

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BUS - DUSK

MAVERICK EATON, early 20s, six feet tall and dressed in logger's attire - brown pants, plaid shirt, hardhat - leans forward into the steering wheel of the 70s era Volkswagen bus he is driving. The hardhat covers most of his sandy, shaggy blond hair, though his California tan still shows through. At his side is GILLIE BROOKS, a teenager dressed in blue jeans, T-shirt and Adidas black jacket.

MAVERICK

I've told you about this kind of wood before, haven't I?

GILLIE

Only about a million times.

MAVERICK

You should try one of the boards that it makes. Cuts through the waves like a diamond-edged shark fin. I got a chance to ride one on the North Shore about a year ago. Did I tell you that, too?

GILLIE

Yup.

MAVERICK

I've been petitioning the government for months now to get one of these trees, but they just gave me the cold shoulder. And then these dudes just some along and level the whole forest? Excuse me if I don't just accept that. How do I look?

GILLIE

Like a goon.

MAVERICK

That's the idea.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DUSK

The bus passes a group of PROTESTORS parked on the side of the road. They are holding signs marked with slogans like "Save Mother Earth" and "Trees Are People Too". They cheer as the bus drives by.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BUS - DUSK

Maverick honks his horn and waves at the protestors.

GILLIE
So, do you have a plan here?

MAVERICK
Like I said, I am finding myself
one of those logs of wood. And I
am taking it out of here.

GILLIE
Some people might call that theft.

MAVERICK
The laws are made for man, not man
for the laws. That's biblical.

GILLIE
You're not Moses, Maverick.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DUSK

Maverick pulls the car over to the side of the road.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN BUS - DUSK

Maverick turns off the ignition.

MAVERICK
Stick around, mingle with the
treehuggers and wait for my signal.

GILLIE
What's your signal going to be?

MAVERICK
You'll know it when you see it.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

Maverick exits the car and dives into the brush. He shadows his way into the belly of a giant logging expedition. He reaches the fence which surrounds the giant saws and other equipment laid out beyond the perimeter. Several trucks are loaded with wood, ready for extraction from the site.

Maverick removes a pair of wire cutters from his pocket and clips an entrance for himself.

EXT. FOREST LOGGING SITE ENTRANCE - DUSK

Gillie stops the van near a throng of PROTESTORS.

A logging truck tries to make its way through the protestors and is mobbed by the would-be savers of Mother Earth who block its passage.

EXT. FOREST LOGGING SITE - DUSK

Maverick runs his hand lecherously along the length of some logs on the back of a truck. He inspects the fastenings holding them down.

He eyes a couple of GUARDS WITH GUNS patrolling the area.

Nearby, two DRIVERS sip coffee.

DRIVER

Gonna hit the head and then I'll be
on my way.

The driver hurls the rest of his coffee into the dirt and heads for an outhouse. Maverick follows him.

The driver hangs his jacket on a hook outside and enters. Maverick finds a sliver of wood and sticks it into the gap between the door and the floor. He kicks it twice with his boot, jamming it in.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Wait your turn, pal!

Maverick grabs the driver's jacket and walks away from the latrine, his head turned back toward it. He runs straight into the tall, imposing figure of a muscle-bound security guard. The guard's ID says simply, "Boswell". BOSWELL, towering a few inches over Maverick, lifts up Maverick's ID card, inspecting it. He slowly lowers it and walks away. Maverick sighs a breath of relief.

Maverick sees a rack of keys, a bureaucrat nearby managing the arrivals and departures of the trucks. He reaches a hand slowly toward a key ring, watching the eye movement of the bureaucrat carefully. The clerk wheels around and looks at him, and Maverick pulls back his hand.

BUREAUCRAT
What are you doing here?

Maverick looks dead guilty.

BUREAUCRAT (CONT'D)
You're not getting paid by the
hour, you know.

The bureaucrat grabs a set of keys and hands it to Maverick.

BUREAUCRAT (CONT'D)
You get paid when the operation is
complete, same as everyone else.
So let's not spend the rest of our
lives in this goddamn forest, huh?
Well, what are you waiting for?
Get that stupid stare off of your
face and get that truck out of
here.

Maverick doesn't need to be told twice. He grabs the keys
and sprints to the cab of the truck. He hops in and starts
the engine.

There is some commotion by the outhouse, as the driver bangs
and rocks the wooden enclosure, trying to force the door
open.

Maverick and the bureaucrat lock eyes just as Maverick
releases the clutch and speeds the truck down the dirt path
toward the logging entrance.

EXT. FOREST LOGGING SITE ENTRANCE - DUSK

A HIPPIE PROTESTOR has stricken up a conversation with Gillie
through the driver's side window of the Volkswagen bus.

HIPPIE PROTESTOR
This all the original interior?
This is sure a sweet ride. I had
me one of these back in the day.
That bus sure saw a lot of action.
On and off the road, both, if you
know what I mean.

The conversation is abruptly terminated as Maverick bursts
through the entrance and roars by, horn a-blazing. Gillie
sits up straight in his seat and starts the engine, leaving
the hippie in a cloud of pebbles and dust. He is shortly
followed by TWO SECURITY GUARDS ON MOTORCYCLES and a jeep
with BOSWELL in the back seat.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DUSK

Maverick roars down the dirt path, past a huge gathering of PROTESTORS positioned on either side of the road. The crowd jeers and shakes their signs at him as he barrels through.

In his wake is Gillie in the bus, who stops, rolls down his window, and rallies the crowd.

GILLIE

Don't let the rest of them through!
Stop these planet rapists!

Sure enough, the protestors swarm into the road, mobbing the motorcycles as they try to push their way through the crowd.

PROTESTORS

Pigs! Thieves!

Gillie speeds away.

Maverick looks in his rear-view mirror, watching the scene fade into the background. When he turns to look straight ahead, he sees a lone PROTESTOR holding a sign and standing in the middle of the road. Maverick slams the brakes, only barely stopping in front of the protestor. The protestor opens his eyes, amazed at his own courage and luck.

Maverick gets out of the truck.

PROTESTOR

In the name of Mother Earth, I
hereby -

Maverick grabs the protestor by the shirt and roughly drags him to the truck, throwing him into the cab through the driver's side entrance. Maverick looks down the road and sees Gillie, the two MOTORCYCLISTS and a jeep all speeding toward his position.

INT. TRUCK - DUSK

Maverick gets inside the truck and steps on the gas, quickly cycling through the gears.

MAVERICK

What's your name?

PROTESTOR

Jason. I -