

TRACKS
by
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An American Indian MEDICINE CHANT drones through its haunting, monotone verses.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE SKY ABOVE A MOUNTAINOUS REGION - NIGHT

A HELICOPTER, silhouetted against the blazing curtain of the AURORA BOREALIS, glides silently along as the passages of the medicine chant continue.

The helicopter fades from view and only the vibrant blue and orange lights remain dancing in the sky.

LEGEND ON SCREEN:
NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
DISTRICT OF MACKENZIE

EXT. NORTH GOLCONDA MINE - NIGHT

A few darkened prefab buildings are scattered around a gaping black wood-framed hole in the rock face.

The faint chatter of a PNEUMATIC DRILL echoes from the deepest underbelly of the mountain.

INT. NORTH GOLCONDA MINE

Proceeding through the twisted passages, we find DARBY INUVIK, a sturdy Laskatuk Indian, hard at work with the loud implement.

He shuts the machine off and pushes back his visor to survey his work. The circle of jittering light from his helmet lamp is all that can be seen.

He has drilled a single perfectly round hole in the wall, two inches across.

Darby Inuvik reaches toward the floor. His helmet lamp finds a couple sticks of DYNAMITE near

THE HAND OF A MAN

lying on the rock floor.

Darby drops one stick of dynamite into the hole, with just the end of the fuse sticking out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's about to resume work when he pauses to SNIFF the air. Something sure stinks.

Darby casts his gaze down at the other man, then grimaces and pulls a FILTER MASK over his face. He guns the pneumatic drill and turns once more to the rock wall.

AN ANIMAL GRUNT

comes out of the dark. Darby Inuvik looks, sees nothing, and guns the drill again.

ANOTHER GRUNT

and Darby looks once again. He lowers the drill and shines his helmet lamp down the rock corridor.

DARBY

Anyone there?

The sound of COARSE BREATHING, far deeper and lower than a man would breathe. Darby marvels.

WHAP!

Something like dirt is pitched out of the blackness, spattering on Darby. He drops the drill with wild eyes.

A terrifying SCREAMING, WHISTLING ROAR shatters the air. Another volley of thrown matter strikes Darby.

Something big rushes down the corridor straight for Darby. Darby staggers back and SHOUTS LIKE HELL.

Another deafening ANIMAL SCREAM and Darby is struck by the beast. Blow after invisible blow hammers on him as he SHOUTS.

Something grabs Darby's head and drives it into a supporting timber. The helmet lamp SHATTERS and goes black as the timber is knocked askew.

Rough animal BREATHING is all that remains in the inky darkness.

A CHOMP

and a tearing of meat.

EXT. RCMP STATION - DAY

At the end of an interminable dirt road stands a tiny two story prefab cabin atop the highest of the local peaks. It

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A Ford Explorer with RCMP markings covers the last of the long drive and pulls into the station's small dirt lot, parking beside an RCMP pickup.

The horn HONKS.

SERGEANT BALLOU, sixty years old, portly, bearded and bald, steps out of the station and crowns himself with his hat. Ballou hurriedly tucks away his LIQUOR FLASK and straightens his wrinkled jacket.

Chin up, chest out, and Ballou marches over to the Ford.

A preppy young OFFICER WHELPIE hops out of the drivers seat and skips around to the rear hatch, which is full of luggage.

BALLOU

You're early, son. Can't Division afford a decent clock?

OFFICER WHELPIE

Sorry, sir. Sergeant Cleary was pretty anxious to get up here.

BALLOU

Cleary, huh?
 (to the guy in the
 passenger seat)
 I'm Sergeant Ballou. Jump out of there; let's have a look at you.

The door opens.

A WOODEN CANE

strikes the ground. Ballou raises an eyebrow. Next come a pair of immaculately shined boots.

It's Sergeant NELSON CLEARY, half Ballou's age, tall, slim, handsome, tough but not rugged. He extends a hand.

NELSON

Nelson Cleary. Where did you get the booze?

Ballou recovers from the shock of the cane and takes Nelson's hand. Both men squeeze hard.

BALLOU

A fine scotch is not "booze." Port, or rum; that's booze.

Both hands are white knuckled. Finally they let go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALLOU
(cont'd)
You there, college boy--

OFFICER WHELPIE
Officer Whelpie, sir.

BALLOU
Bring Sergeant Cleary's cartulary
inside.

They start toward the station. Nelson has a bad limp in his right leg; he relies heavily on the cane.

BALLOU
(cont'd)
Division told me your injury was
healed.

NELSON
It is. The cane's for style.

BALLOU
Cussed government. They've got the
money to give inmates nose jobs and
tattoos. Should have had yourself
incarcerated.

NELSON
Should have.

Officer Whelpie, laden with four or five suitcases, struggles up alongside.

OFFICER WHELPIE
Sergeant Cleary, what kind of
lunatic wants to come all the way
out here? You can't even get TV.

Officer Whelpie dumps his load at the door, then holds his hand out as if expecting a tip.

BALLOU
Officer Whelp,

OFFICER WHELPIE
Whelpie, sir.

BALLOU
Go home.

OFFICER WHELPIE
Yes sir.

INT. RCMP STATION

Nelson and Ballou carry Nelson's suitcases inside.

Utilitarian decor. Police radio, snowshoes and a cot. A ladder leads up to the fire watch room above.

BALLOU

The young whelp was right, Nelson.
If you ain't a lunatic yet, you
will be by the time you leave here.

NELSON

I take it you won't miss it, then.

BALLOU

I reckon not! Soon as my week here
with you is over with I'll be in
Mexico, and I'll spend the rest of
my days sipping hot scotch and
smoking in front of the fire.

NELSON

Cursing the government?

BALLOU

Cursing the government. No more
slush and avalanches for me. No
more bears. No more .004 people per
square kilometer.

NELSON

Sounds good to me.

BALLOU

Humph! Sure it does. To a suit and
tie city cop. What did you do down
there in Thunder Bay?

NELSON

Thunder Bay Ontario, customs. Lake
Superior's the new hip route to
smuggle cocaine through.

BALLOU

Customs. Humph.

The radio crackles.

RADIO VOICE

Station four, this is the 83rd.
Ballou, are you out there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALLOU
Yeah, what's up?

RADIO VOICE
North Golconda Mine had two men
killed last night.

Ballou frowns and looks at his watch.

BALLOU
Cussy, it's just lunchtime. Can't
it wait?

RADIO VOICE
Bell's on his way in the chopper
now.

BALLOU
Oh, all right already. I'll handle
it. Out.

Ballou puts the mike down.

NELSON
You mean we'll handle it.

BALLOU
No, it's all right, you're probably
tired, a lot of unpacking...
(points to Nelson's leg)
It's a lot of walking up and down.

NELSON
Hey, I didn't come up here to pick
pretty bouquets.

BALLOU
Okay. Dig out a couple of death
certificates. I've got to bring the
horses in before the chopper gets
here.

NELSON
Where are they?

BALLOU
Grazing. Meadow's just down the
slope.

NELSON
Show me.

EXT. THE MEADOW

Ballou bullishly strides down a rocky slope. Nelson's just behind him, trying his best with the cane to keep up.

BALLOU

The mine's on Laskatuk Indian
Reservation land, so you'll be
meeting the local natives.

NELSON

Good; they'll have a chance to get
to know me.

BALLOU

That's not what I meant.

Ballou comes to a stop. Nelson pulls up alongside.

BALLOU (cont'd)

These Indians ain't like you city
folks, Nelson. They have a whole
different set of values.

NELSON

What are you talking about?

BALLOU

These people have a way of life
that's important to them. They have
certain beliefs, certain
traditions; some of which you're
going to find a little strange.
This job's going ask you to accept
and respect some ideas which you
may have always questioned. Be
aware of that, and be prepared for
it.

NELSON

Save the ghost stories, Ballou. In
the last nine years, I've seen just
about everything there is to see.

BALLOU

Humph. Well, I said it. It's up to
you now.

They step out onto the grassy meadow. TWO BIG HORSES are grazing.

BALLOU (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

Yeah, I went through training too,
hey.

BALLOU

First thing's to establish who's
the boss. Johnnie Walker's mine, he
already knows that. You take Cutty
Sark, he's more your size. Don't
get behind him. If he jerks his
head around, bust him on the nose.

The two men approach their respective animals.

Cutty Sark, Nelson's big fellow, gets the jitters as Nelson
comes closer.

BALLOU (cont'd)

He won't let you near him with that
stick in your hand.

Nelson hides his cane behind his gimp leg.

NELSON

Are we riding them back or leading
them?

BALLOU

It'll be a long day before he lets
you ride him.

Ballou climbs aboard Johnnie Walker and trots over.

BALLOU (cont'd)

Toss me his lead rope. I'll take
him in tow.

Instead, Nelson puts a foot in Cutty Sark's stirrup and
raises himself into the saddle.

BALLOU (cont'd)

You pithecanthropus! You can't ride
that horse.

With a startling blast of noise,

A HELICOPTER

bursts from behind a ridge and buzzes the meadow.

BALLOU (cont'd)

Cussy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sure enough, both horses REAR. Ballou manages to stay on Johnnie Walker, but Cutty Sark looks like a real rodeo champ.

Nelson is THROWN.

Nelson hits the ground hard. Cutty Sark LEAPS AND KICKS savagely right over Nelson. Nelson scrambles for safety but can't find it.

BALLOU (cont'd)
Get away from him!

Ballou slides off of Johnnie Walker and runs to the rescue, waving his arms to scare the wild horse away.

BALLOU (cont'd)
Yah! Yah! Get out of here!

Nelson scoots out of the way and springs to his feet. But rather than escape, he poises himself for a chance to grab the crazily bucking bronco.

BALLOU (cont'd)
What the tarnation kind of a
corrigendum are you?

Nelson DIVES at Cutty Sark, SIEZING him by the front legs. The big horse DROPS LIKE A SANDBAG.

Ballou's jaw does the same.

Nelson gets back to his feet and calmly picks up his cane. He reaches down to Cutty Sark's halter and yanks it up. The big horse stands, but wavers a little drunkenly.

BALLOU (cont'd)
Well I'll be shanghaied.

Ballou takes Johnnie Walker by the reins, but the horse is jerking around so that he can't get on.

BALLOU (cont'd)
All right; come on, you.

Ballou LEADS the spooky horse toward home.

Cutty Sark TROTS BY, with Nelson proudly in the saddle.

BALLOU (cont'd)
Cussy.

EXT. THE SKY - DAY

The helicopter, with RCMP markings, cruises over endless wooded mountains, no civilization in sight.

INT. HELICOPTER

In the back seat, Ballou glares sternly at Nelson. Nelson returns it with a smug grin.

Ballou offers his uncapped flask to Nelson. Nelson takes it, drinks a swig.

Ballou finishes it off and crawls forward.

BALLOU

Bell, I'm dry. You got a shipment for me?

BELL, the RCMP air service pilot, answers without taking his eye from his work.

BELL

Usual place.

Ballou chuckles evilly and goes to the vacant co-pilot seat. He lifts the seat cushion and extracts two full bottles of scotch.

BELL (cont'd)

Never seen a field officer with a bad leg before.

NELSON

Division sent me here to convalesce.

BALLOU

He was in an accident a year ago. You spent how long in the hospital? Seven months?

BELL

What kind of an accident?

NELSON

No big deal. Not worth talking about.

BELL

They wouldn't send you out here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELL (cont'd)
 you behind a desk in Ottawa. You'd
 have had to request this corner of
 the globe.

NELSON
 Always been a mountain man.

Bell shrugs and goes back to his flying.

EXT. NORTH GOLCONDA MINE - DAY

The helicopter comes in for a landing.

One of the half dozen MINERS milling about steps forward.
 This is CURRY, rough, tattooed, no nonsense.

Nelson and Ballou climb out. The three start toward the mine.

BALLOU
 Sergeant Nelson Cleary, this is
 Curry, the mine foreman.

CURRY
 Sergeant.

NELSON
 What happened here?

CURRY
 Looks like we got another man
 eating bear.

Nelson freezes.

CURRY (cont'd)
 Two men. Ike Gillis and we think
 the other one was Darby Inuvik.

BALLOU
 You think?

CURRY
 Ain't much left of him.

BALLOU
 Nelson, were you going to handle
 this or have you already seen
 everything?

Nelson catches up.

NELSON
 Man eating bear?

INT. NORTH GOLCONDA MINE

The three enter the wide corridor, now lit by a string of electric lights.

Immediately, Nelson and Ballou stop. Nelson groans.

BALLOU

This here is hands down the dad-cussedest bouquet I've ever olfactoried.

CURRY

I've got a couple masks if you want them.

BALLOU

I should say!

They put the filter masks on.

NELSON

Does it always smell like this?

CURRY

No, we think that's the bear.

BALLOU

That's some bear.

NELSON

What were the men doing in here?

CURRY

Don't know. They were drilling charges, but not on the lode. In fact we don't even go into this part no more.

INT. NORTH GOLCONDA MINE - FURTHER IN

The scene of the killing. Plenty of lanterns now. The three enter slowly, aghast.

CURRY

That there's Ike Gillis. That, and that too, are from Darby Inuvik.

NELSON

How'd you identify him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURRY

That's his knife there, and that's his boot.

Nelson spots the vertical timber knocked out of perpendicular. There's a big blood smudge on it.

CURRY (cont'd)

Those timbers have to be installed with a ten ton hydraulic jack. Took a heck of a lot to knock it aside like that.

BALLOU

Well, I'll certify their identities. We'll do the paperwork in your office.

NELSON

Without a coroner?

BALLOU

Nelson, they're dead. Trust me.

Nelson continues to examine the remains.

NELSON

Can a bear eat a whole man?

CURRY

I haven't seen it. Four of the guys are checking the rest of the mine, trying to find Darby.

BALLOU

I don't see any blood trails leading out of this mess.

NELSON

There must be one someplace.

All the men search the rock floor.

CURRY

Here.

Everyone crowds in. Nelson gets down with his flashlight and studies the dark red streaks of dried blood.

BALLOU

The bear dragged him back up the way we came.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

No, look closer. Here's where the blood hit the ground. Here, and here. The body was dragged over it, and smeared it out that way.

All eyes follow the direction of Nelson's finger.

CURRY

Now how do you figure that?

The streaks of blood are directed toward the dead bodies.

NELSON

I don't get it.

BALLOU

There's nothing to get. They're dead. I'll fetch Bell in here and have him wrap this fellow up. Curry, I'll meet you in your office.

Ballou exits.

Nelson has his eye on the wall. There's some BROWN STUFF spattered up high, the same that was thrown at Darby Inuvik.

Nelson scrapes some off with his cane. He lifts his filter mask and smells the tip of the cane.

NELSON

What the devil?

Nelson takes out a little plastic bag and scoops some of the brown stuff into it.

CURRY

Hey, Nelson...

NELSON

Yes?

CURRY

I read once that in India, after each monsoon season, one or two tigers will wander down onto the mudflats, and since they can't find anything else, they'll eat off the human bodies that the floods leave. Those tigers are the ones that go into the villages and become maneaters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

So?

CURRY

Well this past winter was pretty hard. Maybe this bear crawled out of his cave and couldn't find his normal food. And, well, now that he's tasted a man...

NELSON

Curry, I want you to call me if your men find anything. I want you to call me if they don't find anything.

CURRY

Will do.

INT. MINE OFFICE

Minimal. A couple metal desks and an electric heater that's probably never been turned off.

Ballou fills out forms. Nelson looks at one file while Curry reads from another.

CURRY

Here's Ike Gillis' next of kin. He's got a mother living in Toronto. Here's her name and address.

BALLOU

Beulah Gillis. I once had a sweetheart named Beulah. She could heft a barrel of sardines like it was nothing.

NELSON

Says here Darby Inuvik's a full blood Laskatuk.

CURRY

That's right. He's still got family living in the village across the lake.

NELSON

You know any of them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURRY

Mulek, Darby's uncle. He's the shaman. Medicine man, whatever you call it.

NELSON

Let's go talk to him.

BALLOU

What do you want to do that for?

NELSON

Curry, you coming with me?

CURRY

Yeah.

BALLOU

Dod-derned city kid. Hold your horses, Nelson, I'm coming.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE

Traditional sod huts of the semi-nomadic subarctic tribes.

The village is nestled among the pine trees at the edge of the lake. Three wheeled ATV's abound. Women carry baskets of laundry.

Curry rides in on a large ATV. Nelson and Ballou ride on the back.

ONE HUT,

more traditional than the rest, is set apart. TOTEM POLES are on either side.

Curry parks in front.

CURRY

Mulek! Mulek, you in there?

BALLOU

(sotto voce to Nelson)
Remember what I told you.

INT. MULEK'S HUT

Curry, Ballou and Nelson push aside the HEAVY FURS which serve as a door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Furs and Indian artifacts line the floor and walls. A small FIRE glows in the center of the big round room.

MULEK is here. Five feet tall, older than anyone's guess. A full blooded Laskatuk Indian, he looks like a cross between an Eskimo and Sitting Bull.

Mulek chants with a soft voice, ignores his guests, and DANCES around the fire.

BALLOU

Mulek! Snap out of it, you old fossil.

CURRY

Hey! Mulek!

NELSON

What's he doing?

BALLOU

Probably working bad medicine on us.

MULEK

No, Fire Breath. I'm exercising.

Ballou frowns. Nelson grins in amusement.

MULEK (cont'd)

Hello, Laughing Mountain. Have you found any gold yet?

CURRY

That's none of your damn--

NELSON

(interrupting)

Mulek, I'm Sergeant Nelson Cleary.

Mulek stops his dance and goes right up to Nelson. He examines him thoroughly. Then:

MULEK

Foot Without Mukluk.

Nelson wrinkles his brow in confusion and looks to the others.

MULEK (cont'd)

How did you hurt your knee?

NELSON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Mulek goes back to his dancing.

NELSON (cont'd)
Mulek, is Darby Inuvik your nephew?

MULEK
Regrettably yes, Foot Without Mukluk. The son of a bitch left the tribe. He worked for Laughing Mountain.

NELSON
Do you have any idea why he may have gone into the mine late last night?

MULEK
Yes.

More dancing.

NELSON
Darby Inuvik was killed by a bear last night.

MULEK
No he wasn't.

BALLOU
Cussed Injun. He was too.

MULEK
Darby Inuvik not killed by a bear. Killed by a windigo.

NELSON
A what?

MULEK
Last month, I read in his face; he would be killed by a windigo. So I started on his burial garment.

Mulek pulls out a long buckskin robe, elaborately decorated.

MULEK (cont'd)
I worked all night to finish it. And then what? The windigo left no body. So what do I do with it?

Nelson and the others exchange confused looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULEK (cont'd)
 You want it? Sell it to a tourist
 maybe? Genuine Laskatuk
 craftsmanship.

NELSON
 When was the last time you saw your
 nephew?

MULEK
 Last month, when I read his face.

Mulek returns to his dance. He resumes chanting, and placidly
 ignores the men.

BALLOU
 Had enough, Nelson?

NELSON
 Curry, how did he find out?

CURRY
 It beats me. Nobody's been down
 here to spread the word but us.

Nelson looks back at Mulek. He listens to the eerie chant.

NELSON
 What's this "windigo" he's talking
 about?

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE

The men emerge from Mulek's sod hut. Ballou points up at one
 of the totem poles.

BALLOU
 That's a windigo.

Near the top is a grotesque carved face. The features are
 vaguely humanlike, but the mouth and jaw protrude far out,
 and the brow is exaggerated.

CURRY
 Craziest looking bear I've ever
 seen.

NELSON
 What does "windigo" mean?

BALLOU
 A windigo is one of their manitous.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALLOU (cont'd)
mountains. They stand nine meters tall. They live in the clouds. And whenever they feel like it, they come down, knock over a few trees, catch the first Indian they see and turn him into a cannibal. The Indian goes loco, tries to kill his friends, steals their squaws and what not, then gradually gets changed into a windigo himself. Then he's off to the clouds, and that's the last anyone ever sees of him.

Nelson and Curry stare at the compelling carved face.

NELSON

Okay.

BALLOU

It's a lot of compendium, if you ask me. Get us out of here, Curry; we've got work to do.

They all climb aboard the ATV. Curry REVS it and they're off.

Nelson stares back at the windigo.

EXT. RCMP STATION - DAY

Bell sets the helicopter down on the dirt lot.

Nelson and Ballou climb out the side door. Ballou has his bottles of scotch.

A BODY BAG is inside the helicopter.

NELSON

Get this man to Yellowknife and put him on ice fast.

Nelson slams the door. Bell TAKES OFF.

BALLOU

Forensics. They're going to slice him, dice him, ice him and spice him, then startle us with the revelation that he got ate by a bear.

NELSON

Gather all the information you can, Sergeant Ballou. You never know

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALLOU

Well here's some information for you. I don't think you city cops know as much as a phlogopite.

INT. RCMP STATION - NIGHT

Nelson's alone now. His suitcase is open on the cot.

Nelson hangs up a couple shirts in a tiny closet, then limps back to the suitcase.

He tosses a few odds and ends out with his right hand and catches them with his left.

Then he stops.

He has uncovered a FRAMED PICTURE. He pauses for a moment, then takes it out.

It's a portrait of Nelson with a very pretty YOUNG LADY.

Nelson sits on the cot, smiling broadly, never taking his eyes off the picture.

After a moment, his smile begins to FADE. Ever so gradually, his face grows longer and sadder.

Nelson looks around. The snowshoes. The radio. Suitcases.

Sadder then ever, Nelson stands up, and reluctantly sets the picture down. Carefully. Meticulously.

A SIGH, then he returns to his open suitcase. He looks down into it, but it holds no interest.

Nelson looks out the WINDOW.

Total blackness.

Nelson reaches into the suitcase, but the noise of his rummaging is alarming.

His gaze returns to the shadowy window.

KERBLAM!!

Nelson WHIRLS, hits the floor, his GUN DRAWN and pointed at-Ballou. Ballou's at the foot of the ladder. He reaches down and rubs his ankle.

BALLOU

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nelson quickly puts the gun away before Ballou sees it. He resumes unpacking.

BALLOU (cont'd)
So blessed quiet, I thought you'd
gone to sleep or died.

NELSON
Either one would suit me.

Ballou notices the PICTURE.

Ballou looks at Nelson. Nelson's completely absorbed in his unpacking.

BALLOU
You all right down here?

NELSON
Fine.

BALLOU
You're just so quiet that I--

NELSON
(interrupting)
So what do we do about this bear?

BALLOU
Only thing is to hire a posse and
hunt it down. Indians are the only
people around, and they work cheap.
Only problem is we have to drive
all the way to town to arrange it.
Five dad-cussed hours on the
bumpiest road I ever struck.

NELSON
I'll leave first thing in the
morning.

BALLOU
Keys are in the drawer.

Ballou starts for the ladder. Nelson keeps unpacking.

BALLOU (cont'd)
You have a good night, Nelson.

NELSON
You too, Ballou.

Ballou climbs up the ladder.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Nelson creeps along an endless snake of a dirt road in the pickup.

EXT. TOWN

Mud, pine trees and airplanes. Three or four streets. More ATV's than cars.

Nelson parks the pickup in front of the only nice building in town, marked "ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE, 83rd DETACHMENT."

INT. RCMP FRONT OFFICE

Officer Whelpie stands from his desk as Nelson steps through the front door.

OFFICER WHELPIE
Sergeant Cleary. I told you you
wouldn't be able to stand it up
there.

NELSON
Is the Captain in?

OFFICER WHELPIE
Yes sir.

Nelson pushes open a door in back.

INT. SCHAFFER'S OFFICE

CAPTAIN SCHAFFER, a jumpy-eyed bald man, is at his desk. ANOTHER MAN reclines in a side chair with his feet on the desk.

Nelson enters and takes off his hat.

SCHAFFER
Ah, Sergeant Cleary. Please come
in.

NELSON
Captain Schaffer. I hope I'm not
interrupting anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHAFFER

Not at all, not at all. How are things going for you so far?

NELSON

Well enough. I guess you heard about what happened.

SCHAFFER

Yes, indeed. Ballou and I spoke just a short while ago.

NELSON

Oh, then you know why I'm here.

SCHAFFER

Yes, the paperwork to hire the Indians. Actually, I'm going to turn that matter over to this gentleman. Nelson Cleary, this is Skip Palomino.

SKIP PALOMINO, a yuppie in a designer suit, greased black hair with a trendy little ponytail.

Skip extends his hand without getting up--or taking his feet off the desk.

SKIP

I'm the Tribal Administrator of the Laskatuk Ethnic Nation.

NELSON

You mean you're the Indian chief.

Skip frowns. He doesn't like it put that way.

SKIP

I'm also the government liaison to the Department of Northern and Indian Affairs.

NELSON

Good for you. Schaffer, do I have the men or don't I?

SKIP

I'm afraid the members of the ethnic nation are not available at this time.

Schaffer points to a MAP on the wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHAFFER

Nelson, this is the site for the Glomar Mountain satellite tracking station. The government has made a substantial investment in the construction of this station. It's the only money this region is ever likely to see.

SKIP

All the able-bodied men have been contracted to work toward the completion of the station by the first of the month.

NELSON

It'll only take a couple of days to find the bear.

SKIP

In those couple of days, the chairman of the Senate subcommittee on northern development is coming up here to check on our progress.

NELSON

Schaffer, I'm sure you can speak for the department. Approve six men and pay for twelve. Skip here'll go along with that for two days.

SKIP

Sergeant Cleary, I busted my butt for that contract and it's going to take a lot more than a crazy bear to breach it.

NELSON

That "crazy bear" just ate one of your Indians.

SKIP

Darby Inuvik was not a member of the band. He enfranchised his rights four years ago.

NELSON

Ah! Well not to worry, then.

SCHAFFER

Nelson, I'm afraid you and Ballou are going to be on your own for

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

I'm entitled to deputize a hunting party if I deem it necessary, Captain, and the Indians are the only people within 200 kilometers.

SCHAFFER

The University of Manitoba operates a research station here in town. They've helped us out before. Here's the gal's card; see what she can do for you.

Nelson takes it, pockets it. He stands there a moment.

NELSON

Captain, I want my record to reflect my disapproval of the way you brown nose this guy.

SCHAFFER

(bitterly)
It shall.

INT. RCMP FRONT OFFICE

Nelson cruises straight out.

OFFICER WHELPIE

Right on.

NELSON

Thanks.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

The local wildlife museum. 25 KIDS are being given a tour. Their guide is Doctor ALISA GARROS, thirtyish, pretty PhD spinster type.

She takes one of a long row of enormous plaster FOOTPRINT CASTS.

ALISA

This one comes from Bluff Creek, Oregon. It's seventeen and one half inches long, and almost nine inches wide.

Nelson mills about the back of the room, waiting for her to finish. He stifles a laugh at the ridiculous cast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA (cont'd)

This one's from southern BC. It was from a trail that ran for almost seven miles before it disappeared into a lake.

Nelson notices an Indian totem pole. The WINDIGO is featured again.

Alisa leads the mesmerized kids over to a glass display case.

ALISA (cont'd)

Now everyone look real close. That's what a Bigfoot's fur looks like. It's most similar to gorilla fur, only it's much stiffer.

Alisa catches Nelson smiling. He wipes it off fast and turns away.

He's facing a massive wooden Bigfoot statue, seven feet tall. He's startled, and looks up at the stocky monkey face.

ALISA (cont'd)

Does anyone have any questions?

The kids don't. They're all staring, with TREMBLING LIPS, at a life size blowup of a frame from the Roger Patterson film showing a Bigfoot crossing a meadow.

ALISA (cont'd)

All right, then. You all get a bumper sticker. And have a nice flight home.

Alisa passes out bumper stickers that say "I (heart) BIGFOOT." Each kid THANKS her and says goodbye.

The last of the kids leave, and Nelson and Alisa are alone.

Alisa comes up behind Nelson, who's still facing the wooden statue.

ALISA (cont'd)

Magnificent, isn't he?

NELSON

Oh. Yeah, I guess so.

ALISA

Fellow down in California carved him from the trunk of a giant redwood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

Good for him. I'm Nelson Cleary.

ALISA

Alisa Garros. You don't believe in Bigfoot, do you?

NELSON

Should I?

ALISA

Kids'll love you if you do.

NELSON

I don't have any kids.

ALISA

Everyone loves a good campfire story. Bigfoot's the king of them. We need legends; half our culture's based on them.

NELSON

Well, I'm afraid I've got some boring reality for you. A bear killed a couple of men two nights ago. Cut and dried case except that I found this six feet up on the wall.

He gives her the plastic bag full of brown stuff. She examines it, opens and SMELLS it.

ALISA

Whew!

NELSON

You're not kidding. Probably about what your "Bigfoot" would smell like.

ALISA

I don't think so. You see those footprints I was showing the kids?

NELSON

Yeah.

ALISA

My niece made them when she was ten. You see that fur?

NELSON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

My malamute shed that last summer.
That picture there? One of my
students from the University
wearing a rented suit. Get the
picture?

NELSON

Can you tell me what kind of bear
it's from?

ALISA

I can tell you exactly what it's
from. Come on into the lab.

INT. ALISA'S LAB

The back room of the museum. EXHIBITS being prepared. SMALL ANIMALS in cages, a BADGER with its leg in a cast.

Alisa smears some of Nelson's stuff onto a glass slide and fits it into a microscope.

ALISA

Interesting.

NELSON

What?

ALISA

This sample has a higher percentage
of meat fiber than I've seen
before. But it's definitely what I
thought it was.

NELSON

What's that?

ALISA

Gigantopithecus Americanus.

Alisa rifles through a cupboard and finds a glass vial full of brown powder.

ALISA (cont'd)

This got thrown at me one spring. I
powdered it for spectral analysis
and extracted some amino acids.

NELSON

Thrown at you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

It's the feces of an omnivorous primate with A positive blood and pairs of chromosomes. Humans have 23.

NELSON

What are you talking about, "primate?"

ALISA

Gigantopithecus Americanus. North American Sasquatch.

NELSON

Bigfoot.

ALISA

I told you, Bigfoot's for the tourists. Hey, bears don't throw their feces. And they don't have 23 pairs of chromosomes.

Nelson wavers uncertainly, like he's about to say something rash.

ALISA (cont'd)

Look at this.

She opens a book to a picture of a MONKEY with an absolutely hideous face seated on a box.

ALISA (cont'd)

This is Ameranthropoides Loysi, also called de Loys' Ape. A party of geologists shot this animal in Venezuela in 1920. It's a highly developed spider monkey, only it's five feet two inches tall, half again the size of any known spider monkey. No one had ever seen one before or since.

Nelson looks at the creepy photograph. It's the most frighteningly ugly creature conceivable.

Alisa goes to a wall map.

ALISA (cont'd)

Where did it happen?

NELSON

Here. About a hundred and fifty,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

Hmm. Right along here, along this line, and along this one, I've got forty automatic cameras set up around the watering areas.

NELSON

Automatic cameras?

ALISA

Solar powered lasers. If anything bigger than a squirrel breaks the beam, the camera snaps a picture. We ought to check and see if they caught anything.

NELSON

It's too late to drive back out tonight. I'm staying at the lodge, I'll pick you up at five AM sharp.

ALISA

See you at five.

Nelson exits.

Alisa jumps up and down with excitement and goes back to the microscope.

EXT. RCMP STATION - DAY

Nelson and Alisa are MOUNTED on Cutty Sark and Johnnie Walker. Both horses' packs are loaded.

BALLOU

Don't forget to check in. Because if you get lost, you stay lost; I ain't staying up here no longer than I has to.

NELSON

Have a nice day, Sergeant.

Nelson kicks Cutty Sark. He and Alisa are off.

ALISA

Keep the stove warm.

BALLOU

City kids...going to get lost...not going to break my back... Cussy!

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

Nelson and Alisa ride across a spectacular panorama of sweeping meadows, sparkling lakes and countless pines waving under a brilliant cloudless sky.

NELSON
How are we doing?

ALISA
We're getting there.

NELSON
How much further?

Alisa LAUGHS and kicks Johnnie Walker, leaving Nelson in the dust.

NELSON (cont'd)
It's going to be a long day.

Nelson kicks Cutty Sark to catch up.

EXT. THE WOODS - LATER

Nelson and Alisa's horses are now walking.

ALISA
We're looking for a yellow reflector. It'll be nailed to a tree about four feet up the trunk.

NELSON
Yellow reflector.

ALISA
You haven't said much today.

NELSON
Guess not.

ALISA
I'm from Manitoba. Winnipeg.

Nelson nods at this pleasant information.

ALISA (cont'd)
But I like it up here. It's quiet. Nice people. Have you been up here long?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

No.

ALISA

I have. This is my seventh season.
I'm going to stay, as soon as I get
tenure at the university.

They ride on.

ALISA (cont'd)

I really enjoy my work.

NELSON

How come you're not married?

ALISA

Is there something wrong with that?

NELSON

Sorry.

ALISA

I like being alone. I get more work
done. It's a sacrifice I decided to
make.

NELSON

Frigid.

ALISA

What?

NELSON

Is this your reflector?

Nelson dismounts and goes to a yellow REFLECTOR on a tree
trunk.

ALISA

Oh! Great! The camera will be about
twenty yards up that way.

Alisa dismounts and runs up into the trees.

Nelson clandestinely UNZIPS his fly and goes to an adjacent
tree.

ALISA (O.S.) (cont'd)

How very animalistic of you!

Nelson looks. Alisa GIGGLES and runs off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON
A real long day.

EXT. THE WOODS - LATER

A small FROZEN STREAM, deep within a rock cleft.

Nelson and Alisa are on one bank, beside another REFLECTOR fastened to a rock.

ALISA
Go across there and detach the camera from its mount. It's too high for me to reach.

NELSON
Across the ice?

ALISA
And bring it here so I can switch the film.

NELSON
I don't like ice.

ALISA
The ice isn't going to hurt you.

NELSON
I don't like ice.

ALISA
Oh, what a baby.

Alisa brushes by him. Nelson picks his way up the bank with his cane.

ALISA (cont'd)
Some big tough Mountie you are.

EXT. THE WOODS - LATER

It's almost dark now. The air shimmers with the music of CRICKETS.

Alisa removes a big square film cartridge from one of the cameras bolted to a tree. Nelson holds a LANTERN for her.

NELSON
That's a different kind of film from the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

I've got infra-red in some of these. The Sasquatch is usually nocturnal.

NELSON

Do they sleep during the day?

ALISA

Gotta sleep sometime. Some of us think they go into caves. There's a lot of old mines around here too.

NELSON

Mines?

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Nelson and Alisa are both bundled up, down jackets and down sleeping bags.

A loudly hissing propane LANTERN blazes.

Alisa goes through her film cartridges.

Nelson points his PISTOL at the closed tent flap, eyes as big as saucers.

ALISA

Nervous?

NELSON

Why do you ask?

ALISA

Maybe some talk would calm you down.

NELSON

Talk about what?

ALISA

Well I've been blabbering about myself all day. Tell me about you.

NELSON

What do you want to know?

ALISA

Anything. What do you like to do?

NELSON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA
Can't be all you think about.

NELSON
Right now I'm thinking about what's
lumbering around out there. What is
it?

Alisa puts her film down and rests her head on her elbow,
facing Nelson.

ALISA
It's gentle. It's vulnerable.

NELSON
What it did to those two men wasn't
gentle.

ALISA
It's strong too. It takes what it
needs to survive.

Small comfort to Nelson. He keeps his grip on his gun.

Alisa gently rests her hand on Nelson's sleeping bag.

ALISA (cont'd)
And it's stable. Dependable. I can
rely on its patterns.

NELSON
You know what I think?

ALISA
What?

NELSON
I think you've been alone in the
mountains too long, and you've
turned into a big petri dish of
unsatisfied female hormones.

ALISA
I think you're right.

And she makes her move on Nelson. He recoils like a snake.

NELSON
No, Alisa, please don't.

She pulls away quick as lightning, pretending to laugh at
herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

Oh, I'm sorry. Just being silly old
me. Really, I'm sorry.

NELSON

It's okay, forget it.

Nelson closes the valve on the lantern. As the light FADES:

ALISA

I'm sorry.

EXT. TENT - LATER

The horses sleep standing up beside the darkened tent.

Some brush is parted. We hear the slow, cavernous BREATHING
of a very large animal.

INT. TENT

Blue moonlight ILLUMINATES the tent fabric. The black,
indiscernible forms of Nelson and Alisa lay asleep.

A horse WHINNIES outside.

Some SCUFFLING. The horses SNORT angrily.

NELSON

springs to a sitting position. He
COCKS his pistol.

More WHINNIES, a rope SNAPS, and eight running hooves go
THUNDERING away into the night.

Nelson jiggles Alisa.

NELSON (cont'd)

(whispering)

Alisa.

ALISA

What is it?

NELSON

The horses just ran off.

They listen in shocked SILENCE. Neither heart beats for what
seems an eternity.

AN ANIMAL GRUNT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

startles them both. Alisa grabs Nelson.

Something brushes one of the tent ropes, causing the fabric to STRETCH momentarily.

Nelson and Alisa hold their breath. Nelson changes his grip on the pistol.

A SHADOW

big and formless, passes across the moonlit fabric.

Nelson's jaw TREMBLES. He's furious with terror. Alisa squeezes TIGHTER.

A FEROCIOUS ROAR!!

as something GRABS the top corner of the tent and PULLS it down! Alisa SCREAMS.

Nelson and Alisa TUMBLE as the tent is DRAGGED!

Nelson FIRES the gun.

He FIRES again, and AGAIN, blindly through the collapsed fabric. A BESTIAL HOWL OF AGONY

and the tent is left alone.

Nelson FIRES his last three shots in the direction of the howling.

Something heavy THUDS to the ground. Silence.

Nelson and Alisa are FROZEN. More silence.

ALISA
Go out and check.

Nelson takes his first breath in minutes. He looks at her like she's from Mars.

She finds the LANTERN and offers it to him.

Nelson RELOADS his gun and takes the lantern.

He crawls to the tent flap, and finds the ZIPPER.

He looks back for encouragement. Alisa CRINGES in the back corner of the tent.

EXT. THE WOODS - TENT

The tent is half collapsed.

The flap is UNZIPPED about two inches, and Nelson's EYE appears. The coast is clear. Nelson UNZIPS more of the flap, then sets the lantern on the dirt.

He turns it on.

A MASSIVE, BROWN FURRY FORM

lies still about five meters away.

Nelson points his gun at the FORM and cautiously advances in his socks.

Closer and closer...

Alisa peeks out of the tent.

NELSON

It's a damn bear.

Alisa steps out, also in her socks. She comes to his side and looks down at the massive beast.

ALISA

It's a grizzly. A big grizzly.

Nelson holds the lantern closer to the bear's head. One BULLET got it right between the eyes.

ALISA (cont'd)

Lucky shot. You know you're not supposed to use a pistol on a grizzly. It just makes him mad.

NELSON

It's a bear. I got the bear.

Nelson lets out a giant SIGH of relief and sits down on the ground.

NELSON (cont'd)

I got the bear.

EXT. THE WOODS - TENT - DAY

The morning sun blazes. Birds sing abundantly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She FREEZES at what she sees.

ALISA
Nelson.

Some rummaging inside the tent, then Nelson peeks out.

The bear is GONE. A pool of blood remains.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

Nelson and Alisa ride the horses along. Both keep a watchful eye on the dark trees around them.

Johnnie Walker, Alisa's horse, tosses its head and SNORTS.

ALISA
Hey. Calm down.

Both horses STOP. Nelson kicks Cutty Sark, but he won't budge an inch.

Nelson looks up ahead. There, in their path, is a dark BLOB. Nelson dismounts.

Nelson checks to make sure his pistol's loaded and walks forward.

THE BEAR

lays dead. It is beaten, ripped and mutilated. Its back and neck are stretched and twisted hideously.

Its haunches have been eaten.

Nelson kneels beside the bear to examine it. Alisa comes up and gets down beside him.

THE BULLET HOLE

is right between the bear's eyes. It's the same bear all right.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

Nelson opens the door for Skip to enter. He closes it and locks it behind them.

SKIP
So I take it you've finished
insulting me personally and are now

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

I'm going to show you exactly why you're going to give me the men I need.

Skip stops in front of the great Bigfoot statue.

SKIP

Look at this.

Nelson stops.

SKIP (cont'd)

I've bet my last chip on the Glomar Mountain project. If the Senator were to see this, all that would go right down the toilet.

NELSON

Why?

SKIP

I'm trying to do something for the Laskatuks. They're capable, intelligent people like you and me; not a pack of heathens who worship ridiculous forest gods.

NELSON

I don't think the Senator's going to hold their culture against them.

SKIP

You can't be a functioning member of society wearing a feather headdress.

Skip comes to the many rows of plaster footprints.

SKIP (cont'd)

I hope the Senator doesn't see this.

INT. ALISA'S LAB

Nelson leads Skip in.

NELSON

You're going to be a lot less concerned with the Senator when you see our pictures.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP

I've seen bears before, Mr. Cleary.

NELSON

I told you, this thing eats bears.
It dragged half a ton of grizzly
more than three kilometers.

SKIP

The bear you shot regained
consciousness and crawled away.
Finally ran out of strength, laid
down and died. Hunters will tell
you it happens all the time.

NELSON

Uh-huh.

Nelson KNOCKS on a closed door.

ALISA (O.S.)

You can come in now.

INT. DARKROOM

Bathed in red light, Alisa swishes the liquid in several
photographic chemical trays. A dozen developed pictures hang
drying on a line.

Nelson and Skip enter.

NELSON

Dr. Garros, Skip Palomino.

SKIP

What have you got to show me,
Doctor?

ALISA

Nine caribou, a moose, four wolves
and a falling pine bough.

NELSON

That's all?

ALISA

Not quite. I haven't gotten to the
last roll yet.

SKIP

What's this one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Skip points to one of the large glossies, still immersed in the chemical.

Not fully developed, it shows a shadowy humanoid FIGURE.

ALISA

Wow.

NELSON

Is that it?

Alisa ROCKS the tray to aid the chemical process. The dark figure becomes more distinct.

NELSON (cont'd)

What is it?

Skip watches the emerging image with a serious and concerned look. Alisa finally stops rocking the tray and steps back.

ALISA

It's appearing.

Skip reaches in and PULLS OUT the picture. He holds it up and stares with fascination as the chemicals drip to the floor.

SKIP

It's definitely a lower form of life.

Skip turns the picture for the others to see.

The photograph shows Nelson relieving himself against the tree trunk.

Skip LAUGHS.

Nelson grabs the picture and TEARS it in half, DASHES it to the floor.

ALISA

The Sasquatch is a real animal, Gigantopithecus--

SKIP

He's a real animal, all right!

ALISA

--Gigantopithecus Americanus. It's just an unclassified species of great ape.

SKIP

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nelson YANKS the other pictures off the line.

NELSON

Drop it, Alisa. He's not going to listen.

ALISA

Nobody used to believe in mountain gorillas either.

SKIP

Listen, Mr. Cleary. Senator Valleau flies in tomorrow. Schaffer's detailed you and Ballou to accompany us.

NELSON

I'm sorry, I don't have time.

SKIP

He's also agreed to instruct you not to wear your sidearms.

NELSON

So the Senator will see what a quaint and harmless little corner of the world we've got here.

ALISA

Skip, this is not a joke.

SKIP

No, but the two of you are, and I don't want the Senator to get the punchline. Good day, Dr. Garros.

Skip exits.

Nelson THROWS the dark curtains shut behind him.

NELSON

One chance. We had one chance,
and now we look like we should be modeling strait jackets.

EXT. TOWN

Skip sits in the passenger seat of Nelson's truck as Nelson comes out of the museum. Nelson gets in.

Skip's doing something on his beeping CALCULATOR WATCH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

What kind of an Indian are you?

SKIP

I'm a Laskatuk ethnic.

NELSON

I'm sure the Senator will get a
kick out of that.

INT. FLOATPLANE - DAY

Skip and Senator JACK VALLEAU sit in the two middle seats of a small 6-place floatplane.

Skip's wearing a ridiculous BUCKSKIN BLAZER with long fringes down the sleeves.

The Senator is an older black man, very sharp and professional. He perpetually carries a leather bound notepad.

Skip points out Valleau's window, the leather fringes getting in the Senator's way.

SKIP

That peak there is the Glomar
Mountain station. You can see the
building.

Nelson and Ballou are squeezed next to each other in the back seat. Ballou ROLLS his eyes.

EXT. TRACKING STATION

The airplane swings around and its landing gear extend downward from its float pontoons.

The plane touches down on a very rough strip carved into the top of a ridge.

INT. FLOATPLANE

Everyone is thrown around violently as the plane rumbles over the bumpy ground.

SKIP

Whoa!

Skip LAUGHS as if it's a carnival ride.

EXT. TRACKING STATION - CLEARING

The plane turns around at the end of the strip and taxis back.

Below a massive pinnacle at the peak of the mountain, there is a flat CLEARING. A small single story building is under construction; a couple dozen LASKATUK INDIANS tack on the exterior plywood.

ZACHARY WHITEHORSE, a large husky Laskatuk with a long ponytail and a construction toolbelt, watches the plane taxi over.

Zachary pulls off his heavy work gloves as he strolls down to meet the plane.

Skip, Valleau, Nelson and Ballou all pile out.

BALLOU

A man could freeze to death up here.

SKIP

Actually, Senator, the climate's not much different than it is in Ottawa.

BALLOU

(sotto voce to Nelson)

Why doesn't he tell him to get us some decent uniforms?

Ballou yanks the brim of his inadequate Mountie hat down and folds his arms against the chill.

Zachary approaches.

SKIP

Ah. Senator Valleau, this is Zachary Whitehorse, project manager.

BALLOU

Now that's a hat!

Ballou points to Zachary's fat, fluffy, long flapped fur hat.

BALLOU (cont'd)

What is that, a fox?

CONTINUED:

ZACHARY

Arctic Hare. My son shot it last winter. My wife skinned it--

SKIP

(interrupting quick)

Zachary, why don't you take us on a tour of the facilities.

The Senator writes in his notebook as Zachary leads he and Skip away.

BALLOU

I'm going shoot me a rabbit when we get home, and make me a hat like that.

NELSON

If we get home. I don't like being out here unarmed.

BALLOU

If I see anything furry and bigger than a cat, you can find me at the top of that tree yonder.

NELSON

Why don't you stick with the group; I'll scout around the edge of the clearing and keep a lookout.

BALLOU

Right.

EXT. TREES BELOW THE STATION - POV

Through the dark net of pine boughs, Nelson is visible picking his way along the edge above.

The pine boughs RUSTLE. Loud BREATHING, deep and slow, like an elephant with pneumonia.

Nelson pauses, looks around. Keeps going.

EXT. TRACKING STATION - CLEARING

A BULLDOZER gouges the earth as Zachary, Skip, Valteau and Ballou watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACHARY

Once we got the road cut, we made this clearing so the trucks could unload the lumber.

SKIP

Two of Mr. Whitehorse's crew are qualified technicians who maintain the bulldozer and other equipment.

ZACHARY

Yeah, darn thing started smoking so a couple guys figured out how to change the oil.

Ballou ROLLS his eyes.

Valleau makes a notation in his book.

A MASSIVE SATELLITE DISH

Thirty feet high stands poised and ready to scan the heavens.

VALLEAU

Ah, there's the dish we provided you.

SKIP

It's the key element, all right. A quarter of million dollars. It's worth the rest of the territory put together.

ZACHARY

Yeah, we try not to hit it with the bulldozer.

The Senator looks SHOCKED.

Skip quickly LAUGHS, and turns to the Senator who joins in.

Zachary wonders what they're laughing about.

EXT. TRACKING STATION - BUILDING

Nelson pokes around behind the building. He passes the last of the construction workers.

From behind a further corner of the building, a DOG commences BARKING. Urgent barking. Serious barking.

Nelson listens a moment, then heads that way.

EXT. TRACKING STATION - CLEARING

Ballou also hears the DOG.

ZACHARY

Senator, I think all of us truly appreciate this opportunity you've given us. Especially the money; it's been hard for any of us to find decent salaries out here.

VALLEAU

But, Mr. Whitehorse, the money's not coming from us; it's coming from--

SKIP

(quickly interrupting)
Zachary, why don't we take the Senator inside now?

ZACHARY

All right. This way, sir.

Ballou goes off in the direction of the barking.

SKIP

Excuse me.

Skip follows Ballou.

EXT. TRACKING STATION - BUILDING

Nelson approaches the corner, behind which the dog is now barking and GROWLING fiercely.

The dog YELPS. A CRUNCH. Then SILENCE.

Nelson gulps. He heads for the corner as fast as his cane will carry him.

AROUND THE CORNER

There's a LEASH, tied to the building but BROKEN in the middle. No dog.

Nelson LOOKS to the trees below.

A branch WAVES. A dark brown MASS flits behind cover. The sound of running FEET crunching through undergrowth.

EXT. TREES BELOW TRACKING STATION

Nelson STUMBLES down the steep slope at his top speed.

His bad leg COLLAPSES. Nelson FALLS. Tumbles down the mountain. The world SPINS.

Nelson hits a tree hard and stops. Shakes his head.

BELOW

some brush quivers as if something just ran through it.

NELSON

plants his cane and starts downhill again.

He runs as fast as he can. HOPS on one leg to save the bad one. Whatever will work.

STOPS, breathing hard. Where did it go?

EXT. TRACKING STATION - BUILDING

Ballou, truncheon in hand, starts down the slope after Nelson.

SKIP

picks up the broken leash and examines it.

SKIP

Come back here, Ballou!

Skip goes after him.

EXT. TREES BELOW TRACKING STATION

Ballou slips and slides down the hill, calling:

BALLOU

Nelson?

Skip is right behind, nearly losing it in his city shoes.

FURTHER DOWN

BALLOU (cont'd)

Nelson!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON (O.S.)

Over here.

Ballou and Skip head for Nelson's voice.

EXT. BROOK

Nelson is knelt down beside a shimmering stream. He stares at the ground.

BALLOU and SKIP

appear from the trees above. They crash through the growth and come in close.

NELSON

Look at it.

A FOOTPRINT

in the mud, half a meter long and half as wide. So fresh that water is still filling it up.

NELSON (cont'd)

I saw it. I followed it right through here.

Ballou kneels down.

BALLOU

If that don't dod-dern you and dad-blast you all at the same time.

NELSON

We've got to preserve it. Get it to Alisa.

SKIP

Damn it, Nelson.

Skip reaches out his LEG. Before anyone can stop him, he buries his foot in the mud and WIPES OUT the print.

NELSON

No!

Nelson shoves him out of the way, but it's too late. The footprint is gone.

SKIP

What do you think would happen if the Senator saw that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nelson GOES for him. They wrestle.

Ballou GRABS both of them and WRENCHES them apart with brawny arms; SHAKES them both like rag dolls.

BALLOU
Knock it off, both of you!

Nelson angrily shoves Skip and Ballou away. He collects his cane and starts downhill again.

BALLOU (cont'd)
Let's get out of here Nelson,
before that thing sticks you on a
toothpick with an olive.

Skip straightens his jacket.

SKIP
(scornfully)
Forest gods.

Skip starts uphill.

BALLOU
Come on, Nelson. Forget Skip.

Nelson pauses. Sits down on a log. Looks into the trees after his adversary.

BALLOU (cont'd)
Come on, pal.

INT. FLOATPLANE - DAY

Skip and Nelson's gazes are locked in mortal combat. Senator Vallean notices and writes it down in his notebook.

SKIP
Senator, right below us is the
Pelly Glacier.

BELOW

A titanic river of solid ice cuts through the mountains and promptly ends at a partially frozen lake.

SKIP (cont'd)
That lake feeds the Pelly River,
which is suitable for hydroelectric
power. Enough for the whole region.

EXT. SKY ABOVE PELLY GLACIER

The floatplane flies low, and a massive wedge of ice comes loose from the glacier.

It CRASHES into the frozen lake, forming a plume of spray a hundred feet high.

INT. FLOATPLANE

Everyone reacts with excitement to the spectacle.

SKIP

The noise of our plane's engine's
enough to calve the glacier.

That said, Skip's eyes meet Nelson's again, and the mortal combat resumes.

INT. MULEK'S HUT - DAY

THE FACE OF A WINDIGO

smooth, brown, rimmed with thick fur. DANCING crazily. DRUMS throb.

Laskatuk women and children sit on the floor all around Mulek's hut, banging on the ancient instruments, while the frightening figure cavorts in the center.

Skinny human legs protrude from beneath the fur. The face is expertly carved from wood with a wide, protruding mouth, flat nose, sharply sloping forehead.

The ceremony builds to a crescendo and then suddenly goes silent.

The NOISE of the floatplane's engine intrudes. The windigo figure looks around at the ceiling.

MULEK

(inside the suit)

Foot Without Mukluk approaches.

EXT. NORTH GOLCONDA MINE

The floatplane comes in low over the water. Its pontoons skim the surface, creating great tails of spray.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The plane taxis over to a floatplane dock by the mine and moors.

CURRY

walks down to the dock as Skip, Valleau, Nelson and Ballou climb out.

CURRY

Skip, you've got to have a word with your damned Indians.

SKIP

Ah, Mr. Curry, this is Senator Jack Valleau, chairman of the Senate subcommittee on northern development.

CURRY

Oh! Pleased to meet you, sir. Indians are doing great.

Curry extends his hand, but Valleau goes to his notebook instead.

Valleau goes up the dock with Nelson and Ballou. Skip pulls Curry aside.

SKIP

What's the problem?

CURRY

It's our laundry, Skip. They've had it all week long, my men've got nothing to wear in the mine.

SKIP

Why won't they do your laundry?

CURRY

Too many for me. Something about they're afraid to go to the river.

SKIP

I'll take care of it.

Valleau and the others look back, waiting for Skip.

SKIP (cont'd)

Senator, Mr. Curry's going to show you the mine's facilities here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURRY

Yes sir, Mr. Senator, that's our outhouse right there, sir.

Curry and Valleau go off toward the mine.

SKIP

Mr. Ballou, will you give me a ride over to the camp, please?

NELSON

I'll go with you, Skip.

SKIP

I'll take Mr. Ballou, thank you, Mr. Cleary.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

Ballou drives an ATV. Skip rides on the back.

Ballou spots a MUD PUDDLE up ahead. He makes imperceptible adjustments to his course to head for it.

The mud SPLATTERS all over Ballou's knee-high boots and Skip's designer slacks. Skip SHOUTS.

Ballou drives on, apparently unaware that anything has happened.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE

A couple of elaborately feathered ceremonial ARROWS are stuck straight into the ground, barring the road into the village.

Ballou stops the ATV.

SKIP

What are you stopping for?

Ballou gets off. A giant RING of arrows completely encircles the village.

BALLOU

They've protected the village with a taboo. We're not supposed to go in.

SKIP

Oh, for Pete's sake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Skip gets off, promptly pulls up the arrows and tosses them aside.

BALLOU
Taboos are very important to these people, Skip.

SKIP
Grow up, Ballou. You're as bad as Mulek.

They get back on the ATV and ride into the village.

SKIP (cont'd)
Where is everyone?

BALLOU
Looks like they're all inside.

Ballou pulls up to Mulek's hut, with its totem poles.

Mulek steps outside, still wearing the windigo costume. Skip goes to him and whips the mask off.

SKIP
Mulek! What is going on around here?

Mulek waves to Ballou.

MULEK
Hello, Fire Breath.

BALLOU
Hello, Mulek.

SKIP
Take this thing off.

Skip rips and peels the various parts of Mulek's costume off and dashes them to the ground.

Some of the women and children peer out of Mulek's hut.

SKIP (cont'd)
A fine lot you are. I want everyone to go back to their own hut!

The Indians reluctantly disperse. One woman carries an old carbine. Skip grabs it away.

SKIP (cont'd)
Guns? You're carrying guns around?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULEK

The windigo.

SKIP

I'll give you windigo! You women take the laundry down to the river and start washing it. And you, Mulek...

Skip pulls the last of Mulek's costume off and shoves him toward the hut.

MULEK

Thank you. You help end the ceremony.

SKIP

You go inside, and stay inside! With the door closed. Don't make any more taboos, don't dance, and don't cast any spells on the Senator when he comes.

Skip turns back toward the ATV.

Mulek points his arms at Skip and starts a MEDICINE CHANT.

SKIP (cont'd)

Go inside, Mulek!

MULEK

Chief Dropping Horse, do you know what the next moon brings for you?

SKIP

What?

Mulek LAUGHS. Skip storms away, and Ballou saunters over to Mulek.

BALLOU

"Chief Dropping Horse?" What does that mean?

MULEK

You just put it backwards.

Mulek RASPS out a laugh. Ballou joins him.

EXT. NORTH GOLCONDA MINE

Nelson and Curry wait outside a portable bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

Curry, I could use five or six of your men for a couple days.

CURRY

I already asked Palomino. He said no.

NELSON

Why does it matter what he says?

CURRY

We're on reservation land. He holds my pink slip. And part of the contract is that he gets final approval on anything.

NELSON

Two of your men are dead already.

CURRY

He said he'd throw me off the land, Nelson! Shooting the damn monster ain't gonna bring Ike and Darby back anyway.

The door to the bathroom OPENS and Senator Valleau steps out, fastening his trousers.

VALLEAU

I feel better in one way, but not well at all in another.

CURRY

A few minutes in the fresh air'll clear your head.

NELSON

Excuse me, Senator. Curry, I'm going to tomahawk some sense into someone.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE

Nelson rides in on an ATV. Ballou walks by with an armload of LAUNDRY.

NELSON

I don't believe it. You don't even do your own laundry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALLOU

He just sent all the women out to the river. Thought I'd go down and keep an eye on them.

NELSON

Where is he?

SKIP (O.S.)

And speak English, will you?

Skip comes out of a hut, pretty upset.

NELSON

Skip, you and I are going to talk, and we're not going to stop until I have some men to go after that animal.

SKIP

Later, Mr. Cleary.

Nelson grabs Skip with one hand and roughly SLAMS him against a tree.

CHEERS from the Indians in the vicinity.

SKIP (cont'd)

Who do you think you are?

NELSON

I'm the cavalry, Skip, and I'm breaking your treaty.

SKIP

I told you before, I'm acting in the tribe's best interest.

NELSON

They're best served how? As hors d'ouveres?

SKIP

They're not just cattle, Nelson. They're human beings. They deserve your respect, and they deserve a decent chance at life.

NELSON

So you've given them fine productive careers as launderers and construction workers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKIP

It's not what they're doing that's important, it's the way they're being paid.

NELSON

How?

SKIP

I've enfranchised the tribe, Mr. Cleary.

BALLOU

You better not have.

NELSON

What does it mean?

BALLOU

It means they all give up their band rights as Laskatuk Indians. They receive their share of any funds due the band, and become ordinary citizens.

NELSON

What funds?

SKIP

I'm selling the reservation.

NELSON

To who?

SKIP

The government. It'll become a national park. Commerce will move in, and the Laskatuks will have as big a piece of it as they want.

Nelson and Ballou are silent. Shocked by this tragic news.

NELSON

You know damn well there's a Sasquatch running around, don't you?

SKIP

It's a legend, Nelson. I need it to remain a legend.

Curry and Valleau ride up on an ATV. Valleau dismounts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VALLEAU

Mr. Palomino, two men were just killed here by a wild animal. Are you gentlemen hiding anything from me?

Nelson and Ballou exchange smirks.

NELSON

Tell him it's just a legend, Skip.

SKIP

It's no problem, Senator. I've already arranged for six of our hunters to assist the Mounted Police tomorrow morning. This happens every once in a while, but we can usually lick it without any trouble.

Nelson and Ballou look surprised. Ballou shakes a fist victoriously.

VALLEAU

Six men. Will that interfere with the construction of the tracking station?

SKIP

No sir. We're days ahead of schedule.

VALLEAU

I hope so, Mr. Palomino. I don't appreciate dishonesty.

Valleau gets back on the ATV. Nelson gives Curry the thumbs up; they drive away.

NELSON

So you're giving me the men after all.

SKIP

You heard me, didn't you?

Skip walks away.

INT. ALISA'S LAB - DAY

Alisa sits at her desk, looking at slides under a microscope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

pokes his head in the door.

NELSON

Hey!

Alisa SHRIEKS, the microscope topples. Nelson runs in, ignoring the accident.

NELSON (cont'd)

I saw it, Alisa.

ALISA

What? Where?

NELSON

There, at the Glomar Mountain site.

Nelson points to it on the map. Alisa laughs out loud for joy.

ALISA

I told you! You didn't believe me, but I told you so.

NELSON

What do you mean? Of course I believed you.

ALISA

Say it. Say I was right, and you were wrong.

NELSON

You were right and I was wrong.

ALISA

I knew it!

She's so happy she HUGS him. Nelson pushes her away.

NELSON

All right, calm down. Here's what we're going to do.

ALISA

I'm sorry. But I did tell you so.

NELSON

You say it sleeps in the old mines during the day. Skip's given us the men we'll need to go in there, trap it and shoot it while it's asleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

That won't work. It'll just wake him up and make him angry. I have something better.

She takes an aluminum case down and opens it to reveal a TRANQUILIZER GUN with an array of darts and syringes.

ALISA (cont'd)

Bullets might not stop it. But this will.

NELSON

What do you use?

ALISA

Succinylcholine iodide. It's a chemical restraint for large mammals. It's the fastest way to take it down.

NELSON

Okay. Where are the mines you're talking about?

ALISA

Here, and here. Just about ten kilometers north of your station.

NELSON

We'll take the horses.

ALISA

No, it's not walkable. Canyons and gulleys. All bare rock.

NELSON

I'll get on the horn to Bell, have him meet us with the chopper. He can fit at least some of us.

INT. PICKUP - NIGHT

Nelson drives doggedly along the endless dirt road, eyes riveted straight ahead.

Alisa reclines beside him, watching him drive.

ALISA

Hey Nelson.

NELSON

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

How come you're a Mountie?

Nelson SHRUGS.

NELSON

Don't have to be in an office all day.

ALISA

How long are you going to be one?

NELSON

I don't know.

ALISA

Got anything else planned?

NELSON

What is this, the Quiz Parade? Man!

ALISA

It's just interesting: higher animals tend to reject a daily routine.

Nelson shoots her a wry look.

ALISA (cont'd)

Don't be presumptuous. I said higher animals.

Nelson attempts to return his full attention to the road.

ALISA (cont'd)

Based on the behavior patterns of other great apes, the North American Sasquatch would very likely follow a seasonal routine.

NELSON

You mean it gets horny in the spring.

ALISA

It knows what it's doing. It depends upon its anticipated future needs to determine its priorities and activities.

NELSON

So?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

I'm just suggesting that maybe you could learn something from it.

NELSON

Oh, terrific. Now you're giving me a lot of flak because I don't store as many acorns as your majestic Sasquatch. Take a hike!

ALISA

Now there's one quality you do share: bestial aggression.

EXT. RCMP STATION - NIGHT

The lights are all on.

INT. RCMP STATION

Alisa struggles to unfold a cot.

ALISA

How can you guys live like this?

INT. FIRE WATCH ROOM

Upstairs, Nelson and Ballou recline in chairs, their feet up in the giant fire watch windows, enjoying the moonlight and starry view.

ALISA (O.S.)

You're worse than all my brothers put together.

BALLOU

She always this noisy?

NELSON

Talked the whole drive up.

INT. RCMP STATION

Alisa grabs a broom and sweeps with reckless abandon.

ALISA

Look at this! Heaven only knows how long this cockroach has been laying here.

INT. FIRE WATCH ROOM

Alisa's head pokes through the hatch.

ALISA

It's common courtesy, Nelson, to observe rudimentary sanitation when you have a guest.

Nelson stands and places his hands on his hips as if preparing to speak sternly.

ALISA (cont'd)

To defend its territory, Nelsonius Clearius now rises to its full height and extends its appendages to make itself appear larger and more menacing.

Alisa goes back down, closing the hatch lid behind her. Nelson sits back down, blowing out a SIGH.

BALLOU

She wants you, Nelson. If I wasn't so primigenial, I'd go for her myself.

NELSON

Why don't you then?

BALLOU

I've half a mind to. The other half wants its Geritol.

Ballou reaches to a shelf and picks up a stick of wood, two feet long, with the hugest hexagonal nut in the world screwed firmly onto one end.

NELSON

That looks good.

BALLOU

This here is the Blackfoot Bludgeon. My predecessor, Captain Winfield Chisum, used to have to chase away stray Indians with it who came to raid his stores.

Nelson takes it, hefts its significant weight.

BALLOU (cont'd)

Sergeant Cleary, I hereby bequeath

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALLOU (cont'd)
Four. It's all yours, for as long
as you can stand it.

NELSON
May that be a good long while.

BALLOU
Easy to say when you've only been
here a couple days.

NELSON
I'll stay here anyway.

Ballou studies him.

BALLOU
What drove you up here?

NELSON
Bad knee.

BALLOU
Bad lie. I'm not as soporific as I
look. Everyone has something
they're trying to forget.

NELSON
You forget you're on your fourth
scotch.

BALLOU
Who's the gal in the picture?

NELSON
What picture?

BALLOU
The one you hid so Alisa wouldn't
see it.

NELSON
What makes you think I hid it from
her?

BALLOU
I think that secretly, you're
afraid it'd scare her off. Is that
it?

NELSON
Why don't you drop the subject,
hey?

BALLOU

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Both men watch the stars in silence.

BALLOU (cont'd)
Foot Without Mukluk.

NELSON
What?

BALLOU
I didn't say a word.

Nelson and Ballou continue to watch the dazzling sky. Then, at exactly the same time, they cross their legs in exactly the same way.

The blue MOONLIGHT falls on Ballou's face.

BALLOU (cont'd)
Whatever demon you're carrying
around, Nelson, I hope I never meet
him.

EXT. RCMP STATION - DAY

Bell, Nelson, Ballou and Alisa confer beside the idling HELICOPTER.

NELSON
We can't leave until the Indians
get here.

BELL
I don't have the fuel or the time,
Nelson. Chopper's got to be back in
Yellowknife this afternoon. It's
now or never.

BALLOU
You two go ahead. Don't worry about
me; the Indians'll be here any
time.

Nelson looks at Alisa. She NODS. They climb on board.

EXT. WATERFALL CANYON - DAY

A fifty foot CATARACT pours into a great bowl at the head of a deep, narrow canyon.

Nelson and Alisa pick their way along the canyon wall. Alisa wears a full BACKPACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

Here's the first one on the map.

A MINE ENTRANCE

is carved into the granite wall. Alisa takes a pair of GAS MASKS from the pack.

NELSON

What are those for?

ALISA

First, these old mines are often full of carbon dioxide. Second, animal caves are not the nicest smelling places.

NELSON

You've had that experience too?

Alisa pulls the pieces of her TRANQUILIZER GUN from its aluminum case and SNAPS it together.

She stops, looks around. She notices Nelson is also looking up at the canyon walls.

ALISA

Do you feel kind of funny?

NELSON

I'm not sure.

They both continue to search around. Nelson WHIRLS and looks behind him. Nothing.

NELSON (cont'd)

I felt like this yesterday.

ALISA

Let's go inside.

NELSON

Yeah, good idea.

INT. OLD MINE

They enter stealthily. Alisa in front with the gun at the ready, Nelson behind with his cane and a GAS LANTERN in one hand and his PISTOL in the other.

The tunnel is long and straight. Thick TIMBERS support the walls and ceiling, the floor is smooth, undisturbed MUD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

There's no Sasquatch in here.

ALISA

How do you know?

NELSON

Look at the floor. There's no footprints.

ALISA

This mine has one other door, plus a shaft going out the top.

They trudge on.

INT. OLD MINE - CAVERN

The tunnel opens up into a vast CAVERN. The support timbers stand free and support nothing, in a long ghostly row through the center of the cavern. It's as if the tunnel walls dissolved away from the timbers.

The floor is knee-deep WATER.

NELSON

Funny way to build the timbers.

ALISA

The walls look like they're made of shale. Water seepage must've dissolved it away.

They trek onward through the water, the strange timbers and lantern light making the cavern appear almost like a Roman cathedral.

ALISA (cont'd)

They sure didn't find any gold here. A lot of work for nothing.

Alisa stops and takes out a thin WHISTLE.

NELSON

What's that?

ALISA

Dog whistle. If the Sasquatch is in here, he'll hear this.

NELSON

I thought the idea was to catch him

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alisa lifts her gas mask and BLOWS the inaudible whistle.

MILLIONS OF BATS

suddenly swarm from the ceiling! Their SCREECHING is ear piercing. Nelson and Alisa are MOBBED.

NELSON (cont'd)
Run! That way.

They SPLASH through the bat swarm, the lantern swinging CRAZILY.

Slipping, tripping, splashing, shouting.

INT. OLD MINE - DEEPER

Nelson and Alisa CRASH to the ground, breathing as hard as the gas masks will let them.

NELSON
Nice job.

Nelson lifts his mask to gasp for air, but quickly pulls it back on.

NELSON (cont'd)
Oh!

ALISA
What is it?

NELSON
The smell.

Alisa continues to pant and puff through the mask. She LOOKS AROUND, and FREEZES.

ALISA
Nelson.

Nelson looks.

The mud floor they're sitting on is speckled with countless FOOTPRINTS.

Nelson stands, pushing on a timber for support. It CREAKS. DUST dribbles from a crack.

ALISA (cont'd)
Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA (cont'd)
Well come on, tough guy.

Nelson follows. They proceed SLOWLY.

A BONE

lays half buried in the mud. They trudge on. Eerily.
Unnaturally.

The lantern FLICKERS and grows DIMMER.

ALISA (cont'd)
Carbon dioxide. We've got to get
out of here.

Nelson's foot PUNCHES through a floorboard.

NELSON
I think we've got a more immediate
problem.

They watch as a support timber SLIDES along the clay floor
toward the hole Nelson just made.

A HELLACIOUS RUMBLE!

Rocks and dirt EXPLODE into the lantern light ahead. The
timbers on the ceiling BURST one after another, and the
weight of the whole mountain comes SMASHING down into the
tunnel!

Nelson and Alisa turn to RUN.

The timber directly overhead SLIPS LOOSE, and is driven
straight down onto ALISA.

She SHRIEKS as the timber CRUSHES her leg onto the rock
debris. A WALL OF DUST

slams into them. Nelson and Alisa CHOKE as their masks clog.
The cave-in CEASES.

Nelson and Alisa shake off the light debris which covers them
both.

Nelson KICKS aside the timber laying across Alisa's leg.
BLOOD gushes from a critical gash on her calf.

NELSON (cont'd)
Wrap it up. Quick. Here.

Nelson slips out of his jacket and ties the sleeves around

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA
Is it broken?

NELSON
No. Can you move your foot?

ALISA
Yeah, that's okay.

The lantern DIMS even further.

ALISA (cont'd)
Find the gun, Nelson. Find it.

Nelson DIGS through the rubble.

NELSON
It's not here.

ALISA
Ow. Nelson, I have to get outside.

NELSON
We're going. Here, here's your
tranquilizer gun.

ALISA
Do you see anything?

NELSON
No, we're safe. Come on, I'll help
you.

EXT. WATERFALL CANYON

Nelson and Alisa stagger out of the mine and COLLAPSE.

THE WATERFALL

pours into a pool which fills the head of the canyon wall to
wall. Nelson digs out his RADIO.

NELSON
Bell, we need an emergency pickup
here.

INT. HELICOPTER

Bell flies alone.

BELL

EXT. WATERFALL CANYON

Nelson takes a KNIFE and cuts the jacket sleeves off, then makes a tight tourniquet below Alisa's knee.

The welcome sound of the HELICOPTER fills the canyon.

ALISA
Not a minute too soon.

Nelson's radio CRACKLES.

BELL (V.O.)
I can't land down there, Nelson.

NELSON
We can't move, Bell, you'll have to lower us the stretcher. Alisa's got a bad leg.

INT. HELICOPTER

BELL
I can't put the stretcher on the line by myself.

EXT. WATERFALL CANYON

ALISA
Wonderful.

NELSON
Just lower us the hook, then, and I'll rig something.

Bell lowers a CABLE with a big hook on the end. Nelson makes a couple of tries to grab it, finally catches it with the handle of his CANE.

Alisa disassembles the tranquilizer gun and packs it in its aluminum case.

NELSON (cont'd)
Alisa, step into the backpack. Put your legs through the shoulder straps.

ALISA
Like this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

Perfect.

Nelson fastens the waist strap around Alisa's middle, then connects the HOOK onto the pack's frame.

NELSON (cont'd)

Okay Bell, pull her up.

INT. HELICOPTER

Bell operates the necessary controls.

BELL

I don't like this, Nelson, I'm low on fuel and the wind is kicking me around up here.

EXT. WATERFALL CANYON

Alisa hangs over the pool. She SWINGS and bounces off the rock face.

Nelson CATCHES HIS BREATH.

Alisa swings again, SLAMS into the opposite wall and bounces back, twirling crazily.

NELSON

Hold it steady, Bell!

INT. HELICOPTER

Bell fights the controls.

BELL

The damn wind!

EXT. WATERFALL CANYON

Alisa swings WILDLY, crashing through the waterfall and HAMMERING the canyon walls.

NELSON

Let her down, Bell, let her down!

Alisa cries out as she SMASHES into another wall.

The backpack frame BREAKS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alisa FALLS...

NELSON (cont'd)
Damn it!

Alisa lands in the middle of the deep pool. The backpack SPILLS its contents into the deep, rushing water.

Nelson DIVES IN after her.

The hook on the cable CATCHES on the rock face! Fatally tethered, the helicopter VEERS downward...

INT. HELICOPTER

The wind forces the tethered helicopter RIGHT TOWARD THE TREES...

Bell yanks an emergency LEVER.

EXT. WATERFALL CANYON

The cable BREAKS loose from the helicopter and falls into the pool.

The helicopter SWOOPS clear of the trees.

Nelson and Alisa SCRAMBLE out of the rough, icy water. Now all

their stuff's gone. Nelson's cane is on the shore, and Alisa still grips her tranquilizer gun case.

Bell HOVERS.

Nelson waves "We're OK."

INT. HELICOPTER

Bell shrugs, "What should I do?"

EXT. WATERFALL CANYON

Nelson WAVES BELL AWAY.

Bell signals "OK" and FLIES OFF.

Soon the noise of the helicopter fades out of the canyon, and all that's left is the rushing of the waterfall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON
How far did you say we are?

ALISA
Ten kilometers.

Alisa SHIVERS and presses the bandage to her leg.

NELSON
Can you make it?

ALISA
If you help me.

They start to get up.

ALISA (cont'd)
Nelson, the Sasquatch is nocturnal.
We have to get back before
nightfall.

NELSON
We will.

They try to walk.

ALISA
Nelson?

NELSON
What?

ALISA
Your plan stunk.

NELSON
Take a hike.

EXT. ROCK PLATEAU - DAY

Nelson and Alisa HIKE along, both using the cane; Nelson on one side of it, Alisa on the other.

NELSON
Look, it's simple. Plant the cane,
then step with your bad leg.

ALISA
Okay: left, right, left...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

No, because I've got a different bad leg than you. Here! Can't you watch what you're doing?

ALISA

Nelson, your legs are longer than mine. I have to take more steps.

NELSON

So take bigger steps.

Alisa stops, requiring Nelson to stop also.

ALISA

Why are you such a grouch?

NELSON

I'm not being grouchy; I'm just trying to employ basic principles of walking. Now let's get going.

ALISA

No. Not until you cheer up.

NELSON

What?

ALISA

Cheer up! Smile! Suck in some fresh air. Take a look at the clouds. Have some fun in your life!

To illustrate, Alisa pulls out the dog whistle and BLOWS. Nelson SNATCHES it away.

NELSON

Give me that! You trying to get us killed?

ALISA

Wasn't that fun?

NELSON

Stop acting ridiculous. Now take your half of the cane and let's go.

ALISA

I will not walk with a robot anymore.

NELSON

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

I want you to laugh, or shout, or sneeze, or cry, or anything that a human being might do.

NELSON

How about walk off and leave you here.

ALISA

Tickle tickle!

NELSON

Damn it! Stop that!

ALISA

Tickle tickle tickle...

Nelson bursts out with an actual LAUGH as she tickles him.

NELSON

Damn it!

ALISA

That's it! Now yell at me. Or punch me, or anything.

NELSON

Go away!

ALISA

Louder.

NELSON

GO AWAY! Crazy woman.

ALISA

Ooh, more aggression. I like it.

NELSON

Are you ready to go yet?

ALISA

As soon as you admit you're alive.

On that barren rock plateau, Nelson lifts his arms skyward and shouts to all the world below:

NELSON

I'm alive! Nelson Cleary is alive and happy, and making an ass of himself on top of a mountain in the middle of nowhere!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

I knew there was a person in there.

She throws her arms around his neck to KISS him.

Nelson CATCHES her with a quick hand, and holds her back. Their eyes lock; his are serious, hers are stunned.

Nelson hands her her half of the cane. They start their synchronized walking again.

ALISA (cont'd)

Robot.

EXT. RCMP STATION - DUSK

Nelson and Alisa have gotten the shared cane down to a science. They come up the road toward the station, waving.

NELSON

Ahoy there, Sergeant Ballou! Make ready with forty gallons of hot coffee.

ALISA

You've got two cold, wet and tired visitors.

INT. RCMP STATION

The door is wide OPEN. Nelson and Alisa approach from outside.

NELSON

Ballou?

They enter and look around.

BLOOD

by the gallon darkly drenches much of the floor.

ALISA

claps her hands to her mouth and whirls.

EXT. RCMP STATION

Alisa staggers out of the building and throws herself on the ground. Nelson follows and takes hold of her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

Stay here. Stay outside. I'm going
to take a look.

Alisa takes deep breaths. Nods.

INT. RCMP STATION

Nelson stands in the doorway, surveying the gory station with
revulsion.

Everything's smashed and in pieces on the floor, as if a
tornado ripped everything to shreds.

Nelson STEPS onto the bloody floorboards; they CREAK loudly.
Many of the floorboards are crushed downward, warped by
excess weight.

BALLOU'S FLASK

is in the center of a pool of blood.

Nelson picks it up gingerly, reflectively. Looks around for a
clue.

A SPENT CARTRIDGE

is at the bottom of the ladder. Nelson tests the ladder and
climbs up.

INT. FIRE WATCH ROOM

THE HATCH DOOR

is completely obliterated. Nelson's head pokes through the
hole and looks around.

A DOZEN MORE CARTRIDGES

are scattered all over. Nelson finds a .30-06 scoped rifle.
Its barrel has been WRENCHED off.

Nelson explores further. Something he sees pulls hard on his
heartstrings.

It's the BLACKFOOT BLUDGEON, abandoned on the floor. It did
good service, but not good enough. Nelson sadly examines it,
then POCKETS it.

INT. RCMP STATION

Nelson comes back down the ladder.

He flips switches on the RADIO. Nothing. He tries the microphone:

NELSON
Station four calling the 83rd
Detachment. Can anyone read me?

Nothing, no static. No power.

EXT. RCMP STATION

Alisa examines her injured leg in the fading light. Nelson sits in front of her and opens a FIRST AID KIT.

NELSON
Here's some dexedrine. You want
some?

ALISA
No, I can't. I'm one of those
people that it works the wrong way
on. It makes me hyper.

NELSON
There's nothing else. Aspirin.

ALISA
I'll take it, anything.

Nelson removes her old bandage as she swallows the pills.

NELSON
Skip never sent the Indians.

ALISA
How were we supposed to know Skip
was a two-face?

NELSON
I knew.

Nelson rises.

ALISA
Where are you going?

NELSON

EXT. RCMP STATION - AROUND BACK

There's an EMPTY HOLE in the side of the building's foundation. Some heavy wires protrude.

Nelson scratches his head and looks around.

THE GENERATOR

is fifty yards away, upside down, on the edge of a ravine. Nelson starts toward it but notices

A RABBIT SKIN

hanging from the eaves, blowing in the wind. A TEAR wells up.

NELSON

It would've been a great hat, pal.
I'm sorry.

EXT. RAVINE BEHIND STATION

Nelson appears at the top beside the big generator. But what he sees at the bottom of the ravine interests him more.

Nelson picks his way down the slope with his cane.

THE PICKUP

has rolled down the ravine and now rests at the bottom, right side up but totally wrecked.

Nelson looks inside...just in case. Nobody.

The hood is sprung open, and the battery is smashed. All its fluid is gone.

EXT. RCMP STATION

It's nearly dark now.

Wearing a fresh outfit of dry clothes, Nelson comes out of the station's gaping black door and drops an armload of gear on the ground.

Alisa, wearing oversized Mountie clothes, comes around from behind the building.

ALISA

I checked the stable. The horses

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

I found a propane lantern. One
canister of fuel. And a flare gun.
One flare.

Both heads turn toward the open door, with its dark horrors
within.

ALISA

I can't stay here, Nelson.

NELSON

We've got to wait for the horses to
come back.

ALISA

That could be hours, if ever. By
midnight we can be at Glomar
Mountain if we walk. That's where
the closest people are.

NELSON

That's fifteen kilometers. In the
dark.

Alisa takes the propane lantern and LIGHTS it. Hissing away,
it floods them with powerful white light.

NELSON (cont'd)

Outside foot first.

ALISA

Step, plant, step, plant.

They head for the looming form of Glomar Mountain on the
horizon.

EXT. THE WOODS - POV THROUGH TREES - NIGHT

Visible through twisted black tree branches, Nelson and
Alisa's lantern bounces along in the distance.

EXT. THE WOODS

Nelson turns down the lantern flame. The hiss drops
accordingly.

NELSON

Got to conserve propane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

It's almost too dark to see the mountain anymore.

NELSON

See that star? That bright one, right above the mountain.

ALISA

It's Antares.

NELSON

We'll navigate by that. Just head due south, straight toward it.

Alisa smiles at him, admiring of his ingenuity. He does not notice.

They plod on.

ALISA

You know what's kind of funny, kind of ironic?

NELSON

What?

ALISA

Well I've never really had a steady boyfriend.

Nelson doesn't care; just keeps walking.

ALISA (cont'd)

I mean I've usually been alone.

NELSON

Oh.

ALISA

Now I'm finally with a guy, but I'm in the subarctic, about to freeze to death, bleed to death, or get eaten by a monster.

NELSON

Thought I was going to be alone this year too.

ALISA

Just kind of ironic, that's all.

NELSON

EXT. THE WOODS - POV THROUGH TREES

Nelson and Alisa's lantern goes by again, dimmer this time.

EXT. CAMPFIRE

The lantern's almost out.

Nelson and Alisa walk a lot SLOWER; both are tired.

NELSON

Got to stop. Out of propane.

ALISA

We can still see the star.

NELSON

We can't walk in the dark, Alisa.
As soon as we find some wood, we'll
build a fire.

They continue, searching the ground by the light of the tiny flame which remains.

Finally some white STICKS appear on the ground.

NELSON (cont'd)

Let's do it, while we've got a
flame.

Alisa GRINS at an alternate interpretation of his statement.

They crouch, and ignite some kindling with the lantern. They throw on some of the white sticks.

NELSON (cont'd)

I hope you were ever a girl scout.

ALISA

Don't bet on it.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - LATER

The fire's going pretty well now. Nelson and Alisa sit against a fallen tree. Alisa pokes at the fire with a STICK.

ALISA

It's cold.

Nelson grunts, and unemotionally scoots next to her, placing

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alisa BEAMS triumphantly.

Nelson takes out his pistol and checks its magazine.

NELSON

You can sleep for a little while if you want. I'll take Sasquatch patrol.

ALISA

Securely huddled up, Nelsonius Clearius makes a gesture of benevolence to show its satisfaction with its environment.

NELSON

Another analysis based on your knowledge of lower hominids?

ALISA

No.

Nelson completes his pistol examination and waits for her to finish her answer.

NELSON

Well what then?

ALISA

I felt the same way. We had a tough day, it's natural for us to feel compassionate toward each other.

NELSON

I don't think compassionate's the right word. Hell, you just looked tired.

ALISA

Sympathetic, maybe?

NELSON

All right, sympathetic.

ALISA

Thanks for the sympathy.

She leans her head on his shoulder and closes her eyes.

Nelson GRIMACES, and tries to turn his attention back to his pistol.

He can't keep it up. Nelson looks down at her, this time with

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nelson puts his arm the rest of the way around her. He PATS her jacketed shoulder.

A SMILE spreads across her face.

Nelson SEES something. He FREEZES. In the bushes on the other side of the campfire,

A PAIR OF EYES

reflect the orange flame.

Nelson swallows his heart to keep it from leaping out. He maintains the ultimate cool:

NELSON

Alisa, reach into my jacket pocket.
There's a little disposable
flashlight.

His tone sobers her instantly. She gets the flashlight.

NELSON (cont'd)

We're not alone.

Alisa sees the eyes and would SCREAM but Nelson CLAPS A HAND over her mouth.

Nelson points the flashlight, and turns it on.

A BOBCAT

baring its fangs, stares back at Nelson with silent rage!

The bobcat does not move.

Nelson and Alisa drop their tension levels, but only about half a notch.

ALISA

It's not moving.

Nelson starts to get up, but Alisa SNATCHES him like a mousetrap.

NELSON

Hold the light on it.

She takes the light. Nelson rises, and advances slowly with his pistol.

The bobcat still merely gapes at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nelson pauses suspiciously. He raises his cane to poke at the bobcat.

Alisa's frozen with anxiety...

Nelson taps the side of the bobcat's head.

THE SEVERED HEAD

drops to the ground and rolls, still staring right at Nelson! Nelson SHOUTS and falls backward.

Alisa SCREAMS, and in drawing her hand to her face, pulls her stick out of the fire. The stick has a joint at the end, for it is not a stick, but a long BONE.

She SCREAMS even louder.

THE FIRE

is built not of sticks, but of slender white RIBS. The remains of several animal ribcages are nearby.

Nelson SCRAMBLES away from the bobcat head on his butt. He falls next to the fire, and on the ground he sees

A SEVERED HUMAN FOOT

bitten off at the ankle. They're camping in the Sasquatch's pantry!

ALISA

scurries to her feet but FALLS, landing on a DEER CORPSE.

NELSON

grabs her by the hand, hefts her to her feet, and they RUN with the cane out of there.

EXT. THE WOODS

Nelson and Alisa go as fast as they can.

ALISA

Come on.

NELSON

I can't go that fast.

ALISA

The star's straight ahead. Come on,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But, in the dark, Nelson STUMBLES. The two of them collapse in a heap and try to catch their breath.

NELSON

What are you, some kind of a Wonder Woman?

ALISA

I hike a lot.

They pant and puff. Suddenly:

NELSON

Ssh!

They LISTEN. Don't hear anything. But Alisa looks over her shoulders anxiously.

NELSON (cont'd)

Do you feel it?

ALISA

Yes, I do. And it's bugging the hell out of me.

NELSON

I know what it is. It's coming from over that way.

ALISA

What?

NELSON

We're being watched.

ALISA

Oh no. You're right.

They sit in silence, peering into the gloom. Alisa opens her tranquilizer gun case.

ALISA (cont'd)

Give me a light.

Nelson holds the little flashlight while she assembles the tranquilizer gun.

NELSON

I think it's better if we just keep moving. Shoulder that thing and dump the case.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Nelson and Alisa walk on, sharing the cane.

ALISA
How far do you think we've gone?

NELSON
Ten or fifteen kilometers.

ALISA
I think the mountain's trying to evade us.

Suddenly they STOP and WHIRL around.

They squint into the darkness behind them, but see nothing. Nelson sighs with frightened frustration, and they start walking again.

NELSON
How's your leg?

ALISA
It's bleeding again. I can feel it in my shoe.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Nelson and Alisa crest a rocky ridge, heading straight for the star Antares.

A RED GLOW

flashes across the sky. Nelson and Alisa sigh with relief.

NELSON
Did you see that?

ALISA
Thank goodness. It's almost dawn.

They SIT down to rest.

NELSON
I don't feel like I'm under a microscope anymore.

ALISA
No, I haven't felt it for a while.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

A lovely moment, relatively.

The AURORA begins to take a solid shape in the sky. Nelson and Alisa watch for a minute.

NELSON (cont'd)

I figured coming out here I'd find some peace of mind. Appears that it doesn't ever come free.

Alisa GRINS, pretty big, and sits on her hands. She bites on her lip, and can't seem to get comfortable.

NELSON (cont'd)

What's your problem?

ALISA

I don't know, I want to say something but I can't seem to fit it into a logical sentence.

Nelson GRUNTS and returns to his musings.

ALISA (cont'd)

Don't you want to know what I'm trying to say?

NELSON

Not if it's none of my business.

ALISA

Well it is your business, you big, stupid, clumsy oaf of a Mountie.

NELSON

Okay then, what?

Alisa fidgets, can't seem to get it out.

NELSON (cont'd)

Wish I had some hot coffee.

ALISA

Pay attention.

NELSON

For as long as you hold that gun.

ALISA

What I'm saying, idiot, is that there's five million different kinds of people in this world, and

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nelson NODS along, pretending that he's listening.

ALISA (cont'd)

And here I am, and here you are,
out in the middle of nowhere, and
I'm thinking maybe we're here for
the same reason. Maybe being out
here is sort of an excuse for being
alone.

NELSON

Yeah, maybe.

ALISA

I never met a man who fit all my
qualifications. And I probably
never will.

NELSON

Most men aren't eight feet tall and
hairy.

ALISA

(interrupting and ignoring
that remark)

What I'm saying, Nelson, is that
you certainly don't have those
qualities, but you're so lonely,
and I'm so lonely, and I think we
could really do a lot of good for
each other. Maybe there's more to
love than a grocery list. Maybe it
just happens, and I think it's
happened to us.

Nelson looks down and fidgets, blows out a sigh. Alisa comes
to his side.

ALISA (cont'd)

Nelson? I'm right, aren't I?

Nelson frowns, and Alisa frowns with him.

NELSON

Can I think for a minute before I
answer you?

ALISA

Yes. Please.

Nelson plants his cane and stands. He makes his way up the
ridge a short ways until the vast grandeur of the Northern
Lights dance in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alisa busybodies around, fixing the place where he was sitting by laying out a jacket. She picks up his gun, brushes it off and sets it on the jacket.

Alisa seats herself and looks up at Nelson with excited anticipation.

NELSON

A year ago I was engaged. Very pretty girl named Jennifer Maxwell.

Disappointment spreads on Alisa's face.

NELSON (cont'd)

Iceboating was my hobby. She didn't like it so one day I rented a 2-seater and took her out, tried to show her how much fun it was. Something happened, I don't what, but at seventy knots the boat flipped, went through the ice, skate went through my leg, and we went in the water. We hit something. There was something on the ice. I was pushing too hard and...something got us.

Alisa fidgets sadly.

NELSON (cont'd)

I was comatose for three months; I'd been underwater for twelve minutes. Jennifer was...

Nelson can't finish. After a moment:

NELSON (cont'd)

We were going to go up west, maybe Kenai, someplace where we could see the sunrise over mountains and the sunsets over the ocean. Anyway we thought we'd build a log cabin--she gave me a chainsaw two Christmases ago--with big windows looking north so we could see the aurora.

Nelson and Alisa look at the AURORA for a moment.

ALISA

Life goes on, Nelson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

Not for me. I still love her. I love her so much. I'm so happy when I think of her.

Nelson breaks down.

ALISA

Nelson, you must move on. Hiding yourself in the farthest reaches of the globe won't make things any easier.

NELSON

There was something on the ice.

ALISA

It's in your mind, Nelson. Demons aren't real.

NELSON

I'm sorry, Alisa, I really am, but I'm not ready to love anyone else.

They sit in silence for a moment.

ALISA

Well, we'd better get moving.

NELSON

Yes, it's going to be light soon.

Nelson stands with the cane.

NELSON (cont'd)

Here, your half of the cane.

ALISA

No, my leg feels better now. I'll walk without it.

She starts off alone, LIMPING. Nelson reluctantly follows.

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

THICK, SOUPY FOG

is all that can be seen. Nelson EXAMINES a tree trunk with disgust.

NELSON

Moss on the north side of trees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He checks another tree.

NELSON (cont'd)
This one has moss all over it.

Alisa sits contemplatively, not paying any attention to Nelson.

Nelson comes and DROPS on the ground beside her.

NELSON (cont'd)
File that myth away with starting a
fire by rubbing two sticks
together.

Nelson is aware that she is distancing herself from him.

NELSON (cont'd)
How far off track did following
that star put us?

ALISA
Fifteen, twenty kilometers. Wish
I'd remembered that stars don't
stay in the same place all night
long.

NELSON
(a little angry)
Doesn't seem to bother you that
we're lost.

ALISA
Doesn't matter to me.

Nelson stands, frustrated.

NELSON
Can't see three meters in this
crap, let alone a mountain twenty
kilometers away.

A pause.

NELSON (cont'd)
Look, I didn't mean to upset you
last night.

Alisa springs to her feet and collects her gear.

ALISA
Forget it. Look, a nocturnal
Sasquatch has hit the sack by now.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA (cont'd)
 Why don't we do the same and give
 this fog a chance to burn off.

Alisa makes herself comfortable on the ground and covers herself with a coat.

NELSON
 We could both use a little rest.

Alisa makes no response. Nelson lays down himself, grumbling.

EXT. THE WOODS - LATER

Nelson sleeps soundly under CLEAR SKIES.

He STARTLES awake. Looks around.

NELSON
 Alisa?

Nelson is quite alone. Alisa and the tranquilizer gun have vanished.

Nelson GROANS. He stands and lifts up his voice:

NELSON (cont'd)
 Alisa!

No response, except for the wind SWISHING through the pine boughs.

Nelson GROANS angrily again.

GLOMAR MOUNTAIN looms clearly on the horizon. Nelson catches his breath, takes up his cane, and STARTS off.

EXT. TRACKING STATION - CLEARING - DAY

The sky DARKENS in the late afternoon.

ZACHARY WHITEHORSE

and another Laskatuk CARRY Nelson on a shovel held between them. Other Laskatuks run alongside.

Nelson looks HALF DEAD.

INT. TRACKING STATION

Plywood floors and ceiling so far. Some of the men staple INSULATION between the wall joists.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nelson is CARRIED in and placed on the floor where the Laskatuks keep their bedrolls and sleeping bags.

NELSON
Nice place you have here.

ZACHARY
It will be. Luke! Bring that canteen over here.

NELSON
Do you know where the money's coming from?

ZACHARY
Palomino said it's federal money. Part of some northern development program.

NELSON
He lied.

Every Laskatuk FREEZES and turns toward Nelson.

NELSON (cont'd)
He's selling the reservation and enfranchising the whole tribe.

Zachary slowly rises to his full height, dark thunderstorms on his face.

NELSON (cont'd)
Someone give me a radio.

A Laskatuk hands him one. Nelson turns it on and tunes it.

NELSON (cont'd)
This is Sergeant Cleary calling the Detachment.

OFFICER WHELPIE (V.O.)
Here...Sergeant, where are you?

NELSON
Let me talk to Schaffer.

OFFICER WHELPIE (V.O.)
Uh, the Captain's not available this evening, Sergeant...can I help you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

I'm at the Glomar Mountain tracking station. I need Bell up here right away.

OFFICER WHELPIE (V.O.)

I can have him there at first light tomorrow morning.

NELSON

Do it.

ZACHARY

Let me talk to him.

Nelson hands Zachary the radio.

ZACHARY (cont'd)

Kid, you have Skip Palomino on that chopper or you'll be in the Yukon looking for your teeth.

OFFICER WHELPIE (V.O.)

Yes sir, Sergeant.

Zachary turns the radio off and drops it in Nelson's lap.

NELSON

Well stated.

EXT. TRACKING STATION - POV - NIGHT

Seen from the top of the massive pinnacle of rock adjacent to the clearing, the tracking station is a small, vulnerable pile of toothpicks.

The animal RESPIRATION again: deep, regular, purposeful.

There's an orange streak on the horizon; daybreak is not far off.

INT. TRACKING STATION

Everyone's asleep on the bedrolls. Very quiet.

KERBLAM!

Something POUNDS on the flimsy plywood skin of the building. KERBLAM!

Everyone wakes up, a few FLASHLIGHTS blink on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A ROCK

the size of a bowling ball PUNCHES through the ceiling and embeds itself in the floor.

SHOUTS, everyone SCRAMBLES for cover. Another rock CRASHES through the wall.

NELSON

Zachary!

Nelson draws his pistol and runs for the door.

EXT. TRACKING STATION - CLEARING

Nelson limps along with his cane, Zachary close behind with a powerful light.

A ROLLING BOULDER

materializes out of the darkness. Nelson DIVES to avoid it; the boulder SLAMS into the station.

Nelson climbs onto the BULLDOZER. He starts it up.

Nelson points the dozer's blinding SEARCHLIGHT at the rock pinnacle. Nothing, only MORE ROCKS coming down.

Nelson turns the bulldozer toward the pinnacle and raises the BLADE. The blade RINGS as hefty rocks strike it.

MOVEMENT

on the extreme edge of the searchlight's white circle; Nelson steers for it.

ANOTHER BOULDER

strikes the bulldozer and knocks it SIDEWAYS. Nelson recovers and lowers the blade to protect himself.

THE BIGGEST BOULDER YET

comes tumbling all too fast. Nelson BAILS OUT and dives for safety.

The boulder UPENDS the bulldozer. The dozer's blade cuts into a PROPANE TANK at the base of the big antenna...

AN EXPLOSION

SHATTERS the antenna and SWATS the bulldozer aside. Nelson

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bulldozer BOUNCES in the orange flame RIGHT TOWARD NELSON...

...and STOPS just before crushing him.

EXT. TRACKING STATION - CLEARING

Nearly light now as Bell's HELICOPTER roars in for a landing. ZACHARY

reaches in and pulls Skip out. A dozen Laskatuks crowd around him, looking mighty ugly.

ZACHARY

Chief Palomino, we want a word with you.

SKIP

What is this, what's happening here?

The Laskatuks close in on him.

BELL

hops out and comes to Skip's rescue.

BELL

Hey! Back off there! Break it up, guys.

SKIP

Damn savages!

Nelson appears and FIRES his gun into the air.

SKIP (cont'd)

Mr. Cleary, I want this man arrested. You witnessed his assault on--

Nelson stops Skip with a cane in the middle of the chest.

NELSON

Get your face away from me before I tear it off and make you eat it.

Skip's attention is diverted when he notices the horrific destruction that was his pet project.

SKIP

No...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Skip starts toward the smoking remnants of the antenna. Despair and rage build up like a volcano.

THE HELICOPTER

NELSON

Zachary, you coming with me?

ZACHARY

Damn straight.

Zachary gets in. Nelson passes the rifle and he and Bell's pistols out to the Laskatuks. The rotors whirl.

THE LASKATUKS

head for Skip in an ugly group.

INT. SCHAFFER'S OFFICE - DAY

Schaffer drops a FILE on his desk in front of Nelson.

SCHAFFER

Here's your post mortem on Ike Gillis. Came over the fax this morning.

Nelson picks it up and looks inside.

NELSON

The animal bites didn't occur until an hour after death.

SCHAFFER

Ike Gillis had been murdered an hour before. Six stab wounds in the upper back.

NELSON

Six?

SCHAFFER

Here's the good part. They fit Darby Inuvik's knife.

NELSON

So Darby Inuvik killed him, then dragged his body into the mine to bury it in a dynamite blast. Makes sense.

SCHAFFER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON

Ike Gillis was laying in the mine
dead for a whole hour, bleeding
like a son of a bitch.

SCHAFFER

So?

NELSON

The Sasquatch smelled the blood;
that's what made it go into the
mine. It smelled the blood on the
bear I shot. Up at the station,
Ballou...

Nelson must pause for a second...

NELSON (cont'd)

Ballou had a skinned rabbit hanging
out.

SCHAFFER

Your beastie hunts by smell.

Nelson is suddenly preoccupied.

SCHAFFER (cont'd)

What's the matter?

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

Alisa plods along, dead tired, tranquilizer gun in hand. She
rubs at her bandaged leg; BLOOD is seeping through the
bandage.

She squats to examine some CRUSHED PLANTS. The Sasquatch has
been through here.

Alisa sits back and closes her eyes. A second later, she
realizes she's falling asleep and quickly wakes herself.

Her eyes close again. She begins to breathe deeply...

A SASQUATCH SCREAM

far in the distance STARTLES Alisa back to consciousness.

EXT. TOWN

Nelson and Bell cross the street from the RCMP office.
Zachary joins them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELL

What did you find out?

NELSON

It's going to head for Alisa,
probably somewhere east of Glomar.

BELL

I'll prep the chopper.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE

A KODIAK BEAR

standing a full ten feet tall keeps a silent watch over the store.

Nelson and Zachary approach the counter where a geeky CLERK meets them.

NELSON

We're hunting bears. We need the most powerful guns available.

CLERK

Bears. Well, a .45 caliber Remington ought to do the job.

The clerk reaches for a hunting rifle, but Zachary reaches for something else.

It's a BRUSH GUN, a stainless steel shotgun with a very short barrel.

CLERK (cont'd)

Oh, you won't need that for these little local black bears. That thing'll chop an elephant in half.

NELSON

We'll take three of them.

ZACHARY

And some triple-aught buckshot.

The Clerk opens a drawer and takes out a box of shells and blows the dust off of them.

NELSON

We'll take all you have of that, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK

Each of these shells packs eight
slugs, like having eight .357
Magnums hit you all at once.

NELSON

Charge it to the Mounties, 83rd
Detach--

ZACHARY

(interrupting)

Charge it to the Laskatuk Nation.
Skip Palomino has an account here.

Zachary tosses the shotgun to Nelson. He catches the heavy,
ugly weapon.

EXT. SKY

The HELICOPTER roars along, full speed.

EXT. NORTH GOLCONDA MINE

The helicopter comes in for a landing.

CURRY

comes to meet Nelson. Curry's carrying several large
satchels, heavily laden with something.

CURRY

I got your call, but Schaffer
didn't tell me how much dynamite
you wanted.

Nelson hands Curry one of the stainless steel shotguns.

NELSON

That's enough. I'm borrowing your
ATV for a minute.

CURRY

Yeah, okay.

Nelson gets on and REVS the engine.

INT. MULEK'S HUT

Nelson sits across from Mulek, and hands a long PIPE back to
him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULEK

I cannot go with you, Foot Without Mukluk.

NELSON

Mulek, Dr. Garros has been out there for two days now. We have to find the windigo before it finds her.

MULEK

You smoke this some more. It gives you vision.

NELSON

Mulek...

MULEK

I cannot help you find your lost mukluk. Every man is responsible for his own mukluku. If you cast one away, who knows what will happen to it. But if your foot is very cold, and you truly want your mukluk back with all of your heart, and all of your foot; your fears will be unimportant, and nothing can keep your mukluk from you.

NELSON

Mulek, can you tell me anything else?

Mulek responds in an obscure Athabascan LANGUAGE. Nelson gapes, not comprehending.

EXT. NORTH GOLCONDA MINE

Nelson, Curry and Zachary are all on HORSEBACK. Each has a shotgun and a satchel of dynamite.

Bell jogs over from his idling helicopter.

NELSON

We'll ride about five kilometers west first. The three of us will fan out, spot the thing, and then Bell, you herd it around so the rest of us can all close in. Use the dynamite to flush it.

CURRY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACHARY

Don't be too sure.

CURRY

Hell, there ain't an animal alive
can get you with its head blown
off.

NELSON

Let's ride.

The men kick their horses and gallop away in formation. Bell lifts the helicopter off and follows.

The horses run along the perimeter of the bright blue lake, then veer off into the woods.

EXT. THE WOODS

The three horses race straight into the middle of a vast meadow.

AN ELK HERD

is spooked and melts into the forest.

Curry splits off to the right and Zachary splits off to the left. Bell zooms straight over Nelson's head.

INT. HELICOPTER

Bell speaks into his headset microphone:

BELL

Keep your eyes open, boys.

EXT. THE WOODS - NELSON

Nelson's horse THUNDERS across the meadow as Bell flies out of sight.

A grin of excitement flashes across Nelson's face.

EXT. THE WOODS - ZACHARY

Zachary holds his shotgun high like an old-time Indian brave racing across a prairie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches the top of a small knoll. Nelson and Curry are well out of sight; Bell's helicopter has even faded out of earshot.

Zachary kicks his horse and takes off in a new direction.

EXT. THE WOODS - CURRY

Curry rides into a dense thicket of trees. It's so thick he must slow down.

CURRY

Damn...

MOVEMENT

to one side catches his eye. Curry stops and squints through the forest.

He rides in that direction.

A BROWN FORM

darts through a patch of sunlight far ahead. Curry fumbles for his radio.

CURRY (cont'd)

I got something!

Curry kicks his horse and takes off after the form.

THE FORM

appears briefly again, moving away swiftly, dark brown, with long swinging arms.

CURRY (cont'd)

God damn! It's the Sasquatch, boys;
I've got him!

INT. HELICOPTER

Bell turns the helicopter sharply.

BELL

Nelson, Zachary; head due south.

EXT. THE WOODS - CURRY

Curry SHOUTS like a rodeo cowboy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURRY
Yahoo! Yeeehah!

Curry FIRES blindly into the trees as he rides.

THE HELICOPTER

streaks overhead.

INT. HELICOPTER

BELL
I see him, Curry. Nelson, Zachary;
I'll get around him and drive him
back up your way.

EXT. THE WOODS - NELSON

As Nelson rides, he PUMPS a shell into the chamber of his
shotgun.

EXT. THE WOODS - ZACHARY

Zachary's horse LEAPS a fallen tree like a gazelle.

EXT. THE WOODS - CURRY

Curry wipes some sweat off his brow as he rides.

CURRY
Which way did he go, Bell? I can't
see nothing in these damn trees.

INT. HELICOPTER

Bell searches out his windows intently.

BELL
I can't tell, it's too thick. He's
way ahead of you, though.

EXT. THE WOODS - CURRY

Curry's horse must slow to a walk in the dense growth.

CURRY
Damn thing came through here like

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOMETHING DARK AND FAST

EXPLODES out of a bush and sweeps Curry out of the saddle.

The horse RUNS away.

INT. HELICOPTER

Bell grimaces in disappointment.

BELL

Curry, I've lost him; you better
keep your eyes open.

EXT. THE WOODS - NELSON

Nelson rides hard and fast. His radio crackles.

BELL (V.O.)

Curry?

NELSON

Damn.

Nelson kicks his horse and SHOUTS to speed up.

INT. HELICOPTER

Bell circles and looks down dubiously.

CURRY'S HORSE

runs like hell into a clearing, sans Curry.

BELL

Nelson, Curry's out of the saddle.
He doesn't answer.

EXT. THE WOODS - NELSON

Nelson pulls up and STOPS.

NELSON

Where's the Sasquatch?

BELL (V.O.)

He's got to still be here
someplace. Will advise.

INT. HELICOPTER

Bell sees something and suddenly VEERS.

BELL
Ho, I've got him! Heading north,
running like an antelope!

Bell spots a DARK FORM on a distant clearing, too small to be distinguishable, but moving hellaciously fast.

EXT. THE WOODS - NELSON

Nelson rides fast.

NELSON
Bell, which way is he from me?

INT. HELICOPTER

BELL
He's gone behind you, Nelson!

EXT. THE WOODS - NELSON

Nelson STOPS.

NELSON
What?

BELL
He passed east of you; heading
north toward Zachary now.

Nelson ABOUT FACES and kicks his horse hard.

NELSON
Hah!

Hooves dig up the dirt as Nelson races back the way he came.

EXT. RIVER - ZACHARY

Zachary rides down the middle of a shallow river.

ZACHARY
What do you mean he's coming toward
me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELL (V.O.)
Last I saw him, he was right
between your positions.

ZACHARY
Last you saw him?

BELL (V.O.)
I lost him now.

EXT. THE WOODS - NELSON

Nelson rides hard.

NELSON
How far am I from Zachary?

BELL (V.O.)
I don't know where you are, Nelson.

NELSON
Zachary, do you see anything?

EXT. RIVER - ZACHARY

Some freshly MUDDIED WATER washes down the clear stream
toward Zachary.

Zachary DISMOUNTS and cautiously leads his horse upriver.

ZACHARY
I do now.

INT. HELICOPTER

BELL
On my way, Zachary. Nelson, follow
me.

EXT. THE WOODS - NELSON

THE HELICOPTER

BURSTS into view and roars right over Nelson's head, leaving
him in the dust.

NELSON
All right, Zachary; you got him!

EXT. CLIFF

ALISA

ragged and just about fagged out, drags herself to the edge of a sheer ROCK FACE, from the top of which she can see the whole forest below.

Bell's HELICOPTER can be faintly heard. Finally she spies the tiny dot flying along, many kilometers away.

ALISA

Nelson, you peacock. I would've had him in a couple more hours.

EXT. RIVER - POV

Deep, rumbling BREATHING.

Visible through the brush, Zachary approaches across the river.

EXT. RIVER - ZACHARY

Leading his horse, Zachary follows the freshly muddied water to a thick growth on the bank.

ZACHARY

Stand by.

He lights a stick of dynamite, leaves the horse in the river, and starts for the bank after his prey.

It's pretty creepy.

Zachary pulls back his arm to throw the dynamite into the brush.

His horse WHINNIES and Zachary turns to look. The horse TROTS AWAY through the river.

A SASQUATCH SCREAM

and Zachary looks back at the brush...

EXT. THE WOODS - NELSON

The SCREAM comes over Nelson's radio, then Zachary's agonized DEATH CRIES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nelson is horrified.

A BURST of static and the radio goes dead.

INT. HELICOPTER

A black smoke cloud BILLOWS into the sky.

BELL

I see smoke Nelson; I'm heading
that way.

EXT. THE WOODS - NELSON

NELSON

Can you spot it?

BELL (V.O.)

It's fast, Nelson. It goes through
that forest like it's on ice
skates.

NELSON

Ice skates.

Nelson looks into the dense woods boxing him in. It's very quiet.

NELSON (cont'd)

Bell, you keep after him. I'm going
to get clear of these trees.

Nelson slides his shotgun into its leather SHEATH on the saddle and moves off through the dense forest.

Nelson hooks the radio onto the saddle as he rides out into a MEADOW.

It's very still. On all sides, the slender pine trees loom darkly, completely encircling Nelson.

Nelson STOPS in the middle. He looks around, expectantly, apprehensively.

A RED FLARE

in the distance STREAKS skyward, hesitates briefly, then begins to drift downward.

NELSON (cont'd)

Hah!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a shake of the reins and a solid kick, Nelson GALLOPS toward the flare.

EXT. CLIFF

Alisa, the smoking flare gun still in hand, waves to a tiny horseman approaching across a far-away meadow.

EXT. THE WOODS - NELSON

Nelson RIDES and shouts:

NELSON
Alisa!

Nelson enters a dense grove of pines at the base of the cliff.

His horse WHINNIES and shakes its head.

NELSON (cont'd)
Easy there, boy.

The horse REARS. The satchel of dynamite drops to the ground.

NELSON (cont'd)
Hey!

Nelson is THROWN. He lands hard.

The horse BOLTS...with the gun and the radio! Nelson snatches up his cane and tries to give chase:

NELSON (cont'd)
Whoa! Stop!

As the horse wildly clambers over a rockpile, the shotgun slips inch by inch out of its leather sheath...

...and clatters to the ground as the horse makes good its escape. Nelson SIGHS with relief.

NELSON (CON'T) (cont'd)
Damn.

He picks up the satchel and strides, with some urgency, toward the shotgun.

THE SHOTGUN

lays in the sunlight, silver and glistening. Nelson

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nelson STOPS. Coarse, low pitched BREATHING steams up the stainless steel.

A MASSIVE HAND

big, dark and hairy, reaches down and PICKS UP the shotgun like it's a pencil.

Nelson GASPS.

He's facing TRACKS, a North American Sasquatch, scraping the clouds at a full nine feet tall, crushing the scales at 850 pounds. Lean, muscular simian hell.

Tracks examines the shotgun with black animal eyes, set deep in its ugly gorilla/apeman face on its thick, crested, furry head. ALISA

shoulders her tranquilizer gun and aims down at Tracks. Click! Nothing. She pounds on the breech. Still nothing. NELSON

takes a few careful steps back. No sudden moves.

Tracks DROPS the gun, disinterested. The massive animal SNORTS at Nelson, SNIFFS his scent. Steps forward.

NELSON (cont'd)
First there's no TV, then this.

Nelson steps back once more. Tracks FLINCHES; Nelson FREEZES.

Tracks throws its head back and SCREAMS its harsh, whistling roar; just like baboons and chimps.

Tracks CHARGES Nelson!

Nelson SPRINGS for the nearest tree at about 600 mph and vaults into its branches like a gymnast.

Nelson climbs like a running squirrel.

Tracks REACHES up but Nelson snatches his legs to safety just in time.

But not for long...Tracks climbs right up after him!

NELSON (cont'd)
Alisa, climb down and get my gun!

ALISA

is otherwise occupied. She reassembles her tranquilizer gun,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A DART

STICKS into Tracks' furry back. Tracks takes no notice.

Nelson takes out the BLACKFOOT BLUDGEON and beats on Tracks with it. Tracks SNARLS viciously.

NELSON (cont'd)

Alisa!

ALISA

fires again.

ALISA

He's got two darts in him, Nelson.
He'll be out in a minute.

NELSON

A minute?!

TRACKS

climbs up higher. The limbs CREAK and bend. Nelson scrambles into the uppermost branches.

NELSON (cont'd)

Alisa!

Tracks shakes the tree violently. Nelson slips and FALLS...

...but manages to grab a branch and pull himself back up. Tracks SCREAMS angrily.

NELSON

reaches for the tip of a branch of a taller adjacent tree. He grabs it tight.

TRACKS

climbs higher. Nelson lands repeated blows with the Blackfoot Bludgeon, but it has no effect on the furiously snarling animal.

Nelson has gone as high as the tree goes, and Tracks is still climbing.

NELSON (cont'd)

pulls on the branch from the other tree. He drops the Blackfoot Bludgeon to pull with both hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACKS

gets a new foothold, climbs high enough and GRABS for Nelson...

NELSON

lets go with his legs and is SLINGSHOT into the other tree! Tracks ROARS furiously.

Nelson CRASHES through the branches and snatches a grip on the trunk. He goes out on a limb which touches the cliff wall.

TRACKS

THUDS to the ground and races toward the cliff, but can't climb it.

NELSON

manages to clamber the few remaining feet to the top. Alisa pulls him clear of the edge.

Nelson BREATHES hard.

ALISA

Show off.

NELSON

That's a fine effective tranquilizer gun you've got.

ALISA

It'll work: not every creature has an inviolable nervous system.

Ignoring that remark, Nelson rummages in his dynamite satchel and pulls out some first aid things.

NELSON

Here's some stuff for your leg. Disinfectant, pain killers if you need them.

ALISA

Thanks, I do.

While Alisa re-does her bandage, Nelson goes to the edge and looks down.

NELSON

He's gone. How long will he stay

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA
Five minutes to an hour.

NELSON
We've got to climb down there and
get my gun. Ready?

ALISA
Calm down. Just a minute.

EXT. THE CLIFF - MINUTES LATER

Nelson waits at the bottom of the cliff while Alisa comes
down. He's ready to catch her.

ALISA
I can do it.

She waits for Nelson to step away. When he does, she drops to
the ground.

Nelson takes his cane and walks over to his SHOTGUN. He picks
it up thankfully.

ALISA (cont'd)
Let's go around that side of this
ridge. We have to find him.

She starts walking that way. Nelson shrugs and follows.

NELSON
Hey, Alisa...

She keeps walking ahead of him.

ALISA
Yes?

NELSON
You know, about the other night, I
don't want you to think I was
trying to be rude or anything.

ALISA
I don't know what you're talking
about.

NELSON
Well it just seems like I hurt your
feelings, and I really didn't want
to do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

Oh. No problem, I was just being weird. The moon makes me act that way some times.

NELSON

But the moon wasn't out.

ALISA

No, the moon was definitely not out.

NELSON

I'm just trying to say I'm sorry.

ALISA

There's nothing to be sorry about, Nelson.

Nelson STOPS.

NELSON

Well forgive me, but I can't believe that. You spilled your guts to me; that means more than just "nothing."

ALISA

Let's just forget it.

NELSON

Okay, we'll forget it.

Nelson follows her disappointedly, picking his way along with his cane.

EXT. ROCKY SLOPE

Nelson and Alisa approach the back side of the ridge.

A ROCK

the size of a watermelon SHATTERS on the ground, spraying them with sharp splinters.

TRACKS

is atop the ridge with another huge rock held high over its head. Tracks THROWS it!

Nelson and Alisa dive behind a giant boulder. The rock BURSTS on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nelson checks the safety on the shotgun. Alisa prepares to load another DART into her gun, but pauses when she reads the label in DESPAIR.

NELSON

How come he's still awake?!

ALISA

I should have used a phenothiazine.
He's gone into succinylcholine
induced hyperkalemia.

NELSON

What?

ALISA

It happens to one in twenty
animals. Just like me and my
dexedrine; now he's mean,
hungry...and hyper.

Tracks SCREAMS, startling Nelson. More thrown rocks EXPLODE on the ground.

NELSON

We're getting out of here. I'll
hold him off with the shotgun. You
go find the horse--he ran off that
way--and come get me.

ALISA

Right.

Alisa gets up and RUNS.

NELSON

rolls out with the shotgun and FIRES twice, giving her cover.

EXT. THE WOODS - ALISA

Unarmed, Alisa jaunts through the woods.

EXT. ROCKY SLOPE

Nelson carefully PEERS out from behind the boulder.

Tracks is not there. Nelson stands and looks around in confusion.

A BROWN FLASH

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

as Tracks springs after Alisa!

NELSON

Hey!

Tracks pauses, BARES its teeth at Nelson, then starts after Alisa again.

Nelson pumps a shell in and FIRES.

Tracks' leg is SWEPT from beneath and it drops, SQUEALING like a wounded pig.

NELSON (cont'd)

Good.

Tracks recovers, looks straight at Nelson, and ROARS. Tracks gets to its feet and CHARGES Nelson.

NELSON (cont'd)

I think it's good.

Nelson SPLITS.

Tracks lumbers along, rapidly gaining on the retreating Nelson. Nelson dodges behind some more rocks.

Tracks comes upon Nelson's hiding place, but Nelson's not there!

The mighty PELLY GLACIER cuts through a mighty canyon right at Tracks' feet. Directly below is the frozen lake that the glacier feeds.

Tracks GRUNTS and looks around in confusion. Where did that yummy looking guy get to?

NELSON (O.S.) (cont'd)

Hey.

Tracks WHIRLS.

There's Nelson, hiding ten feet away in a cleft. Nelson FIRES. Tracks SCREAMS and staggers back.

Nelson FIRES AGAIN...BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The magazine now empty, Nelson loads single shots...BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Tracks finally FALLS backward, gaping at the sky and clawing at the air. Tracks limply topples off the edge of the canyon.

Nelson catches his breath, SMIRKS. Sinks to his knees. LAUGHS

EXT. THE WOODS - ALISA

NELSON'S HORSE stands in the center of a meadow. Not grazing, just standing.

ALISA

approaches, slowly and cautiously. She makes little clicking noises with her mouth.

The horse WHINNIES and runs straight to her. Apparently, this is one frightened horse.

The horse nuzzles up to her. Alisa puts her arms around its big head.

ALISA

Come on, it's all right. It's all right now.

The radio on the saddle CRACKLES.

BELL (V.O.)

This is Bell calling Nelson. Nelson, can you read me?

Alisa picks it up.

ALISA

This is Dr. Garros. Over.

BELL (V.O.)

Doctor, thank heaven. Where's Nelson?

ALISA

I don't know, I think I just heard some shots. A lot of shots.

BELL (V.O.)

All right, I'm on my way. Where are you?

Alisa LOOKS around.

ALISA

I have no...I don't know where I am.

BELL (V.O.)

Okay, take a good look around. Do you see my helicopter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

No.

BELL (V.O.)

Doctor, we have a problem.

EXT. ROCKY SLOPE

Nelson stands at the top, peering down.

No Tracks. Nelson frowns. Considers.

It's too steep to walk down; he'll have to climb. Nelson sets the shotgun down, secures the satchel on his shoulder, and LOWERS himself over the edge.

Nelson CLIMBS down.

After ten feet, the slope is barely enough to stand on. From here, it's a quarter mile of 50% grade straight down to the frozen lake.

Where the heck is Tracks?

Nelson bends to examine some fresh blood on the rocks.

A SASQUATCH SCREAM

from above. Nelson spins his head to look.

TRACKS

is poised up on top, with a rock held high over its head! Nelson RUNS down the slope. Tracks THROWS the rock; it HITS Nelson squarely in the back. He TUMBLES, the satchel breaks loose and dynamite SCATTERS everywhere.

Tracks steps off the edge and jogs down the slope as easily as a person jogs down the street.

Nelson BOUNCES and SLIDES along, covering the whole quarter of a mile in a quarter of a minute.

EXT. FROZEN LAKE

Half a dozen surviving sticks of dynamite come down the slope and SCATTER all over the ice.

Nelson rolls to a stop. Seeing Tracks' rapidly growing nearness, Nelson stands to run for the ice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nelson's bad leg COLLAPSES. He loses no time though, half running, half crawling to the ice.

Nelson DIVES onto the ice and slides out on his stomach just as

TRACKS

SKIDS to a stop at the edge of the lake. Thwarted, Tracks throws its head back and ROARS.

NELSON

looks through the black, bubbly ice. It's not more than an inch thick. Nelson's old fear comes back now and he nearly PANICS, but bites his lip and hangs on.

He slides forward. The ice MOANS threateningly.

Tracks tentatively steps onto the ice, but it immediately BREAKS. Tracks withdraws.

Nelson collects the first stick of dynamite. Slowly, painfully, he rotates himself on the ice to head for the second stick. The ice POPS; a little water rises up.

Tracks skirts up and down the shoreline anxiously, hungrily.

Nelson has all but one dynamite stick now. He slides himself along on his stomach toward the last stick...

...the ice BREAKS. Nelson's leg goes in the water. Tracks SCREAMS.

Nelson's freaking out big time. He starts to hyperventilate, but forces himself to take deep, slow breaths.

Nelson lifts his foot out of the water, hooks it on the edge of the break, and gradually straightens his leg, lifting himself out of the hole.

Nelson collects the last dynamite stick, ties all six together with one of the fuses, and turns toward the glacier.

THE GLACIER

is a wall of ice thirty feet high, cleft with innumerable fissures and crevasses, reaching into the frozen lake. There's a small moraine of rocky debris just at its base, like a narrow beach.

Nelson heads for it across the ice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tracks, guessing his destination, runs around the long way, on shore, and starts out along the moraine.

NELSON

reaches the moraine first. He drags himself inside a narrow fissure in the ice.

INT. GLACIER

An intricate lacelike maze of ice walls, passages, and clefts. Nelson SQUIRMS in deep enough that Tracks can't reach him.

TRACKS

appears at the opening, GROWLING viciously. It reaches in for Nelson, but Nelson's too far inside.

NELSON

winds all the dynamite fuses together, then fumbles all his pockets for a match. No matches!

Nelson finds a couple of wood matches in his breast pocket, but nothing to strike them on.

TRACKS

savagely POUNDS on the ice, BREAKING some of it aside! SNARLING, Tracks climbs inside.

NELSON

manages to crawl a little further in. He strikes the first match on his one dry shoe; it burns. Nelson brings the fuse to the match, but the match FIZZLES and dies.

TRACKS

HOWLS and SMASHES some more ice.

NELSON

strikes the second match. The fuse IGNITES. Nelson drops the dynamite onto the ice between he and Tracks.

Nelson strains to climb up through the crevasse. SUNLIGHT is high above him.

THE FUSE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACKS

BASHES through some more of the ice; he's now nearly on top of the dynamite.

NELSON

raises himself up onto a ledge, but SLIPS off.

THE FUSE

has only seconds remaining!

NELSON

scrambles MADLY to climb out of there, but can make no headway. TRACKS

SCREAMS in rage. BITS OF ICE break loose everywhere and tinkle down.

ICE SHARDS

douse Nelson. He looks in terror at the fuse.

TRACKS

puts a heavy fist through two feet of ice, climbs through and unwittingly STEPS ON THE FUSE. It's out.

NELSON

gapes in shock. He's pretty much stuck, and Tracks is busting closer every second.

TRACKS

SCREAMS again; even more ice cracks loose and rains down everywhere. Nelson's way is opened up a tiny bit.

NELSON

scrambles a little higher and further in. He takes out Alisa's DOG WHISTLE and BLOWS.

TRACKS

SQUEALS in pain and claps its hands to its ears. Tracks SCREAMS, again and again.

NELSON

blows and blows on the dog whistle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AN ICE WALL

cracks asunder.

TRACKS

angrier than ever, SMASHES through more ice as his deafening SCREAMS ripple the very guts of the glacier.

A BOOM

signals major structural damage to the glacier.

NELSON

blows one last time on the dog whistle, then claws his way out of there like a lizard.

TRACKS

glares straight at Nelson, meeting his gaze. Their eyes LOCK. Tracks gives the loudest, harshest, animalistic SCREAMING ROAR yet.

EXT. GLACIER

The glacier CALVES. A million tons of ice break off with explosive force, and go SLIDING into the lake.

INT. GLACIER

The fracture is right where Tracks is. The ceiling comes down, the floor goes up. Tracks is SCISSORED in half.

THE DYNAMITE

is CRUSHED by the fracture.

EXT. GLACIER

Two acres of the surface are LIFTED skyward by the exploding dynamite. The entire glacier SHIVERS from the impact.

The atomized ice gradually falls like snow. An immense crater sinks into the surface of the glacier.

ALISA

abandons the horse and runs out onto the glacier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

Nelson!

She's nearly hysterical with fear and concern as she runs, stumbling, across the rough surface.

ALISA (cont'd)

Nelson!

She reaches the edge of the depression and looks down.

NELSON

lays there in a half sitting position, nearly completely buried by ice shards. He chews contentedly on an icicle.

NELSON

So how was your week?

Alisa tries to stifle relieved laughter. She takes out the radio.

ALISA

Bell, I found him. He's fine. We're on the glacier.

BELL (O.S.)

All right! I'll be there in five minutes.

NELSON

Five minutes? Damn. Just as I was getting comfortable.

Alisa puts the radio away.

ALISA

Climb out of there, you idiot.

NELSON

Spoil sport.

Nelson stands, but finds that he can't quite climb out.

NELSON (cont'd)

Perhaps, uh...

He offers her his hand for some assistance. She considers, then grabs it and PULLS him out. He stands and shakes the ice off of his Mountie jacket.

NELSON (cont'd)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISA

You owe me one. You owe me two; you didn't leave me anything to take a blood sample from.

NELSON

Damn. Well when the time came, I guess my mind just slipped.

Nelson tries to take a step unassisted.

ALISA

Do you need some help?

NELSON

No, I think I'm okay.

They limp along at a snail's pace.

NELSON (cont'd)

Well, we made it. Back to dissecting little forest animals for you...

ALISA

Yup.

NELSON

...and back to putting parking tickets on sleeping bears for me.

ALISA

Yup.

Nelson STUMBLES. Alisa catches him.

ALISA (cont'd)

Here, klutz. You can't walk on that thing; I'll get the horse, you wait here.

NELSON

All right fine. Stick in the mud.

Alisa starts for the horse. Nelson grumbles and takes a few more tentative steps.

NELSON (cont'd)

I can walk, I don't need any smelly horse.

He looks after Alisa, and wrinkles his brow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

walks along. She sniffles. Just a runny nose? Or...

NELSON (cont'd)

Hey!

ALISA

What?

NELSON

Maybe when I'm in town some time,
we can get some greasy hamburgers
or something.

ALISA

All right.

She turns and starts away again. Nelson grimaces.

NELSON

Hey!

ALISA

What?

Nelson tries to walk toward her. She makes it easier for him
and heads back his way.

NELSON

Some bright, beautiful person with
a brain like a razor blade once
told me that we should live our
lives, and put bad memories and bad
things behind us, and try to
...have fun.

ALISA

Whoever said that was crazy.

NELSON

Crazy enough to wander around with
horrific, gaping wounds; and catch
her death of cold.

ALISA

Maybe.

NELSON

I'm thinking that... Oh! Oh my, I'm
having great difficulty standing
upright on this bad leg...

Alisa GRINS and steps over to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON (cont'd)
Any second now, I might fall down
and injure myself appallingly...

ALISA
Need some help?

NELSON
I think you'd better catch me.

They EMBRACE. Both laugh and smile and cry.

Nelson and Alisa KISS.

ALISA
Ooh! Yum.

They KISS again.

NELSON
What do you say we go and find a
nice hospital someplace and settle
down?

ALISA
Log cabins are very therapeutic.

NELSON
That's true, that's very true.

Arm in arm, the two lamos limp away.

NELSON (cont'd)
Where should it be?

ALISA
Mmm, someplace where there's
people.

NELSON
Yes, people. Lots of people.
British Columbia.

ALISA
No, no. It's too hot down there.
Alaska.

NELSON
Alaska's good. Or Newfoundland.

ALISA
Baffin Island.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NELSON
Greenland.

ALISA
Antarctica.

Bell's HELICOPTER approaches, drowning out their voices. Bell hovers, ready to pick them up.

FADE OUT

The End