

'SQUATCH AND THE CITY

"Pilot"

Written by

Michael A. Gainey



SQUATCH AND THE CITY

"Pilot"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. THE CANADIAN WILDERNESS - MORNING

A TIME-LAPSE of the sun rising over a dense forest.

NATURE FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)
North America. For centuries, man
has believed that an ancient
creature stalks these mountains.

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

EXTREME CLOSE UP: a fur-covered appendage passes, obscured by
dense foliage.

NATURE FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)
Its body covered in fur, its back
straight, its stride graceful yet
shrouded in mystery.

A QUICK HIT of the famous picture of Sasquatch in stride.

BACK TO SCENE

NATURE FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)
But the noble Sasquatch has always
remained. One. Step. Ahead.

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - MORNING

A team of Sasquatch Hunters, two men and a woman, gather
their gear. Backpacks tightened, GoPros mounted, knives
secured in their holsters.

One of the men straps on a BELT lined with HAND GRENADES.
The woman slings a BAZOOKA over her shoulder.

NATURE FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)
Glory seekers have bravely scoured
the wilds of the great continent...

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

PUSH IN on a climber. He STRIKES the mountainside with his pickaxe, taking one more step toward the summit.

NATURE FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)
 ...from the freezing tundras of
 Alaska...

EXT. JEWISH SUMMER CAMP - DAY

Behind a large pair of binoculars, a gawky JEWISH BOY eyes the tree line. Beside him a JEWISH GIRL eyes him as she twirls her hair around her index finger, flirtatiously.

NATURE FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)
 ...to the lush forests of Maine's
 most exclusive Jewish summer
 camps...

EXT. BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

A FLY OVER of Downtown, over the bridge, past the steel mill, to an unassuming, brick and mortar row home, now split into separate apartments.

NATURE FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)
 ...when all the while, they needed
 only to buzz Apartment 5b at 817
 Northampton Parkway in Bethlehem,
 Pennsylvania.

We follow the brick up to the third floor and into...

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

SANDY WALSH, 20s, tall but cute, wears patterned pajamas and animal paw slippers as she CHOMPS popcorn on the couch. Lights out, the television illuminates the room.

NATURE FILM NARRATOR (V.O.)
 This... is her story.

TV SHOW ANNOUNCER
 And now back to Squatch Hunter.

ON THE TV

Sandy watches "SQUATCH HUNTER", one of those cable shows. The titular HUNTER addresses the camera in the woods.

SQUATCH HUNTER

(whispering)

We've used state of the art thermal cameras to track Bigfoot to this location. The heat signature given off by her thick layer of fur is unmistakable. Just on the other side of these trees. Probably a mating site or a feeding ground.

SANDY

On the kitchen table? Gross!

SQUATCH HUNTER

(hushed, to camera)

Kill the lights. Follow me.

The show switches to NIGHT VISION. The handheld camera shakes, branches CRUNCH as they move.

The camera turns to the Hunter, who puts a silencing finger to his lips. They peek around a large tree...

SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC builds, and...

NOTHING.

But branches RUSTLE behind them! They SHINE their flashlights on...

THE BOOM OPERATOR! He covers his eyes, cringing

BOOM OPERATOR

It's me! It's me!

SQUATCH HUNTER

Damn it, Gary!

(to the camera, serious)

She was here. Definitely.

BACK TO SCENE

Sandy LAUGHS.

SANDY

(teasing)

Oooh, so close.

Sandy crams a fistful of popcorn in her mouth and grabs the clicker, changing the channel.

TV SHOW ANNOUNCER

Next up, Brangelina splits an entree at a Hollywood restaurant but did they also split the check? Is Hollywood's mega-couple on the outs? Coming up on TMI.

SANDY

(intrigued)

Ooh.

Sandy sets down the clicker, grabs her 64OZ SODA from the table and takes a cup-emptying SIP.

SMASH CUT TO:

THEME MUSIC AND OPENING CREDITS!

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Establishing, the sun rises on a new day.

INT. SANDY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Sandy sleeps in a twin bed, much too short for her height. Her LARGE FEET hang off the end. In her sleep, she GROWLS lightly.

Grieg's "MORNING MOOD" plays lightly.

She sits up slowly, well rested, then yawns and stretches. She reaches for her CELL PHONE on the nightstand and shuts off her alarm (which played MORNING MOOD).

INT. SANDY'S BATHROOM - MORNING

IN THE SHOWER

Sandy ducks under the shower head. Again, she is much too tall for this fixture.

AT THE BATHROOM SINK

Sandy, in a towel, wipes condensation from her mirror, then shakes off like a wet dog.

She then blow dries her hair. When the hot air hits her face, she CHOMPS at it.

Once dry, she takes a can of SHAVING FOAM from the cabinet, sprays a LARGE MOUND of foam into her hand and spreads the foam over her entire face, chest, arms, and legs.

INT. SANDY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

At the kitchen table, Sandy eagerly reads a copy of US WEEKLY as she eats breakfast (a plate of beef jerky!).

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING STOOP - MORNING

Sandy exits in second-hand business clothes and waves to her landlord, ADA SANDERSON, a shrunken, elderly woman.

SANDY

Hi, Ada!

ADA

Hiya, Sandy! We still on for 7?

SANDY

You know it, sister-from-an-older-mister! Bye!

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Sandy skips along until she notices a group of YOUNG GIRLS playing double dutch with a pair jumpropes. As one girl jumps out of the middle, Sandy jumps in.

SANDY

My turn!

The jump ropes SLAP against her shoulder, then fall dead to the pavement. She is too tall.

GIRLS

Hey!

SANDY

Oops. Sorry.
(then, cheerfully)
Okay, bye!

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Sandy skips her way in to the building.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Sandy rides in the back of a crowded elevator. With a DING, the elevator stops at her floor. She squeezes through the crowd, but she steps on their feet accidentally.

PASSENGERS

Ow! Watch it! My toe!

SANDY

Sorry. 'scuse me.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Sandy stumbles out of the elevator and straightens herself up. She walks past the cute, young receptionist, VERONICA, who gives her a serious nod.

SANDY

Veronica.

VERONICA

Sandy.

Sandy holds up a key, looking to Veronica. Veronica holds up a matching key. As Sandy turns her key in the nearby door, Veronica turns hers in an unseen keyhole presumably on her desk.

Sandy opens the door to the office, mimicking the sound of an airtight security door opening.

SANDY

(sound-effect)

kfwoooshhh.

Veronica GIGGLES, breaking character as Sandy stands tall, serious, then steps through the door.

INT. CALL CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

With WHIP-CRACK movements, Sandy prepares her workspace: She places THREE MINI-MUFFINS on her desk, she presses the ON-KEY on her outdated computer, she attaches a HEADSET over ear.

Settled at her tiny workstation, she makes her first call.

SANDY

Hello, my name is Sandy and I'm calling from Apollo Solar Solutions to tell you about the exciting government rebates--

(they hung up)

Okay.

Sandy dials the next number.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Hello, my name is Sandy and I'm calling from Apollo Solar--

(hung up)

Hello?

Sandy SHRUGS and dials the next number.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Hello, my name is Sandy and I'm
call--

BWAHHH! Sandy is interrupted by an AIRHORN over the phone!
She drops her headset quickly.

SANDY (CONT'D)
AH!
(recovering, a good sport)
Oh... you got me, Simon Branford or
spouse. You got me.

Sandy replaces her headset, forces a smile and redials.

SANDY (CONT'D)
Hello, my name is--

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sandy walks happily along, ducking under trees that line the
sidewalk.

Suddenly, a DOGWALKER turns the corner.

The leashed DOGS go berserk! They BARK and GROWL, showing
their teeth.

Sandy continues happily; this has happened before.

DOGWALKER
Sorry! I'm so sorry.

SANDY
It's okay. They smell my cat!

EXT. PATTY GIMLIN BEAUTY SCHOOL - MORNING

Sandy enters with a skip in her step. Once the door closes,
we hear a HIGH PITCHED SCREAM!

INT. PATTY GIMLIN BEAUTY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN looks in the mirror, incredulous. Her
hair has been cut into a rocker 'do with neon blue streaks!.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN
Wha-what did you...?

Student-stylist VIVIANA SILVA, 20s, Hispanic, rock n roll
style, admires her work.

VIVIANA

You love it, right? It's so you I could just shit.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

I wanted highlights!

VIVIANA

And you got 'em! You need to show the boys you came to fuckin' party.

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

I'm married!

MILES, 40s, stocky instructor enters.

MILES

Viviana, no no no. You need an instructor to sign off... you can't...

(to the woman)

I can fix this.

VIVIANA

Fix what? That's art!

MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

I wanted highlights!

MILES

And I will do that for you right away. If you'll come sit over here.

Miles leads the woman to the next chair.

MILES (CONT'D)

(to Viviana, hushed)

This is the fourth time this week!

VIVIANA

I'm learning!

But Viviana suddenly spies Sandy at the entrance.

VIVIANA (CONT'D)

Sandy! Baby, talk to me.

Viviana extends a hand and leads Sandy into a one of the barber chairs.

SANDY

Hey, Viv, I should get started--

VIVIANA
Chiquita, how long have you known
me?

SANDY
Thirty two days.

VIVIANA
Right? Like, forever. But real
talk, girl. You eat sleep study
everyday and it's goin' straight to
your face.

SANDY
My face?

VIVIANA
You need to relax!

SANDY
But I have to get my hours. I told
Ada I'd work hard.

Viviana turns Sandy in her chair to face the mirror.

VIVIANA
You can work hard when your dead.
Look at that face!

Sandy looks intently, then smiles, pleased with her
appearance. She turns her smile to Viviana.

VIVIANA (CONT'D)
Ay, no. You see these baggy eyes?
This pronounced forehead? Those
swoll-ass feet you got goin' on?

Sandy scrutinizes her appearance in the mirror, then looks at
her large feet. Her smile fades.

VIVIANA (CONT'D)
Re. Lax.

SANDY
I guess it couldn't hurt.

VIVIANA
Exactly. So pretend you're sick.

SANDY
What?

Vivi holds her hand to Sandy's forehead.

VIVIANA
 (loudly, pronounced)
 Dios mio, you are burnin' up,
 Sandy!
 (then, hushed)
 I'm taking you to your favorite
 place in the entire world.

SANDY
 (excitedly, loudly)
 The library?!

VIVIANA
 (shushing)
 Shh... The what?
 (then, hushed)
 We goin' shoppin'.

SANDY
 Shut. Up. I love the grocery
 store!

Viviana gives her a confused stare.

VIVIANA
 You fuckin' wit' me?

With an innocent smile, Sandy shakes her head "no".

VIVIANA (CONT'D)
 Grab your purse and let's go.
 (To Miles)
 Miles, Sandy esta enferma.

MILES
 I don't speak spanish, Viv.

VIVIANA
 She's sick, you bag of fruit
 snacks. I'm taking her home.

Viviana waves half-heartedly to Miles, as he frantically
 fixes the Middle Aged Woman's hair.

MILES
 Wait, what?

Sandy smiles sheepishly at Miles, then leans forward to the
 Middle Aged Woman.

SANDY
 (complimentary)
 You... look like a rock star.

Sandy follows Viviana excitedly out the door.

INT. VIVIANA'S HONDA - DAY

Viviana drives calmly, but in the passenger seat Sandy watches the scenery pass, her head out the window like an excited dog.

Sandy spots something out the window and points excitedly.

SANDY

Hey! Did you see that?

VIVIANA

Get back in here! What are you doing?

Sandy settles back into her seat and raises her window.

SANDY

I had no idea you owned a car!
Aren't you so excited? You can
drive whenever you want!

VIVIANA

(dry)

It's a dream come true.

Suddenly, Viviana SLAMS on the brakes! She lays on the HORN then yells SPANISH EXPLETIVES out the window with a threatening wave of her fist!

INT. SHOPPING MALL - CONTINUOUS

Sandy and Vivi enter in a sweeping shot as Sandy twirls, overcome by the excited buzz of the shopping mall.

SANDY

You buy your groceries at the mall?

VIVIANA

What are you talking about?

SANDY

Ada says only rich people shop at
the mall.

VIVIANA

Where do you get your clothes?

SANDY
 (duh)
 Thrift City.

VIVIANA
 Ugh!

SANDY
 What?

VIVIANA
 Forget a makeover, we need a forest
 fire.

SANDY
 (spooked)
 Where?!

Vivi grabs Sandy by the arm and drags her to...

INT. SALON - DAY

We pan down a line of women sitting under dryers, reading magazines. At the end of the line, Sandy slouches to fit under hers.

LATER

Sandy, hair styled, looks over some cards with EYEBROW THREADING pictures on them. She turns them to show Vivi.

SANDY
 This one's "mysterious"!

VIVIANA
 (to the stylist)
 She wants "seductive".

SANDY
 Ooh, that looks good, too.

STYLIST
 Who's been doing your eyebrows?

SANDY
 Me. I'm in beauty school.

STYLIST
 Stay in school, sweetie.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Sandy tries on outfits that she has clearly picked out herself. A fun pair of overalls. A bedazzled denim jacket. All things fun but barely fashionable.

Vivi denies all of them with an eyeroll and a shake of her head.

INT. FOOD COURT - DAY

Vivi eats a salad while Sandy chomps on a huge burger like she's in a Carl's Jr. commercial.

VIVIANA

Like... the public library?

SANDY

So. Much. Fun. Every year, for my birthday, we'd put on overcoats and wear ratty old shoes to hide our... um, no... I mean, it was, like, this fun game. And I learned to read, check out books and magazines. I learned about the internet! And if the librarian came around, we'd pretend we were asleep so they wouldn't get suspicious.

VIVIANA

Suspicious of what?

SANDY

(then)
My parents were so much fun!

INT. SHOE STORE - DAY

A saleswoman STRUGGLES to fit a pair of dress flats on Sandy's large feet. She pushes with all her might.

SALESWOMAN

Errrr! I don't think it will fit!

SANDY

Do you have anything bigger?

SALESWOMAN

(still forcing the shoe)
It's... our biggest size!

VIVIANA
When's the last time you had a
pedicure?

SANDY
A pedi-wha?

INT. NAIL SALON - DAY

Sandy SQUIRMS, in ticklish spasms.

SANDY
HA! No, stop! I'm so-- Bahaha!

Vivi holds Sandy's leg down with all her strength as an Employee takes a pumice stone to Sandy's foot, a LARGE PILE OF DEAD SKIN already on the floor beneath it.

INT. SHOE STORE - DAY

The saleswoman easily slides the nice flats on Sandy's newly pedicured feet.

SALESWOMAN
(surprised)
Maybe we can go down a size.

SANDY
(excited, to Vivi)
Ooh, down a size!

Vivi SHUDDERS with disgust.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Vivi waits for Sandy.

VIVI
Ay, Sandy, what's taking so long!

SANDY (O.C.)
Everything you picked out is too
small!

VIVI
You're being ridiculous, let me
see.

SANDY
You're gonna laugh.

VIVI

So what?

Beat.

Sandy slowly steps out. We pan up from her new shoes, her long, exposed legs to a short but tasteful cocktail dress. She looks hot despite her obvious discomfort in her new look.

VIVI (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

SANDY

See! I told you--

VIVI

You look fuckin' hot.

Sandy tugs at the bottom of her dress, unused to showing so much leg, but smiles.

INT. CHAIN RESTAURANT = BAR - HAPPY HOUR

The ladies stand at the bar in new "date night" outfits, make up done, hair styled. Viviana lightly sips a martini and Sandy wipes foam from her lip after downing a beer stein.

SANDY

I never knew the mall could be so much fun!

(to bartender, re: beer)

I'll have another.

VIVIANA

Hold on, Wonder Woman. Maybe we should pump the brakes.

SANDY

Why?

VIVIANA

You can't be too exhausted... or drunk... for your date.

SANDY

(with a chuckle)

Date? Viv, I like you. But I don't sitcom like you.

VIVIANA

Not me, estupido! I got your back, girl. I set you up!

SANDY
 (seriously)
 No. Nonono.

VIVIANA
 Please! I never seen you with a
 man, never heard you talk about a
 man...
 (re: her own body)
 ... And you can't be gay if you
 haven't been checkin' this out.
 (then)
 You live with that old lady--

SANDY
 --I like Ada! She took me in--

VIVIANA
 --And you need to take yourself
out. You need to get laid, chica.

SANDY
 Gross. I'm not even the right...
 species.

VIVIANA
 You can't watch TV by yourself for
 the rest of your life.

SANDY
 TV is my best friend.

VIVIANA
 (hurt)
 Puta.

SANDY
 (stern)
 I live alone. I like living alone.

Viviana takes Sandy by the shoulders, turns her around,
 directing her attention to:

LENNY COGGINS, a hairy, burly woodsman, draped in plaid and
 denim, now entering the restaurant.

Sandy SHIVERS with desire at the sight of him.

SANDY (CONT'D)
 (retraction)
 I live alone. God I hate living
 alone so much.
 (then)
 He's--?

VIVIANA
--your date.

SANDY
(lustfully)
Woof.

His eyes meet hers and he flashes a smile that melts all of our hearts.

END OF ACT ONE