

Falling Off The Wagon

Episode 1

"Banned From the Land of  
Milk and Honey"

an original screenplay by

Peter Blair

1 EXT. MILK BARN - MORNING

A wooden BUCKET tips a healthy sloshing of CREAM in to a BUTTER CHURNER.

Wrinkled hands force a wooden ROD in to the churner. The rod squishes and stirs a mound of BUTTER.

An ELDERLY WOMAN wearing a modest colonial dress rhythmically plucks away at a BANJO.

Several AMISH WOMEN of all ages, dressed in colonial wear sit on wooden STOOLS in a circe at the center of the room, each with their own butter churning. The Women synch their churning to the plucking of the banjo.

COWS doze off in their stables.

A CAT crawls across a pile of hay toward a wooden bucket of cream. The cat dips it's tongue in to the cream.

A male hand scratches the cat's head. We see that the hand belongs to:

HANK, Male, early 20's, long scraggly neckbeard, sweats profusely through his colonial shirt and suspenders.

Hank hunches over on his stool, huffing and puffing. He yanks his butter churner knob arrhythmically.

A middle aged amish woman marches up to Hank. She brandishes a yard stick. She smacks the yard stick against the side of Hank's butter churner.

Hank ceases his churning and opens the lid to his butter churner. The middle aged woman glares down at the churner.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

No good.

HANK

Mama!

MAMA

Don't Mama me, this ain't right.  
You gotta work with the rhythm baby.  
It's about the finesse.

The elderly woman on the banjo leans forward.

BANJO WOMAN

Ain't that right! You tell him!

The women snicker.

HANK

Mom. You are embarrassing me.

MAMA

Oh hush up and start a new butter.

Hank groans. He heaves his butter churner toward a troth adjacent to one of the stalls.

Hank fills the troth with a creamy butter slop.

A noticeably overweight HORSE leans its head over a stall gate and licks up the butter mixture.

MAMA (CONT'D)

That reminds me, I need you to clean Abraham's stall again. He has stomach troubles.

HANK

Can I do it after Jeb gets back? I don't want to smell like.. Abraham at the party.

MAMA

You are the reason the butter horse is getting fat, you will be the one who cleans it.

ABRAHAM defecates on to the barn wall. Abraham whinnies.

2 EXT. MILK BARN - DAY

The barn doors swing open. Hank lugs a bucket and a mop out of the barn.

He tosses them to the ground and sprints across the field toward a cottage.

3 EXT. COTTAGE TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Hank sprints down a dirt road in the middle of a bustling rustic town.

Men construct the frame for a barn.

Women carry buckets of water on their heads. Children chase one another.

Women hoist a large BANNER on to the side of a barn which reads: "Welcome back".

Hank approaches a large crowd of Amish CIVILIANS standing at the end of a wooden bridge overlooking a creek.

He nudges his way through the crowd until he is standing in the front row beside Mama and PEPAW, late 50s, long white neck beard and black wide brim HAT.

PEPAW  
You're late. And you stink.

CLARENCE, a round man with a combover steps on to a SOAP BOX. He speaks with an effeminate inflection.

CLARENCE  
Hey y'all, I know we are plumb excited for our young adults to come back from their rumspringa. A gentle reminder that they are coming from the outside world so do not ask them about what they did, what happens in the outside world stays in the outside world so to speak. They don't want to tell you and believe me, parents do not want to know.

Clarence winks.

A city BUS emerges from behind a hill. It stops on the opposite side of the wooden bridge.

Hank shades his brow with his hand. He cranes his neck.

The bus doors swing open. Young amish WOMAN and MEN carrying luggage emerge from the bus and cross the bridge.

The crowd of amish civilians claps and cheers as amish parents unite with the young adults.

Hank smiles.

Young adults and parents couple off and walk back in to town. The crowd shrinks.

One last young man exits the bus, he walks up to another family and they exit in to town.

Hank, Pepaw, and Mama stand alone.

The bus door closes.

HANK  
Where's Jeb? Did we miss him?

The bus drives away.

Pepaw walks back in to town.

Hank stares off in to the horizon.

MAMA (O.S.)  
Come on Hank.

4 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CANDLES flicker at the center of a DINING TABLE.

Pepaw pulls framed PHOTOS off of a fireplace mantle and loads them in to a wicker BASKET.

Mama enters the dining room holding a BOX of CLOTHES. She exits through a back door.

5 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the wall a metal "H" hangs.

Hank sits at the edge of a BED. Across the room, an identical bed lays bare.

On the wall above the bed a metal "J" hangs.

Empty cabinet DRAWERS lay open and askew.

Muffled rummaging and heavy footsteps.

Hank holds a PICTURE of himself beside a chubby young man with a long wispy neckbeard. He examines it with his thumbs.

HANK  
Jeb.

MAMA (O.S.)  
Hank. You done?

Hank lifts himself off of his bed and removes the metal J from the wall.

6 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

A camp fire rages. A FIRE POKER flips hot wood-chips.

Pepaw stands over the fire. His face sags like melting candle-wax.

The back door jumps open. Mama and Hank carry boxes from inside the house toward the camp fire.

HANK  
Pepaw, do we have to do this?

PEPAW  
Do you got everything?

HANK  
Pepaw, please.

MAMA  
We want to do this just as much as  
you do Hank, but it's..

Mama hides her face behind her hand and sniffles.

PEPAW  
It's what must be done. We have to  
do it together.

Hank looks in to the fire.

Pepaw lifts up a box and dumps it in to the fire.

KEEPSAKES litter the flames. The edges of a family photo crisp  
up.

Mama dumps a box of clothes in to the fire.

PEPAW (CONT'D)  
Come on boy.

Pepaw hands Hank a PHOTO of Jeb.

Hank looks at Pepaw.

Hank drops the photo in to the fire.

PEPAW (CONT'D)  
We all love Jeb. But he's gone now.  
After tonight he is not your brother  
Hank. And he is not my son.

MAMA  
He chose this, Hank. He chose the  
land of milk and honey.

PEPAW  
Tonight we forget his name. For he  
is with the english now.

Mama grabs Hank's hand. Pepaw puts his hand on Hanks shoulder.

A metal J glows orange in the fire.

Embers float away in the breeze.

HANK (V.O.)  
Goodbye Jeb.

7 EXT. LAKE - DAY

Giggling.

Two young boys wearing colonial CLOTHES run through a forest toward a lake.

They splash their feet in the lakeshore. They wrestle with each-other.

The larger boy throws the SMALLER BOY under the water.

The smaller boy lifts his head out of the water. He spits out water and wipes his face on his sleeve.

SMALL BOY  
I'll get you Jeb!

JEB, 8, grins and sprints on foot down the lakeshore away from the small boy.

SMALL BOY (CONT'D)  
Stop!

The small boy chases Jeb across river rocks.

Jeb runs out of view behind thick brush.

The small boy huffs and puffs. He pushes through the brush.

SMALL BOY (CONT'D)  
Jeb! Where did you go?

The small boy stands alone in the woods.

SMALL BOY (CONT'D)  
Jeb?

JEB  
Hank! Over here!

HANK, 7, turns his head to the source of the noise and takes off running toward it.

A TIRE SWING hangs from the branch of a large tree overlooking the lake.

HANK  
Rock paper scissors for who goes first?

8 EXT. LAKE - LATER

Hank stands on the tire swing. Jeb pulls the swing back toward the top of a hill.

Hank looks down at the water.

JEB  
Ready?

Jeb pushes the swing.

Hank soars through the air, holding for dear life to the tire swing.

The tire swing comes to a momentary stop as it reaches its peak.

JEB (CONT'D)  
Jump!

Hank clutches the tire with white knuckles. The tire swings back toward the shore.

Hank lets go of the tire and plummets into the river rocks.

Hank screams.

JEB (CONT'D)  
Hank!

Jeb rushes down the hill and crouches beside Hank.

Hank holds his ankle.

JEB (CONT'D)  
What hurts?

HANK  
My foot.

JEB  
I'm going to get Ma.

HANK  
Jeb don't leave me!

Hank grabs on to Jeb's shirt and pulls him closer, embracing him. Tears stream down Hank's face.

JEB  
Hank.

HANK  
It hurts!

JEB  
I have to go. I'll be back.

HANK

No!

JEB

I need you to let go.

Hank lets go of Jeb. Jeb runs in to the forest.

JEB (CONT'D)

I'm not leaving you here.

HANK

You promise?

JEB

I promise.

Hank watches Jeb run in to the distance out of view.

Hank frowns.

9 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Hank, early 20's, jolts out of bed in a sweat.

He looks across the room at the empty bed.

On the wall above the bed, a stain of grime in the shape of a J is illuminated by sunlight streaming from the bedroom window.

Hank grows a concerned grimace.

10 INT. MILK BARN - MORNING

Rhythmic banjo plucking.

Hank operates his butter-churner in a circle with amish woman each churning butter.

Sweat collects on his brow.

Butter slop pours in to a trough. Abraham licks it up.

11 INT. MILK BARN - DAY

A brush removes large amounts of excrement from a stable wall.

Hank scrubs the inside of a horse stable.

Abraham the horse licks Hank's hair. Hank swats his lips away.

HANK

Stop it.

Abraham defecates on to a clean wall.

12 EXT. MILK BARN - DUSK

Barn doors open.

Hank exits through the doors. Hank puts his hands on his hips.

Crickets chirp. The sun sets.

13 EXT. OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

A cottage home lies behind an overgrown yard.

Hank wades through the grass and climbs on to the front porch. He approaches the front door and gently knocks his wrist against the peeling paint.

Wind-chimes sing.

14 EXT. OLD HOUSE BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Hank walks down the side of the house toward a back door. He lifts up a DOORMAT and picks up a KEY.

He inserts a key into the door and enters the house.

15 INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hank squeezes his way through clutter in to a living room filled from floor to ceiling with NICK-KNACKS and cobwebs.

HANK

Nana?

Hank shuffles his way toward a ROCKING CHAIR. Under a BLANKET in that rocking chair is NANA, late 90's, fast asleep.

Hank touches two fingers to her neck. He pauses for a beat, then exhales and nods.

16 INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Hank wades through BOXES at the bottom of a closet.

He opens a small WOODEN BOX. He removes a KNIFE, COMPASS, black WIDE BRIM HAT, and COMIC BOOKS.

Hank stuffs them in to a leather SATCHEL.

NANA (O.S.)

Hank? Is that you?

17 INT. OLD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hank enters the living-room.

Nana sits in her rocking chair. She stares through him with glassy eyes.

HANK

Hi, Nana.

NANA

Come closer. You are here awfully late.

Hank kneels in front of Nana. Nana holds the sides of Hank's head.

HANK

Nana. Jeb is gone. He didn't come back from his rumspringa.

NANA

A shame. Your papa told me. He was upset something fierce.

HANK

I think something happened to him. To Jeb. I am going to find him and bring him back.

Nana flashes a gummy smile.

NANA

You need my approval? You two boys were always both pieces of work.

Nana squeezes Hanks face.

NANA (CONT'D)

If you feel in your gut that your brother is in trouble, I am not inclined to disagree.

HANK

Thank you Nana. I'll be back soon.

Hank stands up.

HANK (CONT'D)

Don't tell Pa.

Nanna does a chef's kiss.

NANA

Before you go I have something for you.

Nana points to a cupboard.

Hank pushes a milk crate out of the way of the cupboard.

NANA (CONT'D)  
Bottom shelf. It was my grandfather's.

Hank heaves a small HAT BOX on to the floor, blows dust off of the lid and unlocks a latch.

Hank lifts the lid of the box and removes a wild west REVOLVER and gun HOLSTER.

NANA (CONT'D)  
If any ne'er-do-well steps to you on  
the outside you stand your ground.  
It was supposed to go to your father  
but he ain't going to shoot nobody  
with it.

HANK  
Thank you, Grandma.

Hank puts the gun in his bag.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Im off. I love you.

NANA  
Give 'em hell.

Hank makes his way to the back door.

NANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Grab yourself a cookie on your way  
out.

Atop a chair next to the back door: a cookie jar lays spilled open and covered in spider webs.

HANK  
Yummy! Thanks.

Hank makes a sour face then exits through the backdoor.

18 EXT. HORSE STABLES - NIGHT

A tree on top of a hill overlooks horse-stables.

Amish men play cards under candlelight around a table beside the stable.

Hank slowly peeks out from behind the tree.

Horses whinny.

Amish men laugh and throw cards down on the table.

Hank frowns.

19 EXT. MILK BARN - NIGHT

Crickets chirp.

Hank power-walks across a gravel road toward the front of the barn.

Hank checks over each shoulder before sliding open the barn door and disappearing inside.

20 INT. MILK BARN - CONTINUOUS

Cows Moo at the top of their lungs.

Hank sneaks across the barn toward Abraham's stall.

Abraham rests his head on the stall gate. Hank pets Abraham's mane. Abraham open's his eyes.

HANK

Wakey Wakey. Ready to go on an adventure?

Hank unlocks Abraham's stable and guides Abraham to the stall door.

HANK (CONT'D)

You are the only horse nobody is going to miss.

Abraham's sides wedge into the doorframe.

Hank yanks on Abraham's LEAD to no avail. Abraham lets out a deep whinny.

Hank yanks again then lets go of the lead.

HANK (CONT'D)

You gotta be kidding me.

Soft firelight shimmers through the window. Loud footsteps can be heard.

Hank jolts his head up.

21 EXT. MILK BARN - CONTINUOUS

An OLD AMISH MAN holding a LANTERN patrols along the side of the milk barn.

He makes his way toward the barn doors.

22 INT. MILK BARN - CONTINUOUS

Hank frantically scans the room.

The troth of butter slop.

Hank begrudgingly dunks his hand in to the butter slop and spreads it along Abraham's sides. He yanks Abraham through the stable door in to the center of the barn.

Hank scans the room.

A TARP covers a large WAGON.

23 EXT. MILK BARN - CONTINUOUS

The Old Amish Man open's the barn doors and enters the:

24 INT. MILK BARN - CONTINUOUS

The Old Amish Man enters through open barn doors.

He swings his lantern across the front of each stable as he patrols the barn.

Cows squint in the flickering lantern-light.

OLD AMISH MAN  
What's got y'all riled up?

The old man walks to Abraham's stall. He examines the butter soaked doorframe with his fingertips.

A horse shaped tarp stands in the corner of the barn adjacent to the wagon, it slowly walks through the barn exit.

25 EXT. MILK BARN - CONTINUOUS

The tarp slips off of on to the ground reviling Hank riding atop Abraham.

HANK  
Go, Abraham!

Abraham briskly trots away from the barn down a gravel road.

26 EXT. COTTAGE TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Hank rides Abraham through an empty town square toward the wooden bridge at the edge of town.

Hank stops Abraham at the apex of the wooden bridge. He turns his head back to the town and sighs.

CLARENCE (O.S.)  
Hank? What are you doing here this  
late?

Clarence, smoking a "cigarette", sits under the bridge.  
Hanks face turns pale.

HANK  
Hi Clarence. Taking ol Abraham for a  
walk.

CLARENCE  
You know what Hank. You are a good  
kid. Im not supposed to say this  
but, I know losing Jeb was tough.  
You seem like you are taking it well.  
We all liked Jeb. These people don't  
understand that some things are hard  
to forget.

Clarence puffs deeply on his "cigarette".

CLARENCE (CONT'D)  
So hard.

HANK  
Yea.

CLARENCE  
Take it easy Hank.

HANK  
Thanks.

Hank rides Abraham across the bridge down a hill. He places a  
black wide brim hat on top of his head.

HANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I'm bringing you back Jeb. Wherever  
you are.

Swampland as far as the eye can see. The sun peeks over the  
horizon. At the edge of the horizon: a large city.

27 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The sweltering sun beats down on pavement.

In the distance, Hank, wearing a black wide brim hat rides a  
slow-trotting Abraham down a seemingly endless country road  
cutting through a vast swamp.

Flies and mosquitos buzz around Hank. He swats his neck.

Sweat collects at the tip of his neck-beard.

HANK  
I wish I brought a saddle.

Hank adjusts his rump. Abraham whinnies.

HANK (CONT'D)  
I bet you wish I brought food. I  
get you something when we get there.

Hank reaches in to his satchel and removes a comic book.

He peels the pages apart to reveal a cut out compartment containing a small wad of CASH.

He spreads the bills apart showing one FIVE DOLLAR bill and two ONE DOLLAR BILLS.

He tucks the money back inside the comic book and shoves the book back in to the satchel.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Wherever there might be.

A SEMI-TRUCK shoots down the road past Hank.

28 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Several semi-trucks park in front of a small gas station in the middle of the swamp adjacent to the country road.

Hank rides Abraham toward the front of the gas station.

He hops off of Abraham and ties his lead to a concrete bollard in front of the gas station.

A GAS STATION WORKER, late 30's, pony tail sits on the curb smoking a cigarette.

GAS STATION WORKER  
Nice horse.

29 INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Hank enters through automatic glass doors.

The air conditioning blows back Hank's sweat soaked beard. Hank wipes his brow.

A YOUNG GAS STATION ATTENDANT, 30, female, stands dazed behind a counter.

A TRUCKER sits in a MASSAGE CHAIR next to an elaborate FRUIT display.

Hank wanters through a gas station isle toward a drink fountain.

He pulls a big gulp CUP off of a shelf and stares at the wide selection of soft drinks.

Hank fills his cup to the brim with soda and completely gulps it down.

He fills it up again and begins drinking again.

The young gas station attendant eyes down Hank.

Hank fills his cup up one last time then proceeds to peruse the snack isle.

He grabs a few bags of BEEF JERKEY and carton of MILK from a refrigerated shelf.

Hank drops his bounty of snacks on to the counter.

YOUNG GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Nice hat.

HANK

Thank you. My Mom made it.

The young gas station attendant pops bubble gum bubble in her mouth.

Hank stares at her.

The gas station attendant types in the cash register.

YOUNG GAS STATION ATTENDANT

That will be six sixty-four.

Hank removes the comic book from his bag and places all of his cash on to the counter.

The young gas station attendant places his change into his receipt and hands it back to Hank.

Hank flips through his comic book to the back page. He tears it from the book.

HANK

Do you have something to write with?

The gas station attendant hands Hank a pen.

Hank puts the torn comic book PAGE on to the counter and begins to sketch.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Can I ask you something? I don't  
have a picture.

Hank finishes sketching on the page. He holds up his work.

A crude line drawing of a man with a neck beard and a hat.

The gas station attendant stares at the drawing.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Have you seen a guy that looks like  
that recently around here?

YOUNG GAS STATION ATTENDANT  
Is that supposed to be you?

HANK  
It's my brother. His name is Jebediah.  
He is lost.

YOUNG GAS STATION ATTENDANT  
You are the only guy that looks like  
that that I've seen here.

The automatic doors open. A ROBBER, male, wearing a BANDANA and a baseball CAP rushes in to the gas station holding a PISTOL.

ROBBER  
Nobody move!

The Trucker in the massage chair remains in his massage chair.

The Robber presses a his pistol to the side of Hanks head.

ROBBER (CONT'D)  
Or I'll blow this.. Amish guy's  
head off!

Hank puts his hands in the air.

The Gas station attendant opens the register and removes the cash.

She hands the cash to the Robber.

ROBBER (CONT'D)  
And give me some of those swishers.

Hank looks down to his satchel.

The handle of the wild west revolver pokes out from the bottom of the bag.

Hank eyes it. His lip quivers.

NANA (V.O.)  
Give em hell.

The Gas station attendant hands the Robber a pack of SWISHERS.

The Robber guides Hank with his pistol against Hank's head toward the automatic doors.

ROBBER  
No funny business!

30 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Hank and the Robber exit through the automatic doors. The Robber shoves Hank to the ground on his stomach.

The Robber sprints across the parking lot toward a beat up old FIAT.

Hank reaches in to his bag and fumbles with the wild west revolver.

BANG.

The gas station attendant rushes through the automatic doors with a PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUN. She chambers another round and fires at the Robber.

BANG.

Hank covers his ears as he lays on the ground.

YOUNG GAS STATION ATTENDANT  
Eat lead!

The gas station worker makes eye contact with Hank. He smokes his cigarette while sitting on the curb.

Hank looks at the bollard to find the horse lead laying on the ground.

Glass shatters. Gunfire. The gas station attendant runs through the parking lot.

The Robber hops in to the fiat and speeds through the parking-lot firing his pistol out of the window.

HANK  
Have you seen my horse?

The gas station worker points across the parking lot.

In the distance, Abraham stands in the middle of the parking lot.

Hank stands to his feet.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Abraham!

The fiat crashes in to Abraham's fat body sending the Robber flying through his windshield on to the concrete.

The battered fiat bursts in to flames. Abraham lay on his side in the parking lot.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Noooooooo!

Hank falls to his knees.

GAS STATION WORKER  
God damn.

31 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Police lights flash against the side of the gas station.

COP CARS, AMBULANCES, and FIRE TRUCKS circe a bustling crime-scene.

The fiat smolders as FIREFIGHTERS HOSE it down.

COPS interview the gas station attendant and the gas station worker.

Two PARAMEDICS load a BODY in a BODYBAG on to a STRETCHER. They load the stretcher in to an ambulance.

Hank, holding a grocery BAG, stands over the remains of ABRAHAM. Cops place a SHEET over Abraham.

Hank wipes a tear from his cheek.

He removes a carton of Milk from his grocery bag and opens the lid. He takes a swig and pours out the rest of the milk out on to the ground in front of him.

HANK  
Goodbye Abraham. This one is for you.

COP (O.S.)  
Can you not pour milk on the crime scene?

A COP stares at Hank.

HANK  
Sorry. Can I ask you something?

Hank pulls out the drawing of Jeb.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Have you seen this man? His name is  
Jeb-

COP  
Sir can you please remove yourself  
from here.

Hank scowls.

Hank walks away from the gas station down the country road.

32 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Cicadas cry.

Hank trudges down the bank of a pitch black country road.

Large SEMI-TRUKS pass by.

Headlights blind Hank. Hank sticks his thumb out to the road.

Another TRUCK zooms by.

Hank slaps his hands against his thighs and sighs.

A wolf howls.

Hank's head spins around to the tree-line.

Another TRUCK zooms by.

Hank takes a deep breath.

In the distance down the road, headlights race closer.

Hank steps in to the middle of the road and raises his hands  
in to the air.

The headlights blind Hank.

HANK  
STOP!

A massive RED EIGHTEEN WHEELER skirts to a stop inches in  
front of Hank.

Hank opens his eyes and exhales.

Right in front of his face, a chrome HOOD ORNAMENT of a cowboy on a horse.

Hank approaches the driver's side of the truck.

A TRUCKER, old, Black, Bald, sits in the front seat.

Hank knocks on the window.

The window rolls down.

HANK

HANK

## TRUCKER

Hank removes the Jeb drawing from his bag.

HANK  
Im looking for my big brother, his name is Jeb. I don't know if he is alive or dead and I need to find him. My horse got ran over by a robber and if you leave me in the woods I am going to get eaten by wolves! So will you help me?

TRUCKER  
I would do it for one hundred bucks.

Hank sighs.

HANK

The window starts to roll up.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Wait! I can give you this. I saw  
that you liked cowboys from your  
hood statue thing. It's the most  
valuable thing I that have.

Hank slowly removes the wild west revolver from his satchel.

HANK (CONT'D)  
It's my grandmothers. I don't know  
if it works or how much its worth  
but if you give me a ride its yours.  
Please.

The Trucker rolls down his window and lifts the revolver from Hank's hand.

TRUCKER  
What's your name?

HANK  
Henry, but my folks call me Hank.

TRUCKER  
Well, Hank. You can hop in, but I  
get to pick the music.

33 INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Hank sits in the passenger seat beside the Trucker.

The Trucker clicks a CD in to the radio.

MUSIC CUE: "HIPS DON'T LIE" by Shakira plays on the radio.

Hank looks to the Trucker.

HANK  
Wait, you know this song?

TRUCKER  
Of course I do. Shakira is a treasure.

HANK  
I love this song.

Hank cranks up the radio.

Hank sings the first few lyrics of the song.

The Trucker sings the next few lyrics.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Como se llama?

TRUCKER  
Si!

HANK  
Bonita!

TRUCKER

Si!

HANK

Mi casa, su casa!

TRUCKER

Shakira, Shakira!

34 EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The truck zooms down the highway to the music.

35 INT. TRUCK - LATER

TRUCKER

Hey, reach in the glove box for me  
will you.

Hank opens the glove box.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)

Grab me that jug.

Hank removes a JUG from the glovebox.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)

Hand me that.

Hank hands the Trucker the empty jug.

HANK

What's that for?

The Trucker unzips his pants and pees in to the jug.

HANK (CONT'D)

Woah!

Hank advert's his eyes.

TRUCKER

This is how we get where we are going  
on time. Trucker's secret. Piss jug  
brotha.

Liquid continues to fill the jug.

Hank covers his eyes with his hand.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)

So, what were you talking about with  
your brother?

HANK

His names Jeb. He and I are amish.  
We amish have this tradition:  
rumspringa.

TRUCKER

What's that.

The Trucker zips his pants up.

HANK

Its where young adults can explore  
the outside world for a short period  
of time and then they can choose if  
they want to come back to the village.

TRUCKER

How do you know if he doesn't want  
to come back? What if he likes the  
outside world?

HANK

Because I know. There is no way that  
he would leave his family behind.

TRUCKER

I don't know. I've been all over this  
country and this fine state of  
Louisiana is one of the most tempting  
I tell you what.

HANK

Where would you go if you were him?

TRUCKER

Are the women beautiful where you  
are from?

The Trucker takes one look at Hank.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)

I would assume not. Yep, I guess the  
first place I would go is straight  
to the heart of New Orleans to the  
world's finest gentlemen's club. The  
land of milk and honey. Mm! Oowee!

HANK

What did you just say?

TRUCKER

You never heard of the land of milk  
and honey? Well, of course you  
haven't.

(MORE)

TRUCKER (CONT'D)  
 Them ladies are sweet as honey. If  
 your brother is red blooded that's  
 defiantly a place he would have  
 visited.

MAMA (V.O.)  
 He chose this, Hank. He chose the  
 land of milk and honey.

HANK  
 You have to take me there!

The Trucker smiles revealing a front silver tooth.

TRUCKER  
 Shiiit. I'm a day ahead of my  
 schedule anyway. I could use a break.

HANK  
 Thank you!

TRUCKER  
 Do the Amish drink beer?

HANK  
 Not typically.

The Trucker opens his center console and removes a SIX PACK of beer.

A stern grimace overtakes Hanks face.

TRUCKER  
 Are you in or out?

Hank removes a BEER from the six pack and chugs it.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)  
 You're full of surprises.

The sun rises slowly over the highway.

36 INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

The evening sun sets through the bedroom window.

Hank, 12, stands at a small DESK and reads a BOOK.

Jeb, 13, bursts through the bedroom door.

JEB  
 Hank, come here!

HANK  
Are you done with the chair?

JEB  
No, come on I have to show you  
something, you can't tell Pa.

HANK  
If it's another skunk hole i'm going  
to tell Ma and she's gonna get the  
switch on you.

Hank shuts his book and follows Jeb out of the bedroom.

37 EXT. CAMPSITE - EVENING

Jeb and Hank approach an empty campsite complete with TENTS  
and a campfire.

JEB  
Keep quiet.

HANK  
We shouldn't be here, this is english  
people stuff.

JEB  
Nobody is here. I think they are  
fishing at the lake.

Jeb opens a COOLER. He removes a can of SODA.

JEB (CONT'D)  
Try this!

Jeb throws Hank a soda. Jeb removes another soda from the  
cooler and takes a sip. He spits it out.

JEB (CONT'D)  
Acquired taste.

HANK  
We should not be doing this Jeb. I  
am going to tell Ma unless we turn  
around right now.

JEB  
If you tattle ill tell Ma that you  
found the camp and then we will both  
be in trouble. Come on, live a little.

Hank sighs and takes a sip of the soda.

HANK  
It's not, not bad.

Hank and Jeb laugh.

Jeb explores the camp with Hank following close behind.

They approach a large white SHEET hanging taught between two trees.

Adjacent to the white sheet, a PROJECTOR plugged in to an IPHONE. Sits on a plastic CHAIR.

Jeb picks up the iphone.

JEB

Woah.

HANK

What's that?

Jeb pokes the phone and it opens to a video of Shakira's hips don't lie.

The projector shines awake and displays the music video for Shakira's hips don't lie on to the white sheet.

The song plays from the projector speakers as a giant projected Shakira shakes her hips on the sheet.

Hank shudders.

HANK (CONT'D)

Jeb! What are you doing! Someone is going to see us.

JEB

Hush! Look.

Jeb and Hank stand in awe at Shakira.

Hank stands slack-jaw. Jeb smiles at him and punches his arm.

HANK

Ow! What?

Jeb and Hank laugh as they play fight each-other.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey!

Jeb and Hank freeze.

HANK

Jeb I told you this would happen!

Jeb grabs the phone.

JEB

Run!

Jeb and Hank run in to the forest. They toss their sodas over their shoulders.

38 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Light glows from under a makeshift blanket tent.

Jeb and Hank watch the Shakira music video on loop on low volume.

HANK

Boy, she sure is pretty.

JEB

I wonder who she is.

HANK

Do you think those guys will come looking for us?

JEB

Nah.

The iphone powers off. A "Low battery" symbol is visible on its screen.

JEB (CONT'D)

What happened?

HANK

What did you do to it?

JEB

I didn't do anything!

HANK

How do we get it to work again you think?

JEB

How do I know? I don't even know what *this* is.

A knock at the bedroom door.

MAMA (O.S.)

You boys ok in there? You are being a little loud.

HANK AND JEB

Sorry Mama.

JEB

We have to get rid of this thing.

39 EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Hank and Jeb stand in the pouring rain.

Hank digs a small hole a garden HOE.

Jeb drops the phone in to the hole.

Hank covers the phone in dirt and pats it down.

Jeb grabs Hanks shoulders.

JEB

Hank you have to promise me something.

HANK

Yeah?

JEB

You must never tell Ma or Pa about  
what we did here today.

HANK

I promise.

The boys lock pinkies and go back inside.

Freshly upheaved dirt.

40 EXT. WHEAT FIELD - NIGHT.

A black BOOT packs down gravel.

The boot belongs to Pepaw who wears a black TRENCH COAT and  
wide brim black HAT.A gravel road cuts through a wheat field with a lantern. He  
illuminates the path in front of him.In the distance: a black compact CAR sits parked on the gravel  
road.Pepaw approaches the driver-side window. He knocks rhythmically  
on the heavily tinted window.

The window opens. Pepaw bends down to look in to the car.

PEPAW

The crow caws.

A raspy Irish voice replies.

MALE VOICE  
What does it hear back?

PEPAW  
An empty nest.

MALE VOICE  
So who does it call?

PEPAW  
The Fox. For he knows the world of  
the thief and hunter.

MALE VOICE  
Were you followed?

PEPAW  
No.

MALE VOICE  
Have you got the money?

PEPAW  
Even better.

Pepaw places a small SACK in to the palm of a pale hand.

The hand opens it. He shakes several GOLD COINS.

PEPAW (CONT'D)  
Half up front, half on delivery.

MALE VOICE  
Delivery?

PEPAW  
The head you are looking for is my  
son. His name is Henry. Hank.

Pepaw places a cut out PHOTO of Hank on top of the coins.

PEPAW (CONT'D)  
I understand what you are, and that  
this is against your nature, but  
these are desperate times.

MALE VOICE  
Anyone can find a boy. Might I suggest  
the police?

PEPAW  
I need the right man for the job.  
My oldest boy gone, my youngest forced  
back in handcuffs. The shame would  
end my family name if anyone knew.

MALE VOICE  
Discretion. That I can guarantee.

The man leans his face in to the lantern light.

The FOX, 60, his pale face punctuated by a large white mustache and muttonchops. His large GLASS EYE shines against the flickering flame.

THE FOX  
You will not hear from me again.  
The evidence of my job completed  
will be your boy at your feet.

Pepaw swallows.

PEPAW  
Alive.

THE FOX  
Alive.

The car window rolls up. The car starts and drives away in a puff of black smoke.

Pepaw stands in the field alone.

PEPAW  
Hank my boy. We brought this on  
ourselves. May your path be free of  
danger and mine of further grief.

Pepaw walks back down the gravel road.

41 EXT. FARM FENCE - MORNING

Hank raises his wild west revolver to eye level.

Hank and the Trucker stand beside a field.

On each fence post thirty yards away, various containers full of pee sit.

Hank shots the jug off the fence post.

The Trucker chugs a beer and takes the revolver from Hank.

The trucker flicks the hammer of the revolver and shoots all of the containers off of the fence.

Hank and the Trucker high five.

42 INT. TRUCK - DAY

Hank and the Trucker chug another beer each in sync and crush the cans on their heads.

43 EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET - DAY

A RIVER BOAT sails down the Mississippi river.

The red eighteen wheeler drives past the saint Louis cathedral.

Jazz street PERFORMERS play to a large crowd.

The Semi Truck cruises across the town down the highway.

Hank looks out of the truck window while sipping a beer.

44 EXT. THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY - EVENING

The massive red eighteen wheeler parks across several parking spaces in the parking lot across the street from the land of milk and honey gentlemen's club.

A green street sign reads "Bourbon street".

Hank open's the passenger door and looks above to see a large neon hanging SIGN which displays: "The Land Of Milk And Honey" beside a neon woman holding a honey pot being bathed in milk.

Hank holds up his drawing of Jeb. He scans the scenery.

The Trucker stumbles through the driver-side door.

Copious CANS of beer roll out in to the parking lot.

The Trucker and Hank line up behind a large crowd of CLUB-GOERS.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)  
This is going to be one hell of an introduction to the city my man.

HANK  
Yea, that's what i'm afraid of.

The Trucker leans over on Hank.

Hank stands the trucker back on his feet.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)  
We will find him man. Just don't  
forget to let live.

The queue moves up toward the door. Loud music emanates from  
inside the club doors.

Hank and the Trucker move to the front of the line.

A large BOUNCER, black, goatee, dark sunglasses stands at the  
front door.

He makes a sour face at them.

BOUNCER  
No. Neither of y'all, go on.

TRUCKER  
Man what you mean? You're not letting  
us in?

BOUNCER  
You and your weird beard boyfriend  
better walk up on out of here man.  
Im sick of you neck bearded dudes  
coming in here and acting crazy.

Hank interjects.

HANK  
What do you mean guys that look like  
me? You have seen someone that looks  
like me?

Hank removes his drawing.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Listen I am looking for my brother  
his-

BOUNCER  
Man I am not listening to you, move  
on out.

TRUCKER  
Im about to teach you a lesson man  
unless you-

The Bouncer puts the Trucker in a head lock. The Trucker  
struggles to get free.

BOUNCER  
Get out of here man!

TRUCKER  
Get his ass Hank!

The Bouncer looks through Hank like a knife.

The wild rest revolver falls out of the Trucker's waistband.  
It clacks against the ground.

The Bouncer looks at the gun.

Hank looks at the gun, mouth agape. Hank looks at the Bouncer.

BOUNCER  
You fucked up now.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
He's got a gun!

Chaos ensues as the crowd screams and falls over each-other.

Hank takes off sprinting down bourbon street away from the club.

Hank pushes against the current of drunk street-goers. A variety of frozen COCKTAILS and BEERS are spilled on to his shirt as he collides with more and more people.

A BICYCLE COP rides down the street holding a MEGAPHONE. He pursues Hank on his BIKE.

BICYCLE COP  
FREEZE! POLICE!

Hank screams as he turns a corner down an alleyway and sprints down another crowded street.

Hank tackles a BUSKER playing GUITAR to the ground.

HANK  
Sorry!

Hank rises to his feet and continues running.

The Bicycle cop follows.

Hank sprints down the sidewalk toward a synagogue. An extravagant Hasidic jewish wedding is taking place.

A JEWISH CROWD dressed in white button up SHIRTS and black COATS gather around a BRIDE and GROOM as they enter an expensive CAR.

The Groom open's the driver side door.

Hank sprints through the crowd and in to the inside of the car door.

The car door rips off of its hinges as Hank lands on top of it.

The car door slides down a steep road as Hank clings for dear life. Sparks launch from the brick road.

Hank slides face first toward the back end a moving HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE. The car door smashes in to a pile of horse feces then past the moving carriage.

Hank collides in to a pile of GARBAGE.

Hank lifts the car door off of himself and stands to his feet. His pant legs are dirty and ripped at the knees.

The Bicycle Cop grabs an ORTHODOX MAN by the shoulders and spins him around.

BICYCLE COP  
Stop resisting!

ORTHODOX MAN  
This is a wedding!

ORTHODOX MAN 2  
Let go of him!

Hank stumbles to his feet.

A HOMELESS MAN makes eye contact with Hank.

HOMELESS MAN  
You got any change?

Hank runs down the street in to an alleyway that connects with bourbon street.

45 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A black compact car parks beside a gas station.

The Fox sits in the driver seat of his car with the window down.

A police RADIO chatters.

POLICE RADIO VOICE  
APB for a possible suspect.  
Aggravated assault with a weapon.  
Last seen in front of the Milk and Honey gentlemen's club.  
(MORE)

POLICE RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)  
Suspect is white male, has a long  
beard stopping before the top lip.

The Fox holds up the photo of Hank.

He revs the engine and pulls his car out of the parking lot.

46 EXT. BOURBON STREET - NIGHT

Hank slinks through a rowdy street packed with people, music,  
and booze.

Through the crowd a shining light attracts Hank like a moth.

A New Orleans souvenir shop shimmers with KNICK-KNACKS and  
MERCANDISE.

Hank spots a pink TRACK SUIT marked with large text which  
displays: "I <3 NOLA" on a MANNEQUIN outside of the store.

Hank approaches the mannequin.

He peeks over the mannequins shoulder through the window.

A YOUNG MAN behind the counter typing on a COMPUTER.

Hank shifts his view to the PRICE TAG hanging from the  
waistband of the tracksuit.

The price-tag reads: "11\$".

Hank sighs and walks away.

Hank strokes his beard as he walks down the sidewalk.

A GOLD PAINTED MAN stands completely still in a statuesque  
position on a street-corner behind a GOLD FEDORA full of CASH.

Hank approaches the Gold man. He looks down to the gold fedora  
full of money.

HANK  
Are you real? Is this for everybody?

Hank removes the drawing of Jeb from his pocket.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Have you seen this man? He is my  
brother, his name is Jeb.

Hank waves his hands in front of the Gold Man's face.

Hank scratches his beard.

Hank bends down and reaches for a dollar bill.

The gold man jumps forward and pushes Hank.

GOLD MAN  
Don't touch my money man!

Hank screams and jogs back toward the souvenir shop.

The Track suit mannequin stands in front of the store.

Hank scoots the mannequin away from the view of the window and pushes the mannequin to the ground.

Hank removes the track suit from it.

He bunches the clothes in to a ball and runs away in to the crowd.

47 EXT. THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY - NIGHT

A TOW-TRUCK tows the Truckers eighteen wheeler out of the parking lot.

Hank peeks out from behind a shrub.

In the distance, a large line of people wait outside the club.

Hank dashes across the street to an alleyway beside the club.

48 EXT. MILK AND HONEY DUMPSTER ALLY - NIGHT

Hank strips down to his underpants behind the cover of a large green DUMPSTER.

He puts on the pink track suit, tucking his beard in to his jacket. He packs his amish clothes inside his leather satchel.

He removes his drawing of Jeb and folds it in his pocket.

Hank heaves open the dumpster lid and holds the satchel over it. He takes a deep breath.

Hank drops his satchel in the dumpster.

A back door slams open. A BAR-BACK carrying a GARBAGE BAG walks toward the dumpster.

BAR BACK  
Coming through.

Hank runs through the open back door.

49 INT. THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY BACKROOMS - NIGHT

Hank sneaks through the a dimly lit hallway.

Music beats through the walls.

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS enters through double doors and passes Hank.

The music gets louder as Hank follows her.

50 INT. THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY VIP AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Cocktail waitress enters through double doors.

Hank enters through the same doors.

HANK

Woah.

Hank swallows.

The inside of the club is a packed and vibrating mass of shoulder to shoulder dancing and debauchery.

Hank approaches the handrail of a balcony.

MEN, WOMAN, STRIPPERS, and WAITRESSES move about on the dance-floor below.

A STRIPPER shakes her hips on a pole.

HANK (CONT'D)

Shakira?

A SECURITY GUARD approaches Hank.

SECURITY GUARD

Let me see your wristband.

HANK

Uh..

A YOUNG MAN wearing a football JERSEY wraps his arm around Hank's shoulders.

YOUNG MAN

There you are!

Hank looks surprised at the Young Man.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

He's with us.

The Young man slips several BILLS in to the Security guard's front shirt pocket.

The Security guard walks away.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)  
That was a close one bro. What's your name?

HANK  
Hank. Why did you help me?

YOUNG MAN  
Because you look ridiculous man and we need more people in our section. The party is almost dead.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)  
And my name is Trevor by the way thanks for asking.

The TREVOR guides Hank toward a closed off section of the VIP area.

THREE YOUNG MEN knock back shots of VODKA on a COUCH beside a FAT GUY wearing GOLD CHAINS laying down with SUNGLASSES on. STRIPPER sit around them looking bored.

TREAVOR  
These are the guys. And that's Brian, the one sleeping there.

BRIAN sleeps on the couch.

TREAVOR (CONT'D)  
He won the lottery.

YOUNG MAN  
Yo, Trev, who's the guy? What's with the beard?

The Young Man touches his upper lip.

TREAVOR  
He is chill.

HANK  
Im Amish. My folks call me Hank.

YOUNG MAN 2  
Dude no way. Do the Amish like to party?

Young Man 2 raises a bottle of LIQUOR.

HANK

Im not here to party actually.

TREAVOR

What's an amish guy doing all the way out here?

51 INT. THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY VIP AREA - LATER

Hank throws back a shot with Trevor and the two young men.

HANK

So then Jeb never came back.

TREAVOR

Thats a shame man.

Trevor holds Hank's drawing of Jeb.

YOUNG MAN 2

How did your horse die again?

YOUNG MAN

Can we get another bottle of this to our table?

The Cocktail waitress takes notes on a NOTEPAD.

52 INT. THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY DANCE FLOOR - LATER

The group of guys dance with Hank on a crowded dance floor. Each of them hold a COCKTAIL. The two Young men hold up a sleeping Brian.

Hank sips a WHITE RUSSIAN.

HANK

Brother's have a bond man.

TREAVOR

True dat.

HANK

Jeb wouldn't leave me behind. Sure, he had his problems with how we amish live, but he would have told me if he wasn't going to come back!

Hank sips his drink.

YOUNG MAN 2

You think something happened to him?

HANK

At this point, I don't know anymore.

53 INT. THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY PRIVATE ROOM - LATER

Hank, Trevor, the two Young men and a sleeping Brian each receive lap dances from STRIPPERS.

HANK

The things Im putting on the line to just be here! I could be shunned! Jeb doesn't deserve this! All he ever did was get us in to trouble.

TREAVOR

True dat.

YOUNG MAN 2

He sounds like a total dick dude.

HANK

He's my brother. You don't get to pick you family. At the end of the day I love him.

54 INT. LAND OF MILK AND HONEY BATHROOM - LATER

Treavor throws up in to a TOILET.

The two young men and Hank use URINALS.

Hank drinks his white Russian in the bathroom while using the urinal.

HANK

Man Fuck Jeb

Treavor throws up again. His head rests on the toilet bowl.

TREAVOR

Yeah Fuck Jeb.

YOUNG MAN 2

Who is Jeb?

Brian lays on the bathroom floor.

55 INT. LAND OF MILK AND HONEY BAR - LATER

Hank sits at a crowded bar. He lays his head on the bar counter. He holds his illustration of Jeb.

Hank weeps.

HANK

I miss you Jeb.

Brian lays asleep with his head on the bar beside Hank.

The Two young men and Trevor stand around them drinking cocktails.

TREAVOR

Hank, it's gonna be ok bro. You have us.

YOUNG MAN 2

Here, here!

Hank pulls himself off of the bar, the guys group hug.

HANK

Thank you guys.

Brian jolts awake. He wipes his face and takes off his glasses.

BRIAN

Where am I? Who are you people?

Brian feels his pockets.

TREAVOR

Oh shit.

BRIAN

Where is my wallet?

Trevor leans in close to Hank.

TREAVOR

The jig is up. I would run if I were you.

The two Young men sprint through the crowd.

BRIAN

Security! Get these thieves!  
Security!

Several security guards enter on to the dance floor.

Young Man 2 gets tackled by a security guard.

Treavor sprints up a staircase adjacent to the dance-floor.

HANK

What is happening!

Brian sprays PEPPER SPRAY in to Hank's eyes.

Hank runs in the opposite direction.

HANK (CONT'D)

Trevor!

Hank's face is beet red.

HANK (CONT'D)

Wait!

Hank runs up the stairs after Treavor.

56 INT. THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY VIP AREA - CONTINUOUS

Hank and Treavor sprint past people drinking at TABLES AND COUCHES.

Hank holds his eyes with his hand.

Trevor grabs a bottle of CHAMPAGNE off of a table and throws it a Security guard.

Treavor is cornered by three Security guards.

TREAVOR

See you on the other side Hank!

Trevor leaps from the balcony on to a stripper pole.

He slides down the pole on to the dance floor.

Treavor's grip slips and he plummets head first on to the LED dance floor.

Hank runs to the guard rail and looks down.

Trevor lays still, foaming at the mouth.

HANK

Lord almighty!

BOUNCER (O.S.)

Hey!

Hank freezes. His head spins on a swivel.

The Bouncer stands just behind Hank with a big grin.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

Found ya. You're done for weird beard.

The Bouncer punches Hank across the face. Hank falls on his hands and knees.

Hank crawls under several tables. Men and Women seated at those tables lift their legs up in shock as he passes under.

Hank stands to his feet and enters through double doors.

The Bouncer chases after Hank.

57 INT. THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY BACKROOMS - CONTINUOUS

Hank runs down a dimly lit hallway.

Hank runs head first in to a WAITRESS holding a BEER TOWER.

She spills it all over the floor.

HANK

Sorry!

Hank runs further down the hallway.

The Bouncer bursts through the double doors.

BOUNCER

Get over here!

The Bouncer slips on the puddle of beer and lands on his back.

Hank turns the corner and runs down another hallway.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

He's having a heart attack! Somebody!

Help!

Hank stops running. Hank slowly walks back down the hallway around the corner.

The Waitress cradles the Bouncer in her arms.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Curtis! Stay with me!

CURTIS

My heart!

CURTIS grabs his chest and closes his eyes.

Hank approaches the Waitress.

WAITRESS

Please! Can you help him!

The Waitress frantically preforms chest compressions on Curtis.

The Waitress gives Hank space.

HANK

I can try.

Hank preforms forceful chest compressions.

Hank breaks a sweat. He pauses.

Hank preforms forceful chest compressions.

He pauses.

MAMA (V.O.)  
You gotta work with the rhythm baby.  
It's about the finesse.

HANK  
It's about the finesse.

Hank listens to the club music booming through the walls.

He presses Curtis's chest to the rhythm of the music.

HANK (CONT'D)  
Come on.

Curtis bursts awake. He examines his surroundings.

CURTIS  
You saved my life. Thank you.

HANK  
You're welcome.

A SECURITY GUARD opens the double doors. He looks at Hank and then at Curtis.

SECURITY GUARD  
He's over here!

Hank takes off running down the hall.

He rushes through a labyrinth of different corridors.

Loud footsteps close in. Hank looks over his shoulder as he runs.

Hank looks forward, he slams face first through a glass window.

58 EXT. MILK AND HONEY DUMPSTER ALLY - CONTINUOUS

Hank flys through a window falling fifteen feet in to a dumpster full of GARBAGE BAGS.

The dumpster LID shuts over him.

Hank drifts in to a deep slumber.

59 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Chunks of wood roll in to the grass.

Jeb, 17, slams an AX down on to a LOG.

JEB  
All I'm saying is that I'm looking forward to it.

Hank, 16, sits on a rock behind Jeb.

HANK  
What's so great about the english world? Our town is my favorite place in the world.

JEB  
How would you know what your favorite place is?

HANK  
Our home right here has everything we could need.

JEB  
True. It has what we need, but what about what we want. Our town needs butter but do you want to be the one making it with all those old ladies for the rest of your life? You hate butter.

HANK  
I find that sentiment insulting Jeb.  
If I was good enough to be a carpenter like you and Paw I would be more grateful.

JEB  
Well you can have my job if you want it.

Jeb cuts another log.

60 EXT. MILK AND HONEY DUMPSTER ALLY - DAY

Darkness.

Light blinds Hank as he awakens. The dumpster lid swings open.  
The Gold man looks down on him.

GOLD MAN  
Hey!

HANK  
Am I dead?

GOLD MAN

What?

Hank pulls his leather satchel out of the trash and puts it on. He crawls out of the dumpster and rolls out in to the alleyway.

The Gold man helps Hank to his feet.

Hank holds his forehead.

HANK

My head.

GOLD MAN

Are you still looking for that guy?  
Your brother with the beard on that paper?

Hank removes his crumpled drawing.

HANK

Here.

GOLD MAN

I know where he is. I saw him two days ago.

HANK

Why didn't you tell me?

GOLD MAN

I was on the job man.

HANK

You will show him to me? Why?

GOLD MAN

I need you to get rid of him.

The Gold man and Hank walk down the alleyway toward a backstreet.

61 EXT. THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY - CONTINUOUS

The black compact car pulls in to the parking lot.

The Fox's black COWBOY BOOTS step on to the concrete.

The Fox approaches the front door.

Curtis sits in a chair at the front door.

THE FOX  
Looking a little worse for wear Mr  
bouncer. Busy night last night?

CURTIS  
You have no idea.

THE FOX  
Have you seen this man?

The Fox shows Curtis the photo of Hank.

62 INT. THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A cork BOARD hangs on the wall of a dimly lit lobby. Above  
in black letters: "Banned from the land of milk and honey"

Pinned on the board: dozens of PHOTOS of unsightly BAR PATRONS.

Pinned to the center of the board: a printed screenshot of a  
security camera featuring Hank dancing. Pinned beside that  
photo: a polaroid with a headshot of Jeb wearing a Hawaiian  
SHIRT.