



Scripts.com

Burn Country

By Ian Olds

1

God, I am so sorry. I had no
idea what that was going to be.
No, no, really, it is okay.
Oh! How can people stand
to watch that kind of crap?
Probably permanently damaged your
opinion of us as a race, as a town.
No, really, it is all new to me.
I'm happy to see it.

- Wonderful performance.

- Thank you.

Really great.

Come on. We got to be
to work in an hour.

Ugh! I have totally failed
in my duty as a host.

I'll make it up to you,
though, I promise.

We'll give you a real
California welcome yet.

Listen to this.

"The actor is in
a wretched state,
"exploited like a prostitute.

"But just..."

You really liked it?

Yeah. I thought
it was very free.

It was that.

Sit, sit, please.

This is your home now too. I
want you to feel that way, okay?

Thank you.

That's very kind.

Can I pick you anything up
on my way home?

Except cigarettes. I won't
participate in a suicide.

Hmm.

Um, no, thank you.

It's fine.

What time do you have
to be there tomorrow?

9:

You nervous?

Uh, I'm prepared.

I know I keep saying this,
but I'm glad you're here.

Thank you.

Hey!

Hey!

Hey! Hey!

Aah!

I kick your ass, dude!

Osman. Holy shit.

Joseph. Joseph Kidd.

Oh, good to be
finally meeting you.

I'm honored, truly.

Sierra, this man is a hero.

Really?

What did you do?

Nothing, I don't know...

I can't believe you're here!

I just have to ask.

Are you okay?

Yes, I'm fine.

"Fine." Christ.

What a world, right? You ever
see such a sleepy newsroom?

Look alive, people.

This man spent half his life
reporting from a war zone.

Dodging bullets while you
were slapping at flies.

Seriously, you're all over
Gabe's piece for the time.

Great work.

Heart-stopping shit.

Well, I... I was mostly
just arranging travel for him
and interpreting
for him on that.

So...

Well, pull that chair up and
close that door, will you?

Okay.

What can I do for you?

First, I want

to thank you again.

To you, to Gabe, I say thanks.

Of course, of course.

I'm still coming up with ideas,

but I thought maybe I could

start with early impressions.

Maybe the first day in town, or

something short about the play.

The play?

Of course, that's not all.

It's just to begin.

Part of a whole series.

But everything is so new. It's

so very bright in my mind.

Very strong.

Okay.

Yes.

Did you... did you go?

Uh...

Gloria took me,

and she didn't know what it was.

But it was ecstatic.

The actors were working

very hard,

doing tasks I didn't

understand, but still work,

hard work of some kind, and

they were speaking Polish.

I don't know why, but there

was a man and a machine,

and the man was nude with a hat.

And it was...

Very American.

That sounds insane.

Yes.

But I think it could be

a good first assignment.

A first... wait. Yeah.

Again, that's just one idea.

I know I sound very vague,

but I have to tell you,

I'm very nervous...
Because I'm just
very grateful to you...
Oh, shit.
Did Gabe tell you
I could give you a job?
Yes.
Oh, Jesus.
This is embarrassing.
Well, I don't have to write
about the play.
No, no, no, I...
I think you misunderstand.
There's no money.
But I thought...
I'm sorry, man.
There's really nothing.
Okay.
Thank you for your time.
Oh, wait. The blotter.
I can give you 50 bucks a week
to write a police blotter.
What's a police blotter?
"July 28.
"Sebastopol resident
Ben Dewey, 17,
"was apprehended
after an off-season hunt
"for wild boars
ended poetically."
"August 2nd.
"An illegal bonfire ended
in near tragedy
"when a 26-year-old woman
from San Francisco
"mistook the smoldering embers
for her ride back to the city.
"Thanks to our Valiant
police department,
"she was able to board a bona
fide vehicle the next morning."
"Valiant." I like it.
I don't even know what this is.
You don't have to do it.

He tell me to just use
the police report.
You don't even
have to leave the house.
I can't sit around copying reports for
\$50 a week. I need to do something.
What?
I know it sounds silly,
but before,
when I'm thinking
of the California,
it looked different in my mind.
What, like big tits and sand?
I'm close. I got it.
What are we doing here?
I'll be just a minute.
You stay here in the car.
I don't want to have
to deal with him again!
I don't want to deal with it!
No, but I don't want him
in the house!
Come on, come on, come on!
He's not in the house now,
all right?
He's not in the house now.
No!
I don't want him here anymore!
Where are you headed, Maddie?
I don't want him in this house!
Where are you headed?
I don't want him in this house!
I know...
I don't want him
in this house anymore!
No! I want him out!
Okay, okay...
They're pushing him around...
Who are you?
It was just your boy here?
No! No! There were no people here!
Huh?
I'm a...
Reporter.

I can't do it!
Reporter?
From where?
I can't do it! I can't do it!
No!
No!
You come all the way
from somewhere to see me?
Oh, I'm with Gloria.
- They were here!
- Maddie, who was here?
Were there other people here?
There was other people here?
Yeah, is she going to take her?
I don't know.
Yeah, she got to take her.
She needs some authority, man.
She's mad.
Maybe you should report that,
then maybe someone will...
What's that accent?
You said where you were from,
but I... I forgot.
Oh, here she comes.
- Here she comes.
- Whoa! Whoa!
Huh? Huh?
Whoa! Whoa!
Oh, now she's a penitent!
A minute ago she's doling out
some weak-ass sub-ninja shit
with a kitchen knife,
and now look at her.
Lindsay, would you just
calm down.
Fuck that.
Osman, could you please
get back to the car?
Yeah, I can take care of myself, mama!
Please, I asked you to stay...
Hey!
Calm down now, huh?
Okay, it's me.
Hey! Hey!

Hey! Hey! Hey!
Whoa! Easy!
Take that,
foreign correspondent!
Lindsay, let him go!
Oh, come on, Glor! Come on!
Let him go!
Ah, fuck it!
Fuck it!
You okay, mama?
Huh?
You okay? Huh?
He hurt you? Did he hurt you?
Are you okay?
You going to be
all right, Maddie?
Why don't you guys go in
and get some rest, all right?
To the car.
To the car.
- Hey. Mr. reporter man.
- Don't turn back.
Just walk. Just walk. If you report
any of this, I will kill you.
Come on, come on.
Up, up, up, up, up.
All right, all right.
Let's see, what do we got here?
Let me see.
Back home, if she had brothers,
they would go
to his house tomorrow
and they would put him
in the ground.
Nah, Lindsay's not bad
when he's not high.
And when he is,
he's a truly impressive magnet
for heartache and trouble.
The man can build
a damn fine hot tub.
Finds all the wood himself.
Yes, well, I don't think it is
talent to find wood in the forest.

He'll apologize to you.
Hey, Osman.
What?
I like you.
I wasn't sure at first.
But it's nice to see you angry.
Hey, no heroics in the future.
We can take care of ourselves.
Good night.
Police blotter?
That fucker.
I'm not complaining.
I'm just... Deferent
as hell when I called.
"Yeah, sure, Gabe.
Anything you need.
"Your piece in the times
magazine tore my heart out."
I'll bet he didn't even read it.
Oh, he read it.
It tore his heart out. He wanted very
much to make sure that I was okay.
You going to go crazy
over there, man?
Look, I got a few friends
in New York that can...
No, Gabe.
I'm not going to go crazy.
Not if... Not if you
have something to do.
Not if I have something to do.
The market, airport road.
Osman, I got to go.
Your understudy's
giving me the eye.
Yeah, I think, uh...
I think your mother
wants to talk to you.
I'd rather not, buddy.
It's easier not dealing with her fretting
over me, if you know what I mean.
Look, stay strong. You're a badass, man.
You're a fixer, huh?
California can't possibly

defeat you, huh?
Own it, brother. You know?
You hear what I'm saying?
Own it.
Gabe?
He had to go to work.
I'm going to go get
some cigarettes.
Can I get you anything?
Where is he?
I haven't heard
from him since...
It's a mile-and-a-half
away.
Hello.
May I help you?
Yes, a pack of reds, please.
Don't think we have those.
Uh...
Okay.
Is there a grown person
I could talk to here?
No?
There a problem?
Ah, yes.
I don't think
she can reach the cigarettes.
Oh, dear.
Brand?
Reds, please.
Just these, lace, and the cigarettes.
Thank you.
No...
Shut up.
Thank you for the cigarettes.
Oh, yeah.
No worries.
I've been recently told that
I have to own it, and...
Uh-huh?
I think that means
I should talk to you.
Um, what are you
supposed to own?

I have no idea.

Okay.

I'm Sandra, by the way.

Sandra. Osman.

I like that.

Where are you from?

Carl, we're going to the beach.

Are we?

Uh-huh.

This is Osman.

He's from Afghanistan,

and he hasn't seen

the water yet.

Also, he really dug your play.

Well, then,

we'll go to the beach.

So, Osman...

Yes?

What are you doing in my Van?

I don't know.

Yet.

You don't know yet.

So, you worked with Gabe?

Yeah, I was his fixer. We...

Like an interpreter?

Yes.

In Afghanistan, it is all

about the relationships.

A journalist cannot walk around

the country

just asking the questions.

You need a guide.

Yeah. Someone who know

how to read the place.

A kind of cultural translator.

Yeah, exactly.

So, what happened?

I got the hell out.

No, Gabe had a connection,

so I got lucky.

Hey, Gabe still helping you out?

Yeah, I'm staying

with his mother,

and thought

he find me a job, but...
Really?
Maybe it's stupid.
The police blotter
for the newspaper.
It isn't anything.
Yeah, I know what it is.
You'd like something
more substantial.
Yes.
Something that lets you
assert yourself,
makes you feel like a man.
Something
that gives you dignity,
"dignity" being kind of
a nebulous concept right now,
since it's got
a different flavor over here
than it did back home,
or seems to,
but you're not sure,
because how do you know yet?
That right?
Well, it's just
that back home...
No, don't tell us too much.
Not yet.
Okay.
Okay, fuck it.
I'm getting in!
I'm happy
you bring me here, man.
Osman, come on!
Go ahead.
I'll chaperone.
Whoo!
Hey, Osman!
Come on!
You all right, buddy?
Whoo-hoo!
You okay?
Thank you.
That better?

Is he all right?

He's fine!

Osman!

Whoo!

Whoo!

Gloria!

Well, where have you been?

The sea.

I have been to the sea.

You liked it.

Oh, Gabe was right. All I
need is something to do.

Is that what he said?

I'm going to take the job.

What, the police blotter?

Yeah.

I thought you said you didn't want
to sit around writing reports.

Exactly.

I don't need to wait
for people to give
me things, right?

I can go out
and actually do something.

I'm going to use it to meet
this place, the people,
do real work
like Gabe and I did.

Osman, what are you
talking about?

I'm going to go out on patrol
with you, Afghan-style.

Huh?

I'm not just going to write
the police blotter,
I'm going to do it.

Osman...

Turn this bullshit job
into real work.

Osman, you can't.

You can't go out with me,
as delightful as you may be.

But... One, it's totally
against the rules.

Last night...
And two, it interferes.
I can't have you with me
out there when I'm working.
I can't.
I... I wouldn't interfere.
I'd be in the back...
No.
I'm sorry.
Here. Sit.
It's the only thing
I can actually cook.
You... you don't
need me to be here.
You know that, right?
We should do the interview
when we're done this, right?
Yeah, man. Yeah.
Many people say
the Taliban receive support
from the Pakistani government.
Does the Taliban receive
support from Pakistan?
Come on.
He's actually affirming
that the Pakistani government
helps them,
and did nothing against them.
They got many offices
at the border... Hmm.
And that's how they operate
their operation.
Right. What is the structure?
Shit, man.
That sounds like...
Like a detective aircraft.
That sounds
like a detective aircraft.
Should we go?
He's actually saying
that it's an American aircraft,
so we should just
wrap things up.
So, we should go?

Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Let's just wrap things up.
Tell him thank you very much.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Go, man.
Go!
Oh, shit.
Go, go, go!
Go! Go! Move!
Gabe?
Whoo!
Thank you. No problem, brother.
Hey, foreign correspondent.
You here to report me?
I'm just fucking with you.
I'm just messing around.
Come on, get in.
Look, I owe you.
That shit the other night,
my bad, all right?
Serious misuse
of a sacred martial art.
I own that.
I apologize.
Come on.
Man, I ain't going to touch you.
You sit on that side,
I sit on this side.
Come on.
All right, it's cool.
Man, no problem at all.
No problem at all.
You just...
Anywhere you want to go,
just say the word, brother.
No, man, you'd be doing me
a favor.
That karmic rebound.
Seriously.
Where do you want to go?
I have to go downtown.
"Downtown" is kind of
a vague direction.
Well, I...

I have work to do.
Yeah?
Something going on
I should know about?
You got a scoop?
No, no.
Oh, yeah?
So, what are you working on?
The police blotter.
No shit?
Fucking love it, man.
First thing I read
every morning.
Really?
Yeah.
Love all that dirty
underbelly stuff.
You know, the last dude that
wrote the blotter was stellar.
Frankie the finger.
Frankie the finger, man.
He wrote me up a couple times.
Yeah, but he had
the perfect tone, you know?
Wry as a motherfucker.
Like a laser beam, you know?
You got some... you got
some shoes to fill, my friend.
I can fill some shoes, man.
I'll bet you can.
So, the idea is what?
You head into town,
do a little recon,
pin the likely criminals,
and then you just hide out
and wait for them
to do something nefarious?
Something like recon.
In this work, it's...
It's all about finding
the source of things, yes.
No shit?
What's a dude from
Afghanistan doing out here

in the this godforsaken
part of the country?
Journalism.
Afghan-style.
Oh-ho!
Ho! Well, you got
in the right car, brother.
Right car.
Whoa!
Oh!
Stop it. Hey, stop.
Hey, man! What are you...
Come on, man. Drive.
Got the leg.
That's a goddamn tickle monster.
It has to be something dynamic.
Present tense,
as Gabe liked to say.
Something small that shows us
the bigger thing.
Like a crime in progress.
Exactly.
The moment after
something terrible has happened
is very strange, you know.
There has been a...
A break in the life,
a hole in the world.
Does that make sense?
I can say it like this?
Oh, yeah, man. Makes sense.
A hole in the world.
Yeah.
Sometimes you can see
inside of this hole.
Sometimes you can't.
All right, I got it.
How about you hide out in the...
In the apple orchard
behind the Snapple plant,
wait for the cops to drag out
some petty crook out there
and beat the crap out of him.
You write that shit up tight!

Tight!

This really happened?

Oh, yeah.

Happened to a fucking friend
of mine from high school.
Just made a little speed
till they showed up one night
at his kitchen table,
jacked his shit,
brought him out there,
worked him over into the fujis.
Good, man.

That's good.

Uh... what else you got?

Well, there's
the Sokurov brothers
out in the Guerneville hills.
The cops think
they're a bunch of freaks
that are into
biodynamic gardening
and making their own jam,
but truth be told,
them's the dirtiest
fucking family
since them Gotti dudes.
Except they're skinny
as little girls,
and they shoot their own meat.
Hey, hey, hey.

You got to quote that
"not for attribution," man.
" 'Skinny as little girls, ' said
some unidentified local craftsman."
You said this is all about
getting to the source
of things, right?

Yeah.

Yeah, downtown
ain't the place to start.

Here we go.

Ah.

Uh, who lives here again?

Oh, just old friends of a sort.

And what does this
have to do with anything?
Oh, you know, man.
You got to...
You're the blotter dude.
You got to meet the locals.
You know, get lay of the
land, all that, right?
Plus, bro, she is going
to love you, man.
She's going to love you,
all right?
Just give me 10 minutes here
and we're done, all right?
Come on, bro.
You and me, right?
Right? Right?
Right?
Okay, okay, okay.
Hey.
Ha-ha!
Ha-ha! Ho!
All right, all right,
all right, all right, cool.
Karen!
Hey, I want you
to meet somebody.
Hey, Dougie fresh.
Karen here?
Lindsay!
Hey, Mario, man,
I got to talk to her, okay, bro?
Come on, man.
Yo, meet this guy.
This is Osman.
Hi. Hello.
Osman. I like that.
You hungry?
Uh, no, thank you.
Osman, meet my wife, Suzie.
Are you even supposed to be here?
Hey, chill, bro.
No, Doug, he most definitely
is not supposed to be here.

This is Doug. Doug's mad
because he's grounded.
Came home from school
drunk yesterday.
Hey, two true statements,
douche bag.
One, I was at school,
and two, I came home.
Hey, Mario worked
for your paper, man.
He does the local arts, right?
You work for the paper?
Police blotter.
Oh, right. You're him.
Afghanistan. Welcome.
What happened
to Frankie the finger?
The finger's gone, man.
O-man is in.
We're taking this
to another level, right?
Yo, we're partners now.
Right? Right?
Well, I think...
Hey, where's she at, man?
She upstairs?
She upstairs?
Karen!
Uh, well, I was planning on
expanding on the coverage...
Oh, that's great,
because Mario here
couldn't cover up a strip
of litmus paper with his dick.
Hey, Doug, that's just nonsense.
Two quarters in the jar.
Hey, Mario, can...
Can I go upstairs?
I wouldn't if I were you.
Fuck, man.
You look like a retarded
boy scout right now.
Doug, I happen to look
like your father.

Hey, Osman, what would
happen in Afghanistan
if a kid spoke to
his father this way?

Yeah, tell him.

Well, he would be in trouble.

He'd be in trouble.

- Hi. Karen, hi.

- What are you doing here?

What are you doing here,
Lindsay?

Well, I thought I'd come by
and say hi...

No, you can't just
come by and say hi anymore...

I know, I know.

What the hell, guys?

- No one said anything?

- I did.

Hi.

And who the fuck are you?

I'm Osman.

Osman.

Wonderful to be finally
meeting you, truly. Yeah.

Lindsay, he say the most
beautiful things about you.

Yeah.

Lindsay.

What?

Oh, my god.

- Wait, Karen.

- What? What?

- You have to go now.

- No, no.

Look, I wanted to introduce you.

This guy is legit, okay?

I'm working with him
and I thought, you know,
maybe you could put in a
little word for me, you know?

Right?

I'm sorry. I am.

Why?

But I called Gary
when I saw you pull up.
Oh, no. Why?
Why would you do that?
You should take the back door.
Gary's going to be mad.
- Lindsay?
- What?
- We should go right now.
- Oh, man!
Nice meeting you. What?
You sent some people?
What the hell, Karen?
Still put in a word.
You can still do that, right?
Hey, listen...
Whoo!
Lindsay!
Lindsay!
Lindsay.
Police blotter.
Notes for September 6th.

5:

Two men in the woods,
in pursuit.
One wild man with glasses,
one skinny and mean.
One unstable family,
one pig butchered indoors.
Appears to be a local custom.
Must verify with the experts.
One woman, relationship unknown,
although I have my guesses.
Lindsay streaks ahead.
Gone, escaped,
eaten by the woods.
The wild man and the skinny one
in pursuit.
Seeking what?
Running from who?
The...
Unidentified...
Local craftsman.

What happened to you?
I went to work.
You were right, Gloria.
Yeah?
I don't need you to be here.
Hello? Lindsay?
It's the foreign
correspondent man.
We have to talk.
Get down! Down!
Jesus Christ.
Come on, Lindsay.
Everybody knew him.
Not me, man.
Not me, man.
I don't consort
with that kind of...
You saw him yesterday.
From a distance.
From a distance, man.
Yeah? You talk to him?
You talk to anybody else?
No, I didn't talk...
I wasn't there for anybody.
I was there
for a little face time
with my ex-old lady, man.
This is insane.
- Fucking bullshit! Fucking...
- Lindsay, wait.
Lindsay.
Oh, man.
Just get back, brother. You don't
want any of this shit on you!
Lindsay, what's going on?
Who was that man?
Just a fucking Minion, man!
They get them to chase you
and then they're fucking...
Who?
Who does?
Just... fuck, man!
I take one little drop
out of their whole ocean

of fucking dirty scratch,
and then the fucking world ends.
God damn it!
You tell Gloria
he was chasing you?
You think I'm going
to fucking tell the cops, man?
It's three grand.
Not even four grand.
Fuckers will put you down
for nothing, man.
They put you under for nothing!
So, maybe I don't understand,
but I think your reaction
to this is a bit too strong.
Two... two... two hundred fucking
yards from my house, man.
The fuckers are on me.
Lindsay, you're not making the
complete sense right now.
Look, man, even if that was
a fucking accident,
they're going to think
I had something to do with it.
And they're going
to come at me hard.
This is bad, man.
Very fucking bad!
Fuck it!
Listen to me.
Listen to me.
I can help you, okay?
I can help you,
but you have to tell me
what it is that's going on.
Look, you go home.
I'll talk to Gloria,
see what she knows,
and then you and I,
we can sit down,
talk through this
and figure it out, okay?
We can fix this.
Promise?

I promise.
All right.
Gloria.
Not now, Osman.
I got to run.
Uh... uh...
You want to come with me?
Yeah.
Yeah, hop in.
Did you know the man?
The dead guy?
Not especially.
His name was beaux.
With an x.
It's cold in here.
How do you think he was killed?
Hit and run, probably.
So, what are we doing here?
Lindsay tell you
anything about him?
I don't know what you...
Yesterday.
You were with him, right?
You see this guy? Lindsay
say anything about him?
No, nothing like that.
He seen me on the side
of the road,
gave me a ride downtown.
He also apologized
for beating me.
I imagine you've seen
a lot of this.
A lot of death.
Yes.
With Gabe?
Yes, sometimes.
I don't imagine
it ever gets dull, does it?
No, it doesn't.
But this can make you
very tired.
You asked what we were
doing here.

Well, I have no idea.
All I know is our dead guy
worked for people
who are capable
of some truly unsavory things.
And when someone
close to people like that
ends up dead
by the side of the road,
it kind of makes you want
to take a walk in the woods,
if you know what I mean.
So, who did he work for?
A couple of guys
in the Guerneville hills.
Brothers, actually.
The Sokurovs.
You know, that kid
keeps torching the mailboxes,
I am 90% sure
he's one of theirs.
Word is one brother actually set
the other on fire over a woman.
Never could prove it, though.
Osman?
This...
This death must be
a very strange thing
for this town.
Osman...
You're lovely,
but with all due respect,
you couldn't possibly know
what's strange for this town.
Lindsay?
Lindsay?
I just come to talk to Lindsay.
Stop! Stop! Stop!
No! Stop! Stop!
Please! No!
Where's Lindsay?
He's gone.
She said... she said
they took him.

Who?
Won't say.
Or doesn't know.
Is his truck there?
What?
His truck.
Do you see it?
No, but...
Okay, then.
Let's not jump to conclusions.
I mean, for all we know,
he could be on a beer run
or halfway to Tahoe by now.
He said he'd be here.
This is who they are, Osman.
Unreliable.
Look, I'll be by
as soon as I can.
Probably find him passed out
on the lawn.
Well, I hope you do.
And what the hell are you
doing over there, anyway?
Actually, never mind that.
Just go home and let us
take care of it our way, okay?
Okay?
Yeah, okay.
Good.
Are they coming?
Can I borrow that?
Police blotter.
September 8.
A man is dead
on the side of the road.
A hole has opened in the earth.
Osman!
Everybody, this is Osman.
Let's move them
into the plastiques.
And don't get sucked
into patterns.
Honest impulse, clear action.
The forest run's next, people.

You look beat.
What does Gloria say
about all this?
She says nothing
means anything yet.
And she's right.
What, you think Lindsay
brained some guy with a rock
and then got whisked away
by the big weeping dude?
No. I have no idea.
That's the problem.
You know, I'm a crime reporter
who doesn't know
if a crime is actually
being committed.
You have asylum here, right?
Which means you can never
go home, right?
Not even for a visit.
And if you do, that's it.
They revoke your status.
Say you must not be in danger
in your home country
if you choose to go back,
even for a week.
Why are you asking me this?
It seems like a lot
of pressure, that's all.
I'm not quite sure what...
I don't agree with Gloria on
much, but she's right on this.
First off,
Lindsay's mom is not well.
And Lindsay,
he's a total disaster,
but incapable of violence.
You said it yourself.
Nothing else, the man knows
how to run from danger.
He is very quick.
He freaked out and left town.
Or he's down at red's
recovery room getting tanked.

He'll turn up.
He always does.
Even when people
wish he wouldn't.
What about... oh! Oh! Oh!
Why don't you hang out
for a while?
We're having a little gathering
at the house after we finish up.
And what about the Sokurovs?
What about them? They're a
whole family of assholes.
But assholes from Guerneville,
not assholes from Kandahar.
Yeah, you got to relax, Osman.
Come on.
It'll be good for you.
So, you think I'm crazy?
Yes, I do.
Okay.
Osman.
Gloria, how are you?
You all right?
Yes, I'm fine.
I'm just checking in.
Why are you whispering?
They are doing something.
Okay.
Yeah. I just wanted to see if
you've been over to Lindsay's.
Yeah, yeah, everything's fine.
You see Lindsay?
No, not yet, but we will.
Talked to Maddie.
Okay, I just
want to make sure...
Osman, I'm telling you,
everything is fine.
There's nothing to worry about,
all right?
Osman?
Okay, thank you.
Thank you very much.
Watch this.

Feel it.
Sense the roots under your feet.
And now.
Whoa.
I want to feel your heart.
You enjoying yourself?
Everyone is very nice.
The bearded man wanted
to touch my heart.
But I don't know if
I'm in the mood for a party.
Are you still worried
about Lindsay?
Carl told me.
I don't know.
Maybe.
Where is Carl, anyway?
Man gets stoned
and has to exercise.
No, honestly, it's like you
smoke one joint at a concert
and next thing you know
he's doing one-armed push-ups
on the dance floor.
It does not have
that same effect on me.
Fuck no. He's mad.
You're with Carl, right?
Why do you ask?
I was just...
I didn't know if...
We're in an open relationship.
We stay open to each other,
and open to the world.
I see.
What?
- Nothing.
- What?
Can I ask you something?
Yeah.
What was it like over there?
It's funny, I spent my whole
life trying to leave,
not because

I was always in danger
like people here imagine,
but because I got it
stuck in my head
that life started
somewhere else.
Like you had to get out to have
a chance at really living.
America, Europe, wherever.
Don't get me wrong.
The danger was real.
I don't know.
Like...
This one time,
I went to visit my aunt.
She lived in an apartment above
the Massoud monument in Kabul.
I knock on her door, and boom.
I run in,
and she's on the balcony
doing her laundry.
Only, her windows are gone
and she's got
two pieces of glass
sticking out of her back
like wings.
So, I run toward her.
She's bleeding,
but strangely she seems okay.
So, I look out and I see
there's something in the tree.
We're three floors up,
so it's at eye level.
And it's a foot and an
ankle still in the shoe.
And down below,
there's a Humvee split in half,
and there's an American
soldier bent into the shape
only dead people make.
It's a woman.
I can tell, because her helmet's
been blown off.
And there's a cigarette seller

with his little pushcart,
and they're both on fire.
And people are trying
to put him out,
but he keeps running
and running.
And there's bits of cars
and people in trees everywhere.
So, I run down to help,
throwing people in taxis
or whatever will take them.
And I grab this one guy,
and his leg comes right off.
Just separates from his body.
So, I toss it
in the car with him,
and on to the next and the next.
And, uh, when it was all over,
I didn't feel anything at all.
Just the adrenaline and heat.
But it wasn't like that
all the time.
It was regular life.
You'd be surprised
what you get used to, yeah?
Well, you're here now.
Yeah.
You're safe.
I didn't come here
just to be safe.
Good.
Yeah.
They can hear you
in the next county!
I like this song,
but for me the song
by the American
with the voice like rocks,
that is the best song.
What is it called?
No idea.
Oh, yes, yes.
Hey, Osman, I was thinking
about the conversation

we had this afternoon.
Lindsay and the Sokurovs
and all that.
Oh, god, Dmitri Sokurov.
My friend, now is not the time
to talk about these things.
Now is the time
only for dancing!
I lived on the Sokurov property
for, like, four months in this
killer converted chicken Coop.
But the kids, man,
they'd spy on me masturbating.
It was freaky.
But seriously,
I was swimming laps
and I couldn't stop
thinking about it.
I mean, he comes all this way,
and ends up trailing Lindsay
around west county.
I mean, what's up with that,
right?
I had to get out of there.
Their teenager threatened
to light my junk on fire.
And then I realized,
he's a journalist.
That's what they do.
Yeah.
I think you're great, Osman,
but it's a dark profession,
isn't it?
I mean, at its core?
Carl...
No, no, it's fine.
Um... yeah.
Yeah, there are some
problem things
about it sometimes.
Yes, problem things.
Like what?
Hey, Carl, come on.
Now you're just being

an asshole.
Well, sometimes
the journalist gets it wrong.
Or lies.
Or sometimes he doesn't care
about the people.
Only the story.
Exactly.
They go somewhere,
find a person who embodies
what they already think
about a place,
then milk them for drama.
Leave the dead, empty skin
by the side of the road
and on to the next.
I think Sandra is right.
Now you are being the asshole.
It's true!
I am an asshole!
A great big, fleshy asshole.
I'm just kidding, Osman.
I'm trying to make a point.
Don't listen to him, Osman.
He's just jealous
because he never got to prove
his manhood in the shit.
Here, let me show you
how to use that.
If we listen to one another,
if we read each other's
intentions clearly,
then no one will come to harm.
I...
Shh! No talking.
Just listen and react.
Carl!
What? What is it, baby?
All right, you guys,
let's bring it in.
Seriously, Osman,
it's not worth it.
Both of you, chill. They're
so worried about you.

Carl, let's sleep it off.
I said quiet!
Oh, my god!
Carl...
Carl, you okay, man?
He's fine. Come on.
You deserved it.
Is he all right?
Couldn't be happier.
Um, hey, do you mind
staying here tonight?
It's a little late
to drive you home.
Yes, thank you.
You okay?
I want to know you all.
Know this place.
But I'm doing it wrong.
I can tell.
There's no right way
or wrong way.
Just be here.
I left too many people behind
to just be here.
It has to mean something.
Osman, I...
It's okay.
You have to know a place
to live in it.
You have to dig in,
find the center.
How can I live here
if I can't see
the bottom of things?
Maybe that's not
your job anymore.
Then what's my job?
I don't know.
Not now.
Lindsay.
I got it. Uh-huh.
Uh-huh.
Gloria.
Not now.

Wait, I'm coming with you.
Just stay here, and I'll
be back as soon as I can.
What is it?
What is happening?
Nothing, just stay here.
Gloria, I promised...
Stay here!
Police blotter.
Notes for September 12th.
The hot tub man is in danger,
but I can help him
before he comes to harm.
I am certain of this,
even if I am certain
of nothing else.
Sometimes you can see
inside the hole,
and sometimes you can't.
I know what you did.
Wait. No.
No, wait!
Gloria, I...
I have to tell you...
We found his truck.
Underwater.
Somebody dumped it
in the old reservoir.
Is he...
Osman.
Whatever you know,
you have to tell me.
That his?
You went pretty far in.
He was chasing me.
It was self-defense, Osman.
Whatever you did,
it's all right.
It was right here.
You okay?
Part of me wishes
we would have found him there.
In the ground.
Christ, that's not what

you tell the cops.
Come with me
back to the station.
You stay out of sight.
I'll send the boys out
to track down Gary,
drag him in for assault.
Meanwhile, I'm back out
to the reservoir.
But look, not finding Gary
out there
is a good thing, okay?
You said they didn't find
his body in the truck, right?
Who?
Lindsay.
No, no body.
There are traces of blood
all over the thing.
Some on the steering wheel,
some on the grill, on the door.
Stop the car.
What?
Please stop the car. Stop.
Where are you going?
I need to walk.
Where?
I... I'll call you
if I need you!
Any word on Gary yet?
Nope.
Martin says they finished
the work on the truck, though.
Says it's all from the same guy.
What is?
The blood.
From the truck?
Inside and out.
Your rock? It's all the same.
Same guy.
Lindsay?
The other one. The...
The dude in the ditch.
What was his name?

Beaux.

That's it.

Uh, you want to come in?

Where's Lindsay?

What do you mean?

The day he disappeared,

no one come for him.

I think he left on his own.

You should go now.

No!

Where is Lindsay?

I don't know.

He hurt that man, didn't he?

But no one come for him, huh?

I don't know

what you're talking about!

Where is Lindsay?

He's under the sea, isn't he?

Maddie.

They told me

that's where he lives now.

Who? Who tell you that?

I don't know.

The police.

Dmitri. Everybody.

Can I help you, mi amigo?

You tell Lindsay

I'm looking for him.

You tell him I know what he did.

Hey, man.

You know the hot tub man,

Lindsay, yes?

Yeah, yeah, we used to go

to high school together.

He was being hunted.

They found his truck underwater.

Wait, what?

He owed the Sokurovs money.

I think it's for his business.

I don't know.

But he was in trouble

and now he's gone.

They were chasing him,

but now the man is dead.

What? What is it?
If he hurt someone,
there had to be a reason, right?
There had to be a reason.
Hell, I don't know.
He's a wild man.
A little bit like you and me,
I guess.
How do you mean?
Well, on one hand
he's got a sense of humor,
on the other
he's got a little bit
of a death wish thing
happening, you know?
If I had that wish anymore
you think I'd be here?
What about the Soku...
Wait.
I got to go.
Shit.
Hey.
Hey, kid.
No, no, no!
I just want to talk!
Please stop.
Oh, shit.
Let go of me!
My dad's going to kill you!
You come to pay your respects?
It's an honor to be invited,
don't you think?
Sorry, I...
Get off the property.
Dmitri.
You should see your face.
Dmitri Sokurov?
Yes, sir.
What can I do for you?
You the Afghan pushed
the little guy off his bike?
That's my sole heir, sir.
So far, anyways.
What the hell?

I need to talk to you.
Well, that's great.
I need to talk to you, too.
Don't go cross-checking
my kid into ditches.
Let's go talk about this
somewhere privately, huh?
These people don't need
to hear our petty shit.
- Hey.
- Oh, stop it.
Why the hell is everybody
so serious?
Come on.
Come on.
Money? That's what
you want, yeah?
- What's happening here?
- Oh, that's Ingrid.
Sister-in-law.
Why don't you say hello to...
Sorry, what is it?
From Afghanistan.
Can you beat it?
My uncle fought over there.
Called it a war
for a piece of shit.
He didn't feel like
he could speak his mind
for most of his life,
but let me tell you,
when he finally did,
it was like the dam broke.
Where is Lindsay?
I'm going to give you
100 just to be safe.
I haven't bought
a mailbox in years,
so what do I know?
Do you hear me?
Did I hear you?
If he has debts,
I will help pay.
I have money from back home,

money I make
as journalist, okay?
Yeah.
I don't want that.
Oh, come on, sir.
Typical immigrant, right?
All earnest fucking pride.
I want to go home.
Oh, shut up!
I can't... I can't deal
with you right now!
Don't talk to her like that.
Is this your house?
Huh?
Do... do you know Ingrid?
Because if you knew Ingrid...
I know Lindsay...
You know what? You know what?
You know what?
See, Ingrid was in a fire
with my brother,
and ever since then
she's been a little bit...
But you can't condescend.
Let's go.
Go, go, go and see what's
going on up there, huh?
I don't... I don't have
the stomach for it.
But that fucking midwife,
let me tell you, she's good.
I know that Lindsay...
He ran down
one of your men, yes?
Killed him?
Finished him off
with a rock, I think?
Maybe he meant to do this
thing, maybe he didn't.
I don't know.
But he was afraid.
I see it in him, believe me.
He was afraid when he did it,
and he was afraid when he ran.

I know this.
And when his truck went in
the water, he wasn't in it.
So, where is he?
You tell me.
Why do you care?
I owe him.
He needs me.
Where is he?
I'm sorry.
Nobody fucking needs you.
Where is he?
Why should anybody
tell you anything?
Is he dead?
Dmitri!
Is he?
You need to calm down,
Afghanistan.
Everybody dies, right?
Everybody dies.
Oh, man.
You... you should see
your face.
Don't worry about it, bro.
You're right about most of it.
And Lindsay will have to pay
for what he did to beaux.
But you don't really know us,
do you?
We take care of our own.
And here, everything
is always forgiven.
Now would be a good time
for you to leave.
Lindsay.
Hey, foreign correspondent.
What are you doing here, man?
Uh...
I had to go away
for a little while.
But, uh, Dmitri said
I could come back.
I came back.

Hey, it's all right, you know?
Yeah, yeah,
it's going to be fine.
I just got to...
You know, I just got
to help him out a little bit.
But he said...
You know, he said
everything's going to be fine.
Why?
What?
Why'd you do it?
Ah...
He was hassling me, man.
Okay?
And he wasn't going to stop.
No one's going to make him stop.
And he deserved it, right?
He deserved it.
You know that.
Hey, hey, hey.
You ain't going
to tell anyone, right?
Huh?
You won't tell anybody.
You can't tell.
So beautiful, huh?
Little baby.
Didn't wake you, did I?
Lindsay's back in town.
He killed that man.
Yeah.
Knowing it doesn't help,
does it?
They're on their way now
to lock him up.
Goddamn fool.
There's nothing.
It's called a time capsule.
He made it in school
when he was...
I don't know, 11?
We're out of coffee.
Finally got ahold of him

last night.
He just got back to Kabul
from who knows where.
Oh, I get so excited.
I think talking to him's
going to make me feel better.
I could have sworn I remembered
exactly where it was.
I wanted to find what he used
to think was worth saving.
I guess we both made a meal
of things last night, yeah?
Isn't very good, is it?
I love this song.
Come here.
Come.
Oh, no, no, no, no.
Gloria, please.
Gloria, please.
Gloria.
Feel your feet
on the ground, hmm?
Shh.
Gloria.
Gabe.
Osman.
I didn't think you'd be up, man.
Couldn't sleep,
so I went for a walk.
Where are you?
Kuru village.
Up at that spot you showed me.
Not sure I'll ever
make it down, though.
Come on in, you guys!
Water's great!
Never again!
Gabe.
Yeah?
I wish I was there
with you, man.
Just for a second.
Can you hear it?
I can hear it.