

DRUID'S GUIDE
TO THE NORTHEAST

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FADE IN ON:

EXT. FOREST FLOOR - DAY

TONYA McPHEE (25) lays on the ground, wrapped in an old blanket. Her messy hair covers her face. Her leather jacket and denim jeans are splattered with mud.

She rolls over, GROANING. Sunlight hits her face and she frowns. The gash on her head is covered with a viscous GOO.

Frowning, she opens her eyes and slowly sits up.

She looks around and finds herself under a small tarp. The trees are beginning to change for the fall.

She struggles to her feet and feels the gash on her head. She looks at the goo on her fingers. She rubs them together. She mouths *WHAT THE FUCK* and looks around.

A small fire smolders in the middle of this camp. A backpack and blanket are a few feet from her. She steps over to them. She looks around again before reaching for the backpack.

GRRRRRRR!

She spins around and finds herself face-to-face with a --

SNARLING RED DOBERMAN PINSCHER!

Startled, Tonya jumps back and trips over a root. She falls on her ass with a heavy THUD and SCREAMS.

She crawls away. The Doberman follows, keeping pace with her and baring dangerously sharp teeth.

TONYA

Good dog! Good dog! Sit! Oh
crap!

She backs herself against a tree trunk, terrified.

TONYA

Somebody help me! Somebody?

The Doberman is inches away from her, GROWLING. Her teeth look sharp enough to bite through steel.

SAWYER (V.O.)

Good! You're awake!

Tonya and the Doberman look off to the side. The Doberman instantly grows docile.

SAWYER (65) looks at the two as he walks up to his backpack. His wet grey hair hangs limply past his shoulders, resting on a threadbare poncho that covers his torso.

He wears no pants or footwear.

He carries a water skin in one hand and a towel in the other. He hangs them both on a tree branch next to his backpack.

SAWYER

Wasn't sure if you were going to make it or not.

He takes a pair of pants from the backpack and puts them on. His flabby ass is briefly visible.

SAWYER

Hell, half the night I knew you weren't dead because of all the vomiting noises you were making.

Tonya tries crawling away from the Doberman. The Doberman BARKS once. Tonya jumps and rolls in the fetal position.

SAWYER

Sawyer, get away from her. She doesn't want to play.

The Doberman trots over to Sawyer and sits next to him.

SAWYER

Here...

He gives the water skin to her.

SAWYER

Drink this.

TONYA

What is it?

SAWYER

Water. You're all dehydrated. And you need to flush out all that garbage out of your system.

He takes off the poncho, revealing his tanned soft body.

TONYA

Where am I?

SAWYER

Where? You're in my camp, about a half mile from your car.

He takes a simple linen shirt from his pack and slides it over his head. It hangs loosely on him.

TONYA

My car...?

She drinks from the skin.

SAWYER

You drove it into a ditch last night, remember?

She rubs her face in disgust.

TONYA

Crap...

SAWYER

Yeah. Sawyer found you and came and got me. She's good at finding people who need help.

TONYA

Your Doberman finds people who need help?

SAWYER

(points to Doberman)
Not her--
(points past her)
Her.

Tonya glances over her shoulder. A LARGE BLACK DOG stands right next to her, inches from her face, PANTING.

Tonya leaps away from the Black Dog, startled. She drops the water skin. Water pours out.

TONYA

Aaaah!

SAWYER

Damn...

Sawyer quickly picks up the water skin. It's nearly empty.

SAWYER

Well, it's your turn now. Stream's about thirty yards that way.

He points in the direction he came and gives her the skin.

SAWYER

Take the water from below the
surface, but not from the bottom.
Get less crap in it, that way.

Tonya slowly stands up, staring at the Black Dog. She looks back at her with big brown eyes. Very friendly-looking dog.

Sawyer looks at the Black Dog. There's something hanging from her mouth.

SAWYER

What's that in your mouth?

TONYA

What?

He steps over to the Black Dog. She turns her head away.

SAWYER

What's that?

He grabs the Black Dog's snout and turns it toward him.

He pulls some brown fur from the Black Dog's lips. The fur is mixed with a tarry substance.

SAWYER

(angry)

What's this? Rabbit?

He smells it and grimaces.

SAWYER

And blacktop? Been on the highway
again? Huh?

Sawyer pries the Black Dog's jaws open and smells her breath.

SAWYER

Been eating road kill again,
haven't you? Haven't you?

The Black Dog WHINES. He releases her muzzle and smacks her--

POP!

--on the snout.

The Black Dog YELPS. Tonya winces.

SAWYER

You forget what happened to your brother? Standing on some damn highway, eating road kill? Now he's the road kill! Remember?

He smacks the Black Dog--

POP!

--again.

SAWYER

Go sit with your sister! Now!

The Black Dog hurries next to the Doberman and sits.

SAWYER

(to Tonya)

They're like kids.

TONYA

Yeah. Umm... Listen. I have to get going. If you can just show me... You know.

SAWYER

(beat)

Going, huh? Okay. Stream's about thirty yards down the hill there.

TONYA

I meant the road.

SAWYER

(beat)

The road? You're not getting me water? I pull you out of your car. Baby-sat you all night. Get you three skins of water. Two just to wash the vomit off you. And you're not going to return the favor?

She reaches into her pants pocket and pulls out some money.

TONYA

I got like forty bucks here. You can have it.

She holds her money out. He walks up to her and takes the water skin. He continues walking.

She looks at him surprised.

TONYA
You don't want it?

SAWYER
I have money. What I don't have is
water.

She watches him walk downhill. The Doberman follows.

After a moment, she looks down. The Black Dog stands right next to her. She looks at the dog.

The Black Dog BURPS and licks its muzzle.