

EXT. TOWER BASE - NIGHT

A battered pickup truck lurches to a stop.

A SAD COUNTRY SONG plays on the radio, the music and headlights cut out as the engine CLICKS off.

The door is KICKED open sending stray beer cans tumbling to the ground.

JOHN, a vaguely buff man in his early 30s, stumbles out of the car and KICKS one of the beer cans now littering the ground.

He peers up into the sky.

ANGLE ON: an impossibly large tower supporting power lines.

John reaches through the open drivers side window pulling a crumbled picture and a necklace out of the car. He shoves them both into the front pocket of his jeans.

John walks to the bed of the pickup and reaches in. He lifts a dented six-pack of PBR out of the bed.

John takes the six pack in one hand and heads toward the tower.

John shores up his grip on the beer and HOPS on to the leg of the tower. He WOBBLES and steps off. Glancing up, a look of determination washes over his face and he steps back on the tower.

EXT. MIDDLE OF TOWER - NIGHT

John moves up the tower effortlessly. Even with one hand he is scaling the poles quickly.

Soon John is up at the halfway point. He pulls himself onto a flat beam and takes a seat.

He breathes heavily, winded by the climb. He looks over the edge and sees his pickup sitting on the ground.

John sets down the 6 pack and pulls out a beer. He cracks it open and takes a long drink.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the necklace.

ANGLE ON: the clasp, it's broken, bent as if it had been ripped off. Attached is a heart shaped charm with an engraving that reads "J+D".

John looks out over the blackness of the night and grips the necklace tightly in his hand.

In one fluid motion he winds up and flings the necklace far out into the darkness.

John upends the beer and crushes the can, casually dropping it over the side of the tower.

He grabs the 5 remaining beers and stands up on the beam to resume his climb.

EXT. UPPER HALF OF TOWER - NIGHT

John is climbing much more slowly now. Sweat beads down from his temple as he glances down.

ANGLE ON: the ground is a pool of blackness, he can't tell how high he is.

John slowly continues his climb, his palms leaving sweaty hand prints on the poles of the tower.

John pulls himself up onto another flat beam and takes a seat. He is only a few beams away from the top.

He wraps his arm around a vertical pole to his left and secures himself in his seat.

John reaches into the 6 pack and grabs another beer. He holds and cracks it open with one shaky hand. Unwilling to let go of the pole. He closes his eyes and chugs the beer.

After the chug he set the empty can down, his hands now steady. He loosens his deathgrip on the pole and stands back up.

John grabs what's left of the six pack and steps off onto the next beam.

EXT. TOP OF TOWER - NIGHT

He's now only a few feet from the top. No longer unsteady he gracefully scales the last few poles and pulls himself to a square landing on the top surrounded by low railings on three sides.

The wind howls as John sits. The landing is momentarily illuminated by the blinking red lights on the top of the tower.

As the light blinks again John looks over to his side and down at the surface of the landing. We see blackness, then as the light blinks on we can see a carving on the surface of the tower, "J+D".

John empties the rest of the six-pack and lines up the four remaining beers on the edge of the landing. He cracks one

open and downs it, dropping the can of the edge when he's finished.

John cracks another beer and likewise chugs the whole thing before tossing it aside. He opens the next beer and takes a sip.

John reaches into his pocket and pulls out the picture.

ANGLE ON: the photo of two people, a cheerleader and a football player, a young John, standing on a high school football field smiling.

John looks woefully at the happy photograph and lazily sticks it half into his pocket.

He takes a big sip of his beer and puts it down. He stands up on the open edge of the landing to relieve himself.

Right as he begins a bolt of electricity shoots up from the power lines below, throwing him into the railing.

The picture slips out of his pocket and flutters forward toward the edge, carried by the wind.

Wearily John groans, he is singed all over. He sees the picture hovering by the edge.

John desperately crawls forward toward the picture. It remains just out of reach. John leans over the edge, barely alive, grasping for the picture.

Farther and farther he reaches out. He's millimeters away.

In an instant he stretches forward and grabs the picture out the air as he falls over the edge of the tower.

EXT. TOWER BASE - DAY

Two repairmen step out of a company truck and approach Johns burnt body on the ground.

Photograph still stuck in his charred hand.

As the carefully step forward the wind picks up, blowing the picture out of his hand.

ANGLE ON: the singed photograph with the couple smiling as the wind carries it high into the air.