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Mountain Men

By Cameron Labine

Yeah, hi, Herschberger, what?

What?

Can I get like a half a quarter?

No! I'm at the fucking

doctor's office

with Leah right now, okay?

-I'm off duty.

-Well, she...

And call it a fucking eighth,

all right?

Like what the fuck

is a half-quarter?

-It's a...

-Fuck off, man.

What do I look like,

the weed fairy to you?

I just fronted you last week.

You got cash?

On me? No.

No? Shocker.

Fuck. Get out of here.

Get away from the fucking car.

Get away from the car, man!

This is a place of healing!

Don't be such a fucking

lowlife, man,

hanging out in the parking lot

of a hospital.

Get a life!

Fuck you.

Fuck you!

I'm sorry.

That fucking creep.

He's like hanging out

in parking lots now.

Okay.

-What did he say?

-I am.

You are.

Yeah.

Okay.

Okay.

Did you, did you guys,

did you and the doctor

talk about, you know, options?
He just gave me a number
for a clinic in Kelowna.
Okay, I mean, you know,
hey, if that's your choice,
I'm with you 100%.
I support it, okay?
I'll take you
down to the clinic,
we'll go to Kelowna, okay?
Just, you know, not this weekend
because Cooper's coming...
-Holy shit.
-What?
Yes, I'm aware of that.
You won't shut up
about your fucking brother.
I'm excited. I never get
to see the guy, you know?
Does he even call you ever
or like email?
Call me?
We don't call each other.
We don't like
gossip on the phone
like a couple
of little girls.
He's my bro.
He's my kid brother, you know.
We'll just always be tight.
-Coop's coming?
-My God, Herschberger.
What the fuck, man? I'm...
I'm having a personal
conversation with Leah.
Hey, Leah.
I hear he's doing real good
in the city.
Yeah, he is.
He's doing really good,
which means he's doing
the opposite of you,
you fucking idiot,
so please just fuck off!

Okay, listen.
I... I hit the ATM.
You what?
I hit the ATM.
-Toph?
-How much you got?
-40?
All right.
You're such a fucking idiot.
You still owe me 40.
I'm not fucking around,
Herschberger.
Fuck you.
Fuck you. Thanks, bro.
All right, man.
Thank you.
-Hey, Mom.
-Hey.
Wow.
-Hey-o!
-You look beautiful.
Stop it.
It's not too poofy?
-No.
-No, no. More poof, in fact.
-No, not more.
-Premium poof package, please.
You look smoking-hot, Mom.
Thank you, thank you.
Toph.
I need you to go grab some paper
plates at the dollar store.
No. I'm picking up Coop
from the airport.
Well, grab 'em after.
I don't understand
why you don't have
real plates
at your wedding.
Excuse me.
Do you want to pay
for china plates?
No.
Then what is

the matter with you?
What, are you embarrassed
of paper plates now?
Mom, I'm not embarrassed
of paper plates.
They're just not
particularly fancy.
Well, guess what.
Neither is this family.
Coop is.
For heaven's sake.
Cooper thinks he's fancy.
Yeah, for good reason.
He lives in a fancy city.
He works at a fancy company.
He's got a fancy girlfriend.
Thanks.
That's pretty fancy,
if you ask me.
Yeah, and before that, he lived
in a different fancy city
and had a different fancy job
and a different fancy girlfriend
and different one before...
Makes him even fancier.
-You know what?
-Yes.
I'll get your paper plates
for your wedding.
But I just want to say,
Coop is out there doing
something with his life, okay?
He's living it.
Well, look at this,
you're on a bloody walkabout,
ya fucking ripper.
That's about right.
Let me get it, let me get it.
Come on, come on.
-All right.
-No I got it, I got it.
Have you been working out?
-How are you doing, man?
-I'm doing good.

My God, Cooper.
So you're still doing
the deejaying thing, yeah?
Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Yeah, man, full time.
Wheels o' steel,
little brother.
Spinning the wheels?
Know what I mean?
Ones and twos for life.
But, it's a little dead
around here
in the wintertime,
you know.
-Yeah.
-Snow kinda slows 'em down.
Mom says you had a girlfriend.
Is that a fact?
Monica. Yeah.
I guess she's
talking about Monica.
Monica.
That's so New York.
It's very Friends.
-She couldn't make it with you?
-No, no. She couldn't make it.
-Aw, that's a bummer.
-Yeah.
Is she hot?
Sometimes.
Fuck you, she's hot, man.
Okay, all right,
well, let's scale here.
Scale of 1-10.
One being Nancy Kazinksi,
obviously, 'cause she was a dog.
We can agree on that.
Ten being...
Fuck. I guess there weren't
a lot of 10s
around here growing up.
There were no 10s.
All right, solid 8,
Dana Ackworth.

There's your scale. Go.
Dana Ackworth is an 8?
Yeah. Pushing a 9, I think.
Triple nipple Ackworth?
-She didn't have...
-That was the rumor.
You saw it.
I mean, if she's an 8,
Monica's a 12, for sure.
You're banging a 12.
On the Ackworth scale.
You're fucking banging a 12?
Strong work, little brother.
Holy shit!
I wouldn't even know
where to begin with a 12.
I'd just be like,
"Wuh! Whoops!"
So how long you gonna stay?
Monday.
-Like, this Monday?
-Yeah.
That's two fucking days, man.
I got a whole list of shit
I want to do with you.
Like what?
Like what? I want to like
get drunk at The Point,
I want to get drunk
at Tommy's,
I want you to meet Leah.
Stuff.
Yeah, well, Mom's got a lot of
stuff planned too, you know.
-I gotta hang out with Mom.
-Come on, man.
So what, two days
every three years now?
-That's what I get?
-Get out of here.
You get a chance
to sign those papers?
No. Actually, they're
still with my lawyer.

Why? Like as far as
the estate's concerned,
he's legally deceased, right?
Yeah, well, not till
I sign it though.
Right, which would really
help out Mom, if you did that.
And you.
-What?
-Yeah.
If I sign, you get
your part of the estate.
Yeah, right,
I get my part of jack shit.
That's awesome.
I can't wait for that.
Well, listen, my lawyer's
in Italy for the winter,
so when he gets back,
he'll take a look at it.
How about that?
Holy shit.
My lawyer is in Italy.
He winters there.
Maybe we could like
put those two in touch.
They could hash it out over
a plate of fettuccine alfredo.
-Fuck off.
-Something creamier?
My God.
No. No!
Is this it or what?
Please be seated.
Welcome to this happy occasion.
I'm gonna steal this.
Coop, please move on
with your life.
You wanted space,
you got it.
I actually feel sorry for you.
And by the way, Dr. Levin's
been leaving messages,
and I highly suggest

you call him
because you need help.
Bye.
Fuck.
Brojangles.
-Hey, man.
-Hey.
What's the problem?
They preaching a bit too much
Jesusism at you in there?
Just had to make a call.
-Yeah?
-Yeah.
How's the 12?
Hard to say.
Yeah, they're a mystery,
my brother.
Drink up.
So you're cool
with this whole thing then?
Yeah, man.
The wedding?
Live and let live.
Plus he makes Mom happy,
so that makes me happy.
Okay, it just
happened all so fast.
I don't know, you know?
So you want to maybe head up
to the cabin tomorrow?
-Excuse me?
-Cabin.
Wanna hit the cabin
tomorrow?
I just ran into Bill Foreman
in the pisser.
We had a little chat,
and he told me he was
snowmobiling up there,
and he saw a squatter.
A squatter in the cabin.
In the cabin, like a hobo,
an old Doukhobor up there.
You know, I thought

we'd like take the truck.
I got the chains.
We'll go for a rip.
Make a whole day out of it.
Kick him out.
No.
You're gonna make me go evict
the squatter on my own.
-Yeah.
-Come on, man.
What if he's dangerous?
Just call the cops.
Can't call the cops, man.
They won't go up there
in the winter. You know that.
Think of the resale value.
He's probably like
pissing and shitting
in every nook and cranny
of the place.
No. Yeah, no,
I'm not gonna do that.
-Still no.
-No.
So no.
-Come on, it's freezing.
-Ken and Marian, 2014!
Hey! Be careful with those.
They're a strong batch.
Baby, they take my muse
to a whole nother level.
Come on!
-Come on. Come on!
-No, no.
I can't. I can't, Mom.
Please stop.
Don't you remember
doing the jitterbug with me
in the kitchen?
Remember?
I mean, I'm scarred for life.
All I want is one dance
with my baby boy.
Mom, I don't want

to dance right now.
Thank you.
Look, Mom, I'm sorry
for yelling, but...
Shut up and listen to me.
Okay.
Your father is dead.
Jesus, Mom.
Yeah, I know.
I don't think you do, Cooper,
because you weren't here.
This is supposed to be
a celebration.
It is.
We're going bowling tomorrow.
-Bowling?
-Yes, bowling.
And I'm putting you
on the same team as Ken
so you can bond
because you're family now.
Well...
Toph said he's gonna take me
up to the cabin, actually,
-so I'm gonna have to...
-The cabin? What for?
There's a squatter.
And he's like
defecating everywhere.
It's awful.
Father, give me strength.
Don't say that.
Okay, fine, go.
But I want you
to do something for me.
Anything.
I want you to talk
to your big brother.
He's not doing
as well as he lets on.
Road trip, britches!
Yahoo!
Come on, say it.
Whoo!

Did you bring a flashlight?
We are prepared
for every eventuality.
-How are you even doing that?
-Doing what?
That's just so wrong.
I've never heard of a law
against it.
Give it here.
You're honking.
All right, fuck it.
Think you can handle it?
Think you can handle
that pussy toker?
Yeah. I used to smoke
a ton of weed in high school.
A ton.
-A ton.
-What?
This makes me paranoid now
that I don't smoke it.
Not around me you didn't.
Yeah, 'cause you would've
fucking smoked it all.
That's a good point.
Yeah.
How's that?
Yeah!
Still got it.
Thanks, dude!
Hi. This is Monica.
Please leave me a message.
Hey, look, I don't blame you
for not picking up, okay?
I just hope you've
had enough time to realize
that I made
the right decision.
Even if I didn't make it
in the most mature way possible.
You said it yourself that
your path is leading back to LA
and, you know, who knows
where I'm gonna end up?

Anyway, it's not that I didn't
have strong feelings for you.

I did. I did.

It's just that I didn't think
we were a good bet, that's all,
So I promise this is the last
time I'm gonna bother you.

All good?

Yeah.

Sweet.

So what exactly is our plan
for this squatter?

Kick him the fuck out.

Do we have any weapons?

Anything?

I think there's
a didgeridoo in the back.

You got a didgeridoo.

That's great.

You thought of everything.

He's probably just some hobo.

You know, he's a hobo.

Yeah, with a sawed-off shotgun
and a fucking copy
of Mein Kampf.

That is the big city talking
right there.

You sound nuts, man.

God, I forget
how far up this was.

Yeah, well it's the middle of
the middle of nowhere, man.

So Dad was living up here
full time?

What the hell
was he thinking?

He was thinking that
civilization is for pussies
and that the government
was spying on him, obviously.

Something about Peak Boyle.

What, and no one tried
to reason with him?

Reason was not really

his thing by the end.
Whoa, you gonna march
right in there?
I'm sorry. After you.
No, it's okay.
You go ahead.
Yeah, that's what I thought.
Squatter, show yourself!
Here, squatty squatty squatty.
Come here.
Not gonna hurt you, bud.
Just want to get you out.
Hey! Squatter!
Must have cleared out.
Nobody's here?
Doesn't look like it.
Jesus, look at this place.
This squatter's
a fucking whack job.
What? No,
this is all Dad's shit.
Pretty much
the way he left it.
And, Bill's sure
he saw someone.
Who knows? Yeah.
Looks like dude is gone,
so we should just like hang out,
stay here,
enjoy ourselves a bit.
I'll get the food out
of the car, light a fire.
You seem like you could use
a little R&R.
What's that supposed to mean?
Mom. She's a little
worried about you.
Mom?
Mom's worried about you, man.
She asked me to talk to you.
Talk to me about what?
-Your life.
-Fuck, man.
She told me to talk to you

about your life.
Well, some people
don't change.
That sneaky bitch.
She's such a sneaky
little fucker.
That's what she does, man.
She's a manipulator.
She plays us against each other.
That's why Dad left.
You think Mom drove Dad away?
Well, she wasn't exactly
supportive of his issues.
Have you taken
a look around, man?
What part of this fucking crazy
shack is not sinking in for you?
Anyway, maybe Mom was right,
you know?
She's got a fucked-up way
of going about it,
but we haven't talked
to each other in a long time.
Well, what exactly
do you want to talk about?
Fucking big old titties.
What else?
-Big old titties?
-Yeah. Porno mags.
Whatever.
We'll talk about whatever, man.
Fucking grown-up brother shit,
you know?
We'll talk about it
on the drive home.
Let's just get going.
Please, it's a long drive.
No, we're not gonna drive
that logging road in the dark.
Forget it. That's a fucking
accident waiting to happen.
Let's just stay. We'll leave
first thing in the morning.
-God, man.

-Come on.
You got any booze?
Do I got any booze?
Whoops.
Can't believe you guys
just left all his shit here.
Hey, whatever happened
to his lucky hat?
That fur hat he always wore.
I don't know.
Maybe it wasn't so lucky.
Shit.
Yeah, well, I think Bill
was right about the squatter.
Somebody has definitely
been here recently.
Bam. Chicken a la Topher.
Or Chicken Cordon Toph.
Come get some.
Yes, sir!
I think you're gonna like
this shit, I guarantee.
What's on it?
Soy sauce and ketchup.
It's an umami bomb, bro.
Heard about it
from Bobby Flay.
Like, not from him,
but on TV.
Hey, what was that?
It's the wind, man.
You're losing it.
How many cocktails
have you had?
He's not coming back, okay?
We probably scared
the shit out of him.
So even if he does come back,
we'll just lock the door,
all right?
Come on, your umami bomb's
getting cold.
Shit. I think
the battery is frozen.

This is really not good, man.
I have no service.
I gotta make this flight.
I should've brought my tools.
We could start a fire
under the car, thaw it out.
You want to build a fire
near the car?
Yeah. It's something people do.
Thaw out car batteries.
Okay.
Let's get the fuck
out of here!
Get out of there!
Why does shit like this
always happen to me?
My whole fucking life.
We have it in our DNA.
What?
The men in our family
carry a fuck-up gene.
Bullshit.
Grandpa was in jail
most of his life.
Dad was...
Dad was troubled.
You're a drug dealer.
What?
-Well, aren't you?
-What are you talking about?
Quit playing this game, man.
I'm a fucking
professional deejay.
Yeah?
And...
I sell like a little bit of weed
to my friends, okay?
Happy now? Is that what you
wanted to get out of me?
Yes.
DNA. There's no fucking...
You're a Pollard, man.
How are you fucked up?
Big shot living in New York.

You got a 12 for a girlfriend.
Woe is you. Waa.
You know what?
Just forget it, man.
Mom knows we're here, right?
So if we don't
show up today,
someone will come
looking for us.
Actually,
I may have told Mom
that we would be up here
for a few days.
What?
I thought we were gonna have
a brother breakthrough thing
or whatever.
Obviously I was wrong.
But, you know, anyway,
realistically
I don't think anybody is going
to get concerned about us
until like Monday.
Monday?
Yeah, that's why I brought
so much food.
We have no shelter.
Yeah, because
you burned it down.
What did you say to me?
You burned down our shelter
because you lit
my fucking truck on fire.
You...
Your fucking piece of shit truck
wouldn't start.
Whoa! A little respect for the
recently deceased, all right?
Fuck!
Fuck your fucking recently
deceased truck, all right?
Hey, fuck you!
I put it out of its misery.
You did start the fire.

See? You fucking liar.
Yeah, the truth will out,
my friend. What are you doing?
What does it look like
I'm doing?
I'm walking.
20 miles in deep snow?
Yeah, half that
if we go north.
You want to go
over the ridge?
Yeah. We used to walk it
with Dad.
Yeah, in the summertime,
you fucking whack job.
What are you talk...
The road, man.
The road is
the safest way to go.
Not if you don't make it
before dark.
We don't have the gear
to camp out, Toph.
There's an emergency shelter
up the ridge.
We can stay there tonight
and walk back to the main road
in the morning.
It may be really, really hard
to get lost and freeze to death
in Manhattan,
but look where you are, Coop.
-Did you take a look around?
-Just stay, man.
I'll find help and bring 'em
back to you. How's that sound?
You're gonna leave me here?
I have a plane to catch.
What...
What's the big deal with
catching this plane, man?
It's not like you can
get a direct flight
to New York, right?

I'm not going back to New York.
What? Where are you going?
Sydney.
Australia?
Yep.
What's in Australia?
A new job.
A new...
When were you gonna tell me?
I wasn't.
You weren't gonna...
Why the fuck not, man?
That's bullshit.
Because I already
made up my mind, man.
I knew you and Mom
would flip out
and try
and talk me out of it.
What about Monica?
Is she going?
Nope.
So you broke up with her.
More or less, yeah.
Holy shit.
You didn't tell her either,
did you?
You didn't fucking tell her?
The problem was she was
getting attached.
She was starting to need me.
You know how fucking annoying
that is?
No, I don't, because
that's what people do, Coop.
They need each other.
Yeah, well, I don't.
Wow. you're fucked up.
Piss break.
What?
-Piss break.
-Yeah, good idea.
That's what I thought you said.
Are you fucking kidding me?

Can't you do anything
by yourself? Fuck.
What are you
talking about, man?
You used to love
pissing with me.
-Yeah, when I was a kid.
-Remember that?
Playing Ghostbusters.
Don't cross the streams.
It would be bad. Right?
Pissing on Toph's foot,
that was your favorite game.
What are you worried about?
You got that good dick.
Must have got that
from Mom's side.
I got Dad's stupid old dick.
My condolences.
Man.
Good golly.
Do you remember any of this?
Yeah, sure.
I don't.
Well, good thing
I'm the leader then, right?
-So we're going north?
-Yep.
How do you know?
Well, as long as we go up,
we'll eventually hit the ridge.
That's your master plan,
go up?
Yeah. You have
any better ideas?
So, what do you think
about Leah?
Who?
My girlfriend, dickhead.
Fuck, I'm sorry, man.
I knew that.
Yeah, her.
She seems nice.
You know, a little young.

Yeah, I thought you might say that, but she's like, she's super mature.

She's an old soul, you know?

Yeah.

Well, you guys seem really good together.

Yeah?

She's a bad-ass baker too.

She does all this vegan stuff with like multigrains and super grains.

People go apeshit for that stuff around here.

Yeah. I remember.

We're actually thinking about starting our own bakery.

We scouted this sweet spot over on Cedar Street.

It's got a wood fire oven and everything. It's all set.

Sounds great, man.

Yeah.

Only bitch of the bunch is that, you know, the deposit's like 5 grand, which we don't have right now.

What?

Is this about the estate?

No.

No, but, you know, if you would sign it, it might help us out a little bit.

You said there was no more money.

Well, I mean, there might be enough in there for the deposit.

Jesus. All that shit about bonding?

You're after some cash?

-No.

-God, I told you, man.

I gave them to my lawyer

to look over.
When he looks over them,
he'll give them to me and...
Leah's pregnant.
She's pregnant.
Yeah, I just found out.
Wow.
A baby.
You think that's a good idea?
I mean, look,
I'm just shocked.
Are you?
Yeah, I know the feeling.
Let me ask you something.
Do you think
I could be a father?
It doesn't matter.
You know what?
We're not having it anyway,
so fuck it.
My fucking God.
Come here.
Look familiar?
No, not really.
None of this
is ringing a bell?
-No.
-Well, it fucking should.
We just took a piss
on those trees, man.
-Where? Are you sure?
-Yeah, I'm sure.
You want me to go get you some
yellow snow, bring it over here?
-We're fucking lost, man.
-We're not lost.
Yeah, we are.
We may have gotten
turned around a little bit.
Fuck, you have such a shit
sense of direction.
-I do not.
-Yeah, you do.
God's a fair guy.

Good dick,
bad sense of direction.
It's getting fucking late out.
We have no idea where we are.
What the fuck
are we gonna do, man?
Just relax a little bit,
all right?
We'll build a shelter.
-You want to build a shelter?
-Yeah.
-Out of what?
-Snow.
Sn...
You want to build a...
What are you,
a fucking Eskimo now?
No. I watch survival shows,
all right?
You build a snow cave.
That's what you do.
-A cave.
-Out of snow, yeah.
A cave made out of snow.
Yeah, and it's Inuit,
you fucking racist.
Is this what you're doing
the rest of your life?
You just pretend you know
what you're talking about
and people go along with it?
-Yeah.
-My God, we're so fucked!
What are you
fucking doing? We're fucked!
Help! Help!
Jesus, would you
shut the fuck up?
Fuck you!
I'm trying to fucking get help.
-Shut up and help me.
-You want me to help you?
-Yeah, I can help you, man.
-That'd be great.

Let me check the structural integrity of your snow cave.
-What the fuck are you doing?
-Boom. Avalanche.
Fucking suffocated in our sleep.
Two dead Inuits.
Can you act like a grownup for once in your life?
Fuck.
Fuck you!
Eat snow, you fucker.
-Fuck!
-All right!
I got snow in my eye.
Fuck your eye.
Fuck.
God.
I shouldn't be here.
What the fuck is that?
There was ribbon like that in the cabin.
There's another one.
-Where?
-Right there.
Dad marked the route to the emergency shelter. Come on.
Yes!
We made it.
Thanks for the help, dickhead.
What's that?
It's a wilderness survival guide.
And guess who wrote it?
I don't know.
Fucking William Shakespeare?
Dad.
"The illusion of safety is necessary for society to function. My goal in writing this guide is to teach ordinary people how to survive when that illusion evaporates. "
It's so weird that Dad

actually wrote these words.
Yeah. That's him, all right.
You missed his whole
Chuck Norris phase.
"Every environment,
whether urban, rural... "
Rural? Rural.
-Rural.
-Rural, yeah.
Rural, rural.
Ru-ral. Rural?
Rural.
Rural or desert.
Hey, how many of those cookies
did you eat?
I only had like
two of your cookies.
-Two?
-Yeah.
Okay.
All right, yeah,
you'll be fine, I think.
-Why wouldn't I be fine?
-I think you'll be fine.
You're gonna get
a little high.
Not PCP high or anything,
but you're gonna get, you know,
you're gonna get high.
The cookies were drugged.
Not drugged.
They're made with pot butter.
Leah makes them.
They're like, you know,
buzz-worthy.
You fed me pot cookies?
No. I think, technically,
you fed yourself pot cookies.
-Man.
-You're gonna be fine.
You're gonna be better
than fine, actually.
-I'll have one.
-No! No, no, no, no!

One of us has to
stay not high as a kite.
-I'll just have one.
-No, stop!
Okay, take it easy, man.
I'll be the designated
survivalist for a bit, okay?
We got shelter.
We know where we are, right?
Take a breath.
Relax, relax, man.
Shit, that got
on top of you quick.
I'm gonna make us
some dinner, okay?
Yes.
Hey.
Why do you think
he left that?
I guess,
he didn't mean to.
He must have...
What, died?
Yeah.
Unless...
Unless what?
Unless he isn't dead.
My God.
Okay, here we go.
They never found a body.
Coop.
-What?
-I know you feel bad
about whatever you said to him
last time you were here,
but it's not your fault.
What?
For the fight you guys had.
Whatever.
You had a fight last time
you were in town, right?
So what?
So nothing. I'm saying
whatever that fight was about,

you can't hold yourself
responsible
for all the fucking crazy shit
he did after that.
I don't.
Okay, good.
I mean, like...
what did you say?
Jesus, man.
This is a fucked-up thing to
lay on me when I'm getting high.
No, no, no. I'm saying
you shouldn't blame yourself
if you do.
We had some stupid
argument, okay?
I don't even remember
what it was about.
Well, okay.
Men.
It was about men.
You had a fight about men?
I told him he wasn't one,
and that he never
taught me how to be one.
Yeah.
I mean I wasn't wrong
about that, was I?
Do you feel like a man?
I don't know.
Like a man-man?
Not really, no.
We're definitely supposed
to feel like man-men by now.
You think so?
Yeah.
You know you're pretty likable
when you're high?
Like super relatable.
It's nice.
It makes me wish you weren't
moving to fucking Australia.
I think I have to pee.
I'm not sure.

Or piss.
Don't overthink it.
Just do it. Go.
I'm doing.
Wow, I'm tall.
Yeah, not really.
Wow.
Wow.
Coopy!
Coop! Come on back, bud!
All right,
come on back, dude!
Coop!
It's not cool, wasteoid!
Where are ya?
Coop?
Coop!
My God.
Shit.
Fuck, are you okay?
Are you okay?
What happened?
I fell.
Holy fuck.
Are you okay?
My leg.
Which one, which leg?
This one.
All right, that one.
That one's it. Shit.
Okay...
What do I do?
Coop, what do I do, man?
Coop, what do I do?
Okay, all right,
all right, all right.
You're hurt,
you're hurt.
We shouldn't move you.
We'll just...
We'll stay here until
the sun comes up, okay?
Shit, you're
gonna be cold. Hang on.

Okay.
You're gonna be okay.
You're gonna be
all right, okay, bud?
My flight.
I know.
I don't think you're
gonna make that, bud.
Fuck.
Fuck.
My God! God.
Breath. Take a deep breath.
God!
Breath, breathe with me.
-Okay.
-Breathe.
Deep breaths, deep breaths.
Listen.
Deep breath.
Calm down, okay?
Listen, listen, listen.
Listen to me.
Listen to me.
I think you broke your leg.
I think you broke your leg.
But, but, but, but...
No, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no!
Yes, yes, I know, I know,
but hey!
Hey, good news is I think I know
how to put it in traction, okay?
I'm gonna try. Yeah.
Okay.
-I'm gonna touch your leg.
-God.
-Be gentle, be gentle.
-All right.
Fuck. Okay, straighten
your other leg.
There we go.
All right.
Have to get the jeans
out of the way.

Okay, that's enough.
Okay. Can you
bend your leg at all?
I don't know.
I'm gonna move it
a little bit, okay?
All right.
God. Jesus.
Okay, okay.
Yeah, that's what I thought.
Yeah, I think you
fractured your tibia.
What?
It's all here
in the book, man.
It says I gotta reset the bone
to stop it from grinding.
God.
It seems really solid, man.
There's like diagrams in here
and everything. Look.
Okay.
All right.
Here we go.
Fuck.
Okay...
Okay, I have to tuck this
up under your belt loop.
All right.
Holy shit!
What are you doing?
All right, there's one.
-Fuck.
-Ready?
Take a deep breath.
Here we go.
Okay, okay.
Got it, got it.
Who's a tough guy?
You a tough guy?
You're my big tough guy?
Yeah, I'm a fucking tough guy.
Shut up.
Okay, here we go.

Fuck.
I know, I know, I know.
Okay. Hold on, hold on.
Lie back.
Lie back, man, relax.
Okay, fuck.
This next one's gonna suck shit.
I'm not gonna lie.
Yeah, I bet.
Take a few breaths, all right?
You ready?
Okay, here we go.
One...
two...
three.
Fuck, man!
-Cinch your belt up, Coop.
-What?
Cinch up the belt, man!
Tight, tight, tight, tight!
Okay, cinch it up, man!
Come on!
Okay, there we go.
I'm gonna put it down.
Put it down.
Holy shit.!
-Holy shit, man.
-How's that? Did that work?
Did that work?
It hurts like fuck.
It feels a bit better though?
I don't know.
Maybe. Maybe.
-Maybe?
-Yeah.
Coming down!
Yeah.
What is that?
I'm making a sled.
There we go.
-Like a toboggan?
-Yeah.
Like one of those
ski patrol things

you take down the mountain,
you know what I mean?
Nuh-man.
I'm waiting for the airlift.
What fucking airlift?
We gotta get you
to a hospital now.
Look, we'll be fine.
We can follow the ravine down
right from here.
See? No problem.
I'm not going down the mountain
in your MacGyver sled, man.
It's the wrong call.
Coop, people die alone
in these mountains.
I'm not leaving you here.
Don't be an idiot.
Hey, this idiot
just set your busted leg.
We'll go slow, all right?
Nice and easy.
Better, right?
-It still hurts.
-Yeah.
So are you gonna tell me
why you're leaving your job?
I can't. I signed
a non-disclosure agreement.
Hey, man,
I pull, you disclose.
All right. I thought my boss
was plotting against me,
and I tried to get him fired
and take his job.
Holy shit.
I thought it'd be a good idea
to send a company-wide email
accusing him of sabotaging
the whole project,
trying to fuck my girlfriend,
embezzle a bunch of money.
You know,
the usual complaints, man.

So Monica made me see
some shrink
who cost a shitload of money
and had no idea
what he was talking about.
Whatever.
New York's overrated anyway.
Yeah, New York,
I'm over it.
Toph, Toph, go slower, man!
I'm sorry.
I'm trying to avoid the bumps.
Okay, all right, man,
stop, stop, stop, stop.
I can't do this anymore.
Take me back.
Hang on, hang on.
All right.
-Dr. Toph is in the house.
-Stop calling yourself that.
Fine. Topher, MD.
I got some meds for ya.
No, man!
I'm not taking one of those.
That's what got me into this
whole ordeal in the first place.
What about those pills
in your bag?
What are those for, are they for
pain, or are they like crazy pills?
-You went through my bag.
-No, I didn't.
I was putting your credit card
back, and I saw them there.
What are they for?
Nothing, man. They're garbage.
I'm not taking them.
All right.
Well, these are not garbage.
These bad boys
are certified organic.
So take it.
You really think it's a good
idea for me to be high as a kite

while I descend the mountain
with a broken leg?
Yes, I do. Yes, I do.
It's my professional opinion.
We shouldn't be here, man.
Where?
Here.
None of us.
Who, people?
Yeah. Humans.
All right, well, fuck it.
We're here anyway, right?
Just gotta go with it.
We grew up around
these mountains.
You feel like
you're part of them.
But you're not.
Whoa, whoa, Toph!
Stop, stop, stop, stop.
What?
Come here.
What, man?
Come here.
Fuck. What's going on?
Someone's following us.
I highly fucking
doubt that, Coop.
No, no, no,
I saw someone.
Where?
In the forest.
Okay.
Well, why would someone
be following us, Coop?
Maybe the squatter.
We burned down his cabin,
remember?
Okay. Shit.
So now he's like what,
he's like big game hunting us?
-Is that the trip we're on?
-I don't know what he wants.
All right, listen to me.

Is it possible
that the pot cookies
have just gotten on top of you
a little bit?
They can fuck with your head.
I'm not fucking
hallucinating, Toph.
I know about hallucinations.
This isn't one of them.
Okay.
All right, okay, okay.
Look, look.
Let him follow us then.
If he wants to show himself,
he will, right?
-Yeah.
-Right?
-Yeah.
-That's the plan.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
Okay, let's get moving.
I'll be quiet.
I'll be quiet.
All right, all right.
I gotta look at the map.
I gotta...
Okay.
What's it say?
Fuck.
-It says that's the way down.
-That's the way down?
Shit! That's what it says.
Hang on.
Hey, you got any more
of those cookies?
All right, so there's
a little bit of a drop,
but nothing we can't handle.
I mean, okay,
it's pretty steep.
Just go without me, man.
Seriously.
-What?
-Scramble down there,

you can find help
and come back up.
-I need to look at the leg.
-What for? What for?
Just don't worry.
I'll be gentle.
Just give me a sec.
Just a little status update.
How's it look?
A few too many colors
of the rainbow, dude.
I don't think you can hack
another night in the cold, man.
We got lucky last night.
Seriously.
We can build a shelter.
Yeah.
What, another snow cave?
We'll be good.
Listen, this is gonna
sound crazy,
but I think I know
how we can get you down.
We got a shit ton of rope
in the sled,
and there's a clear drop
to safety, right from there.
We tie it to the sled,
and I lower you down.
It'll be the airlift
that you wanted,
except, you know,
it's an airdrop.
All right, Toph, listen.
There's no fuck-up gene, man.
I mean, you're not fucked up.
Obviously.
You've taken us this far,
so let's not push our luck,
all right?
You're talking
fucking crazy shit, man.
Throwing me over the edge?
Hah! No!

I'm not gonna leave you here.
I'm just not.
Okay.
God.
Shit.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!
What, what, what?
-Okay, what?
-Fuck.
If you drop me,
I'm gonna fucking kill you.
I'm not gonna
fucking drop you, man.
It's coiled around
the stump right here
and tied to the tree back there.
I got you.
That's what I'm worried about.
I'm gonna unwrap this
one coil at a time.
You go down in these small,
smooth little chunks, okay?
Go slow.
All right. I'm gonna push you
over the edge now.
-Okay?
-Okay.
Here we go.
Piece of cake.
All right, all right,
all right.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!
Motherfucker!
Okay, okay.
-You all right?
-Shit!
That first part is, I guarantee,
the bumpiest part.
Are you okay?
No!
Anything new broken?
No, I'm fine.
Just hang tight.
I'm gonna start unraveling.

Dude, go slow!
What happened to slow?
Fuck.
Do not drop me, Toph!
Whoa!
Coop!
What?
How much farther to the ground
do you think?
Like...
10 or 15 feet?
Which is it, 10 or 15?
Say fucking 12.
All right, yeah, no sweat.
No sweat. Hang tight.
All right.
What are you doing up there?
Shit.
Fuck! Okay.
Coop! You okay?
Yes!
Get down here,
you crazy motherfucker!
Yes!
Fuck yes!
Yes!
I don't know
what I was fucking thinking
dragging your ass
all over this mountain.
This is the ticket
right here.
I got this shit on lock,
brother.
All right.
Don't get cocky.
I think a little cockiness
is in order!
Did I or did I not just do
a fucking amazing thing?
You threw me off a cliff.
"Threw" is a bit of
a hurtful word.
All right,

how about "launched?"
All right, I may have
slightly miscalculated
the length of the rope.
Give me a break.
I'm a pot dealer,
not a fucking mountain climber.
Well, maybe you should look
into mountain climbing.
That was pretty badass.
Hold on, hold on, are you saying
I did something right?
All right, it wasn't
a total disaster.
-Thank you.
-Yeah, you're welcome.
-You're not a complete retard.
-Not a complete retard?
Coopy, I'm blushing.
That's the nicest thing...
-Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!
-Fuck!
-Whoa!
-Shit.
Coop! Coop!
Coopy! I'm coming, man!
Coop!
Fuck!
Fuck.
Shit.
Put your head back.
Hang in there, buddy.
Hang on.
Okay. How you doing?
You hanging in there?
Fire.
We need a fire.
Okay. Come on.
Come on.
Fuck.
Come on, come on, come on.
Fuck you, fucker.
Yes.
Okay, yes.

Coop, Coop, look.
I got some fire, buddy.
I built us a fire.
There we go.
All right, roll over.
Careful, careful, careful.
Okay, that's better.
You took a little dip
there, bud.
Gonna get you
warmed right up, okay?
No time.
Toph.
Yeah, buddy, yeah?
What is it?
Call Dad.
You just gotta
warm up, okay?
Just concentrate
on warming up.
He followed us.
I saw him.
Just hang in there.
Stay with me, buddy.
It's him.
Yeah? How come
he's not helping us?
Because he wants to see
if we can do it ourselves.
Dad's dead, Coop, okay?
He died.
He's the squatter.
That's who Bill saw.
No.
There's no squatter,
all right?
There's no squatter.
I never talked to Bill Foreman.
I made it up.
There's no squatter,
so just calm down, okay?
Put your head on here.
-You made it up?
-Yeah.

Why?
Why? I don't know.
I wanted to get you
up here, I guess.
We could talk like brothers,
you know?
Fucking asshole!
Jesus Christ!
I'm gonna die
on this fucking mountain
because you wanted to talk?
I was just trying
to be a good brother.
Why can't you
just leave me alone, man?
My whole life you've just been
following me around
like a lost dog.
Go!
Where do you want me to go?
You're hypothermic.
You should have left me
up on the ridge a long time ago
and gone for help.
But no.
You were just too fucking
scared, weren't you?
Well, now you have to go alone.
I'm coming back for you.
Hey, I'm coming back for you.
My God.
My God.
My God.
Okay.
Shit.
Fuck.
Mom?
Coop?
No, no, Mom, it's Toph.
It's Toph.
We're-We're in trouble.
Where are you?
We're on the mountain.
We're stuck on the mountain.

We need you to send some help.

-I can't hear you.

-Coop is hurt.

Where are you?

Topher?

I don't...

I'm not totally sure.

-I think we're about 10 miles...

-Toph, I can't hear you.

Mom, we're 10 miles south
of the emergency shelter.

You're breaking up.

Mom, I said think

we're about 10 miles south
of the emergency shel...

Fuck! No!

Mom! Mom!

Fuck!

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!

Fuck!

Shit.

Fuck.

Fuck.

Hello?

Is that you?

Everyone says you went nuts.

It's getting harder
to argue with them.

You always were a little...
unpredictable.

You must have, though,
at some point...

known something was wrong.

You could have
asked for some help.

That would've taken
some balls.

Maybe I would have known then,
you know?

Shit runs in the family.

Because...

It's...

I've been having
a hard time lately.

Real hard time.
Sure you don't want
to come out of there?
Just one last time?
No?
Okay, okay.
For the record...
maybe you felt no one cared
what happened to you.
But I did.
I did.
Fuck... this.
Fuck!
Fuck!
Piece... of... shit!
Go.
Fucking go,
you fat fucking piece of shit!
Go. Go!
Fuck!
Hey.
Hey! Hey!
Hey!
Fuck! Hey!
Hey!
Help!
Hey. Help!
Hey!
Cooper!
Cooper, where are you?
Here.
Coop!
Here.
Cooper, where are you?
Fuck. He was near here.
I know he's near here.
Coop!
Toph!
I heard him. I hear him.
Coop, where are you?
-Here!
-Coop!
Okay, my God.
My God.

Coop! My God.
Are you okay?
He's here! I found him!
I brought help.
I brought help. Are you okay?
Dad.
You're gonna be okay, bud.
You're gonna be okay.
Careful, careful, please.
Very careful.
Hey.
Hey, Coopy.
Mini Cooper,
how are you doing?
-Toph.
-Hi, man.
My leg's broken.
Yes, it is still very broken,
but apparently it's gonna
heal fine, mostly.
Dad's instructions
were rock solid, so...
Was he there?
Yeah.
You know, I mean,
some parts of him were there.
The animals had gotten to him
pretty badly, but yeah.
You found Dad.
How'd he die?
He died apparently
from a cramp.
A cramp?
Yeah, a cramp
from dehydration.
They think maybe he dehydrated
and then, you know, from there,
he couldn't walk anymore,
and he just eventually bit it
due to exposure.
A cramp killed Dad?
Yeah, a cramp killed our dad.
Shitty survivalist?
He wasn't a saver.

I told you, man.
Jack shit.
-Toph!
-Fucking Hershberger.
Get the fuck
out of here, man!
Can you not see I'm having
a conversation with my brother?
Yeah, but I brought some cash.
Hey, Coop.
-Hersch.
-Don't fucking talk to him!
-I'll fucking tweak you!
-Get away from me, man!
Fuck you,
you fucking psycho!
I hate this town!
Fuck.
It was five grand, yeah?
For the bakery?
Yeah. Is he coming back?
All right.
Yeah, all right.
What?
Go fuck yourself.
-Go fuck myself?
-Go fuck yourself.
You think I saved your life
for money?
Jesus.
That's so fucking
typical of you, man.
-I'm not saying that, Topher.
-That's not how it works.
That's not how the whole fucking
lifesaving racket works.
You are now obligated
to save my life one day.
Toph, I want to give you money
because I want to, all right?
-You wanna give me five grand?
-Yes!
Because I have been
a shitty brother.

Just... do me a favor
and take the money.
Holy shit.
I mean yes, obviously,
thank you.
-I'll pay you back.
-Sure you will.
Slowly, in pot cookies,
but I'll pay you back.
I don't need any more
pot cookies. God knows that.
Probably not.
You want me to call Mom?
No, no, I got it.
I can walk, man.
Really?
Yeah, I can walk.
Barely.
What time is
your flight tomorrow?
I canceled it.
Yeah. I mean, have you seen
the size of the fucking spiders
they got down in Australia?
And I figured,
hey, I'm single, unemployed,
I may as well just live
in Mom's basement for a while
and play some Nintendo,
you know?
Never really did
that whole thing.
Maybe I can knead some dough
with you guys.
-All right.
-If you'll take me.
Sure, okay.
Well, like how long
are you gonna stay?
I don't know.
Well, okay, then.
All right, big guy,
I'll see you around.
Yeah, little brother.

Hey, hey, Coop!

Yeah?

You think I could be a dad?

I think you'd be
a great dad.

What do you think?

I don't know, man.

I don't know.

We're so young, you know?

I mean, Leah's so young anyway.

I don't even know if she wants
that, you know, now in her life.

Why don't you ask her?

-Hey.

-Hey.

What's up?

Can I talk to you
about something?