

XAVIER: Yeah, there's nothing to be afraid of.

GARRETT: But what about the...

XAVIER: The what?

GARRETT: Cause you said we're in...

EMILY: He's talking about the 'B' word.

XAVIER: Oh.

EMILY: The thing with the claws and the teeth.

GARRETT: I guess. They don't bother you?

XAVIER: They used to. Like everything else, you get used to it. You study the online stats and eventually it sink in. they don't really want anything to do with us.

GARRETT: But they are out there.

XAVIER: They are. But I take comfort in knowing I've done everything reasonable to keep them at bay. We've got our spray. We keep a clean camp.

EMILY: We practice Leave No Trace.

GARRETT: What's that?

EMILY: It's a backpacker's philosophy. It's about making sure that as outsiders entering an environment, we don't leave any part of us behind. We want to *leave no trace* that any of us were here at all.

GARRETL Like picking up trash.

EMILY: Most of it's easy like that. Some of it's harder. Watch where you step cause your boots will damage the foliage. Some of it is just to make certain you don't encounter an animal you don't want to. We hang our food far from camp and try to mask our scent. You have to account for every little thing because if there is a trace... the 'B' words will find it.

A BRANCH SNAPS. GARRETT SOBS.

XAVIER: Maybe we should've done something a little easier for you first go around, huh?

GARRETT: I don't want to be eaten by a bear.

XAVIER: I know. But hey! Statistically, I mean it, like, never happens.

EMILY: It does happen though.

XAVIER: Oh yeah, sometimes, but it's just, Emily, I'm just trying to be logical, for, you know. We don't need to be scary.

EMILY: Maybe we should be scared. Fear keeps people alive. If you aren't afraid of the woods then you don't belong in them. They know.

My dad used to be a park ranger in the Chequamegon, in Wisconsin.

XAVIER: I remember you saying that.

EMILY: He loved the forest all his life. Still does. But was always afraid of it. Hiking with my dad was like walking your child to their first day of school. He is slow, steady, and always checking over his shoulder as if something was behind him. But he knew those woods better than he know himself. He respected them.

When he was ten he went out ion a morning hint with his dad - my grandfather - and my uncle Steve. They were deep in Grisly territory and my grandpa is a lifelong hunter. Knows how to act if they encounter a bear. They have the spray, Uncle Steve carries a rifle So did Grandpa.

EMILY/CONT'D OVER...