

CANN-ABYSS

Written by

Michael Bayouth

V12
michaelbayouth@gmail.com
805-804-2929
9068 SE Wyndham Way,
Happy Valley, OR, 97086

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By

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FADE IN:

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK:

Oregon City, Oregon

Before 2015, intentionally growing even one marijuana plant in Oregon was a Class A felony that could land you in prison.

EXT. BREWERY & FOOD CARTS - DAY

Food carts are scattered about and Portlanders lunch.

At the end of a long-table for six, sit TANYA and EUGENE - mid-20s, lowlifes. They look like they don't belong anywhere for long.

Tanya is pretty in a way that's been lived-in and slightly damaged. Her sun-bleached hair is hacked off at the shoulders like it was done with kitchen scissors. Smudged eyeliner from yesterday. Cutoff shorts. A men's flannel tied around her waist.

She rifles through, what looks like, an elderly woman's purse that's obviously not hers.

Prescription bottle - empty.

Silk scarf.

Red billfold - credit cards.

Finally: a plastic 7-day pill box.

She shakes it.

Smiles.

TANYA

Score!

Eugene chuckles.

Eugene is tall. Torn jeans. Patchy beard. Grease under his nails. Gas-station sunglasses shoved into greasy hair. A white tank gone gray.

Up walks JUAN MARTINEZ, a twenty-nine-year old pot farmer with his backpack, lunch, and beer, takes a seat at the other end of the table unnoticed.

He has a bandage on his forehead and some serious bruises on his neck.

Juan doesn't pay attention to them and begins eating.

Tanya, under her breath, holds up the older woman's Driver's License to Eugene.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Think I could pass for 74?

They chuckle. Tanya puts all the stuff back in the purse.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Just a bunch of crap - probably doing her a favor. "You're welcome."

Tanya notices Juan then quickly slides the purse off the table.

Juan wears work boots, camo pants and a torn military green tank. Long hair covers several bead necklaces that arch over his tattooed chest - a well-toned Mexican kid. His backpack rests on the stool next to him, peppered with Oregon patches.

Eugene sniffs the air then looks to Juan and smiles widely.

EUGENE

Man, you reek dude - I mean in a good way, though. Right?

Juan looks over and sees they're cool, and chuckles.

JUAN

Yeah, I suppose I'm a bit of a bust.

EUGENE

Hey, it's my favorite smell. We're here on vacation from Cali. Glamping.

JUAN

Cool.

EUGENE

So where do we score some of this fine Oregon smoke?

JUAN

I have no idea.

Eugene, looking him over.

EUGENE

Right.

JUAN

How do I know you're not a couple of narcs?

EUGENE

You just have to trust us, I guess.

JUAN

Well, you can't be too careful - especially if you're cultivating.

Sips his IPA then under his breath ...

JUAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

We're talkin' felony.

Eugene clocks his surroundings.

EUGENE

Yeah, you're pretty brave, man.

Juan shakes his head.

JUAN

Yeah, it can be risky, but I know the land, I've got my system.

This piques Tanya's interest.

TANYA

A system? Come on, spill.

Beat. Can Juan trust these two characters?

TANYA (CONT'D)

It dies with us, I promise.

Juan shrugs.

JUAN

I jog.

Eugene and Tanya look perplexed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Juan jogs out in nature as we hear his voice over.

JUAN (V.O.)

All these people out there
aimlessly jogging on the street -
trying to stay fit and all. If I'm
going to jog somewhere, I'm going
to make it worth my while - so, I
jog-farm. My farm is everywhere and
nowhere.

BACK TO SCENE

Tanya cocks her head.

TANYA

I don't understand.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

BACK TO JUAN JOGGING

JUAN (V.O.)

When I do my jogs, I go into the
woods. I start with just a shovel.

Juan stops at a cluster of plants and shovels a small hole
and keeps going.

JUAN (V.O.)

And every quarter mile or so I stop
and I dig a another hole. I
remember the spot in my mind. It
might be a shrub or a tree. But I
remember it and I remember the
names.

Juan stands looking at the landmarks.

JUAN (V.O.)
Sword Fern by the Bigleaf Maple.
Every quarter-mile or so, I dig
another hole until I'm several
miles deep in the woods.

He continues off running.

Juan stops and catches his breath and turns around to look
back at where he's been.

Juan's P.O.V. from deep in the woods now.

JUAN (V.O.)
The next day I seed.

EXT. FOREST - NEXT DAY

Dressed differently, Juan is jogging the path again. A
montage of Juan dropping seeds into different holes.

JUAN (V.O.)
I follow my mind-map. That rock,
that bush, that Bigleaf Maple. And
I use the very best Colombian Gold
strain seeds too. A classic sativa
that originated in the Santa Marta
mountains. A killer cannabis
hybrid.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Another day, Juan is jogging again.

JUAN (V.O.)
The last day I cover the holes with
dirt. That's it. In this moist
climate there is no watering - four
or five months later I go back on
the path I remembered. But this
time - I don't jog. I walk my
babies. Every crop is so special,
and, for safety, every crop a
different trail.

BACK TO SCENE

TANYA
Amazing. That's really interesting!
I love it.

EUGENE

That's why you've never had a problem.

JUAN

I've never been caught - I never said I didn't have a problem.

Juan touches his still-tender, bandaged forehead.

EUGENE

What happened?

Juan doesn't answer them - he's remembering.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HILL TOP - SUNSET

Juan with his bulging backpack on, approaches a lovely, fully-grown weed plant at the top of a hill surrounded by trees and flowers - it's a beautiful setting.

JUAN

My last baby.

Looking around, he removes his backpack.

He uproots this last plant in this glorious setting as we ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HILL TOP - DUSK

Juan has finished the harvest and puts on his stuffed-full backpack and leaves this blissful setting with a last look over his shoulder.

He begins down the hill.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FOREST - NIGHT

It's too dark now - he pulls a flashlight from his backpack. Battery dead.

JUAN

Fuck!

He looks around for a place to camp.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Well, shit.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Juan is hunkered down around a campfire, committed for the night.

He unzips his pack and pulls a bud off the most recent plant he dug up. He squeezes it. A bit too moist to smoke.

He begins to dry it out over the fire.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Juan smokes out using a small pipe. He's pretty fucked up.

SOUNDS of FOOTSTEPS begin to circle his campsite.

Juan is suddenly paralyzed with fear.

A banshee scream comes from the dark.

Juan springs to his feet. A flash of lightning. Staggered. A bit too high maybe.

More FOOTSTEPS. CLOSER.

Juan is freaked. He pulls a knife from his pack and is ready for whatever is out there.

Another scream is drowned out by a guttural growl. Now Juan is panicked. What the actual fuck is this!?

Leaves crunching and twigs snapping sounds surround his campfire - they're everywhere.

Shapes moving between trees. Too small. Too many.

From the black void beyond the trees, Juan sees: A half-a-dozen converging UNDEAD-LOOKING, MUD AND BLOOD-COVERED, YOUNG TEEN GIRLS!

They wear pajamas - one holds a muddy and matted stuffed animal. They are all obviously dead but then again, not.

Filled with dread, approaches a pretty blond thirteen-year-old - IMPALED BY A TREE BRANCH THROUGH HER STOMACH. BLOOD FALLS FROM HER MOUTH.

Juan reels backwards against a tree.

JUAN

Oh my God!

She begins choking him.

He punches her, dispatching her backwards into the fire-pit.

He looks down at his pipe then back to this horror.

He bolts the other way, only to be confronted by a horrific mud-covered woman in her 30's - there's a muddy cell phone in her sweater pocket with the light on. Her jaw hangs partially ripped from her head. Chunks of dripping dried mud cling to her skin. The mortal lacerations across her chest have obviously ripped part of her clothing off, revealing an uncovered breast.

Juan freaks and reels backwards into several other muddied undead teens.

They maw and claw at him.

He peels away from them, grabs his pack and darts off into an opening.

Sprinting, he looks back over his shoulder.

His P.O.V. is clear - he's free of them. Phew! Whatever they were.

Just as Juan looks back, a low branch in the dark, takes him out. BAM!!

He falls backwards, out cold.

FADE OUT.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

OVER BLACK

PARK RANGER DAVIS (V.O.)

Hey, wake up.

The P.O.V. from Juan's closed eyes. They open.

Looking up at PARK RANGER DAVIS, 30s.

He looks official in his hat, and a pleated park ranger shirt with a Department of Parks and Recreation patch on the pocket.

PARK RANGER DAVIS
Hey. You okay?

JUAN
Oh, yeah.

He goes to get up and winces at the pain from his head.

JUAN (CONT'D)
Ouch. Um, battery was dead in my flashlight. Guess I hit a branch I didn't see.

Ranger Davis offers a hand up - Juan takes it.

RANGER DAVIS
Yeah, this place is technically off limits. Not your fault, they haven't hung the signs yet.

JUAN
Oh really? I didn't know. Why's that?

Ranger Davis points to the top of the hill where Juan's last plant came from.

RANGER DAVIS
Human composting. So next month it'll be a trespassing violation and I'd have to cite ya.

Juan looks concerned.

RANGER DAVIS (CONT'D)
No worries - just a warning. Like I said, they got no signs yet - just the burial plaque. Do you need me to call in medical attention? Your head looks pretty bad.

JUAN
No. I'm good. Thanks.

Juan moves back over to his campsite - the Ranger follows.

JUAN (CONT'D)
Human composting?

RANGER DAVIS

Yeah, it's a thing now, I guess.

Juan kicks leaves covering his pipe and quickly stuffs the weed away.

RANGER DAVIS (CONT'D)

It was that flash-flood in Hillside last fall - and right after that fire burn we had over the summer. Bad timing was all - storm that size. Mudslide in the middle of the night. A Nature Club was up there - all girls.

JUAN

I remember that.

RANGER DAVIS

Never seen such a sight. Bodies, trees, rocks, and mud - all swept a quarter-mile down the mountain that night. Horrible to have to die that way. Bottom it was literally a wall of bodies and mud tangled in the trees and rocks. Such violent deaths. Poor girls. Tragedy. Yip, Nature Wood Summer Camp. Never forget it.

JUAN

Man.

RANGER DAVIS

The families figured since they all had such a love for nature, they'd compost them all together. They're all up there, even one of their counselors. No coffins, just human compost.

Close on Juan as the weight of his comment sinks in.

RANGER DAVIS (CONT'D)

You best be getting outta here now.

Ranger Davis tips his hat and leaves.

RANGER DAVIS (CONT'D)

Take care of that forehead.

JUAN

Will do. Thanks.

Juan waits for Ranger Davis to leave. He opens his pack and pulls out the weed he was smoking from the compost burial site. He finds a thick, red rubber-band in his pack and wraps it around the haunted pot.

Grabs his stuff and looks around for the Ranger. Gone.

He begins back up the hill keeping a low-profile.

EXT. HILL TOP - DAY

Juan is back. His P.O.V. scans for the plaque.

There's something behind a cluster of small tumble weeds and some twigs. Juan removes them.

The plaque is revealed at the spot where he harvested his last plant.

INSERT PLAQUE - IT READS:

"The Girls of Nature Wood Summer
Camp - DO NOT DISTURB!"

Juan's eyes fill with fear.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BREWERY & FOOD CARTS - DAY

Back to Juan's eyes, remembering.

EUGENE

Dude!

Juan snaps out of it.

TANYA

Well, what happened?

JUAN

Oh. Oh - nothing - had a fight with a tree was all. The tree won. Listen, I gotta go.

He gathers his stuff.

EUGENE

So are you going to sell us some weed or what?

Tanya pulls her keys out sets them on the table.

Juan eyes the bundle of keys - they look like they belong to an elderly person - a quilted floral wrist strap, pharmacy reward tags, a tiny flashlight, and a plastic photo locket featuring a grandchild.

Juan now sees the old woman's purse too. Sizes them up. Lowlifes. Criminals.

JUAN

Sorry. I don't know you.

TANYA

Other than stealing from some loser old farts, we're pretty much harmless - we won't rat on you if you don't rat on us.

Tanya sees Juan eyeing the keys. She holds up the purse.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Yeah, the car came with the purse - a twofer, ha!

EUGENE

Didn't realize her dog was still in the car until we were on the freeway, though.

JUAN

You stole her dog too?

TANYA

(offended)

Hell, no! Who do you think we are? We pulled to the side of the freeway and let it out. We're not monsters, dude.

Juan's eyes read disgust. They definitely are.

EUGENE

I'm getting tired of waiting, Pal.

The sound of Eugene's switchblade knife under the table catches Juan's attention.

JUAN

Jesus Christ.

The energy on the patio just changed.

Tanya cockily folds her arms, waiting.

Juan shakes his head in disgust.

Opens his backpack.

INSERT - BACKPACK INTERIOR

Reaches past several bags of weed.

The weed bag with the thick red rubber band around it is at the bottom. Still full.

He hesitates.

He takes the red-band-bag and wraps it in a paper placemat from the table. The printing on the placemat reads, "*Oregon City. The End of the Oregon trail.*"

He slides it down the length of the table to them.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Here ya go - this will get you high
and then some.

Happy with themselves, Eugene and Tanya just smile at Juan. As they exit onto the sidewalk, Tanya tosses the purse into a garbage can.

Juan watches them leave with the faintest smile.

His work here's done.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Eugene and Tanya are staying warm around their campfire.

Juan's pot with the red band is lying on the ground there.

Tanya exhales a huge bong hit and coughs. She hands it to Eugene who's already pretty high.

EUGENE

No, I'm good.

They both start to kiss when ...

Nearby - a branch snaps, leaves crunch. The banshee scream.

Tight on their faces - pale with fear.

SMASH TO BLACK.

