

A MAN, A GUN, & A SASQUATCH

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Draft v1.2

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EXT. FOREST - MIDNIGHT

A red fox scurries across the underbrush on the forest floor. It stops to turn its snout close to the ground, hoping to find a grub or mouse to eat.

Suddenly, its head shoots upright. Its ears swivel back and forth, scanning for something unseen between the tree trunks. It bends its neck back downwards. The threat appears to have vanished.

THWOMP! In a flash of flesh and fur, the fox has disappeared from sight.

EXT. MERIWETHER MANSION - MIDNIGHT

Through the forest brush, the rear windows of the Meriwether Mansion shine warmly. It stands stoic and regal against the dark midnight skies of the Pacific Northwest. Dew has already begun to fall across the property's lawn, glittering in the moonlight.

We hear a rustling from the forest as bushes and tree branches sway, followed by a growl and heavy footsteps. We hear chewing along with the crunching bones of the late red fox.

There is something in these woods.

INT. MERIWETHER REAL ESTATE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Men and women sit around the long conference table, all stiff and poised in slick expensive suits. At one end of the table sits VERONICA OPPENHEIMER (late 60s, in a smart pantsuit with straight silver hair). She wears thin rectangular reading glasses as she dictates statistics and figures from a leather binder.

At the other end of the table sits LLOYD MERIWETHER (mid-40s, scraggly beard, strong but tired features). He wears a sweatpants and jeans as he leans backwards in his chair, sipping from a mug of coffee.

VERONICA

So, we have a considerable amount of open units in the Allman Estates property, which means we really need to go all-in on marketing next quarter because we cannot afford to lower our rates...

A pair of young executives nod along as they listen to Veronica's oration. As Veronica continues, Lloyd reaches into his jeans pocket, produces a flask, and unscrews the lid. He slides his mug underneath the table and pours in a clear liquor.

VERONICA (cont'd)

Lloyd?

Lloyd quickly pulls the mug to his lips and takes a long sip as he slides the flask back into his pocket.

LLOYD

(through the mug)

Mmm-hmm?

VERONICA

Anything to add? Words of wisdom from our fearless leader?

Lloyd scans the room as all eyes lock towards him. He leans forward in his chair.

LLOYD

Well, um... you've all been doing a terrific job and, y'know, keep up the good work!

There's no sound in the room apart from the click of a pen and rustling papers. Someone coughs.

VERONICA

Yes. Quite. Thank you, Lloyd.

Lloyd winks as he leans back in his seat.

LLOYD

No problem.

VERONICA

So, all of this to say, Meriwether Real Estate has had a healthy third quarter, but frankly I think we can be doing a lot better.

A young, nervous executive shifts in his chair and raises a timid hand.

VERONICA (cont'd)

Yes, Jason?

JASON clears his throats and prepares a binder.

JASON

If I may, ma'am, Chloe and I have come up with a few suggestions for how we can rejuvenate some properties.

VERONICA

Let's hear it.

JASON

Well, we were thinking that we could update the Ballard complexes on 11th and Market. It's a prime area with young people moving in-

Lloyd makes a sound at the end of the table. Jason pauses and turns to him. Veronica stares up through her reading glasses.

LLOYD

I'm sorry. Go on.

JASON

And I thought that we could, like I said, rejuvenate these units with some updated amenities. In-unit washer/dryer, garbage disposals, we could hire a doorman-

LLOYD

Oh, give me a break.

Jason looks to Lloyd like a deer in the headlights.

JASON

I'm sorry, sir?

VERONICA

Lloyd, is there something you'd like to add?

Lloyd is leaned back in his chair as he takes another sip of coffee. He scans the room.

LLOYD

I mean, c'mon, guys. Rejuvenate?

JASON

We thought that some improvements could increase the value of the property in the long run.

LLOYD

We increase the value of the property. We can increase by 3% every year without having to do anything.

VERONICA

So you suggest, what, exactly?

LLOYD

I suggest we do nothing. We got all these college kids flooding in here desperate to move away from home. We charge them through the nose, and what are they gonna do? It's not like they'll find a cheaper place without an hour and a half commute.

VERONICA

Lloyd, with all due respect, this is not the kind of thinking that made this company what it is today. Your father-

LLOYD

(laughing)

My father redlined two thirds of this city and ran away with the profits.

(to Jason)

Listen, uhhh, Sparky over there.

JASON

It's Jason.

LLOYD

I appreciate your gumption. I really do. But you gotta wake up, smell the roses, and realize we are not in an honest business here. We charge people thousands per month just for a roof over their heads and somewhere to shit in peace. So, put your binder down, smoke a joint, and thank your lucky stars or whatever uncle landed you a job here instead of a KFC, yeah?

This time, you can't even hear a pen click. No one coughs.

Jason stares straight ahead at the desk and looks like he's about to cry. The rest of the executives squirm in their seats. Veronica shoots laser beams out of her eyes.

LLOYD (cont'd)
What? Am I wrong?

INT. VERONICA'S OFFICE - DAY

We peer into the window of Veronica's office as she shuts the blinds followed by muffled screaming.

Veronica stands with her hands planted firmly on her desk. Lloyd, arms crossed, stands across.

LLOYD
Why do we bother lying to them?

VERONICA
I am not lying to our employees, and I sure as hell won't stand here while you berate them in front of everyone!

LLOYD
Ok, I think "berate" is pretty harsh. I was just telling the kid the truth. It's the easiest job in the world. Once you own the property, you barely have to do anything.

VERONICA
No, Lloyd, you don't have to do anything! Everyone else has to come to meetings on time, speak with investors, appease the stockholders, maintain the properties, organize contractors, hire managers, respond to tenant complaints.

LLOYD
Alright. I mean, besides all that stuff.

Veronica throws her hands into the air with an exhausted yell.

VERONICA
Y'know, I told myself I wasn't going to take any pleasure in this, but I don't care at this point. Lloyd, you're fired.

Beat.

Lloyd bursts out laughing.

LLOYD

Oh my god! For a second there, you almost got me. That was pretty convincing. Your face! Grrrrr. Incredible.

Veronica hasn't moved a muscle.

VERONICA

Lloyd, I'm serious.

Lloyd's chuckling slows to a crawl. The realization sweeps across his face.

LLOYD

You can't fire me.

VERONICA

I didn't. The board of directors did.

LLOYD

The board can't-.

VERONICA

They can. I was going to tell you at the end of the week, but after the shitshow I saw in there, I want you out of this office as soon as possible.

LLOYD

Why would they-?

VERONICA

Because you are a lazy asshole, Lloyd.

Lloyd opens his mouth to say something, but instead he slumps into a nearby seat.

VERONICA (cont'd)

To save face with stockholders, of course, we're going to say you resigned. Don't worry, we've already drafted the resignation letter for you. It will be in your best interest to cooperate with us.

LLOYD

Or else what?

VERONICA

Or else your majority share in the company goes down with the rest of us.

Lloyd stares at his feet as he leans his elbows onto his knees. Veronica sits down at her desk.

VERONICA (cont'd)

Go pack your things.

Lloyd looks up at her. His eyes are red and puffy, but there aren't any tears just yet. He stands up slowly and makes his way for the door. Just as he's about to leave, Veronica stands up.

VERONICA (cont'd)

And Lloyd?

He doesn't turn around.

LLOYD

What.

VERONICA

Figure out what the hell you want to do with your life.

Lloyd hesitates at the doorway. He begins to turn over his shoulder, but he exits.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Lloyd rummages through the compartments in the back of the limo. The driver eyes him through the rear-view mirror.

LLOYD

Got any booze back here?

The driver chuckles nervously.

DRIVER

Isn't it a little early, sir?

Lloyd produces a bottle of beer out of a nearby compartment.

LLOYD

Nevermind. Found one.

He cracks it open and starts chugging with surprising speed. He catches the driver's gaze in the rear-view mirror and presses a button to roll up the divider window.

EXT. MERIWETHER MANSION - DAY

The limousine pulls up in the circular driveway of the grand an ornate mansion. Lloyd exits, storms up the front steps, and tosses his empty bottle into the bushes.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Lloyd bursts through the front doors of the Mansion into a beautiful foyer. GENEVIEVE (70s, apron over her blouse, hair in a tight bun) enters from the kitchen as another servant offers to take his coat.

GENEVIEVE
(thick Irish accent)
And how did the quarterly meeting go today, dear?

LLOYD
(to another servant)
I need a bottle of Vodka and a grilled cheese sandwich!

Genevieve's sweet smile drops.

GENEVIEVE
Young man!

Lloyd inhales deeply and sighs. He turns back to the servant.

LLOYD
Please.

Lloyd storms past Genevieve as she watches him leave the room. She leans over to the servant Lloyd just yelled at.

GENEVIEVE
Water it down.

SERVANT
Yes, Miss Genevieve.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Lloyd, donning a bathrobe and slippers, watches the original "King Kong" on a big silver screen in a state-of-the-art home theater. Kong has climbed to the top of the Empire State building and swats at the planes flying past him.

Lloyd attempts to take another swig from the bottle of vodka but sees that it's empty. He drunkenly shuffles to his feet and walks out of the theater.

On the screen, Kong falls off of the Empire State Building.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lloyd rummages through the fridge and pulls out a few packages of cold cuts, shoving them into his mouth. Genevieve enters in a nightgown.

GENEVIEVE
Good evening, sir.

LLOYD
Hey, Jenny.

GENEVIEVE
Have you calmed down a bit, then?

LLOYD
Yes. Give him-

GENEVIEVE
George.

LLOYD
Right. Give George my apologies in the morning.

GENEVIEVE
Everything alright?

LLOYD
Things are just fine. I don't have to go to work anymore! So that's one less thing to worry about.

GENEVIEVE
I see.

LLOYD
Do you know where the rest of the booze is?

GENEVIEVE
I think we may be out, sir. I'll send someone out tomorrow.

LLOYD
Ok.

GENEVIEVE
Have a good night, Lloyd.

Lloyd mutters "good night" through a mouthful of sliced ham. As Genevieve exits the kitchen, she snatches a bottle of rum and hides it behind a large fern outside the kitchen door. She takes a seat on a small chair and listens to Lloyd stumble through the kitchen.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

Lloyd shuffles through the doors to a large den, nearly tripping over himself. The room is large and ornate, resembling that of a hunting lodge. Countless animal heads line the walls above shelves upon shelves of old books. An old-fashioned globe and maps of the entire African Savanna lie in a corner. Across from a large mahogany desk sits a massive pair of elephant tusks, and behind it, a portrait of ARNOLD MERIWETHER (late-50s, stoic and barrel-chested, a thick white moustache).

After considering the portrait for a moment, Lloyd approaches the elephant tusk and lays a hand on it.

EXT. NIGERIAN SAVANNAH - FLASHBACK - DAY

Through the scope of a rifle, we see a watering hole surrounded on all sides by massive African elephants. Behind the scope, a young Lloyd crouches in the grass, his father Arnold kneeling behind him.

ARNOLD
Alright, Lloyd, have you got your sights on it?

LLOYD
Yeah, dad. I got him.

ARNOLD
Good, now, load the rifle just like I told you.

Lloyd pulls on the bar of the hunting rifle as we hear the round click into place.

ARNOLD (cont'd)
Good. Now, ready your aim on the trigger. Aaaand...

A tiny trumpet-like roar echoes out across the grasslands. From behind the elephant between Lloyd's cross-hairs, a baby rounds the corner. Lloyd drops the rifle.

LLOYD
Dad, there's a baby.

Sunlight glimmers off a bronze compass as Arnold checks the readouts.

ARNOLD
Well, alright then, be sure not to hit it.

Lloyd looks out towards the watering hole.

LLOYD
I think that's its mom.

ARNOLD
Very well could be. Now come on, ready the rifle.

Lloyd looks back to his father and out towards the watering hole again. He lifts the rifle to his shoulder. Through the scope, we see the mother elephant's trunk drape lovingly over the baby. Lloyd lowers his rifle and stares at the ground.

Arnold looks down at his son and sighs.

ARNOLD (cont'd)
Well, alright then.

Arnold takes the rifle and aims.

BANG.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

Lloyd pulls his hand off the tusk. He looks back over to the portrait of his father. The bronze compass sits shut on the mahogany desk

Lloyd opens a cupboard to the right of the desk and pulls out a full bottle of bourbon.

BLACKOUT

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

There's a ringing in Lloyd's ear as he awakens face-first on the forest floor. He groans as he turns himself over on his back, and stares up at the tree canopy swaying in the breeze. He turns to see the bottle of bourbon in his hand, now empty.

LLOYD

Oh no.

There's a rustling in a nearby bush. Lloyd pivots on the ground to face it.

LLOYD (cont'd)

Oh no!

Lloyd leaps to his feet.

LLOYD (cont'd)

Hello? Anyone there?

He slowly backs up away from the source of the sound. The rustling intensifies and we hear a twig *snap!* under the weight of something large.

Lloyd backs into a tree. He remembers the empty bottle in his hand and holds it in front of him like a weapon. He smashes the end of it against the tree trunk.

It doesn't break.

He tries again.

Nothing.

LLOYD (cont'd)

Damn that is good glass.

The bush immediately in front of him is wild with activity, when suddenly...

A red fox darts out from behind.

LLOYD (cont'd)

YAGHHHHHHHH--oh thank god.

The fox's ears flip back and forth and it scurries away behind Lloyd. Lloyd turns to watch it run.

LLOYD (cont'd)

Where you going little guy?

THUD!

Lloyd freezes.

THUD!

From behind him, a dark heavy shadow creeps up his body.

THUD!

At this point, Lloyd is completely covered in shadow. Glass bottle in hand, he slowly turns to face this monolithic mass blocking out the sun.

He shouldn't have done that.

RRRRROOOOOOAAAAAARRRRRRRRR!!!!!!!!!!

The loudest, most Earth-shattering roar echoes from within an unseen beast's chest as Lloyd witnesses the horrific thing in front of him. As he backs away, he trips over himself onto the ground, and then stumbles back to his feet.

The chase has begun.

With more and more deafening roars and thudding footsteps behind him, Lloyd takes off into the forest. He leaps over fallen logs and navigates between the branches. He can still hear it chasing behind him THUD! ROAR! THUD! ROAR! The ringing in his ears grows louder and louder until-

EXT. MERIWETHER MANSION - MORNING

Lloyd sprints through a break in the trees into the open lawn behind his family home. The roaring has stopped. The footsteps can no longer be heard. He looks behind him at the dark, damp forest stretching on forever.

Just like that, the monster is gone.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Lloyd enters the kitchen with a hand pressed against his temple. There's a flurry of activity as the staff swarms him.

COOK #1

Where have you been?

COOK #2

Genevieve has been worried sick!

LLOYD
Ibuprofen! Please!

A housekeeper escorts Genevieve into the kitchen.

GENEVIEVE
Lloyd! God save us, what's happened?

LLOYD
Please, everyone-

GENEVIEVE
Give him some space! Where the hell
did you go?

LLOYD
Please, Jenny. I need to lie down.

INT. DEN - MORNING

Genevieve walks Lloyd into the den and sets him down on an ornate couch upholstered with an elegant floral pattern.

LLOYD
Ugh how are the expensive ones the
least comfortable?

A servant comes in with a damp towel which Genevieve places over his forehead.

GENEVIEVE
Where have you been?

LLOYD
I woke up in the woods.

GENEVIEVE
Saints preserve us.

LLOYD
And I saw- I saw this-

Lloyd catches himself.

GENEVIEVE
What did you see?

Lloyd looks up at Genevieve. She holds a deep concern in her face.

LLOYD

A fox. I was worried it was rabid. It almost bit me, but I ran away.

GENEVIEVE

Oh, my dear, you must have been frightened half to death.

LLOYD

(chuckles)

Yeah, it was terrifying.

GENEVIEVE

Well, you just sit tight. You've got a grilled cheese on the way.

Genevieve walks out of the room and shuts the door. Lloyd, still cradling his head, looks over to a bear pelt hung on the wall. He scoots off the sofa and approaches it. He reaches out with one hand and runs his fingers through the fur.

INT. DEN - AFTERNOON

A cursor blinks away on an empty search bar. Lloyd sits at his father's mahogany desk, staring at the screen of his laptop.

He types "B" into the search bar. Then "I". Then "G". Then "F".

Lloyd slams the laptop shut.

INT. LLOYD'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Lloyd looks at himself in a full length mirror, still donning his Lebowski-chic look. He points to his reflection.

LLOYD

You didn't see anything. Nothing.

He pauses.

LLOYD (cont'd)

You're crazy, you're drunk, and you're seeing things. You lost your job, which is... trauma? Yeah, that's trauma. And now you're having a traumatic episode. Yes. Exactly.

He pivots on his heel. Standing in his doorway is his servant George with a tray of teacups and pastries, eyebrows raised. Lloyd looks back at the mirror.

LLOYD (cont'd)
How long have you-?

GEORGE
Tea and scones, sir!

LLOYD
Right. Yes. Thank you... Jerry?

GEORGE
George.

LLOYD
That's what I meant to... yeah.

George sets the tray at the foot of Lloyd's bed. He smiles awkwardly and exits.

Lloyd produces his flask yet again and spikes the tea.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Lloyd scrolls through a catalog of films on the projector screen. He has cut out the middle man and resorted to drinking straight from the flask. As he scrolls through, he finds himself in the documentary section.

The streaming interface highlights the thumbnail for a documentary titled "Mysteries of the Sasquatch". Lloyd's thumb hovers over the "select" button on his TV remote.

A crash comes from outside the theater. Lloyd gets out of his seat.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Lloyd peeks around the corner into the large, empty foyer. He sees one of the large ferns has been knocked over. He walks over to it and lifts it back upright.

He spots the bottle of rum behind it and picks it up.

LLOYD
Jenny.

Another crash.

LLOYD (cont'd)
Hey! Who the hell is making all that
noise?

He can hear pots and pans clanging around in the kitchen. He storms towards it with the bottle in his hand.

Standing outside the kitchen, Lloyd is about to enter when he feels the ground shake underneath him. The tremors are coming from thudding footsteps. They're followed by a deep growl that emanates from the kitchen.

Lloyd slowly approaches the kitchen door and opens it just a crack. He can see the light from the refrigerator reflect off a wall as the doors open. A dark shadow moves across as he hears something snarl and rummage through the fridge.

Lloyd recoils and puts his hand over his mouth to keep himself from screaming. He takes a deep breath and exhales.

Lloyd places the bottle on the ground as he enters the kitchen and hides underneath a granite island. He can still hear the hulking beast scarfing down anything it can find. He looks to his left and spots kitchen knives in a wooden holder on a nearby counter.

He peers over the top of the counter to see that the beast is still preoccupied, a back of thick, dark fur facing Lloyd.

Lloyd inches towards the counter. He reaches up, wraps his fingers around the hilt of a knife, and pulls.

The entire wooden holder plummets to the floor, sending the knives everywhere.

The creature turns around, its face silhouetted against the now blinding light from the fridge. It roars as it approaches Lloyd who swings the knife wildly in front of him.

LLOYD (cont'd)
STAY AWAY! STAY AWAY!!

The beast roars as it approaches, each one a little different from the last. The screams change again and again until we can clearly hear...

SASQUATCH
LLOYD!

Lloyd opens his eyes. He sits on the ground, back against a counter in a spotless kitchen. Genevieve shakes him by the shoulders.

GENEVIEVE

Lloyd! Wake up!

Lloyd looks down at his hands. There's no knife.

LLOYD

Am I dead?

GENEVIEVE

Darling, you came in here screaming like a madman. You were sleepwalking.

LLOYD

Please let go of me.

GENEVIEVE

Lloyd, let's get you to bed.

Lloyd pushes Genevieve's hands off his shoulders.

LLOYD

I said let go!

He storms out of the kitchen.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Lloyd begins to walk up the grand staircase of the mansion when he spots the fallen fern from his sleepwalking episode. He runs down the steps over to it. He pushes the fern stalks aside.

The bottle of rum is there.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lloyd changes quickly into a leather jacket and jeans. He slides on some hiking boots and rummages through his closet for a large flashlight.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Lloyd descends the staircase where Genevieve waits for him.

GENEVIEVE

Lloyd, dear, where are you going at this hour?

LLOYD

A walk.

Lloyd rounds the corner.

GENEVIEVE

Would you at least tell me where you're going?

LLOYD (O.S.)

Outside!

Genevieve throws her hands in the air.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Leaves and twigs crunch under Lloyd's hiking boots as he trudges through the forest. He shines his flashlight through the tree trunks and across the ground. He hears a skittering behind him and whips around. It's just a squirrel climbing a tree.

But then, Lloyd's flashlight beam catches something on the ground. He can't avert his gaze as he kneels down towards it.

LLOYD

Oh God.

On the ground before Lloyd is a massive footprint.

INT. DEN - DAY

The cursor blinks away on Lloyd's laptop. He takes a deep breath and types one letter at a time.

"B I G F O O T"

His finger hovers over the "Enter" key.

He presses it.

Results flood across his computer screen. He clicks from picture to picture of the supposed Sasquatch. He finds artists' renderings, video sightings, fuzzy blobs in the distance. He scrolls through the Wikipedia page on primates. He reads book reviews on Sasquatch research publications.

He runs through dingy website after dingy website, finding conspiracy theories in forum posts, personal blogs, and YouTube videos.

Then he starts digging deeper.

The Loch Ness Monster, the Jersey Devil, the Dover Demon, El Chupacabra, more and more and more!

Now, there's a link at the bottom of a forum comment. Lloyd clicks on it.

He's brought to the website of the "Cryptozoology Society of Seattle". Their emblem consists of a silhouetted Bigfoot on a compass with the normal directions replaced with the letters CSOS.

Lloyd scrolls down. They meet in Room 106 in the Lake City Community Center. Wednesday nights. 8pm.

INT. LAKE CITY COMMUNITY CENTER, WEDNESDAY, 8PM - NIGHT

Lloyd maneuvers through the hallways of the community center. He hears a muffled chattering in the distance as he approaches a door with room number "106".

INT. ROOM 106 - NIGHT

The door opens slowly as Lloyd sneaks his way in. The room isn't particularly large. That might as well be considering there's only handful of people in the room.

They sit in chairs facing the front. In the back, a folding table littered with homemade snacks, chips, some bottles of water, and 2-liter soda.

At the front, JOSIAH MULDOON (early-30s, practically a caricature of Crocodile Dundee, decked in hiking boots and a leather fedora) points to a whiteboard covered with printouts of various creatures.

JOSIAH
(thick Australian
accent)

Now, this photograph here was taken a few months back in southern Louisiana. A few of you may not be particularly familiar with this cryptid, but down there, they call him the Skunk Ape. Imagine a sort of swampy Chimpanzee.

Lloyd scoots along the back wall. He eyes a tray of chocolate chip cookies and grabs one. Josiah glances up.

JOSIAH (cont'd)

Hey!

The crowd turns around in their seats. Lloyd is mid-bite on his cookie. He swallows quickly.

LLOYD

Hi. Sorry. Is this the cryptic...?

JOSIAH

Cryptozoology Society, yeah.

LLOYD

I was wondering if I could sit in.

Josiah saunters over from the front of the room. He wears khaki shorts that are perhaps a smidge too tight. With his hands on his hips, he eyes Lloyd up and down.

Josiah stretches out his hand. Lloyd flinches slightly.

JOSIAH

Name's Josiah Muldoon.

Lloyd shakes Josiah's hand.

LLOYD

Lloyd Meriwether.

Josiah turns to the group.

JOSIAH

Everyone, this is Lloyd.

GROUP

(ad lib)

Hi, Lloyd. Hey there. Howdy, etc.

JOSIAH

Why don't you grab a seat?

Lloyd sits down in a metal fold-out chair near the back. To his right, MAGGIE (late-30s, a quizzical gaze behind thick black glasses) stretches out her hand and leans in.

MAGGIE

(whispers)

Hi. Maggie.

LLOYD
(shakes)
Lloyd, hi.

Josiah continues his discussion on Skunk Ape at the front.

MAGGIE
So what brought you here?

LLOYD
(chuckles)
Well, I was in the neighborhood, so I just thought I'd pop in.

MAGGIE
You know if you needed a cup of sugar, you could've just asked.

Lloyd sports a blank look on his face.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
I'm playing along. The neighborhood bit.

LLOYD
Oh! Oh my God. Yeah. Right.

MAGGIE
You don't get out much, do you?

LLOYD
Not until recently. Now I'm out all the time, finding footprints, seeing monsters, the usual, right?

Maggie's eyes widen.

MAGGIE
You saw something?

LLOYD
Yeah. I mean I think. That's why I'm here. For answers.

MAGGIE
What exactly did you see?

LLOYD
Oh, y'know... Bigfoot?

Josiah's speech cut off a few seconds ago, but Lloyd only notices the silence now. He now sees that everyone in the room is looking at him.

INT. BARB'S DINER - NIGHT

Josiah and Lloyd sip coffee across from one another in a bright red booth. Josiah leans in so far he's practically lying atop the table.

JOSIAH

You were hungover. With a splitting headache. A fox runs past you.

LLOYD

And then it was just there, yeah.

Josiah leans back.

JOSIAH

Unbelievable.

(laughing)

Unbelievable! People have spent decades of their lives looking for a Sas-

LLOYD

Hey. Keep your voice down, man. C'mon.

JOSIAH

(whispering)

Right, right. A Sasquatch. And one just saunters up to you in broad daylight.

Lloyd takes another swig of his coffee. We see him put his flask back in his pocket.

LLOYD

I mean, to be honest, I don't even know if I believe what I saw.

JOSIAH

What are you saying?

LLOYD

I was hungover. I couldn't see straight. I mean, it could've been a bear.

JOSIAH

No. No, no, no. Listen to me, mate. Everyone in that room tonight would kill for a chance to finally see something like this.

(MORE)

JOSIAH (cont'd)
You can't chalk it up to a
hallucination, or whatever.

LLOYD
How can I know? I've been researching
online. Everyone describes it
differently. Some have it covered in
hair head to foot. Some say its face
and hands are hairless.

JOSIAH
And what did you see?

LLOYD
It was big. Hairy.

JOSIAH
Come on.

Lloyd takes a deep breath.

LLOYD
It had thick dark fur like a black
bear. Its eyes were sunken in. Large
protruding brow. The fur covered its
face sorta like a beard? I saw lips,
big sharp teeth like a chimp, the
eyes and cheeks, but everything else
was covered in that thick dark fur.

JOSIAH
The front? The hands?

LLOYD
No fur on the hands. None on the toes
but tons on the top of its feet.
Covered completely in the front.

Josiah stares back at Lloyd.

LLOYD (cont'd)
That's all I got. I was sort of
running for my life before I got a
good look at its backside.

LLOYD (cont'd)
Amazing.

LLOYD (cont'd)
What?

JOSIAH
That's exactly what I saw too.

A waitress comes by and sets down two slices of pie on the table. Lloyd and Josiah lean back to make room. Lloyd doesn't break eye contact.

WAITRESS

Anything else I can get you?

JOSIAH

Thank you so much. We're good for now.

She leaves. Lloyd and Josiah lean back in.

LLOYD

You've seen it.

JOSIAH

I have, actually. About ten years ago. Right after I moved here from Melbourne. Needed a change of pace. Anyways, I'm working with the national parks service. We get word that there's something or someone going around and taking out all these deer. Hikers keep coming across carcasses. I go out with a small team... and I see it.

LLOYD

You saw Bigf-?

JOSIAH

Sasquatch, yeah. He's a ways out in the distance but I see him. I load up my rifle. I aim.

LLOYD

And?

JOSIAH

I miss him. He runs off. He was far away but I saw enough to know that it wasn't a person and it wasn't a bear. It was huge and furry and it walked on two feet. Ran, actually. And you, my friend, just described him to a T.

Josiah rummages through his pockets to produce a cellphone.

JOSIAH (cont'd)

I walked over to where I had seen it and I found this.

He shows Lloyd on his phone a picture of a massive humanoid footprint in the mud. It's practically identical to the print Lloyd found behind Meriwether Mansion.

JOSIAH (cont'd)

I lost his trail eventually, but after that, I knew I had to do something. I started CSOS with the hope we very few believers could educate one another and figure out what's going on out there. We're zoological pioneers, mate.

LLOYD

Have you ever tried to go out and try to find it again? It could still be around that area.

JOSIAH

Nah, it's long gone by now. If they've evaded us this long, they're smart enough to not be spotted in the same place twice. They must be incredibly intelligent to avoid being captured for so long.

Josiah takes a huge bite of pie.

JOSIAH (cont'd)

Besides, CSOS doesn't really have the funds for an expedition. And there are some crazy rich blokes out there, but none of them are crazy enough for us.

Josiah looks up from his plate.

JOSIAH (cont'd)

Except you.

LLOYD

What do you mean?

JOSIAH

Lloyd Meriwether? Mate, I write my checks to you every month.

LLOYD

You're suggesting I fund a hunt for the Bigfoot.

Josiah drops his silverware.

JOSIAH

I'm suggesting that you join us. Help us catch this thing. Prove to everybody that we're not nuts. Whaddya say?

Lloyd takes a long sip of coffee.

LLOYD

I don't know. I-

JOSIAH

No, I get it. It's not fair to spring this on you. How about you sleep on it? Come back next weekend and give me your decision.

Josiah writes his number on a napkin.

JOSIAH (cont'd)

Here's my cell if you need to reach me.

Josiah scoots out of the table leaving Lloyd with a mouthful of pie and a million questions.

JOSIAH (cont'd)

See you around, mate.

We hear the dinging of the door as Josiah exits out onto the sidewalk. The waitress comes by and places the check on the table.

WAITRESS

How was everything?

Lloyd looks up at her. A piece of pie slides off his fork.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lloyd sits up in bed. The blue light from his laptop glows on his face as he sips a glass of scotch. We close in on the image displayed on his laptop, a freeze-frame from the famous Patterson-Gimlin film. As we move in closer and closer towards the image, the creature starts to move frame-by-frame, faster and faster.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

[From the previous scene we have made the transition into a short animated segment]

The Bigfoot in its iconic pose from the Patterson-Gimlin film walks across the leaves and twigs on the forest floor. Suddenly, the sound of rifle shot ricochets off the nearby cliffs. The Bigfoot flinches at the sound and breaks out into a sprint.

We see Lloyd crouching behind a bolder, rifle aimed. He gets to his feet and chases after the creature, rifle in hand. He reloads.

The Bigfoot storms through the forest, swatting branches out of its way. It comes to a clearing where a woman stands with her back turned to the beast. As the shadow looms over her, the woman turns around to reveal she is Maggie holding a notebook. She screams at the Bigfoot as it raises its arms and roars.

A bullet zips straight through its skull. The Bigfoot falls to the floor, dead. Behind where the Bigfoot once stood, Lloyd stands and lowers his rifle.

Maggie runs towards Lloyd and wraps her arms around him. A crowd forms around the two of them as they lift Lloyd in the air and cheer.

Lloyd looks to his left to see Genevieve and Arnold beaming at him with pride. Arnold gives him a thumbs up.

ARNOLD

That's my son!

The crowd cheers as they lift Lloyd higher and higher. But now the ground is far, far beneath him. He's been lifted too high!

Lloyd soars upwards into the clouds. Above him, the face of a Sasquatch waits in the sky with dead, black eyes. The beast's mouth opens wide, and Lloyd flies inside.

INT. LLOYD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lloyd screams as he sits up in his bed.

He catches his breath. There's an empty glass of scotch on the mattress. His laptop, still open, has fallen sideways. The Patterson-Gimlin tape plays on a loop on the screen.

Lloyd closes it shut.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

Lloyd enters the den and ponders his surroundings once again. But this time, he focuses on the massive portrait of Arnold Meriwether behind the mahogany desk.

Lloyd hears a creak from the door hinge behind him. He turns to see Genevieve in a nightgown enter the room.

LLOYD
What are you doing up so late?

GENEVIEVE
I could ask you the same thing.

LLOYD
Can't sleep.

GENEVIEVE
We have that in common.

The two stare at Arnold's portrait a little while longer. Genevieve steals a glance at Lloyd.

GENEVIEVE (cont'd)
For all of Arnold's faults. And believe me, he had plenty. For all his faults, he was still a good man.

Lloyd turns to Genevieve who stares straight ahead. He turns back.

LLOYD
No he wasn't.

Lloyd exits through the ornate wooden doors. Genevieve turns to watch him go. She redirects to the portrait.

GENEVIEVE
I'm trying my best. You didn't make it easy.

Genevieve leaves us alone in the room alone with the austere visage of Arnold Meriwether.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lloyd sips a beer as he rummages through his pocket to pull out the napkin containing Josiah's phone number. He reaches for his cellphone and dials.

After a few rings, a click.

JOSIAH (O.S.)
Hey... Jesus, what time is it?

LLOYD
We're gonna do this thing.

JOSIAH (O.S.)
Lloyd, when I said call anytime, I
didn't literally mean any time.

LLOYD
Oh. Sorry. But, yeah, I'm in.

Beat.

LLOYD (cont'd)
For the Bigfoot hunt.

JOSIAH (O.S.)
I know what you're talking about.

LLOYD
Right, of course. Sorry, just got a
little excited. So I wanted to call
all like "Mission is a go" but I
didn't think about...

Lloyd checks his phone.

LLOYD (cont'd)
Wow! 3am. I really should've checked
the time before I called.

JOSIAH (O.S.)
I will see you Wednesday.

LLOYD
Right. See you then.

Josiah hangs up. Lloyd puts his phone down and taps his
fingers on the marble counter top. He grabs his phone again
and dials.

JOSIAH (O.S.)
What??

LLOYD
Should I prepare anything for the
meeting? Like a plan of action, or-

JOSIAH (O.S.)
Hang up the phone. Right now.

LLOYD

Yes, sorry.

Lloyd hangs up and takes another swig of beer.

INT. LAKE CITY COMMUNITY CENTER, ROOM 106 - NIGHT

Lloyd and Josiah stand at the front of the room facing the group. They stare back dumbfounded. Maggie's arms are crossed.

MAGGIE

We're gonna hunt it?

LLOYD

We're going to catch it.

JOSIAH

I've got a mate from Sydney who manufactures big game traps. We can have it custom-made! We're gonna lure it in, and then the cage will lock itself.

NORA (early 50s, soccer mom jeans with a matching demeanor) points to the whiteboard behind Josiah and Lloyd.

NORA

Then what are the guns for?

JOSIAH

For our own protection.

STANLEY (late 70s, overalls, thick white beard, probably has chewing tobacco in his pocket) leans forward in his chair.

STANLEY

You're turning us into bear food.

JOSIAH

Stanley, please.

STANLEY

Listen, pup, I tried to track this thing before you two could use a crapper. These forests are not a kind place.

JOSIAH

This won't be like your hunt, Stanley.

STANLEY

Can you guarantee that?

Josiah looks around at the crowd with his hands on his hips. He lowers his head.

JOSIAH

No, I suppose I can't.

MAGGIE

I get what you're trying to do here. We would all love to see some proof.

NORA

I've got kids depending on me. What if something happens to us out there?

STANLEY

What happens if we piss it off?

A silence floods over the room. Lloyd shoots them all an incredulous stare.

LLOYD

Why the hell are any of you here then?

Josiah puts a hand on Lloyd's shoulder.

JOSIAH

Lloyd, that's it. They're not going to do it.

Lloyd pushes Josiah's hand aside.

LLOYD

No, I'm not taking that as an answer. Not without saying a few things first.

Maggie glares back at Lloyd.

LLOYD (cont'd)

I'm here because I saw something I couldn't explain. I could've just sat with it, pretended it never happened. Instead, I went looking, and I found you. I thought you all were here to prove something. To prove people wrong. But instead, I look around this room and just see a couple of nutjobs.

The group squirms in their seats.

LLOYD (cont'd)

Did that strike a nerve? I get the feeling it's not the first time that word was thrown your way.

MAGGIE

You're not going to convince us to run out blindly into the woods to find this thing.

LLOYD

(points at Maggie)

You. Why are you here? Why do you believe?

Maggie uncrosses her arms.

MAGGIE

I was a journalist. Seattle Times. There was a family, a few actually, that reported something had come through their house and ransacked their kitchen. Animal control kept telling me it was a bear, but the claw marks didn't look right. And... the doors to the fridge were pulled off. Like something grabbed the handles and just tore it loose.

STANLEY

Bear couldn't do that.

MAGGIE

No, it couldn't. But they didn't want me to publish the story of a monster rampaging through suburban Seattle. I pushed a little too hard for it. Then they let me go.

LLOYD

(to Nora)

And you?

NORA

When I was a little girl, I heard something climbing on the roof. It was Christmas Eve. I thought Santa arrived with my presents. I peered out the window to try and get a good look.

(MORE)

NORA (cont'd)

It was perched up on a tree and it just stared at me. With these horrible glowing red eyes.

JACOB (mid-20s, tattooed and lanky) pipes up.

JACOB

You saw... Mothman?

NORA

I saw something.

Lloyd turns once more to Stanley who stares out the window.

LLOYD

And you?

STANLEY

McGuire Airforce Base. New Jersey. We were training for flyovers in 'Nam. We had a prank for new guys where we'd lure them out into the woods to catch a snipe. We'd jump out and scare them. All in good fun. We bring this one new guy out there, and we're waiting to jump him, but then we hear screaming. The rest of the guys stay behind as I run out to find the kid. The other fellas would tell you it was a wild horse that got loose from neighboring farm or something. However many of them are still alive, that is. I didn't see no horse.

Stanley leans back in his seat.

STANLEY (cont'd)

That, my friends, was the Jersey Devil.

Jacob looks around at the three of them.

JACOB

I found some weird pictures on the internet. Thought it was kinda cool, so-

MAGGIE

Shut up, Jacob.

Lloyd looks around at the lot of them.

LLOYD
You've lived with these secrets for years. If you had even the tiniest chance to prove everyone wrong, wouldn't you take it?

No one looks Lloyd in the eyes. He puts his hand out.

LLOYD (cont'd)
Whatever you guys decide, whether you come with me or not, I'm doing this thing. I'm in.

Josiah puts his hand in.

JOSIAH
I'm in.

Maggie stands up out of her chair. She walks over to Lloyd and Josiah and puts her hand in.

MAGGIE
I'm in. We better catch this thing.

JACOB
Yo, thank God. I really wanted to go, but not like if no one else wanted to.

Nora puts her hand in.

NORA
I'm in.

Everyone turns to Stanley as he stares out the window. He doesn't get out of his seat, but he sighs and turns to the crowd.

STANLEY
Hell, I don't got much time left anyways. I'm in.

A smile splashes across Lloyd's face.

LLOYD
Folks, let's catch ourselves a goddamn Bigfoot.

EXT. SAINT EDWARD STATE PARK - DAY

The group huddles around Josiah as he points out deer tracks near the hiking trail. They follow them through the woods. Maggie and Lloyd crouch next to each other in the back.

MAGGIE

I think this is the part where he describes different kinds of shit to us.

LLOYD

You think?

MAGGIE

Five dollars says he finds deer scat and gets really excited about it.

LLOYD

I'll take that bet.

Josiah stands up abruptly from examining the tracks.

JOSIAH

Oy! We've found some scat! Everyone gather round.

LLOYD

You've got to be kidding me.

MAGGIE

Pay up, Richie Rich.

Lloyd hands her a \$5 bill. She moves forward.

LLOYD

I resent that nickname. That better not catch on!

Nora turns around.

NORA

(to Maggie)

Oh my god, did you call him "Richie Rich" to his face?

MAGGIE

I did.

The two giggle. Maggie puts her arm over Nora's shoulder and leads her toward Josiah.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Come on, we gotta go look at some
deer poop.

The two giggle louder. Maggie turns over her shoulder and winks at Lloyd. He smiles.

INT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

Each member of CSOS stands next to one another in their own booths at the firing range. They fire at small paper targets at the end with large hunting rifles. The Range Officer paces behind them.

RANGE OFFICER
Cease fire! Bring your targets
forward!

They all stop shooting and press their buttons to bring their paper targets forward. Lloyd peers over at Maggie's target and takes his earmuffs off. He leans backward to look into her booth.

LLOYD
I totally beat you.

MAGGIE
As if. Look at that! Sloppy, sloppy,
sloppy.

Stanley's target comes forward. There is one large, clean hole in the target's head. The Range Officer pulls down his sunglasses to get a better look at it.

Josiah's booth is next to Stanley, and his target has holes scattered throughout. He quickly pulls it down.

INT. LAKE CITY COMMUNITY CENTER, ROOM 106 - NIGHT

Maggie stands at the front of the room with newspaper clippings covering the whiteboard behind her.

MAGGIE
So, many of these eyewitness reports
have a considerable amount of
discrepancies between one another. We
can chalk that up to either false
accounts or the adrenaline rush
affecting the witness's memory.
Instead, we should focus on the
similarities across all of these...

Her voice trails off as Nora leans over towards Lloyd.

NORA

Hey, Maggie and I are going to grab a drink downtown after this. You should come.

LLOYD

Oh, um, I don't know if I should-

NORA

Lloyd. You should come.

Nora motions towards Maggie. Lloyd looks forward. He and Maggie share a brief moment of eye contact. She smiles and then continues her presentation.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Lloyd gulps down a pint of beer. Through the bottom of the glass, we can see Nora and Maggie staring at him, both impressed and disgusted. He plants the glass back on the table and wipes his mouth.

LLOYD

Oh, don't worry. It's all on me.

NORA

Thanks, Lloyd. We appreciate it.

LLOYD

Of course.

MAGGIE

Hey, Nora. Didn't you have to call Anthony about something with the kids?

Nora gives Maggie a blank stare. Maggie raises her eyebrows.

NORA

Oh, right! Gotta sort out... soccer practice?

Nora takes one more sip of her drink.

NORA (cont'd)

I'll be right back.

As Nora leaves the table, she puts a hand on Lloyd's shoulder.

NORA (cont'd)
But I'll probably be a little while,
y'know?

MAGGIE
(frantic)
Sounds good, Nora! Don't let us hold
you up!

Nora winks at Maggie. Maggie stares into her beer in shame.
Lloyd turns around to catch the attention of a waiter.

LLOYD
Hi, another Sam Adams, please?

He turns to Maggie.

LLOYD (cont'd)
I'm sorry, do you want anything?

MAGGIE
No, I'm good.

Lloyd turns back around.

LLOYD
(to the waiter)
Just the Sam Adams then. Thank you.

The waiter exits, leaving Lloyd and Maggie alone at the
table. Maggie fiddles with her beer glass. The two start
speaking at the same time.

MAGGIE
(unison)
I was wo--

LLOYD
(unison)
How has--

MAGGIE
I'm sorry. What were you--?

LLOYD
Sorry! No, you go first.

MAGGIE
Ok. Um, so Meriwether Real Estate?
MRE! Must be pretty exciting.

LLOYD
(shrugs)
It used to be.

MAGGIE
You retired?

LLOYD
You could say that.

MAGGIE
They fired you?

LLOYD
You could say that, too.

MAGGIE
Didn't your family start the whole thing?

LLOYD
That's why they didn't "fire" me.

Lloyd includes air quotes with the word "fire".

LLOYD (cont'd)
And it was really just my dad. I had to take over when he got sick.

MAGGIE
I'm sorry.

LLOYD
Don't be. He was an asshole.

Maggie doesn't know how to respond to that.

LLOYD (cont'd)
If I have to be honest, I never really wanted it. The job.

MAGGIE
And what about your mom?

LLOYD
She's been gone for a long time.

MAGGIE
I'm sorry. Can I ask-

LLOYD
I'd rather you didn't.

MAGGIE

Sorry.

The waiter delivers Lloyd's beer. He takes a sip. He looks over at Maggie and then his watch.

LLOYD

It's getting late. I should probably get going.

MAGGIE

Yeah! Yeah, of course. I'll see you next week?

LLOYD

See you then.

Lloyd downs the rest of the beer and exits. Nora enters.

NORA

Bye, Lloyd!

Maggie rests her head on the bar table.

NORA (cont'd)

Sweetie, don't. That table is disgusting.

MAGGIE

(muffled)

I don't care.

Nora looks back towards the door.

NORA

Boy, he's thick.

INT. SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Inside a pitch black room, a single sliver of light ekes in from underneath a closed door. As it opens, we see Lloyd's silhouette in the door's frame. He flips a light switch on the adjacent wall, and the room illuminates.

We see walls covered ceiling to floor with printouts, newspaper clippings, photographs, maps, thumbtacks, etc. Bigfoot photographs and other dark, blurry images surround Lloyd. He closes the door behind himself and locks it.

Lloyd produces a folded piece of paper from his pocket and tacks it onto the wall.

The paper is a news article from the Seattle Times with the headline "ANIMAL INVASIONS TERRORIZE THE SUBURBS". Written by Margret Clark.

Lloyd ponders the article for a moment.

He turns around, turns off the light, and exits the room.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lloyd locks the door behind him.

GENEVIEVE (O.S.)
There you are!

Lloyd whips around and screams, only to see Genevieve.

GENEVIEVE
Oh, my dear, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to give you a fright.

LLOYD
(catching his breath)
It's ok, Jenny. God, you've got light feet.

GENEVIEVE
I did ballet when I was a wee girl, you know.

LLOYD
Yeah, I remember.

GENEVIEVE
Lloyd, we haven't seen you around much, lately. You've been rather distant the past few weeks.

Genevieve leans to the left to peek at the door behind Lloyd.

GENEVIEVE (cont'd)
Anything I should know about?

LLOYD
Oh, this? No, it's just my sex dungeon.

GENEVIEVE
Oh, Lloyd! Really!

Genevieve slaps him on the arm. Lloyd laughs it off.

LLOYD

I'm sorry! I'm sorry. That sounded funnier in my head. Really, it's just storage for some old personal stuff. Things from my room when I was a kid.

GENEVIEVE

You've been out all hours of the night, too.

LLOYD

I joined a social club.

GENEVIEVE

Have you now?

LLOYD

Yeah. Just something to get me out of the house, y'know?

GENEVIEVE

My dear, that's wonderful! You should invite them over here for supper sometime.

LLOYD

Yeah, maybe.

GENEVIEVE

Well, I'll leave you to it, then. I'm glad you're finding things to do.

Lloyd smiles.

LLOYD

Me too. It's been nice.

GENEVIEVE

I'll be cleaning up in the foyer if you need me.

LLOYD

Have a good night, Jenny.

Lloyd exits.

Genevieve watches him turn a corner. She tries to open the door, but it doesn't budge.

She walks towards the opposite end of the hallway.

EXT. LAKE CITY COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

The members of CSOS trickle out of the community center.

Outside, an SUV idles with the driver window rolled down. Inside, we can see ANTHONY (50s, all scowls and jowls). The rear seat window rolls down, revealing Nora's sons COLIN (10) and GABE (7). Gabe leans his head out the window.

GABE
Mom, we're over here!!

Colin elbows Gabe as he plays a game on his phone.

COLIN
She can see us, doofus.

GABE
Don't call me doofus, super doofus!

ANTHONY
Quiet back there!

Nora turns to Lloyd.

NORA
Oh! You haven't met my husband, have you? Here, follow me.

Before Lloyd can say anything, Nora grabs him by the arm and drags him over to the SUV.

NORA (cont'd)
Honey! There's someone here I want you to meet. Lloyd, this is my husband, Anthony. And my boys Gabe and Colin.

Gabe waves from the backseat. Colin doesn't look up from his phone.

GABE
Hi!!

In the driver's seat, Anthony's large, meaty hands are gripped tight around the steering wheel. He's been stone-faced since they approached the car.

LLOYD
Hi! Lloyd.

Lloyd sticks his hand through the car window for a handshake. From the rear seat, Gabe reaches his arm around to give Lloyd a high five.

GABE
High fives!

LLOYD
Hey! Nice one, kid.

Lloyd retracts his hand without so much as a "hello" from Anthony.

NORA
Lloyd is funding our little club excursion I was telling you about.

Anthony smiles weakly.

ANTHONY
Must have some money burning a hole in your pocket, eh, Lloyd?

LLOYD
Yeah, well, I'm hoping it will pay off.

ANTHONY
You and me both.

The two men share a tenuous gaze. Nora looks back and forth between the two of them, straining to keep a warm smile on her face.

ANTHONY (cont'd)
Nora, we gotta get going. Kids have school tomorrow.

NORA
Right. See you later, Lloyd.

Nora climbs into the car.

NORA (cont'd)
Oh! I almost forgot! I was thinking we could have the gang over for dinner at my place sometime.

Lloyd peers over Nora's shoulder to see Anthony staring straight ahead through the windshield, his hands still tight on the wheel. Lloyd looks back to Nora.

LLOYD
Well, that would be lovely. Don't you think so, Anthony?

ANTHONY
Let's go.

Nora waves as the SUV pulls out of the Community Center parking lot.

LLOYD
(calling after)
I'll make sure to bring a nice bottle of Prosecco!
(through his teeth)
Probably costs more than your house, douchebag.

Lloyd pulls out his phone as he stands in the parking lot. A hand claps down on his shoulder out of nowhere. Lloyd jumps out of his skin.

LLOYD (cont'd)
JESUS!

Josiah, standing behind him, pulls his hands back.

JOSIAH
(laughing)
Sorry to give you a fright there, mate! Was just checking to see if you needed a lift home.

Lloyd catches his breath and then holds his phone up.

LLOYD
Yeah, was just gonna call a rideshare or something.

JOSIAH
Would you like to join me and Stanley instead?

LLOYD
Doing what?

EXT. LAKE SAMMAMISH - NIGHT

Stanley rears his arm back and throws it forward. Out of his hand rockets a stone that skips once, twice, thrice, four times, five times across the waters of the lake. Lloyd and Josiah watch the ripples cascade over the surface.

Josiah leans back onto the ground and puts his fedora over his eyes.

LLOYD
Holy shit.

Stanley cracks his knuckles and swipes a flask out of Lloyd's hands. He takes a swig.

STANLEY
Beat that, young blood.

Lloyd tosses his rock up in the air and snatches it with his other hand. He rears back, and throws.

Plop.

Stanley has to hold his stomach he's laughing so hard. Lloyd slumps down on the ground next to Stanley and Josiah who giggles along.

STANLEY (cont'd)
You just- you just- HYAH! And then-
plop!!

LLOYD
It's not that funny.

Stanley wipes the tears from his eyes.

STANLEY
Oh man, you make me feel young again.

LLOYD
Back when you used to ride a
Brontosaurus to school everyday?

Stanley's laughing stops dead. He turns towards Lloyd to stare him down. Stanley gets to his feet.

LLOYD (cont'd)
Hey, I'm sorry, Stan, I didn't mean
to--

Stanley laughs again.

STANLEY
I'm just shittin' with ya. Shoulda
seen the look on your face.

Stanley hands the flask back to Lloyd who takes a sip.

LLOYD

Ok, can we make fun of Josiah for like five minutes? I need a break.

Josiah still lies on the ground with the fedora over his eyes.

JOSIAH

Aww, now what could you even make fun of about me?

Lloyd and Stanley look at each other and back to Josiah. They burst out laughing. Josiah sits up.

JOSIAH (cont'd)

What? What??

EXT. LAKE SAMMAMISH - NIGHT - LATER

The three men pass the flask around as they look out over the lake. Lloyd looks over at Stanley who fiddles with a dogtag around his neck.

LLOYD

Is that from Vietnam?

STANLEY

Yeah.

LLOYD

What happened to that kid that saw the Jersey Devil?

STANLEY

Discharged. He was deemed "mentally unfit for war" after he kept prattling on about a winged donkey demon in the woods. He thrashed around in his sleep every night after he saw it. Got no clue where he is now.

Josiah snores next to them, fast asleep.

LLOYD

Josiah mentioned something about a hunt you went on?

STANLEY

Tried to do the same fool thing you're trying to do.

LLOYD
What happened?

Stanley adjusts his position on the ground.

STANLEY
We tracked it for days, following
footprints, scat, the like.
Everything Sleeping Beauty over
here's been teaching you about that
thing, I taught him first.

LLOYD
And then what?

STANLEY
We saw it. We chased it. We turn a
corner and it's gone. Instead, we're
right in the face of a grizzly.

LLOYD
Shit.

STANLEY
And, see, with black bears, if you
can make yourself big enough, y'know
wave your arms around? You'll scare
them off. Grizzly's don't run, they
charge.

Lloyd takes a sip from the flask.

STANLEY (cont'd)
My brother-in-law, David. He never
made it out of those woods.

LLOYD
I'm sorry.

Stanley grabs the flask and finishes the rest. He tosses the
flask to the side. Tears swell in his eyes.

STANLEY
My wife was with us on that hunt. It
could've been her.

Stanley wipes his tears on his sleeve. He starts rummaging
through his pockets.

STANLEY (cont'd)
Here, I want to give you something.
Meant to give it to you back at the
meeting.

Stanley produces a faded, creased photograph of a forest. He taps on a dark splotch in the photo.

STANLEY (cont'd)
That's him.

LLOYD
You can hardly make it out.

Stanley looks out over the waters of the lake. The ripples from his skipping stone have all but disappeared with time.

STANLEY
I need to you promise me something.
Promise me no one's gonna get hurt on
this hunt.

LLOYD
We're gonna take all the precautions
we can.

Stanley turns and grabs Lloyd by his shirt cuff. For an older gentleman, he has one hell of a grip. He pulls Lloyd in.

STANLEY
Promise me. No one gets hurt.

Lloyd nods.

LLOYD
Yeah. Yeah, I promise.

Stanley releases his grip and pushes Lloyd back.

STANLEY
Good.

The two men sit in silence as Josiah snores away.

INT. SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Lloyd pins Stanley's blurry photograph onto the wall.

EXT. CAMPSITE - EVENING

Josiah gesticulates as he orates a story around a campfire. His shadow projects onto the trees behind him as the group watches in awe.

JOSIAH

So, there I was, face to face with a rabid dingo, armed with only a rock and this!

Josiah unsheathes a large Bowie knife and holds it out for everyone to see.

JOSIAH (cont'd)

I take a slash, she leaps on me, gives me a bite. But that's when-

Josiah thrusts the knife upwards.

JOSIAH (cont'd)

I catch her right in the throat. She goes down. Lucky I had some rubbing alcohol in my pack to disinfect the wound.

NORA

The dingo was rabid? Wouldn't you have needed the shots after it bit you?

JOSIAH

Yeah of course. Afterwards, I made my way to a nearby town and hitched a ride to the closest hospital. Big needles. Not a fun time.

Lloyd stands up and walks over to a pickup truck parked near the edge of the campsite. He picks up a heavy cardboard box and plants it outside the circle of chairs and logs around the campfire. He does the same with a second box.

JACOB

What's that?

LLOYD

Some presents, actually. The trap should be arriving tomorrow, and the hunt will follow suit. But in the meantime, I got us all a little something. There should be one each for everybody.

The group crowds around the boxes as Josiah uses his Bowie knife to cut the tape and open them up. Inside each is a pair of thick goggles.

JACOB

Duuuuude, I love VR!

LLOYD
What? No, they're not-

Jacob walks over and gives Lloyd a hug. Lloyd isn't sure what to do. He gives him a light pat on the back.

Jacob grabs a pair and fastens them to his head.

JACOB
I can't see anything.

LLOYD
They're thermal vision goggles.
Should be able to pick up anything
giving off heat within a hundred
feet. There's a switch on the side.

Jacob presses a button on the goggles. The lenses glow with light.

JACOB
I can see everything!

Jacob wanders around the campsite looking up at the trees. The rest of the group grabs their pair and tests them out. Oohs and Ahhs abound.

JACOB (O.S.)
I think that's a squirrel!

Lloyd looks into the box and notices there are two goggles left.

LLOYD
Hey, who didn't get one?

He scans the campsite.

LLOYD (cont'd)
Where's Maggie?

Lloyd looks to his left and sees a clearing in the trees near a steep ledge. He can barely make out the silhouette of Maggie as she sits on the edge.

EXT. MOONLIT LEDGE - NIGHT

Lloyd walks over behind Maggie with two night vision goggles in his hands.

LLOYD
Hey.

Maggie looks up at him. She pats the ground next to her.
Lloyd takes a seat, and hands one pair of goggles to her.

LLOYD (cont'd)
Got you a present.

MAGGIE
Oh my God. Seriously?

LLOYD
I mean everyone else got one too, so
don't feel too special.

Maggie chuckles.

MAGGIE
(sarcastically)
Aw, you're so thoughtful.

LLOYD
Why aren't you back with the rest of
them?

MAGGIE
(shrugs)
Just needed some alone time.

LLOYD
Should I go?

MAGGIE
No. You're good.

LLOYD
Good.

The two of them stare up at the moon, full and bright as it
hangs in the sky, surrounded by stars.

MAGGIE
My dad took us camping a lot when I
was a kid. Camping out like this
always reminds me of him.

LLOYD
What was he like?

MAGGIE
He was lovely. Trusting. Too much for
his own good, really.

LLOYD

Did someone convince him to sell
essential oils or something?

MAGGIE

No. No. Nothing like that.

LLOYD

Sorry. I shouldn't have asked.

MAGGIE

No, unlike you, I can talk about my
family trauma.

LLOYD

Holy shit, ouch!

MAGGIE

I'm kidding! Oh my God, I'm kidding.
That came out way more mean I
intended.

LLOYD

I'll take the goggles back, thank
you!

Maggie swats his hand away.

MAGGIE

No take-backs!

LLOYD

You were saying?

MAGGIE

Right, so my dad. He had been
donating to this local cancer
research charity. My uncle died of
lung cancer when my dad was really
young, so he felt obligated to donate
in his memory. After nearly a decade,
my dad finds out that they had been
funneling all this money into these
big galas and fancy trips. The
charity organizer had a yacht and a
lake house and everything. My dad
looks further into it. He was a
journalist, too. And he cracks this
huge story about how this guy had
been using all these donations for
personal expenses. Barely any of it
went to research.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (cont'd)
He went to jail, thank God, but my
dad was never the same after that.

Maggie takes a deep breath.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
And when I was a kid, I remember
wishing... I wished that he had never
found out. And that sounds awful, but
part of me just wanted us to stay
believing that we were doing the
right thing. That people like that
don't exist.

Maggie scoots a rock off the edge of the ledge. She watches
it roll down the steep incline, but Lloyd keeps his eyes
locked on her.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Maybe the belief in something is more
important than it being true. If it
gets you out of bed in the morning.

Maggie turns to Lloyd.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
I don't even know if I want to find
this thing.

Two thick hiking boots land behind Lloyd and Maggie. Josiah
stands behind them and looks out towards the moon and stars.

JOSIAH
Beautiful night, eh, lovebirds?

Maggie turns around to face Josiah. Her eyeline is NOT where
she'd like it to be.

MAGGIE
Dude, you gotta back up or put on
some sweatpants.

JOSIAH
I'm about to put out the fire, and
we're all gonna hit the hay.

LLOYD
I should probably do the same.

MAGGIE
I'm gonna stay out here a little
longer. I'll see you in the morning.

Lloyd gets to his feet.

LLOYD
Sleep tight.

JOSIAH
Don't let the Bigfoot bite! Rarrrrghh!

Lloyd gives Josiah a punch in the shoulder and a face that says "Shut the hell up."

Maggie kicks another rock down the ledge.

EXT. SEATTLE HARBOR - DAY

Massive cranes remove huge shipping containers from massive cargo ships nestled against the docks of Seattle Harbor. Crew members in orange vests lead the cranes toward their loading sites and unlock the massive doors to reveal boxes upon boxes of various goods inside.

INT. US CUSTOM'S OFFICE - DAY

Lloyd stands across the counter from a Customs Officer with his head in his hands.

LLOYD
For the last time, it's for a trapping a bear on private property. It's been coming into my garden, destroying my crops, and I just want to catch it so that animal control can take care of it.

OFFICER
And you couldn't have used a normal bear trap for that?

LLOYD
I wanted to be thorough.

Lloyd leans in.

LLOYD (cont'd)
It killed my dog, man.

The officer looks down at his papers and hits the edges against the table to straighten up the stack. Lloyd's fake dog story hasn't swayed him.

OFFICER

I'm very sorry, sir, but with a piece of hardware this size, we are going to have to do a thorough search to make sure it's not hazardous.

LLOYD

How long is that going to take?

OFFICER

About a week.

LLOYD

We're supposed to catch it in a week!

OFFICER

Excuse me?

LLOYD

I mean, I can't wait a whole week. What if it comes back?

OFFICER

Then you can call animal control.

Lloyd reaches into his pocket and pulls out a \$100 bill and sets it on the counter. The officer looks up at him. Lloyd puts another \$100 bill. And another.

OFFICER (cont'd)

I'm going to pretend you didn't just attempt to bribe a United States Customs Officer.

The officer puffs up his chest and pushes the bills back across the counter.

OFFICER (cont'd)

Come back next week. If you're lucky, we'll let you take your shipment.

Lloyd grabs the bills off the counter and storms out.

INT. SPARE ROOM - DAY

Using a red sharpie, Lloyd marks another day off of a wall calendar surrounded by newspaper clippings and tacks. Five days prior, the word "Hunt" is circled but then crossed out with a massive red X. Instead, "Hunt" is written in big, bold letters a week later.

Lloyd drops the sharpie, turns off the light, and exits the room. Just as the door is about to shut, the sharpie rolls into the door jam and blocks it from closing completely.

INT. NORA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lloyd stares into the meatloaf, mashed potatoes, and steamed vegetables on his plate. He picks at the potatoes with his fork.

Around the table sit the whole of CSOS as well as ANTHONY and Nora's sons.

NORA

And I couldn't leave Marty at home,
he was just a puppy.

MAGGIE

So, she decided, we were going to
sneak her dog into the theater.

Stanley lets out a wheezing laugh. His plate is completely empty as everyone else still works on their meal.

STANLEY

Y'all did what?!

NORA

It was NOT my idea. It was your idea!

MAGGIE

I was so clearly kidding, but then
you're like "Oh sure let's do it!"

Maggie does an eerily accurate impression of Nora. Nora slaps Maggie on the arm.

NORA

I do not talk like that.

At the other end of the table, Anthony quietly eats his potatoes.

NORA (cont'd)

(to Anthony)

Honey, do I talk like that?

Anthony doesn't look up from his plate.

ANTHONY

Course not.

Nora's grin fades.

GABE
(mouthful of potatoes)
What do you guys do when you're not
making up monsters?

NORA
We don't make up monsters.

GABE
Dad says you go make up a bunch of
monsters with your weird friends.

ANTHONY
Gabe, quiet.

COLIN
Are these your weird friends?

Lloyd looks up.

LLOYD
Yeah, we're the weird friends. But
maybe your dad wouldn't think we're
so weird if he got to know us a
little.

ANTHONY
I know more than you'd think.

Anthony finally lifts his eyes from his plate to glare at
Lloyd. Lloyd returns the stare. Anthony goes back to his
food.

LLOYD
(shrugs)
Alternatively, Colin, maybe your
dad's just full of shit.

Colin snorts. Anthony lands a hand on the table.

ANTHONY
You don't talk to my son like that.

LLOYD
You don't talk to my friend like
that.

NORA
Lloyd, don't.

ANTHONY

That's my wife.

LLOYD

And you're telling her kids, your kids, that she goes to the nuthouse book club every week?

MAGGIE

Lloyd, give it a rest.

LLOYD

No! Look at this guy.

(gestures to the room)

What you think you're a big man because you can afford a house in this neighborhood? Buddy, I could run circles around you. Don't act like you're better than me.

Anthony stands up in his chair.

ANTHONY

I worked hard to get where I am. And at least I'm not the one stuffing her head with bullshit! You've got her out on the weekends looking for some... some imaginary friend you have prancing around in the woods.

LLOYD

You have no idea what we've been doing.

ANTHONY

You're a con artist, you rich prick. I've done my research on this "cryptozoology" noise you've got everyone on. They're hoaxes. They're smoke and mirrors.

LLOYD

That's not true.

ANTHONY

Look, I don't know if you actually believe your own shit or not, but I what I do know is that you're rich and bored.

Anthony sits down and scoots his chair inward.

ANTHONY (cont'd)
And when people are rich and bored,
they like to hurt people like us.
People who actually work for a
living.

Lloyd gets up out of his chair, and leaves.

MAGGIE
Excuse me.

Maggie sets her napkin down and chases after him.

EXT. NORA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lloyd taps away at his phone. Maggie rushes out of the house.

MAGGIE
What the hell are you doing?

LLOYD
I'm getting an Uber.

MAGGIE
I mean in there! What the hell?

LLOYD
He was treating her like garbage. I
was defending her.

MAGGIE
She doesn't need your defense, Lloyd!
I've known Nora for a long time. She
can fend for herself. She doesn't
need you bulldozing through.

LLOYD
Alright, well next time, I'll just
let Ralph Kramden over there scream
at her all night.

Maggie takes a step back and crosses her arms.

MAGGIE
You were defending yourself, Lloyd.

Lloyd looks out into the street.

LLOYD
I'll see you at the meeting.

Maggie walks back towards the house. As she steps onto the porch, she whips back around.

MAGGIE

And get a Lyft! They're less shitty
to their drivers.

LLOYD

I know! I will!

Maggie heads inside, leaving Lloyd to fume by himself on the sidewalk.

INT. DEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

A young Lloyd sneaks through the large wooden doors of his father's den. He marvels at the maps, books, and animal heads lining the wall. He stops at the elephant tusks for a moment and runs his hand along the ivory.

Underneath the large portrait of his father, the mahogany desk sits with a small bronze compass atop it. Lloyd sneaks around the edge of the desk and reaches across the surface for the compass. Just as his fingers touch the edge, he hears the click of the door handle. Lloyd ducks underneath the desk.

Arnold Meriwether storms through the large wooden doors into his den, with a young Genevieve following behind him.

ARNOLD

Unbelievable. Useless!

GENEVIEVE

Sir, please, it's not that bad.

ARNOLD

I send that boy to one of the finest
private schools in the country, and
he squanders his potential!

Lloyd peers over the desk to see his father holding a stack of notebook papers in his hands.

ARNOLD (cont'd)

Look at this... trash! Fairy tales,
monsters, day dreams. And these are
just what the headmaster was able to
confiscate.

GENEVIEVE

Well, I think it's rather fine that he's found himself a creative outlet.

ARNOLD

At the expense of his studies? He's been missing assignments in every single class!

Arnold tosses the papers into the air. Lloyd watches as his stories float through the air, disconnected, disjointed...

Dismissed.

Arnold fumes for a minute as he watches the last notebook page settle on the ground.

ARNOLD (cont'd)

Clean this up. If you see the boy, tell him I need to have a word.

GENEVIEVE

Yes, sir.

Genevieve bends down and starts picking up the papers one by one as Arnold exits the room and slams the door shut. Lloyd lowers himself down under the desk and puts his hands over his mouth to muffle his sobs.

One sob escapes and Genevieve perks her head up. She approaches the desk and rounds the corner. She sees one of Lloyd's feet poking out from underneath. She kneels down.

GENEVIEVE (cont'd)

Lloyd, have you been here the whole time?

Lloyd doesn't respond. He is curled into a fetal position, looking away from her into the mahogany siding by his head.

GENEVIEVE (cont'd)

He didn't mean that, deary. He just wants the best for you.

Lloyd continues to brood. Genevieve notices the compass on the top of the desk. She grabs it and presents it to Lloyd.

GENEVIEVE (cont'd)

Were you looking for this?

Lloyd shakes his head "no". Genevieve turns the compass around in her hands.

GENEVIEVE (cont'd)
This was your grandad's before it was
your fathers, you know. Been passed
down for generations. I reckon it'll
be yours when you're older.

Lloyd finally looks over his shoulder to her. The tear
streaks on his face glisten in the light.

GENEVIEVE (cont'd)
Your father put something inside for
you. Would you like to see it?

Lloyd looks at the compass, then back to Genevieve. He
stretches his hand out and takes it. He turns it over in his
hands, rubbing his fingers over the little details and
etchings in the bronze. He undoes the clasp to open it.

Lloyd shuts it closed again. He crawls out from under the
desk and HURLS it across the room! It makes a dent in the
large globe near the fireplace and sends it slowly spinning.

GENEVIEVE (cont'd)
Lloyd!

Lloyd sprints out of the Den and slams the door shut.

GENEVIEVE (cont'd)
Young man get back here this instant!

Genevieve fumes as she approaches the fireplace and halts
the globe on its axis. She picks up the compass and opens
it. We don't see what's inside, but we see Genevieve give it
a somber smile.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

With one hand, Lloyd clicks away at his laptop. In the other
hand, he fiddles with the closed bronze compass. He types
"cryptozoology hoax" into the search bar, and thousands of
results generate instantaneously.

He scrolls through and clicks through webpages. The Fiji
Mermaid, made of a monkey and a fish tail sewn together. Bat
Boy, a doctored photograph from Weekly World News. The
Surgeon's Photograph of Nessie, constructed from a toy boat
and putty.

Lloyd slams the laptop shut.

Behind the laptop, stands the SASQUATCH, towering over
Lloyd. He **ROARS**!

Lloyd falls backwards in his chair screaming. He clutches the compass in his hands.

But he's alone in the den. There's nobody and nothing in here.

Lloyd scrambles to his feet and looks up at the portrait of his father. Through a window, we see a porch light go on outside. Lloyd sees the light, and runs for the door.

EXT. MERIWETHER MANSION - NIGHT

Lloyd sprints across the lawn in his bathrobe and slippers. He squints to try and make out a dark figure running into the woods. Everything's blurry.

Lloyd stops before the line of trees at the edge of his lawn. He tosses the bronze compass into the forest.

LLOYD
(screaming)
I WILL FIND YOU!

He crouches down and puts his head between his knees.

LLOYD (cont'd)
I have to find you.

INT. GENEVIEVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Genevieve watches from her window in a nightgown. She sees Lloyd stand back up, and drag himself back into the house. She puts her hand over her mouth as her eyes fill up with tears.

INT. LAKE CITY COMMUNITY CENTER, ROOM 106 - NIGHT

Lloyd, head hung low and sunglasses on, rubs his temples as he staggers down the hallway. He turns the corner and enters Room 106.

Inside, Maggie has an arm around Nora. Josiah sits with his head hung low. Jacob paces in the corner of the room with his hoodie on. He looks up and sees Lloyd.

LLOYD
What happened?

Maggie, Nora, and Josiah turn to see Lloyd standing in the doorway.

LLOYD (cont'd)
Where's Stanley?

INT. LAKE CITY COMMUNITY CENTER, ROOM 106 - LATER

Lloyd holds the Seattle Times in his hands.

He's on the obituary page. Stanley's photograph is printed beside his name.

Lloyd storms out of the room.

INT. US CUSTOM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lloyd barges through the front door of the office. The customs officer from before is collecting his things.

OFFICER
I'm sorry, but we're closed for the day.

The officer sees Lloyd. He deflates.

OFFICER (cont'd)
Ah, hello again. We're closed.

LLOYD
No you're not. I'm getting my shipment tonight.

OFFICER
Like I said before, it takes time to process-

LLOYD
Jeremy Albarn. 1404 Montague. Unit 4B.

The officer looks back at him.

LLOYD (cont'd)
Sit down.

The officer backs up behind the desk and sits. Lloyd produces a real estate listing from his pocket.

LLOYD (cont'd)
Now this is a particularly interesting property, isn't it? Good neighborhood. Great schools.
(MORE)

LLOYD (cont'd)

Not too far a commute from downtown or the harbor. You've been here ten years! Must be great for you and your wife.

OFFICER

Now, listen, I don't know what-

LLOYD

And your kids.

Lloyd looks back at the sheet.

LLOYD (cont'd)

You know, it looks so good, I just might want to buy. Tear it down. Build a larger space. I could be charging much more than you're paying of course. Can't imagine you make much on a government salary, right?

The officer gulps as sweat trickles down his forehead.

LLOYD (cont'd)

So what's it gonna be then? You're gonna get me my package? If not... well let's just say you won't be receiving your security deposit.

Lloyd flashes a menacing smirk.

LLOYD (cont'd)

Your call.

EXT. SEATTLE HARBOR - NIGHT

A small group of crewmen load a massive crate onto a flatbed truck. Lloyd and the Customs Officer watch from a few feet away.

OFFICER

You're a bastard. I hope you know that.

LLOYD

I thank you for your cooperation.

OFFICER

Next time, just order your shit through somewhere other than Ukraine. You should've expected we'd have to check it over.

Lloyd turns over his shoulder.

LLOYD
Ukraine?

OFFICER
I don't know if you've ever read a newspaper, but we're not on very steady terms at the moment.

Lloyd turns back just as the crate lands on the truck. It drives off.

INT. LLOYD'S CAR - NIGHT

Lloyd's Lyft cruises down the city streets of Seattle as he holds his phone to his ear.

LLOYD
Josiah? I got the trap.

JOSIAH (O.S.)
I thought it was held up in customs?

LLOYD
Long story. But- The officer said it took so long because it shipped from Ukraine. What's up with that?

JOSIAH (O.S.)
I'll get everyone together.

LLOYD
Now?!

JOSIAH (O.S.)
Absolutely now! Tonight, the hunt is afoot. Or should I say-

LLOYD
Don't say it.

JOSIAH (O.S.)
A-Bigfoot!

LLOYD
Christ. We're meeting at my place. Make sure everyone brings their gear.

JOSIAH (O.S.)
I thought the pun was clever.

Lloyd hangs up.

LLOYD
God damn it.

INT. MERIWETHER MANSION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lloyd darts through the hallway.

LLOYD
Genevieve! I'm going out on another
camping trip tonight. Spur of the
moment.

At the end of the hallway, the door to the Spare Room is
wide open.

LLOYD (cont'd)
Shit.

INT. SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

Genevieve has her back to Lloyd as he stands in the doorway.

LLOYD
Genevieve, I can explain.

GENEVIEVE
How didn't I notice? I should've been
more careful.

LLOYD
I know how it looks, but trust me,
it's not--

Genevieve whips around.

GENEVIEVE
Look what they did to you! Lloyd,
this is not normal. They're filling
your head with nonsense, and you're
falling for it.

LLOYD
Jenny, listen to me. That's not
what's happening.

Genevieve rips a page from the wall. It's a printout from
CSOS's website.

GENEVIEVE

This... cult you joined. I called this Josiah character. He's a charlatan!

LLOYD

You don't know him. You don't know any of them!

GENEVIEVE

I know a scam when I see one. A members fee?

LLOYD

It goes to research.

GENEVIEVE

I promised Arnold I would take care of you.

LLOYD

I don't need you to take care of me!

GENEVIEVE

Oh, you don't? Well, I wonder who'll clean up your spills after you've had a heavy night? Who's going to peel you off the floor after you've slept in the foyer all evening? Who's going to coordinate the kitchen to stock up on ibuprofen when you're too sick to stand?

Lloyd threatens with his index finger.

LLOYD

You are my **fucking** employee!

Genevieve steps back. It's the last word that really stings. Lloyd lowers his hand.

LLOYD (cont'd)

I'm going to be out for the night. Lock this door.

Lloyd leaves Genevieve alone, with the torn page in her hand.

EXT. MERIWETHER MANSION - FRONT DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Lloyd leans against the large crate containing the trap. He's dressed in all black with a satchel, his rifle hanging from a shoulder strap, and his thermal vision goggles perched on his head.

Three cars pull up to his driveway. The headlights go out. Out step Josiah, Jacob, Maggie, and Nora. Lloyd readies his rifle.

LLOYD

Go time.

EXT. MERIWETHER MANSION - NIGHT

The wheels on the crate squeak as the crew slowly push it across the grass.

MAGGIE

(straining)

Couldn't you have paid someone to set it up?

LLOYD

(heaves)

I didn't want anyone getting suspicious. Besides, I thought it'd be good team building.

JACOB

Yeah! I really feel connected with you all right now.

EVERYONE

Shut up, Jacob.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

With the crate open, Josiah and Lloyd wheel out a massive 15 foot by 8 foot cage trap. Maggie and Nora climb up top and pull up the door which Jacob locks into place with huge safety locks on each side.

Maggie and Nora hop down with Josiah and Lloyd's assistance. They all step back to admire it.

JOSIAH

Anything over 200 pounds enters that thing, the door slams shut. Badabing, badaboom, we got ourselves a Bigfoot.

MAGGIE

Now we've just got to lure it out.

JOSIAH

Exactly. Jacob, can you hand me that cooler?

Jacob grabs a cooler sitting nearby and hands it to Josiah. Josiah pops the lid off and everyone in the surrounding area recoils from the stench.

MAGGIE

Sweet heavens, what is that?

Josiah removes a **massive** hunk of raw steak from the cooler and pinches his nose.

JOSIAH

That, my friends, is the finest steak in Seattle imbued with a pheromone cocktail of human and chimpanzee.

NORA

God, why?

JOSIAH

Closest thing we could figure the mating pheromones of a Sasquatch would smell like.

MAGGIE

You're going to lure it into that cage with sex and beef?

JOSIAH

Sweetie, there's not a man alive who wouldn't wander into a trap for sex and beef.

JACOB

Yo, I love sex and beef.

EVERYONE

Shut up, Jacob!

JACOB

I low-key deserved that one.

Josiah walks up to the cage and tosses the pungent steak inside as well as a few more from the cooler.

LLOYD

Alright, Josiah and I will work our way Northwest. Maggie, you, Nora, and Jacob head southwest. If anything gets close to the trap or gets inside, it'll send us an alert.

Lloyd holds his cellphone up.

LLOYD (cont'd)

If that happens, we all make our way back. You've all got plenty of bait in your bags?

Everyone nods.

JOSIAH

Alright, folks. Safeties off. But do NOT fire unless it attacks.

The group flips the safety switch on their rifles.

LLOYD

Good luck, guys. We're almost there.

Lloyd puts his hand in.

LLOYD (cont'd)

For Stanley.

The rest follow suit.

EVERYONE

For Stanley.

The two teams split off, but Maggie pulls Lloyd aside.

MAGGIE

How are you feeling?

LLOYD

I don't know. I have no idea how I'm feeling right now.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry about the other night.

LLOYD

No, you were right, I was being an asshole.

MAGGIE

Well, as long as we're both in agreement.

Lloyd smiles.

LLOYD

Maybe, after this is over, I can make it up to you?

MAGGIE

Hmmm. Maybe you can.

Lloyd leans in for a kiss. Maggie presses her fingers to his lips.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Slow down, cowboy. Head in the game.

LLOYD

Ok. Ok!

Lloyd takes off after Josiah. Maggie catches up with Nora and Jacob.

INT. FOREST - NIGHT - LATER

Thunder rumbles overhead. Josiah looks up, brow furrowed.

JOSIAH

Looks like we might have a storm on our hands.

LLOYD

Which means we gotta move fast.

JOSIAH

I mean, what are the chances we'll catch it tonight? It could take us a few days of tracking it until we finally find it.

LLOYD

I don't know, man. I've got a good feeling about tonight.

A brief flash of lightning crackles, dim enough to be pretty far away. The delay of the thunder confirms it.

JOSIAH

That makes one of us.

Josiah and Lloyd continue crouching through the underbrush. They both slide their thermal vision goggles on. Through the goggles, the forest has become a swirl of bluish figures against a black background with dots of red coming from rodents in the trees. Lloyd tosses a small hunk of meat onto the ground in front of them as they advance.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Josiah checks his watch as Lloyd has his goggles trained on a skunk. It digs around the base of a bush a few yards in front of them. Lloyd's rifle is strapped to his back.

JOSIAH
(whispering)
You think maybe we've gone a bit too far? We might want to circle back.

Lloyd puts his hand out in front of Josiah.

LLOYD
Shhhhh. I think I see something coming.

A larger reddish-orange figure trots through the forest with a dog-like gait.

LLOYD (cont'd)
I think it's a wolf. Josiah, what's our move here?

JOSIAH
Make sure it doesn't see us.

LLOYD
You've got the knife you took that dingo out with, yeah?

Josiah unsheathes his large Bowie knife.

JOSIAH
Yeah.

The wolf creeps up behind the skunk, keeping low to the ground. It inches closer and closer.

Suddenly, the wolf's ears perk up. It scans the forest. Then, it turns sharply and takes off into the woods.

Josiah removes his goggles.

JOSIAH (cont'd)
That can't be good.

A rumbling echoes through the forest. Lloyd removes his goggles.

LLOYD
(whispering)
Did you see any lightning?

Josiah shakes his head.

Behind them, the rustling of bushes. Josiah and Lloyd turn as a dark figure approaches their lookout point. It stands on its hind legs. It's covered head to toe with fur.

Lightning strikes, revealing the illuminated face of a **black bear**. It falls forward onto its two front paws.

JOSIAH
Ohhhhhh, shit!!

Josiah's accent is gone.

Before Lloyd can say anything, Josiah grabs his rifle and darts off into the woods. The bear roars and returns to its hind legs. Josiah readies his aim.

The bear swings, clawing at the tree trunk directly to Lloyd's left. He pulls on the bar and loads the rifle. He scoots backward, kicking his feet across the dirt.

The bear swings again. This time, he cuts through Lloyd's thigh. Lloyd screams in pain. He puts his finger on the trigger...

We hear an elephant's trumpeting roar, distant and echoing in Lloyd's memory. He aims his rifle at the sky and fires.

The shot echoes through the forest. The bear returns to its feet, and begins to back away.

Lloyd stumbles to his feet with his damaged leg. He reloads the rifle and fires again into the sky. He holds the gun over his head and shakes it up and down in an attempt at intimidation.

LLOYD
RRAAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!

It's not working. The black bear charges.

Lloyd pivots and sprint-limps through the forest.

LLOYD (cont'd)
Holy shit! Holy shit. Oh my God. Holy
shit.

Lightning flashes overhead, this time with thunder immediately following. Lloyd feels a drop land on his head as he runs from the bear chasing close behind him.

INT. FOREST - NIGHT

Lloyd can't see anything behind him now as he looks over his shoulder. The rain is coming down in buckets. He spots a large boulder a few yards ahead and skids across the wet forest floor to lean up behind it. He winces as he holds his injured leg.

It's hard to hear over the sound of the rain, but Lloyd has trouble hearing anything behind him. He breathes out a sigh of relief.

Just then, he hears the bear's roar behind him. It's not on his tail anymore, but it's still too close. Lloyd lowers the thermal-vision goggles from his forehead and engages the infrared sensor. He peers over the boulder to see if he can spot anything.

In the distance, he can see the reddish-yellow blob of the bear, but something doesn't look right. It appears to be convulsing and morphing with no discernible silhouette.

That is... until it breaks in two.

We can now clearly see through the thermal vision goggles the form of a bear facing off against a tall, hulking **bipedal creature**.

The bear stands on its hind legs and swats at the monster which stumbles backwards into the trunk of a tree. We hear the crack of the wood echo through the forest against the pounding rainfall.

The monster gets to its feet and with one fell swoop grapples the bear's head from top to bottom...

And *twists*.

We hear the death cries of the bear as its dense body slumps lifeless on the forest floor. Lloyd watches on in horror, peering over the boulder to get a better look.

The monster turns his direction.

Lloyd ducks back behind the rock. He can't hear anything above the rain. He waits. Still nothing.

Then, footsteps.

Strong, lumbering thuds behind him. He puts his hands on the ground and feels the vibrations of the footfalls.

Then, through the darkness, a head peers around the corner. Lloyd doesn't breathe.

It's hard to make out clearly against the rain and Lloyd's fuzzy vision, but it's covered in wet, matted hair. It snarls and bares its teeth as it sniffs the air around him. Lloyd remains absolutely motionless, pressed up against the rock as if wanting to be absorbed by it.

With a grunt, the head retreats. Lloyd puts his hand over his mouth to keep his sharp exhale inaudible.

The sounds of rustling soil and twigs emanate behind him as the boulder starts to roll. Remaining put, Lloyd leans forward as the boulder slowly rises behind him. This thing is lifting the massive rock to look underneath it. We can hear it grab some helpless creature from under the rock and munch it between its massive jaws. Lloyd is practically folded in half beneath it.

When it seems like Lloyd is about to be crushed completely, the boulder is let back down. The footsteps get quieter and quieter as the creature walks away.

Lloyd leans over the rock again and engages his goggles. He watches the reddish silhouette of the biped drag the bear by a leg into the dense forest.

Lloyd gets to his feet and runs the opposite direction.

INT. FOREST - NIGHT

As the rain beats down on him, Lloyd sprints through the forest, scanning for Josiah through his goggles.

Lloyd enters a clearing. He steps in something and lifts his goggles up on his head to get a look at it. Beneath his foot is Josiah's satchel, still stuffed with bait. Lloyd turns to his right and sees a figure huddled up against a tree.

Lloyd removes his goggles entirely. Josiah is huddled up and shaking against the trunk of the tree.

LLOYD
Josiah, I saw it! I really saw it!!

Josiah doesn't turn to face Lloyd. He shivers in the rain.

JOSIAH
It's Ben.

LLOYD
I'm serious! It was massive!! It got
this close...

Josiah continues to stare into the middle distance, drenched
amongst the dirt and leaves.

LLOYD (cont'd)
What did you say?

Josiah gets to his feet. He holds his rifle in one hand.

JOSIAH
My name is Ben Pheeneey.

BEN speaks now in a thick Brooklyn accent.

LLOYD
I don't understand.

BEN
Yes, you do.

LLOYD
No. No no no. You started this whole
thing. This hunt was your idea. You
couldn't have--

BEN
My *idea* was to make an extra buck on
the side getting a couple of nutjobs
to pay dues to a monster fan club.
"Member fees" for "research".

LLOYD
I don't believe this.

BEN
I don't give a shit what you believe.
This isn't worth it anymore. I almost
died out there!

LLOYD
You lied to them. You lied to all of
them.

BEN
We have that in common.

LLOYD
No. No, I saw it.

BEN
You could barely see straight! You're a drunk, Lloyd.

LLOYD
I saw it just now!

BEN
Did you? Did you really see it?

Lloyd hesitates for a moment.

LLOYD
I don't know.

Ben scoffs. He gestures to the forest around them.

BEN
Look at this. All of this is bullshit. Every single part of it. And you're bullshit, too. I can't believe you took it this far! You must either be completely evil, or truly that crazy.

LLOYD
Stanley died with this. He believed in this.

BEN
It's not my fault some washed-up marine drops dead.

Lloyd **bashes** Ben's face with the butt of his rifle. Ben falls to the ground. His nose gushes blood.

LLOYD
They all believed in this! I believed in this!

Ben grabs his rifle. He and Lloyd aim at one another. Thunder and lightning split the skies overhead as they're drenched head to toe, at the end of the each other's barrels.

LLOYD (cont'd)
You're a monster.

BEN
I don't have to be. If they never
find out, who's to say you didn't see
Mr. Bigfoot stomping around out
there?

Lloyd ponders this for a second. He cocks his gun.

LLOYD
I'd rather just kill you.

BEN
You don't have the balls--

Click.

...

Lloyd was out of ammunition.

Ben looks down the barrel of Lloyd's gun in terror. He tries to speak, but he can't. Lloyd lowers the empty rifle.

LLOYD
Leave. Now.

Ben leaves his gun on the ground and takes off with his goggles in hand. His erratic footsteps fade away, drowned out by the sound of the rain.

Lloyd drops the gun on the ground and falls to his knees. The weight of the world crashes down on his shoulders. He's being crushed under the rainfall.

He breaks.

LLOYD (cont'd)
(agonizing)
Oh God... Oh, God!

Lloyd hears faint voices from a distance. They get louder as the other party approaches.

MAGGIE
Lloyd! Josiah!

Nora spots Lloyd on the forest floor.

NORA
(pointing)
There he is!

MAGGIE
Oh my God, Lloyd!

They rush over to him and help him to his feet.

JACOB
Dude, you ok?

MAGGIE
Lloyd! Your leg!

NORA
Where's Josiah?

LLOYD
Gone.

MAGGIE
Gone? What do you mean gone?

Lloyd looks back at the expectant faces of his friends. He's dreading what he has to do now.

LLOYD
He found out.

JACOB
Found out what?

LLOYD
The story's a fake.

NORA
What are you talking about?

Lloyd pushes away from them and stands in the middle of the clearing.

LLOYD
Do I need to spell it out?! I made it up! The whole thing!

MAGGIE
Lloyd, we need to get you to a hospital.

LLOYD
Hospital? I'll show you a hospital.

Lloyd pulls a flask out of his pocket. He unscrews the lid and pours it on his open leg wound.

LLOYD (cont'd)
(wincing)
There! All better.

MAGGIE
Lloyd, please stop.

LLOYD
You still don't get it! Listen very closely: *I. Lied.* I never saw a Sasquatch. No, I was drunk. And I was bored. So I thought I'd have a little fun with the village idiots.

MAGGIE
You're not serious.

LLOYD
Why buy the trap? The goggles? Plan the meetings? It's chump change for me. Look at my house, for chrissakes. Your douchebag husband had my number, Nora. He really did!

JACOB
But Stanley.

Lloyd's charade drops for a moment at the mention of Stanley's name. But he regains his composure.

LLOYD
(reluctant)
Is it my fault some washed-up marine drops dead?

Jacob opens his mouth to say something. But he doesn't. His face is twisted in rage and heartbreak. He turns around and exits into the woods. Nora follows suit.

Maggie remains facing Lloyd in the pouring rain. She can hardly speak. Lloyd won't look at her.

MAGGIE
(barely audible)
How could you.

Lloyd shrugs. If he looks at her, he'll crumble.

Maggie turns to leave. Before she disappears into the woods, she turns around over her shoulder one last time. Lloyd has fished into his pocket for his cellphone. He tries to operate it in the rain.

Maggie leaves.

Lloyd looks up to see the clearing empty. He sits down under some tree cover from the rain and winces as he pulls his bad leg underneath the leaves overhead.

Lightning crashes. Thunder rumbles.

LLOYD
(to himself)
Josiah Muldoon. Muldoon.

Lloyd puts his head in his hands.

LLOYD (cont'd)
That's the guy from Jurassic Park.

Lloyd's cellphone buzzes. He reaches into his pocket and uses his other hand to shield it from the rain.

There's a notification on his lock screen.

"TRAP ENGAGED"

Lloyd springs to his feet and hits his head on a branch. He flinches and rubs his forehead. Through the rain, a bellowing roar. It's so faint you can barely hear it.

Lloyd takes off limping through the woods.

EXT. THE CAGE - NIGHT

Lloyd arrives in the clearing. It's stopped raining now, but Lloyd is still soaking.

The surrounding area is lit only by the spinning orange light on the top of the cage. As it spins, it reveals the outline of something massive and furry inside.

Lloyd is sure to load his rifle this time.

He limps around to the front and faces the creature inside. Heavy, belabored breathing comes from the beast behind the bars.

Lloyd lifts his rifle as he approaches.

LLOYD
You're not real.

He inches closer.

LLOYD (cont'd)
You're not real. And I'm gonna prove
it.

Lloyd cocks the rifle. The beast whimpers inside.

Through the darkness, the Sasquatch's eyes look back.
They're intelligent. And they're pleading.

Lloyd squints. His finger is on the trigger...

Lloyd lowers the gun. He presses the release button, and the
door to the cage rises slowly.

We hear the Sasquatch's footsteps land along with the sounds
of metal bending and grinding.

Lloyd backs up against a tree, unarmed. Against the rotating
orange light, we can see the shadow of the Sasquatch
covering Lloyd completely. Lloyd puts his hands up in futile
self-defense.

The bronze compass lands at Lloyd's feet. He slowly picks it
up off the ground. He looks up and watches as the shadow
leaves him and we hear the footsteps of the Bigfoot fade
into the distance.

Lloyd reaches for his flask and unscrews the cap. He tips it
over into his mouth, but it's empty.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Drenching and shivering, Lloyd limps into the house. He
passes by a bottle of bourbon on the counter. He doesn't
touch it.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

Lloyd opens the door to the den to see Genevieve picking
books off the shelves and putting them back.

LLOYD
Jenny.

GENEVIEVE
Don't mind me, sir. I'm reorganizing
the shelves. I want to make sure
everything is spic and spam. I pride
myself on being a good *employee*, you
know.

Lloyd bursts into tears.

LLOYD
I'm so sorry.

Genevieve turns to see Lloyd in his horrendous state.

GENEVIEVE
Lloyd!

Genevieve rushes over to him as he sits on the ornate sofa. She kneels down.

GENEVIEVE (cont'd)
My darling boy, what happened to you.

LLOYD
I saw it.

Genevieve isn't quite sure what he means. Then it hits her.

GENEVIEVE
You saw the...?

LLOYD
(nodding)
Yeah.

Genevieve searches his face.

LLOYD (cont'd)
You think I'm crazy.

GENEVIEVE
No. No, I don't. Tell me what happened.

We pull away from the two of them as Lloyd explains the night's events.

INT. DEN - DAY

A brown liquid is poured into an expensive crystal rocks glass. Lloyd's servant George tosses the empty can of soda into the recycling bin.

GEORGE
Diet Coke, sir.

Lloyd, clean shaven, looks up from a book and takes the glass.

LLOYD
Thank you, George.

Lloyd examines the hardcover book on his father's desk. The front cover depicts a man walking through a dark forest with a rifle and thick goggles with glowing red lenses. The tree branches form the silhouette of a Bigfoot.

The title reads, "A MAN, A GUN, & A SASQUATCH". Written by Lloyd Meriwether.

Genevieve packs a large box with multiple copies of the hardcover novels.

GENEVIEVE
How did the print come out, then?

LLOYD
Pretty good. Next time we should consider using sixty-pound stock. The fifty-pound is a little flimsy.

GENEVIEVE
If we're using sixty-pound, you'll need to cut out a few chapters or get some much stronger binding.

A large man in a UPS uniform enters through the door. Genevieve motions to the box she has just packed.

GENEVIEVE (cont'd)
This one here, deary. Thank you so much!

Lloyd places the book next to a handful of other novels, all bearing his name. DOVER'S DEMONS, MOTHMAN AND ME, and DEVIL ON THE JERSEY TURNPIKE sit beside the new book, each with similarly-styled covers.

GENEVIEVE (cont'd)
I've got a good feeling about this one. We might make the best-seller list!

LLOYD
Well, people say write what you know.

Genevieve makes her way for the door.

GENEVIEVE
I'm going to see how lunch is coming along.

LLOYD
Sounds great.

Lloyd answers emails on his laptop. Before she leaves, Genevieve turns back around.

GENEVIEVE
Lloyd?

LLOYD
Yeah?

GENEVIEVE
I'm very proud of you, son.

LLOYD
Love you, Jenny.

Genevieve closes the door behind her. Above Lloyd, the portrait of Arnold Meriwether is gone. In its place, a portrait of Arnold, a young Lloyd, and his mother, AGATHA.

Beneath the new portrait, Lloyd scrolls through an Airbnb listing for Meriwether Mansion on his laptop. The reviews are mostly positive. One visitor says, "Great staff!" Another visitor says, "Once in a lifetime opportunity to stay in a real mansion!"

Lastly, a user giving only three stars writes, "Great place overall, but some big dog or something was barking and growling all night. Didn't get any sleep!"

Lloyd chuckles to himself. He looks over to the edge of the desk and spots his father's bronze compass. He picks it up and rolls it around in his hands. He looks back up at the family portrait.

He undoes the clasp and opens the compass.

We don't see what's inside, but Lloyd lets out a small sigh.

THE END