

Out With The Flood

By

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EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A large PICKUP roars down a dirt road, spraying clouds of dirt and dust behind it. To the side of the road are power poles, reaching deep into the farmland.

EXT. DIRT PULLOFF - DAY

A couple of WORK TRUCKS sit still, pulled to the side of the road. One has a BOOM ARM raised up beside a pole. One POWER POLE sits on the ground, cables threatening to pull the other poles down. There's a couple of workers around the area and one in the boom arm.

The pickup door opens, and out steps JOSIAH PENDAN. An already-worn-out man in his very early 30's, his eyes survey the damage.

JOSIAH

Another day, another pole...

DAVID

(Looking around)

Sheesh, who's this line even go to?
Ain't everyone moved out of here
now? I mean, who's even left?

SMITH

(Chewing on gum or a plant)

I don't give a damn, long as we get
payed.

JOSIAH

Let's get to work then boys.

EXT. DIRT PULLOFF - SUNSET

The power poles sit fixed, properly stuck in the ground where they belong. The work trucks all pull out the way they came.

EXT. JOSIAH'S HOUSE - SUNSET

The truck pulls in under the open garage on the side of the HOUSE. It's a wide, 2 story farmhouse, with an open garage and a porch.

INT. JOSIAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wide shot of the empty living room. We see Josiah in his kitchen, cooking dinner. The sounds of COOKING fill the room, and in fact it's the only sound in the entire house.

Around the living room, we see various KNICK-KNACKS and FAMILY PHOTOS. A man and his wife. A young boy and his parents. A young man and his dad. A man and his dad. Marks on the doorframe show how Josiah's grown over the years.

We see Josiah sitting in his chair, an identical one to the side. The harsh glow of his TELEVISION illuminates the room as he sits and eats his food, eyes glazed over and lifeless. A bottle of WHISKEY sits next to a ROCKS GLASS on his chair side table.

EXT. JOSIAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is dark. Stars are overhead.

INT. JOSIAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Josiah paces around his house, anxious. He gazes out the windows, looks at the knick-knacks, at the dark tv. He is alone in a big house. It is empty and quiet. After looking around for a while, he sighs.

EXT. JOSIAH'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Josiah dons his MOTORCYCLE HELMET, sitting on his MOTORCYCLE. He starts the engine and revs the engine.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Josiah roars down the road.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Josiah, still on his bike, looks off in the distance. He looks away and keeps driving. Then he looks back, away, and shakes his head. He pulls off to the side of the road, doing a u-turn and looking off in the distance. He's spotted a downed power line. Pulling off his helmet, he rolls his eyes. He looks away, grimaces and then sighs. Out comes his phone.

(CONTINUED)

JOSIAH

Boss? Yeah, I've got a downed line out here. Figure you could send someone out this way. Ahh, well, yeah, okay. Fine. I'll let the others know.

Back goes his phone. He grimaces again.

JOSIAH

Damnit...

EXT. JOSIAH'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Josiah's truck pulls into the driveway. The truck engine goes dead. The house is dark, as is the truck, as is the sky. Josiah sits still in the truck.

EXT. JOSIAH'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun blazes overhead. Josiah sits on his porch, rocking on a chair and relaxing with a nice drink.

EXT. JOSIAH'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

A couple of SUVs rumble down the driveway towards Josiah's house.

EXT. JOSIAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Josiah sits up, leaning forward and eyeing suspiciously the vehicles. He chugs down the last of his drink and stands up at the edge of his porch, arms crossed. He clearly didn't take too kindly to visitors.

The suvs stop and a few people clamber out. One of them is TRAVIS MCHAVERN. Dashing blue suit and matching smile and aviators on his face. His smile is surprisingly large.

MCHAVERN

Good day to ya sir!

JOSIAH

...

MCHAVERN

I take it you're Josiah Pendan?

(CONTINUED)

JOSIAH
Who the hell wants to know?

MCHAVERN
(stepping towards Josiah)
Well friend, I do!

JOSIAH
I ain't yer friend. Look, hurry up
and tell me why you're here.

MCHAVERN
Ah, well, sure you know that good
ol' Trendover county's deserted?

JOSIAH
Sure 'nough. So?

MCHAVERN
Well, us folks over at Syd & Field
Power Co. got the go ahead from the
state to dam up the Clarkson River
and flood this whole place.

Josiah glares at McHavern, taking a step forward and
uncrossing his arms. His arms tense up, his hands close.

MCHAVERN
(still smiling, not noticing
Josiah's apparent anger)
But! Don't worry, we've got folks
like you covered. We'll give you
five hun-der-red thousand dollars
right here, right now. I'm sure
you've got your eye on a...better
place somewhere else. Now's your
chance!

JOSIAH
Get off my land.

MCHAVERN
Woah, settle down there partner.
You'll find we're very negotiable
people. This rickety old house
can't be worth-

JOSIAH
(Interrupting)
Off. Now. Don't make me go get the
dogs.

(CONTINUED)

MCHAVERN

(raising his hands
dismissively)

Okay, okay, clearly we caught you
at a bad time. Tell ya what. I'll
give you some time to settle down,
think over it, then I'll call ya.
Good?

McHavern sticks his hand out, giving Josiah a chance to shake it. Josiah glares at him. Eventually McHavern leaves, getting back into his suv. They turn around, driving all over Josiah's lawn to do so, and leave.

Josiah steps backwards, slumping back onto his chair. He reaches for the whiskey.

INT. JOSIAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Josiah steps inside, eyes flitting across the living room. He slowly meanders around the living room, eyes hanging on nostalgic items and knickknacks. He picks up a photo or two, staring at them before moving on. He heads upstairs.

He wanders through the house, examining all the rooms, looking out the windows. After his tour, he slumps down in the living room in one of the chairs, and rubs his face in his hands.

INT. JOSIAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Josiah's lying on his bed, eyes wide open. The clock shows it's late at night.

EXT. DAM CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Workers and heavy construction equipment work on the dam site, building the wall and diverting the river.

EXT. JOSIAH'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Josiah's truck pulls in and then we see the company SUVs parked outside his house. McHavern's sitting on Josiah's porch. One of the employees is taking a picture of Josiah's house. Another sits in the SUV.

EXT. JOSIAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Josiah gets out of his truck, angrily slamming the door.

JOSIAH
Didn't I tell you no?

MCHAVERN
Yeah, well, we're a persistent lot!

McHavern stands up, approaching Josiah.

MCHAVERN
Lucky for you, Corporate gave me
the go-ahead to raise the offer.
Six fifty. That's a hundred fifty
for a house, maybe 200 if you get
somethin this big, and five hundred
thousand to live easy for a while.

Josiah walks past him, intentionally walking into him and
onto his porch. McHavern chuckles to himself, still
strangely energetic.

JOSIAH
I ain't sellin the house.

MCHAVERN
I'm sure I could get ya seven
hundred.

JOSIAH
Damnit, what part of "ain't sellin"
don't you get?

MCHAVERN
"Ain't." Whatever, take a little
more time, we'll be back with the
check.

INT. JOSIAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Josiah's got his laptop open. It's an older model, clearly
well used. He's got a money management program open, and
it's clear he's starting to slip. A few late bills are here
and there. He rubs his face again, before looking around the
room.

EXT. JOSIAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Once again, the SUVs approach. Josiah's out mowing the lawn, stopping the MOWER when he sees them approaching.

MCHAVERN

What's the word?

JOSIAH

I'm not sure I can sell. This house...it's all I have left. It's all I got left of my parents, my childhood.

MCHAVERN

(finally losing some energy)
I can see you're upset Josiah, but I don't really have much of a choice. You've got two choices here bud. Sell the house - we've upped the offer to a million - or go to court.

JOSIAH

Court? Why the hell would I go to court?

MCHAVERN

When Syd & Field sues you for blocking their project. There's a lot of money and stakes wrapped up in this little pre-dic-a-ment.

JOSIAH

You fuckers...

MCHAVERN

Hey now, don't shoot the messenger.

Josiah turns around, face distraught. He kicks the mower and curses when it hurts. He spins around, frantic. He curses again.

JOSIAH

How long do I got to choose?

MCHAVERN

Two weeks.

JOSIAH

Shit...What happens to the house?

(CONTINUED)

MCHAVERN

If you sell it? Couple of grunts
come in, remove anything dangerous.
We build the dam, soon enough it's
under a hundred feet of water or
so. Maybe some fish will move into
it.

Josiah looks dejectedly at the ground. He leaves the mower,
walking towards the house. McHavern opens the SUV door.

MCHAVERN

Josiah!

Josiah doesn't clearly respond.

MCHAVERN

2 mil, 2 weeks. Take it or we'll
see you in court.

McHavern closes the door. Josiah walks inside, the lawn
sitting half-mowed.

EXT. DAM CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Once again, workers continue construction. More progress has
been made.

INT. JOSIAH'S LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

Josiah's pacing back and forth angrily in and out of his
kitchen. He grabs one of his half-finished whiskey bottles
and chugs. He wipes his mouth, and frowns, and throws the
bottle across the room, the bottle exploding with a large
CRASH. He curses.

INT. JOSIAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Josiah's slumped out on his chair, a glass with half-melted
ice on the table. He's passed out.

EXT. JOSIAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Josiah's got a bit of a beard now, unkempt. His clothes are
sloppily hanging on his body, bags under his eyes. He
twitches a little when the SUVs pull in.

(CONTINUED)

McHavern leaves his SUV, a briefcase in hand, wide smile on his face. He strides towards Josiah, a little kick to his step. It's a stark contrast to Josiah, who seems barely awake.

MCHAVERN

So. Today's the day, eh buddy? You ready to be two million dollars richer?

JOSIAH

(glaring)

Fuck you fuckers. I'm gonna be one lifetime poorer.

MCHAVERN

Nothing says you can't start a new lifetime buddy. Come on, chipper up, damnit. This is a good day for all of us.

McHavern unclips the briefcase, pulling out some paperwork which he sets out for Josiah, handing him a pen. He explains what to sign, and Josiah begrudgingly does it. Meanwhile, McHavern signs a check. They exchange papers, and McHavern examines the paperwork.

MCHAVERN

Well now...ain't it a rather lovely day, huh? How's it feel to be that much richer?

Josiah slumps backwards in the chair. His arm drapes off the side. The check drops out of his trembling hand, and settles on the porch.

MCHAVERN

Oh, come now. This... shithole house can't be all that...

Josiah's jaw shakes, struggling to contain himself. A tear falls from his eye.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DAM - DAY

The dam is completed, the valley emptied. The floodgates open, and a torrential flood of water pours out.

FADE TO BLACK.