

POWELL. Okay, Dunn.

DUNN. O.G. and Seneca and I have made some estimates.

As to our coordinates, and the rations we currently hold:

SENECA. We have about a five percent chance of survival.

POWELL. You made some estimates. Can I see them?

DUNN. I drew them in the ground over here.

POWELL. Well that sounds presentable—

DUNN. Hall, can you tell me your estimates on how long it'll be before we make our way out of the Canyon?

HALL. Based on my estimates, we could be on the river in the Big Canyon here for another three to six weeks.

ALL. Three to six weeks?

POWELL. Those are estimates, of course. They are merely ESTIMATES!

DUNN. Well you wouldn't bring along a mapmaker whose estimates are shaky, now would you Powell?

HALL. I don't do shaky estimates.

POWELL. Well we don't have answers. We are on this trip to find the answers, Dunn. You are getting everybody worked up and freaked out just because you can't handle it.

DUNN. I can handle a lot of things. I can handle heat. I can handle shit bacon. I can handle rowing for days. I can handle the hard truths of this expedition better than you, Powell, so when I SAY WE HAVE A FIVE PERCENT CHANCE OF SURVIVAL—

POWELL. I SAY FIVE PERCENT IS STILL A CHANCE. Are we not still alive?

DUNN. If we die, it's on your watch

OLD SHADY. Who's countin if we're all dead?

*More quiet. Old Shady continues, which is unlike him.*

I saved Bradley

Who saved my brother

Somebody saved you at one point

We save each other.

I'll see you at the end of this

And I'll shake your hand

Before that

I don't care except about what's on the spit  
And who's overboard.

I'm gonna eat a snake tonight.

My little brother does a good good job

Where's my snake?

-----END OLD SHADY

HAWKINS. Almost ready.

POWELL. Okay, guys. Okay.

We are about to hit the Great Unknown.

We are inside the Canyon, now

It's a very, very Big Canyon.

And we don't really have an idea of how long it'll be until we're out

DUNN. We won't make it out.

*A slight breeze begins to pick up. Old Shady begins to hum.*

*The moonlight penetrates the darkness.*

-----START HERE -----> POWELL. We've lost rations, that's true.

But that only means that our boats will be lighter

They will run rapids better, faster

With more agility

We will make it through the Big Canyon faster than we think we will

I'm not saying it will be easy

But maybe I am saying that.

*More explorers begin to hum. The crew packs things in boats, to rhythm. A dance-packing of the supplies. Hawkins throws*

*the crew pieces of snake, and they eat snake, humming.*

*Dunn, Seneca, and O.G. do everything with an air of loathing.*

*They move the boats into place and take their places in the boats.*

We have an unknown distance yet to run,

An unknown river to explore.

What falls there are, we know not;

What rocks beset the channel, we know not;

What walls rise over the river, we know not.

Ah, well!

We may conjecture many things.

Perhaps you'll die, Bradley

-----END for POWELL