

BIGFOOT: NAKED AND UNTAMED

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FADE IN

EXT. FARM HOUSE IN WESTERN OKLAHOMA - LATE AFTERNOON

Laughing and conversation from inside.

CUT TO:

INT. FARM HOUSE KITCHEN TABLE

MAX, 45, his wife, MARY, 45, and COUSIN FRED, 42, are seated around a table, talking, and laughing.

MAX

You know life sometimes has a weird way of steering you toward something bigger than what you were looking for.

COUSIN FRED

Uh huh, that's right.  
(confused look)  
Wait. What do you mean?

MAX

Well, I just moved back to the family farm here in Oklahoma. Just me, the wife, and three dogs of indeterminate ancestry. The mutts that is, I had the wife checked. She's Irish.

COUSIN FRED

(laughing hysterically)  
Now, that's funny, Cousin!

Max reaches over and pats his wife on the hand. She has an unfiltered cigarette dangling from her mouth. She isn't smiling and pulls her hand back.

MAX

You know Mary is from Philadelphia. Living in rural Oklahoma has been a bit of a challenge for her.

(smiles at Mary)

Of course, she's taken up smoking and drinking cheap whiskey to cope, but I'm sure that's just a phase. And now, here you are, my favorite cousin from the Arkansas side of the family. Things are looking up already. Isn't that right, Honey?

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

It's great to be around family again.

Mary grunts and rolls her eyes. Cousin Fred picks up a modified boonie hat from his bag on the floor.

COUSIN FRED

Course, we haven't seen one another in what, twenty or thirty years? Never heard a thing from you while you was living on the east coast. But, hey, you let me through the door so I'll share with you both my latest invention.

Max starts to say something about Fred's offhand slap, but Cousin Fred is holding up the hat now for them to see.

COUSIN FRED (CONT'D)

This here is the Mosquitonator. The idea here, besides zapping pesky mosquitos before they can bite you, is that my device will also keep the rain off of you. You'll note, Cousin, that these solar panels are arranged as a pitched roof on the top.

MAX

So what's with the tiny fishhooks around the brim?

COUSIN FRED

Those are for securing bits of liver to attract the atavistic little buggers. The solar panels charge the fish hooks through these tiny wires so that when the skeeters land on the hooks they get fried.

MARY

(unlit filterless  
cigarette hanging from a  
corner of her mouth)

You aren't serious!

COUSIN FRED

Of course I am! I'll prove it to you both. I'll put the hat outside while it's still light to top off the charge on the batteries and later we'll have a live demonstration.

Max gets up from the table and takes the boonie hat outside.

MARY

Why in the name of all that is holy  
did you let that reprobate through  
the door?

MAX

Cousin Fred has a reputation among  
the family as a bit of a huckster.  
Always trying to come up with some  
new way to make a quick buck. It's  
good to see him.

Mary gets up from the table.

MAX (CONT'D)

Where you going?

MARY

To hide all the jewelry, credit  
cards and cash.

Cousin Fred returns from outside. Mary settles back into her  
chair.

COUSIN FRED

There that should do it. We'll let  
those panels soak up a few rays.  
I'm really anxious to show you how  
this works. I tell you, I'll make a  
fortune with this.

MAX

Fred, it's a boonie hat for crying  
out loud. I wore one of those on  
the ground during the Gulf War.  
They make a mosquito net that fits  
over the crown and drops down over  
your face when you need it.

COUSIN FRED

(laughing)

Now, cousin, do you want to spend  
the rest of your natural life  
dealing with mosquitos the old  
fashioned way with netting or by  
spraying vile chemicals all over  
your body?

(pauses for effect,  
looking at each of the  
other two)

(MORE)

COUSIN FRED (CONT'D)

Of course not and I wouldn't let you do that! Any fried chicken left?

EXT. FRONT YARD OF FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Cousin Fred produces a small plastic bag with little chunks of liver inside. He begins placing the meat on the hooks surrounding the brim of the hat.

COUSIN FRED

Raw beef liver. Mosquitos cannot resist. Okay, cousin, come here. Let's get you fitted.

MAX

Me? Why me?  
(looks over at Mary)  
Honey?

MARY

No fucking way I'm putting that on my head! He's your cousin, your blood.

MAX

(sighs)  
Unfortunately.

Cousin Fred moves to carefully place the hat on Max's head.

COUSIN FRED

Mary, do you folks have a fire extinguisher in the house? You might want to bring it out on the porch as a precaution.

Mary steps inside to grab the extinguisher.

MAX

Judas priest, a fire extinguisher? Why do I feel like I'm strapping a bunch of cell phones all over my skull. Get this off of me.

Mary returns outside with the extinguisher and a lit cigarette dangling from her mouth.

MARY

Fire extinguisher ready!

COUSIN FRED

Okay, we're set. Standby to turn on!

MARY

(laughing at Max)

You know, I don't think you've ever looked so much like a tool as you do right now!

(swats a mosquito that lands on her arm)

Cousin Fred reaches up in the back of the hat and a click is heard as he throws the power switch. A low-frequency hum can be heard.

COUSIN FRED

Okay, Cousin. Walk around a little bit so we can see it work.

Max begins walking across the lawn, but trips on a lawn sprinkler stuck into the ground and stumbles. The dangling wires of the boonie hat begin swinging into one another causing the current running through each to begin arcing.

MAX

(panicking)

What's happening? I can't see anything because of the sparks! This is really disorienting!

Max begins staggering around, spinning and weaving. The wires continue to arc.

MAX (CONT'D)

What's that smell? Mother of God, the meat is cooking on the hooks!

There is a loud bang from the top of the boonie hat. Bright sparks rain down over Max.

COUSIN FRED

(screaming)

Drop and roll! Drop and roll! His skull is on fire!

Max moves to drop to the ground. He reaches up to pull the boonie from his head, receives a mild shock and burns his finger tips.

MAX

(screams)

Aaargh. Make it stop! Make it stop!

Mary picks up the fire extinguisher sitting on the porch and sprays Max from head to toe. After spaying him, she drops the extinguisher on the lawn.

MARY  
 (walks back toward the house, but flicks her cigarette on him)  
 You're a tool!

Cousin Fred picks up the fire extinguisher and sprays the cigarette, covering Max again. Max is lying on the ground with curls of smoke rising up in front of his face.

MAX  
 Fred, did you ever think to test the Mosquitonator before trying it on me?

COUSIN FRED  
 (chuckles as he reaches down to help Max up)  
 Nope.

INT. FARM HOUSE KITCHEN TABLE - SAME EVENING

Mary is bandaging Max's fingers. There is a gauze wrap around his head. Another filterless cigarette dangles from Mary's mouth.

MAX  
 (to Cousin Fred)  
 I can't believe you'd do that to me.

COUSIN FRED  
 You don't have any mosquito bites do you?

MARY  
 (looks up at Max)  
 Oh stop being such a cupcake. It's not like you're permanently disfigured or anything.

COUSIN FRED  
 I know what will fix you up, Cousin.

Cousin Fred gets up from table to retrieve a bottle of whiskey and two glasses. Pours a small amount in each glass and pushes one toward Max.

COUSIN FRED (CONT'D)  
Here you go. This will help with  
the pain.

MAX  
(winces)  
I don't need a drink, thank you.

MARY  
Hey, where's mine?

Max uses the back of his hand to slide his glass toward Mary.

COUSIN FRED  
Cousin, I think it's time to  
discuss future endeavors.

Max looks at Mary who downs the glass of whiskey in one gulp,  
unlit cigarette still dangling from her mouth.

MAX  
Future endeavors? What future  
endeavors? You nearly killed me  
tonight, you deranged hillbilly!  
(angrily)  
There are no future endeavors!  
Other than you going back to  
Arkansas!

COUSIN FRED  
No, listen, Cousin. Now the  
Mosquitonator is, I will grant you,  
my invention alone. I've put too  
much time and effort into the R and  
D of developing that product. No,  
in terms of future endeavors, we  
should think reality television!

Mary rolls her eyes and leaves the table taking the bottle of  
whiskey with her. Max continues wrapping his finger tips in  
gauze.

MAX  
Reality show? Isn't that kind of  
2012?

COUSIN FRED  
Not at all, Cousin! Oh sure the  
major networks have begun dropping  
them. But, on the more obscure  
cable channels they're still really  
hot. What we need to do is find a  
hook.



MAX

A hook?

COUSIN FRED

Yes, a hook. Something that no one else has done. Or, even better combine elements of what others have done to create something even better.

MAX

Like what, Fred? Give me an example.

COUSIN FRED

Like introducing nudity into reality TV.

MAX

It's been done. There's that show where they dump people in a remote jungle somewhere and make them take their clothes off. They have to survive for a few weeks without the benefit of outside food or water or internet. That would be my worst nightmare, no internet.

COUSIN FRED

There you see. Too predictable.

MAX

Okay, so what exactly are you thinking?

COUSIN FRED

Well, there's that one show where people get dropped off and then have to race to another location by any means necessary. You've seen that, right?

MAX

Yeah.

COUSIN FRED

What I'm suggesting is that we combine the two.

MAX

Huh?

COUSIN FRED

Let's say the people have to race around in a city to various landmarks, but they do it naked. You'd watch that show wouldn't you?

They hear Mary belch in the next room.

MAX

Well, maybe. But, it sounds like a sure way to get everyone arrested for indecent exposure. Which is why dumping naked people in a remote location works. Besides what do we know about making a television show of any kind?

COUSIN FRED

No problemo. You don't worry about that, Cousin. My friend Lamont back in Arkansas has experience as a freelance camera man for a local TV station.

MAX

Uh huh. So, where do we come in?

COUSIN FRED

We're the idea men, the way I see it. Executive producers!

MAX

(acting as though he's deep in thought)  
Hmmm. Wait, you know, in town there is a bunch of people who have spent the past twenty years or so installing statues of various things around town in random locations. They call the project Art in Public Places.

COUSIN FRED

Yeah, and?

MAX

And...we create a show where people race from statue to statue while naked. We'll call the show Art in Pubic Places.

COUSIN FRED

(laughing, bangs the table with his hand)  
(MORE)

COUSIN FRED (CONT'D)

Now you're talking, Cousin! I like it!

MAX

(rolls his eyes)  
I'm not serious.

COUSIN FRED

Well, I am! That's a great idea!

MAX

Okay, well, you fish that idea or any other one and if you can get anyone to bite, I'm in.

COUSIN FRED

I'll get to work on it as soon as I get home to Arkansas.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY - TWO WEEKS LATER

Max is hurriedly packing clothes into a suitcase, while talking to Cousin Fred over the hands-free feature on his smart phone on the bed.

MAX

Wait, so you actually found a Hollywood producer who is interested in working with us on a reality show? And, he wants to actually meet with us, in Vegas? What idea did you pitch him? I don't recall that we came up with anything firm.

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)

(on speakerphone)  
Initially, I told him about the idea for Art in Public Places. He seemed to like that a lot.

MAX

You're kidding. That's the idea you pitched to him? I wasn't serious. That idea sucks.

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)

(on speakerphone)  
I also told him about putting naked Bigfoot hunters out into the field, which he didn't get at first.

(MORE)

COUSIN FRED (O.C.) (CONT'D)

So, thinking on my feet, I told him that all of those other Bigfoot shows have it all wrong. Our idea is for people hunting a Bigfoot to be naked just like him. That way Bigfoot's more likely to go along with being hunted. Smart, huh?

MAX

Huh? What? Where did the Bigfoot thing come from? We never talked about that. And why is it that the only ideas we can come up with for a reality show involve people getting naked and doing something irretrievably stupid?

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)

(on speakerphone)

Cousin, that's what we in show business call thinking outside the box. You think I went back to Arkansas and did nothing? No sir! I've been thinking. Outside of a box.

MAX

Uh huh.

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)

(on speakerphone)

I also spent a lot of time dialing through the numbers in a Hollywood Creative Guide that I bought off some guy on eBay.

MAX

Hollywood Creative Guide?

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)

(on speakerphone)

Yeah, I finally found someone who didn't just hang up on me. Look, Cousin, naked sells on television. America is at an all-time low, taste-wise and morals-wise. We're at the dawn of a new age in televised entertainment.

MAX

Yeah, I'm not so sure about this.

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)

(on speakerphone)

We're pioneers I'm tellin' you. Pioneers! I'm taking a page from those wacky Japanese game shows. They do all sorts of outrageous things on TV over there.

MAX

I see. Okay, if you say so. I'm not sure how I'm going to explain a trip to Vegas to Mary. It's a good thing that you left here when you did. The wife was close to throwing you out herself. She's calmer now. I bought her several cartons of unfiltered smokes and a case of cheap whiskey. But, we should leave soon after you get here.

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)

(on speakerphone)

No problemo, Cousin. I'm ready to roll. You be packed. The producer I talked to and his trusty assistant producer are going to be in Vegas-baby while trying to sign a guy who wants to make a reality show out of robbing casinos.

MAX

Uh huh. And, is this guy going to rob said casinos naked?

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)

(on speakerphone)

Hmmm. I don't know, but that's a brilliant idea. We should tell the guy we're meeting with about it. Maybe if Chick likes it, he'll give us a piece of that show as creative consultants. Now that's great television.

MAX

Not to mention accessories after the fact to a felony. So, who's Chick?

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)

(on speakerphone)

Chick Terrace, he's the head of Mountebank Productions Unlimited.

MAX

Have you checked this guy out?

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)

(on speakerphone)

No time for that, Cousin. We have to strike while the iron is sizzling hot. We're supposed to meet with Chick and his able assistant producer on Thursday morning.

MAX

Thursday morning? It's already Tuesday. Vegas is a thousand miles from here. Even under great driving conditions we're probably looking at fourteen hours.

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)

(on speakerphone)

No problemo. I figure we can leave really early tomorrow morning. We'll be fine.

MAX

Okay, but you better get your ass over here from Arkansas. When are you leaving?

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)

(on speakerphone)

I've already left.

MAX

Okay, when will you get here?

The doorbell rings. The dogs begin barking. There is a shriek from somewhere inside the house.

MARY

(screaming)

Your fucking hillbilly cousin is back! Why is he here?

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)

(on speakerphone)

I'm here!

Max moves to the front door. Fighting off the dogs, he opens it. There on the front porch is Cousin Fred with a bag in hand. He's wearing a bright yellow t-shirt emblazoned with "Viva Lost Wages" and 70's-retro aviator sunglasses with yellow lenses.

MAX

My God, you like some kind of  
deranged hepatic nightmare.

COUSIN FRED

(smiling)

Thanks, Cousin. What's for dinner?

EXT. FREEWAY ON OUTSKIRTS OF LAS VEGAS - THURSDAY - DAY

Cousin Fred's beat up Ford Bronco is moving down the highway

MAX (O.C.)

So where are we supposed to meet  
this guy?

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)

The Lily Bar and Lounge at the  
Bellagio.

INT. ENTRANCE TO THE LILY BAR AND LOUNGE

Room is full of people milling about.

MAX

Do you have any idea what this guy  
looks like?

COUSIN FRED

Nope.

MAX

Do you have his number?

COUSIN FRED

Yep. It's on my phone.

MAX

And, your phone is where?

COUSIN FRED

I left it at the motel in Boulder  
City this morning.

MAX

(winces)

So how do we find the guy in this  
crowd?

COUSIN FRED

No problemo, Cousin. Watch me work.

Cousin Fred begins moving through the crowd, approaching random people and greeting them.

COUSIN FRED (CONT'D)

Chick, baby! How are you? Oh, sorry.

Max spots someone standing at the back of the room waving at Cousin Fred.

MAX

(shouts to be heard over crowd)

Fred! Fred! Over there. Someone's waving at us.

Max and Cousin Fred move toward the back of the room. The person waving at them, FERGEL SAMPSON, is standing in front of a corner booth. A middle-aged man, CHICK TERRACE, is seated in the corner. He's wearing mirrored sunglasses and is dressed in a dark suit with a black silk shirt opened to mid-chest.

COUSIN FRED

(extends his hand to Fergel)

Chick, baby! So glad to finally meet you.

FERGEL

I'm Mr. Terrace's trusted assistant, Fergel Sampson.  
(gesturing behind him)  
This is Chick Terrace.

Max leans across the table to shake Chick's hand, but Terrace turns his head to the left staring off into space.

FERGEL (CONT'D)

(whispering in Max's ear)  
Mr. Terrace never shakes hands because of the germs. He is hypersensitive and vulnerable to diseases, you know.

Max slides into the booth, but notices Cousin Fred is nowhere to be seen. He spots him across the room talking to two women.



CHICK  
 (without making eye  
 contact)  
 Do you know who I am?

MAX  
 Not a clue.

FERGEL  
 This is Chick Terrace, the king of  
 broadcast television.

MAX  
 Oh wait a second. Now that I get a  
 look at you, I do remember you.  
 Back in the 70's and 80's you had  
 hit after hit on television. Wasn't  
 there some scandal where your  
 partner Billy Tipmann turned up  
 dead? But, you were exonerated,  
 right?

FERGEL  
 (urgent whisper)  
 We DO NOT discuss that.

MAX  
 Oh. Okay.

CHICK  
 (still not looking at Max)  
 So what do you boys have for me?

Cousin Fred walks up to the table having been rejected by the  
 two women.

MAX  
 Fred, you want to lead off?

COUSIN FRED  
 Sure. You wanted to talk to us  
 about our concept for a new reality  
 show.

CHICK  
 (still not looking at  
 them)  
 Yeah. Pitch your concept.

COUSIN FRED  
 Well, I had discussed with you over  
 the phone the Art in Public Places  
 idea.

(MORE)

COUSIN FRED (CONT'D)

You know, where people race around town from statue to statue while completely nude.

CHICK

Yeah, won't work. We'll have the cops crawling up our ass. What was your other idea. Something about Bigfoot?

COUSIN FRED

Yeah. So the idea there is to send Bigfoot hunters into the field, but naked.

CHICK

Again with the naked?

COUSIN FRED

Yes. That's the hook. No one else has done that on any other Bigfoot reality show. Plus, we think it would increase the chances of finding said Bigfoot since the hunters would be as naked as him, or her, whatever.

CHICK

(looks at Max)

We, he says. You buying this?

MAX

Well, I don't...

COUSIN FRED

Of course, he does. I tell you, Chick, this can't miss.

CHICK

Hear that Fergel? Can't miss. These two amateurs think they have a winner. Wait, aren't you forgetting something? What about the goat?

MAX

Goat? What goat?

COUSIN FRED

Oh, you mean the barking goat?

MAX

(incredulous)

Barking goat?

CHICK

Yeah, barking goat. That was the best part of your pitch over the phone.

COUSIN FRED

Of course, there's a barking goat! I tell you Chick, this is can't miss television.

There are several moments of awkward silence as Chick stares alternately at Max and Cousin Fred behind mirrored sunglasses.

CHICK

You know, I'm not known as the King of Broadcast Television for nothing. I know a great idea when I spot one.

MAX

Um...

CHICK

And this is a great idea! It's got everything great television should have.

MAX

Oh, uh...

CHICK

You got a monster - that's Bigfoot. It's got nudity - that's Bigfoot and the Realitors.

MAX

Realitors?

CHICK

That's a real Hollywood word I just made up! You know, reality TV talent.

MAX

Realitors.

CHICK

Stop interrupting my brain stream here. Where was I? Oh, yeah, there's spine tingling action. There will be spine tingling action, right?

COUSIN FRED  
The spine tinglingest.

CHICK  
Plus, a barking goat! I gotta tell  
you, this will be epic television.  
Epic!

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERHEAD SHOT OF COUSIN FRED'S VEHICLE DRIVING ALONG AN  
OTHERWISE EMPTY INTERSTATE - DAY

MAX (O.C.)  
Epic television, Chick called it.  
Naked realitors and barking goats.  
Why do I suddenly want to move to  
Uzbekistan and take up life as a  
French pimp?

COUSIN FRED (O.C.)  
You'd look weird in a beret.

MAX (O.C.)  
But, surely it would be a more  
reasonable way of life.

INT. INSIDE COUSIN FRED'S VEHICLE - DAY

MAX  
You've been driving for nearly nine  
hours straight. Want me to drive  
for a while?

COUSIN FRED  
Nope, Cousin. I'm good. These Wide  
Open Throttle Energy Drinks are  
keeping me focused on the road.

MAX  
How many of those have you had?

COUSIN FRED  
Stopped counting at four. I'll  
never fucking sleep again! Ha!

MAX  
Swell.

Cousin Fred is quiet for a moment. He stares out the windshield at the road.

COUSIN FRED

Cousin, this is it! Our ship is finally coming in. I really feel it!

MAX

What you're feeling are those energy drinks having their way with your central nervous system. Actually, I also was just thinking the whole ship coming in thing. But, it seems to be shot full of holes and patched with water-soluble chewing gum.

COUSIN FRED

Chick greenlighted a rough cut pilot from us. Do you know how big a deal this is?

MAX

Not really. There's no money involved. I stayed up late last night watching a couple of those shopping channels to see if we can get a video camera cheap.

COUSIN FRED

No problemo, Cousin. I have things well in hand. My friend, Lamont, from Arkansas? He has everything we'll need. He used to shoot hillbilly porn, you know.

MAX

(sighing)

No, I didn't know that. I thought he was freelancing for television news? Guess it's the same thing really. Well, hopefully the equipment has been sterilized.

COUSIN FRED

He's got all the equipment. Cameras, lights, all the gear and assorted accoutrements. Everything we'll need for shooting a rough cut pilot for Chick.

MAX

(sarcastically)

I'm feeling so much better now.

(pauses)

And, what about the goddamn barking goat? Where are you going to find that?

COUSIN FRED

Cousin, have a little faith, will you? I've figured out how to solve that too.

Max is looking his smart phone.

COUSIN FRED (CONT'D)

I figure we should plan on hitting the road sometime next week to get this thing in the can, as they say. What do you think?

MAX

Yeah, fine. The question is where do we go? I've been checking Bigfoot sightings. The bulk have been up and down the Sierra and Cascade Mountains on the west coast.

COUSIN FRED

Nothing closer?

MAX

Well, there have been sightings down in southern Oklahoma, but most of those came in from meth heads cooking product under bridges.

COUSIN FRED

Hey, what about Colorado?

MAX

Yeah, was just looking at that. There have been many sightings in the Rockies.

COUSIN FRED

Plus, with the relaxed recreational marijuana laws, we're more likely to find talent willing to strip naked and traipse about the woods at night.

MAX

Traipse?

COUSIN FRED

Hey, it's a word.

INT. FARM HOUSE IN OKLAHOMA - EARLY MORNING

GRAPHIC: TWO DAYS LATER

INTERCUT AS NEEDED BETWEEN LIVE TV SHOTS AND FARM HOUSE

Max turns on the morning news from Oklahoma City with  
NEWSCASTER KENT.

NEWSCASTER KENT

We're getting word that there's  
breaking news taking place right  
now here in the Metro. For an  
update, let's go to KIP REAMER in  
our exclusive super fast News6  
SpyCam in the Sky above I-40. Kip,  
what have you got?

KIP REAMER

(in the helicopter)

Yeah, right now, Kent, it's a  
little unclear. We're following a  
vehicle along I-40 westbound that  
seems to be at the center of  
several 911 calls that have been  
coming into police. There are no  
police cars in sight just yet. We  
don't know if they aren't  
considering this vehicle a problem  
or what. There doesn't seem to be  
any sort of visible threat from the  
vehicle.

The camera onboard the helicopter zooms in on what appears to  
be Cousin Fred's beat up Ford Bronco.

MAX

(hand over face)

Oh, dear God. Please no.

NEWSCASTER KENT

Okay, Kip. We have a live feed of  
some of those calls now. Let's  
listen to the audio.

911 OPERATOR

911. What's your emergency?

MOTORIST ONE

It's a demonic apocalypse rolling down I-40. I've never seen anything like it!

(muffled)

Get behind me, Satan! Stay behind me, Satan! I will not allow you to outrun me, you heathen!

911 OPERATOR

Ma'am, I'm sorry. You aren't making sense. Stay focused and tell me what's happening.

MOTORIST ONE

What's happening? I'll tell you what's happening! Satan himself is driving along I-40 like he owns the damn road. We need a SWAT team!

(hangs up)

911 OPERATOR

911. What's your emergency?

MOTORIST TWO

There's a damned Satan worshipper with Baphomet himself seated at his right hand moving through the city. That's the emergency!

Motorist hangs up. Camera back on Newscaster Kent.

NEWSCASTER KENT

Okay, we've lost our feed from the Metro Police. As near as we can tell from what we were able to get, there is a demonic goat inside of someone's vehicle moving along I-40 westbound. We don't know if the driver is being held against his will or if he is colluding with the demonic goat. We just don't know at this point, but it begs the question as to whether the Russians are somehow involved.

LACY HOSCHEN

Kent? Kent, can I interrupt for just a second?

NEWSCASTER KENT

Okay, our own special assistant weather wizard LACY HOSCHEN has something new to report. Lacy?



LACY HOSCHEN

Yeah, Kent, I just want to point out that the current barometric pressure and dew point in the Metro this morning are highly conducive for creating flatulence in demonic goats. Kent?

NEWSCASTER KENT

Thanks for that, Lacy. Glad we have you on the team.

(pauses as though he's listening to something)

Okay, folks, we have an update for you. The Archdiocese of Oklahoma City is calling for an emergency exorcism. The church is deploying a quote SWAT Team unquote of priests to chase this thing out of the Metro and into Yukon to the west. Kip are seeing anything new up there?

KIP REAMER

Yes, Kent. I'm attempting to pace the suspicious demonic vehicle now so I can zoom in with our News6 SpyCam in the Sky and get us a better look at the evil shenanigans going on down there.

Television screen shows helicopter camera zooming in on a tight shot of the passenger side of Cousin Fred's Bronco.

KIP REAMER (CONT'D)

Okay, thanks to the Metro's most powerful Spy Cam in the Sky, we're getting a closer look at this vehicle of interest. It appears...it appears...oh, my God!

NEWSCASTER KENT

What is it, Kip? Tell us what you're seeing!

KIP REAMER

Well, Kent, as you can see for yourself, sitting in the passenger seat of that Bronco there appears to be a goat eating a chocolate donut.

NEWSCASTER KENT

My God, Kip. How did an allegedly demonic goat get hold of a chocolate donut?

MAX

(face buried in both hands)  
How indeed?  
(groans)

NEWSCASTER KENT

Kip, Kip, stay with your shot here. We're just getting word in from Oklahoma City Police. There's a press conference about to start. We're going to pick up the audio from our own PETIT BOURGEOISIE. Petit?

Television screen shows a tight shot on the Bronco. The goat now has a fresh donut. Graphic on screen reads "Petit Bourgeoisie reporting live and on the spot at police headquarters.

PETIT BOURGEOISIE

Yes, Kent. We're waiting the start of this hastily called press conference here at police headquarters. There is a group of radical Baptists standing outside demanding that police kill the quote demonic beast and send it back to hell unquote. So far, only credentialed media are being allowed inside for the press conference, of which I am one, Kent.

NEWSCASTER KENT

Thank goodness for that, Petit.

PETIT BOURGEOISIE

Oh, wait, Kent. The official POLICE SPOKESPERSON is stepping to the microphone. Let's listen in, shall we?

POLICE SPOKESPERSON

I'll make a statement, but I will not be taking questions at this time.

(MORE)

POLICE SPOKESPERSON (CONT'D)

Early this morning several reports came into the 911 Center about a demonic goat inside a vehicle moving along I-40 westbound. Units responded and found nothing particularly unusual about a goat riding inside a vehicle. Honestly, we get these calls all the time and it's really no big deal.

PETIT BOURGEOISIE

(whispering)

You hear that, Kent? Police say it's no big deal.

POLICE SPOKESPERSON

Soon thereafter, we received a call from an animal handler who works for the Public Works Department for Oklahoma City. He reported that one of the Hefner Canal goats is missing. We now believe that the goat reported in the vehicle may be the missing Hefner Canal goat. We have issued a statewide stop and seize order on the vehicle. The Oklahoma City Police Department takes goat theft very seriously and you can be assured we will hunt down the person or persons responsible.

Television screen shot switches from airborne footage to the scene inside police headquarters.

POLICE SPOKESPERSON (CONT'D)

Our detectives have been able to piece together a timeline surrounding this goat theft that I think will answer most of your questions. At 0500 this morning, the alleged goat thief stopped at Polar Donuts on North Meridian where he purchased a dozen chocolate donuts and a large coffee. He walked across the parking lot to the convenience store where he purchased a four-pack of Wide Open Throttle Energy Drink...

MAX

He'll never fucking sleep again.

## POLICE SPOKESPERSON

His next stop was Lake Hefner where the alleged perpetrator was able to load one of the Hefner Canal goats into the front of his Ford Bronco. Witnesses say that the alleged goat thief used a chocolate donut to lure the goat close to the vehicle. A witness said that the alleged nutcase then...

## MAX

No alleged about it, he is a fucking nutcase.

## POLICE SPOKESPERSON

...before entering the vehicle, removed his ballcap, looked around and with a sweeping gesture of his hand declared, and I am quoting here from the witness statement, "Someday there will be churches and schools in this here land!" He then drove off. That is all we have right now. We'll issue updates as they become available. Thank you.

## PETIT BOURGEOISIE

So there you have it, Kent. Mystery solved. It's not a demonic goat at all, but one of the Hefner Canal goats. As viewers may recall, those goats were put there to keep the weeds down, but it appears someone else has plans for one of them. For News6, this is Petit Bourgeoisie reporting on the spot at police headquarters.

## NEWSCASTER KENT

Great reporting, Petit. Our News6 SpyCam in the Sky has had to break off pursuit because of low fuel. We have a ground crew tracking the helo in case it runs out of fuel and crashes. We'll be first on that story. We'll break back in when or if there's an update to this goat thing. But for now we're going to head over to the News6 kitchen where our chef is going to show everyone how to make barbecued goat leg.

Max turns off the television and sits staring at the black screen.

MAX

Why me?

MARY

(standing behind him)

Yeah, why you?

(hands him a bottle of  
cheap whiskey)

Drink heavily. I find it helps.

Want a cigarette?

EXT. FARM HOUSE FRONT YARD - NEXT MORNING

Max steps out onto the front yard of the farm house. He sees Cousin Fred's Ford Bronco parked in front of the travel trailer where Fred has been sleeping. The door of the trailer opens and Cousin Fred emerges wearing boxer shorts and an open robe. He is pulling a long leash, the other end of which is attached to LASSIE THE BARKING GOAT.

COUSIN FRED

(sees Max on the porch and  
waves)

Morning, Cousin! A bit nippley out,  
ain't it? I've named the goat  
Lassie. What do you think? That  
seemed a proper name for a barking  
goat.

Max walks to where Cousin Fred is standing with the goat.

MAX

So, the goat barks?

COUSIN FRED

We're getting there, Cousin. Have a  
little patience.

MAX

Patience, my ass. If Mary sees this  
goat we're all dead.

COUSIN FRED

(nodding toward the house)  
Um, too late.

MARY

(on the phone while pacing  
on the porch)

Hi. Rib Station?

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

Could I interest you in a goat for barbecuing? It's a fresh, chocolate donut fed goat we're talking about.  
 (pauses, listening)  
 Why, free of course! Hello? Hello? Fuckers!

Mary turns and storms back inside the house.

MAX

Okay, listen, you and Lassie here need to stay out of sight. Got it?

COUSIN FRED

No problemo, Cousin. Whatever you say. I expect my friend Lamont here around noon. Oh, and he's bringing his cousin's RV. That way we can travel in style and save on motel rooms.

MAX

Great! Perfect! We'll leave for Colorado this afternoon. Get packed and ready to go.

Max walks back toward the house. He looks back at Cousin Fred who is standing with Lassie trying to teach the goat to bark.

COUSIN FRED

Come on, Lassie. Come on boy. Bark like a dog. Arf. Arf.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT, FALCON, COLORADO - NEXT MORNING

GRAPHIC: FALCON, COLORADO

Max emerges from the RV with a cup of coffee in hand. LAMONT joins him.

MAX

Thanks for making the coffee.

LAMONT

All the comforts of home. How far to where we're going? Where are we going?

MAX

Kellystone. We're about three hours away. Our shooting location will be Tezcatlan, Colorado. It's only about 10 minutes from Kellystone.

LAMONT

Why aren't we staying in Tezcatlan then?

MAX

Mostly because there is no hotel or motel in Tezcatlan. Besides, Tezcatlan is known as America's meanest town.

LAMONT

Sounds ominous. Why there?

MAX

It was the closest spot we could find with multiple Bigfoot sightings. There is a trailhead there that goes up into the mountains.

Banging is heard at the RV door from inside. Lamont opens the door and Lassie the Barking Goat steps out onto the parking lot.

LAMONT

Good morning, Lassie

Lassie makes a barking sound and moves over to a nearby patch of grass and begins grazing.

MAX

Part of the problem with Tezcatlan is that they don't allow tourists to park anywhere without a special permit, which costs a fortune.

LAMONT

Trying to generate revenue, I'm guessing?

MAX

Nah, not so much that. They just don't want tourists accessing the trailhead from town. It's pretty much a closed community and they want to keep it that way.

LAMONT

I see.

MAX

There's only 62 residents in the town.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

There is a pending lawsuit where the town council is suing all of the registered voters in town over a disputed election from several years ago. The registered voters have mounted a countersuit against the town council. I bet they have a contest in the summer where the town's kids gather to pull the wings off flies or something.

Max looks over at Lassie, who has found a patch of clover and is contentedly munching.

MAX (CONT'D)

I checked with the resort at Kellystone where we'll stay. They've offered to run us over to Tezcatlan daily if need be.

Door to the RV opens and Cousin Fred steps out wearing only a pair of boxer shorts.

COUSIN FRED

Morning, boys! What's new? Anyone seen Lassie?

MAX

Yeah, he's over there grazing. We need to get him some water.

LAMONT

There's a big bowl in one of the cabinets in there, I'll get him some.

MAX

Fred, you might want to put some clothes on. People coming out of the store are beginning to point fingers.

COUSIN FRED

(puts a hand to his chest)  
I'll do that.

Cousin Fred goes back inside the RV, followed by Lamont who returns with a large bowl of water.

LAMONT

Here, Lassie! Come here boy!

Lassie runs back to the RV making barking sounds. He begins lapping at the water in the bowl.



LAMONT (CONT'D)

When do you want to head out?

MAX

Let Fred get dressed and then we'll see if we can get some breakfast around here.

INT. LOBBY OF INN AT KELLYSTONE RESORT - EARLY AFTERNOON

COUSIN FRED

Mister, I'm telling you this is a dog. His name is Lassie. Lassie, speak boy! Speak for the man.

(Lassie barks)

Now watch this, Lassie roll over. Roll over boy!

(Lassie rolls over)

See, he's a dog.

RESORT GUY

He doesn't look like any dog I've ever seen. Plus, he has horns.

COUSIN FRED

He's a very special kind of dog. From Uzbekistan. It took decades of inbreeding to get those horns! Now then, kindly check us into our suite.

RESORT GUY

Well, management has agreed to comp your suite if you'll agree to mention the resort in the TV pilot you're filming. But, I'm afraid you'll have to make a pet deposit for your...um...whatever that is.

COUSIN FRED

No problemo, Brother. By the way, are there any recreational marijuana stores nearby?

EXT. INN AT KELLYSTONE RESORT - MINUTES LATER

Everyone is gathered outside the RV. Cousin Fred hands keycards to Max and Lamont.

COUSIN FRED

There, I told you this would go easy.

(MORE)

COUSIN FRED (CONT'D)

I had to pay a pet deposit on Lassie here, but we're in a four-bedroom suite.

MAX

Suite? What's that going to cost us?

COUSIN FRED

It's comped. Management asked that we mention the resort in our pilot. I tell you boys, this Hollywood lifestyle doesn't suck.

Lassie is eating the flowers out of a large planter nearby.

MAX

Okay, why don't you and Lassie go up to the room. Lamont and I will head over to Tezcatlan and see if we can get some decent b-roll footage around town for filler when we start editing. I don't want Lassie along until we get a feel for the place and there's no way we can leave Lassie here alone.

COUSIN FRED

Got it, Cousin. Lassie and I will stick around here. I'll see if I can find us some willing and able talent to appear on camera. There seems to be a large contingent of people staying here who look as though they would get naked and work for free.

All look over at Lassie who has finished off all of the flowers in one planter and is eyeing the other.

MAX

Uh huh. Okay, you do that. Lamont we'll take the RV this trip. We'll check to see if there is anyplace there we can park even if it's for a short time.

LAMONT

We're set. The camera battery packs are all charged.

COUSIN FRED

Say fellas, while you're out, if you come across a liquor store.

(MORE)

COUSIN FRED (CONT'D)

How about getting us a couple bottles of Mezcal? Oh, and the dude at the front desk tells me there is a marijuana retail outlet here in Kellystone.

LAMONT

(smiling)  
You got it.

INT. - LAMONT'S RV OUTSIDE OF TEZCATLAN - AFTERNOON

Max and Lamont follow a sign that reads "Tezcatlan".

LAMONT

Man, look at this place. It's all dirt roads.

MAX

Yeah. Fortunately, the street is dry.

LAMONT

Where do you want to go?

MAX

I don't know. For right now, just idle up the main drag here.

(looking around)

You notice there's no one out walking or driving around? It's like the place is deserted.

LAMONT

Yeah, I noticed.

Max spots a TEZCATLAN LOCAL sitting on their porch.

MAX

Lamont, pull over here. I'll ask this guy if he can tell us anything about Bigfoot sightings.

Lamont pulls the RV over to the curb. Max rolls down the passenger window to speak to the person. The porch sits up high off the street. Max has to crane his neck out the window to speak. The man has a large Bowie knife in one hand and a whetstone in the other. He is sharpening the knife.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hello, there! Nice knife. American made, I presume?

The local doesn't acknowledge Max. He just keeps sharpening the knife.

MAX (CONT'D)

My friend and I have heard of many Bigfoot sightings in this area. We were wondering if you could help us out by pointing us in the right direction.

The local stops sharpening. He looks directly at the RV.

LAMONT

(whispering)

Holy shit. Are his eyes actually yellow?

The local raises himself from his chair and stands at the porch railing staring at the RV. With a swift movement, he drives the tip of the knife into the porch railing.

TEZCATLAN LOCAL

(deep voice)

I work for a fucking living.

With that he turns and walks back inside the house, slamming the door behind him. The large Bowie is still in the railing.

LAMONT

Hope the other locals are friendlier.

MAX

(still looking at the porch)

When we hit the city limits we passed a sign about public parking being straight ahead. Let's continue on up the street here.

EXT. ROOFTOP TERRACE INN AT KELLYSTONE - AFTERNOON

Cousin Fred is in a large spa with three twenty-something women, TIFFANY, CHEYENNE, and PATTY. All are sipping beers as they soak. Lassie is laying on the roof next to the spa.

COUSIN FRED

So, that's why we're here. My cousin and friend are over in Tezcatlan right now scouting shoot locations.

TIFFANY

Wow. A new reality show. How exciting!

There is general agreement among the ladies that it's exciting.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

So what's your reality show called?

COUSIN FRED

The working title is Bigfoot: Naked and Untamed. Course, that might change down the road, but that's it for now.

PATTY

It's another Bigfoot hunting show?

COUSIN FRED

Yeah, but this one has a twist.

PATTY

Wait, don't tell me.

COUSIN FRED

The hunters as well as the Bigfoot are all naked.

PATTY

(rolls her eyes)

Oh, for God's sake! And, I'll bet you're seeking actors for your show.

COUSIN FRED

Yep. Funny you should mention that. We are looking for talent. I'm hoping to find some leads here in the resort. You ladies wouldn't happen to know anyone that might be interested in appearing in a TV pilot?

CHEYENNE

We might!

Tiffany nods her head. Patty shakes her head no. Cousin Fred sees this and senses an opportunity.

COUSIN FRED

Oh, no, we couldn't do that. Who knows if this is going anywhere.

(MORE)

COUSIN FRED (CONT'D)

We couldn't ask young women such as yourselves to appear nude for a TV show anyway.

CHEYENNE

Why not? We're all over 21. Besides there's already a naked reality show on television. So it's not that unusual.

PATTY

Don't you guys see what he's doing? He's trying to trick us into appearing on their damned show. He's just an old pervert. Forget it!

TIFFANY

(pauses and then smiles)  
Eh, screw it. I'm in!

CHEYENNE

Me too! It'll be fun.

PATTY

Not me.

COUSIN FRED

(ignoring Patty)  
Well, I'll consult with my colleagues when they return from Tezcatlan. But, if you're genuinely interested in participating, I'm sure we can reach an accommodation.

PATTY

(rolls her eyes)  
Bullshit.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL ABOVE TEZCATLAN - MID-AFTERNOON

Max and Lamont are carrying camera and sound equipment along a trail. The altitude is beginning to wear on the two as they hike higher.

MAX

Okay, Lamont. Let's stop here and shoot some b-roll. This hike is killing me.

Lamont starts setting up the camera and tripod.

LAMONT

Yeah, me too. Any chance we can hire a local to carry this stuff up the mountain?

MAX

I don't know. I'll figure something out. We don't have money for anything really.

Lamont begins shooting panoramic shots of the valley below and then up the mountain they're hiking.

LAMONT

Okay, that's it for right here. I'll get some more a little higher up. You okay to keep climbing?

MAX

Yeah. I think so. I just needed a breather and some water. You know, this trail was cut-in for hikers and recreational types so they don't get lost going up or coming down the side of the mountain. It seems unlikely that a Bigfoot would use or even cross the main trail. Maybe we should use one of the sub-trails or paths that we've seen as we were coming up here.

LAMONT

Makes sense. Let me break this equipment down and we'll keep moving.

The two move off the main trail and begin an even steeper ascent along a worn path with no recent evidence of traffic. After another hour of climbing, Max is worn out.

MAX

Lamont. I give up, man. It's getting late anyway. Let's go back down this mountain. We'll make another try tomorrow.

LAMONT

(sweating and winded)

Yeah, I hear you. Let's go.

There is a slight rustling in the trees above them.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Security alert! Security alert!  
There are intruders among us! Away  
the security alert force.  
Trespassers, stand fast or you will  
be fired upon!

Max throws up his hands. Lamont does the same. From up the trail a young teenaged boy, HUNTER, is running toward them carrying a large assault rifle. Suddenly, they notice a woman, BETTY, and teenaged girl, ETHEL MAE, on the trail behind them holding assault weapons. Ahead a man with a shotgun, EVAN, is coming down the trail toward them.

EVAN

(pointing the shotgun at  
them)

This is private property. What do  
you want here?

MAX

I'm sorry if we're trespassing. I  
didn't see any signs or anything.  
We're filmmakers.

(points to the camera and  
sound equipment cases)

We're up here scouting places to  
shoot a pilot for a television  
reality show.

EVAN

Oh. You're shooting a prepper  
reality show? Well, why didn't you  
say so.

Evan lowers his weapon, the others do too.

MAX

Uh, well, actually...

EVAN

Only too happy to show you what  
we've done up here on this  
mountain. Course, I'll have to ask  
you to not reveal our true location  
when this airs on TV. Me and the  
family have been living up here for  
two years now. We're completely off  
the grid.

MAX

Yeah, about that prepper thing...



EVAN

Truth is, we're glad to see other people. It's been months, I think.

Evan nods toward Lamont

EVAN (CONT'D)

You can film this if you want. I think I have a nice left profile, if you want to get that.

Lamont grabs the camera from the case. He nods at Max.

EVAN (CONT'D)

My name is Evan. This is my wife, Betty. My son, Hunter and my daughter, Ethel Mae.

At hearing the name, Ethel Mae, Lamont nearly bursts out laughing, but turns it into a cough.

EVAN (CONT'D)

We moved to this mountain from Dallas. I was convinced the end of civilization as we all know it was about to commence. I bought 80 acres on the side of this mountain years previous to that and had been working slowly to turn it into a vacation spot for the family.

Max looked over at Lamont and raised his eyebrows, silently asking Lamont if he was getting this on tape. Lamont gives him a thumbs up.

MAX

So what was it that made you believe civilization was about to collapse?

EVAN

It came to me at two a.m., while watching Fox News. Soon thereafter, we packed up bag and baggage and came here. We've spent the past two years working on shelter and booby-trapping the perimeter of this property so as to keep the unwashed hordes at bay when the collapse comes.

MAX

So you really think everything is going to collapse? Just like that?

EVAN

Indeed I do, sir. All of the signs are there. That's why I'm happy to impart some of the knowledge we've gained through trial and error up here. To help others who may be considering a similar move.

MAX

Yeah, about that. Listen, I was trying to tell you before, we aren't making a reality show about preppers. We're after the Bigfoot.

EVAN

(laughing)

Oh, I see. Well, I'm disappointed, but certainly relieved to know your target is that hairy beast.

MAX

Hairy beast? So you've seen a Bigfoot.

EVAN

(entire family laughing now)

Yeah, you can say that. I think we're all glad to see someone trying to eradicate those overgrown smelly stumbles on the evolutionary path. They've been a constant source of problems for us up here.

MAX

Oh? Such as?

EVAN

Well, for one, they're always stealing our turnips. We grow a lot of turnips you see. Makes a good staple that will store in the root cellar all winter long. Who knew Bigfoot was partial to turnips?

MAX

So, Bigfoot is on this mountain?

EVAN

Everywhere. You won't have a problem finding one, or more than one if you want.

Max looked into the camera as Lamont put it on him and pumped his fist in the air.

MAX

Yes! Bigfoot nirvana, we've found it!

EVAN

They generally show up around sunset and move around at night until sunrise. They seem to lay low during the daylight hours.

MAX

Great! I'd appreciate any information you could give us about locating them.

EVAN

There's an old line cabin about 100 meters further up the trail from where you veered off to come up here. You can use that as a base for your filming, I suppose. If a storm blows up on you, it'll provide shelter. Beyond that line cabin, you'll cross a small pass and be on the Table Meadow.

MAX

Table Meadow?

EVAN

Yeah. It's a flat expanse of open ground. Lots of Bigfoot activity there. In the distance you'll see Table Meadow Lake. They like to water there at night.

MAX

Got it.

EVAN

I'll send Hunter with you down to the main trail. You should be able to get back down to the trailhead from there. Just keep going down the mountain. One last thing, don't ever come up here again.

INT. INN AT KELLYSTONE SUITE - EVENING

Cousin Fred and Lamont are sitting out in the common area of the suite. Max is in one of the bedrooms on the phone with Mary.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED FOR PHONE CONVERSATION

MAX

So, have you missed us?

MARY

(takes a swig from a  
bottle of Old Crow)

Not especially.

MAX

Oh. Well, we've been making some progress. Today, Lamont and I were up on the mountain. We met someone who told us this place is filled with Bigfoots.

Max laughs, trying to inject a little levity into the conversation.

MAX (CONT'D)

Or, is it Bigfeet?

MARY

(burps)

I've been banned for life from that casino down by Canton.

MAX

Banned for life? Why?

MARY

(lights a filterless  
cigarette)

None of your fucking business.

MAX

Uh...

MARY

I go there because it's one of the last places on fucking earth where I can chain smoke, binge drink, recklessly gamble and be left alone.

MAX

Yes, I know how you love your fun.

MARY

So, after a while, I get bored and go into the lounge. The band was taking requests so I asked them to play My Philadelphia Home. They said they didn't know it.

MAX

Uh oh.

MARY

I'm like what kind of fucking request band doesn't know a classic like that?

MAX

And then?

MARY

Well, then I start humming it for the tone deaf fools. If they were musicians worth a fuck they would have been able to pick up the tune. Am I right?

MAX

Well, maybe.

MARY

Next thing I know, the casino security guys are there saying I'm creating a disturbance and they drag me out. They took my picture and told me never to come back. Ever. Fuckers.

MAX

Uh.

MARY

I gotta go.

Mary disconnects the call. Max moves back out into the common area of the suite.

COUSIN FRED

How's the little woman? Everything okay at home?

MAX

Not really. You guys thought about dinner?

COUSIN FRED

There's a steakhouse in town we should try. Lefty's or something.

LAMONT

Sounds good to me.

MAX

(to Cousin Fred)

How did your talent search go today?

COUSIN FRED

Great! I've got two of three women, all in their early twenties ready to go. Plus, there's another two couples, all in their mid-thirties that said they'd do it.

MAX

Oh?

COUSIN FRED

Yeah, amazing what one can accomplish just hanging around a hot tub all day.

MAX

And they know they have to be naked on camera?

COUSIN FRED

Yep. I think the couples are swingers so they've probably already seen each other naked.

MAX

Did you get them to sign the waivers?

COUSIN FRED

Waivers?

MAX

Chick gave us a copy to use. They're releasing their image to us to use as we see fit. We give them \$1 in exchange.

COUSIN FRED

No, I'm not a detail person. Think of me as a drover. Yeah, that's it. I drive the talent to you. You close the deal.

MAX

Great. I'm thrilled. We'll work on getting signatures tomorrow. Then, tomorrow early evening, the three of us head back to Tezcatlan to shoot some initial footage. Crap!

COUSIN FRED

What?

MAX

It just occurred to me. Lamont, does your camera have an infrared feature?

(to Cousin Fred)

The survivalist guy up on the mountain said the Bigfoot only comes out at night.

LAMONT

Not with the primary camera, the Sony FS7, though it does very well at low light. I have a LED panel that I can attach for light. I also have along a small handheld Sony camcorder with night vision, just in case we need it. That night vision doesn't work worth a damn at distance.

MAX

I don't think that will be a problem. Fred, get all of your talent together tomorrow. Have them come to the suite around one p.m. I'll get copies made downstairs of the release and we can get them signed. We'll try to do the full shoot with talent day after tomorrow, at night.

COUSIN FRED

Roger! Can we eat now?

INT. INN AT KELLYSTONE SUITE - NEXT DAY

The talent is gathering in the suite. Tiffany and Cheyenne are giggling and standing close to one another. Their friend Patty is scowling at Max. The two married couples, PETER and JANICE and DANNY and KATRINA, arrive. Max opens the door and welcomes them inside. The couples move to one side of the room and are talking quietly. Lassie is munching on a magazine.

MAX

Okay, everyone, my partners in this, Lamont and Fred, are out trying to find turnips somewhere. I'm Max. I have waivers that I need everyone to sign.

PATTY

Wavers? What are we waiving?

MAX

You must be Patty.

PATTY

Yeah, how'd you know? What are we waiving?

MAX

Okay, look, we are creating a TV reality pilot here. It's going to be rough shot footage. My partners and I are not receiving a dime for any of this. We're simply trying to sell a concept.

The married couples move closer to the group. The men are looking over the younger women.

MAX (CONT'D)

Consequently, we can't pay anyone for anything. If you agree to appear on camera, you'll receive compensation in the amount of \$1 each. For that, you waive any and all claims for a piece of the rights or royalties or anything else that may come down if the concept is accepted and developed into an actual television show.

PATTY

One dollar? Are you shitting me? You're only paying out a buck for people to get naked for you? I knew this was a scam.

MAX

Nope. There's no scam. We have an agreement with a Hollywood producer to deliver this video and we're determined to do that.



PETER

You don't actually expect to find a Bigfoot, do you?

MAX

Well, yes. We have information that leads us to believe that there are several near here.

PETER

(the couples are laughing)  
 Seriously? There's no such thing as Bigfoot. It's just a hoax.

MAX

Not according to the information we've come into it is not.

(looks at Patty)

That's the other part of the waiver. By signing, you agree to hold harmless anyone associated with this production if you're killed or injured during the making of this video. Holding harmless includes my team and Mountebank Productions Limited in Hollywood.

PETER

What do you think is going to happen? We'll be killed by a rabid Bigfoot or something?

MAX

I don't know. We're shooting this at night along narrow mountain trails. You could slip and go over the edge.

(looking at Patty again)

Or, be carried off into the dark by a Bigfoot. The barking goat could headbutt you. I just don't know.

There is general discussion among the talent. The married couples are shrugging their shoulders in a what-do-you-we-have-to-lose way. The young women are giggling. Patty is standing with her arms folded watching Lassie eat the magazine.

PETER

Well, we're in.  
 (general agreement among the couples as they collectively nod their heads)

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

This resort is too boring this time of year anyway. We need something to break up the monotony.

MAX

(looking at the young women)

Ladies?

CHEYENNE

Oh, we are so in.  
(she and Tiffany are giggling again)

MAX

Great. Everyone come over to the table here and fill out and sign your waiver. We'll head to Tezcatlan tomorrow late afternoon and set up for the shoot. I'll need everyone to be down in lobby at four o'clock.

The talent moves toward the table. As they do, Cousin Fred and Lamont come through the door. Lamont is carrying a large brown paper bag filled to the top with turnips.

COUSIN FRED

We scored, Cousin! There's enough turnips here to feed the entire gang of Bigfoots on that mountain.

KATRINA

(looks up from her form)  
What are the turnips for?

MAX

According to our source of information up on the mountain, Bigfoot likes turnips.

DANNY

Well, they are believed to be omnivores.

MAX

You've been doing some reading on this?

DANNY

I'm a cryptozoologist.

COUSIN FRED

A crypto what?

PETER

(snarkily)

He studies things that don't exist.

DANNY

That's not necessarily so.

(turns to Cousin Fred)

Cryptozoology is the study of animals for which there is some evidence though nothing concrete enough to prove or disprove its existence.

MAX

So this is your field?

DANNY

Yes, Bigfoot counts among the cryptids that people in my field study. My speciality has always been the chupacabra.

LAMONT

And, you make your living doing this?

DANNY

Yeah. There are huge bounties at stake for providing absolute proof of the existence of a variety of cryptids. I work for a university research lab.

Cousin Fred's phone rings.

COUSIN FRED

Chick, baby! How are you?

(pauses, listening)

Yes, we're up in the mountains. We're going out this evening to shoot some preliminary stuff. We have our talent on hand and ready to go. What's that?

(pauses, looks over at the table)

Yep, everyone has signed a waiver. We're shooting the talent tomorrow night.

MAX

(whispering to the others)

Our producer.

COUSIN FRED

What? Get out! Really? Wow. That's really great.

(speaking to the others)

There's interest on Zestland! They want to see the footage.

There is general acclaim around the room though Max appears disappointed.

COUSIN FRED (CONT'D)

Yep, okay. Thanks, Chick. We'll be in touch. Hey to Fergel. Bye now.

MAX

That's it? The Zestland Channel?

COUSIN FRED

Hey, Cousin, come on. I like that channel. They're leading the fight for legalization of marijuana in every state.

MAX

But, they're like the bowels of cable television. They're buried so far down the channel list that it takes a full two hours of channel changing just to find it.

COUSIN FRED

They're a new network. Give 'em some time. They're up and coming and we'll be rising with them!

MAX

Yeah, great!

PETER

Well, I like that channel. Late at night they have some great talk shows on. I caught one a few weeks ago where they had some woman who was discussing the dos and don'ts of pubic hair trimming. It was actually really fascinating.

KATRINA

Oh! I saw that. That show gave me the courage to trim my bush into the shape of a butterfly. Want to see?

General agreement around the room that everyone wants to see. Without another thought, Katrina stands up and pulls her jeans down. The group moves closer for an inspection.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Danny said I was beginning to look like a Sasquatch down there, so it was definitely time to try something.

The group laughs at her mention of Sasquatch.

MAX

At least he didn't call it a cryptid.

More laughter.

MAX (CONT'D)

Okay, everyone. Let's break this up. We need to get some rest before we head out this afternoon. Remember, be in the lobby at four o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

Everyone leaves.

COUSIN FRED

Why'd you chase everyone off, cousin? It was just getting interesting.

LAMONT

Yeah, it was.

MAX

We've got a late night up on the mountain tonight. You guys get a nap. I'll get you up around four so we can head out.

Max walks back toward his bedroom. As he does he hears Cousin Fred talking.

COUSIN FRED

Lamont. You want to try some of the edibles from that pot store?

LAMONT

Sure, I'm in.

EXT. INN AT KELLYSTONE - LATE AFTERNOON

Max comes out the front door toward Lamont's RV parked directly in front. Lamont is standing outside.

MAX  
Where's Fred?

LAMONT  
He's inside the RV. Asleep.

MAX  
Asleep? Didn't he take a nap?

LAMONT  
He's been hitting the edibles pretty hard. Going through that stuff like it was nothing. He's really fuckin' stoned.

MAX  
Great. Just great. Your battery packs are all charged?

LAMONT  
Yeah. I'm ready to go.

Max steps up into the RV and bangs one of the walls.

MAX  
Get up, Fred. We're going to work!

COUSIN FRED  
(mumbling)  
I'm fine. I'm fine. No problemo here.

MAX  
Okay, Lamont, let's get this on the road.

EXT. PUBLIC PARKING LOT AT TRAILHEAD IN TEZCATLAN - LATE AFTERNOON

Max and the others unload some of their equipment and prepare for the long hike up the mountain.

LAMONT  
I've added the shoulder rig to my primary camera for this evening.

MAX

Yeah, okay. I can't imagine that we'll need to set up a tripod shot anyway. When we get to the line cabin we'll drop the cases there. Fred! Fred! Let's go!

Cousin Fred stumbles out of the RV. He has Lassie on a leash.

MAX (CONT'D)

Okay, I have these hands free flashlights with an elastic headband to wear on your forehead when it gets dark.

COUSIN FRED

(putting on his  
flashlight)

Is there one for Lassie?

MAX

Lassie will be fine sharing your light.

COUSIN FRED

If you say so, Cousin.

MAX

Fred grab the water bag, it has a shoulder strap. There are also turnips in there. I'll take the equipment bag with the portable sound recorder and the extra batteries. Everyone ready? Let's climb.

INT. LINE CABIN MOUNTAIN TRAIL ABOVE TEZCATLAN - TWO HOURS  
LATER

COUSIN FRED

(trying to catch his  
breath)

Good gawd, Cousin. That was a damn death march trying to get up here. The fact that it was getting hard to see made it disorienting.

LAMONT

Yeah, I have to admit, it was even worse today in fading light.

MAX

I think we'll have to leave at least an hour earlier tomorrow than we thought. It'll be a slower trek up here to get to this cabin with all those people.

Max nods toward Lassie who doesn't seem at all affected by the hike.

MAX (CONT'D)

Lassie made it in good shape, I see. I better get him some water.

Max pulls a large water bowl from one of the bags and pours the contents of a water bottle into it.

MAX (CONT'D)

The two of you had better hydrate as well. It'll hold off the altitude sickness.

LAMONT

This cabin is in better condition than I thought it would be.

Lamont walks over to a table where there's a kerosene lantern. He lights the lantern.

MAX

Yeah, it's surprising. I have peanut butter crackers here if you want something to eat.

Max passes out the cracker packs to each of them, including Lassie. As he does so, a loud guttural howl somewhere outside the cabin is heard. Everyone in the cabin stops moving. Even Lassie goes rigid.

LAMONT

What the hell was that?

MAX

I dunno. Bigfoot maybe?

COUSIN FRED

You mean to tell me this thing is actually, really real?

MAX

Why the hell do you think we're up here?



COUSIN FRED

I was just looking for a rolling frat party getaway weekend.

There is a second howl followed by another from a different source. Lassie goes stiff again and falls over. Cousin Fred is kneeling next to him, trying to revive him.

LAMONT

You think that's coming from where we've been down the trail?

MAX

(standing in the doorway looking out)

Sounded like it was above us. May be impossible to tell exactly. The sound is probably bouncing off the rock formations, the side of the mountain, and the valley below.

LAMONT

So how do we know where they're at?

MAX

Guess we just have to find them.

Lassie is back on his feet. Cousin Fred begins eating more of his pot edibles. He offers Lassie a small piece.

COUSIN FRED

I vote we just stay here in the cabin. Lassie and I will guard the food and water while you two go out hunting whatever the fuck that was.

MAX

Nope. Doesn't work that way. We'll go out and move further up the trail. We can get shots of Lassie. Chick will like that. I'll have the sound equipment on so we can at least get audio of whatever. And, by the way, no more pot edibles for the fucking goat, got it?

Lamont opens a case and pulls his handheld out. He attaches a battery pack, an LED light panel, and a shotgun mic. He then powers the camera on and checks that everything is working. He quickly pulls the portable audio recorder from its case and checks it.

LAMONT

Okay. Everything seems to be working okay. I'm ready.

Max picks up the audio recorder and pulls the carry strap over his head and rests it on his shoulder. He picks up the telescoping pole with a shotgun mic at the end. Lamont hoists the handheld onto his shoulder and lets it rest there. He switches on the camera's LED pack and then turns it back off.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

I'll use the LED light tonight. It uses less power than the infrared on the smaller camera. Plus, it'll give us a better idea of how well it will work. Fred, there's a battery belt inside that bag. You can wear it like a sling. It's easier to handle that way.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL ABOVE TEZCATLAN - MINUTES LATER

The group begins moving further up the trail in darkness. They move over what appears to be a pass. On the other side is a flat plateau area. Moonlight is reflecting off a lake in the distance.

MAX

Evan said that the climb would level off and that we'd come out on a plateau called Table Meadow. I'm guessing we're there.

LAMONT

Yeah, you can see the moon reflecting on water over there. He mentioned Table Meadow Lake.

COUSIN FRED

So, where is the Bigfoot? They were certainly making their presence known when we were in the cabin.

Lamont lifts the camera to his shoulder.

LAMONT

I'll turn on the LED and see if there's anything moving out there.

Lamont sweeps the area around them with the camera.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

COUSIN FRED

What is it? What do you see?

LAMONT

Not sure, but it looks like there is someone over by a pile of rocks there.

Lamont points.

COUSIN FRED

Is it the Bigfoot?

LAMONT

Too small, I think.

MAX

(calling out)

Hello! Hello out there! We're filmmakers. Can you identify yourself for us?

They see a man, DADOR, rise up from behind a grouping of rocks and walk toward them. He is dressed in an ankle-length robe and is in his mid-sixties with long white hair and a beard. Lassie begins barking. Cousin Fred is holding him by the collar.

DADOR

(calling out)

Greetings. My name is DADOR. I come in peace.

COUSIN FRED

(muttering)

What the fuck? We come out here looking for Bigfoot and find a space alien?

MAX

(talking low)

Who knows what it is? Seems friendly enough though. Lamont keep recording. I'm running the audio recorder.

LAMONT

Right.

Dador approaches the group. He shields his eyes from the light.

DADOR  
Greetings, fellow travellers.  
Welcome to sanctuary.

MAX  
Sanctuary?

DADOR  
Oh yes, you are near our little  
collective out here on Table  
Meadow. Of course, we call by a  
different name, but one that you  
would not recognize.

COUSIN FRED  
You live out here?

DADOR  
Oh, yes, of course. I was over by  
that grouping of rocks meditating.  
Earthly vibrations are very strong  
there. As I was meditating, I heard  
your voices. It's very unusual to  
find someone out here after dark.  
Are you lost?

MAX  
No, not at all. As I said we're  
filmmakers. We're looking for  
evidence of Bigfoot.

DADOR  
Oh, I see. We call the creature,  
Iktomi, as the Plains Indians of  
the past referred to it. It means,  
the trickster.

COUSIN FRED  
Well, have you seen tricky dick  
lately?

DADOR  
Oh yes, Iktomi is always around. In  
fact, I believe there is one  
trailing behind you at some  
distance.

The three spin around. Lamont begins sweeping the area with  
the camera.

LAMONT  
I don't see anything.

DADOR

Iktomi will not be seen unless he wishes to be seen. I must ask, do you intend to harm Iktomi?

MAX

No. We're shooting, sorry, poor choice of words, filming a pilot for a reality television show. No harm will come to Bigfoot if we do get close.

The group turns to look back at Dador. Lassie is still looking behind them and straining at his leash.

MAX (CONT'D)

You used the pronoun we and referred to a collective earlier. How many of you live out here?

DADOR

It varies. Members come and go, seemingly with the wind. I believe we are hosting thirty-five currently. Would you like to visit our collective?

MAX

(looks at the others and shrugs)

Sure, why not? Bigfoot hunting has gone quiet for now.

Dador leads them off the trail. After a short hike across the plateau, they can see light coming from inside a large overhanging rock that forms the opening to a cave about 100 meters ahead.

LAMONT

Is it okay to record inside your sanctuary?

DADOR

Yes, I think it will be fine.

MAX

You refer to this as sanctuary. What are all of you seeking sanctuary from?

DADOR

We believe we are the last great progressive thinkers left in America.

(MORE)

DADOR (CONT'D)

For too long we have been shoved into the shadows and called snowflake liberals. We retreated to this place to meditate and discuss ways to overthrow the wave of fascism brought about by the current regime.

The group steps into the entrance which is bathed in light from several campfires. Smoke from the fires rises and pours out from under the overhang. There is an assortment of individuals, men and women of various ages around each fire.

DADOR (CONT'D)

As I said, members come and members go. There is a core of us numbering about a dozen who are living here full time. We are able to meditate, smoke grass, dip bean curd with our fingers from pans passed around the fires, and plot our political return.

COUSIN FRED

(whispering to Lamont)

Did he say something about smoking grass?

Lamont nods.

DADOR

Yes, dear friend. You will find much mutually shared herb here. In fact, we grow and harvest our own.

COUSIN FRED

Damn, this isn't sanctuary, it's heaven.

DADOR

Tonight's scheduled post-meal discussion is whether or not the Star Trek series on television represented the Utopian ideal or a mere welfare society with cool technology. I'm certain the consensus will be for the Utopian ideal, but you never know. I hope you aren't hungry, I'm afraid the meal has already been served and put away.

COUSIN FRED

No, we're fine food-wise. Where might one partake in the marijuana smoking? I sense a religious experience coming on.

DADOR

Any of the groups will accommodate you. Please have a seat at one of the fires.

COUSIN FRED

(to Max and Lamont)

I'll be back. Don't run off without me! Come on, Lassie!

Fred moves off to one side of the cave entrance where he joins a small group of six sitting around a large fire. Max and Lamont stay near Dador. Lamont films the scene around them.

MAX

Dador, if you don't mind may I ask you a couple of questions?

DADOR

Yes, certainly, please do.

MAX

Well, I assume that this huge overhang of rock serves as the common area for your commune. I can see at the back an opening that I assume is a cave entrance. Is that where everyone goes to sleep at night?

DADOR

For the most part, yes. Some will sleep out here near the fires. Our members are free to do as they please.

MAX

How do you feed a group this large on a daily basis? Do you have income of some sort?

DADOR

We are self-sustaining. We grow our own food during the summer and fall. We are able to store a portion of it to get us through the winter and early spring.

MAX

Are you bothered a lot up here? Do people constantly drop in on your group?

DADOR

No, we're quite off the beaten path, you could say. We're pretty much left to our own devices up here.

MAX

Do you have frequent encounters with Bigfoot, Iktomi, as you call it?

DADOR

It used to be daily. Particularly, when we were growing turnips. That has since passed. The turnips, I mean. It's a flavor not many enjoy.

MAX

So it's true that Bigfoot really likes turnips?

DADOR

Oh my, yes. Turnips make the perfect Iktomi bait.

MAX

We have some in one of the bags we brought along.

DADOR

Well, if you wish to see or film a Bigfoot, I would recommend standing back a ways from the lake and just drop your turnips on the ground. Iktomi will be along soon enough. But, I would caution you to make your observations from at least several hundred feet.

MAX

Oh, they are dangerous then?

DADOR

Well, I don't know about that. They are amazingly strong and very agile in a fight, as we've seen from time to time. They do their best to avoid contact with humans.

(MORE)



DADOR (CONT'D)

The Native Americans have stories of them eating humans, but I've never witnessed that.

Cousin Fred wanders back from his time at the camp fire.

COUSIN FRED

Okay, I'm good for the rest of the night, I reckon.

MAX

(to Dador)

Thank you for showing us this place. We wish you luck in whatever it is you pursue be it political or Utopian.

DADOR

Farewell, my dear friends. You can find your way to the lake?

MAX

Yes, I believe so.

DADOR

Now, if I may ask a question?

MAX

Of course.

DADOR

What remains of your quest?

MAX

Well, tonight we were hoping to get some footage of things around the mountain at night. We hoped that would include a Bigfoot sighting. You and your group have provided us with some interesting footage to be certain.

DADOR

(looking puzzled)

So your project ends with that?

MAX

Well, no. Tomorrow night we'll be back out here, but this time with our talent, as we call them. You see, the television reality pilot we're shooting is of naked people seeking Bigfoot.

DADOR

(delighted)

Ah, I see! What a grand idea!  
Hunters as naked as their prey.  
Well, then you must stop here to  
join us. Tomorrow night is our  
annual Iktomi Love Fest!

COUSIN FRED

Uh, what?

DADOR

Yes, yes, we do this every year.  
It's a tradition that goes back to  
the days when Native Americans here  
in the mountains viewed Iktomi as a  
protector. Since we progressive  
refugees have been out here we also  
offer the same deference in our  
Iktomi Love Fest. It's quite  
amusing really. And, I believe I  
can say with confidence that it  
will be great show business!

MAX

The fact that our talent are naked  
won't throw a wrench in things I  
hope?

DADOR

(chuckling)

Oh, quite the opposite dear friend.  
They will find like company here.

MAX

(looking at Fred and  
Lamont)

Okay, we can do that! What time  
will your ceremony start?

DADOR

The traditional time for the start  
is at nine o'clock. You won't want  
to miss a thing!

MAX

Great! We'll be here! Thank you  
again!

They all shake hands and the group moves off toward the Table  
Meadow Lake.

COUSIN FRED

So what do you think the love fest thing is about? Think it's an orgy?  
(pulling on the leash)  
Come on Lassie! Stop balking on the leash.

Lassie tries to fall behind the group, abruptly stopping and planting his feet.

MAX

Nah, I doubt it. They're progressives seeking enlightenment, not repressives seeking relief. Who knows, but he's probably correct. It'll make great television.

Off in the distance behind them, another guttural howl like they heard back in the cabin. Then another, this time in front of them.

LAMONT

Switching on and I'll light up the LED pack. Did we get audio on those?

MAX

(looking down at the recorder)

Yes.

Lamont begins sweeping the area in front of them.

MAX (CONT'D)

Anything?

LAMONT

No, not yet. The low light feature on this camera works pretty well. The moonlight helps a lot. We have the lake in front of us. There's an outcropping of rock over to the left several hundred feet I'd say. Let's leave the turnips here and head for cover over there.

MAX

Yeah, okay.

Max gathers several turnips from the bag and randomly drops them on the ground. The group moves for cover.

COUSIN FRED  
(on his back looking up at  
the sky)  
Dudes! Have you ever seen so many  
stars?

MAX  
Fred! You want to help keep watch  
here?

LAMONT  
Crap! This battery is shot. Fred  
give me another battery from the  
belt.

Fred pulls a battery from the belt and reaches to hand it up to Lamont. In the exchange, Lamont drops it. The battery clatters on the rock they're on and falls into a small crevice.

LAMONT (CONT'D)  
Nice hand off, Fred. Here's the  
used battery, get it back in the  
belt.

Lamont begins feeling around trying to find the dropped battery. As he does, there is a loud thud on the rock next to him.

MAX  
What the hell was that?

LAMONT  
I don't know.

There are two more thuds against the rock. Max feels something moist hit his cheek. He reaches to touch it and realizes it's a piece of a turnip.

MAX  
Holy shit! Something's throwing the  
fucking turnips at us!

COUSIN FRED  
(goes into a huddled cover  
position)  
Incoming! Incoming!

LAMONT  
Found it! I found the battery!

Lamont loads the battery onto the camera and powers it on. He raises the camera above the rocks.

MAX  
See anything?

Although the LED pack is off, Lamont's viewfinder is filled with something blocking his view. He takes his eye from the viewfinder and looks up at a large bipedal that appears to be holding a rock above its head. All three of them, at once, see the thing and begin screaming. Lassie is barking furiously. They all run off toward the hiking trail. As they do, they hear the thuds of turnips and rocks hitting all around them.

COUSIN FRED  
(screaming)  
Incoming! Incoming! We're all going  
to die!

They run for some distance before finding the trail.

MAX  
(stops running)  
Hold it, hold it. I think we're out  
of range. Does everyone have  
everything?

LAMONT  
Yeah, I have the camera.

COUSIN FRED  
I have the battery belt and water  
bag.

MAX  
I have the sound equipment. What  
the fuck just happened?

COUSIN FRED  
It was the Bigfoot!

MAX  
Did you see it?

COUSIN FRED  
Not really.

LAMONT  
All I saw was a huge thing holding  
a large rock over its head.

MAX  
Could you make out any features?

LAMONT

Not really. It was mostly an outline from the moonlight.

MAX

I don't suppose you recorded any of it?

LAMONT

No, I had just powered up the camera. Didn't hit record. What about audio?

MAX

It was recording. Who knows what it'll sound like?

COUSIN FRED

Wait. Where's Lassie? Shit! I dropped the leash. Lassie! Lassie! Come to me, boy!

Off in the distance, they can hear Lassie barking. There is a jingling sound and out of the darkness Lassie emerges. He runs right past them heading down the trail toward the line cabin.

LAMONT

I'll take that as our cue to depart this scene.

COUSIN FRED

(begins running the direction that Lassie took)

Lassie! Lassie! Come back!

MAX

Yeah, let's get off this mountain.

INT. INN AT KELLYSTONE SUITE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Max and Lamont are huddled over the sound equipment, playing back the evening's events. Cousin Fred is drinking heavily. Lassie the Barking Goat is off in a corner munching on a plastic pack full of Fred's edible pot cookies. There is a knock at the door. Fred gets up and lets the talent inside.

PATTY

So what happened up there?

COUSIN FRED

(groans)

You don't want to know.

PATTY

That bad? Did you see something or not?

MAX

Yeah, it was what you might call an action packed evening.

Lamont plays one of the howls through the sound recorder's speaker. The sound fills the room. Lassie munches faster. Cousin Fred drinks more.

DANNY

So, you actually saw a Bigfoot?

LAMONT

Not exactly. We heard several of them. We were under assault by one or more of them. We caught maybe a glimpse of one, but that's it.

COUSIN FRED

Oh. Oh. Tell 'em about the hippies in the cave.

Lamont points to the TV in the room. He hits a few buttons on a remote in his hand. The screen fills with a scene from the collective.

PETER

Who are those people?

COUSIN FRED

(still drinking)

Orgified freaks, that's who.

MAX

We're not entirely sure. I can't figure out if they're really what they say they are, which is a group of disgruntled liberal Dems who are hiding out in the mountains licking their political wounds. Or...

PETER

Or?

MAX

A weird Bigfoot-centered cult of some sort.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

At any rate, they've invited us  
back to the collective tomorrow  
night to witness what they call a  
Bigfoot Love Fest.

COUSIN FRED

Degenerate hippies, that's what  
they are! But they have really good  
smoke on hand...that they grow.

PETER

(without hesitation)  
I'm in!

DANNY

Me too!

KATRINA AND JANICE

(in unison)  
Yes!

CHEYENNE

Sounds fun!

TIFFANY

I'm in too!

PATTY

Sounds dangerous.

COUSIN FRED

Well, don't go then!

PATTY

Oh, I'm going. I need to keep an  
eye on my girls.

Max and Lamont look at one another. Max rolls his eyes.

MAX

I don't know that any of us want to  
go back up there tomorrow night.  
Didn't you hear Lamont earlier? We  
were under attack.

PETER

What kind of attack?

MAX

Um, turnips. And rocks.

The group is giggling now.



PETER

Ah. I see. And was anyone hit?

MAX

(looks at his two  
partners)

No, I don't think so.

DANNY

So maybe, just maybe. It was trying  
to warn you off rather than hurt  
you.

MAX

Yeah, I guess that's possible.

Cousin Fred's phone begins ringing. He looks at it and hands  
it to Max.

COUSIN FRED

It's Chick. I can't talk to him  
right now.

MAX

(answers the call)

Chick! How are you? It's Max.

(pauses, listening)

Footage? Well, yeah, we got footage  
this evening.

(listens)

No, not exactly. We do have solid  
audio of what we believe was  
Bigfoot howling.

(looks around the room as  
he listens)

Uh huh. No, it pretty much stayed  
out of sight except for the end. It  
was standing right next to us. But  
we had a camera malfunction of  
sorts.

(pulls phone away from ear  
as Chick is yelling)

Well, we were under attack.

(pause)

No, turnips. Yes, turnips. Bigfoot  
likes turnips, who knew? Ha ha

(more yelling on the other  
end)

No, no sir, I don't know why he  
would throw the turnips if he likes  
them. Maybe he just likes them to  
throw. Ha ha. Hello? Hello?

Max hands the phone back to Cousin Fred.

MAX (CONT'D)

Well, that was fun.

LAMONT

Sorry I didn't get that shot.

MAX

Don't worry about it. I came up here figuring that even if we never laid eyes on a Bigfoot we would come away with some amazing footage and a cool story to tell. We got some of that tonight and I'm certain we'll have even more after tomorrow.

PATTY

Wait, so you expect these people to still be naked when you go to this cave freak show? There was nothing in the agreement about that!

MAX

It's an unexpected development, which I believe is covered in the waiver agreements.

COUSIN FRED

They are orgified freaks, I'm telling you!

PATTY

Well, we're not doing it! Right ladies?

All are silent staring at Patty.

CHEYENNE

I don't know about anyone else, but I'm going. And, I'm going naked!

All of the talent agree.

PATTY

Okay. But, I'm going along to make sure there's no funny business.

She moves over to Max and gets in his face.

PATTY (CONT'D)

There had better not be any funny business. Got it?

MAX

Loud and clear. No funny business.  
 (moves around Patty)  
 Okay, everyone. We're still on for tomorrow. I'm resetting the time to be in the lobby to three o'clock. Be ready to go. We'll go over to Lefty's here in town for an early dinner before heading to Tezcatlan. You can leave your purses or other bags on the RV, we'll lock that up. Once we get to the line cabin, you can leave your clothes there and we'll proceed up the mountain to the Table Meadow. Everyone get some sleep, it'll be a long night tomorrow night. Any questions?

COUSIN FRED

Has anyone seen my pot edibles?  
 They were right over here.

EXT. OUTSIDE INN AT KELLYSTONE - NEXT DAY

Resort Guy comes out the door of the resort toward Max carrying several terrycloth robes

RESORT GUY

Sir! Sir! Excuse me, sir!

MAX

Yes?

RESORT GUY

Management asked me to give these to you. They're our plush robes with the resort's logo embroidered over the breast. We thought perhaps you could use them in your production. The only thing we ask is that the logo makes it onto the show at some point.

Resort Guy hands off the robes to Max.

MAX

Wow. Good thinking. Thanks very much. Yes, I'm sure we can arrange that.

RESORT GUY

Okay then, well, break a leg!

MAX

Yeah, swell.

He turns to Cousin Fred who is standing behind him. He hands the robes off to him.

MAX (CONT'D)

Here. Pass these out to the talent.  
Tell them they're courtesy of the resort.

COUSIN FRED

Sure.

Fred boards the RV. Lamont exits the resort headed toward the RV.

LAMONT

Everyone on board?

MAX

Yep, we're just waiting for you.

Both begin to climb into the RV, Lamont first. As Max steps up, Resort Guy comes running outside again.

RESORT GUY

Sir! Sir! I almost forgot...

MAX

(turning, not happy)  
What now? We appreciate everything you've done for us. We'll plug this resort every chance we get.

Max turns back inside the RV and pulls the door shut. Lamont starts the engine. There is chatter going on among the talent.

RESORT GUY

(from outside)  
I just wanted to let you know that we've set aside a suite for Mr. Terrace and will do all we can to make him comfortable.

MAX

(waves out the window at Resort Guy)  
Yeah, yeah.  
(turns to Cousin Fred)  
What did he say?

COUSIN FRED

Something about the suite and making someone comfortable, I think. I couldn't really hear him.

Max shrugs his shoulders and moves to the front passenger seat.

MAX

(to Lamont)

Alrighty then, let's get this flying circus moving!

EXT. TRAILHEAD PARKING LOT TEZCATLAN - LATE AFTERNOON

Everyone is gathered outside the RV. Lamont and Max check the equipment bags and prepares for the hike to the line cabin. Cousin Fred passes out the headlight flashlights to everyone.

MAX

Okay everyone, listen up. I strongly suggest you load up on some water now. You can dehydrate fast at altitude without realizing what's happening. If you feel yourself tiring and are concerned you can't keep moving. Let one of us know. It's about a two-hour hike to the line cabin. That cabin is going to be our base. You will leave your clothes inside along with some of the equipment bags and maybe some of the equipment.

Max looks around the group.

MAX (CONT'D)

Questions? Alright, let's move out.

EXT. LINE CABIN MOUNTAIN TRAIL ABOVE TEZCATLAN - TWO HOURS LATER

Max begins addressing the group gathered outside the line cabin.

MAX

Okay, we made decent time. As you can see the sun is setting. Why don't you ladies go inside first and change. You can use the robes that the resort gave us.

(as an after thought)

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

I suppose we need to get footage of the logos.

Women proceed inside the cabin, including Patty who has been remarkably quiet to this point.

PETER

So Max, I know you don't want to turn this into a sexualized thing. What happens if we experience tumescence?

(giggles as he says it)

MAX

Not to worry, we'll be blurring everyone's parts anyway.

PETER

(disappointed)

Oh.

Lassie is becoming increasingly agitated. Max notices this.

MAX

Fred, what's with Lassie?

COUSIN FRED

No idea. He was really pulling on the leash all the way up here.

MAX

Okay, well keep a tight rein on him. We don't want a repeat of last night. Fred, while I'm thinking about it, how about you grab the sound equipment and the boom mic.

(to the others)

When we have all of the talent in the robes, we'll assemble out here and I'll give them instructions. Lamont, be sure to get footage of the goddamned logos.

LAMONT

You bet.

The door of the cabin opens and the women come out all wearing the resort robes and hiking shoes. Max notices that Patty appears to have stripped naked.

MAX

Alright, gentlemen. Go on in and change. Patty, you changed your mind?

PATTY

Yeah, yeah. Don't want to be the lone person out.

Max opens his bag and pulls a waiver on a clipboard and a pen from inside. He hands it to Patty.

MAX

Sign this.

Patty takes the waiver from him and signs it. She hands it back to Max.

CHEYENNE

I never asked if you wanted us with bush, trimmed or shaven. Does it matter?

MAX

(blushing slightly)  
Doesn't matter. We'll have to blur everyone's parts anyway.

CHEYENNE

Good. I'm looking kind of Sasquatchy down there right now.

The ladies are giggling at the joke. Cousin Fred is even more interested now. The cabin door opens and the men step out wearing the robes. Lamont switches on his handheld with the LED panel shining in everyone's eyes. The talent are squinting at the harsh light.

MAX

(to Lamont)  
Can we use the IR? I don't want to blind everyone.

LAMONT

Sure.

Lamont retrieves his smaller back up with the infrared feature. The talent relax again.

MAX

Fred, you ready?

COUSIN FRED

(raises the boom mic slightly)  
Yup, go Cousin.

MAX  
(whispering to Lamont)  
Be sure you get the logos.

LAMONT  
Yep, got it.

MAX  
(pauses)  
Okay, first of all I want to thank  
all of you for agreeing to  
participate in this project...

LAMONT  
Max, wait. The logos don't show up  
on IR.

MAX  
Why not?

LAMONT  
Don't know. May be the color of the  
embroidery or something.

MAX  
Okay. Sorry everyone. We're going  
to have to switch back to the other  
camera. It'll only be for a minute  
or so.

LAMONT  
You know what? Let's try it without  
the light panel.  
(looks up at the sky)  
There may be enough light left that  
we can get a low light shot. Give  
me a second to reset this for low  
light.

There are a few groans from the talent. Lamont switches on  
the camera and makes some adjustments.

LAMONT (CONT'D)  
And, we're rolling.

MAX  
I want to thank everyone for  
agreeing to participate in this  
project. I don't know what will  
come from this pilot, but if it  
pans out, we'll certainly offer to  
bring you all back to be part of  
the show.



COUSIN FRED  
Including Patty?

MAX  
Especially Patty.

The talent all seem pleased with the announcement.

MAX (CONT'D)  
I just want to go over a few things with all of you. This evening has been pretty tame compared with last evening this time. But, I'm convinced there is one and probably more than one Bigfoot out there. I need everyone to stay with the group. No wandering off.

As he's speaking, Cheyenne keeps opening the bottom portion of her robe exposing herself to Lamont as he films.

MAX (CONT'D)  
We're going to hike a bit further along the trail here until we come to an area known as Table Meadow. We'll have good moonlight tonight under a clear sky so you'll be able to see the lake when we arrive at Table Meadow. Keep in mind that was where we were attacked last night.

Murmurs from the talent as Max says that. Now Tiffany has joined Cheyenne in flashing Lamont.

MAX (CONT'D)  
We'll move north from there to the cave where we'll participate in the Iktomi Love Fest. What follows after that we'll play by ear depending on whether or not we have any encounters with a Bigfoot. Oh, one more thing. The camera will be behind you as we start up the trail. It's a narrow trail. Use the headlight flashlights I provided to find your way. Questions?

There are no questions from the talent, who begin removing their robes. Cousin Fred is leering at Patty who hesitates in removing her own robe. She walks over naked to Fred and kicks him in the nuts. Fred drops to the ground. Patty catches the boom mic and hands it to Max.

COUSIN FRED  
 (rolling on the ground  
 with his hands between  
 his legs)  
 What was that for?

PATTY  
 I saw you looking at me! Pervert!  
 (to Max)  
 I'll keep my robe on for now.

MAX  
 (looks down at Cousin  
 Fred)  
 Not a problem. Okay, if we're all  
 set and my idiot cousin can get up  
 from the ground, we'll proceed.  
 Danny would you please take the  
 lead?

DANNY  
 (starts up the trail)  
 Got it!

The others fall into line behind him. Max helps Cousin Fred  
 up.

MAX  
 Think you can make it, dumb ass?

COUSIN FRED  
 (takes the boom mic)  
 No problemo, Cousin.

EXT. TABLE MEADOW - AFTER SUNSET

MAX  
 Okay everyone. Hold up here for a  
 few minutes. Everyone take a five  
 minute break. Hydrate! We'll head  
 for the cave next. Oh, I need  
 everyone to switch off their  
 headlights.

Off in the direction of the cave, they can hear drumming.

LAMONT  
 (drinking from a water  
 bottle)  
 You suppose they started without  
 us?

MAX

(looking at his watch)  
It's not even seven-thirty yet. He said it would start at nine. Maybe we're hearing the pre-game warm ups. Did you get video on the way up here?

LAMONT

(smiles)  
Yeah, Chick Terrace will be pleased. Jiggling flesh with every step. The primary camera worked well for us.

MAX

Good!

In the direction of the lake they hear the same guttural howl that they heard the night before, but this time it has a mournful sound to it. Lamont picks up his handheld and starts recording. Cousin Fred raises the boom mic.

KATRINA

What the hell was that?

Up above them on the mountain, another howl.

DANNY

We seem to be in the midst of more than one cryptid.

From the trail behind them, still another howl.

MAX

Okay, that makes it official. Let's head off to the cave. Danny, you start.

As Danny begins leading the naked talent toward the sound of drumming, Max reaches down inside a bag and produces four turnips. He drops them on the ground and then follows the others into the darkness.

EXT. THE CAVE - 10 MINUTES LATER

The cast and crew of Bigfoot: Naked and Untamed approach the entrance to the cave. The drumming becomes louder. There is a 30-foot tall Bigfoot made of straw that has been erected just outside the cave. Posed in front of it is a female Bigfoot on all fours.

LAMONT

(lowers his camera)  
What the fuck?

COUSIN FRED

Would you look at that! What do you  
suppose they're up to, Cousin?

MAX

No idea.

Lamont shoulders the camera again and begins taping the straw sculpture in front of the cave overhang. Inside the cave naked people are dancing to the drum beats around campfires. The male dancers are carrying long wooden poles that they raise above their heads as they dance. The women are whirling and dancing in a circle set inside that of the men.

PATTY

(seems to recognize  
someone among the  
dancers)  
Dador! Dador!

Patty drops her robe and runs toward Dador who has heard her and is coming to her. Cousin Fred and Max look at one another and shrug their shoulders.

DADOR

(hugs Patty)  
Itzel! How very good to see you  
again, my darling girl!

PATTY

(turning to Max)  
Why didn't you tell me you know  
Dador?  
(turns back to Dador)  
I didn't realize you were up here.  
The last I recall you were  
overseeing a Ba'ku lifestyle  
retreat based on a Star Trek movie.  
How in the world did you wind up  
doing this, whatever this is?

DADOR

Well, I am still overseeing, as you  
put it. But now it's an Iktomi  
lifestyle. There are elements of  
the Ba'ku in this. It's amazing to  
me how many people are into simply  
hearing the Iktomi utter its howl.  
For those people, it is a life  
fulfilling event.

MAX

Itzel?

DADOR

(addresses Max proudly)

A Mayan name given to her when she was initiated into the collective several years ago.

Max glances over his shoulder at Lamont who gives him a thumbs-up indicating that he's getting it all on tape. Lamont and Cousin Fred then move closer to the dancers to capture it all. There is a very strong odor of marijuana smoke throughout the overhang.

MAX

As we came across the pass onto the Table Meadow and heard the drumming we thought perhaps you were starting early.

DADOR

Oh my, no! We are only getting started. Very soon the dancers will move to dance around the sculpture.

MAX

You built that overnight?

DADOR

Our collective has been working on it for some time. We store the various pieces back inside the cave. It was a matter of assembly today.

MAX

Well, it's impressive in size and uh, subject matter. How does it play into the festival?

DADOR

Oh, my dear friend, it is the festival. You may recall my telling you that our little love fest is based on an Indigenous Peoples rite that sought fertility and health for Iktomi? At the end of this sacred rite, we will burn the Iktomi sculpture.

MAX

Burn it?

DADOR

To the ground. Oh, and we have a very special surprise in your honor tonight.

Dador winks at Patty who blushes slightly.

MAX

(produces the clipboard with a waiver from his bag)

I'm going to need waivers for everyone here.

(looking around)

I'm not sure I brought enough.

DADOR

I will sign for the collective. I speak for all of them.

MAX

(to Patty)

This just keeps giving. I need to tell Lamont about the sculpture burning.

Max goes in search of Lamont and Cousin Fred. He finds them both recording a naked woman who is laid out on a large table. People are brushing her skin with feathers. He puts a hand on Lamont's shoulder.

MAX (CONT'D)

(whispering to Lamont and Cousin Fred)

Hey, get this. The horndog statue out front? At the end of the dancing tonight they're going to burn it.

COUSIN FRED

Burn it?

MAX

Burn it.

LAMONT

Chick Terrace is really getting his money's worth now.

MAX

Yeah, have you got enough memory to capture all of this?

LAMONT

Yes, this primary cam has two memory cards onboard. When one fills, it goes to the other. We aren't into the second card yet. Plus, there's a couple extra cards in a pocket on the battery belt.

Patty walks over to where they're standing. She's still naked. Cousin Fred looks the opposite direction. Lassie moves near her and puts his wet nose against Patty's butt.

PATTY

(jumps and screams)  
Ow! Bad dog, goat, whatever. Bad!  
Get away from me!

MAX

So, you've known Dador for a while?

PATTY

Yes. I know some of the others too. Members of the collective come and go. For some it just doesn't pan out. Or, sometimes people just get busy with kids and what have you.

MAX

In your opinion this guy is on the level?

PATTY

Oh my God, yes! Dador is a very spiritual being. He is always very tuned in to whatever he's dealing with. In this case, Iktomi. He told me that he believes that several of the beasts are here tonight. That they followed us from the trail.

MAX

You think we're in some sort of weird danger?

PATTY

No, he gets the sense that we'll be fine. But, it's not beyond the Iktomi to try something before we're off the mountain. They are, after all, tricksters.

MAX

Yeah, as we learned last night. Are you coming back with us or will you stay here with them?

PATTY

Oh, I'm going back with you. I have obligations in the world. No way, I can live up here chasing Iktomi or anything else. At least not right now.

A chorus of guttural howls rise up. Dador, hearing this, urges his dancers out from under the overhang. They begin dancing around the sculpture. The men raise the poles above their head punctuating every word of the chant with the pole. The women are dancing with the men now, each holding a long feather of some sort. The chanting becomes louder.

DANCERS

Primitive man, primitive man,  
primitive man make primitive love.  
Primitive man, primitive man,  
primitive man make primitive love.

MAX

Isn't that an old Suzi Quatro lyric?

DANCERS

Primitive man, primitive man,  
primitive man make primitive love.  
Primitive man, primitive man,  
primitive man make primitive love.

From inside the overhang, Dador appears in a white silk robe. The firelight behind gives his appearance a glow. He mounts a riser that was moved to the front of the entrance. He raises his hands and the dancers stop dancing.

DADOR

Dear friends! Welcome to this year's Iktomi Love Fest. We are particularly blessed this year to have guests among us.

(points to Max)

Max and his friends are here taping a pilot for television. Isn't that wonderful? It will be marvelous exposure for our beliefs and way of life. Please be certain to extend a warm welcome to our guests as you encounter them this evening.

(MORE)



DADOR (CONT'D)

(gesturing back toward the trail)

To our Iktomi brothers and sisters, please accept our gesture this evening as it is intended, a gesture of peace and the hope that you will continue to thrive in this magical place. Let the dancing continue!

Dador remains on the riser with his head bowed and his arms folded in front of him.

DANCERS

(resume dancing as before)

Primitive man, primitive man,  
primitive man make primitive love.  
Primitive man, primitive man,  
primitive man make primitive love.

As the dancing goes on, the talent move nearer the circle and begin dancing with the collective.

LAMONT

(to Max)

Have you an exit strategy from this?

MAX

Funny you should mention that. I was just thinking about it. To answer your question, no I don't, not really. As I told the talent earlier, we'll play it by ear.

LAMONT

Okay. I just have a weird feeling about all of this.

Max's phone begins ringing. He sees that it's Mary. He turns away from the others.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED FOR PHONE CONVERSATION

MAX

Hello? Ah, the little woman. Yes, dear?

MARY

Just want you to know that the water system here at the house quit pumping.

MAX

Okay, did you call anyone to service it?

MARY

(lights a cigarette)

Nope, that's your job, dolt. Oh, but wait, you aren't here. You're off in Colorado with that broke dick cousin of yours and his friend. Is that chanting I hear in the background?

MAX

Well, I can try to call Randy Belcher and ask him to come over.

MARY

I'm headed out of town. There's no water here. I'm not staying.

MAX

Okay, what about the dogs.

MARY

I'll drop them at the vet for boarding. That's the best you get from me.

MAX

Where are you going?

MARY

Gotta go.

The call disconnects. When Max turns back around, Dador has raised his head and arms back up. The dancing stops.

DADOR

The collective chorus will kindly move back under the overhang now as our sacred rite is about to end. Our guests, including the very dearest Itzel will kindly move back so you can get the full impact of our ceremonial close.

The talent moves toward Max and the others.

LAMONT

How far back?

MAX

I don't know, but if they're going  
to torch this thing, it should  
probably be a ways back.

As they are moving back about 100 feet, they hear several guttural howls from Bigfoot behind them. The drums begin playing again, this time carrying a Latin or disco beat. Cousin Fred and Lamont exchange glances. Lassie moves to the back of the group and begins barking at something behind them. The collective has formed into a semi circle chorus formation beneath the overhang. Dador begins directing them in singing Love Is In the Air by John Paul Young. Someone steps forward from beneath the overhang with a lighted torch in hand. He touches the torch to one of the effigy's legs, soon the whole thing is aflame. The chorus continues singing.

CHORUS

Love is in the air everywhere I  
look around  
Love is in the air every sight and  
every sound  
And I don't know if I'm being  
foolish  
Don't know if I'm being wise  
But it's something that I must  
believe in  
And it's there when I look in your  
eyes.

Dador is swinging his hips as he directs the singing.

CHORUS (CONT'D)

Love is in the air, in the whisper  
of the tree  
Love is in the air in the thunder  
of the sea  
And I don't know if I'm just  
dreaming  
Don't know if I feel safe  
But it's something that I must  
believe in  
And it's there when you call out my  
name

Dador is in full dance mode now. He looks back over his shoulder and smiles at his guests.

MAX

This is just...

PATTY

Surreal?

DANNY

Good word for it.

CHORUS

Love is in the air, in the rising  
of the sun  
Love is in the air, when the day is  
nearly done  
And I don't know if you are  
illusion  
Don't know if I see truth  
But you are something that I must  
believe in  
And you...

There is a loud roar behind them and rocks begin falling out of the sky. Panic sets in among the talent.

COUSIN FRED

(screaming)

Incoming! Incoming! We'll all be  
killed! There are rock chucking  
Bigfoots behind us and a fucking  
towering inferno in front of us.

Lassie begins charging around headbutting the talent while barking.

MAX

(takes the boom mic and  
sound equipment from  
Cousin Fred)

Fred, get the goddamn goat on the  
leash!

(to everyone)

Everyone! Let's get out of here!  
Back to the trail.

As they begin to move off the Bigfoot effigy collapses in an explosion of sparks and flame. Lamont keeps recording the collapse. Finally, Max puts a hand on his shoulder.

MAX (CONT'D)

Lamont, forget it. Let's get the  
hell out of here.

LAMONT

Yeah!

The singers beneath the overhang are clueless to the rock attack. They continue singing and Dador continues dancing.

## CHORUS

Love is in the air everywhere I  
 look around  
 Love is in the air every sight and  
 every sound  
 And I don't know if I'm being  
 foolish  
 Don't know if I'm being wise  
 But it's something that I must  
 believe in  
 And it's there when I look in your  
 eyes.

Everyone is moving quickly in the direction of the trail. Lamont takes the backup camera from Max and hands off the primary camera. He begins recording the exodus in the IR mode.

## MAX

What are you seeing?

## LAMONT

More jiggling flesh and with any  
 luck, a Bigfoot.

The group assembles at the trail. Lassie is headbutting people in the crotch and barking. Max and Lamont catch up to the group. Peter takes a direct headbutt in the scrotum from Lassie.

## MAX

Fred! Keep the goat under control!  
 Peter, you okay?

## PETER

Yeah, let's keep moving.

Another scream, this time Cheyenne.

## CHEYENNE

Ewww, it's licking my ass.

## COUSIN FRED

(standing several feet  
 from Cheyenne)

Who is? Lassie is right here on the  
 leash.

More screams as everyone begins running in the direction of the line cabin. They are being pelted by turnips now.

## MAX

So much for Bigfoot liking turnips!

COUSIN FRED

I lost the leash! Lassie is running  
back there. Lassie, come back here!

Lassie begins charging in the direction of Bigfoot. The goat  
is barking furiously. Lamont stops to record the action in  
IR.

LAMONT

I'm recording.

MAX

(stops and raises the boom  
mic)

Audio recorder is on.

COUSIN FRED

Lassie! Lassie, come back here!

LAMONT

I've got him on IR. He's about 40  
meters in front of us. He's...

COUSIN FRED

What?

LAMONT

Holy shit!

MAX

What?!

LAMONT

He just headbutted a Bigfoot!

COUSIN FRED

I gotta get Lassie!

MAX

(grabs Fred's arm)

Don't.

The three hear a loud roar that drowns out Lassie's barking.  
The barking stops.

COUSIN FRED

Oh no.

LAMONT

Bigfoot just carried Lassie off.

MAX

Seriously?

LAMONT

Yeah.

MAX

Come on. We really need to get off  
this mountain. Come on, Fred!

Max grabs Fred and they begin following Lamont over the pass  
to the line cabin.

EXT. LINE CABIN MOUNTAIN TRAIL ABOVE TEZCATLAN - NIGHT

Max, Cousin Fred, and Lamont arrive at the line cabin to find  
the talent has all dressed.

TIFFANY

Where's Lassie?

MAX

He attacked a Bigfoot. Headbutted  
the goddamn thing. It carried  
Lassie off. He's done for.

Max looks around.

MAX (CONT'D)

Everyone here? Let's load the  
equipment back in cases and get off  
this mountain.

The entire group files back onto the trail, headed toward the  
RV. Cousin Fred, the last one in line, hesitates before  
starting down and looks back up toward the pass. Seeing  
nothing he lowers his head and starts down the trail.

EXT. INN AT KELLYSTONE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The RV pulls up in front of the Inn at Kellystone. The cast  
and crew step out from inside. The front doors of the resort  
open and Chick Terrace and Fergel are walking toward the RV.

CHICK

Max! Did you get decent footage up  
there?

MAX

(surprised to see Chick)  
Uh, Chick, what are you doing here?

CHICK

We came to greet you and your  
party.

(MORE)

CHICK (CONT'D)

Welcome you back to home base after  
a long day of filmmaking success.

Chick hesitates and then asks in a lower voice.

CHICK (CONT'D)

You did have filmmaking success  
today, didn't you?

MAX

Yeah, we got some amazing stuff.

CHICK

(excited again)

Good! Great! I gotta tell you, I'm  
proud of you boys. You've done  
well!

Chick turns to the entire group.

CHICK (CONT'D)

Everyone! There's food and drink in  
my suite. Come on up!

There seems to be general delight among the group at the  
prospect. Led by Fergel, they begin moving toward the  
entrance of the resort.

CHICK (CONT'D)

(looking around)

Where's the barking goat?

Max looks over at Cousin Fred who going inside with the  
others.

MAX

There was a casualty tonight during  
filming. I'll explain later.

CHICK

(much lower)

Did you get footage of the  
casualty?

Max looks at Lamont, who nods.

MAX

Yeah. I guess we did.

CHICK

Perfect! Come on, let's head  
inside. I'll buy you guys a drink.



LAMONT

I'll be in shortly. I need to park  
the RV.

Chick and Max move inside the resort.

INT. CHICK TERRACE'S SUITE, INN AT KELLYSTONE

Everyone is milling about, drink in hand. Most of the conversation is low. Jazz music is playing in the background. Patty walks up to Cousin Fred, who is sitting by himself on a couch.

PATTY

Hey. I'm very sorry about Lassie.  
He was a good goat, as goats go.

COUSIN FRED

Thanks.

PATTY

Had you had him long?

COUSIN FRED

No, I actually stole him from  
Hefner Canal in Oklahoma City.

PATTY

Huh?

COUSIN FRED

Yeah, Oklahoma City brought a bunch  
of goats in to keep the weeds under  
control along the canal leading to  
Lake Hefner. We needed a goat so I  
snagged Lassie and taught him to  
bark.

PATTY

Oh. I see. By the way, I'm sorry I  
kicked you in the nuts. I  
overreacted, I guess.

COUSIN FRED

It's okay, no permanent damage done  
that I can see. I shouldn't have  
been staring like I was. You're  
actually pretty hot. I've thought  
so since we first met up on the  
roof.

PATTY  
(blushing slightly)  
Well, thank you.

Across the room, Chick is talking with Max and Lamont.

CHICK  
So, tell me, what happened to the  
barking goat?

MAX  
We were leaving to come back down  
the mountain. We were attacked by a  
gang of Bigfoots, at least we think  
it was a gang.

Max looks at Lamont for assurance.

LAMONT  
Yeah, there were several and they  
were supremely pissed off.

CHICK  
Okay...

MAX  
Lassie, well, Lassie...I guess he  
was trying to protect us. Lassie  
charged one of them and headbutted  
the thing.

CHICK  
No shit?

LAMONT  
Yeah, I think we have it all on  
video. I was using the small  
handheld at the time shooting with  
night vision.

CHICK  
Unbelievable. So the goat head  
butts the Bigfoot, then what?

MAX  
Bigfoot reached down and grabbed  
him with one hand and carried him  
off.

CHICK  
Fuck oh dear! This gets better all  
the time!

Max looks across the room at Cousin Fred who heard Chick and is now looking their direction.

CHICK (CONT'D)

So the goat became an hors d'oeuvre  
for a Bigfoot?

Chick is laughing animatedly.

MAX

(in a low voice)

Easy, keep it down. Cousin Fred is  
really upset about Lassie.

CHICK

Yeah, yeah, okay. But you have to  
admit this is television gold!

MAX

(wanting to change the  
subject)

But, you haven't even heard about  
the naked Bigfoot cult we stumbled  
across.

CHICK

(laughing)

What?! Oh stop, I can't take much  
more of this!

MAX

Yeah, we witnessed a rite that was  
kind of like the Burning Man thing  
they do in the desert in Nevada.  
But this, had a choral group  
singing Love Is In the Air.

CHICK

I'm going to be a television legend  
again!

Max and Lamont look at him and then at one another.

MAX

So you think the Zestland Channel  
will buy into it?

CHICK

I know they will. They've been  
breathing down my neck for a week  
now about it. That's why we flew  
out here. To take possession of the  
tapes and get back to Hollywood for  
a meeting day after tomorrow.

Lamont reaches into a bag he's carrying. Pulls the memory cards from inside. He hands them to Chick.

LAMONT

This isn't the seventies, there's no tape. Two of these are from the primary cam, the other is from the small handheld. It was all I had with night vision. These other two cards are from the portable audio recorder. There are some great Bigfoot howls on those.

Chick waves to Fergel who breaks away from the group of cast that he was talking with. He crosses the room to Chick.

CHICK

Here, put these where they won't get lost. Our future is contained on those cards. We're out of here! Call the aircrew and tell them to meet us at the airplane. We leave tonight.

LAMONT

You know, there has been no editing of any kind on there.

CHICK

That's what makes it so perfect. They asked for raw footage, they get raw footage.

Chick raises his hand and everyone in the room turns to him.

CHICK (CONT'D)

Friends, I gotta tell you, you've done an incredible job. I know the folks at the Zestland Channel are going to be thrilled with the effort. Fergel and I are headed back to California tonight. We'll meet with the execs at Zestland day after tomorrow. They're going to love this and I'm certain they'll buy a season worth of shows. We'll be in touch. If you want to come back for the full production, you're all welcome. And, you'll get paid this time! I tell you, we've made great television here in Colorado. Did I say great television? Make that epic television!

FADE TO BLACK