

HELLPIG

By

Michael Harper

"The pig is taught by sermons and epistles
To think the God of Swine has snout and bristles."

-Ambrose Bierce, *The Devil's Dictionary* (1906)

FADE IN:

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

A vast, striking landscape of layered rock formations. Sculpted by the elements, unchanged for eons.

Steep canyons, towering spires, painted gullies.

SUPER: BADLANDS, SOUTH DAKOTA

Deep within a canyon. Sandstone walls rise high on either side. It looks timeless, undisturbed. Until we see the --

-- oil pipeline construction. All along the canyon floor.

Dozens of workers load pipe sections into place. Weld them together. Install brackets in the ground to hold the next length of pipe.

A continuous procession of bustle and noise.

Nearby, a FISSURE stands within the canyon wall.

At the mouth of the fissure, hundreds of animal bones litter the ground. The skulls of bison, bighorn sheep and elk lay in scattered piles.

A trail of prints leads out of the lair, away from the encroaching humans.

HOOFPRINTS. Sunk deep in the soft soil. Immense, like those of a draft horse. But cloven. Like, something else...

EXT. FOREST - BLACK HILLS - DAY

Primordial. Pristine. Thick, towering trees provide ample shade for the rough and rolling terrain.

FOOTFALLS approach. Dead leaves and twigs crunch under the weight. A low, nasal SNORTING fills the air.

TONY (O.S.)
Well, god damn.

TONY FOTCH, 55, downs the last of his booze from a metal flask. He smacks his lips, wipes his wispy white mustache.

TONY
That went fast. For vodka, I mean.
Ain't that right, Crumpet?

He looks down, sees his PET PIG, CRUMPET, standing at heel like a well-trained dog. She's a pink American Yorkshire, maybe forty pounds.

Tony has Crumpet attached to a leash and harness. She wears a PINK BOW in the tuft of hair between her pointed ears.

He walks toward the root system of a big oak tree. Crumpet sniffs the ground, starts digging next to the tree.

TONY
Got something, girl?

Tony lets go of the leash, watches the pig dig feverishly into the soft earth.

He unslings a canvas bag from his shoulder, lays it down.

TONY
Maybe this trip won't be a total
loss, huh? Go Crumpet!

Crumpet raises her head, oinks with excitement.

Tony hurries over, reaches into the hole, pulls out a large WHITE TRUFFLE.

TONY
Oh my God. White truffle. Two
hundred bucks an ounce!

He furrows around with his hands, pulls out a baseball-sized truffle. He gasps.

TONY
Crumpet, we eatin' steak for a
week.

Crumpet walks away from the madly foraging Tony. She sniffs the air, spins as if dancing.

Tony doesn't notice her odd behavior. He's too busy shoving overpriced tubers into his canvas bag.

Crumpet fixes her gaze on something, takes a few cautious steps forward.

This SOMETHING approaches and stands before Crumpet, large enough to cast her and the land around her in shadow.

More nasal grunting. But much louder, deeper than Crumpet could ever produce.

Tony continues to forage away. He hears the grunting behind him, grins.

TONY

Hungry, ain't ya, girl? You just hold onto your ham hocks. I ain't leavin' til I've pulled every last tru--

A BLAST of hot breath on the back of his neck freezes Tony. He truly does not want to turn around. But he must.

He turns, drops his jaw, lifts his bug-eyed stare. He focuses on--

--a massive, black, dripping porcine SNOUT. Surrounded by thick brown bristles. It must be at least six feet off the ground.

Tony emits a low groan, the sound a soul makes when it leaves the body.

He leaps away, gets about five feet before he's taken at the ankle and dragged out of frame.

Crumpet sits on the ground, watches all this with curiosity.

Tony's ANGUISHED SHRIEKS resound through the forest. But his cries are drowned out by the THUNDEROUS SNORTING.

He flies back into frame, SMASHING against the oak tree. His right leg has been bitten off below the knee.

He tries to crawl away, only to be taken by the other ankle and dragged out of frame.

More screaming/snorting.

Moments later, Tony is hurled into the oak tree again, now missing half his left leg.

Near death, he grasps the detritus, inches himself along.

He's dragged away yet again.

TONY

God...

Crumpet stands, spins, squeals with glee as the horrific sounds of bones breaking and flesh tearing waft through the wilderness.

TONY'S RIBS land on the ground near Crumpet. A full rack.

She watches transfixed as the source of all this sound and fury approaches her.

The immense snout lowers to touch hers.

After a few introductory sniffs, the creature SNORTS, splattering Crumpet's face with her former master's blood.

TITLE: HELLPIG

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A car zooms along, passes a sign that reads, "Welcome to South Dakota. Great Faces. Great Places." Below the words, an illustration of Mount Rushmore.

MAX (V.O.)
Mom, I think you're overreacting.

INT. CAR - DAY

MAX SCHEPANSKI, 17, shakes his head as he gazes out the window at the endless expanse of prairie.

Max wears a MISFITS t-shirt, skinny jeans. Not exactly handsome, but far from ugly.

His eyes usually glint with keen intellect, but at the moment they reflect his despair.

His mother, RUTH, 43, drives the car. She looks like a woman on a mission.

A CROSS dangles from the rear view mirror.

RUTH
I'm not overreacting, Max.

MAX
It was just a betting pool. A little numbers game, that's all.

RUTH
You were betting on what day your principal's wife would file for divorce. That's... that's disgusting.

MAX
We knew it was a matter of time. You know, after the scandal.

RUTH

And to be told you were the ringleader of this travesty. My God. This gambling sickness, it's in you. Just like it was in your father.

Max watches a trio of large flatbed trucks pass by, each of them hauling FIVE HUGE OIL PIPELINE SECTIONS.

MAX

I promise you that's the last time I'll run numbers.

RUTH

How many times have you promised me that? No, Max, I've tried my best. You need something more.

MAX

Okay, so what is it? Like a summer camp or something?

Ruth glances at the cross.

RUTH

Yes, something like that.

Max sighs, sees an approaching billboard. In big, bold lettering it reads, STOP THE DAKOTA PIPELINE!!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A gleaming SUV zips past the Schepanski's car. Loads of camping equipment strapped to the roof.

The TEXAS license plate reads "DRILL U."

INT. SUV - DAY

WALT HERVEY, 45, mans the wheel. He's big. Loud. Alpha. Camo-laden. He scratches his well-kempt beard, changes the satellite radio from one country channel to another.

WALT

How long we been driving? My ass feels like two cinder blocks.

DELMA HERVEY, 26, Walt's gorgeous Latina wife, shakes her head subtly as she scrolls down her iPad.

Delma wears her makeup hard and heavy. She sports a camo outfit that matches her husband's.

In the back seat, ARCH MANGOLD, 45, leans forward. He's small. Quiet. Beta. Also camo-laden. But his mismatched camo looks like something out of a truck stop bargain bin.

ARCH
You know that seat vibrates, right
Walt?

WALT
I know that, Arch! Think I don't
know that? I bought this damn
thing.

Arch nods, leans back. He's used to it.

Walt taps the dash monitor, searches for "seat vibrate."
Can't find it.

WALT
Screw it. Honey, you on our
Facebook?

She keeps her eyes locked on the iPad.

DELMA
(Cuban accent)
Yes, dear.

WALT
How the comments lookin'? I mean,
are they getting better?

DELMA
Well, the death threats are
decreasing. So that's good.

Walt shakes his head.

WALT
This pansy-ass country. You kill
one wild animal on safari and
suddenly you're public enemy number
one.

Delma double taps the screen.

INSERT: PIC of Walt and Delma standing over a dead hippo
somewhere on the African plains. Walt smiles, flashes finger
horns. Delma shows off her HOT PINK hunting rifle.

WALT

Like we were supposed to know that thing was the village pet.

ARCH

You couldn't have known, Walt.

WALT

That's right.

Walt has to reduce speed as TWO SCHOOL BUSES ahead take up both lanes. He slams his horn.

WALT

C'mon!

The bus in the left lane pulls to the right. Walt floors it as he passes the buses. BANNERS strung on the sides of both buses read "ORPHAN JAMBOREE!!"

The young ORPHANS wave to the SUV as it roars past them. Walt hits a switch and the sunroof slides open. He sticks his hand out, flips off the orphans.

He closes the sunroof, reaches for the radio.

WALT

Hell, I need to hear some friendly voices. From our kinda people.

Walt switches the satellite channel again. The dulcet voice of TREY MAJORS fills the SUV.

TREY (V.O.)

You're listening to Sportsman's Paradise, where we talk about all outdoors, all day. Topic of the day is the Walt Hervey controversy.

Arch leans forward again.

ARCH

Ooh!

WALT

Shh.

TREY (V.O.)

You know who I'm talking about. Texas oil man. Calls himself "Big Game Walt." I personally believe this idiot is a disgrace to all hunters everywhere.

(MORE)

TREY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I mean, he shoots an old pet hippo named Buster on some canned hunt. And then that picture. What the hell was he thinking? Caller, talk to me.

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

Yeah, I'm with you, Trey. This guy ain't a real hunter.

The comment turns Walt's face nuclear red. He grinds his teeth as he seethes.

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

Him or that skanky wife of his.

Delma slams the iPad on her lap.

MALE CALLER (V.O.)

I guarantee you every animal he's ever bagged was drugged up or fenced in or both. He couldn't hunt a cockroach with a can of Raid. I say we cover both of 'em in tar and--

Walt quickly turns off the radio, clutches the wheel so hard it sounds like it might snap off the column.

WALT

They want a real hunter? I'll show 'em a real hunter. Gonna bag me a bull elk. Sixteen point monster. Antlers like an oak tree. And I'm gonna do it with bow alone. Bow. Alone.

He punches the wheel.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The SUV rockets past a sign that reads, "Black Hills 52 m."

EXT. HAWES CHRISTIAN YOUTH ACADEMY - DAY

The Schepanski's car pulls off a dirt road and into a gravel parking lot. Three other cars are parked in the lot.

The "academy" consists of a single, one-story shoebox of a building. A large cross extends from the roof.

No other man-made structures on the bucolic horizon.

Ruth parks the car and she and Max step out.

MAX

Mom... you can't be serious.

RUTH

Don't forget your bags.

Ruth walks to the building, leaving Max to pull two large stuffed duffel bags from the back seat.

MAX

Why didn't I just stick to fantasy football?

INT. HAWES CHRISTIAN YOUTH ACADEMY - DAY

Max sits on a folding chair. Ruth sits on a chair behind him. THREE OTHER TEENAGERS, two boys and a girl, sit on chairs alongside Max, forming an inner circle.

The parents of each of the kids sit behind their child.

The fifth member of the inner chair circle is HARLAN HAWES, 52. He's lean and sinewy, with a tanned, weathered face.

HARLAN

(slight southern drawl)

I'd like to welcome all of you to Hawes Academy. I'm Harlan Hawes. Now, I'd like to speak to you young people first. There's a reason you're here. Somewhere along the way, you've strayed from the Lord's path. Now I know these days that's very easy to do, what with your internet and your peer pressure. Morals have never been looser. You've lost your way. I'm here to guide you back. With a little help from a friend of mine. His name's Jesus. Heard of him?

Max looks away, grimaces. "This ain't gonna be good."

HARLAN

Now let's go around the room. Introduce ourselves. Let's start with you, young lady.

Harlan looks directly at KACI CAIN, 17. Her angelic face is twisted in a scowl. She crosses her arms.

KACI

I don't know why I'm here.

MR. CAIN, 50s, leans forward.

MR. CAIN

I caught her kissing two boys at the same time. Right on our back patio.

Max takes a sudden interest in the conversation.

HARLAN

Kaci, is this true?

KACI

So what? I don't even like them. It was just something to do.

HARLAN

Something... to do. I see.

Harlan gives her a pedantic shake of his head, then turns to the boy sitting next to her.

HARLAN

Next.

DOYLE CHOI, 16, stares at the floor. A small, spindly guy, he rubs a finger on his World of Warcraft belt buckle.

HARLAN

Doyle?

No response. His mother, MRS. CHOI, a tiny Korean woman, chimes in.

MRS. CHOI

He start fires. Big ones.

Max arches his eyebrows, surprised and a little impressed.

MRS. CHOI

We are Korean Baptist. He don't even come to church with us. Just play video game, start fire.

HARLAN

The urge to destroy. Such a common teenage malady.

(MORE)

HARLAN (CONT'D)

It indicates a soul in search of purpose. We'll help you find your purpose, Doyle. And your voice.

Harlan turns to the boy sitting next to Doyle. JED WILLIAMS, 18, is a black kid who leans back in his chair, cracks his knuckles. He oozes attitude.

JED

My name's Jed. J-E-D. S'pose I'm here cuz I'm too bad for the streets and no jail can hold me.

Jed's father MR. WILLIAMS SLAPS the back of Jed's head.

MR. WILLIAMS

Shut up, fool. What streets? We live in a gated community. This little punk threw toilet cleaner into the country club pool. Turned the whole thing green. I had to pay for the drain and scrub. Then he stole all eighteen flags off the golf course. If it ain't one thing, it's another with this kid. His mother and I give him everything, and this is what we get.

HARLAN

Sounds like you brought him here just in time, Mr. Williams.

Finally, Harlan turns to Max.

HARLAN

And... Max.

MAX

Okay. I'm Max Schepanski. I'm seventeen. I'm here because... let's just say I lost a bet.

RUTH

He's into gambling.

HARLAN

Ah, yes. Gambling. The ancient vice. It was Timothy who told us, "For the love of money is the root of all evil."

MAX

I agree.
 (turns to Ruth)
 Can we go home now?

RUTH

It's worse than that. He was
 betting on the date of his
 principal's divorce.

MAX

Yeah, our principal, Mr. Weber, was
 caught having an affair with a
 student.

KACI

What was her name?

MAX

Steve.

Harlan shudders, lowers his head.

HARLAN

Oh, Lord. I can see we have work
 to do here. Much work to do.

EXT. BLACK HILLS - DAY

On a bare, rock-strewn hillside, PROFESSOR EMERY QUILLAC, mid-fifties, kneels in the dirt, gently digs with a trowel.

He has the high cheekbones and tan skin of his Cheyenne ancestors. He wears a green PETA T-shirt.

Carefully, he pulls a FOSSILIZED BONE from the earth. It's about twelve inches in length.

Emery removes a small brush from his pocket, dusts off the bone, squints at it.

EMERY

Very nice.

He deposits it into a clear plastic container.

As he's about to stand and leave, something catches his eye. A CURVED TIP pokes out from the nearby ground.

Emery trowels around it, picks it up.

The item appears to be an ancient, broken piece of a large tooth. VICIOUS-LOOKING, even after all these years.

The Professor looks perplexed by it.

EXT. EMERY'S CAMP - BLACK HILLS FOREST - DAY

A small tent and folding table are set up within the clearing. Towering oaks and pines surround the campsite.

Emery sits at the table. A laptop computer rests on the table, along with the container holding the bone and the tooth.

Emery holds up the bone, uses his cellphone to snap a pic, then uploads it into the computer.

He dictates into his phone's RECORDER as he watches the image appear on screen.

EMERY

Bone is approximately twelve inches in length. Most certainly the shin bone of a Poebrotherium. I'd guess circa the Oligocene epoch.

Emery highlights a name on the computer screen from a long list of dinosaurs and prehistoric mammals. An image of a Poebrotherium, a camel-type animal, pops up.

EMERY

Big sucker, too.

Emery puts the bone back in the container, picks up the tooth fragment.

EMERY

Second item. Species uncertain, but appears to be the canine tooth fragment of a mammal. Possibly saber-toothed tiger. Perhaps even Hyaenodon.

He studies it, taps his finger on the table.

EMERY

Or... maybe...

He selects another name from the list of dinosaurs, double clicks. A name appears at the top of the screen -- DINOHYUS.

The illustration under it looks like something manufactured in a nightmare.

It stands on four legs, with a body type like a bison. But bigger, with a ridiculous amount of rippling muscle.

Brown, bristly hair covers the body. The head is utterly massive, the size of a coffee table.

Just below the black pig snout, a set of insanely over-engineered teeth spear out from the gaping jaws.

Two huge pairs of upper and lower canines interlock like four machetes.

Twin curved tusks erupt from the upper jaw like bony scimitars.

The little ears are kinda cute, though.

Emery regards the illustration for a few moments, looks back to the fragment.

EMERY

Nah, I'll go with saber-toothed tiger.

EXT. HAWES CHRISTIAN YOUTH ACADEMY - DAY

Harlan Hawes and his four young charges watch as the parents drive out of the parking lot.

HARLAN

Your new life begins today. But every worthwhile destination can only be reached through an arduous journey.

Max claps his hands together.

MAX

Okay, so our cabins are out back here or...

HARLAN

No, Max. No cabins where we're going.

Harlan leads them all around the side of the building. They turn the corner and behold an old, ratchety white van.

Wording on the side of the van reads, "Hawes Christian Youth Academy. Wilderness Expeditions."

FOUR BACKPACKS lean against the van.

MAX

Oh no.

EXT. ROAD - BLACK HILLS - DAY

The van rolls along a road cutting through the beautiful but forbidding wilds of the Black Hills.

They pass a GROUP OF PROTESTORS at the side of the road. They all carry large signs. "Stop the Pipeline." "Screw Big Oil." "Honk for No Pipeline." "Protect our Badlands."

INT. VAN - DAY

Max waves to them from his seat in the back. Doyle sits next to him. Jed and Kaci sit behind them. Harlan cheerfully drives.

Max turns to Doyle, who silently stares at the floor.

MAX

Sweet summer vacay, huh? I'll give you twenty to one we all end up bent over a log with drooling hillbillies standing behind us.

Doyle remains silent as ever.

MAX

Okay, fifty to one.

JED

(to Harlan)
Hey, how much longer?

HARLAN

Don't you worry, Jed. We'll be in Mother Nature's full embrace soon enough.

The van pulls into the parking lot of a small roadside general store.

HARLAN

Bathroom break!

EXT. PARKING LOT - GENERAL STORE - DAY

Max and Kaci exit the store, dodge dozens of frolicking little orphans.

Four school buses with the Orphan Jamboree banner stand in the lot.

Near the van, Harlan speaks with MRS. KEEFER, 40s, overseer of this orphan invasion.

MRS. KEEFER

So, we give these little guys a fun break from their realities. A weekend in the woods with other orphans where they can play and sing and dance.

HARLAN

Well, that is heartwarming. I have my own young charges.

Harlan gestures to the van where Max and Kaci join Jed and Doyle.

HARLAN

A little older. A little more jaded. A lot more astray.

Max shrugs his shoulders in a "What the hell" gesture.

Mrs. Keefer kneels and points to the four teenagers as a pack of tots gather around her.

MRS. KEEFER

See, children? We can't let this happen to you.

MAX

Lady, we're standing right here.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Walt, Delma and Arch trek through the tall timber.

Walt has a compound bow and quiver slung over his shoulders. Delma has her hot pink rifle across her back.

Arch acts as pack mule and is weighed down with everything else the expedition requires. He sweats profusely, walks several steps behind them.

WALT
C'mon, Arch, keep up.

ARCH
Right, Walt.

WALT
Oh yeah, I can feel it. Can you
feel it, Delma?

Delma pays him no heed.

WALT
That tingle in the air. Goes right
to my sack. I got a date with
destiny in these woods.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - FOREST - DAY

The van rumbles along the path, slowly rolling to a stop next to the treeline.

Everyone exits the van.

HARLAN
Grab your backpacks, Christian
soldiers. Adventure awaits.

Max helps Kaci put on her pack. She gives him a grudging nod of thanks and walks away.

Doyle straps on his pack, turns away from the others, reaches behind his World of Warcraft belt buckle.

He removes a magnetic MINI-LIGHTER, flicks on the flame, smiles. Quickly he conceals it again, joins the others at the trailhead.

HARLAN
Into God's creation.

Harlan leads the way. Within moments, they disappear into the trees.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Walt, Delma and Arch continue their inexorable march through the woodlands.

Arch has faded a bit, stops to catch his breath.

ARCH
Walt, mind if we stop for a sec?

WALT
Stop? Elk don't rest. Elk never sleep.

Walt turns, glares at Arch.

WALT
Arch, if you can't keep up with us, we may have to rethink this situation. Every great hunter needs a great porter. That's just historical fact.

ARCH
I know, it's just this stuff is really heavy.

WALT
Try carrying the hate of the online world on your back. Now that's heavy.

DELMA
Honey, look!

Delma points up at a nearby pine tree. About seven feet up the trunk, SCRATCH MARKS expose the inner sapwood.

Walt hurries over to the tree.

WALT
Those are fresh. Look at the height.

He reaches up, runs his fingers along the scratches. He examines the fine antler velvet on his fingertips.

WALT
Pure elk antler velvet. Oh man, he's gotta be a sixteen pointer. Maybe eighteen. We're on him now. Let's go. C'mon, Arch.

DELMA
Let's go, Arch!

Arch trudges behind them.

ARCH
Comin.'

EXT. TRAIL - FOREST - DAY

The Christian expedition hikes single file along a pathway snaking through the forest.

HARLAN

Look around you. Open your soul to the beauty. God lives in the trees. Jesus dwells in the creeks. The Holy Spirit plays in the mud.

Max glances back at Jed, who shakes his head.

HARLAN

But, Satan is everywhere, too. In the form of temptation. Drugs. Fornication. Greed. We must be ever vigilant for the perils that surround us.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

P.O.V. HELLPIG

Colorblind, but visually acute.

Twigs, leaves and branches crackle under its heft. The occasional soft snort as it inhales the environment.

It moves through a thicket of bramble, stops at the edge of a clearing. Watches...

...a huge ELK. It grazes on weeds, rubs its mighty antlers on low hanging branches.

EXT. CREEK - DAY

Harlan leads his exhausted followers to a small clearing near a babbling brook.

HARLAN

Alright, we camp here for the night. Let's get those tents up. Kaci, you bring water from the creek. Jed, sweep all these branches out of the clearing. Max, find a spot nearby we can use as a latrine.

MAX

Yeah, I'll break it in.

The three of them drop their packs, slowly go about pulling out their pup tents.

Harlan turns to Doyle.

HARLAN

Doyle, I'm putting you in charge of the campfire. That's right, I'm putting my trust in you. Here.

He hands Doyle two dry sticks.

HARLAN

You have to earn fire. Just like you have to earn everything in life.

He pats Doyle on the back, walks away. Doyle looks at the sticks, then rubs his thumb along his belt buckle, smiles.

EXT. MAX'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A ROARING FIRE.

It burns within a ring of stones. Harlan, Max and the others sit around it, chew on trail bars.

HARLAN

How about a hand for Doyle, huh? Incredible what he did with two sticks.

Doyle grins slightly as he stares at the dancing flames.

JED

What do you expect from a pyro?

HARLAN

No, Jed. We don't call each other out like that. Doyle, would you like to open up about your... issues?

Doyle glances at Harlan, looks like he's about to say something, then shakes his head and gazes back into the fire.

HARLAN

That's okay. The words will come. Kaci, how about you?

KACI

I have no issues.

JED

Except for slappin' tongues with
half your neighborhood.

KACI

Hey, screw you, affluenza! Go roll
in daddy's money pile!

HARLAN

Please, please. In every place we
should pray, lifting holy hands
without anger or quarreling.
That's another quote from Timothy.

MAX

Big fan of his, huh?

HARLAN

Max, relieve yourself.

MAX

Here?

HARLAN

I mean unburden yourself. From
your troubles. Let us into your
heart. Why do you feel this need
to gamble?

Max thinks about it, shrugs.

MAX

Not sure. I'm pretty good at it.
I'm not good at most things.
That's just how it is. My dad took
off when I was four. My mom says
I'm a lot like him.

HARLAN

But this kind of behavior obviously
upsets your mother. Why not find
another path? Why bring this kind
of attention to yourself?

MAX

Better than getting no attention at
all.

Kaci looks at Max. His words just struck a chord.

EXT. WALT'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Walt and Delma's tent stands like a canvas Taj Mahal.

Next to it, Arch's tent looks like two duct-taped garbage bags staked down with kite string.

The three of them sit around a fire. Walt reclines in his folding throne, Delma in a matching chair next to him.

Arch sits on a stump.

They all sip beer from cans. Delma tries unsuccessfully to find a signal on her phone.

WALT

I figure we should run right into that big bastard tomorrow morning. I'm guessing that ol' boy gotta run about eight hundred pounds. What do you say, Arch?

ARCH

At least.

WALT

Well, you best start thinking how you're gonna drag his ass outta here. Maybe rig up a sled or something, huh?

Arch's eyes widen with dread at the prospect.

Walt nods, sips his beer, gazes around the thick trees.

WALT

This is the part of the hunt I like best. The night before the kill. Yeah, that elk is mine.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

P.O.V. HELLPIG

THE ELK lies dead on the ground before it. The animal's huge abdominal cavity is split open.

Hellpig rams its snout straight into the guts, pulls out a mouthful of intestines which it chews like spaghetti.

EXT. MAX'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Max unzips his tent, looks around. All is silent. The campfire has been extinguished.

He gets out of his tent, walks down to the creek.

Kaci unzips her tent, watches him.

Max stares at the babbling waters, lets out a frustrated sigh.

KACI (O.S.)
 Couldn't sleep either?

He turns to her.

MAX
 Yep. Just wondering how I wound up here.

She joins him creekside.

KACI
 Tell me about it.

For a few moments, they watch the water together.

KACI
 You know, what you said, about getting attention from your mom?

MAX
 Yeah.

KACI
 I know what you mean. Usually my dad won't give me the time of day. I have to do crazy stuff just to get him to notice.

MAX
 Like kissing two guys at once?

KACI
 Like I said, I didn't even like them. I just did it to get caught.

She takes a step closer to Max.

KACI
 I don't like many guys.

She softly rubs her pinky against Max's hand.

He hesitates, then leans in and kisses her.

EXT. WALT'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Delma leans seductively against the trunk of a tree. Her camo sweatshirt has been zipped down to expose cleavage.

DELMA

You looked so hot today, baby. I almost don't want this hunt to end.

She saunters forward.

DELMA

But for right now, how about we play another game of bag the pheasant?

She leans in to kiss Arch.

Arch returns the liplock, then turns away.

ARCH

We shouldn't. Walt's sleeping right over there.

Outside Walt's huge tent, HORRIBLE SNORING disturbs the peace of the forest. Sounds like a chainsaw cutting into gravel.

DELMA

He can sleep through doomsday. You know that. C'mon...

She wraps her arms over Arch's shoulders, standing a good three inches taller than the little dude.

DELMA

...Mama needs her little pump action ten gauge.

Arch kisses her madly, dips her, then lays her on the ground.

As he buries his slobbering lips into her neck, she surreptitiously holds her PHONE at her side and records the raunch, smiling into the camera.

EXT. MAX'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Max and Kaci are still locked in a passionate embrace alongside the creek.

HARLAN (O.S.)
Oh God, no.

Max and Kaci immediately separate, startled. Harlan stands there, aghast.

HARLAN
I see Satan has won this day. I truly hoped you two had begun your journey to redemption.

He walks closer.

HARLAN
You've brought sin and shame to my camp. I won't have it. Go back to your tents.

Max and Kaci trudge back toward the campsite.

Harlan watches them enter their tents and zip them up. He shakes his head, looks up to the sky.

HARLAN
May you show them the way.

He enters his own tent, starts to zip it up when a NOISE from the creek makes him poke his head out.

Too dark to see. He waits a few moments, hears nothing else, zips up.

EXT. CREEK - NIGHT

P.O.V. HELLPIG

It stands within the creek, thrusts its mighty snout into the gently rolling waters. Bits of elk float away with the current.

It turns its gaze toward the campsite. Observes.

No sign of any movement there.

It turns back to the water, gulping down mouthfuls.

EXT. MAX'S CAMPSITE - DAWN

Harlan stands over the newly reignited campfire. He CLANGS a metal spoon against a small pot.

HARLAN
Rise and shine, Christian soldiers!
The trail calls us!

The kids unzip their tents, stick their dazed, cranky faces out.

Max and Kaci make awkward eye contact, nod at each other.

Harlan walks down to the creek. He kneels next to it, dips the pot into the water.

He glances to his left. FREEZES.

A line of HOOFPRIENTS leads from the moist soil of the creek bank up into the forest.

Harlan walks toward the prints, swallows hard.

He rests his hand next to one print. The hoof is MASSIVE.

HARLAN
Cloven hooves.

The realization sinks in.

HARLAN
Satan has found us.

He stands, scans the area, runs back to the camp.

HARLAN
Let's go, kids! C'mon! Pack up!

He pours the pot of water over the fire.

MAX
What about breakfast?

HARLAN
You haven't earned breakfast. I think you know why. Let's move!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Professor Quillac walks through the woods, utility bag slung over his shoulder.

Something in the dirt ahead catches his eye.

He bends down to see a partial trail of hoofprints. One of the prints is perfectly defined in the ground.

EMERY

Hmm.

He kneels down, unzips his bag, reaches in and pulls out a measuring tape. He extends it, sets it next to the print.

It measures nine inches in length.

EMERY

Wow.

He takes out his phone, snaps a pic of the print. Then he turns on the phone's recorder.

EMERY

Nine inch hoofprint, located about one mile north of campsite. Something very unusual here. The size is something you'd see only in the largest moose or elk. But...

Emery softly traces a finger next to the print.

EMERY

...the shape is wrong. Definitely not in the deer family. No, it's more porcine in appearance. Like a boar or wild pig.

He leans back, studies it.

EMERY

But there hasn't been a pig sighting in the Black Hills in decades.

He puts the tape back in the bag, stands, shakes his head.

EMERY

No. A pig with a hoof that big would be the size of a...

The Professor turns off the recorder, stares at the print, slowly scans the trees.

EXT. PINE GROVE - DAY

Back on the elk hunt, Walt, Delma and Arch make their way through some towering pines.

Walt points to more antler scratches on one of the trunks.

He unslings the compound bow from his shoulders as he advances.

WALT
(whispers)
We're closing in. Heh, heh, Arch I hope you got a good night's sleep, buddy.

Delma looks back to Arch, grins.

WALT
(whispers)
Just picture the biggest, angriest, most beautiful beast in these woods.

Delma smiles wider, points to Arch's crotch.

Arch frowns, lowers his head.

WALT
(whispers)
Can't wait to get my hands on that... NO!!

Delma and Arch rush to his side. Splayed out in front of them is the grisly remains of the elk.

The Hellpig has eaten through the body cavity like it was a sack lunch. The thick spine has been bitten clean in half.

WALT
No, damn it! Bear got it!

ARCH
Uh, Walt. Ain't no bear in these parts. No wolves, neither.

Walt punches a tree.

WALT
Well then what the hell coulda done this?!

Arch fixes his gaze on the sprawling antlers, shakes his head very slowly.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Harlan leads his troops to the edge of a river. It's about fifty feet across, and the current is swift.

A THICK, OLD ROPE has been secured to the trunk of an tree that rises near the bank.

The rope runs clear across the river, descending to the base of another tree.

HARLAN

Alright, here's where we cross.

JED

You're kidding.

HARLAN

There's no time to kid, Jed. Not today. Not with what's out there.

KACI

Uh... what?

HARLAN

Doyle, you're first.

Doyle shakes his head, steps back.

MAX

Hey, wouldn't it be easier to just hike down river and find a narrow spot to cross?

HARLAN

Of course that would be easier, Max. But that's not why we're here. Doyle, let's go. Face your fear.

Max pats an encouraging hand on Doyle's back.

MAX

C'mon, cowboy. You got this.

Harlan pulls a harness from his pack, secures it around Doyle's waist.

Harlan climbs a branch.

HARLAN

Help him up.

Max and Jed boost Doyle up toward Harlan.

Harlan secures the harness to the rope with a large steel carabiner. A thin cord attached to the carabiner acts as a tether to bring the harness back once Doyle has crossed.

Doyle appears ready to soil himself.

HARLAN

It's a straight ride to the other side, Doyle. Believe in yourself. Believe in the Lord.

Harlan pushes Doyle. The little guy slides across the rope.

KACI

Look at him go!

Within moments, Doyle descends to a gentle stop on the opposite bank.

He unlatches the carabiner, turns around to see Max and the others CHEERING HIM.

He raises both hands in triumph.

Then Doyle FLIPS THEM OFF.

On the other side, Max, Kaci and Jed stop cheering.

MAX

Didn't see that coming.

HARLAN

Satan's gotten to him, too.

Doyle reaches under his belt buckle, pulls out his mini-lighter. With his one hand still flipping the bird, he lights it, holds it under the rope.

HARLAN

No! No, Doyle don't do that!

Doyle grins as he watches the jute fibers singe away.

HARLAN

Resist Satan! Resist him!

The rope catches fire. Doyle returns the lighter to the buckle. He grins, faces them all.

DOYLE
Hey! Suck my d--

We'll never know what his next word was going to be.

The Hellpig emerges from the treeline behind Doyle, IMPALES HIM through the chest with one of its fearsome eight-inch curved tusks.

It emits a THUNDEROUS SNORT from the bowels of Hades itself.

Doyle is picked up off his feet, dangles from the tusk.

Harlan, Max, Kaci and Jed stand in silent shock.

The illustration we saw earlier of the Dinohyus was surprisingly accurate.

As it proceeds to furiously smash Doyle against the ground, we see it does indeed have the body of a roided-out bison and the grotesquely oversized cranium of a wild hog.

But the teeth are even more horrifying. The raw power even more unstoppable. The sheer ferocity even more savage.

It's a Hellpig, alright. One ton of prehistoric pork.

Doyle's lifeless body falls off the tusk. Hellpig clamps its monstrous jaws around the boy's torso, lifts him back into the air.

It bites down. Doyle's rib cage implodes. A burst of blood blasts from his dead throat and showers the ground.

The creature stops its attack, stares at the four humans standing across the river.

Max watches in petrified awe as this THING turns and disappears with Doyle's body into the forest.

For several moments, no one says a word. Then...

HARLAN
S... S... Satan.

Harlan turns and runs back into the woods. Kaci and Jed are right behind him.

Max takes a ragged gasp, then a backward step, then races after them.

EXT. PINE GROVE - DAY

Walt poses next to the mutilated elk carcass, holding up the huge antlers.

Arch has his phone out to take a picture, but shakes his head.

ARCH

It ain't gonna work, Walt. Poor thing doesn't even have a body left.

WALT

We'll photoshop the body in. Take the picture.

The enormous elk head SNAPS OFF the body, causing it to tumble forward into the dirt.

WALT

Damn it!

Walt kicks the elk head, throws down his camo cap.

Delma uses her hot pink phone to snap a pic of the headless animal. She shakes her head.

DELMA

Well, I guess that's it, honey.

WALT

The hell it is. Arch was right about one thing. Something out here took this elk to the woodshed. I'm gonna find it. I'm gonna kill it. I'm gonna stuff it. And I'm gonna mount it.

ARCH

Bow alone?

WALT

Bow. Alone.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Breathless now, Harlan and the others have slowed to a brisk walk as they weave through the trees.

HARLAN

The Devil has taken form. Pig form. Just like in Matthew 8:31.

MAX

Shouldn't we go back for him?

JED

Go back for what? That thing worked him like a piece of beef jerky.

Kaci wipes tears from her eyes.

KACI

We finally got him to talk. And then...

She breaks down crying.

MAX

So now what? We're two days out from the van.

HARLAN

We run, young man. We run.

Harlan gets his second wind, breaks into a sprint. Jed and Kaci are right behind him.

Max stops, shakes his head.

MAX

Why didn't I just stick to fantasy football?

He bolts after them.

EXT. EMERY'S CAMP - DAY

The Professor studies the pic of the hoofprint on his laptop monitor. He compares it to a hoofprint pic of a wild boar. Apart from the size, they're nearly identical.

EMERY

It's impossible.

SOMETHING thunders through the surrounding brush, headed straight for the campsite.

Emery stands, picks up a trowel off the table.

A sweaty, red-faced, panting Harlan staggers into the camp, quickly followed by Max and the others.

EMERY
Whoa, whoa, whoa!

Harlan bends over, struggles in vain to catch his breath.

HARLAN
Need help. Satan. Fire. Blood.

EMERY
What?

MAX
Our friend was killed. Can we use your phone?

EMERY
There's no service out here, son.

KACI
What about, like, a ranger station?

EMERY
It's about a day and a half hike.

JED
That's it. We're dead.

Jed collapses into a heap on the ground.

Emery hurries over to a cooler, breaks out some bottles of water and passes them out.

EMERY
Okay, can you tell me what happened? Calmly.

MAX
Something... and I don't have a name for it right now... it killed a kid. Right in front of us.

EMERY
What did it look like?

HARLAN
Satan.

MAX

Will you stop with the Satan shit?!
It was freaking gigantic. I don't
know. Sorta like a buffalo.

KACI

But with a pig head.

MAX

Yeah, a pig head. God damn giant
pig head. Unreal.

Emery furrows his brow, steps back. He glances to the
monitor. Stares at the hoofprint.

EMERY

You're positive? Are you sure it
couldn't have been a--

MAX

Sure as I'm sweating here, buddy.

EMERY

Professor Emery Quillac.
Palentology department, Dakota
State.

MAX

Max.

Emery walks to the computer, taps a few keys, brings up the
list of prehistoric animals.

He clicks on Dinohyus and the illustration fills the screen.

EMERY

Did it look like this?

Max and Kaci walk over, gulping down mouthfuls of water.

MAX

That's it. But bigger. Uglier.

KACI

Color's a little off, too.

MAX

So, what is it?

Emery steps away.

EMERY

I don't... it can't be.

MAX

It is. Trust me, it is. What is it?

EMERY

That's a Dinohyus. Prehistoric ancestor to the pig.

KACI

Prehistoric?

EMERY

That animal went extinct hundreds of thousands of years ago.

MAX

Oh. Well, this one looked pretty damn current to me.

KACI

But how? How could something like that still be alive?

Emery shakes his head, sits at the table.

MAX

Yeah, once something's prehistoric, it's officially dunzo, right?

EMERY

It's supposed to be. But, there have been exceptions. In paleontology we call it the Lazarus Taxon. When a species seems to vanish from the fossil record, only to reappear much later. An example would be the coelacanth. It's a fish that was thought to be extinct for sixty-five million years. That is, until a fisherman caught one off the coast of Africa in 1938.

Harlan approaches the table.

MAX

Okay, I can understand the ocean, maybe. But out here?

EMERY

This was prime Dinohyus territory eons ago. We still find fossils all over these hills. Could it be...

(MORE)

EMERY (CONT'D)

that a small population somehow survived. Secluded after all these years.

KACI

Yeah, like Bigfoot.

EMERY

No, that's bullshit. But I can tell you this, my Cheyenne ancestors spoke of a mythical pig creature that prowled the Badlands.

Emery taps a few keys, pulls up a topographic map of South Dakota. The Black Hills stand in the southwest corner of the state. The Badlands lie just to the east.

Emery circles the area with his finger.

EMERY

Now this area constitutes the national park. But there are still large pockets of the outer Badlands that are completely unexplored. Undisturbed.

Max stares at the map, cogitates.

MAX

Or, there used to be.

Emery and Kaci look at him.

MAX

That new pipeline. It goes straight through there, right?

Emery considers this.

EMERY

It does.

He drags another map up and expands it. The Dakota pipeline slices clean through the western outer Badlands.

EMERY

Encroachment onto its territory could have forced the creature to search for new hunting grounds.

Emery runs his finger straight into the Black Hills.

HARLAN
I still say it's Satan.

Max, Emery and Kaci stare at him.

HARLAN
Or if not Satan, something created
by Satan.

Max looks back to the computer, pulls the pic of the Dinohyus
back up.

MAX
Dino... hyus.

EMERY
It translates to "terrible hog."
My ancestors had another name for
it. Heávoheneno éškoseeséhotame.
Hellpig.

KACI
That's catchier.

MAX
Let's go with Hellpig.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A LABEL on a small clear plastic bottle reads, "ALPHA DECAY.
Animal attractant."

Arch drips the yellow liquid onto the knee high grass that
fills this field.

He creates a trail of the liquid as he walks toward the
center of the field.

At the treeline, Walt and Delma watch Arch.

WALT
Say what you will about Arch, he's
one loyal porter, isn't he? Always
doing what he's told.

DELMA
Always.

WALT
That stink juice is gonna attract
every carnivore within two miles.

Walt grasps his bow, plucks the cable.

WALT

And I'll be ready with the kill
shot.

Arch arrives at the center of the field, then reaches into the cargo pocket of his cheap camo pants.

He pulls out a silver pouch. The label reads, "Freeze-dried Beef Stroganoff dinner. With mushrooms."

Arch sighs as he opens the pouch and dumps his supper into the grass. He douses the brown block with the last of the attractant, then runs for the treeline.

He joins Arch and Delma at the treeline, crouches down.

ARCH

You got four scent trails heading
straight into that field.

WALT

Good work, Arch.

The three of them scan the field.

ARCH

Walt... I got something to tell
you.

Delma's eyes widen.

WALT

Yeah?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

P.O.V. HELLPIG

Trundling through the brush. It stops. The gargantuan snout sniffs the air. It changes direction... toward new prey.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Arch grimaces, nervous about his next sentence.

ARCH

Maybe we don't want to meet what
done that to the elk.

Delma shuts her eyes in relief.

WALT

What?

ARCH

Only time I've seen carnage like that was from a grizzly. And whatever this thing is, I wonder if we got the firepower to stop it. I mean, between your bow and Delma's squirrel shooter--

DELMA

I can handle myself just fine, Arch.

WALT

Yeah, Arch, where's this coming from? Never heard you doubt me before.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

P.O.V. HELLPIG

Moving faster now, slung low, grunting with insatiable hunger.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Arch shakes his head as he crouches next to Walt.

ARCH

I just don't like it is all. Something don't feel right.

None of them notice the movement through the tall grass, heading directly toward the Stroganoff.

DELMA

Arch, why don't you let us worry about the whole killing part. Stick to what you're good at it.

WALT

You tell him, honey.

Even Arch has his breaking point. From the intensifying red hue of his face, Delma just found it.

ARCH

Alright, Walt, let me tell you what
I'm really good at. I'm really
good at nailing--

WALT

(harsh whisper)
Shut up! Both ya.

Walt pulls an arrow from his quiver, fixes his gaze on the center of the field, where the tall grass sways.

Walt stands, nocks the arrow, draws. The three of them hold their collective breath.

After a few moments, a FOX pounces from the grass, devours the Beef Stroganoff.

Walt lets out a frustrated groan.

WALT

Fox. I'll be a god damned--

The Hellpig EXPLODES from the tall grass. It takes the fox in one bite, crunching it to pieces in seconds.

Walt, Delma and Arch can only gape in stupefaction.

Hellpig finishes the morsel, sniffs the air, detects another scent.

WALT

Mother. Of. Tits.

He aims, fires the arrow.

Normally, it would have been a pinpoint killshot. Straight into the side of the mid-torso. Dead over the heart.

But this is a Hellpig. Bristles like carbon fiber. Skin like Kevlar. The arrowhead penetrates about an inch.

Hellpig glances at the object as a human would a splinter.

It cranes its muscular neck, grasps the arrow with its blocky grinding back teeth, pulls it out.

The arrow snaps instantly as the Hellpig chews it down.

Walt, Arch and Delma stand in utter disbelief at what they behold.

Hellpig stares at them, snorts.

Walt immediately nocks another arrow, aims and releases.

This one lands right in the center of the throat.

Hellpig is officially pissed. It belts out a soul-shivering squeal, CHARGES.

Walt, Arch and Delma run for their lives into the trees.

Arch shimmies up a tall spruce like a spider monkey.

Delma grasps the branch of a birch tree, pulls herself up, wraps her legs around it.

Walt drops his bow, takes a flying leap off a stump and barely manages to grab hold of the bough of an oak.

He struggles to pull up his hefty frame.

The Hellpig stampedes into the forest like a hairy juggernaut.

With ripsnorting rage, it digs its hooves, then its tusks into the dirt, throwing mounds of it into the air.

Walt, Arch and Delma close their eyes as they're pelted.

The beast focuses on Delma, walks under her.

DELMA

Walt! Help me!

WALT

Don't move!

Hellpig stands on its rear legs for a moment. Delma's body is just out of reach.

The hot pink rifle strapped to her back, however...

Hellpig bites the rifle stock. Delma comes crashing down to the ground.

She screams, tries to run.

It gnashes onto her long black hair. It yanks her back, then spins in a circle.

Delma SHRIEKS as she whirls seven feet off the ground.

After several rotations, the Hellpig lets her go and she helicopters through the air and smashes into a tree.

She lands in an unconscious heap.

With brutal efficiency, the beast clamps its jaws around her head and bites down. Her skull flattens like a grape, splattering the soil with blood and brain matter.

WALT

No!!

Hellpig holds its prize in its gaping maw, surveils the other two humans for any hint of threat.

They pose none. It gallops away with its next meal.

Arch pants as he clutches the tree trunk.

Walt drops to the ground, walks in stunned silence toward the gruesome glop in the dirt that once held Delma's thoughts and dreams.

He kneels down, pokes his finger in the blood.

WALT

Delma. My sweet Delma.

He draws a heart in the dirt with his bloody fingertip.

Delma's hot pink PHONE lies nearby. Walt picks it up, shoves it in his front pocket.

He stands.

WALT

Arch. Get down here.

Arch slides down the trunk.

WALT

Get your gear on. This hunt just started.

ARCH

What... what the hell was it? Some kinda warthog? Some kinda radioactive razorback?

WALT

I'll tell you exactly what it is. Fucking pork chops.

EXT. EMERY'S CAMP - DAY

Harlan kneels, eyes closed in intense prayer.

HARLAN

Lord, please accept Doyle's twisted
soul into your shining kingdom.
For he was young. Very young. He--

Harlan opens his eyes, a new level of fear crashing over his
face like a wave of holy terror.

HARLAN

Oh no. The orphans. The orphan
jamboree! It can't be more than
six, seven miles from here!

Kaci covers her mouth at the horror.

EMERY

Yes, we need to warn them. I know
that campground. Let's move.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Arch is once again loaded down with equipment. Walt walks
over to him, unzips a pack strapped to his chest.

ARCH

Walt, I'm thinkin' this here is a
big mistake now. You saw the size
of that thing. Let's go back and--

WALT

I know you and Delma weren't close,
Arch. But this is personal. That
monster took my sweet woman from
me. Most gentle, delicate, devoted
flower of a girl that ever lived.

Arch looks away.

ARCH

I understand that, Walt. But I
also saw that sucker take two 400-
grain carbon arrows from a binary
cam compound bow like they was
mosquito bites.

Walt reaches into the pack, pulls out another small vial of
animal attractant. He slides it in his pocket.

WALT

You should know me better than that, Arch. When I step into the woods, I bring options. Lots of options.

Walt reaches back in, retrieves a huge six-shooter PISTOL, holds it up. It's a Taurus Titanium .357 Magnum.

WALT

Say hello to option D. For death.

He stares at the gun a moment.

WALT

Also Delma.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Max and Emery lead the rest of the ragtag group across a rocky stream.

Harlan prays softly, but with conviction.

HARLAN

Lord, I beseech you. Protect us from this wretched demon swine. Smite him down as you did Nadab and Abihu. For this we pray.

JED

Wish my dad was here. He'd call in choppers, Green Berets...

KACI

H & R Block.

JED

Shut up, Skankarella!

MAX

Guys, c'mon. Hellpig, remember? Let's keep it together.

The procession continues on in grim silence. Kaci walks alongside Max.

KACI

So what you would say our odds are? You know, of living?

MAX
If I was the bookmaker on this one,
I'd call it even money.

KACI
Really?

Max thinks about it, smiles at her.

MAX
Nah, it's a lock. We're making it.

He gently taps her back.

At the front of the line, Emery comes to a sudden stop, holds up his hand. Everyone freezes.

MAX
(whisper)
What is it?

Emery points to a thicket of dense brush about twenty feet away. With the stream behind them, there's nowhere to run.

The thicket pulls apart as something big comes through.

Harlan holds up a small wooden cross.

Walt bursts through the brush, followed by Arch. He's startled at the sight of the group, has his gun cocked and ready.

WALT
The hell you all doing out here?

JED
Did my dad send you?

EMERY
There's a... predator out here.
Already killed one person.

WALT
Yeah, we had our own little meet
and greet.

KACI
We're heading to the jamboree camp.

MAX
Will you come with us? We've got
no weapons.

Walt looks Max over, then regards the rest of them.

WALT
Gimme a minute.

Walt takes a step back, leans into Arch.

WALT
They might be exactly what we need.

ARCH
For what?

WALT
Bait.

Walt steps forward.

WALT
Alright, we stick together. I'm
Walt. This is Arch. You lead the
way. We'll guard the rear.

EMERY
Thank you.

Emery and Max resume the blazing of the trail. Walt nods and smiles at each of them as they pass by him.

Walt pushes Arch in front of him, takes the caboose position. He reaches into his pocket, grabs the vial of attractant.

He begins to leave a scent trail, one drop at a time.

EXT. RIDGE - DAY

The group walks alongside the ridge of a steep, rocky hill.

KACI
How much longer, Professor?

EMERY
We should make it before nightfall.

JED
We ain't makin' it. This is Clan
of the Cave Pig. We're gonna be
the first fools in history killed
out by a time-travelin' cob roller.

Walt drops another scintilla of scent, furrows his brow at Jed's comment.

WALT
What's he talking about?

EMERY
We believe this animal is
prehistoric. An evolutionary
holdover, if you will.

Walt stops in his tracks, ponders this.

WALT
I don't get it.

EMERY
I have yet to see it with my own
eyes, but all reports lead me to
think it's a Dinohyus. Which went
extinct in the Miocene epoch.

Arch looks back, makes confused eye contact with Walt.
Walt's eyes widen as the ramifications roll through his mind.

WALT
And this is the only one?

MAX
Sure as hell hope so.

WALT
Prehistoric. Imagine that.
Imagine... the man who bagged a
prehistoric monster. The
headlines. He'd be... the greatest
hunter in history.

EMERY
I don't think that would be the
headline.

Kaci looks back at Walt.

KACI
Are you serious? How can you think
about headlines at a time like
this? Who cares...

She studies Walt's face as she continues to walk.

KACI
Oh my God, I knew you looked
familiar. You're that asshole who
shot the pet hippo in Africa.
Buster.

Max and Jed look back.

JED

Oh yeah!

MAX

Yep, you're that asshole.

WALT

And this asshole is gonna keep you delinquents alive.

Walt subtly leaks out another drop.

WALT

(to himself)

For now.

EXT. GRAVE OF THE SHAMED - DAY

Emery and Max emerge from the treeline and into a large rectangular clearing.

Emery comes to a sudden halt. Everyone gathers around and beholds the bizarre sight.

Eight fearsome-looking totem poles, impaled into the earth, line both sides of the clearing, glaring at each other.

Dead weeds and foliage wither on the ground, as if the soil itself won't allow life.

A lone, hollow tree rises in the center of the graveyard like a decayed husk.

A large diamond-shaped piece of carved wood stands attached to the base of the trunk like a shield. A strange symbol of crossed lines etched into the shield.

MAX

What is it?

EMERY

Grave of the shamed. Cheyenne burial ground.

KACI

The shamed?

EMERY

Murderers. Thieves. Anyone
unworthy to lay to rest alongside
the honored dead. Tread lightly.

Emery and Max lead the way.

The place has an ominous, haunted ambience.

From the nearby woods, the SOUND of a branch breaking.

Everyone freezes.

Walt snaps the safety on his pistol to "fire."

Harlan closes his eyes, interlaces his fingers and offers a
silent prayer.

Somewhere in the dense surrounding forest, branches, bramble,
leaves and logs are crushed beneath the heft of the Hellpig.

Emery pulls his phone from his pocket, sets it to camera.

A SHUDDERING SNORT reverberates through the clearing.

Movement. Barely glimpsed through the pine and oak.

Walt gets into shooting stance, aims toward the forest.

WALT

C'mon, Miss Piggy. Let's roll in
the mud.

More movement, this time from the OTHER SIDE of the clearing.

MAX

It's stalking us.

KACI

Maybe we should get in a big group.

JED

For what? Easier killing?

HARLAN

Let's join hands. Pray to God and
make a mighty noise, like when
Joshua blew his horn and brought
down the walls of Jeri--

The Hellpig bursts from the trees, seemingly appearing from
nowhere. Already at top speed.

It lowers its freakish cranium and plows into Harlan.

Harlan flies twenty feet through the air on a frozen rope, impacting with a totem pole. He drops to the ground, motionless.

Screaming. Chaos. Possible loss of bowel control.

EMERY

Follow me!

Max, Kaci and Arch run after Emery as he sprints for the tree in the center of the burial ground.

Walt aims his gun, struggles to find a clean shot as the Hellpig runs back into the forest and races along the treeline.

WALT

Stay still, you fat sumbitch!

Emery grabs both sides of the old shield on the tree, rips it away to reveal a large opening hacked through the trunk.

Emery crouches into the hollow tree, DROPS into the earth.

INT. CATACOMB - DAY

Emery lands in a pile of scattered, splintered bones and skulls. Max, Kaci and Arch plop into the bone pile, then roll against the earthen walls.

EXT. GRAVE OF THE SHAMED - DAY

Out of his mind with fear, Jed trips over Harlan's prone, semi-conscious body.

HARLAN

Aaagh!!

The Hellpig races through the trees as if they were an obstacle course.

It disappears from sight, reappears, always grunting and squealing with absolute fury.

Walt gets off a shot, but Hellpig is just too fast. A bristly blur weaving through the wilds.

JED

Kill the damn thing!

Jed scrambles up against one of the totem poles, trying to blend in with the heinous, scowling faces.

INT. CATACOMB - DAY

It finally dawns on Kaci that she's sitting knee-deep in shame bones. She covers her mouth to stifle a scream.

Up above, Hellpig's infuriated snorting and thunderous footfalls shudder throughout the graveyard.

EXT. GRAVE OF THE SHAMED - DAY

Walt licks his lips in anticipation as the forest goes still and silent again.

WALT

Just one clean shot. That's all I ask.

A petrified Jed stands perfectly still against the totem pole, becoming one with it. Only his eyeballs move as they track a large shadow moving stealthily through the trees.

Walt kneels, steadies his aim, FIRES FOUR TIMES.

No sound, no movement.

Walt grins.

WALT

Relax, kid. Just sent it to the great Spam can in the sky.

The Hellpig charges from the forest, directly toward Walt. It tramples Harlan yet again, sending him tumbling.

HARLAN

Aaaagh!!

A shocked Walt fires off his remaining shot.

The hot round takes off a chunk of the beast's right ear. The pain causes it to SHRIEK and change direction... toward Jed.

Jed un-petrifies himself and runs for the hollow tree. Grunting with panic, he dives through the hole in the trunk.

INT. CATACOMB - DAY

Jed makes it halfway down the entrance into the catacomb, reaches for Max's hand.

Max grasps it, but Jed is YANKED BACKWARD out of the hole.

JED

Gaaah!

EXT. GRAVE OF THE SHAMED - DAY

Walt frantically loads more bullets into his pistol as he watches Hellpig gallop away with Jed.

By the time he aims his gun, the creature and Jed are swallowed by the forest.

Only the fading cries of Jed can be heard.

JED (O.S.)

Call my daaaaad!!!

Max and the others scramble out of the catacomb.

MAX

Where is he?!

Walt sighs, looks at his hot revolver.

WALT

He's gone to a better place. Well, a place.

Max, Kaci and Emery run over to Harlan. He's still alive and conscious, but bleeding from the mouth.

MAX

Harlan.

KACI

Mr. Hawes. Are you okay?

HARLAN

Ribs crushed.

Harlan winces in pain.

HARLAN

Lungs collapsed.

EMERY
Don't move, Harlan.

HARLAN
Spine broken.

MAX
Yes.

HARLAN
Can't move.

KACI
We get it. You're hurt bad.

HARLAN
Internal bleeding.

MAX
This guy really knows his anatomy.

Max turns to Emery.

MAX
What do we do?

EMERY
Moving him now could hurt him even worse.

HARLAN
Please... please don't let me die... in a heathen graveyard.

He looks to Emery.

HARLAN
No offense.

Emery rolls his eyes.

MAX
I don't think we have a choice. We have to move him.

Walt and Arch walk over, inspect Harlan.

WALT
He's had it.

MAX
We have to take him with us.

WALT
He'll just slow us down.

EMERY
You can't possibly be suggesting we
just leave the man here to die?

WALT
Hey bro, trials of life.

KACI
Great shooting, by the way. What,
were you hallucinating?

WALT
I'm sure it seems real easy to a
complete non-hunter. But when you
got a bloodthirsty beast haulin'
ass through the trees like a
freight train, things become a bit
more complicated. Ain't that
right, Arch?

Arch turns to Kaci.

ARCH
It sure is.

KACI
If you say so, Igor.

EMERY
We can use the frame off my
backpack as a makeshift stretcher
until we get to the jamboree.
Let's get him ready.

LATER

Harlan lies upon the stripped-down external frame of Emery's
backpack. His legs dangle over the edge as Emery, Max, Walt
and Arch each hold a corner.

Kaci holds a large stick, nervously scans the forest ahead.

WALT
Still say this is a mistake.

Max and Emery lead them out of the burial ground.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Harlan groans as they make their way through the unforgiving terrain.

HARLAN

Lord, welcome me into your kingdom.
Forgive me my sins, scarce as they
may be.

Walt holds the stretcher with one hand, holds his cocked .357 by his side with the other.

HARLAN

If I could move my limbs, I'd raise
my hands to Heaven. Kaci, could
you help me?

Kaci looks at him, then makes eye contact with Max. Max shrugs. Kaci drops her stick and walks alongside Harlan.

HARLAN

Clasp my hands, child.

She holds both of his hands.

HARLAN

Now fold them together in prayer.

Kaci pushes his palms together.

HARLAN

No, interlace the fingers. I'm
praying, not slowly clapping.

Kaci lets out a sigh, carefully weaves the fingers together.

HARLAN

There you go.

Harlan stares up at the glimpses of blue sky, barely visible through the dense tree canopy.

HARLAN

Lord, I also ask you to accept the
severely flawed souls of Jed and
Doyle. Please look past their
mortal vices of vandalism and
pyromania. Have mercy on all your
children, even the miscreants.

Arch studies Harlan as he walks along.

ARCH
You, uh, you think the Lord
forgives all sins?

HARLAN
If you ask him with an open heart.
Speak your sin, friend.

ARCH
Uhh...

Arch glances over at Walt, then at the pistol by his side.

ARCH
Oh, nothin' in particular. Just a
utility blessing will suit me just
fine.

HARLAN
Then may the Lord heap his
blessings upon you.

Arch nods in gratitude.

Max looks over at Emery.

MAX
Sorry about the burial ground,
Professor.

EMERY
It's okay, Max. I believe my
ancestors would understand. I must
confess though, I thought you all
might have been exaggerating the
animal. But it's astounding. It
truly is. Normally, this would be
a paleontologist's dream.

WALT
Okay, so how about you tell me
exactly what we're dealing with
here.

EMERY
Daeodon shoshonensis. Largest
member of the enteledont family.
It was an apex predator. Omnivore.
Extremely small braincase, but like
most pigs, quite intelligent when
it came to the necessities of
survival.

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The timeless, craggy terrain of the Dakota Badlands, circa twenty million years ago.

It's a grim landscape of canyons, ravines, gullies, buttes, mesas and hoodoos. Not for the weak.

A small group of Hellpigs roam the dusty land.

EMERY (V.O.)
Some would hunt alone, some in
packs. But in this age, everything
feared them.

The Hellpigs stop when they see a Poebrotherium (camel-looking thing) grazing nearby.

EMERY (V.O.)
They were driven by relentless
hunger. For all their
intelligence, their greatest asset
would have been raw aggression.

As if on cue, the Hellpigs break toward their prey. Within moments they reach speeds of fifty miles an hour.

By the time the Poebrotherium sees them coming, it's already too late.

It tries to flee, but the first Hellpig runs up alongside it and rams it into the ground.

It tumbles in a cloud of dust. The Hellpigs collectively tear into it before the dust even settles.

EMERY (V.O.)
They dominated these lands for
millions of years. Then, they
simply disappeared.

BACK TO SCENE

Emery balances himself against a tree as they step over a fallen log.

EMERY
Or so we thought.

MAX
Surprise.

EXT. POND - DAY

They emerge from the forest to encounter a very large pond. Beds of algae float on the murky surface.

HARLAN

I give you all permission to use my body as a raft.

EMERY

Don't think that will be necessary, Harlan. But thanks for the offer.

ARCH

Can we take a short break? My arm's going numb here.

MAX

Real short, I'd say.

The four of them lower Harlan to the ground and shake out their arms.

Arch rubs his sore shoulder.

ARCH

Been thinkin' about it now. Might be best to call for help at this point.

Walt wheels toward him. Max scoffs.

MAX

Yeah, great idea. There's not a signal within twenty miles of here.

Arch unzips the pack strapped to his chest. He reaches in and pulls out a SATELLITE PHONE.

ARCH

No, I mean the SAT phone.

Max, Kaci and Emery drop their jaws.

MAX

You... you had a satellite phone this whole time?! What in the actual dino-fuck, dude!!

Walt looks at them uneasily, glances back to Arch.

ARCH

I thought we could handle it! This is a vengeance hunt for Walt. It's personal he told me. I couldn't take that from him.

KACI

I don't believe it. You two are straight out of creepypasta.

EMERY

Alright! Just make the call.

ARCH

Okay.

He starts to dial, then turns to Emery.

ARCH

What should I give as our location?
Large pond?

Walt steps forward and SNATCHES the phone from Arch. He throws it to the ground, cocks his pistol and FIRES FIVE SHOTS into it.

The gunshots echo like rolling thunder over the Black Hills.

Then, silence. Shocked, incredulous, painfully long silence.

Finally, Max points to the largest remaining part of the phone.

MAX

You missed a spot.

Walt blasts the piece into shards with his sixth bullet.

He snaps open the revolving cylinder, drops the empty shells to the ground.

He reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a handful of bullets, loads them.

WALT

You think I'm gonna let you deny me my trophy? I never leave a hunt without a trophy. Never have. Never will. What's the alternative anyway? Big ol' helicopter flies in, rescues us. Hellpig is caught.

(MORE)

WALT (CONT'D)

Studied by scientists for years on end, yielding untold data on the mysteries of life on prehistoric Earth?

EMERY

Uh... yes.

MAX

You pretty much nailed it.

WALT

Yeah, well that ain't gonna happen. Once we hit that camp, you're on your own. Arch and I will handle this ourselves. Now let's grab Jesus freak here and get moving.

KACI

You are literally the worst person I have ever--

WALT

Just for that sweetie, how about you grab a corner. Start pulling your weight.

Walt taps the .357 against his leg.

Max, Emery, Arch and Kaci each grab a corner of the frame and lift Harlan, who still has his immobile hands clasped over his chest.

HARLAN

This is very un-Christian of you, sir.

WALT

Good thing I'm Jewish. Move.

EXT. WETLANDS - DAY

They proceed through land riddled with swampy pools of muck.

Emery points to a pool of the sludge as they pass by it.

EMERY

Don't fall in. Quicksand.

Walt walks behind them. He dribbles out a couple more drops of the attractant, then sticks the vial back in his jacket.

They approach a creek bed. It looks like a DEEP TRENCH eroded through the moist earth which leads into the forest.

Max is about to step down into it when--

EMERY

Stop!

Max freezes his foot in mid-air.

Inches below, A NEST OF RATTLESNAKES slithers in the mud. Dozens of rattlers sound their alarm.

Max slowly raises his foot. They all step away from the creek bed.

Walt grins.

WALT

One wrong step, kid. That's all it takes out here.

HARLAN

It's another sign. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?

WALT

And your parents left you with this guy?

Walt chuckles.

WALT

That's what I call desperation.

HARLAN

I'll have you know wilderness therapy has worked wonders for problem children.

WALT

Oh yeah, future pillars of society, these two.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

P.O.V. HELLPIG

In stalk mode. Hot on a scent. Closing in.

EXT. WETLANDS - DAY

They walk amid trees with broken branches and exposed root systems.

A TWIG SNAPS nearby, causing them all to halt and look around.

Walt crouches by a dead tree, cocks the hammer on his gun.

But there's no movement anywhere around them.

KACI
(whisper)
There's nothing out there.

MAX
(whisper)
Let's just keep moving. C'mon--

A soft, single, staccato RATTLE fills the air.

They all turn around, toward the rattlesnake nest in the creek bed. It's about fifty feet behind them.

The lone rattle is joined by another. Then another. And another. Soon, it's a bone-chilling rattler chorus.

Moments later the HELLPIG LEAPS UP from the creek bed.

A DOZEN RATTLESNAKES are clamped to its body. TWO hang from either side of the snout.

The Hellpig snorts/squeals in fury as the snakes try to penetrate the tough hide with their fangs.

It goes straight for Walt, who just has time to hide behind the rotten tree and get off one shot.

The bullet hits Hellpig in the chest but doesn't even slow it down.

It locomotives into the tree, breaking the decayed trunk in half.

The tree splinters, falls toward Walt. He rolls to his side just in time to escape the full impact. But his arm is pinned by a large branch.

His pistol lies just out of reach, coated in mud.

Arch screams in panic, drops his corner of the frame and runs for the forest.

Kaci struggles with the sudden added weight.

MAX
Over there!

Max, Emery and Kaci hurry toward a stand of tree stumps.
They set Harlan down.

Hellpig chases the shrieking Arch into the forest.

WALT
Hey!

They look to Walt.

WALT
My gun! Get me my gun!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Fleeing through the trees, Arch stumbles forward and has the outrageous fortune to fall into a thin crevice between two large boulders that stand along a hillside.

The Hellpig reaches him, smashes its tusks into the stone.
Small chunks of granite fly into the air.

The rattlesnakes hiss and writhe as they empty their venom sacs into the meat. But Hellpig is immune to their poison.

It roars and squeals as it GNAWS on the rocks. It rams its thick skull against the boulders but it just can't get to Arch.

It bolts back to the wetlands.

Arch, mute with fear, can only blink and shake his head.

EXT. WETLANDS - DAY

Max turns to Emery and Kaci as Walt calls for help.

MAX
Wait here.

Max runs over to Walt, whose arm is still pinned.

As he attempts to lift the branch, Hellpig runs back into the fray. It spots the Professor and Kaci, stops, lowers its head and advances.

Max picks the mud-covered pistol from the ground, aims it at Hellpig, fires. Click.

WALT
Jammed! Give it here!

Kaci and the Professor lurch away from the stumps as the drooling Hellpig targets his next meal.

Max rubs the gun on his shirt, shakes it, then aims and fires again. The massive recoil sends the gun flying backward out of his hand and into a puddle.

The .357 round explodes into a stump just in front of Kaci. The impact startles the Hellpig enough for it to change the next menu item.

It latches its awesome teeth onto Harlan. It lifts him into the air, along with the metal frame.

It proceeds to snort and prance around the area, proudly displaying Harlan as if he were a chew toy.

WALT
You little prick! I told you to
give it here!

Max calls out to Kaci and the Professor as he attempts to fish the gun out of the puddle.

MAX
Run for it!

Emery and Kaci take his advice.

They weave around fallen trees and puddles of muck, only to realize they've reached an impenetrable wall of dense pine trees and thick bramble.

Nowhere to go, they slowly turn around.

Hellpig stands a hundred feet away, Harlan still in its mouth.

HARLAN
Take me now, Lord! Please!

The Hellpig stamps its hoof like a bull, the rattlesnakes coiling and writhing on its body like Medusa's fright wig.

It CHARGES.

The speed is incredible. It reaches thirty, forty miles an hour.

Emery and Kaci embrace each other.

Twenty feet away now, the Hellpig squeals with excitement. Harlan screams.

And in the next moment, THEY BOTH DISAPPEAR INTO THE EARTH.

Accompanied by an epic SPLASH OF QUICKSAND.

It's a large pool of the muck, and was perfectly camouflaged in the shadow of a large tree.

Emery and Kaci walk to the edge. A few bubbles float to the top of the brown glop.

Arch emerges from the forest.

WALT

Arch! Hell yeah! Get me outta here!

Arch runs over. He and Max strain to pull the large branch off Walt's arm.

ARCH

Damn, it's heavy!

WALT

Knew you'd come back, Arch. I knew it.

ARCH

Course. You're my best friend.

Max runs back to Kaci and the Professor. They stare at the drowning pool.

MAX

Is there anything we can--

EMERY

No. Nothing escapes this kind of quicksand. Nothing.

Max shakes his head. Kaci starts to cry, hugs Max.

Walt gets to his feet, shakes out his arm.

WALT
Might be broke. Hell if I care.
Gun me.

Walt points to the mud puddle.

Arch feels around for the gun, grasps it, hands it to Walt.

Walt stares at the dripping pistol in Arch's hand, casts a withering gaze into Arch.

ARCH
Oh, right.

Arch proceeds to dry the gun on his shirt as they walk over to the quicksand.

WALT
What a waste. Sweet Lady Quicksand
steals another one from me. Oh
well, it's over.

He looks up at the rapidly darkening sky, turns to Arch.

WALT
Let's hit the trail.

Walt walks for the forest.

KACI
He's all heart.

ARCH
Sorry for your loss.

Arch scurries after Walt, continues to dry the gun.

Max looks at Kaci.

MAX
Well, at least the orphans are
safe.

Kaci nods, wipes a tear from her eye.

EMERY
It'll be pitch black out here soon.
Let's get moving.

The three of them walk into the trees.

Something BREAKS the surface of the quicksand.

A MASSIVE SNOOUT.

It exhales, sending a fountain of quicksand into the air.

The snout inches out of the slop. Harlan's body is gone, but the metal backpack frame is still clamped in the monstrous jaws.

Two dead rattlesnakes hang limply from the snout.

The immense Hellpig head thrusts up from the surface.

It jerks its head violently. The frame SMACKS against the exposed root system of the adjacent large tree.

It does it again. Again. Again.

Finally the end of the frame HOOKS onto a root knob.

The Hellpig pulls itself to the edge of the pool.

The aluminum frame creaks and bends under the ton of weight.

The frame finally BREAKS.

But Hellpig slams its snout against the roots.

One of its tusks drills into the wood.

It slowly begins to pull itself from its feculent tomb.

It takes some effort, but the Hellpig gets its front hooves onto land.

Moments later, it's free.

First, it munches the dead snakes that hang from its snout.

Then it shakes its gigantic body, sending the rest of the dead snakes flying through the air along with sheets of glop.

EXT. ABANDONED OIL WELL - NIGHT

Max, Kaci and Emery walk from the trees, stop and take in the creepy atmosphere. The rotting remains of a thirty-foot high wooden derrick rise toward the night sky.

EMERY

Totally forgot about this place.

A rusting PUMPJACK stands near the derrick. A large oil storage tank corrodes next to it.

They walk into the site.

Around the rest of the small camp, in various states of decay, are a battered aluminum hangar-type storage building, an explosives shack and a decrepit generator.

EMERY

It was abandoned back in the sixties. Fracking company tried to buy the rights to the property a few years ago. We shut 'em down.

Max peeks into the rickety explosives shack. A lone crate of dynamite and detonator box wear decades of dust.

Emery looks at the two intact structures -- the FOREMAN'S QUARTERS and the BUNKHOUSE.

The buildings stand across the camp from each other. The foreman's quarters is small, really just a cabin.

The bunkhouse is a good deal larger, and appears to be in better shape despite its basic design.

EMERY

Well, the jamboree camp is still about two miles away. We shouldn't walk through these woods at night. I say we stay here til morning.

Max nods, looks at Kaci, gestures to the two buildings.

MAX

I'll let you decide. The Ritz or the Waldorf?

INT. FOREMAN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Arch stands within the cramped shack.

Behind him, Walt reclines on a rusty bed with a threadbare mattress. He winces as he flexes his bruised arm.

Arch peers through a broken window, stares at Max, Kaci and Emery.

ARCH

The kids and professor are here. Want I should invite 'em in? They're probably hungry.

WALT
Hey, I'm hungry, too.

Walt takes a bite of a power bar.

WALT
These things ain't exactly filling.

EXT. ABANDONED OIL WELL - NIGHT

Kaci points to the bunkhouse.

MAX
Okay, we slum it.

They walk toward the bunkhouse.

INT. FOREMAN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Arch watches them walk across camp.

ARCH
Looks like they're heading to the
bunkhouse.

WALT
Good.

Arch turns back to Walt.

ARCH
I feel bad for 'em, you know?

WALT
Bad for them? What about me? Look
at all I lost today. Delma. Sat
phone. Been about the worst day of
my life, Arch.

Arch leans against the wall, sinks down to the floor.

ARCH
Delma. Can't believe she's gone.
I mean, with all that happened
today, we didn't even have time to
think about it. But now... she's
really gone.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Max and Kaci enter the dusty dwelling, which is the former barracks for the oilers.

Two rows of five wooden cots line either side of the walls. The mattresses have decomposed into piles of lint.

A Franklin stove sits in one corner.

Tattered oiler jackets and pants still hang from nails along one wall.

A small wooden table and a pair of rickety chairs stand in the middle of the room.

Emery lies back on a bed, closes his eyes. Kaci sits in one of the chairs, exhales.

KACI

I'm so hungry. I could eat like a
p--

MAX

Don't say it.

Max sits in the other chair next to her. He grabs a rusty oil lamp off the floor, sets it in the middle of the table.

MAX

Got a light?

She shakes her head.

KACI

The Hellpig ate our arsonist.

MAX

Poor Doyle. Poor little guy.

KACI

Wonder how his parents are gonna
take it? I wonder how my dad would
take it if I...

MAX

But you didn't.

He gently takes her hand.

MAX

Things will be different when you
get back home. You'll see.

KACI

Am I ever gonna see you again?

He slowly leans into her, kisses her.

INT. FOREMAN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Moonlight streams through the windows as Arch reaches into the pack that lies on the floor.

He pulls out a collapsible tac light lantern.

With a twist, he extends it and a glaringly bright LED light fills the room.

WALT

Damn it, Arch. Set that thing below supernova, huh?

ARCH

Sorry.

Arch dims the light a bit. Walt takes a bite of his power bar, paces the room.

WALT

What will they say about me now? Bad enough I shot that stupid hippo. But now... now I'm the insane hunter who got his wife killed. Hell, they'll probably accuse me of murder. Freaking liberal media.

ARCH

Walt, you think maybe... maybe that thing was more than just some animal?

WALT

What do you mean?

ARCH

I mean, it comes outta nowhere. Ain't from this time. It's almost like... the earth itself created that monster. Like an avenging spirit.

WALT

Avenging for what?

ARCH
All those animals we killed. All
those oil wells you own.

WALT
What's wrong with drilling oil?

Walt stands next to the window, gazes at the derrick.

WALT
It's a sacred thing, taking crude
from the ground. You find the
right spot. Take things real slow.
Make sure that pipe is hard and
straight. Then you start to pump.
Nice and steady. Steady as she
goes. Deeper, deeper. Soon
enough, you hear the rumblings.
Your gettin' close. Finally, the
ground shudders and the Earth blows
its hot black load all over the
place.

Walt takes a bite of his power bar as Arch stares at him in
astonishment.

WALT
It's vaguely sexual.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Kaci walks to the rear of the bunkhouse. Emery is fast
asleep on the bed.

KACI
Need to use the little oiler's
room.

She peers through a broken window, sees an OUTHOUSE about a
hundred feet away, midway between the bunkhouse and foreman's
quarters.

She walks for the front door.

MAX
Could you pick up some lo mein and
dumplings as long as you're heading
out?

KACI
No problem.

She exits the bunkhouse.

EXT. OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

Kaci arrives at the small wooden structure. A half moon is carved into its door.

Just as she reaches for the door, it SWINGS open. Arch steps out. Kaci takes a startled step back.

ARCH
Oh, hi. Didn't mean to scare you.
Walt and I are holed up in the
foreman's quarters.

She points to the outhouse.

KACI
How bad is it in there?

Arch looks back in as he holds the door.

ARCH
Real bad. But be sure and tip the
attendant.

He chuckles.

ARCH
I'm kiddin.'

KACI
Good one.

She steps in and shuts the door. Arch tucks his shirt into his pants as he walks for the foreman's quarters.

A SNORT stops him in his tracks.

He looks toward the forest treeline, about thirty feet away.

TWO RED EYES reflect moonlight. Only the massive silhouette of the Hellpig can be seen.

It snorts again.

ARCH
Oh... my... GAAAWD!!

He flings open the door to the outhouse. Kaci was just starting to unbuckle her pants.

She SCREAMS.

Arch jumps in there with her, shuts the door.

ARCH
It's out there!!

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Max hears the scream, runs to the window. It's too dark to see anything.

MAX
Kaci!

INT. FOREMAN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Walt strolls over to a window, chortles.

WALT
Arch must've shown her that ten-inch manaconda of his.

He arrives at the window, hears the unmistakable SQUEAL of the Hellpig.

His eyes widen, jaw drops.

WALT
It's... it's alive!

He runs to a small table next to the bed, grabs his clean .357, loads the bullets.

WALT
This time, you're mine!!

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Max runs out of the bunkhouse, gets about ten feet before he hears the squeal. He stops in his tracks.

INT. OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

Kaci and Arch stand back to back in the cramped porto-potty. Something outside nudges it, nearly tipping it over.

KACI
We saw it die!

A THICK, CURVED TUSK smashes through the old wood.

They both scream.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Max runs back into the house, desperately searches for a weapon. He settles on a cast iron skillet resting on the old stove top.

EXT. FOREMAN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Walt bolts out of the cabin, runs for the DERRICK.

He reaches it, climbs up the rotting timbers. They groan under his weight.

EXT. OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

Hellpig sets its monstrous head against the outhouse, pushes it over.

INT. OUTHOUSE - NIGHT

Kaci and Arch SCREAM, grab each other as the shanty falls on its side.

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Max runs past the pumpjack, sees the Hellpig about to turn the outhouse into splinters.

He hurls the cast iron pan at it.

It DOINKS off the bony skull.

Hellpig turns its fury toward Max, CHARGES.

He runs for the only refuge... the pumpjack. He leaps on top of the rusty steel hulk.

Hellpig RAMS into it full force. Sounds like a BELL CLANG.

The entire steel structure VIBRATES from the impact. The collisions continue along with the CLANGS.

Max clings for dear life on the top beam as the pumpjack starts to shake apart.

Emery appears at the bunkhouse doorway, rubs the sleep from his eyes as he beholds the impossible sight.

Walt steadies himself about ten feet up the derrick. He aims a clean shot at the raging beast.

The bell clangs continue to ring through the night.

WALT

The bell tolls. For you, pig.

He fires the shot.

The bullet hits the Hellpig square in the abdomen.

It ROARS in rage and agony. It twirls madly, desperately trying to lick the fresh wound.

Walt fires again.

The round penetrates the meaty hind leg, causing Hellpig to squeal and shriek even louder.

In its seething fury, it spots the source of the pain -- Walt balanced on the derrick.

It CHARGES.

WALT

Bacon. Extra crispy.

He cocks, fires again, sends a .357 slug ripping into the creature's left eye. Blood and ocular fluid explode.

But the Hellpig doesn't even slow down as it--

--PLOWS THROUGH the corner of the derrick. The timbers shatter like matchsticks. Walt plummets to the ground.

Before he can even react, Hellpig has Walt's right arm in its mouth. It bites down, CRUNCHING through bone.

Walt fires the pistol from inside the animal's mouth, blowing a CRATER through the top of its snout.

The sheer pain causes Hellpig to flee, taking half of Walt's right arm with it. It disappears into the black forest.

Walt screams in agony, clutching his spurting stump.

Arch opens the outhouse door, peeks out. He sees Walt, then scrambles out of the overturned privy.

Max leaps off the pumpjack, runs for the outhouse and helps Kaci to her feet.

Arch quickly undoes one of his shoelaces, then uses it to form a tourniquet on Walt's mangled arm.

Emery runs over.

ARCH
Help me get him inside!

Emery and Arch walk the groaning Walt toward the foreman's quarters.

INT. FOREMAN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Walt reclines on the bed as Arch finishes tying a bandana on the end of the severed arm, which was bitten off just below the elbow.

ARCH
Just keep it elevated, Walt.

WALT
I'm half a man, now.

ARCH
Don't say that. We'll get you something nice to replace it. Nice camo hook.

WALT
That thing. Hellpig. Four point blank .357 Magnum flat nose slugs couldn't kill it. Twenty million years of evolution couldn't kill it. You were right, Arch. It's a death angel.

Walt shakes his head, rests it against the rusted headboard.

Max peers out the broken window.

MAX
I don't see it. Maybe you hurt it worse than you think.

WALT
No. It's out there.

EMERY

There's something else we need to consider. The orphan jamboree.

WALT

Fuck those orphans! Look at my arm!

Walt raises his stump.

MAX

We can't do anything until morning. Let's just regroup.

KACI

Yeah, let's just make it through the night.

Walt glances at Arch.

WALT

You saved me again, Arch. You ain't a porter no more. You're a co-hunter from here on.

Arch looks like he's about to cry, holds the eye contact.

Kaci grimaces, looks over at Max.

KACI

Maybe we should just, uh, stay nice and quiet the rest of the night.

MAX

Agreed.

LATER

The LED torch has been dimmed to a faint glow.

Max and Kaci sit in a corner huddled together. Exhaustion has overcome them and they sleep deeply.

Emery sits at a table, head resting in his arms.

Arch sleeps on the floor at the foot of Walt's bed like a loyal dog.

Walt lies on the bed, stares at the ceiling.

With his left hand, he reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out Delma's HOT PINK PHONE.

He turns it on, navigates to "pictures." He begins to scroll through them --

Walt and Delma standing next to a dead rhino.

Walt and Delma standing next to a dead cape buffalo.

Walt and Delma standing next to a dead moose.

Walt and Delma standing next to a dead grizzly.

Walt and Delma standing next to Buster the dead hippo.

A tear rolls down Walt's cheek. He goes to wipe it with his stump and whiffs.

WALT

Damn it.

He taps on "videos."

The first one shows Walt and Delma hot air ballooning in Africa.

The next one shows Walt and Delma on vacation on a tropical beach.

The thumbnail on the third vid is dark. Hard to tell what it is. He taps it.

Delma's HOT LUSTFUL GROANS fill the cabin.

Walt sits up, squints, looks closer.

He sees Delma, her back on the ground, being madly thrust upon by Arch.

DELMA

C'mon, you little bastard. I'll tell you when you can stop.

Her ecstatic groans continue.

The tears in Walt's eyes begin to boil. His lips curl back, revealing gritted teeth.

He stares dirty daggers into the peacefully sleeping Arch.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Delma's climactic shriek echoes over the Black Hills.

INT. FOREMAN'S QUARTERS - DAWN

The sun's rays fill the room with a warm glow.

Walt hasn't moved an inch. He still stares at the snoozing Arch. He repeatedly taps his left index finger on the end of his right stump.

Max stirs awake in the corner, one arm wrapped over Kaci's shoulders. He rubs his eyes, gets to his feet.

MAX
Everybody get up.

Arch and Kaci rise. Emery stands from the table.

Max scans the treeline. No sound, no movement. But there's something laying on the ground in the center of the camp.

MAX
What is that?

Kaci and Emery join him at the window.

Arch looks over to Walt.

ARCH
How's the arm?

WALT
It's all good, friend.

Max squints, leans out the window at the object in the dirt.

MAX
Is that...

EXT. ABANDONED OIL WELL - DAWN

The SKELETAL REMAINS of Walt's right forearm. Picked clean of all skin and meat. Like a buffalo wing after a fat guy had his way with it.

INT. FOREMAN'S QUARTERS - DAWN

Kaci gasps.

KACI
Those are bones!

Walt runs over, peers through the window. He sees his former appendage, stripped down to the crunchy parts.

He casts a baleful gaze to his stump.

WALT

Had a lot of good times with that right hand.

MAX

It's out there. Waiting for us.

ARCH

We could make a run for it.

A rancorous SNORT bellows from the trees.

KACI

We'd be hogchow before we made it a hundred feet.

EMERY

As long as it's here, we know the orphans are safe.

MAX

So we have to kill it right here.

WALT

With what? My rapier wit?

Max focuses his gaze on the explosives shed.

EXT. JAMBOREE CAMP - DAY

Orphans galore. The kids run and play all over the site that sports cabins, barbecue grills and picnic tables.

Mrs. Keefer watches as a line of little orphans wait patiently for their ride on a pony.

She looks to one of her COUNSELORS, smiles as she points to a girl on the back of the pony.

MRS. KEEFER

Animal therapy. Kids just love all animals.

EXT. ABANDONED OIL WELL - DAY

The massive silhouette of the Hellpig trots near the treeline, crushing all that stands before it.

Max crouches in the doorway of the foreman's quarters, watches the creature disappear from view again.

EMERY

I still say it's a crazy idea, Max.

MAX

Probably, but it's all we've got.
I could use someone with me to grab
the detonator box.

WALT

Arch is your man.

ARCH

Uh... yeah, sure I'll do it.

MAX

Get ready.

Max and Arch prepare to make a break for the shack.

MAX

Now.

They bolt into the open and quickly reach the shack doorway.

Max grabs the crate of dynamite, Arch snags the detonator box.

Hellpig tramples near the treeline again.

KACI

Hurry!

They scurry back to the foreman's quarters and shut the door behind them.

INT. FOREMAN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Max opens the crate. ONE STICK OF DYNAMITE, discolored and chapped, lies within. A coil of blasting wire next to it.

MAX

Think it'll still go boom?

EMERY

It should still be chemically active. Not sure if that box can throw a charge, though.

They stare at the dilapidated detonator box.

KACI

What were they doing with this stuff at an oil well, anyway?

WALT

The old-timers would use dynamite to blow out any well fires. As far as exploding dinosaurs, not sure if they ever tried that.

MAX

Alright, then. Let's get it ready.

LATER

Emery connects the two frayed ends of the blasting wire to the electrodes atop the detonator box.

The other end of the wire is inserted into the dynamite.

MAX

So... someone has to set it out there. Any volun--

WALT

Arch can do it.

Everyone stares at a sheepish Arch.

WALT

He's the best man for the job. Wouldn't trust anyone else.

ARCH

I, uh...

Arch locks eyes with Walt.

ARCH

Yeah, yeah I'll do it.

WALT

There's the boy.

Arch very carefully picks up the dynamite, walks for the doorway. He takes a deep breath, scans the treeline.

ARCH
Okay, I'm ready.

WALT
Hold on.

Walt reaches into his jacket, pulls out the vial of attractant. He squirts the dynamite. Then "accidentally" drenches Arch's pants with a spurt.

WALT
Oops. Good luck, Arch.

Arch hesitates, then walks through the door.

Max watches him approach the center of the camp.

Very slowly, he raises the plunger on the detonator.

EXT. ABANDONED OIL WELL - DAY

Arch softly sets the dynamite on the ground. He turns back to the foreman's quarters, GASPS.

INT. FOREMAN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Max rests both hands on the fully primed detonator handle.

KACI
Why did he stop?

They watch in horror as the HELLPIG slowly advances on Arch.

Its enormous head is slung low. Drool spills in thick streams from the lethal teeth.

It has completely cut off Arch from the foreman's quarters.

MAX
(whisper)
Get to the bunkhouse. Get to the
bunkhouse.

Arch backpedals toward the bunkhouse.

Hellpig arrives at the dynamite, sniffs it.

Arch is still too close.

MAX
(whisper)
Hurry.

Finally, Arch makes it to the bunkhouse doorway and leaps in.

ARCH
Now!

Just as Max presses the plunger down, Walt RIPS the connecting wires from the detonator box.

No boom.

Max and Kaci stare at him in disbelief.

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - DAY

Hellpig stampedes through the doorway.

Moments later, Arch's TORTURED SCREAMS fill the air.

A SEVERED ARM flies through the window. Then a leg.

ARCH'S HEAD hurtles through the doorway and rolls to a stop next to the dynamite.

INT. FOREMAN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Max and Kaci stare at the head, then turn to a grim Walt.

She punches him hard across the cheek.

KACI
You psycho!

A rib-rattling GRUNT silences them. They see Hellpig walking toward the bunkhouse. Arch's blood drips from its mouth.

Walt runs for the back wall. Max, Kaci and Emery also retreat as the Hellpig charges.

The sides of its massive body turn the doorframe into splinters as it roars into the structure.

The WALLS SHAKE as it belts out a horrifying squeal.

Its moist black snout pulsates, inhaling the dank air ripe with fear. The tusks glisten with viscera. A shredded optic nerve dangles from the ruined left eye socket.

Walt flattens himself against the side wall, inching toward the broken front window.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out the attractant bottle, squirts a little on the floor, then TOSSES the bottle at Max, Kaci and Emery, who huddle in the far corner.

The Hellpig tracks the bottle as it flies through the air and lands at their feet.

EMERY
(whisper)
Try not to move.

It slowly hoofs toward them.

EMERY
(whisper)
Its vision is attuned to any--

Walt runs for the window, CANNONBALLS through it.

EMERY
--sudden movement.

Hellpig grunts, gives chase, tears through the gaping doorway.

EXT. DERRICK - DAY

Walt trips and stumbles to the ramshackle derrick. As he gets to his feet, he hears the monster behind him, snorting with hunger.

He turns, sees the beast slowly advancing. Now there's nowhere to run.

He looks around, spots an IRON SPIKE at the base of the derrick. He tears it off the decayed wood.

Walt locks eyes with his nemesis. He clutches the spike.

WALT
We both knew it would come to this.
You're gonna look real good above
my fireplace.

Walt raises the spike, wields it like a Bowie knife.

WALT

I don't need a gun to take you out.
Don't need a bow. Don't even need
a right hand.

Walt nods, grinds his feet into place.

WALT

Gonna bag you with spike alone.
Spike. Alo--

Hellpig thrusts forward, smashing into Walt and launching him backward into a timber shard six feet up the derrick.

Walt dangles from the derrick, now a part of it. He looks down at the piece of wood spearing through his chest.

A fountain of blood spurts from his ruptured aorta, showering the ground. A gusher.

WALT

Fracking... Hell... pig...

Walt expires. Hellpig studies his body.

INT. FOREMAN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Max, Kaci and Emery watch from the doorway.

Max turns to Kaci, holds her arms tightly.

MAX

Take the professor and get to those
orphans.

KACI

But--

MAX

It's time I stepped up for once.

He kisses her, then runs toward the large oil storage tank as he screams and waves his arms.

Hellpig turns, immediately pursues.

Emery grabs Kaci by the arm and they run for the forest.

EXT. STORAGE TANK - DAY

The tank sits on wooden blocks, giving about three feet of clearance off the ground.

Max dives under the tank as the Hellpig lunges at him with its snapping jaws.

Its enormous skull breaks off the flow valve at the bottom of the tank. Thick crude oil in the form of a black goo spills all over its head.

Max crawls away from the creature as it lowers itself and squeezes under the tank. Its entire body becomes coated in the gelatinous crude.

Nearly free, Max reaches the edge of the tank. His pants catch on a stray screw.

The Hellpig closes in on him, clattering its teeth, shuddering with rage as the sludge drips off it.

At the last possible moment, Max tears free and runs for the aluminum hangar building.

Hellpig emerges from under the tank and thunders after him.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Kaci turns as she and the Professor race through the trees.

She sees Max run into the hangar, Hellpig in pursuit.

She stops.

INT. HANGAR - DAY

Max runs into the structure, and instantly realizes his mistake.

The bodies of Doyle, Delma and Jed litter the floor.

He's stumbled into the Hellpig's lair.

There is no back door, no windows, no way out.

Max backs up to the rear wall as the Hellpig powers it way through the narrow door, bending the aluminum walls, shedding streams of crude as it advances.

Max trips over Doyle's mangled, gutted body as he reaches the far wall.

The creature focuses its seething fury on Max.

He darts a glance to Doyle's body, which lies at his feet.

He slowly exhales, bends down.

He reaches behind Doyle's belt buckle, grabs the MINI-LIGHTER.

MAX

Thanks, Doyle.

Hellpig snorts, scrapes the floor with its front hoof.

Max stands, flicks on the lighter. He stares at the dancing flame, then at Hellpig.

MAX

Who's up for a luau?

Hellpig LUNGES at Max, who drops to the floor and holds out the lighter.

The Hellpig IGNITES like a one ton pork powderkeg.

Engulfed in raging orange flames, it squeals in agony, running in circles and writhing on the floor.

Crazed with pain, it bolts straight for an aluminum wall and tears through it like it was tin foil.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Kaci and the Professor watch in disbelief as the creature rolls onto the ground, desperately trying to extinguish the flames.

But it continues to burn like a road flare.

Chunks of molten skin drop to the ground as the Hellpig bellows out its death throes.

Out of some primal instinct, it runs for a large, loose pile of excavated soil and rock on the edge of the site.

It slams into the pile so hard, its entire body is driven into the dirt, completely covered.

Only its smoking rear hooves are showing. It lies still and silent.

Kaci's heart nearly leaps through her chest when she sees Max appear in the hangar doorway.

She runs for him. Emery is right behind her.

Kaci leaps into his arms. Emery pats him on the back.

KACI
You did it!

MAX
Where is--

Emery points to the dirt pile. They warily approach it.

Smoke still rises from the rear hooves. But this pig is well-done. Max nudges one of the blackened hooves with his shoe.

No reaction.

EMERY
A shame it had to come to this.
Remarkable animal.

MAX
Yes, it will be missed.

Kaci turns to him.

KACI
Can't believe you put your life on
the line for us, Max. For the
orphans. You've... you've really
changed.

MAX
You think?

KACI
Oh, yeah. In the two days I've
known you, you've totally arced.

He puts an arm over her shoulders.

MAX
I suppose I have.

They turn, walk for the forest.

EMERY

Anyone in the mood for a jamboree?

MAX

I think that's exactly what we need
right about now.

EXT. JAMBOREE CAMP - DAY

A little girl wears a blindfold as she plays pin the tail on the donkey. A group of orphans laugh as she sticks the tail on the donkey's head.

Max, Kaci and the Professor emerge from the forest, take in the glowing happiness of the jamboree.

Mrs. Keefer spots them and waves. They wave back. Emery turns to them.

EMERY

Let me go and try to explain this
to her.

MAX

Good luck.

Max and Kaci hold hands as they walk toward a picnic table loaded with soft drinks, cookies and a fruit plate.

A MALE COUNSELOR smiles as he watches two little orphans riding together on the back of the pony. He sniffs the air.

COUNSELOR

Someone cookin' hot dogs?

A little boy takes his turn at pin the tail on the donkey. He's blindfolded, spun around, then set forward.

Max points to the boy.

MAX

I'll give you five to one he misses
the entire donkey.

Kaci gives him a look.

MAX

Kidding. Those days are behind me.
I'm an arced man.

A LITTLE GIRL tugs on the Counselor's shorts.

LITTLE GIRL

Can I have a ride on the smoky
black cow?

She points forward. The Counselor follows the direction of her finger and beholds to his horror...

...Hellpig. Standing in the jamboree camp.

Wisps of smoke rise from its completely charred skin. Its snout melted half away. One tusk broken off. Its lone blood-red eye searching the target-rich environment.

The little blindfolded boy, a bit dizzy from the spin, wanders away from the paper donkey and pins the tail on Hellpig's ass.

The Counselor croaks in terror, then screams to the heavens.

All the orphans collectively join him in the shriek. Sounds like a jet engine taking off.

Max and Kaci turn, spot their crispy acquaintance.

KACI

No.

The orphans run en masse toward the other side of the camp. Mrs. Keefer and Emery work to corral them into cabins.

Hellpig's eye narrows when it spots Max. Its single remaining nostril blasts out a spurt of blackened snot.

It claps its mighty jaws together. The sound echoes across the campsite.

Max gently grabs Kaci by her arm.

MAX

Get back. Get with the professor.

Hellpig lurches forward, hobbled by wracking pain and grievous wounds.

Max looks to the picnic table, grabs a fork.

MAX

Shoulda figured it was just too
easy.

He backs behind the table as the smoldering behemoth approaches.

It slowly follows him around the table, a throaty rumble throbbing from its grotesque craw.

It rams its tusk into the table, lifts it completely into the air. The drinks, cookies, fruit plate slide to the ground.

A PINEAPPLE RING lands directly on Hellpig's head. An APPLE rolls into its mouth.

The creature slams the table into the ground again and again, shattering it to pieces.

The exertion has weakened it further.

It struggles on shaking hooves toward Max, who drops the fork and picks up a broken table leg.

MAX

Let's just end this.

He raises the board over his head, aiming directly for the pineapple ring.

Hellpig shudders, black drool spilling from its burnt teeth.

It lets out a death rattle, drops to its side and dies.

Max lowers the board, stares at the felled beast.

A MASSIVE CHEER erupts as the orphans run at him like a parentless tidal wave of humanity.

The kids surround their hero, and gawk at dead monster.

Max drops the board, shrugs, accepts the accolades.

MRS. KEEFER

You saved us!

MAX

Uh, sure.

Emery pats him on the back, then proceeds to examine the carcass. Kaci leaps into his arms.

The orphans continue to applaud their newfound role model.

FADE TO:

EXT. BURROW - FOREST - DAY

Somewhere in the Black Hills, a large burrow has been dug into the dirt.

INT. BURROW - DAY

Snorting. Grunting. Within the cramped hidey-hole.

A PINK BOW tied to a tuft of hair.

CRUMPET, the little American Yorkshire pig, lies on her side.

A LITTER OF THIRTEEN HELLPIGLETS suckles on her, plays around the burrow.

They take after their father. The bristly brown hide. The hint of tusks just beginning to emerge.

The largest one turns to CAMERA, approaches, opens its gaping mouth and SQUEALS.

FADE OUT.

THE END