

RIVER

By Cliff Roepke

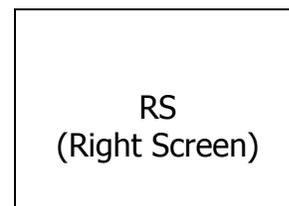
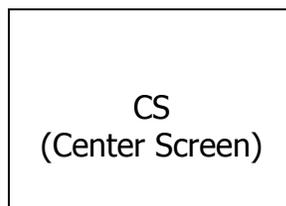
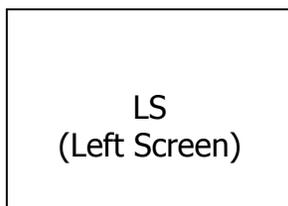
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CHARACTERS

(F) The Fisherman: James Willson
(R) The River Monitor: Brett Arnott
(M) The Miner: Jerome Simms
(OM) The Old Man: Gary Agid
(W) The Warrior: Isaac Hirotsu-Woofter
(S) The Sheriff: Timothy Halpin
(SD) The Sheriff's Deputy: Aaron Pence
(W) The Woman: Monique Marrier
(Gc) Grandfather (as young Boy): Fritz Roepke
(GG) Great Grandfather: Cliff Roepke
Chinese Laborers: Turtle, Bob, Chris, & Cliff
People of Downieville: People of Downieville

SCREEN DESCRIPTION

AS: All Screens, either notating changes, or all screens working together
LS: Left Screen
CS: Center Screen
RS: Right Screen



Scene 1: Water and The Fisherman

The Scene begins with all screens black. Total darkness--only sounds.

Very slowly, the audience is introduced to sounds. The sounds are simple suburban sounds, first starting with birds in the trees, a leaf blower, perhaps a lawn mower. The sounds grow to the news radio, a honk or two, then to larger motor sounds and honking. "Ah... Come Onnnn..." someone says in the traffic sound. The sound grows bigger to jack hammers and sirens. Busses, streetcars, whistles, more angry people grow this cacophony of madness until it gets to a point where it is climatic. Then it stops.

The only sound is the wind in the trees. The sound of the trees is in the dead of winter, and there is a slight sound of snow against the trees, like blowing leaves. Video appears of the tree sounds in the dead of winter, snow falling all around shots of trees, groves, creeks, and rivers.

Quiet guitar music is heard with the nature sounds in the background. Once the montage of video completes the snowmelt, the camera pans down on The Fisherman ("F") who is driving his outboard-motorized fishing boat along the Embarcadero of San Francisco Bay. He is looking ahead, then looks to the left and right.

Sub-Montage:

The fishing scene includes shots of F fishing the San Francisco Bay. The audience is supposed to feel as if they are floating on the water with the two landmarks on each opposing screen.

F finishes the scene in a local harbor, where the boat is attached to the van and brought out of the water.

Montage 1:

Calling these hearts of gold Calling you hearts of gold

When my soul stands stripped and bare
Dark words tangled
Low lights flare
I will use my voice

Camera Notes CS: Center Screen RS: Right Screen LS: Left Screen AS: All Screens

AS: Black on all screens.

AS: All screens slowly fade in to various shots of water from its initial frozen state falling from the sky as snow to fields of snow, snow melting from the trees and rocks to small drips and gullies to creeks to small rivers to rapids to the Sacramento River to the S.F. Bay Delta to the San Francisco Bay.

LS: Shot of Waterfront
CS: Shot of F
RS: Shot of Bay Bridge

Follow with same video mix on harbor and leaving harbor.

AS: very color-muted shots of F walking and driving through the City. He is not smiling, and sad. The camera has a few times to focus on his studying the City. His Cowboy look contrasts his environment.

Various shots of F walking in the city streets. Busses passing in front of him from the other side of the street.

Each shot will have its own left and right special equivalent on both left and right screens. This can be cutaway by stills, as stills will be applied in the next verse.

**Calling these hearts of gold
Calling you hearts of gold...**

When the morning weighs the day
And the flame is cold and grey
You will hear my voice

I will call these hearts of gold

When all birds have left -
San quietness
And visions drown in selfishness
I will raise my voice

**I will call these hearts of gold
Speak to your heart of gold
Calling your heart of gold
Speak to your heart of gold**

Patience my heart of gold

(Fade into next scene)
so

Scene 2: The Old Man

OM: People play out their lives never havin' seen everythin' there is to see, everywhere there is to go.... Nowadays, the city's gettin bigger... people're livin' in the modern world, like a colony a' ants, busy at work, findin' love, settlin' in, raisin' families... livin'....

But there's a bigger part of the life that's gone since my Grandad's youth... Horses... carts... old-stove cookin'... hard winters... quiet sunny days....

My younger years spent after my own father's death, I'd saddle up and ride down to the river. Sunlight glistenin' on the water.... Me, listenin' to the sound of wind in a forest of trees...

(O.M. mimicks fishing with a rod)

I would fish... and I would wade so quiet in the cold waters, listenin'...

I would cast and wait.... Cast and wait.... Watchin' the fly float down the stream, waitin' for that dip or bubble, the snap on the pole, the rush of silver down below.... Pull back on the rod and drop a flopping fish into my vest pocket. There, it would waggle and play until it slowly settled, and slept.

Durin' these times, I'd listen for my grandfather's voice, to hear 'im speak to me. I wanted to know what happened to 'im... how he died. Perhaps 'round the next bend in the river.... he found... his fate....

(OM pauses and drinks from a whiskey glass)

Minin' back in those days was pretty rough. Ya search for gold in creeks an' gullies, hopin' to find veins of white quartz inside the granite. Thousands of years of weight pushing down on the rock... and where it gets heaviest is where ya find that little vein turn dark or yella. You search a little more, and you chip away at the rock to find small little pieces of gold. Dependin' on the size of the rock, and how much of it is 'round ya, yer can dig with yer pick, bustin' away shards of rock and soil to find pieces as large as yer fist. Sometimes ya have to dig up river mud and shovel it into a sluice box ya set on the river bank.

Your Great Grandad was a miner, and he went his own way from the Empire Mine, where he spent his days like an ant, diggin' away, fillin' endless carts of ore to the top where it would be sifted, filtered, processed, an' sent out as shining bricks of precious metal... product made from the sweat of a hundred men....

He left the mine... followed the river upstream with his tools an' his fishing gear.... To find his own way..... To be master of his own fate!

(OM pauses and drinks from a whiskey glass)

Those people nowadays who live in the valley below, they've got robbery, killin', cheatin', but they got the police, an' with the police, there's a bigger government comes with it... tellin' everybody how to behave, how to conform.... Back in your Great Granddad's day, ya had no law, only yer own wits, a gun, and most important, *(whispering)* a knack for being very quiet... invisible... smart....

(OM leans back)

Your Great Grandad was a very wise man. He knew how to be quiet and not be noticed. But ya show up in town with a couple 'a nuggets in yer sack, there's all sorts of vultures around that place who'll want ta falla ya... find out what ya got! Worse, ya go to the county clerk and file a claim? They're all over the place, waitin' for ya to lead 'em back to yer mine, where they're fixin' ta jump ya at night, slit your throat... an' pillage yer bounty.

Ah yes, they was dangerous times, alright. *(OM takes a sip of whiskey from glass)*

CS: Slow zoom in on OM
LS: Slow zoom in on F
RS: Shot of River. Young man mining. Has a sluice box, and is shoveling dirt into the top.

RS: Young man mining. Shot of him finding a piece of gold.

RS: Stills of the Empire Mine.

RS: Young man traveling upstream with his gear.

RS: Shots in Downieville (4/16/02 and 6/22/02 Sesquicentennial Anniversary Days).

RS: Young man in town, with a small sack. Too large to put in the pocket. Many cutaway shots of the townspeople.

RS: Young man..... Goes into a bar and orders a whiskey. Pan over to a table of ner-do-wells at another table. He gets up and walks out.

RS: Shot of Door

He goes out the door and quickly turns left. The NDWs soon come out, going the other way. Shot of YM, then shot of NDWs.

RS: Shot inside bank where he is paid out and given a deed.

RS: Young man mining. Shot of him finding a piece of gold. Stops suddenly. He hears a rucass in the trees. He looks, then starts to run. Pan shot of him running. Long tele-photo shot of him running upstream & dieing close.

(OM leans forward to refill open screen space gained by pullback)

They killed him in cold blood! He was a simple man. He had his own ideas, he had his passion. Those leeches! Those murderers! They found their fate! 'Cause they 'aint around nomore! They've been gone now for a long time *(laughs)* but they GOT THEIR OWN.... GOD NEVER FORGETS. NOR DO I....

OM takes another sip. He holds back tears)

You know... they weren't after his gold. *(pause)* They were after his DREAMS.... *(motions his head)*

Down there in the valley, its all the same.... They 'aint after yer car, yer wife, yer bank account, they're after you. They want what you got, cause they 'aint smart enough, strong enough, blessed enough to get it themselves.

Oh yea... your Great Grandad was a good man, good in every way, but few men like yer pappy get to see their dreams come true, cause they're getting sucked up from the folks down in the valley....

(VC: on F working on his flyset)

F: But, Dad, *I* live in the valley.

(VC: on OM in chair)

O: Yeah, right. *(reaches for the booze and pours one)*

(VC: on F working on his flyset. He sets something or does something very intently focused)

(VC: closeup on F)

F: This modern world is the only one I got.

(VC: return to F working on his flyset. He pulls out leader from the reel and whips the rod back-and-forth)

F: I know what you're sayin', though. Seems like I can crawl out of my skin sometimes. Drivin' around all the time, stocking every convenience store. I look out there on the levys, and I think to myself, I could live like that... Head to the mountains and live on my own.

(OM quietly sits in his chair, reminiscing)

AS: Same on all, except RS shows body floating down the river with other river shots.

RS: Cemetary shot. In Grass Valley. Use Steadycam and truck along headstones

RS: Pan up or dissolve to valley shot.

OM: No, No, No. You got a family now. No. Yer doin' the right thing. Yer raisin' your kids and that's a hell-a-lot better than I ever got.

(F still works on his flyset and speaks over his work)

F: *You* raised me.

(OM sitting in his chair, smiles)

OM: Ahh, *(pushing his hand in a drunk-like way)* I 'aint talkin' 'bout that! You're raisin' your kid like I shoulda been raised, 'cept I had no... dad... like me.

F: Do you remember him much?

(OM rubs his beard, trying to remember)

OM: Yes, I remember just a little. He was a lot like you... 'Could stay out a lifetime in the mountains, never come back.... Fish.... Hunt.... Live off the land by his self....

(F stops working on his fly set. He looks over to his left, towards CS)

F: Where's that piece of paper?

OM: My oh my..., *(looking around him)*. ...It's over there *(motions with his crooked finger, a little shaking)*

(F searches the desk drawers.)

F: Here?

OM: *(while F is searching)* No! Down there. Over one... down.... Yes, that's it. Give'r here....

(F gets up and walks off screen, hands OM piece of paper on CS.)

OM: They're after you, *(rubbing his beard again, looking at the paper)*. You know, Son, you don't know what it's like to really *hate* somebody. Nobody stole from you the first memory of yer life, the body and flesh from where ya came. Your maker, like God, in the form of yerself, as you will become... like... living.... *(rubbing his beard again, very emotional)*.

RS: Dissolve back to clock on wall.

LS: F walks off screen to hand OM the piece of paper

CS: See only hand give piece of paper

LS: F walks back onscreen

It's like killin' the person ya need to become. Yer legs busted up, like a case of rickets, 'cept it's in your heart. *(lightly pounding his heart)*

This here claim...

...is your Grandfather's right to be the man ya are today. Free, with wealth beyond his reckonin', a family, and no burdens to bear.

F: *(Breathing out a sigh)* I 'wana find that place. *(pointing over to his father offscreen)*.

F: *(Looking down and away as if confessing)* You know, nothing's going to bring him back. And I can feel you, Dad.... *(pause, then he looks up)* the worst part is that you waste perfectly good time thinkin' about it.

OM: *(starts to snore)*

F: *(Recites a real claim deed for historical accuracy. F looks over to OM. He sets down paper, gets up and reaches for a blanket. He flaps it wide over his body and lets it drift down.)*

F: No barbarian could take such a gentle soul as yours, my friend. Sometimes I think you make him up to be yourself, just to be... strong. You know, all the heroes nowadays live down here in the valley... raisin' kids and sellin' stuff for a livin'....

(F reads the paper silently)

You know I'm going to find this place. I don't know if there's gold there, but you want to know, paw?

You say this whole thing happened on the South Fork. What if it happened on the North Fork... or some other river....

(F reaches for father's glass, drinks the leftover, and smacks it down)

Okay, I'll go up there again. I'll fish it on Saturday. Can you watch the Little Guy for us? Wendy's got another meeting....

(OM sitting in his chair, grumbles and adjusts himself)

OM: *(grumbleing)* Yea. We'll make pancakes....

LS: F gets up to fetch a blanket for OM. He opens it and lets it float off screen to the right

CS: Show a blanket covering OM as F flaps it open, landing from LS

(F walks off screen, and shuts off the light)

F: Want something warm?

OM: Yep. That minx I met down the Delta last 4-H. She weren't your Grama.... But a real go-getta... If you know what I mean....

Montage 2: Tumbleweed

Early morning. Shot of outside of house. F comes out and gets inside van with cup of coffee. Wife comes out with daughter.

W: You're comin' back soon, right?

F: Oh, baby, you know I am. He turns back around and hugs them both on the doorstep. *(He stops to make his point)* I'll come back just for you, sweetcheeks. *(He kisses them both)*

His wife and daughter wave him goodbye

Next shots are inside the city again. F grabs papers and throws them to the pavement. He gets back into the car, starts the engine, and turns on the radio

Tumbleweed

Intro starts with a 2,3 beat, heavy strumming on the acoustic guitar, solid musical energy. 1, 12, 123... 1,12, 123... 1,12,123... beat follows F's travels through the city. Within the intro, there is a short viola "A" note, sounding like a horn. There is also a fretless bass "C" note that sounds like "boy-io-ing" These musical notes are streetlights and brake lights from other cars in traffic. The viola steadily rises within the beat gaining volume and intensity to the final establishment crescendo of the intro into the main Melody of a heavy 1,2,3,45... beat.

Blowing through Kansas where there's nowhere to hide
Man keeps circling like a hawk in the sky
Saint Louis on Saint Patrick's Day
Whistling into Memphis sometime Friday

Nobody notices when he goes by...
He's got a hole in his shoe and a tear in his eye

He never stops...

(1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9 scale up sequence of notes)

AS: Cut to Black, as if the lights are off

LS: Down the street, showing the park in the background

CS: On F and his family

RS: Up street where he drives and disappears

AS: Random city shots

CS: F distributing newspapers

AS: Evenly scattered shots of city traffic. Use the boom, tripod, or steady cam to show traffic lights, brake lights, other cars, buildings, and city congestion. "Boy-io-ing" is a full 360 degree pan on any of three screens.

The violin gets off-key a bit, which is when the shots become tracking-like, following beside the van through congested traffic.

On the final 1,2,3,45 melody, all three screens are on the same shot of a boom pan of the van running down Highway 80 in a grassy area somewhere in the valley. This is followed by a series of shot angles left, right, and center of the van while it is riding along the highway.

(corresponding 9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 scale down sequence of notes)

Yea, everybody's going out to Colorado
Still searching for that Rocky Mountain high

Who's really working, who's really playing?
Some just milking the trust fund dry

Nobody notices when he goes by...
He's got a hole in his shoe and a tear in his eye

He never stops...

(1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9 scale up sequence of notes)
(corresponding 9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 scale down sequence of notes)

Tumbleweed
Keeps on riding the western wind

Tumbleweed
Don't talk much about where he's been

Tumbleweed
Won't you take me along for that ride

Tumbleweed
I say my, my, my, my, my, how time flies by...

(Solo)

Bring it on down....

(Further solo)

He had a vision he was down at the old mill
Watching water pour over that rusty wheel

And he lost a sweet girl, miss Rachel Hodges
And the longing man goes on pilgrimages

Nobody notices when he goes by...
He's got a hole in his shoe and a tear in his eye

He never stops...

(1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9 scale up sequence of notes)

AS: The 1,2,3... and 9,8,7, parts consist of very short 1,2,3 edits on center screen with the left and right screens showing the highway looking back at it. The center screen shows: 1 frontal shot with the van heading towards the camera, 2 inside the van p.o.v, 3 an in-and-out passing shot from the driver's side, 4 a shot from the rear looking over the entire roof, 5 a low passing shot where the van drives over a cheap palm-sized camera, and 6 resting on a tracking shot of F with his arm nesting out the open window, singing the lyric "Tumblewee- heed"...

The "my,my,my,my,my,my, how time flies by" part has the left and right screens showing the van passing by in corresponding direction to make the van look like it is two vans heading from the right to the left (as if shooting from the north as F is traveling east viewing F in the driver's seat). Each "my" is a single shot.

AS: All screens dissolve to a left, right, and center configuration like Scene 1 "Old Man" where the cameras pan over to the Great Grandfather either working a sluicibox or panning at the river. This quiet part shows him getting chased and murdered. Center screen focuses closeup as he slams face-first, dead, into the river.

AS: Dissolve back on the van, F singing in the window.

AS: Repeat same 6-shot sequence.

(corresponding 9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1 scale down sequence of notes)

Tumbleweed
He keeps on riding the western wind

Tumbleweed
Don't talk much about where he's been

Tumbleweed
Won't you take me along for that ride

Tumbleweed
I say my, my, my, my, my, how time flies by...
I say my, my, my, my, my, how time flies by...
I say my, my, my, my, my, how time flies by...

When you roam
When you roam...

(band mellows and guitar go back to intro state climbing, then the music slowly fades)

The music dissolves into the river sound.

Scene 3: The Rivermonitor

F: *(Carrying a expedition pack, pan, and fishing pole)* How are you today? *(looks a little towards RS)*

R: Fine, thanks. *(He sets down his pack, takes out a new jar, dips it into the water, jiggles the water and looks at it like a wine connoisseur. RS zooms in very slowly. R looks to F as if F too is offscreen.)*

F: What are you up to?

R: I'm checking the water. *(He places the water sample on the rock beside him.)*

(The Fisherman sits down on a rock to relax.)

R: Looks like the mercury is rising. It's always rising. You know that those heavy metals get into the fish you eat?

F: I guess your right.

As song ends, the music fades out and the sound of the river fades in.

At the new scene's beginning:
LS And CS: dissolve to the two river banks.

RS: Dissolve to truck shot of F entering the river bank. F walks offscreen.

CS: F walks onscreen from the right frame, as if passing from LS into CS. LS and RS static on left and right banks respective to F's entrance.

LS: Same sequence as above, where F walks from CS to LS.

AS: Individual dissolving shots of the quiet river, no music. This is a break to introduce R and get the audience's mind off of F and onto new Rivermonitor character (R). This is a separate day's shoot of perfect art showing R's trade. Start from a rising shot from the water to R filling a glass with water.

R can dictate how he will look, since The Fisherman (F) and the Miner (M) are not required for the shoot—thus more time can be spent closely as a photographic study of R as he moves up river, focused on his craft, and expressing the beauty of the river compared to the city life from earlier in the production.

AS: Merge back to F in the same quiet manner from upstream looking downstream. Several wide shots on LS and RS can see R heading upstream while F casts his fly into the quiet waters from LS. Camera focuses on R on RS as he approaches the quiet place. CS is the beauty of the river in mid-afternoon.

LS: On F, wide river on CS possibly on a tandem camera matching timecode with the two F and R together on the river.

R: *(The Rivermonitor motions around the scenery.)* The more you tear away the soil, the more you cause erosion; you expose hard minerals that get into the water.

You're bound to find metals like mercury in your water.

... *Then...* animals and people drink it *(surety of truthfulness)*.

F: So you're here to save the river?

R: No. *(checking the vial)* That's not why I'm here...

I could talk all day about it, but I'm here 'cause I like to be here.

If I could stop the arsenic from going downstream, I would. If I can save more, I will.

(R approaches F from the other bank)

F: That's some pretty strong stuff. *(sets down his fishing pole)*

R: So why are *you* here?

F: My Great Grandad was murdered up here. He had a claim somewhere around here, and he was jumped... shot.

(R laughs with great gusto.)

R: Yea, you and everybody else. *(giggles a little)* You know there was a lot of *that* kind of stuff going on around here back then. Claim jumpin' robbin', killin'.... *(still fiddleing with the water vials)*

So what are you going to do? You know where this place is? You gonna get the folks who did it? *(chuckles)* Hell... there all dead, man. Six feet under. Their children are dead. Their grandchildren are probably stock brokers down in the valley.

(F is silent, but looking off to the distance)

F: Maybe.... *(pause w/camera steady on F)*

(R puts his stuff back into the backpack, looking occasionally over to F for feedback)

R: You got any kind of place your looking for? Some sort of spot where this could've happened.

When F enters scene with R

RS: Dissolve to shot with the camera on Steve's diving floater, camera on the canvas deck, floating downstream following R on this individual spoken lines

CS: Shot straight down river, down low on same float tube.

LS: On F who is relaxing, or fishing, whatever F prefers. At some point, he will have to put down the fishing pole.

AS: Stay on this screen format until they get up and head up stream together.

F: Nah.... *(gives up any pretence.)* All I know was that it happened around here. Somewhere on the South Fork. *(looks around)*
Somewhere... around here....

R: Well, you're welcomed to come along. I can show you a great place ahead. It could conjure up the spirits--give you direction.

F: *(shrugs his shoulders, consenting)* Was there any gold up there?

R: Oh yea. Lots. It's all up here... *Sixteen-To-One, Malakoff Diggins, Convict Flat...* This whole area was full of it. You just needed to know where to go! *(i.e. lots of unknown lore to follow).*

F: *(looks at R for a second or two)* Alright. *(can fill w/F own comments)*
(Both get up and head offscreen)

R: I'm here because it's mine. I know every rock and pool. Everyday passing the same places I know and love.

This is my domain! This is the great cathedral! Look around you!

Going out to the river's edge. Look into the crystal water. See the rocks, stones, and color seen nowhere else.

Hop. Dig the beat. *(jumps from one boulder to another)*

You can't anticipate... what's going to happen... I've just done it so many times before.

Skipping o'r the water. Wander in new territory. But you get to go where you need to go.

Here is where it starts. Get out of your box. Find your latitudinal perspective.

R: *(motioning to F)* Over here. *(crosses the corner and goes out of sight)*

(R and F get to the cable traverse.)

F: Hey, what's this?

R: *(holding and studying it)* Don't quite know. I think someone lived up there. Probably used this thing to carry stuff back-and-forth.

AS: Next shots are long telephoto shots from the turn for the smaller creek.

LS and RS: Low over rocks on rocks and riverbank. Show a little more water movement.

CS: Shot show R and F bouldering over the rocks while R rattles along in his river-speak. Shot requires a wireless lavalier microphone for R to be heard.

CS: R comes into camera and looks at audience as if looking at the Fisherman.

AS: Following shots show them climbing the escarpment that leads up to the place where they head into the small canyon. Stay tight on R and S in each screen to avoid the same filming spot being used further in the script

LS: on the creek, static, waiting fore them to pass through screen.

CS: on R leading the way

RS: on F following up behind.

F: Gold?

R: Maybe. Probably dirt. You had to sift through a lot of river rock to find a few pieces of gold. But lookie here. *(points out to the cliff side from on top of the hill where the cable is anchored in)* In the wintertime, this creek was a ragin' torrent. *(wide shot of the two with the cliff in the background)* You couldn't get down here in winter. Good luck even getting in *or* out alive. This river here was just huge. *(uses arms to show massive flow)*. Massive.

R: Years and years of ice and strong currents breaking away at the rock, the boulders turn to rocks, the rocks turn to smaller rocks, and the heavy minerals collect in these here little pools. See how they're all cupped like this *(motioning)*. A perfect mining pan. And you know what? Someone probably got the idea of making a pan having seen one of these.

You look in the crevices along the banks, the places where cracks line up against the river. The water pushes the heavy stuff up over these gaps, where it captures the heavy, smaller rocks. You scour through these right-angled places, dig the dirt into your pan. *(His actions following his words)* Can you imagine, being the first white man out here? You dig your fists into the water and bring up a treasure of pure gold! Big 'ol chunks like... like... chocolate.

Dig deep into the cool. My cup runneth over. This is where *everything* in life begins. *(motions again to continue)*

Come on. Up here. There's more. *(R motions to follow, and they climb)*

(They climb further upstream, passing the steep crevasse at lower falls.)

(They get to the upper falls. Rising shot from back as they both emerge equally on the site. F on left bank merges over to the beach on the right)

F: *(clearly moved, never having seen it before.)* This is amazing.

R: *(CS: Close up of R pointing his finger to F)* You gotta promise me, you tell nobody about this place.

F: *(Very different angle)* No problem.

R: Word gets out, there'll be every littering fool in the world down here, smashing beer bottles and leaving plastic soda jugs. I really mean it.

(As R and F near the cable)

LS and RS: Tight macro shots of R's and F's feet and hands grabbing rocks and jumping over water.

CS: Wider shots, edited together to show them bouldering upstream.

(At cable crossing)

LS and RS: Dissolve to an up to cable, showing a bit of the cable on both L and R screens

CS: On R, who explains the area. He then walks off camera.

AS: Dissolve to R and F climbing the steep rock. LS is from the top. CS from the middle. RS from below.

AS: Dissolve to R and F passing lower falls.

RS: static on lower falls

CS: with boom over the edge of the side looking down the large drop down at lower falls

RS: From other end, showing each looking down the drop

LS and RS: dissolve to new spot at Jacuzzi where RS and LS show different perspectives of the pool.

CS: On R, who explains the pool. He then walks off camera.

AS: Rising shots of the large falls, using the boom, slowly rising up from behind R and F to display the majestic upper falls

LS and RS: On L and R granite walls, booming up at the same rate, all screens

CS: On the upper falls

AS: Dissolve to lower angles

LS: On pool below upper falls

RS: On falls from small beach

CS: Closeup on R, who is pointing his finger at the camera, pontificating.

F: No way, mister. I know exactly what you're saying. This place is incredible (*looking around*). Hey what's that? (*pointing to the rope*).

R: Never been up there. Probably more of the same. Waterfalls. Old mines.... (*shot of F looking up*)

R: (*Shot of R as he starts to walk away.*) Come on. I'll show you where you might want to look for that jumped claim of yours.

F: (*Still looking.*) Yea, sure. (*he turns, and RS stays on him as they both walk down the canyon, both on the same side.*)

Montage 3: Discovery

This is a proper place to interject a montage (music undetermined) as they come down off the canyon and up the river. They head up the river along the west bank. The idea is to continue with trucking shots. If trucking shots have not already been used, then start early. At the same highpoint where the cable ends, follow them from the mine side of the river hiking up the escarpment. Next shot group, shoot down into the lower waterfall and pan up to show Miner with a gun on one of the screens. Stay steady on him for a while, then pan with him as he moves down into the trees to follow F & R. Move the camera back to other side and continue the truck shot of F & R walking back down the canyon.

At the portal that originally lead them up the creek, shoot from up the creek from M's viewpoint behind F and R as he follows--all shots should be somewhat trucking or panning from behind F & R. Use slow panning shots on all three screens. When R gets to the portal, he motions up river before going around the bend. ON RIGHT SIDE, PAST PORTAL

R: There's more up here! C'mon. (*F follows close behind*)

Scene 4: The Miner

(Instead of continuing up Washington, double back to have F and R arrive at the "NO TRESSPASSING" signs along the west bank ON THE RIGHT SIDE.)

(The montage stops when F and R both reach the first "NO TRESSPASSING" sign. Show a closeup of the sign and pan over to the two who approach it and stand before it.)

(As they head back downstream)

AS: Shots of the two as they head back along the rocky creek sides.

LS: Following the open creek ahead.

CS: On R, who leads the way.

RS: On F who Follows.

Make sure to use the effect that follows below:

LS: Close on Miner as he creeps along a higher trail, studying F and R. After tracking with him, LS pans down on F and R.

RS: (At the same time that the LS starts its pan down on L and R) Dissolve to a POV shot from the Miner looking down on F and R. Basically, LS and RS swap—first with a pan, then with a dissolve.

This effect can be reused several times to go back and forth, exchanging LS and RS.

CS: Dissolve between upriver and down river.

(This is a procession)

LS: On "No Trespassing" signs (dissolve several chained-together shots)

CS: on R (Leading upriver)

RS: On F (Following, looking a little nervous)

R: Bastards! Gone put up signs tellin' us where we can and can't go?

(R picks up a rock and throws it at the sign)

That's what I think of your damned sign. This is MY RIVER! Ain't nobody going to keep me from goin' up!

(F looks a little nervous)

F: You think that's such a great idea?

(R looks a little angry)

R: *(Very calm and gruff-like, speaking through his teeth)* Miners do this kind of stuff just to keep people away, you know, to have the place to themselves. They put these signs here to scare ya. You 'aint scared are ya?

(F looks a little uneasy)

Are ya?!

(R looks a little evil)

F: No, I... just don't want any problems.

R: You want to find this claim, right? What the hell did you come all the way out here for? To turn around 'cause some jackass had the nerve to go put some stupid-ass signs on the rock? Come on! Where's your manhood!

R: Come on.... *(R raises his hands to show the whole area)* This belongs to you, to me, to everyone. Why not share a little piece of heaven?

F: *(looks around, then consents)* Yea, you're right. Let's go.

R: *(congratulatory)* That's my man!

(They both head off upriver)

(Back to the final resting place, where they take off their packs and rest for a while.)

R: Whew! Man! That works on ya! *(He pulls out a canteen, sits down and takes a swallow. He hands F the canteen.)*

AS: Same previous setup

CS: R picks up a rock and throws it to his left.

LS: Rock comes in from R to L and hits the sign hard.

LS: Stay on toppled sign, but start zoom in on sign at the same time that zoom in on R and F when their screens zoom in on them.

CS: Start slow zoom in on R getting angry

RS: Start slow zoom on F getting concerned

CS: R raises his hands in frustration (at this moment all screens change)

(When R Raises his hands)
LS: Wide shot downriver in the afternoon sun

CS: Wide shot 180 degrees from the "No Trespassing" sign, looking over to the river and far riverbank

RS: Wide shot upriver in the afternoon sun

AS: All shots taken on the boom, Each screen take a sweep of the landscape

AS: Dissolve another group with R and F in LS and RS as before, they head off screen

AS: Seen next page for rest place screen setup

(F takes a sip and caugh—strong whiskey.)

Good, ha? Here, have some real water *(he shuffles through his pack. F takes several swallows.)*

F: Thanks.

R: *(He takes another swallow) Whhissskeahhh (and puts it away. He leans back, looking up at the sky.)* I tell you. You gotta love this!

(F pulls out some kind of beef jerky from his pack and offers R. R accepts and chews on it while they sit there)

(High on the bank, M holds a rifle in his hands)

M: Don't you move a muscle! I'll take your head off from here. *(He starts moving down to their location)*

(Shot of F and R who stay, petrified.)

M: Ah, Ah. No funny business there. *(Slides the action to load a shell) Keep the hands down.... (He continues moving down to their location).*

(he stops close, pointing the gun at them)

You come up here, even after you seen the signs? Dumb animals like yerselves belong at the bottom of a ravine, comin' out here....

(M is a very calm bad guy. He seems to have a sixth sense. Very gruff and gritty, the image of the cold, dark, lawless past.)

(slow) What the hell right you got bein' here? You don't belong here, **children.**

(He slowly moves in a circle around them.)

Stupid folks like you come up here every once in a while lookin' for somthin'. What 'cha looking for, sunny? *(he points the gun at R's head. Closeup of R who remains silent, gritting his teeth. The gun barrel right up to his temple.)*

(Shot of gun, shot down low, straight up the barrel to his face. He sits there for a moment, pondering....)

AS: (from last page dissolve group) Finish with one last group of boom pans to finish with F and R sitting on separate rocks on the river beach.

LS: Wide on R

CS: Wide on F

RS: Wide on M, who enters about 3 seconds into the shot group, high on the bank

RS: Track M with boom as he moves down to their spot. He keeps his distance (aprox 30 feet)

AS: As M moves in a circle around R and F, the RS shot(M's position) dissolves into CS (F's position) as the boom pan crosses F in the field-of-view. Likewise, the LS shot dissolves into CS (R's position), and CS dissolves to LS (M's position) as the boom pan crosses R in the field-of-view.

AS: This effect is a three-screen character rotation, where the three screens rotate with M's shot dissolving from left to right into the next screen on the left. Once on LS, he will go back to replace RS. It will look as if M is rotating within the three-screen environment.

AS: Rotation stops when M points gun at F (in LS)

LS: Shot of F raising hands.

LS: Dissolve to POV shot looking up gun barrel. Rack focus on opening of barrel, big and threatening.

I don't know what I should do to you worthless thieves.... Maybe take you out right here... let the turkey vultures eat your carcasses.... What you got to say for yerselves....

(F speaks really calmly.)

F: I think you got the wrong guys here, mister. We're just fishin'. See... *(points over to the pack)* got fishin' poles, provisions, money.... You want money? I got money. We just don't want no problems.

(M takes an interest in F as a new victim to mock)

M: Yea, that's right. Little plastic boy over here, with his fancy boots! Your fishin' pole thing don't fly with me, schoolboy! *(M chuckles.)*

You're just a stupid dumb ass city boy, who just lost his way home!

You ain't gonna find fish in here right now, there 'aint no fish in this water! The only thing you'll catch in here is a couple a swags of booze from hippyboy's stash, ain't that right, you worthless bum!

(waits and looks, really slow.)

Yea, I've been watchin' you for a time now. Dumb asses all yer are!

(R with squinting eyes of hate, moving alot. A little hint of him thinking how he can take M out)

M: What? Don't like me? *(camera hand-held pans around to follow his face as he moves over to F)* Ya wanna play?

(M motions with his rifle to give it to F) Here! Take it. TAKE IT!!

R: *(Gritting his teeth)* For yer own information, I've been up an' down all over these parts without ever seein' the likes of you. Why don't you just let us be? We ain't got nothing on you!

M: C'mon. *(M stops with shot of M from R's perspective)* C'mon, take it. *(offering the rifle to F)* C'mon.

M: C'mon *(shot of M from R's perspective)* C'mon, you can take me right now, shoot me down in cold blood. *(offering the rifle to F)* C'mon.

F is motionless, incapable of doing what would have to be done

AS: Same rotational effect as last page with M rotating around on this own, and R and F now with their own rotations by steadycam, circling around slow. Both Characters try to follow the steadycam as if it is M. it will look as if the 3-screen environment includes R and F as vanishing points.

(Shoot with long leaders of footage prior to dialogue to sync up characters on their lines—i.e. one line per screen dissolve and character rotation needs room to adjust LS or RS orientation, since R speaks while F waits, and F speaks while R waits. Also, start dialog on left and move clockwise, as M moves clockwise)

AS: Sometimes there will be several rotations without dialogue. Shoot extra footage.

F: Expression of total fear.

R: Seething with anger.

M: Really gritty.

M: Yer best be prepared to survive out here, Mister.

M: Ohh! *(M really low and very sloooowwww)* You know what I do to little leeches like yourself? I kill 'em, take their body parts... plant them in places where I can come back later and smell 'em rot. Ever hear about that family of five two months ago? *(Chuckles)* *(Then psychotically shifts from chuckly to sternly serious)* That was me.

(silence among all for a moment)

Just a freak accident. Somethin' weird happens, and you can't imagine it's gonna be you. Well, it's just about to happen....

F: ...Allr... ...Alright.... I admit it.... I was up here looking for a claim....

But I wasn't after your gold, or whatever you got, sir...

I just wanted to see for myself where my Great Granddad died. I got no interest in your land, sir.

M: *(Pointing gun at F)* Shut up!

Tell you what, you wanna see a mine? *(pause)*

I'll show you a mine. *(Motions with his gun)*

Git up! *(gruffly sneers)* C'mon!

(The group gets up and proceeds upstream, screens following)

M: Tell ya what.... We're gonna play a little game here kids, it's called "who can keep their feet dry an' stay alive". We're gonna cross the river here, an one of ya can't handle crossin' the rocks proper gets his head blown off. You so much as touch the water, yer a gonner!

See.... That's river law. You don't come down here from yer sheltered little world an' prance around like a couple a fairys. This here river'll kill ya when its high. You don't see too many city folks come up here in Winter. ...May get their fingernails dirty. It's runnin' pretty good now, though. Tell ya, I'd shoot ya in the back, *maybe* they'd find ya down in Sacramento....

(motions with his rifle)

C'mon!

AS: Same boom rotating shot on M. Smaller steadycam rotations on R and F.

AS: Pick up each individual character and follow behind them as they move upstream.

LS: F
CS: R
RS: M

AS: (On M's dialogue) Cut to reverse angle with steadycam walking backwards on all screens. Each character on his own screen as they walk upriver

LS: F
CS: R
RS: M

All Mid-Shots of F, R and M as the camera on each screen is panning along the characters, moving upriver left to right backwards, tracking with each, F (LS) who is in front of R (CS), who is in front of M (RS)

M: Git! ...Wouldn't want ya to slip....

M: River law says I should shoot ya in the back right now. You ain't worth nothin'. What the hell have you ever done to make a whole hell 'a sense outta this crazy world! Hippy Boy over here probably buys chicken thighs at the supermarket. ...An' what ch'ya got ta say fer yerself, city boy? *(feigning city "dry news-speak" to F in counterpose)*

M: Bang! *(giggles, pretend shooting from his position)*

R: *(Noticeably angry, shaking his head, whispering under his breath)*
What the hell ya gonna do.... *(skips mightily over a long gap of rushing water between boulders.)*

(F Looks at two boulders in front of him, studies the two; one is to the right is clearly farther away. He makes a lunging try at the boulder, having made it. He's able to disguise it and moves over the large rock, moving down a bit on his hands)

M: *(Motioning to "cool it")*BOP, BOP, BOP, BOP, there, Sunny....

(F glances a little behind him, in essence, he could run if he wanted to....)

F: Cynical Bastard. *(under his breath)*

R: *(Getting really frustrated, talking like Yosemite Sam).* Straga, racka, bracka, raggety, bracker-fracker....

(He jumps a boulder)

Kill-hhew. *(under his breath, ahead at F, as he almost run-lunges.)*

(More intense rolling water images and sound)

(Actors: remember this is very far away from the camera and sound—really accentuate movements when camera is far away.)

(M is showing a little weakness, getting over the next boulder.)

M: Just hold it there, mister.

AS: Dissolve to separate screen shots of river rapids. Lots of spray.

AS: Long shots of each character from across the river as they walk across the boulder field.

LS: F
CS: R
RS: M

AS: Cut to reverse angle with camera back on another rock zooming backwards on all screens. Each character on his own screen as they walk upriver

LS: F (looking for the next boulder to jump)
CS: R (angry expression)
RS: M (with gun, stops, says "Bang")

AS: Long shots of each character from across the river as they walk across the boulder field.

LS: F
CS: R
RS: M

AS: Cut to reverse angle with camera back on another rock zooming backwards on all screens. Each character on his own screen as they walk upriver

LS: F (looking for the next boulder to jump)
CS: R (angry expression)
RS: M (pointing gun, trying to skip boulders)

AS: Dissolve to separate screen shots of river rapids. Lots of spray.

AS: Cut to reverse angle with camera back on another rock zooming backwards on all screens.

LS: F (looking for the next boulder to jump)
CS: R (angry expression)
RS: M (pointing gun, trying to skip boulders, stops)

(After the screens change back to forward shot, F takes a huge leap for boulder in front of him. It looks like he is lunging towards the audience)

F: *(under his breath)* Now go an' make that, ...yer' little bastard....

M: *(Frustrated)* Ya know what yer life is about?

We were never made the same. Some were made better, others made less. King of the jungle... You know I would never bother myself if you guys just stayed the hell away!

(F, showing a little vengeance smile)

M: alright... *(steps back, and lunges at the next boulder. He plants it solidly on the next rock.)*

(See notes how screens move back and forth between the actors bouldering and river rapids)

(F lunges again over a big rock and continues. R then lunges over the same rock. M follows to jump over the rock. M slips and falls in the water.)

M flails around, thrashing heavily in the water, cursing.

(See notes on how screen angles change)

F: Run for your life!

(Both R and F jump into the water, run and then dive where appropriate. Find a spot deep enough, safe enough, yet running. The following river rapids shots will make it seem as if they dove into much stronger currents)

M: *(As R and F run away. Holding gun up to face, then puts it down. He yells his lines)* YOU BETTER KEEP RUNNING! I'M GONNA MURDER YOU BOTH! *(He runs off. Camera follows him off to the distance as the shots all dissolve to rapids)*

Montage 4: The Getaway

Jam music is used for this section. River rapids fade as "Rose Hill" starts with a snare drum beat, then to the violin. As the jam progresses, show three different angles from the three screens of F, the difficult areas laying ahead for him to climb, and M, who follows him with the rifle.

AS: Same shot as last page with camera back on another rock zooming backwards on all screens.

LS: F (looking for the next boulder to jump)

CS: R (angry expression)

RS: M (pointing gun, trying to skip boulders, talking)

AS: Dissolve to separate screen shots of river rapids. Lots of spray.

AS: Cut back to prior setup with camera back on another rock zooming backwards on all screens.

LS: F (looking for the next boulder to jump)

CS: R (angry expression)

RS: M (pointing gun, trying to skip boulders, talking)

AS: Long shots of each character from across the river as each attempts to cross the hard place.

LS: F

CS: R

RS: M

AS: Cut back to prior setup with camera back on another rock zooming backwards on all screens.

LS: F ("Run!")

CS: R (Running, then getting away)

RS: M Falling in, then cursing them

AS: Dissolve to separate screen shots of river rapids. Lots of spray.

AS: See description in montage description on left of page.

AS: See description in montage description on left of page.

The violin continues to grow in intensity, getting a little cacophonous. At this point, M raises the rifle to his eye and loads the chamber lever...

Edit to three screens, all with the same footage of the "cable drop". The cable drop is a long heavy-duty cable attached at the high end to a rock, tree, or bolt. The lower side is wrapped around something equally as sturdy. Using a come-along, the cable is ratcheted tight. With a pulley and harness, the cameraman spans the length of the cable across the river. Filming F running from M along the riverbank. The idea is to mimic the wild electric guitar solo, which is very hard-driving.

Next group of shots, on all screens together from left to right are tracking shots of F, no person, showing gap, and M, running at a very fast pace.

Next group of shots after that shows a very high cliff ahead. Rotate the camera and skew the angle to heighten the menacing look of the climb.

Shift ahead each screen one notch, so now the LS camera is above F, CS camera on F as he climbs, and RS on M who is still running from behind.

Shift ahead each screen one notch, so now the LS camera is across river gorge wide on F and slowly zooming in climbing, CS camera on F as he climbs, and RS on M from F's position as he gets closer from afar.

All three screens show wickedly scary angles of the height in which F is placed. Offset random shot edits.

At the final part, LS showing the upriver gorge, CS camera slowly zooming in on F who is staring right at the camera (the camera continues right up to his face as he continues to stare straight ahead. He then closes his eyes), RS comes up to a boulder from below where M raises the rifle to his eye and loads the chamber lever...

Three groups of fifteen note regressions sound like falling. LS and RS remain the same, but M amazed as he sees F jump into the river below. CS show three different shots: First from the other side of the river down low; next from his own point of view, jumping into the water holding a camera and showing his feet; last from the water, low on the water's surface.

After he jumps, the camera stays on his mark where he entered the water, slowly dissolving on all screens to the same river foam and rapids prior to the chase, creating a framed scene closure; the music also dissolves into the same rushing water sounds. All screens then fade to black with silence.

Scene 5: The Vision and The Warrior

The river sounds fade in. All screens fade in from black. F is lying wet on the river bank.

(F wakes. His backpack is still with him. He slowly pulls it off grogy. CS cut to show him in pain and moaning his complaints.)

(See camera notes for the Chinese laborers sequence)

(In the distance, gauzed half-dissolved images of Chinese laborers cross silently over the rocks. Quiet wind chime music fades in as they pass over the river boulders, carrying poles on their backs, each side of the pole laden with buckets. F wipes his eyes and tries to make focus.)

(This effect is done by first filming the river on each screen with the camera firmly locked onto the tripod and set to the exact image that looks best for upstream, F on the bank, and downstream. However long the sequence is, film the river without any characters present, then after enough footage is covered, that will be video A. Bring in the actors, and let them meander around the river with the same camera on the same exact frame, and call that video B. In the editing process, create a half-dissolve there the two images are overlaying each other. The Chinese laborers should look semi-transparent. This is a very simple effect and has a certain "Photographic" look that will lend itself to the production's elemental style.)

(The chime music stops and a distant voice is heard...)

W: "Survival."

W: "Survival" *(a second time, a little louder).*

W: "Survival" *(a third and final time, a little louder. The dissolve of ghost images disappears).*

He dissolves into picture standing on a cliff ledge or flat rock outcropping with his stick

(Camera far away on Oriental-Dressed Swordsman with a stick predetermined by swordsman to work with river ledge. He is moving back and forth along the river's edge challenging his imaginary foe. Swordsman speaks while he challenges his enemy.... CS: framed in to show his whole body with enough room to move around)

AS: Fade in from black

LS: Open on upriver shooting F's river bank

RS: Open on downriver shooting F's river bank

CS: High above F, who is lying wet on the side of the river. F wakes. His backpack is still with him. He slowly pulls it off grogy. CS cut to show him in pain and moaning his complaints.

AS: Cut to across river to the other banks LS and RS still on upriver and downriver, respectively. CS directly to the other bank. (the sound of wind) Faint images of Chinese laborers carrying poles across their backs, carrying tools, other objects.

AS: See italics to the left describing the effect process

AS: Next shot group, LS and RS pointing up high to each ridge side. CS on F low as he clears his eyes and tries to make sense of the vision.

AS: Back to the half-dissolved lapped images of the Chinese people. The distant sound of wind chimes is heard as if it is played in the open, upriver somewhere.

LS: Pointing up high to upriver ridge side.

RS: Pointing up high to downriver ridge side.

CS: on F low as he watches W on his monologue.

W: (*chiae*) HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! You never win the battle. The battle is everlasting. The battle is essence. The strain between right and wrong, good and bad, strong and weak, without the battle there is no life. Challenge life—win life.

(turns to the audience and goes to a catstance)

The warrior gains strength in his rightness, the centerpoint within that steers us all. Right, wrong, absolute, center. Find the chaotic indecision within and give it direction! *(kick or tumble with a lunge)*

You may have many chances at paradise, but you have only one time to be mortal!

(opportunity to introduce simple musical texture)

See... most of what you do during your life is safe. It's safe. It may be legitimate, but the real reason why it's safe is because your afraid. Afraid of what?! Your mortal foe... yourself!

(goes to the edge of the ledge. He raises his arms in the wind)

Afraid of taking flight. Afraid of the warrior within who defines the absolute, leaving the fears of people, of rules and laws to those incapable of inner truth.... *(raises sword up)* The warrior is led by a higher standard, which can be described in actions true and good, down to the core of his essence.

(looking at audience as he walks forward)

My people came here on their own accord. Here they came on a promise, and some found themselves thrown in the river when they lost their usefulness to the railroad. To me it matters none! It was worth the promise of liberty, *(pointing his sword across the audience)* however vague and shallow. Today, I stand firm as the embodiment of those of my family who built the rails and bridges around you....

Let me ask you this.... Are you just a particle of matter on the Earth, which is spinning, and it orbits the Sun, which spins within the galaxy? Or are you the greatest tale told, and when you walk, the Earth, the planet's trajectory, the Moon, the Sun, and the Galaxy move from your own footsteps, as if your own limbs turn the rotations of rock and living things. In fact, it is all in your own point-of-view. How do you walk? And where do you go? And does time, matter, and space move with you.

AS: Same screen setup as last page

LS: Pointing up high to upriver ridge side.

RS: Pointing up high to downriver ridge side.

CS: on F low as he watches W on his monologue.

(He looks at the audience. Begin slow zoom in to show solemnity of his tale)

My great grandfather had a boulder tied to his leg and thrown over the edge of the rock into the lake below. My blood is thick from a whore's brew of Sequoia, Irish, and Spanish. My grandmother looked like a squaw, but she was like me, Mandarin, and she *survived*. There is no victim, and there is no vengeance, only the clean or dirty blood that flows through the warrior's heart. Goodness comes in all forms: good swardmanship, good discipline, good sunlight, good water, good air, good food... good friendship, good honesty, good sex, good offspring... good caring, good love, good sacrifice, good manhood... good wisdom, good grace, good dieing, and good rememberence.... These are the things that make a man, not the gold in his pocket or the smile on his face.

Let me ask you, how will the world remember you? What will they say about you? Will they say, "I remember him because he was... 'happy', 'satisfied', 'comfortable'.... Or will they remember you by, "He was 'strong', so 'honest', so 'right'...."

(very slow and quiet)

This essence is undefinable, yet so plain and understood. It comes from raising a child, teaching the child right from wrong, goodness from badness, profane from prophetic. Follow your center that flows through the middle of your manhood, *(pushing his hands up through his chest)* and from the core of your soul.

Live every day as if it were your last, expect poverty and find wealth. Expect nothing to be granted by yours or any other God. Do not guide yourself by your own success, as it is your son's success that will follow you... and his son's fate... and so on, and so on. Absolute. As it is true through time forever.

(he gets up with his sword and stands)

This is the essence of the warrior's heart!

(Very loud, pointing his finger at F) I compel you! Go upriver! Go to the last town where the white man built his bridge over the river and tamed the Earth! You will pass many claims, and many places where good men were plundered! Beyond the town, there are no more dams to tame the river! Sometimes she rages like madness! Go there! You will find the truth to your past, as well as goodness in your heart! In this world, there are many wise men and the rest are fools! Search for your

AS: Same screen setup as last page

LS: Pointing up high to upriver ridge side.

RS: Pointing up high to downriver ridge side.

CS: on F low as he watches W on his monologue.

guide there, the one who can tell truth and wisdom from evil and deceit!
You will find the waters to cleanse your wounded heart!

(The image disappears as silently as it had arrived, dissolving into nothingness while he rotates his arm and rod, motioning to F upriver)

Montage 5: Long Travel Upriver

This a very pensive song. *Home* would be a great tune, since it is a little on the New Age format, and edits could match the music's tempo. The landscape of "Convict Flat", "Claim Bend", and the Upper Yuba will dictate the photographic story of his journey. This section includes a fire scene and an overnight's sleep to show the time and distance traveled.

The montage ends at Downieville bridge.

Scene 6: Looking for The Sheriff, Finding The Woman

F approaches Downieville, the last outpost on the great Sierra Divide.

F is a little weary. He makes it up the embankment to the yard of a carriage house.

At the carriage house window, a woman (W) looks down, and follows F on his march up the embankment. She disappears from the window and is picked up from the other window at street-side to continue her curious interest in F as he crosses the street and enters the bar across from her window

AS: LS,CS,RS screens show either ends, wide, to establish the surroundings. Then RS or LS break away from the wide-screen look to more closeup shots of the locals. These shots will take place during the sesquicentennial anniversary "Gold Rush Days" of Downieville. Lots of local people will show up dressed as perfect extras.

AS: Pan w/F as he walks the main street. LS is in front, CS on F, and RS trailing. Use the same track shot all three.

AS: F stops. AS follow same stop of track shot as it stops.

AS: Show main street like river with L and R screens on sides, F in middle. F opens the door and enters the bar.

AS: Same screen setup as last page

LS: Pointing up high to upriver ridge side.

RS: Pointing up high to downriver ridge side.

CS: on F low as he watches W on his monologue.

AS: Use the boom on a two-day hike upriver from Edward's Crossing. Lots of sky pans down. On certain parts of song all three screens have the same time shot (high...with wings wide) Try to set a tempo that will match together even shot lengths. Also long shots of F walking along beautiful river spots]

LS & RS: Upriver & downriver, respectively

CS: Small spec of F, shot from bridge to bend (F).

CS: Trucking shot along the riverbed as he walks, weary and slow.

CS: From underneath bridge, F manages to make his way up the bank. (Stay tight to not get any modern artifacts)

LS: Shoot upper window of Carriage House Inn from the opposite side of the river. The window is open, and a woman sits on the ledge looking down on F, studying him quietly.

RS: Pick up F walking across the street towards the Saloon. Shot this from the other side of The Carriage House Inn. The Woman gets up from the window's ledge and disappears. She reappears on the LS screen, watching him.

CS: Follow F down the street.

AS: The cameras reverse their angles from pan down to pan up. This side of the pan shows the town bustling with people. They are all wearing turn-of-the-century dress of his Great-Grandfather's era.

Note: This scene to be shot in Downieville Saloon. We want a lot of extras dressed the same way as in the Downieville exterior shots. The idea is to use the Saloon, which looks like an old miner's bar, where all three screens can be shot with extras, but they have longer shot length, and they can take more fun at the event, playing cards, playing music, talking, whatever.

Here, the CS camera is either on the boom with a dolly, or it is placed on a lazy susan on the middle of the card table. The idea is that it spins around in a circle slowly, giving each character a moment to say something before moving onto someone else. Most of this can be improv, but I have added script lines in case needed.

B: Looks like you could use one. *(Out from offscreen B slaps down a shot glass and fills it with whiskey. It pours sloppily. He sits back a little, folds his arms, and studies F).*

F: *(a little confused and self-conscious, he searches his pockets in vein for money)* I don't....

B: Nah. Don't fret. I'll get ya' sooner or later. *(motions)* Drinkup!

F: *(Drinks, holds his breath, then exhales)* ...Ah ...You got a ahh... sheriff around here?

B: What you mean by that.

F: I've been... ...ahh *(looking for words)*. What the hell year is it around here, anyway?

B: *(a little shocked)* Hell! *(he reaches over and pours another whiskey into F's glass)*. You know that deserves another.

F: Okay, that's it. *(he chokes it down with his hand to his chest)* I just want to know what year it is. Just give me a ballpark figure or something.

B: *(laughs)* Ballpark. Don't know 'bout no ball... ...park. But if you had been keepin' track, this here's ah eighteen.... This here's a eighteen ah fifty, ah... ah... *(bartender stops and stares quizzically into the camera and holds)*.

DS: (Deputy Sheriff) Fifty one! And get me some whiskey and water over here, bartender! *(the table keeps on as if nothing was ever discussed)*.

LS, RS: Pan very slowly around the room at the same speed and trajectory, balancing each other.

CS: Front shot of F, who surveys the bar. He walks up to the bar.

CS: Catch from side with steady cam and come around behind him as he gets to the bar. The bartender is in the background.

LS, RS: While F approaches bar, dissolve to set items on the walls in the same L-R perspective. This stays until interrupted by the band, who begin to sing ("Game of Dances"). Either L or R screen covers their entire song. On the opposing side there is a card game, with lots of smoke.

CS: Same shot of F. He is very nervous, looking around very slowly. The bartender works around the bar discreetly.

CS: Shot of Bartender

CS: *(F Drinkups)*. Camera stays on F a long time to be able to find the right intensity and time within the song to ask the next question from the bartender's point-of-view:

CS: Static shot of Bartender, with his arms closed in a mean and questionable stance.

CS: Same p-o-v (the dialogue exchanges back and forth with camera swapping Bartender with Fisherman)

CS: Follow p-o-v shot sequence. *(F drinks it and slams it down. He nixes his hands cross-like to say 'no')*

CS: F (the dialogue exchanges back and forth with camera swapping Bartender with Fisherman)

LS: Camera gets DS right when he says "Fifty One". Backup the shot to have enough horsing around to match the length of F and B prior to "Fifty One"

B: That's the sheriff's dep... u... tee... *(he points offscreen to LS where we just heard the sheriff's deputy)*

DS: You know, it's all 'bout gamblin', boy. Take yer chances. Settle down here *(motions to an open seat)* an' play yer fate. Looks like you got some fancy wares over there. C'mon *(motions)* sit 'er right down.

AS: (Note) Stay on all angles while LS fills the narrative. RS on music group (hopefully Paul Kamm and Eleanore MacDonald), and CS on the bartender, looking on.

DS: *(Open to Improvisation)* Don't be shy. Lots a good folks 'round here.... There's "Slick", on account he's never had a bath in two years *(laughter)*. Over here's "Clyde" *(motions to the side)*, "Slyde" I like to call 'im: he's downright untrustworthy, an' you best not keep yer cards away from yer own bosom with "Slyde" at the same table *(more laughter)*. Over there's "Doc". "Doc" don't talk much on account he's got rigor mortis. *(more laughter)* Nobody knows how he got it, 'cept he's nearly two-hundred-years old! *(laughter)* Doc just might croak his last cockle-doo right here at the table, holdin' a royal flush or a pair of aces. Over there is Clem, he ain't worth a crap! *(crowd goes "awwww")*. Nah, Nah, awright, Clem DID peel over a thousand snake skins an make the most interestin' window shades, beddin', saddlery, clothin', an nearly anything else a man never made with reptile hyde. *(grumbling and clearing of throats)* Over here is my very good friend, Justice Horace. See, since we ain't got no real city... er, this here's the symbol of our "know nuthin" town. Why not have a Know Nuthin' run it. See, contrary to popular belief, the Know Nuthin's are gunna rule the world someday, an' I wanna make sure Horace's family leads the way.

Horace *(seething)*: Damn, you just chaw 'an chaw... Shudup an' play cards, willya!

DS: Nope. Not yet *(smiling as he looks over to this side)*. This 'ere's my "Bounty", my "Cream Cake", my "Love Chest", my... *(keeps smiling)*. Son, this here woman 'l wrap yer 'roud 'er finger b'fore yer first "hello."

(uproarious laughter, while she slaps him on the shoulder)

DS: *(grabbing at her)* An' man, don't she got spirit!

(scene is abruptly stopped by a loud warning voice)

V: Quiet! Here comes the Sheriff! *(the entire group suddenly changes demeanor to suit the Sheriff's serious personality)*.

LS: (Deputee Sheriff studies his cards) Camera can stop on his character longer or keep moving, whatever looks best at filming time.

CS: F gets up and crosses over the screen, while the bartender looks on. RS stays on the group (or shots of pictures on the wall if the musicians are unavailable)

LS: F enters the screen and sits down timidly, looking around the table sheepishly.

RS: Screen still on the music group.

CS: Camera never has stopped rotating since the beginning of the scene

RS: A point where the music group can stop if time runs out. They can also just doodle if more time is needed, should they prefer

(The Sheriff busts open the Saloon door, strides up to the bar, and leans over, reminiscent of any John Wayne character.)

(F excuses himself from the card table and slowly walks off screen to the Sheriff's center screen. The card players continue with the camera now static and wide on the group.)

(F is nervous and approaches the bar. He is far away from Sheriff, but use a longer lens to keep him in focus as he looks at the bar in front of him. He leans over to look at the sheriff)

F: Er, ah... sir... I was wonderin' if you may be able to help me. See, I was ah....

(Camera racks focus on the Sheriff, who hoists back a whiskey. He is a very stern man, and he looks ahead while F continues on his circumstantial explanation)

F: I was just taking a little trip up here to spend in the Mountains, I met this perfectly innocent guy who tests the water, and uh, he takes me upriver a ways... Ah, I don't even know what happened to him, 'cause we were both held-up by this crazy miner. He threatened to kill us and place our body parts all up and down the river.... I was able to get the hell away.... I still don't know how I was able to do it. Came across this... vision.... He told me to head upriver. Said I'd find help up here. You're the Sheriff, right?

S: *(slow, with a gravel-like voice)* I never seen the likes of you. I would suspect you're lost. See, around here, people mostly take care of themselves. You look like you don't belong here, my friend. I don't trust people the likes of you, comin' into my town, bringin' fires and all sorts of foolishness with 'em. You want some advice? You get yer things an' make yer way out that door, an' never come back.

(F is awe-struck. He rubs his forehead with his hand.)

F: Look. I ain't lookin' for trouble. I just want to get home. This is all turning into one big nightmare. *(Angry)* There's a madman on the loose out there! He has a gun! What happens if he kills someone out there? You can't allow for this injustice!

S: Ever' man has his burdens to bear. Mine is to keep this town clean of vermin. You want a perfect world, an whenever convenient to you, you want someone else to uphold the law. Sorry, but there 'aint enough lawmen 'round here to go chasin' after ever criminal that breaks the law.

CS: Shot of the Sheriff coming in from outdoors. Follow S around with camera fixed at key location to get F in frame without an edit.

LS: Shot of table, when the camera gets to F, he quietly gets up and walks clockwise over to the bar as the camera follows him in its rotation.

CS: F enters the frame. Focus is first on S,

CS: Then rack focus onto F,

CS: Then back on S.

CS: The camera racks focus on F

CS: The camera racks focus on S

(S pauses, takes a sip, then continues)

(S looks directly into the new camera angle of F's POV, as if looking right into F's eyes. Very tight shot, looks and reads like OM shot at way beginning of production.)

Son, I don't know where you come from, but it ain't from 'round here. Come soon, the Governor's gonna make this place an official county. I suspect that down the road, we're gonna have more lawmen, more courthouses, an' more people like yerselves demanding that they had been transgressed by others. More demanding strangers, more rabble, more laws: that don't sound like a better future for me, you, or anybody else 'round here.

(S points his finger, with a little anger in his voice)

I got some somethin' to say. An' listen real close. Since the beginnin' of time, there's been no guarantee the world is a safe place. In fact, it's miracle that ya wake the next mornin' an' take yer first breath. To assume that ya may never need to kill another man is to make you an ignoramus! There's wickedness and hatred a-brewin' all over the land, people who don't give a damn about you, yer life, yer family.... Justice is never guaranteed.

(S takes the last sip of whiskey and slaps the glass on the table)

You look like a good man. You want a peaceful world, an you wish well on others, I can sense that. But you expect *others* to do the dirty deeds to ensure *yer* peaceful existence. Unless *yer* willin' to stand for justice, unless *yer* willin' to fight fire with fire, ya aint got no right to a free and just world.

(S points outside)

I suggest you face your demon out there.

(S pauses)

You know *(smiling)*, people die an' they go to heaven an' such, but you, you as man, you got only one shot at bein' a man, so why not be one now? Go ahead, I give you permission to kill whoever this bastard is yerself. I won't do nuthin'. Someone comes to me an' says another man been shot, I'll ask if he's from this here town. If he 'aint? Well, hell, that's just fine by me. One less miner I'll have ta keep my eyes on. You, boy, need to fight yer own fight.

CS: Cut to S from F's point-of-view, S still staring in front of him. S looks slowly over to the camera. He looks up and down to size F up.

(S motions for F to leave)

Now, go on. Go on. Git! Don't come back here. Cleanup yer own mess!

(F gathers up his backpack and heads out the bar)

(F leaves the bar, see notes on how he is picked up outside. He sets himself down nearby on his backpack)

(The Woman W is studying him from the same windowsill she was at prior to the saloon)

W: Sir.

(F unaware, sitting on his pack, frustrated)

W: Sir.

F looks up to to his left, which would be the right screen. He studies her for a second.

F: *(motions to himself, as if to say 'who, me?')*

W: You don't look like you're from here.

F: No. I don't know *where* I'm from at the moment. Say, do you know what year it is?

W: Why... I believe it is eighteen fifty-one, if I am not mistaken.

F: *(Reeling back on his pack, realizing that this is no dream, and it must be 1851). This can't be happening. (he burries his face in his hands)*

W goes back inside. Several seconds later, she comes out from the house door and crosses the street to meet him. The camera is low, looking up to her. She reaches out to touch the camera. A hand and arm simultaneously enter CS as she reaches her hand towards the camera on LS. CS and LS both slowly dissolve to show a transformation, a spiritual reference to the vision of Chinese laborers and the Warrior.

W quietly kneels down beside F who is still holding his head in his hands. She gently caresses his shoulder and looks him over.

W: *(looking F over)* Whoever you are, I can feel you. You are a good and honest man. You know, sometimes you think you're lost, but you're

AS: Capture the building frontages as F exits the Saloon.

LS: On Upstreet, with people walking around

CS: On F, who sets his pack down on the ground, squats on it, and rubs his forehead with his hand. LS and RS on buildings.

RS: Slow dissolve to Woman, still sitting on the window sill (shoot low for later angle of her approaching him on street).

CS: F still on his pack frustrated.

CS: F looks up to to his left, which would be the right screen. He studies her for a second. (He always speaks to her up to his left)

RS: W (looking down to her right) interacts with F. Her body rests against the window like an inverted "L" from the camera's position, making it look as if the two screens are interactively balanced against each other, with W's body as an end frame.

RS: W suddenly goes inside. Camera either pan down or dissolve to new shot, depending on how long it takes to get down the stairs. The camera catches her low. Pan with her and let the camera fix on both of their faces.

AS: New CS and RS camera angles. Dissolve to new shots that are pulled back.

CS: F and W together

LS: Bridge and river in background. (3 min. leader)

really not far from where you were when you first lost yourself (*she looks out to the right, referring to the great divide out in the unknown world*).

F: (*Shaking his head as he pulls it up*) No, it isn't like that. I don't know what the hell is goin' on. I live on Elm Street. I own two cars, a small house. I'm married, I'm thirty-six years old, and the last I remember, it's supposed to be June two thousand and three. According to you and everybody else 'round here, I'm one-hundred-and-fifty years in the past. What the hell is going on?

W: I don't know, but come to the garden and tell me about it. (*Gently soothing him and with a soft voice*) I promise you, I'll listen.

The two get up and move down the street, W gently coaxing. The camera pans and follows them as they pass offscreen.

Montage 6: Interlude

This is a very enchanting song with much allusion to Mountains, History, and easing a 'restless heart'. *Restless Heart* is an excellent tune, and it will layer over dialog completely. Conversations between F and W will be completely silent and randomly cover all three screens. After F's initial almost cathartic explanation, with big hand gestures, and seemingly intense speech, the two will be seen conversing, communicating, laughing, looking at the other. Several shots will show the surrounding gardens of Downieville, moving to the characters, showing an intimacy and closeness to the song's lyric. Interspersed between the colorful scenery of F's and W's sublime interlude, there will be shots (already shot with snow falling in background) of W as she walks through town, sometimes lonely, sometimes happy, other times pensive, and one where she is looking at herself in the mirror as she makes herself up in her boudoir. This random juxtaposition of saturated color and beauty shots of a newly-found friendship will be offset by the cold, lonely shots of W in winter and in dark—a perfect visual metaphor to the contrast of beauty and longing and solitude in the High Sierras.

Scene 7: The Baptism

The montage ends and the scene begins with the last group of dissolved images to establish the scene, LS and RS on downriver and upriver, respectively. The cameras are low on the river, showing part of the riverbank along with the rushing waters. CS show F and W laying on their sides, facing each other on the grassy bank below the Carriage

AS: Same setup as bottom of previous page

RS: On busy street scene

CS: F and W together

LS: Bridge and river in background

CS: Follow F and W together as they get up.

LS: Bridge and river (long leader the shot to allow F and W to finish the shot walking off).

AS: Dissolve to tracking shots or boom shots of beautiful summer scenery

LS: Gardens, landscapes, beautiful summer scenes

CS: On F and W walking. Shoot forward, from behind and tracking with boom or steadycam

RS: Matching Gardens, landscapes, beautiful summer scenes as LS

The pace of dissolves is almost identical to "Long Travel Upriver"

See notes on left for more detail. Shoot will be whatever there is to shoot at shooting time.

LS and RS: Downriver and upriver, respectively. The cameras are low on the river, showing part of the riverbank along with the rushing waters. (10 min F)

CS: F and W laying on their sides, facing each other on the grassy bank below the Carriage House Inn. As the music fades out, the sound of the river and their voices fades in.

House Inn. As the music fades out, the sound of the river and their voices fades in.

There is a brief moment of silence.

W: So, where do you go from here?

F: *(Pensive, looking down).* I don't really know. *(He looks up at her, painfully smiling).*

(Silence)

W: *(Half-whispering)* Why don't you stay here. I can care for you. I can get you a job. We can homestead.

F: *(Looking down and waiving his hand in retreat)* No, I can't, I've...

W: *(Gently reaches for his hand and puts it down)* Shhh.... Sorry, I am too forward; that was impolite of me.

F: *(Looks to her)* No, that's alright. If things were different, I would probably take you up on that... *(they both snicker a little)*

W: Have you ever thought that *this* is real? Maybe you hit your head on a rock, you woke up and the esters from the river made you think you were from another time. I have heard of these things from local folks 'round here.

F: No, unfortunately, I have things from that time. Too many things. *(He reaches for his pack. He opens it up, hunts around for a while, and brings out a fishing reel)* I knew I still had it. *(He studies the reel for a while)* This here's a fishin' reel. This is nothing in comparison to what we have in my time. Look at the metalwork, the construction, the way it winds *(he winds the reel from the leader)*. Look at the line. It's meant to disappear in the water, so the fish don't see it.

(He hands her the reel, and she studies it. She puts it down and sits up)

W: Can I read your hand?

F: *(Laughs)* What!

W: Please! I want to read your past. Give me your hand.

(F hands her his palm)

AS: Same screen setup as previous page

LS: Downriver, low on river

CS: F and W laying on their sides, facing each other on the grassy bank below the Carriage House Inn.

RS: Upriver, low on river

(W rubs it with her eyes closed)

W: I see horse carriages with small train engines in 'em. You can fly. All sorts of people have walked on the Moon's head and looked out to see Earth rising as if they were in Kansas waxing the harvest skies. An' there is a new star in the midnight sky that rises at night.

No more cholera. No more polio. Learning, school, families...

Buildings that are so high, that when you put them together they make a great canyon of shade in the streets below... Wealth. Countries where there was once poverty and hunger are free and thriving. People freely traveling from one country to the other, as if they are local counties.

Machines. Many machines. Almost too many, as if it isn't worth their usefulness, the burden they bring.

So many good things, so many... I can't imagine these engines being all too bad. They feed on something, like coal fed to the train. It's from the bowels of the Earth, and precious beyond compare. It's the most valued thing on Earth. There is such demand for it, people are willing to wage war over it, like the spice trade... or ...gold.

Oh my. Oh my.

(She opens her eyes and looks a little shocked)

Great buildings tumbling to the ground, crushing the people below. Young men trained by religious zealots to murder thousands of people. This is terrible!

(She closes her eyes and continues the reading)

Warlords. Yes, warlords, and they hide in places impossible to find. They want to kill you. They have something that can do it. A large bomb. This is very worrisome, and very real. In order to save yourselves from destruction, you have to find these warlords, and in doing so, you kill innocent people yourselves.

This only makes matters worse. Young children who have been raised from childbirth to kill themselves. This is insanity. Religion has lost contact with God, and now it is only a cult, you remove God from the children, and the children are willing to burn with the bomb, as if they have thrown themselves into the burning cauldron of Hell itself.

AS: Same screen setup as previous page

LS: Downriver, low on river

CS: F and W laying on their sides, facing each other on the grassy bank below the Carriage House Inn.

RS: Upriver, low on river

You are here somehow because of this. Something from that time....

(She opens her eyes again and finishes her reading with them open)

If you loose the struggle, all of you... *(she looks around)*, all of you will be gone. A ...poison... yes... ...a poison... from this great... ...bomb... ...sweeps across the land and kills everything in its path.

If your people find them, if they can stop the madness without losing, there will be peace for a thousand years. *(She lets down his hand, and he leans back on his pack)*

F: You have really seen it. That was *exactly* what was happening just a few days before, when I.... I didn't know how bad it was... if it *is* true.

W: I am not sure. But I think you have to find you're way back. Perhaps just being here is enough to take back with you a message, something that can warn them that the end is near. Maybe you could explain your travels, and that will somehow fix the problem.

F: *(Holding his hands to his head)* How can my being here make a damned bit of difference? Who the hell cares whether some freak ever went back in time, and what difference will it make anyway....

Your visions are probably true. There was all sorts of madness going on. Terrorism. Suicide bombers. Anthrax. Unaccounted Russian nuclear arsenal. Dirty bombs. These things were going on in my time. ...Despotic leaders cursing at freedom ...Oppressing their poor in order to perpetuate the hate ...Blinding their poor from the ideals of freedom.

It's a no-win situation! It makes as little sense as me bein' here, LOST!

W:*(Reaches for his hand. She looks him in the eyes. She speaks quietly.)* I don't know, either. This I do know: You are a good and honest man. Remember, sometimes you think you're lost, but you're really not far from where you were when you first lost yerself. Do you understand what I say?

Perhaps... you go back down the river, now that you have come here and learned what you have, and you take it with you. You tell it to anybody willing to hear it. Then... you may never really be lost at all....

(W crawls on her hands and knees to the side of the river. She cups her hands in the water and brings it back, waddling on her knees.)

AS: Same screen setup as previous page

LS: Downriver, low on river

CS: F and W laying on their sides, facing each other on the grassy bank below the Carriage House Inn.

RS: Upriver, low on river

CS: Follow W as she goes down to the river.

W: Stay still. I'm going to pour this on you.

F: Okay *(He holds still)*

(She pours the water on his head.)

W: I have now baptized you with the waters of the past. Like Abraham, go out to the future and forge a New World....

F: *(Wiping the water from his face)* But what about the guy who was trying to kill me?

W: *(Shaking her head)* I don't have the answers. But I do know there will be *an answer*. There is too much in-order, to many things that happen which require impossible feats of magic, from the smallest pinecone turning into the biggest tree, to the summer thaw moving the river, to ah... you, coming here an' letting me touch your hand....

(they both laugh)

...and letting you go. God *must* exist. There is too much now proving it so. Too many important things to be said. Maybe you can go out and spread the message, and I will remember you....

F: *(Looking down)* And what if I had to kill this madman to survive, to take this message to my time?

W: I do not know. You were there before, you can return, and whatever befalls you, it may affect the outcome. Survival is the greatest force known in the world. Survive. Who among us can change the course of time? It may or may not be your destiny, but survive anyhow.

C'mon, get up.

(She gets up, and he follows)

(She pulls a locket out from her chest that she has been wearing. She puts it around his neck and brushes the locket with her hand.)

W: Take this. It's good luck. Bring it with you. Show it to anyone willing to see it. In your time they may be able to test it and see that it is not from your time. It may help you.

(F studies the locket and opens it. Inside is a picture of his Great Grandfather. He pulls back.)

AS: Same screen setup as previous page

LS: Downriver, low on river

CS: Follow tighter as W approaches F carrying the river water and splashes it on his forehead on the grassy bank below the Carriage House Inn.

RS: Upriver, low on river

CS: Tilt up to follow F and W

CS: Close up on locket

CS: Close up on F and W

F: But it looks so much like my great Granddad!

W: Isn't that a marvel! (pause) I would like to think *you* were my husband, or my son, or my grandson, or great-grandson. Either one, it does not matter....

(She rubs his shoulder in friendship, and they suddenly embrace, holding each other tight)

F: I will always remember you.

W: Survive. Just survive. Just survive and get home.

(They finish their embrace)

Come, let me lead you.

(F picks up his pack and moves with her. She leads F off downriver.)

W: Go, and be true.

(W directs him away)

(F reticently moves from one boulder to the next, he moves, looks back, moves, looks back. He stops on the third rock, smiles and waves quietly. He then moves on. F continues off to the distance)

(Screens fade to black)

Montage 7: Chasing The Storm

This is a very uprising song with a very forward beat. This tune was the basis for this story, and my intention since the outset was to have this tune recap the events of the story in a montage. In essence, I can retell the story with clips of each act, interspersed with aerial shots of the Sierras. In addition, I want to reintroduce the Great Grandfather, falling face-first into the water, the water poured onto the Fisherman's head, and the moving camera upwards to the moving sky and mountains—the inevitable travel to who-knows-where... who knows when....

AS: Same screen setup as previous page

LS: Downriver, low on river

CS: Close up on F and W

RS: Upriver, low on river

CS: Follow both out to the left (downstream). They hold hands.

CS: They break apart.

LS: F enters the shot. This is the same shot that has been running the entire time. When it is shot, make sure that enough time has passed to keep the shot without an edit.

AS: Interspersed clips of the narrative, along with the existing shots captured.

AS: On "How can you fly, when your wings are torn.." Use aerial shots combing the afternoon mountain landscape

AS: Make sure to use locket as "Talisman"

AS: Make sure to use Great Grandfather dieing

AS: End with mountains, river and sky

AS: Fade to Black

AS: Credits only at end