

TRAIL MIX UP

Written by

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ECU: A handwritten list of locations; "Taj Mahal, Grand Canyon, Denali National Park,"

Further down; "Phinney Ridge, Uncle Bryson's Apple Tree, 92nd Street Backyard," and the final entry, "Mt. Norbert".

MARCO, 33, dressed business-casual, sits silently in a tidy, minimalist room on a leather couch. Peaceful and quiet. He holds the list in his hands as his eyes scan over it.

He takes an emotional deep breath and looks up from the list to an URN sitting in front of him on the coffee table.

BAM! Suddenly the door flies open and slams into the wall!
Marco is startled and turns.

Two elderly MAIDS, 70s-80s, slowly walk in while talking to each other in a foreign language.

Marco opens his mouth to say something, but they continue talking to each other and don't notice his awkward confusion.

The Maids chatting grows angry, as they bring in the cleaning cart with squeaking wheels and noisy supplies clacking together. The cart blocks the door.

Marco starts to interrupt their bickering, but his phone RINGS. He answers, annoyed at the chatter around him.

MARCO

Hi, mom.

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)

Did you pick her up?

MARCO

I've got her.

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)

Oh, pumpkin, thank you.

MARCO

Mhmm.

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)

And what did you decide?

Marco sighs.

MARCO

Nothing yet.

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)

Don't put off til tomorrow, what you can do today.

MARCO

Yea thanks, for that. I've just got a lot going on and-

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)

Your father and I leave next week, and we're taking her back with us to New York. *(BEAT)* And I'm not going to split any of her up in tupperware for you.

Marco looks down at the urn in his hands.

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)

So if you want to fulfill your sister's dying wish, ya better do it soon.

MARCO

Geeze Mom, do ya have to say it like that--

Marco scowls at the Maids who have now gone from bickering to laughing, as they fumble with the cleaning supplies.

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)

Oh please, she'd be upset about how much you're pussyfooting around.

Marco chuckles as he remembers his sister.

MARCO

True. *(BEAT)* But have you seen some of these places?

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)

We're only talking about one right now.

Marco looks down at the list in his hand, his thumb next to the final entry, "Mt. Norbert".

BEAT. Marco sighs.

MARCO

I'll take her.

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)

I knew you would. My boy just likes to make people wait on pins and needles until he's ready. Isn't that right?

Marco rolls his eyes and gives a "Mm."

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)

Oh! And I had an idea. I think you should bring someone.

The Maids start vacuuming. Marco moves to the opposite corner of the room, holding the phone tight to his ear.

MARCO

Ok sure. Why don't you or Dad come?

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)

Squatting outdoors isn't really my thing anymore, and also I think I pulled something at jazzercise. No, I think you should bring *Amelia*.

Marco's eyes go wide.

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)

I know it's been a while.

MARCO

Uh. 10 years.

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)

You're counting?

MARCO

No!

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)

Don't you think Rebecca would appreciate her two favorite people bringing her to her favorite place?

The vacuum moves closer.

MARCO

Favorite people?

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)
Oh you know what I mean.

MARCO
Are you serious? I don't even have
her number anymore.

Marco's Mom is being drowned out from the vacuum.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Knock! Knock!

The FUNERAL DIRECTOR (Andy Dick-type) enters loudly, and has brought paperwork for Marco to sign. But notices Marco on the phone and the Maids.

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)
It's like the three of you would be
together again.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Oh! Sorry Mr. Clemmon!

Funeral Director gives a sharp look to the Maids.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Betty! Do you see we have a be-
grieved here?!

Betty doesn't see anything wrong with it.

BETTY THE MAID
(foreign)
Yes.

Veronica blurts at Betty in the foreign language. They argue back and forth.

VERONICA THE MAID
(foreign)
I told you he didn't work here!

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
(loud whisper)
Sir, I do have your paperwork!

BETTY THE MAID
(foreign)
He looks exactly like the new phone
guy! You don't think he--

MARCO
 (Pulls phone away)
 Thank you.

Veronica continues to berate Betty in their native tongue, they are now so loud that Marco can't hear his Mom. The Funeral Director tries to calm them down.

MARCO
 Ok, Mom--

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)
 Call her, scatter some ashes, and
 I'll come grab Rebecca before we
 fly out.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
 You can fix that plug another time!
 You don't need to yell about it!

MARCO
 Mom?

Mom's connection begins to be drowned out.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
 (loud whisper)
 Sir! I'm just going to leave this
 here! But we are closing soon and--

Marco nods as the Funeral Director sets the paperwork down and whips at the Maids.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
 Betty! Turn that off!

MARCO
 Mom, I can't hear you. What?!

MARCO'S MOM (V.O.)
 --Amelia--Sunscreen--Global Warming--

Another Maid enters holding a loud dust-buster vacuum.

REGINA THE MAID
 Veronica! Where's the new phone
 guy? His desk has--Oh there he is!

The Maids and Funeral Director are way too obnoxious.

MARCO

I'm not going to call her! (BEAT)
Hello!?

Marco holds the phone to his ear with his shoulder and starts signing the paperwork as the Funeral Director is trying to get the Maids out, including the new loud addition.

But the vacuum won't shut off and it keeps gaining in volume! The Maids lift the vacuum up to try and see how to turn it off, but the noise exponentially rises til it sounds like a jet engine taking off!

MARCO

I'm not calling her! Mom!?

SMASH CUT:

2

INT. MARCO'S CAR - FUNERAL HOME PARKING LOT - DAY

2

Silence. Marco leans his head against the steering wheel, scrolling through his phone. The URN sits in the passenger seat, buckled in.

Marco reaches **Amelia's contact** and hovers his finger over it.

He decides against it. But then knows he might as well try. But doesn't want to. Ah screw it! He presses call. It rings.

And rings. Marco breathes deep.

And rings. Then, the line clicks. Marco is on pins and needles, but doesn't hear anything so he starts to speak:

MARCO

Hey is this Amel--?

AMELIA (V.O.)

Hello, you've reached Amelia. I am unable to come to the phone right now, leave your number and--

Marco hangs up. He closes his eyes in the silence.

RING! "Amelia". Marco panics and fumbles, then looks at the phone ringing... and ringing... will he answer?! He finally picks up.

MARCO

Hello?

AMELIA (V.O.)
Hi! I just missed your call, thanks
for getting back to me so quickly.

MARCO
Wh--

AMELIA (V.O.)
So he's an older Weiner, like the
profile says. Do you have
experience with feisty seniors?

Marco *gapes like a fish.*

MARCO
I...yes?

AMELIA (V.O.)
Great! You'll end up loving him.
And those dates work for you?

Marco squeezes his eyes shut.

MARCO
Amelia, this is... Marco.

AMELIA (V.O.)
Oh. Yes, hi. I never got your name.
Hi, Marco-

MARCO
Marco Clemmon.

BEAT.

AMELIA (V.O.)
Marco?

MARCO
Hi.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

3

AMELIA, 30, stands with her phone in one hand and groceries
in the other. Her eyes are wide, her mouth *gapes like a fish.*

AMELIA
Uh...hi.

INTERCUT MARCO/AMELIA:

MARCO

Hi.

AMELIA

You're... You're... my dog sitter?

MARCO

Oh, no, um. I'm just...calling. Uh, are you still in Chico?

AMELIA

Um. Yes... still here.

MARCO

Oh that's cool.

Awkward BEAT.

AMELIA

Uh. Yeah. So, what... do you... how are you?

MARCO

I'm good! Things are really good for me. It's been really awesome.

AMELIA

That's great to hear.

MARCO

Well... not REALLY good. And not really awesome either. I..I'll just cut to the chase. Rebecca passed away a few weeks ago.

AMELIA

What? Oh my God, I'm so sorry.

MARCO

Yeah, me too.

AMELIA

Wow, I... Sorry, I'm just processing, ugh. Was she in an accident?

MARCO

Health stuff, it wasn't sudden, we knew for a while.

AMELIA

Oh. I didn't see anything online...

MARCO

Yeah, she wanted to keep it in the family.

AMELIA

Right. And how is the family holding up?

MARCO

Hanging in there.

Marco taps his forehead against the steering wheel.

AMELIA

Well I'm so sorry to hear, let me know if you need anything, k?

MARCO

Well, actually, I'm calling, because... part of Rebecca's wishes were that her ashes... should end up on Mt. Norbert.

Marco and Amelia wait in silence.

AMELIA

Oh. That's... nice.

MARCO

You remember Mt. Norbert? When we-

AMELIA

Of course. But...uh...

MARCO

I think Rebecca would like it if we took her up there. Like old times. With us three, kinda all together again. That sorta thing.

AMELIA

Oh, um.

Amelia thinks for a moment.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Well. Ok, um, maybe.

MARCO

Maybe?

AMELIA

Yeah, maybe. Like, sure let's see.

A precious smile overcomes Marco.

MARCO

Really?

AMELIA

Mmm...yeah. Yes. You're right,
she'd like that. For her.

MARCO

Yeah! For her.

AMELIA

Are you thinking of doing it this
summer some time?

MARCO

More like...Friday.

AMELIA

Friday!?

MARCO

Yeah Friday.

AMELIA

You mean, tomorrow?

MARCO

My parents are taking her back East
next week. So I've got to do this
now.

No response.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I'm gonna be at the same trailhead
in the morning, like 9am. Just do
the normal route, and pitch a tent
around Cameeke Curve.

Amelia shakes her head, wrestling with her thoughts.

AMELIA

I...have work. I can't make it.

MARCO

Ah. Ok. Yeah, that makes sense. No prob-lemo. It was my mom's idea actually, so it's kinda stupid.

AMELIA

No, it's not that. I... my life is a lot right now. I'm going out of town next month and trying to set up a dog sitter, and I--

MARCO

Hey no need to explain yourself. I get it. It's totally fine. You have your...

He can't find the words.

AMELIA

--life.

MARCO

Right. Life. (*BEAT*) Well, I gotta go. Good luck with your Weiner.

Marco winces.

MARCO (CONT'D)

--Dog. And good talkin.

AMELIA

Yeah! It's...yeah. Um, will you send my love to the family?

MARCO

As you wish.

Those familiar words hit Amelia. Both sit in the moment.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Okay, bye.

Marco hangs up. He leans back in his seat and sighs.

MATCH CUT TO:

4

EXT. TRAILHEAD - MARCO'S CAR - MORNING

4

MATCH CUT: Marco leaning back in the driver's seat, wearing hiking gear. He steps out to birds chirping and the sun's rays poking through trees.

Marco walks to the trunk and starts unloading camping gear to organize. He grabs the URN.

MARCO

You ready for one last climb?

Marco then carefully puts the urn in the backpack.

He checks everything over, he sees a can of "BEAR SPRAY". He thinks, then throws it back in the trunk and grabs a Spray Can of "DEODORANT: OCEAN-WAVE" instead.

He then slings the backpack on and closes the trunk.

HONK!

Marco stops and turns. A car sits parked behind him with tinted windows.

Marco approaches while peering at the windshield. He sees beautiful long hair shift as the door opens. Amelia.

Marco cracks a soft smile, disbelief on his face.

MARCO

I really didn't think you'd--

He reaches the car and out steps...a LONG-HAIRED MAN.

LONG-HAIRED MAN

Hey back off buddy!

MARCO

Oh, geeze, I'm sorry. You, you look like my friend. And, you honked.

LONG-HAIRED MAN

Nice try. There won't be any car jackings today, got it?!

MARCO

I'm not-- ok, I'm going! I'm going!

The man stares him down. Marco awkwardly turns to walk away.

AMELIA (O.S.)

Hey.

Marco comes face-to-face with Amelia. She stands with her backpack on, full hiking gear ready.

Marco smiles wide. The Long-Haired Man raises an eyebrow and looks Amelia up and down.

LONG-HAIRED MAN

I don't look like her.

MARCO

...I was talking about a different friend.

LONG-HAIRED MAN is unimpressed. Marco leads Amelia away.

AMELIA

Who's that?

MARCO

Just keep walking.

They stop by Marco's car. He looks at her a little stunned, like "Wow, you came."

Amelia chuckles and takes a deep breath.

AMELIA

I wanted to give a proper goodbye to Rebecca.

Marco nods and dons a soft smile.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

She in your backpack?

MARCO

All crammed in there.

They look into each other's eyes. Amelia smiles.

AMELIA

Strapped in tight so she won't be able to get out?

MARCO

Yup. Taped her mouth too. Don't want to hear her screaming.

They giggle. Amelia glances over and sees the Long-Haired Man looking at them with worried confusion.

Amelia clears her throat as her smile falls.

AMELIA
That was inappropriate.

She nods at the trail.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(embarrassed)
Shall we?

5

EXT. TRAIL 1 - DAY

5

Amelia and Marco walk together, looking around at the picturesque wilderness. They share glances from time to time, then back to the view, and don't know what to say until:

AMELIA
Just as beautiful as I remember it.

MARCO
Right? Glad you can see it again.
Ya know, I was ready to do this
whole thing alone.

AMELIA
Didn't think I'd surprise you?

MARCO
Well, you were just so short with
me on the phone. I didn't think--

AMELIA
Short with you? I wasn't short with
you.

MARCO
It's not a problem, it just felt a
little um, what's that word...curt.

AMELIA
Wow, look at you with the big
vocabulary now.

She chuckles. Marco fake chuckles.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

(light-hearted)

Well I did think you were my dog
sitter. I wasn't trying to be rude.
Sorry you felt that way.

MARCO

You were pretty stand-off-ish.

AMELIA

You called me outta the blue, I was
surprised, not mean.

MARCO

I didn't say you were mean-- you
were... you know what, nevermind.

AMELIA

I wasn't anything.

MARCO

Ok! Ok. Tomato-tomato.

Amelia is annoyed. Tension between the two already. BEAT.

MARCO (CONT'D)

So...what uh...what are you doing
these days?

AMELIA

You know, life stuff, ya know?

Marco waits for more. Nothing.

MARCO

Mmm, not really, that's why I
asked.

AMELIA

I've been busy. Working a lot. I
have that big work trip coming up
that I told you about. You?

MARCO

Same old, same old.

AMELIA

Sounds fun.

Marco nods. They march on. Both carefully breathe.

AMELIA
I just turned 30.

MARCO
Oh yeah, I guess that wasn't too long ago, huh?

Marco scoffs and shakes his head.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Man, time flies. *Thirty*.

AMELIA
Why do you say it like that?

MARCO
No reason, I mean, it's just...*thirty*.

AMELIA
You're 33.

MARCO
And?

Amelia scoffs and shakes her head.

AMELIA
Anyway, I'm glad I'm here. It was tough to find time for this, my schedule's pretty packed.

MARCO
Well, I'm happy you could pencil us in.

Amelia furrows her brows.

AMELIA
Actually, I did have to push a lot of things. I have a bunch of prep to do for the work trip.

Marco snorts a laugh.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
What's that about?

MARCO
Nothing, it just...you seem different. More serious.

AMELIA

I am different. Ten years can make you different.

MARCO

Has it been 10? Are you counting?

AMELIA

No not counting. I've been doing more important things than that.

MARCO

What do you mean, more important?

AMELIA

It's just a phrase.

MARCO

But, like what?

AMELIA

Like I don't know, being healthy and successful at life; focusing on being the best me that I can be.

MARCO

Hm.

AMELIA

What?

MARCO

Nah, it's just that, that doesn't sound *that* different. You focusing on yourself.

Amelia raises an eyebrow.

MARCO (CONT'D)

No, in a good way. Like you always said, it's healthy to put yourself first.

No response from Amelia.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Like when you're in an airplane that's going down, you're supposed to put on your own oxygen mask first, before assisting others.

AMELIA

Can we not start this?

Marco's defense comes up again. They've been here before.

MARCO

I wasn't starting anything.

AMELIA

Can we just do this for your sister
and not fight?

MARCO

I'm not fighting.

BEAT. Marco can't help himself.

MARCO (CONT'D)

And if *I'm* not the one fighting
that must mean that you are.

AMELIA

I dropped everything to come here,
I'm taking my time to do this!

Marco sneers.

MARCO

Oh I'm aware that your time is more
important than everyone else's. You
never let me forget that it's
always about you! Amelia here.
Amelia there. Hey look, it's
Amelia! There she is! That's your
name!

AMELIA

Don't be such a child!

MARCO

Amelia! Amelia!

VOICE (O.S.)

Amelia?

Both stop and turn around to see PERCY (M, 75, Hiking Wear,
Large Knife Sheath on a Belt, Fanny Pack) approaching.

AMELIA

...Yeah?

PERCY

Oh my lord, it's been, wow, how long has it been?

Amelia gives Percy a blank stare.

PERCY

I'm Gabby's grandfather! Percy!
It's so good to see you again. You look beautiful!

AMELIA

Hi! Yeah... Percy... Good to see you... again!

PERCY

Golly!

Percy gives her a big hug as Amelia wears an uncomfortable smile. She breaks from the moment.

AMELIA

Uh, this is Marco.

MARCO

Hey there.

PERCY

Oh! Like...

Marco waits for the inevitable, "Marco Polo".

MARCO

Yes, like "Polo".

PERCY

Like Margaux Hemmingway. She was beautiful. Nice to meet ya, fella. You two headed to the summit?

Marco is steamrolled but lets it go.

MARCO

We are.

PERCY

Hot-dog, me too. Let's get a move on.

Percy marches past them. Marco and Amelia look at each other; what just happened? Then continue the hike, following Percy.

6

EXT. TRAIL 2 - DAY - CONTINUOUS

6

Percy confidently marches along. Marco and Amelia talk at a low volume, a short distance behind.

MARCO

Wow, that's a cool coincidence.

AMELIA

I... don't know him.

Marco whips a confused look at her.

MARCO

What the hell?

AMELIA

I know! I...I was in too deep.

MARCO

Well he knows you, he knew your name.

AMELIA

I don't know a Gabby, or a Percy.

MARCO

Oh man. He...

Marco studies Percy walking ahead.

MARCO (CONT'D)

He could be some kind of psycho.
Like, dangerous.

AMELIA

He's old!

MARCO

So?

AMELIA

Killers aren't usually old people.

MARCO

How would you know?

AMELIA

I listen to all the true-crime
podcasts and there aren't any
stories about old murderers.

(MORE)

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Or documentaries about Serial
Killer Seniors.

MARCO

Exactly. That's because they're the
best ones! They don't ever get
caught.

Amelia considers.

AMELIA

I guess that's a good point...

MARCO

And look at that knife on his belt!
I think we have to *ditch* this guy
before we end up in a ditch.

AMELIA

You think you're clever?

MARCO

I thought it was pretty good.

AMELIA

You're messing with me. And I'm not
scared of-

MARCO

Wait, where'd he go?

The two look ahead and don't see Percy.

AMELIA

I--

PERCY

Ya know!

The two jump a little as Percy comes up behind the two! He
throws his arms around them. He starts walking between them.

PERCY

...Amelia, I remember the days of
going to the pancake restaurant
with you and Gabby. We'd just laugh
and laugh, wouldn't we?

Amelia plays along. Percy laughs to himself and drops his
arms off the two.

AMELIA

We sure would.

PERCY

And I'd order the... what was it I
always had?

Amelia's eyes go wide and she glances at Marco.

AMELIA

I...don't...

PERCY

Oh come on, what was it again?

Marco, eyes wide, mouths the word "PAN-CAKES".

AMELIA

...Hot Links?

Percy perks up.

PERCY

Hot links! Yes.

Amelia looks relieved.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Wasn't that fun? And you two always
wore your matching shirts. With the
horse on it, remember?

Amelia nods enthusiastically.

AMELIA

Yes! The...the horse shirts.

Percy tries to remember something.

PERCY

Hunh. Mmm...what color were they?
It was all... bright...

AMELIA

Um. Red.

Percy thinks for a moment.

PERCY

Mmm... oh, Red... I think... not.
Weren't they Blue?

AMELIA
Right. Blue.

Percy looks skeptical at her.

PERCY
And you were always complaining
about that nasty boy. What was his
name?

Amelia looks from Marco to Percy.

AMELIA
Um...

Amelia tenses up. Marco looks at Percy's knife sheath.

AMELIA
(Squeak)
Steve?

PERCY
Mm...Steve! Yes, I think it-

Amelia relaxes.

PERCY (CONT'D)
No, no, not Steve.

Amelia and Marco tense up. Percy waves it away with a smile.

PERCY
Well, I'm glad you forgot his name.
He was an absolute terror.

Amelia lets out a tense chuckle and forces a smile. She looks
at Marco, who force chuckles too.

Percy gives Marco a huge pat on the stomach as he walks past
him. Marco: "Oof". He isn't pleased.

AMELIA
We'll be fine.

SMASH CUT:

7

EXT. TRAIL 3 - DAY - LATER

7

ECU: A bloody rabbit head.

PERCY

Hey would ya look at this!

Percy stands a distance ahead on the trail, holding up a dead rabbit by its ears. While Amelia and Marco are kneeling, digging through their packs, drinking water.

AMELIA

(yells back)

That's nice, Percy.

Marco gives her a disapproving look.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Hey, so I was thinking...

MARCO

That perhaps we shouldn't have invited Father-Time-Maybe-Killer on the hike?

They crack a smile.

AMELIA

I feel bad for him! He obviously just wants someone to talk to.

(**BEAT**) No, I was thinking...

Marco cocks an eyebrow.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I just...I don't know maybe it's the possible danger, or being out here again, but I think we should maybe clear the air a bit?

Marco's face falls.

MARCO

We don't need to-

AMELIA

Well I do. Honesty is important.

Marco tenses up and focuses on his back-pack.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I don't like... the way things ended.

MARCO

Good to know.

AMELIA

Look, there was a lot of pressure
and I feel like-

MARCO

You want honesty? I'll be honest. I
don't really care.

Amelia is taken aback.

MARCO (CONT'D)

We're not here to "clear the air".
Cuz there's nothing to clear.

AMELIA

I was saying it--

MARCO

You can say what you'd like, but
I'm over it. So it's fine. And not
sure what would change the fact
that you literally left me high-and-
dry in another country. So-

AMELIA

--Wait, wait, you're still mad?

MARCO

No, not mad. I'm not. I'm fine.

AMELIA

It's been over a decade, Marco.

MARCO

You're the one who wanted to clear
the air. So obviously you still
think about what happened.

AMELIA

Whatever... Nevermind.

Amelia sighs, stands, and walks up the trail away from Marco.

Marco glances down in his bag, and then looks at the Urn.

MARCO

How were you ever best friends with
this chick?

He zips up his pack and stands.

8

EXT. TRAIL 4 - DAY - CONTINUOUS

8

Amelia approaches Percy and taps him on the shoulder.

AMELIA

Hey, Percy?

Percy spins around, holding up his hands, ready to fight.
Amelia steps back as Marco steps forward to block a punch.

MARCO

Yo, what are you doing?

Percy looks between the two of them. Recognition hits him.

He lowers his fists. He laughs.

PERCY

Sorry about that. I was keeping an
eye out for Operatives.

AMELIA

You were doing what now?

Percy looks like he's been found out.

PERCY

Ah...don't listen to me.

MARCO

What do you mean, Operatives?

Percy stares at Marco then steps to him.

PERCY

You're really loving being in my
business aren't you?

MARCO

You said "Operatives".

BEAT. Percy's been caught and steps back.

PERCY

Welp, I suppose it was going to
come out some time.

Amelia and Marco look at each other.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Can you two handle a secret?

They nod, confused.

PERCY (CONT'D)

(sincere)

In due time. Just keep your head on
a swivel for me. Copy?

BEAT. Then Percy chuckles again and pats Amelia on the
shoulder as he passes.

PERCY (CONT'D)

I don't want to wrap you two up in
this, but they're very sneaky!

Percy turns and marches along as Amelia and Marco cast
uncertain glances at each other.

9

EXT. FORK IN TRAIL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

9

Amelia and Marco catch up to Percy as he reads over a
standing wooden **Trail Information Board**.

MARCO

Care to tell us what you're talking
about, Percy?

PERCY

What-what I'm talking about...?

He checks his brain files.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Oh can't I have some fun?! I'm just
playing around. Look at me go!

Percy starts dancing/heading to the left trail.

MARCO

Percy! Hold on. First of all, we
need to take the right path.
Secondly--

PERCY
That's not what the sign says.

MARCO
Hm?

Amelia joins Percy and reads over the Trail Board, there's a posting; "THIS WAY ONLY".

AMELIA
He's correct, it says to take the left path.

Marco shakes his head and pulls out a map.

MARCO
That doesn't make sense.

AMELIA
Mm...that's not what the sign says.

MARCO
(looking over map)
But it's always been the right path. Remember? Us and Rebecca always went this way, she liked the more adventurous route.

Amelia shrugs and gestures at the sign.

AMELIA
But, that's not what the-

MARCO
I know that's not what the sign says!

PERCY
Now hold on a minute. Who made you Command-Leader anyway?

MARCO
I'm not "Command-Leader" I just know the route best, that's all.

PERCY
Well you're going to have to be more of a leader, if you want us to follow.

Marco takes a breath as he traces a path on the map with his finger, then looks to the Trail Board.

MARCO

It doesn't say it's closed. It just says go this way. I mean, the left path will get us there eventually, but it's way longer than the right.

Marco looks at Amelia.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Aren't you the one that needs to get back for your work?

AMELIA

Mm, well I certainly wasn't planning on more than 1 night.

Marco folds the map and stows it.

MARCO

The right path it is.

Marco marches down the right path.

Amelia reluctantly follows Marco.

AMELIA

Come on, Percy.

PERCY

(to himself)

I'm not too sure about that one.

No one notices the edge of an **orange warning sign**: "TRAIL CLOSED" fallen in the underbrush.

10

EXT. RIGHT PATH - DAY

10

Marco leads the group as Amelia and Percy hang back. Amelia watches as Percy breathes hard.

AMELIA

Are you doing alright, Percy?

Percy waves the comment away.

PERCY

Yes, yes. This is what I train for.

AMELIA
Oh, you go hiking a lot?

PERCY
No. Why?

AMELIA
(BEAT)
Nothing.

They walk in silence for a moment longer. Amelia notices a ring on Percy's finger.

AMELIA
Are you married?

PERCY
Me? No, no. I've still got plenty of years ahead of me for that.

AMELIA
What's with the ring?

Percy brings up his hand and studies the ring. He thinks.

PERCY
Hm. Yeah. Would ya look at that.

Percy shrugs and takes the ring off, revealing a tan-line of a long-worn ring.

PERCY (CONT'D)
It looks nice. Maybe I'll save it for some lucky gal.

Percy smirks and winks at Amelia. She chuckles.

Percy coughs and wheezes some. Amelia watches him with concern, then hurries to catch up with Marco.

AMELIA
Hey.

MARCO
Sup.

AMELIA
I think we should probably take a break soon.

MARCO

We don't have long before it gets dark and we gotta get to the campsite.

AMELIA

True but Percy's struggling.

Marco looks back and sees Percy slowing down, getting further behind them.

MARCO

Maybe it's for the best.

AMELIA

What?

MARCO

If he can't keep up, we can ditch him and maybe survive this hike.

Amelia stops walking.

AMELIA

He's not dangerous, Marco.

Marco turns to her as he walks backwards up the trail.

MARCO

Operatives? Sneaky Operatives?

AMELIA

I think he's silly at heart.

MARCO

I don't.

AMELIA

Well he seems nice. A little strange, but nice.

Marco sighs and shakes his head, still walking backwards.

MARCO

I might have to pull rank on you here. Because-

AMELIA

Marco!

Amelia lunges, reaching out and catches Marco's arm. Marco turns and sees he's about to step into a **deep, large chasm!**

He scrambles away from the danger.

AMELIA

I don't remember that being there.

Marco shakes his head as he calms his spike of nerves.

MARCO

It's not supposed to be.

Marco approaches the edge and looks it over.

MARCO (CONT'D)

They must have had a flood at some point.

Amelia crosses her arms and cocks an eyebrow.

AMELIA

Think maybe that's why the sign wanted us to take the left path?

Marco groans.

MARCO

Damn...It's going to eat up so much time going back around...

AMELIA

Well, maybe we just call it then.

MARCO

I'm sorry?

AMELIA

I mean, we tried. But the path is blocked and I don't think we have enough time to circle back around.

MARCO

We'll find another way.

Amelia laughs in disbelief.

AMELIA

You know there's no other way.

Marco takes off his pack to dig through it.

MARCO
(under his breath)
Of course you'd think that.

AMELIA
Excuse me?

MARCO
Soon as things get tough, you're
gone.

AMELIA
Really?

Marco sighs, very frustrated.

Marco pulls out the map and looks it over. Percy catches up,
breathing hard.

PERCY
Why are we stopped? Margaux get
tired already?

MARCO
It's MAR-CO.

PERCY
That's what I said.

AMELIA
The trail got washed out.

Percy walks up to the edge and peers down. He shakes his head
with confidence.

PERCY
It didn't get washed out. This is
man made, by a large unit.

AMELIA
A large unit?

Amelia crouches down next to Percy. Percy points at the edge
of the hole.

PERCY
See those marks there? That's from
a digger.

Amelia narrows her eyes trying to see the marks.

Percy stands and straightens out his clothes, piecing clues together.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Yep, this was definitely meant to impede any headway. They must have known I was coming.

AMELIA

Who?

Percy shakes his head.

PERCY

It's getting too dangerous.

Amelia stands as Percy talks to himself still crouching.

MARCO

Ok, this game he's playing isn't funny.

AMELIA

It's harmless. Are we heading back?

MARCO

No, I think I have a different plan.

Marco shows the map. He traces a path with his finger.

MARCO (CONT'D)

If we cut across here, we can make a b-line for the other path. It'll save us hours of walking.

AMELIA

But, there's no trail between here and there.

MARCO

Yup. Rebecca liked adventure, right?

AMELIA

Marco, I really have to be conscious of my timing for work-

MARCO

Amelia. I promise you'll be back in time. Please?

Amelia looks him in the eyes and softens.

AMELIA

As you wish.

Marco smiles surprised. Amelia returns it.

Marco looks past her at Percy.

MARCO

Hey Percy, we're going to take a detour to the other path. It'll be rough terrain, so if you'd rather-

PERCY

Sounds good Margeaux!

Percy marches over to them and claps Marco on the shoulder.

PERCY (CONT'D)

This'll make it harder for them to track me.

Percy glances at the map that Marco still holds out, then confidently strides into the woods. Marco sighs.

MARCO

That sounded kind of murder-y.

AMELIA

Just a bit.

Amelia follows Percy into the woods. Marco takes a deep breath and marches in after them.

11

EXT. ROUGH TERRAIN - DAY

11

The trio trek around trees, crunch over branches, and work their way through thick brush. Marco is clearing a path with a big stick, hitting shrubs with force. Percy lags behind.

MARCO

I can't believe we didn't get sick of it.

AMELIA

I know! (**BEAT**) Hm, I don't think I've seen it since, like 10 years.

MARCO

Really?! The El Rey does Princess Bride February. We gotta go.

Did he just ask her out? Amelia turns to smile and say something, but her foot drops and she stumbles a tiny bit.

AMELIA

(grunts)

I knew it would be tougher, but this is pretty ridiculous.

MARCO

It shouldn't be much farther.

AMELIA

You said that 20 minutes ago.

MARCO

Yeah, and I'll say it again in another 20. Cuz that's math.

Marco looks back and smiles at Amelia. She smiles at Marco, then looks back at Percy.

AMELIA

I'm a little worried about Percy.

MARCO

I'm not.

AMELIA

Marco, I'm worried for his health.

MARCO

You think he's pushing himself too hard?

AMELIA

That and... he was wearing a wedding ring.

MARCO

Ah, so you think he must be crazy too.

AMELIA

Ha-Ha. What I mean is, when I mentioned the ring, he didn't seem to recognize it.

MARCO

Maybe he doesn't want to remember.

AMELIA

I don't think that's it.

MARCO

Not every relationship that reaches that point, works out.

BEAT.

MARCO (CONT'D)

(under breath)

You should know that better than anyone...

AMELIA

I heard that.

MARCO

What's up?

AMELIA

I've heard all your little comments.

Marco stops walking.

MARCO

Sorry?

AMELIA

No, sorry won't cut it. Speak your mind.

MARCO

No mind to speak. We already talked it out. You had your moment of honesty, remember?

AMELIA

You don't have *anything* left to say?

BEAT.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

So typical you. You only want to talk about things on your timeline. Everyone has to wait on you, then when you're ready, we all have to fall in line cuz that's when you want it.

MARCO

Not true.

AMELIA

And if you don't get your way, you're so damn emotional. But god forbid, someone else--

MARCO

You really want to do this here?

AMELIA

You know a better place than the middle of nowhere?

MARCO

Well what you did was awful! It was a complete slap in the face.

AMELIA

I can't believe you're still hung up on this one thing. Need I remind you how young I was?? It was years ago-

MARCO

-Yeah, well it's still fresh! Cuz... it was good, we were good. **(BEAT)** That's why I asked you to marry me, that's why you said yes. Right?

BEAT.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Right?!

AMELIA

Yeah, yeah. You're right.

Marco drops down onto a log.

MARCO

It seemed like we were happy. I know I was. It felt like you were my person.

AMELIA

It really stills feels fresh?

MARCO

Did I say fresh?

Amelia nods.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I mean, not "fresh", but still... there. But I know that's normal, right? I know it takes time to...

AMELIA

(softly)

...Yeah...

Amelia takes off her pack and sits down next to Marco.

AMELIA

I feel like I should say something...

MARCO

(sincere)

You don't have to say anything.

They sit in the sound of nature. Birds tweeting, bugs buzzing, trees swaying in the breeze.

Amelia looks into the distance.

AMELIA

Oh crap, we better get moving.

MARCO

What's wrong?

Amelia chuckles and points.

AMELIA

I guess Percy is making his own trail.

Marco looks and sees Percy in the far distance ahead somehow, marching through the trees, using a stick as a machete cutting through brush, yelling to himself.

MARCO
How in the hell did he pass us?

AMELIA
He's an Operative, remember?

They take off, calling after Percy.

12

EXT. TRAIL 5 - CONTINUOUS

12

Marco and Amelia are running up to Percy, dodging past some trees and come to a well-worn trail.

PERCY
This it?

MARCO
Hell yeah Percy! This is the trail!

Marco and Amelia high-five then hug, and notice that they're hugging, then part as Percy watches.

AMELIA
Good navigating.

MARCO
Good work to you as well.

AMELIA
What did I do? Besides save your
life from falling down a hole?

Marco gives an unimpressed "Mmm" as he pulls out the map.

MARCO
It might take me a second to find
where exactly on this trail we are.

Marco looks up at Amelia.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Hey, don't be alarmed, but, are you
okay?

AMELIA
Yeah...?

Amelia follows Marco's gaze down to her arm. A **large tear** in her jacket is tinged with blood.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Where did...

Amelia unzips and peels off her jacket. She looks at her arm and sees a gash.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Huh...

Amelia wavers.

MARCO

Woah there.

Marco rushes to her side. Amelia stumbles and Marco helps her lower to the ground.

MARCO (CONT'D)

It's the blood, huh?

Amelia nods while looking away from her arm. Percy rushes over to them.

PERCY

What's going on?

MARCO

She got a cut and... can't really handle blood.

AMELIA

I can handle a little-

Amelia looks at her arm and wobbles before looking away.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

It's just when it's a lot of blood, I get a little...

MARCO

She passes out.

AMELIA

Yeah...that.

MARCO

I might have a Band-Aid.

Amelia swings around her bag and starts slowly rummaging through it as Marco digs through his own bag.

PERCY

Now, I'm not in Medical, and this is no time for stop-drop-and-roll, but I do know that there's Safety In Numbers.

AMELIA

Thanks Percy, I know I packed a first-aid kit in here somewhere.

Amelia winces as she tries to move her arm.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Okay, yeah, it's starting to hurt more now that I know it's there.

Amelia smiles and looks at Marco.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Crazy how that works, huh?

Marco comes over to her and sets her hands in her lap.

MARCO

You just sit there, I'll find the kit.

Marco digs through her pack.

PERCY

How many fingers do you see?

AMELIA

You're not holding any up.

PERCY

You'll be fine.

MARCO

Ew, what are cheese-berries? They stink.

AMELIA

You never had 'em? They're still good for a couple days.

MARCO

Gross. **(BEAT)** Wow you brought a lot of food.

AMELIA

I remembered that you always under-packed, so I over-packed.

MARCO

I started to wonder how I was going to get by on a granola bar and oranges.

They smile.

MARCO (CONT'D)

But I'm not eating cheese-berries.

AMELIA

Ok well, I can handle this, you need to make sure we're going in the right direction before dark.

Marco pulls out a first-aid kit.

MARCO

(cute)

You shut your mouth and just breathe.

She rolls her eyes. Marco opens up the first-aid kit and looks over the options.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Oh, you got one of the fancy ones.

AMELIA

Of course.

MARCO

There's no Band-Aids.

AMELIA

Yes there is, it's one of the fancy ones.

MARCO

Well I'm looking at it and I'm not seeing any fancy Band-Aids.

Amelia leans over and looks at the open kit.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

What the hell?! Well there's gauze
in there. You can just use that.

PERCY

Amelia, I can call a chopper in if
ya like?

Amelia and Marco look up to see Percy standing over them.

MARCO

Well, actually-

AMELIA

Actually, Percy, if you could wrap
up my arm while Marco orients us,
that would be helpful.

PERCY

10-4.

Percy rolls up his sleeves. Marco leans in to Amelia.

MARCO

(whisper)
You sure?

AMELIA

(whisper)
You think he's gonna kidnap me?

MARCO

(whisper)
I'll make sure to mark on the map
where the search party should start
looking.

Amelia chuckles as Marco stands and walks away, map in hand.
Percy kneels down by Amelia's arm and starts bandaging.

PERCY

I remember when I used to bandage
up your knee after you skinned it
riding bikes.

Percy chuckles.

PERCY (CONT'D)

You were always so rambunctious. I had to buy Band-Aids in bulk ya know.

Amelia looks at Percy as he smiles at the memory.

AMELIA

Yeah. There was a lot of times where I got a little banged up.

PERCY

It makes you tough.

AMELIA

Exactly.

Percy looks at Marco in the distance. Amelia sips from a water bottle.

PERCY

How long have you two been together?

Amelia chokes on her water. She coughs.

AMELIA

What?

PERCY

You and Margeaux. You're obviously a couple.

AMELIA

Oh yeah? How so?

PERCY

Ah, you're like an old pair of good boots. Worn in, weathered, greased up.

Amelia laughs.

AMELIA

I don't know about that.

Amelia looks at Marco as he's trying to get higher ground.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

We're pretty tense these days.

PERCY

Maybe, but you wouldn't be tense if you didn't care.

BEAT.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Ups and downs come and go. But I know love when I see it.

Percy grabs his left ring finger.

AMELIA

You're quite the wise romantic.

PERCY

I suppose I have my moments.

AMELIA

But to answer your question, no, we're not a couple. At one time, yes, but not now.

PERCY

Oh?

AMELIA

Yeah, we were pretty serious. But too young. We got engaged in college.

PERCY

That's not too young. Ya know I married my Claire at 23.

AMELIA

Ah, so you are married!

Percy points to his ring on his ring finger.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Well, I wanted to travel. So one semester I lived in Spain to study abroad.

Amelia shrugs as Percy finishes wrapping her arm.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I guess I was feeling a lot of pressure. To explore, you know?
(MORE)

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Being in college and in Europe and all that. So, I ended things.

PERCY

You called it off while you were still in Spain?

Amelia nods.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Oof, always hard to end something over the phone.

She shakes her head.

AMELIA

It was in person.

PERCY

Oh that's respectable.

AMELIA

Yeah he flew out there to see me.

PERCY

Oh dear. Actually, I think the phone would have been better.

Percy rips off a piece of tape and secures it to the gauze wrapping.

PERCY (CONT'D)

All done.

Amelia breaks from the memory and looks down at her arm.

AMELIA

Wow, you did that fast.

PERCY

We had to wrap and tuck a tourniquet while running a half marathon during training.

AMELIA

Training? I thought you weren't Medical.

PERCY

Guess I'm full of surprises.

Percy gives an odd smile. Marco joins them.

MARCO

Alright, so I think I've found where we are. We actually made great time and should be able to reach Cameeke Curve by nightfall.

PERCY

Self-Proclaimed, Command Leader is pulling his weight. I'm on "eyes".

Marco looks unamused. Percy is on "eyes", he looks around, surveying, he spots something, then dismisses it.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Well, we might end up free and clear afterall. Let's get going hunh slowpokes!?

Percy takes off and Marco extends a hand down to Amelia, who smiles and accepts the help up. She lugs on her backpack.

AMELIA

(impersonates Percy)
Let's get going hunh slowpokes!?

MARCO

(impersonates Percy)
Command-Leader here for duty.

They head up the trail.

13

EXT. TRAIL 6 - EVENING

13

Amelia and Marco walk side-by-side. Percy takes up the rear.

AMELIA

It's starting to get pretty dark.

MARCO

The map says there should be a clearing near Cameeke, not too far ahead. We've camped there before.

Amelia stumbles and Marco catches her. They stop.

MARCO

Whoah, I gotcha.

AMELIA

I can't see my own feet anymore.

Amelia swings her pack around and starts rummaging through.

AMELIA

I packed some flashlights in here
somewhere.

MARCO

She's a damn good planner, gotta
give her that.

Marco sees Amelia's top flap of her backpack, with a name
patch reading "Amelia".

Marco tilts his head at the patch. Thinks.

He steps closer to Amelia. And gets a little too close.

AMELIA

What are you doing?

MARCO

I just wanted to mention something
I noticed.

Marco pulls down the flap of Amelia's bag, showing the
"Amelia" patch sewn onto it.

AMELIA

What about it? It's so I can find
my bag easier at the airport.

Amelia looks: "So...?" Marco leans in.

MARCO

I'm starting to wonder if Percy
didn't really know your name.

AMELIA

Well he clearly thinks I'm some
other Amelia.

MARCO

Or he saw the name on your pack and
used it as a way in.

AMELIA

My God, you've really become
paranoid over the years.

MARCO

There's no one else out here. Maybe he's got buddies ahead, and they jump unsuspecting hikers. Stranger things have happened.

AMELIA

I guess.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Just, be careful, be aware. That's all I'm saying.

AMELIA

(teasing)

Are you worried about me?

Amelia smirks.

MARCO

(serious)

Yes.

Amelia's smirk falls and she studies Marco's serious face as he watches Percy. She smiles.

AMELIA

I'll be careful. As you wish.

Marco smirks. She hands him a flashlight.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Camekee is close, let's go.

Amelia pulls out another flashlight and clicks it on.

14

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

14

Marco walks into a clearing and sets down his pack.

MARCO

I think this will work.

Marco starts unpacking his tent.

AMELIA

What can I help with?

MARCO

If you want to go collect some
firewood, we can get that going.

PERCY

I can help.

MARCO

Well, why don't you stay-

AMELIA

Yeah, that'd be great, Percy. I'd
appreciate the help.

Marco looks at Amelia and raises an eyebrow.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

We'll be careful.

MARCO

Alright then, I'll see you two in a
bit. Rebecca and I will put up the
tent.

Marco places the URN upright on the ground. Amelia smiles
then walks over to Percy.

AMELIA

Ok Percy, let's go on a mission.

Percy thinks..."Mission". Then something clicks.

PERCY

Ah. Right.

Percy softly salutes and follows Amelia into the woods.

15

EXT. CAMPSITE WOODS - NIGHT

15

Amelia and Percy march through the woods with flashlights.

PERCY

Did you lose something out here?

AMELIA

Huh?

Percy rushes close to Amelia!

PERCY

Ok! Tell me the orders! What's the mission?

AMELIA

(taken aback)

The mission... is... we're looking for sticks.

PERCY

Ah, ok. **(BEAT)** What for?

Amelia pauses and looks at Percy.

AMELIA

Are you messing with me?

BEAT.

PERCY

Yeah...yeah, just playing around.

Amelia watches Percy as he starts looking around again.

AMELIA

Just look for anything that can burn. Branches, logs, has to be really dry. We should try and get some warmth before we sleep.

PERCY

I think I can manage that.

They search amongst the night sounds of the forest.

AMELIA

So, I noticed you only have a fanny pack with you.

PERCY

Correct. I was always told to travel light.

AMELIA

Yeah...but where are you going to sleep? What are you going to eat?

PERCY

Oh, well I'm sure I'll fit into whatever plans you all brought along.

AMELIA

But, you're always talking about your training and such, yet it seems like you're not prepared at all?

PERCY

I don't have to explain myself to you.

Amelia pauses, a bit shocked by the comment.

AMELIA

Sorry...

Percy takes a calming breath.

PERCY

I have to stay focused on my mission.

AMELIA

Sticks?

PERCY

Don't be silly.

AMELIA

Well you haven't told us what your mission is.

PERCY

I haven't?

Amelia stops and takes a deep breath.

AMELIA

I just turned 30 and--

Percy stops and turns to her.

PERCY

(sincere)
Happy birthday!

AMELIA
No, a few months ago.

PERCY
(sincere)
Happy Birthday.

AMELIA
Thank you? (**BEAT**) Anyway, I'm 30,
and I only have a few people that
I'd call close. So I get it, if
you... want company.

Percy stares at her.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Is that hitting home at all?

PERCY
Home is where the--

AMELIA
--Percy! We need you to tell us
what you're doing on this mountain.

PERCY
Is that so?

AMELIA
At this point, we need to know.

PERCY
You don't trust me?

AMELIA
I didn't say that, but... you are
making it difficult...

PERCY
I give you my word, we're on the
same squad, and if there's one
thing you can trust, it's the
squad.

Amelia huffs.

AMELIA
So you're openly telling us
everything?

PERCY

Yes and frankly, I'm glad you're on my squad. You're strong and smart. And I like that.

His sweetness warms Amelia back up a little, but she's not totally convinced as Percy starts picking up more sticks.

PERCY (CONT'D)

Ooo! This is a good one!

16

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT - LATER

16

The three hikers sit around a raging campfire and the large tent is pitched a few feet away. Amelia shivers and reaches her hands out to the fire.

AMELIA

I forgot how cold it gets up here.

Marco nods and rubs his hands together.

MARCO

It's the altitude.

AMELIA

(testy)

I know.

MARCO

(testy)

I know you know. And now you know that I know.

Amelia rolls her eyes.

MARCO (CONT'D)

It's the thinner air that makes it colder.

AMELIA

I know!

PERCY

(smug)

Because we're closer to space. It's cold in space. Did you know that?

Percy's remark breaks their bickering and they both chuckle.

Amelia leans back and looks up at the stars.

AMELIA

It sure is pretty though.

Marco looks up too.

MARCO

Don't really get these kinds of sights in the city.

AMELIA

Sure don't.

MARCO

Oh yeah, I guess you are a big downtown office-type now. Probably never get a chance to see the stars.

AMELIA

Not so much anymore. And the ones I can see are just a little...dull.

MARCO

You should take up hiking again.

No response from Amelia.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I mean it. We all used to go like, every week.

AMELIA

Yeah...

Marco looks at Rebecca's URN sitting with them at the fire.

MARCO

She loved those trips. I don't know if it was the fresh air or the company, but she was always smiling.

AMELIA

Probably the fresh air.

They smile at Amelia's playful jab.

PERCY

Who was she to you?

Marco looks to Percy.

PERCY (CONT'D)

I've heard you mention her, but I'm afraid I missed who she was.

MARCO

She's my...*was* my sister.

PERCY

How did she pass?

MARCO

Heart complications.

PERCY

Mmm, I'm sorry.

MARCO

She was healthy and active... it snuck up on her, in and out of hospitals for a while. **(BEAT)** Ya know, she used every dime she had to go on every adventure she could before it, uh...

Amelia smiles at Marco.

AMELIA

And even after she's gone, she's still going on adventures.

MARCO

Yeah...I guess you're right.

PERCY

That's beautiful. **(BEAT)** Do you mind?

MARCO

Mind...?

Percy gestures at the Urn. Marco looks to the Urn and back to Percy.

MARCO

Uh, sure.

He hands the Urn to Percy. Percy studies it.

PERCY
Letting go of what you love isn't
easy.

Marco. Amelia.

PERCY (CONT'D)
I've held on, then let go, to quite
a few of these. This one feels
wonderful.

MARCO
She was wonderful.

Marco laughs and gestures at Amelia. Percy puts the Urn down.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Amelia can probably tell you more
about her than I can though.

AMELIA
How do you figure?

MARCO
Best friends tell each other things
they don't tell family.

Marco leans over to Percy.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Her and Rebecca were inseparable.

AMELIA
Yeah, but we didn't really keep up
after...

Amelia gestures between Marco and herself.

MARCO
Mm.

AMELIA
I don't think it was anyone's fault
or anything. It just kind of...
fizzled. It happens.

MARCO
Yeah. **(BEAT)** I always thought that
was surprising.

Amelia shrugs.

PERCY

Happy to have her along for our expedition.

MARCO

And what brings you to the mountain?

PERCY

Oh, I don't know if you want to hear that old tale...

AMELIA

Percy, I think we talked about this.

Marco looks at Amelia in surprise. Percy sighs.

PERCY

A mission.

Amelia furrows her brow, coaxing him to say more.

AMELIA

And what do you mean by that?

Percy looks into the fire.

PERCY

I suppose if there's anyone I could trust, it's you, Amelia.

AMELIA

Uh huh...

BEAT. Percy stares at Amelia. Marco breaks the silence--

MARCO

Percy! What mission? Why are you on a mission?

PERCY

I'm... I'm an undercover agent on a secret assignment. NSA. My objective is to prevent... something very bad from happening. This is probably one of the last operations I've got in me, so ya might as well know my cover. I'm getting old.

MARCO

Right. And... what's 'very bad'
that's going to happen?

PERCY

The woman I love is compromised.
She got wrapped up in all this, and
I'm the only one who can save her.
I'll admit it's kind of a personal
mission, but I've been looking for
years, and I finally found her
location just a couple days ago.
She's on this mountain.

MARCO

I see...

PERCY

The only problem is, the Park
Rangers and Law Enforcement don't
know I'm undercover. I've tried to
remain casual about this because if
any attention gets raised and they
haul me in, then my mission is
over. And Claire...

Percy softens as he stares into the fire. Rubbing his ring.

PERCY

...Claire...uh....

Amelia and Marco watch him getting emotional for a moment
before Amelia leans over to him.

AMELIA

Are you alright, Percy?

Percy shakes free of his spell and looks at her.

PERCY

What? Oh, yes, of course. I'm...
fine. In fact, I think I'll turn in
for the night.

Percy grabs a blanket and heads for the tent.

MARCO

That's my...blanket...

Marco sighs and turns back to the fire.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I don't know if we need to sneak away immediately, or what.

AMELIA

You don't believe him, do you?

MARCO

No! I mean, do you?

AMELIA

I don't think so! No. It can't be.

MARCO

Yeah.

AMELIA

He just seems a little sad. I don't want to ditch him.

Marco shrugs and shivers against the cold.

MARCO

We should probably turn in too. We got the last hoof tomorrow.

Amelia nods and stands.

She heads for the tent as Marco starts shoveling dirt onto the fire.

17

INT. TENT - NIGHT

17

Marco enters the tent and sees Amelia standing still. They speak in whispers.

MARCO

What's wrong?

Amelia points at the sleeping form of Percy.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Yeah he's out. It is a hard hike for someone at his age.

AMELIA

No, not that. He's taking up half the tent.

Marco looks again and sees Percy splayed out across the tent, leaving one corner free.

AMELIA

What are we supposed to do? You don't even have a blanket.

Marco sighs and lowers himself to the floor.

MARCO

I'll be fine. I'm too tired to worry about it, really. I've got a sweatshirt. Just pick a spot I guess.

Marco curls up near Percy, leaving plenty of space in the corner for Amelia. She works her way as far into the corner as she can and curls up under her blanket.

18

INT. TENT - NIGHT - LATER

18

Amelia sleepily opens her eyes. She hears shivering and looks over to see Marco holding himself tight and shaking.

AMELIA

(whispers)

Marco? You awake?

Marco looks over and sees Amelia watching him.

MARCO

(whispers)

S-sorry...d-ddddid I wake you up?

Amelia hears his teeth chatter and scoffs.

AMELIA

Come here.

MARCO

Hunh?

Amelia holds open her blanket. And motions for him.

He shakes his head.

She motions again.

He shakes his head.

She motions very aggressively.

He crawls over and shuffles under the blanket. Amelia wraps it around them and Marco sighs in relief.

AMELIA
I swear, willing to freeze to death
just to avoid an awkward situation.

Marco turns to face her.

MARCO
That's not-

Marco is face-to-face with Amelia. They stare at each other.

AMELIA
Don't get any funny ideas.

MARCO
I was going to say the same to you.

They stare at each other.

Their faces move closer. But instead of kissing, they rest their lips on each other's cheeks.

AMELIA
Marco, I--

Suddenly they hear the breaking of branches outside!

AMELIA (CONT'D)
What was that?

MARCO
I don't know. Go check it.

AMELIA
YOU go check it!

MARCO
Well actually I didn't hear a
noise, so you should go check it.
Whoever smelt it, dealt--

A Low Growl of a bear. Marco and Amelia freeze.

AMELIA
(whisper)
Stay still...

The massive form of a **bear's silhouette** appears on the sidewall of the tent! It plods around the tent.

AMELIA

(whisper)

Do you have any Bear Spray?

Marco knows he messed up.

MARCO

Deodorant. Ocean-Wave.

Amelia looks baffled.

AMELIA

Good, at least we'll smell like low-tide when we're dying.

The bear's snout pushes into the tent wall, rubbing against the fabric as it sniffs at Percy's head. Marco and Amelia hold their breath as the snout retreats.

The bear's form shrinks as it walks away.

They both let out their breaths.

MARCO

My God, that was close.

Silence.

Then **BAM!** The bear charges the tent! The walls buckle, the fabric rips, the bear roars!

Amelia and Marco scream as they scramble to their feet.

MARCO

Let's go!

Amelia shakes Percy awake.

AMELIA

Percy! You have to wake up!

Percy opens his groggy eyes.

PERCY

Is it breakfast?

AMELIA

There's a bear, Percy! We have to go!

Percy wakes up and Amelia leads him by the hand. Marco holds open the tent flap for them.

19

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

19

The bear ravages the tent as the trio scramble outside. It sees them and turns with a snarl.

MARCO

Percy, throw me your belt knife!

Percy looks down, undoes his belt, and throws the knife sheath to Marco.

Marco catches it like James Bond, unclips the sheath, goes to grab the knife, but instead pulls out a pack of Band-Aids.

MARCO

What the hell is this?!

PERCY

(yells)

Band-Aids!

Amelia and Marco are stunned. Marco snaps out of it, looks around, and picks up a large stick, then circles the bear.

AMELIA

What are you doing!?

MARCO

Go! Hide!

Marco shouts and bangs the stick on rocks, drawing the bear's attention.

The bear is silent. Then Marco throws the stick.

SILENCE. Did it work?

ROAR! Nope didn't work. Amelia leads Percy away, while looking at Marco with worry.

Marco looks around and sees Amelia's backpack and digs through it.

Amelia and Percy crouch behind some trees, watching Marco distract the bear.

Marco pulls out the cheese-berries! He thinks, then launches them far to the opposite side of the tent.

SILENCE.

A LOW GROWL. And the bear waddles after the cheese-berries as Marco runs to join Amelia and Percy. They speed walk away until they slide into another hiding spot.

Amelia hugs him tight.

AMELIA
(whisper-yell)
Don't you ever do something stupid
like that again! **(BEAT)** You ok
Percy?

PERCY
I just had such a dream!

AMELIA
What do we do now?

MARCO
Mm, stay quiet and wait it out.

AMELIA
How long do you think that'll take?

SMASH CUT TO:

20

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

20

Marco and Amelia hold each other at the edge of the clearing. They slowly wake up.

Each notices the embrace and separate. Marco looks around.

MARCO
Do you see Percy?

Amelia looks around and spots him a short distance away.

AMELIA
Over here.

Amelia reaches a sleeping Percy and rocks his shoulder.

PERCY
 (under his breath)
 Claire...Claire...

AMELIA
 Percy, it's morning.

Percy opens his eyes. He blinks as he adjusts to his surroundings and sees Amelia.

He looks confused. He studies her.

AMELIA
 Percy?

PERCY
 (sketched out)
 ...Yeeess...?

AMELIA
 It's Amelia.

Percy is unsure, until:

PERCY
 Oh well of course it is.

Amelia helps him to his feet. Percy dusts himself off. And looks around his surroundings, "coming-to" a little.

PERCY (CONT'D)
 Riiighhht... Oh wow, what a night!

AMELIA
 You can say that again.

PERCY
 Oh, that beast! That...

He motions some charades with his hands.

PERCY (CONT'D)
 That... giant beaver!

AMELIA
 It was a bear.

PERCY
 A bear?! Oh my God!

They rejoin Marco at the edge of the clearing.

MARCO
No sign of him.

The trio walk up to the tent and look over their scattered supplies.

Marco kicks an empty bag.

MARCO
Well, crap. Won't be able to return
that for my 50 bucks.

AMELIA
At least he didn't get into
everything.

Marco's eyes go wide and he rushes over to his pack. He starts digging through.

MARCO
No, no, no...

Marco throws the pack aside.

MARCO (CONT'D)
No!

AMELIA
What's wrong?

MARCO
Rebecca! I can't find her!

Amelia starts looking around as Marco checks through his pack again. Percy wanders around.

MARCO
No! Come on! Please, no!

AMELIA
Why would the bear take that?

MARCO
How would I know?! But she's not
here!

AMELIA
Just calm down, we'll find her.

MARCO
Calm down!? Really!?

AMELIA

Hey! Don't start yelling at me. I'm just trying to help here!

Marco throws down another empty bag.

MARCO

I'm--I--

Marco collapses to the ground, defeated.

AMELIA

We'll find the urn.

MARCO

It's not here, Amelia!

AMELIA

Hey now, we'll keep looking and if the bear carried it off... we just head back down the mountain, and you can call your parents and explain the whole situation.

She's trying to comfort him, but Marco turns to her with a glare.

MARCO

We have to find her, as long as it takes. Right?

Amelia sighs.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Right?!

AMELIA

Yes. Let's look.

MARCO

As long as it takes.

AMELIA

Marco, I'll help of course for a while, yes, but I don't exactly have all the time in the world...

She looks around the vast wilderness.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

...I have to leave at some point.

MARCO

What the hell are you talking about?

AMELIA

What?!

MARCO

She was your best friend.

Amelia has a blank face.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Your *best* friend Amelia, and you want to--

AMELIA

Well...

Marco freezes.

MARCO

Well, what?

AMELIA

I mean...

Amelia lets out a sigh.

MARCO

What?! Come on! Where's the honesty now?

AMELIA

Fine, I'll be honest with you, "best friend" is a bit of a stretch.

MARCO

A stretch?! You loved her!

AMELIA

Actually, Marco. I, I never really cared for her much. But that's not why I'm saying I have to leave, it's cuz I have work, and you can look as long as you want, but I have to go!

Marco gets to his feet, anger in his eyes.

MARCO

Excuse me? Never really cared for her?

Amelia avoids eye contact.

AMELIA

You wanted honesty!

MARCO

Cuz that's what we're doing now apparently!

AMELIA

I only ever became friends with her in the first place, because she was your sister. And before long I felt kind of... trapped.

BEAT.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

It was always her "show", I was just along for the ride. You know how much of an extravert she was. But I put up with it for you.

MARCO

I don't believe this. You are the most awful, self-centered person I've ever met!

Amelia scoffs.

AMELIA

Yeah, okay. Have you looked in a mirror? You call me up after no-contact for 10 years and guilt-trip me-

MARCO

Well you didn't have to come! Why are you even here?!

Marco takes a breath and glares. Amelia doesn't say a word.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Why are you even here?!

Marco throws up his arms. Amelia emotionally stares back.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I guess I was wrong about every single aspect of our relationship back then.

AMELIA

You're jumping to conclusions.

MARCO

Don't try and backtrack now.

AMELIA

Fine. Okay? I wasn't totally honest about her, but everything else we had was very real.

MARCO

How can I believe a word you say?

AMELIA

I loved you, I--

MARCO

Then why did you end it?

The words snap them into another silence. Amelia frowns and sees tears welling in Marco's eyes.

MARCO (CONT'D)

We were perfect. Until you let everyone else tell you we weren't.

Marco tries to pull it together, but can't.

MARCO (CONT'D)

How am I supposed to get over that?

No response.

MARCO (CONT'D)

It would have been better to never have loved you at all.

Amelia takes a step towards Marco.

AMELIA

Marco...

PERCY (O.S.)

Is this it?

Marco steps to the edge, kneels to the ground and sets the Urn in front of him. He pulls off the lid and sets it aside.

MARCO

We made it. Your favorite view.

Marco looks out, then down at the Urn. Like he thinks he should say more.

MARCO

I-...Um. Let's see.. Uh.

Percy and Amelia look to each other and decide to approach.

Amelia crouches down and puts a hand on his shoulder. Marco notices favorably.

MARCO

(strained)

I...miss you. I'm sorry...this is how your path wound up. But thank you for being such a brave person. I know you'll always keep pushing me forward.

Marco takes a deep breath.

MARCO (CONT'D)

And I hope... you're somewhere better than here...

Marco looks around. Then back to the Urn.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Doing what you love. Tackling new adventures.

BEAT. Marco unscrews the Urn. Turns his head to the side.

MARCO (CONT'D)

God I miss her.

PERCY

Death doesn't take away everything...

Marco looks to Percy.

PERCY (CONT'D)

As it's impossible to forget
someone who gave you so much to
remember.

Marco reaches into the Urn and pulls out a handful of ashes.
Closes his eyes and takes a beat with them in his hand.

Marco opens his hand and the ashes are carried away by the
wind. They swirl as they shrink out of view of the trio.

Amelia pulls him into a hug. And pats his shoulder.

AMELIA

That was beautiful. She would have
loved that.

MARCO

(not looking up)
How do you know? You didn't even
like her.

AMELIA

(softly)
Marco. Please. I was still her
friend. Even if she wasn't my cup
of tea, I still knew her. I knew
she was a good person.

Marco is buried in her arms as she strokes a hand through his
hair.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I'm sure she appreciates you and
all this effort. Doing the hike,
putting up with me, fighting a
bear.

Marco snuffles. BEAT.

MARCO

I was pretty badass, huh?

Amelia chuckles.

AMELIA

Well, if it wasn't for my cheese-
berries...

He gives her a look.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

No, no, you're right, very badass.

Marco takes a settling breath and wipes his face clean. Both turn to look over the vista and sit side-by-side.

Percy is nearby, looking around, searching.

PERCY

She's not here.

The two comfort Percy.

AMELIA

Claire?

PERCY

I thought she'd know to meet at the top.

MARCO

Well, maybe we missed her, maybe she's back down already.

Percy thinks.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I'm headed down. Come on.

Marco starts walking away. Percy and Amelia stay at the top.

PERCY

If she's already on the trail again, then it's too late. They've already got her.

AMELIA

Hey come on, you don't think that there's ANY chance she's still on the mountain?

PERCY

Not based on the scenario details I've been given.

AMELIA

And, let me ask you, have you ever thought one thing, but it turns out it was another?

PERCY
I--Hmmm--Yes. Yes, I have.

Percy smiles.

AMELIA
Well then, maybe she's back down
the trail!

PERCY
Maybe so!

Percy looks excited and jets off.

AMELIA
Slowly Percy! Geeze, careful, let's
not break a hip.

23

EXT. TRAIL 7 - DOWN - DAY

23

Heading down from the Summit, Marco leads the pack as Amelia and Percy follow. Amelia watches Marco with sad eyes.

PERCY
Are you going to talk to your
friend?

AMELIA
Oh, no, probably not. I don't think
he wants to talk to me.

PERCY
Maybe not right now... but you know
him. You know what to say.

Percy smiles at Amelia.

PERCY (CONT'D)
We...we don't always get all the
time we want with people. We take
it for granted. That's why we need
to make hay while the sun shines.

Amelia studies Percy for a moment, then nods and hurries to
catch up with Marco:

AMELIA
You keep up with this pace and
we'll be down in no time.

Marco stays silent.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I'm not sure if Percy can keep up
though. Let's ditch him!

Amelia tries to joke as she watches Marco march on in
silence. She stops and glares.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I'm seeing someone!

Marco slows to a stop.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
It's... It's pretty serious.

MARCO
Why are you telling me this?

AMELIA
Because... Because I want to move
on. To be with him. And I want us
to get past this...

Amelia squeezes her eyes shut, trying not to get emotional.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry, about
everything. About Rebecca, about
not telling you how I felt about
her, about...about us.

Amelia takes a breath.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I was facing so much pressure. To
explore my life, to "find myself".
We were so young and I was abroad
for God's sakes. I was supposed to
be living it up!

Amelia shakes her head.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I guess...there were just so many
things I still wanted to do with my
life and...and I somehow got it in
my head that you and us, were
holding me back from those things.

Marco turns around to face her.

MARCO

How? How was I holding you back?

Amelia shrugs and throws up her hands.

AMELIA

I don't know! (**BEAT**) Well, being... honest, I kept hearing what I was "supposed" to do at that age and I was probably creating issues that weren't even there.

MARCO

Why?

AMELIA

I don't know! I... It's...

Amelia takes a deep breath.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

It's something that I'll most likely regret for the rest of my life.

Marco watches Amelia wrestle with her emotions.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

You don't have to forgive me. I--

Amelia looks Marco in the eye.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I just want you to know that I am sorry. For whatever it's worth to you.

Marco sees the sincerity in Amelia's eyes. He accepts it.

MARCO

I think--

PARK RANGER (O.S.)

There!

An echoed yell from far away is heard. Marco and Amelia turn to see PARK RANGERS in the far distance, coming up the trail towards them. With one of the Rangers pointing at the group!

AMELIA

What...?

Amelia and Marco turn to see Percy staring at the Park Rangers with panicked wide eyes.

PERCY

I don't believe it...th-th-
they...they f-found me...

AMELIA

Percy?

Percy points at the Park Rangers.

PERCY

It's them. The men who are after
me! That's them!

Percy turns and starts running through the woods.

MARCO

There's no way-

PARK RANGER

(megaphone)

Percy, we see you! Stop!

Marco and Amelia lock eyes. They run after Percy.

24

EXT. TREES - DAY

24

Amelia and Marco dodge through trees and over underbrush as they try to follow Percy. The Rangers are very far away, but gaining.

MARCO

He was telling the truth?

AMELIA

I guess so!?!

MARCO

My God!

AMELIA

Poor Percy!

MARCO

I--I should have believed him!

AMELIA
Yeah, but I'm not quite sure I--

Marco and Amelia nearly crash into Percy as he stands frozen in the middle of the trees.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Oh! Are you alright?

Percy looks at Amelia with a blank stare.

PERCY
I don't...

Amelia turns at the distant sound of cracking branches. She sees the Park Rangers rushing towards them, getting closer.

Amelia takes Percy's hand.

AMELIA
Come on, this way.

MARCO
We'll help you Perce.

Amelia leads Percy away as Marco follows.

25

EXT. TRAIL 8 - DAY

25

Amelia and Percy break through onto the main trail, followed by Marco.

MARCO
What's the plan, here?

AMELIA
We just need to reach the bottom of the mountain!

MARCO
And then what?

Amelia keeps jogging.

MARCO (CONT'D)
And *then* what?

AMELIA
Well, oh I don't know! Let's just play it by ear!

MARCO

For once you have an awful plan!

The trio sprints down the trail, narrowly dodging branches and rocks.

MARCO

We can't just run for 6 hours!
Percy will never make it!

AMELIA

We'll keep going til we lose them!
Then wait til it gets dark, and
camp.

MARCO

What about your work?

Amelia gives Marco a kind look.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Ok, we can take that shortcut we
took yesterday! They won't be able
to find us in there.

The trio rounds the bend, and come to a halt. Standing in front of them are more PARK RANGERS as well as multiple POLICE OFFICERS.

AMELIA

Umm...

Marco surveys the scene.

MARCO

I don't think we'll get to that
shortcut.

The Police Officers move in and grab Percy. They lead him away as the Park Rangers keep Amelia and Marco back.

AMELIA

Let go of him!

MARCO

What are you doing!?

Percy calls back to Marco and Amelia.

PERCY

Tell Claire I love her!

AMELIA

Percy!

PARK RANGER

Calm down!

AMELIA

What did he even do!?

Amelia struggles to get past the Park Ranger, unsuccessfully.

PARK RANGER

This is for his own good.

MARCO

What about this is for his own good? He does all this work for your organizations and this is how you treat him?

The Park Ranger looks taken aback.

PARK RANGER

Excuse me?

Amelia and Marco look at one another as they slowly stop fighting. Marco looks from the Police Officers to the Ranger.

MARCO

Percy, he's...

Marco clears his throat.

MARCO (CONT'D)

He's um...he's an undercover agent...right?

PARK RANGER

Is that what he told you?

Marco and Amelia nod.

PARK RANGER #2

Who in their right mind would believe that?

AMELIA

But... he's been looking for a woman on this mountain. That's why he's up here... His love? Claire?

The Park Rangers look at each other.

PARK RANGER #2

As far as we know he wasn't with anyone.

PARK RANGER

I'm sorry he misled you about the situation, but Percy just got lost.

Marco and Amelia stare blankly.

PARK RANGER (CONT'D)

He was on a field trip with some seniors from a Memory-Care Home, and he wandered off. We've been looking for him for a couple days.

PARK RANGER #2

We finally got word from a long-haired fella, that he started up the hike yesterday morning.

MARCO

So...not an undercover-agent?

PARK RANGER

No.

MARCO

NSA?

PARK RANGER #2

No.

AMELIA

Operatives?

PARK RANGER

The old man suffers from dementia and bouts of Alzheimer. I'm sure he truly believed whatever he told you.

Amelia looks past them as Percy is guided away.

AMELIA

Will he be alright?

PARK RANGER

He'll be sent back to the home in Davis, and taken care of. It's a wonder he didn't get hurt or even killed out here. **(BEAT)** There's been bear sightings, you know?

Marco and Amelia look at each other dazed.

PARK RANGER #2

Y'all want a ride down in our ATV?

They don't answer.

PARK RANGER (CONT'D)

Alrighty then, we'll let you two get on with your travels. Just be careful getting down the mountain.

The Park Rangers turn and walk away. Marco and Amelia watch as the search party vanishes down the trail.

MARCO

Hey, Amelia?

Marco watches Amelia's sad eyes. And drops what he was going to say.

MARCO

Nothing. We better get going.

Amelia nods. They march on.

FADE TO BLACK.

26

INT. SENIOR HOME - DAY

26

Percy sits in a communal living room. He stares out a window at the nature beyond.

Various SENIOR CITIZENS mill about, playing games, watching TV, eating. Percy sighs at the great outdoors just past the glass, talking with an ORDERLY.

ORDERLY

Sounds like quite the adventure.

PERCY

Understatement of the century.

ORDERLY
And Claire...where was she?

Percy taps his wedding ring.

PERCY
Right here.

Percy gives a soft smile. Suddenly--

AMELIA (O.S.)
Hope I'm not interrupting?

Percy perks up and turns to see Amelia standing behind him.

PERCY
Oh! No, no, you're not...

The Orderly leaves as Percy screws up his face as he tries to think. Amelia sees this and casually moves her backpack, showcasing the big "Amelia" patch on it.

PERCY
Amelia!

Amelia smiles and walks over to Percy's side.

AMELIA
I knew you had it.

PERCY
It's wonderful to see you again.
Glad to see the G-men didn't nab
you too.

Amelia giggles.

AMELIA
It was a close call. That's for
sure.

PERCY
Well sit, sit!

Amelia settles in.

PERCY (CONT'D)
Will your friend be joining us?

AMELIA
My friend? Oh, you mean-- No, he--

Percy motions to the front of the room.

Amelia looks to see Marco checking in at the front desk.

AMELIA

I mean, yes, he will.

She smiles. Percy leans over.

PERCY

I'm not sure you're at the finish
line with that one yet.

AMELIA

Yeah?

PERCY

I have a feeling about these
things... I was part of an EPA
undercover mission ya know.

Amelia nods and chuckles. Percy looks over his shoulder, then
throws an ID Badge on the table.

It's an Undercover Agent Badge that looks real. Amelia is
taken aback. Looks curiously at Percy.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Right.

She looks to the front and stares motionless at Marco.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Well, apparently we still have some
things to figure out.

PRE-LAP: Marco, muffled, calling to Amelia.

MATCH CUT TO:

27

EXT. TRAILHEAD - DAY

27

Amelia is motionless as she stares ahead, hiking gear on.
Marco stands in front of her, shaking her shoulder.

MARCO

Amelia?

Amelia comes back to the present.

AMELIA

Huh, what?

Marco laughs and pats her on the arm. She winces.

MARCO

Ooh, sorry, forgot about the arm.
I'm saying you ready??

Amelia smiles and nods.

MARCO (CONT'D)

No blood.

AMELIA

No bears. (*Then Impersonates PERCY*)
Now let's get going slowpokes!

Marco does a grand bow, gesturing at the start of the trail.

MARCO

As you wish.

Marco straightens up with a smile. Amelia and Marco set off down the trail side by side. They disappear into the trees.

The roar of a bear echoes out, startling a flock of birds.

THE END.