

DARK DIVIDE

Written by

Dustin Castleberry & Peter Ochs

Dustin Castleberry
(310) 804-7363
Dustin.castleberry8@gmail.com

Peter Ochs
(310) 922-6094
Peterochs70@gmail.com

PILOT EPISODE

"A Frightening Indian"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. LOGGING SITE - **PACIFIC NORTHWEST** - NIGHT

BALD FOREST GROUND amidst towering old growth trees...

FRESHLY FELLED TIMBER in stacks...

PLUMES OF FIREWORKS burst in the distance...

A LOGGING EXCAVATOR stands dormant, a big metal monster, dark until a tiny flame lights up the excavator cab high above the forest floor...

INT. EXCAVATOR CAB - NIGHT

BILLY METCALF, seventeen, hits off a joint. On the surface he's "white trash," but at heart he's just a tender youth, aching to become a man; a conflicted old soul...

He exhales a cloud of smoke... adjusts the beanie covering his enviable locks...

BILLY

Shit, Jess... I think those boomers
are kickin' in.

He hands the joint off to JESSICA IYALL, also seventeen. She's a Yakima Indian girl; a *femme fatale* in the making, a firm and budding siren, aching for a better life...

She kills the joint, twists on her head lamp...

JESSICA

I'm not really feeling anything
yet. I'm gonna pop another cap.

She digs into her leather hip bag, pulls a PURPLE FELT POUCH, digs out a MUSHROOM CAP, holds it to the light... teeth it into her mouth...

JESSICA (CONT'D)

God... I wanna fly, Billy.

Billy gazes out the cab window...

BILLY

I'm starting to see things, Jess...
like something just moved out
there.

Jessica starts to unbuckle Billy's belt...

JESSICA

You're just seeing yourself...
that's all.

Billy STOPS HER HAND at his buckle -

BILLY

I'm trippin', Jess.

JESSICA

Let's trip together then...

She tries again at his belt buckle but HE STOPS HER - lifts
her chin... takes her in, eye-to-eye...

BILLY

I love you, Jessica.

Those are words she's never heard.

JESSICA

You're super high.

BILLY

Like you said... I'm just seeing
myself.

CRACK! BOOM! BURST!

They both gaze out at the fireworks in the distance,
exploding in psychedelic pattern...

BILLY (CONT'D)

The 4th of *fucking* July, Jess...
we're gonna get free from here... I
promise.

Jessica grips Billy's hand.

Down below a DOG BEGINS TO BARK at a headache pitch -

Billy opens the cab door, shouts down -

BILLY (CONT'D)

It's okay, Molly! Just fireworks!

DOG YELPS SICKLY - WHINES - like death at the door -

Billy clicks on his head lamp - shines down on his

PICKUP TRUCK

BILLY (CONT'D)

Shit, babe... somebody took our
beer cooler.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Billy, with head lamp on, shines on MOLLY THE DOG, cowering
under the truck. He unties her leash...

BILLY

It's okay, girl...

He pets her, tries to soothe her, but she keeps whining,
trembling.

Billy rounds the truck, pulls open the driver door, grabs his
SHOTGUN from the window rack -

Jessica calls down -

JESSICA

Billy! Don't! You're *fucking* high!

Billy sweeps his HEAD LAMP BEAM ACROSS THE BARREN LOGGING
FLOOR -

The SNAP OF BRANCHES -

Billy spins - beams out at the FOREST TREELINE -

He COCKS HIS RIFLE, starts into the trees...

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Billy! Don't go! Please!

Molly the Dog follows, disappears out after him...

Jessica flicks on her head lamp - her beam reflects A PAIR OF
GLOWING RED EYES moving in the trees -

JESSICA (CONT'D)

BILLY!

From the forest an unworldly, bone-shaking BESTIAL SQUELCH
SOUNDS...

BEGIN TITLE SEQUENCE...

A LAYERED MONTAGE of our world as we FLY OVER the dense
PACIFIC NORTHWEST FOREST...

Its spine of VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN PEAKS...

Its infamous "*BIG LAVA BED*" of gnarled, twisted growth...

The roaring COLUMBIA RIVER GORGE crossed by the steel truss
"*BRIDGE OF THE GODS*"...

We SWOOP DOWN on a stacked LOGGING TRUCK lumbering the
highway...

A MASSIVE ELK cranes attention on the painted lanes...

A GRIZZLY rummages the trash of a public campground...

TRAILER HOMES, an ABANDONED GAS STATION, a RUSTED-OUT TRUCK
populate the INDIAN RESERVATION...

The TOWN OF DAVIDSON stands all clapboard and brick...

A BORDER SIGN reads "*Population 1,494*"...

A BIGFOOT TOTEM carved of old growth wood looms...

Bigfoot's PITCH BLUE EYES...

A SINGLE MUSHROOM grows fast-speed...

A HORSE HAIR BRUSH glides color across a LAVA WALL...

Cave painting of A WHITE MAN felled before an INDIAN SCOUT...

FADE TO BLACK...

And then up fades the name of this primitive, mystical
world... a place the locals call...

DARK DIVIDE**END TITLE SEQUENCE.**

EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWEST FOREST - DAY (**CIRCA 1760, SUMMER**)

Sunlight fractals down through the cathedral of old growth forest.

A FRENCH BOTANIST scours the ground; his MAGNIFYING GLASS enlarging the

FLORA...

INSECTS...

EARTH SAMPLES...

All of which he carefully tucks into his carry bag.

FRENCH BOTANIST
Ce qu'une foret parfaite.

It's the fauna he didn't count on. Something is stalking him... CRACKING BRANCHES in his wake - SOMETHING BIG AND BROWN -

He speeds up, and so does The Creature stalking him -

The Botanist runs -

The Creature chases -

Both whip through the forest - BRANCHES SNAPPING - closer -

Botanist glances behind as he sprints serpentine through the trees -

The Creature is big -

A LOUD WHISTLE directly up ahead - the Botanist stumbles - falls - lands at the FEET OF A YAKIMA SCOUT...

He looks up at the Indian... chiseled as if from stone... a colorfully dyed turban wraps his snaking hair. Yakima Scout stares down on him.

Botanist looks back... The Creature has vanished.

INT. FIRE TOWER - MORNING (**PRESENT DAY**)

STANTON COOK awakes from his dream as a French Botanist...

He's a road-worn forty. Maybe it's the whiskey. But it's that cleft in his chin for sure that wins him the likes of the woman laying next to him...

BECKY HARPER, she's thirty-three, naked, curvy, a tangled mane of hair, and wide awake as she watches Stanton open his eyes...

BECKY

Were you dreaming of Paris?

It's Becky's mind that Stanton finds beautiful... she has the synapses of a ballerina... that's what he loves... really... he promises...

STANTON

Was I dreaming?

BECKY

Speaking French.

STANTON

What'd I say?

BECKY

"What a perfect forest."

Stanton rises, takes in his real world...

A decommissioned fire tower that he bought for \$40k... wall-to-wall windows... upon which rain patters... forest treetops as far as the eye can see...

The BEDSIDE CLOCK flashes 88:88...

The MICROWAVE CLOCK flashes 88:88...

The COFFEE MAKER flashes 88:88...

BECKY (CONT'D)

Your generator went out again.

STANTON

I thought I fixed it.

BECKY

Guess not.

The moment is interrupted by a GRANDMOTHERLY VOICE that squawks over a CB - she is BONNIE -

BONNIE'S VOICE

Stanton, do you read? This is an emergency. Over.

Stanton stumbles out of bed, naked, stubs an empty BOTTLE OF WILD TURKEY into a spin on the floor... he hops painfully to the CB - grabs the receiver -

STANTON
Go, Bonnie. Over.

BONNIE'S VOICE
Jerrit Metcalf's boy went missing
last night out at the logging site.
Over.

STANTON
What the hell was he doing out
there? Over.

BONNIE'S VOICE
I suppose you'll have to find the
boy, get an answer to that. Over.

STANTON
I'll get out there. Over.

BONNIE'S VOICE
And another thing. Sheriff Harper's
called three times this morning.
He's looking for Becky. Any idea
where she ended up after the
fireworks last night? Over.

Becky swings out of bed - snatches her panties and bra off
the floor -

BECKY
Oh shit...

STANTON
Why would you ask me where Becky
ended up last night? Over.

BONNIE'S VOICE
Just thought you should know,
Stanton. Over.

STANTON
Bye, Bonnie. Over.

He hangs up the receiver, goes to his closet... FIVE EMPTY
HANGERS... he pulls a dirty RANGER UNIFORM from the hamper -
smells it - deems it worthy...

STANTON (CONT'D)
We'll find the boy, Beck.

Becky latches on her bra...

BECKY
My dad...

Stanton gets into his uniform clumsily...

STANTON

I'll drop you off at the station.
You call him from there. All good.

SOUND OF BOOT STEPS up the switch-back stairs -

They both freeze...

A KNOCK on the door.

Stanton peeks out the window...

STANTON (CONT'D)

Great... it's your brother.

Becky buttons up her jeans, pokes through her Nirvana T-shirt, pulls on her boots.

BECKY

Fan-fucking-tastic.

Stanton opens the door to reveal "BIG GENE" HARPER in Deputy Sheriff uniform...

He's three years older than Becky. Every bit of 6'3". High school wrestling champ. But these days? - lifts more beer bottles than barbells... still... you wouldn't wanna tangle.

BIG GENE

Morning, Stanton. You get the call?

STANTON

I'm on it.

Becky steps out from behind Stanton... an icy cold moment...

BECKY

Gene.

Big Gene thumbs his rain-protected hat.

BIG GENE

Walk of shame, Sis?

She squeezes around her brother, starts down the stairs, calls back -

BECKY

At least *somebody's* getting laid.

Stanton grabs KEYS from a hook - a SLICKER from the door - pats Big Gene on the chest as he wedges out after -

STANTON

Beck!

Becky stops down the stairs, in the rain...

Stanton tosses her the slicker, the set of keys...

STANTON (CONT'D)

Take my truck. I'll get a ride in
with Gene.

Becky pulls on the slicker as she descends.

EXT. YAKIMA RESERVATION - MORNING

An old LEATHER-FACED INDIAN MAN picks seeds from a
pomegranate...

A MANGY DOG chained to a tether-ball pole scratches at its
fleas...

A NAKED CHILD walks barefoot in the mud past a row of
ramshackle trailer homes...

INT. MERCY'S TRAILER HOME - MORNING

MERCY IYALL, a Yakima Indian, rolls down the hall of her
trailer in a wheelchair with JAKE, her three-year-old
grandson, riding on the back...

MERCY

Jess?

Despite the wheelchair, MERCY is no frump. She's in her mid-
thirties... has a mole on her cheek... a poor man's "*Cindy
Crawford*"...

MERCY (CONT'D)

Jessy?!

But she's not so lucky as Cindy Crawford... or maybe she
is... depends on how you look at it...

She stops before a CLOSED DOOR...

MERCY (CONT'D)

JESSICA!

Her grandson, Jake, pipes up -

JAKE

Mommy?!

MERCY
Step off, Jake.

Jake obeys...

Mercy positions the wheelchair - grips hard on the wheels - SMASHES through the door! -

INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Mercy wheels around the empty room. The bed is made. Bedroom window open. Rain outside. A scenario she knows all too well.

MERCY
Don't worry, Jakey... mommy always comes back.

JAKE
I know, Grammy.

TELEPHONE RINGS from somewhere in the trailer home.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - SHERIFF'S DEPT. - MORNING

Jessica is slumped in a folding chair, scratching her crawling skin.

SHERIFF RALPH HARPER, mid-fifties, turns a folding chair, sits with its back facing Jessica, has a clipboard. Think of a pit bull sniffing for a bone. That's Harper.

SHERIFF HARPER
You ready to tell me what happened out there?

Jessica stares dully at the tile floor. He offers her a can of Coke. She refuses.

SHERIFF HARPER (CONT'D)
Was it the griz, young lady? You can tell me.

Jessica snatches at a fly buzzing around her head -

JESSICA
Something was out there, why aren't you out there looking for Billy?

Harper rises, looks at the incident report on his clipboard, CHECKS THE BOX on the incident report - "WILD ANIMAL"...

Jessica stares at her clinched fist.

SHERIFF HARPER
Come down's a bitch, huh?

He also CHECKS THE BOX for "ILLEGAL SUBSTANCE(S)."

He leaves Jessica alone in the room. She opens her hand... a DEAD FLY falls from her palm to the fluorescent-lit tile.

EXT. LOGGING SITE - MORNING

The LOGGING EXCAVATOR stands in the beating rain. Gene pokes out from the operator cab, pours the remains of a beer can to the ground -

BIG GENE
Hey, Stanton!

Stanton walks the treeline, looks up to Gene who holds out a marijuana butt.

BIG GENE (CONT'D)
They were smokin' the Thunder Bolt,
that's for one thing!

Stanton turns back to the treeline, eyes A PATH OF TRAMPLED FOLIAGE.

EXT. SURROUNDING FOREST - MORNING

Rainwater streams down the massive tree trunks, moss blankets everything.

Stanton leads Gene through the wet, tangled branches. He stops, reaches up to a HIGH BRANCH from which he fingers the FRESH SAP.

STANTON
Something came through this way.

BIG GENE
Something goddamn big if that's the
case. Elk maybe?

Stanton holds his ranger hat on as he ducks ahead.

STANTON
About Becky...

BIG GENE
Ain't my business, Stanton.

STANTON

Not your father's business either.

BIG GENE

He's a hard one to lie to, lemme tell you.

STANTON

I know you and Becky don't see eye-to-eye... but man-to-man I'm asking you... let me handle it in my own time, my own way.

BIG GENE

How far you gonna go?

STANTON

We haven't talked about that.

BIG GENE

Huh? I mean right now, out here... get ourselves bogged in the mud if this rain keeps up.

Stanton spots something, sidles a fallen log, leaps a rushing creek. He pulls on a rubber glove, picks up a BEER COOLER LID with the words "BILLYZ BEERZ" marked in sharpie.

A few steps forward, there's a HALF-EATEN SANDWICH sitting on the moss. Stanton picks it up with gloved hand.

Big Gene up beside him, looks at the sandwich, the INHUMANE BITE TAKEN...

BIG GENE (CONT'D)

That's quite a bite.

Stanton takes in the TEETH MARKS of a huge jaw.

STANTON

Quite a bite.

Stanton puts it in ziplock baggie... pulls a Sharpie... checks the coordinates on his watch before he labels the evidence.

EXT. MERCY'S TRAILER HOME - YAKIMA RESERVATION - MORNING

BIG INDIAN rolls Mercy in her wheelchair on to the lift of a TRANSPORT VAN. Jake climbs in, buckles himself into the passenger seat.

INT. TRANSPORT VAN - MORNING

Big Indian turns the ignition... ENGINE SPUTTERS... fails. He tries again...

MERCY

Jesus, not now.

Big Indian climbs out, pops the hood.

Mercy reaches forward for Jake's hand...

MERCY (CONT'D)

Let's pray.

Jake takes her hand, closes his eyes.

MERCY (CONT'D)

Dear Jesus. You said you would take care of the widows and the orphans. Be here for us now. Shepard us onward and we will forever be in Your flock. Amen.

JAKE

Amen.

Mercy indicates the key in the ignition...

MERCY

Turn the key, Jake.

Jake reaches for the ignition... and with his tiny hand he TURNS THE KEY... the ENGINE RUMBLES to life...

Jake squeals gleefully. Outside, Big Indian closes the hood. He lifts his hands to the heavens.

EXT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HELIPAD - MORNING

Rotor blades begin to spin on a SEARCH & RESCUE HELICOPTER.

Sheriff Harper sends off the pilot, ducks away from the copter as his hat blows off - tumbles off across the tarmac.

Harper approaches Stanton and Big Gene as they climb out of Gene's truck. Harper shouts over the DIN to Gene -

SHERIFF HARPER

Make yourself useful, Son!
(motions to lost hat)

Big Gene moves to run the hat down.

SHERIFF HARPER (CONT'D)
(to Stanton)
Where the hell is Becky?!

STANTON
On her way to the station last I
heard!

SHERIFF HARPER
You find anything out there?!

Stanton indicates the TRASH BAG in his grip.

Sheriff Harper motions Stanton to follow and they disappear
into the building.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - MORNING

Post-holiday empty, except for NANCY, the Sheriff's career
secretary, who types a report on an old electric typewriter.

NANCY
Sheriff, Jerrit Metcalf is waiting
in the lobby.

Sheriff Harper sees JERRIT METCALF, the grizzled logging
foreman, pacing behind the wired glass, full of piss and
vinegar. Not a man for fluorescent lights and tile floors.

SHERIFF HARPER
Alright. Let him through, Nancy.

Nancy hits a button under her desk - the door BUZZES and
CLICKS - Jerrit Metcalf barges in -

JERRIT METCALF
I wanna talk to the girl, Ralph.

Harper waves the stink from his nose.

SHERIFF HARPER
You smell like a goddamn bar rag,
Jerrit. Like I told you on the
phone, only one's gonna talk to the
Indian is me.

JERRIT METCALF
That's my boy lost out there, I
wanna know what she has to say.

Harper waves off the fumes, looks to Nancy...

SHERIFF HARPER

Let's get Jerrit a fresh cup of
joe.

Jerrit looks to Stanton -

JERRIT METCALF

Help me out, Cook, you're head
ranger, that's Federal land.

STANTON

I'm gonna do everything I can to
find your son, Jerrit.

JERRIT METCALF

What the hell happened out there?
What'd the girl say?

SHERIFF HARPER

I've got a question for you Jerrit -
why the hell did your 17 year old
son have a key to that logging road
gate?

JERRIT METCALF

C'mon, Ralph. You know how these
kids are. Let's stop pointin'
fingers and start lookin' for my
boy. Find out what's doin' out
there.

SHERIFF HARPER

We can stand here an' talk all day,
Jerrit, or you can let me get to my
job.

Jerrit wipes the white saliva from the corners of his
mouth... considers his next words carefully...

JERRIT METCALF

You both listen to me now. There's
something out there been harassing
my men since the day we started
cutting on that mountain. And now
my boy gone missing? It's personal.
You tell *Mayor Davidson*, he's best
obliged to shut down the logging
site, keep my men on full pay until
somebody puts a stop to what's
goin' on out there. That, or you're
starin' down the barrel of a big
fat lawsuit otherwise.

Stanton looks to Sheriff Harper, puzzled -

STANTON

What's he talking about?

JERRIT METCALF

I'm *talkin'* about 50 gallon oil barrels thrown about all willy-nilly, our timber stacks tossed like so much hay, found our two-ton tractor turned flat on its *doggun* side.

SHERIFF HARPER

Go home, Jerrit. Sober up. I'll be in touch.

Jerrit, upon exiting, spits the last of his venom at Stanton -

JERRIT METCALF

Find out what's doin' out there, Cook. That's your land.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

DON GALLANT, a rich retired rancher, cowboy hat on his knee, trims his fingernails with a buck knife. He's that guy at the diner who eats biscuits and gravy every morning but never gains a pound.

Sheriff Harper enters, followed by Stanton with the bulging trash bag.

SHERIFF HARPER

Don, this is Stanton Cook, our man in the park.

Gallant rises with a palm-full of fingernail shards, which he dumps into the trash, brushes off, shakes Stanton's hand.

DON GALLANT

Don Gallant. Pleasure to meet you, son. Lookin' forward to workin' with you.

SHERIFF HARPER

Don's gonna coordinate his team with you.

Stanton, caught off guard -

STANTON

What team is that?

SHERIFF HARPER

Don heads our huntin' club, up
outta Carson. He's gonna be on the
ground, help us get that grizzly.

STANTON

We're looking for a missing boy,
not hunting the grizzly. That
grizzly belongs to Federal land. To
hunt it is illegal. You know that.

SHERIFF HARPER

Now's not the time for any bullshit
jurisdiction, Stanton. Indian girl
said she saw something out there.
If it ain't that grizzly, what is
it?

Stanton THUNKS THE PLASTIC GARBAGE BAG down on Harper's desk,
stretches on a rubber glove, removes the BEER COOLER LID, the
BAGGED SANDWICH, offers it to Harper...

STANTON

You tell me.

Harper takes the bag, inspects the sandwich... the HUGE BITE
taken... he shrugs inconclusively... hands it to Gallant, who
does the same... tosses it down on the desk.

DON GALLANT

Seen stranger things.

STANTON

Like what?

SHERIFF HARPER

Get out there, Stanton. Look for
Jerrit's boy. If he ain't in the
belly of that griz, he's lost and
prayin' to be found.

STANTON

I'd like to talk to the girl.

SHERIFF HARPER

She's best to sit tight until I say
otherwise. The young lady is not of
right mind, Stanton. They were on
drugs, of one sort or another.

STANTON

So maybe she imagined what she saw.

SHERIFF HARPER

I imagine we'll find the answers to all these questions if we get out and do our jobs.

STANTON

And Jerrit? Seems he has some ideas. What about his claims?

SHERIFF HARPER

Jerrit's a certifiable drunk. I know because I was one. Ever since he lost Barbara those couple years ago, he decided it his business to take on the world. But this ain't his world. He's not from here. Barbara was, but not him. And you aren't either, Stanton.

Wow, Stanton sees it, an imaginary line being drawn.

STANTON

A two-ton tractor turned on its side?

SHERIFF HARPER

If not *creative* to my taste, Jerrit Metcalf is certainly resourceful.

Stanton looks to Gallant.

DON GALLANT

Like I said, I've seen stranger things.

Stanton knows for certain, right now, that he's standing on the outside. He gathers the beer cooler lid, the sandwich, places them into the garbage bag -

Which HARPER GRIPS -

SHERIFF HARPER

I'll put these into evidence.

Stanton releases the bag reluctantly... peels off the rubber glove.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING

Stanton feeds a vending machine, pulls a can of soda...

He walks alone down the florescent-lit tile, stops and peers into the -

HOLDING ROOM WINDOW

- to see Jessica sitting on a folding chair, blanket over her shoulders.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - MORNING

Stanton pulls up a chair...

STANTON

Hi... my name is *Stanton Cook*...
I'm a park ranger for the Forest
Service.

JESSICA

So?

STANTON

Can I ask your name?

JESSICA

Go ahead, ask.

Stanton notices the unopened can of soda at Jessica's feet...
but offers his can of soda anyway...

STANTON

Thirsty?

Jessica takes the cold can from Stanton, cracks it open,
guzzles it down greedily.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Mind if I ask you a few questions?

JESSICA

What? Instead of looking for Billy?

STANTON

Did you tell the sheriff it was a
grizzly that attacked Billy last
night?

JESSICA

Gerty the Grizzly?

STANTON

You know of her?

JESSICA

Our biology teacher did a slide
show.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 How she probably came down from
 Canada. That we haven't had a
 grizzly for a long time.

Jessica unlatches her bra from beneath her T-shirt, scratches
 her chest, her skin is crawling...

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 I don't know why she'd come down
here.

STANTON
 I've been a ranger now... for
 what?... near 20 years... and I
 still don't have a reason as to why
 she came down here.

JESSICA
 You need a reason?

STANTON
 No. But I don't want to see her
 hunted.

JESSICA
 So that's what you care about? A
 fucking stray grizzly? Maybe you
 should stop cutting all the trees
 down then.

STANTON
 Maybe you're right.

Jessica finishes the last of her cold soda - sets the can at
 her feet and CRUSHES it with one foot - tucks the aluminum
 puck into the pocket of her hoodie.

JESSICA
 It was Gerty the Grizzly I saw. I
 saw her eyes. Now please go find
 Billy instead of wasting time with
 me.

HOLDING ROOM DOOR OPENS

- to reveal Sheriff Harper standing in frame...

Behind him we see Mercy in her wheelchair... Little Jake
 rushes in to his mother...

Sheriff Harper glares at Stanton... caught dead to rights.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SHERIFF DEPARTMENT PARKING LOT - MORNING

Gene's police truck pulls out onto the highway...

INT. GENE'S POLICE TRUCK - MORNING

Gene drives...

BIG GENE
My dad told me to drive you
straight to hell...

He looks to Stanton in the passenger seat.

BIG GENE (CONT'D)
Anywhere else you'd like to go?

STANTON
The station will be fine.

Stanton reaches for the CB...

STANTON (CONT'D)
You mind?

Gene shakes his head.

Stanton picks up the receiver, dials in the channel...

STANTON (CONT'D)
Bonnie, you read? Over.

It takes a geriatric moment, but the voice finally comes through -

BONNIE'S VOICE
I read, Stanton. Over.

STANTON
Can you put Becky on? Over.

BONNIE'S VOICE
There's no Becky. Over.

STANTON
Where is she? She has my truck.
Over.

BONNIE'S VOICE

I see your truck. Parked in the lot. But there's no Becky. Over.

Stanton holds silent to the CB CRACKLE...

STANTON

What the hell is she up to...

BONNIE'S VOICE

I suppose you'd have to ask Becky, get an answer to that. Over.

BIG GENE

That's my sister... always has been... just up and disappears.

CB CRACKLES...

EXT. THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS - MORNING

The only link between the town of Davidson and the Yakima Reservation, separated by the Columbia River Gorge.

Mercy's TRANSPORT VAN speeds the single lane back to the reservation.

INT. TRANSPORT VAN - MORNING

Big Indian behind the wheel, Jessica rides shotgun hugging Jake in her lap. Behind, in her wheelchair, Mercy quotes scripture from the Bible she holds...

MERCY

Proverbs 29:15 "The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to herself bringeth her mother to shame."

(closes bible)

Jessica, why don't you talk to me?

JESSICA

Because you're lame!

Big Indian turns to Jessica sharply -

BIG INDIAN

Shame on you.

Jessica shaking, Jake looks up to her...

JAKE
Mommy, what does *lame* mean?

Jessica squeezes him tightly, kisses his head...

JESSICA
It's a bad word, Jake. It's a bad word.

EXT. THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS - MORNING

We SWOOP from the transport van, back over the gorge, to the TOWN OF DAVIDSON

Its oldest neighborhood...

INT. BECKY'S RENTAL HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

This is where Becky has lived for the last eight months. It's her father's rental house, and other than some dishes and mugs, she never quite moved in...

And now it looks like she's moving out as she tapes off a box on the kitchen counter. Labels it with a sharpie...
"DISHES/MUGS."

INT. BECKY'S RENTAL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Becky plops down on the couch. She pulls her "stash" tray out from under the coffee table, sets it on her lap.

She pulls a ROLLING PAPER, opens a SILVER CANNISTER to find nothing but a few STEMS AND SEEDS...

BECKY
Fuck.

Frustrated, she sets the tray aside, digs between the couch cushions, comes up with nothing but a SHARD OF POTATO CHIP, which she tosses on the tray.

Beat.

She stares out at the wall. From her POV we see her only personal touch of decor -

A FRAMED MAP OF OLD PARIS

There's a KNOCK on the front door. Becky ignores it.

She rises from the couch... goes to the FRAMED MAP... stares at it wistfully...

The knock becomes a POUNDING - it's her father -

SHERIFF HARPER'S VOICE
Becky! You in there?! Open up!

She ignores it... removes the framed map of Paris from the wall.

EXT. BIG GENE'S HOUSE - DAY

A Craftsman style home set in Davidson's old neighborhood.

Gene's out in the front yard. A perfect Sunday. A cold one in a foam beer koozie. Watering his newly seeded lawn. His Golden Retriever gnawing a bone on the front porch.

All good until the Sheriff's Cruiser pulls up. Harper climbs out, pulls his pant leg from his boot, places on his hat as he pounds up the drive.

SHERIFF HARPER
What in tarnation are you doing,
Son?

BIG GENE
Enjoying my day off.

SHERIFF HARPER
You do know there's a boy out there
either mauled or half eaten by a
grizzly that our goddamn ranger
wants to believe is fit for a
petting zoo. What part of you
thinks it's time for better homes
and garden?

BIG GENE
I worked fourteen days straight,
Dad. 4th of July too. I just need a
rest.

SHERIFF HARPER
Rest? Do you think I rest? Every
night my head hits the pillow I
curse the god that demands my eyes
be closed. What is it with you
kids?

Big Gene steps, turns off the faucet.

BIG GENE
Okay. I'll come in.

SHERIFF HARPER
And where's your sister? I just stopped by the rental house. Her truck is there, but no answer.

BIG GENE
Becky's business is Becky's business.

SHERIFF HARPER
Everybody's business is my business. You didn't happen to run into your sister when I sent you out to Stanton's place this morning, did ya?

BIG GENE
What do you want me to tell you, Dad? I found her buck naked in Stanton's bed? Is that what you wanna hear?

SHERIFF HARPER
Is that what I need to hear?

Big Gene wrangles his dog into the house...

BIG GENE
Suppose you should ask Becky.

SHERIFF HARPER
Goddamn right I will. An' I want you to keep an eye on Stanton Cook. He's lookin' more like the thorn than the rose.

Harper steps off across the newly seeded lawn.

BIG GENE
Dad! That's new grass!

SHERIFF HARPER
Need to put a fence, Son!

Big Gene watches his father climb into his cruiser and speed away.

EXT. LOGGING SITE - DAY

Stanton trudges through the surrounding forest. Finds a BEER CAN ripped in half. Picks it up with gloved hands, drops it in a plastic garbage bag.

SOUND OF BRANCHES CRACKLING -

Stanton spins to see a Yakima Indian - BIG CHIEF - who stands six foot six, 280 pounds, a burlap sack over his shoulder.

STANTON

Who are you?

Big Chief continues his job, plucking up mushrooms from the forest bed, stuffing them into the burlap.

COYOT'S VOICE (O.S.)

We call him *Big Chief*...

COYOT WALTERS (62) appears in the clearing; shotgun, filthy overalls, Peterbilt cap, unkempt beard...

COYOT

You know, like that movie...
Cuckoo's Nest.

Coyot is half-Indian, half-White, and true to his name, like a mangy coyote, you'd never turn your back on him.

STANTON

And who are you?

Coyot approaches, drops his burlap sack.

COYOT

Coyot's the name, huntin'
mushroom's my game.

STANTON

You got a permit to be out here?

Coyot digs into his shirt pocket, produces the permit, to Stanton's approval.

STANTON (CONT'D)

A boy went missing out here last night. You see anything out of the ordinary?

COYOT

Depends on how you define
ordinary...

Coyot digs into his burlap sack, amongst the harvested mushrooms, he pulls out a RIFLE BENT IN HALF.

COYOT (CONT'D)

Found this.

Stanton takes the rifle... inspects it... the barrel bent in the shape of a U.

COYOT (CONT'D)

That outta the ordinary?

STANTON

Where'd you find it?

COYOT

Right about where you're standin',
Ranger.

Stanton takes in the landscape. A giant forest bug flies in his face, causing Stanton an epileptic moment.

Coyot chuckles, shoulders his bag, keeps a movin'.

EXT. GALLANT'S HUNTING LODGE - DAY

This is Don Gallant's domain. A log-built compound nestled on prime acreage between the town of Davidson and a rising ridge of the national forest.

INT. GALLANT'S HUNTING LODGE - DINING HALL - DAY

A flame broils a ROASTING PIG in the MASSIVE FIREPLACE.

The half-dozen HUNTING TEAM, all retired ranching money, sit around the lodge.

Don Gallant has his map spread open on his lap, cowboy hat on his knee -

DON GALLANT

...we run a northerly line up NF-70, cut east to Cascade Creek, and I've heard tell right along Stagman Ridge, just above the trail, the griz den will show herself with an unabashed eye.

(looks to his men)

Any suggestions, gentlemen?
Questions?

GOATEED HUNTER reignites his cigar with a stick from the fireplace.

GOATEED HUNTER

Now, knowin' the hard-on this park ranger has for this griz, how certain is it we won't be hit with Federal charges for killin' the damn thing?

DON GALLANT

Like I said, Sheriff has the backing of Mayor Davidson, and promised to take any punch that comes our way, so be it.

He folds up the map...

DON GALLANT (CONT'D)

'Sides... from the evidence I've seen... they're gonna need all the help they can get.

EYEPATCH HUNTER refills his snifter...

EYEPATCH HUNTER

Explain yourself, Don.

Don Gallant goes to the fireplace, turns the pig on a stick...

DON GALLANT

Let's just say... big game.

INT. TRAILER HOME - JESSICA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jessica rifles through her underwear drawer. Nothing...

She stands on her desk chair, searches the light fixture on the ceiling. Nothing...

She digs under her mattress, rips the sheets off. Nothing...

She throws herself down on the bare mattress, pounds it with her fists.

EXT. LOGGING ROAD - DAY

Stanton's Bronco, heading back for town, pulls over at the sight of Big Gene's police truck bogging up the muddy logging road...

They roll down windows...

BIG GENE
Find anything new out there?

STANTON
Just a couple Yakima picking
mushrooms.

BIG GENE
See if I can't get something out of
'em.

STANTON
They ain't much for words.

They both drive on, separate ways.

But we HOLD ON BIG GENE'S POLICE TRUCK... his brake lights
brighten... makes a U-turn.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Wood-finished walls decorated with trophy fish, fly gear and
framed photographs of countless fishing trips.

MAYOR DAVIDSON, outdoorsman's tan, sits behind a hand-crafted
redwood desk, hands folded before him, his posture polite and
attentive.

MAYOR DAVIDSON
I understand this issue with the
grizzly is federal. And you
understand our issue with the
Metcalf boy gone missing is local.
I hope your request for this
meeting is an attempt to bridge any
gap that may prevent serving the
best of both interests.

Stanton sits across the desk.

STANTON
Truth be told, Mayor, I'm not sure
our problem is the griz.

Mayor Davidson eyes his "*Gerty the Grizzly*" COFFEE MUG...

MAYOR DAVIDSON
Sure would hate to lose her. Made
herself the town mascot. For better
or for worse.

Stanton opens the plastic bag on the floor at his feet... pulls out the BENT RIFLE... sets it on the Mayor's desk.

Mayor Davidson rises, looks at the oddity...

MAYOR DAVIDSON (CONT'D)
What the hell's this?

STANTON
Billy's rifle, I suspect.

MAYOR DAVIDSON
Where'd you find it?

STANTON
Mushroom hunter found it out near the logging site, so gotta consider the source. But, that said... is there anything fishy going on out at the site, something I should know about? I've heard Jerrit Metcalf say a few things.

MAYOR DAVIDSON
Well, let me tell you. Jerrit Metcalf's a walking whiskey bottle. I've been tryin' to get rid of him for near two years, and he well knows it. Goddamn union won't see fit. You understand what I'm gettin' at?

STANTON
You think Jerrit Metcalf is behind his own boy gone missing?

MAYOR DAVIDSON
I wouldn't put it behind him. You know he's filed six claims against my logging company. He's looking for a big payday. He's threatening to sue me, the town of Davidson, whole state of Washington for all I know. That man's crafty as a fox, Stanton. And you know what he claims is behind all this?

Stanton shrugs.

MAYOR DAVIDSON (CONT'D)
A Bigfoot. Sasquatch. That totem he carved - center of town - it's gone to his head.

STANTON

Well, you did commission that piece, didn't you Mayor?

MAYOR DAVIDSON

For good reason. And it goes beyond Jerrit's gift shop trinkets.

(indicates a framed photo on the wall)

A couple five years back, me and those fellas from my church group took a fishing trip up to North Bend. We'd been camped for a few nights, caught a mess of trout. Well, on the third night, or maybe the fourth, we were out on the lake, had a harvest moon see, when we heard something tearing through our campsite, makin' one hell of a ruckus. Camp was too high ground for us to see anything... we figured it was a bear, of course. Well, when we got back to camp, damned-be-the-devil if our supply cache wasn't untied and crashed to the ground. I'm tellin' ya, it was fixed plenty high up in that tree. Whatever hornswoggled our supplies had to have *fingers* and *thumbs* to undo our bowlines the way it did. So then come morning, we found some tracks... they were big, five toes, I'm tellin' ya Stanton, gave us a good spook. We hightailed it. Ain't once discussed it since. Damned embarrassed I guess. True story. And it sure makes good with my grandkids every time I tell it--

(lunges up)

GGRRROOOWWLLLL!

Stanton startles.

Mayor Davidson sits, turns around a framed photograph.

MAYOR DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

My grandkids.

Stanton courteously leans forward, smiles at the photo.

STANTON

Handsome family. And a fascinating story, Mayor.

(MORE)

STANTON (CONT'D)

So can we agree, that our griz,
Gerty, is not the only suspect?

Mayor lifts his Gerty coffee mug, takes a sip...

MAYOR DAVIDSON

It's an open question.

Stanton bags the bent rifle.

EXT. TOWN HALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Big Gene, parked obscurely, watches Stanton climb into his
Bronco.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - INDIAN RESERVATION - DAY

Jessica ducks a line of bushes, peaks into a trailer
window... an old Indian man on a couch napping in front of a
television.

INT. OLD INDIAN MAN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Jessica goes straight for the medicine cabinet...

Catches HER REFLECTION in the mirror...

She grabs a PRESCRIPTION PILL BOTTLE and tucks it into her
underwear.

EXT. THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS - DAY

Jessica, her eyes as big as saucers, runs the bridge as if
time is standing still... to where she stops midway...

She climbs up on the ledge, stares down at the dark currents
of the Columbia River rushing beneath her...

She EDGES A TOE OUT... wow... she could jump and it would all
be over...

A CAR HORN SOUNDS!

A man, VIKRAM SINGH, East Indian, early 30s, in khakis, white
cotton shirt and a turban wrapped around his head, steps out
of his rental car.

Jessica watches him cautiously approach...

VIKRAM

We need you here, Child... we're
all in this together.

Jessica stares back at him, tears streaming down her cheeks.

EXT. JERRIT METCALF'S HOUSE - DAY

A clapboard home on the rural edge of Davidson. The yard is populated with CIGAR STORE INDIAN TOTEMS. This is Jerrit's hobby...

The tools of his trade scattered about... a CHAINSAW... a HAND AXE... an AWL...

And there in the center of the yard is a work in progress... a TOTEM emerging from an old growth trunk... is it an Indian child? Is it a monkey? We will have to wait and see.

INT. JERRIT'S HOUSE - BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jerrit rummages through his teenaged son's room...

From inside the tiny closet... A HOT WHEELS COLLECTION...

Rifling through Billy's desk drawers... A CRACKERJACK BOX FULL OF CONDOMS...

From under the mattress... A DILDO...

Jerrit, confused, exasperated... returns the sex toy to its hiding place.

He lays down on Billy's bed. Stares up at the ceiling...

Weeps...

Sliding his hands beneath the pillow, he feels something...

Jerrit pulls out a BROKEN NECKLACE, dangling with a tiny wood-carved SASQUATCH TOTEM, which he clutches tightly.

EXT. DAVIDSON TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A SASQUATCH TOTEM looms 15 feet high against the blue sky.

Vikram Singh, the guy from the bridge in the rental car and turban, stands at its base, gazing up at the totem's intricacies...

Its perfectly crafted MOUTH... man-ape NOSE... fierce BLUE EYES...

THWAP! A tomato splats against Vikram's chest... bleeding red on his white cotton shirt.

He gazes around...

A car full of teenagers speeds away, sounds of laughter.

Vikram picks up the broken tomato and places at the feet of the Sasquatch totem, as if an offering.

VIKRAM

Bo'q.

Behind him we see a police cruiser approaching the square...

INT. SHERIFF HARPER'S CRUISER - DAY

Harper behind the wheel... slows to a crawl... stares suspiciously at the blood-stained Indian standing beneath the totem as he makes a right turn.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BECKY'S RENTAL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Becky pulls a fold of \$20s from a Yahtzee box...

BECKY

Can we make it a half, instead of a quarter... for the road?

POT DEALER looks around at the moving boxes... pulls another baggie from his satchel...

POT DEALER

This the last I'm gonna see of you?

BECKY

I suppose so... but you'll be hard to replace... even in Seattle.

There's a KNOCK on the front door -

Becky lids the weed in the Yahtzee box. Pot Dealer stashes the cash.

STANTON'S VOICE

Becky? You there? It's me.

Becky goes to the peep hole...

Pot Dealer peeks out the curtain...

POT DEALER

It's a cop.

Becky puts a finger to her mouth...

BECKY

(quietly)

He's a ranger... my boss... was anyway.

Becky peers back out the peep hole...

Pot Dealer through the curtain crack...

POT DEALER

He's leaving.

THROUGH THE CURTAIN CRACK we see Stanton climb into his Bronco, drive away.

EXT. GALLANT'S HUNTING LODGE - DAY

Gallant and his hunting team oversee the loading of ATVs onto an 18 foot trailer.

A PRIUS pulls up. Out steps Mayor Davidson. He hefts a box from the passenger seat... carries it to Gallant...

MAYOR DAVIDSON

How ya doin', Don?

He hands Gallant the box...

MAYOR DAVIDSON (CONT'D)

A dozen big mouth bass for ya...
got 'em on dry ice, so...

DON GALLANT

Much obliged, Bill. What brings you out otherwise?

MAYOR DAVIDSON

Well, I know Ralph's hell bent on gettin' out after that griz, and I'm not sure he ain't right, but... short of opening my big mouth... let's just say there are other considerations as far as the Metcalf boy, and he gone missing.

DON GALLANT

So what are you sayin', Bill?

MAYOR DAVIDSON

Let's just hold off on the hunt.
For now.

DON GALLANT

Harper know you're calling off the hunt?

MAYOR DAVIDSON

He will. But you know Ralph... bulldog with a bone, that one.

DON GALLANT

Okay. If you say so, Bill.

Mayor Davidson looks out at the ATVs being loaded, all souped up, candy colored...

MAYOR DAVIDSON

Those are some beautiful machines.

DON GALLANT

That they are.

Gallant starts off toward the lodge with the box of fish.

EXT. DAVIDSON'S DINER - DAY

See the SIGN? Guess who owns it? Yep. The Mayor.

INT. DAVIDSON'S DINER - DAY

A greasy spoon packed with regulars. Becky squeezes a lemon wedge into her tea.

Sheriff Harper, sitting across, forks into a piece of apple pie. He's all kinds of agitated with Becky right now -

SHERIFF HARPER

I pulled more than a few strings to get you that ranger job. Now you're tellin' me you're quittin'?

BECKY

Not interested in being a puppet, Dad.

Harper sips his coffee.

SHERIFF HARPER

You wanna explain the meaning of that?

BECKY

I came back here hoping to move my life forward. Hasn't turned out that way. Everything about this town is moving backwards.

SHERIFF HARPER

What's it been, eight months? That ain't even givin' it a try. Is it your big brother you still got under your skin?

BECKY

He's an asshole, Dad. But I know you'll defend him over me. You always have.

Harper pushes away the last of the pie.

SHERIFF HARPER
 You were kids back then. Not
 anymore. Two of you have fences to
 mend, Becky.

BECKY
 Some fences are just too broken.

SHERIFF HARPER
 Is there something between you and
 Stanton that you need to tell me?

BECKY
 Dad... he lives in a tree house...
 drinks like a fish... he's a boy.

Harper motions for the waitress -

SHERIFF HARPER
 I'll take the check, Darlene.

WAITRESS comes, places the check on the table, scratches the
 back of Harper's neck with her long fingernails...

WAITRESS
 Something wrong with the pie,
 Ralph?

SHERIFF HARPER
 Nothin' wrong with it... just had
 enough is all.

Waitress takes the plate away.

Harper rises, drops a few bills, grabs his hat from the
 booth.

SHERIFF HARPER (CONT'D)
 Maybe it's time we knock that boy
 down from his tower.

BECKY
 Dad, just mind your own business.

SHERIFF HARPER
 This is my business.

With that Sheriff Harper leaves Becky alone at the table.

INT. BIGFOOT BAR & GRILL - DUSK

Stanton's on a bar stool next to Jerrit, who is good and
 drunk, and working on his next whiskey...

JERRIT

What the hell you sayin'? Mayor thinks I have somethin' to do with *my own boy goin' missin'*?

Stanton sips his beer.

STANTON

There are some questions... have been raised.

JERRIT

Questions like what?

Stanton cracks a peanut...

STANTON

Well, for one thing... that you're looking to file a lawsuit against the logging company. I did hear you say it myself.

Jerrit pounds the bar with his fist - causing the peanut bowl to fly -

JERRIT

Mayor Davidson has gotta be shit out of bricks to throw aroun' an accusation like that! What's he thinkin'?!

STANTON

All due respect, you did show up at your wife's burial, drunk, where you declared the town of Davidson a money machine looking to suck dry the soul of artists such as yourself.

JERRIT

Ahh... geezus... that? That was two years ago... I don't even remember what I said.

A BAR REGULAR steps up, pats Jerrit's shoulder -

BAR REGULAR

Table's all yours, Jerrit.

Jerrit motions the bartender for another whiskey... staggers to get off his stool... grabs the pool stick leaning against the bar...

JERRIT
Git yerself a cue, Cook.

Stanton finishes off the last of his beer.

EXT. BIGFOOT BAR & GRILL - PARKING LOT - DUSK

We see Big Gene's POLICE TRUCK in the shadows, in view of Stanton's Bronco parked before the bar...

INT. BIG GENE'S POLICE TRUCK - DUSK

Big Gene watches a TOURIST GIRL argue with her DRUNK BOYFRIEND in the parking lot...

Drunk Boyfriend climbs into his Mustang rental, shoots gravel as he peels out of the parking lot, leaving Tourist Girl in the dust.

INT. BIGFOOT BAR & GRILL - DUSK

Stanton racks the billiard balls, looks to Jerrit...

STANTON
You break?

Jerrit stands, trying to keep his balance...

JERRIT
No risk it, no biscuit...

Jerrit clumsily tries to chalk his cue...

Stanton steps up beside...

STANTON
How's it been between you and Billy lately?

JERRIT
Been? How's it been?... found a fuckin' dick toy under his bed how's it been...

Jerrit steps up to the table to break... uses one eye for focus... sloppily blows on the chalk of his cue...

JERRIT (CONT'D)
Thing with Billy... he has no respect for me...

Jerrit picks up his whiskey tumbler from the rail, slugs it half down...

JERRIT (CONT'D)

Back when Mayor Davidson paid me fifteen grand to carve that *Sasquatch* totem... one that stands center a town... you know I carved that, right?

STANTON

Um-hum.

JERRIT

It's was a whole big thing... all of the town came out... Mayor Billings declared me "*an artist of Promethean proportion*"...

Jerrit slams the rest of his whiskey...

JERRIT (CONT'D)

Billy didn't even show up. His mother was there... *Barbara*... god rest her soul... but not Billy.

STANTON

Ever cross your mind that Billy might be staging a rebellion... creating some chaos... to put you on the spot?

JERRIT

You don't know Billy... boy's soft as a cotton ball... an' I'm startin' to wonder if he might be... well...

STANTON

You ever come across a mushroom hunter out near the site, goes by the name of *Coyot*?

EXT. BIGFOOT BAR & GRILL - DUSK

Sun sinks. Tourist Girl paces before the bar door, trying to get reception on her cell phone...

TOURIST GIRL

Hello?... *hello*?... is this taxi?

INT. BIG GENE'S POLICE TRUCK - DUSK

Big Gene watches the Tourist Girl flounder...

INT. BIGFOOT BAR & GRILL - DUSK

Stanton watches Jerrit bend to the pool table... place the cue ball to break...

JERRIT

Ain't Coyot, that mushroom hunter,
caused Billy to go missing... ain't
me neither... an' sure ain't Billy
himself...

Stanton watches Jerrit squint to target the cue ball... sway for balance...

STANTON

So what is it you have in mind,
Jerrit?

JERRIT

Spirit of the Forest... I know
it... seen what it does with my own
eyes... there's a whole book you
oughtta get about it... right down
at the gift shop...

Stanton watches Jerrit drunkenly cock his cue... then BREAK THE RACK - sending FOUR BALLS INTO FOUR CORNERS... drunk, yes, but this is *his* game...

JERRIT (CONT'D)

Looks like I'm *stripes*, Cook.

Stanton respectfully hangs his stick...

STANTON

Looks like I surrender, Jerrit.

Jerrit feigns a fuss -

JERRIT

Come on, Cook! What?! I thought you
were solid?

STANTON

Sound enough to know when I'm
getting hustled, Jerrit.

Jerrit, swaying, watches Stanton head for the exit.

EXT. BIGFOOT BAR & GRILL - DUSK

Stanton exits the bar -

TOURIST GIRL (O.S.)
Excuse me...

Stanton looks to the Tourist Girl...

TOURIST GIRL (CONT'D)
Can you help me get a taxi?

STANTON
You won't have much luck out here.
You need a ride into town?

Tourist Girl takes in Stanton's uniform...

TOURIST GIRL
You a cop?

Right now is a moment that has always *worked* for Stanton...
make his mark... make it big...

STANTON
Ranger.

But this time... for whatever reason... it doesn't work...

TOURIST GIRL
I'm fine... never mind... but
thanks.

Toss it up to the young versus old... and that's how Stanton
feels... old... and off for his truck he goes...

INT. BIG GENE'S POLICE TRUCK - DUSK

Big Gene watches Stanton climb into his Bronco... back out of
the parking lot... speed off down the highway.

EXT. DAVIDSON GIFT SHOP - DUSK

Stanton hustles up to the door to see a "CLOSED" sign...

But there's a woman inside, tallying up the cash register...

Stanton back-knuckles the glass door...

Woman sees him... his ranger uniform... she comes for the
door...

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DUSK

Big Gene's police truck pulls into the parking lot...

INT. BIG GENE'S POLICE TRUCK - DUSK

Big Gene parks before the row of motel doors. Tourist Girl opens the passenger door...

TOURIST GIRL

Thank you, Officer... we had some drinks... I'm sure my boyfriend will be okay.

BIG GENE

I'll keep an eye out for him... give him a break... make sure he gets back safe.

She reaches out, grips Gene's hand, gives him a kiss on the cheek...

TOURIST GIRL

Thank you so much.

Sensing an opening, Gene places his hand on her thigh...

She stares down at it in disbelief - shoves it away -

TOURIST GIRL (CONT'D)

Are you fucking kidding... not on your life... thanks for the ride, creep -

She barges out of the truck, goes to a motel door, Room #6, slams it shut behind her.

EXT. SKAMANIA LODGE - DUSK

This is Davidson's little touch of heaven... a five-star hotel, lush golf course, manicured grounds overlooking the majestic Columbia River Gorge...

INT. SKAMANIA LODGE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Vikram Singh stands at the front desk...

A HOTEL CLERK, polite and pretty, types in his name...

HOTEL CLERK

Is it *Sing*, as in *sing a song*?

VIKRAM
Sing with an "h."

She's confused...

HOTEL CLERK
I beg your pardon?

VIKRAM
S.I.N.G.H.

She types it in...

HOTEL CLERK
Oh, there you are Mr. Singh...
we're pleased to have you.

She gives him a key card...

HOTEL CLERK (CONT'D)
You're room has a view of the golf
course. So lovely in the morning.
You might spot an elk or two.

VIKRAM
Thank you very much.
(indicates red stain on
his cotton shirt)
Is there laundry service?

HOTEL CLERK
Absolutely, Mr. Singh. I'll send
somebody to your room first thing.

EXT. BECKY'S RENTAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Becky's jeep in the drive. The house is dark...

STANTON'S BRONCO wheels - plows - up onto her front lawn -
parks - HEADLIGHTS BLASTING Becky's windows - click to
BRIGHTS...

Stanton steps out before the headlights... stands in
silhouette...

INT. BECKY'S RENTAL HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stanton leans against the kitchen counter as Becky puts on a
pot of coffee...

He takes in the moving boxes...

STANTON
Why you leaving?

BECKY
I don't belong here.

STANTON
What did I do? What *can* I do?
What'd you *want* me to do?

BECKY
Nothing.

STANTON
Come on, Beck... there's *something*.

Becky stares at the brewing coffee pot...

BECKY
You'd like to think that, wouldn't you.

STANTON
Is it the Paris thing... that we didn't go, in the spring... like we promised to?

Becky goes to the counter, cracks open the coffee mug box...

BECKY
No. That's not it.

STANTON
For *fucksake*, Becky... what's going on with you?

She pulls a Gerty the Griz Mug from the box...

BECKY
I'm not in love with you, Stanton.

Becky pours a cup of coffee...

BECKY (CONT'D)
That's what you think, right? That I'm in love with you... that I'm leaving because you don't love me... that my love is unrequited. Is that right?

Stanton can only stare out at her... take the cup of coffee she offers.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I loved fucking you, Stanton...
that first time in your tower... in
the lightening chair... *Crosby*
Stills Nash playing... I will never
forget it.

Stanton sips the coffee - burns his tongue...

STANTON

And neither will I.

BECKY

You're a *good* man, Stanton. But
you're not a *real* man.

STANTON

And what is a real man?

BECKY

One who doesn't need to ask that
question.

Stanton gazes around at the moving boxes...

STANTON

So that's it? You're out?

BECKY

I was never really in.

Stanton takes his coffee mug... pours it down the drain...
puts the mug back into the opened moving box...

STANTON

Who is it that's not real, Becky?

Stanton heads for the front door, leaving Becky standing in
the kitchen.

INT. BECKY'S RENTAL HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Becky, on her knees, vomits violently into the toilet.

EXT. LOGGING SITE - NIGHT

The BUZZ OF ELECTRICITY in the darkness...

HALOGEN LAMP TOWERS burst to life -

BOOSH! BOOSH! BOOSH!

Jerrit walks the perimeter of the logging floor, calling out to the dark forest...

JERRIT
BILLY! *BILLY!* YOU OUT THERE?!

There's a CRASH THROUGH THE TREES - Jerrit spins -

A HUGE ELK, with massive antlers, hooves out to the center of the desolate logging site... on the run, confused... it collapses...

Jerrit steps to the animal cautiously... steam rises from its body... the elk is eviscerated... its entrails spilling out.

Jerrit gazes out at the treeline... sips from the flask in his pocket.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS - NIGHT

We're back with Jessica, whose been sitting on the ledge of this bridge for hours.

A pair of headlights speed by.

Jessica stares up at the MOON...

JESSICA
(under her breath)
Look at the moon, Billy... do you
see it?... I see it with you.

EXT. MERCY'S MOBILE HOME - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Jessica pulls a KEY from the mouth of a CERAMIC FROG. Musters her best, her drug high worn off, she unlocks the door.

INT. MERCY'S MOBILE HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mercy asleep with Jake on the couch. A TV silently flashes.

Jessica gently touches her mother's shoulder...

JESSICA
Mommy.

Mercy pops up, rousing Jake.

MERCY
Where have you been?

JESSICA
I was looking for Billy. I felt
him. I know he's out there.

Jessica kisses Jake's sleepy head.

MERCY
Sit down... we'll say a prayer for
the boy.

JESSICA
No, Mom. I need you to do your
cards. I need you to pull a card
for Billy. We need to know.

Mercy, flustered, waves it off.

MERCY

You know I don't do those things
any more... the Bible forbids it.

JESSICA

What god wouldn't want us to help
Billy? Mommy, *please*.

Mercy, reluctantly acquiescent, lifts into her wheelchair,
rolls over to a cabinet. Pulls open a BOTTOM COFFIN DRAWER,
filled with the tools of an old necromancer's trade...

A dusty old DREAM CATCHER...

A SILVER DAGGER...

A DECK OF CARDS... wrapped by a frail rubber band, which
snaps and breaks as she pulls them out.

She rolls over to the coffee table, deck in her hand like an
old friend...

She says a *Yakima prayer* over the cards... then adds...

MERCY

Forgive me, Jesus.

She shuffles the cards dexterously... artfully spreads them
out on the coffee table.

Jessica stares down at them pensively...

Jake sits up, he's interested...

Mercy looks to Jessica...

JESSICA

Go ahead, Mom. Pull one.

MERCY

The right card is for you to pull.

JESSICA

I don't wanna do it. Mom, what if I
mess it up? You do it.

Jake hovers over the table, wide awake, looking at the
colorful cards...

JAKE

Can I pick one?

Jessica and Mercy consider... from the mouth of babes?

Jessica rests her hand on Jake's head.

JESSICA
Okay, Jakey. Find the *Billy* card.

Jake closes his eyes, reaches out his tiny hand, slides a SINGLE CARD from the deck. He turns it over...

THE MOON CARD

Jessica joyfully wraps Jake's shoulders -

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I knew it! Billy's okay! We looked
at the moon at the same time!

Mercy, considering the deeper appreciation of the card,
speaks carefully...

MERCY
Remember, my dear. There's a dark
side to every moon.

Mercy scoops up the cards, starts back toward the cabinette,
stops, reconsiders...

Instead...

SHE SLIDES THE CARDS INTO THE SIDE POCKET of her wheel chair.

INT. SHERIFF HARPER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

This is Ralph's empty nest. A three bedroom home, but more
often than not, Ralph falls asleep in his easy chair... where
we find him right now... cleaning his service revolver.

The *Andy Griffith Show* plays silently on the TV...

A POLICE SCANNER drones...

Ralph let's out a chuckle at Don Knotts' buffoonery. Takes a
sip from a can of Near Beer.

He hefts himself up out of the easy chair. Goes to the police
scanner. Picks up the mic, tunes a frequency, pipes in...

SHERIFF HARPER
Gene, you read? Over.

Harper listens through the crackle, until...

BIG GENE'S VOICE
Yeah, Dad. I read, over.

SHERIFF HARPER
You on Cook? What's his 99? Over.

BIG GENE'S VOICE
Following him back to his place
now. Over.

SHERIFF HARPER
Good. Don't let him out of your
sight. I got a feeling he's like
Barney to our *Andy Griffith*. You
read? Over.

BIG GENE'S VOICE
I read. Over.

SHERIFF HARPER
Good boy. Over and out.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Gene's police truck parked.

INT. GENE'S POLICE TRUCK - NIGHT

Gene masturbates to his voyeuristic view of the Tourist Girl
in her bra and panties through the slightly parted curtains.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MUSTANG SCREECHES up... parks... Drunk Boyfriend spills
out... ready to take on the world...

Drunk Boyfriend staggers to the door of Room #6 - INSERTS KEY
CARD - PUSHES DOOR - which resists from the STRAIN OF THE
INTERIOR CHAIN LOCK -

DRUNK BOYFRIEND
Let me the fuck in!

TOURIST GIRL'S VOICE
Sleep in your fucking car!

INT. BIG GENE'S POLICE TRUCK - NIGHT

Gene zips up his trousers, puts on his hat, steps out the
driver door...

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Gene approaches the kid, hand on his pistol...

BIG GENE
What's the problem here, fella?

Drunk Boyfriend turns, takes in the cop...

DRUNK BOYFRIEND
Ah, shit...

BIG GENE
I'm gonna ask you to slowly put
your hands up against the wall. No
trouble unless you want it.

Kid obeys. Gene pats him down, cuffs him.

BIG GENE (CONT'D)
I've got a good place for you to
sober up.

He carts the kid off to his police truck.

EXT. STANTON'S FIRE TOWER - NIGHT

We see his FOREST SERVICE BRONCO parked at the base.

Rain patters down as we rise up the switchback stairs, orange light emanating from above. *Crosby, Stills & Nash* sounds from the stereo...

INT. STANTON'S FIRE TOWER - NIGHT

Stanton sits in his "lightening chair," a relic of this decommissioned fire tower - lightening proof...

He pours two fingers of whiskey... takes a sip... then pulls A BOOK from a GIFT STORE BAG...

The cover reads "*Spirits of the Forest*" by *Vikram Singh*.

ON A PAGE

We see the famous frame 352 from the *Patterson-Gimlin* film of a heavy-breasted female Sasquatch crossing the forest floor...

ON ANOTHER PAGE

There's *Steve Austin*, from *The Six Million Dollar Man*...
production photos of his famous battle with Bigfoot...

ON ANOTHER PAGE

There, in beautiful black & white, a picture of the SASQUATCH
TOTEM that stands at the center of Davidson's town square...

An inset PHOTO OF JERRIT METCALF, grizzled, smiling, the
totem's artist.

BZZZ.. BZZZ... BZZZ.. POOF! The tower goes dark.

STANTON
Fucking generator!

This has happened too many times before.

Stanton grabs his flashlight, goes to the door. Pulls on his
rain slicker...

It's right now that something happens that has never happened
before...

THE TOWER BEGINS TO SWAY

It's WOOD AND STEEL JOINTS CREAK AND CRACK...

Stanton opens the door, steps out onto the landing... not a
breath of wind...

He shines his flashlight down, sweeping the ground below...

STOP!

A PAIR OF RED EYES reflected in the flashlight beam. And as
quick as he sees them, they disappear.

EXT. TOWN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A WILD HOG stands center lane, squealing like a pig.

Truck headlights approach. Slow to a stop. It's Big Gene's
police truck.

INT. BIG GENE'S POLICE TRUCK - NIGHT

Big Gene stares out at the oddity. Looks in the rearview to
the Drunk Boyfriend cuffed in the backseat.

BIG GENE
You sit tight. I'll be right back.

He pulls his hat from the passenger seat, unsnaps his gun holster, steps out the door.

EXT. TOWN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Gene approaches the wild hog, cautiously. Pulls his service revolver.

BIG GENE
Get on now, piggie.

The hog stands motionless, staring at Big Gene, eyes full of fear, slobber dripping from it's gaping mouth.

Gene sees the creature is eviscerated... its entrails spilling out onto the asphalt.

Gene lifts his revolver - shoots it - bullet to the head.

BIG GENE (CONT'D)
Poor goddamn pig.

Gene holsters his revolver, takes off his hat, pisses against the forest treeline.

EXT. GALLANT'S HUNTING LODGE - NIGHT

MOVING ACROSS THE DARK GROUNDS of the compound... we see FIRELIGHT illuminates the windows of the main room...

INT. GALLANT'S HUNTING LODGE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Fox News rattles on a television...

A scantily dressed CALL GIRL lays asleep on a sofa half-covered by a blanket...

Don Gallant looms over a table, working on a jigsaw puzzle of
-

George Washington Crossing the Delaware

- he tries for a piece, but can't make it fit.

A LOUD RUCKUS sounds from outside the lodge. Gallant kills the TV sound...

Call Girl rouses...

CALL GIRL
What was that?

Somebody... something... is out there...

DON GALLANT
Stay put.

Gallant takes up his rifle from beside the door, flashlight, game on...

EXT. GALLANT'S HUNTING LODGE - COMPOUND GROUNDS - NIGHT

By flashlight beam, Gallant sees THE CELLAR HATCHWAY is ripped from its hinges...

A booming BESTIAL SQUELCH sounds from up the mountain ridge overlooking the hunting lodge, as if mocking...

Gallant stares up at the ridge...

INT. GALLANT'S CELLAR - NIGHT

Gallant chains on the ceiling light...

The cellar is a trophy room of weapons...

OLD GUNS. NEW GUNS. FULLY AUTOMATIC. CROSS BOWS. You name it. Even a RUSTY OLD CANON sits idly in the corner.

What Gallant sees is his DOUBLE-LOCKED RIFLE CABINET ripped open, STEEL LOCKS SNAPPED...

Of the dozen rifles he considers most precious, one is missing...

DON GALLANT
Mother of god...

EXT. SKAMANIA LODGE - NIGHT

The golf course is dark. Pathways well lit. The RUSH OF THE GORGE and the SINGING OF CICADAS fill the night.

INT. VIKRAM'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vikram stuffs his tomato-bloodied shirt into the laundry bag from the closet...

Continues to strip off his clothes - trousers, socks, underwear...

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Now naked, save for his turban, Vikram opens the shower door. Turns on only the COLD KNOB...

He steps in... as the shock of the cold water hits him, he shudders and exclaims -

VIKRAM
Wahe Guru!

And so starts Vikram's ritual...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vikram anoints himself with oil... every chakra... from root to crown...

He lights a stick of incense, places it in the soil of a potted plant...

He unfurls his sheep skin yoga mat, precising its corners.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. STANTON'S FIRE TOWER - NIGHT

Stanton in darkness... the GLUG of another whiskey pour... he lights a ROLLED CIGARETTE... takes a deep hopeful drag... and then yes, by god...

The GENERATOR BEGINS TO RUMBLE...

And there is light again.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. VIKRAM'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vikram in lotus position on his yoga mat... HIS EYES FLUTTER beneath their lids... we see what he sees -

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWEST FOREST - DAY (**CIRCA 1760, SUMMER**)

Sunlight fractals down through the cathedral of old growth forest.

A YAKIMA SCOUT, chiseled as if from stone... a colorfully dyed turban wraps his snaking hair. The forest is alive with flora and fauna, and he feels right at home.

Up ahead, the sound of CRASHING BRANCHES - A MAN'S HUFFING BREATH -

The Yakima Scout curls his fingers to his mouth - elicits a PIERCING WHISTLE -

A strange man, in foreign clothing, stumbles towards him unaware -

The French Botanist falls at his feet. Stares up at the Indian Scout...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. VIKRAM'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (**PRESENT DAY**)

VIKRAM'S EYES POP OPEN WIDE from his "meditation"...

END PILOT EPISODE