

"The Undiscovered"

FADE IN:

SUPER: "Inspired By Actual Events"

EXT. BOHEMIA OREGON - S & W MINE ENTRANCE - DAY

SUPER: "BOHEMIA, OREGON - 1879"

A densely forested mountainside parts slightly in front of a freshly excavated mine entrance. A sign reads: "S & W MINE. TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT"

INT. MINE - DAY

BOOM!

An explosion fills the screen with grey smoke.

The dust settles. Dimly lit by only a few carbide lanterns, GRANT SMITH, 25, and COLE WESSON, 25, the mine owners, crusty codgers old beyond their years, chip a small sample of sparkling gold ore from a promising vein exposed by the explosion.

GRANT

Looks like the motherlode.

COLE

Hallelujah! Our prayers are answered.

Grant turns the chip over and over between his fingers.

GRANT

Hold on, partner. We've got to get this assayed before we thank The Almighty.

COLE

Well, what're we waitin' for? Let's get it down to the assay office.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

They walk past three mounds piled high with the mine's tailings (the rocks and dirt removed from the interior of the mine).

FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD

The two Miners stroll enthusiastically past close-knit trees and thick brush on both sides.

Birds CHATTER, leaves FLAP, the wind SIGHS through the trees.

Grant WHISTLES a happy tune, swings the sample bag of ore he carries back and forth in time to his music.

After a few steps past a huge fallen log, Cole dances a little jig of joy and kicks a rock.

Another rock rolls out of the brush at the side of the road.

It lands near the one Cole just kicked.

Grant stops in his tracks.

GRANT
(nervously, timidly)
Did you see that?

COLE
What?

All sounds in the forest stop.

The thick brush RUSTLES.

GRANT
(nervously, louder)
Who's there?

No answer.

GRANT (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Somebody knows about our find. They're
watching us.

Cole scans the sides of the road.

COLE
I can't see anybody.

GRANT
Of course not. They won't let us.

Grant resumes his pace. Cole follows. First trotting, then running.

They look back; then side-to-side; finally staring wildly into the dense brush and tight-knit trees that line the sides in front of them.

Grant and Cole see nothing. Leaves, trees, branches, and brush at first stand stock-still, then blur as they run past them.

INT. ASSAY OFFICE - DOORWAY - DAY

The out-of-breath Miners burst through a door labeled:
"Assay Office - Bohemia Mining District"

COUNTER

Grant PLOPS the bag of ore on the counter. The ASSAY
TECHNICIAN stands off to the side, gives the men a half-
hearted greeting.

ASSAY TECHNICIAN

What're you boys up to today? Don't
tell me you're bringin' me more
pyrites from that mine of yours.

He sees that they're really upset.

ASSAY TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Looks like you've both seen a ghost.

GRANT

We ain't seen nothing. That's the
problem.

COLE

It's what we was a'feelin'.

DOORWAY - LATER

Grant peeks outside. He glances all around, suspicious.

COUNTER

The Technician looks up from a microscope.

ASSAY TECHNICIAN

Looks like you boys hit the jackpot.
Your sample tests sixty percent pure
and ten percent cinnabar.

Cole WHOOPS.

COLE

Hallelujah! Thank God, Almighty!

He winks at Grant

COLE (CONT'D)

Our life is gonna change. It's been
so long. So long. Digging our fingers
to the bone. Inch by inch. Foot by
foot, Yard by yard.

GRANT

Day by day. Week by week. Month by month.

Grant scowls.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Now, all we got to do is hold onto it. If we can do that, maybe, just maybe, I can bring Mary out.

COLE

Your lady will love Oregon.

ASSAY TECHNICIAN

Most women do. It's beautiful country. I envy you boys.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

All the normal forest sounds walk with them.

The two miners grin, laugh, and shake their heads on their stroll back to the mine. They still can't believe their good fortune."

COLE

First thing, I'm gonna do is buy me a real bed. I ain't sleeping on rocks and dirt no more.

GRANT

And I'm buildin' us a cabin with my own room. I ain't listenin' to you snorin' no more.

Cole laughs, snorts. Then stops.

Dead Silence fills the woods around them.

Monstrous footsteps in the deep brush - on either side of them.

KNOCK! KNOCK! Wood on wood - behind them.

Then: STOMP! THUD! STOMP! THUD!

They glance at each other.

Expressions of fear push all hope from their faces.

Their unguarded stroll explodes into an all-out run for their lives.

FARTHER UP THE ROAD

Sweating and panting, they run by the huge fallen log they passed on their way to town, as a series of KNOCKS, wood on wood, erupt all around them.

A rain of large rocks, small boulders and logs, thrown from several directions at once and accompanied by a cascade of unearthly GROANS, SNARLS, and GROWLS, pelt the Miners and their path.

The Miners bolt the last hundred yards to the mine entrance, pursued every step of the way by the THUDDING of loud unseen footfalls.

INT. MINE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

A large reddish-brown hairy blur leaps over the fallen log.

The miners slip into the mine entrance, just a hair ahead of their pursuer.

Light from the entrance behind them is suddenly blocked by a huge reddish-brown hairy body forcing its way into the narrow opening.

It SHRIEKS, SNARLS, GROWLS with each step it takes.

FURTHER INSIDE

Grant's shaking hands fumble through a box labeled "DYNAMITE".

He pulls out a bundle of three sticks bound together.

Cole grabs a carbide lantern out of a wall niche and lights the bundle's fuse.

Grant tosses the sputtering sticks at the menacing creature.

BOOM!!!

The tremendous blast from the explosion brings down the ceiling and caves-in the walls, burying both miners and their hairy pursuer.

The dust settles. What just seconds before was a passageway, is now only a pile of rocks and rubble. One remaining carbide lantern lies on its side, burning dimly on top of the devastation.

All is eerily quiet. Nothing stirs.

The carbide lantern fizzles out.

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. BOARDING HOTEL - DAY

SUPER: "Bohemia, Oregon - Present Day"

SAM RILEY, late 40s, the conscientious hotel owner, stands on the top step of a step-ladder just inside the front door.

His face, neck, and the backs of his hands are populated with faint red spots.

The sign: "Bohemia Boarding Hotel" hangs outside the open door of the three-story building.

BOOMER, the big family Labrador Retriever watches as Sam, stretches up with all his might to nail a horseshoe above the crossbeam. But, he can't quite reach the intended space.

Suddenly, his muscles shake and spasm. Sam, the horseshoe, hammer, and ladder, crash to the floor.

As Sam rolls in agony, Boomer trots over and licks his face.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Sam massages his knees while he sits with his bright-eyed-and-bushy-tailed son, KEVIN RILEY, 15, mature beyond his years, in the exam room of Bohemia's only doctor.

Diplomas on the walls surrounding the pair advertise the many medical degrees and professional certifications of "Hayden Parks, M.D."

Father and Son anxiously fidget in their seats as they await Dr. Parks' return with a diagnosis for Sam's puzzling physical symptoms.

KEVIN

How are you feeling now, Dad?

SAM

I'm fine, Just a little stiff.

Sam, whose red spots are now larger and brighter, struggles to tie a shoe.

SAM (CONT'D)

But not like before. I've changed every light bulb in the whole damn place but I just couldn't reach above the door.

KEVIN

It's okay, Dad. Sorry that I wasn't there to help spot you. Soon as we get home, you can try it again. You'll nail it this time. I'll be the witness.

He clowns at his joke.

SAM

Funny thing, as I was falling, I saw your grandmother trying to hang curtains. She was reaching up and then falling.

KEVIN

I barely remember her. Didn't she always wear mittens inside?

SAM

Mostly in the winter.

He looks at the spots on his hands.

SAM (CONT'D)

Her fingers and toes would turn blue and were always cold when fall and winter came around.

DR. HAYDEN PARKS, 60, sweeps into the room, thumbing through a file folder.

SAM (CONT'D)

My father made her special thick mittens and socks to try to keep her warm.

Doctor Parks talks as he walks.

DOCTOR PARKS

Sam, I'm afraid you've inherited Sara's autoimmune disease: systemic scleroderma. The test results are similar to Sara's and come winter you'll probably need mittens and socks too.

He pauses by a skeleton that's mounted in a corner.

DOCTOR PARKS (CONT'D)

It's rare for the condition to develop in a man of your young age, Sam. And, it's happening faster than in most patients.

As he talks, he often points to various parts on the skeleton.

DOCTOR PARKS (CONT'D)

The tests show your body's producing too much collagen. Some of it's being deposited just under your skin. That's what's causing the red spots on your face, hands, and feet.

(pointing)

When this happens, your legs stiffen up and you can't move or stretch them as well as you used to.

Sam nods, rubs his knees and upper legs.

SAM

(with a half-hearted smile - trying to make a joke out of the bad news)

I'm pretty screwed up all over.

He looks down then up into the Doctor's eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)

Give it to me straight, Doc. Where is this going?

DOCTOR PARKS

Can't say for sure. Best guess is that in a few months you'll be pretty stiff all over.

Sam forcefully exhales a single word.

SAM

NO!

Kevin blurts out

KEVIN

There's got to be a cure. Doesn't there?

DOCTOR PARKS

I'm afraid no one's found a cure, Kevin. The condition always has the same outcome, sooner or later.

Sam and Kevin look at each other, devastated, near tears.

Doctor Parks bites his lip.

DOCTOR PARKS (CONT'D)

There is one thing, though.

KEVIN
(softly)
Anything.

DOCTOR PARKS
One thing has helped slow down the progression. A total stem cell transplant. A very risky and expensive procedure.

SAM
How much?

DOCTOR PARKS
Over a hundred thousand.

Sam buries his head in his hands.

SAM
We don't have that kind of money.

Kevin drapes an arm over his father's shoulders.

SAM (CONT'D)
How will I keep up the hotel? Business has been so slow since the pandemic.

KEVIN
Don't worry, Pop. We'll find a way. Somehow. I'll help. I can stay home from school--

SAM
--No. You can't miss school.

KEVIN
I can take my required courses online for the next couple of semesters.

Sam smiles, reaches out, hugs his son.

INT. BOARDING HOTEL - FRONT WINDOW - LATER

Sam sits staring out the window, repeatedly flexing and clenching his fingers.

KEVIN
Me and Boomer are gonna go pick through the tailings at the S & W mine. Try to find some overlooked nuggets. Make some extra money for us.

SAM
(half-jokingly)
Watch out Bigfoot doesn't get you.

KEVIN
Boomer will protect me.

SAM
Just be careful. Those mines are dangerous.

KEVIN
That's why we're going to the S & W.
Other pickers don't really go there.
Most believe that there's a tale
that Bigfoot's protecting its
territory. Was probably just some
high school kids pranking the pickers.

EXT. S & W MINE ENTRANCE - DAY

Kevin, wearing a backpack, and Boomer walk the perimeter of the dirt road in front of the mine entrance.

Boomer sniffs the air,

KEVIN
It sure stinks around here. Don't
it, Boomer.

Boomer trots over to the caved-in entrance,

Squeezes into a small space among the fallen timbers and boulders, and

Crawls inside the mine.

Kevin climbs a pile of tailings alongside the entrance while he waits for Boomer to return.

Moments pass. Boomer doesn't return.

Kevin hears a low sounding and deep GROWL from inside the mine.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Boomer.

No reply.

A few times he yells out his dog's name.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Boomer! Boomer!

Finally, he yells directly into the mine.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

BOOMER!

Boomer crawls out the way he went in, but he now drags a large misshapen skull with him,

A skull that's much larger than one from a human.

The brush and trees around the mine entrance RUSTLE. An eerie breeze starts to blow leaves and dust around in a whirlwind.

Kevin wipes his eyes of dust from the sudden well-formed and short-lived dust devil.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(to Boomer)

This wind. This is real strange.

KNOCK! KNOCK! Wood on wood. Tree KNOCKS erupt from every direction.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

We're being watched.

A bombardment of rocks shower down near Kevin and Boomer.

Kevin grabs the skull.

Both take off, run as fast as they can down the road towards town.

As they run, Kevin looks back over his shoulder a couple of times, trying to spot the source of the attack.

Each time, he sees nothing out of the ordinary.

But he hears pursuing FOOTSTEPS and RUSTLING BRUSH,

Until, on his last look-back, he hears nothing.

Bohemia is now in sight, dead ahead.

EXT. BOHEMIA - SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Kevin and Boomer jog up the main street to a door lettered:
"Bohemia Oregon, Lane County. Sheriff: Streeter Jones -
Deputy Sheriff: Isa Tate"

KEVIN

(to Boomer)

We'll ask Uncle Streeter about what happened out there. He knows everything.

As Kevin opens the door, a SONG on the radio plays Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson's version of "Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up To Be Cowboys".

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Two desks sit side-by-side against one wall of the small office. There is a single "guest" chair between them.

File cabinets and a large floor safe line the opposite wall.

A huge wildlife photo of a pair of Alaskan brown bears, signed by "Murph," hangs on the wall above them.

A large pull-down city map of Bohemia covers the wall at the far end of the room, along with a rifle rack.

Deputy Sheriff, ISA 'WOLF' TATE, late 40s, ex-US Marine, rough-looking but an intelligent man covered in tattoos, sits at the first desk.

A framed insignia on the wall above his desk: A Flying Eagle in a blue circle with the word "PAIUTE" underneath, identifies Wolf as a member of the Northern Paiute tribes.

STREETER JONES, late 40s, rough-looking, and an ex-Marine, another "thinker," and the man in charge, sits at the second desk farthest from the door.

STREETER

Hey Kev. I spoke with your dad. Sorry about his health issues. We'll get through this together.

WOLF

Manahuu, Little Warrior. Stay strong.

Boomer trots over to Wolf, settles at his feet.

Wolf scratches the dog's head and ears.

Streeter turns the radio off.

KEVIN

Thanks, guys.

STREETER

And what can we do you for today?

(MORE)

STREETER (CONT'D)
Whatcha got there?
(points to the skull
Kevin holds)

KEVIN
Look at this. Found it at the S & W
mine.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
The weirdest thing just happened to
us at the mine. Have you been to
the mine lately? It felt strange
there,... like someone,... or
something was watching us.

He walks over to Streeter's desk, hands him the skull.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
This is the skull Boomer found.

Streeter takes it, examines it from all angles.

Kevin sits down in the 'guest' chair between the two desks.

STREETER
Myself and Wolf used to provide
security for the Pickers while they
collected tailings from local mines
- that is, until the Pickers stopped
coming. They started to complain of
strange happenings.

KEVIN
Do you think Bigfoot is in these
woods?

STREETER
I've never seen Bigfoot.

KEVIN
What about the Pickers?

STREETER
Some said they did. Others said they
didn't. But, this skull. It's proof
of something rare and strange that
was, or still is, in these mountains.

WOLF
I haven't seen Si-Te-Cah. My parents
told me stories and taught me
Si-Te-Cah's whistle.

Wolf whistles a few eerie notes.

Boomer reacts, crawls under Wolf's desk.

Wolf pats him, rubs his head again.

Boomer slowly crawls out to receive more reassuring affection from his friend.

Boomer returns to his normal friendly self.

Wolf gives him a final pat of reassurance, then stands and walks over to Streeter's desk.

He picks up the skull, gazes into its eye sockets.

WOLF (CONT'D)

They say there are good and bad Si-
Te-Cah. This skull that you bring
needs to have an expert look at it.

Streeter takes back the skull from Wolf, walks over to the safe, opens it, puts the skull inside, closes the door and spins the combination dial.

STREETER

The skull will be safe here.

He walks back to his desk, sits.

KEVIN

(chuckling to himself)
Safe in the safe.

STREETER

The skull could be a key to prove
the existence.

KEVIN

Don't kid me, Uncle.

STREETER

I can't get my head around that the
Sam I grew up with, hiked and hunted
these mountains with, who married my
sister... may she rest in peace...
is ill with this disease.

KEVIN

You're not kidding me?

STREETER

I have a friend who told me a few
years ago about some government agency
offering money to who can prove
Bigfoot exists.

KEVIN

Is this a Bigfoot skull? Do you think the skull is enough proof?

STREETER

What do you say I call her and ask about the skull,...and proving it's authenticity?

Kevin breaks into a big grin, ear-to-ear; but it suddenly fades.

KEVIN

I've got another problem. I don't know if I can take care of my Dad and the hotel until...until--

STREETER

--You need help. That's for sure. This community comes together when it's people need help. Surely there's some folks in town who will help--

WOLF

--Here I can help. My people have a government grant to train home care workers from all tribes across the state. I am the one who helps oversee the program. It is a problem to place graduates, even when the grant pays salary for first six months. Do not worry, Little Warrior. We will find someone to help care for your father.

Kevin's smile returns to light up his face.

KEVIN

Thank you so much, Wolf. Uncle, can we call your friend now?

Streeter reaches for the cell phone on his desk just as it RINGS.

STREETER

(into the phone)
Sheriff's office.

He punches a button on the small speaker on his desk.

Through the phone, all hear a series of
CLICKS,

Then, a soft female voice, a 911 OPERATOR:

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
(through the speaker)
Hello Sheriff, Lane County nine-one-one calling. Code Red. I have Bryan Williams, Logging Crew Supervisor for Cottage Grove Logging on the line. He says one of his crew has been mauled in the woods and he needs your help.

STREETER
(into the phone)
What's his location?

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
He's in the Lane County Circle Peak Quadrangle. His company just opened a new tract for selective harvesting along that old logging road on the backside of the mountain behind the S & W mine.

STREETER
Nobody told me anything about opening a new logging site out there.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Be that as it may. He says they were attacked by local wildlife that fatally injured one of his equipment operators. Sounds like it was either large bears or mountain lions. He couldn't give me many details. I notified the Department of Fish and Wildlife for their assistance.

STREETER
You got to be kidding me.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
This is a serious call, Sheriff. Mister Williams said he and a guard drove the wildlife off but he wants you to come quickly in case they come back.

STREETER
Tell him I'll be there.

He hangs up.

STREETER (CONT'D)
(to Kevin)
I know Sam's taken you hunting.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN
Ever since I was twelve.

STREETER
You and Boomer want to ride along
with us?

KEVIN
Sure.

STREETER
Good. By law, I need a third person
on this call. Could be we're after a
rogue bear. I've deputized you before.
Pretend we did it again. Remember,
you've got to do everything I tell
you, exactly they way I tell you to
do it. Got it?

KEVIN
Got it.

Streeter and Wolf grab rifles from the wall rack at the back
of the office and head out the front door. Kevin and Boomer
follow behind.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The Sheriff's late model Jeep Grand Cherokee with Police
Uplift, and official Sheriff decals mounted on its sides,
speeds down the road.

EXT./INT. JEEP - DAY

Streeter's at the wheel. Wolf rides shotgun, Kevin and Boomer
take up the back seat.

Streeter reaches for the emergency flasher and siren controls.

The siren blasts a emergency WHOOP and WAIL.

The Jeep pulls off the road onto a logging road. It kicks
up dust in its wake.

Wolf leans into the back seat.

WOLF
Lights and siren will scare away any
big animals.

KEVIN

But don't we want to catch or kill them?

WOLF

First, we must be safe.

EXT. LOGGING SITE - DAY

The Jeep pulls off the logging road onto a rough trail-road. Streeter cuts the emergency lights and siren.

The Jeep continues through the underbrush until it reaches a clearing of the logging site.

It stops near BRYAN WILLIAMS, 60, rough-and-tough-looking logging site supervisor wearing a forest camouflage outfit.

Bryan stands at the rear of a wheeled Tree-Felling machine jammed slightly off-kilter on its far side by boulders and logs that impede its path.

Bryan holds a Winchester twelve-gauge pump-action shotgun pointed at the trail-road coming in the direction of Streeter's Jeep.

GUS, a gorilla of a man and security guard wearing camouflage attire, stands at the opposite end of the machine, holding a twin of Bryan's weapon.

Most of the bloody body of JAKE, the machine's operator, lays still under a blanket between the machine and a stand of trees.

The driver-side window of the Jeep rolls down.

INT. JEEP

Through the open window, Streeter sees Bryan's shotgun aimed in their direction.

STREETER (O.S.)

Bryan? Bryan Williams? Put your weapon down. We're answering your nine-one-one call.

He lowers his weapon.

BRYAN

Sorry, Sheriff. Don't know what I was thinkin' - if I was thinkin'. Never seen nobody torn apart before.

Wolf comments to no one in particular.

WOLF
(quietly)
Guess he missed the Iraq War.

EXT. JEEP

Streeter, Wolf and Boomer climb out. Kevin stays.

Boomer runs over to the blanket.

EXT. BODY UNDER BLANKET

Boomer sniffs. WHINES, as if he knew something was wrong here. Boomer looks back at Kevin in the Jeep.

He scratches a small hole in the dirt.

Wolf follows Boomer to the body.

Wolf pats Boomer's head and strokes his ears.

Boomer quiets down.

Wolf pulls back a corner of the blanket, revealing a distorted face. Trickles of blood still drip from what are left of a mouth, nostrils, ears.

Kevin, curious about what's under the blanket looks around to see Streeter standing next to Bryan.

Kevin slides out of the Jeep and edges his way toward the body.

Kevin looks into the blanket, turns away, disgusted.

KEVIN
(gagging)
Oh God.

Wolf shakes his head, shouts to Streeter.

WOLF
A bear or mountain lion did not do
this.

EXT. JEEP

Streeter pulls out his phone, swipes through a few displays on the screen.

He holds it a few inches from his face and then the same distance from Bryan's, as he records a statement.

STREETER

(into phone)

I'm talking to Bryan Williams, Logging
Crew Supervisor for Cottage Grove
Logging at the kill site.

He glances at his wristwatch

STREETER (CONT'D)

The time is five-oh-five P. M.

(to Bryan)

Tell me exactly what happened here.

BRYAN

We arrived just after noon, unloaded
our trucks. Began setting up our
equipment. All the while we had the
feeling we were being watched. It
was creepy.

STREETER

You didn't see or hear anything
strange?

BRYAN

Nothing. Not until the Tree-Feller
zeroed-in on the first tree in the
stand.

BRYAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We heard this horrible screeching
and howling coming from the hill
behind us.

FLASHBACK - TWO HOURS EARLIER

Several tall brown out-of-focus HUMAN-LIKE HAIRY FORMS, pop-
up from behind the top of the steep grade.

They push huge boulders and logs up over the crest and roll
them down the steep slope toward the Loggers.

The boulders and logs smash into the Tree-Feller machine.

They wedge underneath, stop the machine's forward motion,
stall it in place.

BRYAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then, they were on Jake like flies
on shit.

The out-of-focus forms rip the door off the machine cab,
grab Jake, and pull him out of the operator's seat.

BACK TO LOGGING SITE

Bryan Takes a deep breath, stares straight into Streeter's eyes.

BRYAN

They beat Jake with rocks and logs.
Over and over.

(voice trembling)

Then...they...they tried to tear him
apart.

(on the edge of
breaking down)

Two of the beasts tried to rip Jake's
head off.

Streeter reaches out, places a hand on Bryan's shoulder giving Bryan a moment to pull himself together.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Myself and Gus, we fired our
Remingtons at them. Two full loads.
Must have hit some. Don't see as how
we could have missed. Didn't find
any blood, though. But, at the sound
of our guns, they took off full speed
back up the steep hill and over the
top. No human could run up that grade.

STREETER

Where's your crew now?

BRYAN

Don't have a clue. As soon as they
heard our guns, they panicked, high-
tailed it into the woods across the
road.

Streeter pockets his phone, reaches into the Jeep.

The siren

WHOOPS and WAILS.

Through the Jeep's open window, he pulls out its bullhorn microphone, flicks its thumb switch.

STREETER

(amplified through
the bullhorn)

Attention Cottage Grove Logging crew.
This is Lane County Sheriff Streeter
Jones. Your attackers are gone.
Repeat: Your attackers are gone.
Please return.

Streeter returns the mic to the Jeep.

STREETER (CONT'D)

(to Bryan)

You were lucky to have those Remingtons with you. They sure do make a lot of noise. Defense against a Bohemian bear attack? Or, did you expect something else? Not much else in these woods to justify that much firepower.

BRYAN

Oh, yeah. The company warned us about your bears.

Streeter shoots him a look of suspicion.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Just ask my crew.

He glances toward the woods.

ACROSS THE ROAD

One-by-one, and in pairs, the missing members of the ten member logging crew stumble out of the forest.

They lumber toward Bryan like shell-shocked zombies.

BACK TO SCENE

Streeter remarks loudly to Wolf.

STREETER

I count ten. That's a pretty big crew to cut this stand.

WOLF (O.S.)

They look in shock. Useless to question. Better to take their statements in town, after they rest.

BRYAN

I've already reported this incident to my company.

STREETER

I'll bet you have.

BRYAN

The company wants me to ask you to please keep this quiet. Not to tell anyone. They wanna keep it a secret

(MORE)

BRYAN (CONT'D)

that they opened this tract ahead of schedule.

STREETER

That's up to your company and the Forest Service to work out. You do realize I have to take Jake's body to the coroner, and you and me have to file a report with his office? I'll have to conduct a formal investigation. We'll have to tell some people.

BRYAN

The company's not gonna like it.

STREETER

I don't give a damn. And don't try to threaten me, Williams. You're the one who started harvesting out here without telling anyone, especially me. Your action led to trouble and one of your crew dying. There's no way I'm covering for you or your company.

Streeter and Bryan glare at each other.

Wolf returns to the Jeep, breaking the stand-off.

WOLF

The shadows grow long. Twilight comes in another hour.

BRYAN

You want us to abandon our equipment?

STREETER

You can come back for it another day. Besides, if the Forest Service gets here tonight, I'm sure they'll take good care of it.

Bryan shakes his head. Walks away toward the side of the road and his returning crew.

STREETER (CONT'D)

(to Wolf)

We'll take the body in the back of my Jeep, behind the seats in the cargo tray.

(to Kevin)

Kevin, stay back. Let Wolf handle it.

Streeter calls out to Bryan:

STREETER (CONT'D)
 Hey, Williams. You and your crew
 follow me in one of your trucks.
 You'll be staying at the Bohemia
 Boarding Hotel until your company
 decides how they want to handle the
 situation.

AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Bryan smacks some of his crew to ground them and break their state of shock.

He gathers them around him,

Says something to them,

Points to a nondescript van parked nearby.

EXT. JEEP

Wolf opens the back of the Sheriff's Jeep,

Pushes aside piles of rags,

Pulls out a clean blanket and a scuffed aluminum briefcase bearing a ragged decal: "SHERIFF CRIME SCENE."

Wolf opens the briefcase,

Takes out a pair of protective gloves,

Pulls on the pair,

Kevin looks to the blood-soaked blanket over Jake's body;

Then, at the roll of yellow-striped 'Crime Scene' tape in the briefcase.

KEVIN
 Couldn't you just tape off the area
 and leave the body here overnight?

WOLF
 What will protect it from the
 scavengers of the forest?

KEVIN
 I see what you mean.

AT THE BODY UNDER BLANKET

Wolf squats down, rolls up Jake's body in the bloody blanket.

Kevin starts to watch. When blood drips out of the blanket, he edges away.

Wolf rolls the bloody blanket-encased body up again in the clean blanket.

Wolf carries the blankets and body to the Jeep.

EXT. JEEP

Wolf lifts the blankets and body into the cargo tray, setting it to rest on the bed of rags.

EXT. THE LOGGING CREW VAN

The logging crew jostle each other in their quickness to board.

EXT. LOGGING SITE - DAY

Jeep and Van peel out onto the logging road, as

A mighty whirlwind springs to life, bending the branches of trees this way and that.

The sound of tree KNOCKS, wood on wood, rises, and swells into a deafening cacophony that fills the tract, as the vehicles disappear down the road into the advancing fingers of night.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

STREETER'S DESK

Streeter speaks into his phone. Kevin sits in the 'guest' chair between desks, biting his nails. The skull rests on Streeter's desk.

STREETER

(into phone)

Hey Grace, Streeter Jones here. Long time no talk. Yep, still Sheriff. No, haven't caught any bad guys lately, or bad girls. What's new with you? Still chasing dinosaurs?

INT. BYNUM, MONTANA - RENTAL CABIN - KITCHEN AREA - DAY

SUPER: "Bynum, Montana"

On the other end of the call: GRACE KELLER, late 40s, an old high school friend now an open-minded physical anthropologist. She's an attractive tomboy type who dresses young for her age and gets away with it.

Grace stands at her sink, cell phone perched between a shoulder and an ear.

She's dressed in chic yet casual women's fishing apparel as if she just returned from catching the twelve-pound brown trout lying on her cutting board.

She slowly scrapes the scales off the trout.

GRACE

(into phone)

Just finished some work on a very interesting dig. Seems there were Therapod fossils - sorry, T-Rex bones - in the same strata as human-like remains. They wanted me to verify the possible authenticity of both.

INTERCUT SHERIFF'S OFFICE/CABIN KITCHEN AREA

STREETTER

Not quite what I was calling about, but close. Remember when you told me the Feds posted some kind of reward for anyone who could prove the existence of Bigfoot?

GRACE

Yeah. So what?

STREETTER

You need to come out here and look at the evidence we found - to see if it's enough to claim the reward.

GRACE

You know what I'm doing right now?
(she scrapes the fish
a little harder,
faster)

I'm scaling the trout I caught for dinner.

STREETTER

I didn't mean right now. Eat your dinner and then come on out, say tomorrow?

GRACE

(she continues to
scrape)

Let me get this straight. You want me to just drop everything in Montana and fly over to Oregon to look at Bigfoot evidence?

STREETER

Yep.

GRACE

No way. You've lost your mind. We've stayed in touch all these years as friends, but I've got a real full plate these days. And I don't mean full of fish. I'm exhausted from my dig - it's late in the afternoon and I'm already going to bed as soon as I eat. Tomorrow, I've got to write up my notes into a report. Fly home to Seattle in a couple of days. Do other stuff I've already forgotten. Besides, I'd have to look up the reward again to see if it's still there. I can't come now.

She continues her scraping of the trout.

Streeter plays with the skull.

STREETER

(flirting)

I've got a skull. It's really odd looking and has big teeth.

GRACE

(laughing, she stops
scraping)

Send me a photo from your phone. I'll look at it tomorrow.

STREETER

Promise?

GRACE

Promise.

STREETER

Okay. Here goes.

Streeter snaps a straight-on photo of the skull with his phone.

Texts her the photo.

GRACE

(looking at a "PHOTO
RECEIVED" message on
her screen)

Got it. Good night, Streeter.

STREETER
Sweet dreams, Grace.

He ends the call.

END INTERCUT

BACK TO SHERIFF'S OFFICE

STREETER (CONT'D)
(to Kevin)
You heard.

Kevin's face breaks down into one big frown.

Streeter's phone

RINGS!

Streeter answers without pausing to see who it is.

STREETER
Hi again, Grace.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN AREA - DAY

GRACE
Okay, Streeter. You had me at "it has big teeth." You're lucky, I was more curious than tired. I peeked. and, I'll be on a flight to Eugene tomorrow. I want to see that skull in person. And also, the Forest Service is still offering half a mil, with payment on their terms.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATER

WOLF'S DESK

DITABA (BERTA), late 40s, Washoe Caregiver, built like a bull on elephant-muscled legs, stands planted before the Paiute Deputy Sheriff.

BERTA
You the Wolf?

WOLF
That is what my people call me.

BERTA
(condescendingly)
Your people? You Paiute are everywhere these days.

WOLF

What do you want woman?

BERTA

I am Ditaba. Berta to you. Washoe medicine-woman and caregiver. Your people at the school said you have a job for me.

WOLF

I don't know, woman.

Kevin speaks up from Streeter's desk.

KEVIN

Is she here for my father? She looks like someone he'll need.

BERTA

(smiling at Kevin)

The young one is not Paiute. That is good. Tell me of your father.

INT. BOARDING HOTEL - DAY

Kevin and Berta approach Sam, who reclines in his overstuffed chair at the front window. Berta lugs a massive bedroll in one hand as if it were weightless.

They stop a few feet from Sam.

KEVIN

Dad, this is Berta. Wolf's program sent her to us.

BERTA

How you doing, Mister Sam?

Sam struggles to pull himself up into a more prominent sitting position.

SAM

I'm doing just fine, Berta. I won't need your help.

BERTA

Prove it to son and me, Mister Sam. Get up. Come here. Shake my hand.

Sam awkwardly twists his body in an attempt to stand. When he reaches his feet, he falls backwards into his chair.

BERTA (CONT'D)

You need help. I will be your helper.

Grace, appears dressed like a cross between a cowgirl and an archaeologist, struggles to roll her heavy suitcase over the raised front door sill at the boarding hotel.

After her success, she sets it down in relief; then, glances around the room, spots Sam. She forces a smile as she takes in Sam's condition.

GRACE
(to Sam, sitting by
the window)
Sam. It's been ages. High school?
Remember Grace Keller?

She smiles naturally at Kevin.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Is this Kevin?

Kevin nods and grins at this strange, but attractive, older woman.

SAM
Sorry you have to see me like this,
Grace. Streeter told me you were
coming.

Berta steps toward Grace.

BERTA
I am Berta, Sam's caretaker. I will
help with your luggage.

Grace smiles at Berta. The two women connect.

GRACE
Thank you, Berta. I would very much
like your help.

LATER

BY THE WINDOW

Sam is in the same chair, talking with Kevin and Berta.

Boomer sits at Kevin's feet.

SAM
Grace was quite the looker in high
school. All us guys wanted to date
her, but she only had eyes for one
guy, unfortunately.

A smiling Grace quietly appears and joins them.

GRACE
 So I was a looker. "Was," huh? I wish I would have known all you guys wanted to date me.

Sam blushes, embarrassed.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 Anyway, I'm heading over to Streeter's office - to see if he wanted to date me too - just kidding. I want to examine the skull you found, Kevin.

KEVIN
 Boomer found it.

He scratches Boomer's head.

Boomer perks up, looks at Grace, wags his tail.

SAM
 I'm going. I want to see it too.

BERTA
 And how you plan on getting there, Mister Sam?

Sam looks down.

SAM
 (softly to Berta, as if embarrassed to ask)
 If you're going to be my caretaker, maybe you could help me?

KEVIN
 I'll help him too, Berta.

Berta rolls her eyes.

BERTA
 Maybe. Once.

They both help Sam to his feet.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

FRONT DOOR

Grace is the first inside the office. Berta and Kevin support Sam as they follow.

GRACE
 Hi Streeter. Hi Wolf.

Berta plops Sam down in the office 'guest' chair.

STREETER'S DESK

STREETER

Great to see you Grace.

STREETER (CONT'D)

Hello again Sam, Kevin and Berta.

Grace walks over to Streeter's desk.

GRACE

So where's the skull with the big teeth?

Streeter lifts his cowboy hat sitting on his desk revealing the skull.

STREETER

Watch out, it bites.

GRACE

The skull, your hat, or you?

Streeter blushes. This is a new self-confident Grace. Not the shy cutie-pie he knew in high school.

Grace carefully picks up the skull with one hand, supporting its jaw with the other.

Gingerly turning it over in her hands,

Probing its foramen magnum and eye sockets with her fingers,

Articulating the jaws to see how the teeth fit together.

She looks up at the wall repeatedly, to momentarily stare at the wildlife photo of the pair of Alaskan brown bears signed by "Murph".

She whispers something to herself, then speaks to the others.

GRACE (CONT'D)

This skull is definitely not human.

She points to the top of the skull.

GRACE (CONT'D)

It doesn't have a closed sagittal suture on top, like all humans. Just solid bone.

She runs a finger down the skull's sagittal crest.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Instead, it has a sagittal crest, a small ridge of bone where the suture should be--

She articulates the jaws.

GRACE (CONT'D)

--to which far more powerful jaw muscles attach. That means it had a far stronger bite than a human.

STREETER

I told you it bites.

GRACE

It could probably bite clean through your leg. There's your bite, Streeter.

She sticks a finger into the skull's foramen magnum.

GRACE (CONT'D)

It also has a much larger foramen magnum opening on its underside through which its spinal cord passed into its brain.

SAM

Does that mean it was smarter?

GRACE

No, it means The creature had an almost "no-neck" upper-body physique, like some wrestlers and football players.

KEVIN

So he was like a human, only a super human?

GRACE

But enough like other primates to not be human like us.

She holds and raises the skull in the position of when someone accepts an award in front of an audience.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What an achievement it would be to prove the existence of Bigfoot to the academic world, based on real data.

She stares into Streeter's eyes.

GRACE (CONT'D)

It would turn it upside down.

With her fingernail, she scrapes a waxy substance out of the inside of the skull, holds it up to the others.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(exclaiming)

Brain tissue.

As she slides the residue into a labeled test tube she produces from a pocket.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Enough for a DNA test in my University lab back in Seattle - to determine the creature's human or non-human origin.

(to Streeter)

Is there Fedex or UPS in town?

STREETER

Nearest one's in Cottage Grove.

(to Wolf)

Can you please drive over there and drop it off after we're done here?

Wolf nods in agreement.

GRACE

The skull and possible DNA evidence will be a good start to prove Bigfoot's existence, but we'll need much more in order for Kevin to claim the reward and for me to write the definitive scholarly paper backing up his find.

KEVIN

What else do we need?

She carefully places the skull back on Streeter's desk.

GRACE

More bones, preferably several femurs - from their upper legs.

SAM

What's special about femurs?

GRACE

They're what we scientists use to estimate primates' height and weight.

BERTA

How?

GRACE

There are data tables. A lot of studies have been done on modern humans that compare their height and weight to the size and weight of their femurs. We just extrapolate from the tables.

STREETER

We do the same thing when we find skeletons of dead bodies to estimate their height and weight when they were alive.

GRACE

Here's some other things that would help prove our case. We should have scat and hair samples that will tell us about their diet.

Berta grimaces at the word "scat."

GRACE (CONT'D)

The hair we can also compare to the hair of known animals. We can use both to extract and build a more complete picture of their DNA, which will help us classify Bigfoot and establish their relationship to other primates.

GRACE (CONT'D)

If we can gather any tools or cultural artifacts they have used, like knives or axes, we may be able to establish their influence on or from humans.

KEVIN

Wow. That's a lot of stuff.

GRACE

We could also use photographs of living Bigfoot. We can use our phones.

Everyone nods. A few reach for their phones.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Last but not least, we should map the geography over which Bigfoot ranges. The Forest Service specifically requests this data defining the Bigfoot habitat.

KEVIN

So it sounds like we've got to go
find Bigfoot.

GRACE

Exactly. If it's agreeable to all of
you, I'd like to start today. Can we
visit the location where Kevin...or,
Boomer...found the skull. See what
else we can find?

Everyone nods again, except Berta. She mumbles something
under her breath.

SAM

What was that, Berta?

BERTA

Nothing, Mister Sam. Nothing.

EXT. S & W MINE ENTRANCE - DAY

Grace's rent-a-SUV, sits parked off to one side of the mine
entrance, with its mid-body sliding door open.

Berta has set up two folding chairs in front of the open
door for Sam and her to sit on.

Boomer lies at Sam's feet.

From their chairs, Berta and Sam watch the others dig debris
out of the mine entrance with small hand-held shovels.

The Sheriff's Jeep pulls up, parks behind the SUV.

Wolf gets out, sniffs the air, cups his hands behind his
ears as if listening for sounds no one else can hear.

Wolf makes strange whistling and howling sounds. At first,
softly. Then, increasing in volume.

Boomer joins in on the howls.

A slight disturbance erupts, the thick brush RUSTLES
surrounding the mine.

Kevin picks the miners' log book out of the rubble and shakes
the dirt and dust off. He then holds it up for the others to
see.

KEVIN

Hey, look at this!

Streeter and Grace uncover some of the remains of the miners
and the buried Bigfoot.

Streeter places the miners' skeletons and scraps of clothing in separate bags, as tree knocks erupt around them.

Grace pulls on reddish-brown body hair still attached to decayed flesh on some of the creature's bones.

She twirls the hair between a thumb and forefinger, examines it closely.

GRACE

Uh, oh.

STREETER

What?

Grace transfers the bones from the buried creature into a third bag,

A torrent of rocks rain down from the woods around them.

BERTA

Go, Mister Sam.

She helps him up and into the SUV.

Boomer quickly joins them.

GRACE

C'mon, Streeter, Kevin, Wolf.

She drags her bag toward the SUV.

Wolf goes to the Jeep with another bag.

Wolf drives the Jeep.

Both vehicles, Jeep and SUV speed away from the mine.

INT. SUV - DAY

Grace drives.

KEVIN

How did you know about this BigFoot?

GRACE

From what I've read, reddish-brown Bigfoot are the most hostile toward humans. They're not like black or dark brown ones who are interested,...

GRACE (CONT'D)
but run from us.

INT. BOARDING HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

Kevin and CLAIRE, mid 20s, Native-American girl the Riley's hired to help out, serves breakfast at the few tables occupied by diners.

Grace and Wolf pull up chairs at one table to join Streeter's breakfast with BILL MCDONALD, late 40s, the town lawyer.

STREETER
(to Bill)
I asked Wolf and Grace to join us at this morning's meeting because we're working together to help Kevin and Sam on a matter. You remember Grace Keller from high school?

BILL
(smiling at Grace)
Sure do. Grace, you've sure changed. You're...ah...all grown up.

GRACE
(smiling back)
We've all grown up, Bill. Streeter tells me you're a lawyer now.

BILL
Yep. Only one in town. We get together every week for breakfast to talk about the town's legal problems.

STREETER
There's one of our problems now. Those guys sitting over there.

He motions toward a table on the other side of the room where Bryan and his Logging Crew eat breakfast at a couple of side tables.

Berta supports Sam as he moves toward the table, guides him to sit in a chair.

LATER

The dirty dishes in front of each indicates they've finished eating.

BILL
Streeter, you're correct in your assumptions. Bryan and his crew only
(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)
committed a minor offense against
Forest Service regulations. When
they began logging ahead of the
official start date will be seen as
no big deal.

Streeter sneers across the room at Bryan and his crew.

BILL (CONT'D)
Probably, the harshest penalty the
company will suffer will be a fine.

STREETER
Jake's death really bugs me. It was
so brutal. If we can't do anything,...
more logging crews, hunters, campers,
and day hikers will be in danger in
these woods. Can you suggest any
legal remedies that can protect them?

SAM
C'mon, Bill and Streeter. My hotel
depends on these types of people to
stay in business.

Bill just shrugs.

BILL
I'm sorry but Jake's death, which
the county coroner will probably
write off as a "work accident." As
long as the Forest Service stays in
bed with the industry...we need new
laws.

GRACE
What if the industry couldn't work
these forests? What if they had to
stay out - by law?

BILL
What do you mean?

GRACE
Our project could force the Forest
Service to declare the forests around
Bohemia and Cottage Grove a habitat
for an endangered species.

BILL
Wow! Sounds like some project. Tell
me more.

STREETER

Yesterday, we dug out the entrance to the old S & W mine. We found the remains of a creature that could be a Bigfoot.

BILL

Wow! Again.

STREETER

Kevin found the log book of the original owners of the mine. Their last entry was back in eighteen seventy-nine.

BILL

Eighteen seventy-nine? Wasn't that when the mine was supposed to have blown up?

STREETER

We also dug out some remains of the two miners who worked the mine. We'd like to find any next-of-kin.

BILL

Good luck. Not likely. They were from back East and their claim expired a long, long time ago, No relatives that I know of ever came forward to renew it.

Kevin walks over to buss their dishes. He listens in to the conversation.

BILL (CONT'D)

You know there's been a lot of history of Bohemia residents talking about Bigfoot. This might help you. Do you remember Mad Man Eddie Meyer? He was a long time resident who claimed he could talk with Bigfoot.

STREETER

I think so. The name's familiar.

BILL

I was his lawyer when I first started practicing here.

Kevin pulls up a chair, joins the table.

BILL (CONT'D)

He claimed to have found some papers his grandpappy had squirreled away when he was a member of a expedition exploring the West in the late eighteen hundreds. It was led by Teddy Roosevelt. Roosevelt wrote about everything in The Wilderness Hunter booklet in eighteen hundred and ninety three. The memoirs were of his personal adventures and stories he heard first-hand of a 'hairy man'. It's very interesting reading material.

STREETER

So?

BILL

The papers included a journal and some maps of Bigfoot encounters.

SAM

I think I remember Meyer. He used to come to the hotel on weekends and bother the guests. Asked them if they ever heard of Sit-Ti-Cats.

WOLF

You mean Si-Ti-Cah.

SAM

Yeah. That's it. Told everybody they were his friends and they protected the people of this town as long as we didn't bother them. Nobody knew what the hell he was talking about.

STREETER

That's the guy who used to sit on the porches of town businesses and talk to people about these forest creatures.

BILL

(chuckling)

Same guy.

They all share a good-natured laugh.

KEVIN

What happened to Meyer? The journal? The maps?

BILL

A few years ago, some timber scouts from several logging companies heard about Meyer's claim. Their crews had been harassed while working locally in the woods. So they complained to the "Feds," our "Forest Police," about the potential dangers of Bigfoot to their company personnel.

GRACE

So what did they do?

BILL

The top brass at the U. S. Forest Service Law Enforcement and Investigations office flooded the area with undercover agents disguised as miners, hunters and loggers. They eventually confronted Meyer and demanded the documents he bragged about having.

KEVIN

So the Feds have them?

BILL

No. Meyer hid them again. This pissed off the leader of the Feds, that one Albert Gornick, a real prickly asshole who actually works for the Forest Service, pulled some strings and had Meyer locked up in solitary in a state behavioral health hospital in Junction City. It was supposed to be a temporary hold until Meyer told the Feds where he hid the documents. It also was so he couldn't tell anyone else where they were.

SAM

Why? Why?...What good did all that do?

BILL

It's my theory that if Bigfoot's existence is ever proven, the Feds want to tightly control all information about their location--

GRACE

--I get it - to prevent them from being declared an endangered species--

STREETER

--which would interfere with the Fed's illegal sweetheart deals they've made with the timber industry.

GRACE

That could also be their motivation behind the program Kevin's pursuing where they're offering the cash reward for proving the existence of Bigfoot.

SAM

Sounds like the bottom line is the Feds want to control all the Bigfoot data.

STREETER

Now I remember some more about Mad Man Meyer. I used to watch and listen to him before I joined the Corps.

KEVIN

What did you think of him?

STREETER

You know, I spent most of my days in counter intelligence and I've seen a lot of bad guys. Their eyes would often flutter during interrogation. It was a "tell tale sign" that they were lying. Meyer's eyes would flutter when he talked with his "big hairy friends." It was a lot like "wink", "wink."

KEVIN

So you thought he was lying?

STREETER

I put away a lot of bad guys in the military and a few away here as sheriff but I always thought the forced institutionalization of Meyer was a travesty of justice. In my eyes, the man was harmless.

BILL

You know he's got a sister, Eileen. She acts crazy sometimes too.

GRACE

What if she's not crazy? Can we talk with her? Perhaps she knows something about what's in the documents, especially the maps.

KEVIN

But if she is crazy won't that just be a waste of time?

GRACE

Let's not throw any lead away. Maybe through Eileen we could get to study their culture, witness their migration. She might give us a starting point to locate some living Bigfoot specimens.

BILL

I think I can arrange it. I'm pretty sure she trusts me. I've been trying to help her get her brother out of that institution for years.

SAM

Let's go.

BERTA

Hold on, Mister Sam. You not going nowhere 'til we get you ways of gettin' 'round.

BERTA (CONT'D)

You're worse every day. I get you walking poles.

SAM

That'll all take time. We want to go see Eileen today. What can we work out?

Berta glares at him.

SAM (CONT'D)

(pleading)

Just this once, again?

BERTA

(reluctantly)

I have crutches in the car.

EXT. EDGE OF BOHEMIA TOWN - SHACK - DAY

It's falling down.

EILEEN MEYER, 55, unkempt, wearing patched hand-me-downs, lives here alone in an old miner's shack.

She stands in front of her shack, putting on a public display of her craziness to a few tourists.

One of the faces in the crowd belongs to ALBERT GORNICK, 55, a high-ranking bland-faced U. S. Forest Service Officer in plain clothes with a holstered sidearm, and a gold police badge is attached to his belt of his jeans under his flannel shirt.

Both Eileen and Albert Gornick exchange a quick glance at each other.

She pretends not to notice Albert and continues to talk to an invisible Bigfoot.

EILEEN

(gesturing wildly)

I hate them too. They're mean. You should kill them so they won't bother us anymore.

(to the small Crowd)

You think we're foolin' around.

Bill rushes Eileen into her shack. The others follow. Sam brings up the rear on crutches.

Streeter turns, faces only a few people, before he enters.

STREETER

It's time to go. Nothing more to see here.

INT. EILEEN'S SHACK - DAY

BILL

Preaching to your admirers again, Eileen?

EILEEN

Wish they'd stop comin' round. You think I scared 'em?

BILL

No.

BILL (CONT'D)

I brought some friends to see you 'cause they want to help your brother. And he could help them.

Bill pushes Kevin forward.

BILL (CONT'D)

This is Kevin Riley. You may have seen him at the boarding hotel in town. His family owns it. His father, Sam, runs it.

Sam salutes Eileen, as best he can on his crutches, from the back of the group.

BILL (CONT'D)

Kevin, tell Eileen why you need her help.

LATER

KEVIN

We really need the reward money for my sick father.

GRACE

And if I can publish data about Bigfoot to the scientific community, it would force the Feds to protect the creatures. That's what your brother wants isn't it?

STREETER

And once Bigfoot's protected, I can help Bill get your brother released.

EILEEN

I don't know. You all sound so sincere.

BILL

They are, Eileen.

EILEEN

You want to know something funny? Eddie's been pretending to be crazy too. He felt he bonded with some of the Bigfoot's tribe and wants to protect them. He just never trusted the Feds to have their best interests at heart.

BILL

We don't trust the Feds either.

SREETER

I'd like to see your brother free.

GRACE

And protect Bigfoot too.

KEVIN

I just want to help my father.

Sam wipes a tear from his eye. Eileen notices.

GRACE

So what do you know about the journal and the maps that your brother's hidden away? Do you know where they are or what's in them?

EILEEN

I'm sorry. I've never seen them. Don't know what's in them or where they are.

KEVIN

I told you she might not be able to help us.

GRACE

You don't remember anything about them?

EILEEN

No. But we could ask Eddie.

BILL

I thought he was in solitary. No visitors.

EILEEN

The administrator said I was an interesting case. After trying for months to get in to see Eddie, he finally gave me visiting privileges. I can see my brother once a month, under tight security, as the Forest Service ordered. This way, the doctors could observe me too. Maybe next visit I can ask Eddie for some details?

KEVIN

Maybe you could smuggle in a phone so we could talk to him?

EILEEN

It wouldn't work. I'm strip-searched before they let me in.

STREETER

What does Eddie do all day when you're not there?

EILEEN

He plays crazy. He sits around writing gibberish and draws really strange pictures. They watch him all the time.

STREETER

What's Eddie's birthdate?

EILEEN

Comin' up soon. Next month. Why?

STREETER

Back in my Counter Intelligence days, we used a small broadcasting device we could hide in almost anything. Ballpoint pens, for example. You could take him a pen as a birthday present, along with some writing and drawing paper. The pen would broadcast any information he could give us to my phone.

The RING TONE on Grace's phone interrupts.

She answers. Doesn't say anything. Just listens. Hangs up.

GRACE

The lab just completed the preliminary DNA analysis of the brain matter. It doesn't match human DNA or the DNA of any known mammal.

Streeter high-five's Grace.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Let's go with the pen.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - STREETER'S DESK - DAY

MONTAGE - PREPARING A BIRTHDAY PRESENT

--Streeter uses tweezers to drop a tiny capsule into the body of an ordinary-looking ball-point pen.

--Wolf places the pen into a box alongside several other pens and pencils.

--Kevin wraps the box in colorful 'birthday' wrapping paper.

--Grace ties a "HAPPY BIRTHDAY BROTHER" ribbon around the wrapped box.

INT. JUNCTION CITY STATE BEHAVIORAL HEALTH HOSPITAL - VISITORS' RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Eileen, dressed in sweats, marches up to the reception desk, carrying Eddie's present.

The RECEPTIONIST, dowdy, recognizes her with a smile,

Presses a button on her desk.

Two female ATTENDANTS in hospital 'whites' and two male UNIFORMED GUARDS, enter from a door behind the Receptionist.

One Guard takes the present from Eileen, unwraps it on the receptionist's desk,

Revealing a variety of pens, pencils, erasers, and writing and drawing paper inside.

The other Guard reaches for the ordinary-looking broadcasting pen,

But at the last moment picks up a more ornate colorful one.

He puts it in his breast pocket.

He winks at the other guard.

DOOR ACROSS THE RECEPTION AREA

The Attendants usher Eileen through the door into a small ante room.

ATTENDANT ONE

You know the routine.

The Attendant closes the door behind them.

The wall clock beside the door shows five minutes have passed.

The door opens, the Attendants and Eileen, pulling up the bottoms of her sweats, exit.

RECEPTION DESK

The Receptionist hands Eddie's birthday present back to Eileen.

VISITATION ROOM

The Attendants and the Guards escort Eileen into another room with a mirrored wall, a table, and two chairs.

At the same time, A MALE ATTENDANT leads EDDIE "MAD MAN" MEYER", mid 60s, wearing a white jumpsuit, in through another door.

The two siblings warmly embrace in a long hug,

Eileen whispers something unintelligible into Eddie's ear.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Streeter, Grace, Wolf, and Kevin listens to Eddie's sing-song gibberish about his 'Big Friends.'

EDDIE (V.O.)
(through Streeter's
cell phone speaker)
Here comes the pony express after my
'Big Friends'. Follow them through
the mountains, forgotten railroad
spurs, wash up, summer in the winter,
over hidden trails, across rivers,
climb high under the hood, winter in
the summer, through streams and caves,
here's Johnny, berries and flowers,
dancing when they die, bury them,
dig between the big ones, thump my
trees, throw big rocks, empty the
trash can.

STREETER
It doesn't make any sense.

He looks over at Grace who rides shotgun.

STREETER (CONT'D)
I wonder if Murph could make sense
of it.

Grace looks wild-eyed back at Streeter.

GRACE
You're not thinking of talking to
him are you?

She bites her lip.

GRACE (CONT'D)
You know how I dislike that man.

STREETER
But you got to admit, he was the
best tracker in the state and a great
riddle-breaker. No one knew these
woods like Murph. I know he broke
your heart in high school, but are
you going to hold that against him
forever? Especially if it helps you
win the Nobel prize in Anthropology?

She half-laughs.

GRACE

Ha. Ha. Don't be silly. There isn't a Nobel prize in Anthropology. But, maybe the Boaz or the Frassetto?

She laughs again.

He smiles. He knows he has her.

INT. ANCHORAGE - ALASKAN PHOTO SAFARI CLUB - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY

MARK MURPHY (MURPH), late 40s, suave, dressed like Indiana Jones, answers his styled desk phone in his luxurious presidential suite.

Adorning the walls are photos of Alaskan wildlife in their wilderness habitats with views through telephoto lenses of bull's-eye patterns superimposed over the animals.

The motto "SHOOT WITH CAMERAS, NOT GUNS." is under each photo.

One of the photos is an exact duplicate of the shot hanging in Streeter's Office - of the two Alaskan brown bears.

INT. BOARDING HOTEL - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Murph stands before the front desk.

Kevin opens the check-in ledger laying on the counter, hands Murph a pen.

Murph signs the ledger: "MARK MURPHY."

Kevin spins it around, reads the name.

KEVIN

Glad to meet you, Murph. My Dad made your reservation. Told me all about how you hung out with him, Grace Keller, and my Uncle Streeter when you were all in high school.

MURPH

You must be Kevin. Streeter told me how you, or was it Boomer, found the skull.

A group of ten middle-aged STRANGERS in logging clothes, carrying long instrument cases in addition to luggage, elbow Murph out of the way so they can check in.

One of the Strangers, Albert Gornick, pulls the ledger away from Murph, plucks the pen out of Murph's hand, and signs in as "ALBERT SMITH AND LOGGING CREW."

He throws down a GSA SmartPay credit card as Payment.

GORNICK
We'll take the suites on the entire
third floor.

Murph looks at them amused.

MURPH
Are you guys a band?

GORNICK
(sneering at Murph)
Yeah. Sure. And I play the axe.

The other Strangers laugh.

Kevin looks at the ledger.

KEVIN
Well, Mr...ah...Smith, you and your
band will have to wait your turn
until I finish checking in Mr. Murph.

Gornick sneers at Kevin.

GORNICK
(disrespectfully)
Look kid, we've had a long trip
getting here.

Murph tightens up, looks like he's going to smack Gornick.

MURPH
(through gritted teeth)
Lay off the kid, He's just doing his
job.

Kevin glimpses a flash of gold police badge under Gornick's jacket.

He quickly gives Murph a room key, whispers to him.

KEVIN
We'll talk later tonight... Remember
that we are having a small get
together tonight at eight around a
bonfire.

MURPH
Whereabouts is the fire pit?

KEVIN
 (pointing towards the
 back of the boarding
 hotel)
 It's located in the back at the bottom
 of the outside staircase. See ya'
 soon.

With a smile on his face, Kevin turns toward Gornick.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 Sorry, Mr. Smith.

EXT. BOARDING HOTEL - FIRE PIT - NIGHT

A pleasant, and windless night. A bonfire is blazing with crackling sounds of burning logs and blue colored smoke is rising up through the fir trees.

Sam and Streeter sit and talk in chairs drinking beer at the edge of the BURNING BONFIRE.

The large misshapen skull sits protected on a tabletop next to Streeter under his cowboy hat.

Berta, Wolf and Grace stand and talk as they examine the city map of Bohemia on a table.

Another table has a cooler of sodas, wine and beer, a tray of chips, deli sandwiches and a few appetizers for a late night snack.

Kevin exits the back door of main hotel building and walks down the outside staircase towards the fire pit.

Murph follows Kevin.

Ignoring his old male classmates around the fire pit, Murph's eyes go immediately to Grace.

STREETER AND SAM
 (in unison)
 Hi Murph.

Grace turns away from Murph's presence.

MURPH
 (warmly)
 Hi Grace, no hello for old Murph?

GRACE
 (coldly)
 You're only here because of Bigfoot.

She points to the skull on the table.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(mockingly)

We found this skull,... and some skeletal remains in the old S & W mine. They're more than you ever found here in your whole life. What do you know about Bigfoot anyway?

Berta and Wolf watch this snippy exchange between Murph and Grace.

MURPH

C'mon, Grace. Can't we let bygones be bygones? I was a stupid immature kid in high school. You didn't deserve what I did. I'm sorry. I hope we can be friends.

He walks over to her, smiling the biggest smile any of us have ever seen.

She returns a weak and meek smile.

After a moment of silently gazing into her eyes, he turns around to face the others.

MURPH (CONT'D)

After I talked to Streeter, I asked around. Back home in Alaska people are interested in Bigfoot.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Most of those that I talked with had an optimistic view of the creatures.

He sits in a chair at the edge of the bonfire where the flames become mesmerizing.

MURPH (CONT'D)

For example, I'm sure all of you remember the Mount Saint Helens eruption in nineteen eighty. A number of military who were there told me the Army and National Guard helped Bigfoot and removed Bigfoot corpses during the cleanup afterwards. They said if this would have been made public, it would have shut down logging in Washington and Oregon before the Spotted Owl fiasco. They couldn't hide the little bird like they could hide the Bigfoot bodies.

He gets up from his chair, paces the fire pit perimeter.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Here's one of the ways I heard the Army helped Bigfoot. They treated their burns after the eruption.

EXT. WASHINGTON - MOUNT SAINT HELENS ERUPTION DESTRUCTION - NIGHT (MURPH'S FIRST FLASHBACK MEMORY)

A uniformed MP stands outside the foyer area of a large Army tent marked with an oversize red cross. A thin line of light leaks out around the edge of the flap. The Soldier blocks the entrance.

A DOCTOR in a white lab coat, who stands a head and neck shorter than the very wide Bigfoot he leads by the arm, walks out of the darkness. Both stop in front of the MP.

The Bigfoot wears multiple overcoats with multiple scarves so that no part of its face, hands, or body is visible.

DOCTOR

(to the MP)

Burns from the blast.

He shows the MP an ID badge.

The MP salutes, steps aside.

The Doctor ushers the Bigfoot through the outer flap of the tent.

For an instant, a flash of bright light streams out from inside the tent.

All turns dark again as the flap closes.

BACK TO SCENE

MURPH

Here's a story I heard about Si-Te-Cah in Idaho. Oldest known killing attributed to Bigfoot. Gives me the creeps to think about it, even though it took place over a hundred fifty years ago and it was documented by Teddy Roosevelt.

EXT. IDAHO - MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY (MURPH'S SECOND FLASHBACK MEMORY)

CASPER BAUMAN and EZRA PERRY, beaver trappers, dressed in buckskins, ride two horses into an open meadow at the foot of the pass.

CASPER

Best we leave the horses here.

They both dismount,

Unload their packs and rifles, harness them on their backs,

Give their horses free-range to the lush meadow grass.

Then, they strike out on foot across the rocky timber-clad ground on which their horses can't walk.

Soon, they find themselves in a vast, dark, and shadowy forest.

LATER

As they break into a small open glade, bounded on one side by a narrow stream,

They notice many hoof prints from deer.

The sun now sits low on the horizon.

EZRA

There's only an hour or so of daylight left. Looks like a good place to camp.

They throw down and open their packs.

Quickly pile brush into a lean-to.

CASPER

Let's walk a-ways up stream, check for beaver.

Each grabs a handful of traps.

Then, disappear into the pines and fir trees lining the banks of the stream like a wall.

DUSK

They reappear from the growth of the evergreen forest without their traps.

EZRA

Something's wrong.

The contents of their packs lay scattered about.

Including their food. Uneaten.

Their lean-to reduced to a pile of flattened brush.

Large footprints everywhere.

CASPER

Damn bear.

MONTAGE

They

--Rebuild the lean-to.

--Gather their blankets, traps, and provisions

--Lay out their blankets and provisions underneath.

--Light a fire in front.

END MONTAGE

Ezra makes a final walk-around.

Stops and stares at the closest set of footprints.

EZRA

Hey Cap, that bear has been walking
on two legs.

CASPER

Think it was a man?

EZRA

Too dark to be sure.

NIGHT

Rolled up in their blankets, both men SNORE loudly.

CRUNCH!

Casper's eyes snap open.

He sits up.

CASPER

Pee-ew!

He turns away from the opening of the lean-to with a look of
disgust on his face.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Ez, do you smell...

He turns back, grabs the rifle by his side, fires off a shot
at the vague threatening shadow blocking the front of the
lean-to.

He hears the SMASHING OF UNDERBRUSH as the thing rushes off into the impenetrable blackness of the forest and the night.

DAWN

As the sun rises, the Men sit by the rekindled fire, blankets wrapped around them, cradling their rifles.

EZRA
What do you think?

CASPER
I think we should leave here. Today.
Now!

EZRA
Agreed. But, we've got to pick up
our traps. We spent the last of our
money on them.

They rise up and shake off their blankets.

They each grab a handful of jerky,

Chew and swallow it slowly while searching the surrounding
trees with their eyes,

Wash it down with a few mouthfuls of water from their
canteens.

Start off into the woods together.

The woods close in behind them as they walk on.

CASPER
Did you hear something?

EZRA
I fear we're being watched.

DAY

MONTAGE

--Casper picks up an empty trap at the entrance to a Beaver
lodge.

--Ezra picks up an empty trap from a shallow creek near a
beaver dam.

--both men, laden with traps, walk through the forest.

END MONTAGE

A SNAP from a thicket surprises them.

CASPER
What was that?

EZRA
Behind us. Back there.

They pick up their pace.

RUSTLING SOUNDS come from a stand of pines off to one side.

EZRA (CONT'D)
We've made it. Camp's just about a
mile away. We've just got to get
three more traps.

CASPER
Why don't you go on ahead, pack us
up. I'll get the last three.

On reaching the pond, Casper finds three beavers in the traps.

LATER

He skins the last beaver.

Carrying the three beaver pelts and traps, he re-enters the
still and shadowy forest.

LATER

At last he steps to the edge of the little glade where the
camp lay.

CASPER
(shouting)
Ezra!

No voice answers.

Thin blue smoke curls upward from the dying campfire.

Near it lay the packs wrapped and arranged.

He moves forward one step.

His eyes fall on Ezra's body, stretched beside the trunk of
a great fallen fir.

He runs to it, reaches down, feels for a neck pulse.

Sees that Ezra's head hangs down at a weird angle, His neck
broken, with four great fang marks in the throat.

The footprints of the unknown beast-creature are deep in the
soft soil, tell the rest of the story.

BACK TO SCENE

GRACE

Wow! That gives me the chills.

KEVIN

Did he make it out of the mountains?

MURPH

If he didn't, I wouldn't be able to tell his story.

BERTA

Do you have more good Si-Te-Cah stories?

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA - CAROLINA MOUNTAINS - CRAVEN COUNTY - DAY (MURPH'S THIRD FLASHBACK MEMORY)

A light dusting of snow covers a back yard in which three-year-old CASEY HATHAWAY dressed in a light snowsuit plays alone with a ball.

MEOW

Casey looks toward the thick pine forest surrounding the yard.

He rubs his nose.

MEOW

CASEY

Kitty cold?

Nothing stirs among the trees.

Casey struggles to stand up in the snow.

A light snow falls. Trees stand tall and still. Nothing else.

CASEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Bear warm.

INT. TV STATION - NEWS DESK - NIGHT

The ANCHOR PERSON, stops talking, cups left ear, listens to the news editor through his earpiece.

ANCHOR PERSON

We've just received a bulletin. Tonight, a three-year-old boy has wandered off into the North Carolina Mountains. As you just heard from our weather reporter, it's going to

ANCHORMAN

be a very cold night with rain and snow mix in the forecast, and temperatures plunging well below freezing. The Craven County Sheriff's office is asking for your help in finding this lost child. Search parties are currently being organized. Please call the Sheriff's office to volunteer.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Rain and snow. A CROWD OF SEARCHERS, wave flashlights back and forth and call out as they step through flooded ground and around small sinkholes.

FIRST SEARCHER

Casey!

SECOND SEARCHER

Casey Hathaway! Where are you?

EXT. DOWN THE ROAD FROM CASEY'S BACK YARD - DAY

SUPER: "FORTY-EIGHT HOURS LATER"

A WOMAN, walks two dogs down the road.

A small voice cries from a thick stand of trees and brush on one side.

CASEY

(crying)

Mommy. Help me, Mommy.

INSIDE THE TREE STAND

Four EMTS walk through waist-deep water in hip waders. They reach out to free Casey from a tangle of vines and brush.

FIRST EMT

Casey Hathaway?

Casey nods shyly.

SECOND EMT

Where have you been, little boy?

Casey smiles, reaches up, hugs the EMT.

CASEY

Me with bear.

BACK TO SCENE

MURPH

(debatable)

Was it a bear? Bears hibernate and are meat eaters... It wasn't a bear.

SAM

I don't believe a Bigfoot would ever deliberately help an adult human. But, helping a child could be different. Children are not threatening.

MURPH

Exactly. And what if people could visit Bigfoot and have their kids meet Bigfoot? What I'd like to do is catch a couple of Bigfoot families and take them back with me to live protected in my safari park.

GRACE

(snapping out of her
enthralment trance,
yelling at Murph)

You haven't changed one bit. You're still the same self-absorbed bastard you were in high school, always thinking of yourself first--

Berta places a soft hand on Grace's shoulder.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(calming down, shaking
her head)

--I...I'm sorry. Old wounds die hard.

STREETER

Murph, you can't do that. We want Bigfoot protected in its territory, not in someone else's. No way are we going to "catch" any.

Murph hunches his shoulders, throws up his hands.

MURPH

Okay. Just thought I'd try.

He walks over to Wolf.

MURPH (CONT'D)

Streeter tells me you're the best tracker around.

Wolf reaches up, fist bumps Murph.

WOLF

He says the same of you.

MURPH

Sam, great snacks and beverages.
Thank you for your hospitality.

SAM

Thank Kevin and Claire for starting
the bonfire and preparing everything.
Enjoy Bohemia while you're here.

LATER

The bonfire is dying out. Empty beer and soda cans are laying around. The deli sandwich tray is empty which indicates things are winding down.

INT. BOARDING HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

Berta helps Sam to a table at which Wolf and Murph sit next to each other and Grace sits opposite.

MURPH

Sam, great food here. I want to eat
your entire menu.

Two members of the logging crew walk into the dining room and over to Claire, who quickly exits the room.

Just as quickly, she returns with a tray of breakfast sandwiches and a pot of coffee.

Streeter and Bill sit across from each other and exchange surprised glances.

They silently mouth the word "Feds" to each other.

After the two loggers leave with the tray of food and coffee,

STREETER

(to the others)

Those guys were the Feds, Forest
Service Rangers. From now on, we've
got to be on guard all the time.
They'll be on our trail every move
we make.

INT. UPSTAIRS, 3RD FLOOR LIVING AREA SUITE - DAY

Meanwhile, closed instrument cases line the base of the walls.

On chairs at small tables around the room, the Feds pour over top sheets of Bohemia of Lane County.

Gornick sits in a chair facing Bryan and his Security Guard who both sit on an over-stuffed sofa.

GORNICK

So now you know. My men and I were sent here by the head office to "fix the problem" you stirred up in your report on the harvesting incident.

BRYAN

My company ordered us to start logging ahead of schedule. It's not my fault.

GORNICK

Don't be concerned about the filing schedule.

BRYAN

What about Jake's death?

GORNICK

As long as both of you told me everything, you have nothing to worry about.

Bryan relaxes back into the softness of the sofa.

GORNICK (CONT'D)

We both know the price of lumber's rising. For your company to stay in business it needs to harvest as many stands of timber as possible before they're declared off-limits. This is coming all too soon. There's too many timber stands out of circulation now because of that damn spotted owl.

BRYAN

So we can go?

Gornick dismisses them with a abrupt wave of his hand.

GORNICK

We'll take care of everything.

LATER

The other Feds and their chairs face Gornick.

Gornick collects a set of labeled photographs from each of the Feds.

GORNICK

Now that we've all taken a good look at the photos of the evidence we need to collect and memorized the faces of these amateurs, we know this should be an easy assignment. Any questions?

Silence.

GORNICK (CONT'D)

If we all want our bonuses from the company, we need to make sure we stop these guys in their tracks.

ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE DOOR TO THE SUITE

Claire knocks, announces:

CLAIRE

Cleaning.

INSIDE THE SUITE

GORNICK

(growling at the door)
Go away. We're busy.

MOMENTS LATER

THROUGH THE WINDOW TO THE SUITE'S BALCONY

Gornick points his cell phone's camera lens toward Murph, as Murph, accompanied by Kevin, step into the street.

Murph turns back toward the front door of the boarding hotel.

CLICK!

On his cell, Gornick presses a button labeled "SEND SNAP FILE TO PRINTER."

INSIDE THE SUITE

A portable printer the Feds brought with them that now sits on a table chatters, spits out the mug shot photo he just took of Murph.

He waves it at the other Feds.

GORNICK

Mark Murphy, otherwise known as Murph. He's another tracker and a photographer they brought in from Alaska. He grew up here. Really knows these woods.

He adds Murph's photo to the pile in front of him.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - STREETER'S DESK - DAY

MOS

In Streeter's office, Kevin, Sam, Grace, and Wolf talk nonstop at Murph as Streeter holds up his cell phone.

END MOS

STREETER

So Eddie leaked us the hidden location of the journal and maps. Listen to the recording. We can't figure it out.

He pushes a button on his phone's display labeled "PLAY RECORDING."

MOMENTS LATER

Streeter pushes another display button marked "STOP."

MURPH

Don't you see, he's talking about some of the Bigfoot wanderings and has inserted in among them directions to find the journal and maps. "Here comes the pony express after my big friends" means the hidden location. "Summer in the Winter" refers to the warm Springs along the Willamette north of here. "Climb high under the hood, winter in the summer" is the year-round skiing area further north on Mt. Hood. "Here's Johnny" is the Timberline Lodge where the movie The Shining was filmed. "Bury them, dig between the big ones" are your instructions to dig between the wooden statues of a male and female Bigfoot in Front of the lodge. And "empty the trash can" he buried there. In it you'll find the journal and the maps.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

TIMBERLINE LODGE ROAD

Murph shares the back seat with Wolf, Kevin sits behind with Boomer - both in the cargo tray. Grace rides shotgun.

All sit quietly on the edge of anticipation, as Streeter steers his Sheriff's vehicle through brightly lit gates.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

A sign reads "TIMBERLINE LODGE."

A few hundred yards further, the Jeep's headlights find the Bigfoot statues near the main building.

EXT. JEEP - NIGHT

As they walk toward the statues carrying shovels and flashlights, Murph guides Grace to stand between the statues.

CLICK! CLICK!

Murph snaps photos of Grace standing between the statues.

INT. SECURITY PATROL CAR - NIGHT

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE IMMENSE PROPERTY

Through the windshield, one of two Timberline SECURITY GUARDS on patrol notices the flickering light beams from their flashlights.

He points them out to his fellow partner.

AT THE STATUES

The Team reads a sign placed between them that reads:
"CAUTION, DO NOT DIG HERE. SITE OF TIME CAPSULE BURIED A.D.
2000 - TO BE OPENED AD 3000."

KEVIN

I can see the old man Meyer now,
sneaking around up here. Digging up
the time capsule in the dead of night,
like us. It's the perfect place to
bury the journal and maps. No one
would ever disturb this spot.

Streeter and Wolf dig a hole approximately three feet deep.

CLANK!

Streeter's shovel blade hits something metallic.

They carefully widen their hole around the bullet-shaped time capsule.

They lift the capsule out.

Underneath, they see the lid of a small trash can duct-taped to its body.

They hoist the can up to Grace and Murph who grasp it reluctantly on either side, forcing Grace to work more closely with Murph than she would prefer.

Murph rips off the tape securing the top.

Grace removes the journal and map wrapped in plastic.

Streeter and Wolf replace the empty can and the time capsule.

Then, fill in the hole.

INT. SECURITY PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

The emergency lights on the roof light bar flash on and off, as the main building looms dead ahead through the windshield.

AT THE STATUES

Kevin points to a stand of trees on one side of the Team's position, then swings his arm around in a wide circular motion.

Boomer runs into the timber stand.

Kevin rushes up to the fast approaching patrol car, waves his flashlight, gestures for the occupants to roll down their window.

KEVIN

(to the security
officers)

Excuse me, Officers. I thought I
just heard a wolf - over in the trees.
I thought you should know because a
wolf would sure as heck scare the
other guests.

IN THE STAND

Wolf (Isa) HOWLS and SHRIEKS from behind the trees.

The guards pull a quick U-turn, drive toward the wolf sound.

INT. SECURITY PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Through the windshield, they glimpse Boomer's black form running through the trees away from them.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

As the jeep speeds along the highway on the drive back to Bohemia, Grace leafs through pages of the journal.

She reads one entry to the others.

GRACE

Hey Guys, listen to this. "As we passed through Nevada Territory near the town of Lovelock, I talked with members of a Northern Paiute tribe who showed me a local cave. They told me it was where their ancestors killed a tribe of red-haired giants they called Si-Te-Cah. They said the Si-Te-Cah regularly raided their villages, stole their children, and ate them.

MURPH

(muttering)
Cannibals.

WOLF

Bad and dangerous Si-Te-Cah.

GRACE

(continuing her read)
"One day the Paiute followed the Si-Te-Cah to their home, a cave dwelling in the rocky desert. They challenged the Giants to come out and fight. When none met their challenge, they piled dry logs at the mouth of the cave and lit them on fire. This forced a few to flee the cave. The Paiute killed them instantly with spears. The others died from the smoke or, they were burned alive by the fire."

INT. BOARDING HOTEL - SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

On a work table, Grace spreads out the map from Roosevelt's expedition.

Next to it, Kevin rolls out a top sheet of Lane County.

Using their fingers, Wolf and Murph immediately trace routes between different landmarks on the maps.

Kevin reads from the journal.

KEVIN

"If you confront a Bigfoot. Do not run. You cannot escape. He will run faster. Do not move toward him. He will view it as a challenge and attack."

WOLF

S & W is closest landmark on map. We know they are there.

MURPH

I agree. We should start our search in the forest around the mine.

GRACE

It's obvious Bigfoot has been protecting that area for years.

MURPH

I'll take lots of photos,... Cuz that's what I do.

GRACE

And if we don't find them, we'll move on to the Bigfoot encampment areas shown on the old map. We can look for cultural artifacts they may have left behind as they moved from one to another.

All eyes are on Grace.

GRACE (CONT'D)

If we're really lucky, we might stumble across a Bigfoot burial ground somewhere along the way.

KEVIN

Looks like it'll take a couple of days.

STREETER

I'd say we need to plan for about a four day hike.

SAM

I want to go.

STREETER

Wolf please contact your tribal police cousins to help watch our office and answer calls while we are away. Tell them it's standard hourly pay.

WOLF
You got it boss.

STREETER
Sam be reasonable. It's a rough three
or four day hike. I don't think you
can make it.

SAM
(mumbling)
I don't care. You're doing this for
me. I want to be a part of it. I've
got enough juice to make it.

EXT. BOARDING HOTEL - FRONT PORCH - DAWN

SUPER: "THE SEARCH FOR BIGFOOT, DAY 1"

The Team (Grace, Wolf, Murph, Sam, Kevin, and Boomer) fill
the passenger seats inside Grace's rented SUV.

Streeter is driving.

Berta ties down the trekking poles on top of seven stuffed
backpacks in the luggage rack on top.

INT. BOARDING HOTEL - 3RD FLOOR LIVING AREA SUITE - DAWN

Open instrument cases line the base of the walls. Each
contains a rifle.

Gornick stumbles into the room, stretches, yawns, looks out
the balcony window, blinks,

Watches the SUV drive away.

GORNICK
(screaming)
Get up! Everybody up!

INT. SUV - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

THROUGH THE WINDOWS

As trees whiz by

INSIDE THE SUV

All occupants, except Murph, show silent apprehension about
their return visit to the S & W.

Murph looks around at their uneasy expressions.

MURPH
What's everybody nervous about?

GRACE

Wait and see.

FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD

INSIDE THE SUV

Boomer and everyone else, except Murph, stare out of the windows at the passing trees.

KEVIN

Do you feel it?

WOLF

They watch us.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF - DAY

A redish and brown-furred Bigfoot stands on a high cliff,
Watches the SUV pass by.

RETURN TO SCENE

Streeter glances upwards.
The SUV swerves.

BERTA

(to Streeter)

Keep eyes on road, Mister Streeter.
Mind where you drive.

EXT. S & W MINE ENTRANCE - DAY

OUTSIDE THE SUV

Sam stands on the trekking poles. Berta supervises Sam.

Wolf stands with the others.

He releases a volley of high-pitched WHISTLES.

Boomer runs around the Team in circles, randomly sniffing
the air.

A distant high-pitched WHISTLE answers Wolf's call.

Wolf HOWLS. Boomer HOWLS. No answer.

Wolf picks up an armful of small logs, hands one to each of
the others.

WOLF

Do what I do.

He THUMPS a tree with his.

The others hesitate, as if wary of what creatures they'll summon.

Then, one-by-one, they also THUMP trees.

They produce enough sound with enough force to shake the tops of the trees.

Suddenly, a large boulder crashes down the mountainside, on a path straight toward Grace and Sam.

At the last moment, Murph pushes Grace out of the way,

While Berta pulls Sam aside.

The boulder smashes into a tree.

GRACE

(mouthing an almost
inaudible to Murph)

Thank you,... That was crazy. What
the hell.

THE MOUNTAIN

Boomer charges up toward the boulder's source, but suddenly stops and lays flat on the ground, nose pointing up hill.

Kevin rushes after him.

Catches up to him, and

Comforts his whimpering four-footed friend.

Wolf and Murph follow, make it to the top.

THE SUMMIT

They gaze into the valley beyond.

Seeing no one.

Murph confides in Wolf:

MURPH

Now I know why the others didn't
want to come back here.

WOLF

They do not know the ways of Si-Te-Cah.

The rest of the Team, except for Sam and Berta join Wolf and Murph on the summit.

SAM

(to Berta, gesturing
up the slope)

Let's go.

BERTA

I ain't helping you up there.

From their summit vantage point, the rest of the team scan the mountains and trails that wind through and between them.

Wolf squints.

WOLF

Feet have traveled one trail more
than others. Look there.

With an extended arm and fist, he points it out to Streeter.

Streeter stares intently in the direction Wolf indicates.

STREETER

I see it - there's some saplings
along it - all broken about seven
feet above the ground. Every one of
their tips seem to point in the same
direction.

GRACE

It's some kind of signaling system.

KEVIN

(with his nose buried
in the journal)

The journal says it's one way Bigfoot
marks a trail.

Kevin unfolds the map from the Roosevelt expedition.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

It's the next landmark on Meyer's
map. And in his riddle he said Bigfoot
wanders through the mountains, not
over them.

MURPH

Well, what are we waiting for. Let's
follow the trail.

The Team gathers 'round Kevin to examine the map.

STREETER

This does seem to be an obvious
jumping off point.

EXT. S & W MINE ENTRANCE - DAY

AT THE SUV

Packs on everyone, they leave the SUV parked at the mine entrance and walk to the base of the mountain. Sam can barely keep up on his trekking poles.

WOLF

This way. There is a game trail around
the mountain. It meets up with trail
we saw from summit.

LATER

ON THE PATH

The Team stands beside the last broken sapling.

Curiously, its tree tip points into the forest.

Murph trips over the leaf-covered rusted remains of a long forgotten railroad spur that leads in the same direction.

GRACE

Say clumsy. Watch where you are
going.

Kevin searches Meyer's Map and the top sheet with his finger.

His finger stops on the tracks.

He shows them to Wolf.

WOLF

Good eye, Little Warrior.

KEVIN

Remember Guys, Meyer's riddle referred
to 'long forgotten railroad spurs.'

Streeter gives Kevin a look of benevolent disapproval.

STREETER

Enough already with the riddle. Just
make sure the landmarks are on the
map.

Grace giggles.

KEVIN
(through a big smile)
Yes sir.

Wolf slips out of his boots and stands in his bare feet on the rusted metal of a rail.

He points with his chin down the tracks, deeper into the forest.

WOLF
That way.

Murph drops to his knees, raises a hand, puts his ear to a rail.

MURPH
I hear something. It sounds like scraping or digging. It's pretty far. Now I can't hear anything.

KEVIN
(to no one in particular)
If Bigfoot wants to avoid humans, why would they follow railroad tracks that were made by humans?

GRACE
From years of observation they probably learned the tracks were abandoned and are now the path of least resistance through the forest.

Kevin consults the maps.

KEVIN
The spur goes on for miles.

EXT. S & W MINE ENTRANCE - DAY

AT THE SUV

Gornick and the rest of the Feds, with rifles slung over shoulders, search the ground in front of the SUV.

FED NUMBER ONE
Gornick, you were right. It sure looks like they started their search here at the mine. Look at all the footprints.

GORNICK
 (mocking)
 Of course I was right. Follow those
 tracks!

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - NIGHT

JUST OFF THE RAILROAD SPUR

The Team sits around a campfire. Blue smoke curls up from crackling flames toward a million stars shining brightly overhead.

The fire casts exaggerated shadows of Team members that fill the clearing.

WOLF
 Dawn will come too soon. We should
 sleep.

The brush behind them RUSTLES.

STREETER
 I feel eyes on us. We should sleep
 in shifts. Wolf, myself and Grace
 can stand guard first.

MURPH
 I can take Grace's place, if she
 feels tired. Who wants another story?

GRACE
 (surprised, smiling)
 Why thank you, Murph. Let's hear
 it.

MURPH
 I have another story relating back
 to the Mount Saint Helens eruption.

**EXT. WASHINGTON - MOUNT SAINT HELENS ERUPTION DESTRUCTION -
 DAY (MURPH'S FLASHBACK MEMORY)**

IN FRONT OF A LARGE COMMAND TENT

Four uniformed NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, face an older ARMY
 SERGEANT.

Several Army jeeps and trucks are parked off to one side.

SERGEANT
 Get into that jeep.

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN
 Which one Sergeant?

SERGEANT
(motioning to the
front one in line)
The first one. No talking.

The Guardsmen board the Jeep.

An Army truck arrives transporting a CIVILIAN, dressed in khaki cargo pants and a flannel shirt.

The civilian walks into the tent and emerges a moment later followed by a huge hairy creature who looks like "Beast" from X-Men, only brown.

Singed patches of fur cover his body. A bandage wrap around one arm.

As it walks past the Jeep, he looks down, with sad and somber eyes.

He climbs into the back of an Army truck with the civilian, coughing at times.

In the truck, the two look at each other in a weird obscure facial manner.

The jeep follows the Army truck over burned-out terrain.

IN A ROCKY AREA WITH CAVES

Both vehicles stop.

All personnel climb out of their vehicles.

The Bigfoot walks over to a cave entrance, howls and shrieks into the cave.

Listens quietly.

The Bigfoot looks at the Civilian, then, at the ground.

The Civilian touches the Bigfoot's shoulder,

AT A SECOND ROCKY AREA WITH CAVES

The Bigfoot howls into a cave.

A faint howl of cruel pain returns from the cave.

Two Guardsmen rush into the cave.

LATER
They return carrying a badly burned
youth Bigfoot.

The Bigfoot with the bandage bends down, looks over the youth Bigfoot, who squirms in pain, whispers something in its ear of the adult.

The adult turns, walks back to the truck.

AS IT CLIMBS INTO THE TRUCK,

BANG!

A gun shot rings out.

A Guardsman stands over the youth Bigfoot, pointing his rifle barrel down.

The youth Bigfoot lies dead.

AT A THIRD ROCKY AREA WITH CAVES

The Bigfoot howls and whoops into a cave.

A faint howl of pain and returns from the cave.

Two Guardsmen rush into the cave.

They return carrying the injured Bigfoot with a badly burned leg.

The Bigfoot with the bandage signals to the Civilian, and the Civilian instructs the Guardsmen near the truck, to unload a stretcher from the back.

CIVILIAN

Hurry up.

The Guardsmen help pull the stretcher out and carry it over to the injured Bigfoot.

They place the Bigfoot on it, Carry it back to the truck.

IN FRONT OF THE LARGE COMMAND TENT

The Guardsmen carry the stretcher containing the Bigfoot into the command tent.

The bandaged Bigfoot waits with the Civilian.

BANDAGED BIGFOOT

(using sign language)

Thank you.

MOMENTS LATER

CIVILIAN
(debriefing the
Guardsmen)

Look, do you all really want an explanation? You saw what we were doing. These creatures live in these areas; they mean no harm and want to be left alone. Do you really want to do anything that may cause them trouble? They are like us in a lot of ways. If you need or want to talk about this just wait about 30 years, by that time there will likely be no reason to keep them a secret.

BACK TO SCENE

MURPH
Well,... That's the story and I'm sticking to it. Time to hit the hay. Goodnight y'all.

LATER - NIGHT

The three Team members on guard-duty, sit, lean against trees.

Murph slumps over, breathing with the rhythm of sleep.

A high-pitched WHISTLE, followed by a WHOOPING, and a single tree KNOCK, break the eerie silence.

Streeter and Wolf slide their hands toward holstered pistols, rest them on ivory grips, with thumbs on safeties.

Murph startles half awake.

MURPH
Wha...? What was that?

STREETER
Go back to sleep, Murph. I'll wake you when I need you.

Murph closes his eyes, resumes sleep breathing.

STREETER (CONT'D)
This remind you of anything?

WOLF
Iraq. Night is the same. Stars are the same.

STREETER

G.I.s dozing off when they should be on guard. The enemy hiding just out of sight. Horrible sounds all around.

Another WHISTLE and SHRIEKING, a tree KNOCK. This time closer.

WOLF

One night we moved on a small village. In house after house we find bodies. Many bodies. Some look like they ripped or torn in half by powerful force. Others crushed as if tons of weight drop on them. At the other side of the village we would see things my words cannot describe. They like Si-Te-Cah, only worse. They look like they would rip us apart like we were dolls. I ordered my squad to shoot them with every thing we had. We were all panicking, gasping, and shooting. Then, everything was quiet. No sound. When I open my eyes I couldn't see anything. Monsters were gone. Not even footprints were found.

Another SHRIEK, HOWL and tree KNOCK.

EXT. MOUNTAINS AND WILDERNESS REGION - DAWN

SUPER: "THE SEARCH FOR BIGFOOT, DAY 2"

On the ground in bedrolls over pine needles and branches, Berta, Sam, Grace, and Kevin sit up, stretch, yawn.

After standing guard, jumping at every unexplained sound in the night, Streeter and Wolf, still sit, lean against trees, shake their heads and arms.

Murph SNORES away. Streeter gives him his boot to speed his transition to wakefulness.

Murph's eyelids flutter. He sits up. Looks around, dazed.

MURPH

(clearing his throat
and mind, looking
around sheepishly)

I guess I forgot how exhausting an overnight hike can be. Sorry. I'm a little out of shape.

The others, except Grace, groan in sympathy.

GRACE
(under her breath)
More than a little.

SEVERAL MILES BEHIND THE TEAM

EXT. ANOTHER MOUNTAINOUS AND WILDERNESS REGION - DAY

Gornick leads the Feds as they stagger through the underbrush suffering from an all-night lack of sleep.

FED NUMBER ONE
Gornick, can't we lie down and take a nap? Maybe grab a few hours of sleep?

GORNICK
No. We must push on. We have a job to do.

FED NUMBER TWO
Forget sleep. I'm really hungry. How about we stop and grab a bite?

GORNICK
You can eat while you walk. How many grabbed some provisions before we left, like I told you?

No one answers.

GORNICK (CONT'D)
Well, I'm not sharing mine.

Three more of the Feds scratch Poison Ivy rashes.

FED NUMBER THREE
How long are we going to keep walking out here? Do you even know where we're going?

GORNICK
We're tracking lawbreakers. We'll stop when we find them.

FED NUMBER FOUR
Gornick. We don't know how to track. We have no clue where they're headed.

GORNICK
(in a despising tone)
And you call yourself Forest Rangers. I'll bet none of you even took the training.

From the rear, one unidentifiable voice speaks up.

VOICE OF UNIDENTIFABLE FED
Shit. We're Federal Agents, not
Smokies.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAILS AND WILDERNESS REGION - DAY

The Team pushes their way through intense brush.

Wolf fondles the broken tips of some of the saplings.

WOLF
Some of these ends are freshly broken.
Something's been through here.

Murph steps in front of Grace, holding some of the longer tip-ends so that they don't spring back into her face.

They break through into another small clearing where a dilapidated water tower stands. Its spout seemingly dangling by a thread.

But, something doesn't look quite right. It's not covered by a blanket of leaves deposited over many years like the area around it.

Boomer sniffs the air,

Runs up to the tower,

Then trots back to Kevin pulling a roughly-made organic rope of twisted vines in his mouth.

WOLF (CONT'D)
(yelling)
No!

The other end of the rope of vines is attached to the spout on the tower. It swings low, scattering the Team off of the tracks.

STREETER
(yelling)
Stand where you are!

As Murph and Grace freeze in place, their boots kick gravel into a deep pit covered with branches and leaves.

The others look around. There are similar camouflaged pits everywhere - just off the tracks.

MURPH
I've heard about something like this
used in Vietnam.

Grace, clutches Murph's jacket and steps back from the edge.

GRACE

Amazing! I think we've all
underestimated our quarry.

Boomer trots behind the water tower, disappears from view
at a sapling splintered seven feet above the ground.

KEVIN

(calling)

Boomer!

Kevin follows Boomer to investigate.

The tip of the broken sapling points over a bush.

Kevin pushes the bush to the side.

Behind the bush he discovers another trail on which fallen
leaves recently compressed by many foot prints.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

This way.

As the Team takes the new game trail, they duck low to travel
through a tunnel of brush. It's a mystical wilderness tunnel
made up of low hanging trees, brush and vines.

Berta oversees Sam bringing up the rear using his trekking
poles.

As they emerge on the other side, they're greeted by a
spirited volley of rocks, logs and limbs,

Accompanied by a series of unearthly SCREAMS.

Wolf SCREAMS back with equal fury.

Dark brown-furred giant creatures jump down from cliffs and
boulders and join others to escape into the thick brush.

Murph snaps numerous photos of the giant fleeing creatures.

In an instant, they're gone.

Leaving behind the shocked and worried faces of the Team.

GRACE

There weren't very many. Probably
just a scouting party left behind to
report later to the main group on
the effectiveness of the tower and
pit traps.

Murph backs up into a big pile of Bigfoot scat.

MURPH
 (while scraping the
 scat off his boot)
 They must have been waiting here for
 awhile.

GRACE
 (giggling)
 Hold on there Big Murph - that's
 what I used to call you in high
 school, remember?

MURPH
 (disgusted at the
 scat)
 I remember.

GRACE
 I know.

He continues to scrape.

GRACE (CONT'D)
 Don't throw that good shit away. Put
 it into a specimen bag. We can test
 it for DNA later.

EXT. A ROCKY AND MOUNTAINOUS SECTION OF THE TRAIL - DAY

The Feds sit on large rocks.

Some clean Bigfoot scat of their shoes with sticks and leaves.

The rest rub their sore and blistered feet.

FED NUMBER THREE
 Now we know the answer to that old
 joke 'Does a bear shit in the woods?'

Gornick glares at him.

GORNICK
 Not funny. Not funny at all.

EXT. BANKS OF A FLOWING RIVER - DAY

Wolf and Murph step out of the woods. The rest of the Team
 follows.

MURPH
 This place smells horrible - like a
 cesspool.

Crude uncovered teepees stretch along the river bank ahead of them. They're constructed from large fully-leafed limbs torn from surrounding trees, with bark peeled nearly off. The limbs lean up against the trunks of larger trees, and against themselves.

The construction looks new and old.

BERTA

Are these nests?

GRACE

Their temporary dwellings. Where they come in out of the rain. Let's check them out. Maybe they left behind some artifacts.

Grace walks over to the closest one. Looks like it's been there a long time.

AT THE SMALLER DWELLING

She picks off a large tuft of dark brown hair caught on thorns and the tips of leaning branches.

She bags it.

The other team members wander to other dwellings.

AT ANOTHER DWELLING

Wolf holds up a short sharpened stick.

WOLF

This could be a hand spear. Used to catch fish.

INSIDE A THIRD DWELLING

Kevin, Sam, and Berta pass small bowls carved from wood back and forth between them.

SERIES OF SHOTS IN AND OUT OF SEVERAL DWELLINGS

Murph moves from one dwelling to another.

In each, he photographs rocks and mounds of dirt arranged in crude geometrical patterns on the dirt floor beneath some of the nests.

Outside, Murph snaps photos of huge footprints in the wet clay and mud of the riverbank.

END SERIES OF SHOTS**BETWEEN DWELLINGS**

Grace pulls a lightweight duffel bag from her pack.

Packs up the bowls and some other smaller items.

Every now and then she stops to scratch residue from inside the bowls with a fingernail and

Sniffs it,

GRACE

They eat the same foods as bears and humans.

DUSK

As Grace finishes packing the duffel bag, daylight falls.

STREETER

It's time to pick a campsite for tonight.

KEVIN

But, what if Bigfoot comes back?

GRACE

I don't think they will. They've taken all their food and major tools with them.

WOLF

And weapons.

MURPH

All their tracks lead into the river. I think they're on the move.

STREETER

Let's set up high enough on the bank to be above this 'stink-zone'. We can play rock, paper, scissors to see who gets first shift on Guard duty.

Streeter gathers wood for the campfire.

Carries the the wood and a few logs to the campsite.

The Team members play rock, paper, scissors and Kevin and Grace are first out. They earn first shift of Guard duty.

GRACE
(to Kevin)
Well, Buddy Boy, it looks like we
get to stay up late first.

LATER - NIGHT

As the others sleep, by the light of the campfire Kevin searches the Lane County top sheet and Meyer's map.

KEVIN
(softly to Grace)
This river isn't supposed to be here.
It doesn't make any sense.

GRACE
Let's figure it out in the morning.

DAWN

SUPER: "THE SEARCH FOR BIGFOOT, DAY 3"

Fully packed, the Team follows Bigfoot tracks to the water's edge.

WOLF
This is where Si-Te-Cah crossed. It
is the best bet for us too.

MURPH
Agreed.

Wolf picks up a good-sized log to float with.

WOLF
(to the others)
Find a log.

RIVER

He wades into the river carrying the log.

The rest of the Team wades into the river, one by one.

The river is soon over Wolf's head.

He uses his log as a flotation device to keep his head above water.

The others do the same.

Murph carries the duffel bag.

Boomer swims on his own.

Using a big log, Kevin, Berta, and Streeter support Sam as they all cross together.

FAR-SIDE OF THE RIVER - DAY

On the bank, the Bigfoot tracks lead upstream.

The Team follows.

The river peters-out into a narrow brook.

The bright sun beats down on the Team.

The Team sweats profusely.

GRACE

Hey Big Murph, you smell worse than
the Bigfoot camp.

MURPH

Damn, did my deodorant fail me again?

They both laugh.

As their laughter dies down and is replaced by mutual gazes at each other, the LOUD ROARING WHIR of a low-flying helicopter drowns out all sounds of nature and the river.

The Helicopter flies into view ahead of them, heading up the river. On the side of the copter it reads "U. S. FOREST SERVICE".

As soon as it disappears from sight over the horizon of trees, a large tribe of Bigfoot charge downstream away from the spot where it disappeared, running as fast as they can.

The creatures pour out of the river ahead of the Team, running out of caves from cliffs on either side of the trail.

The tribe heads straight down the trail toward the Team.

MURPH (CONT'D)

(yelling)

CLOSE UP. STAND TOGETHER LIKE WE
PRACTICED AND BE STILL!

The Team puts their arms around each other facing inward, forming a thick circle,

Sam and Boomer are protected in the middle.

The tribe of Bigfoots run around them, continuing on down the trail without bothering them.

After the tribe has passed

MURPH (CONT'D)

I've seen it before in Africa - an elephant stampede. Animals do the damndest things.

MURPH (CONT'D)

The Feds following us must have gotten lost - probably back up river. Probably they were out of food. Started following us without being prepared. Or, all of these. And had to call in air support to bail them out of their predicament.

GRACE

Well, let's take advantage of this opportunity and find out where the Bigfoot tribe came from. My first guess is the caves.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Using flashlights from their backpacks, the Team steps cautiously through a nearby cave.

KEVIN

Yep, this is one of the caves where they were. I can smell 'em.

Grace picks a Bigfoot bowl off a ledge on a side wall.

GRACE

And here's a bowl just like we found at their camp site.

WOLF

Probably more spears there.

He points with his chin to a line of sharpened wooden spears on the other side wall.

Dead ahead, their flashlight beams reveal the cave continues on as part of a cavern system far back into the mountain.

One of the caves, continues as part of a cavern system far back into the mountain.

As they continue on into the cavern system, their lights reveal the walls are lined with murals of crudely drawn artwork like those left by Neanderthals and Cro-Magnon man on the walls of the caves in France and Spain, only more primitively drawn.

The murals here depict war between full-bodied Bigfoot and puny stick-figure representations of humans.

GRACE

These drawings remind me of art I've seen in caves along the Tule river near an ancient village in California. Those were dated back to a thousand years ago.

After the gallery of murals, Boomer sniffs the ground. The others look down to notice the floor strewn with a trampled sludge of crushed yellow flowers.

The path leads past several passageways that branch off the main passageway. Air blowing toward the Team from one of these other passageways, ruffles Grace's hair.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Air. There could be another exit down there,

Boomer sprints down the newly found passageway. The Team follows.

The air blows stronger, ruffling Grace's hair even more.

KEVIN

The stink is gone.

They exit the cavern high on the side of a cliff.

CLIFF SIDE - DUSK

Below the Team, on a path up to the cave entrance, a clearing above the shadowed valley beyond, beckons.

WOLF

Si-Te-Cah does not use this entrance. We should use this and camp here.

EXT. CLIFF SIDE CLEARING - DAWN

SUPER: "THE SEARCH FOR BIGFOOT, DAY 4"

As the Team stirs, Kevin looks up and around.

KEVIN

(calling softly)
Boomer.

Half asleep he grabs his pack and ventures down the path to the valley, which the night before was hidden in shadows.

He blinks in the bright sunlight.

Before him lies a field of brilliant yellow flowers with some bright azure-fruited blueberry plants mixed in.

It goes on as far as his eye can see.

Boomer is frolicking in the middle of the field.

Streeter and Wolf walk up behind him.

STREETER

They're buttercups. The largest I've ever seen.

KEVIN

They're so bright. It's as if their color is telling us something. What does their yellow color mean?

Wolf puts his hand on Kevin's shoulder and gently offers one word.

WOLF

Friendship.

Kevin looks at Wolf with admiration in his eyes.

WOLF (CONT'D)

It's what my people have always believed we had with good Bigfoot. We leave them alone and they leave us alone. Sometimes we have even met in friendship.

CLIFF SIDE CLEARING - DAY

Murph and Grace lay snuggled together still asleep.

EDGE OF THE VALLEY OF BUTTERCUPS

Kevin WHISTLES for Boomer, who trots back to him.

KEVIN

(to Boomer)

Boomer, do you realize you're in Friendship Field?

Boomer licks Kevin's face.

The rest of the Team, except for Sam and Berta, join the small Group admiring the field of flowers.

GRACE

I wonder if the Feds looked at such beauty.

Kevin pulls his maps from his pack,
 He tries to finger the Team's location on both.
 The cavern and the field of flowers are not on Meyer's map.
 The county top sheet shows nothing but mountains.
 Kevin throws down the documents in frustration, fearing that
 the Team is lost.
 He turns and runs up the trail to the cliff side clearing.

CLIFF SIDE CLEARING

Kevin approaches Sam who rests with his eyes closed, propped
 up against the cliff. Berta sits beside him.

KEVIN

Dad, how are you feeling?

Sam speaks in a lower tone voice.

BERTA

Mister Sam is tired today. Says that
 he wants to go home in another day
 or so.

Kevin embraces Sam as a tear forms in Kevin's eye.
 Kevin lets go of his father and sits down beside him.
 Boomer trudges up to him.

KEVIN

(to Boomer)

It's not all my fault. We are all
 trying to help. I don't know which
 way to go. All our efforts are fading.
 It hasn't helped my Dad's condition.

He lets his head fall into his hands.
 Boomer licks his face.

EDGE OF THE VALLEY OF BUTTERCUPS

Kevin and Boomer rejoin the others.
 Streeter repockets his cell phone.

STREETER

No cell service. Murph, Wolf, what
 do you...?

Murph looks around.

Wolf shrugs.

Grace throws up her hands.

GRACE

We don't even have enough evidence
to prove the existence of Bigfoot.

Murph rubs her shoulders to comfort her.

The Team sits in a moment of silence. They look tired, beat down, beat up, weakened by the hike, back packs turned inside out empty of provisions, water supply is low.

STREETER

Our only hope is to go back the way
we came. Maybe we can find the Feds -
get them to arrest us and get us out
of here.

Suddenly, Boomer's ears prick up.

He sniffs the air and

BARKS.

He runs back up the cliff side trail and

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

Into the cavern's passageway that brought the Team to this entrance.

All follow.

INT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

Wolf presses an ear against a cavern wall.

He hears the sound of the ROLLING of a huge rock, and far away.

Then, distant GUNFIRE, followed by SILENCE.

FURTHER DOWN THE PASSAGEWAY

The Team ventures further down the passageway.

The Team hears a low GROWL. Then, several louder GROWLS.

Murph shines his flashlight beam into a branch passageway.

He sees a reflected collection of far-away red glowing eyes moving toward them.

GUNFIRE rings out again from behind the glowing eyes.

The Team retreats back the way they came.

INT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

To the entrance outside of which the yellow buttercups bloom.

EXT. CLIFF SIDE - DAY

The Team continues down the cliff side trail into the field of flowers.

EDGE OF THE VALLEY OF BUTTERCUPS

At the bottom, they pause to look back.

INT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

The red glowing eyes stop at the cave entrance.

A solo Bigfoot steps outside the cave entrance and ROARS at the Team.

Bigfoot's roll a huge bolder across the inside of the entrance, essentially locking the Team out of the cavern.

EDGE OF THE VALLEY OF BUTTERCUPS

GRACE

(fascinated)

So Bigfoot invented the door lock.

STREETER

Yeah, and they just locked us out.

Kevin flops down onto the flower field.

KEVIN

But, we're no better off than we were this morning.

Streeter sits down next to him. Puts his arm around him.

Gives him a squeeze.

Kevin shrugs off Streeter's gesture of comfort.

Wolf and Murph pour over Meyer's map trying to figure a way out.

GUNFIRE again, much louder and closer. Then, SILENCE again.

The Team trudges toward the gunfire and
 Stumbles into a ravine.

On Meyer's map, Kevin points to the one area that appears
 erased.

They've just stumbled onto the Bigfoot burial ground.

Skeletons, partial skeletons, and Rotting corpses populate
 the ravine - all covered with dried yellow buttercups.

GRACE

(in awe)

The burial ground. The legendary
 place Bigfoot has gone to die for
 centuries - in quiet dignity far
 from prying eyes - just like other
 animal species.

Murph quickly photographs and documents the contents of the
 ravine.

Grace, down on hands and knees, collects additional samples
 of biological matter.

Wolf points at the Bigfoot tribe approaching the ravine from
 another side.

Murph trains his binoculars on the approaching tribe.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

A procession of the Bigfoot tribe is carrying the lifeless
 carcass of a member of their own with a bloody gaping gunshot
 wound over its heart.

MURPH (V.O.)

Bigfoot.

BACK TO SCENE

GRACE

My God. It's like they're at a
 funeral, honoring the life lost.

A voice booms across the ravine from another direction.

GORNICK

Freeze! Stop where you are. Put
 your hands in the air. You're all
 under arrest.

Gornick and the other Feds hold rifles leveled at the Team.

The Feds pull handcuffs from their belts.

The Bigfoot procession recognize the Feds and Gornick as the creatures who shot their dead comrade. They jump up and down in primitive fury GROWLING and WHOOPING. They are charging Gornick's platoon.

They attack the Feds with all the SHRIEKING and ruthlessness behavior of their wild nature.

The Leader of the Bigfoot drives a spear through Gornick's chest at the same spot where their dead comrade was shot. The leader is SHRIEKING with excitement after his attack upon Gornick.

Gornick falls, groans.

GORNICK (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Help me. Help me.

Several Bigfoot tear Gornick apart limb by limb.

The Team turns away from the sight.

The Bigfoot tribe is WHOOPING and SNARLING as they slay the remaining Feds in an equally gruesome manner.

The Bigfoot Leader stares at Sam, who looks worn out and is helpless.

The leader of the Bigfoot advances towards Sam.

Berta takes a step back.

BERTA
Si-Te-Cah, please protect us, as you
have protected our people for
centuries.

Kevin freezes in his tracks. He seems to be startled and in a daze.

Boomer BARKS.

The bark brings Kevin out of the trance and the harsh reality of the moment.

Boomer BARKS again.

Kevin faces the Bigfoot Leader.

Kevin boldly steps forward, to stand between his father and the approaching Bigfoot Leader with no thought for his own safety.

He makes his body and face appear as big and as menacing as he can.

His field of vision narrows to a tunnel. At its end, he sees the face of the Leader of the Bigfoot.

He hears a voice in his mind

KEVIN'S CLAIRAUDIENCE

VOICE OF BIGFOOT LEADER (V.O.)

Do not be afraid. It is your choice.
I mean you no harm and I sense you
mean no harm to me. I would like to
help your father. I can help him.

BACK TO SCENE

Kevin relaxes.

In a blur, the Bigfoot leader moves quickly to Sam.

He touches Sam on his chest over his heart.

Sam relaxes, his look of fear fades into a half-smile.

He reaches up places his hand over the Creature's hand signifying that a bond between the two has been established.

Sam falls into a deep and peaceful sleep.

The Creature turns and rejoins his tribe.

Berta kneels over Sam, cradling his head.

ACROSS THE RAVINE

The Bigfoot Leader, in turn, answers the Team with GROWLS, SHRIEKS and WHOOPS.

All Feds are dead.

The Bigfoot tribe turns with threatening faces toward the Team.

STREETER

I think they want us to leave.

Murph takes Grace's hand, leads her away from the massacre.

The Bigfoot tribe melts back into the forest out of sight.

Streeter carefully edges his way to Gornick's remains.

He reaches toward Gornick's lower half, forces himself to unhook the satellite phone hanging from Gornick's bloody belt.

He returns to the Team carrying the phone.

Kevin points to the phone.

KEVIN

Thank you, Uncle. That's awesome.

STREETER

I'll get us out of here shortly. All Forest Service Rangers of Gornick's rank carry them.

Streeter leads the Team from the burial grounds.

As he walks, he wipes some blood from the satellite phone onto his clothes.

Lifts it to an ear.

FADE TO BLACK:

IN BLACK

STREETER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Forest Service Air Command, come in...

FADE UP FROM BLACK:

EXT. BOARDING HOTEL - FRONT WINDOW - DAY

SUPER: "ONE WEEK LATER"

Grace and Kevin sit at a long table covered with official-looking documents. Boomer is at their feet.

GRACE

The Forest Service acknowledged they received our package of exhibits. I guess all that's left is for me to certify your application.

She pulls a multi-page document out of a short stack, turns to the last page.

The Team, including Bill McDonald, sit around the table while Kevin opens a certified letter from the US. Forest Service.

Berta is by Sam's side. He looks restored and in better health.

Kevin reads the letter inside.

KEVIN

(reading)

Dear Mister Riley, We are in receipt of all exhibits and certified documents deemed necessary to apply for the monetary grant award this department previously offered for proof of the existence of the crypto-zoological animal, popularly known as 'Bigfoot,' living on Forest Service lands. Unfortunately, we regret to inform you, this department had subsequently canceled the grant offering just prior to receipt of your application. Therefore, no award will be issued.

The letter drops from his hands.

Sam's head drops to his chest. Berta comforts him.

STREETER

What! Bill, can they do that?

BILL

Grace, has your office received notice that the grant offering was canceled?

GRACE

No, our office only received the original notice of the offering. Nothing about a cancellation.

BILL

Here's what I can do. I can take it over their heads to the Department of the Interior. File an official protest. Followed up by a lawsuit for failure to follow Departmental public information procedures. I'll also contact a few of my friends at national conservation organizations, and ask them to join in our protest and suit. PLUS, I can generate a boat load of publicity charging them with using the offering to identify Bigfoot areas of habitation so they and other federal agencies could eliminate the species from those areas. Thus, effectively preventing restrictions from being placed on private companies working there and

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)
 disturbing their habitats. I'll get
 on it right away.

GRACE
 If you need me to contribute anything,
 you know my number, just contact me.

MURPH
 Now that it has been taken care of,
 I've got to be heading back up north
 to Alaska.

GRACE
 Why don't you fly through Seattle?
 You can help me put my condo back in
 shape.

She winks at Murph.

INT. EUGENE OREGON AIRPORT - DAY

ALASKA AIRLINE GATE

Grace and Murph stand locked in an embrace.

GRACE
 I hope we can see each other sooner
 than later. Stay in touch.

Murph hesitates.

MURPH
 (blandly)
 Me too.

They kiss each other goodbye.

EXT. BOARDING HOTEL - FRONT WINDOW - DAY

SUPER: "ONE WEEK LATER"

Kevin, Berta, and Sam sit at the table.

Sam looks in better health than at the last letter opening.

Kevin looks worried. He bites his lip.

He opens another certified letter from the Forest Service.

His eyes light up as he pulls out a government check for
 five hundred thousand dollars.

KEVIN

(He spreads his arms
outward and looks
upward towards the
heavens)

Yes! Thank you God.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Doctor Parks and a totally healed Sam sit and talk. Berta watches.

DOCTOR PARKS

Sam, yours is the first case I've heard of where the stem-cell transplant completely healed your condition. It's a medical miracle.

SAM

The transplant may have had a helping hand when I was lost during our 'finding Bigfoot' expedition.

DOCTOR PARKS

Well, what was it? Did you find and eat some kind of new plant?

SAM

Doc, you wouldn't believe it if I told you. Let's just say it was some kind of a new plant.

BUZZ.

DOCTOR PARKS

I wish you had brought it back with you. Excuse me a minute. My nurse just buzzed.

Doctor Parks leaves the room.

SAM

Berta, I've been meaning to ask for some time now. Does good Si-Te-Cah protect Mother Earth and all its creatures?

BERTA

Bigfoot is a protector. He hates people who cut down trees and build roads in the wilderness that scar the earth. This is where he lives. He will protect it like he protected you. He knew you were a good man, Mister Sam.

SAM

Thank you, Berta. You may go home anytime. You've been a lifesaver. I won't need you anymore. You were a great caretaker. I'll recommend you. Please come back and visit. You'll be missed.

BERTA

Thank you, Mister Sam.

INT. ROME, ITALY - ACADEMIA NAZIONALE DEL LINCEI - NIGHT

A PACKED AUDITORIUM

A distinguished-looking gentleman in a tuxedo announces from an on-stage lectern:

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN

(Italian accent)

Ladies and gentlemen, distinguished scholars, it is my pleasure to announce this year's recipient of the Fabio Frassetto International Prize in Physical Anthropology is Grace Keller from the University of Washington in Seattle

The audience APPLAUDS, SHOUTS, WHISTLES, and WHOOPS.

In the back of the auditorium, Grace and Streeter, rise from their seats.

They stride down the aisle arm-in-arm toward the stage.

Grace wears a shimmering gown. She glows, beautiful in all definitions of the word.

Streeter is handsome in his tuxedo strolls beside her.

ON STAGE AT THE LECTERN

GRACE

For those of you who read my paper.

The audience laughs.

GRACE (CONT'D)

The American Bigfoot, or Sasquatch located in a Pacific Northwest, appears to be human like us, you and me. But they choose not to live with us because of the way we act. Others have thought of them as "Cryptids."

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

To most humans, they remain hidden,... or undiscovered. The American Bigfoot is no longer undiscovered. The Bigfoot mammal has now been discovered and they shall remain protected and elusive in their own habitat, and they will continue to watch humans at a distance until they discern whether the humans will be dangerous to them. If they feel humans are harmful, they will either run or attack.

INT. BOARDING HOTEL - FRONT WINDOW - DAY

SUPER: "ONE WEEK LATER"

Kevin, Sam, Bill, Wolf, Streeter and Grace lounge in couches and recliner chairs in the common area.

Streeter and Grace sit close together in a love-seat couch holding hands.

They all face a big-screen TV.

ON SCREEN

TELEVISION NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Today's news is all about the American Bigfoot. This legendary, previously undiscovered creature, a hairy first cousin to us all, is neither legendary nor undiscovered any longer. It's officially now discovered, protected, and safe in their own habitats. Congress has now added the creature to the Endangered Species List - wherever they are found - meaning in all the densely forested areas of the United States. In the same session, Congress added new regulations to the Forest Service cracking down on a leniency with which the Forest Service has long handled logging, hunting, camping, and winter recreational industry infractions. These developments have followed similar actions in Canada last week.

BACK TO SCENE

GRACE

Kevin, how many members of Congress asked you to define specific Bigfoot Protected Areas?

KEVIN

Everyone on the committee.

ON SCREEN

TELEVISION NEWS COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

This North American Protection Act of Bigfoot has already begun to show up in the marketplace. The price of paper and wood products has skyrocketed.

BACK TO SCENE**FRONT DOOR**

Eddie and Eileen Meyer walk in lugging suitcases.

EDDIE

Mister Bill McDonald, thank you for springing me from that behavioral hospital for psychos.

BILL

My pleasure, Eddie.

EILEEN

And Sam, thanks for letting us live here for awhile.

SAM

I should be thanking the two of you. Without your help, I don't think I would be alive today. Why don't you put your stuff down and come sit with us? We're going to plan Streeter's and Wolf's re-election campaign.

EDDIE

I'd love to. But first, I have someone else to thank. Hold that thought Sam.

Eddie drops his luggage and walks back onto the front porch. He finds some serenity and closes his eyes in the sunshine. He drifts into a daze.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Thanks, Big Giants.

EDDIE'S CLAIRVOYANT VISION

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE ABOVE THE VALLEY OF THE BUTTERCUPS - DAY

The Leader of the Bigfoot tribe stands facing outward into the sunshine with a smirk of peaceful existence on his face.

FADE TO BLACK:

IN BLACK

The Bigfoot SHRIEKS, SNARLS and GROWLS.

THE END