

EYESHINE

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. DENSE FOREST - NIGHT

Nursing a bloody arm, BIGFOOT, a 10 foot tall hairy creature, staggers through the forest, knocking down trees.

Deep long claw marks run down his velutinous back and chest.

EXT. BOY SCOUT CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

THREE BOY SCOUTS, all about 10 years old, sit around a campfire, roasting marshmallows.

BOY SCOUT #1
Have you heard what they've been
sayin' about what's in these
fuckin' woods?

BOY SCOUT #2
Fuck yeah, fuckin' Bigfoot, right?

BOY SCOUT #3
You motherfuckers, that shit ain't
true.

BOY SCOUT #1
What do you know, you fuckin'
whore, it is so.

BOY SCOUT #2
I heard my brother talking about it
with his fuckin' friends and he's
in fuckin' high school, fucker.
They said they fuckin' saw him. So
it has to be true, you fuck.

BOY SCOUT #3
That's fuckin' dumb. That don't
prove shit.

BOY SCOUT #2
Fuck. Heads up.

Their SCOUT LEADER, 40's, zips up his fly after taking a piss, walks over and sits down with the boys.

SCOUT LEADER
What are you scouts talking about?

BOY SCOUT #2
Nothin'.

These foulmouthed little boys are now perfect little angels.

BOY SCOUT #3
They think Bigfoot is real.

SCOUT LEADER
You don't?

BOY SCOUT #3
No way. Only babies believe in that stuff.

SCOUT LEADER
What if I told you I've actually seen him with my own eyes?

BOY SCOUT #2
No way! Really? That's awesome!

BOY SCOUT #3
Okay, then how tall was he?

SCOUT LEADER
Probably about as big as a house.

BOY SCOUT #1
That's giant!

BOY SCOUT #2
What did you do?

SCOUT LEADER
Nothing. I let him be. You know, Bigfoot is a lot like a boy scout.

BOY SCOUT #1
Really? How?

SCOUT LEADER
Bigfoot is always considerate of nature, always being very conservation minded like any good boy scout should be.

BOY SCOUT #2
Wow. That's so cool.

SCOUT LEADER
It is cool.

BOY SCOUT #3
No way. It's all a bunch of made up-

A loud guttural howl echoes through the woods. The kids shoot up, a look of worry etched into everyone's faces.

BOY SCOUT #3 (CONT'D)
What the hell?

SCOUT LEADER
Language.

BOY SCOUT #2
What was it?

BOY SCOUT #1
It's him, it's Bigfoot! It has to be!

SCOUT LEADER
I'm sure it was some hungry raccoon looking for-

Bigfoot runs into the camp, yells a horrible roar.

SCOUT LEADER (CONT'D)
Fuck me! Fuck me, he's real!

Bigfoot swats the Scout Leader across the camp, into the darkness. He hits a tree with a SPLAT, sending meaty chunks of him in every direction.

The BOY SCOUTS scream, 1 & 2 make a run for it, 3 is too frightened to move.

He holds up his marshmallow on a stick at him.

BOY SCOUT #3
(terrified)
You don't... scare me... fucker.

Bigfoot hollers, kicks the little boy into the fire pit and pounds his bloody chest in anger.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MARCO'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

MARCO, 20's, frantically tosses clothes and camera equipment into a camping backpack.

ADDISON, 20's, looks at an image of a blurry picture on a iPad tablet.

ADDISON
I don't see it.

MARCO
What are you talking about? It's
clearly right there.

ADDISON
What am I looking at again?

MARCO
Bigfoot, babe. Bigfoot!

ADDISON
Marco, it's probably a guy in some
terrible costume.

MARCO
What makes you say that?

ADDISON
Because Bigfoot isn't real, bae.

MARCO
How can you say that when you have
definitive proof staring right at
you?

ADDISON
Proof? It's a blurry fucking
picture. This could be anything.

MARCO
Why are you with me? You know I'm a
Bigfoot hunter, Addison.

ADDISON
You work at a fucking Kinkos.

MARCO
Kinkos is my day job, you know
that. Why are you even with me if
you don't believe in Bigfoot?

Addison walks over to the bed, lies down.

ADDISON
I guess because it turns me on to
see how worked up you get about all
this. It's adorable.

MARCO
It isn't adorable. It's... Some
might say it's manly.

She pulls a camera out of his backpack.

ADDISON

Bae, there's nothing manly about a grown ass man running through the woods with his childhood friend, looking for Bigfoot.

MARCO

That reminds me, try putting in some effort to be nicer to Chonsey.

She sneaks the camera lens into her pants and takes a quick picture of her crotch.

ADDISON

I can't help it. He does it to himself.

MARCO

Just try. For me.

He takes the camera back, looks at the picture.

ADDISON

Fine.

(sighs)

I can't believe you're actually doing this.

MARCO

Reports of sightings at this caliber are... there have never been reports like this. I need to be there.

She reaches under the night stand by the bed, pulls out her pink Magic Wand Massager.

ADDISON

Then I guess it's me and Mr. Big Pink for two days.

MARCO

You could come with me.

ADDISON

Like out in the woods?

MARCO

Why not?

She mulls the idea over, tapping her chin with the Magic Wand.

ADDISON
Okay. I'm going then.

MARCO
What? Really? I was kidding.

ADDISON
No, I wanna go. If you're going to capture Bigfoot, I want to be there to witness it.

MARCO
I'm not gonna capture him, honey.

ADDISON
I wonder how big his balls are.

MARCO
What?

ADDISON
Big feet, must have a pretty big set of-

MARCO
Okay, enough. I don't want to think about his genitalia.

ADDISON
What if it's a she?

Awkward beat.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
Oh my god. If I check your search history am I going to find Bigfoot porn?

She grabs his iPad off the bed.

MARCO
Okay, c'mon. That's private-

Marco tries to get the tablet away from her.

ADDISON
Lesbian Bigfoot porn! I knew it!

He grabs the tablet away.

MARCO
It's for research purposes.

ADDISON
Sure it is.

She points her pink Magic Wand Massager at him.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
And this is only for back massages.

MARCO
Stop trying to intimidate me with
your lady devices.

Addison smiles, tosses the vibrator down and wraps her arms
around her man.

ADDISON
You know Mr. Big Pink has nothing
on you.

MARCO
And you know you're the only human
lady for me.

ADDISON
I know.

They kiss.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
But I do wonder. What would you do
if he took me away?

MARCO
Who? Bigfoot? There's no way he'd
be interested in human women.

ADDISON
From your browser history, I'd say
he's very interested in human
women.

MARCO
Rule 34. If it exists, there is a
porno of it.

She takes her shirt off, flashes her breasts, helps unzip his
pants.

ADDISON
Let's make our own little Bigfoot
porno, shall we?

She grabs his camera.

MARCO

Little?

ADDISON

Well... average size.

She sneaks her hand through his zipper. He laughs it off, grabs her wrist.

MARCO

Hold on. We don't have time for this. We're going to be late.

ADDISON

We?

MARCO

Yes, we. If you really are serious about coming.

ADDISON

I can tell you one thing is for certain, I am dead serious about cumming.

She forcibly pushes him down onto the bed, readies the camera.

EXT. CHONSEY'S CAR - MORNING

CHONSEY, 20's, nerdy, honks the car horn outside through the car door.

CHONSEY

Hurry up, man! Sasquatch ain't gonna find himself!

Marco steps out of his apartment building with Addison right behind him.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)

What the fuck, dude? Don't tell me she's coming.

ADDISON

I did. Twice.

CHONSEY

Gross.

She smiles and tosses her bags into the back of ChonseY's car.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)
What are you doing, man?

MARCO
She wants to tag along. So let her tag along.
(whispers)
I got something special planned.

Marco tosses his hiking gear in the back.

CHONSEY
I hope it's killing her and burying her in the woods.

ADDISON
Haha, very funny, asshole.

CHONSEY
And what about our plans, man? She's fucking up our plans. Plus, I don't have enough snacks for her.

ADDISON
That's okay, if it isn't gluten free I'm not eating it anyway.

She gets in the front seat.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
I call shotgun!

CHONSEY
She's sitting shotgun too? Not cool, man. All of this is not cool.

MARCO
We got a long ass drive, ChonseY. Let's deal with it later.

CHONSEY
Later? Later will be too fuckin' late, man. This trip is about you and me finding a Squatch.

MARCO
And it still is. But now we have a little bit more estrogen added to the group.

CHONSEY
No. I'm putting my foot down.

Marco pats him on the back.

MARCO

It will be fun. Promise.

Marco gets in the car, everyone waits for Chonsey with a smile. He looks begrudgingly at them.

He tosses his arms up in defeat.

CHONSEY

Oh, goddamnit. Fine!

He walks over to the driver's seat and gets in.

INT. CHONSEY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

In mid-ride, a few hours in-

Chonsey drives, Addison paints her toenails next to him. Marco is in the backseat, intensively looking over a large folded map.

ADDISON

So Chonsey, got a girlfriend yet?

He scoffs.

CHONSEY

No. I don't have time for any of that nonsense.

ADDISON

I'm sure that's the problem.

CHONSEY

It is. I don't have time to deal with girls and their...

Chonsey ogles Addison's bare feet and long legs.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)

Issues.

Addison catches his lecherous looks and hides a smile.

ADDISON

If you say so, Chonsey.

Chonsey snorts, sniffs the air.

CHONSEY

What's that smell?

ADDISON
Did someone fart?

CHONSEY
No. I mean your perfume.

ADDISON
What about it?

CHONSEY
It stinks.

ADDISON
It's expensive.

CHONSEY
You need to wipe it off. Any
Squatch will be able to smell that
shit from miles away.

ADDISON
I don't think so. You heard the
part where I said it was expensive,
right?

CHONSEY
Dude, Marco tell her.

MARCO
He's right, honey. You can't have
strong odors like that, it will
alert him of our presence.

ADDISON
So you want me to be smelly?
Seriously? This trip is going to
suck.

CHONSEY
This isn't a trip. This is an
important expedition.

ADDISON
No important expedition has ever
started in their mom's car.

Marco leans over.

MARCO
I think I got something.

He points to a spot on the map.

MARCO (CONT'D)

A cluster of reported sightings
have mostly been around this area.

CHONSEY

Should we start there then?

MARCO

Okay, say you're Bigfoot, right and
someone has spotted you, would you
want to go back to that spot?

CHONSEY

No. I guess not.

MARCO

Exactly.

ADDISON

A girl spotted ChonseY's dick once,
that's why no one has ever been
back.

She smirks.

CHONSEY

Shut up, Addison.

MARCO

We should really be heading out
further. Look, there's a creek
here.

He points to a spot on the map.

CHONSEY

Fresh drinking water. If we follow
it up to the mountains, we might be
able to find him.

MARCO

That's exactly what I was thinking.

They smile and high-five.

Addison rolls her eyes.

ADDISON

Biggest. Geeks. Ever.

MARCO

Loud and proud, baby.

Marco smiles at her, sneaks in a kiss.

EXT. CHEAP HOTEL - NIGHT(RAINING)

In pouring rain, Chonsey loads his luggage out of his car, watches as Marco gooses Addison on the ass as she tries her best to shove in the room key.

She manages to get the door open. Marco slaps her on the ass as she enters the room.

Chonsey walks over.

CHONSEY

We leave early, remember?

MARCO

Sure thing. Bright and early.

Addison grabs Marco by the shirt collar and drags him inside the hotel room.

The door slams shut behind him.

Chonsey stares at the room number on his key. It matches the room number right beside theirs.

CHONSEY

Goddamnit.

INT. CHONSEY'S CHEAP HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT(RAINING)

Chonsey sits on his bed watching a documentary on Bigfoot sightings with his laptop.

Marco and Addison are next door having loud tantric sex. Their bed slams back and forth against the wall. Every sex noise they make is audible.

Visibly irritated, Chonsey angrily slips on some headphones and turns up the volume on the laptop.

JUMP CUT TO:

MORNING

Chonsey is rudely awakened by a loud banging at the door. He's still dressed, sleeping on top of the bed, headphones wrapped around his neck, his computer screen warns him of a low battery.

Still sleepy eyed, Chonsey closes the laptop, not seeing the warning.

CHONSEY

What? Hello?

He gets up, opens the door.

Addison stands there with two cheap cups of coffee.

ADDISON

Bright and early, right? Here.

She hands him one of the coffees, tries to look over his shoulder.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

So, how many dead ladyboy hookers
you got back there?

She cracks a smile.

ChonseY takes the coffee and shuts the door in her face.

ADDISON (O.C.) (CONT'D)

You're being a munt, ChonseY! A man
cunt!

EXT. SMALL TOWN OF PIERCE KING COUNTY - MORNING

The GANG parks their car. The town is small, surrounded by forest and mountains.

ChonseY steps out of the car holding up the map, looking around the elegant town.

Addison stretches her legs.

ADDISON

Bae, where the hell are we?

MARCO

Welcome to Pierce King County. As
of a few months ago this became the
nation's biggest record of reported
Bigfoot sightings.

She whips out her cellphone, checks it.

ADDISON

Great, this place is out in the
middle of buttfuck nowhere with no
cell service. The things I do for
you, Marco.

He smiles, gives her a kiss.

MARCO

I know.

An ambulance speeds by, followed by a couple of police cars.

ADDISON

What the hell is going on here?

MARCO

Hey, maybe this sleepy town ain't so sleepy after all.

ADDISON

Let's check it out.

CHONSEY

Wait. We're going to need more camping supplies.

MARCO

We have enough.

CHONSEY

She's gonna need her own tent.

ADDISON

No, I'll be sharing with Marco.

CHONSEY

Out of the question. I'm not listening to you two fuck all night again. She gets her own tent. By herself.

She looks over at Marco.

ADDISON

Really?

MARCO

Humor him, babe.

ADDISON

Fine.

She walks into the store, leaving the guys behind.

Chonsey folds the map and puts it in his back pocket.

CHONSEY

Now let's go see what all the fuss is about.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MORNING

Townspeople gather around, watch as the paramedics wrap the two frightened Boy Scouts up in a blanket, hand them a hot drink.

Chonsey and Marco walk over to the crowd.

Marco taps on a BYSTANDER's shoulder.

MARCO

Hey. What's going on here?

BYSTANDER

Bunch of kids got lost out in the woods. Say they saw themselves a Bigfoot.

MARCO

Really? Are you serious?

Marco looks gleefully over at Chonsey.

BYSTANDER

They're delirious. Been out in them woods all night. Hell knows what happened to their Scout Leader.

CHONSEY

Scout Leader? He's missing too?

BYSTANDER

Yup. Him and one other kid. We'll find them though, don't you worry.

Marco and Chonsey walk off.

CHONSEY

Did you hear that? This place is Squatch paradise.

MARCO

Have you ever heard of Bigfoot attacking anyone?

CHONSEY

No way. You know Sasquatch is a peaceful loving creature. He'd never hurt a soul.

MARCO

Yeah, you're right. But keep this info away from Addison, okay?

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

If she hears about this, she'll
refuse to even step foot in those
woods.

INT. PRO SHOP - MORNING

Addison walks down the aisles, she picks up a flashlight and
shines it at the OLD CLERK, late 70's, working the cash
register.

ADDISON

Hey.

OLD CLERK

What can I help you with, young
miss?

ADDISON

You guys got camping equipment?

OLD CLERK

Sure do. In the back.

Addison walks over to the empty checkout line.

ADDISON

I need a tent.

OLD CLERK

That so? You camping?

ADDISON

Kind of. My boyfriend is off
lookin' for Bigfoot.

He chuckles.

OLD CLERK

Bigfoot ya say? You tagging along?

ADDISON

Something like that.

OLD CLERK

Well, let's get you set up, shall
we.

The Old Clerk smiles and walks around the back.

Marco and Chonsey enter the shop.

ADDISON
Hey, you guys find out what was
going on?

CHONSEY
Bunch of kids got hurt
skateboarding.

ADDISON
Jesus. They okay?

MARCO
They're fine. Nothing to worry
about.

He gives her a reassuring kiss on the lips.

MARCO (CONT'D)
How we comin' along with that tent?

ADDISON
Guy is getting it for me.

The Old Clerk comes around the corner, dragging a large box.

OLD CLERK
Here you go. One adult sized tent.

CHONSEY
Adult sized? You don't have one for
spoiled little princesses?

OLD CLERK
Excuse me?

ADDISON
Thanks. It's perfect.

She shoots a "fuck you" glare at Chonsey.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Asshole.

The Old Clerk looks over at Marco and Chonsey.

OLD CLERK
You two must be the Bigfoot
hunters.

CHONSEY
I personally prefer the term
Squatcher.

The Old Clerk chuckles.

OLD CLERK

Been gettin' a lot of your types out this way lately. In fact, a group came by a couple of days ago asking about the parts around here. Said they was after them somethin' too.

CHONSEY

Did they find anything?

OLD CLERK

Not sure. You can sure ask 'em if you see 'um.

MARCO

So they're still out there?

OLD CLERK

Yup. See that car?

He points out the glass entrance door to a red van parked by the sidewalk.

OLD CLERK (CONT'D)

They came in that. Hasn't moved an inch in two days.

ADDISON

You don't think they could be in any danger do you?

OLD CLERK

I'm sure they're fine. But you can get pretty lost out there if you ain't careful.

Addison looks a little concerned. Marco takes notice.

MARCO

Anyway, we need to head out, gotta stay a head of the sunlight.

Marco slaps some money down on the counter for the tent and the three (plus one tent) walk out the store.

OLD CLERK

You lot be careful out there. Never know what you might find. Make sure you stick to the path!

FLASHFORWARD TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

MEGAN, early 20's, brunette, beautiful, clothes and face splattered with blood and dirt, runs for her life to an open cabin door.

In her hand, a deputy sheriff's gun belt.

Behind her, glimpses of something big and hairy chasing after her. A disgusting beast, covered in fur, with razor sharp claws and teeth. A wolfish humanoid.

Megan reaches the door to the cabin-

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Megan barely gets the door closed in time, locking the dead bolt.

The beast SLAMS against the door, knocking her on her ass.

The gun belt slides across the floor.

Megan runs up against the door, blocking the beast from entering. The wooden door creaks and cracks.

She looks over at the gun belt on the floor, makes a run for it, struggles to get the gun unholstered.

The beast bangs even harder against the door.

She frees the gun from the holster-

Shaking like a leaf, she takes aim.

MEGAN

Stay back!

The beast SLAMS one last time before she fires a shot through the door.

The kick sends her on her back.

She looks up at the bullet hole in the thick wooden cabin door.

The beast has stopped beating at the entrance and has run off somewhere in the woods.

Megan gets up and looks through the bullet hole.

Nothing.

She looks around the cabin.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Hello?!

She runs over to look out the windows, checks to make sure they're secure.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

WEREWOLF, glaring savage eyes with a bestial face, rests in the shadows. It watches through the windows as Megan runs panicked through the cabin.

Snarling as it watches, snout wrinkled back, displaying those sharp teeth.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A fire roars in the fireplace.

Some plates of half eaten slices of cake rest on the coffee table.

A smashed to hell TV set lies tipped over on the floor.

Megan gravitates towards the cake, immediately scarfing it down.

She's starving.

Megan wipes the frosting from her mouth, goes up the steps to the second floor, but stops out of fear.

MEGAN

Hello? Is anyone up there?!

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Marco and Chonsey walk up ahead, looking over the map.

CHONSEY

Man, this place is Squatchy.

MARCO

Can't wait to come out here tonight. You brought the thermal imager, right?

CHONSEY

You know I did. Cost a fortune. But hopefully worth it.

Addison struggles with the weight of her hiking backpack. She drags her tent behind her.

ADDISON

Bae! We've been walking for hours! How much further?

MARCO

I'm not sure. Maybe we should set up a base camp.

CHONSEY

Sure, I need to check our equipment anyway.

Addison drops everything on the ground.

ADDISON

Finally! Here is good.

EXT. BASE CAMP - A BIT LATER

The GANG have set up camp in the forest. Addison sits on a mossy log, swatting mosquitoes off her neck.

ADDISON

Did anyone bring bug spray?

Marco walks over carrying an arm full of sticks for the campfire.

MARCO

Yeah. Check my bag.

Addison gets up and enters a tent.

INT. CHONSEY'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Addison walks in on ChonseY banging on his thermal imager. From behind, it looks like he is vigorously masturbating.

CHONSEY

Piece of shit!

ADDISON

Getting angry at it won't get it hard. Try spitting on it.

He turns around.

CHONSEY

What?

She smiles.

ADDISON

Nothing. Whatcha got?

CHONSEY

I spent two thousand bucks on this fuckin' thermal imager and I can't figure out how to work it.

ADDISON

Two thousand? Jeez, I guess that's one bonus to not having a girlfriend. Can afford to buy all the boy toys you want.

CHONSEY

It's not a toy, Addison. It's a serious piece of technology.

ADDISON

A piece of shit technology that doesn't work you mean.

He slams it down on the ground.

She touches his shoulder.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Easy. I was only kidding.

They awkwardly look at each other. She repels her hand back.

CHONSEY

It's fine. What do you want?

ADDISON

Marco's bag, you seen it?

CHONSEY

Yeah, here.

He hands her Marco's backpack.

ADDISON

Thanks.

Chonsey leaves the tent.

Addison goes through Marco's pack, finds a ring box.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

EXT. BASE CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Chonsey crawls out of the tent, walks over to Marco.

CHONSEY

You got the GPS? I wanna pinpoint where we are.

MARCO

Yeah, sure.

ADDISON (O.C.)

Oh my fuckin' god!

MARCO

Fuck! The ring!

Marco quickly runs over to the tent, when Addison crawls out, holding up the ring box.

CHONSEY

Ring? What ring?

ADDISON

Is this what I think it is, Marco?

MARCO

Damn it. I forgot I put it in there.

ADDISON

Are you going to propose to me?

MARCO

It's meant to be a surprise.
(smiles big)
Surprise.

ADDISON

You were going to propose to me out in the woods?

His smile drops.

MARCO

Yeah. When you decided to come with me, I thought it would be the perfect opportunity.

ADDISON

What is wrong with you? This place is horrible, Marco. There's no way you're proposing marriage to me out here. No way.

She hands him the ring box.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

I never saw this.

MARCO

What?

ADDISON

You ask me when we aren't surrounded by bugs and bear shit, okay?

Chonsey awkwardly walks over.

MARCO

No. Addison, wait.

CHONSEY

Guys, I hate to interrupt this romantic moment of rejection, but I'd really like to start searching. You know, the whole reason why we're all out here to begin with.

ADDISON

Fuck off, Chonsey!

MARCO

Read the room, man. Not now. I need to talk with Addison. You mind giving us some space?

CHONSEY

Yeah. Okay. Sure.

Chonsey walks over to the not yet ready campfire.

They shoot irritated dagger-stares his way.

MARCO

Dude.

CHONSEY

What?

MARCO

I mean go away.

CHONSEY

Fine! I'll find Sasquatch by myself, then! I'll take all the credit and everyone else can just go fuck themselves!

Chonsey storms off.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Chonsey stomps around in anger, kicking the dirt.

CHONSEY

She's ruining everything!

He slips, falls on the ground.

Chonsey carefully gets up, looks around, notices a grave with a bizarre marking etched into the limestone.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)

What the hell?

He brushes some overgrown grass away, sees a row of gravestones, all featuring the same markings.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Chonsey walks through the woods, taking quick snap pics of random things.

He eyes a torn backpack stuck in a bush.

He runs over to check it out, blood is smeared all over, giant slash marks down the side.

He walks further, finds a sleeping bag stuffed up a tree.

CHONSEY

How did you get up there?

INT. MARCO'S TENT - DAY

Marco and Addison make out with most of their clothes off in his cramped tent.

CHONSEY (O.C.)

Marco!

They stop kissing.

MARCO
What now?

CHONSEY (O.C.)
Marco, you need to get the fuck out
here, man!

MARCO
I'm kinda busy.

CHONSEY (O.C.)
Right the fuck now, dude!

ADDISON
Fuck off, ChonseY!

MARCO
Thirty minutes. That's all I ask
for.

CHONSEY (O.C.)
I'm not leaving until you come out
here.

ADDISON
What do we do?

MARCO
He isn't going away.

ADDISON
Fine. Let him listen.

Marco scoffs, searches for his clothes.

MARCO
I'll be back.

EXT. BASE CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Marco crawls out of the tent, walks over to ChonseY.

MARCO
What the fuck, man?

CHONSEY
This is big. This is fuckin' big!

MARCO
What is?

CHONSEY
Follow me. You won't be
disappointed.

EXT. CLEARING - HIDDEN GRAVEYARD - DAY

Chonsey picks up a tombstone and shows it to Marco.

MARCO
What is a graveyard doing out here
in the middle of the damn forest?

CHONSEY
Check out these markings. I know
I've seen something like this
before, I can't remember where.

MARCO
Okay, I admit it, this is kind of
strange.

CHONSEY
You haven't seen the strangest part
of it yet. Read the date.

Marco gives the tombstone a glance, brushes some moss away.

MARCO
(reading)
Segen 1650.

CHONSEY
There are a good 30 graves out here
marked with that word and date.

MARCO
Segen, what does it mean?

CHONSEY
No clue. Focus on the date.

MARCO
1650?

CHONSEY
Yes. You don't see another date
until...

Chonsey dances around the graves, pulls up another
gravestone.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)

Here. 1750. A hundred years later.
This time about 50 or so graves.
And it keeps going on like that.
Nothing for a hundred years.

Addison gets on the rest of her clothes, fixes her hair,
follows the boys to the hidden graveyard.

She walks over.

ADDISON

What did you guys find?

MARCO

Here, check it out.

Marco shows her the tombstone.

ADDISON

Cool. What is it?

MARCO

Chonsey thinks it's a tombstone for
a grave.

ADDISON

Really? Gross.

(to Chonsey)

Is this what you wanted to show us?
This is what couldn't wait?

CHONSEY

No. I... I found something else.
Follow me.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

The TRIO enter the camp. Everything has been tossed around.

MARCO

What the fuck, Chonsey? What is
this?

CHONSEY

I don't know. But look...

Chonsey runs over to a tree. Giant claw marks run down the
bark of the tree trunk.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)

See this?

ADDISON
Did bears do all that?

MARCO
Could be bears I guess but...

CHONSEY
Wait here.

Chonsey runs off.

Marco bends down, looks over some of the destroyed recording equipment.

There's blood on it.

ADDISON
Are you freaked out? I'm kinda
freaked out.

Chonsey runs back over holding GoPro cameras.

CHONSEY
I found these scattered all over
the place. Whatever happened here,
they recorded it.

MARCO
There's blood on some of this, man.
Whatever happened here, it wasn't
good.

ADDISON
Wait, are you thinking Bigfoot did
all of this?

CHONSEY
Yes!

MARCO
What about Bigfoot being peaceful
and shit?

CHONSEY
He is. But if you fuck with
anything, it's bound to fuck with
you right back. We need to take
these cameras back to our camp, see
if we can't get some footage off
them.

MARCO
Hold on. I think we need to find
the police.

ADDISON
Yeah, I second that.

CHONSEY
Fuck, guys. If we do that, they'd take everything. There could be definitive proof on here that Sasquatch exists, man. You want to throw that away?

Addison looks over at Marco.

ADDISON
Marco? You're not actually considering this, are you?

MARCO
He has a point.

ADDISON
Oh my god. I'm engaged to a fuckin' moron.

CHONSEY
Wait. She said yes?

MARCO
She said yes.

Marco smiles.

CHONSEY
That's fuckin' great. I knew it. I just fuckin' knew it! She's fucking it all up!

ADDISON
Jeez, Chonsey, calm down.

CHONSEY
No! I will not calm down! This is the woods! I can yell as loudly as I want to! Fuck!! You!!

Chonsey's voice echoes through the forest.

They stand there silent, soaking in his outburst.

Chonsey walks away in anger.

MARCO
(sarcastic)
Glad to hear you're happy for us,
dude. Thanks.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Megan hides on the stairs, gun in hand, she's fallen sleep.

A loud BANG at the door startles her awake.

She accidently drops the gun, quickly picking it back up,
points it at the front door.

MEGAN
Hello?

She walks cautiously over to the front door.

Nothing.

She looks out one of the windows, scans the darkness around
her, switches on a lamp.

Something moves around outside.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Shit.

She slowly backs away.

A deer flies through the window, knocking out the lamp. Megan
falls back, face cut by the shattered glass.

The deer has its throat torn, its intestines spilling out of
its belly, dragging on the floor behind it.

The deer tries its best to get back on its hooves but keeps
falling over and trying to get back up again.

Megan covers her mouth out of horror. She aims the gun at the
deer's head.

It makes horrific sounds.

She shoots it in the temple, ending its suffering.

Megan looks over at the broken window and runs over to a
bookshelf.

She tries to drag it but it's too heavy. She dumps out all the books and tries again.

INT. CABIN BASEMENT CELLAR - NIGHT

BARRY, 70's, holds a shotgun, looks up at the ceiling. We hear Megan upstairs dragging the bookshelf.

MARY, also 70's, holds a kitchen knife tightly in her blood stained hands.

They follow the noise coming from upstairs.

MARY
Dear God, Barry. They're back.

BARRY
(whispers)
Keep your damn voice down before they hear you.

MARY
What do we do? They're going to find us.

BARRY
Calm down.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. CHONSEY'S TENT - NIGHT

EVERYONE crams together in ChonseY's tiny tent.

MARCO
I know you're upset, dude, but-

CHONSEY
Can we focus on this?

ChonseY pulls out his laptop and hooks up one of the cameras to it.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)
This is the camera I found closer to camp. Maybe it will show us something.

LAPTOP
Grainy footage pops up on the screen. Static. Megan slams

against the tree in front of the camera. She smiles as JAKE, 20's, leans in and kisses her.

ADDISON
Great. It's porn.

Chonsey fast-forwards.

MARCO
Hold on, you're skipping all the good stuff.

CHONSEY
If it isn't big and hairy, I'm not interested.

ADDISON
I bet you aren't.

She smirks.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan has barricaded the broken window with the bookshelf. She looks down at the dead deer on the floor.

She walks over to the couch where a blanket lays, covers up the deer and heads off to the kitchen.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Megan goes through drawers, pulls out knives, duct tape, batteries...

She finds a flashlight, checks it. It works.

She notices the phone on the wall, tries it, it's dead.

A strong gust of wind blows open the back door in the kitchen. She quickly runs over to it and locks it shut.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. CHONSEY'S TENT - NIGHT

Chonsey stops fast-forwarding the footage.

CHONSEY

Whoa.

MARCO

What?

CHONSEY

Did you see that?

LAPTOP

ChonseY rewinds the footage of Megan and Jake having sex by the tree. He stops it.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)

You see that?

MARCO

The hot chick getting plowed? Yeah, I see it.

Addison punches Marco's shoulder.

ADDISON

She isn't that hot.

Marco rubs his shoulder.

MARCO

Ow, that hurt.

CHONSEY

Look closely in the background.
Look past the people screwing.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. CABIN KITCHEN - NIGHT

Megan checks the fridge, it's been ransacked. Only a couple of bottled beers left.

She takes a bottle and quickly gulps it down.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the hallway to the kitchen, there's a door. Megan stops and walks over to it. She tries the knob but it's locked.

MEGAN

Hello?

She knocks, tries the door knob again.

BARRY (O.C.)
Get away from the door.

MEGAN
Hello?! Please! You gotta let me
in! There's something out here!

BARRY (O.C.)
Get the hell away from the door!

MEGAN
My name is Megan.

INT. CABIN BASEMENT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Barry stands by the door with the shotgun aimed right at
Megan.

Mary hides nervously behind Barry, still gripping her knife.

MEGAN (O.C.)
I was camping with a group of my
friends when something came out of
the woods and-

BARRY
I got a shotgun pointed right at
you. If you even think about
touching that door knob again, I'm
going to blast a hole in you so big
they'll be able to fit a beach ball
inside.

MARY
Barry, it's only a scared girl.

BARRY
Are you out of your mind, Mary? We
don't know what the hell is on the
other side.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. CHONSEY'S TENT - NIGHT

Chonsey points to the laptop screen.

CHONSEY
Right there.

LAPTOP

Two glowing eyes watch the couple in the distance.

MARCO

Yeah, I think I see something. Turn up the brightness.

LAPTOP

Slowly the brightness gets turned up, the large shadowy figure gets more and more illuminated. It's a giant hairy beast standing on two legs, large sharp teeth fill it's wolf-like mouth. The screen goes black.

MARCO (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Chonsey bangs on the computer.

CHONSEY

Fuck! I forgot to charge my damn laptop before we left the hotel.

ADDISON

Chonsey's incompetence aside, you all saw that, right?

MARCO

Yeah.

ADDISON

What was that thing?

MARCO

I don't know.

ADDISON

Was that Bigfoot?

CHONSEY

No. That was something else.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan takes a step back from the cellar door.

MEGAN

This is crazy! Why the hell won't you let me in?

BARRY (O.C.)
Listen to me, I suggest you find a
place to hide and wait this out.

As he says that, the power goes out.

INT. CABIN BASEMENT CELLAR - NIGHT

Barry and his wife Mary are in the dark.

MARY
God, no!

BARRY
Calm down. It's only the generator.
Must have finally run out of fuel.
Get the lantern.

Mary grabs an electric lantern and switches it on. She brings it over to Barry, giving them some much needed light.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN - NIGHT

Megan stumbles around in the dark, looking for the flashlight she found earlier.

The back door slams, the beast tries to get inside. She aims the flashlight in its direction.

She points the gun, fires a shot.

The beast runs off to lick its wounds, disappearing into the darkness.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. BASE CAMP - NIGHT

Marco has a fire going. He tosses another log in. Embers shoot up.

Addison nervously looks around.

ADDISON
What did he mean? What was it?

MARCO
I don't know.

INT. CHONSEY'S TENT - NIGHT

Chonsey goes through a pink hiker backpack. It's ripped, covered in blood.

He pulls out a digital camera, flips through the pictures on it.

DIGITAL CAMERA

Chonsey flips through pictures of Megan, Jake and THREE OTHER HIKERS posing happily next to each other.

EXT. BASE CAMP - NIGHT

Chonsey crawls out of the tent.

ADDISON

What did you mean, Chonsey?

CHONSEY

Some believe that for years Sasquatch has been falsely identified. What some think to be Sasquatch is actually something else entirely.

ADDISON

Like what?

CHONSEY

Lycanthrope.

MARCO

(irritated)
Christ.

Addison stands up, walks over.

ADDISON

What?

MARCO

Werewolves. He's talking about damn werewolves.

CHONSEY

Fuck right I'm talking about damn werewolves.

ADDISON

I don't get it. What?

MARCO

Some whack jobs on chatroom forums argue that Bigfoot is an offshoot of werewolf. Which is completely ridiculous.

ADDISON

Why? Why is that ridiculous?

MARCO

Because Bigfoot is real and werewolves are fuckin' retarded.

CHONSEY

Until the late 1500's werewolves were mostly a European phenomenon. They'd mark the graves of suspected werewolf killings. Markings like the ones found here. Remember the graves? Werewolves, man.

ADDISON

You're freaking me out. Stop it.

Addison walks over to Marco, finds solace in his arms.

MARCO

What about all the Bigfoot sightings?

CHONSEY

There's a Squatch in these woods. I can feel it. I think one must have migrated here. There's deforesting all around this area. He must have come here to find a new home. But doing so disrupted the wolves' natural ecosphere.

MARCO

Ecosphere? Would you listen to yourself? This is insane, ChonseY.

CHONSEY

You saw the fuckin' footage, man. This shit is real.

ADDISON

If it is real... What do we do?

MARCO

Then we leave.

CHONSEY

Wait. He's out here. Sasquatch is out here, man.

MARCO

And so are those things. It's too dangerous.

CHONSEY

How about if we only go Squatchin' during the day? Would that make you feel better?

Marco looks over at Addison. She shakes her head no.

MARCO

Sorry, man.

CHONSEY

Goddamn it! What about what that hick in town said? There are probably already people out here lookin' for that lost Boy Scout and Scout Leader. We're perfectly safe out here.

ADDISON

What is he talking about, Marco? What aren't you two telling me?

MARCO

Some Boy Scouts got separated from their Scout Leader. Nothing serious.

CHONSEY

They said Bigfoot attacked them.

ADDISON

Attacked them?! What is wrong with you, Marco? You're putting me in danger so you can frolic through the woods with your delusional virgin boyfriend?

CHONSEY

Hey! I am not delusional.

MARCO

Honey, I'm sorry. Let me explain.

ADDISON

Forget it.

She crawls into her tent and zips it up.

MARCO
Nice going, asshole.

CHONSEY
Fuckin' women, man. They overreact
to every little thing. We need to
focus on what is important.

MARCO
She's the only thing that's
important to me.

Marco goes after her.

CHONSEY
So Sasquatch isn't important now?!

Chonsey angrily tosses a stick in the fire.

In the background, green-yellow eyes glow behind him. They
move around in the darkness, watching...

FLASHFORWARD TO:

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan sits by the cellar door, gun by her lap, knees to her
chest.

She spins the gun like a morbid game of spin the bottle.

MEGAN
Two nights. I was out there alone
with those things for two nights.

MEMORY FLASH:

EXT. TALL TREE - NIGHT(RAINING)

Megan sits on a large branch, knees to her chest, tears
running down her face, mixing with the rain pouring down on
her.

Beneath her feet, a pack of werewolves jumping and crawling
over each other to get up the tree.

Megan screams to drone out the horrific sounds they're making.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

Claw marks surround the trunk of a large tree. Bark covers the ground around it.

Out of nowhere - Megan plummets out of the tree, lands hard on the ground, knocking the wind out of her. She squirms around in pain.

She catches her breath and gets to her feet.

EXT. MOUNTAIN VALLEY - DAY

Megan bolts through the valley, trying her best to find her way back to civilization.

EXT. WOODED HILLSIDE - DUSK

Megan is dirty, gripping the gun belt with a death grip. The sun is dropping fast.

She trudges up a large hill to get a better view of her surroundings...

EXT. OVERLOOK - DUSK

Emaciated, Megan makes it to the top of the large hill, looks out.

There is nothing around for miles but dense forest.

She collapses, defeated, tears form in her bloodshot eyes.

The howls of monsters echo through the valley.

She can't help but to laugh at her defeat.

Megan notices smoke from a chimney in the far off distance.

Quickly, she darts down the hill.

BACK TO:

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan stops spinning the gun on the floor, leans her head back on the wall.

She wipes away a single tear and lets out a crooked smile.

INT. CABIN BASEMENT CELLAR - NIGHT

Barry unscrews the cap to a canteen, gulps down some water. He hands it off to a nervous looking Mary.

MEGAN (O.C.)
What about you?

He shakes his head at Mary, silently warning her not to answer.

MARY
We were celebrating...

MEGAN (O.C.)
Celebrating? Celebrating what?

MARY
Our grandson's birthday.

MEGAN (O.C.)
Your grandson is down there with you?

Beat.

MARY
No. He...
(mournful beat)
It happened so fast... They dragged him away. He could still be out there.

Barry looks infuriated.

BARRY
Enough!

He gets up, takes the water canteen from Mary's shaking hands and screws the cap on tight.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I don't want you talking about this with her. It ain't her business.

MARY

Barry, she-

He SLAMS the canteen down on a workbench.

It startles Mary.

BARRY

She don't need to hear our whole
life story. Understand?

She nods, her eyes swelling with tears.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. BASE CAMP - MORNING

Chonsey and the GANG have packed their bags, put away their
tents.

Marco pours some water over the still smoldering fire pit.

CHONSEY

So what's the plan?

MARCO

She wants to leave.

CHONSEY

Fine. But I'm staying. I came here
to find a Squatch, so that's
exactly what I'm going to do.

He grabs his gear and walks away.

ADDISON

Let's go, Marco.

MARCO

I can't leave him out here, honey.

ADDISON

No, we agreed.

MARCO

You know what he's like, Addison.
He'll walk right off a damn cliff
and not even realize it.

ADDISON

What about me?

MARCO
Nothing will happen, babe. I swear.
You're safe with me.

She looks around at the unfamiliar territory. There is no way she can make it back to town on her own, she's stuck.

ADDISON
I guess I don't have much of a
choice.

She heads out after Chonsey.

Marco follows.

EXT. WOODED HILLSIDE - DAY

The THREE trek through the woods, pushing through brush. Addison stays in the back, her backpack slowing her down. Chonsey holds the map in one hand, the GPS in the other.

CHONSEY
They set their camp close to the
stream.

MARCO
They must have gotten the same idea
we did.

ADDISON
And look how well that worked out
for them.

CHONSEY
C'mon, it's just up ahead.

EXT. MOUNTAIN STREAM - DAY

The THREESOME make it to the stream. Fresh water slides down the mountain.

CHONSEY
This is it.

ADDISON
Can we rest?

MARCO
Sure.

Addison drops her things and sits down on the ground, scooping up water in her hands, drinking it.

MARCO (CONT'D)

How far?

CHONSEY

A few miles up this mountain.

(looks over at Addison)

You think she can make it?

MARCO

Of course. She's a trooper.

Addison fills up her canteen with water. Something glittery in the water catches her eye.

She gets up, walks over...

Something shines under the water.

Addison reaches in, pulls it out. It's a gold necklace.

ADDISON

Wow. Look what I found.

She puts the necklace on, searches around for more jewels.

There's a shiny loop earring poking out from under some buried rocks.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Look, an earring!

She tugs on the earring, pulls it out with an ear still attached to it.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

Jesus! Fuck!

She tosses it back in the stream.

Marco quickly runs over.

MARCO

What happened?

ADDISON

There was an earring with a fuckin' ear on it.

MARCO

A what?

ADDISON
A fuckin' ear! A human fuckin' ear!

MARCO
Where?

She points to the stream.

ADDISON
There. I... I threw it over there.

Marco steps through the stream, looks around for it.

ADDISON (CONT'D)
See it?

MARCO
Nothing.

ADDISON
I swear, I know what I saw.

Chonsey walks over with his head buried in the GPS.

CHONSEY
We ready to go?

ADDISON
There was an ear.

CHONSEY
That's cool.

He walks away, not listening.

Marco steps out of the water, walks over.

MARCO
Sorry, I couldn't find anything.

ADDISON
I don't like this, Marco. This is getting really fucked up. We need to turn back around.

MARCO
Chonsey says we're almost there. If we don't find anything, we'll leave. Okay?

ADDISON
I know what I saw. It was an ear. Whatever we're going to find up there won't be worth our lives.

MARCO
You're being dramatic.

ADDISON
And you're being an asshole.

She grabs her gear and catches up with ChonseY.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

The THREE hike it up to the mountains. ChonseY stops to check his map.

CHONSEY
Okay, we have mountains, everybody.

ADDISON
What about those monsters? What if they're out here?

ChonseY arrogantly laughs to himself.

CHONSEY
Werewolves are cursed human beings, Addison. They only skinwalk when it's a full moon. At night.

ADDISON
How am I supposed to know that?

CHONSEY
Everyone knows that.

Marco walks between them.

MARCO
Let's look for a cave. Anything Bigfoot might call home.

ChonseY smirks.

CHONSEY
Werewolves during the day, give me a break.

FLASHFORWARD TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Several beasts circle the small cabin. They stay in the forest, hidden in shadows, but they're there.

Waiting.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Megan walks carefully over to a window and glances out.

A beast quickly runs by the cabin. She jumps back startled.

MEGAN
It's still out there.

MARY (O.C.)
What is it doing?

MEGAN
I don't know. Circling the house.

Another one comes into view.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Shit. There's more than one out
there now.

INT. CABIN BASEMENT CELLAR - NIGHT

Barry lowers his shotgun and takes a seat on the stairs.

MEGAN (O.C.)
You gotta help me. You gotta let me
in. Please.

Mary walks over, puts her hand on his shoulder.

MARY
Barry?

BARRY
I'm sorry.

MARY
We can't stay down here forever,
honey. We can trust her.

Barry looks up at his wife.

The outside cellar door bangs. Barry quickly stands up.

MARY (CONT'D)
What was that?

BARRY
Get behind me.

Mary quickly takes cover behind her husband's back.

He slowly walks over to the outside cellar entrance, holding out the lamp, shaking like a leaf.

He creeps slowly to it...

The banging gets more intense.

A clawed hand SMASHES through the wood door.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Shit!

Mary darts to the steps leading upstairs. She trips and falls.

The lamp goes out, blanketing them in darkness.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Mary?

MARY

I'm okay.

The entrance to the outside cellar door BURSTS open.

...Wild footsteps scamper around...

MARY (CONT'D)

Barry?

BARRY

Keep quiet. Something is in here.

Mary slowly gets back to her feet, blindly feeling around in the darkness.

MARY

I can't see anything, Barry.

BARRY

Keep quiet, damn it.

A werewolf beast sneaks up in front of Mary, its open mouth breathing on her face.

Barry gets the lamp to light, illuminating the room.

Mary is face to face with the drooling beast.

The werewolf rips her apart. Gore and intestines fly everywhere.

BARRY (CONT'D)

No!

Barry fires the shotgun into it, blowing it across the room.

He quickly runs over to the top half of Mary's torso, picks her up in his arms. Gore and viscera fall out of the bottom, hitting the floor with an audible SPLAT.

More werewolf beasts pile into the cellar. Snarling and crawling their way in.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You bastards!

He BLASTS away at them with his shotgun.

Quickly, he runs to the upstairs door-

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door to the basement springs open.

Out steps Barry, quickly sealing the door shut.

MEGAN

What happened?

BARRY

They got inside.

MEGAN

Your wife?

A mournful beat.

BARRY

Dead. They got her.

MEGAN

I'm sorry.

BARRY

Save it.

He walks to the kitchen.

MEGAN

What are you doing?

BARRY
This is my home. If I'm gonna die
in it, I might as well die with a
goddamn beer in my hand.

Barry walks back in with a beer in his hand and his shotgun
propped up on his shoulder.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Alright, we got work to do.

With an expressionless look, he pushes past her, heads for
the stairs.

BARRY (CONT'D)
You been upstairs yet?

MEGAN
No. I-

BARRY
Follow me.

INT. CABIN UPSTAIRS TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

Barry leads Megan upstairs, shows her into a room full of
stuffed and mounted animals, their heads decorating the
walls.

BARRY
As you can see, I used to be quite
the hunter.

MEGAN
How long have you lived here?

BARRY
A year. This cabin was Mary and I's
retirement plan.

He chokes back his feelings.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Anyway. When I got too old to hunt,
I picked up a new hobby.

He points with his shotgun to the wall behind Megan.

She turns around and finds herself confronted with an entire
wall displaying several different styles of animal traps.

MEGAN
Animal traps.

BARRY
Thanks to ebay my collection has
grown a bit.

MEGAN
You want to trap one?

BARRY
Trap it and kill it.

BACK TO PRESENT

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - DAY

The GANG climbs up the mountain pass, Chonsey still leading
the way.

Marco holds up the map.

MARCO
Nothing is on the map.

Chonsey stops, takes the map, looks it over.

CHONSEY
There should be a cave opening up
here somewhere.

MARCO
We're losing light, Chonsey. I
don't want Addison out here come
nightfall.

CHONSEY
She won't be. We have a couple more
miles to go.

ADDISON
Miles? Are you kidding me? We
should be there already.

CHONSEY
Keep moving.

Chonsey hands Marco back the map and continues the trek
forward.

He stops.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)
Holy shit.

MARCO

What?

CHONSEY

You gotta see this!

Addison and Marco run up the hill, see a twisted upside down tree.

ADDISON

What is it?

CHONSEY

It's a marking.

Addison looks confused.

MARCO

Bigfoot. He's marking his territory.

CHONSEY

I told you we were on the right path. Let's go!

ChonseY runs off in excitement.

MARCO

ChonseY, wait up!

They run off after him.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

The GANG makes it up the mountain pass and to the entrance to the cave.

CHONSEY

See, made it before nightfall.

ADDISON

Barely.

ChonseY takes off his backpack.

CHONSEY

Okay, let's gear up.

Marco slips off his backpack, pulls out a couple of flashlights.

He hands one to Addison.

She slaps it away.

MARCO
What's wrong?

ADDISON
I don't think so. I'm waiting out here.

MARCO
Seriously?

ADDISON
A bear could be hibernating in there.

Chonsey tests the flashlights.

CHONSEY
Fine. She can stay out here with the werewolves.

ADDISON
Fuck off, Chonsey.

Chonsey ventures fearlessly into the cave.

Marco wraps his arm around Addison.

MARCO
It's okay. I'll be right by your side. Nothing bad will happen to you in there. I promise.

ADDISON
Okay. Fine.

She grabs the flashlight and angrily follows Chonsey into the cave.

INT. CAVE ENTRANCE CHAMBER - DARK

...IN COMPLETE DARKNESS...

MARCO
Dude, hit the therm.

Chonsey whips out the thermal imager, WHACKS the side to get it working.

The GANG'S flashlights beam around the pitch black cave.

...SILENCE...

The sound of water dripping off of stalactites hanging sharply on the cave ceiling...

ADDISON
This is so creepy.

Her voice echoes through the massive chamber.

Chonsey shushes her.

CHONSEY
Keep it down. We don't want to spook Sasquatch.

THERMAL IMAGER
Orange heat spots light up the top of the cave. They're moving.

MARCO
Anything?

CHONSEY
Only bats.

ADDISON
Bats?!

She frenziedly checks her hair for bats.

Marco spots claw marks up the side of the rock wall.

MARCO
Look at this.

He shines the light on it.

CHONSEY
Let's see where it leads.

They go deeper into the cave system...

INT. CAVE TUNNEL - DARK

...HEAVY BREATHING...

Chonsey stops, swings the thermal imager around in the cave.

CHONSEY
You hear that?

MARCO
Yeah. Something is in here.

Addison gets closer to Marco, wraps her arm around his.

ADDISON
I don't like this. Let's go back.

CHONSEY
No. We keep going.

ChonseY leads the way.

...Deeper into the cave...

ADDISON
How deep are we?

MARCO
Deep.

The GANG goes deeper...

...deeper still...

INT. CATHEDRAL CAVERN - DARK

The THREE make their way even deeper into the cave system until suddenly they find themselves in a vast chamber.

ADDISON
Wow. Look at this. It's giant.

Their flashlights light up the chamber.

ChonseY spots an opening in the cave wall.

CHONSEY
Through here.

INT. LAIR - DARK

The heavy breathing gets louder. It sounds like a wounded beast.

The GANG stumbles upon old deer carcasses, bones litter the cave floor.

ADDISON
Oh my god.

She covers her mouth in fear.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

We need to turn back. We need to
turn back right now.

CHONSEY

They're deer parts. We've found his
kitchen.

They move in deeper, quickly covering their noses.

MARCO

Jesus, what is that smell?

CHONSEY

I don't know.

They spot some camping equipment scattered everywhere.

Addison bends down, pulls out a deputy sheriff's hat from the
rubble.

ADDISON

What the fuck is this?

Marco shines the flashlight on the walls. Blood is smeared
everywhere.

MARCO

Fuck me. Chonse, I think Addison
is right. Something is seriously
wrong here.

Chonse stops dead in his tracks.

CHONSEY

Guys...

MARCO

Why did you stop?

CHONSEY

Look.

He points the thermal imager at a giant furry matted mass
sleeping on a bloody sleeping bag.

MARCO

What the fuck is that?

Chonse carefully takes two steps forward.

CHONSEY

It's him, Marco. We've found
Sasquatch.

MARCO

My god. What's wrong with him?

In total fear, Addison backs away.

ADDISON

No. This can't be real.

CHONSEY

He's fuckin' real all right.

Chonsey gets closer, shines a flashlight at him and takes a quick picture.

MARCO

Be careful.

IT'S BIGFOOT-

Deep long claw marks fill its back and chest. Pus oozes out, flies buzz around, laying their eggs.

ADDISON

Is he dead?

CHONSEY

No. But he's injured. Badly.

He points the light to the deep lacerations on Bigfoot's back.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)

Look. He's been attacked.

MARCO

What the hell could attack Bigfoot?

CHONSEY

Something that wasn't afraid. Maybe my crazy theory wasn't too far off.

ADDISON

Check for a zipper.

CHONSEY

What?

ADDISON

Check to see if it isn't some crazy mountain man wearing a costume.

MARCO

She's right. We need definitive proof.

CHONSEY
Okay. I'll check.

ChonseY carefully touches the unconscious Bigfoot.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)
Damn, he's really hairy. You gotta
feel this.

Cautiously, Marco gets closer, reaches out, lays his hand
down on Bigfoot's large shoulder.

MARCO
Jesus. Is that muscle?

CHONSEY
Yeah. This is genuine, man.

ADDISON
Okay, you guys got your evidence.
Let's get the fuck out of here.

CHONSEY
We can't leave him like this.

ADDISON
Are you kidding me? Let's get the
fuck out of here. Now!

MARCO
He's hurt really bad. If we leave
him, he'll die. He might be the
only one of his species.

ADDISON
What do you want to do? Drag him
back to town? Think about this,
Marco. Even if we wanted to do
something, we can't.

CHONSEY
I've got a first aid kit in my
pack.

ChonseY quickly takes out a small med kit from his backpack,
pulls out some gauze.

ADDISON
What good is that going to do?
Those wounds are infected. He needs
like antibiotics or something.

CHONSEY

It's all I have. I've got bandages and antiseptic wipes.

MARCO

We need to treat this like any other injured person. We need to get some help.

CHONSEY

And bring people back here? No way. They'll kill him or take him from us. Most likely both. I say we go back into town and deal with this ourselves. No one needs to know anything.

ADDISON

As long as it gets me the fuck out of here, I don't care what you do.

ChonseY gets close to Bigfoot's ear, pets his head.

CHONSEY

It's okay, big guy. We're going to go get you some help.

They quickly run out of the cave.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

JAKE, Megan's boyfriend lies naked and unconscious in the grass, covered in blood, his body chiseled with profoundly deep fresh scars.

He awakes to find he's surrounded by ripped apart and half eaten corpses.

JAKE

Oh, Jesus Christ!

He quickly tries to get to his feet, stumbling to get up.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Megan!

He looks around panicked.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Fuck! Megan!

He looks at his blood stained hands.

Jake takes a few steps forward, gets knocked to his knees by a crippling pain.

His wounds are open and bleeding.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He robs a corpse for his clothes.

Jake takes what is left of a shredded shirt and buries it into the bleeding gash on his side, wincing in pain.

He spots a shotgun lying next to the corpse of a deputy sheriff.

Jake grabs the shotgun, uses it as a walking stick to help prop himself upright.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Shit. Megan! Where are you?!

He ventures out into the woods.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DUSK

The sun is dropping fast. Jake stumbles upon his group's base camp.

JAKE

Hello?!

The camp has been deserted. Their equipment scattered everywhere.

Jake searches the debris, finds a med kit.

He tries his best to wrap his wounds.

The pain is too great for him and he passes out...

JUMP CUT TO:

NIGHT

Jake is woken up by a distant howl. He quickly grabs the shotgun and nervously waves it around.

JAKE

Hello?

Some bushes rustling...

Jake fixes the shotgun on the foliage...

...Readies his finger on the trigger-

Addison steps out of the bushes, screams when she sees the shotgun pointed at her.

Marco runs to her rescue, followed by ChonseY.

MARCO
What the fuck!

JAKE
Jesus!

Jake quickly lowers the rifle.

MARCO
You almost blew her fuckin' head off, asshole!

JAKE
There are things out in these woods.

They get a closer look at him.

CHONSEY
Hey, wait a minute. You look familiar.

JAKE
Megan? Is Megan with you?

ChonseY snaps his fingers.

CHONSEY
That's it! Now I remember. That's him. The guy from the sex tape.

Jake looks confused.

MARCO
Sorry, man. We haven't seen her.

JAKE
We need to find her. We need to find Megan.

MARCO
You look like shit. You aren't going anywhere like this.

The strange howling gets louder and closer.

ADDISON
What the hell was that?

JAKE
It's them. They've found us.

MARCO
Who?

Gunshots ECHO in the distance.

CHONSEY
You hear that?

JAKE
That's Megan, it has to be.

Jake quickly tries to get to his feet, fails.

MARCO
Hold on.

Marco runs over, helps him.

MARCO (CONT'D)
What happened to you?

JAKE
We were camping when we were
attacked.

MARCO
The rest of your friends?

JAKE
We got separated... I was
running... That's the last thing I
remember.

Green reflective eyes shine around them, tree limbs snap.

ADDISON
What was that?

CHONSEY
Hold on. Let me see.

Chonsey pulls out the thermal imager.

THERMAL IMAGER
The group is surrounded by giant moving heat signatures.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

JAKE
Fuckin' run!

Jake fires the shotgun into the darkness. With Marco's help, they all run off into the woods.

INT. LAIR - DARK

Bigfoot lies on the ground, shivering in agony.

Bigfoot's brownish hairy flesh slowly rips off him, revealing black fur underneath.

His guttural yells turn into growling howls.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

RUNNING-

EVERYONE is rushing, frantic and lost. They race through the woods, BEASTS chasing right behind them.

ADDISON
They're right behind us!

ChonseY swings the thermal imager around.

CHONSEY
Behind us, in front of us, they're
fuckin' everywhere!

Marco throws his gear away. Addison does the same.

The beasts crash through the trees, howling, alerting the others.

MORE BEASTS surround them, charging.

ChonseY hesitates to drop his bags.

MARCO
What are you doing?! Drop it!

CHONSEY
Our proof!

MARCO
That or your life!

CHONSEY

Fuck!

ChonseY drops his gear, keeps the pink backpack.

Jake aims the shotgun, BLASTS away an encroaching werewolf.

JAKE

Keep moving!

Another werewolf pounces, getting buckshot point blank in the snout.

GUNSHOTS in the distance.

MARCO

There it is again. Gunshots.

JAKE

Straight ahead!

He points the way with the shotgun.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Megan tosses out a bear trap in front of the cabin. Barry holds the werewolves off with his shotgun, blasting any that dare to get near.

BARRY

How we lookin', darlin'?

MEGAN

That was the last one.

BARRY

Good. That should keep them sonsabitches off my goddamn lawn.

A GUNSHOT in the distance.

MEGAN

You hear that?

BARRY

Hurry, let's get inside.

MEGAN

Wait... I see something... over there!

She points out.

Jake, Chonsey, Marco and Addison quickly run out of the bushes.

Megan sees Jake being held up by Marco.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Jake!

JAKE

Megan!

Jake drops the shotgun, runs to her.

They quickly dive into each other's arms.

MEGAN

What happened to you?

Marco heads for the cabin.

MARCO

They're right behind us. We need to get in-

Marco steps in a bear trap, springing it down on his ankle. He crumbles to the ground in pain.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Addison runs over to help him.

ADDISON

Marco!

BARRY

Nobody move! We got this place filled with bear traps.

ADDISON

I can fuckin' see that! Chonsey, help me!

Chonsey helps get the bear trap off of Marco's chewed ankle.

MEGAN

Follow my steps.

The werewolves surround the cabin. Their eyes glow in the darkness.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Go!

They quickly run to the cabin, the werewolves right behind. Some of the wolves get trapped in the bear traps, yelping.

The GANG makes it inside the cabin.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chonsey helps carry Marco.

MEGAN

Sit him down over there.

She points to the couch. Addison helps Chonsey get him over.

Megan lays Jake down on the floor.

She looks over his open bleeding gashes.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I thought you were dead.

Jake sneaks out a smile.

JAKE

Can't kill me.

He coughs up some blood.

Barry reaches into a night stand, pulls out a bottle of pills, tosses them to Marco.

BARRY

Here. This should help.

MARCO

What are they?

BARRY

My pain medicine. I got a bad back.

Marco swallows a few down and tosses the bottle over to Megan.

MARCO

Give him some of these. I don't know what good they'll do 'em, but...

MEGAN

Thank you.

Megan tries to feed Jake the pills, he spits them out.

CHONSEY
How far are we from town?

BARRY
A few miles.

CHONSEY
A car? Anything?

BARRY
An old pickup out back. But it
don't work.

CHONSEY
Does anyone have a plan? Anything?
What is stopping them from smashing
their way in here and eating us?

BARRY
This.

Barry holds out his shotgun.

ChonseY scoffs.

CHONSEY
And how long will that last?

BARRY
As long as I need it to.

ChonseY points to Jake on the floor.

CHONSEY
You! Where's the shotgun you had
with you?

JAKE
I'm sorry. I dropped it.

CHONSEY
Dropped it where?

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

ChonseY, Megan and Barry stand by the entrance, looking out
in the darkness.

MEGAN
I think I see it.

She points...

The deputy's shotgun rests in the grass, a few feet away from the cabin.

CHONSEY

Who is going out there to get it?

They look at ChonseY. He points to himself.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)

Not me!

BARRY

Man up, kid.

CHONSEY

That's easy for you to say, you have a gun.

MEGAN

Would you feel better if you had this?

Megan pulls out her revolver.

CHONSEY

Maybe. Bullets?

She fumbles around with the revolver's cylinder, springing it open.

MEGAN

Three left.

CHONSEY

Did you see how many are out there?
At least a hundred.

MEGAN

Fine, I'll get it.

Megan pushes ChonseY aside, steps out onto the grass. Wild beasts circle the forest.

CHONSEY

Hurry up!

Megan runs out, grabs the shotgun, racks it. Nothing.

MEGAN

Shit! It's empty!

Megan heads back for the cabin when a werewolf comes out of nowhere, leaps right at her.

She bashes the werewolf over the head with the empty shotgun, reaches for her revolver.

The werewolf stands up, towering over her.

Megan struggles to get a beat on him, hands shaking too much with fear.

BARRY
Get in here! Now!

The werewolf roars out. A shotgun blast flings it backwards, a burst of gore flecking Megan's face.

Barry reaches out, pulls her back inside the cabin.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

More werewolves SLAM against the closed door. Chonsey, Barry and Megan fling themselves against it, keeping it shut.

The werewolves run off back into the darkness.

CHONSEY
Fuck, that was close.

Addison sits beside Marco, lovingly pets his head.

Marco looks back at Chonsey.

MARCO
Anything?

CHONSEY
Still fucked.

Chonsey walks over to them.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)
How's the leg?

Marco lifts up his pant leg. It's gushing blood, the skin torn mostly to the bone.

MARCO
Is it bad? How does it look?

CHONSEY
Not gonna lie. Second most disgusting thing I've seen today.

ADDISON
What do we do?

CHONSEY
First, we need to stop the
bleeding.

ADDISON
How?

Chonsey looks around the room, spots some pillows.

CHONSEY
Here.

He rips a pillow case off a pillow and tosses it to Addison.

ADDISON
What do you want me to do with
this?

CHONSEY
Rip it into strips.

She uses her teeth, tears the pillow case into strips.
Chonsey does the same.

She hands the strips to Chonsey, watches as he wraps Marco's
leg.

Addison stands over them, nervously fidgeting with the gold
necklace around her neck. Megan takes notice.

MEGAN
What the hell is that?

ADDISON
What?

MEGAN
That necklace. Where did you get
it?

ADDISON
I found it.

MEGAN
That belongs to my friend. Give it
back.

ADDISON
No. I found it. I'm keeping it.

MEGAN
It belongs to Tiff! Not you!

Jake grabs Megan's arm, calms her down.

JAKE

Easy. It's okay. It doesn't matter.

Megan looks close to breaking down and crying.

Addison sits back down with Marco, helps him wrap his ankle.

ADDISON

(mutters)

Crazy bitch.

LATER

Megan struggles trying to shove a shotgun shell from Barry's shotgun into the deputy's rifle.

Barry walks over.

BARRY

That won't work. That's a 6 gauge.

He shows her his shotgun, racks out a shell.

BARRY (CONT'D)

This right here is for a 12 gauge.

MEGAN

Do you have anything for a 6 gauge then?

BARRY

I do not.

She tosses the rifle down out of anger.

MEGAN

Goddamn it!

Chonsey walks over to the dead deer on the floor, covered by a blanket.

CHONSEY

What's this?

He lifts it up.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)

Jesus. Did you do this?

Megan quickly runs over, covers the dead deer back up.

MEGAN

No. They did.

CHONSEY
They being the werewolves?

She pauses...

MEGAN
Werewolves?

CHONSEY
Yeah. That's what is out there. I thought everyone knew that. Are we not all on the same page?

Barry walks over.

BARRY
Hold on. You're tellin' me you know what these things are?

CHONSEY
Yeah. Kind of. They're giant standing wolves that only come out at night. What else could they be?

Jake looks at his still blood sullied hands.

MATCH CUT TO:

MEMORY FLASH:

Jake looks at his bloodied hands as torn apart corpses of deputies surround him in a meat pile.

BACK TO:

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Barry hovers over Jake.

BARRY
Werewolves. How exactly you get to be like that?

CHONSEY
If we're goin' by what the movies say, it's a curse. Spreads through scratches. Claw marks.

BARRY
Kind of like these?

Barry presses the barrel of the shotgun into Jake's open wound.

JAKE
Jesus! Fuck!

BARRY
Ya done been marked, son.

Jake yells out in pain.

JAKE
You crazy old fuck!

Megan runs over, pushes the shotgun away.

MEGAN
Stop it! What is wrong with you?

BARRY
He's cursed, Megan. You heard him.
He'll turn.

MEGAN
You're out of your mind. It can't
work like that!

BARRY
How do you know?

MEGAN
Because I live in fuckin' reality!

CHONSEY
You mean this reality? Where we're
being chased by monsters? I vote we
at least tie him up.

JAKE
Are you serious? You can't move me.
I'm badly injured.

CHONSEY
If we don't, you could change and
kill us all. Do you want that?

MEGAN
Stop this! You aren't touching him.
No one is infected with anything.

CHONSEY
Cursed.

MEGAN

Whatever! I'm not sure if either of you have looked outside lately, but there isn't a full moon up there. And there won't be for another month. If I'm remembering my goddamn werewolf lure correctly, that's a pretty important component to have. Right? Right?!

JAKE

Listen to her, damn it. She has a point.

ADDISON

What about blue moons?

They all look over at Addison.

ADDISON (CONT'D)

What? I know things.

CHONSEY

Okay, maybe the full moon thing is bullshit-

BARRY

This here is my cabin. I say who can stay and who can't. Right now I'm lookin' at a whole bunch of trespassers.

MEGAN

Barry, please. If you kick him out, he is as good as dead. You can't do that.

BARRY

Watch me.

Barry points his shotgun at Jake.

JAKE

Please, man.

BARRY

Time to go, kid. Get up.

Jake painfully gets to his feet.

At gunpoint, Barry leads him to the door.

Megan runs over to try and stop them from leaving.

MEGAN

Look at me, Barry. You can't do this. You can't kill him.

BARRY

I'm saving you. All of you.

Jake opens the door. Barry presses the barrel of the shotgun into his back.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Get out.

JAKE

If I was going to change, I would have already. What you're doing is pure murder.

BARRY

Then it's murder.

JAKE

At least have the dignity to look me in the goddamn eyes before you kill me.

Jake turns around, his face now completely reshaped. The skin breaks and cracks around the mouth.

His jaw snaps open, out bursts a wolf muzzle, sharp teeth chomping at Barry's throat, locking on.

Jake's hands rip open, sharp claws spring out, grabbing the shotgun.

The two wrestle for ownership of the weapon.

Jake's whole body rips apart, flesh slapping to the floor.

Barry beats at the werewolf muzzle around his throat. Blood shoots out, splashes onto the walls.

Barry pushes Megan away, she falls by the stairs.

Addison runs over to help.

ADDISON

Do something!

Barry pulls the trigger, accidentally BLASTS Addison in the face. Her head bursts, exploding gore and brains.

MARCO

No!

Marco stands up, limps over. ChonseY stops him.

CHONSEY
Stay back, man!

MARCO
Addison!

Barry wrestles with the werewolf, turning the shotgun on the wolf.

Barry blows the werewolf's ear off, kicking it out the front door.

He quickly shuts the door, holding his throat as blood pours out.

Megan gets up, looks out the window crying.

MEGAN
Jake!

Barry staggers around, trying to keep as much blood in as possible.

He gags, vomits up blood.

Marco limps over to Addison's body.

MARCO
Jesus, no! You fuckin' killed her!

ChonseY slowly walks up behind Barry, ready to club him with the empty deputy sheriff's rifle.

Barry spots him and points the shotgun at him.

BARRY
Get... back... all you...

He slowly climbs the staircase, leaving a giant blood trail behind him.

CHONSEY
You're going to fuckin' pay!

Barry smiles and keeps walking up the stairs.

BARRY
I... already... have.

Megan swings open the front door and runs after Jake.

CHONSEY
What the fuck is she thinking?!

EXT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Megan runs out into the darkness.

MEGAN
Jake!

Chonsey runs out after her, grabs her by the waist, pulls her back inside kicking and screaming.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Jake!!

CHONSEY
He's gone!

MEGAN
Fuck you! Let me go!

WOODS

WEREJAKE watches from the shadows, breathes heavy, blood rushing from its buckshot riddled face.

It watches as Chonsey struggles to get Megan back inside the cabin.

The surrounding wolves nip at his hanging slabs of human flesh, ripping it off him, devouring it.

WereJake snarls at them and they take off.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - LATER

The fire roars in the fireplace.

Marco sits on the floor next to Addison's body. Like the deer, she's been covered up by a blanket.

Megan and Chonsey sit together by the fire, holding kitchen knives.

Chonsey swipes the air with his knife.

CHONSEY
What good are these going to do?

MEGAN

It's better than nothing.

She looks over at Marco.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Your friend... he gonna be okay?

CHONSEY

I don't know.

MEGAN

Shouldn't you say something to him?

CHONSEY

I'm not sure what to say to someone who watched their fiancée get their face blown off.

Marco looks over at them.

MARCO

Stop talking about me like I'm not in the room. Like I can't fuckin' hear you.

CHONSEY

Sorry, man.

Marco gets up.

MARCO

I'm gonna go up there and I'm gonna kill him.

CHONSEY

Who? The old guy? He looked pretty fuckin' dead already, man. Leave it.

MARCO

Leave it? Leave it? He shot Addison in the fucking face!

CHONSEY

It was an accident. Plus, it was her own damn fault.

MARCO

What did you say?!

CHONSEY

She just ran out there. What did she expect to happen?

(MORE)

CHONSEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry she's dead. But we gotta think about ourselves right now.

MARCO

Fuck you, ChonseY. All you ever do is think about yourself.

Megan stands up.

MEGAN

Enough! There's only the three of us left now. We can make it if we all stay levelheaded. Can we all agree to that? Can we stay cool?

Angry and frustrated, Marco sits back down next to Addison's body, holds her cold dead hand.

MARCO

Yeah.

CHONSEY

Yeah.

MEGAN

Good. Full moon or not, they don't come out during the day. We only need to make it until morning.

INT. LAIR - DARK

Bigfoot lies on the floor in agony.

He roars, screams out-

Skin splits open, revealing darker, thicker hair-

Bones crack, his matted mess of hair pulls from his body-

Jaw protrudes outward like a wolf muzzle-

--Hands spring out sharp thick claws.

He has now become WEREFOOT, a gigantic, impossible 16 foot tall werewolf. Beastly and insane.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Megan sits awkwardly next to ChonseY.

Silence.

MEGAN
Chonsey, right?

CHONSEY
Yeah.

MEGAN
Megan.

He smiles at her and they shake hands.

CHONSEY
Nice to meet you.

She hides a guilty smile.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)
I don't get to meet many fellow
Squatchers outside of chatrooms.

MEGAN
How did you know-

CHONSEY
Because of that.

Chonsey points to the pink backpack on the couch.

She gets up and goes through it, takes out the GoPros Chonsey collected.

MEGAN
Why do you have all of this?

CHONSEY
We found your camp. I collected
those to try and piece together
what had happened.

She pulls out a memory stick for a videocamera, looks hauntingly at it...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

THROUGH A SHAKY VIDEOCAMERA - Megan is being chased through the woods, it takes a second to realize she's smiling and laughing.

They stop running, crouch down next to some bushes.

MEGAN
Let me hold it.

She takes the camera, FOCUSES on Jake. He smiles and waves to the camera.

JAKE
Hello.

Megan shushes him.

MEGAN (O.C.)
Quiet. Keep your voice down.

She SWINGS THE CAMERA AROUND, FOCUSES on their camp. Three of her friends are out partying, enjoying themselves.

TIFF, drinks from a red plastic cup, dances around the bonfire.

DOUGY and RACHEL stand around, deliriously making out.

Music blasts from a tiny hand radio.

MEGAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Do you have it?

Jake pulls out a mini air horn. He holds it out for the CAMERA.

JAKE
Got it. You wanna do the honors?

MEGAN (O.C.)
I'm on Silly String patrol.

JAKE
Okay, let's do this.

VIDEO IMAGE fills with STATIC and ABRUPTLY CUTS TO-

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

SHAKY VIDEOCAMERA - Megan and Jake run into camp, BLASTING the air horn, spraying everyone with Silly String.

Tiff and Rachel gleefully yell out.

TIFF
You guys!

RACHEL
You almost made me pee all over
Douggy.

DOUGY
That wouldn't be so terrible.

She playfully slaps his shoulder.

RACHEL
You're so gross.

DOUGY
The grossest.

He grabs her and smothers her with his mouth.

TIFF
There they go again. Why am I the
only single one out here?

JAKE
Bigfoot might be single.

TIFF
Oh boy. You hear that, Bigfoot?!
I'm ready for ya, big guy!

Everyone laughs.

Megan sprays Silly String into the bonfire. It flares up in a
giant fireball.

RACHEL
Look at you, you little pyromaniac.

Jake takes the CAMERA, SWINGS IT BACK to Megan. She gives the
camera finger-devil horns as she sprays the bonfire with
Silly String, shooting out fireballs.

JAKE (O.C.)
You're possessed!

CUT TO:

INT. TIFF'S TENT - NIGHT

We are suddenly in Tiff's tent, listening to the two lovely
couples have sex in their tents.

She SWINGS THE CAMERA around to face her.

TIFF
Hear them? They're going at it like
cavemen.

She smiles and lays the camera down, sneaking a hand into her pants.

A deadly howl snaps her hand out of her underwear. She sits up...

Tiff looks over at the camera.

TIFF (CONT'D)
That wasn't sex noises.

Heavy breathing sniffs around her tent.

TIFF (CONT'D)
Hey, guys? That's not funny.

Something brushes against the side of her tent. She yells out.

TIFF (CONT'D)
Hey! Help!

The tent caves in. Sharp claws rip through the thin nylon.

TIFF (CONT'D)
Help me!!

The claws tear into flesh. Tiff screams out in agonizing pain.

Sharp teeth snap into the CAMERA'S VIEW. They have her by the leg, dragging her, the tent and the camera with it.

The screen fills with BLOOD AND STATIC as the tape abruptly cuts-

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

FOCUSES ON JAKE'S FEET.

DOUGY (O.C.)
What are you doing, Jake?! Get it
on!

JAKE (O.C.)
I'm trying! I can't fuckin' see a
damn thing! I don't know where the
button is.

THE CAMERA SWINGS AROUND, Megan peers out into the dark woods with a flashlight.

Dougy runs over to her.

DOUGY
Anything?

NIGHT VISION KICKS IN-

JAKE (O.C.)
Okay, I got night vision working.

He runs over to Megan and Dougy with the camera.

JAKE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Anything?

MEGAN
I think maybe that way.

She points with the flashlight.

DOUGY
Okay, Megan, stay here with Rachel.

MEGAN
What? No, I'm going with you two.

DOUGY
No, you're not. Rachel is freaking the fuck out right now. You need to stay with her. Jake and I can handle this.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

ON THE MOVE. They follow the TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION. Dougy leads the way.

DOUGY
Tiff! Where are you?!

JAKE (O.C.)
Can we really handle this?

Footsteps crackling through the forest, Jake SWINGS THE CAMERA around nervously.

...A branch CRACKS in the brush behind them...

JAKE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Did you fuckin' hear that?

Dougy stops in his tracks.

DOUGY
Tiff!

The footsteps quickly turn into running, crunching through leaves, headed furiously their way.

JAKE (O.C.)
Something is out there.

A HAIRY BEAST jumps out of the woods and attacks Dougy. It pulls him apart, viscera flies everywhere.

JAKE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Fuck!

THE JERKY CAMERA races through the woods, shiny glowing eyes all around us.

JAKE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Oh shit! Oh fuck me!

A BEAST gallops towards him, crashes into the camera, STATIC, CUT TO-

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

TREE MOUNTED GOPRO CAMERA - The eyeshine of the beasts surround the camp.

They're everywhere.

INT. MEGAN'S TENT - NIGHT

TERRIFIED BREATHING - Megan angles the camera towards Rachel. Tears flow down her cheeks.

Rachel knocks the camera away.

RACHEL
Stop it, Megan.

MEGAN (O.C.)
I'm sorry. We need the extra light.

RACHEL
Where are they?

MEGAN (O.C.)
I don't know.

Yelling is heard in the distance.

Rachel is suddenly too terrified to cry.

RACHEL
What was that?

GUNSHOTS ECHO in the distance.

More yelling.

Megan PANS THE CAMERA around towards both of them.

MEGAN
That was a gunshot.

DEPUTY SHERIFF (O.C.)
Help me!

Megan reaches for the zipper on the tent, Rachel stops her.

RACHEL
Don't go out there.

Megan ignores her, grabs the camera and WE -

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

MOVE OUTSIDE THE TENT - A DEPUTY SHERIFF stands there bleeding, claw marks running down his face and body.

He collapses.

Megan drops the camera, runs over to help him.

MEGAN
Oh my god!

With Megan's back turned, a BEAST SNEAKS into her tent, attacks Rachel. She screams, blood dousing the walls of the tent, the sounds of ripping, twisting, tearing are heard within the tent, a geyser of gore hurricanes out.

Megan springs around, wrestles with the Deputy's revolver.

A beast steps on the camera, filling the SCREEN WITH STATIC-

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The werewolves outside start howling in unison.

Everyone stands up. A collective chill runs down everyone's spine.

MARCO
What the fuck is that?

Guttural howls and growls surround the cabin in every direction.

Megan looks panicked.

MEGAN
I don't know.

They carefully look out the windows.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
See anything?

Chonsey looks...

Angry snorts buzz the glass as the werewolves run past.

CHONSEY
Shit.

The werewolves SLAM against the sides of the cabin.

A wooden beam falls from the ceiling.

MARCO
They can't knock this cabin down
can they?

In the background, Addison slowly sits up, the blanket still covering her.

Megan takes notice.

MEGAN
Guys.

She points to Addison.

Marco runs over, slowly pulls the blanket off.

Addison is alive but missing half her face and head.

CHONSEY
Zombie! Kill it!

MARCO
Shut up, Chonsey. She isn't a
zombie.

He holds her.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Addison. I thought you were dead.

She drools down her chin.

He kisses her, tries to stick a piece of scalp back in place.

MARCO (CONT'D)
It's okay. We can work with this.

Another beam falls from the ceiling.

CHONSEY
Fuck! Are they on the roof?

They stay quiet...

Footsteps scamper on the rooftop.

CRASH-

A window upstairs shatters.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)
Okay, what the fuck was that?

MEGAN
One got inside.

CHONSEY
What do we do? All we have are a
couple of kitchen knives and your
pistol.

MEGAN
Barry. He still has his shotgun.

CHONSEY
Barry is upstairs. Upstairs with
one of those things. I'm staying
down here.

Megan looks over at Marco.

MARCO
I'm sorry. I can't leave Addison.

MEGAN

Fine, looks like I'm still the only one here with any balls.

She slowly walks upstairs, pulls out her pistol.

CHONSEY

Dude, you can't let her go up there by herself.

MARCO

I don't see you stopping her.

CHONSEY

We lose her, we lose our only gun.

Marco struggles with what to do...

He looks back at Megan.

MARCO

Okay.

Megan stops, looks down the stairwell at Marco.

MEGAN

What?

MARCO

I'm coming with you.

Marco grabs ChonseY's shoulders.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Listen to me, you keep Addison safe. Hear me? I'm trusting you.

CHONSEY

Yeah. Fine. Like watching my neighbor's dog.

MARCO

She isn't a fuckin' dog!

Addison stands there drooling, peeing down her leg.

CHONSEY

Really? Because she's pissing on the floor.

MARCO

I'd like to see how much bladder control you still have after getting shot in the fuckin' head.

Marco hands Addison a knife. With his help, she holds it, drool dribbling down her chin.

MARCO (CONT'D)
 (to Addison)
 I'll be right back.

ADDISON
 Chonsey.

MARCO
 Yes, stay with Chonsey.

CHONSEY
 Are you seriously going to give her
 a weapon?

MARCO
 Keep an eye on her.

Marco heads up the stairs with Megan.

Chonsey looks over at Addison and smiles awkwardly.

INT. CABIN - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Megan and Marco stalk the dark halls upstairs.

MEGAN
 How's the leg?

MARCO
 Better. The pills seem to be
 kicking in. Make sure to thank
 Barry for me before shooting him in
 the eye.

MEGAN
 I'll do that.

Marco stumbles around in the dark.

MARCO
 Damn. I can't see shit.

MEGAN
 Here.

She hands him a flashlight.

MARCO
 Which room you think he went into?

She shines the light on the blood trail. It splinters off into different directions.

MEGAN

I'm not sure. Let's try the trophy room.

MARCO

The what?

MEGAN

I'll show you. This way.

They turn the corner.

A shadow of something tall and hairy stands in a room behind them, slightly lit by moonlight.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chonsey takes a seat on the couch. He tosses his head back and closes his eyes.

He chuckles to himself.

CHONSEY

If I live through this... I bet I become famous.

Addison shuffles over to him, drops the knife on the floor.

Chonsey looks over at her.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)

You dropped your...

She takes a seat on the couch next to him.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)

Knife.

ADDISON

Chonsey.

CHONSEY

You know, you might get pretty famous yourself. I mean, you got shot in the face and came back to life. How many people can say that?

She smiles stupidly, drool drips down her chin.

ADDISON
Chonsey and Addison.

CHONSEY
I never told anyone this, not even Marco. But my dream has always been to one day get my own reality tv show. I'd call it Squatchin' with Chonsey. Or do you prefer Squatch Hunter?

She inches closer, toppling on top of him.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)
Jesus, Addison. Stop it.

She licks his neck.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)
Addison, stop it.

ADDISON
Chonsey taste good.

He puts his hands on her breasts to push her away. She sits on top of him, straddling his lap.

CHONSEY
I'm not Marco. Stop.

ADDISON
Chonsey. Want Chonsey to fuck Addison.

She grabs at his pants, unzips his jeans, reaches her hand in.

CHONSEY
Fuck it, I'm not dying a virgin.

He pushes her over and gets on top. He pulls down his pants and slips Addison out of hers.

She grabs him and the two have sex.

ADDISON
Chonsey! Kiss!

She grabs his head and tries to kiss him. He flinches at the sight of her, not wanting to be near her now disfigured face.

CHONSEY
No. Stop. No kisses.

ADDISON
Chonsey. Kiss Addison.

He gives in and kisses her on the mouth.

CHONSEY
(mutters)
This is so gross.

INT. CABIN UPSTAIRS TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT

Megan and Marco enter the trophy room. Marco seems impressed by all the bear traps surrounding the walls.

MARCO
Wow. Look at all this shit. Check out this big one.

He walks over to a giant bear trap by a cluttered desk.

MEGAN
Doesn't look like he's here.

MARCO
Or whatever it was that crashed its way inside.

Audible sex noises from downstairs grabs Marco's attention.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Wait... You hear that?

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chonsey has Addison bent over, pounding away at her. She's enjoying it.

CHONSEY
Keep your damn voice down.

ADDISON
Chonsey! Good! Always wanted!

Marco jumps down the stairs, sees them having sex.

MARCO
What the fuck! Get the fuck off her!

He grabs Chonsey and tosses him against the cellar door.

ADDISON
Chonsey, no stop!

CHONSEY
Wait... listen-

MARCO
I'm gonna fuckin' kill you!

CHONSEY
--I think maybe she thinks I'm you.

MARCO
Really? Is that why she keeps
yelling your fuckin' name?!

He runs at Chonsey. Megan gets between them.

MEGAN
Easy!

MARCO
You motherfucker!

MEGAN
Hold on. Let him explain.

MARCO
Yes, explain, Chonsey. Explain why
you were fucking my girlfriend!

ADDISON
Chonsey!

Addison reaches out for Chonsey.

CHONSEY
Look at her. Something is obviously
wrong with her.

ADDISON
Chonsey, fuck Addison!

MARCO
Yeah, you think? She hates your
fuckin' guts. There's no way she'd
wanna fuck you if she didn't have
some kind of brain damage.

CHONSEY
I was never gonna say anything, but
Addison always had a thing for me.

Marco scoffs.

MARCO

Yeah, right! Don't make me laugh.
Are you the one with fuckin' brain
damage now?

CHONSEY

It's true. I could always tell.

MARCO

You can't tell shit.

CHONSEY

We had moments!

Marco helps get Addison dressed. She pushes him off her and runs to Chonsey, embracing him.

ADDISON

No. Only Chonsey can touch Addison.

MARCO

I can't believe this is fuckin'
happening.

CHONSEY

You can't blame me.

MARCO

I can't? Your dick was inside her,
motherfucker!

CHONSEY

It's not like I was enjoying it.
Look at her. She looks like a
melted Mr. Potato Head.

Marco jumps at him again, forcing Megan to get between them.

MEGAN

Hey! Enough! We got a lot more
serious problems on our hands here.

CHONSEY

I'm sorry! I wanted to have sex at
least once before I died. Even if
that meant fucking a zombie.

MARCO

She's not a zombie!

Marco finally tackles Chonsey, the two crash through the cellar door.

INT. CABIN BASEMENT CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Marco and ChonseY tumble down the basement stairs, land in the bloody remains of Barry's wife.

Marco punches ChonseY in the face repeatedly.

MARCO
(punching)
You are such a fuckin' asshole! Why
am I even still friends with you?!

ChonseY sneaks in a cheap shot, knocking Marco off of him.

CHONSEY
No! Why am I still friends with
you?! Once you started dating her,
you completely forgot about me.
You're the fuckin' asshole!

ChonseY kicks Marco in the gut.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)
This trip was meant to be fun!

MARCO
What, you're not having fun?

Marco punches ChonseY in the crotch.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Having fun now?!

ChonseY holds himself in pain.

CHONSEY
You asshole.

Megan runs down the stairs, shines the flashlight at them.

MEGAN
What the hell is wrong with you
two?

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Addison watches the THREE argue in the basement.

A piece of tossed clothing by the fireplace catches fire by a stray ember. The fire spreads out onto some nearby drapes.

ADDISON
ChonseY. Fire.

Some noises upstairs grabs her attention.

She wanders off, looks upstairs.

WereJake jumps down the staircase, pounces on Addison and pulls her disfigured head off. Blood shoots out like a geyser.

INT. CABIN BASEMENT CELLAR - NIGHT

ChonseY feels his hands.

CHONSEY
Something is all sticky. Jam?

He reaches down, picks up some of Mary's long intestines.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)
What is this? Sausages? Is this old
guy holding out on us? Is there a
bunch of food down here?

Megan shines her flashlight on him.

MEGAN
No, dumbass. That's his wife you're
playing around in.

He freaks out, tosses the intestines across the room out of disgust.

CHONSEY
Fuckin' nasty!

MEGAN
You idiots need to get out of
there. The werewolves breached this
area a while ago. They could come
back at any minute.

Smoke piles into the basement.

MARCO
Is that smoke?

MEGAN
Shit! Fire!

MARCO
Addison!

Marco pushes ChonseY out of the way and quickly runs upstairs.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The cabin fills with smoke, making it hard to see. Megan runs over to the burning curtains, trying to fan out the cracking flames.

MEGAN

It's no use! I need water!

Marco ignores her and searches for Addison.

MARCO

Addison! Where are you?!

Marco blindly traverses through the thick black smoke.

ChonseY runs over to help Megan.

MEGAN

I need water!

CHONSEY

Got it!

ChonseY runs off into the kitchen.

Marco searches frantically for Addison.

Her face breaks through the smoke. He smiles when he sees her.

MARCO

Thank god.

He gets closer...

MARCO (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

...Closer still...

WereJake holds her severed head, it almost cackles when Marco sees what it has done.

Marco's doting eyes turn to rage.

MARCO (CONT'D)

You sick fucking monster!

Marco punches WereJake in the muzzle, angering the fuck out of it.

WereJake tosses Addison's head at the wall, smashing it open like a melon.

MARCO (CONT'D)

No!

WereJake swats him across the room, landing violently on the floor.

Marco spits up some blood. He feels around on the floor, finds the knife Addison dropped.

WereJake walks over to Marco, its sharp scythe like claws are out and ready to pull him apart.

Marco stands up, knife hidden behind his back.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Look at me! Yeah, I got a little surprise for you too, motherfucker!

Marco runs at WereJake, stabs it in the eye with the kitchen knife.

WereJake lets out a terrifying howl of rage, thrashes around, knife sticking out of the eye socket.

KITCHEN

Chonsey grabs a mop bucket, fills it with water from the faucet.

Smoke from the fire sneaks its way in, causing Chonsey to cough profusely.

A werewolf violently BANGS against the back door, smashing a fist through the cheap wood.

Chonsey quickly runs back into...

LIVING ROOM

Chonsey runs in holding the bucket of water, coughing nonstop.

CHONSEY

(coughing)

I got it!

Megan runs over.

MEGAN

Quick, over here! Hurry!

He trips, douses Megan with water.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck!

Chonsey regains his balance.

CHONSEY
Shit. I'm sorry. I tripped over something.

He lifts up Addison's severed leg.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)
Jesus fuckin' hell!

MEGAN
We need to get out of here!

CHONSEY
Why am I the only one that keeps picking up severed fuckin' body parts?!

MEGAN
Let's go!

She grabs Chonsey's hand and leads him to the cabin door.

CHONSEY
Wait, where's Marco?

MEGAN
The smoke is too thick, I can't see him.

Megan reaches the door, coughing and gagging.

EXT. BURNING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Megan and Chonsey run out of the cabin, hacking up the smoke they inhaled.

CHONSEY
So our options are burn to death in there or get mauled to death out here?

Marco runs out of the cabin on fire.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)
Jesus! Stop, drop and roll! Stop, drop and roll!

He darts across the porch, rolls around in the grass.

MEGAN
Help him! Put him out!

Chonsey jumps on Marco, helps snuff out the flames.

CHONSEY
Are you okay?

MARCO
I'm fine.

He pushes Chonsey off of him, stands up, his clothes still smoldering from the fire.

CHONSEY
Where is Addison?

MARCO
She didn't make it.

CHONSEY
Shit, man. I'm fuckin' sorry.

MARCO
Fuck your sorries.

Marco walks over to Megan.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Now what?

MEGAN
I don't know. We're screwed either way.

MARCO
Fine. Then I wanna take as many as these fucks down with me as I can.

EXT. WOODED HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Werefoot stands tall, silhouetted in darkness. His shadow casts down on the werewolves below, the burning cabin is seen in the foreground.

With a giant leap, the creature takes off down the hillside.

EXT. BURNING CABIN - NIGHT

Chonsey backs up against Megan and Marco, the cabin is in flames and werewolves are slowly surrounding them.

Megan fires a round into the skull of a werewolf getting too close for comfort.

CHONSEY

Hey, how about saving a bullet for me?

MEGAN

Seriously?

CHONSEY

I've never thought about suicide before, but right now it's looking like the best option.

Megan turns around and points the gun at his head.

She squeezes the trigger, the hammer drops-

Nothing.

Empty.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

MEGAN

What? You said-

CHONSEY

I know what I said! I was only mulling the idea over. I didn't want you to actually fuckin' do it!

MEGAN

Sorry.

MARCO

I say we make a run for it. The town can't be too far from here.

CHONSEY

You won't make it. Not with that leg.

MARCO

I don't have to out run them, I only need to out run you.

The werewolves get more brazen, inch closer...

MEGAN

If we're going to do something, now would be the time!

A LOUD GUTTURAL YELL echoes through the forest. It stops all the wolves in their tracks.

MARCO

What the fuck was that?

Nobody moves.

Chonsey sees something in the darkness and smiles.

CHONSEY

It's him.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Werefoot stomps through the forest, heads right for the cabin.

Werewolves gang up on him, but he towers over them by several feet.

RUMBLING GROWL-

Werefoot whirls around, sees a werewolf in mid-leap and punches it across the forest.

He grapples with the wolves, pulling their heads off with his hideous monster clawed hands.

His roar brings their tails between their legs.

WereJake steps into view, fur singed, eye socket bleeding, fangs bared, it snaps-

They leap at each other, WereJake sinking its teeth into Werefoot's neck and shoulder.

Werefoot beats it off, snarling, showing his enlarged canines.

Some WEREWOLF ONLOOKERS show off their dominance and jump into the fight.

Werefoot pulls their arms off and beats them to death with them.

WereJake stands there, its despotism swaying amongst the pack.

Werefoot and WereJake circle each other-

Werefoot grabs WereJake by the head, plunges his thumb through its only good eye socket.

It yells out.

Werefoot crushes WereJake's head into a meaty bloody pancake.

EXT. BURNING CABIN - NIGHT

The werewolves surrounding our survivors disperse into the woods.

Chonsey smiles with a sigh of relief.

CHONSEY

They're leaving! Sasquatch did it.
He scared them away!

Chonsey walks over, greets Werefoot with open arms.

CHONSEY (CONT'D)

Thank you, great beast!

Werefoot pulls a tree from the ground, CHUCKS it at Chonsey, impaling him to the cabin wall.

MARCO

What the-

MEGAN

Fuck! Run!

Marco and Megan instinctively run back into the burning cabin.

INT. BURNING CABIN - NIGHT

Marco and Megan barricade the burning door.

MEGAN

What the fuck was that?

MARCO

Bigfoot... I mean, more like...
Werefoot.

Werefoot kicks open the door, crashes through the blockade.

MEGAN

What the fuck do we do?!

MARCO

Run!

Marco pushes Megan aside, grabs a burning piece of plank wood.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Get the fuck back, man!

Marco swings the flaming plank at him.

MARCO (CONT'D)
I don't wanna hurt you, Bigfoot.
You're my fuckin' hero.

Werefoot knocks the board away, picks Marco up, rips him in half.

He tosses the lower torso against the wall, holds the upper torso up, drinks as blood pours down on him.

Megan quickly runs to the stairs.

Werefoot tosses the torso through the wooden banister on the steps, Megan crawls over the body.

Marco reaches out to her, grabs her arm.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Help me!

She pushes him off her and bolts up the stairs.

INT. BURNING CABIN - UPSTAIRS - DAWN

The sun comes up, peeking its head up from behind the mountains.

Megan panics, heads for a locked door.

Werefoot stomps his way up the stairs after her, stepping on Marco's head, crushing it.

Megan pushes open the door to the bathroom. Barry sits on the toilet, clutching his shotgun.

He looks up at Megan and out rips his wolf form. Now becoming WEREBARRY.

It lunges at her, they wrestle around on the floor, its sharp canines snapping at her face.

She gets the shotgun under its chin and pulls the trigger. Its wolf-face explodes.

Megan quickly crawls out from under WereBarry and heads for the trophy room.

INT. BURNING CABIN UPSTAIRS TROPHY ROOM - DAWN

Megan slams the door behind her, points the shotgun, waits...

Werefoot SMASHES through the door, turning it into splinters.

Megan fires buckshot into him.

Werefoot brushes it off and heads right for her, knocking the shotgun away.

He grabs her, picks her up and tosses her across the room.

Megan lands against the wall, knocking a bunch of bear traps off. She grabs the biggest one and readies herself...

Werefoot flips the desk over, leaps towards her, she catches his large snout in the trap.

Werefoot struggles to free his snout, flinging himself against the wall, activating the mounted bear traps.

The fire down below has spread, the flames have reached upstairs, smoke fills the room.

More werewolves pile into the burning cabin, quickly rushing upstairs.

On instinct, Megan flings herself out the window-

EXT. BURNING CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Megan falls out of the window, lands painfully to the ground below.

The sun is finally out.

Smoke bellows out of the shattered cabin windows.

A few creaks and pops, the cabin caves in, crumbling to the ground, nothing left but smoldering timber.

Megan laughs to herself, looks up at the sun.

Painfully, she gets to her feet and limps away.

EXT. GORE FOREST - MORNING

Severed limbs scattered throughout, blood soaks the ground and grass. Carnage everywhere. The aftermath of Werewolf's battle.

Megan walks by a naked dead person lying on the ground. She looks around, sees hundreds of naked people waking up around her.

MEGAN

Hello?

The Old Clerk from the town pro shop stands there, naked like the rest. He points to her.

OLD CLERK

Stop her!

The NAKED PEOPLE all stand up, grab rocks and sharp sticks.

OLD CLERK (CONT'D)

Do not let her get to town!

They chase after her.

Megan darts through the woods, a hundred naked townsfolk after her.

EXT. TREE LINE - MORNING

The town SHERIFF and what is left of his DEPUTIES stand by their squad cars, drinking coffee, making plans to find their missing compatriots.

SHERIFF

Alright, listen up now. We got deputies out there missin'. So I want everyone to be...

Megan comes running out of the woods with the hundred naked people chasing after her.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

What in god's name...

She runs up to the Sheriff.

MEGAN

You gotta help me!

SHERIFF

What the hell is goin' on?

His deputies rush over to help her. She collapses on the ground out of exhaustion.

The hundred naked townsfolk step out of the woods.

Everyone reaches for their holstered sidearms.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Jeb? Is that you? Susie? Caleb,
what the hell is going on out here?

The Old Clerk hides a rock behind his back as he walks closer to the Sheriff.

OLD CLERK

Sorry about all this, Sheriff. But
we're gonna need that girl back.

SHERIFF

What are you talking about? Why are
you all naked?

The Old Clerk takes a deep sigh.

OLD CLERK

I do hate it when this town gets
new blood livin' in it.

SHERIFF

What was that?

The Old Clerk BASHES the Sheriff over the head with a rock.

The naked townsfolk rush the deputies.

Some deputies manage to put a few rounds in a couple before they're swarmed and beaten to death.

Megan gets back on her feet and runs for her life.

OLD CLERK

Everyone grab what you can. Ya know
whatcha now have to do. Pogrom
begins.

The naked townsfolk drop their caveman weapons, grab the revolvers and shotguns off the deputies.

EXT. SMALL TOWN OF PIERCE KING COUNTY - MORNING

Megan runs into town. A fog from the mountains blankets the area.

Only a few people are out this early. Megan runs through the streets yelling like a madman.

MEGAN

You need to run! Hide! They're coming!

She runs over to a GUN SHOP OWNER opening up his gun store for the day.

GUN SHOP OWNER

What the hell are you goin' on about, darlin'?

MEGAN

Naked! Werewolves! Coming this way!

GUN SHOP OWNER

Are you on the drugs?

A GUNSHOT - the back of the shop owner's head explodes. His limp body propels through the shop window. Shattered glass everywhere.

The naked townsfolk have arrived.

They spread out.

Across the street, a PAPERBOY sees them in their birthday suits, points and laughs.

A nude townie spots him and BLASTS him off his bike with a shotgun.

ANOTHER PAPERBOY from a block away sees this and pedals away in a fury. He makes it across the street before a truck comes out of nowhere and plows into him.

Megan makes a break for it, bullets snapping past her head, shattering shop windows.

INT. RED VAN - MORNING

Megan jumps into her red van, feels around under the car seat for the keys.

She finds them.

A gunshot blast blows out the windshield. She screams, starts the van.

EXT. SMALL TOWN OF PIERCE KING COUNTY - CONTINUOUS

The Old Clerk stands there naked, pointing at the red van.

OLD CLERK

Stop her! No one leaves this town
alive!

NUDE TOWNIE #1

Should we really be doing this?
What about the rules? It's too
early to-

The Old Clerk shoots him in the head.

Nude townies run out of the gun shop armed to the teeth.

OLD CLERK

Listen to me. Do not waver. What we
are doing is righteous. Cleanse
this town. Like it or not, Pogrom
has started.

They yell a battle cry, open fire on the red van as it tears
off down the road.

INT. RED VAN (MOVING) - MORNING

Bullets ricochet around inside the van, Megan steps on the
gas. Fantastic acceleration.

She sees families get pulled from their houses and chased
through the streets, getting gunned down as they flee.

MEGAN

Jesus.

A PISTOL WAVING NUDE TOWNIE jumps out in front of the van,
shoots into what is left of the windshield.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Shit!

She swerves, collides into him, his skull splattering on the
hood. She keeps driving, dragging his body behind.

The van fishtails out of control. Megan struggles with the
wheel.

She swerves to avoid abandoned cars and people fleeing.

A home in flames catches her attention. People on fire run
out of the burning house.

Distracted, Megan doesn't see the pickup truck headed right for her.

The pickup CRASHES into the side of the van, flipping it down the road.

She gets tossed around like a rag doll inside the van, until it crashes through the building of a travel agency.

The sound of the pickup truck's car horn wakes Megan. She lifts herself up, sees the driver of the pickup dead, head buried into the steering wheel.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Megan climbs out of the van, limps over to the pickup. She pushes the nude dead driver over, the car horn goes silent.

She spots a revolver by his side, reaches for it.

Nude townies run over to the crash site.

Megan ducks down, unable to grab the revolver.

They circle the building.

NUDE TOWNIE #2

She's gotta be here somewhere. Find her.

Megan crawls away, exits through the back of the building.

EXT. TRAVEL AGENCY BUILDING - MORNING

Megan swings out the back emergency exit. Distant pops of gunfire and people screaming fill the air.

She ducks down, spots A YOUNG BOY wearing pajamas hiding by the dumpsters. He spots her and tries to run away.

MEGAN

It's okay! I'm not gonna hurt you.

As soon as she says that, tears pour down his face.

YOUNG BOY

(weeping)

My teacher killed my mom and dad.

MEGAN

It's okay. We need to get out of here.

YOUNG BOY
We can't, they're everywhere.

MEGAN
We'll need to steal a car.

Megan grabs his hand and the two run off across the street.

EXT. SMALL TOWN OF PIERCE KING COUNTY - MORNING

With a quickened stride, Megan and the Young Boy make it across the street without being seen. They hide behind a row of abandoned cars.

Nude townies chase after people running for their lives, violently gunning them down.

Bodies litter the streets.

MEGAN
Stay down. Stay quiet. Okay?

YOUNG BOY
Okay.

Megan carefully sneaks around a car, opens the front door and slides inside.

The Young Boy looks around, panicked, worry filling his face.

The car alarm goes off.

A nude townie spots the Young Boy and fires at him.

The Young Boy ducks behind the car.

YOUNG BOY (CONT'D)
Help! Help me!

The nude townies surround the boy, guns aimed at his head.

NUDE TOWNIE #3
Sorry, kid. Looks like The Pogrom came about 50 years too early for you.

Out of nowhere, BIGFOOT grabs a townie, flings him across the street, gets sliced in half by a stop sign.

The nude townies open fire at him.

The Young Boy looks up at Bigfoot, mouth agape in astonishment.

YOUNG BOY
Go Bigfoot go!

Bigfoot shakes off the gunfire, swats the surrounding nude townies to their deaths.

The car starts, Megan swings open the front door.

MEGAN
Get in!

The Young Boy smiles and jumps into the car.

INT. STOLEN CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

They take off, watch in their rearview as Bigfoot rampages through the streets, killing nude townies. Pulling them apart with his bare hands.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MORNING

Covered in other peoples' blood, The Old Clerk watches gleefully as the town burns around him, its people get slaughtered by nude townies.

Massacre and mayhem.

He's so happy tears form in his eyes.

OLD CLERK
The Pogrom... it's so beautiful. I never thought I'd live to see it again.

Bigfoot tosses a nude townie down the street, body skidding, turning to chunks as it bounces off the pavement.

A frozen moment. The Old Clerk's smile drops.

OLD CLERK (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

Bigfoot charges after him, decimating all in his path.

In full gallop, Bigfoot grabs a nude townie, rips his spine out, swings it above his head.

Bigfoot BASHES the Old Clerk in the face with the spine, exploding him like a trash bag of meat.

Bigfoot beats his chest in anger and in victory.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END