

The Greatest Trail
"Pilot" A.K.A. "Trail Names"
written by
Cloud Wilk

TEASER

EXT. SCOTT'S CHILDHOOD HOME - GARDEN - DAY

A beautiful garden waits outside the house. **SCOTT** (6) appears in the window, nervously observing it's inhabitants. **SCOTT'S MOM** coaxes him outside and they exit the house together. He sticks close to her as they make their way into the garden. As they walk, Scott holding his mom's hand tightly, he grows more and more curious. He stops to look at a butterfly that rests on a flower's head. The butterfly flies off and Scott follows it. His mom waits behind, keeping a distant eye on him.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Scott follows the butterfly down a trail and into a small clearing. The butterfly flies into the canopy and Scott, no longer able to follow it, becomes nervously aware of his surroundings. He can't see his mom anywhere and starts to get nervous. Before he cries, his mom arrives to console him.

SCOTT'S MOM

Hey, Sweetie! I'm still here.

Scott hugs her, then turns back to the wilderness.

SCOTT'S MOM (CONT'D)

Let's go for a walk! There's more stuff to look at down the trail. Doesn't that sound like fun?

KID SCOTT

(after a pause)

Yea.

They start down the trail together, Scott growing more comfortable as he walks ahead- eventually letting go of his mom's hand.

MONTAGE

A) Scott (adult) continues down a trail.

B) Scott hiking up a rocky mountainside.

C) Scott pushing through abrasive winds in the snow.

D) Scott scaling a rockface.

F) Scott intensely climbing up a snowy mountain, then reaching the top and looking out at the sunset.

END MONTAGE**INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

The last image of the montage zooms out to reveal Scott putting it up as a photo on a wall- a wall covered in hiking accomplishments. **PAUL** (41) steps in to admire it with Scott.

SCOTT

No wonder I'm the go-to hiking guide in the northeast. I've got to be one of the best hikers around!

PAUL

Of course, hun. You and you alone, right?

MONTAGE FLASHBACK

Scott is scaling a rockface... zooms out to see Paul lifting him up a small cliff.

END MONTAGE FLASHBACK

SCOTT

(sheepish)

Everyone needs a buddy, haha...

SCOTT shifts towards Paul.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

... and I'm looking forward to bringing mine with me to walk the longest footpath in the world. The Appalachian Mountain Trail!

Suddenly, Paul gets a ring on his cell phone.

PAUL

One moment, babe.

Paul walks off camera to answer it.

PAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(to phone)

Hello?

Scott looks over the photo wall once more. He picks up and observes a photo of young Scott with his mom. The sound of Paul's voice drifts off as Scott focuses in on the photo. Then Paul steps beside Scott again.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Bad news- I don't think this is the year for the Appalachian Mountain Trail. I have to go back home to work out some visa issues and God only knows how much time and money that is going to take.

SCOTT

(observing photo)

But... this was the year...

Paul puts his arm around Scott.

PAUL

I know, but we just can't do it this year.

SCOTT

This was supposed to be for mom. It's the year she said we were originally going to do it.

PAUL

(sympathetic)

I know. But what's one more year? Everything should be sorted by then.

Scott looks away.

PAUL (CONT'D)

The only other option is you walk the entire thing by yourself, sweetie. We know that's not an option.

SCOTT

(indignant)

What do you mean by that?

PAUL

Well it's just we've always done these big trips together and, no offence but, you're not exactly the one leading the way.

FLASHBACK

Scott pushing through the abrasive winds in the snow... zooms out to reveal Paul taking the full brunt of the winds ahead and Scott is following in his footsteps.

PAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You've never been able to do it
 without me.

END FLASHBACK

Scott looks down once more at the photo, taking it in. Then
 he looks up determined.

SCOTT
 I'm walking the whole thing by
 myself.

PAUL
 Scott, it's okay if we want to wait
 a year.

SCOTT
 No. You take care of your family.
 I'm the best dang hiker in the
 world- and this one's for mom.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. LODGE - EVENING - ESTABLISHING

Scott walks towards the entrance.

INT. LODGE - LOBBY - CONT.

Scott slams the door open- drawing the attention of the guests.

SCOTT
I'M READY TO HIKE THIS TRAIL!
(less loud)
All by myself!

He walks over to the front desk, where FRONT DESK ATTENDANT is standing. A little farther down is a TRAIL GUIDE leaning up against the desk.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Eh-ehm. I'd like to check in as a
THRU-HIKER for the Appalachian
Mountain Trail- and just to
clarify, I'm just checking in ONE
hiker- and that hiker is me. No one
else accompanying me!

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT
...Yes, well. I'll check you in and
give you your very own thru-hiking
tag! Makes for a nice memorabilium
and helps us keep track of all the
people who start it.

Front Desk Attendant hands over the thru-hiking tag. Scott grabs it and marvels at it.

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
Will this be your first time hiking
the Appalachian trail?

SCOTT
Well, yes, in it's entirety anyway.
But I-

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT
Well, then! You're in for QUITE the
adventure of a lifetime! Haha! The
woods these days have been
particularly... lively. If you need
a run down of proper-

SCOTT

-No thanks, I'm a world-renowned hiker. I've done everything BUT the Appalachian trail!

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT

Oh, there is NO trail comparable to the Appalachian.

SCOTT

I'll take my room key now, please!
I want to get a head start tomorrow morning.

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT

(sigh)

Well, here's your key.

Front desk attendant hands over the room card.

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

The food hall is just down that way; breakfast'll be ready tomorrow before the first bird tweets.

SCOTT

Thank youuuu~!

Scott is already down the hall. Front desk attendant turns to Trail Guide.

FRONT DESK ATTENDANT

Now THAT is an accident waiting to happen; better hope some other hiker latches onto him or he'll be just another of the 75% who don't wind up making it.

Trail Guide nods.

INT. LODGE - HALLWAY

Scott is happily walking down the hallway, almost missing the food hall, when the scent of the rich food drifts towards him and reels him back in.

INT. LODGE - FOOD HALL

Scott spots the buffet, lined gloriously at one end of the hall. His eyes light up and he zooms over.

He grabs a plate and goes to scoop a load of mashed potatoes when RANDALL suddenly pops up right beside him, staring at him. It starts to unnerve Scott a bit.

SCOTT

.... here.

Scott offers him the spoon and Randall throws his arm around Scott's shoulder and pulls him in, then grabs the spoon.

RANDALL

I love potatoes.

Scott awkwardly smiles and slips out of Randall's grasp, grabbing a few other pieces of food for his plate then makes his way to a dining table that is relatively isolated from the rest. He starts to eat and then suddenly Randall is there at the table with him.

SCOTT

... Can I help you?

RANDALL

I saw you got one of those tags there!

Randall lifts up his thru-hiker tag.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Anyway, what brings you out here?
I'm sure you got the weirdest story.

Scott starts to loosen up. It's just one conversation.

SCOTT

Well, um, I- I've spent the past twenty years as a professional hiking guide. I've done trails all over the world. It's been on my mind to hike the Appalachian trail for a while now- but this year, I'm finally committing to doing it. Alone. Just me.

RANDALL

WHOA, NOO WAY!! I've dreamed of hiking the trail FOREVER and I'm also finally committing to doing it this year! Alone!! I said, 'RANDALL, it's time you get out there for once and MAKE. SOME. FRIENDS. And what better way to do it than out on the trail, eh??

Scott almost chokes on his food as he realizes the turn the conversation is taking. Randall doesn't notice.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

I may have never hiked before, but y'know what- when's a better time to get out there and just do it, am I right?? I got all kinds of things to keep off critters- like this here nut blaster. Now I know what you're thinking- and no, not those nuts-

Scott dumps the rest of his food in the bag and starts to head off.

SCOTT

WELL! Time for me to dip out for the night! Good luck out there with your, um... thing.

RANDALL

Oh, well, yea there's a little talk or something they're doing later if you wanna-

Scott is well gone by now. Randall looks down at his food.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Oh we gonna be best friends, I can feel it!

INT. LODGE - HALLWAY

Scott is rushing over to his room. He finally reaches it and, surprise, Randall is already right next to the door.

SCOTT

AHH!!- um, hey! What are you doing here?

RANDALL

OH MY GOD- this your room, too?? Heads up, buddy, I think it might be broken, it won't let me in. But NO WORRY, I got this right here ripper-tearer-

Randall pulls out a chainsaw with knives glued to it's ends, and shurikens duct-tapped to the knives.

SCOTT
PLEASE, God, don't- look, let me
see your room key?

Randall puts away the ripper-tearer and hands his room card over.

RANDALL
Yea, sure, no problem-

SCOTT
Look! See! You have room 235! I
have 236!! You're in front of 236!
You're right-... next to my room.

Randall steps over, revealing the room plate 235 which was placed weirdly close to 236.

RANDALL
OH well dang, you're right!

Randall opens the door with his card key- no problems.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
Heheh! I can't believe-

Door slams, and we see Scott no more.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
Oh, okay!! Get a good night's
rest!! I'll see you on the trail!!

INT. LODGE - SCOTT'S ROOM - CONT.

Scott's back is against the door, making sure it's well closed.

SCOTT
(sigh of relief)
What a fucking cartoon character of
a-
(caught off guard)
Oh!

Scott walks over to the window, admiring the sunset. The stress melts off his shoulders and he smiles. He pulls out his wallet, and from it, pulls out two small photos of him and his mom and another of him and his husband. He smiles at them.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
This is for them. Paul, I can do
this. By myself.
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'm the best dang hiker in the
world. I love you, but I am a big
grown up man.

Scott looks back over at his mom's photo, and then up at the
sunset.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Mom, I miss you everyday. But I
know, even if I can't see you,
you're still here with me. I won't
let you down.. by accepting help
from anybody. I know that was the
main takeaway from our hikes. That
being afraid of doing anything
alone makes you cowardly and weak.
But I'm not a child anymore- I. Can
walk this trail.

Scott straightens himself up, emboldened.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I, Scott Walker, will walk the
entirety of the Appalachian
Mountain Trail. All 2,197.4 miles!!
I swear it on this day!

THE SUN SETS OUT THE WINDOW, TRANSITIONING TO NIGHT.

INT. LODGE - SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT

We see Scott, exhausted and eyes wide-open, in bed. STRANGE
NOISES are coming from Randall's room. Scott grabs the clock
nearby and it reads: 4:50 a.m. Scott GROANS and slams the
clock down, pulling himself out of bed. He hurriedly packs
his bag when a THUD causes him to slip up securing a strap.
He shakes his fist towards the wall.

SCOTT
(angry, but mildly hushed)
DAMMIT, man.

He turns back to packing.

INT. LODGE - HALLWAY - CONT.

Scott pokes his head out of his room, the noise continuing
from Randall's room. He sneaks down the hall, passing by the
entrance to the dining hall. He almost walks past it but
turns around after smelling the food, then sneaks back out
carrying a partially eaten bagel.

EXT. LODGE - CONT.

Scott pokes his head out of the entrance and looks around. He tosses the bagel in the air and catches it in his mouth, eating the rest of it in its entirety, then starts sneaking towards the approach trail entrance. His tip-toeing causes the loose strap on his bag to break free.

EXT. APPROACH TRAIL ENTRANCE - CONT.

Scott wipes the sweat drop from his brow.

SCOTT

Phew. Not the best night of sleep
but at least I'm ahead of the game.
I should be at the start of the
Appalachian trail by afternoon at
this pace.

He starts walking down the approach trail, revealing a loose string of cheerios falling from his bag.

EXT. LODGE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

INT. LODGE - RANDALL'S ROOM - CONT.

Randall pops up from his bed, zero to one hundred, excited. An obnoxious machine lies beside him on the table, making whirring noises and projecting beams of light across the room.

RANDALL

Oh boy! The big day!! I better go
find my new friend and hit the
trail!!

He jumps out of bed and, before heading out, turns back for his machine.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

AH, can't forget my sleep-o-matic-
the only dang thing that knocks me
out these days!

He pockets the obnoxious machine and then rushes out of the room, grabbing his backpack on the way out.

INT. LODGE - FOOD HALL

Randall skips into the room and looks around. People everywhere! But no sign of Scott.

RANDALL
EH, buddy?

He goes around, examining each of the people in the room. Popping in-between couples, out from under the table, and through their food.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
Friend! Where are you?

He stands, contemplating, beside a garbage can, still unable to find Scott. He is covered in grime now. A RANDOM PERSON walks in, about to dump their food in the trash.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
You seen my friend, um... um...
wait, what's his name? Dang, I
don't think I got it...

Random person drops their trash in and a deposits their tray to the side, about to get away.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
EH WAIT! I AIN'T FIND 'EM yet- you
ain't gettin' anywhere.

He grabs random person.

RANDOM PERSON
PLEASE! I have a wife and children!

RANDALL
My friend is in a crisis; he ain't
been seen anywhere and it's prime
brek-y time! He's this big
(gestures size)
And this wide
(gestures more size)
And he's got this big, dumb smile
on his face all the time, it's just
a bit upside-down.

Random person shakes their head.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
I was last explaining the nut
blaster to 'em and- THE NUT
BLASTER!

Randall let's go of random person and they get away.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
I SCARED him off the trail talkin'
about all the creatures we could
run into out there!! OH GOSH DANG
this is my doing!!

EXT. LODGE - CONT.

Randall runs outside, looking around for Scott. A trail of cheerios lies on the grass.

RANDALL
(yelling)
E-YO BUDDY!! You got potential on
these trails, I'm sorry-
(no longer yelling)
Oh, what- cheerios?

His stomach growls.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
I am a bit hungry.

He picks up the cheerios, following them up the trail.

EXT. FALLS

Montage of Scott climbing the stairway along the falls like a hero; One cheerio dropping behind him at a time.

EXT. FALLS TOP

He reaches the top triumphantly and stares out, taking in the view.

SCOTT
What a beautiful morning! Barely
broke a sweat. This trail is going
to be a breeze.

He sets his pack down and GASPS, noticing the loose latch and string of lost snacks. He sits on a nearby rock and sobs into his hand.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
(sobbing)
It's only day one and already I've
messed up. How am I supposed to do,
on average, 178 more days of this??

RANDALL (O.S.)
Oh my god, this is delicious!

Scott, eyes wide, looks up to see Randall approaching, eating all the cheerios.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
Damn, who needs continental
breakfast when you can have TRAIL
cheerios-

Randall notices Scott.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
-FRIEND!!

Randall runs up to Scott, hugging him before he can move.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
I BEEN lookin' all over for you!!

Suddenly, a ROAR is heard from the woods. They both look over to see a very large BEAR approach. It looks a bit off.

SCOTT
A bear! I must have attracted it
with all of my food. No worries,
they're usually not very
aggressive, we just have to-

RANDALL
I GOT JUST the thing, look-

Randall pulls out a modded can of anti-bear spray. It's got a skull and cross bones crossed out with a crudely drawn bear next to it.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
- we just spray this and-

Randall sprays the bear, aggravating it by a lot.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
WAhh-? that usually works-?

He looks down at his can confused, only to quickly look back up at the bear towering over them.

AHHH!
SCOTT

WAHH!
RANDALL (CONT'D)

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. FALLS TOP - CONT.

Randall and Scott SCREAM as a bear angrily snarls. They make a run for it, dashing into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - CONT.

The bear chases them. Suddenly, they are cornered against a rock face.

SCOTT
(frantic)
We can't outclimb a bear but WE CAN
TRY!

He attempts to scale the rocks, though it seems to be going up at an angle that would be impossible to climb. The bear moves in and both of them SCREAM in fear as it approaches, Scott partially on the rocks.

EXT. TRAIL - CONT.

THWACKER is walking along the trail when she hears the distant screams and bear growls.

THWACKER
Oh not on my watch- I'M COMING!!

EXT. WOODS - CONT.

She rushes in, GRUNTS as she pulls a very large tree up from it's roots, and THWACKS the bear off into the distance. The bear is thrown into the sky, vanishing with a cartoonish star BLING. Thwacker tosses the tree off to the side.

THWACKER
That's what you get for messing
with these poor, tender men.

Scott, raises a finger at that, but says nothing.

RANDALL
DAMN, woman!!

THWACKER
FUCK sakes you ain't got bear
spray?? And you doin' the trail?

She observes them, noticing their thru-hiking tags.

THWACKER (CONT'D)
MY GOD you're thru-hikers!! You
ain't standing a chance out here.

SCOTT
Hey! I'll have you know I'm an
experienced-

THWACKER
Not an experienced rock scaler by
the looks of it.

Scott, dejected, looks back at the rock wall and slides down
to the ground.

SCOTT
(to himself)
Yes I am...

THWACKER
The trail's off over that way if
you care to walk that instead. Much
easier than fuck-all out here.

RANDALL
Thank god you showed up!! We don't
know WHAT we're doin' out here. Eh,
I trust you, you know what's up,
bear spray n' all...

THWACKER
Come on! I'll take you right back,
just stick with me.

Randall follows after her. Scott is hesitant, but realizes he
does, indeed, need to actually be on the trail to walk it.

EXT. TRAIL - EVENING - ESTABLISHING

Scott, Randall, and Thwacker are walking the trail together.

EXT. TRAIL - EVENING

RANDALL
-So why do they call you Thwacker?

THWACKER
Just a cute little trail name I got
from saving someone, a little like
you, earlier.

FLASHBACK: We are on top of a mountain and a RITZY HIKER is yelling at his phone.

RITZY HIKER
NO SERVICE! But I have unlimited
data!!

Thwacker runs in with a tree and bashes his phone into the distance.

THWACKER
NOT ON MY WATCH!

END FLASHBACK

Randall interrupts her thoughts.

RANDALL
Trail name?

Thwacker snaps out of it and turns to him.

THWACKER
Oh, not a shock you don't know
about trail names. What a choice
doing the Appalachian Mountain Trail
as your first thru-hike!

Scott, arms crossed, looks away. He knows about them.

THWACKER (CONT'D)
See, when you're on the trail-
like, really on the trail, for a
long time- you become a whole new
person. Separated from your regular
day to day. Trail names are kinda
the embodiment of that. A new
identity just for your journey!

RANDALL
(in awe)
Ohh!! I want my trail name to be
LASER BEAM!

THWACKER
Nope, lil buddy! You don't pick
your trail name- it's given to you
by someone else when something VERY
special happens on your journey!
Like saving a group of dumbasses
from gettin' eaten by a bear!

RANDALL
Oh, I'm so excited!! WAIT-

Randall turns to Scott.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
I wanna give you a trail name-
CHEERIO! Without that trail of
cheerios, I ain't had found you and
our friendship probably be over by
now!!

Scott realizes the reality of what Randall said and drops his head into his hands. Randall throws an arm over his shoulder.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
Damn right glad that didn't happen!
Eh, Cheerio?

Scott pushes past Randall to walk beside Thwacker.

SCOTT
Thwacker, right? Do you know how
close we are to the next shelter?

THWACKER
Nope! Probably pretty close,
though. I can feel it in the air!

Randall watches Scott and Thwacker talk from behind, then pulls out his can of bear spray and inspects it.

RANDALL
Now why didn't it work... Dang, if
I don't get my act together,
Cheerio n' Thwacker are gonna be
thick as thieves and leave me to
the mud.

Randall grips the can and looks up determined.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
I ain't in Miami anymore, I gotta
step up my game. Things get real
out here!

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Scott, Randall and Thwacker enter a campsite, exhausted. A fire is going.

THWACKER
Took a bit longer than I'd of
initially thought- but we made it!

DICTION (O.S.)
 Oh, new friends! You're welcome
 over here!

DICTION and FROGGY are sitting by the fire, opposite side from where the group entered. The two campers seem to have already eaten and are just chilling.

SCOTT
 Actually, I think I'm going to get
 some rest...

RANDALL
 Ain't you hungry? We still haven't
 eaten dinner yet.

Scott is already setting up his tent.

SCOTT
 Nah! I just need a bit of sleep.
 Good night!

He gets inside and zips up his tent, then unzips it.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 -Don't feel the need to go to bed,
 too! You're welcome to hang out and
 chat it up alllll night!

He zips his tent back up again.

RANDALL
 That Cheerio- he sure does like his
 sleep!

Randall and Thwacker sit down beside Froggy and Diction.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
 So who might you be? Got fancy
 trail names and whatnot already?

DICTION
 Yes!!

FLASHBACK: Diction is trying to climb a series of rocks, in a manner similar to how you'd climb a tree. Her enormously large backpack is clearly weighing her down.

DICTION (V.O.)
 See, back on the wildlife reserve I
 work at, there isn't anything I
 can't identify. Every fauna, flora,
 and rock I've inspected at least
 ten times over.
 (MORE)

DICTION (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Out here on the east coast, though,
 is a totally different story. I
 needed to come prepared.

Diction slides all the way down the rocks to the bottom,
 revealing a swamp with Froggy stuck in it.

DICTION (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Maybe a little too prepared.

DICTION
 Stuck?

FROGGY
 Unfortunately, so.

END FLASHBACK

DICTION
 Though I did meet Froggy over here,
 I needed to lighten the load. I
 found a little library off a nearby
 street and, *phew*, my back feels so
 much better! A hiker coming
 southbound called me 'The Living
 Dictionary' as we passed and it
 just kind of stuck. I go by Diction
 for short.

RANDALL
 Wooow! That's a good one, means you
 smart! And whadda 'bout you, you
 gangly bastard.

Froggy is unamused, as he usually is.

FROGGY
 ... I got stuck in a swamp.

FLASHBACK: Froggy YELPS as he drops his Samsung Galaxy Tab in
 the swamp and goes to pick it up. He stands there slowly
 sinking as he continues swiping on the device. HIKER LAD and
 HIKER LASS pass by and pause to look at him. Froggy suddenly
 notices their presence.

FROGGY (CONT'D)
 ... Can I help you?

HIKER LASS
 Oh don't mind me, sir, but you look
 like you could use some help
 yourself?

HIKER LAD
Yes, fine gentlemen. We brought
some rope if you're in a tizzy.

FROGGY
(not listening)
No thank you, I'm not hungry.

Hiker Lad and Hiker Lass exchange glances, smiling.

HIKER LASS
Oh, he's like a little froggy man.
We should leave him alone, he seems
content.

HIKER LAD
Yes, quite.

They walk away and Froggy drops an ear bud.

FROGGY
Shit, that one's at least 300\$.

Suddenly he's aware that he is sinking.

FROGGY (CONT'D)
Oh.

END FLASHBACK

Randall anticipates Froggy's next word, but it never comes.
Eventually, Randall breaks the silence.

RANDALL
Wow.

DICTION
He told me people called him a
little froggy man and I teased him
about it nonstop. Still, I helped
him out and we've been traveling
together since! Pretty necessary to
have companions out here, all part
of what this trail is about!

RANDALL
It sure is!!

INT. SCOTT'S TENT

Scott is setting his phone alarm and preparing his bag.

SCOTT
(whispering)
I'll set an alarm for early
tomorrow morning and sneak out-
this time with my bag perfectly
prepared!

Scott pulls up his sleeping bag and pulls out a pair of
headphones.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
(whispering)
AND I won't be loosing any rest
tonight!

He plops on the headphones and falls right to sleep.

But then there is a light show happening all around him. It
jostles him awake and he rushes outside.

EXT. CAMPSITE

Diction, Froggy, and Thwacker angrily stand around Randall's
tent as he peers out.

RANDALL
But I need it for a good night's
rest!! Look-

Randall pulls out his obnoxious machine to show everyone,
blinding them in the process. Before anyone can react, Scott
rushes in and punts it into the great beyond, where a sound
indicates it must have busted apart against a hard surface.
Scott looks feral.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
Oh now look what you did!

Scott is about to yell at Randall but a GROWL interrupts him.
They all turn to the wilderness to see a bear step forward.
The full moon transforms it before their very eyes into
something far beyond a bear- it is now a beast. The group
stands staring at it, much more awake and humbled.

DICTION
... I wish I kept my 'Mythical
Creatures of the Great Outdoors'
book for this one.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

RANDALL
What in the world-

The beast snarls and the group SCREAMS.

THWACKER
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

They all run, leaving the bulk of their stuff behind as the beast chases them into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - CONT.

The group is running. The massive size of the beast causes it to collide with the branches, slowing it down enough to keep the group in the lead. Nearby is a stream and Diction points it out.

DICTION
There! A stream! I don't think we can outrun it but maybe the water will help get it off our trail.

They all jump into the water and head upstream. It is cold and uncomfortable, but after walking for a bit, they seem to have gained enough distance between themselves and the beast. They climb up onto the shore, wet and tired.

SCOTT
Well great, now what!! Our stuff is gone, we're in the middle of nowhere, and WHATEVER that was is probably still out there, about to eat us up any moment!!

Randall goes to console him, but Scott pulls away.

RANDALL
Eh, Cheerio, I kept a good chunk of stuff in my pockets if we need-

He pulls out what looks like a pair of garden scissors with a lighter attached to it.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
-to cut & cook weeds at the same time! Real handy when you're out an' about an' getting hungry.

Scott stares at Randall.

SCOTT

WHEN, with all the time on this great Earth, would I EVER need to do that?? Y-you- I don't even know you're name!-

RANDALL

-Oh, please pick Laser Beam!-

SCOTT

No, I don't WANT to know you're name! I want to go home. Paul was right.

Scott sits down, throwing his head into his hands.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I can't do it. The second I'm back in civilization, that is, IF we get back to civilization, I'm going home.

Diction walks beside him to console him.

DICTION

Hey, you didn't do anything wrong!

She glares at Randall.

DICTION (CONT'D)

If he didn't attract that, that, BEAST with his obnoxiously loud and flashy, whatever it was, we'd still be on the trail, getting a good nights rest.

THWACKER

Yea!! What were you thinking, bringing something like that out here??

FROGGY

Even I make sure to dim my screen at night. Bad for your eyes.

Randall looks down, sad and a bit frantic.

RANDALL

Well- I....

DICTION

Worse yet! It's overcast now. That means we can't tell north from south. You wouldn't have stored a compass in one of your pockets, would you?

RANDALL

Well, no but... I got some sparklers!

He lights up, pulling out a fistful of sparklers.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Thought it'd be fun around the campfire or something!

DICTION

Of course. A fire hazard. We'll just have to figure something out, ideally before dawn. Who knows how long it'll take before IT catches up to us again.

The group sits together, Randall far off to the side. He turns around to face the forest, feeling bad.

RANDALL

(to himself)

I really ruined this for myself, haven't I.

Randall's eyes dart around the forest floor.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

If I can't make friends, maybe I can make amends- AMENDS! I got an idea.

He grabs a bunch of stuff off the forest floor and crafts a twine-y looking compass, probably using the scissors.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

Oh my God, of course! You can magnetize anything with a lil metal. It'll work, for now.

He runs back towards the group.

RANDALL (CONT'D)

EH, yo guys! Look, we got ourselves a compass!

SCOTT
Something useful!

DICTION
Well, I believe the trail is north-west from here... We should, eventually, hit some part of it if we walk in that direction.

They head off.

TRAIL MAP SEQUENCE

We see a map view of where they are, characterized by icons of them and a dotted line following their path. They make their way north-west and back onto the trail. Quick shots of them walking in the night, pushing through the brush and hiking up the trail, are interspliced in the map sequence.

END TRAIL MAP SEQUENCE

EXT. MOTEL - SUNRISE

The group comes out of the brush to a motel. They point at it, happy but tired.

FADES TO EXT. MOTEL - MORNING

INT. MOTEL - SCOTT'S ROOM

Scott looks down at the photos of him & his mom and him & Paul, disappointed in himself.

SCOTT
I'm sorry, mom. Paul. You were right. We're just going to have to wait for next year...

He hears a knock on his door and goes over to open it. No one is there, but a gift rests in front of the door. He picks it up. It's wrapped and there's a note on it. He opens the gift- it's a bag of cheerios. He reads the note.

RANDALL (V.O.)
"Dear Cheerio, When I first saw you at the lodge, I didn't just see someone who clearly knew their stuff, I saw a friend. I hoped you'd see the same in me, but after last night, I realized maybe I wasn't cut out for this just yet.
(MORE)

RANDALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Here's a bag of cheerios I stuffed
in my pants just in case we ever
got stranded, to make sure we
wouldn't resort to cannibalism."

Scott looks at the bag of cheerios and grimaces, then goes
back to reading the letter.

RANDALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
"Without your cheerios, I wouldn't
have met one of the coolest people
in the whole world. I hope you see
this trail all the way through. You
deserve it. Love, ?Laser Beam..?"

Scott looks touched. He heads down into the motel's lobby.

INT. MOTEL - LOBBY

Froggy, Diction, and Thwacker are already there, each holding
their own special gift.

DICTION
He gifted you too, I see?

SCOTT
I think we went a little harsh on
him last night... I mean, he did
get us out of the woods in the end.
He made a compass from, God knows
what. That's talent.

FROGGY
Well, it's too bad he already left.

SCOTT
What, no!

Scott runs out of the motel and the others follow after.

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT

We see Randall walking, but we can't see where he is. He is
talking to himself.

RANDALL
Welp, this is it. Time to tell ma
and pa their boy can't do another
thing right again.

He sniffles.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
I'll take the first flight back
home... Maybe I'll walk back from
the airport, just to say I've done
something...

SCOTT (O.S.)
Wait!!

We see that Randall was actually walking around a car in the
parking lot. Scott closes in on him, and the others follow.

RANDALL
Well, dang! You got me quick!!

SCOTT
Listen um, you. We went a little
hard on you last night.

Diction and Thwacker nod from behind.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You deserve to finish this trail.
You might be a little rough right
now, but that compass you made was
a stroke of genius. Just because
you can't do ABSOLUETLY everything
on your own, doesn't mean you don't
deserve to finish the trail.

Scott realizes he is talking to himself.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Because... there is no way anyone
can hike a 6-7 month long trail
completely alone- no matter how
experienced they are. Just because
you might need a little help here
and there, doesn't mean you didn't
do it... and without being overly
reliant on your husband.

The others look at him, confused.

RANDALL
... Do you mean that?

Scott looks up at Randall and remembers who he is actually
talking to.

SCOTT
... Yea. We're going to finish this
trail. Together. Besides!
(MORE)

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 You haven't even gotten your trail
 name yet!

Randall lights up at this.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
 I think... You should be named...
 Um...

DICTION
 Compass?

FROGGY
 Magnetic man?

THWACKER
 Lil' Dipshit?

SCOTT
 Wait, wait, wait, go back- Magnetic
 man... Magnet! What about Magnet?
 It rolls right off the tongue!

Randall runs over and hugs him.

RANDALL
 OH, I LOVE IT!! MAGNET! It's no
 laser beam, but, it'll do.

The group starts heading, side-by-side, down the trail.

DICTION
 Shouldn't we pay the motel bill?

SCOTT
 I had that covered when we checked
 in. They only do credit.

FROGGY
 Do you want me to Venmo you. I've
 saved up plenty for this trip and
 you look like you could use some.

SCOTT
 I'll have you know, I make fine
 money as a professional hiking
 guide... but I'll send you my phone
 number if you're offering.

They continue talking as we get a view of the sun fully risen
 in the sky.

END ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. WOODS - DAY - ESTABLISHING

EXT. WOODS - CONT.

The beast, exhausted, continues walking in the woods. Each step growing heavier and heavier. It, eventually, falls to the ground and drifts to sleep. The beast morphs back into it's bear form. Suddenly, the world shakes. Something big is walking towards us- causing the shakes to grow in intensity with each step. A pause and, almost too fast to catch a solid glimpse of what, something much bigger than the bear grabs it in its mouth and eats it off screen. Some of the bear's bones drop to the ground and it, whatever it was, walks away.

END TAG