

START

JAKE

Surrender, Pete. Hand over the dynamite.

CUT TO



PETE

No, I'm going to the Burnt Part.

JAKE

This is not some damn movie Pete! What made you think you could do this? What right in hell do you think you have?

PETE

Blood. Sanctity. Honor.

JAKE

You don't know a thing about those words. I take care of our blood. Of you.

PETE

You! You don't even know me! You look right through me! You're as asleep as mom!

JAKE

(Hurt, trying to cover it, and angry)

I—Peter Twitchell, you just better get going home before I really lose it. You just better get real. Let's go.

PETE

(Pulling out dynamite)

This is real! This is more real than anything! Don't you understand? There's a reason no one has been up there! It's sacred, and it shouldn't be touched

JAKE

(Trying to get the dynamite)

Do you want to pull everything off the table for us?

PETE

But the accident—

JAKE

(Grabbing dynamite)

That was ten years ago!

It happened. It's over.

PETE

(To JAKE)

Are you dead too?

JAKE

What the hell you talkin' 'bout—

PETE

Don't you feel something inside you twist so hard knowing the same thing could happen to you?

JAKE

They're reopening that mine, and you little shits aren't gonna stop it.

PETE

You may be a miner, and that *was* a mine, but now it's a grave. It's our dad, Jake. It's our dads. You can hit me all you want and punish me until I'm eighty-nine but I'm still going to stagger up there, even missing limbs. I have to see it. I have to see it. I am going to.

(Silence)

JAKE

I'll go—but we're looking at it, and then we're going.

END