

# HOW TO DISAPPEAR COMPLETELY

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EXT. TESUQUE VILLAGE MARKET - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

SUPER: Tesuque, New Mexico 1989

The packed bar behind the market is the only business in this small, old western suburb of Santa Fe that is open this late.

KATIE SANDOVAL, 38, in jeans and handcrafted turquoise and silver jewelry leans back against her silver El Camino in the arms of MATTHEW, 40, a short, stocky, bearded hippy in coveralls. Their breath billows in the frigid darkness.

KATIE

I'm worried about Jomfru. He dropped out of school, now he's putzing around, dealing drugs for my brothers. Talk to him for me?

MATTHEW

Sure, I can swing by tomorrow --

KATIE

Why not tonight?

MATTHEW

I can't. I gotta --

KATIE

You gotta what...?

She pulls her jacket down exposing her shoulder.

MATTHEW

I, uh, can't remember...

She climbs in her car, winks and drives off. Matthew sparks a joint, watching her go. He turns to his truck and runs smack into a large biker, RAY-RAY SANDOVAL, 35.

RAY-RAY

It don't look good on us, you dating our sister.

Ray-Ray's identical twin brother LAWRENCE SANDOVAL, 35, emerges from the shadows and flashes a bowie knife.

LAWRENCE

Greasy little hippy like you. Where you running to, punk?

MATTHEW

Gotta go bang your sister.

Lawrence and Ray-Ray's eyes darken.

EXT. HIGH DESERT - DAY

The sun rises on harsh terrain. Matthew's eyes open. His teeth chatter. He's stark naked, limbs hog-tied behind him.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Hands and feet bound, Matthew waddles to the side of the highway. A rickety flatbed loaded with cages of chickens rolls by. Matthew hops and gyrates wildly.

The truck pulls to a stop. A weathered CHICKEN FARMER, 60, leans out the passenger window.

CHICKEN FARMER

Whut happened ta yer clothes, son?

MATTHEW

(shivering)

Took, everything... My truck...

Matthew opens the door. The Chicken Farmer looks down at the seat, then up at Matthew's naked body.

MOMENTS LATER...

The truck pulls away with Matthew sitting in the back, wrapped in a blanket, amidst the poop-covered cages.

INT. HUMEWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL - GYM - DAY

SUPER: Toronto, Ontario 1989

In front of the entire school STANLEY CHIN, 14, a short, lanky, 8th grade senior lip-synchs to Dj Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince's "Parent's Just Don't Understand."

STANLEY

(lip-synching)

You know parents are the same / No  
matter time nor place / They don't  
understand that us kids / Are gonna  
make some mistakes / So to all you  
kids, all across the land / There's  
no need to argue / Parents just  
don't understand...

A Canadian flag hangs on the wall behind him.

STANLEY  
 (lip-synching)  
 I remember one year my mom took me  
 school shopping...

Stanley's best friend KAZ, 13, an awkward Japanese 8th-grader with a crazy shock of black hair, struts onstage in drag.

INT. VALUE VILLAGE - DAY

SHARON CHIN, 38, a bespectacled Chinese lady with a faint Jamaican accent, sorts through a rack of t-shirts. She holds one up. Stanley shakes his head. She puts it back. Finds another one. Holds it up. Stanley crosses his arms defiantly.

STANLEY  
 Mom, can I please get some new  
 clothes for once?

Sharon glares at him. Then holds up another t-shirt. Stanley sighs and smells the shirt. That used clothes smell, ugh.

STANLEY  
 Fine.

Sharon leads Stanley to the shoe section.

SHARON  
 Let's get you some shoes.

STANLEY  
 Mom! I'm not wearing used shoes!

SHARON  
 What's wrong with these? They're in  
 great condition.

STANLEY  
 That's friggin' gross!

SHARON  
 Alright, alright! Don't swear,  
 Stanley!

STANLEY  
 (mutters)  
 That's not a frickin' swear word...

INT. KINGSGATE MALL - THE SHOE BARN - DAY

Stanley's eyes bug as he pulls a pair of white Andre Agassi "Air Jordan's" with pink and black trim off the rack.

Sharon looks apologetically at the price tag. \$200. Stanley puts them back. He grabs a pair of far less flashy, but sleek Brooks shoes off the wall. Sharon cringes at the price. \$80.

Stanley moves to a generic pair of Agassi rip-offs. The brand name reads "Sizzler." The price: \$25.

INT. HUMEWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Stanley and Kaz are at their lockers eating lunch in the hallway, watching ALEXANDRA, 14, a cute, gap-toothed tomboy, who eats and talks to her FRIENDS halfway down the hall.

KAZ  
Why can't you just talk to her?  
Alex? Hey Alex!

Alex looks over.

KAZ  
Uhh, hi...?

She shakes her head, laughs and turns back to her friends.

KAZ  
Wow. Why was that so hard? I froze  
up! My mouth got all dry...

STANLEY  
You know nothing about girls.

KAZ  
And you do?

STANLEY  
I know you can't just talk to them!  
You need to like, wear the right  
shoes and stuff.

KAZ  
You do?

Stanley shows off his new shoes.

STANLEY  
What do you think?

KAZ  
Uh, do you want the truth, or...?  
(off Stanley's frown)  
Isn't Rod gonna get you a deal on  
those Agassi's? He's, like, manager  
at Foot Locker now.

STANLEY

Rod's a douche.

KAZ

(smirks)

Don't talk about my step-bro like that. He resembles that remark.

Stanley balls up his trash and aims at a trash can.

STANLEY

If I make this shot, I will play pro hockey in the NHL.

KAZ

And if you miss?

Stanley ignores him, aims, and shoots. It arcs in the air until a HAND smacks it to the floor.

COLIN (O.S.)

Rejected!

AARON, 15, a tall, pasty kid in a leather jacket and bandana and YANNICK, 14, his burly right-hand man stroll down the hall with acolytes COLIN, 14, and NATHANIEL, 14, in tow.

AARON

Nice shirt Stanley, do they make it for boys?

COLIN

Ha! Those pants are rad. Not!

AARON

What's shaking Alex? We heard you're having a party this weekend?

ALEXANDRA

Oh, yeah.

NATHANIEL

Is there gonna be booze?

YANNICK

There better be booze.

EXT. HUMEWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL - STREET HOCKEY RINK - DAY

Stanley plays street hockey in the snow with Kaz and a bunch of 7TH GRADE BOYS. He's having a blast, in his element. Stanley steals the ball and runs in on a breakaway. He scores a goal and celebrates. His team high-fives him.

STANLEY

And the crowd goes wild!

ALEXANDRA (O.S.)

Hey, Stanley.

Stanley spins to see Alexandra looking at him through the tall chain link fence around the rink.

STANLEY

Oh, hey, hi, uh, Alex.

ALEXANDRA

Um, can I ask you a question?

STANLEY

Oh, yeah, I love questions!

ALEXANDRA

(chuckles)

I'm having a party Saturday, you guys wanna come?

Across the schoolyard Aaron and his cronies listen to MC Hammer's "You Can't Touch This," on a boombox. Yannick sees Stanley and Alexandra talking and nudges Aaron.

STANLEY

Um, yeah, sure, why not?

ALEXANDRA

Alright, cool. Um, I heard Kaz's brother is, like twenty-five...?

STANLEY

Step brother.

ALEXANDRA

Uh, cool. Can he buy us booze?

STANLEY

Oh, yeah, no problem. For sure!

ALEXANDRA

Really? That's ill! Here's our list. I'll get you the money later?

She hands him a page from her notebook.

STANLEY

Oh, uh, yeah don't worry about it.

Aaron rips the door open, Hammer-dances into the rink, music blaring. The 7th Graders scatter. Nathaniel whacks Colin.

COLIN

Ow, man! That's slashing!

NATHANIEL

(mocking)

"Ow, man! That's slashing!" Colin,  
you freakin' pussy!

Aaron grabs a stick and plays around, bumping smaller kids out of his way. Yannick grabs a goalie stick and tries to stop him.

STANLEY

Give me my stick Colin! You  
frickin' pussy.

COLIN

What did you call me?

NATHANIEL

Nice shoes bro! "Sizzlers?!?!" Like  
the restaurant? Did you get them  
free with your Happy Meal?

Colin and his crew HOWL with laughter. Stanley glances at Alexandra. She frowns. Furious, Stanley charges Colin. Colin spits and punches Stanley in the face --

Stanley is stunned. He tries to punch back, misses. Colin knocks Stanley to the ground, pins him in a headlock.

COLIN

Say "I'm a pussy!" Say it! Say "I'm  
a pussy" Stanley, and I'll let go!

STANLEY

Ok, ok, ok...!

Colin freezes for a moment, ready to let Stanley up.

STANLEY

You're a pussy.

Colin mashes his face into the pavement. Stanley can't squirm free, but refuses to give up. MR. BRANDOLINI, 35, a studly teacher whose dress shirt exposes his hairy chest, rushes in.

MR. BRANDOLINI

Break it up boys, let's go!

He grabs both Colin and Stanley by the collar and hauls them inside. Stanley looks for Alexandra. She's gone.



EXT. HUMEWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Stanley slumps over an uncomfortable plastic chair in the reception area, watching the CLOCK. ROD, 25, a muscular, bald man with a gold earring and a scruffy beard strides in.

ROD  
Stan the Man.

STANLEY  
Rod the bod. The Pirate store let  
you off early today?

INT. ROD'S WHITE VOLVO - DAY

Stanley sits in the passenger seat as Rod drives. Kaz lounges in the back seat. Early grunge rock plays on Rod's stereo.

ROD  
So, what happened?

Stanley ignores him.

ROD  
Stanley. I thought we were friends?

STANLEY  
Why? Cause you're ten years older  
than me and you drive a Volvo?

ROD  
Whoa, dude. The Volvo is ill.

STANLEY  
They're boxy, but they're good, eh?

KAZ  
Rod, you gotta boot for us.

He looks at them, and then back to the road.

ROD  
No chance.

KAZ  
Rod!

STANLEY  
Come on, Rod, please!

ROD  
 Tell you what. I'll do you a  
 massive solid instead. I got you  
 those shoes, Stanley.

Rod reaches into the pile of junk and clothes behind his seat  
 and pulls out a Nike shoebox.

ROD  
 Gimme your booze money and I'll let  
 you have them.

Stanley opens the box. A pair of Agassi's almost gleam back  
 at him. Stanley basks in the glow. He bites his lip.

STANLEY  
 I can't. We need that booze Rod.

ROD  
 What? Are you out of your mind?

KAZ  
 Rod, stop being a dick!

STANLEY  
 Rod, Alexandra Nemerov's having a  
 party. This is the most important  
 moment of our lives!

ROD  
 Oh my god, you're serious?

KAZ  
 We'll never get another chance like  
 this. Alexandra Nemerov invited us  
 to her house! Her actual house!

ROD  
 God, you guys are pathetic!  
 Alright, look, riddle me this. Get  
 it right and I'll help: would you  
 rather fly? Or be invisible?

Rod hums the "Jeopardy" theme. Stanley and Kaz confer.

ROD  
 Ok, time's up ladies!

STANLEY  
 Invisible. Flying would be useless  
 without super str --

Rod makes a loud, annoying, "wrong answer" BUZZER sound.

ROD

That is incorrect. Sorry boys. Invisibility is for sneaky, peeping tom, masturbating losers. Which is why I'm not surprised that was your selection. Everyone knows, flying is the far cooler option.

STANLEY

Rod, please! Man to man, I'm asking you. Please help us out.

ROD

You? A "man?" That's so funny I forgot to laugh. You guys are too smart for your own good! You're invisible already. You're like a couple of scared little girls! You need to learn how to fly!

KAZ

What? Rod, shut up and help us!

STANLEY

If you want us to fly, you need to help us get to that party.

ROD

(a beat)

Huh. That's a good point actually. Kaz, why can't you be more like your friend here?

KAZ

Shut up, Rod.

STANLEY

Just help us out Rod, please.

ROD

Alright, I'm not an evil man. Have me over for dinner and I'll do it.

STANLEY

What? Why?

KAZ

He's got an Asian fetish. Just like his dad.

ROD

Your mom's hot, Stanley. Yours too Kaz. What can I say? The apple never falls far from the tree.

STANLEY

Oh my god! Gross!

ROD

What? What's gross about it? It's actually the opposite of gross, it's beautiful.

Rod grins like a butcher's dog.

KAZ

Kiku's your step-mom!

ROD

Exactly, step! We're talking about Stanley's mom anyway. I bet her kooch tastes like sashimi.

KAZ

Sashimi's Japanese you idiot!

Stanley flips him the bird.

STANLEY

You know how many racist doofs act like my best friend cause I look white, so they can hit on my mom?

ROD

It's not racist if I like her race.

KAZ

It is, actually.

ROD

Well, that's my offer, take it or leave it.

Stanley and Kaz exchange looks.

INT. STANLEY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Stanley's grandmother JAHPO, 62, a large Chinese lady with a thick Jamaican accent cuts up fruit and feeds PORTIA, 3, Stanley's younger sister, at her high chair.

JAHPO

Gwan now, polish off the balance of it. Eat it up.

Sharon, Stanley, and Rod eat, watching the interaction.

ROD

So, Ms. Chin, may I ask what part of China your family is from?

STANLEY

They're not from China, they're from Jamaica. Shut up and eat Rod.

SHARON

Stanley! He's your guest, behave yourself.

Jahpo holds back on the fruit, waiting for Portia to finish. Portia reaches for Jahpo to cut up more.

JAHPO

No, me nah gwan give ya more before you gone eat it up!

ROD

You know, that probably means you're Han Chinese? The vast majority of the Chinese diaspora in the Caribbean are Han.

SHARON

Wow, Rod, how do you know so much about this?

ROD

Oh, it's just something I'm interested in...

JAHPO

Mi know why young man like 'im interest in Chiney gyal so. Wan fa drink milk, but nah pay fa no cow!

SHARON

Mom, shush up your mouth!

ROD

What's that? What did she say?

Stanley and Kaz snicker. Portia devours the food in front of her, then reaches for more. Jahpo reluctantly starts cutting.

JAHPO

Lang taim ago dem av wan fat, fat likl gyal pikni. She nyam so much, her mada an fada neva know wa fi du wid 'er...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stanley, Sharon, and Jahpo watch TV. Portia plays with her toys on the floor.

CBC NEWS ANCHOR

(on TV)

The Chinese Government has made its move and appears ready to crack down hard on the student protests. At this hour, no one is sure where it's all headed. Martial law has been declared in Beijing...

STANLEY

But, we're just sitting around on our butts watching TV!

SHARON

Stanley, watch your mouth!

STANLEY

Mom, "butt" is not a sweat word! What the -

JAHPO

Oooo, me motha would box me if me evah sass her like that!

SHARON

You play with your friends every weekend. Spending one Saturday at home with us won't kill you!

STANLEY

We don't "play!" We're not five! We hang out. Mom, I promised Kaz. He's expecting me. We made plans! It's really important, mom!

Sharon shoots him a look and turns up the volume on the TV.

STANLEY

Why are we watching this? What are they even fighting for?

SHARON

Freedom.

STANLEY

I know the feeling. Mom, please, I've gotta go!

SHARON  
That's enough Stanley. The subject  
is closed!

STANLEY  
(mumbles)  
Can we at least watch Hockey Night  
in Canada like normal people?

Jahpo shoots Sharon a look.

STANLEY  
(resigned)  
I'm going to bed.

SHARON  
Stanley.

STANLEY  
What?

SHARON  
I know you're upset that we can't  
afford hockey again this year...

STANLEY  
Whatever.

SHARON  
Stanley, I can't --  
(stops herself)  
Maybe we could try and get ahold of  
your father, what do you think?

STANLEY  
When's the last time you talked?

Sharon thinks. Stanley frowns.

STANLEY  
Goodnight.

He slinks down the hall and shuts the door to his room.

JAHPO  
'Im need fa learn respect, Sharon.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stanley lies awake, staring at a framed photo of Matthew in  
the snow beside his truck, the bed filled with firewood.

He puts the photo down, listening intently. After a long beat Stanley rips off the covers, revealing he is fully clothed. He tiptoes to the door, opens it and peers into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

All clear. Stanley tiptoes down the hallway to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sharon's purse sits on a chair in the kitchen. Stanley glances over his shoulder and steps inside the kitchen.

Stanley rifles through the purse and finds her wallet. Opens it. A few bills stare back at him.

He stands frozen for a long beat. Jahpo's LOUD SNORING from the adjacent room startles him. He grabs a \$20, drops the wallet back in the bag and quietly hustles out.

A beat. Sharon steps inside. She opens her wallet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sharon holds the rotary phone's receiver to her ear.

SHARON

Hello, Matthew? It's Sharon...

EXT. KAZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stanley stands at the door, nervous. Kaz lets him in.

KAZ

Did you get the money?

He shows Kaz the \$20.

KAZ

Are you sure that's enough?

EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Stanley and Kaz stand on the porch nervously, holding a bag from the liquor store. Stanley knocks on the door. Alex opens it excitedly.

ALEX

Stanley! Did you bring the booze?



He triumphantly presents the bag. Alex looks inside at a six pack of wine coolers, crestfallen.

ALEXANDRA  
Where's the rest?

Kaz pulls two Molson Canadians out of his hoodie.

KAZ  
Where can we lock our bikes?

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Stanley and Kaz walk their bikes down the sidewalk, still carrying the bag of wine coolers.

KAZ  
Well, it could've been worse.

STANLEY  
Yeah? How?

KAZ  
We could've forgotten to wear clothes...?

EXT. 13TH AVE DUPLEX - CARPORT - NIGHT

Stanley coasts quietly into the carport and locks his bike.

INT. 13TH AVE DUPLEX - STANLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stanley gingerly slips the window open and hoists himself up. Stanley crawls over the sill and drops quietly to the floor. The light pops on. He looks up. Sharon stands in the doorway.

INT. HUMEWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

SUPER: Four Months Later

The hallways are empty and quiet. Suddenly, the BELL RINGS and STUDENTS pour out of classrooms. They open their binders and toss papers everywhere, trashing their school supplies.

STUDENTS  
(chanting)  
*Schooooooool's out, for the summer! /*  
*Schooooooool's out, for ever!*

Stanley and Kaz sprint down the hallway.

STANLEY

I'll call you soon as I get home!

KAZ

You're still grounded? It's game seven! Can't she make an exception?

Stanley sadly shakes his head "no."

EXT. HUMEWOOD MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Stanley rides across the field like a bat out of hell.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Stanley zips in and out of traffic.

INT. 13TH AVE DUPLEX - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Stanley tosses his shoes off and sprints down the hallway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Stanley runs to the phone and dials.

SHARON

Stanley?

STANLEY

Hang on, mom.

SHARON

Stanley?

STANLEY

What, mom? Game seven's about to start! I gotta call Kaz!

He looks up at her. She looks over at the couch. He follows her gaze. Seated on the couch with Portia tugging on his bushy beard, is Matthew.

INT. STANLEY'S ROOM - DAY

Portia and Sharon help Stanley pack.

SHARON

I'm sorry, I guess he's early. He's hard to get ahold of.

PORTIA  
When are you coming back?

STANLEY  
I don't know. Maybe never.

Portia's eyes tear up. Stanley hugs her.

SHARON  
It's only for the summer, Portia.

STANLEY  
What if I like it better there?

Sharon crosses her arms, that stung.

EXT. 13TH AVE DUPLEX - DAY

Portia and Sharon help Stanley load his stuff into the back of Matthew's '57 Chevy truck. On the other side of the truck, Jahpo scolds Matthew.

JAHPO  
'Im need 'im father. So me nah gon'  
cuss you. But you nah go an forget  
that blood is thicka than water, ya  
hear? Blood thicka than water...

Matthew nods. Sharon hands Matthew a book.

MATTHEW  
"Uncle Andy's Big Book of Cuss Word  
Alternatives." The fudge is this?

JAHPO  
(laughs)  
We gwan teach ol' dog new trick!

SHARON  
Please try and help him clean up  
the cuss words?

Matthew nods. Jahpo walks around the truck to Stanley. She hands him a little red envelope, Chinese New Year style. Sharon intercepts the envelope and peeks inside.

SHARON  
Two-hundred and fifty dollars,  
American?!?! Mum!

JAHPO  
Jus' a lickl pocket money.

SHARON

Keep it for emergencies. You understand? Do not spend it.

Stanley tucks it away. He hugs Jahpo, and then Sharon.

INT. '57 CHEVY TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Matthew drives with Stanley on the bench seat beside him and Jahpo's book perched on the dashboard. Stanley steals a glance at Matthew. Matthew catches him. Stanley looks away.

MATTHEW

Are you hungry?

STANLEY

Yeah, sure. I could eat.

MATTHEW

I thought you might be hungry. Here, grab the wheel.

Matthew lets go of the wheel, pushes Stanley's seat back forward and rummages behind it, looking for something. Stanley lunges forward to grab the steering wheel.

STANLEY

What?!?! I don't know how to drive!

MATTHEW

Relax, there's nothing to it. Just keep it straight.

Stanley struggles to hold the wheel and keep it straight. Matthew pulls a bag of groceries out from behind the seat. He pulls out a tomato and cuts it with a pocket knife.

MATTHEW

Damn this stupid knife. I had an Opinel, you know, from France? Best pocket knives in the world. But it was in my Datsun.

STANLEY

Oh. Good story. What's a Datsun?

MATTHEW

A truck.

STANLEY

Isn't this a truck?

MATTHEW  
This is a Chevy.

STANLEY  
Cool, cool, cool. What happened to  
your Datsun?

MATTHEW  
It got stolen. Where does Portia's  
dad live?

STANLEY  
Over on the Drive.

MATTHEW  
Does she see him much?

STANLEY  
Every other weekend.

MATTHEW  
That's not much.

Stanley shrugs, keeping his eyes on the road.

LATER...

They eat sandwiches in silence.

MATTHEW  
The outlet mall's coming up right  
here. Need anything?

Stanley perks up.

INT. BELLIS FAIR OUTLET MALL - THE NIKE STORE - DAY

Stanley stares at a pair of Agassi Air Jordan's. In awe. He  
checks the price tag, they're 50% off: \$100. He looks at  
Matthew. Matthew shrugs.

MATTHEW  
For --

Matthew opens "Uncle Andy's Big Book" and flips to a page.

MATTHEW  
-- "fried steaks," Stanley.  
Those are the ugliest fudge-in  
shoes I've ever seen.

STANLEY

You're taking that way too seriously.

MATTHEW

I'm not about to cross your Jahpo.

STANLEY

Haha, I don't blame you. So, technically Jahpo's money's only for emergencies...?

MATTHEW

If you want 'em that badly, I think we can figure something out.

STANLEY

Works for me!

Stanley grabs the shoes and hustles to the front.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Matthew follows Stanley across the lot, cradling a Nike shoebox under his arm. They climb back into Matthew's truck.

INT. '57 CHEVY TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Matthew starts the engine and pulls out of the parking lot. Stanley opens the box, fixated on the shoes.

MATTHEW

(teasing)

You are way too happy about a pair of ugly tennis shoes. Are you gonna put them on?

STANLEY

Oh, I know. It just sucks having to wear used clothes all the time.

MATTHEW

I'm sure your mom's doing her best.

STANLEY

Yeah, I guess.

INT. '57 CHEVY TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Stanley steals a look at Matthew who munches on chocolate covered espresso beans as he drives through the night. Matthew finally looks back. Stanley looks away.

INT. '57 CHEVY TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Matthew pops in a cassette of Bob Dylan's "Brownsville Girl."

MATTHEW

(sings)

*Well, there was this movie I seen  
one time / About a man riding  
'cross the desert and it starred  
Gregory Peck / He was shot down by  
a hungry kid tryin to make a name  
for himself...*

Stanley stares out the window at the immensity of the Rocky Mountains, impressed. Matthew hams it up even more.

STANLEY

(mutters)

Holy crap!

MATTHEW

(sings)

*You always said: "People don't do  
what they believe in / They just do  
what's most convenient / Then they  
repent" / And I always said: "Hang  
on to me, Baby / And let's hope  
that the roof stays on..."*

Stanley turns to him and shakes his head. Matthew grins.

STANLEY

You are too embarrassing. So, uh, what do you want me to call you? Dad? Or Matthew? Or...?

MATTHEW

Whatever you're comfortable with.

STANLEY

Ok, um, Matthew. Question: would you rather fly or be invisible?

MATTHEW

I don't know, I guess... I guess I'd rather fly.

Oh. STANLEY

What? MATTHEW

Um, I don't know. STANLEY

What? MATTHEW

Don't you think flying is for, STANLEY  
like, arrogant show-offs?

Man, tell me how you really feel. MATTHEW

No, but think about it. What could STANLEY  
you actually accomplish? Take  
Superman. Without super strength  
and invulnerability he's just some  
douchebag in colorful tights.  
Flying's a cheap gimmick.

Ok. Got it. MATTHEW

If you were invisible you could STANLEY  
sneak into places, steal secrets  
from bad guys, swindle people. Rob  
the rich and give to the poor!

Is that what you want to do when MATTHEW  
you grow up? Swindle people?

Oh, uh, sure? You'd have to be STANLEY  
smart, stealthy. Like a ninja!  
Constantly staying one step ahead  
of the law.

Know where swindlers end up? MATTHEW

Where? STANLEY

Jail. MATTHEW



STANLEY

Oh. Yeah.

Stanley slumps into his seat, puzzled.

EXT. CARSON NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

Matthew pulls the Chevy off the highway onto a dirt road through a forest. Tall evergreens open to a valley covered in tents, lean-tos, converted school buses and tipis.

INT. '57 CHEVY TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Hundreds of HIPPIES of all ages dance, drum, juggle and trip. Matthew slows the truck to a crawl as they enter the valley. He reaches behind the seat and hands a camouflage army surplus sleeping bag to Stanley.

MATTHEW

Here, Stanley, this is for you.

Stanley smells it.

STANLEY

This is brand new!

MATTHEW

You think I'd give you a used sleeping bag?

STANLEY

Oh, uh, I don't know, I guess not?

MATTHEW

No, you're right. I definitely would. But that one's new.

STANLEY

Ok, well, thanks. Where are we?

MATTHEW

Ever heard of a Rainbow Gathering?

STANLEY

What's a Rainbow Gathering?

MATTHEW

Um, well --

A SHIRTLESS HIPPIE, 50, with flowing white pants and a long, white, linen scarf wrapped around his head dances up to Stanley's open window.

## SHIRTLESS HIPPIE

Forty-four gatherings. Thirty-three years. The smallest gathering. But some of the smallest things, are some of the greatest. So enjoy. Be joy. Be love. And love all you can. Welcome home.

MATTHEW

Couldn't have put it better myself.

He dances away. Stanley looks perplexed. JOMFRU, 17, a slim, shaggy-haired hippy bro with silver and turquoise bracelets and a beaded hemp necklace bounds over. Matthew stops.

MATTHEW

Jomfrito! Stanley, this is Jomfru.

STANLEY

"Jomfru?"

JOMFRU

It means "big dick," in Portuguese. Scooch over buddy, pleasure to finally meet you.

Jomfru slides in next to Stanley.

MATTHEW

He's a pathological liar. Don't listen to a word he says.

JOMFRU

The most dangerous liars are those who think they're speaking truth.

MATTHEW

What the hell does that mean?

JOMFRU

Just something I read somewhere.

MATTHEW

Something you "read?" Now I know you're lying.

Stanley shifts uncomfortably in his seat, not sure what to make of this exchange, as Matthew pulls away along a dirt road through the school buses, tipis and HIPPIES.

MATTHEW

Where are you camped?

JOMFRU

Over yonder with a chill chiller  
who swapped me two joints for some  
dank acid.

Jomfru brandishes a vial of LSD. Stanley shoots Matthew a  
curious look.

MATTHEW

Put that away.

STANLEY

"Camped?" Uh, we're camping?

MATTHEW

What did you think the sleeping bag  
was for?

JOMFRU

What is this, like the first time  
you ever met this caveman...?  
(off their looks)  
Oh. Dang.

MATTHEW

We're only gonna be here one night.  
Jomfru and I are running a survival  
workshop for the kids.

The sound of a CONCH SHELL being blown echoes. Matthew pulls  
to a stop in a clearing. Jomfru and Matthew look at Stanley.

JOMFRU

Can you hang, Stan-Man?

STANLEY

Sure! I've been to sleep-away camp.

Stanley jumps out, Matthew and Jomfru follow, unloading the  
truck. Realizing the ground is soft and dry Stanley examines  
his shoes. He groans. They're covered in dusty red clay.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Matthew and Jomfru stand in the clearing in front of a group  
of about TWENTY BOYS and GIRLS between the ages of eight and  
sixteen, all seated in a circle, with Stanley among them.

MATTHEW

Ok! We may be in the mountains, but  
New Mexico is primarily desert, so  
let's review our desert survival  
skills real quick. Number one?

Stanley raises his hand.

JOMFRU  
Stanley, alright!

STANLEY  
Get loud! Call for help so people  
know where you are, and to scare  
animals away.

MATTHEW  
No, don't waste energy shouting.

A rat-tailed hippy camper named SAGE, 10, pipes up.

SAGE  
Keep your mouth shut!

MATTHEW  
Correct-a-mundo! Breathing through  
your nose helps you preserve  
moisture. Number two? Stanley?

STANLEY  
Keep moving. If you stay in the  
same place you might get tired, and  
pass out and get eaten by animals.

MATTHEW  
No, sweat's your enemy, gotta  
preserve energy, remember? Sage?

SAGE  
Hunker down!

MATTHEW  
Correct! In the desert the name of  
the game is get out of the sun in  
the day, keep warm at night. Sage,  
you're on fire, go for three?

Stanley's embarrassment grows. He blurts:

STANLEY  
Find water!

JOMFRU  
Ooop, no. Strike three! Thanks for  
coming out, keep the hat.

STANLEY  
What hat?

LAYLA, 15, a barefoot biracial girl with a nose ring shouts:

LAYLA  
Make your mark!

MATTHEW  
You got it, give the lady a prize!  
If you have to move for shelter  
find a distant landmark to navigate  
toward. And leave rock cairns, or  
whatever you can, mark your path!

JOMFRU  
(sings)  
*O, the earth is good to me...*

CAMPERS  
(joining in)  
*...And so I thank the Earth / For  
giving me / The things I need /  
Like the sun and the moon and the  
appleseed / The Earth / Is / Good /  
To / Meeee...*

Stanley looks around like he's at a cult meeting.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Stanley and his GROUP sit on the ground watching Matthew demonstrate how to walk quietly through the woods.

MATTHEW  
This is the "fox step." One foot  
directly in front of the other,  
pointing straight ahead, and then  
gently shift your weight...

LATER...

Stanley brandishes a rabbit stick the size of his forearm, whittled smooth, as he fox steps through the trees. He comes to a mini-clearing and throws the stick --

It helicopters across the clearing and snaps a wooden target stake in half.

MATTHEW  
Stanley, you're a natural!

Stanley beams.

MATTHEW  
(teasing)  
Don't let it go to your head.

Stanley frowns. Sage comes up and awkwardly lets fly. His rabbit-stick shoots way off into the trees. Stanley smirks.

JOMFRU

Aaannd, thanks for playing Sage,  
keep the tie-dye shirt!

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Stanley weaves through the trees at top speed. A heated game of capture-the-flag has taken over the woods.

Stanley has a bolt of red cloth tucked under his arm. Up ahead he spies the border, safety and a win for his team.

THREE HIPPY KIDS emerge from the trees trying to tag him. Stanley stutter-steps and spins around them --

He's home-free. But, just as Stanley crosses the border -- Sage kicks his back leg, sending Stanley tumbling. Stanley looks at his shoes. There's a big scuff mark on the toe.

STANLEY

What the hell, man?!?!

SAGE

It was an accident.

STANLEY

Some accident!

Stanley gets in Sage's face. Sage shrinks back. Stanley shoves him to the ground.

CAMPERS

Fight! Fight!

Matthew pulls Stanley away from Sage.

MATTHEW

Stanley, knock it off.

STANLEY

Get off me!

MATTHEW

Stanley...

STANLEY

Leave me alone! Shouldn't be hard,  
you've got plenty of practice.

Matthew releases him. Stanley seethes, and storms away.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Stanley and the other HIPPIY BOYS and GIRLS in his group struggle to erect lean-to shelters by strapping ropes connected to blue tarps across tree-branches.

Stanley is having a much harder time than the others. Sage snickers at him. Matthew comes over to help.

STANLEY

It's ok!

Matthew steps back.

STANLEY

I can do it, I got it.

MATTHEW

Ok, sorry. Just trying to help.

Matthew slinks away. Stanley sighs, and gets back to work.

EXT. BONFIRE - NIGHT

DEMBÉLÉ, 35, a dreadlocked Jamaican man, and AJIN, 39, a rasta doctor play congas. Katie, Layla, and FLORÉ, 38, a dreadlocked white woman, dance and twirl around a bonfire.

A big group of HIPPIE KIDS watch. Some dance shyly. Katie dances up to Stanley, caressing him with her scarf. Floré presses a hand on Stanley's heart, and one on her own.

KATIE

Welcome, Stanley.

FLORÉ

Blessings.

Matthew watches Layla skillfully dance up to Stanley. A smitten Stanley tries to dance with her. Jomfru bumbles over, dancing wildly to LAUGHTER and CHEERS from everyone else.

Stanley tries to upstage Jomfru. Jomfru dances tongue-in-cheek. Stanley is all business. The CHEERS get LOUDER.

Layla slips away as Jomfru and Stanley one up each other. With one hand behind his head, elbow out and the other arm outstretched, Jomfru pulls out THE SPRINKLER.

Stanley counters with the MC HAMMER DANCE, straddle-shuffling around the fire in both directions. Jomfru does the CABBAGE PATCH. Stanley does the RUNNING MAN.

Jomfru takes the SPRINKLER up a notch by putting one hand behind his head, and grabbing his foot with his other hand, hopping and kicking his knee back and forth.

Stanley dives into the WORM -- the other KIDS go WILD! Stanley turns to Layla, triumphant. But Jomfru twirls her and she laughs. She doesn't even notice Stanley. He wanders off.

EXT. OUTDOOR KITCHEN - NIGHT

The dance party continues in the b.g. Stanley sits alone, on the ground, using a rag to wipe his shoes. He scrubs and scrubs by lantern light, but can't seem to get them clean.

LAYLA (O.S.)  
 You really know how to party, hey?  
 Want a hit?

Stanley looks up and sees Layla.

STANLEY  
 I'm go-OK. I mean could. I'm. Cool.

LAYLA  
 "Drug free way to be," huh? Are those Nikes?

STANLEY  
 (proudly)  
 Yup.

LAYLA  
 Gross.

STANLEY  
 Eh? Why's that?

LAYLA  
 Nikes are like the primo symbol of materialist culture. Muy mal.

STANLEY  
 Really?

LAYLA  
 Really. I'm Layla. Nice to finally meet you. I guess we're neighbors now. Blessings.

She pulls Stanley into a long, uncomfortably amazing hug.



STANLEY

Yeah, nice to meet yo -- uh, and hey thanks for stopping by...? And the joint! Yeah, normally I'd, I mean, busy, but...

LAYLA

No sweat. I "stopped by" cause you beat up my little brother Sage so I figured I better kick your ass.

STANLEY

Uh, sorry, what?!?! I'm sorry I --

LAYLA

Not! Just kidding, chill. I'm a lover not a fighter.

Layla takes another hit of the joint.

STANLEY

Aren't you worried your folks'll catch you?

LAYLA

Who do you think I got it from?

STANLEY

Well, if they don't care, how come you're hiding out here?

LAYLA

Cause I don't wanna share, homie.

Layla laughs. Stanley smiles sheepishly.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Stanley's sad lean-to flaps and creaks in the wind.

INT. STANLEY'S LEAN-TO - NIGHT

Beneath the tarp Stanley shifts and fidgets, unable to get comfortable. He looks at his shoes beside him, sighs and stares up at the stars through a gap in the tarp.

INT. STANLEY'S LEAN-TO - DAWN

Matthew pokes his head in.

MATTHEW

Rise and shine. Let's hit the road.

Stanley stares daggers at him. He hasn't slept.

STANLEY

Great. I can't wait for a real bathroom and a shower.

MATTHEW

Um, about that...

EXT. OUTHOUSE - DAY

Matthew and Stanley stand in front of a small wooden structure with no door. Stanley can't believe his eyes.

MATTHEW

It's really not that bad.

STANLEY

Are you serious? Did evolution completely miss this place?

Matthew picks up a bucket of ash that has been toppled.

STANLEY

Are those scratch marks?

MATTHEW

Hmmm, maybe a black bear...?

STANLEY

(freaked out)

What? Black bear? There are black bears here?!?!?

MATTHEW

Yeah, but it was probably coyotes.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Stanley and Matthew step through the sunroom into the small cabin. Matthew tosses a GRAY TABBY CAT off the counter. Stanley SNEEZES.

MATTHEW

That's Gretzky. Figured you'd dig the name.

STANLEY

I'm allergic to cats.

MATTHEW

Shoot. Well, we've got mice...

Matthew lumbers across the room and hoists Stanley's suitcase on the top bunk of a wooden bed built into the far wall.

MATTHEW

Top bunk's yours. The pot on the wood stove's for tea. Drinking water's in the jug under the sink. You can bathe in the creek...

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - NIGHT

Stanley lies in bed. Perched on the window sill beside him are the Agassi's, scratched and stained with red dirt from his camping experience. Stanley frowns.

He looks past them, out the window at the outhouse, bathed in the pale moonlight. Stanley rolls over, terrified.

EXT. CREEK - DAY

Stanley stands on the bank in swim trunks, holding a towel and a bottle of shampoo, staring at the frigid water. He takes a deep breath and dips a toe in.

STANLEY

God damn it, that's cold!

Gretzky the tabby cat saunters along the shoreline.

GRETZKY

Yeah, you humans are insane.

STANLEY

I'm sorry, what? Did you --

GRETZKY

I said, you're insane. I wouldn't dip a toe in there for all the salmon in Norway.

STANLEY

I heard that, but -- you can talk?

GRETZKY

(scrutinizing Stanley)  
Listen, your favorite player is Lemieux, your dad named me Gretzky, I get it. Can't we get past that?

STANLEY

You can talk! Holy crap!

GRETZKY

Damn it. Are you retarded?

STANLEY

You mean "mentally challenged?"

GRETZKY

You are?!?!

STANLEY

No! I've just never met a talking cat before!

GRETZKY

Look, there are two possibilities. Number one: your psyche's reeling. Doing everything it can to suppress your discomfort and adapt to your new environment. Thus, as a coping mechanism, you're projecting a safe, comforting persona onto the most benign organism you can find. Namely, me.

STANLEY

Uh, ok...

GRETZKY

Or two: I'm a talking cat and everything you know about science is wrong.

Stanley thinks for a beat.

GRETZKY

I really wanted you to be smarter than this.

STANLEY

I'm fourteen.

GRETZKY

I'll let you ponder that while I puke up a hairball and pass out in the sun.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Stanley speaks in hushed tones on the rotary phone in the corner, still in his swim trunks.

STANLEY

I hate it here.

SHARON (V.O.)

Give it a chance, Stanley...

STANLEY

Give it a "chance?" He made me sleep outside under a tarp! I have to bathe in the river, I'm freezing my butt off!

SHARON (V.O.)

Obviously I know how difficult your father can be, but --

STANLEY

It's not safe here, mom! There are wild animals everywhere! Like, black bears, and coyotes! Plus, I just got bullied by a talking cat.

SHARON (V.O.)

A what?

STANLEY

Forget it. Did you have any idea where you were sending me...?

SHARON (V.O.)

(wearily)

Stanley, enough, I thought you'd like it. But if you really don't --

STANLEY

I really don't!

SHARON (V.O.)

Al-right! Give your father Jahpo's money and tell him to get you a plane ticket home...

A beat. Stanley hears Matthew's truck pull up.

STANLEY

Right. Um, well...

SHARON (V.O.)

Is that what you want or not...?

STANLEY

Yes! Thanks. Ok love you, gotta go!

He hangs up. Matthew lumbers in, carrying a bag of groceries.

MATTHEW

Hungry? Did you bathe? How's your hair so dry?

STANLEY

Hey, you said we'd figure out --

Suddenly, a piercing SCREAM shatters the morning calm.

EXT. CHICKEN COOP - DAY

Stanley runs through the trees, following Matthew to a chicken coop beside the neighbor's house.

Stanley stops dead at the sight of a bloody massacre. Mauled and half-eaten chicken carcasses are everywhere. The smell is rank. Matthew steps into the yard, surveying the scene.

Stanley puts his towel over his nose and turns in circles, surveying the carnage, trying to get his bearings. He looks down at his precious shoes, caked in mud, poop and blood.

Layla steps out of the coop with a ROOSTER in her arms. Its neck hangs by a thin thread of flesh and bone. Stanley WRETCHES.

LAYLA

Woody's still alive!

EXT. PACHECO CANYON - DAY

Matthew's '57 Chevy blazes along a narrow dirt road down the mountain. They skid around a corner, past tire tracks leading off the cliff on the left side of the road. Stanley peers out the window at a rusted old wreck on the mountainside below.

INT. '57 CHEVY TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Matthew grips the wheel tightly. Stanley sits next to him, still in his swim trunks and towel, scared stiff. Layla has the rooster draped across her lap. There's blood everywhere.

STANLEY

(hyperventilating)

Oh my god, he's gonna die! He's gonna die in your lap, I know it!

LAYLA

No he's not! My mom and dad are gonna save him. I promise you.

(MORE)

LAYLA (CONT'D)

He's gonna be ok. He's gonna be ok!  
He's gonna be -- say it!

STANLEY

Ok! Ok! He's gonna be ok...

LAYLA

Hurry Matthew! Hurry!

EXT. SANTA FE CITY STREETS - DAY

The '57 Chevy blows through a stop sign, narrowly missing another car. Up ahead the stoplight turns yellow.

MATTHEW

Hang on!

Matthew guns it, and they blaze through the light. A car turning left SCREECHES to a stop. The DRIVER blasts his HORN.

DRIVER

Watch it, you psycho!

INT. SANTA FE FREE CLINIC - DAY

Layla bursts through the double-doors, followed by Stanley and Matthew. Layla's covered in blood with the rooster in her arms. The YOUNG RECEPTIONIST SCREAMS! Floré, in her scrubs and mask, rushes out to greet them.

FLORE

Oh, dear.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Seated on an uncomfortable plastic chair, towel draped over his bare shoulders, Stanley can't stop staring at Layla. She nervously rolls a cigarette. Matthew sits against the wall. Layla glances up at Stanley. A deer in headlights, he blurts:

STANLEY

You smoke?

A beat. Layla looks at him with the cigarette in her mouth.

LAYLA

Is that a trick question?

Ajin and Floré burst in.

LAYLA  
Mom! Dad! How's Woody?

FLORE  
Not good, Lay.

AJIN  
His wounds were pretty extensive.

LAYLA  
"Were?" Dad, is Woody dead?!?!

AJIN  
Well, no, not --

LAYLA  
Well, what are you guys doing here?  
Get back in there and save him!

FLORE  
Honey, he's a rooster. I'm sorry,  
but these things happen.

LAYLA  
Mom! What are you saying? You're  
just gonna let Woody die?

MATTHEW  
It is kinda par for the course,  
raising chickens in the country.

AJIN  
I'm sorry, love.

LAYLA  
(tearing up)  
What??? No...

STANLEY  
That's crazy!

MATTHEW  
Stanley! You don't understand --

STANLEY  
What? Aren't they doctors?

FLORE  
Do you need a shirt or...?

STANLEY  
Isn't letting him die against the  
damn Hypodermic Oath? Come on! What  
kind of friggin' doctors are you?



AJIN  
I mean, I suppose we could staple  
his neck, hope for the best --

FLOREÉ  
-- Not the most sanitary option --

AJIN  
-- Even then, the cost of the  
anesthetic would be --

STANLEY  
How much?

FLOREÉ  
When you raise chickens in the  
mountains, unfortunately, this is  
just something that happens.

LAYLA  
"Something that happens?" Mom! How  
can you say that about Woody...

FLOREÉ  
Lay...

STANLEY  
How much are we talking about?

AJIN  
I'd guess a few hundred dollars...?

FLOREÉ  
Ajin, that's not the point!

Stanley looks at Layla, her eyes are wet with tears.

STANLEY  
Do it! I'll pay. Just do it!

AJIN  
Whoa, hang on. You sure about that?

FLOREÉ  
Stanley, this isn't a good idea.

Ajin looks at Matthew. Stanley looks at Layla.

STANLEY  
Of course it is! We're talking  
about a life here! What's wrong  
with you people?

MATTHEW

Stanley --

STANLEY

We're wasting precious time!

LAYLA

Mom? Dad? You're not going to just let Woody die are you...?

Ajin and Floré look at Matthew. Matthew sighs.

AJIN

Ok, we'll do our best...

They reluctantly walk back through the double doors.

LAYLA

(to Stanley)

That was super sweet of you.

In what feels to him like SLOW-MOTION: Layla pulls Stanley in for a long hug. Then gives him a kiss on the cheek. Stanley beams. Layla pops the cigarette into her mouth. Sparks her lighter. The flame billows.

FLORE (O.S.)

Lay! You can't smoke in here!

CLOSE ON - A GAME OF TABLE HOCKEY

The plastic players whack the puck back and forth. A defenseman gets control of it and slaps it down the length of the ice, right into the goal.

STANLEY (V.O.)

I've played this game a lot.

MATTHEW (V.O.)

I'll try to keep up. Wanna make it interesting?

STANLEY (V.O.)

You're on.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - SUNROOM - NIGHT

Sage and Floré jump up and down celebrating. Dembélé and Ajin share a joint in the corner of the cluttered room. Jomfru high-fives Layla, who rubs Stanley's shoulders.

LAYLA

Go Stanley!

Matthew scores again. Stanley bangs the table in frustration.

STANLEY

God damn it!

JOMFRU

Woah. Stanley, take a chill pill bro. It's a board game.

STANLEY

It's not a "board game," Jomfru, it's table hockey --  
(off Matthew)  
What?

MATTHEW

Ten-zip. You owe me five bucks.

STANLEY

Speaking of money, you said we could figure something out?

MATTHEW

Double or nothing?

KATIE

Jesus, can't you let the kid win?

MATTHEW

You mean lie to him? Make him feel better than he is? You think that's actually good for him?

KATIE

Here, let me play.

MATTHEW

Not with that attitude.

They wrestle playfully. Jomfru and Stanley exchange looks.

JOMFRU

Jesus mom! Get a room!

MATTHEW

We have one. You're sitting in it.

JOMFRU

Oh, gnar-gnar, homie. How about we get off mom's alright? Seeing as how I just got off yours!

## INT. THE LABYRINTH - NIGHT

Stanley, Jomfru, and Layla walk down a tunnel. The walls are milky white and smooth. Clear Christmas lights along the ceiling light the way.

STANLEY

What is this place?

LAYLA

Your dad's greenhouse. One day he was messing around and realized the mountain is sandstone. So he started tunneling.

JOMFRU

This is my church. When life gets heavy I slip in here and camp out.

LAYLA

"Heavy" you mean like choosing whether to smoke the joint and then eat the pint of ice cream, or eat the pint of ice cream and then smoke the joint? Life is so hard.

JOMFRU

I'm in my sacred space, I refuse to sink to your level.

They come to a crossroads with an alabaster statue of the rabbit from "Alice In Wonderland" in the center. Sage appears out of nowhere, slaps Stanley, hard, and then takes off.

SAGE

You're it!

STANLEY

Ow!

JOMFRU

He's a feisty little grom.

LAYLA

(shouting)

Sage, take a chill pill! Don't forget we're doing readings later!

STANLEY

What are we reading?

JOMFRU

(laughs)

Psychic readings.

STANLEY  
Oh. You believe in psychics?

LAYLA  
You don't?

STANLEY  
They're kinda stupid, no?

#### FURTHER DOWN THE TUNNELS

They pass a collection of sculptures built from found objects and come to a crossroads. They turn and the tunnel opens to --

#### THE MUSIC ROOM

The tunnel opens into a circular chamber. A bench is carved out of the wall between two massive pillars. Handmade drums and rattles are scattered across the polished wooden floor.

Stanley sits and bangs on one of the drums. The sound ECHOES, amplified by the space. Jomfru and Layla share a joint. Layla takes a hit and exhales slowly, blowing smoke.

STANLEY  
Aren't you afraid that stuff will  
destroy your brain?

LAYLA  
(laughs)  
We got all the brains we need.

JOMFRU  
Some say psychedelics are the  
reason we even have brains in the  
first place.

STANLEY  
What? That's stupid.

LAYLA  
Stoned Ape Theory, look it up.

JOMFRU  
I think weed's making us smarter.

LAYLA  
Definitely more creative.

STANLEY  
You believe that?

LAYLA

You don't? Then take all of your favorite records, all your CDs, your tapes, and burn 'em.

STANLEY

What? Why?

LAYLA

Why? Because all the artists that wrote all those amazing songs that you listen to so much? Rrrrreallll freakin' high on drugs.

They laugh.

STANLEY

Music is kinda over-rated anyway.

LAYLA

What?!?!?

JOMFRU

Oh, bro. Oh no, no, no --

LAYLA

You have no clue, dude. Dude!

A little hand reaches down from a walkway above Stanley and pulls his hair.

SAGE

Gotcha!

Stanley jumps.

STANLEY

What the hell!

Sage takes off. Stanley runs after him.

HYDROPONIC ROOM

Matthew leads Dembélé into a room full of marijuana plants growing under lights, and fed by irrigation tubes that carry water to the plants through the walls from outside.

KATIE

This place is incredible, Matthew! People need to see it!

DEMBÉLÉ

The most artistic grow op me seen.

MATTHEW

Can you move some weight for me?

DEMBÉLÉ

Yeah, man.

AJIN

Didn't the elders warn you not to  
make money from power plants

MATTHEW

What choice do I have? Can't work,  
my tools disappeared with my truck.  
My whole life was in that truck...

CROSSROADS

Stanley stops, examining his options. Sage appears out of  
nowhere and tags him again. And just as quickly he's gone.

STANLEY

Damn it!

DROOPING HEARTS ROOM

Stanley wanders into a room with melting hearts linked by  
tree-like tendrils and flowers carved into the walls. Sage,  
Jomfru and Layla lounge on a pile of cushions.

JOMFRU

Stan-Man! Where ya been?

LAYLA

Hey, where in China is your mom's  
family from?

STANLEY

They're from Kingston, actually.  
Chinese-Jamaican. My grandma's an  
old Chinese lady with a thick  
Jamaican accent.

JOMFRU

What? That's ill!

STANLEY

Yeah. She's awesome. Total racist,  
but, she's sweet. You know?

JOMFRU

You're half Jamaican? You guys are  
like twins!

LAYLA

My grandma too. Sweet, but, I don't think she'll ever fully get over my mom marrying my dad. She kinda belongs in a museum.

STANLEY

Or a prison.

LAYLA

(laughs)

Oh my god, nana! I can't believe you just said that!

He shuffles over to one of the plants growing right out of the ground all around the edges of the room.

STANLEY

What are these?

JOMFRU

Don't get too close!

Stanley jumps. Jomfru laughs.

SAGE

Those are marijuana plants, duh.

STANLEY

Really?

(a beat)

I bet they sell for a lot of money.

JOMFRU

Oh yeah.

STANLEY

Like how much, do you think?

LAYLA

Depends, but, like a grand each...?  
I don't know.

STANLEY

Holy crap.

LAYLA

Alright, I haveta get back. Fortune-telling time.

STANLEY

Huh? Wait, uh, you're the --



LAYLA

The "stupid" psychic? Yeah.

Layla bows with a flourish. Stanley winces.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - NIGHT

Stanley sits on the floor, across from Layla who is nestled into a bank of pillows. She takes his hand, sways, chanting, eyes closed. Stanley is skeptical, but likes holding hands.

Layla opens her eyes, her features stern. She stares deeply at Stanley. He looks away. Her voice is scratchy and low.

LAYLA

Don't look away, Stanley. Our name is "Truth." Don't bother asking who we are, or where we come from. The answers to those questions won't mean anything to you anyway. Just know that we only have the capacity to reflect back to you what is inside you already.

STANLEY

Ok...

LAYLA

We sense skepticism. But that is fine. Belief isn't necessary for our help.

STANLEY

Great, uh, your "help" with what?

LAYLA

Don't play dumb.

STANLEY

Ummm...

LAYLA

You have strength in you, but you're afraid to show it.

STANLEY

Ok. Uh, listen Layla we really don't, I mean, I'm fine if we --

LAYLA

Layla's not here anymore Stanley. Our name is Truth.

A beat.

STANLEY

You know, there is one thing I need help with. I really need to make like two hundred and fifty dollars?

LAYLA

Matters of money are a very low vibration. They are beneath us. They are not our concern.

STANLEY

Right, of course. Stupid me. Look, I'm sorry "Truth," I just, I don't think I can do this, I'm sorry.

He starts to get up. She leans forward.

LAYLA

Why are you here Stanley?

STANLEY

Why am I here? You mean here with you? Or in this labyrinth? Or...?

LAYLA

You know what I mean.

STANLEY

No. I don't. That's the problem.

LAYLA

You're good at that.

STANLEY

At what?

LAYLA

Playing dumb.

STANLEY

Right. You said that. But maybe I'm not playing. Maybe I'm just dumb.

An awkward, silent beat.

STANLEY

Why am I here in New Mexico? My mom sent me. I had no choice.

LAYLA

You had no choice?

STANLEY

No.

LAYLA

You really don't know yourself very well do you?

STANLEY

What? What do you mean? Sure I do.

LAYLA

Then why are you so frustrated?

STANLEY

I'm not frustrated!

A beat. Stanley takes a breath, tries to compose himself.

LAYLA

Do you want to know your future?

STANLEY

My future? What future?

LAYLA

Whether you're going to be a professional hockey player or not?

STANLEY

Oh, I get it, Matthew prepped you.

LAYLA

Do you want to know, or not?

STANLEY

Sure. Why not.

LAYLA

The answer is no.

Stanley stands.

STANLEY

Ok, great! Thanks a lot, I really appreciate all the clarity you've brought me. Uh, are we done?

LAYLA

Sit down.

Stanley sits.

STANLEY

Look, I don't want to insult -- I mean, you totally blew my mind, it's no problem, I just, sitting like this is really hard on my --

LAYLA

There are more important things for you than hockey.

STANLEY

Oh yeah? Ok, like what?

LAYLA

I don't know.

STANLEY

Ok. Great.

LAYLA

That is not for me to say, it is for you to discover.

STANLEY

Sure. Of course. Got it.

LAYLA

When you seek, it happens quite easily that you only see the thing you're seeking. That you are unable to find anything. Seeking means: to have a goal. But finding means: to be free, to be receptive, to have no goal. You, Stanley, are a seeker, for in striving for your goal, you do not see many things under your nose.

Layla trembles for a moment, and falls back onto the pillows.

STANLEY

Layla!

Stanley rushes over to her. He gently places his hand behind her head. She opens her eyes.

STANLEY

Layla, are you ok?

LAYLA

I'm fine. Sorry, that happens, I should've warned you.

She stares into his eyes, her gaze freezes him.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - SUNROOM - NIGHT

Layla follows Stanley into the room. Matthew fiddles with the table hockey game, waiting expectantly.

MATTHEW  
How was it? Isn't Layla special?

STANLEY  
Oh, amazing. Totally.

Layla holds up a VHS tape as Katie and Jomfru come in.

LAYLA  
How'd you get this? I didn't even know this existed on video!

MATTHEW  
Katie brought those.

KATIE  
Anything illegal, my brothers are probably into it.

Stanley examines the tape.

STANLEY  
What's a Led Zeppelin?

LAYLA  
You're joking.

Stanley shrugs.

JOMFRU  
Yo Lay! Joaquin is deejaying at the Paramount tonight. Wanna come?

LAYLA  
Sounds fun, but I gotta stick around and educate this one.

JOMFRU  
Suit yourself.

KATIE  
How come you have a VCR but no running water?

MATTHEW  
Movies are a necessity. I had a whole box of new VHS in the truck your brothers stole.

Ajin carries a sleeping Sage out the door. Matthew and Katie put on their coats.

FLORE

You guys gonna be ok?

MATTHEW

Are you sure you don't want to come into town Stanley?

KATIE

My place has a shower, a toilet and everything...

STANLEY

It's cool, I'm good -- I mean, I'll be fine.

MATTHEW

Alright, but if you're gonna watch a movie I better show you how to run the generator. Gas is out back.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Stanley slips the movie into the VCR and turns, unsure where to sit. Layla pats the beanbag chair she's laying on.

LAYLA

Come on, plenty of room. I can't believe you've never heard of Led Zeppelin...

Stanley nestles in beside her. She cuddles him and they watch the movie, Layla bops along with the music. Stanley smiles.

LATER...

The movie is still playing, but Layla sleeps cuddled up with her head resting on Stanley's arm. He's in heaven. Except...

Stanley looks out at the outhouse. He shudders. He doesn't want to, but can't hold it anymore. He gently moves Layla.

EXT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - NIGHT

Stanley steps through the front door and peers around the side of the house. The moon is bright, but it's dark and shadowy on the way to the outhouse.

STANLEY

Screw this.

He unzips his pants and pees right where he is.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Stanley watches Layla sleep. He gently moves her hair out of her face. Layla wakes up and stretches.

LAYLA

Good morning.

EXT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Stanley follows Layla to the door. She steps in mud and recoils. She lifts her bare foot.

LAYLA

Grody! Why is it wet here?

Stanley shrugs, sheepishly.

STANLEY

Maybe the cat?

GRETZKY

Really?

Stanley looks over at Gretzky who stands, stretches and glares at him. Stanley shrugs apologetically.

LAYLA

K, see you later alligator!

She gives him a big hug. Stanley watches her leave and sighs.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Stanley rubs his hands together. Gretzky slinks in.

STANLEY

Ok, I'm friggin' starving, what do we do here...?

GRETZKY

Easy! Fill that metal thingy with water, put it on that metal thingy.

Stanley spots the kettle on the wood stove. He takes it to the kitchen and struggles with the big jug of water. Dumps water all over the floor.

STANLEY

Damn it!

GRETZKY

Careful! Amateur.

Stanley leaves the kettle and opens some cupboards. Finds a bag of oatmeal. He dumps some in a pot. Takes the pot to the water jug. Tips it. Tries to control it.

GRETZKY

Careful. Careful... Careful!

It slips, and sloshes into the pot, spilling oatmeal and water all over the floor.

STANLEY

Damn it! You're really not helping.

GRETZKY

You have no clue what you're doing do you? Pampered little city boy.

Next, he turns on the propane on the Coleman camping stove on the counter. Then struggles to light a match. He breaks it. Tries another. Breaks it again. Stanley quickly turns off the propane. Gretzky leaps up onto the counter and watches him.

STANLEY

What are you looking at?

GRETZKY

Don't be so touchy. It really isn't this hard. Get ahold of yourself.

Stanley takes a breath. Turns on the propane. Quickly strikes another match. It breaks. He tries another. Breaks it.

He strikes a third match, frantic now. It lights. He holds the match to the element and a small fireball ignites, singing his eyebrows as it roars to life. He puts the pot on.

GRETZKY

There you go. Now, about the mess? Some of us have to walk around in here. Using the floor.

Stanley grabs a roll of paper towels and haphazardly wipes up the mess. The paper towel is quickly saturated with water. He balls it up and eyes the garbage can, across the kitchen.



STANLEY

If I make this shot, I will play in the NHL. And, marry Layla.

GRETZKY

Yeah, that'll happen. Not.

He shoots. Misses the can completely. He retrieves the paper towel and tries again. Again he misses. He picks it up, but by now it's a stringy mess and comes apart in his hands.

GRETZKY

This is going well.

STANLEY

Jesus Christ.

He tosses it and continues wiping the mess with a new paper towel. Turns to the can. Concentrates. Shoots. Misses. He grumbles. Picks it up. Throws it out. Goes back to cleaning.

GRETZKY

I'd tell you not to quit your day job, but, what is your day job?

STANLEY

I'm a kid.

He rips off another clump of paper towels, quickly dips it in the oatmeal and water mess, which he is just spreading all over the floor at this point.

STANLEY

Ok, one more, do or die.

He shoots. It goes in.

STANLEY

Yesssss!

GRETZKY

I admire your enthusiasm. What was that? One for four? What's your plan here, Stanley? You clearly don't belong. Didn't your mom tell you to get a plane ticket home? What's the hold up? You think things are getting any better?

The Coleman stove CLATTERS, catching Stanley's attention. He rushes over to find the oatmeal boiling over in the pot.

Stanley knocks the pot off of the stove and it spills everywhere. He barely dodges the scalding water as he scrambles to turn off the propane.

GRETZKY

I rest my case.

Right then, Matthew bounds in and stops dead in his tracks. He surveys the mess, dismayed.

INT. KATIE'S DATSUN - MOVING - DAY

Matthew drives. Stanley reaches up and examines the brightly colored dreamcatcher hanging on the rearview mirror.

MATTHEW

I had one of those. A really nice one. Gift from Little Joe Gomez. But, they stole my truck...

STANLEY

Uh, Matthew? I really need to talk about making Jahpo's money back.

MATTHEW

Let's pop by Dembélé's. Once he gets me my cash, we can take Katie her truck, and then figure out some projects for you, cool?

STANLEY

Ok, great.

EXT. DEMBÉLÉ'S CASITA - DAY

Matthew looks in through the window of the casita on the edge of town. It's completely empty. No furniture, nothing.

STANLEY

Is Dembélé not home?

MATTHEW

(grits his teeth)  
Mother-trucker.

INT. LAYLA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stanley runs into the empty house.

STANLEY

Hello...?

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stanley skips up the stairs and peers into the bathroom. Layla leans over the sink, putting make-up on. Sage plays in the tub behind her. Stanley knocks on the door frame.

LAYLA

How do I look?

STANLEY

Uh, you said it was an emergency?

LAYLA

Jomfru has rezzies at Santa Cafe and my parents stuck me with Sage.

STANLEY

What?!?!

LAYLA

Right? He's been wining and dining me, trying to get in my pants. He gave me this. Isn't it gorgeous?

She shows him a silver and turquoise necklace.

STANLEY

"Get in your pants?"

LAYLA

Yeah. You know, "shag?" "Do the nasty?" Haven't you ever slept with anyone before?

STANLEY

Uh, you mean, "got in their pants?"  
(off Layla's look)  
Hm, um, yeah, well, no, not really.

LAYLA

"Not really?"

STANLEY

I, well...

LAYLA

You're adorable. I keep forgetting how young you are. Can you help Sage finish? I'm already late.

STANLEY

Yeah, fine.

LAYLA  
He can be a little difficult --

STANLEY  
Layla. I'm on it. I have a little  
sister, remember?

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Stanley steps inside.

STANLEY  
Hey Sage! All done, little man?

SAGE  
The water is mine, Stanley. The  
rivers my sisters, the mountains my  
brothers. And in one hundred and  
six days, I will create a tornado.

STANLEY  
Oh-kayyy...

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Layla rushes down the stairs.

LAYLA  
Thanks Stanley, 'night Sage, don't  
wait up!

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Stanley hears the door slam.

STANLEY  
What was that? Did you hear that?

STANLEY  
Layla...?

He opens the door and looks out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stanley and Sage lay on the floor, playing Dungeons and  
Dragons. Sage is engrossed.

STANLEY  
Ok, roll for initiative.

SAGE

Ok.  
(rolls)  
Damn it!

STANLEY

Ohhh, you reach for your sword but the orcs get the jump on you, and knock you off the parapet! You try and spin to soften the fall, roll for damage...!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stanley lies on the couch watching a movie. Checks the clock.

MUCH LATER...

The door clicks open, Layla and Jomfru step inside, making out. Stanley sits up and flips on the light.

JOMFRU

Oh, hey, Stan-man, what's up?

LAYLA

Jesus, Stanley, you scared the crap out of me!

STANLEY

I guess you made your dinner?

LAYLA

Yeah. Thanks for watching Sage.

STANLEY

No problem. Did you guys have fun?

JOMFRU

Yeah, it was great.

STANLEY

I wasn't asking you.

LAYLA

Stanley, stop. It was amazing. We took a rickshaw around the Plaza.

JOMFRU

You dug that, hey?

She gives him a kiss on the cheek.

STANLEY  
Did you "do the nasty?"

LAYLA  
Stanley! Jesus Christ, did you really just ask me that?

JOMFRU  
Whoa, bro.

STANLEY  
Did you?

LAYLA  
Unreal. Go home, Stanley.

STANLEY  
Now? It's pitch black outside.

LAYLA  
What are you afraid of the dark?  
How old are you? Go home!

She storms up the stairs to bed, annoyed. Jomfru isn't sure what to do. Layla spins back at the top of the stairs.

LAYLA  
Are you coming, Fru?

JOMFRU  
Uh, catch you later, bro.

Jomfru bounds upstairs.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

Stanley walks the trail home. It's dark. He's terrified.

STANLEY  
(mutters)  
Oh god, oh god, oh god. Fear is the mindkiller, fear is the mindkiller, fear is the mindkiller...

He hears a noise. Freezes.

STANLEY  
Black bears. Do I freeze or run?

A juniper bush beside him SHAKES. Stanley takes off running.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - NIGHT

Matthew and Katie are having sex. Stanley runs inside and spots a topless Katie in the throes of passion. They don't realize he's there for a beat. Stanley fake COUGHS.

KATIE

Oh my god!

Katie dives under the blankets.

MATTHEW

Oh, hey Stanley! I thought you were spending the night at Layla's?

Stanley climbs into bed. Matthew and Katie get dressed, grumbling at each other, and leave.

LATER...

Stanley lies in bed, staring at the outhouse through the window. Gretzky leaps onto Stanley's bed and pads onto his chest. Stanley SNEEZES.

GRETZKY

You going out there?

STANLEY

Oh, hell no.

Gretzky sits on Stanley's chest and closes his eyes.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Stanley wakes up, a grimace on his face.

STANLEY

Oh god, what's wet...?

He notices a strange smell and sniffs the air.

STANLEY

Oh no...

He examines his sheets and sighs deeply. He peed the bed. He's horrified. He peeks down at the bed beneath him and is relieved that Matthew and Katie aren't there.

EXT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Stanley slips out the cabin door, arms full of sheets.

EXT. CREEK - DAY

Stanley crouches on the bank of the creek, dipping the sheets in the water. He dumps soap on them and rubs them together.

A corner of the fitted sheet fills up with water and drags Stanley into the creek, kicking and shouting.

Stanley lets go and watches the sheets wash away downstream. He is soaking wet and livid.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Stanley talks on the rotary phone.

SHARON (V.O.)  
Have you spoken to your father...?

STANLEY  
Yeah, I'm working on it...

SHARON (V.O.)  
You're "working on it...?"

STANLEY  
Yeah, it's, it's a complicated situation, ok mom? I gotta go!

SHARON (V.O.)  
What? Stanley?!?!

Stanley hangs up, grabs a garbage bag from under the sink and bolts out the door.

EXT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Stanley runs down a path part way up the mountain. He comes to a small mudroom abutting the mountain and opens the door.

INT. MUDROOM - DAY

The mudroom is a cluttered storage space. At the back of the small room is a door to a tunnel that has been carved right out of the mountain itself. Stanley steps through it.

INT. LABYRINTH - DAY

Stanley stalks through the labyrinth. He turns a corner. Comes back, turns around and tries another tunnel.



## CROSSROADS

Stanley strolls through, getting his bearings. Trying to retrace his steps from his last time here.

## MUSIC ROOM

Stanley picks up his pace as he remembers where he is and what direction he is headed.

## MELTING HEARTS ROOM

Stanley steps into the room, brandishing the garbage bag.

STANLEY

Bingo.

He looks around cautiously, then he selects a plant and stalks toward it. He yanks it out of the ground, stuffs it in the bag and hustles out of the room.

## EXT. LAYLA'S HOUSE - DAY

Jomfru exits the house, flipping through a paperback book. He shrugs and ambles over to his van.

## INT. JOMFRU'S VW VAN - DAY

Jomfru climbs in, tosses the book on the seat, slips his key into the ignition -- just then, Stanley emerges from under the covers of the bed in back. Jomfru jumps out of his skin.

STANLEY

What's that?

JOMFRU

Holy hell, wrong number, bro! Wrong number! You gotta stop doing that.

STANLEY

"Siddartha?" What does that mean?

JOMFRU

Layla gave it to me.

STANLEY

Oh, cool.

Stanley picks up the book and flips through it.

JOMFRU  
Take it if you want.

STANLEY  
Really?

JOMFRU  
Yeah. Read it for me. Tell me what  
it's all about.

STANLEY  
Why don't you read it?

JOMFRU  
I'm busy bro.

STANLEY  
With what? Doing sex with Layla?

JOMFRU  
Holy hell, wrong number, bro! Wrong  
number. Stop saying that.

STANLEY  
Stop avoiding the question, did you  
shag Layla, or what?

JOMFRU  
Frickin-A bro, not that it's any of  
your business, but no. She's  
waiting for, I don't know, some-  
mother-trucking-thing.

STANLEY  
Ok, cool. Can you sell this for me?

Stanley climbs into the passenger's seat and shows Jomfru the  
marijuana plant in the trash bag.

JOMFRU  
Oh, bro.

STANLEY  
You gotta help me out.

JOMFRU  
Stan-man, if Matthew found out he'd  
be so choked.

STANLEY  
Why would he find out? He's not  
gonna find out, I just need your  
help! Are we friends, or what?

JOMFRU

Naw, dog. Negatory. Theory denied!  
I can't do your pops like that.

STANLEY

Fru. Jomf. Come on, I'm desperate.

JOMFRU

Why are you so desperate for cash?

STANLEY

Cause I spent all my grandma's  
money on Layla's damn rooster. I  
don't belong here Jomfru --

JOMFRU

Stan-Man, don't say that, that  
ain't true --

STANLEY

Yes it is. And you know it. I'm  
freakin' miserable here. I gotta go  
home. And you have to help me. I'm  
begging you, please. I'll read that  
book for you if you give me two  
hundred and fifty dollars?

JOMFRU

Two hundred and fifty bones! Dang  
man, that's an expensive chicken.

STANLEY

Rooster.

JOMFRU

(sighs)

Bro, you're harshing my mellow. I  
want to help you out, but...

STANLEY

If you've got another way for me to  
make two hundred and fifty dollars,  
I'm all ears, man.

Jomfru sighs heavily.

INT. JOMFRU'S VW VAN - MOVING - DAY

Jomfru drives with Stanley in the passenger's seat. He pulls  
the van to a stop, grabs the trash bag with Stanley's  
marijuana plant from the back and hops out.

EXT. OLD SANDOVAL FARM - DAY

An ancient tractor, an old school bus lodged in the mud and other flotsam and jetsam dot the property. Stanley and Jomfru walk across a muddy, manure-covered field to the main house. Stanley checks his shoes and sighs.

STANLEY

God damn it. Jomfru, where are we?

JOMFRU

I can unload a few ounces, maybe even a pound or two, but a whole plant? We need my uncles for that.

Lagging behind, Stanley spots Lawrence carrying a saw and a hefty meat cleaver in from the shed. He's wearing long, black rubber gloves and a leather apron, covered in blood. Stanley freezes in horror.

JOMFRU (O.S.)

Let's rock and roll Stan-Man, I ain't got all day!

INT. OLD SANDOVAL FARM - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Stanley catches Jomfru as he steps into the living room, their shoes soiling the ragged carpet even further.

JOMFRU

Lawrence? Uncle Ray-Ray!

STANLEY

(whispers)

Hey, Jomfru, look, maybe this isn't such a great idea after all --

Ray-Ray bounds into the room.

RAY-RAY

Well hey! Lawrence, look who the hell it is!

Stanley watches Ray-Ray wipe his bloody hands on his stained work clothes before pulling Jomfru into a bear hug.

JOMFRU

Whoa, watch the threads!

RAY-RAY

What's the special occasion?

JOMFRU

Business. We're hoping you can help us turn this green into some green.

They sit on the couch and Jomfru lays the plant on the coffee table. Ray-Ray sits on a recliner beside them, rolls up a smoke and lights it. He examines the plant in the trash bag.

RAY-RAY

Where'd you get this?

JOMFRU

It's Stanley's.

RAY-RAY

(to Stanley)

Where'd you get this?

Through the kitchen door, Stanley catches Lawrence sawing and hacking away at something. Blood spatters everywhere.

JOMFRU

Does it matter?

RAY-RAY

Was I talking to you?

STANLEY

I, uh, I stole it.

BANG! Stanley jumps at the sound of the cleaver smashing into the cutting board, dismembering another limb.

RAY-RAY

From who?

STANLEY

Uh, from my, uh, my dad.

RAY-RAY

Who the hell is --

JOMFRU

He's Matthew's son.

Another BANG! Stanley jumps.

RAY-RAY

Kid's ballsy.

(to Stanley)

You're ballsy. I like this kid!

LAWRENCE (O.S.)  
That dirty hippy's growing weed up  
there? Right out in the open?

STANLEY  
He's not stupid, he does it in his  
labyrinth. But hey, if you don't  
want it we can just --

Jomfru cuts in, gesturing to Stanley to keep quiet.

JOMFRU  
What's the deal? You gonna buy it?  
Or are you just wasting our time?

STANLEY  
Jomfru, maybe we should --

BANG! Stanley looks nervously from Jomfru to the kitchen.

RAY-RAY  
Easy young blood. How much?

JOMFRU  
Three hundo.

RAY-RAY  
(stifling a laugh)  
Lawrence, you gotta see this.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)  
I'm busy! Bring 'em in here!

BANG! Stanley jumps up and grabs the plant.

STANLEY  
I think we better go!

RAY-RAY  
Hey, what's up kid? We're  
negotiating here.

STANLEY  
That's cool, you can have it, it's  
a gift! Jomfru, let's go!

Ray-Ray puts his hand on the plant and Stanley drops it.  
Jomfru grabs it back.

JOMFRU  
What? Stanley, what are you doing?

RAY-RAY  
You're friend's a bit jittery, hey?

LAWRENCE (O.S.)  
Stop muckin' around and bring 'em  
in here, Ray-Ray!

STANLEY  
Jomfru, no!

Jomfru marches into the kitchen with the plant. Stanley turns, runs, slams into Ray-Ray's massive chest and falls to the floor. Ray-Ray picks him up, drags him to the kitchen.

RAY-RAY  
Upsy-daisy. You ok, kid?

Stanley peers up at him, terrified.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Lawrence stands at a wooden butcher block table in the center of the room. The cutting board tabletop is drenched in blood.

In the industrial metal sink behind him Stanley sees what look like knee and elbow joints, exposed and bloody.

Lawrence wipes the cleaver with a rag. Jomfru slaps the garbage bag on the counter. Lawrence examines it.

JOMFRU  
Are you guys gonna buy it or what?

LAWRENCE  
Hell no! Why would we buy it when  
we could just take it?

Lawrence advances, still holding the meat cleaver. Stanley freezes in fear. Lawrence swipes at Jomfru with the cleaver --

Jomfru jumps back. Grabs Lawrence's arm. Ray-Ray jumps in. The three of them play-fight. Jomfru gets blood on his shirt.

JOMFRU  
Oh, dang, wrong number! Wrong  
number! Watch the shirt!

Jomfru backs away to the sink and dabs water on his shirt. Stanley is still in shock.

JOMFRU  
Look, I gotta fly, do you want the  
plant or no?

LAWRENCE  
The plant is male, bro!

Lawrence and Ray-Ray HOWL with laughter. Jomfru looks at Stanley, embarrassed, but Stanley is too relieved to care.

RAY-RAY

Your Scarface, drug-kingpin ass didn't notice there's no buds on that bad boy? It's useless!

LAWRENCE

Take some venison for your ma. Fresh roadkill, we picked it up this morning.

He holds up a deer leg from the sink. Stanley faints.

INT. JOMFRU'S VW VAN - DAY

Stanley stares out the window in silence for a long beat as Jomfru drives. Finally:

STANLEY

Would you rather fly or be invisible?

JOMFRU

Fly! Wait, no. Both!

STANLEY

You can only choose one.

JOMFRU

Says who? That's dumb.

STANLEY

That's just, like, the whole point.

JOMFRU

Ok, invisible. No, wait, fly. Wait.  
(he puzzles through it)  
Flying would be ill, but: naked chicks. Cha-ching! I'll take invisibility.

STANLEY

Cause you're like a sneaky little masturbator, right?

JOMFRU

Don't harsh my mellow, bro.

Stanley absently flips through "Siddartha."



STANLEY

No, seriously, you're right though. Flying is cool, but without super strength or anything, you'd be a sitting duck. Invisibility's much more useful. You could steal from the rich, and give to the poor...

A small piece of origami paper falls out of the book. A passage is highlighted pink. He reads.

STANLEY

Holy crap, I freakin' knew it! I knew she was lyin --

Stanley stops himself.

JOMFRU

You knew she was what?

STANLEY

Oh, uh, nothing. Inside joke.

INT. LAYLA'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

The room in the basement is dank and poorly lit. Floré drops a load of laundry onto a table in the center of the room. She pulls a string, turning on an overhead light and SHRIEKS!

The rooster with staples in his neck is perched atop the dryer, swaying demonically.

FLORE

Layla!

EXT. LAYLA'S HOUSE - DAY

Layla and Sage carry a dog carrier with Woody inside into the garden. Layla stops. Sage puts the carrier down. She lights a smudging stick of sage.

LAYLA

Blessings to the four directions.  
Water, air, fire, earth...

She turns west -- north -- east -- south and tosses a handful of cedar from a leather pouch in each direction.

LAYLA

Mother Earth, please bless Woody on his return to your kingdom.

She pulls a piece of dried corn-husk out of her pocket.

LAYLA

Shoot, where's my tobacco?

Stanley charges in, waving the copy of "Siddartha" in her face. He stares her down.

LAYLA

Hey Stanley, what's up? We're in the middle of a ceremony.

STANLEY

Layla, the jig is up, man!

LAYLA

What are you babbling about?

STANLEY

What? What am I -- I'll tell you what I'm babbling about! My reading? Remember?

LAYLA

I'm not conscious during readings.

STANLEY

Come on Layla. You quoted this like word for word.

He flips to the highlighted passage

STANLEY

(reads)

"When someone is seeking, it happens quite easily that he only sees the thing he's seeking..."

(flips ahead)

"Seeking means: to have a goal; but finding means: to be free..."

LAYLA

Yeah, and? So? What?

STANLEY

So what? I'll tell you what, I mean -- Layla, I know -- Sage, can you give us a sec man?

LAYLA

Sagey, why don't you go inside and grab my tobacco?

Sage shrugs and runs off.

STANLEY

(sharp whisper)  
Look, I know you're faking the  
whole Truth thing. Right? Admit it!

LAYLA

What are you talking about?

STANLEY

You said I'd never play in the NHL!

LAYLA

Well, I'm sorry if Truth hurts, but  
there's nothing I can do --

STANLEY

You're sorry? I can't believe this!  
You're sorry! What the hell is with  
this place? You're a liar! But at  
least you're not Matthew! He's  
nothing but a deadbeat drug dealer!

LAYLA

Grab a tissue, Stanley. Cause,  
newsflash: you got issues! This has  
nothing to do with me.

STANLEY

Yes it does, you're a faker!

She flashes the middle finger.

LAYLA

Sit and spin, Stanley. Just cause  
your little brain can't understand  
it, doesn't mean it's not real.  
We're in the middle of a ceremony  
so why don't you make like a tree  
and get the eff outta here.

STANLEY

But --

LAYLA

Go! Get outta here! It's obvious  
you don't wanna be here, so go!!!

Sage returns with the tobacco. Stanley slinks off. Layla puts  
tobacco in the corn husk, rolls a prayer smoke and lights it.

LAYLA

Father Sky, give Woody the strength  
to overcome the perils of the  
journey before him...

Layla takes a drag and opens the door to the carrier. The rooster stumbles forward and shakes out his wings. Stanley stops and looks back, angry and hurt. The underbrush rustles beside him. He spots Gretzky. Too late. Gretzky pounces.

STANLEY  
Gretzky, no!

LAYLA  
Stanley, what the hell?

Gretzky devours Woody in a violent cloud of feathers. Layla SHRIEKS! Stanley wrestles Gretzky off of Woody.

STANLEY  
Gretzky!

GRETZKY  
What do you want? I'm a cat.

Stanley chases Gretzky away, leaving the bird in a pool of feathers and blood. Sage is fascinated. Layla shields his eyes. Stanley shakes his head in disbelief.

LAYLA  
Why the hell are you still here?  
Get lost, Stanley! Go!

Stanley slinks away.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - SUNROOM - DAY

Matthew and Stanley play table hockey. Matthew scores. Stanley slams the board.

MATTHEW  
What's wrong?

STANLEY  
Nothing. Sorry about the sheets.

MATTHEW  
"Sheet" happens.

Matthew taps Jahpo's book. Stanley rolls his eyes.

MATTHEW  
I had a beautiful set of satin  
sheets in my truck before it got --

STANLEY

So, I know you don't have a lot of money for "projects" for me, but I really, really need to --

Matthew takes out his wallet and hands Stanley some money. Stanley counts it.

STANLEY

What the -- ? This... This is two hundred and fifty bucks?!?!

MATTHEW

Don't spend it all on one chicken.

STANLEY

Rooster.

EXT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Stanley and Matthew carry tools on the path to the labyrinth.

MATTHEW

Katie wants to use the labyrinth as a gallery space. She gave us an advance on the renovation.

STANLEY

"Renovation?" You mean getting rid of all the marijuana plants?

MATTHEW

You're sharp, kid. There's some in the Drooping Hearts Room, I figure we'll start there.

STANLEY

Oh, ok, uh... Do you know how many?

MATTHEW

Five. Maybe six...?

INT. LABYRINTH - DAY

Matthew leads Stanley down a corridor carrying tools. Stanley thinks. They turn a corner. The Drooping Hearts Room is up ahead. Suddenly, he grabs Matthew's machete and bolts.

STANLEY

Come on, let's do this! I'm pumped!

MATTHEW

Whoa, whoa, don't run with that!

DROOPING HEARTS ROOM

Stanley runs into the room and hacks and yanks at plants with the machete and his bare hands. Matthew lumbers in.

MATTHEW

Take it easy Stanley!

STANLEY

What? I thought you wanted to get this done?

MATTHEW

Yeah, but we need to be methodical.

Matthew opens a trash bag and they load up the choppings.

MATTHEW

(chuckles)

Jesus, you're a terror with a machete. Help me over here.

They work in silence as Matthew dismantles a section of PVC piping feeding water to the plants.

INT. KATIE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Stanley and Katie sit on the couch watching TV.

DAN RATHER (V.O.)

(on TV)

As the world watches and listens in horror, the peaceful pro-Democracy demonstration in China comes to a violent and bloody end. Crushed by waves of Chinese military forces. Hundreds of unarmed civilians, hungry for freedom, mowed down in Beijing by gun-firing soldiers...

KATIE

Kinda makes you think of how much we take for granted, huh?

STANLEY

For sure. Never thought I'd be so happy watching the news. It's like I'm on leave from a prison camp.

KATIE

(laughs)

Tell me how you really feel. I get it. I couldn't survive up there with the urban caveman.

STANLEY

I just kinda don't understand why you think Matthew's so great?

KATIE

I know your father's not perfect, trust me. But he's one of the most enlightened people I've ever met.

Stanley looks away, embarrassed.

KATIE

Why do you think he lives up there? On the mountain? With no running water and barely any electricity?

STANLEY

So he doesn't get busted for growing weed.

KATIE

(chuckles)

Sure. But he's never made money selling marijuana. He lives up there because he believes in taking care of Mother Nature. If your generation is going to thrive, we need to find a way to live in harmony with our environment. Electricity doesn't just come from a hole in the wall, you know?

Stanley broods in silence, a skeptical look on his face.

DAN RATHER (V.O.)

Good evening. We're delaying the start of tonight's edition of "West Fifty-Seventh" to bring you up to date on the momentous events happening in China...

Matthew lumbers in, in an apron, carrying a tray of lasagna.

MATTHEW

Hope you guys are hungry!

## EXT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Stanley and Matthew push a wheelbarrow to the labyrinth. Gretzky lays in the path, playing with a roll of toilet paper. Matthew chases him. Stanley follows. They turn the corner to the outhouse and stop.

MATTHEW

Gretzky! Damn cat...

Shredded toilet paper strewn everywhere. The bucket of ashes is upended. The outhouse is a mess.

GRETZKY

What? Don't look at me! Stanley...?  
 (off Stanley's look)  
 Stanley, come on, man. You're not still mad about that chicken?

STANLEY

Rooster!

MATTHEW

Huh?

Stanley picks up the ash bucket. There's a massive claw mark gash. Much bigger than a cat's. Gretzky looks at him, pleading. Stanley shows Matthew. Matthew raises an eyebrow.

## INT. LABYRINTH - HYDROPONIC ROOM - DAY

They dismantle the grow operation, placing the hydroponic equipment and tubing into a wheelbarrow.

MATTHEW

You know that Yellow Pages commercial?

STANLEY

Which one?

MATTHEW

(sings)  
 Let your fingers do the walking,  
 let your butthole do the talking --

Matthew raises his leg and lets out a loud FART. Stanley shakes his head suppressing a smile.

STANLEY

I cannot imagine you and my mom ever living together.



MATTHEW

Hey, your mother has plenty of quirks of her own, you know.

STANLEY

Oh, I know. But none involve her butthole doing any talking.

Matthew laughs.

STANLEY

You and mom must have been the weirdest couple. Did you ever actually think it was going to work between you?

MATTHEW

That's a good question. I don't really know...

STANLEY

You don't know?

MATTHEW

I guess the thing was, I never really thought about it. I didn't really have a plan.

Stanley ponders this.

MATTHEW

Speaking of plans, what do you really want to be when you grow up?

Stanley looks down.

STANLEY

I don't know, it's silly.

MATTHEW

What?

STANLEY

Hockey player.

MATTHEW

That's kinda hard when your dad's not around, huh?

Stanley looks down.

INT. LABYRINTH - TUNNELS - DAY

Stanley and Matthew wheel a couple of wheelbarrows full of dismantled junk down the tunnels and outside.

INT. HYDROPONIC ROOM - DAY

Matthew plasters, standing on a ladder, shaping patterns into the walls. Stanley keeps the wall wet by wiping it with a rag, and periodically takes Matthew's trowel, loads it with fresh plaster from the wheelbarrow and hands it back.

STANLEY

I don't feel like anyone ever gets me. I'm too normal for the misfits and too misfit for the normals. I don't really fit anywhere.

MATTHEW

Is that why you'd rather disappear than fly?

STANLEY

Maybe. I don't know. I'm Chinese-Jamaican, you know? Which is like a fun thing to tell people, but I'm not Chinese, I'm not Jamaican, and I'm not white. My mom doesn't understand me, like, at all. You barely even know who I am...

Matthew thinks for a long beat. Then:

MATTHEW

How would you feel about another reading? You might find it helpful.

STANLEY

You don't really believe Layla's psychic, right?

MATTHEW

I guess I haven't told you about my experiences. They were really life-changing for me.

STANLEY

"Life-changing?" Seriously?

MATTHEW

Yeah. I had a lot of... Stuff, to work through.

STANLEY

"Stuff?"

MATTHEW

I didn't have the best relationship  
with my parents either...

LATER...

Stanley is up on a ladder, hanging a final piece of track lighting. Matthew holds the ladder and directs from below.

MATTHEW

Let's try one more on the end  
there, and I think that'll do 'er.

Stanley mounts a light on the end of the track.

MATTHEW

I'm really glad you're here.

STANLEY

Yeah, this would be tricky alone.

MATTHEW

No, I mean, here. In New Mexico.

STANLEY

Oh. Yeah. Cool.

INT. JOMFRU'S VW VAN - NIGHT

Jomfru pilots the van down the interstate. His eyes are drooping -- he starts to fall asleep at the wheel. Jomfru punches the PSYCHEDELIC STONER, 20, in the passenger's seat.

JOMFRU

I'm fading hard, bro. Let me see  
the case.

The Psychedelic Stoner reaches down, pulls out a small briefcase and opens it, revealing a cornucopia of drugs.

JOMFRU

"It's the right thing to do and the  
tasty way to do it."

Jomfru reaches in, selects a few pills and pops them in his mouth. Suddenly -- a SIREN BLARES and a police cruiser appears in the rearview, flashing its lights.

The HIPPIE LOVERS, 22, asleep on the bed in back spring to life, a mad tornado of frantic energy, stuffing baggies of weed and mushrooms under the bed, and spraying Febreze --

The Psychedelic Stoner desperately re-packs the case --

Jomfru pulls the van to the side of the road and reaches over to help with the case, but --

He inadvertently knocks the it out of the Stoner's hands, spilling the contents everywhere. Distracted by the exploding case of drugs, Jomfru steers the van into the ditch --

Smashing the headlights and crumpling the front end.

JOMFRU

Dull.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - SUNROOM - NIGHT

Stanley and Matthew play a heated game of table hockey.

STANLEY

Hey, uh, Matthew?

MATTHEW

Oh dang! That was close. Trying to distract me, eh? You're getting good at this...

He passes it in front of Stanley's goal and whacks it in.

MATTHEW

He shoots and scores! I may not beat you for much longer...

STANLEY

Yeah.

MATTHEW

Sorry, what were you going to say?

STANLEY

How much is a ticket to Toronto?

MATTHEW

About two hundred bucks or so. Why?

STANLEY

Well, see, I've been meaning to ask you, can you take this and buy me --

Stanley pulls the money out of his pocket. The phone RINGS.

MATTHEW

Hold that thought.

Matthew runs to the phone. Stanley paces nervously, building up his nerve. Stanley takes a deep breath, steels himself. Matthew bounds back in. Stanley opens his mouth to talk --

MATTHEW

I've gotta run into town. Jomfru really stepped in it this time. But don't worry, your return ticket's already paid for. That's for Jahpo.

Stanley bites his lip. Matthew ruffles his hair and runs out.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Stanley talks to Sharon on the phone. A car horn HONKS.

SHARON (V.O.)

(on phone)

What's going on over there, are you coming home or what...?

STANLEY

(into phone)

Umm, I don't know...

SHARON (V.O.)

What do you mean, you don't know?

STANLEY

I mean, I don't know. I think I might stay for a little longer...

The HONKING steadily continues as someone leans on the horn.

STANLEY

Hang on a sec, someone's here...

SHARON (V.O.)

Hang on a second? Stanley, we're on long distance, this is costing a fortune...!

Stanley lays the phone down and steps outside.

EXT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

At the bottom of the hill Jomfru leans against his VW Van, smoking a joint. He reaches in and HONKS the horn.

JOMFRU  
Stanley, what's the four-one-one?

STANLEY  
Jomfru! Aren't you supposed to be in jail or something?

JOMFRU  
Ugh, don't say that. Bail was like my life's savings. Where's Matthew?

STANLEY  
He went to some meeting with your lawyer. Shouldn't you be there?

JOMFRU  
Oh. Is Layla home?

Jomfru is full of nervous energy, like he's been up for days.

STANLEY  
Why you asking me? I'm kinda on the phone, and it's kinda long distance so I really should --

JOMFRU  
You talking to your mom?

Jomfru bounds up the hill.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Jomfru hustles past Stanley and grabs the phone.

JOMFRU  
(into phone)  
Hi ma!

INT. 2ND FLOOR APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Sharon is cooking and talking on the phone.

SHARON  
(into phone)  
Stanley! For goodness sake do you know how much this is... Hello?

JOMFRU (V.O.)  
I'm a friend of Stanley's. You should know Stanley's a chill chiller, no cracks in his relax. We all really dig his vibe...

SHARON  
Are you on drugs?

JOMFRU (V.O.)  
Huh?

SHARON  
Of course you "dig his vibe," he's  
a good boy, with a bright future.  
Whereas you strike me as a total  
burn-out. Let me guess, pot is it?  
Or maybe LSD? I hope it's not worse  
than that -- ?

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Jomfru looks over at Stanley. Stanley shrugs.

JOMFRU  
No ma'am...

SHARON (V.O.)  
Listen to me carefully -- what's  
your name...?

JOMFRU  
Me? Uhhmm, Jomfru.

SHARON (V.O.)  
Odd name. What does it mean?

JOMFRU  
It means, um, it means -- virgin,  
in Norwegian.

Jomfru looks at Stanley sheepishly. Stanley smirks.

INT. 2ND FLOOR APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Sharon stops stirring the soup and takes the phone off of her  
shoulder, getting serious.

SHARON  
Well, isn't that sweet. Maybe  
there's hope for you yet. Now  
listen to me carefully, if Stanley  
comes back to me with anything  
worse than a nice story of a summer  
that greatly expanded his horizons,  
I'm holding you personally  
responsible. Am I being clear?

JOMFRU (V.O.)  
Um. Yes. Yes, ma'am.

SHARON  
I'm very glad we had this  
conversation, Jomfru. Put Stanley  
back on, please.

INT. LOG CABIN - DAY

Jomfru turns to Stanley and covers the receiver.

JOMFRU  
Dude...

STANLEY  
Yeah, trust me, I know.

He takes the phone from Jomfru.

INT. LAYLA'S HOUSE - DAY

Stanley peeks inside.

STANLEY  
Hello...? Layla? Floré?

INT. UPSTAIRS - DAY

Stanley pokes his head inside a couple of the bedrooms.

STANLEY  
Ajin? Sage?

He jogs down the stairs toward Jomfru.

STANLEY  
I told you, no one's home. Layla's  
parents went to some kind of  
conference in Florida or something.

EXT. LAYLA'S HOUSE - DAY

Stanley and Jomfru carry pots of San Pedro cacti to the car.

JOMFRU  
Yeah, bro, I was supposed to move  
these aeons ago. I think they're  
kinda pissed it's taking so long.



STANLEY

Where are you taking them?

They load the pots into Jomfru's car. Jomfru stops. A thousand mile stare. Stanley snaps him back to reality.

STANLEY

Jomfru?

JOMFRU

I'm gonna make San Pedro tea for a vision quest up at the ski basin, you might want to join.

STANLEY

I thought you said you were moving these for Ajin?

JOMFRU

Did I? Change of plans. Bigger fish to fry and so forth... Actually, I think we should head to source.

STANLEY

Source?

JOMFRU

Real de Catorce, Mexico. Where the Huichols live.

STANLEY

Oh, uh, you know, I would, but I'm supposed to meet Matthew later.

JOMFRU

Just. Say. No. I respect your path. Catch you on the flip, Stan-Man.

Jomfru shuts the trunk and gives Stanley a high five.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - NIGHT

Stanley lies awake, staring at the ceiling. Someone POUNDS on the door. Stanley sits up, and watches Matthew lumber over and open the door. It's Layla, and Sage. Layla is frantic.

LAYLA

Matthew! I'm sorry, I'm so sorry -- It's Jomfru, he's -- My parents are out of town and Jomfru --

MATTHEW

Slow down, slow down. Take a breath. Ok. What's going on?

LAYLA

Jomfru disappeared!

Stanley climbs down as Matthew throws on his clothes.

STANLEY

What's going on?

MATTHEW

Jomfru's missing. We need you to look after Sage while we find him.

STANLEY

What? No way, I'm coming.

MATTHEW

Stanley --

STANLEY

Sage and I have eyes too.

Stanley puts on his clothes.

STANLEY

Besides, I might know where he is.

INT. LAYLA'S SAAB - MOVING - NIGHT

Matthew drives with Layla in the passenger's seat and Stanley and Sage in back.

STANLEY

He said he was going on a "vision quest," or something.

LAYLA

When did he say that?

STANLEY

Uh, earlier today. When we moved those cactuses for your dad.

LAYLA

Those what?

STANLEY

Cactuses? Cacti? Cacti-ses?

LAYLA

Stanley, what the hell? Why would you do that? What's wrong with you?

STANLEY

What? What do you -- ?

MATTHEW

Take it easy Layla.

STANLEY

I don't get it. What's the big deal with the cacti-suses?

LAYLA

They were San Pedro!

STANLEY

Okay. Right. That.

LAYLA

They're hallucinogenic!

STANLEY

They're whu -- ?

MATTHEW

If you eat them, or cook them into tea, they make you hallucinate.

STANLEY

Oh. Dang. I did not know that.

LAYLA

What do you care? You just can't wait to get out of here, right?

STANLEY

Layla, what? Stop it.

LAYLA

What? You haven't told him?

MATTHEW

Told me what?

LAYLA

Jomfru told me he needs two hundred and fifty bucks for a plane ticket home. He hates it here.

Stanley catches Matthew's eyes in the rearview mirror and sinks into his seat.

EXT. BISHOP'S LODGE ROAD - NIGHT

The car creeps along the heavily forested road.

INT. LAYLA'S SAAB - MOVING - NIGHT

All four windows are rolled down and Stanley, Matthew, Layla and Sage lean out of them, SHOUTING Jomfru's name.

MATTHEW  
He could be anywhere.

SAGE  
Did you see that?

STANLEY  
What?

SAGE  
I thought I saw something move.

MATTHEW  
Where?

SAGE  
Over there.

They all crane their necks, looking out the rear window on the driver's side, where Sage is sitting.

LAYLA  
(shouting)  
Frrrruuuuu!

STANLEY  
(shouting)  
Jomfru!

MATTHEW  
(shouting)  
Jomfruuuu!

SAGE  
Ummm...

Sage is the only one looking straight ahead, where Jomfru has appeared in the headlights.

MATTHEW  
Oh my god!

Matthew slams on the brakes, startling everyone. Jomfru looks manic and feral. He trots over and leans in the passenger window, completely casual.

JOMFRU

Hey guys. What's the four-one-one?

LATER...

Jomfru sits in the back between Stanley and Sage. They ride in awkward silence.

JOMFRU

Why were you scoping me so hard?

LAYLA

Cause you disappeared.

JOMFRU

Hm. I was camping. I told you that.

LAYLA

No. You didn't. You didn't tell anybody. You just disappeared.

JOMFRU

Oh.

STANLEY

Well, I mean, technically he did tell me.

Jomfru perks up.

LAYLA

You missed your court date.

JOMFRU

No I didn't, that's on Thursday.

LAYLA

Yesterday was Thursday.

JOMFRU

Hm. Ok, well, that was a mistake.

LAYLA

A "mistake?" You violated your parole, Fru! We have to take you straight to jail now!

MATTHEW

In the morning. Let's talk about  
that in the morning.

JOMFRU

Hmmm...

A long, silent beat as they drive. The car slows as Matthew navigates a sharp turn and Jomfru suddenly pounces --

He leaps across Sage's lap, throws open the door, jumps out of the moving car and disappears into the brush.

Everyone is stunned by how fast this has happened. Matthew is still driving, slowly, with the door open...

EXT. LAYLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Matthew pulls into the driveway. He and Stanley climb out.

MATTHEW

I've gotta break the news to Katie,  
so we might as well stay in town.  
Grab your stuff. I'll take you to  
the travel agent first thing.

STANLEY

Oh, uh, I mean, there's no rush.  
It's ok, I'll stay here.

MATTHEW

By yourself? You sure?

STANLEY

I'm not leaving till we find him.

Matthew smiles sadly. They trudge up the hill together.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - NIGHT

Stanley lies in bed, staring at the camouflage sleeping bag draped over him. He shifts his gaze to the worn and beaten Agassi's on the windowsill. Takes a deep breath. Sighs.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Stanley steps cautiously into the room. Layla cooks. Sage patiently watches.

STANLEY

Hey Layla. Look, I'm really --

LAYLA

No, I'm sorry. I've been pretty mean. I forget you're just a kid.

STANLEY

Oh. Yeah. No sweat. I'm sorry too.

Layla smiles and gives Stanley another long, sad, hug.

STANLEY

Whatchya making?

LAYLA

Come here.

She turns up the volume on a ghetto blaster as she shows Stanley what ingredients to add and when to stir. He follows her instructions. She looks away. He steals a glance at her. He looks away. She steals a look at him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Layla, Stanley and Sage lounge on the couch, digesting. Sage naps. Layla pulls out another paperback copy of "Siddartha." She flips to a page. Stanley rests his head on her chest.

LAYLA

(reads)

Have you also learned that secret from the river; that there is no such thing as time...?

She plays with Stanley's hair as she continues.

LAYLA

(reads)

That the river is everywhere at the same time, at the source and at the mouth. In the ocean and the mountains. That the present only exists for it, not the shadow of the past, nor the shadow of the future? Nothing was, nothing will be, everything has reality and presence...

STANLEY

I love you.

LAYLA

Stanley, you're sweet. But you don't know what that word means.

STANLEY

Maybe not, but it's true. Didn't you know that already?

Layla shuts the book, lies back, looks up at the ceiling.

STANLEY

What's wrong?

LAYLA

They're going to come to me soon, asking Truth for answers.

STANLEY

That's heavy.

LAYLA

Tell me about it.

STANLEY

You don't have to answer them.

Layla shoots him a look.

STANLEY

He's probably in Mexico.

LAYLA

Mexico's a big country.

STANLEY

He mentioned he wanted to go to Ray-al duh Cator-say or something. He was gonna ask the Hweee Chol Eh Shaw-men for advice, I think...?

LAYLA

What? Stanley, God damn! Of course!

STANLEY

What?

LAYLA

Real de Catorce, he talks about it all the time, obviously that's where he went!

She jumps up off the couch.

STANLEY

Wait, are you sure? I'm not really sure I'm even saying it right --



LAYLA  
I'm positive.

She throws on her shoes and storms out the door.

INT. LAYLA'S SAAB - DAY

Matthew drives, with Layla beside him and Stanley in back. Layla flips through his tape collection.

LAYLA  
Ok Matthew, Led Zeppelin or Black Sabbath?

MATTHEW  
Zeppelin.

LAYLA  
Alright, Zeppelin or the Stones?

MATTHEW  
Oooo, good one. The Stones. I had "Exile on Main Street" but --

LAYLA/STANLEY  
Your truck got stolen!

MATTHEW  
How'd you know? You guys hungry?

Without saying anything he turns around and reaches into the back, Stanley leans forward and grabs the wheel.

MATTHEW  
Oh, forgot you were in the back.

EXT. EL PASO/JUAREZ BORDER CROSSING - NIGHT

Matthew pulls up to the customs booth. The four of them hand over their passports. The BORDER GUARD scrutinizes them, hands back the passports and waves the trio through.

EXT. NORTHERN MEXICO - SUNRISE

Stanley dozes in the back as they drive. He yawns and peeks out the window at the vast Northern Mexican landscape, slowly coming to life under the first pink rays of dawn.

MATTHEW  
I've got one for you Layla. Would you rather fly? Or be invisible?

LAYLA

Fly! For sure. I'll take flying, of course. What kinda choice is that?

MATTHEW

If you were invisible you could rob from the rich and give to the poor?

LAYLA

Hmmm, yeah, true. Buuuutttt...

Matthew looks at Stanley in the rearview and winks.

STANLEY

Invisibility is a lot more practical. Flying would be super dangerous without invulnerability or super strength. But, you know, I guess flying's cool too...

LATER...

Layla slips on a cassette and turns "Another Brick in the Wall" up loud. She and Matthew sing and dance along. Stanley bobs his head.

LAYLA/MATTHEW

(singing)

*We don't need no education / We  
don't need no thought control / No  
dark sarcasm in the classroom / Hey  
teacher! / Leave them kids alone!*

INT. LAYLA'S SAAB - DAY

They drive into a tunnel, right through the middle of a mountain. Stanley's eyes bulge.

STANLEY

Wow, cool! We're driving right through the mountain, it's like Lord of the Rings!

EXT. REAL DE CATORCE - DAY

Stanley peers out the window as they drive through the ancient cobblestone streets of Real de Catorce. A colorful outdoor market is in full swing. Wild horses trot past.

INT. OLD STONE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Matthew SNORES on his bed in the corner. Stanley rolls over, covering his ears. Layla's cot is empty. Stanley sits up.

EXT. OLD STONE HOTEL ROOM - BALCONY - NIGHT

Stanley creeps out onto the balcony, gingerly shutting the door behind him. Layla sits, wrapped in a blanket, thinking.

STANLEY

Hey.

LAYLA

Hey.

STANLEY

Can't sleep?

LAYLA

He has to be here, right? I was sure he was here. If he's not... I can't believe I brought us all the way down here if he's not...

STANLEY

What does Truth think?

She looks away.

LAYLA

You wouldn't believe some of the things people tell me. Like, I'm fifteen, you know? It's a lot to carry around.

STANLEY

I thought you weren't conscious during readings?

LAYLA

It's more complicated than that. Sometimes I remember things...

STANLEY

What kind of things?

LAYLA

Did you know your dad's father used to beat him up? He was a mean drunk. So was your grandpa...

Stanley lets this land.

INT. OLD STONE HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Stanley and Layla sleep on their cots on the floor. Matthew shakes Stanley and Layla.

MATTHEW

Wake up guys. Time to go.

STANLEY

It's so early!

LAYLA

Where are we going?

MATTHEW

On a treasure hunt. For a magical cactus.

STANLEY

(grumpy)

What? Why?

MATTHEW

Jomfru's with the Huichols. So that's where we'll go.

Layla looks at Stanley. Stanley shrugs.

EXT. DESERT TRAIL - DAWN

Stanley, Layla, Matthew and RODRIGO, 30, a strapping, long-haired caballero, ride horses into the desert alongside an OLD HUICHOL SHAMAN, 67.

EXT. SONORAN DESERT - DAY

The group wanders through the desert on foot. Stanley pretends to search the ground as he scans for the others, slowly making his way further and further away from them.

Once he's sure he's far enough away from the group that no one is watching him, he scans the horizon. Stanley spots a rock formation in the distance. As if by magic, the Old Shaman appears behind him.

OLD SHAMAN

Jou know for what you are looking?

Stanley starts. Shakes his head.

OLD SHAMAN

Huicholes, shamans, jou know? Say  
spirit of peyote is old man. Keep  
eyes open, slowing down jour  
moving, the old man is finding jou.

Stanley follows his gaze to a small, round, peyote button,  
barely protruding from the parched earth.

The Shaman plucks it out of the ground and hands it to  
Stanley, who examines it.

STANLEY

What do I do with it?

OLD SHAMAN

Jou eat it. Take a bite.

Stanley nibbles the peyote button. The taste makes him  
grimace. The Old Shaman chuckles and wanders off.

STANLEY

(muttering)

What the hell is that supposed to  
mean? "The old man is finding jou?"

A LITTLE LATER...

Layla slowly pads along, scanning the ground. She walks past  
a large cluster of juniper bushes and Stanley yanks her down.

LAYLA

Stanley! What the hell?

STANLEY

(whispers)

Shhh! See those rocks over there?

Stanley points to a rock formation on the horizon.

LAYLA

What? Where?

STANLEY

Shhh, don't -- Be a little more  
subtle, wouldja?

LAYLA

Ok, ok, sorry. Those?

STANLEY

Don't point! Jesus, yeah. Those.

LAYLA

You are so paranoid, what the hell?

STANLEY

There's no time for this Layla!  
When Matthew asks Truth where I am,  
take him there.

LAYLA

What? What are you talking about?  
Stanley, take a chill pill. I feel  
like Jomfru might be close...

STANLEY

If he's close, I'll start believing  
in Truth.

LAYLA

Stanley, those are hella far --

STANLEY

There's no time for this, Layla!  
Just remember what I said.

LAYLA

What? Stanley, no --

He winks, and runs off. Layla chases him, Stanley dodges and darts away, laughing. Not watching where he's going he slams into Matthew, bounces off him and topples into the dirt.

MATTHEW

Stanley, cut it out. You're being  
disrespectful.

Layla watches a dazed Stanley scramble to his feet.

STANLEY

What are we even doing here? How  
does this wild goose chase for a  
stupid cactus help us find Jomfru?

MATTHEW

Stanley, you don't understand.  
According to Truth --

STANLEY

How old are you? How do you still  
believe in psychics and like  
magical cactuses -- cactises --  
cacti? It's ridiculous!

Stanley pulls out the peyote button, rears back and chucks it. Matthew runs up. He grabs Stanley and shakes him.

MATTHEW

Stanley for Christ's sake! That's sacred, stop acting like a little brat and show some respect!

Matthew immediately regrets the outburst. He loosens his grip. Stanley wriggles free embarrassed and angry.

STANLEY

Leave me alone. Should be easy, you have plenty of practice.

MATTHEW

Stanley...

STANLEY

What? Why are you acting like you're my father all of a sudden?

Stanley sees the hurt in Matthew's face and takes off running. Matthew starts to chase him, but Rodrigo stops him.

RODRIGO

Let him go. He is just needing to blow off steam, brother.

A LITTLE LATER...

Running at top speed, Stanley trips and falls. He lies in the dirt gasping for breath. After long beat, Stanley gathers himself, stands up, dusts himself off and scans the horizon. He spots the rock formation and heads that way.

EXT. SONORAN DESERT - DAY

The sun is blazing in a cloudless sky. Stanley trudges through the desert, sweating profusely. He scans the horizon. The rock formation doesn't look any closer.

STANLEY

God damn it, she was right. They're farther than they look.

His mouth is parched. Lips dry. He's got a massive headache. He plops down in the powdery dirt. Takes a deep breath.

STANLEY

(thinking)

What did they say? Keep moving...?

He gets up and forces himself to keep walking.

STANLEY

What's next? What's next? Come on,  
Stanley... Find water?

He scans the horizon. Not looking down, he narrowly misses stepping on a well-camouflaged, coiled rattlesnake. Stanley stumbles backwards in terror, the snake strikes --

Missing by inches. Stanley scrambles away. It slithers off. Stanley takes a moment to calm himself.

LATER...

Stanley scans the vast desert. He can't see any trace of Matthew, Rodrigo, Layla or the Old Shaman. He stumbles back, trying to retrace his steps, but can't find them. He's lost.

STANLEY

What the hell do I...? Get loud?  
(shouting)  
Layla! Laaaayyyyllllaaa! Matthew!  
Help! Help me please! Maaathheewww!

Stanley reorients. He spots the rock formation again, and has no choice but to stumble forward, desperate, crying.

INT. RODRIGO'S F150 - DAY

An ancient Ford F150 driven by Rodrigo rumbles slowly across the desert with Layla in the passenger's seat. Matthew, squished between them, scans the landscape.

RODRIGO

I do not understand. I did not  
expect he would not come back.

MATTHEW

He's stubborn.

Layla leans out the window.

LAYLA

Something about apples and trees?

MATTHEW

Layla, we need help.

Layla sighs.



EXT. ROCK FORMATION - SUNSET

Stanley finally stumbles to the base of the rock formation, exhausted. He struggles to climb to the top as the sun disappears over the horizon.

STANLEY  
(remembering)  
Make your mark!

He staggers back downhill and collects sticks and stones.

A LITTLE LATER...

Stanley races against the oncoming twilight. Using the pile of stones and sticks he has gathered he finishes a little pyramid and an arrow of rocks and branches.

Satisfied with his work, with the sunlight almost completely gone, Stanley follows the arrow back up the hill.

MOMENTS LATER...

He slips down into a little crevasse, wedging himself beneath the rock and covers himself with a layer of dirt for warmth.

EXT. SONORAN DESERT - DUSK

Matthew and Layla sit in the bed of the ancient F150, on a layer of old blankets. Rodrigo drives slowly.

MATTHEW  
Where is Stanley?

LAYLA  
(deep, gravely voice)  
I can only reveal what your heart  
already knows.

MATTHEW  
Ok, but, are we headed in the right  
direction?

LAYLA  
Is there ever a wrong direction?

MATTHEW  
Please. I need something. Anything.  
Stanley is out there. I need to  
find him. Tell me what to do, I'm  
begging you.

Layla flinches, almost dropping character for a brief instant. Then she looks up at the horizon. Her eyes settle on the rock formation in the distance. Matthew follows her gaze.

MATTHEW

There?

Layla nods. Matthew leans over and whispers instructions in Spanish to Rodrigo. Rodrigo puts the truck in gear and it lurches forward, toward the rock formation.

MATTHEW

Thank you. I owe you so much.

LAYLA

Would you like me to stay?

MATTHEW

Sorry?

LAYLA

I've grown fond of this host. I've been helpful to you. I'm weary of sharing this earthly body, yet our karma is linked. I can stay permanently, or disappear completely. It's your choice.

MATTHEW

What about Layla?

LAYLA

What about her?

MATTHEW

Isn't that a bit harsh? For you to just take her body like that?

LAYLA

To end her suffering? To allow her to transcend this earthly plain? To end her karmic cycle of rebirth?

MATTHEW

I see what you mean, but --

LAYLA

But what? It's only ignorance and fear that prevents you from seeing the death of the ego as a blessing. Are you so addicted to suffering that you would rather she cling to the pain than end it? What if I told you Heaven is real?

Matthew takes a deep breath. He ponders.

MATTHEW  
Let's ask Layla. Let her decide.

Layla, as Truth, stares at Matthew for a long, intense beat.

LAYLA  
A wise choice.

She collapses in his arms, convulses, then goes still.

MATTHEW  
Layla! Layla!!!! Layla, can you  
hear me?!?!?

Layla's eyes flutter open.

LAYLA  
What'd I miss?

EXT. ROCK FORMATION - NIGHT

The moon and stars shine bright and beautiful overhead.  
Underneath his rock, Stanley shivers uncontrollably.

He turns over and covers himself with dirt, desperately  
hoping for sleep, tears in his eyes. Then --

Stanley hears a noise. He braces. Holds his breath.  
Something's coming. Something big. He looks around. There's  
nowhere to go. He's trapped.

MATTHEW (O.S.)  
(shouting)  
Stanley...!?!?

STANLEY  
Matthew?!?! Matthew!

Matthew appears from around the corner with a lantern. He  
pulls Stanley out of the hole and into a bear-hug, lifting  
him off his feet.

MATTHEW  
Oh my god, Jesus Christ, Stanley! I  
am so fucking happy to see you!!!

STANLEY  
(beyond exhausted)  
Matthew. Don't swear.

Matthew laughs. They look at each other. Neither knows what to say. Matthew hugs him again. Stanley hugs him back.

MATTHEW

Let's go home.

EXT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Matthew's '57 Chevy pulls into the parking lot.

MATTHEW

I've gotta go to Katie's. Can you water the plants, feed Gretzky, make sure everything's in order?

Stanley nods.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DAY

Stanley cooks, finally looking comfortable taking care of himself. He slips Layla's mixtape into a tapedeck and hits play. "Another Brick in the Wall" plays.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - NIGHT

Stanley jumps down off his bed and plods over to the kitchen. Gretzky is on the counter eating leftovers. Stanley glares.

GRETZKY

What?

EXT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - NIGHT

Stanley pulls a large can of gasoline out of the bric-a-brac leaned up against the side of the house.

The ground slopes down to the parking area. Stanley struggles to keep his footing as he carries the gas can, dodging miscellaneous junk and Gretzky, zipping around by his feet.

GRETZKY

Careful with that man, careful...  
Don't step on that hose! Hey, watch it, bro -- mmmrrr-owww!

Stanley steps on Gretzky's tail and topples over, spilling gas everywhere. He quickly jumps up and rights the gas can.

STANLEY

Damn it, Gretzky, you suck!

EXT. BEHIND THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Stanley pours gas into the small suitcase generator. Then he yanks the cord. Nothing. He pulls it again. Nothing. He yanks it one more time, with all his might -- it ROARS to life.

INT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - NIGHT

Stanley takes a pot of food and plops down in front of the TV. He re-watches "The Song Remains the Same," Layla's movie.

LATER...

Stanley opens his eyes. It's pitch black, the middle of the night. Gretzky licks the demolished pot of food beside him. Stanley looks out the window at the outhouse. He sighs.

EXT. BEHIND THE HOUSE - NIGHT

The generator roars in Stanley's ear. In the distance behind him, a truck pulls up. Lawrence and Ray-Ray jump out and slam their doors, just as Stanley finds the cut-off switch.

EXT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - DIRT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ray-Ray surveys the scene. Lawrence smokes.

LAWRENCE

No cars.

RAY-RAY

No lights. Come on.

Lawrence follows, flicking his butt into the wet grass.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Ray-Ray peeks in through the window.

RAY-RAY

No one home. Suits me just fine.

LAWRENCE

I was looking forward to teaching that dirty hippy a lesson.

RAY-RAY

Let's loot the stash and roll.  
That's all the lesson he needs.

EXT. LABYRINTH - NIGHT

Lawrence and Ray-Ray step inside.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Lawrence's cigarette butt smolders. The grass smokes. Finally, the spilled gasoline catches fire.

INT. LAYLA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Layla lays on her bed. She peers out the window and sees flames making their way up the hill toward the cabin.

EXT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - NIGHT

Layla sprints toward the flames and watches as they leap from the underbrush and light the cabin on fire.

LAYLA  
(screaming)  
Stanley!

EXT. OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

Stanley sits on the toilet seat, petting Gretzky who sits on the bench beside him. Stanley looks up --

A BLACK BEAR wanders across the path. The bear turns and looks right at Stanley. Stanley is mesmerized. They stare at each other. The bear takes a step toward him --

Gretzky stands and hisses, his back arched. The bear stops. She turns to see the flames dancing on the roof of the cabin and quickly lumbers away. Stanley is completely stunned.

LAYLA (O.S.)  
Stanley! Stanley! Nooooo!

EXT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - NIGHT

Stanley walks around from the back of the house. Layla runs up and embraces him, her eyes wet with tears. They hold each other and watch the cabin burn.

LAYLA  
Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod...

STANLEY

We should probably call someone.

LAYLA

Word...

INT. LABYRINTH - NIGHT

Lawrence stalks through the corridors on a mission. He checks room after room, but can't find what he's looking for. He bumps into Ray-Ray.

LAWRENCE

Where the hell are the plants?

RAY-RAY

I don't know! You haven't found anything?

LAWRENCE

Nothing!

Together they try another passageway. They enter a room and stop dead in their tracks, mouths agape. A pair of LEGS hang in the foreground. From the boots and low-slung jeans we can tell it's Jomfru's body hanging.

EXT. MATTHEW'S CABIN - NIGHT

A FIRETRUCK is parked in the parking lot. FIREMEN douse the cabin with water from the creek. Layla and Stanley watch, sharing a reflective blanket.

Lawrence and Ray-Ray emerge from behind the cabin carrying Jomfru's limp body. Firemen race over to help them. Layla throws off the blanket and sprints toward them, SCREAMING.

Stanley follows. A Firefighter restrains her, allowing TWO EMTs to take Jomfru's body from the Twins, lay him on the ground and begin CPR. Stanley gently pulls Layla away from the Firefighter and she collapses into his arms, sobbing.

EXT. MOUNTAIN MEADOW - DAY

The HIPPIE COMMUNITY, young and old, have turned out in full force. A trio of WOMEN IN WHITE sing a Celtic ballad in lovely, three-part harmony.

Katie, weeping uncontrollably, is comforted by Matthew. A group of MEN, including the Twins, carry a beautiful, hand-made coffin to a funeral pyre in the middle of the meadow.

A LITTLE LATER...

Matthew, dressed in white, stands at a podium beside Katie. Stanley, sitting cross-legged on a blanket scans the crowd. No sign of Layla. He looks at Floré, she shrugs sadly.

Ajin plays a middle-eastern frame drum and Floré plays the cello while Matthew reads a Rumi poem.

MATTHEW

There's courage involved / If you  
want to become truth / There is a  
broken-open place in a lover...

FUNERAL MONTAGE

The Twins bless the coffin, Native American style.

MATTHEW (V.O.)

Where are those qualities of  
bravery and sharp compassion in  
this group? / What's the use of old  
and frozen thought...?

Matthew lays red-tailed hawk feathers on top of the coffin.

MATTHEW (V.O.)

I want a howling hurt / This is not  
a treasury where gold is stored /  
This is for copper...

One-by-one mourners bless the coffin.

MATTHEW (V.O.)

We alchemists look for a talent  
that can heat up and change...

Some lay objects, or flowers, or dance, or sing -- and others, like Stanley, say a few words quietly to themselves.

MATTHEW (V.O.)

Lukewarm won't do / Half-hearted  
holding back, well-enough getting  
by? / Not here...

Katie lights the pyre as the sun sets and everyone quietly watches it burn. She steps back, beside Matthew, with the Twins on the other side of her.

MATTHEW

Lukewarm won't do / Half-hearted  
holding back? / Well-enough getting  
by? / Not here...



INT. LAYLA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Layla looks at pictures and jewelry that remind her of Jomfru. Stanley knocks on the door and comes in.

LAYLA

Hey.

He sits down next to her.

LAYLA

I shoulda let him sleep with me. If I wasn't so chicken --

STANLEY

I was the last person to see him. I can't believe that's the last time we'll ever talk. Makes no sense...

They hug.

INT. LAYLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stanley's nervous. He sits on her bed. Waits. Stands up. Takes off his shirt. Sits on a chair in the corner.

He takes off his socks. Stands. Smooths them. Lays them on the floor. Moves them. Folds his shirt. Lays it down. Picks it up. Puts it back on. Layla comes in brushing her hair.

LAYLA

Are you sleeping in your clothes?

She sets a glass of water on the bedside table and glides over to Stanley. She embraces him for a long beat.

LAYLA

Night.

She releases him. Climbs into bed. Rolls over and closes her eyes. Stanley stands in the middle of the room, frozen.

LATER...

Stanley lays beside Layla, staring up at the ceiling, unable to sleep. He steals a glance at Layla. She stirs.

LAYLA

(half-asleep)  
Stanley?

STANLEY

Yes, yeah -- I mean, yes?

She opens her eyes and sees him looking at her. Without a word, she sits up and takes her top off. He sits up.

STANLEY

Layla, I...

LAYLA

What? Isn't this what you want?

STANLEY

I think... I think I'm happy just being a kid for a little longer.

He covers her with a sheet. She smiles, sadly.

INT. LAYLA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Stanley blinks awake. Layla's gone. He feels the bed. There's a wet spot. He frantically sits up. He can't believe it --

Layla's water glass lays on its side, water dripping from the bedside table onto the bed. Stanley sighs, relieved. Layla glides back into the room.

STANLEY

Hey, what's up?

LAYLA

Come on, I need your help.

EXT. LAYLA'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAWN

Layla and Stanley stand over a shrine with Jomfru's picture in the center. Layla waves a smudging stick of lit sage.

LAYLA

Blessings to the four directions:  
air, water, fire, earth...

She turns east, west, north, south, tossing a small handful of cedar from her leather pouch in each direction.

LAYLA

Mother earth, please bless Jomfru  
on his return to the source.

She pulls out a corn husk & tobacco and rolls a prayer smoke. She lights it. Takes a puff. Hands it to Stanley.

LAYLA

Father sky, please give Jomfru the strength for his journey as he crosses over...

INT. LAYLA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Stanley talks on the phone. What's left of his stuff is packed in a bag at his feet. Ajin and Floré wash dishes. They've all just finished a big feast

SHARON (V.O.)

(on phone)

You could stay, you know? For the school year. I'm not saying I want you to, but...

STANLEY

(into phone)

Hmmm...

He looks over at Layla, playing with Sage on the floor.

STANLEY

No. I gotta come home. The cabin burnt down, knowing Matthew he'll probably make me sleep in a tent.

SHARON (V.O.)

What's that?

MATTHEW (O.S.)

Stanley! You Ready?

Matthew comes in, carrying the smoke-stained and slightly melted, but mostly intact table hockey game.

STANLEY

Gotta go, mom! I'll see you soon. Love ya, bye...!

He slams down the phone.

STANLEY

It survived!

FLORE

Oh my god, you boys are crazy--

AJIN

Don't put it on the table!

Matthew plops it down on the dinner table.

AJIN  
Not on the table...

MATTHEW  
Come on, Ajin. Don't trip.

STANLEY  
One more game!

AJIN  
(to Matthew)  
He's a junky. Look what you did to  
your kid.

FLORE  
Do you guys have time? Stanley's  
going to miss his flight!

MATTHEW  
We can spare five minutes for the  
great Canadian pastime. Layla, Sage  
you're the official timekeepers.

CLOSE ON - THE PUCK IS DROPPED

It gets slapped around. The game is disjointed and scrappy.  
Stanley looks up at Layla and her family who watch, which  
enables Matthew to score first.

STANLEY  
Cheese and rice! How much time  
Sage?

AJIN  
You can't let him win? One time?

MATTHEW  
Don't start with that nonsense.

Layla and Sage run over to clock on the stove.

SAGE  
One minute, thirty-six seconds.

LAYLA  
Three-and-a-half minutes to go!

They drop the puck. It's back-and-forth but Stanley is still  
pressing, nervous, and Matthew makes him pay.

MATTHEW  
Two nothing! Let's call it. We  
should go.

Matthew pretends to walk away.

STANLEY  
Not on your life!

Stanley throws the puck back in and promptly scores. Layla's family cheers.

STANLEY  
Here we go! Here we go! How much time we got?

Layla and Sage run to the clock.

MATTHEW  
I wasn't ready.

STANLEY  
That's what you get for showboating.

SAGE  
Two minutes!

They battle continues.

MATTHEW  
Off the post! You know it's over if I score again. Good night gracie...

Stanley scores.

STANLEY  
Yes! Tie game!

He high-fives Layla and Sage.

MATTHEW  
Hey, hey! You're supposed to be impartial! What's the time?

They run back to the clock.

SAGE/LAYLA  
Thirty seconds!

MATTHEW  
Okay, okay, it's a tie, let's go.

Stanley throws the puck back in play. The puck is slapped around the plastic arena, frantically.

SAGE  
Ten... Nine... Eight...

Stanley's center gets the puck. It's just him and the goalie. Mano-a-mano. Time stands still.

LAYLA

Four... Three... Two...

Stanley drills the puck into the goal. Floré, Ajin, Layla and Sage erupt! They hug Stanley, shout and jump up and down.

AJIN

(singing)

*Allez-allez-allez-allez / Score the  
/ goo-ooo-ooalll!*

EXT. PACHECO CANYON - DAY

Stanley hugs Layla's family goodbye.

FLORE

Stay in touch, Stanley.

AJIN

Yeah, Stanley. You've always got family here.

Stanley kneels in front of Sage.

STANLEY

Take care of these guys, alright?

SAGE

You got it. The true depths of my powers is unknown to mortal men.

LAYLA

Bye, Stanley. I'll miss you.

They hug.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Matthew's Chevy truck rumbles along the narrow dirt road, down the mountain.

INT. '57 CHEVY TRUCK - DAY

They ride in silence. Stanley stares out the window.

STANLEY

Thanks, Matth -- uh, Dad. You know... For everything.

Matthew smiles. Suddenly -- they hear a HONK from behind them. Matthew checks the rearview and sees a car flashing its lights. He pulls over.

EXT. INTERSTATE 25 - DAY

Layla's Saab pulls over as well. Stanley and Layla both get out of their vehicles and walk toward each other.

LAYLA  
Hey.

STANLEY  
Hey.

LAYLA  
Here.

She hands Stanley a mixtape.

LAYLA  
I forgot to give you this. You know, since the other one melted.

STANLEY  
Thanks.

They share a moment of awkward silence. Then, Layla hugs him.

LAYLA  
(into his ear)  
Okay.

STANLEY  
Okay.

They begin to separate, but each catches the other's eye and they stop, holding each other in a partial embrace -- Then they kiss. Layla smiles. Gets in her car. And drives off.

INT. '57 CHEVY TRUCK - DAY

Stanley gets in. Matthew shoots him a look. Stanley stares at the road ahead and smiles. Matthew puts the truck in gear and they drive away...