

# START

CHET

Shit. This road is wrecked.

JAKE

*(Caustic)*

Guess now we gotta go trekkin' through there.

CHET

*(Pointing)*

That's Sullycreek Woods? My father once said something about those particular woods—

JAKE

It's just another forest.

CHET

*(Pulling JAKE back)*

No,

*(Trying to recall it)*

... we were whittling out in his tool shed, and he mentioned something 'bout those woods, said that men stayed on the road no matter what—

JAKE

We need to put the petal to the medal to get back by sundown.

*(Starting to go down one path, as CHET stays still)*

CHET

Hear that? I haven't ever heard that sound before. Sullycreek Woods—he said don't ever tap a toe in—

JAKE

Who cares what your father thought!

CHET

Sorry.

*(CHET pulls out jerky, they eat)*

JAKE

*(Suddenly)*

Chet? Do you really see us in the mines forever?

CHET

*(Stunned)*

What?

JAKE

Nothing.

CHET

Why're you sayin' that?

JAKE

I guess I wouldn't mind being, distinctive, somehow.

CHET

We're promoted? You know that makes this the best-paying gig by two times over from here to Tennessee, even take a vacation. And you'll score junior foreman, sooner rather than later.

JAKE

*(Trying to change the subject)*

Yeah.

CHET

Your path's gonna be paved with Sears Roebuck ceramic kitchen tiles and fancy barbeque set and a new-fangled freezer with a pretty girl in front of it smiling her fixed teeth at ya every night. 'Fore she passed my ma said my pa was in line for the leadership, but I know I don't have the markings like that. I'll be right proud when they lay that foreman jacket on you.

**END**