

TICKET AGENT

A WALK IN THE WOODS -- 10 Jan 2014

27.

From nearby comes a MUFFLED SOUND like furniture being moved, then a LOUD THUD. THE CAMERA PANS from the clock to the bed, where Bryson and his wife, wide awake, are staring at the ceiling. More thumping.

CATHERINE
He's like a child.

BRYSON
And not a particularly gifted one.

PRELAP: a jet engine WHINES.

EXT. TERMINAL - MORNING

On the Departures ramp, Bryson says goodbye to Catherine.

BRYSON
I'll miss you, you know.

CATHERINE
I hope so.
(then)
Try not to die, okay.

BRYSON
I'll do my best.

Bryson heads in to the terminal to meet Katz. He looks back and sees Catherine still standing there watching him - in a flash he questions everything he's doing. A quick exchange of looks before he continues on.

INT. TERMINAL - DAY

Bryson and Katz stand at the desk, on the other side of the counter is the TICKET AGENT.

AGENT
You fellas hiking the Appalachian trail?

KATZ
(proud)
Sure are.

AGENT
Watch out for wolves.

KATZ
(incredulous)
What?



1/2

ON BRYSON, who looks worried.

AGENT

Coupla people been attacked recently. Pretty savagely, too from what I hear.

Checks their ID's and types into his computer.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Hope you brought some long underwear.

BRYSON

For wolves?

AGENT

No, record low temperatures throughout the South for the rest of the week.

KATZ

Any other cheery news for us?

BRYSON

Hospital call to say we've got cancer or anything?

As the agent hands them their tickets.

AGENT

Nope. Just the cold and the wolves.

As Bryson and Katz absorb this, we hear tires crunching gravel:

CAB DRIVER (PRELAP)

This one guy I picked up came off the trail and just started crying.

Bryson and Katz exchange a look.

EXT. BUMPY RURAL ROAD - EVENING

SUPERIMPOSE: GEORGIA. Then, below this: **APRIL.**

Katz and Bryson are squeezed into the back seat of a taxi with one of the packs. The other pack sits in front like a third passenger.

