

Mongo's Mingo County Monster

Written by
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A Sasquatch Urban Legend Rip-off

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FADE IN

INT. WOOD'S HOUSE - MAN-CAVE - NIGHT

A small, finished back porch is filled with worn antique furniture and hunting trophies.

WOOD (26), bushy red beard, long red hair, watches a flat screen television. CLAY (26), overly slim with thin black hair, watches it with him. On screen an investigative program seeks the truth about Sasquatch.

Wood asks Clay a question in his thick Appalachian accent.

WOOD
Doin' anything tomorrow?

Clay replies in the same accent.

CLAY
Fishin'. Why?

WOOD
Mongo wants me to video him wearin' a costume in the woods. I don't like being alone around him. He creeps me out.

CLAY
What's the costume?

WOOD
He calls it the Mingo County Monster. It's supposed to be something like a Bigfoot... Hopin' to start a new local legend and make money off it. He reckons if he posts the hoax on the Internet, he can do interviews, guided tours, sell souvenirs, you know, stuff like that. Says he'll split the money with me if I keep my mouth shut.

CLAY
Okay, I'm in. What time?

EXT. MONGO'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Wood and Clay exit from Wood's pickup truck in front of a small one-story house. The lawn is littered with an assortment of discarded appliances and Mongo's pickup truck.

Wood approaches and knocks on the front door.

After a short pause, the door opens.

MONGO (22), steps out. He is almost seven feet tall and is easily over three hundred pounds. He is dressed in a hairy costume made from a faux fur bedspread, cradles the head piece in his arm.

MONGO
(whispering)
Shhh. Maw's asleep. Let's go.

Mongo notices Clay.

MONGO (cont'd)
What's he doing here?

WOOD
I thought you'd like a second camera,
help you get a better shot.

MONGO
Fine. He splits your share.

Wood sniffs, recoils and closes his eyes tightly. Clay soon does the same.

WOOD
What in the world is that smell? Is
that coming from the costume?

MONGO
Yeah. Big foots are supposed to smell
bad and scary. I want it to be part
of the legend. I'm hoping to scare
some hikers, ya know, maybe chase
some hot babes.

WOOD
You smell like a cheap hooker who
lives in a barn an' eats nuthin' but
ramps! How did you do that?

MONGO
I put some perfume on the costume I
got from Dill. He makes it from real
animal glands from stuff he finds on
the road.

WOOD
How much of this perfume did you use?

Mongo reaches into his pickup truck and pulls out an empty two-liter soda bottle. "DILLS PRRRFUME" is hand written with a sharpie on a postage label.

MONGO
'bout this much.

WOOD
(cringes, wipes eyes)
Mission accomplished. You smell strong, foul and scary.

EXT. ABANDONED COAL CAMP - DAY

The low fog and morning dusk accompany the quiet.

A small river rushes alongside a remote meadow of tall grass, surrounded by a thick forest.

Mongo's pickup truck arrives from a dirt road and stops. Wood's truck follows and parks close behind. The three disembark from their vehicles.

Mongo places the headpiece over his head, smooths it out.

MONGO
How do I look?

WOOD
Like you should avoid huntin' season.

MONGO
The lighting's perfect. Let's do it.

Wood and Clay pull out their phones.

WOOD
We'll start recordin' when you're about fifty yards out or so.

Mongo begins his march.

WOOD (cont'd)
Keep going. Look like you're searchin' fer somethin', like food.

Suddenly a large HUMANOID/PRIMATE HYBRID sprints from the woods. It is a yard taller than Mongo, far more stocky and covered with long, thick hair.

The mysterious creature wraps its muscular arms around Mongo and lifts him into the air.

It spins him around in a joyous hug and plants a big mushy kiss on the lips like a soldier returning from a war.

After the kiss, it throws Mongo over his shoulder and carries him off. The two disappear into the woods and the silent, still ambiance returns.

Wood and Clay stand frozen. For a long moment, they don't even blink. Wood eventually takes an audible deep breath and clears his throat.

WOOD

Dang. Never figgerred that would happen. Did you?

Clay stands speechless.

WOOD (cont'd)

You okay?

CLAY

I don't know. Did you see what I saw?

WOOD

I don't know what I saw. Get any of that on video?

CLAY

No. Did you?

WOOD

No. Just as well. Nobody would believe it. Oh, well. Let's go home.

Wood turns and heads toward his pickup truck.

CLAY

Aren't we going after them?

WOOD

Naaa. Let's give 'em some privacy.

FADE OUT

THE END