

THE CITIOTS, E2: BIGFOOT

Written by

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ACT I: INT. ANTONY AND THERESA'S KITCHEN. MORNING.

Antony is sitting at the table, bleary-eyed, in a wifebeater and boxers. Theresa enters from outside, wearing short shorts, busting out of a tanktop, carrying a handheld portable radio with a ridiculously long antenna. It's playing some kind of talk show with a woman's voice reading letters.

Antony gets up and opens the cupboard, then dumps some Wheaties into a bowl. Theresa looks at him in disgust. Antony opens the fridge.

ANTONY
There's no milk.

THERESA
That's because YOU didn't buy any.

ANTONY
Yeah, but... there's no milk.

THERESA
So use the powdered or go to the store!

ANTONY
But I need milk... now.

Antony pulls a beer from the fridge and pours it over his Wheaties, then sits at the table, sadly poking at his cereal with a fork. He begins slurping from the bowl. Theresa glares at him.

ANTONY (CONT'D)
There's no spoons.

THERESA
Isn't it a little early for that?

ANTONY
(with his mouth full of beer and cereal) For Wheaties?

THERESA
UGH. I give up.

Theresa sits down. Antony finally notices her outfit.

ANTONY
What are you wearing?

THERESA
My jogging outfit, Mr. Breakfast of Champions.

Antony chugs his beer cereal and goes back to the fridge, looking around.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Maybe you've heard of jogging? It's what people who want to stay HEALTHY do.

ANTONY

(genuinely confused) What do they do?

Theresa grabs the Wheaties box. There's a picture of Bruce Jenner - wearing an identical outfit to Theresa's - running on it. She slams the box on the table for punctuating effect.

THERESA

THEY. JOG.

Antony looks at the box, then up at Theresa, then back at the box.

ANTONY

(gestures at box) I think she wore it better.

THERESA

ANTONY!

ANTONY

There's no milk.

THERESA

UGH! I give up. I bet Helen doesn't go through this with Andrew.

CUT TO:

INT. HELEN AND ANDREW'S KITCHEN. SAME TIME.

Andrew is wearing a diaper and is lying over Helen's lap. She is wearing a "naughty nun" outfit.

ANDREW

No sister Agnes, I'll be a good boy, I promise!

Helen spanks him.

HELEN

...and another for not finishing your milk!

NIGHT MARY walks in smoking a cigarette, sees the bizarre scene, then immediately turns around and begins to walk out before pausing to glance back, shrugging at the sounds of SPANKING.

NIGHT MARY
Spare the rod, spoil the child.

ANDREW (O.S.)
I'm sorry, sister! OW!

CUT TO:

INT. ANTONY AND THERESA'S KITCHEN. CONT.

ANTONY
I bet they have milk.

THERESA
Instead of being useless, why don't you go to the store and get some milk and butter? I want to make a crisp.

ANTONY
With milk and butter? That doesn't sound very crisp.

THERESA
No, idiot. With berries from the yard. (brightly) I just looked yesterday and the shrubs were full!

ANTONY
Speaking of full shrubs, I can tell by looking at your shorts that you could use a little gardening down...

THERESA
ANTONY!

CUT TO:

EXT. ANTONY AND THERESA'S HOUSE. BACKYARD. LATER.

Antony has just gotten back from the store. He's carrying a bag of groceries in his arms. He looks at the shrubs. There are no berries.

ANTONY
 (to himself) Hm... where'd the
 berries go?

He looks around. Suddenly, his eyes widen. He sees footprints in the mud leading through his yard and smeared berries on the ground. He SCREAMS and drops the bag of groceries, spilling milk everywhere.

ANTONY (CONT'D)
 Theresa! We've been robbed!

CUT TO:

INT. REGGIE AND SHEILA'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Reggie, Sheila, Clarence, Antony, Theresa, Leif, Danny, Blazer, Bonnie, Andrew, and Helen are all sitting around on the plastic covered furniture. Sheila is passing around a plate of something round on toothpicks. Reggie is wearing a kilt and his bagpipes.

BLAZER
 (taking an olive from Sheila) Oh,
 how charming: hors d'oeuvres.

He chews it, savoring the texture, making a great show of his appreciation.

BONNIE
 Oh! How genteel!

She also pretentiously chews it, rolling her eyes in faux-appreciation.

BLAZER
 Sheila, what ARE these deliciously
 mouth-watering morsels you've
 prepared?

SHEILA
 Rocky Mountain Oysters.

BLAZER
 Oysters!

BONNIE
 Oh how marvelous! Wherever did you
 find them?

CLARENCE cackles loudly.

BLAZER

Do share the joke, Clarence, old boy. What, pray, has you so tickled?

Blazer takes another and pops it into his mouth.

CLARENCE

Those ain't oysters from the ocean, you buttoned-down jackass. Those are bull balls. Testicles. Deep-fried nuts!

He cackles again as Blazer's smile freezes on his face and he runs towards out of the room, gagging. Bonnie is unfazed and takes another, winking at Clarence lasciviously.

BONNIE

Not MY first rodeo.

CLARENCE

Woman, please.

REGGIE

Ok, ok, settle down people.

Everyone ignores him. He claps twice.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Let's come to order here and, uh...

Everyone continues to ignore him.

He plays a blast on his bagpipes. The glasses stop clinking, the conversation stops abruptly. In the distance, you can hear a baby start crying.

DISTANT NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Thanks a lot, moron!

REGGIE

Um... ok. So, I've asked everyone to come tonight so we can talk about what happened at Antony and Theresa's.

Antony is curled up next to Teresa, clearly traumatized. She pets his head. Both are wearing the exact same clothes from earlier.

ANDREW

As an attorney, I'd like to advise everyone here that you're under no obligation to speak.

REGGIE
The Hell you talking about, man?

ANDREW
I'm just advising people of their legal rights.

REGGIE
I'm gonna put my legal foot up your ass, you don't shut up.

THERESA
What happened to my bush could happen to anyone here.

CLARENCE
Speaking of bush, those shorts --

REGGIE
(cuts his father off) --that's why I've decided that this is going to be the first meeting of the Laker Heights Neighborhood Watch.

DANNY
I can make flyers. I can also analyze soil from the crime scene for a DNA match against a residential database I've created. I recently developed a special --

REGGIE
Whoaaaaaaa...easy now, First Officer Xerox: you go ahead and make some signs and leave the policework to the professionals.

Everyone laughs mockingly.

ANDREW
You know, the Inuits have a saying...

REGGIE
What did I tell you about my foot?

ANDREW
That... you'll put it up my ass?

REGGIE
Right. So now tell me. What do the Inuits have to do with your ass?

ANDREW
Oh, well, in their culture...

REGGIE
No fool! If you don't shut your
mouth, Imma put my foot Inuit!

Andrew looks at the floor, defeated.

THERESA
We need to get this to the media.

HELEN
I think I might be able to help
with that.

Bonnie sits with the plate of Rocky Mountain Oysters, eating
them one after the other.

CUT TO:

ACT II. INT. HELEN AND ANDREW'S LIVING ROOM. THE NEXT DAY.

Helen is sitting at a secretary-type desk in front of a
typewriter opening mail.

We see THE LAKER HEIGHTS GAZETTE open to a column titled
"Dear Maggie." Instead of a photograph, the picture is a
silhouette of a woman's head: clearly Helen's.

HELEN
(to herself, aloud) "Dear Maggie,
why does the pizza suck around
here?"

She rolls her eyes and throws the letter into the trash.

HELEN (CONT'D)
"Dear Maggie, why do bagels suck
around here?"

She sighs, rolls her eyes, and throws the letter into the
trash.

HELEN (CONT'D)
"Is it true that there's a crime
wave in Laker Heights? Also, do you
think we'll ever get a brothel?"
UGH! These citiots!

Andrew walks in, wearing traditional Mongolian dress and
carrying some type of horn made of a horn.

ANDREW
Working on this week's column?

HELEN
Yes, and as usual, these...
philistines... we call our
neighbors are...

She looks at him up and down.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Are... What are you wearing?

ANDREW
This? Oh, this is an example of
traditional Mongolian attire.

HELEN
What are you, Genghis Khan? Why are
you wearing it?

ANDREW
Getting ready to go watch the yak
pulls at that little Mongolian bar
up the street.

HELEN
Yak pulls?

ANDREW
So you've heard of it!

He looks at his watch.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
I'd better get going, the first
pull starts in 10 minutes!

Andrew blows the horn loudly and rushes out the door,
slamming it. In the distance, a baby begins screaming.

DISTANT NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
Thanks a lot, moron!

Helen begins TYPING LOUDLY, working on her column.

HELEN (V.O.)
(in fake British accent) "Someone
asked me whether or not a crime
wave has hit Laker Heights."
(MORE)

HELEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It is with great regret, but a strong sense of civic duty that I must inform my gentile - and Jewish - readers that yes, Laker Heights has recently become a hotbed of crime..."

She hits the return key with a loud DING!

SMASH CUT

MONTAGE: NEWSPAPER HEADLINES SPINNING INTO FOCUS, CITIZENS PANICKING

An AM RADIO ANNOUNCER is talking about the "crime wave."

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Citizens in the sleepy suburbs of Laker Heights have been terrorized by a sudden rash of mysterious crimes...

--Laker Heights Gazette: BERRY BANDIT TERRORIZES LAKER CITIZENS

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Authorities are advising all residents to take precautionary measures and to remain alert...

--Citizens running out of hardware store with brand-new pitchforks and rifles

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

It all started with the senseless theft of...

--Laker Heights Bulletin: CRIME WAVE ROCKS THE HEIGHTS

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me? Do you actually want to read this crap, Joe?

--Multiple shots of people locking their doors, boarding up windows, and reinforcing their walls with plate steel.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

A berry bandit? What are these people, retarded? Have you ever been to Laker Heights, Joe?

--Laker Heights News: NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH STANDS UP TO FIGHT CRIME

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Live? What do you mean we're --?!

Radio Announcer suddenly goes silent and muzak begins playing

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. REGGIE AND SHEILA'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

The living room has the same neighbors from Act I, but now they've all got pitchforks, except for Blazer, who is carrying an intricately carved shotgun. Andrew is wearing his Mongolian costume. Sheila is passing what appear to be cocktail weiners.

BLAZER
Oh, how charming: hors d'oeuvres!

He takes one and pauses just before he puts it into his mouth.

BLAZER (CONT'D)
(suspiciously) No "Rocky Mountain Oysters" this time, correct?

SHEILA
Nope. This is a Spanish sausage called fuet. Helen brought it. Alllllll pork.

Blazer eagerly pops one into his mouth and chews rapturously, smacking his lips.

BLAZER
Esta es la más deliciosa...uh... sausage-o! Such delicate flavors! Succulent!

Bonnie takes one as well and reacts similarly over-the-top.

BONNIE
Oh! Muy bueno! Muy, muy bueno!

Clarence begins cackling madly.

BLAZER
Oh, for pity's sake. What has you so amused now, old boy?

CLARENCE

(almost unable to speak through his laughter) Fuet is cured with baby shit.

Blazer stops chewing. His face turns pale green.

BLAZER

Beg pardon?

CLARENCE

(Mocking) "Beg pardon?" You heard me, you wingtipped sissy. They use baby bowel movements to ferment it! Only thing softer than the baby butts they use to make it is your marshmallow ass.

Blazer runs out of the room, handing his shotgun to Reggie. Bonnie remains unfazed and pops another in her mouth.

BONNIE

I love sausage.

CLARENCE

The Hell is wrong with you people?

REGGIE

Ok, people, let's gather round...

No one pays any attention.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Look, we have a lot of ground to cover and I have some news...

People continue talking and joking.

He fires a BLAST from Blazer's shotgun into the ceiling, bringing down a shower of plaster. The glasses stop clinking and the room goes dead quiet. In the distance, a baby begins crying.

DISTANT NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Thanks a lot, moron!

REGGIE

Um... ok. Well, welcome to the second meeting of The Laker Heights Neighborhood watch. First order of business: who has some crime prevention tips?

SHEILA

Now... I don't know if this is true... but I heard that some kids in the neighborhood have been getting high from smoking banana peels.

LEIF

I heard that too! They put it in a pipe and just light it up!

CLARENCE

(under his breath) If anyone would know about pipesmoking, it'd be you.

NIGHT MARY

Make sure you never go through your neighbor's mail because sometimes there are charge cards in there.

ANDREW

If you're ever picking somebody's pocket, touch the point of their body that's diagonally opposite their wallet.

BONNIE

Did you know you can defeat most burglar alarms with a chewing gum wrapper?

The entire group begins talking and demonstrating various cons, pickpocket techniques, and grifts. Suddenly there's a 3 Card Monte table set up, young gypsy children are taking people's watches, and an atmosphere of Old West crime and chaos. A HONKY TONK PIANO plays loudly in the background. A drunken cowboy is swinging from a chandelier as bottles fly across the room, shattering on the walls.

NIGHT MARY

(Loudly) I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die!

Sound of RECORD SCRATCHING then SILENCE.

NIGHT MARY (CONT'D)

What?

Everything is normal again.

REGGIE

Um... Ok. Now, as I think I mentioned last week, we rigged a camera in Antony and Theresa's backyard in order to catch the Berry Bandit. I just had the pictures developed and made into a slide show. LIGHTS!

The lights go off.

CLARENCE

Whose hand is on my leg?

BONNIE

I've got a slide show for you.

Projected on the wall is the first frame. It's a close-up of Reggie's face looking into the camera.

DANNY

There's no need for this, really. I took the liberty of analyzing some phlegm and bodily fluids collected in Antony's backyard and...

REGGIE

Whoa, Dr. Quincy! Just leave your little flyers on the table and leave the investigation to the pros.

Everyone laughs.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Next slide.

He CLICKS to the next slide and everyone in the room gasps. Projected on the wall is a blurred out, exceptionally hairy shape bent over the bushes.

THERESA

(SCREAMS) Oh my Gawd! It's... it's...

HELEN

Bigfoot.

SMASH CUT:

MONTAGE: NEWSPAPER HEADLINES SPINNING INTO FOCUS

An AM RADIO ANNOUNCER is talking about Bigfoot.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
 News reports of a sasquatch-like
 creature have citizens of Laker
 Heights terrified.

--Laker Heights Gazette: SASQUATCH INVADES SUBURBS

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 Authorities say that the creature,
 also known as "Bigfoot" was
 captured on camera by a resident.

--Laker Heights Bulletin: BIGFOOT BURGLES BERRIES!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 The resident, who declined to
 comment, said that he set up a
 camera after his berries were...

--Laker Heights News: THE END IS NEAR: MONSTERS ON MAIN
 STREET

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
 Come on, Joe! Are you serious? Who
 writes this crap? You can't even
 get a decent bagel in Faker
 Heights, never mind --

The radio announcer is cut off. Muzak plays.

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

ACT III: INT: ANTONY AND THERESA'S KITCHEN: MORNING

Antony, dressed from head to toe in camouflage, is sharpening
 the prongs of a pitchfork as Sheila reads the paper in her
 jogging outfit.

THERESA
 Oh, listen to this one. "Dear
 Maggie, why don't we have a decent
 country club in this town?" You
 know, I bet it was Blazer who asked
 that.

ANTONY
 (grunts)

THERESA

Oh my gawd, listen to this: "Dear Maggie, why do the stores open so late around here? If we had a golf tournament, it would be called the Nothing's Open."

She cackles uproariously. Antony remains fixated on his pitchfork.

THERESA (CONT'D)

ANTONY! Are you listening to me?
What are you doing?

ANTONY

Just getting ready for that Yeti.

THERESA

Oh for Heaven's sake, it's not a Yeti, it's Bigfoot. That's different.

ANTONY

(suspiciously) You seem to know an awful lot about Yetis all of a sudden...

THERESA

It's NOT a Yeti: it's a sasquatch: I saw it on Ripley's. What are you going to do with that anyway? Bury Bigfoot in a hayfield?

ANTONY

Nope. Gonna fork that berry-eating Bigfoot like he's never been forked before.

THERESA

Gawd, I wish you'd fork me that way...

ANTONY

What?

THERESA

Nothing.

Someone KNOCKS at their door. Antony immediately jumps up, pitchfork at the ready, knocking over the dining table and hiding behind it.

ANTONY

It's at the backdoor! Get ready!

Theresa goes to open the back door.

THERESA

Antony, why the HELL would Bigfoot come knocking at the back door?

ANTONY

Because you'd never expect him in the back door...

THERESA

I'd never expect YOU at the back door. Or the front door, for that matter...

INT. ANTONY AND THERESA'S BACK DOOR. CONTINUOUS.

Theresa opens the back door. It's Andrew and Helen. Andrew is wearing a bear skin and loin cloth. Theresa is utterly unfazed.

THERESA

Oh hi, guys, come on in. (Yelling out) You can come out, it's Andrew and Helen!

Andrew and Theresa enter.

ANDREW

We can't stay long, we just wanted to let you know that we moved the meeting tonight.

THERESA

Oh, we're not having it at Reggie and Sheila's?

HELEN

We've decided that we need to take things to the next level. That's why Andrew is wearing his bear skin.

ANDREW

Yes. Do you happen to have access to any type of large caliber rifle or shaped explosive charges?

THERESA

(Confused) I have some jello molds
if you want me to make an ambrosia.

HELEN

That won't be necessary. What
happened to your table?

She begins struggling to move the table back upright.

ANDREW

Here, let me help with that.

CUT TO:

ANTONY AND THERESA'S HALLWAY: ANTONY'S POV. CONTINUOUS.

Antony is slowly peeking from a doorway. He sees Andrew's silhouette, dressed like a giant bear, dragging his table. He readies his pitchfork and comes charging down the hallway.

ANTONY

First my berries and now my
furniture? Not today, Yeti!

Andrew shifts as he gets the table back on its legs, just as Antony's momentum causes him to trip and lose control of his pitchfork, which flies through the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ANTONY AND THERESA'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS.

The pitchfork strikes a passing tanker truck, causing it to erupt in a huge fireball and resounding explosion, shattering windows in the neighborhood. The truck's driver runs down the street, rolling in the grass to put out the flames that engulf him. A baby begins crying in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTONY AND THERESA'S KITCHEN. CONT.

ANDREW

Well that escalated quickly.

Someone knocks at the front door. Antony, dizzy and confused, opens it. It's the grumpy looking DISTANT NEIGHBOR holding a CRYING BABY in one arm.

The neighbor punches Antony in the face.

DISTANT NEIGHBOR
Thanks a lot, moron!

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. LATER THAT EVENING.

Everyone is gathered in the Town Square with all manner of ridiculous tools and weapons. One guy is burning a trashcan with a flamethrower. Other citizens have pitchforks and torches. Several people dressed like characters from MAD MAX carry chainsaws and shotguns. Everyone is wearing a placard with a number on it. SHEILA walks around the crowd with appetizers, dressed as if she were in her living room. CLARENCE is wearing a ninja outfit, with a sword strapped to his back.

REGGIE

Ok, people, listen up now, we've got a lot of ground to cover tonight.

The crowd isn't listening. Clarence claps a few times.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Hey now, settle down. We need to get organized so that we can... come on people, listen up.

Suddenly a shotgun blast echoes and everyone turns to look where it came from. It's the DISTANT NEIGHBOR, holding the CRYING BABY in one arm and a smoking shotgun in the other. The baby starts crying. The neighbor looks around guiltily at the angry crowd, then sneaks off into darkness.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh great. Thanks a lot.

CLARENCE

Moron.

REGGIE

Thank you. As you all know, we have some type of unknown predator that has been terrorizing our community for the last few weeks.

ANDREW

Let's kill it!

The crowd erupts in cheers.

CLARENCE

What did I tell you last time?

The crowd suddenly becomes quiet as Andrew, still dressed as a bear, hangs his head.

REGGIE

Now look, people. The only way we're gonna catch this thing is if we work together. I've got everyone assigned to teams. Team 1 will cover the north, team 2 will get the south, and team 3 and 4 will get the east and west. Now, we're going to start by...

ANDREW

Let's go!

The crowd erupts in a roar, raising their pitchforks, torches and weapons high, with everyone running off in the same direction, screaming war cries. Clarence, Reggie, Bonnie, Blazer, Antony and Theresa remain.

CLARENCE

I swear I'm gonna put my foot in that bear's ass.

BONNIE

Why don't you put something in my bare ass?

CLARENCE

Woman, you got problems I can't even begin to comprehend.

BLAZER

(Oblivious) Speaking of feet, I'd love to stay for the rest of this delightful little soirée, but I have a bottle of the 1962 Chateau Lafite with my name on it. Bonne nuit, mes amis.

Blazer leaves.

REGGIE

Well, it's up to us, then. Any ideas?

THERESA

Well, in mystery novels, the killer always goes back to the scene of the crime.

ANTONY

It's true.

THERESA

The only thing you read are those girly mags you think you're hiding under the mattress.

ANTONY

Those aren't mine.

CLARENCE

Hold up! What's that?

Clarence points to something in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANTONY AND THERESA'S HOUSE. STREET VIEW. CONT

We see a bulky silhouette climbing over the fence, slumping towards the back yard.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. CONTINUOUS

Antony is shaking uncontrollably.

ANTONY

It's...it's that yeti!

REGGIE

No, technically, it's a sasquatch.

CLARENCE

He's right. Big difference between a Yeti and Bigfoot.

REGGIE

Yetis are found in colder climes.

BONNIE

It was on Ripley's.

THERESA

I tried to tell him. Some people choose to bask in their own ignorance.

CLARENCE

You know, that's the problem with America today.

REGGIE

I see it all the time on the job. Kids just hanging out on the corner, not knowing the difference between Bigfoot and a yeti or between right and wrong.

CLARENCE

Damn shame.

REGGIE

It really is.

ANTONY

BIGFOOT IS IN MY BACKYARD!

REGGIE

Oh HELL NO! Let's go!

The remaining 5 run towards Antony and Theresa's house.

EXT. ANTONY AND THERESA'S HOUSE. BACKYARD. CONTINUOUS.

The silhouette is rustling in the bushes, making grunting and slurping sounds, eating berries by the handful.

REGGIE

(whispering) There it is. Pop, get a bead on him. I'm gonna shine a light and you blast him.

CLARENCE

I'm gonna put a hot one through him.

BONNIE

Oooohhhh, I wish you'd put a hot one through me...

CLARENCE

Woman, I swear to God you need to get some kinda professional help.

ANTONY

Why is bigfoot carrying a bag?

THERESA

And why is he drinking from a jug?

ANTONY

I'd like to drink from your jugs...

THERESA

Oh my Gawd, Antony, I thought you stopped noticing me!

REGGIE

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, SUCKA!

Reggie shines a spotlight on the silhouette just as Clarence fires a shot at it, missing entirely and breaking a window.

It's not Bigfoot at all. It's DPW. His face and hands are covered in berry juice.

CLARENCE

DPW! What the Hell you doing?

REGGIE

Yeah, what are you doing stealing berries?

ANTONY

WATCH OUT, BIGFOOT'S BACK THERE!

THERESA

You moron, DPW is the berry bandit!

DPW

Uh oh. Guess I been caught.

CLARENCE

Red-handed too.

REGGIE

You got about 5 seconds to explain yourself.

DPW

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare anybody. I've just been picking berries for my shine.

REGGIE

For what now?

DPW

My moonshine. I make a new batch every year. This year, I'm making berry shine. You want a taste?

CLARENCE

Well, hell yes, I want a taste!

REGGIE

Hold on, pop! DP, you know it's illegal to be stealing berries and making moonshine, don't you?

Suddenly Andrew comes running up in his bear suit.

ANDREW

Technically speaking, that's not true here. Those berry bushes happen to fall between the property lines and, as such, are on public lands. And as for the moonshine, well, there's no state law prohibiting it and, as such, is out of your jurisdiction, Reggie.

CLARENCE

Hm. I believe the bear's right.

REGGIE

Good, I didn't want to write a damn report anyway.

ANTONY

But what about the yeti?

DPW

Hate to tell you this, Antony, but weren't no yetis. If anything what you might find in these parts is what's known as a sasquatch.

ANDREW

Correct. Saw it on Ripley's.

CLARENCE

Well, now that that's over, how about some of that shine?

DPW

Sure thing: got a fresh batch coming off the still now.

ANTONY

You guys go on ahead, I think Theresa and I have a date in the bush, if you know what I mean.

DPW

No, what do you mean?

CLARENCE

Yeah, what the hell you talking
about?

BONNIE

That actually made no sense at all.

REGGIE

What bush?

THERESA

Don't you worry about it.

Theresa and Antony walk into the house.

ANTONY

But what happened to Bigfoot?

THERESA

Just shut up.

