

CELEBRATE & BEHAVE

by

Mark S.W. & V.P. Walling

PO Box 1784  
Barrow, Alaska 99723  
907.888.2008  
MarkSkeeleWilson@gmail.com  
VPWalling@gmail.com

A BLACK SCREEN.

The FLINTY SCRATCHES and FLASHES of a cheap plastic LIGHTER.

Then BLACKNESS.

Then a SPARK again.

CLOSE ON:

A small white PILL, slowly melting and SIZZLING on tinfoil.

The lighter's flame illuminates the youthful but weary face of MICHAEL WALTON (38), all sweat, jitters, and sad eyes.

BLACKNESS again.

INT. TENT - MORNING

Michael awakens groggy and disoriented to bright sunlight filling the messy tent. He shakes a couple pill bottles in search of a high. He's all out.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Michael crawls from the cramped tent door, confronted by harsh SUMMER SUNLIGHT. He starts to pee then looks up to see:

A HUGE BROWN BEAR, WITH A CUB.

This is ALASKA.

He STUMBLES BACK, FALLS FLAT ON HIS ASS, SPRAYING PISS ABOUT.

The Bear STALKS closer, on all fours, and GROWLS FIERCELY.

Michael shakily rises to his knees, summoning his courage.

MICHAEL  
(sharply)  
HEY!

The Bear raises up, Up, UP on hind legs, and GROWLS louder.

Michael stands up, Up, UP to all 5'10" of himself and SCREAMS HIS WEAKENED HEART OUT.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
AAAAAAGGGHHH!

BAM! A single GUNSHOT.

The Bear RETREATS with a SNORT, casually lumbering away.

The Cub, utterly unfazed, LOCKS EYES with Michael for a long moment, finally BLINKS, and bounds into the cedars.

Michael turns to see RAY (60), decked out in full redneck regalia, standing behind him, his RIFLE BARREL SMOKING.

RAY

That was a warning shot.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

RAY

It wasn't for her.

Michael stares at Ray, missing his meaning at first.

MICHAEL

Ray-

Ray SPITS and walks wordlessly back into the woods.

EXT. BOURGEOIS CABIN - DAY

Michael pulls his beat-up, rust colored - no it's actually just rust - '97 FORD PICKUP into the dirt driveway of a too-fancy log cabin home. He parks behind a newish, but very dirty, BLACK RANGE ROVER.

His things are strewn all over the yard.

He climbs out of the truck, still hungover, leaving his keys in the ignition - where they always live. He's thrown Carhartt's and a fitted flannel over his union suit. He could be cute, if he were sober.

He tries the cabin's front door. Locked.

MICHAEL

(to himself)

What the fuck-

He BANGS loudly. It's a big house.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Come on. I didn't bring my key.

A window SLAMS shut. Curtains are snatched closed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Are you serious?

Another window SLAMS, another curtain drawn.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Joey, don't do this! Talk to me.

Clothing, books, and all manner of OTHER SHIT pours from an upstairs window, which then SLAMS shut. Michael walks to a pile that includes a duffel bag. He slumps to the ground, defeated, and clumsily stuffs items into it. Then he sees it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 (devastated)  
 No.

A simple rectangular URN toppled on its side in the grass:

Danny Walton  
 Beloved Son & Brother  
 1972-1996

Michael picks it up and uses his sleeve to wipe it clean.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 (towards the house)  
 Bastard!

He gingerly places the urn into the bag and heads to his truck, abandoning the piles in the yard.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SITKA - DAY

It's picturesque, the type of town that pulls out all the kitschy stops for the hordes of cruise ship tourists in the summer, but keeps things very simple the rest of the year.

Michael drives into town, the urn on the seat beside him. His bag and piles of other belongings are scattered in the truck bed, bouncing around with every bump in the dirt road.

He pulls over, and stares at the SIGN over a wholesome whitewashed storefront across the street:

*Dr. Michael S. Walton, OB-GYN, Est. 2003*

His eyes travel down to the NEON ORANGE PAPER on the door:

GOVERNMENT NOTICE - PREMISES CLOSED DUE TO ONGOING INVESTIGATION. If you have information or a complaint, please contact 907-423-0176

And SLOPPILY SPRAY PAINTED IN FIRE ENGINE RED:

**FAGET**