THREE COYOTES stalk out of the forest.

BACK TO WILDER

WILDER stumbles for half the day. The sun moves high across the sky and works its way back towards the horizon.

WILDER (CONT'D)
Rest? You're tired already?
(beat)
I might be a little tired.

Wilder sits on a pile of rocks. His stomach growls.

WILDER (CONT'D)
(laughs)
You're hungry too?! Oh my god I'm
so hungry.
(beat)
No, I'm ok. Sleep for dinner!

Wilder crumbles down on the ground. He turns his head and sees the shadows foot.

BACK TO CLAIRE

CLAIRE takes it in, watching the three coyote tear down the stag. They chose the stag! The fawn runs helpless from the scene. Tears begin to roll down Claire's face.

BACK TO WILDER

WILDER (CONT'D)
(whining)
Really? Keep going?

He puts the journal over his head refusing.

BACK TO CLAIRE

One coyote brings a hunk of deer to her pup who bumbles in on little legs from the forest.

The other coyotes watch as the fawn runs from the lake towards the mountains. Claire weeps.

INT. DINER - BISHOP, CA - LATE MORNING

Dominick is sitting with a stack of pancakes and coffee, Officer Harry Bass has the same. Dominick barely picks at his breakfast. His face is red from hours of crying.

DOMINICK

I just got her back and I feel like I'm already losing her.

OFFICER HARRY BASS

Kids are hard. My daughter used to be my best friend, and now she couldn't be caught dead around me.

DOMINICK

I wish I had that! I never had Claire as a best friend!

Dominick isn't angry. He's spent the night and morning hanging out with Officer Bass, he's just sad. Dominick puts his head in his arms and weeps. Snot is running down his face.

Harry moves next to Dom in the booth and pulls Dom's head onto his shoulder. He comforts the old gangster, but then starts to laugh.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)

What? What's so funny?

OFFICER HARRY BASS

Just never thought a Jersey tough guy like you would be so sensitive.

DOMINICK

It's my fucking daughter Harry!

OFFICER HARRY BASS

I know, but everything people write about you is so savage: "Dom the Fucking Loon"?

Dom glazes over, he never liked that name.

OFFICER HARRY BASS (CONT'D)

Obviously all that was bullshit. A bunch of lies about a good man.

Dom is in his own head. Doesn't care much about Officer Bass knowing about his reputation, or that Bass sides with him.

Tony passes by the Diner window. He is poorly covering up his blood stained shirt.

Dom notices, Harry doesn't.

DOMINICK

Excuse me a minute. Nature's calling. Coffee. Bowels.

OFFICER HARRY BASS

(laughs)

Well don't be long, the rest of the search party is showing up soon.

Dom heads towards the back door, motioning for Tony to go round back too.

EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND THE DINER - BISHOP, CA

TONY

I'm done.

DOMINICK

What? Wilder's dead?

TONY

No, Tommy's dead. I'm done.

DOMINICK

Where's Wilder?

TONY

In the fucking mountains. Didn't you hear me? Tommy's dead!

DOMINICK

Ya let Wilder get away?

TONY

Wilder tried to save Tommy while we were trying to kill him!

DOMINICK

Wilder's not getting better. He's done.

TONY

WE should be done. I'm turning myself in.

Dominick grabs Tony firm, by the traps. Too angry. He softens. Then pulls him in for a hug.

DOMINICK
I'm sorry Tony.

TONY
I love you boss.

Both men cry on each others shoulders. Big hysterical, messy, snotty sobs.

DOMINICK
Not everyone makes it this time.

Tony opens his eyes wide. No time to struggle.

POP .

One silenced shot to Tony's chest.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
Akaal. Akaal. Akaal.

Dominick prays over his body, then tries to drag Tony to a dumpster.

Tony is heavy! Like, really heavy!

It begins to rain. Makes it harder to grip his legs. Way too hard to get him to the dumpster. And in?

Dom wrestles Tony up. Oh Jesus. Dom's getting blood all over him. Dom tries really hard. It's brutal.

Cop cars start pulling up in front of the diner. The place is filling up with police.

Dominick sits defeated next to Tony's body.

Officer Harry Bass comes to the back door.

OFFICER HARRY BASS
Dom?

Dominick is already running away through the woods.

Bass goes back inside, confused. He hadn't seen Tony's body at all.

The manhunt for Wilder is underway.

EXT. BELOW THE PALISADE TRAVERSE - MID DAY

WILDER

Ok! I'm getting up.

Wilder struggles up again. Drunk on altitude, exhaustion, starvation, exposure, mild hypothermia, lack of piano, trauma.

EXT. BRAINERD LAKE - ON THE WAY TO THE PALISADES - SAME TIME

Narrowed in on CLAIRE's map, we see how far north Wilder has walked.

She has her map laid out with her basecamp circled and the stretch of mountains to search highlighted.

Claire shoulders her pack, leaving her camp, and continues up the drainage towards the Palisade Glacier. Quite a bit south from Wilder.

Summer, and it begins to snow.

EXT. BELOW THE PALISADE TRAVERSE - DUSK

The snow is coming down heavier. A trail of clothes lead to Wilder stumbling around in his boxers. He's simultaneously sweating and shivering.

Continuing on like this he's going to die.

He sees deer hoof prints in the snow and follows them. He follows them up a steep slope that crests at a mountain pass. The shadowy figure, still in the corner of his eye, seems to be leaving the prints.

Wilder is beyond being able to ask where they're going. But he's getting closer to the figure.

At the top of the mountain pass. The shadow suddenly drops down the other side.

FLASH! Wilder remembers Chase falling off the ridge.

FLASH! Wilder remembers his father falling off the building.

Wilder instinctually dives off the pass, chasing after the shadow. Sliding head first down the snow, tumbling, out of control.

BLACK.

LATER

Wilder wakes shivering and sick. His head hurts from the impact.

He looks around. There's a cave to his right. A proper one, big, shelter from this weather.

He goes to stand but his leg is caught on something. A wooden chest with his blood on it. And the initials: "N.C."

He digs the chest out from the snow and dirt. It is old.

He forces the thing open. A god damn treasure. Better than treasure. Like rays of sunshine springing out into the night!

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Wilder is in a well lit, warm, apartment like cave. Tarps, blankets, a fire pit, paintings, grains and freeze dried foods cooking on old stoves...

He keeps pulling treasure after treasure out of the old wooden chest like a giant Mary Poppins' bag.

Wilder's laid out a tuxedo. He puts it on.

His father's journal sits by his stove. The pages for Accompaniment for Four Hands stick out from the leather journal. He pulls them out and looks at them.

A bead of sweat forms on his brow and drops to the page.

WILDER

One last thing.

Wilder heads back out from his shelter.

Looking sharp, in his tuxedo, Wilder walks long into the night through the mountains and the snow and into the forest and the rain and into the desert and into the out-skirts of town. 8 miles.

EXT. GLACIER LODGE NORTH FORK TRAILHEAD - PALISADES

A dozen officers sweep through the brush.

OFFICER YOUNG

Harry!

The cops converge, finding the partially burnt out Tesla.

EXT. ABANDONED MILL TOWN - NIGHT

Wilder finds an old ghost town, an old Mill Town used during the gold boom. A half dozen abandoned buildings slowly decay. He peers into the windows.

THERE! A piano.

CRACK! He forces his way into the building. Then looks around to make sure no one heard or saw.

He approaches the piano. A real beaut.

A large spool of bailing twine sits on top the piano with a small mirror.

He's tempted to play, but exercises restraint. First the work.

He drags her.

She's as heavy as a piano.

No magic. Just tenacity. He drags the piano out of the room. Out of the house onto the cracked pavement.

The tiny wheels under the piano won't do.

He scans the surroundings. There's an old cart in amazingly good shape. Old steel.

Awkwardly he wrestles the piano on the cart. An easy 400 pounds! Nothing easy about it.

Onto the cart. Effort to center it.

He uses the bailing twine to strap it down.

Now dragging up the road.

-

The end of the road is sand and rock. Dragging over sand and rock?

Wilder pulls and falls to his ass. He pulls again. The stubborn mule!

Coyotes howl in the distance.

FLASHBACK Wilder thinks about the mule he had ridden with. Sweet girl. Big eyes.

Wilder keeps dragging, an inch at a time.

A pick up truck drives by. Wilder hadn't seen the dirt road. The lights flash over him for a second. Wilder ducks down. They didn't see him. Or didn't care. They're not stopping.

As he dropped down, Wilder's hand comes across something hard. The antlers of a stag. Using the last of the bailing twine he lashes the antlers to his head.

Looking good. Feeling good. He gets up to continue dragging the piano.

LATER

Miles along, nearing the peaks, the path steepens.

A brand new, expensive bag sits by the trail, with a loose bit of rope around it. The bag is filled with brand new climbing rope and gear. Wilder fishes through the bag and pulls what he needs to rig a pulley using trees and boulders as anchors.

Wilder hauls the piano up the hill using the same rig as with Chase. FLASHBACK to Wilder hauling Chase on the ridge.

Wilder hauls the piano. Long into the night.

DREAM MEMORY INT. WILDER'S CHILDHOOD HOME

Hayden Wildman sits next to a young Wilder Wildman at their piano. Faye is playing with a young Falcor.

The sheet music for Accompaniment for Four Hands is on the piano's holder.

HAYDEN

Count us off.

YOUNG WILDER

One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven -

They begin playing the beautiful and strange composition. Faye dances with Falcor. Everyone's happy.

EXT. BISHOP PAIUTE RESERVATION - NIGHT

The OLD MAN sits by an outdoor fire pit. The MULE stands behind him. The Old Man's small mirror rests against a log outside the fire. He entertains himself with a bit of twine, doing a solo CAT'S CRADLE.

The mule bucks up. The Old Man grabs the mules reigns to calm her. Glancing in the mirror he sees a starving coyote.

OLD MAN
You can't be here.

Dominick emerges from the shadows.

DOMINICK
I lost my way.

OLD MAN
The boundary is the road.

DOMINICK
I'll only be a minute.

The Old Man takes a good look at Dominick with Tony's blood all over him. He continues to play with the Cat's Cradle.

OLD MAN
There's clothes in the truck.

Dominick opens the cab, and begins changing.

DOMINICK
I'm not a monster.

Old man keeps weaving the twine in his hands.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
It was pushed on me.
(beat)
Money. Control.
(beat)
But one thing leads to another.

Dominick is finished changing. He throws his bloodied clothes on the fire.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
You need fire to escape hell.

Old Man motions up to the road. Another truck pulls up the driveway. Dominick tucks into the shadows behind a tree.

The PAIUTE MULE GUIDE gets out of the truck and walks up to the Old Man.

PAIUTE MULE GUIDE
Saw some weird shit tonight.

Old Man takes the twine off his fingers.

PAIUTE MULE GUIDE (CONT'D)
A bastard looting the ghost town.

Old Man throws the twine into the fire.

OLD MAN
(loud enough for Dominick
to hear)
The one by Aspendell, going into
South Lake?

PAIUTE MULE GUIDE
Yeah?

He's confused by the Old Man's geographic exposition.

PAIUTE MULE GUIDE (CONT'D)
Well this tweaker was dressed in a
tuxedo!

Old Man stands and unhitches the mule, preparing to take her
in for the night.

PAIUTE MULE GUIDE (CONT'D)
He was dragging a piano!

Dominick's ears perk up. He runs off in pursuit.

EXT. BELOW THE PALISADE TRAVERSE - NIGHT

Claire follows fawn tracks in the snow, retracing Wilder's
steps. She is declining: physically and emotionally. The cold
doesn't help.

Looking up she sees the FAWN standing in the snow. She steps
forward and it is spooked. It takes off, running behind a
house sized boulder and disappears, a HAWK flies out instead.

Delirious, Claire looks at her hand. A coyote's PAW. Only for
a moment. Then it's her hand. She presses on.

EXT. BRAINERD LAKE - ON THE WAY TO THE PALISADES - NIGHT

The Mono and Inyo County police comb up through the forest.
Finding Claire's camp site.

EXT. TRACKS TO WILDER'S CAVE - NIGHT

A dozen yards from the broken door in the Ghost Town,
Dominick follows the tracks from the piano dolly Wilder
dragged the piano into the mountains with.

INT. CAVE - MORNING

Wilder wakes inside the cave. Asleep under the piano. Golden sunlight streams in through the cave mouth warming him. He's still dressed in the tux and antlers, but has also wrapped himself in twine and a tarp from Clyde's cache.

Wilder crawls up to his knees and opens the piano's cover. Pressing down on the keys, playing the first chords of Accompaniment for Four Hands.

This beautiful beast: in perfect tune.

Wilder pulls the Norman Clyde chest to the piano as a bench. He sits and pulls out his father's journal and lays out the sheet music.

He's a happy madman. He breaths deep, relishing the moment.

OVER BLACK

BANG!

CUT TO CLAIRE HIKING UP A PASS

BANG!

The gunshot echos over the valley.

Claire stops, then pushes faster up the slope.

CUT TO THE MONO AND INYO COUNTY POLICE

BANG!

The sound is so distant most of the officers look to the sky.

OFFICER YOUNG

Thunder?

BANG! BANG! BANG!

OFFICER HARRY BASS

Gunfire.

Harry motions in the direction and they hustle towards the sound.

BACK TO WILDER IN THE CAVE

Six holes have torn into the belly of the piano. Her strings are split, pushed out like tendons from the holes and cover.

Dominick steps inside the cave. Out of breath.

DOMINICK
 Dreams over Wildman.

Wilder's curled up in the corner. Dominick dumps the empty cartridges on the floor. He breaks to hold his head: bad headache.

CHRYON: Acute Mountain Sickness AKA Mild Altitude Illness

Dominick searches his pockets for more bullets. None.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
 God damn it. You have any aspirin?

Wilder shakes his head "no". He doesn't try to defend himself or escape at all.

Even with his plan to kill Wilder Dom feels compassion.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
 The mountain didn't fix you bud.

WILDER
 Didn't fix me.

Dom looks out the cave mouth, spying the steep ridge above.

DOMINICK
 Come on, one last climb.

Wilder goes to remove his antlers.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)
 Keep 'em on, it'll make it convincing.

Dominick helps Wilder up, and walks him out of the cave.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SADDLE - CONTINUOUS

The two climb up. Making their way slowly but surely up the rock and snow.

Both men stumble, Wilder because he's mentally sick, Dominick because he's altitude sick and not a climber.

As they gain the pass and start up the steep rock to the ridge the search party of officers emerge from the forest below.

As Dom and Wilder climb, Wilder kicks into a sort of auto-pilot and he moves more and more fluidly.

Dominick struggles. Slipping and nearly falling. Slipping and dropping his gun. It slides down the hill, far away and into the Bergshrung (the crevasse between the glacier and the mountain).

DOMINICK
God damn it.

Wilder doesn't notice. He's just climbing.

Reaching the

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

At the top of the ridge, Wilder nearly runs straight into Claire.

CLAIRE
Wilder!

He's disoriented. Barely recognizing Claire.

Claire is shocked by how he's dressed.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Are you here? With me?

Wilder doesn't respond.

Dominick crests the ridge.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Dad!

DOMINICK
Claire!
(out of breath)
I found him.

Dominick feigns a smile.

Claire looks to Wilder. Dom flashes his grenade while she's not looking. Wilder is too gone to even care about the threat. He crumples to the ground.

CLAIRE
Please Wilder. Be here for me?

She goes to hold Wilder. He's a stranger. A lifetime away. Claire cries, Dom goes to comfort her.

DOMINICK
I'm sorry Claire. The mountains
didn't fix him.

Claire lets her dad hold her. She hugs him back. Dominick beams. His happiest moment.

The moment is brief. Dom's head is pounding. He stumbles back. Claire looks at her dad on this exposed ridge:

CLAIRE
Dad! The altitude. You can't be up
here like this! Sit down.

Dominick sits, like an obedient child. Claire fishes through her pack and finds a rope. She ties in with her dad.

DOMINICK
Cops are coming Wilder.

CLAIRE
We have to protect Wilder, make
sure he's taken in safely.

DOMINICK
We can't get in the way Claire.
Cops are dangerous when they lose
their own.

CLAIRE
Wilder couldn't have -

DOMINICK
Look at him.

Wilder is useless.

CLAIRE
How did you two get up here?

Claire lets out rope between her and Dominick, moving around a big boulder to see the path they took up.

Dominick seizes the moment. He runs over to Wilder to throw him off the edge.

Dominick's damn strong! Easily dragging Wilder by the ankle towards the abyss.

Wilder catches a crack with the tips of his finger.

Dominick pulls. Wilder is stretched out, barely hanging on.

Dominick pulls again. Wilder's pinky pops out from the crack.

Dominick pulls again. Wilder's index pops out.

His ring finger pops out.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

DAD!

Dominick looks back. CAUGHT! His face goes white. GUILTY!

DOMINICK

I was gonna to say he jumped.

Goofy scary honest.

Claire sits, collapses, confused. Frozen, she tries to understand the inconceivable.

Dominick sits too. Everyone's sitting.

Silent.

Dom finally breaks the silence.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)

We didn't have anything. Lots of love. Nothing else.

(beat)

Hospitals are shit when you're poor.

Wilder continues to lay with his finger in the crack.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)

I named you after her - and me. A name's all we had. Four years you and I struggled. Then the monsters came.

Dominick slowly stands. Claire listens, in shock. Tearing up.

DOMINICK (CONT'D)

I stopped them from hurting you. Stopped them forever.

CLAIRE

On my birthday.

DOMINICK

On your birthday the cops took me from you.

(beat)

The devil bailed me out. Then I owed the devil.

Dominick looks over one edge. Boldly on the valley below
"MADNESS".

DOMINICK (CONT'D)

I took me twenty years to kill the
devil. And all his men. I became a
damn monster on the way.

(beat)

Too poor to be a dad. Too monstrous
to be a dad. Really thought I could
change that.

Dominick looks over the other edge. Boldly on the valley
below and over the cops nearly up this side of the mountain:
"THE MUNDANE".

CLAIRE

I didn't care. I just wanted my
dad.

Claire needs Wilder. Dominick needs Wilder. Wilder feels it.

DOMINICK

I cared. Not everyone makes it this
time.

Dom step off.

TIME SLOWS

The rope dives over the edge, chasing Dominick. Claire
reaches out but she's far away.

Wilder doesn't hesitate. He tackles Claire off the other side
of the ridge.

THUNK!

TIME RESUMES PACE

The line stretches tight.

Dom hits the wall hard.

The cops below instinctively cover up seeing something
falling overhead.

Wilder takes most of the impact for Claire. Knocking the wind
out of him.

BLACK

He slumps, unconscious, slipping through Claire's arms.

Claire catches him by the antlers.

WILDER

Aaahhhh!

This wakes Wilder up. He grabs the antlers too, to take pressure off the twine wrapped around his head. He climbs up Claire's hand and her body.

Wilder holds Claire for a minute collecting himself.

WILDER (CONT'D)

When I tell you, start climbing.

Claire is in tears but nods YES.

Wilder climbs the taut rope and rock face.

He looks down to Dom. Unconscious. Bleeding. From the head.

Wilder fishes a hand under the tensioned line and pulls hard, around a boulder.

WILDER (CONT'D)

CLIMB CLAIRE!

Claire's side of the rope goes loose allowing Wilder to pull more rope around the boulder.

Claire moves gracefully up the rock.

For every foot of rope Wilder gains he winds the rope around the rock more. The friction holds Dominick.

Claire reaches the ridge. Wilder collapses, breathing hard.

CLAIRE

Wilder.

Claire comes to him again with love.

WILDER

I'm sorry I'm crazy.

Wilder gets back to his feet, guarding his ribs.

WILDER (CONT'D)

Help me pull?

Claire nods.

The officers crest the ridge. Wheezing. Dizzy. Nauseous.

Officer Harry Bass sits on a rock, and points with as much authority as he can at Wilder:

OFFICER HARRY BASS
 Wilder Wildman!
 (breath)
 You're under arrest for
 (breath)
 the murder of Officers Becky
 (breath)
 and Dick.

Claire and Wilder look back at Harry with Dom's rope in their hands. Wilder looks so fucked up: antlers, torn tuxedo, cut and bruised, broken ribs. Claire's face is strewn with tears.

OFFICER YOUNG
 Jesus Christ.

Harry looks over the edge and sees Dom.

The altitude sick officers rally. Everyone helps pull Dominick up. Dom's a mess.

CLAIRE
 Dad!

Claire buries her face against Wilder.

Wilder checks Dominick's airways. He's not breathing. Wilder breaths for him. Once. Twice. The breaths don't go in. He starts chest compressions.

DOMINICK
 BLEH!

With a vomit of blood Dominick is breathing. They roll him to his side to clear his airway.

Wilder removes his jacket and shirt and wraps them on Dominick's bleeding head. Tying them on with the bit of twine from his antlers.

CLAIRE
 Dad, are you ok?

DOMINICK
 I don't think so.

Dom puts on his best face, but is fading. Speaking strains him physically and mentally.

CLAIRE
 You took a bad fall.

DOMINICK

Good catch.

CLAIRE

Wilder saved you.

Dominick really takes this in. After all he did to Wilder.

Wilder stares down at Dominick and Claire. FLASH Wilder sees himself and Chase. FLASH he sees himself as a boy standing over his father's dead body, wrapped in a bloodied sheet.

Wilder crumples into his mental abyss again.

Claire reaches out as Wilder collapses into a ball.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Wilder!

For a moment she is frozen between her father and boyfriend, both total disasters.

Officer Harry Bass steps forward to offer help with Dom. Ending up with the old gangsters head on his lap.

Claire goes to Wilder.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Wilder, you're ok. I'm right here.
We're together.

WILDER

Claire! They're all dead!

OFFICER YOUNG

This is Officer Young with the
Mammoth Lakes Police. We need a
helicopter to uh -
(to the other cops)
where are we?

The officers search manically through their phones and maps for coordinates.

Wilder watches a Red Tailed Hawk circle above in the thermals.

OFFICER 3

Thirty seven, point, 0 9 3 6 0
degrees North. One hundred eighteen
point 5 1 1 1 degrees West.

Officer 3 hands his phone to Officer Young. Young repeats the info into the radio.

CLAIRE
 (to Wilder)
 Wilder a helicopter is coming.

The clothing on Dom's head is soaking through with blood. He's losing a lot quickly. Wilder's eyes shift back and forth, between Dom's head and the hawk circling above.

Claire tracks Wilder's gaze moving between Dom and the hawk.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 He doesn't have enough time does he?

Wilder pulls himself out of his depths to shakes his head "no".

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 You have every right to be a mess. But you're not broken. You're a handsome, resourceful, creative, and passionate man. And I need that man right now. Please help my fucked up dad.

Wilder turn his face to Claire's. Tearing up. He stands. With sudden sobered focus. He unties Claire and goes to untie Dom.

Officer Harry Bass grabs Wilder's wrist.

OFFICER HARRY BASS
 Enough of this. There's a helicopter coming, and you need to answer for Becky and Dick.

Officer Young approaches with handcuffs.

Claire lunges forward pulling Bass's hands off Wilder. Officer Young pulls her back into a restraint position.

CLAIRE
 Wilder didn't kill those assholes! He saved my dad! He has to save my dad! There's not enough time!

Claire's stoic demeanor finally gives to the stress.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 I can't lose my dad!

THYNK! Dominick pulls the pin to his grenade. Everyone hears it. Everyone sees. Absolutely still. Absolutely quiet.

Dom keeps his fingers on the lever.

DOMINICK

My body is fading fast. My mind is
fading faster.

The officers all jump back. They try to pull Claire with them, but she wrestles away to stay with her dad and Wilder.

Wilder carefully takes the grenade from Dom's hand. Dom puts a thankful hand on Wilder's.

Wilder carefully passes the grenade and pin to Claire. Wilder returns to untying Dominick. He begins coiling the rope.

Wilder lays out the tarp, tying twine loops to each corner.

Everyone watches, mesmerized by his methodical and deliberate actions.

Wilder motions for Claire to help him get Dominick up.

The officers flinch as she awkwardly helps with one hand while still holding the pinless grenade.

Wilder wears the rope as a split coil back pack and straps Dominick in on his back.

Claire helps Wilder fasten the corner of the tarp to his wrists and ankles.

CLAIRE

Wait!

Claire pulls duct tape from her bag to reinforce the attachment points to Wilder's wrist and ankles.

Wilder takes the grenade back from Claire.

WILDER

Can I have some magic?

Claire lights up. Goes deep into herself. Becoming angelic and peaceful. She kisses Wilder on each eye and his palms.

VIEWED FROM THE MUNDANE VALLEY BELOW

Wilder dives off the ridge with Dominick on his back. Tuxedo, antlers, wings, and coyote on his back.

Claire and the Officers all rush to the edge to watch them soar out over the valley. Caught perfectly in the light. Beautiful.

EXT. FLYING ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Dominick, half conscious, looks about, then buries his face into Wilder's back and embraces him as a loving father.

FLASH Wilder smiles, imagining his own father flying in his sheet next to them. His father is happy.

They fly together following the HAWK through the thermals in the air, while the STAG, DOE, and FAWN run below.

-

Wilder and Dom fly faster and faster, watching the mountains quickly disappear, then the forests, then desert.

The speed is ridiculous. Wilder knows they'll never survive the crash.

A last bit of awareness comes over Dominick. He points to a small ornamental pond by the Bishop Paiute hospital. Wilder sees, steering them towards it.

Rocketing towards the pond, Wilder throws the grenade into the approaching water to break the surface tension.

PLUNK! KABOOM! SPLASH!

They crash into the explosion of water.

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

BLACK -

White streams of light reflecting through the blue water. Both Wilder and Dom drifting under the surface.

WILDER: in and out of consciousness.

Blink. Dominick drifting next to him.

Blink. Chase drifting, cigar in mouth.

Blink. Faye riding Falcor through the water.

Blink. Hayden Wildman swimming towards him.

BLACK -

FADE IN to bright - blinding - angelic - white - fluorescent hospital lighting...

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Wilder sits in the waiting area in a hospital gown. His wet clothes and antlers are on the seat next to him.

He has bandages around his ribs. He watches the clock turn.

LATER

Wilder is on a courtesy phone in the lobby.

WILDER

You're helping the cops back out of
the mountains?

(laughs)

I'll call you if anything changes.

(beat)

Get here soon? I love you.

LATER

Wilder is wandering the halls. Looking in the vending machines.

He eyes a piano in the chapel. He passes it.

LATER

Reading the departments signs:

"INTENSIVE CARE UNIT"

"GERIATRIC INTENSIVE CARE UNIT"

"PHYSICAL THERAPY"

"PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL"

He thinks on it. Then walks into the Psychiatric Ward.

INT. MENTAL HEALTH RESIDENTIAL FACILITY - DAY

A group of patient residents sit around the piano in the communal lobby. Wilder is playing Stevie Wonder "All I do" while the group dances and laughs to the music.

One resident freaks out and is restrained.

Claire stands next to Dom who sits in a wheel chair. She helps him clap his hands. He gives her a big silly hug. She smiles and hugs him back.

Wilder finishes playing. Some of the residents clap.

He opens his new leather journal. In it he's written:

To Keep Doing:

- * ***Therapy w/ Claire***
- * ***Solo Therapy***
- * ***Accompaniment for 4 Hands w/ Claire***
- * ***Palisade Traverse***

Wilder looks at his watch and motions to Claire.

EXT. GLACIER LODGE NORTH FORK TRAILHEAD - PALISADES

We hear Wilder and Claire play Accompaniment for Four Hands as they synchronize watches counting down 24 hours.

Claire and Wilder run off together into the mountains with small running back packs on. Striding are in perfect unison.

Floating back from a hawk's perspective the enormous ridge of the Palisade Traverse comes into view. From South Fork to Agassiz and the 28 peaks between them.