

NATURAL HAUTEUR

Written by

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EXT. TRAIL - DAY

A boulder stained with blood sits surrounded by foliage.

KYRAN (O.S.)  
Come on, what happened, man?

INT. RV - DAY

A cozy, cluttered RV stands still. There are assortments of camp survival guides and potato chips scattered around. Messy wires are connected to a shabby monitor display, and rugged maps are taped to the walls.

There's a STRUGGLE outside of the RV, and an approaching conversation is heard. SLAM! The front door swings open as KYRAN BLAIR (20), a rugged rugby player, a gentle giant, BURSTS through.

Kyran DRAGS up CLARK BLAIR (21), his scrawny cousin, a computer science kid, with a devilish grin, daring anyone to try him. He limps through the doorway.

KYRAN  
Alright, up, on the bed--

CLARK  
I got it, I got it--

Kyran HEAVES Clark onto the bed, laying him up against the wall. Kyran takes off Clark's boot, revealing a bruised ankle.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
I'll just sleep it off.

Kyran walks to a portable cooler and brings out a bag of ice, placing it on Clark's ankle. Clark RECOILS.

KYRAN  
We've gotta get a brace at the pharmacy.

CLARK  
I don't need a brace--

KYRAN  
You're going to be able to walk on it--?

CLARK  
I'm going to be able to walk on it.

Kyran looks at Clark in disbelief.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Hell, I'll bring you a tuft of  
Bigfoot's hair tomorrow.

KYRAN  
Yeah? Find me another sack of  
Bigfoot shit, too, while you're at  
it.

CLARK  
Biggest animal out here is a deer,  
I'm telling you, that couldn't have  
been anyone else's--

KYRAN  
Not even my shit--?

CLARK  
(with a smile)  
It was not your shit.

KYRAN  
Oh, it was my shit.

INT. RV - DAY

Kyran is sleeping.

CLARK (O.S.)  
(whispered)  
Kyran...! Kyran!

A granola bar hits Kyran on the shoulder, he shuffles. A book  
FLIES into him, and he WAKES up.

KYRAN  
Wha... What?

Clark is standing next to the monitor displays, looking into  
the shabby trail footage. There's a RUFFLING of leaves.

CLARK  
Right outside- right out fucking  
side!

Kyran, still groggy, gets up and looks at the monitor.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Bigfoot dude...

Kyran's eyes open wide.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Key, key- where's your key?

Kyran takes a key out from around his neck, Clark does the same. They kneel by a gun safe and put in their keys.

They open it, and Kyran takes out a small rifle. Clark HOBBLER on one leg to the door.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Cmon, let's go!

Kyran looks at the monitors one last time, SQUINTING, a rabbit hops out of the bushes. Kyran sighs and turns.

KYRAN  
(tired)  
Fucking rabbit.

Clark quickly looks around as Kyran puts the rifle back into the safe and closes it. Kyran mumbles, jumping back into bed.

CLARK  
I usually checked the trails by  
this time, y'know...

Kyran stares at Clark, still facedown in the bed.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
And the bait needs to be reset by  
the river. He's not going to wait  
all day.

Kyran GROANS, lifting himself up.

EXT. FOREST - AFTERNOON

Kyran trudges down the trail, dressed for the weather, with his Bigfoot hunting gear in a backpack, disdain on his face.

The distant rumbling of thunder gets his attention.

INT. RV - EVENING

Clark TIGHTENS the rope on a crude, homemade bear trap. He puts his hand inside the joints, shifting them open and closed.

CLARK  
Oh, this'll do the trick. Right  
buddy?

Clark stumbles around the RV, tearing open a pack of crackers and watching Kyran on the camera monitors.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
He moves like he's got a sack of  
boulders in there...

Clark trails a map.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
I've gotten through Hellman's at  
twice the speed, even with my foot--

Clark looks at the bear trap like it's a person. Thunder RUMBLES the RV.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Twice the speed! That lazy  
bastard...  
(mimicking the bear trap)  
You bet! More than Kyran! That  
snoozer!

Clark hobbles to the bed and sits down.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
He goes around treating me like a  
damn baby...  
(mimicking the bear trap)  
But he's not the one who set up the  
trails, ran the cameras- what kind  
of baby could make someone like me?

Clark lays back, holding the trap up to his face.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
(mimicking the bear trap)  
You're not the type of baby to run  
when he's right there, right?

Silence. Clark looks at the trap, its jaw hangs loosely.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
You think Dad'll let you get away  
with abandoning him so easily?

Clark gets up, marking trails on maps and checking the cameras. He catches a glimpse of himself in a small mirror, he checks himself out.

He sifts through his hair, reaching a spot on the back of his head covered in dried blood. He looks down at his blood stained fingers, rubbing them together, slightly chuckling.

INT. RV - NIGHT

Kyran opens the RV door and slowly steps into the RV. Clark watches from the bed as Kyran slowly removes his outdoor gear. Kyran sits down, slowly taking off his boots, watching Clark.

Kyran walks around the RV, cracking open a can of beans and pouring it into a pot on the camping stove.

CLARK  
Camera 2 went down.

Kyran turns to the monitors and sees static on one of the displays. Kyran turns back and sifts through the beans.

KYRAN  
I'll get it in the morning--

CLARK  
You'll get it in the morning? Wait for Bigfoot to sneak in on us while we're sleeping?

Kyran picks up the pot and eats from it. They stare at each other.

KYRAN  
The fuck are you talking about?

CLARK  
You not gonna make me a plate--?

KYRAN  
No, no, no, if you think it's so fucking devastating how I set shit up, then go do it yourself. Cmon, get up.

Kyran puts the pot down and STOMPS over to Clark, DRAGGING him off the bed and holding him up by his armpits.

KYRAN (CONT'D)  
Stand, cmon, stand.

Clark's sprained ankle flops around on the floor, not having the strength to hold his weight up. Clark weakly grabs at Kyran's neck.

KYRAN (CONT'D)  
What? What you need a doctor? You need a fucking brace, maybe?

CLARK  
 (woozily)  
 Kyran... Kyran.

KYRAN  
 You want to go now? Pharmacy's down  
 the mountain OUT OF THESE FUCKING  
 WOODS--

Thunder RUMBLES as the pitter-patter of rain falls on the RV.

Kyran sets Clark down on the bed, smacking the back of his head.

KYRAN (CONT'D)  
 Dumbass.

Kyran pulls his hand back, now stained with blood.

KYRAN (CONT'D)  
 The hell...?

CLARK  
 Camera 2.

A distant ROAR is heard, REVERBERATING around the RV.

Kyran quickly gets into the driver's seat of the RV and tries to turn it on- it SPUTTERS and stops. Clark sits up against the wall, mindlessly staring as Kyran desperately tries to start the RV, SPATTERING and stopping. SPATTERING and stopping.

Kyran steps out of the driver's seat and sees Clark putting on a coat, getting ready to leave.

KYRAN  
 What are you... what are you doing?

CLARK  
 He's out there.

Clark points to the monitor, several of them displaying static. Kyran stares Clark down.

KYRAN  
 We shouldn't have come out here-

Clark goes for the door, but Kyran stops him.

KYRAN (CONT'D)  
 You're not fucking going anywhere-  
 just--

Clark squirms free, and Kyran stands in the doorway.

CLARK

He's there... he's mocking me.

KYRAN

Let it go, man.

CLARK

Let it go...? You think he's just something you let go? You think my Dad should have just... let go?

Kyran just stands in shock.

CLARK (CONT'D)

And they said it was a bear attack-  
what bear leaves its food uneaten?  
Leaves me as a witness? Those black  
beady eyes daring me to try  
anything- he did it for sport! He  
was mocking me!

(beat)

What if it was your dad?

KYRAN

Clark...

Kyran clutches his neck and, feeling the absence of his keys, PAUSES. Kyran looks down at the gun safe, wide open and empty. Clark pulls out the rifle from a scabbard next to his backpack.

CLARK

I can't let him win.

Kyran's legs slightly bend, and he LUNGES forward, grabbing the barrel of the gun.

EXT. RV - NIGHT

The RV SWAYS as the two struggle.

BANG.

The RV is still.

The front door opens, and Clark steps out of the RV and limps straight into the darkness of the forest.