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Bigfoot Nation

Maximilian Kubisiak

Loyola Marymount University, maximilian.kubisiak@gmail.com

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FINAL THESIS
FEATURE SCREENPLAY PROJECT DESCRIPTION

Student Name: Maximilian Kubisiak

Thesis Logline: An outcast Bigfoot who studies humans, a Ted Kaczynski conspiracy theorist, and a bored Gen Z-er are all unwittingly drawn into a ring of political, corporate, and international intrigue in a small Rocky Mountain town. The trio bumbles through the absurdities of a classic western conspiracy.

Bigfoot Nation

Title

A teleplay written and produced and presented to the faculty of
the Writing for the Screen MFA Program in the School of Film &
Television at Loyola Marymount University of
Los Angeles, California

In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree

Master of Fine Arts

Writing for the Screen

By

Maximilian Kubisiak

Student Name


Maximilian Kubisiak (Apr 28, 2021 14:04 MDT)

Student Signature

APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Writing for the Screen:

Maximilian Kubisiak

Student Name

Karol Hoeffner

SCWR 690 Fall 2020 Instructor

Tatiana L. Meyer

SCWR 691 Spring 2021 Instructor

Tatiana L. Meyer

Graduate Director Signature

Date: May 4, 2021

BIGFOOT NATION

Written by

Max Kubisiak

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A line of tall, ancient pine trees preside over a quiet stretch of highway. A light breeze rustles the tranquility.

A BIG MAN, almost absurdly big, emerges from the trees onto the highway's shoulder. He wears a dirty XXXL hoodie and sweats that are clearly too small--his midriff is exposed.

The Big Man has some kind of anomalous skin rash and unusual patches of hair, or even fur, scattered across all areas of his exposed skin.

His eyes are sharp and inquisitive, taking in the asphalt like a child would a Chuck-E-Cheese game. A "Hello My Name is" tag with the name "B.F. Wentworth" is stuck on his chest.

B.F. WENTWORTH looks at a sign ahead; a shabby cartoon moose tells viewers to "Take a Trip to Moose Lip!--5 miles."

B.F. follows the sign, walking right down the middle of a highway lane. His journey is halted by a sudden cacophony of HONKS. A huge dually truck roars up behind him. *

The truck's tinted window rolls down. An ANGRY DRIVER works a wad of tobacco in his mouth between shouting obscenities. *

ANGRY DRIVER
Get off the road, moron!

B.F. extracts a dog-eared book titled: "*Don't be Such an Animal! Rules for Civilized Conversation.*" from the kangaroo pocket of his hoodie and rifles through it. *

B.F.
Where are the greetings. . .?

The Angry Driver whales on his HORN. B.F. finally locates the "Greetings" chapter.

As he turns back to the Driver, his thumb leaves the book, revealing the first part of the heading: "Romantic."

B.F. (CONT'D)
You . . um. . .have bewitched me,
body and soul.

ANGRY DRIVER
The hell man, are you on meth?!

B.F.
You must allow me to tell you how
ardently I admire and love--

The Dually revs up and rolls coal on B.F.. He is left bewildered, coughing and covered in oil grime. The pages of his conversation book are stained black.

B.F. (CONT'D)

The book said nothing about humans using smoke signals.

B.F. suddenly goes still. His nose twitches and his gaze locks on to a patch of tall grass.

B.F. (CONT'D)

Mother. You are subtle, but the fumes of the human's greetings cannot mask your scent.

A giant furred humanoid rises out of the grass. It's a SASQUATCH female in the flesh, SHAGGY PAW. Spots of grey dot her fur and worry clouds her eyes.

SHAGGY PAW

My son, it's not too late for you, if you come back and apologize--

B.F.

I will be fine. I will prove myself!

SHAGGY PAW

You do not know what humans might do to you.

B.F.

And neither do you, Mother. We do not have to fear humans.

Shaggy Paw closes her eyes and clasps her hands together.

SASQUATCH

Spirits of the land, watch over my reckless child.

EXT. MOOSE LIP OUTSKIRTS - DAY

B.F. lopes down the highway, as Moose Lip's skyline rises before him. He marvels at it. He's awestruck—as if he is viewing the Pyramids of Giza.

In reality, Moose Lip is a husk of an old railroad boom town, circled by layers of buildings from different eras.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. CAMPSITE - EVENING - ONE DAY EARLIER

In the middle of a peaceful grove lies A TITANIC RV that blasts out enough light to illuminate a city block. A family of four CLUELESS TOURISTS are gathered around the light.

PHIL (48), a walking mid-life crisis of a man, pantomimes a bear for his two kids JESSIE (12) and JAMES (9), whose attentions are solely focused on their smartphones. *

TINA (45), Phil's wife, a pinched look on her face implies she hates every second of camping, reads TMZ on her tablet. *

Unbeknownst to Phil and his family, a pair of Sharp Eyes studies them from within the cover of nearby pine trees.

EXT. TREETOPS - EVENING

SHARP EYES, a SASQUATCH whom we previously met in his shaved state as B.F. Wentworth, sits on a branch, deeply engrossed in observation of the tourists.

He's tall and lanky, built like a basketball star—covered in a bushy coat of fur. He looks at the kids.

CAMPSITE

Jessie practices the first three motions of a Tiktok dance--over and over, deleting her video each time.

Distracted, she bumps into James, who is playing a video game on his phone: He can't steer his virtual plane, and it is felled by an enemy projectile. *

JAMES

Look out, Buttmunch!

JESSIE

You look out, jerkbag!

TREETOPS

SHARP EYES

The children favor the glowing boxes over the adult male's strange dance. Do boxes parent human young? *

TALL LEGS, a female Sasquatch, rounded and squat—a bit like a walking coconut, hops up on a branch near Sharp Eyes. She notices the smartphone-addicted kids.

TALL LEGS

The Elders spoke true! They carry
their brains in those boxes.

SHARP EYES

The Elders! They tell false tales
to keep us in fear of humans.

TALL LEGS

Then, O Great Furball, what are the
boxes of light used for?

SHARP EYES

My theory is that the boxes are
companions of some form.

TALL LEGS

What kind of animal wants to spend
all day staring at a light? Are
they moths?

Tall Legs, bored, turns away.

TALL LEGS (CONT'D)

Cousin Heavy Shield is on patrol.
If he finds you near humans again—

A SHRIEK sounds in the camp.

JESSIE

Let go, deadass headass!

JAMES

Ariana Grande every 5 seconds! Ugh!

*

Sharp Eyes looks back to camp, and finds Jessie and James engaged in a tug-of-war over her sparkly pink smartphone.

CAMPSITE

PHIL

James give your sister her phone
back. . . little help here, honey?

Phil turns to Tina. She doesn't look up for a second.

TINA

You're doing fine, Phil.

During their parents' (non)interaction, James wrests Jessie's *
smartphone away from her. He hurls it into the woods. *

JESSIE
My TikTok auditions!

JAMES
Nobody wanted to see you doing
another stupid dance!

The phone lands face down at the roots of Sharp Eyes' tree. *

James looks into the woods, satisfied. Phil grabs his phone. *

PHIL
James, I'm locking your smartphone
in the glovebox!

JAMES
Dad, c'mon!

JESSIE
That's a yikes.

TREETOPS

Sharp Eyes silently climbs down towards the phone.

TALL LEGS
Sharp Eyes, You can't! The Elders
will—

A CRUNCH cuts Tall Legs off, she checks the campsite.

CAMPSITE

Jessie pushes her way into the surrounding flora, in the
direction James threw her phone.

JESSIE
I'm going look for my phone, you *
two can make s'mores or whatever. *

Phil pinches the bridge of his nose.

PHIL
Fine. Fine. James, let's help your
sister.

JAMES
No way!

PHIL

Help, or I'm taking your phone away
for a week.

James sulks his way over to Jessie. Phil takes up the rear.

TREETOPS

Tall Legs anxiously watches as the family unwittingly makes
their way towards her and Sharp Eyes' position.

TALL LEGS

They'll see you! Come back up!

Sharp Eyes continues his crawl down to the smartphone, mere
yards from Jessie, James and Phil, scrabbling in the bushes.

Sharp Eyes reaches the forest floor; the smartphone is in his
grasp. A few feet away, Jessie parts a nearby bush and
screams. *

Just as Sharp Eyes takes up the smartphone, A FURRY PAW
seizes his wrist, and yanks him behind a tree. *

JESSIE

Rattlesnake!

Jessie hightails it away from the bush, as a garter snake
slithers out from it.

JAMES

Can we go now? *

Behind the tree, Sharp Eyes regain his bearings. Then he
turns to his rescuer. *

SHARP EYES

Mother?

SHAGGY PAW, the older Sasquatch female we met in the teaser,
looks at Sharp Eyes with a Mother's disappointment. She
snatches the smartphone out of his hands.

SHAGGY PAW

I am taking you back to our lands,
foolish son. You too, Tall Legs.

A sheepish Tall Legs climbs down to the forest floor.

Shaggy Paw drags Sharp Eyes and Tall Legs away from the
campsite. Sharp Eyes takes one last look at the Tourist
Family; they are still locked in a bitter argument. *

EXT. DEEP WOODS - EVENING

Sharp Eyes and Tall Legs march into wild, untouched woods, led by Shaggy Paw. They stop at the base of a mighty tree.

SHARP EYES

Mother, I—

SHAGGY PAW

Save your words for the Elders, I
can no longer protect you.

Shaggy Paw DRUMS on the pine tree's base. The BEATS
reverberate a haunting rhythm into the forest.

*

*

A CLAN OF SASQUATCHES appear out of the trees.

Every Member hunts, gathers, and cares for the forest, all in
perfect harmony. They actively avert their gazes from Sharp
Eyes and whisper gossip between each other.

*

*

CONCERNED SASQUATCH FEMALE

Why don't the Elders just tie him
to a tree already?

BITTER SASQUATCH MALE

Shaggy Paw keeps him safe from the
Elders' punishments. What a cruel
son, to spurn his mother's aid.

Spurred by his friends, a YOUNG MALE SASQUATCH toddles up to
Sharp Eyes.

YOUNG MALE SASQUATCH

Sharp Eyes! Is it true that humans
ride metal steeds and carry their
brains in boxes?

The Little Male's BIG SISTER races up to him and leads him
away from Sharp Eyes.

BIG SISTER SASQUATCH

Do not speak to him. He will plant
his madness into your mind!

Sharp Eyes' opens his mouth to retort, but Shaggy Paw places
her hand on Sharp Eyes' shoulder and shakes her head.

EXT. ELDER'S CIRCLE - EVENING

Shaggy Paw leads Sharp Eyes and Tall Legs into a clearing
where SEVEN ELDER SASQUATCHES, their fur grey as wolves,
await them. Shaggy Paw takes a seat among the Elders.

SHAGGY PAW

Tough Bones will now speak.

TOUGH BONES rises from his seat, slow and deliberate.

TOUGH BONES

We Elders meet again to discuss the
problem of our wayward son, Sharp
Eyes.

Shaggy Paws lays the Smartphone on a stump in the center of
the circle.

*

CRANKY ELDER

Witless fool, those boxes emit
poison into the air!

PRUDENT ELDER

I thought they contained dancing
imps.

Tough Bones raises his hand.

TOUGH BONES

We have given you many chances to
renounce your dangerous fascination
with humans. Why do you persist?

SHARP EYES

Let me ask you, wise Elders, what
is the harm in studying humans or
their tools?

SEVERE ELDER

Human works only sow ruin.

FEARFUL ELDER

If humans learn of our existence,
they will take all that we have and
hunt us to the last.

SHARP EYES

Yet we rely on Cousin Heavy Shield,
a human, to guard our lands.

WINDBAG ELDER

Heavy Shield and his ancestors are
our relations--they forged a pact
with us ages ago.

*

SHARP EYES

There may be others out there like
Heavy Shield! Think of what
knowledge they might share!

PRUDENT ELDER

Everything you could want to learn,
nature can provide.

SHARP EYES

How can any of you say you know
humans? We have lived apart for
centuries!

TOUGH BONES

It is not our way to question the
wisdom of our forebears, Sharp
Eyes. The isolation rule must be
obeyed.

The other Elders murmur their assent. Sharp Eyes notices the
Cranky Elder pass a large rock to Tough Bones. One side is
sharpened to a keen point.

TOUGH BONES (CONT'D)

You will break this human tool,
before your Elders. Then you must
promise to cease your ruinous human
studies, or face exile.

*

Tough Bones presses the rock into Sharp Eyes' hands and
returns to his seat. The elders watch, expectant. Shaggy Paw
even more so. Sharp Eyes slowly approaches the stump.

*

He stops right above the smartphone and raises the rock.

*

A Miley Cyrus *Wrecking Ball* ringtone blares from the phone's
speakers. Sharp Eyes stumbles backwards, dropping the rock.
The ringtone whips the Elders into a frenzy.

*

WINDBAG ELDER

I didn't know humans could bugle
like that.

FEARFUL ELDER

It's the wailing of malicious
spirits! He has doomed us all!

Sharp Eyes glances at the smartphone. The Elders are too busy
screaming at each other to watch it. He snatches the
smartphone from the stump, but Shaggy Paw catches him.

*

SHAGGY PAW

Sharp Eyes! Leave that human tool!

SHARP EYES

No, Mother, I will not abandon my
curiosity.

*

Indignant OUTCRIES erupt among the Elders.

*

TOUGH BONES

If you insist on walking your
misguided path, you will walk it
alone!

SHARP EYES

A clan that has no interest in the
outside world is not home to me.

Sharp Eyes flees from the clearing, smartphone in hand.

SHAGGY PAW

My child!

TALL LEGS

Hey, Sharp Eyes, wait!

TOUGH BONES

Let him go.

All Sasquatches in the clearing turn to Tough Bones.

SHAGGY PAW

Tough Bones, please, my son—

*

He keeps a stony gaze on the retreating Sharp Eyes.

TOUGH BONES

He will come back to us and admit
his folly. All it will take is one
human hunting him with a fire
stick.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - NIGHT

Sharp Eyes races through the forest as the smartphone plays
Wrecking Ball yet again.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Thoroughly winded, Sharp Eyes stops in a clearing. The woods around him are dark, empty, and lonely.

Sharp Eyes tentatively manipulates the smartphone. His thumb finds the home button. The phone pops to life with a pair of loud notes, and a VIRTUAL ASSISTANT speaks to him.

VIRTUAL ASSISTANT
How can I help you?

Sharp Eyes' face lights with wonder.

SHARP EYES
Hello? Hello?! Are you a human?

VIRTUAL ASSISTANT
My name is Siri.

SHARP EYES
Oh! Siri, I am curious, what is it like to be human?

SIRI
Interesting question.

Sharp Eyes is puzzled by the (non)response.

SHARP EYES
What do you eat?

SIRI
I don't eat or drink, my favorite snacks are facts.

SHARP EYES
Are you saying humans have found a way to derive sustenance from information?! I must know more!

The smartphone's screen goes dark. No response.

SHARP EYES (CONT'D)
Hello? I can't hear you anymore!

A loading icon spins round and round on the dark screen--a sign that the phone has lost power.

SHARP EYES (CONT'D)

Siri? I want to talk more. Have I
offended your human sensibilities?
I am sorry.

Sharp Eyes tries pressing the home button again and again,
but the phone doesn't respond.

SHARP EYES (CONT'D)

Perhaps she has fallen asleep. I
will try again in the morning.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

It is a bright summer morning. Sharp Eyes executes a big
stretch, and strides into the forest, he leaves the
smartphone in the clearing.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Sharp Eyes wades out into a wild, clear river.

He takes a drink from the fast-moving water, then dives into
a deep spot. Sharp Eyes emerges from the water shortly after,
a wriggling trout in his hand. He bites into it. *

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Sharp Eyes returns to the clearing, and tears a chunk of meat *
off the trout. He places it next to the phone. *

SHARP EYES

I know you said you eat facts, but
I thought you might try some trout?

Sharp Eyes presses the home button. Still nothing. He
contemplates the phone. He can see his own reflection in the
smartphone's glass screen, framed in the sparkly pink case.

SHARP EYES (CONT'D)

I will go to the human world, and
find you, friend Siri. I wish to
have many discussions with you.

EXT. HIDING PLACE - DAY

Sharp Eyes extracts a large bundle from the interior of an
Alder bush. It's a collection of abandoned human items—dirty
clothes, chewed up toys, and trash that he's long collected.

He digs out a trio of familiar items, the XXXL athletic hoodie, the pair of baggy sweats, and the "*Don't Be an Animal!*" conversation book.

Next to come out of the bush is the "Hello My Name is" name tag, with "B.F. WENTWORTH" written in the blank space. Sharp Eyes affixes it to the chest of his hoodie.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The newly christened B.F. WENTWORTH emerges into a paved parking lot at the edges of the forest.

Waiting for him is GEORGE HEAVY SHIELD, 43, dressed in the grey and brown uniform of a US National Park Ranger. Aviators adorn his weathered outdoorsman's face--he's the Aviator Man.

B.F.
Cousin Heavy Shield.

HEAVY SHIELD
Howdy, Sharp Eyes. So, you're crossin' over to the human side. Sure you won't change your mind? It ain't a very nice place, cousin.

Heavy Shield's gaze finds the name tag on B.F.'s hoodie.

HEAVY SHIELD (CONT'D)
"B.F. Wentworth?" That your new name?

B.F.
It is my human name. I will not make any trouble, I just want to find my friend.

Heavy Shield politely suppresses a laugh at the adopted name. Then his hand goes to a holster on his hip.

HEAVY SHIELD
Okay, "B.F. Wentworth," if you don't want to end up shot, stuffed and hanging in some white guy's man-cave, we better give you a shave.

Heavy Shield draws a heavy duty electric razor.

B.F.
What is that device?

HEAVY SHIELD
A tool to help you blend in.

B.F. studies the razor, intrigued by its form.

B.F.

I am excited to try this.

HEAVY SHIELD

Believe me, the novelty's gonna
wear off fast.

Heavy Shield flicks the razor on and approaches B.F..

FOREST FLOOR

A massive clump of B.F.'S FUR drops to the dirt. The motor
WHINES and CHUGS.

B.F. (O.S.)

I think it's stuck.

HEAVY SHIELD (O.S.)

Alright, I got you. Let's just push
it through and. . .

The motor SPUTTERS, accompanied by a painful tearing sound.

B.F. (O.S.)

Ahhhh!. . .ow, ow!

Another huge clump of hair plops on the ground.

HEAVY SHIELD (O.S.)

The old gal's still got it! Ready
for the next one?

B.F. (O.S.)

I—I'm not ready—

The buzz of the razor's motor cuts B.F. off. More and more
clumps of hair fall to the ground, each one accompanied by
more SCREAMS from B.F..

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Heavy Shield gathers up the last fews pieces of B.F.'s hair
off the forest floor and puts them into a trash bag.

HEAVY SHIELD

Okay, that should do 'er. How you
feelin'?

A now hairless B.F. marvels at his denuded form. He's been
pretty hacked up, and bears more than a few razor burns.

B.F.
Cold. And . . . naked.

He's no Disney prince underneath that hair--but he looks pretty much like a tall, wide-framed human in his late 20s. B.F. stuffs his hands in his armpits and shivers.

HEAVY SHIELD
Take my advice, invest in one of these--

Heavy Shield holds up the razor--its blade is tangled with hair. Sparks pop out of the razor's trashed motor.

HEAVY SHIELD (CONT'D)
--and uh, be sure you shave often.

Heavy Shield dumps the razor into a trash bag that's already filled with B.F.'s hair. He tosses the bag next to another bag filled with Bigfoot hair.

B.F.
Can you tell me why humans walk around without any hair like this? I find it very uncomfortable.

HEAVY SHIELD
Sorry, cousin. The pact between our nations means that I can't help you further. I can only offer some wisdom: keep a low profile, never tell any human who you really are.

B.F.
I will be careful.

HEAVY SHIELD
Good man, I'll hold you to that. I'm sworn to keep your clan hidden. You don't wanna get on my bad side.

B.F. covers his mouth. Heavy Shield fist bumps B.F.'s chest.

HEAVY SHIELD (CONT'D)
Well, I'm sure I don't gotta worry about you, right? I'll be watching, don't screw up.

Heavy Shield strolls back to his Jeep. B.F. is left alone in the parking lot, clutching the smartphone for dear life.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. MOOSE LIP DOWNTOWN - DAY

Antique Railroad buildings, banks, and hotels line Moose Lip's main street--now they house souvenir shops, realty offices and boutique restaurants--like "Moose Meat Sushi."

TOWNSFOLK and TOURISTS mill around downtown. B.F. studies their activities with a quiet excitement.

He doesn't realize he's blocking sidewalk traffic until TERRY, 64, heavyset, clad head to toe in Moose Lip tourist merch, bumps into him.

TERRY

Watch out there, buddy! Boy you're still as a deer on the highway!

Terry walks on; the felt Moose Antlers sticking out of his hat bobble. B.F. chases after Terry, waving his phone.

B.F.

My friend has disappeared! How can I speak to her?!

TERRY

Sorry, buddy, I'm not a dating coach.

*

Terry brushes B.F. off. He turns next to KELLY (31), who strolls her baby across downtown.

B.F. races up to Kelly and consults the stained Conversation Book. He desperately flips through pages blotted by oil grime and tries to string together a sentence.

*

B.F.

A pox. . .upon your. . .malignant child!

KELLY

Back off, nutjob!

Kelly smashes B.F.'s Face with a diaper bag.

EXT. JACK LANGRISHE PARK - DAY

A dejected B.F. slumps against a tree. He looks to his smartphone, and presses the home button again. No response from the Smartphone.

B.F.

I am lost in your world, and I need
help, please talk to me, Siri.

BAP, a bright red kickball strikes B.F. on the side of the head. The ball bounces under the middle of a Hummer and settles beneath its undercarriage.

MIA, 14, dressed in a Blondie t-shirt and fashionably distressed jeans, jogs up to the Hummer.

Mia checks the Hummer: stickers of Viking symbols, "Come take my guns, Hippie" type slogans, and one large Pine Tree are plastered on the sides, daring someone to challenge them.

MIA

Nice going, Sally! You kicked the
ball under the terrorist van! Out
of bounds! Get back to home!

Mia crouches under the Hummer, but can't get to the ball. She looks around for something to help her reach and settles on a confused B.F.. *

MIA (CONT'D)

Hey, big guy! Give me a hand here!

B.F. looks around, realizes there's no one else, and dumbly points to himself.

MIA (CONT'D)

Yeah you, beanstalk!

Mia goes back under the Hummer. B.F. lopes over to the Hummer and surveys Mia squirming beneath the bumper. *

MIA (CONT'D)

I can barely touch it, if you could
get down here, you can probably
reach it.

B.F. squats down, grasps the Hummer's undercarriage, and dead lifts the entire side of the vehicle. The ball rolls loose, Mia grabs it.

MIA (CONT'D)

Hey thanks! I--

Mia watches, flabbergasted, as B.F. holds up the Hummer.

MIA (CONT'D)

How'd you do that?

B.F.
 I-I'm just B.F. Wentworth. Normal
 human being, engaged in human
 activity, assisting a fellow human.

Mia pulls out a smartphone from her pocket and lines up the camera.

MIA
 This is definitely not normal,
 you're like Superman! Hold that
 pose, this is going on Instagram!

Before B.F. can ask what Superman or Instagram is, Mia takes a picture of him.

MIA (CONT'D)
 That's strange. . .What the heck?

Perplexed, Mia captures more photos of B.F.. She tries different angles as B.F. grimaces under the strain of lifting the truck.

B.F.
 Is something the matter?

Mia turns the phone around. The display shows a crisp image of the Hummer with one side tilted up in the air, but the figure of B.F. is blurred and unrecognizable.

B.F. (CONT'D)
 Wow! Your box can make art! But it
 is unable to paint very well.

Distracted, B.F. drops the Hummer's side. A metallic CRUNCH resounds from the suspension impacting the curb. The Hummer settles, with a noticeable inward slant on its curb side.

Mia pokes at her phone's screen. B.F. works up his courage, and shows her his own cell phone, sparkly pink case and all.

MIA
 Okay, would not have expected that
 case for you.

B.F.
 I am trying to find Siri. . .can
 you help me?

Mia fiddles with B.F.'s phone.

MIA
 It's dead. You got a plug?

B.F.

"Plug?" Is my box leaking?

Mia laughs.

MIA

You're weird. It's not leaking, you probably just need to charge it. Try the Verizon store.

Mia points at a Verizon store, its slick paint job makes it contrast painfully with the muted tones of older structures.

B.F.

They will help me contact Siri?

MIA

They sell smartphones, so yeah, probably.

B.F. scrutinizes the store, intimidated but also determined.

B.F.

Then I will journey to Verizon. I thank you, little human Mia.

Mia watches B.F. go. Her eye catches a poster for the "Moose Lip Bigfoot Hunt" accompanied by a striding Bigfoot--B.F. is striding the exact same way. She shakes her head.

MIA

Strange dude.

COLTON

Shit! My car!

*

Mia spies COLTON (35) bushy beard, eagle shirt, baseball cap with a pine-tree logo rushing towards the Hummer.

She saunters off as Colton stalks around the slanted Hummer, shouting obscenities.

INT. MOOSE LIP VERIZON STORE - DAY

The interior is a sad attempt to revamp a 1970s era building into a "futuristic" space. B.F. roams amongst the phone displays, wonder in his eyes.

B.F. sniffs the air--the exotic scents of carpet glue and plastic tickle his nostrils. He touches the wall carpet--how soft! He pets the carpet, then rubs up against it.

The Verizon representatives ANNA (23), DEAN (19), and ZACH (25) exchange glances. Zach dips his head behind a computer monitor, and Anna rushes through a back door.

Dean glares angrily at his fellow reps, and tentatively approaches B.F..

DEAN

Welcome to Verizon, sir. How can I help--Sir, we just had the carpet shampooed this week, please stop.

B.F. remembers himself, stops his "exploration" of the carpet, and turns his smartphone over to Dean.

B.F.

I spoke with my friend Siri on this box, but then she faded. I must find a "plug" so I can talk to her.

DEAN

Okay, you want to open your Siri--

B.F.

You know Siri?

DEAN

Everyone knows Siri, c'mon. That little robot they put in phones?

B.F.'s brow furrows.

B.F.

Robot? Is Siri not a human?

DEAN

Well duh, it doesn't even sound human. . .

*

Dean halts his rant when he notices B.F.'s gutted expression.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I'll just get your plug, okay, sir?

*

Dean takes a packaged charger cord off the wall.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(whisper)

"You need a fallback job, a Theater Arts major isn't a real degree."
Thanks a lot, Dad.

Dean lays the cord out next to B.F.'s smartphone.

B.F.

I thank you for your generosity.

DEAN

Yes, sir. Do you have an account with us?

B.F.

A count of what? A Winter Count?
Counting deer? One deer, two deer,
three deer. . .

Dean's expression grows more agitated as B.F. counts.

DEAN

Could you wait here, sir? I need to speak with another representative.

An exasperated Dean crosses over to Zach's desk, and slams his hand down on Zach's keyboard.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Thanks for sticking me with Shoeless Joe! When I asked him about his account, he literally started counting!

Dean gestures at an oblivious B.F..

ZACH

(whisper)

You're fine, just charge him for the cord and get him out of here.

DEAN

(whisper)

My paycheck's too small for this!

The backroom door BANGS open and a furious Anna marches out.

ANNA

(whisper)

How have you two idiots not gotten rid of this homeless guy yet?

The intra-rep conflict heats up, more fingers are pointed than a mob trial. B.F. watches for a time, then figuring his business is concluded, heads for the door.

Zach barely notices B.F. strolling out of the store with the smartphone and charger cord in hand.

ZACH
He's walking out with the cord!

ANNA
Hey! You gotta pay for that!

Anna rushes B.F.. Spooked, he flees.

B.F.
I need to save Siri!

ANNA
Oh shit, we got a runner!

DEAN
What the hell should we do?

ANNA
Get a photo! We'll send it to the
cops!

Dean grabs a demo tablet from a display, and he and Anna chase after B.F.. Zach struggles to extract a long object from a shelf underneath the counter.

ZACH
Hang on! I'll be right behind you!

EXT. MOOSE LIP STREETS - DAY

Dean and Anna burst out of the store. B.F. sprints across the street, barely avoiding two cars. Dean snaps a photo of B.F. on the tablet.

DEAN
I got him!--Wait, what the hell?

B.F. again appears blurred out in the photo.

ANNA
Ugh, useless!

Anna wrests the tablet away from Dean and takes another photo of the escaping B.F.—his body comes out even more blurred.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Corporate's gonna have my ass.

Anna pinch-zooms the photo, hoping the image will sharpen. But this is no sci-fi procedural; the photo doesn't enhance.

DEAN
Isn't "corporate" just, like, you
know, Mike our boss?

Zach rushes out, shouldering a foam longsword. He spies B.F.
a block and a half away and does a flourish with the sword.

ZACH
Yeah, you better run! I'm SCA
trained!

Anna rolls her eyes. Across the street, B.F. runs for his
life, the cord trailing behind him.

ANNA
Well, who's taking this one out of
their paycheck?

ZACH
No one. I'll get that cord back.

DEAN
Are you sure? He is...kinda big.

ANNA
What do say to that, Mr. Cosplay?

ZACH
"Cosplay?" This is a legitimate
form of combat!

ANNA
Less talking, more swinging!

Zach takes off after B.F., foam sword in hand.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Don't get beat up! The store
doesn't have the money to give you
workman's comp!

EXT. RANDALL KENT RALLY PARADE - DAY

As B.F. bolts down a sidewalk, an aggressively loud, festive,
and patriotic beat echoes near him. He follows the noise, and
nearly runs straight into a street parade.

The "floats" are all pickup trucks festooned with red, white
and blue streamers, plus a few (not very) subtle winks at
fringe movements--like a Gadsden flag.

PARADE-GOERS flock around the floats, dressed in American flag colors or hunting apparel. Some are disturbingly well-armed.

A SHAMAN wearing a MOOSE PELT, horns and all, dance-marches at the front. He chants shamanic nonsense and waves around incense; His naked upper body has a pine tree painted on it.

The biggest eye-catchers, however, are banners and giant flags advertising "Kent for Mayor." or KMLML ("Keep Moose Lip Moose Lip.") *

KENT

If elected, I promise to bring
prosperity and freedom to our
beautiful town!

The voice of RANDALL KENT (60's) draws B.F.'s attention. He's standing atop a float, head and shoulders taller than the other Campaigners, with a broad upper body and a white smile. *

KENT (CONT'D)

We'll take our jobs back from the
hippies and the fat cats at the
EPA. This is our time. They won't
tread on us! *

The Parade Goers repeat Kent's slogan. B.F. notices campaign posters flanking Kent--he looks stereotypically western--he's hunting, he's fishing, he's even mining for gold. *

B.F. whips around, Zach has nearly caught up to him, panting and shouldering his foam sword.

ZACH

Hand over that cord!

B.F. races into the Parade before Zach can catch him. *

EXT. RANDALL KENT FLOAT - DAY

B.F. cuts through the Parade as fast as he can. He looks behind him, no sign of the Verizon reps. *

As soon as he faces forward, B.F. realizes that he's about to crash into a giant Gadsden Flag variant featuring an image of Kent that proclaims "They won't tread on us!"

B.F. can't stop himself in time; he stumbles into the flag, and gets caught in its folds. Two Parade Goers try to wrest the flag away from B.F., but they only tangle him up more. *

B.F. struggles with all his might against his fabric confines. Finally, he tears through the flag, ripping a huge hole through the center.

The Crowd goes silent as B.F. tears down the flag and falls out in front of Kent's float. *

KENT

We'll take back Moose Lip and
return it to a place for good folks
like you and me--!

The float stops short, Kent stumbles and bites his own tongue. He immediately rights himself and storms to the front of the float, he taps impatiently on the truck's back window.

KENT (CONT'D)

What'sh going on shere?!

FLOAT DRIVER

I'm sorry, sir, some vagrant just
tore down our flag and bum-rushed
the float! *

Kent looks down to the foot of the float, where a disoriented B.F. lies. Their gazes meet. Kent's eyes narrow. *

Colton, the Hummer Man, rises at Kent's side.

Kent mutters something in Colton's ear. He signals a group of ARMED, THREATENING MEN wearing Pine Tree caps, stationed around the corners of the parade.

COLTON

Form up and surround, Pine Boys!

The PINE BOYS converge on B.F., brandishing their weapons.

B.F. is quick on the uptake for once and darts behind a passing float.

COLTON (CONT'D)

He's disrespected our flag and our
values. Get him!

A PAIR of Pine Boys tail B.F.. One has a big grin on his face and the other is decidedly more trepidatious about the whole thing.

PINE BOY #1

Finally some action! You ready,
Hoss?

PINE BOY #2

Uhh, Kyle, just gotta tell ya, my
gun ain't real, it's wood, carved
it myself in my shop.

Kyle's grin deflates rapidly.

KYLE

Great, Howard. Thanks for the
disclosure.

HOWARD

I thought I was "Hoss."

When Kyle and Howard reach the back of the truck, however,
B.F. is nowhere to be seen.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

He's gone!

KYLE

I can see that! We gotta find him!

Howard and Kyle sweep the truck, but turn up no sign of B.F.

HOWARD

Gee, he's like that Rotini fella.

KYLE

It's "Houdini," Howard, Houdini.

The Shaman runs up to the Pine Boys, without his Moose Pelt. *

MOOSE SHAMAN

Hoss, Kyle! Help a brother out
here?

KYLE

What's up, Moose?

MOOSE SHAMAN

Someone ran off with my robe!

EXT. RANDALL KENT RALLY PARADE - DAY

B.F., at the front of the parade, under the cover of the
moose pelt, marches alongside other Ralliers. He slips out of
the parade into a nearby alley. *

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

B.F. gently sheds the Moose Pelt to the ground.

B.F.

Thank you for your protection,
Great Horns.

B.F. sneaks down the alley. He's just about reach the end
when Zach rounds the corner, foam sword at the ready.

*

ZACH

"Bravery without forethought,
causes a man to fight blindly and
desperately like a mad bull. Such
an opponent, must not be
encountered with brute force, but
may be lured into an ambush."

B.F. cocks his head.

ZACH (CONT'D)

It's Sun Tzu. Art of War?

B.F.

Where I come from, the Sun is a
tool of life, not war.

Zach shakes his head, then he steps between the alley walls,
blocking B.F.'s path.

ZACH

Sun Tzu also says "The supreme art
of war is to subdue the enemy
without fighting." Give me the
power cord, and I'll let you go.

*

*

B.F. looks back to the parade, then looks forward at Zach.

B.F.

I cannot. I must save Siri.

B.F. takes a running leap into the air; He has great ups, and
he clears Zach easily.

*

As soon as he hits the street behind Zach, B.F. takes off
running, leaving an astonished Zach completely in the lurch.

ZACH

He leaps like the Wargs of Orthanc!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. MOOSE LIP DOWNTOWN - DAY

Downtown is almost pastoral in its quietness. Except for the street preacher WALT (35) who shouts his sermon to the occasional uninterested PEDESTRIANS.

WALT
People of Moose Lip! Sons and
Daughters of the Rockies! Our way
of life is under attack!

Walt is a Ted Kaczynski look-alike with oddly disheveled hair and a beard. His tattered t-shirt says #Tminus.

WALT (CONT'D)
T-Minus has released another info
drop. Patriots, a ring of sickos
has been trafficking sweet,
innocent Pomeranian puppies! Using
puppy fur in their strange
experiments in life extension.

Any Passers-By quickly walk onward, avoiding eye contact with Walt at all costs. Walt doesn't seem to mind. He delivers with all the verve of a Mega Church preacher.

WALT (CONT'D)
Shady entities are stealing these
poor pups, and subjecting them to
constant shaving! Depriving them
of petting and yummy treats! This
demonic plot goes all the way up to
the AKC!

B.F. comes tearing up the streets, still on the run.

WALT (CONT'D)
But what's worse, what's really
worse people, there's a smuggling
ring in Moose Lip. That's right,
Pawfect 10, the dog spa, is nothing
more than a front for these sickos
who peddle our true blue American
canines!

*

*

Walt holds out his hand to an imaginary listener.

WALT (CONT'D)
Patriots, we have to band together
and stop this!
(MORE)

WALT (CONT'D)

As a community, we have to tell
these monsters enough is enough!
All you need to do is take my hand!
I can save you!

B.F. turns on a dime, zooms right up to Walt, and takes his hand.

WALT (CONT'D)

I uh, hello, knowledge warrior.
Boy, you've got some enthusiasm.

B.F.

You can save me?

WALT

Only the truth can save you, son—

B.F.

Hide me, please! They're after me!

Walt's eyes narrow.

WALT

Who's after you? The CIA? The NSA?
The FBI? The EPA? ASPCA? ANTIFA?

B.F.

They call themselves "Verizon."

WALT

Telecommunications, of course! Have
they chipped you? Are we being
surveilled? Answer me, man!

Walt shakes B.F. back and forth.

B.F.

They haven't touched me! The men in
hats decorated with pine trees.

WALT

The Pine Boys, in cahoots with
Verizon? Okay, brother, you take
refuge in back. I'll watch your
six.

Walt bustles B.F. to the back of the alley.

B.F.

Will you be okay? One of them
carries a big stick.

WALT

Relax, I'm a military grade Krav
Maga master and I've watched every
Steven Seagal movie ever made.
You're in good hands. Lethal hands.

Walt executes a rather floppy kata that doesn't correspond to
any professional martial art form.

INT. ALLEY - DAY

Walt and B.F. wait back-to-back at opposite ends of the
alley. An empty paper coffee cup rolls by like a tumbleweed.

Finally, B.F. sticks his head out of the alley. The lone and
level dirt road ahead stretches to the end of the block.

B.F.

I don't think anyone is coming.

B.F. turns back to Walt, who looks like he's poised to
execute a (seriously awkward) crane kick.

B.F. (CONT'D)

Is anyone there on your side?

Walt peers out of the alley on his side of the road.

WALT

I've got two bogeys--possibly
civilian, one with a toddler. Or a
child assassin? You can never be
sure, they train them you know,
child assassins, down in--

B.F.

Are the Verizon people out there?

WALT

No Verizon employees in sight, but
let's retreat around the back to
avoid detection, they may have
civilian deep cover agents.

Walt rolls up his rug.

B.F.

Thank you--

WALT

I'm Walt, a soldier in the
Intelligence Wars, and a seeker of
truth, like you, brother.

B.F.
I am called B.F. Wentworth.

Walt notices the nametag.

WALT
Broadcasting your alias in plain
sight--confusing your enemies'
minds with visual disinformation. I
admire your skills.

B.F. just smiles and goes with it.

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - DAY

Walt and B.F. amble down an urban hiking trail. Walt, ever
vigilant, searches landscaped wildflowers for hidden bugs.

WALT
Why are Verizon and the Pine Boys
after you, B.F.?

*

B.F.
I want to talk with someone.

WALT
Do you have a Verizon insider
secret? Who do you need to talk to
about it? The president? Wikileaks?
TMinus? Do you stand with TMinus?

B.F. takes out his smartphone and points to the screen.

B.F.
She's called Siri.

Walt recoils from the phone like it's a deadly weapon.

WALT
What are you doing with one of
those, friend? Don't you know
that's how they track you?

B.F.
Track me? Does it put off scent?

B.F. sniffs the smartphone. Walt's face falls.

*

WALT
You don't even know. Dear God, they
must've erased your memory!
(MORE)

WALT (CONT'D)

Will the next generation of phones be able to selectively edit memories? Oh right, you wouldn't remember.

B.F. fishes the charger cord out of his hoodie.

B.F.

I was told this would help me talk to Siri, but I don't know how it works.

WALT

I know a place where we can "borrow" some power.

EXT. MOOSE LIP TRAVEL LODGE/GAS N' GO - EVENING

The trail terminates near a travel lodge with an attached gas station at the edge of town--it's little more than a collection of dumpy motel grade cabins and some campgrounds.

B.F. and Walt huddle behind a bathroom annex. The smartphone is plugged into an outlet on one of the annex's walls. B.F., pressed against the same wall, keeps watch.

B.F.

This will not cause us any further trouble, right?

Walt carefully types on the smartphone's screen, a generous layer of "appropriated" toilet paper keeps his fingers from touching the screen directly.

WALT

Property is theft, B.F.. One day you let the state charge you for electricity, and BAM! The next day, you wake up in a communist gulag!

Walt finishes his task by slathering the smartphone top-to-bottom with a few globs of stolen hand soap.

WALT (CONT'D)

There, I factory reset it. You're dark again, from most of the major radars, anyway. I also cleaned away the fingerprints, for my safety.

Walt hands the smartphone to B.F.. The slickness of the soap layer makes it slip from B.F.'s grasp, but he quickly snatches the phone out the air with his other hand.

WALT (CONT'D)
Impressive reflexes.

B.F.
I needed them to catch the fastest
salmon.

WALT
Self-Reminder: research possible
black ops incidents with the
keyword "Fastest Salmon."

The Smartphone lights up. B.F. taps the buttons.

SIRI
How can I help you?

B.F.
Siri, I have missed you!

SIRI
Don't worry, I'm always here if you
need me.

B.F.
Siri, What is human life like?

SIRI
The human lifespan is roughly 80
years and spans four stages--

B.F.
I mean, how do humans make meaning
in their lives?

SIRI
I don't understand. I could search
the web for more information.

B.F.
Web? What do spiders know about
human lives?

SIRI
Here's what I found.

A list of facts on spiders appears on the screen.

B.F.
Walt? Is Siri. . .not a human?

*

WALT

Nah, it's not. It's just a construct built to talk like a human. It's good for trivia.

B.F.

But not for knowing what it is like to be human.

WALT

Bingo. No machine knows that.

B.F.

So humans can't subsist on facts?

WALT

Ha! If that was true, I'd be the fattest man on Earth. I have the best information sources.

*

B.F.

Can you tell me how humans live?

WALT

If you want to know that, you gotta talk to a lot of people. Real people. Ask 'em how they live, don't rely on robots for answers.

B.F.

I shall attempt that.

WALT

An honest guy like you will do well.

Walt stands up and stretches.

WALT (CONT'D)

I should return to my headquarters before dark. This is where we part ways.

B.F.

I cannot go with you?

WALT

There's too much heat on you. I need to know more about this sinister union between Verizon and the Pine Boys.

*

*

B.F.

Will I meet you again?

WALT

As long as you seek a more truthful
tomorrow, our paths will cross in
the future. Vaya con TMinus.

Walt tries to vanish into the brush, but you can totally see
him rustling around as he sneaks away.

EXT. MOOSE LIP TRAVEL LODGE/GAS N' GO - EVENING

B.F. inspects a badly carved wooden Bigfoot sculpture set up *
on the campgrounds. Its head is too small, its physique looks *
emaciated, and its arms sag all the way down to its feet.

B.F.

You are like a long lost, small
headed, underfed cousin. If humans
are carving sculptures of us,
perhaps there's hope for kinship.
Despite the inaccuracies.

B.F. notices the parking spots. He lies down between two *
lines, rests his head on the cement bumper and falls asleep.

Heavy Shield sneaks out from the trees. He looks relieved at *
the sleeping B.F. Then he quietly returns to his Jeep.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Heavy Shield's Jeep travels up a dirt road, back into the *
forest. He stops his car and cuts the lights. Shaggy Paw
steps out from a shadowed thicket.

SHAGGY PAW

Is Sharp Eyes all right?

HEAVY SHIELD

He barely survived his first day.

SHAGGY PAW

It is taboo, I know, but can you
not help him, Heavy Shield?

Heavy Shield shakes his head.

HEAVY SHIELD

Tough Bones was very clear. He must
make the journey alone.

SHAGGY PAW

Then my child is doomed.

HEAVY SHIELD

Maybe not. He made two human friends today.

SHAGGY PAW

Are those humans trustworthy?

HEAVY SHIELD

Well. . .they got along good with your boy. That's somethin'.

A silent pause.

SHAGGY PAW

Do you think he can survive out there, Heavy Shield?

HEAVY SHIELD

We came close today, we'll wait to see what tomorrow brings him.

INT. VERIZON STORE - NIGHT

Dean, Anna, and Zach post a "Do Not Admit" photo of B.F. on the store's wall. His silhouette is still unrecognizable. *

INT. KENT MAYORAL HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Randall Kent lowers a poorly drawn composite sketch of B.F.. *
Colton sits across a wide desk from Kent, twiddling his *
thumbs. An AIDE bustles in a hot cup of tea for Kent. *

AIDE

Lapsang, sir.

KENT

Shank you, Sherry.

COLTON

How's the tongue?

KENT

You tshell me. Look at shis. *

Kent chucks a copy of the local newspaper "Moose Lip Gazette" into Colton's Lap. *

He scans the headline: "Stranger pranks Kent rally, mayoral candidate left with lisp." There's a photo of Kent with his bloody tongue sticking out of his mouth. *

KENT (CONT'D)

I have limhited thime tshoo shway
the public'sh heartsh and mindsh
before elecshon. How do you
exsppect me to do shat like shish?

*
*
*
*
*

COLTON

It's a road bump. Just tell me and
the boys what you need us to do.

*
*
*

KENT

I want she man who did shis to me,
why can't you deliver him?

*
*

COLTON

We'll find 'em, Randall. Don't
worry. I'll get my top men on it.

KENT

No, you'll shtand back and watsch.
I know how we can flusch shim out.

FADE OUT