

**THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME**

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**ESTABLISHING - CITY HALL - DAY**

The classical structure gleams in the afternoon sunlight.

**INT. CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS**

On the grand staircase, a BRIDE AND GROOM (30s, kinda hipsterish) are married before a JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE  
...I now pronounce you man and  
wife. You may kiss the bride.

They kiss.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE (CONT'D)  
I'm proud to present Mr. & Mrs.  
Timothy and Jillian Ledger.

Their WITNESSES and some TOURISTS APPLAUD!

**EXT. CITY HALL STEPS - MOMENTS LATER**

Tim and Jill stand on the front steps while a PHOTOGRAPHER captures the moment.

JILL  
I can't believe we're married!  
(deep breath)  
WE DID IT!

TIM  
I know it might not be how you  
imagined it: a Cinderella carriage,  
hundreds of guests, weird family  
drama... But it isn't what I  
pictured either.

JILL  
Of course it is! This was your  
idea.

TIM  
No. I wanted Drag Elvis in Vegas.  
Both of us hammered. Classy.  
Traditional.

Jill smiles.

JILL  
I love you. That's what matters.

They kiss again - never more happy or in love. Tim takes her by the hand and the two walk down the steps.

Suddenly, a stern look crosses Jill's face.

JILL (CONT'D)

Oh my God... My parents are going to kill me!

TIM

Mine too.

Jill takes a couple of more steps and STOPS.

JILL

On second thought, my father's just going to kill you.

Off Tim's face:

**INSERT TITLE CARD:**

## **The Most Dangerous Game**

**EXT. BASS PRO SHOP - ESTABLISHING**

Tim weaves his BICYCLE through the crowded parking lot to the entrance of the megastore.

**INT. BASS PRO SHOP - HUNTING SECTION**

Who are we kidding. It's ALL the hunting section.

Tim pokes around the camo, out of place in his Chuck Taylors and RED FITTED BAND T-SHIRT.

(O.S.)

Can I help you with something?

Tim is unable to locate the voice. He returns to the jacket in front of him, feeling the fabric.

(O.S.) (CONT'D)

You like this?

The jacket MOVES. Tim JUMPS back.

TIM  
HOLY SHIT!

A **SALES CLERK** emerges from the display dressed head to toe in woodland camouflage.

TIM (CONT'D)  
JESUS! FUCK! You scared the shit out of me.

SALES CLERK  
If you were a 12-pointer you'd be on the hood of my Dodge right now.

The clerk points an imaginary rifle at Tim's head.

SALES CLERK (CONT'D)  
BLAM!!!

This makes Tim very nervous.

SALES CLERK (CONT'D)  
So, what can I do you for? Camo?

The clerk shows Tim different flora printed jackets.

SALES CLERK (CONT'D)  
We got damn near *e'rythang*:  
Advantage - Classic, Max 1, Max 4 -  
with the new cattails and  
cornstalks - Timber, Wetlands. If  
you're a Realtree guy we've got  
Hardwood, Hardwoods Green,  
Hardwoods Snow, Hardwood Green HD,  
AP, HDAP.

He walks over to another set of camo jackets. To the untrained eye they look exactly the same.

SALES CLERK (CONT'D)  
Over here we've got MossyOak  
Breakup, new and classic, Brush,  
Duck Blind, Forrest Floor,  
Shadowgrass, and my personal  
favorite...

He does a model turn, opening his arms up.

SALES CLERK (CONT'D)  
*Obsession...*

TIM  
Like Calvin Klein?

SALES CLERK

This look like Calvin Klein to you?  
It's for killin' not clubbin'.

TIM

It may come as a shock, but this is  
my first camo purchase. I'm going  
hunting...

(nervously)

...with my wife's dad. But he  
doesn't know she's my wife. Yet. We  
eloped. He thinks were just dating.  
Anyway, I need to make a good  
impression.

The sales clerk nods.

SALES CLERK

What's the game?

TIM

Wild pigs, I guess. Hogs?

SALES CLERK

SOOOOWEEEEEEE! Just bagged myself a  
220 pound boar last week.

The clerk hides behind a display, acting out his hunt.

SALES CLERK (CONT'D)

Som'bitch was restin' down there in  
the wallow when I come on him with  
ole' Ladyhawk - that's my crossbow,  
like the movie. So I graze his  
shoulder with a bolt and wouldn't  
you know it? Ol' boy turns on me  
and gets to chargin! So what'em I  
supposed to do? Can't get another  
bolt in the chamber...

TIM

Of course not...

SALES CLERK

So whatta you think I did?

TIM

Ran away?

SALES CLERK

Hell no, son! I pulled out Davey - my bowie knife - and grabbed that som'bitch by the tusks and buried them shits right in the back of his neck. Wrestling there on the ground, man and beast, blood spilling everywhere... I WAS IN THE CYCLE, MAN. IN THE CYCLE!

(suddenly distant)

Drinking from the *immortal chalice*.

TIM

Sounds invigorating.

SALES CLERK

(wistful)

Sack gets tight just thinkin' on it.

The clerk pulls items from the rack, piling them onto Tim's open arms.

SALES CLERK (CONT'D)

So, where you headed?

TIM

Her family's ranch.

SALES CLERK

Private hunting lodge? Sounds like a keeper.

TIM

She sure is.

SALES CLERK

Well don't you worry, City Mouse, I'll make sure you look the part.

Tim walks to the dressing room, grabbing a pair of CAMO BOXERS on the way.

**EXT. JILL'S SUV - ESTABLISHING**

Jill's SUV speeds along the highway, TIM'S BICYCLE on the trunk rack.

**INT. JILL'S SUV - SAME**

Tim is behind the wheel. Jill SNIFFS her hands.

TIM  
You been seeing someone else?

JILL  
I think I pre-cooked about 200  
turkeys today. I reek of giblets.

Tim grabs her hand and gives it a long SNIFF.

TIM  
That is SUCH a turn on.

She turns around in the car, poking around the contents of  
his bags.

JILL  
You really went all out on the  
camo, huh?

TIM  
It's our first Thanksgiving as a  
family. I want to fit in.

JILL  
A whole suit of new camo is  
definitely one way to do it.

Tim starts to worry.

TIM  
Now that we're married do you think  
your dad is still going to  
introduce himself like we've never  
met before?  
(pantomiming)  
I've been pre-visualizing my  
handshakes.

Jill looks at Tim's hand.

JILL  
Oh shit!

Jill pulls off her wedding ring.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Give me your ring.

TIM  
No.

JILL  
Give it to me!

TIM

No! Why?

JILL

My dad will see it immediately.

TIM

I thought we were going to tell them when we got there? It's good news isn't it?

JILL

Of course it's good news, but even the best news should be delivered with care and timing. It's like BINGO. Do you know how many old people die playing bingo? Lots. They're sitting there, filling out their cards, and suddenly BINGO! Then they FUCKING DIE.

TIM

I don't get it.

JILL

You're the old woman, our wedding is bingo, and my *father* is the grim spectre of death.

Tim removes his ring, handing it to her.

TIM

Does he hate me? I feel like he hates me. He doesn't even think I'm housebroken.

JILL

He caught you pissing in the bathroom sink!

TIM

In my defense I was hammered and your parents have *very* ambiguous bathroom fixtures.

JILL

You can't blame him for being over-protective, he's got two daughters. He's actually gotten a lot better. He made Sarah's prom date put an apple on his head for this whole William Tell thing...

TIM

Did he shoot!?!

JILL

Her date pissed his tux before he drew his bow. Sarah wouldn't speak to him for months. But it worked out for the best. Laird thought my dad hated him, now they're best friends.

TIM

Of course they're best friends: they're the same person! If they ever get tired of killing they can just sit around and tell stories about killing. It's like you're not a man unless you can wistfully gaze off into the distance and recount the time you dynamited some poor beaver's life work.

JILL

It's cultural. You're not any less of a man because don't have any hunting stories. You have all kinds of wonderful qualities.

Jill grabs his face and kisses him. Tim does his best to keep his eyes on the road.

JILL (CONT'D)

You're smart, you're funny...

TIM

I can't tie a fish hook, can't pitch a tent, never fired a gun...

Jill pulls back.

JILL

You've never fired a gun?

TIM

Why would I? Guns are stupid.

Jill thinks it over for a second.

JILL

Don't tell my father that.

TIM

SEE!?!

**EXT. RURAL ROAD - SUNSET**

The SUV pulls up to a gate that reads "**RIVER ROAD RANCH**" in bronze letters.

**EXT. RANCH HOUSE - SAME**

They bump along a set of SWITCH BACKS towards a ranch house perched on the side of a vast, wooded valley.

Arriving at the main house, DOUBLE DOORS swing open to reveal FRANK and KATHY HUNTINGTON, arms open to embrace their daughter.

Jill hops out and runs to them.

JILL  
Mamma! Daddy!

FRANK  
Jilly!

They hug, Jim looks over her shoulder at Tim, smiling.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(hand outstretched)  
Frank Huntington, my wife Kathy.  
Welcome to River Road Ranch.

Tim vigorously shakes his practiced grip.

TIM  
Thank you so much for having me.

FRANK  
That's a helluva handshake.

Tim smiles to Jill: this is going *exactly as I planned*.

KATHY  
We're so happy to have you here for  
Thanksgiving.

FRANK  
What's another place at the table,  
right?

Kathy gives him a big hug, squeezing him.

KATHY  
You're so skinny!

FRANK  
We're going to fatten you up.

TIM  
I thought we were having turkey?

Frank laughs.

FRANK  
I see you brought your bike.

JILL  
Tim doesn't have a car.

KATHY  
What happens when you two go on dates?

TIM	JILL	*	*
She rides on the handlebars.	I drive.	*	*

FRANK  
The handlebars?

TIM  
She wears a helmet.

Frank grimaces.

**INT. RANCH HOUSE - DINING/LIVING ROOM - SAME**

A dinner table faces out over the valley. Various game trophies, rifles, and hunting photos line the walls.

FRANK  
This is where the magic happens.

TIM  
(whispering to Jill)  
On the table? Freaky.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Tomorrow we'll be treated to the entire spectrum of earthly pleasures - an invigorating hunt, the comfort of family, and a Thanksgiving meal to wake the dead.

TIM  
Hopefully not these dead. It's so creepy how their eyes follow you around.

Tim moves his head back and forth avoiding the taxidermy eyes of a giant Moose. Frank glares at his daughter.

KATHY

It's late and I'm sure the kids are tired. Why don't you show them to their rooms?

FRANK

And the bathrooms?

Tim looks at Jill - he didn't forget at all...

**INT. RANCH HOUSE - HALLWAY - SAME**

Frank leads the way down the hallway. Various game lines both sides of the wall. A LOUD SCAMPER. Suddenly, a BLACK LAB tears around the corner. Jill drops her bags.

JILL

Michael Vick!!!

The dog JUMPS up on Jill, pawing and licking everything in site. Jill cuddles the crap out of him.

TIM

Michael Vick? Eek.

JILL

Dad's from Atlanta. Big Falcons fan. We just call him M.V. now.

FRANK

Couldn't change his name, liable to give the poor thing psychosis. But boy can he run.

(laughing)

And he's one hell of a hunting dog too. Aren't you boy?

Michael Vick drops off of Jill and quickly inspects Tim.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He's a very keen judge of character.

M.V. GROWLS.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - TROPHY ROOM - LIGHTS OFF

FRANK (O.S.)  
Jilly will be down the hall - your  
billet is here.

Frank switches the light on.

The trophy room boasts the mortal coils of no less than 50 animals from around the globe. Many of them are complete specimen in "action" poses.

Tim drops his bag on a pull-out couch in the middle of the room.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Spectacular, isn't it?

TIM  
Did you shoot them in the Ark or  
wait for them to come out?

FRANK  
From the pristine hides you can  
tell I took most with the bow.  
(pauses)  
You couldn't tell, but a sportsman  
would. Really, it's the only way to  
truly commune with thousands of  
years of masculine tradition.

TIM  
I leave the toilet seat up for  
exactly the same reason.

Frank stands before a massive GRIZZLY BEAR with its head placed on top of a mannequin: part jacket, part taxidermy.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Did you shoot that here?

FRANK  
There haven't been Griz here for  
more than a hundred years.

TIM  
That's comforting.

FRANK  
I tracked him through the Valley of  
Ten Thousand Smokes for 6 days in  
the frozen Alaskan wilderness.  
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 Hit him four separate times,  
 tracking his droplets of blood  
 through the dense forest. Then...  
 The final blow...

Frank delicately touches the fur, revealing the entry point.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 ...right here. I stood over the  
 beast, this *titan of nature*, as it  
 took its final, heaving breath.

Frank closes his eyes and buries his head against the bear's chest.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 And you know what I did, Tim? I  
 wept. I wept like a child... As I  
 buried his heart in the tradition  
 of the Dena'ina I could hear the  
 voices of the ancients singing  
 within me. Unable to carry out the  
 meat, wolves circling, I dressed  
 myself in his skin and we left the  
 valley together. As one.

He walks to Tim, putting his hands on both shoulders, looking him straight in the eye.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 Any punk can pull a trigger, Tim.  
 When your body, the bow, and the  
 arrow are one... When you fly with  
 it like a falcon, when you *feel* the  
 flesh pierce clear through to the  
 heart... THEN! ONLY THEN...  
 (interlocking his finger)  
 ...you and the animal become one.  
 United in the cycle of life and  
 death.

TIM  
 Drinking from the immortal chalice?

Frank SQUEEZES Tim's arms like an accordion.

FRANK  
 Get some sleep if you can. We hunt  
 at dawn!

**INT. TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT**

ANIMAL SHADOWS move across the wall as the wind whistles outside. FROM TIM'S POV: Every cold, taxidermy eye in the room stares directly at him. Tim, wide awake, pulls the sheets up to his chin.

**INT. TROPHY ROOM - MORNING**

Tim's eye's slowly open. A STRANGE MAN rises from the foot of the mattress with a bowie knife in his teeth.

LAIRD, as big as an ox and in full camo, JUMPS onto the bed. In a flash he rolls Tim over onto his stomach and YANKS HIS HEAD BACK.

LAIRD

Once you're on top of him, you crank that head back and...

Laird mock draws the knife across Tim's neck.

LAIRD (CONT'D)

You slit that mother fucking pig open and let it *bleeeeeeeeddddd*...

TIM

Hi Laird.

Laird let's Tim's head drop.

LAIRD

Out of bed sleepy head. It's murderin' time.

**INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Tim, dressed in his camo, stumbles into the kitchen to find Jill, her mother, and her sister SARAH (30s) making breakfast. Jill kisses him on the cheek.

TIM

Guess what I am?

He sways his arms above his head.

JILL

A tree?

TIM

I'm surprised you can see me at all. Good morning, Sarah!



**EXT. RANCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Frank walks Tim along the outside of the house.

FRANK

Normally we wouldn't take a novice along, but Jilly seems to think you've got something to prove.

TIM

From what I've heard, it's better to be on this side of the bow.

FRANK

You have any archery experience?

TIM

Just at Cub Scout camp. Does that count?

FRANK

No.

TIM

Then no.

Frank and Tim arrive at an archery range where Laird is warming-up, striking a FAKE PIG forty yards away.

FRANK

Laird couldn't hit the broad side of a barn when he started.

LAIRD

Now I can shoot a chiclet out of a midget's mouth from a block away.

Laird hands Tim the bow and jogs down to clear the target.

FRANK

Now this is a *compound* bow which means that the holding weight is only a fraction of a standard bow. Someone like Laird wouldn't have a problem with that, but it's great for a smaller man with less developed musculature. Like you.

Frank hands Tim an arrow and stands behind him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

First you "nock" the arrow, then set your grip, not in your fingers, but in the thick muscle of your thumb so the pressure is running straight into your arm.

Tim follows the directions exactly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now aim the bow towards the target and, bringing your elbow high, draw towards your jaw.

Tim does his very best, holding the bow steady.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Check your aim, and when you're ready, release, keeping the bow in position.

Tim RELEASES the arrow. It SLAMS into the ground about 20 feet in front of him. Laird laughs.

TIM

Let me try again.

Tim widens his stance, takes another arrow, and repeats the steps.

TIM (CONT'D)

(whispering to himself)  
*I'm just like Robin Hood... I'm like Costner...*

He hits the rear quarter of the pig.

FRANK

Not bad. Now try to aim right behind the front leg. Low, where the heart is.

LAIRD

Maybe we should move the target up?

TIM

I'm cool. One more?

Tim takes his third attempt.

TIM (CONT'D)

*I'm better than Costner... I'm cartoon fox Robin Hood..*

The arrow SLAMS into the gut of the pig. Frank and Laird are shocked.

LAIRD  
Beginners luck.

TIM  
Like so many things in life, it's  
not about pulling back... *It's  
about letting go.*

FRANK  
Do that again and you get first  
shot today.

Tim swells with pride, really feeling it. He draws the bow.

TIM  
(lightly singing)  
*Robin Hood and Lil' John walking  
through the forest...*

BAM! It slams into the fake pig, right next to the previous arrow. Frank slaps him on the back.

FRANK  
That's a helluva shot, Tim. There's  
hope for you yet.

**EXT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Frank and Laird load supplies into an OLD JEEP. MV, barking loudly, gnashes his teeth and jumps on Tim.

From behind, we see MV KICKED directly in the nuts with an ARMY BOOT. We stay with the boots as they circle the whimpering dog.

WE HEAR: ZZZZZTTTTTTT, a zipper undone. Then SSSSSsssssss...

We follow the boots around MV as he is encircled in a piss ring. He rolls over on his back with all paws up.  
ZZZZZZZTTTTTTT. Zipper up to:

COLONEL BILL  
Colonel William Isom, Eighth United  
States Army, 2nd Infantry. Retired.

Laird SALUTES.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)  
At ease, Laird.

FRANK

Bill manages the Ranch. Hell of a hunting guide too.

Colonel Bill (60s) opens his hand to Tim who stares in awe. If that hand hasn't choked a man to death it's certainly pulled the trigger of his ever-present SIDE ARM.

Tim looks at Bill's hand, fresh from urinating.

COLONEL BILL

Do I look like a man who pisses on himself? Would that make you more comfortable if I just pissed on both our hands? Then we'd be Piss Brothers, wouldn't we? Crossing streams forever in our bond of urine.

Tim shakes his hand. Frank and Laird share a smile in the background.

TIM

Tim Ledger.

COLONEL BILL

Why were you letting this canine harass you? You afraid of dogs?

TIM

No. Not *afraid*. Just... cautious.

Colonel Bill walks over to the Jeep, inspecting Frank and Laird's work.

COLONEL BILL

You a Beta-Male, Tim?

TIM

No.

COLONEL BILL

Michael Vick sure thinks so, and I don't hunt with Beta-Males. Beta-Males get you killed. Are you going to get me killed, Tim?

TIM

I don't see how that could *possibly* happen.



Tim follows the others towards the tree line.

TIM

They wallow in their own feces?  
 (beat)  
 But I guess that's not totally true  
 about people - like the elderly,  
 the incontinent and weird, mostly  
 Japanese porn.

FRANK

Excuse me?

LAIRD

Don't worry about it Frank, not  
 your cup of tea.

COLONEL BILL

(shaking his head)  
 You can lead a people to democracy,  
 but you can't teach them decency.

The four men stand around a large mud puddle, staring at it.

FRANK

They don't have sweat glands.  
 (Off Tim's confused look)  
 Pigs don't have sweat glands, so  
 they wallow in the mud to cool off.

Frank puts his hand in the water and then traces a set of  
 hoof prints into woods as Colonel Bill grabs TWO COMPOUND  
 BOWS from the jeep.

COLONEL BILL

It's gonna be an early supper.

**EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER**

Tim follows Frank and Laird into the forest with Colonel Bill  
 behind him, the experienced hunters searching the underbrush.

Deep in the woods, Tim sees a GIANT BROWN BEAR. He freezes.

TIM

Bear!

Tim points. The others hustle to look. Nothing.

FRANK

(quietly)  
 I told you, Tim: no bears here.

Laird paces forward, pointing over a ridge. Laird DROPS TO THE GROUND. Colonel Bill and Frank follow him, all prone and hiding from their prey.

Tim STANDING by himself, sees the HULKING BROWN MASS disappear into the forest.

TIM  
(starting)  
That's a bea...

Colonel Bill YANKS TIM TO THE GROUND.

COLONEL BILL  
Shut your mouth.

Tim, face covered in mud, watches Frank and Laird crawling towards the ridge.

LAIRD  
(excited, quiet)  
She's a queen...

Tim inches close enough to see A MASSIVE SOW rooting in the ground less than a hundred feet away.

FRANK  
(whispering)  
Alright, Tim. Here's your chance.  
Right in the heart.

Colonel Bill hands him the bow.

COLONEL BILL  
Low and slow, let that shit go...

Tim takes a deep breath, preparing himself.

LAIRD  
(silently singing)  
Sooooouueeeeeee...

Tim stands slowly and draws the bow back, the others wide-eyed in anticipation. PIGLETS, 6 of them, run out from the underbrush. Tim draws down.

FRANK  
What are you doing?

Tim drops back down onto the ground.

TIM  
(whisper)  
I can't shoot her, she's a mother!

FRANK  
 (whisper)  
 Like hell you can't!

Laird clutches his bow.

COLONEL BILL  
 Take the sow. Quickly.

Tim looks over the ridge. Frank puts a fatherly hand on him.

FRANK  
 You can do it, Tim. You and that  
 sow were born for each other. Drink  
 from the immortal chalice!

Tim DRAWS THE BOW BACK. The sow turns and looks directly at Tim. Their eyes lock.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 NOW Tim.

A tear wells in Tim's eye. He lifts the bow ever-so-slightly and RELEASES. The arrow SOARS into the woods beyond.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 Damn it!

SPOOKED, the sow runs, scattering the piglets. Laird immediately JUMPS UP, draws, and releases. The arrow buries deep in the sow's side.

The sow keels over. DEAD.

Tim takes a long look at the animal, his eyes tearing.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 What's that coming out of your  
 eyes, Tim?

Tim refuses to answer, watching as Laird mounts the sow to finish her off.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 Those aren't tears are they?

TIM  
 There's nothing wrong with crying.

Laird spills the sows blood onto the ground.

FRANK  
 Go find your arrow.

Frank stomps down to the sow, leaving Tim alone.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
What a fuckin *vagina*...

**EXT. FIELD DRESSING STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

The sow is secured to a field dressing harness hanging over a tree branch.

COLONEL BILL  
PULL!!! PULL YOU SALLYYS!

Frank, Laird, and Tim hoist the pig up by its rear legs. Colonel Bill ties a quick knot. The men circle the sow.

LAIRD  
Bitch must be 300 pounds!

FRANK  
Great shot. Just a beautiful shot.

Laird and Frank share a meaningful moment.

TIM  
Yeah, great shot Laird.

LAIRD  
How would you know? Fag.

TIM  
Listen, I'm new to this. I'd appreciate it if you cut me a little slack, ok?

Frank thinks this over.

FRANK  
He's right, Laird.

Frank hands his knife to Tim, delighted to test his metal.

LAIRD  
COME ON, Frank! It was my kill!

FRANK  
Laird, Tim is our guest...

Frank approaches the pig and draws a line down it's stomach with his finger.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 Bury the knife to the hilt here at  
 the groin and pull straight down  
 with both hands.

Laird sits down next Colonel Bill who passes him a  
 celebratory flask.

Tim approaches the pig, knife in hand. He looks the dead sow  
 in the eye.

TIM  
 (to the pig)  
 Sorry about all this.

Tim jams the knife into pig. He looks at the knife, surprised  
 that he did it.

FRANK  
 Now pull straight down.

Tim pulls the knife down, opening the stomach. Reaching the  
 head, he smiles.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 Now spread the belly open, reach in  
 with both hands, and cut out the  
 digestive track.

Tim looks at the inside of the pig, steam rising.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 Get in there.

Tim pulls the belly open and reaches up to the base of the  
 pigs intestines.

LAIRD  
 Two to one he pukes.

COLONEL BILL  
 No bet. That's a live grenade.

As Tim cuts into the guts hey cascade onto the ground in a  
 massive sloppy heap.

LAIRD  
 Puke away from the pig. I repeat,  
 AWAY FROM THE PIG!

Sure enough, Tim turns away, vomiting against the tree.

Frank SHAKES HIS HEAD.

**EXT. RANCH ROAD - LATER**

The Jeep zips back towards the house. Tim looks back at the sow, it's head sticking out from below a tarp.

LAIRD

It's ok, Tim. We don't hate you or anything, we just don't respect you as a man.

TIM

Thanks, Laird. Means a lot.

LAIRD

By "we" I meant Bill and me. Frank hates you. But you're fucking his daughter, so it's much worse than regular hate.

Tim looks into the side mirror to see Frank looking back at him with disdain.

**EXT. RANCH HOUSE**

The jeep pulls up in front of the house. The women come out to see the day's kill.

KATHY

You're back early...

Sarah gives Laird a big kiss.

LAIRD

I killed the shit out of that shit!

FRANK

He sure did!

Frank grabs Kathy and gives her an even bigger, triumphant french kiss. It's a little long.

JILL

I take it the hunt went well?

Tim avoids a kiss from Jill.

FRANK

Not for everyone.

TIM

I'm gonna hit the showers.

They watch as Tim leaves.

JILL

Daddy!?!

FRANK

It's ok honey, he'll be fine. He just needs to wash off the stench of his own cowardly vomit.

**INT. BATHROOM - LATER**

Jill sits on the counter, waiting for Tim to exit the shower. She hands him a towel.

JILL

Do you want to talk about it?

Busily drying his hair, Tim avoids eye contact.

TIM

Absolutely not.

JILL

I'm sorry if that was... a little much.

TIM

A little much would be your father forcing me to execute a defenseless mother of 10 and then gut her in front of her children. Oh wait, you're right, it was a *little* much.

JILL

Do want to talk about it?

Tim glares at her.

TIM

They hate me, Jill. My new family hates me. They think I'm a coward and a weakling.

JILL

My mom likes you.

Jill gives him a consoling hug and kiss.

JILL (CONT'D)

I'm sure they'll forget all about it once you make the announcement tonight.

The blood left in Tim's face runs right out again.

INT. DINING ROOM - THANKSGIVING NIGHT

The Huntingtons, Laird, Colonel Bill, and Tim hold hands around the table as Frank leads them in prayer.

FRANK

Lord we pray in thanks for the  
courage and conviction that we so  
often take for granted.

Tim looks over at Frank to find his head bowed, eyes closed in earnest prayer.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We pray for the less fortunate who  
have not been blessed with the  
strength and will to harvest your  
earthly bounty.

Tim shudders: Is he talking about me?

FRANK (CONT'D)

For everyone at this table and  
those who could not be with us, and  
for those who need you most, we ask  
that you bless this meal.

EVERYONE EXCEPT TIM

Amen.

FRANK

Let's cut this bird!

The food looks amazing. Frank stands behind a 25lb turkey, ready to carve the bird as only he could.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This is my favorite part... the  
*pageantry*.

KATHY

Oh Frank, you're such a sucker for  
*pageantry*.

Frank cuts into breast. Laird, catching Tim's eye, fake vomits. Sarah elbows him.

FRANK

As all of you know, we have a  
tradition in this house: before you  
are served you have to tell us what  
you are thankful for.

Frank carefully places some turkey on his wife's plate.

FRANK (CONT'D)

First, of course, my beautiful  
bride.

KATHY

I'm thankful that we can all be  
here together as a family, for this  
amazing meal, and most of all, I'm  
thankful for the best husband a  
girl could ever ask for.

Frank puts an extra piece on her plate.

FRANK

You get an extra piece of dark meat  
for that.

LAIRD

(under his breath)  
She loves dark meat.

Sarah elbows him, again.

FRANK

Now, of course, Colonel Bill Isom.

Bill hands his plate over.

COLONEL BILL

I'm thankful that one day the 8th  
Army will march victorious through  
the streets of Pyongyang, me out in  
front, hopping on one foot, my boot  
directly in the ass of Kim Jong-  
whoever, waving Old Glory in my  
right hand and handing out  
cheeseburgers to those poor,  
starving commies with the other.

Frank cuts and serves the meat.

FRANK

You're thankful for the same thing  
every year.

COLONEL BILL

That's god-damn right.

FRANK

Sarah, honey?

Sarah hands her plate up.

SARAH

I'm thankful for my family of course, and for this meal. But most of all I'm thankful for Laird because... should I tell them?

She looks over at Laird, who nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'M PREGNANT!

KATHY

I KNEW IT!!!

The table erupts with joy. Hugs everywhere.

KATHY (CONT'D)

(tearing)

OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD!

FRANK

Well THAT'S something to be thankful for!

Frank puts a Turkey leg on her plate.

SARAH

Aw dad, that's your leg!

Frank hands her the plate, a tear in his eye.

FRANK

You're eating for two now!

Jill turns to Tim.

JILL

I'm going to be aunt!

TIM

I'm going to be an...  
(looking at Frank)  
...aunt's boyfriend...

COLONEL BILL

(raising his glass)

To Sarah and Laird, may their non-homosexual progeny serve the country with respect and dignity!

They toast awkwardly. The table calms.

FRANK  
Father-to-be?

Laird hands up his plate.

LAIRD  
Well, I'm obviously thankful that  
my balls are firing...  
(laughter)  
I'm thankful for my wife and for  
all of you, you're the best second  
family a guy could ask for, but  
most of all, sorry for copying  
Kathy, I'm thankful for you, Frank.  
You didn't just teach me how to  
hunt, you taught me to be a man.

Frank chokes up again. He serves Laird's meat and hands him  
back his plate.

FRANK  
Thank you... son.

The moment hangs over the table, particularly for Tim.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Other daughter?

Jill hands her plate up.

JILL  
I'm thankful that I'm going to be  
an AUNT to the best big sister in  
the world!

Jill and Sarah beam at each other across the table.

JILL (CONT'D)  
I'm thankful for my amazing family,  
that means you too Colonel Bill.  
But most of all, I'm thankful for  
finding the MAN of my life: Tim.

She grabs Tim's hand.

LAIRD  
(to Colonel Bill)  
Man being used loosely in this  
case.

Jill glares at him.

JILL

Tim is the smartest, funniest, most masculine men I've ever met and I can't wait for you all to get to know him better.

Frank places a smallish piece of meat on her plate.

FRANK

The baby news is a hard act to follow, but we still love you, Jilly. No matter what...

Frank hands her the plate. He begins cutting another piece of meat, not asking for Tim's plate.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Michale Vick! What are you thankful for boy?

He holds the meat up for MV who barks loudly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Yes... that's a good boy!

JILL

Daddy!?!

FRANK

I'm just joking. Tim?

Tim hands him his plate. Frank places the knife over the turkey.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Tim?

TIM

Yes?

FRANK

What are you thankful for?

Tim is frozen. He looks at Jill who shudders with anticipation.

TIM

I'm thankful for... this... turkey.

FRANK

You're going to have to do better than that.

Tim looks at Frank, scared. Then at Jill. Then back to Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Spit it out.

TIM

I'm thankful for all this wonderful food and that all of you have been so welcoming. Well, kind of welcoming. The *women* have been welcoming.

Jill signals to Tim, tapping her ring finger.

TIM (CONT'D)

I'm also thankful that...

He can't do it.

TIM (CONT'D)

I'm thankful that I'm human. Otherwise, I'm pretty sure I'd end up on the wall of Frank's trophy room. So, most of all, I'm thankful that I haven't been hunted for sport and gutted for laughs.

Jill cringes. WHAT!?!

FRANK

Excuse me?

TIM

And I'm thankful for Jill.  
(off her shock)  
Amen. Let's eat?

Frank sets the knife down.

Silence.

TIM (CONT'D)

I don't mean to be a downer or disrespectful, and I know this isn't the appropriate time, but I figure we should just get it all out on the table.

FRANK

Let's, Tim. Let's get it all out on the table.

JILL

Maybe it would be better if we just moved on.

LAIRD

This should be good.

TIM

You think I'm a huge pussy because I prefer grocery stores to killing with my own hands, but there are plenty of other things that make someone a man. I road a bicycle twenty-five hundred miles from Detroit to San Francisco. Do you know how manly it is to cross the Continental Divide? No, you don't. It may not be killing a mastodon with a bazooka, but it's super fucking masculine.

Jill grabs Tim's hand, her eyes pleading for him to stop.

TIM (CONT'D)

And you know what? If we went out for a ride I wouldn't make you climb with me and I sure as fuck wouldn't make fun of you when pulled over to puke your guts out.

Tim catches his breath, looking around the table.

TIM (CONT'D)

You guys are *so tough* when it comes to killing something with a walnut-sized brain, you know? It's just not that awesome.

(beat)

Sorry. It's not. Cavemen did it.

FRANK LOOKS HARD TIM.

He slowly begins to cut the breast, every eye at the table around him. Jill is mortified.

He cuts another piece, then another.

FRANK

You're right, Tim.

Frank keeps cutting, handing Tim an OVERFLOWING PLATE.

TIM

I am?

KATHY

Great! Shall we talk about something else...

FRANK

Yes, you are. I was wrong. It's no sport at all really, hunting the less intelligent species. How dare we even call ourselves men?

TIM

Yeah. Ok. *How dare you.*

FRANK

You're fit, aren't you, Tim?

TIM

I'm a Stratavarius.

FRANK

And smart? Smarter than a pig, at least.

TIM

I have a bachelor's degree.

FRANK

And you're a man, of course.

TIM

Your daughter thinks so.

Frank LAUGHS.

FRANK

...and after today, I bet you'd like to prove that. Prove to us that you're not the mouthy, weakling, coward we think you are.

TIM

Absolutely.

FRANK

For my daughter's sake I'm going to give that you chance. Tomorrow we'll go for another hunt.

TIM

Another hunt?

FRANK

Yes, Tim, another hunt. But this time, for much larger, smarter prey.

TIM

Deer?

FRANK

No, Tim. Tomorrow we're going to  
hunt you.

The whole table gasps. Colonel Bill laughs.

LAIRD

Oh, *HELL* yes!

JILL

Daddy!?!

FRANK

That is, of course, if you are man  
enough.

JILL

Stop it, Dad!

(turning to Tim)

He's just bullying you. He's  
kidding. Aren't you? Daddy?

Tim looks around the table, then at Frank. The two men stare  
at each other.

TIM

Ok, *Frank*. I'm in.

Frank slams his hand on the table.

FRANK

That's the spirit! We'll have a  
leisurely breakfast to give you a  
head start. If you make it to  
sundown, you win.

Frank serves himself some turkey.

TIM

What exactly do I win?

FRANK

My respect. As a hunter and a man.  
The highest respect there is.

LAIRD

(to Tim)

You're so dead.

TIM

We'll see about that.

Jill grabs Tim's arm.

FRANK

Besides my future grandchild, I  
think you all know what I'm  
thankful for: The hunt.

(raising his glass)

To Tim!

Tim raises his glass. They all toast except for Jill.

JILL

(to Tim)

Stop this right now.

TIM

Don't worry, honey. It's just a  
game.

Colonel Bill leans across the table and TOASTS TIM.

COLONEL BILL

*The most dangerous game...*

**INT. TROPHY ROOM - NIGHT**

Tim and Jill sit on the fold-out in their pajamas.

JILL

It's not just that you are going to  
lose, and you will, it's flat out  
dangerous. This is a 7500 acre  
*property*. Do you have any idea how  
big that is?

TIM

Super big?

JILL

12 square miles.

TIM

12 square miles for me to hide in.

JILL

12 square miles to get lost in!

TIM

If I don't know where I am, then  
they won't know where I am.

Frustration grows on Jill's face.

JILL

When was the last time you were on your own in the middle of a forest? Or even in a forest? When was the last time you were alone anywhere? What if you get hurt?

TIM

Thanks for the confidence boost.

JILL

I had to page you in a grocery stores.

TIM

Big Lots is not just a grocery store, but *thanks*. Glad your on my side.

JILL

SIDE!?! I'm just trying to figure out which of you is a bigger idiot.

Tim looks around the room at the stuffed game.

TIM

Considering our present company, I'd say that ball is in my court.

Jill walks over to a CHEST in the corner. She opens it and removes a ROLLED-UP MAP.

The **TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP** reads: RIVER ROAD RANCH.

JILL

This is River Road, this is the Ranch Road. We're *here*.

She points at the RANCH HOUSE in the upper corner of the map.

JILL (CONT'D)

Get to the lake as fast as possible. They'll have MV, so your only chance is if they lose your scent. After that you need to head up the ridge and try to spot them.  
(off of Tim's smile)  
What?

TIM

You are on my side. You want me to win... It's cute.

JILL

Of course I want you to win. I love you and I want my family to respect you. It's going to make things a lot harder for us if you lose.

TIM

What do you mean?

Jill takes both of his hands, looks into his eyes.

JILL

You know how important my family is to me. If they don't respect you, they won't respect our relationship. Then what?

TIM

You say: "Fuck them, I love you, Tim. No matter how big a pussy my father thinks you are."

JILL

No. I don't say that.

TIM

You don't?

JILL

I don't.

Tim collapses onto the bed. Jill covers him with the blanket.

JILL (CONT'D)

I love you very much.

She kisses him on the forehead and leaves.

Tim is left alone with FRANK'S TROPHIES, hoping he doesn't become one of them.

**EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAWN**

Back in his camo, Tim walks out the front door to find Frank, Laird, and Colonel Bill waiting for him. The women stand at the door watching.

FRANK

How'd you sleep?

TIM

I didn't.

FRANK

Me neither! So damn excited. Made love to the wife FOUR TIMES.

LAIRD

Whoa.

Frank confidently nods to his son-in-law.

COLONEL BILL

As the impartial judge, the rules of the hunt are as follows.

TIM

Impartial?

COLONEL BILL

Are you questioning my integrity?

TIM

Please, go ahead.

Colonel Bill shows Tim a PAINTBALL GUN.

COLONEL BILL

While I would prefer live rounds, Laird's paintball gun will be delivering the ordinance.

He turns the gun over.

LAIRD

That's a Tippman X7 with a 4500psi nitrogen tank. It'll give you a bruise the size of a grapefruit.

TIM

Good, cause I love grapefruit.

Colonel Bill shows Tim a bright yellow GPS RECIEVER.

COLONEL BILL

Now I was against this, but we don't want you to die.

FRANK

Insurance wise I'm covered, but I'd like to keep the premiums low.

Colonel Bill switches it on, showing it to Tim.

COLONEL BILL

This big red button will put out a distress signal in case you get lost, hurt, or are haunted by your own inadequacy.

Tim takes the GPS, tucks it into his jacket pocket.

TIM

Can't be too careful.

COLONEL BILL

We'll leave after breakfast, giving you an hour or two of lead time. If the sun goes down and you're still unmarked, you win and we'll come and get you. Frank will have all his regular tools at his disposal just like any other hunt.

LAIRD

I've got a hundred bucks with Bill that you don't make it to noon.

COLONEL BILL

Figure those skinny legs can run at least. Don't make a loser out of me, boy.

TIM

Wouldn't dream of it, Colonel.

Frank stretches out his hand. As they shake, Frank pulls him into a tight embrace.

FRANK

I've been waiting my whole life for game equal to my ability. Thank you, Tim.

Tim walks to Jill, taken aback by the exchange.

TIM

Wish me luck?

She hands him a SACK LUNCH.

JILL

Please don't hurt yourself.

Tim kisses her cheek and walks off.

LAIRD

(to Frank)

Wish you could really shoot him,  
huh? I could still hit him from  
here.

FRANK

Me too.

(patting his shoulder)

Let's eat.

They head into the house for breakfast.

**EXT. RANCH ROAD - MOMENTS LATER**

Finally out of view of the house, Tim stops and looks over the valley. The lake is several hundred feet below him, through dense foliage.

Tim looks at the GPS, then tucks it into his pocket. He takes out his PHONE and puts in his EAR BUDS. HEAVY METAL pours in and a deep grimace crosses his face as he psyches himself up.

TIM

You think you can kill me, Frank?  
I'm a memory of a shadow in the  
dark of night. I have no natural  
predators. I'm Stephen Hawking,  
Usain Bolt, and the Unabomber  
riding a shark-dragon... I'm an  
invisible Mike Tyson.

Slowly at first, then much faster and harder, Tim BANGS HIS HEAD with the beat, tongue out, making the sign of the devil.

TIM (CONT'D)

TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN!!! YOU HEAR  
THAT!?! I'M TOP OF THE FOOD  
CHAIN!!!

Tim grabs a LONG STICK and uses it to write in the mud. Looking at his work he smiles, turns, and sticks both MIDDLE FINGERS up towards the sky.

He turns downhill and CRASHES THROUGH THE BRUSH.

**BEGIN MONTAGE:**

- Tim runs full speed down hill, occasionally stumbling, but never slowing. He's a run-away freight train. As...

- The Huntingtons sit down to a leisurely, first class breakfast. Frank pours himself a cup of coffee.

- Tim, still running full speed, clips his shoulder on a low-hanging branch. He spins...
- Frank laughs as he listens to Laird tell a hilarious story. He slowly adds cream to his coffee which spins...
- Just like Tim as he tumbles downhill.
- Jill cracks eggs into a frying pan just as...
- **TIM'S HEAD SLAMS INTO A ROCK** at the bottom of the ravine.
- Jill serves Frank his eggs on a piece of ham, the yolk trickles out...
- As **TIM'S BLOOD TRICKLES** down his forehead.
- Frank uses a piece of toast to soak up the rest of his eggs just as...
- Tim uses his sleeve to clean up his blood. He collapses back into the dirt.
- Frank sits back in his chair, full and happy.
- Tim sits beneath a tree, defeated.

TIM (CONT'D)  
*...top of the food chain.*

**INT. DINING ROOM - DAY**

The last of the breakfast dishes are removed, leaving Laird, Frank, and Colonel Bill at the table.

LAIRD  
 Should we get moving? I can taste  
 my balls I'm so fuckin' excited.

Frank sets down s newspaper, looking over the rim of his glasses.

FRANK  
 We're giving Bill a fair shake in  
 your wager.

COLONEL BILL  
 That's sporting of you, Frank.

LAIRD  
 Oh, COME ON! We should head out now  
 for his own safety! Chances are  
 he's already lost.

**EXT. FOREST - BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE - DAY**

Tim sits on a FALLEN LOG. He reaches into his pocket and pulls his sack lunch. Saddened, he takes a bite out the crushed sandwich.

Shaking the bag, he **FINDS A WALKIE-TALKIE**. He turns it on.

TIM  
Hello?

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

A **WALKIE-TALKIE BUZZES** in Jill's pocket. She turns down the fuzz.

JILL  
Excuse me.

She rushes bathroom.

**INT. BATHROOM & FOREST - INTERCUT**

JILL  
(hushed)  
Tim!

TIM  
Hiding a walkie-talkie! You're the craftiest!

JILL  
Where are you?

Tim looks around. Nothing but trees.

TIM  
In the woods?

JILL  
Look at the GPS. You should at least be able to tell how far you are from the house.

He looks at the GPS.

TIM  
2.4 miles... Nice! That's far, right?

A red droplet of **BLOOD DRIPS** on the GPS screen.

JILL  
You should be near the lake then.  
Get moving, you don't have much  
time.

He wipes his forehead again, **MORE BLOOD**.

TIM  
Shit.

JILL  
What?

TIM  
Nothing, just some blood.

Jill PANICS.

JILL  
Blood? Tim! What happened!?!

Tim cleans the screen. It doesn't help, **JUST SMEARING**.

TIM  
There's blood everywhere...

A BUMBLE BEE buzzes around Tim's face. He SHRIEKS. He bats it  
away, **DROPPING** the walkie-talkie.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Get **THE FUCK** away from me!

JILL  
What?

Suddenly **MORE BEES**.

TIM  
**FUCK! FUCKING BEES!**

Tim **RUNS**, terrified.

TIM (CONT'D)  
They can taste my blood!  
(to the bees)  
**LEAVE ME ALONE!!!**

JILL  
What's happening!?!

TIM  
They're going to kill me!

JILL

Tim! Tim!

ON JILL'S WALKIE-TALKIE: Silence. She CLOSES HER EYES, SHAKING HER HEAD.

She tucks the walkie-talkie back in her apron.

**INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Huntingtons and Colonel Bill are still at the table enjoying their coffee.

Colonel Bill's GPS BEEPS, indicating that the PANIC BUTTON on Tim's GPS has been triggered. He shows it to Frank.

COLONEL BILL

That's the panic button. Looks like he's calling it quits.

Jill is relieved.

FRANK

Can I still shoot him?

COLONEL BILL

I don't see why not.

Jill turns to her mother and Sarah.

JILL

How do you tolerate these assholes!?! What if he's hurt?

Jill storms out of the room, Sarah following shortly behind her.

KATHY

She's right, Frank. You're an asshole. Go find Tim and bring him back. Nicely.

FRANK

Kath...

KATHY

Now.

Kathy ushers her girls out of the room. As soon as she is gone, Frank turns to Laird and Colonel Bill.

FRANK

He's dead meat.

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Tim RUNS AT TOP SPEED from the **SWARMING BEES**.

TIM  
Leave me alone assholes!

Tim is STUNG on the neck.

TIM (CONT'D)  
OWWW! I didn't mean it! We can live  
in peace!

Tim continues running. Traumatized, he nearly RUNS OVER THE  
**EDGE OF A SMALL CLIFF**.

He CATCHES HIMSELF.

BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ... the resonant sound of several hundred bees.  
Following the sound, Tim SEES a GIANT BEE HIVE hanging over  
the ravine.

**EXT. GARAGE - DAY**

Frank lays his COMPOUND BOW in the back of a two-seater ATV.

FRANK  
Just in case.

Laird and the Colonel fire up the two seater and pull out of  
the garage. Frank mounts a traditional 4x5 an revs.

Frank holds one of TIM'S T-SHRTS to MV's nose.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You remember him, don't you boy?

MV BARKS, SNIFFS the ground, BARKS, and RUNS OFF!

FRANK (CONT'D)  
GO GET'EM!

The ATVs whip up a DUST CLOUD following MV.

**EXT. LAKE - DAY**

Tim, naked, neatly folds his clothes and wraps them in his  
camo jacket. SHIVERING, he wades into the **ICE COLD WATER**.

TIM  
Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

Clothes held high, Tim swims across the small lake.

**EXT. RANCH ROAD - SAME**

The ATVs screeches to a halt as MV circles, SNIFFING.

FRANK  
Where'd he go, boy?

MV BARKS, grabbing the LONG STICK that Tim was holding.

Frank looks down into the mud, seething. Laird and the Colonel join him, admiring Tim's work:

**HE WENT THATA WAY**

8===>

Colonel Bill looks at the GPS signal and points to the broken foliage on the downhill side.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
He obviously did not "go thata way."

LAIRD  
That's a penis.

FRANK  
I know Laird. I have one.

COLONEL BILL  
The boy's taunting you, Frank.

Frank looks over the edge of the ravine.

FRANK  
Grab my bow, we'll take him on foot.

LAIRD  
You're not actually going to shoot him, are you?

Frank glares.

LAIRD (CONT'D)  
NOW WE'RE TALKING!

**EXT. FAR SIDE OF THE LAKE - SAME**

Tim exits the water. His clothes are dry, but he is covered in mud and pond scum. Small leaves floating at the edge of the water stick to his skin.

Trying to wipe himself clean he sees something moving in the reeds. Still naked, he walks over to get a closer look:

A **PUDGY MEXICAN** (we'll call him **PANCHO**, since he is wearing one) fills a **WATER JUG**.

The two make **EYE CONTACT**, the Mexican **FREEZES**.

They both **SCREAM**. Pancho drops his water jug and bolts into the forest.

TIM

WAIT!

Just like that, Pancho is gone.

**EXT. FOREST CLEARING - SAME**

Colonel Bill follows the GPS to where Tim fell. Frank crouches, rubbing his thumb on a **BLOODY ROCK**.

FRANK

It's fresh.

Colonel Bill pokes around.

COLONEL BILL

There's sign everywhere.

Frank follows the **DROPLETS OF BLOOD** to the fallen tree where Tim ate lunch. He holds up the **EMPTY SANDWICH BAG**.

FRANK

What if this is a trap? He could be very hurt... or very cunning.

LAIRD

Let's not forget stupid.

Frank clutches the plastic bag.

FRANK

I hate litter bugs.

MV **BARKS** and bolts deeper into the forest.

The hunters follow.

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAY**

Tim carries the water jug over the crest of the hill to find a CANVAS TENT, PROPANE BURNERS AND TANKS, and FARMING TOOLS.

Tim hides behind a tree, watching Pancho talk to another, taller Mexican, **CHE** (40s), with a goatee and LARGE SCAR ON HIS FACE.

**(\*ALL DIALOGUE WRITTEN IN ITALICS TO BE SPOKEN IN SPANISH AND SUBTITLED)**

CHE  
*Where is the jug?*

PANCHO  
*Quetzalcoatl.*

CHE  
(suspicious)  
*Quetzalcoatl?*

PANCHO  
*The feathered serpent... He emerged naked from the water.*

CHE  
*I know who Quetzalcoatl is! That is our only jug. How will we carry water now?*

PANCHO  
*The feather serpent stood as a man. The Old Gods take many forms.*

CHE  
*There is no such thing.*

PANCHO  
*Mock the Old Gods at your own peril.*

Tim emerges from behind the tree holding up the WATER JUG.

TIM  
*Don't worry! Here's your jug! I don't mean to scare you!*

As Tim approaches, Che reaches behind him, gripping a .22 CALIBER PISTOL tucked into his pants.

CHE  
(under his breath)  
*This is your Quetzacoatl...*

PANCHO  
*Many forms...*

Che sizes up Tim as sets down the jug and shows his hands.

TIM  
 It's cool! I'm cool! Totally cool!

Che eases off the gun. Pancho, grabs the jug.

CHE  
 ¿Qué estás haciendo aquí?

Tim tilts his head. Che nods his head - this is good.

CHE (CONT'D)  
 (in perfect English)  
 What are you doing here?

TIM  
 I'm being hunted.

CHE  
 You are a fugitive?

TIM  
 Hunted for sport. By my father-in-law. Only technically. He doesn't know we're married.

CHE  
*El juego peligroso?*

Tim NODS in agreement.

TIM  
 I'm Tim.

CHE  
 "Che."

TIM  
 Che. Sweet. You kinda look like him.

Che looks at Tim's head, which still trickles blood.

CHE  
 You are hurt. Follow me.

**EXT. SAME CLIFF - MOMENTS LATER**

The hunters emerge from the trees to find MV BARKING and POINTING over the edge of the gorge.

COLONEL BILL  
Beacon says he's down there.

FRANK  
That's a long way down. There's a path down the far side, but he wouldn't know that.

Laird finds FOOT PRINTS at the edge of the ravine.

LAIRD  
Maybe he fell?

Colonel Bill shows him the GPS.

FRANK  
If that boy's dead Jill won't forgive me.

A long, heavy pause.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Let's hope the body's in one piece.

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT - DAY**

Che tends to Tim's cut with a first aid kit.

Pancho sits with another Mexican, called ZAP, silently preparing their lunch. Zap stares Tim down.

ZAP  
*We will have to kill him.*

Tim's ears PERK UP.

TIM  
What did he say?

CHE  
He said that work is killing him.

Zap nods, fake smiles.

TIM  
You guys work for the Huntingtons?

CHE  
We are guests here.

TIM  
Guests...?

ZAP  
*If you say anything more, I will  
shoot him myself.*

CHE  
(to Zap)  
*You will do as I say and nothing  
more. But yes, we'll have to kill  
him.*

ZAP  
*If we are going to kill him, why  
are you wasting our bandages?*

CHE  
*He is being hunted for sport. If he  
continues bleeding, they will find  
him. And us.*

ZAP  
El juego peligroso?

Tim stares back at Zap, as tough as possible.

TIM  
El juego peligroso.

**EXT. BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE - SAME**

Colonel Bill HAND SIGNALS that the GPS beacon is 25 meters ahead in a LARGE BUSH.

Frank stalks forward. He reaches his hand out to Laird who hands the PAINTBALL GUN over. Frank signals him to circle around to the far side.

FRANK  
Tim? Can you hear me?

Nothing. They INCH CLOSER. MV BARKS at the bush.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Game's over. I won't shoot wounded game, so if you're hurt, now'd be the time to say something.

Nothing. A **FAINT BUZZING** can be heard. MV BARKS again.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Have it your way...

Frank FIRES into the bush. PFFT! PFFT! PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!

The SWARM OF BEES erupts from the bush. The swarm turns,  
**STINGING LAIRD.**

Laird WAILS, running away. The SWARM FOLLOWS.

LAIRD  
Do something!

Colonel Bill SHAKES FUEL from a ZIPPO onto the hive then  
tosses it on top. He DRAWS HIS HANDGUN and DISCHARGES SEVERAL  
ROUNDS into the hive.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! **THE HIVE EXPLODES!**

LAIRD (CONT'D)  
(running away)  
That's not helping!!!

A BEE STINGS FRANK. He doesn't move, EYES NARROWING.

CLOSE ON: A swollen bump. We are now...

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT - SAME**

Che looks at the bee-sting on Tim's neck.

CHE  
That's not from romance.

TIM  
(smiling)  
A bee sting.

The faint echo of GUNSHOTS. Tim doesn't hear it.

Che and Zap silently acknowledge each other. Che nods takes a  
steri-strip and pulls it tight across Tim's cut.

TIM (CONT'D)  
So you guys are squatters?

CHE  
Farmers.

TIM  
What do you grow?

CHE  
 Marijuana.

Tim's eyes get large.

CHE (CONT'D)  
 We've been here for many years.  
 Until today, no one has found us.

TIM  
 Growing weed on Frank Huntington's  
 ranch!?! That is *so awesome*.  
 (beat)  
 Like, how much are you growing?

CHE  
 Acres.

TIM  
 (jerking his head)  
 Holy shit!

CHE  
 Please keep still.

Chе holds his head fast, applying another steri-strip.

CHE (CONT'D)  
 Want to try? It'll make your head  
 hurt less.

Chе waves to Pancho who produces a GARBAGE BAG FULL OF POT.

**EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY**

Laird, bee stings everywhere, is SWELLING. Colonel Bill holds his clothes as he wades into the water.

COLONEL BILL  
 Get in. Cold water'll keep the  
 swelling down.

LAIRD  
 (woozy, mouth swollen)  
 Fweezin...

COLONEL BILL  
 BE A MAN!

MV SNIFFS along the lakeside, BARKS. Frank follows, tracing Tim's steps along the mud.

FRANK

He took his shoes off here... and entered the lake here.

Laird wades further into the water, shivering.

LAIRD

Tinzy fwozen baws...

Frank looks across the lake.

FRANK

That's a long, cold swim.

COLONEL BILL

We may have underestimated him.

FRANK

The only thing I underestimated is how much I will enjoy shooting him.

Colonel Bill looks at his watch.

COLONEL BILL

It's almost 11:00, Laird. Soon a fool and his money will be parted.

LAIRD

Part... vit my... fwozen nuttttt... sac..

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT - SAME**

Che offers Tim a GIANT JOINT.

TIM

I've had some bad experiences.

CHE

This will not be one of them.

Tim takes a drag.

TIM

Oh... my... god...

(exhaling)

Tastes like, like, *candy*.

CHE

We call it "*Sillón Dios*".

TIM

Celene Dion?

CHE  
*"Sillón Dios" - "God's easy chair."*

Tim COUGHS.

TIM  
 Incredible.

CHE  
 The rocky slopes, the cool night,  
 it makes the plants strong and  
 fertile. Do you taste the hint of  
 chocolate?

Tim takes another hit and nods, his lungs full of smoke.

CHE (CONT'D)  
 That is my signature. I studied  
 horticulture at the Universidad de  
 Monterrey.

Che looks far off, dreaming.

CHE (CONT'D)  
 One day I will be bigger than Mr.  
 Jack of the Jack-in-the Box, or the  
 King of Burger King, but a real  
 man, with wonderful drugs.

TIM  
 (coughing)  
 Live your American dream!

Tim hands the joint to Che.

CHE  
 No thank you.

TIM  
 You guys aren't smoking?

They politely decline.

CHE  
 Continue. You will need it.

TIM  
 How long have you been out here?

CHE  
 Since Spring.

Tim coughs a huge cloud of weed smoke.

TIM  
That's a long time.

CHE  
It is a hard life. There is little to eat, we are far from our families. Still, it is better than picking strawberries.

TIM  
Oh man! How good do strawberries sound!

Zap takes instant offense.

ZAP  
*I look forward to urinating on his draining corpse.*

TIM  
Sorry, what is your name?

CHE  
My apologies. Pancho you met at the lake.

Pancho points to his pancho.

PANCHO  
*Forgive us, Quetzacoatl. Spare this boy.*

TIM  
Quetza...?

Che shakes his head.

CHE  
He said you look like his uncle.  
(pointing)  
That is "Zap".

TIM  
Zap, Che, and Pancho?

CHE  
We must take fake names should something happen. Our *heffe*, he is a dangerous man.

Tim nods, thinking.

TIM

Oh! I get it. You're all revolutionaries!

(laughing)

Che Guevara, Pancho Villa, and Emilio Zapata.

CHE

Yes, but Pancho also wears panchos.

Tim starts laughing, uncontrollably.

TIM

I am *so high*.

CHE

That is good!

TIM

You guys are the coolest.

ZAP

(to Che)

*You have fixed his head and gotten him stoned. Can we kill the idiot now? We must break camp if he is being followed.*

Tim, hearing "idiota", keys into the conversation.

CHE

(to Tim)

He wasn't talking about you.

TIM

It's cool, I seem like an idiot to a lot of people around here. I'm certainly dressed like one.

Behind his back and out of view, Che runs his hand along his .22 pistol.

CHE

*I like him, he is weak and funny. But you are right. You two break camp. I will throw him off the cliff.*

Che pats Tim on the back.

CHE (CONT'D)

Come Tim, I will show you a good hiding place where they will never find you.

**EXT. FAR SIDE OF THE LAKE**

Frank inspects where Tim exited the water. Curious, he wanders over to the reeds. Pancho's footprints are visible in the deep mud.

Colonel Bill, dragging Laird, DROPS HIM.

FRANK  
Someone else was here.

Frank sticks his finger in the footprint as MV sniffs them.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
5'4, maybe 150 pounds.

LAIRD  
Jill?

FRANK  
She couldn't have beat us here.  
Tracks are too deep.

Colonel Bill checks the horizon as Laird rolls around on the ground.

LAIRD  
Cold. Burning. Pain.

FRANK  
Poachers?

Colonel Bill, worried, follows the footsteps up the hill.

COLONEL BILL  
Look how close the prints are. They didn't leave together - could be a chase. If he came upon a poacher he could be in serious trouble.

Frank takes a long pause, thinking.

FRANK  
He faked the footprints.

Frank has an "Ah-hah" moment.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
To throw us off. He doubled his own footsteps.

He bounds up the hill, excited.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
We should do this every weekend.

LAIRD  
(mouth swollen)  
Fuck yeah!

Colonel Bill lags behind, helping Laird.

**EXT. CRESTLINE - DAY**

Che leads Tim up a narrow trail. Tim, incredibly high, stares at the scar on Che's face. THREE RED STRIPES reach from above his eyebrow all the way to his chin.

TIM  
How'd you get that scar?

Che runs his fingers over the scar, staring off into the distance.

CHE  
(whispering)  
*Urus Horriblis*. The Great Bear.

TIM  
A bear! No way. I saw one yesterday!

CHE  
You did?

TIM  
I thought I did but...  
(mocking Frank)  
"There hasn't been griz here in a hundred years."

Che doesn't bother to look back.

CHE  
It was not just a bear that gave me this scar, Tim.

CLOSE ON: Che's eyes.

CHE (CONT'D)  
...it was The Face of Death.

FADE TO:

**INT. CAMP TENT - CHE'S MEMORY**

Che, younger and without the scar, sits terrified in his tent as the bear SNORTS AND GRUMBLES outside the canvas wall.

CHE (V.O.)

El Heffe brought me here to see if my strand would produce. I was alone and starving. The beast circled me night after night. He would not attack the tent. He was waiting... driving me insane.

Che parts the tent curtain to see **A GRIZZLY BEAR.**

CHE

I could take no more.

Che, at wits end, clutches a BUCK KNIFE and steps out of the tent.

He holds the knife up in the moonlight and SCREAMS.

The BEAR ROARS.

Che SCREAMS again. The bear stands on its heels and ROARS again. Then Che SCREAMS again.

They charge each other!

Che LEAPS into the air, his dagger held high. The bear, jaws opens, BATS at Che, STRIKING him across the face.

Che lies silent on the forest floor. The bear walks over and sniffs him, his tongue mere inches from Che's face.

CHE (CONT'D)

As I lay there, motionless, his hot drool trickled down my cheek, searing my wound...

RETURN TO:

**EXT. CRESTLINE - DAY**

TIM

HOLY CRAP!

CHE

No Tim. Not even the foul smell of almighty God's *merde* could compare to the breath of that horrible beast.

TIM  
 (transfixed)  
 What did you do?

CHE  
 "I" did nothing. It was that which  
 stirs within man - that thing that  
 will not die - it, not I, grasped  
 my blade and DROVE it into the eye  
 of that wretched titan.

Tim JOLTS back.

TIM  
 WHOA! You killed it?

CHE  
 A man cannot kill death, only run  
 from it. The beast is out there,  
 stalking me. Like two great lovers,  
 we are chasing each other through  
 eternity.

Tim sits in awed silence.

TIM  
 I know it's impossible since you  
 are growing grass on his land, but  
 I think you and my father in law  
 would really dig each other.

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT - SIMULTANEOUS**

The hunters approach the clearing as Pancho and Zap stow the  
 last of their gear in an alcove.

Frank crouches below a rock outcropping, silencing MV.

FRANK  
 (whispering)  
*Mexicans...*

COLONEL BILL  
 Probably just migrants passing  
 through.

FRANK  
 Passing through? They've got enough  
 kerosene to last the winter.

LAIRD  
 Lez shoot'em?

Frank and Bill both turn on Laird. Idiot.

LAIRD (CONT'D)

What?

FRANK

Who knows what kind of ordinance they've got stashed. Best we can do is flush'em out.

Frank nods slowly, handing Laird the paintball gun.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Laird, you circle around the camp, up into those bushes, draw their attention.

Laird looks at the gun, uneasy.

LAIRD

Fuck yea?

FRANK

Bill and I will secure the camp and use the sat phone to call the authorities.

Laird waddles off into the bushes.

COLONEL BILL

And the boy? Could be a hostage situation.

FRANK

If they haven't killed him yet, I'm sure they're warming up to it.

**EXT. CREST LINE TRAIL - SAME**

Tim lays on a large rock, staring at the sky.

CHE

Really, we must continue. They will surely catch you if you wait here.

Tim isn't cooperating, lounging as he puffs on another JOINT.

TIM

If we're ever going to get the global economy right we've got to renegotiate trade policies. Sharing, you know?

Irritated, Che drops Tim's arm and grabs the pistol on his belt line.

TIM (CONT'D)

The real future is in robots.  
Drones, A.I., Aido. You know those  
robot dogs? Roombas. We should  
share them with Mexico.

Che tries again to pull Tim up off the rock, *SO ANNOYED*.

CHE

Tim, we *really* must go.

Tim stands, barely, stupidly rambling.

TIM

We gotta legalize everything. You  
know, share with Mexico.

Che finally gets Tim walking again.

CHE

In the current climate, this might  
intensify your immigration issues.

Tim thinks it over.

TIM

Sharing, man. What it's all about.

**EXT. ENCAMPMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Laird is prone and taking aim at Pancho and Zap.

PFFFT... The air compressor whips a paintball at Zap's head.

It HITS him square in the forehead.

Pancho runs to ZAP's aide, wiping the blue paint with his  
finger.

Zap struggles to sit up.

PFFFT... PFFFT... PFFFT... Laird fires off three more shots  
that hit Zap in the chest. He SCREAMS as Pancho panics.

PANCHO

*We are cursed!*

Zap grabs Pancho, turning him to see Laird in the bush.

ZAP

*It is not Quetzalcoatl! It is a gringo with a toy gun.*

Pancho looks up but does not see Laird in full cameo.

Zap throws Pancho to the side and grabs a RIFLE. Laird STUMBLES further back into the forest, takes a new position, and SHOOTS ZAP AND PANCHO AGAIN.

PANCHO

*It stings!*

Zap struggles to stand, chasing Laird into the woods, Pancho follows.

Behind them, Frank and Colonel Bill move into the camp. Frank opens one of the many GARBAGE BAGS.

FRANK

Holy hasheesh!

He lifts the bag.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Must be 50 pounds.

Frank opens the other bags - more of the same. Colonel Bill holds up an EMPTY HOLSTER and some SHELLS.

COLONEL BILL

For a .22.

Frank quickly dials 9-1-1 into his SATELLITE PHONE.

FRANK

(into phone)

Frank Harrington here.

(beat)

We've got a trespassing, dope-growing, illegal alien, hostage situation up here at River Road Ranch.

(he listens, pacing)

The hostage is Tim Ledger, a friend of my daughter Jill's we were hunting for sport.

(beat, smiling)

We thought'd be fun too!

(long beat)

Could you send the chopper? Hate to see this boy shot by anyone but me.

(beat)

We'll leave the GPS on signal.

Frank flips the phone closed and hands it to Colonel Bill.

COLONEL BILL  
I'll hold down the fort and wait  
for the cavalry. You do what you do  
best...

Frank grabs his bow and nocks an arrow.

FRANK  
Hunt.

MV BARKS and runs up the hill, Frank following.

**EXT. CRESTLINE TRAIL - CLIFF**

Tim looks out over the picturesque valley.

TIM  
Thanks for bringing me up here,  
Che. It's beautiful. Kind of a  
better view than the other side.

CHE  
The pleasure is mine.

Tim cautiously steps out to the edge, peering down.

TIM  
WHOA! That's a long way down!

Che creeps up behind Tim, preparing to send him to his death. Just as he goes to shove him, Tim SLIPS, nearly falling over on his own.

Che GRABS him, PULLING him back from the edge. Tim GASPS.

TIM (CONT'D)  
I could have died. HOLY SHIT. You  
saved my life, Che! Man! Thank you!

Tim pulls Che into a deep embrace.

TIM (CONT'D)  
I'm, like, your servant now, right?  
We have *the life bond*.

CHE  
You slipped, it's fine. You are  
very, very high, Tim.

TIM

No way!

(thinking)

Well, yes. But look at that cliff!  
I totally would have died. I'm your  
servant now. For Life.

CHE

(under his breath)

*I'm going to kill you anyway...*

TIM

Yo hablo español, Che...

Startled, Che looks at a very disheartened Tim.

TIM (CONT'D)

*You have been so kind. I thought  
you were just trying to look macho  
in front of Zap, but that you would  
set me free.*

(beat)

*Like a song bird, beating his wings  
against a cage or the bull,  
destined to die in the ring, who is  
at last released to pasture.*

CHE

Your accent is good.

TIM

I was a Spanish minor. You're not  
going to kill me, right?

(off Che's face)

You are? Wow. That sucks.

A WHIRRING In the distance.

CHE

SHH!

A HELICOPTER rises over a distant ridge.

**INT. DEA HELICOPTER - SIMULTANEOUS**

AGENT CARLYLE, AGENT MELVIN, and AGENT HAMPTON, armed to the  
teeth, look out over the ranch.

The pilot, AGENT LEE, follows the BLINKING GPS BEACON and  
banks the helicopter.

EXT. CRESTLINE TRAIL

MV, hears the helicopter and BARKS. Frank doubles his pace.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - DINING/LIVING ROOM

Jill puts the finishing touches on a turkey sandwich. Cutting it in half, she sits down with her Sarah who is placidly rubbing her stomach.

JILL

I'm not sure if I want Tim to win.  
Daddy would be so upset and Tim, he  
doesn't care about competitive  
stuff like that.

(suddenly sad)

I just don't get the point.

Kathy enters, smiling at her daughters.

KATHY

Believe it or not, it really is  
about their penises.

She sits down between her girls.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Every morning of their lives they  
wake up and there it is - pointing  
off into the distance. Some women  
think it's a second, stupid brain,  
but I think it is more of a  
compass. It doesn't think - it's  
just a magnet. They don't know  
where it is pointing or even why.  
They only know that if they don't  
follow it, they'll be lost.

SARAH

Not very reassuring, mom.

KATHY

We don't have an arrow pointing us  
around, so we take our time, are  
careful, and rely on each other.

Kathy holds each of her daughters hands.

KATHY (CONT'D)

The way they see it, if Columbus  
ever looked at a map, he never  
would've found the New World.

JILL  
Columbus thought he landed in  
India.

KATHY  
Exactly. They are lost. And stupid.

Jill walks to the window.

JILL  
I have the worst feeling.

SARAH  
I'm sure they're fine. What could  
possibly happen?

**EXT. FOREST**

Laird hides behind a tree, painting his bee-stung face with mud. We PULL BACK to see ZAP pacing toward the tree, RIFLE in his hands.

Zap COCKS the rifle. Laird takes a deep breath and holds it.

As Zap rounds the tree and Laird SNATCHES THE RIFLE. Laird SWINGS the butt around SLAMMING Zap to the ground.

Laird JUMPS ON TOP OF ZAP, BRACING him.

LAIRD  
(swollen mumbling)  
Lik that kun-fu SHIT!?! You're inna  
worl a pain now, *muchacho*.

ZAP  
The pain will be yours when I bury  
my boots deep within your anus.

**EXT. MEXICAN ENCAMPMENT**

Colonel Bill POURS propane over the bags of marijuana. Flicking his Zippo, he ignites a MASSIVE BONFIRE.

As the flames rise, he throws in the Mexican's gear.

Then Frank's SAT PHONE.

We watch it burn.

**EXT. CLIFF**

Bow in hand, Frank follows the footprints toward the cliff.

Hiding behind a fern, he parts a frond to see Tim and Che sitting together.

CHE

Letting you fall was the right thing. There would've been much less guilt. I'm Catholic. If I kill you, I go to confession, I pray. But it does it *really* go away. Not in this life. But if it was an accident... who knows?

TIM

(disheartened, high)  
Religion can be so complicated.

**EXT. FOREST**

Laird, swollen and red, leads Zap at the end of the rifle.

They come upon Pancho KNEELING on the forest floor, his eyes low and hands turned up to Laird.

PANCHO

*Quetzalcoatl, I see your hand in this man and others, even if others do not.*

Laird points the rifle at him.

LAIRD

Spek Enlis, retar!

PANCHO

*Spare us and I will remember you in the old way with butterflies and flowers.*

LAIRD

(to Zap)  
You spek Enlis, dunt you!?!

ZAP

You will dine on my feces.

Laird POKES Zap's head with the rifle.

LAIRD  
Thik anyon'd care if I shot you?  
Wat he say!?!

Zap takes a DEEP BREATH.

ZAP  
That your unchecked aggression is a  
manifestation of deep-seeded  
resentment towards your father.

LAIRD  
He sed "maripppposa." *Butterfly.*

ZAP  
Only in reference to the cocoon of  
shame you experience living in the  
closet. You must emerge as the  
beautiful butterfly that you truly  
are. Only then will you be loved  
for your true self.  
(Diana Ross, snapping)  
*I'm coming out... I want the world  
to know.*

Laird is REALLY pissed off. And confused.

PANCHO  
*Deliver us, Old Ones. Deliver us.*

ZAP  
(translating)  
We won't judge you. You are part of  
the human family.

Laird WHACKS him in the head with the rifle. Zap falls to the  
ground.

ZAP (CONT'D)  
Your secret is still safe with us.

From the ground, Zap watches as the HELICOPTER buzz over.

**INT. DEA HELICOPTER**

Spotting the SMOKE PLUME from the marijuana fire, the  
helicopter circles.

AGENT LEE  
(into headset)  
Flash fire?

AGENT MELVIN  
(sniffing)  
Smells like... Ganja, sir.

Agent Carlyle YELLS to the pilot.

AGENT CARLYLE  
Take us down!

**EXT. CLIFF**

Che watches the chopper as it searches for a place to land.

CHE  
The D.E.A. is here now. Killing you  
is pointless. Forgive me?

TIM  
I do. I feel like we're really  
hitting it off.

CHE  
(his arm around Tim)  
We are! I like you! It wasn't  
personal.

They hug. Tim touches Che's gun. Then looks at it.

TIM  
Why didn't you just shoot me?

CHE  
In retrospect, *that* was the right  
decision.

In the bushes, Frank positions himself for a shot.

TIM  
If you're not going to kill me,  
could you at least put the gun  
away, or maybe unload it?  
(off Che's face)  
It's just... a second ago you were  
going to kill me. If it's cool,  
then it's cool, but if you're going  
to kill me and you're just saying  
that you're not to make me  
comfortable: that's uncool. I'd  
rather you just be honest so I can  
pray or something, ok?

In the background, Frank DRAWS HIS BOW.

CHE  
You are, right. It is unfair.

Che LIFTS HIS GUN to remove the magazine - from Frank's angle it looks like it is pointed directly at Tim.

Frank TAKES AIM and RELEASES THE ARROW...

We STAY WITH ARROW as it flies in slow-motion and DIRECTLY INTO CHE'S HAND.

Che WALLS in pain as the GUN FALLS to the ground.

The magazine POPS OUT.

TIM  
FRANK!

Frank DRAWS ANOTHER ARROW and paces towards Che, aghast at his stigmata impaled hand.

CHE  
*I am one third a Jesus...*

FRANK  
Get the gun, Tim!

TIM  
Frank, you don't understand!

FRANK  
The gun!

Tim picks it up, neglecting the MAGAZINE on the ground.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(pointing to Che)  
Shoot him!

Shaking, Tim vaguely points the gun at Che as he PULLS THE ARROW from his hand, SCREAMING.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(to Tim)  
SHOOT HIM!

Tim turns the gun on Che. He's obviously never held a gun.

MV RUNS IN, clamping hard onto Tim's arm causing him to drop the gun.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
MICHAEL VICK!!! NO!!!

Che GRABS THE GUN, slamming in the magazine. His shaking, bleeding hand around Tim's neck, Che backs towards the cliff.

Frank trains the arrow on Che.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Let him go.

CHE

Is this your first hostage situation? It is mine. If I let him go, you will shoot me and I will have nothing. This is not fair.

TIM

Do I have any say in this?

CHE

No.

FRANK

No.

MV GROWLS, teeth gnashed.

CHE

Put down your bow.

FRANK

I'll put an arrow through your eye first.

CHE

And I will put a bullet through his brain. In Mexico, we just call this "a *standoff*."

Frank lowers his bow.

**EXT. RANCH HOUSE - BACK PATIO**

Jill looks out over the ranch with a pair of BINOCULARS.

JILL'S POV: Smoke rises from the forest as the CHOPPER dips down next to it.

Her heart skips a beat.

JILL

Tim! Honey! Fuck!

Kathy and Sarah run out onto the deck.

SARAH

Is that a helicopter?

JILL  
 Something's wrong! With Tim. I can  
 feel it.

KATHY  
 I'm sure everything's fine.

JILL  
 Fine? You don't send a helicopter  
 into a burning forest when  
 everything is *fine*. That's my  
 husband out there!

Jill catches herself, but there is no time to explain. She  
 bolts into the house.

	KATHY		SARAH		*
Husband?		Husband?			*

**EXT. MEXICAN ENCAMPMENT**

Colonel Bill's HAIR BLOWS from the chopper updraft as the  
 fire blazes in the reflection of his sunglasses.

The DEA AGENTS storm out of chopper, covering each other with  
 AR-15 ASSAULT RIFLES.

COLONEL BILL  
 Agents Carlyle, Lee, Melvin,  
 Hampton...  
 (looking at his watch)  
 What a sub-standard response time.

AGENT CARLYLE  
 We were washing the chopper. We  
 couldn't fly her all soapy, sir.

Agent Lee takes a whiff of the fire.

AGENT LEE  
 What's going on here, Colonel?

COLONEL BILL  
 We have a bit of a situation.

The agents nod, knowingly.

AGENT MELVIN (O.S.)  
 (screaming)  
 DROP YOUR WEAPON!

Colonel Bill turns to see: Laird staggering behind Pancho and  
 Zap, holding them at gun point.

LAIRD  
Imma 'n yur side!

AGENT MELVIN  
DROP YOUR WEAPON! NOW!

Agents Melvin and Hampton run in, KNOCKING all three men to the ground.

AGENT HAMPTON  
On your knees! Eyes down!

Laird, confused, does nothing.

LAIRD  
Bill! Tell thes assulls to stup.

Colonel Bill walks to Laird, Zap, and Pancho, all face down.

COLONEL BILL  
Get them up.

The prisoners look up at Colonel Bill.

ZAP	PANCHO
El heffe...	El heffe...

Laird looks at Colonel Bill.

LAIRD  
El Heffe?

**EXT. CLIFF - SAME**

Che keeps his gun carefully trained on Frank, MV and his bow at Frank's feet. He tears his shirt with his other, bleeding hand, bandaging it.

CHE  
We would not be in this position,  
any of us, if you did not hunt the  
boy.

FRANK  
Don't remind me.

TIM  
Let me help you bandage that.

Che smiles. Thankful. Tim goes to work.

CHE

You do not think that Tim is good enough for your daughter? He is a good man! Look!

FRANK

I'm not taking questions from a trespassing, drug-dealing illegal.

TIM

WHOA! Easy Frank...

Frank immediately turns on Tim.

FRANK

Why in the hell are you defending him? *Helping him.*

CHE

I am a grower, not a dealer. Now answer my question or I will shoot.

Frank looks away.

CHE (CONT'D)

(circling his gun)

Tell the truth... About Tim.

FRANK

I thought Jill would choose someone more...

Che looks down at the bandage. Frank LOOKS at Che's gun, trying to get Tim's attention. He does.

TIM

Someone more...?

FRANK

No. Someone less...

TIM

Less...?

CHE

You wish he was like you?

FRANK

I think every father wants his daughter to end up with someone like him.

Tim ties the bandage tight. Frank, with his low hand, counts down from 5 to 4, making sure that Tim sees.

CHE  
 There are many kinds of men, who  
 are you to judge?

On FRANK'S HAND: 3 to 2.

FRANK  
 Men act like men.

1. FRANK POINTS AT THE GUN. Tim makes a QUICK GRAB. The two struggle as Frank grabs his bow and nocks an arrow.

Tim stumbles back leaving a small window, Frank FIRES.

The arrow strikes Che in the shoulder, knocking Tim to the EDGE OF THE CLIFF... Tim grabs Che's WOUNDED HAND.

Che YANKS IT AWAY IN PAIN --

In SLOW MOTION: Tim FALLS OVER THE CLIFF...

It is a hundred feet to the top of the treeline, and from the SOUND OF BREAKING BRANCHES, Tim hits every one on the way down.

Frank and Che look over the edge. Silence. Che points the gun at Frank as he YANKS the arrow from his shoulder.

CHE  
 You see? That was very courageous.  
 Stupid, yes. But is he not a man?

Frank nods, sadness on his face. It was.

MV paws his way to the edge of the cliff. He BARKS LOUDLY and RUNS AFTER TIM.

FRANK  
 Michael Vick!

The dog never looks back.

### **EXT. ENCAMPMENT**

Zap pleads with Colonel Bill.

ZAP  
*Have mercy on us, Heffe. We did not  
 expect the boy.*

Pancho shuts his eyes tightly, praying. Laird looks around at the DEA Agents, bewildered.

LAIRD

Dee Eh Eh?? Arn't you suppppppose to stup this?

COLONEL BILL

Try, idiot, to use your brain once.

PANCHO

*Ancient gods, deliver me from this evil place.*

LAIRD

(to the agents)

You're... You're in un it! DICKS!

(beat)

But *WHY!?!!*

Colonel Bill sighs. Does he really have to explain this?

COLONEL BILL

We're growing marijuana, Laird!  
They are government officials. I bought them off. With drug money.

AGENT CARLYLE

We're not mercenaries, we just want more for our families.

LAIRD

It's jus abut money? Druz and money?

COLONEL BILL

I don't have a family, Laird. I've soldiered my whole life and I'm a lonely man. If I'm going to be lonely, I can at least be rich and buy love. What do you expect me to do? Date?

(beat)

People say you can't buy love, but look at "Pretty Woman" and even "Can't Buy Me Love". Those women learn to love their Johns. Without the money they wouldn't get through the door.

Colonel Bill looks off into the distance.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)

But I never planned on hunting a man.

Colonel Bill pulls his SIDE ARM and points it at Zap.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)  
*I'm sorry my friends, our  
 arrangement has come to an end.  
 Know that your families will be  
 provided for.*

ZAP  
 Suck a banana bunch of dicks, know  
 that every time you fall asleep I  
 will ghost-rape your asshole.

WHACK! Colonel Bill PISTOL WHIPS ZAP, his body falling  
 unconscious to the ground.

LAIRD  
 (shaking)  
 You kilt hem! Oh m-gud, you kilt  
 hem! Are you gon kill me?

COLONEL  
 He's not dead. *My God.*

Agent Hampton SLAMS the butt of his rifle into Laird's head,  
 knocking him unconscious.

COLONEL BILL  
 Thank you.

AGENT HAMPTON  
 It was for all of us.

Colonel Bill turns his gun on Pancho.

PANCHO  
 (eyes closed)  
*Ancient gods, deliver me from this  
 place. Ancient gods, deliver me  
 from this evil place.*

Just as Colonel Bill is about to pull the trigger, Pancho  
 JUMPS TO HIS FEET and KNEES BILL IN THE BALLS!

COLONEL BILL  
 What are you waiting for!?!

Pancho evades the agents as he runs around the camp as if he  
 is being guided by a second sight.

Colonel Bill trains his pistol on Pancho and FIRES. It  
 WHIZZES by Pancho's ear.

He FIRES again. And MISSES AGAIN.

Miraculously, none of the bullets hit Pancho as he disappears into the forest.

Weapons silent, the Agents turn to the Colonel.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)

Let him go. He won't last long. The local cops will pick him up soon enough.

DEA AGENTS

Yes, sir.

COLONEL BILL

We'll just have to evac sooner than expected.

(pointing)

Get the bodies on the chopper.

Colonel Bill takes a long, hard look around.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)

Leave no trace, men. Leave no trace.

**EXT. GARAGE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Jill WHIPS THE JEEP out of the garage and FLOORS IT, bumping down the road at break-neck speed.

**EXT. CRESTLINE TRAIL - SIMULTANEOUS**

Frank, still carrying his bow, is walked at gunpoint by Che. His hand and shoulder drip blood.

CHE

You will give me a car.

FRANK

We have a sedan and a truck.

CHE

The truck.

FRANK

Sure you don't want the sedan?

Frank stops. Really? Che pokes him forward with his gun

FRANK (CONT'D)  
It's just... It's a brand new  
Tahoe. Two weeks old.

Che stops.

CHE  
A Chevrolet Tahoe is not a "truck."  
Why do you say that? It is an SUV.  
You are not more manly for calling  
it a truck. What is the interior?

FRANK  
Leather.

CHE  
In the enclosed cargo space?

FRANK  
The fold-out third row is leather.

CHE  
Not a truck. Trucks do not have  
LEATHER trunks. But I will take  
your SUV and not return it.

Frank stops and turns. Che presses the gun into his chest.

FRANK  
Take whatever you want, but I'm  
warning you, if you go near my wife  
or daughters...

Frank pokes Che's facial scar.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I will tear a scar worse than that  
out of your face... With my dick.

Che considers Frank seriously, looking at the finger still in  
his face.

CHE  
Know that I have seen the face of  
death... And it is not yours.

CUT TO:

**THE MASSIVE ONE-EYED GRIZZLY BEAR.**

Older now, but larger too. The magnificent beast lumbers  
throw the trees, sniffing. WE ARE IN:

**EXT. FOREST FLOOR - PIG WALLOW - CONTINUOUS**

The Grizzly leans down and smells the thick mud of the pig wallow. Pawing and rooting, he uncovers...

TIM'S BODY. Partially buried in the soft mud, broken branches are scattered everywhere.

The Grizzly SNIFFS Tim's body. Opening it's jaws, the bear let's out a THUNDEROUS ROAR.

PANCHO, a hundred yards away, STOPS.

Moving closer, Pancho watches as the bear LICKS Tim back to life. Tim's EYES FLUTTER as the bear licks his face.

Tim's EYES OPEN.

TIM  
(fuzzy)  
In heaven, bears give ostrich piggy  
back rides...

The grizzly gives a low GROWL.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Good grizz...

Tim sees that one of the bear's eyes is missing.

TIM (CONT'D)  
THE FACE OF DEATH!

The bear REARS BACK on its hind legs - towering. It ROARS.

Tim tries to pull himself from the deep mud, but cannot.

MICHAEL VICK RUNS IN, barking and showing his teeth. The two have a long staring match that is broken by...

PANCHO  
*Brother Bear! Brother Bear! Praise  
to you! Praise to you!*  
(beat)  
*Forgive us and let us pass...*

The GRIZZLY BEAR ROARS.

Falling back down to it's legs, the bear looks once further at Tim and Pancho, then leaves.

MV JUMPS ON Tim. Licking everything. Pancho pulls Tim from the mud, he is again covered in leaves. Pancho gently touches the mud on Tim's chest.

PANCHO (CONT'D)  
*Quetzalcoatl has spared you, his  
 messenger.*

Tim looks up at broken tree branches, at his living body, at the bear walking away into the forest.

He holds Pancho's hand to his heart.

TIM  
 Quetzalcoatl.

**EXT. RANCH ROAD - LAKESIDE**

The Jeep SKIDS around a hair-pin turn, Jill's knuckles white on the steering wheel.

**INT. RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS**

Kathy and Sarah are startled by the DEA HELICOPTER appearing in the bay window behind them.

SARAH  
 Laird!

KATHY  
 Frank!

They run outside.

**EXT. RANCH HOUSE - PARKING LOT/LANDING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

The chopper touches down in the gravel drive. As the rotors slow, Colonel Bill jumps out and runs to the women.

COLONEL BILL  
 There's been an accident.

SARAH  
 Laird!?!

KATHY  
 Frank!?!

Colonel Bill points at Sarah.

COLONEL BILL  
 Laird slipped and hit his head. And got stung by a swarm of bees. He also might have hypothermia.  
 (MORE)

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)  
 Luckily, the DEA boys were overhead  
 and heard our distress call. He  
 needs a hospital.

The Agents Carlyle and Hampton carry Laird's body.

KATHY  
 What about the smoke?

COLONEL BILL  
 A signal fire.

SARAH  
 And the others?

COLONEL BILL  
 Frank and Tim are on their way.  
 They couldn't fit on the chopper.

KATHY  
 So he got him?

COLONEL BILL  
 Right between the eyes...

Sarah runs to Laird as the Agents carry him inside.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)  
 I'm going to get my suburban - we  
 can take him in the back.

Colonel Bill points the other agents to a LARGE BARN and  
 follows after them.

Kathy WAITS A STEP, a suspicious look on her face.

**EXT. FOREST FLOOR - PIG WALLOW - CONTINUOUS**

Tim crouches in front of Michael Vick.

TIM  
 You know the way home? Do you?

MV barks in agreement.

TIM (CONT'D)  
 Go!

Tim runs after the lab, Pancho trailing behind.

EXT. RANCH ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Che look down at the ranch house.

FRANK

You should turn yourself in now.

CHE

I am an illegal alien. I killed a man. I did not, you did, but they won't believe *me*.

FRANK

You have no choice. Turn yourself in.

(beat)

And you did kill the boy.

CHE

Trust me, it is you who will not sleep over it. I won't even go to confession.

Che sees Colonel Bill standing outside the barn.

CHE (CONT'D)

El Heffe...

FRANK

El Heffe?

Frank doesn't get it.

CHE

He is my boss. Your Colonel Bill. *HE is the drug dealer*. Excuse me... Supplier.

FRANK

You've got to be kidding me. That man's an American Hero...

CHE

Those bags? They are full of clean diapers for poor children who do not have diapers?

Che points to the DEA AGENTS piling 50 POUND BALES of marijuana into the back of Colonel Bill's suburban.

FRANK

(disappointed)

Oh no. Bill...

CHE

He is a very bad man. The worst I have ever known. I'm sorry to tell you this. I know he has eaten eaten at your table.

COLD ANGER washes over Frank. He squeezes his bow.

FRANK

Cover me.

CHE

Cover you? You are *my hostage!*

**EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS**

Tim RUNS up the hill after Michael Vick. Pancho struggles, unable to keep up.

PANCHO

(wheesint)

*You are very, very fast.*

TIM

Come on... Pancho... COME ON!

Tim and Michael Vick reach the RANCH ROAD TO SEE:

The Jeep CHARGING TOWARDS them. Jill SCREECHES TO A STOP.

JILL

Tim? TIM!

She runs to him. They kiss, smearing her face with mud.

JILL (CONT'D)

I thought you were dead! Or worse.

They kiss again. MV barks happily.

TIM

I was! I fell and hit my head and there were bees and then I almost got killed by these really nice Mexicans who are growing this amazing weed on your land. Isn't that funny? I got REALLY high. Then your dad shot Che and I fell of a cliff but the face-of-death-grizzly brought me back to life.

(thinking)

...still *REALLY* high.

Tim tries to kiss her again.

JILL  
 You're filthy.  
 (pulling away)  
 My dad shot someone!?! Besides you,  
 I mean...

TIM  
 With his bow! It was a great shot.

She rubs the mud off his forehead to reveal the bandage.

JILL  
 Is your head ok?

TIM  
 No! And I'm SUPER high! Are you  
 even listening?

Pancho finally reaches the top of the hill.

TIM (CONT'D)  
 That's Pancho. One of the Mexicans.  
 (to Pancho)  
 Esta es mi esposa, Jill...

Pancho, quite the gentleman, kisses her hand. Jill looks at  
 Tim: "what the hell is going on?"

TIM (CONT'D)  
 He thinks I'm a god. Not like THE  
 god, a messenger. And you know  
 what, he's right. Look, there's not  
 a scratch on me!

JILL  
 We'll talk about this when you're  
 not acting all retarded.  
 (to Pancho)  
 You too...

They climb into the jeep. Jill WHIPS the Jeep around.

JILL (CONT'D)  
 Hold on.

They do. She FLOORS IT.

Seconds later, the GRIZZLY BEAR steps into the road. He  
 sniffs around and then runs up the road.

**INT. RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

Laird is laid out on a couch, Sarah tending his wounds. Kathy hands coffee to Agents Carlyle and Hampton.

AGENT CARLYLE  
Shouldn't be much longer, I'm sure  
they've got the truck ready.

KATHY  
Are you sure it's smart to move  
him?

The agents look at each other: "What's the right answer?"

AGENT HAMPTON  
We should get him to the hospital.

Kathy smiles to the agents.

KATHY  
Sarah, honey, can I talk to you for  
a second?

**INT. RANCH HOUSE - KITCHEN**

KATHY  
Something's wrong.

SARAH  
What do you mean?

KATHY  
Why did Bill come back and not your  
father? Where is Tim? If Laird  
slipped and hit his head, why does  
his wound indicate a downward  
motion of impact? and why do they  
smell like a Grateful Dead  
concert...

Sarah looks confused.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
Maybe everything's fine, but just  
to be safe, go down to your  
father's closet and get a gun.

Kathy hands her an apron.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
Hide it in the pocket. Go.

**EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS**

Agents Lee and Melvin pack the last bale into the truck.

COLONEL BILL

I'll take the truck. Get the others  
and take the chopper back to base.

AGENT LEE

What do we tell the C.O.?

COLONEL BILL

False alarm. Squatting hippies  
living green or some bullshit.  
Doesn't matter - you're headed to  
early retirement.

AGENT MELVIN

What do we tell the women?

COLONEL BILL

You don't tell them anything.  
They're women. Go. We'll reconvene  
at Denny's.

AGENT LEE

We met at Denny's last time.

COLONEL BILL

Fine. IHOP.

Agents Lee and Melvin nod in agreement. Colonel Bill slams  
the tailgate closed.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)

See you at oh-seven-hundred...

Frank appears in front of the Suburban, flanked by Che.

FRANK

You might want to reschedule.

Che uses his .22 to round up the Agents.

**INT. FRANK'S CLOSET - SAME**

Sarah picks a SMALL HAND GUN from the gun safe. She slips it  
into her apron. Turning, she sees AGENT CARLYLE.

He grabs her wrist, and removes the gun from her apron.

**EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS**

Colonel Bill sizes up the situation, his hand dangling over his sidearm.

COLONEL BILL  
I'd say it is hard to find good help, but as you can see, it's been bumper crop.

Frank walks to Bill, taking his weapon.

FRANK  
Tim is dead.

COLONEL BILL  
Is there bad news?

CHE  
You'll soon join him.

COLONEL BILL  
(to Agent Lee)  
Join who? Your comrade?

Agent Lee UNCOVERS Zap, blood dripping from face.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)  
I'm no expert, but I think that's a dead Mexican.

Zap's eyes twitch.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)  
Wait, nope, still alive.

Bill KICKS Zap in the head. Che shutters at the cruelty, pointing the weapon at Bill.

CHE  
You will die for that!

COLONEL BILL  
Give it up, farmer. If you had a backbone you would have killed me already.

FRANK  
(to Che)  
Put the gun down. This has all gone too far.

COLONEL BILL  
 Too far, Frank? You think you can  
 take a human life? It's not so  
 easy...

Colonel Bill uses a QUICK ARM LOCK and SNATCHES THE GUN from Che's hand. Suddenly, he's behind Che with the gun to his head.

Frank takes aim on Colonel Bill.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)  
 Can you make that shot, Frank?

BANG! Frank FIRES the handgun, missing Bill by inches. The Colonel doesn't flinch.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)  
 Trying to scare me? I've been shot  
 at, Frank. Fuckloads of times.  
 Fucking FUCKLOADS!

For the first time, Frank looks shaken to the core.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)  
 I thought this is what you wanted,  
 Frank? To hunt? To kill a man? Not  
 as easy as it looks, is it?

Frank lowers his gun.

FRANK  
 I'm a hunter, not a killer.

Agent Melvin DISARMS Frank.

COLONEL BILL  
 You're not even a man, Frank.  
 You're a bitch. A beta. I'm a man.

Colonel Bill PUSHES Che toward Frank, the two of them now covered by the DEA Agents.

EXT. RANCH ROAD - SAME

The Jeep skids towards the ranch house as the sun nears the horizon.

TIM  
 Sundown! I'm going to win!  
 (to Jill)  
 I AM THE MOST MANLY.

**EXT. RANCH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Frank and Che walk in front of the armed guards.

The FRONT DOOR OPENS. Agents Carlyle and Hampton lead Kathy, Sarah and Laird out of the house.

COLONEL BILL  
Everyone on the ground.

Barely conscious, Laird stumbles and FALLS ON HIS FACE.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)  
...everyone else.

Tears stream down Sarah's face.

FRANK  
(setting his bow down)  
It'll be ok, just do what he says.

They sit in a small circle in front of the chopper. Kathy continues standing.

KATHY  
Bill?

COLONEL BILL  
Just getting my piece of the  
American dream. Please sit the fuck  
down, Kathy.

She does.

**EXT. RANCH ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Jill stops the Jeep, seeing the hostage situation below.

PANCHO  
*Your family are hostages. The DEA  
work for El Hefte. He will kill  
them all.*

JILL  
Bill? And the DEA? We're fucked.

TIM  
You speak Spanish?

JILL  
I work in a kitchen.

**EXT. RANCH HOUSE - SAME**

Colonel Bill circles the group of hostages.

COLONEL BILL

I want you all to know how much I regret this. You're the closest thing I have to a family. I love you all.

KATHY

Fuck you, Bill.

FRANK

(surprised by her language)

Kathy...

KATHY

I'm sorry, honey, you don't tell someone you love them at gunpoint.

COLONEL BILL

Fair enough.

He pulls Frank to his feet.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)

Frank, you'll be our insurance.  
(to Agent Carlyle)  
Once were a safe distance away,  
I'll signal you. Shoot the rest,  
frame the wetbacks, make the bust.

The agents look at each other. Murder definitely isn't what they signed up for.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)

If you have second thoughts, think of *your* families.

He POKES Frank with his sidearm, leading him towards the Suburban.

COLONEL BILL (CONT'D)

Double-time Frank.

**EXT. RANCH ROAD - SAME**

Jill watches as her father is lead away.

JILL

You have to do something, Tim.

Tim slumps down, MV next to him.

TIM

What do you want me to do? They've got guns and I hate guns. Not like MacGyver hates guns, like I've got some ingenious device to save us and I don't need guns. I'm really afraid of guns.

(beat)

We're so fucked.

JILL

Tim. You have to do something...

Pancho GRABS TIM and staring into his eyes, gives the oddest, most stirring pump-speech ever:

PANCHO

*You are the avatar of the great winged serpent! He who was born in the fire of the Morning Star. You cheated death on the breath of a bear. Tim, why would you fear the hands of men?*

TIM

*Why would I fear the hands of man?*

Tim, reassured, turns and looks towards the house.

TIM (CONT'D)

Ok... Pancho, you come with me. Jill, you and Vick sit tight and don't get shot.

JILL

What are you going to do?

TIM

Save your dad. Then save the day.

Sensing her worry, he grabs Jill and kisses her deeply.

TIM (CONT'D)

I love you, wife.

JILL

I love you, husband. You're the most manly.

**EXT. PARKING LOT/LANDING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Agent Carlyle stands, rifle in hand, the two hand guns and Frank's bow at his feet.

AGENT CARLYLE

This is uncharted territory. We didn't sign up for this.

SARAH

Sure, you just wanted to ignored a major, illegal dope growing operation.

AGENT CARLYLE

Exactly. Less work, more money.

SARAH

I'm sure this happens all the time.

AGENT CARLYLE

We didn't intend to be a part of any homicides or hostage situations. Yet, here we are... So if you don't mind, we're going to take a moment to talk this over.

KATHY

Please, take your time.

**EXT. BARN/DRIVEWAY - SAME**

Peeking around the corner of the barn, Tim and Pancho watch as Colonel Bill pushes Frank into the Suburban and pull away.

Tim, unsure of what to do, LOOKS AROUND. Out of the corner of his eye sees HIS BICYCLE. He UNHOOKS it from the back of Jill's car and PEDDLES after the Suburban.

Pancho SEES Zap laying on the ground. Pancho desperately tries to wake his friend. Zap's eyes open, but Pancho CONTINUES SHAKING.

ZAP

*Stop shaking me.*

Zap sits up to see Tim peddling away.

ZAP (CONT'D)

*You know he is not sent from the Old Ones, Pancho.*

PANCHO

I am not so stupid. But he is kind  
and funny. And he is our only hope.

Zap lays back down.

ZAP

*Fly Quetzalcóatl. Fly.*

**EXT. RANCH ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Tim PEDDLES furiously, chasing the speeding Suburban.

Reaching the SWITCHBACKS, the Suburban SLOWS to make the corners. Tim VEERS off road, bumping down the mountain to cut them off.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: Tim CUTS in front of them!

FRANK

Tim! HOLY SHIT! He's alive!

Colonel Bill STOMPS on the gas, trying to run him over. The bumper just inches away from Tim's wheel.

Tim SWINGS to the passenger side of the suburban and GRABS the sideview mirror. Bill AIMS HIS SIDE ARM.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! GLASS SHATTERS over Tim's back. He clutches the mirror with both hands, his legs locked around the bike frame.

TIM

Stop shooting at me!

Frank GRABS the gun. The two men WRESTLE over the weapon as the Suburban WEAVES across the road.

BLAM! BLAM! Bullets fly out of the vehicle.

Tim LET'S GO of the mirror, drifting towards the back of the car. He CLUTCHES the REAR BUMPER, holding on by his fingernails.

The bike SKIPS AWAY.

Colonel Bill let's go of the steering wheel and PUNCHES Frank in the face. Frank loses control of the weapon just as Tim OPENS the rear tailgate, sending the MARIJUANA BALES tumbling out of the car.

COLONEL BILL

No!!!

Bill turns all his attention on TIM, FIRING WILDLY.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Bullets fly past Tim. Frank, making one last effort, straps on his seat belt and JERKS THE STEERING WHEEL, sending the SUBURBAN OFF ROAD.

Tim can't hold on any longer and LET'S GO, tumbling through the underbrush.

Colonel Bill turns his attention back just in time to see:

The suburban CRASH INTO A TREE!

As Frank's body whips against the seatbelt, Bill's FLIES through the windshield and into A TREE.

Tim runs to the Suburban and pulls Frank from the wreckage.

FRANK

Tim...

(dazed)

I thought you were dead.

TIM

(smiling)

Soy Quetzalcóatl. Soy inmortal.

They check on Bill, his body broken, speaking his LAST WORDS.

COLONEL BILL

*Betas...*

Bill dies.

Frank shakes his head, then concern flashes across his face.

FRANK

My family...

Frank turns towards the ranch, but STUMBLES AND FALLS, his knee swollen from the accident.

In a sudden burst of emotion, Frank's eyes well with tears.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What am I going to do? What if they...?

Tim tries to help Frank to his feet.

TIM

Come on Frank, we gotta get back there...

Frank pulls his hand away, hyperventilating.

FRANK

This is my fault. I put my family in danger. I could've shot Bill and I didn't. Now they're going to die up there and it's my fault. I'm not a man...

Tim, sympathetic, crouches down in front of Frank, nodding.

Then... SLAP! Tim nails Frank in the face.

TIM

Not a man!?! You're Frank Huntington, you're *THE* man.

FRANK

I'm...

Tim SLAPS him again.

TIM

What are you going to do? Cry? Suddenly it's ok to cry?

Frank sucks up his tears, getting his nerve back.

TIM (CONT'D)

Now are you going to get off your ass and save your family. I can't do it myself.

FRANK

We'll never make it in time...

Tim looks at Frank. Then the bike. Then Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Absolutely not.

**EXT. RANCH ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Frank sits on the handle bars as Tim, CALVES PUMPING, peddles uphill. It's *fucking incredible*.

Frank RISES off the handlebars.

TIM  
Just changin' gears.

The ground levels out and Tim doubles his effort.

TIM (CONT'D)  
(between breaths)  
You... feel... that... Frank? Do...  
You... FEEL-THE-MANPOWER?  
(deep breath)  
That's the man your daughter  
married...

Frank TURNS sending the bike WEAVING.

FRANK  
YOU WHAT!?!

Tim does his best to keep the bike from crashing.

**EXT. PARKING LOT/LANDING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

The DEA agents break from their huddle.

AGENT CARLYLE  
After careful deliberation and  
consulting with my fellow  
officers...

Agent Lee STARTS UP THE CHOPPER.

AGENT CARLYLE (CONT'D)  
We're leaving.

SARAH  
You can't just leave!

AGENT MELVIN  
Of course we can, we have a  
helicopter.

AGENT HAMPTON  
The way we see it, we either leave,  
or we kill you.

Kathy eyes her daughter: let them go!

SARAH  
You're right, you should leave.

**EXT. RANCH HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS**

Frank and Tim sneak around the house, watching closely. Frank silently signals to Tim: you (pointing) go inside (little house) and get a gun (rifle), I'll go around the other, get my bow, and we'll shoot them.

RETURN TO:

**EXT. PARKING LOT/LANDING AREA - SIMULTANEOUS**

AGENT CARLYLE

I don't really see another way out of this. Sure, we're going lose our jobs, maybe go to jail, but I'm sure as shit not going to kill anyone.

Laird, rolling his eyes, manages a few words:

LAIRD

I'm going to fucking kill you.

AGENT CARLYLE

We thought of that too. Luckily, Melvin here came up with a really creative solution.

AGENT MELVIN

I'm the lateral thinker of the group.

Carlyle tosses the .22 to Che.

AGENT CARLYLE

We were hoping you'd kill them and let yourself out.

Che happily receives the weapon.

CHE

Americans. Always leaving us the work you are not willing to do yourselves.

Agent Carlyle jumps on the chopper, waving as it LIFTS AWAY.

Che points the gun at the Huntington's.

(O.S.)

What did I tell you about my family?

Frank stands, bow drawn, pointing it at Che. Che shakes his head: seriously?

CHE

Frank! You're alive? I applaud your bravado, but that is a much longer shot. She will be dead before you loose your bow.

He PULLS Sarah to her feet.

CHE (CONT'D)

Also, my friends are right behind you. With your other daughter. And your dog.

Frank turns. Sure enough, Pancho and Zap are standing right there, holding Jill and M.V.

FRANK

Michael Vick!

JILL

The dog!?! You're excited to see the dog?

FRANK

I'm just not very happy with you, Jilly. Eloping? That's not how we do things in this family.

CHE

Please... save your drama for your mother.

(off their looks)

Mothers love drama.

Frank lays the bow back down on the ground.

**INT. TROPHY ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Through a window, Tim watches Che take control of the hostages, sitting Frank and Jill down in the circle.

Tim looks back into trophy room, spotting a rifle on the wall. Unsure, he TAKES IT DOWN.

Suddenly, his eyes light up.

**EXT. PARKING LOT/LANDING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Che points the gun at the Huntingtons, yelling to Pancho and Zap.

CHE

*Pancho, get the Tahoe. I will kill them and we will leave.*

Pancho helps Zap over to the Tahoe.

KATHY

Please stop pointing that damn gun at me.

He lowers the weapon.

CHE

But you will remember that I have it?

KATHY

Of course.

FRANK

No one has to die here today. You're not a murderer.

Che smiles, sensing an opportunity.

CHE

Not even Tim?

JILL

Tim's...

Frank GRABS Jill's arm.

FRANK

(shutting Jill up)  
I know honey, it's tragic, but...  
(suddenly loud)  
*TIM IS DEAD.*

CHE

And how did he die?

FRANK

I killed him. I *KILLED TIM!*

Frank looks around, waiting for Tim to appear. He doesn't.

CHE

You are a strange man, Frank  
Huntington.

FRANK

Just take the truck and go.

CHE

It is an SUV, not a truck.

FRANK

If you leave without doing  
something stupid, I promise to use  
the insurance money to buy a real  
truck.

CHE

You will not follow?

FRANK

I'm going to go inside and call the  
police. The real police.

CHE

Fair enough.

Pancho pulls the Tahoe into the lot, Zap sitting shotgun.

CHE (CONT'D)

Goodbye, Huntingtons. May the  
marijuana forest we planted on your  
land grow forever.

Pancho honks, waves. Che turns to get in the car when HE  
STOPS. like Harry Potter, he runs his fingers along his scar.

Squinting, he see something moving in the bushes beyond the  
house. It's head bobbing behind the bushes...

A ONE-EYED BEAR.

CHE (CONT'D)

*We are not finished, death. You  
have come for me.*

Che turns to Pancho and waves goodbye. Pancho waves back.  
Tossing the guns aside, Che walks straight towards the bear,  
stripping off his shirt.

CHE (CONT'D)

*I am ready, Face of Death! Let us  
dance in eternity!*

Frank huddles the Huntingtons together, hoping to get them inside. They BREAK FOR THE DOOR.

CHE (CONT'D)  
Come to me! Come to me!

They STOP, looking as if they have seen a ghost.

Che DIVES into the bushes to find:

TIM  
(in Frank's Bear Coat)  
Roooooaaaaarrrrrrr!!!!

CHE  
Tim? You are not the Face of Death!  
You are dead!!! You are not dead?  
But you are dead? Why are you  
dressed like a bear?

JILL SCREAMS!

Then... Closer... Louder... Deadlier...

(O.S.)  
RRRROOOOOOAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRR!!!

Tim and Che look over to see the Huntingtons staring at:

The REAL ONE-EYED BEAR. THE FACE OF DEATH.

Frank braces his family.

FRANK  
(quietly)  
Stay calm... back away. Don't look  
it in the eye.

The bear REARS UP.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
It's just trying to identify us.  
It's curious, not threatening.

Michael Vick BARKS, irritating the bear.

It falls back down, bearing it's massive teeth and PREPARING TO CHARGE.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Quiet and calm...

Just as it does, Che runs in between them.

CHE  
 (yelling)  
*It is me you came for Hell Beast!!!  
 I AM YOUR FATE!!!*

FRANK  
 That doesn't help.

The bear snaps its jaws and WHOOFS. Tim, terrified, looks towards the bow on the far side of the driveway.

It CHARGES CHE. He stands strong. The bear turns away at the last minute.

CHE  
*I DO NOT FEAR YOU! Come to me! I  
 will conquer death!*

The bear CHARGES again, MAULING CHE. The Grizzly's TEARS INTO HIS BODY. The women SCREAM as blood flies.

Frank rushes them away, but Laird, still woozy, FALLS OVER.

SARAH  
 LAIRD!

Sarah tries to help him up, but her SCREAMING has drawn the bear's attention.

Leaving Che, it lumbers toward Laird and Sarah.

FRANK  
 Play dead!

Tim, springs to action, running to FRANKS BOW.

KATHY  
 Frank, do something!

Petrified, Sarah grabs Laird, trying to play dead. Again, the enraged bear REARS BACK and ROARS!!!

PPFFFFTTTT! An arrow strikes the bear in the chest.

ON TIM: Drawing one of two final arrows from the quiver on Frank's bow.

PPFFTTTT! He strikes the bear again.

ROARRRRRRR!!!

The beast struggles to breathe, it's teeth and claws hanging over Sarah and Laird.

Tim knocks the last arrow and draws back. He RELEASES.

WE FLY WITH ARROW IN SUPER SLOW MOTION as it--

--PIERCES THE BEAR'S HEART.

The 1200 pound animal FALLS to the ground.

Jill runs to Tim, throwing her arms around him. Frank and Sarah pull Laird away.

The bear, eyes sagging, heaves up and down.

Che DRAGS HIMSELF to the bear, blood everywhere. Reaching the animal, he uses the last of his mortal strength to pull himself up onto the dying bear.

Frank walks to Tim, the bow dangling at the end of his arm.

FRANK

You could've used the gun.

Tim looks down at the .22 at his feet.

TIM

"Any punk can pull a trigger,  
Frank."

Frank smiles.

FRANK

Great shot.

We STAY ON Frank and Tim watching as the bear and Che's bodies rise and fall together in perfect unison.

The bear takes his last breath. It's sad and beautiful.

CHE WEEPS.

CHE

Oso, Oso, Oso. *En otra vida...*

Che, broken and bloody, rises to his feet, and drags himself back towards the forest, the sky a fire red around him.

TIM

*That is a man, Frank.*

FRANK

I know... son.

**THE END**

**WITH CREDITS:**

- On the Ranch Road, Pancho loads the fallen bales of marijuana into the back of the Tahoe.
- Past the Tahoe, Zap PISSES on Colonel Bill's corpse. The urine WAKES COLONEL BILL, his eyes opening.
- Zap smiles, and CONTINUES PISSING.
- The DEA AGENTS walk out to the HELIPAD to find Colonel Bill HOG-TIED with a bale of Marijuana sitting on his lap.
- Other DEA AGENTS put them in hand cuffs.
- Pancho and Zap drive into the sunset, smiling. PULLING BACK, we see CHE laying in the back seat. Alive.
- Tim and Jill's re-wedding photos: Laird and Sarah, now with a baby. Kathy and Jill. Michael Vick in a dog-tuxedo.
- Frank and Tim smile, both wearing BEAR COATS.

**EPILOGUE****INT. MEDICINAL MARIJUANA SHOP - DAY**

A BELL RINGS. Tim walks into the nicely appointed room. He looks at NUMEROUS SMALL CONTAINERS of grass.

One catches his eye.

BUDTENDER

It's one of our most popular.  
There's a hint of chocolate in the  
after taste.

The Budtender hands Tim the CONTAINER. He rolls it over.

The label reads: "*Sillón Dios*"

BUDTENDER (CONT'D)

From some place up north. But man,  
whoever grows that shit. So kind.  
It's everywhere now. Guys like, the  
Colonel Sanders of grass, man.

TIM

...or the King of Burger King.