

FADE IN:

A WOODEN MATCH pulls across a striker, flares. The match drops through the grate of a Forest Service grill, the coals ignite as a spray of lighter fluid sends up a plume.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CAMPGROUND - SUMMER, DAY

Beer cans SNAP to the happy buzz of VOICES in the air. The fire builds and jets of more lighter fluid send up fireballs. CHILDREN frolic in the b.g. as the flames grow.

EXT. NEARBY FOREST - CONTINUOUS

High above the campers, the WATCHER, hidden within the trees, only HIS LARGE EYES visible, golden-brown irises, human-like in their intelligence, yet also primate. Wary, curious.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

The fire roars and embers take flight. The people party, unaware CHUNKS OF FIERY CARBON are raining down.

Small FLAMES ignite, spread virally. Playful VOICES turn to panic as the brush fire becomes a HUGE FOREST FIRE.

Terror overcomes the people who flee in their vehicles.

The Watcher's eyes reflect the scene like SMALL MOVIE SCREENS. He sees the people leave, his eyes narrow in anger.

The FIRE devours the canyon walls, races to the mountains.

The Watcher is a dark BLUR as he races up the mountain side, flying past the trees like a dark shadow. His EYES are emotional as he runs to save his tribe.

EXT. CLIFF - MOMENTS LATER

Scaling a cliff to beat the fire, the exploding hellstorm is too fast, trapping the Watcher... his HUGE HANDS, powerful, hairy, cling to a rock precipice as the fire licks his knuckles and rages up, over, and around him.

His eyes mirror TWO FORMS running toward him on the trail, large and small, a mother and child. Their humanoid shapes indistinct, yet their fear is obvious.

Then, in a flash, they are consumed in the FLAMES as his eyes reveal utter disbelief...

...then AGONY

...and a thundering animal BELLOW rises and peaks with a ferocity to rival the roar of a thousand flaming fir trees...

As the image and wail

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

HANDS grab a sockeye salmon from crushed ice, throw it. Another FISHMONGER catches it and BYSTANDERS applaud.

INT. PIKE PLACE MARKET - DAY

A late fall day at Seattle's most famous market: fish vendors, coffee shops, boutiques, gourmet emporiums.

EXT. SEATTLE AERIAL - DAY

FLOATING up and over the city, moving east over bustling Belltown, Space Needle to the left. Lake Union, the UW campus, and Lake Washington give way to the woodsy eastside.

Flying over lush floodplains of Snohomish county and ahead, the foothills of the Cascades. Soon, snow tipped MOUNTAINS loom as civilization recedes.

EXT. HWY. 2 - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A weathered PICKUP winds its way up the serpentine Cascade highway. Lone DRIVER, door logo says *HRH Timber Products*.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Truck 31? Joe, you there?

JOE grabs the mic.

JOE  
Go ahead.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Some busted trees reported up Road Four. Can you check it out?

JOE  
I'm all over it.

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

The truck winds up the gravel road, stops. On both sides of the road are DOZENS of broken trees, snapped 10-15 feet up.

JOE  
Fuckinay.

Joe steps out, lights a cigarette. The air's DEADLY STILL, something's not right. Birds break from a tree, startling him. He holds his breath to hear something, anything.

He walks to a tree that's broken eight feet above his head. Puzzles over it, puffs his cigarette.

EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

An ENORMOUS HUMANOID SHADOW passes over the truck -- walking toward Joe... *fast*. Joe hears FOOTFALLS, turns, staggers backward. His face pinches in fear, his hands up defensively.

CUT TO:

Scotch pours into a tumbler. A man's hand grabs a pill bottle, shakes out a few pills.

INT. TY'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

TY GREENWOOD (early 40s), his boyish good looks are belied by stubble, boozy eyes, and a beaten sag.

On his desk is a PHOTO from happier times: Ty, son ZANE (then 5), daughter MEREDITH (then 2), and RONNIE (30s), a lovely brunette. He stares at it, tries to choke back emotions.

TY  
I'm no good for you anymore.  
(barely chokes out)  
Sorry.

Sucks it up, pushes back, notices a newspaper article that missed the overstuffed trash: **Former Novosoft Exec Now Bigfoot Hunter**, with Ty's grim-faced picture. He crumples it, makes a basket.

He lifts his glass, toasts.

TY

To monsters... and the fools who  
believe in them.

INT. HALLWAY, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bottle in hand, Ty weaves down a large hall, through a sprawling kitchen with solarium windows. A very big house.

INT. ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Ty passes the double stair entry and 25-foot Xmas tree.

EXT. PARKING PLAZA - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Ty crosses a wide cobblestone parking plaza to a huge garage.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Ty passes a Lexus, a Suburban, then stops between a Ferrari Spyder and a perfect 1970 Plymouth Hemi 'Cuda, which he pats.

TY

Really go to Hell if I wrecked you.

Climbs into the open top Ferrari, starts it, door rolls up. Ty stares into the blackness...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. IDAHO MOUNTAINS - DAY

Summer in the remote, dense forest of Idaho. A caravan of 20 pricey vehicles arrives in a dust cloud by a river.

**SUPER: IDAHO, THREE YEARS EARLIER**

A happy, vibrant Ty leaps from his Suburban. Ronnie follows. TWO DOZEN EMPLOYEES and SPOUSES of Novosoft unload. BILL BENDER (40s) hands Ty a **Software Company of the Year** award which he proudly holds high.

TY

By the powers vested in me by our illustrious CEO Bill Bender, by virtue of his vast portfolio and (winks) even vaster ego...

(crowd laughs)

(MORE)

TY (cont'd)  
...I claim, at least for the  
weekend, eminent domain over the  
state of Idaho and do christen this  
Fort Novosoft! Let the games begin!

A cheer goes up and the revelers begin unpacking.

EXT. BONFIRE - NIGHT

Everyone sits around a fire, enjoying drinks and conversation. Bender taps his beer bottle with a knife.

BENDER  
A few announcements. The beautiful  
and insanely intelligent Ronnie  
Greenwood will move to Digiware  
Micro when we get back, as COO.

Ronnie modestly acknowledges the applause.

BENDER  
And her husband, Ty, our resident  
genius, will be spearheading  
development for both firms, not  
only in existing platforms, but  
also in our new frontier, games!  
(applause, cheers)

EXT. BONFIRE - LATER

Conversations flow in small groups. Across the fire Ty catches Bender's eye. He and Ty rise.

RONNIE  
What's up?

TY  
High level business meeting.

EXT. HILLSIDE ABOVE CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Ty and Bender laugh like school kids. Ty unzips a gym bag, pulls out a boombox, inserts a disc, hits play.

TY  
Twenty seconds... GO!!

EXT. BONFIRE - MOMENTS LATER

Ty sits next to Ronnie who eyes him skeptically.

RONNIE  
Meeting go well?

TY  
Rocked it.

A menacing GROWL emanates from the woods. A few women scream.

WOMAN  
Oh my God! Is that a bear?

The bear is soon joined by a LION.

PROGRAMMER  
Sounds like... a cougar?

Ronnie turns to Ty, eyes narrowed in suspicion.

WOMAN  
A bear *and* a mountain lion?

PROGRAMMER  
Ohmygod...

The GROWLING continues several long moments. Nerves give way to fear. People are scared. Then the ELEPHANT trumpets.

WOMAN  
What the hell?

Ty and Bender burst into hysterics.

EXT. BONFIRE - MOMENTS LATER

The group disperses, some grumbling, while the brown nosers congratulate Ty and Bender. Ronnie shoots Ty a look.

TY  
C'mon, admit it, it was funny.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - MORNING

The campers prepare to shoot the rapids. Ty passes through, gets some cool receptions. Ronnie's in a bikini, readying her gear. Ty's dressed to hike.

RONNIE  
You're not ready. We're leaving.

TY

They need a few more hours. I'm  
still persona non grata.

RONNIE

Fine. But, tonight? No act two.

EXT. TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Ty watches as several SUVs, rafts on the roofs, drive away.

EXT. TRAIL - LATER

On the trail high above the river, Ty stops to take a drink.

EXT. OVERLOOK - LATER

Ty's trail ends at a 200-foot straight drop. Ty takes in the  
view, drains his bottle, hears a soft snap, SPINS

...and partially obscured by bushes and branches is SOMEONE,  
or *SOME THING*, very dark and at least a foot taller than Ty's  
six feet. Ty sees only bits and pieces but never a totality.

A glimpse of a DARK FACE that is NEITHER APE NOR MAN,  
slightly conical skull... deep brown eyes beneath a heavy  
brow, long arms, hairy, very muscular... massive hands.

TY

Je..sus...Christ.

The thing exhales slowly and Ty recoils backward, slips over  
the cliff, grabs an outcrop. He scrambles back up.

The Thing steps toward him. Ty runs.

EXT. TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Ty sprints, stumbles, pitches headlong, jumps up, continues.

EXT. TRAIL - LATER

Ty looks over his shoulder, thinks he's lost it, slows down.

EXT. TRAIL - LATER

An exhausted Ty stops to relax, catch his breath.

And then, a dark FLASH of movement in the trees high above him. Shocked, he runs hard.

EXT. TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Ty's foot catches a root, propels him into a tree, knocking the wind out of him. He wobbles to his feet, continues on.

EXT. TRAIL - LATER

Another shock: it's now on the other side of the trail and ahead. It's athleticism is superhuman.

TY  
That's not possible...

EXT. TRAIL - LATER

Ty sees the river, HEARS people. But he's out of gas. He stumbles, collapses, resigned that it's got him now.

The thing moves behind undergrowth, barely breathing hard. Ty is gasping. It cocks its head a last time, disappears.

EXT. CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

A frantic mess, Ty arrives at two WOMEN stoking the grills.

TY  
Big... foot...I was...chased by  
Bigfoot!

He staggers into the river.

EXT. TRAIL - LATE AFTERNOON

More than a dozen PEOPLE scour the forest, some clutching "weapons" -- hatchets, frying pans, aluminum oars.

TY  
He crossed right about here.

Bender eyes the impenetrable thicket.

BENDER  
It was moving fast *through that?*

TY

I know, it doesn't seem possible,  
but it was faster than a deer.

BENDER

Alright everybody, keep looking.

Ty catches two men sharing a laugh. They shut up.

Later, they've found nothing. But they aren't trackers.

There are MISSED CLUES all around them: broken branches,  
footprints, scuffed bark, strands of hair.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

A sullen Ty drinks directly from a bottle. Over the murmur of  
the group he hears jokes, stifled laughter. He catches amused  
glances that are quickly averted. His anger wells.

TY

I'm not making this up.

RONNIE

Honey, I know you're--

TY

(louder)

I'm not making this up.

(yells)

I'm not making this up, goddamn it!

All eyes swing to him as he staggers to his feet.

TY

Okay, here's a story. Once upon a  
time there was a company looking  
for someone with ideas. That  
someone was me. Without me you'd be  
a pack of paper pushers and code  
writers with nothing to sell. A  
nice car with no engine. Novosoft  
would be dogshit without me. And  
because of me you're all rich.

Ronnie grabs Ty's hand, he jerks away.

TY

(looks at Bender)

Some of you *really really* rich. And  
this is how you repay me, you  
ingrates? You pissants. You laugh?

(MORE)

TY (cont'd)  
 You fucking laugh at me, at the  
 most fucked up, traumatic moment of  
 my life? You laugh.

SLIP SOUND of the Ferrari's ENGINE GUNNING

Ty's EYES in the PRESENT have the thousand yard stare.

EXT. CAMP - CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

TY  
 Go fuck yourselves. I quit.  
 (walks away, looks back at  
 Ronnie)  
 You coming?

The Ferrari's engine GUNS AGAIN

Ty's EYES in the present are fixed, lost in thought.

INT. SUBURBAN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Ty is driving, Ronnie is still in shock.

TY  
 Find out who people really are when  
 the pressure's on.

RONNIE  
 Yes. You do.

TY  
 Not one of them believed me.

She turns to the window.

TY  
 Do you?  
 (she can't answer)  
 Great. That's just great.

The Ferrari's engine GUNS AGAIN.

Ty's EYES in the present are strained, remembering.

INT. TY'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Ronnie angrily waves a sheaf of invoices, receipts.

RONNIE  
Expeditions, helicopters, plane  
rentals, FLIR systems, cameras,  
night vision gear...

Ronnie points at a huge rifle case.

RONNIE  
Two hundred grand for a *rifle*? In.  
Sane. Goes on Ebay.

TY  
You can't sell guns on Ebay.

RONNIE  
Then it goes in the garage with  
everything else.

Ronnie slaps the invoices on his desk.

RONNIE  
This ends now. Three million  
dollars is the price of your  
fantasy.

TY  
"Fantasy."

RONNIE  
Listen to me: you will NEVER find  
it because IT DOES NOT EXIST.

Ty's EYES in the present are reliving the pain.

RONNIE (V.O.)  
(her voice echoing)  
IT DOES NOT EXIST...  
(Ty's eyes flicker)  
IT DOES NOT EXIST...  
(Ty blinks himself back to  
the present)  
(her echo voice FADES)  
...it does not exist...

INT. FERRARI - CONTINUOUS

TY  
Fuck it. Time to die.

Pulls the paddle shift, zooms away.

INT. FERRARI, HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Ty works his way through the gears.

INT. SET, "AMERICA TONIGHT" TV SERIES - FLASHBACK

Ty is interviewed by KERI MCBRIDE, hot anchor/attack dog.  
Keri holds up some magazines, newspapers.

KERI

Seattle Times, Forbes, Esquire,  
Newsweek, all said you threw away  
one of the brightest careers in--

TY

I think that's an exagger--

KERI

That you threw it all away? Or that  
you spent millions? Or that you  
have absolutely no proof this thing  
exists? Which part? Admit it, Ty,  
this is tinfoil hat stuff.

END FLASHBACK

The tachometer and speedo read 8000 revs, 120+ mph

INT. FERRARI - NIGHT

Ty punches up Steely Dan's *Deacon Blues*, picks up the verse

TY

*...drink Scotch whisky all night  
long and die behind the wheel!*

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

At 140+ mph the Ferrari raises a misty hydroplane wake.

INT. FERRARI - NIGHT

Ty notices he's buckled in, laughs, unbuckles. Fumbles the  
bottle, drops it...glug glug...

Momentarily distracted, he looks up at 150 mph and far ahead  
at the limits of his xenons he sees EYES flash: DEER.

Ty crushes the brakes on the mist slicked asphalt.  
 The Ferrari brakes, the speedo needle falls, 120, 100...  
 The Deer and her 3 fawns: clueless to their impending doom.

INT. FERRARI - CONTINUOUS

Ty hauls back on the wheel as if it will help.

TY  
 AhhhHHHH...!

The car stops 2 feet from the deer. He and the doe look at each other. He taps the horn, they leap away.

TY  
 (hyperventilating)  
 Now you move.

Hands shaking, he eases away as if driving a Prius.

CUT TO:

iPhone screen: message and profile pic of a cute YOUNG WOMAN:  
***Had fun. Makit hikng? OMG we wer sooo dee-runk LOL!!!!***

Fingers answer as the device is snatched away.

JACK (O.S.)  
 Hey!

EXT. MOUNTAINS, TRAILHEAD PARKING - DAWN

MITCH ROBERTS (30s) tosses the iPhone into the Cherokee,  
 while JACK REMSBECKER (30s) looks longingly.

MITCH  
 No phones. We're communing with  
 nature, not bodacious babes.

Jack pulls out a pack of cigarettes, lights up.

JACK  
 You see the Brant Resources  
 interrogatives? I think--

MITCH  
Remember? No phones, no business.  
(off cigarette)  
And for God's sake, no smoking!

JACK  
Gives me endurance.

Mitch click-locks the SUV, they head out.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - MORNING

Mist clings in pockets around majestic old growth hemlock and fir. Dense underbrush fills the void far up the giant trunks.

Jack is breathing hard, stops.

MITCH  
Fifteen minutes? Great endurance.

JACK  
Kiss my ass. How far?

Mitch points to a snowy peak.

MITCH  
Nine miles, out and back.

JACK  
"C'mon, Jack, piece o' cake, it's a pussy hike."

MITCH  
Perhaps I misrepresented a bit.

JACK  
I'll avoid cardiac arrest and follow you. At my own pace.

MITCH  
Just don't go off--

Mitch freezes, feels something, looks around.

JACK  
What?

MITCH  
Nothing. Just stay on the trail.

JACK  
I'll leave a trail of cigarette  
butts.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks slowly, hears something. Takes a few more steps, listens, stubs out his cigarette, pulls out another.

JACK  
Mitch? Mitch?

Something moves in the trees. Intelligent, non-human golden-brown EYES study Jack as he lights up. The Watcher.

Jack hears a swishing sound of movement in the undergrowth.

JACK  
Mitch? Quit screwin' around.

Jack sees a flash of MOVEMENT in the brush... big, very fast.

JACK  
Oh shit, a bear.

Starts jogging, but the steeply rising trail slows him.

Jack hears deep-pitched, measured breathing. He frantically looks around, realizes it's behind him, spins

...reacts in horror and the cigarette falls from his mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL ROAD - EARLY MORNING

The Ferrari is parked on the shoulder next to a private road.

EXT./INT. TY'S FERRARI - CONTINUOUS

A PAPERBOY rides up stops, eyes the mailbox Ty is blocking and the sleeping man in the open exotic car. Thinks a moment, drops the paper onto Ty's lap, rides away.

Ty stirs, shakes off the booze, realizes where he is. SEES the newspaper, stares at it a moment. Then the HEADLINE gels in his blurry vision. It gets his attention:

*Timber Cruiser Missing*

*Sheriff Says Few Clues*

Ty glances at it, transfixed by part of the text:

*...was investigating a report of a number of broken trees...*

Rereads **BROKEN TREES** as if holy writ. Starts the car.

EXT. DARK WOODS, PATH - DAY

Faint light filtering through a dense fog of a redwood forest. There is a soulful peace to it, until...

SUPERIMPOSE: HUMBOLDT COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, 1949

A young NATIVE AMERICAN streaks past, mid-teens, long hair tied, chambray shirt, denims, boots barely kissing the trail.

Behind him a HULKING HUMANOID SHADOW moves with liquid speed.

The young man's adrenaline pumps, he's running all out, but it's not enough. The massive form gains on him.

He HEARS it, feels its breath, a living steam train.

The young Indian strains to keep ahead...

as his face DREAM MORPHS

...into Mitch Roberts, the surviving lawyer.

The shadow SLAPS a tree, giving a taste of what's to come.

BAM! It SLAPS a passing tree trunk. BAM! Another trunk

...to be replaced by a HUMAN FIST...

...BAM!...BAM!...pounding a DOOR.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Hey Uncle Ben! You in there?

Old eyes open, the young Native American, BEN CAMPBELL, now in his early 80s, awakens from the nightmare.

INT. BEN'S CABIN - MORNING

Ben's cabin is rustic but nicely furnished. From the mantel to the walls are mementos of a film career spanning many years -- awards, pictures of a younger Ben with people like John Wayne, John Ford, Kirk Douglas, and Gary Cooper.

Ben opens the door, lets his nephew in.

DAVID  
You okay, Uncle Ben?

INT. BEN'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Ben rinses his face, towels off. He looks very tired.

DAVID  
More dreams? Nightmares of that one  
chasing you sixty some years back?

Ben nods, finds a cigarette, lights it.

BEN  
Partly, but now it's this new one.  
Saw somebody else again. Not me.

DAVID  
Not the logger in the pickup?

BEN  
No. 'Nother guy, younger, runnin'  
hard. Felt... real.

DAVID  
Did it get him?

Ben slumps onto the sofa, drained.

BEN  
Dunno. But I feel this pull to go  
there.

DAVID  
Where?

BEN  
North I guess. David, can you get  
on your computer and book me a  
flight? I'll start in Portland.

David nods.

BEN  
I've got a connection to this one.  
Can't break it. He's a bad one.  
People are gonna keep dying if I  
don't do somethin'.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - MORNING

Mitch, on a rock, finishes his sandwich, checks watch.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - LATER

Mitch moves down trail. Checks watch, steps up his pace.

SAME - LATER

Mitch jogs, spots a cigarette butt.

MITCH

Jack? JACK!

Misty rain falls, Mitch feels that edginess again.

MOMENTS LATER

Mitch stops running to look for Jack when the FOREST SOUNDS cease as if someone hit pause. It's so strange, Mitch bolts.

The Watcher's eyes follow him, coldly plotting.

Mitch runs, looking back, sensing a presence. His feet beat a rhythm on the wet, rocky trail.

Huge, hair covered feet follow effortlessly, a quiet hunter.

The Watcher's gaze is focused, his movements fluid.

Mitch feels a heavy cadence on the trail behind. Pulls out his KEYS, puts his thumb over the door clicker.

Mitch hears deep, powerful BREATHS behind him, closing.

Mitch spots the Cherokee in the turnout, he's safe

...until a GIANT HAND snatches him with lightning speed.