

"Dream Home"

By

Glenn Campbell



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www.KilroyCafe.com

702-812-0400

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Screen Story #17

[NOTE: THIS IS A TREATMENT ONLY, WITH SOME DIALOG YET TO BE FILLED IN.]

FADE IN:

EXT. - TEMPERATE RAIN FOREST - DAY

In the lush green rainforest of the Pacific Northwest, a wedding is taking place. The setting is almost primordial, with huge, towering trees overhead, green undergrowth below and a small waterfall in the background. The theme of the wedding is "The Faery Kingdom." The faint sound of flute music can be heard in the air, perfectly matching the setting. The bridesmaids and attendants are dressed as fairies and sprites, while the bride and groom, MARION and ROBERT, are playing the role of their princess and prince. ROBERT is middle-aged but MARION is much younger, looking like a woodland nymph. They are both wearing flowing white garments and flowers in their hair. Their feet are bare. Before a fairy king, they take their wedding vows. When it is done, all the fairies sing.

After the ceremony, there is a reception under the trees. The guests are a mix of fairies in flowing white and people in conventional clothes. At the table of the bride and groom, some of the guests remark on how beautiful the setting is. That's when ROBERT reveals their plans for the property. They are going to build a fairy castle right on this spot. ROBERT unrolls some impressive architectural drawings and artist's conceptions of their dream home. Is going to be huge but will perfectly integrate with the natural landscape. It will be powered by wind and solar energy, as well as water power from the stream. Everything has been thought of.

MARION looks on with love and approval. There are stars in her eyes. Clearly, this project is powered by ROBERT's vision, not hers, but she loves everything he does and is entranced by the fantasy.

2.

CUT TO:

EXT - TEMPERATE RAIN FOREST - DAY

In time-lapse photography, we see the house being built, approaching the vision seen in the artist's drawings. Then the work stops, with the home only half-finished.

CUT TO:

EXT & INT - THE UNFINISHED HOUSE - DAY

It is morning in the forest. ROBERT and MARION are living in squalor in a tiny section of the unfinished home, walled off by plastic sheeting. ROBERT emerges from the plastic wall, stretches his arms theatrically and breathes in the forest air. He is followed by his loyal dog, a doleful hound. ROBERT then lets out a loud primal scream, like Tarzan's, which echoes through the trees.

ROBERT

Aaaaaaaagggggggghhhhhh!

Inside the plastic hovel, MARION cringes. She is wrapped in a blanket, shivering, and is trying to stoke a wood stove to get warm. She looks miserable.

ROBERT

Isn't it wonderful to wake up to all this beauty every morning?

MARION

No.

ROBERT

What's that, honey?

MARION
(louder)

No!

An argument ensues in which MARION tells ROBERT she wants a divorce. It's been a year since anything has happened to the house, and she is tired of camping. This building project has eaten them alive. It has drained their money, their time and the quality of their relationship, and it is still nowhere near finished.

MARION

We're not fairies. I want to go back to a real home and a real life.

ROBERT is stunned but can only ask the most pressing question on his mind...

ROBERT

Who will get the house?

MARION

You will. The house, the property, the pets, the waterfall, the trees, the pie-in-the sky dreams, they're all yours. I'm going home to Michigan.

CUT TO:

EXT - OUTSIDE THE UNFINISHED HOUSE - DAY

MARION loads up her rusty car, which is parked beside ROBERT's beat-up pickup truck. She starts it, then drives away. ROBERT, accompanied by his dog, watches her go.

ROBERT

(to the dog)

She lacks vision.

CUT TO:

EXT & INT - THE UNFINISHED HOUSE - DAY

In a montage, we see ROBERT trying to soldier on with his project. He hauls water, chops wood, and stokes

the wood stove. He cuts some lumber and drives a few nails, but there is no significant progress on the house.

CUT TO:

INT - UNFINISHED HOUSE - DAWN

It is early morning now, around dawn, and ROBERT and the hound are sleeping in their plastic-walled bedroom.

The hound's ears prick up. He raises his head and lets out a feeble "Woof!" ROBERT awakens and hears rustling in the house, outside the plastic. He is alarmed, and gets his gun.

ROBERT makes his way through the unfinished living room to the kitchen where the sound seems to be emanating from. He comes around the corner and points his gun at the intruder.

There is a big hairy creature rummaging through the kitchen cabinets.

ROBERT

Freeze!

The creature turns around, and we see that it's...

BIGFOOT!

BIGFOOT is more frightened than ROBERT. He holds his hands up in the air, dropping the sandwich he has made for himself.

BIGFOOT

Don't shoot! I didn't know anyone was here. Honest, I thought this place was abandoned.

ROBERT

You're... you're...

BIGFOOT

Bigfoot? Yeah, that's me. Actually, the name's Larry. I'm really human, but I have this genetic condition where hair grows everywhere. My grandparents were circus freaks, but I don't care to go that route.

ROBERT

I thought you were a myth.

BIGFOOT

Do I look like a myth? I tried shaving, but there's so much surface area that I just couldn't keep it up. I guess you could call me a refugee from society. I was tired of living with hairless people and being stared at all the time, so I came here. People want Bigfoot, so I give them Bigfoot.

ROBERT relaxes the gun, and BIGFOOT cautiously puts down his hands.

BIGFOOT

Listen, I'm really sorry to break into your home like this. The forest is filled with unfinished houses, weekend projects that never go anywhere. Usually, I just come in on the weekdays, get a bite to eat and leave. People think a bear did it. I'm really hungry right now. If you don't shoot me and just let me eat, maybe there is something I can do for you in return. I can do odd jobs around the property, scare the neighbors, whatever you want.

ROBERT thinks about it for a moment.

ROBERT

Are you any good at carpentry?

CUT TO:

EXT & INT - UNFINISHED HOUSE - DAY

It turns out BIGFOOT is a whiz at carpentry! In a montage, we see him energetically working on the unfinished portions of the home. He drives nails, measures distances, pores over the architect's plans and expertly uses various power equipment (while wearing safety goggles). ROBERT keeps him supplied with building materials and a constant stream of sandwiches.

CUT TO:

INT - ROBERT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

At night we see them all sleeping in the plastic-lined bedroom. ROBERT is sleeping on the bed, while both the dog and BIGFOOT are curled up on the floor beside the wood stove.

FADE TO:

EXT & INT - FINISHED HOUSE - DAY

Some time passes, and finally the dream home is finished. It is morning, and ROBERT comes out the front door, stretches dramatically and breathes in the forest air. He lets out a loud primal scream, which echoes through the forest.

ROBERT

Aaaaaaaagggggggghhhhhh!

BIGFOOT is working in the kitchen. He is wearing an apron and is loading the dishwasher. He cringes at the sound and covers his ears.

ROBERT
(loudly)

Isn't it wonderful to wake up to
beauty like this?

Out of ROBERT's view, BIGFOOT shakes his head.

BIGFOOT

I gotta go.

ROBERT comes back into the house.

ROBERT

What did you say?

BIGFOOT

It's time for me to leave. Move on.
Hit the road.

ROBERT looks stunned.

ROBERT

Why?

BIGFOOT

I can't live like this. The project was fun while it lasted. It was like putting together a jigsaw puzzle, but now that it's done there's nothing left for me here. I didn't become Bigfoot to be pinned down in one place. There's the lure of the open road. I've got dumpsters to raid. I've got myths to perpetuate. There's a conference of Sasquatch researchers in Olympia. I want to go rattle some branches.

ROBERT

But the house is done.

BIGFOOT

Yes, and now it's your problem. Frankly, I don't know what you're going to do with it. Now you're really trapped. Just the

maintenance alone is going to eat you alive. But that's your choice. I'm Bigfoot, and I got to do what Bigfoot does.

ROBERT

But look at all this scenic beauty.

BIGFOOT

Believe me, I know scenic beauty, and it doesn't last more than fifteen minutes. It's good for a postcard, that's all. You can't eat scenic beauty. It isn't a substitute for human relationships.

You hairless people think you can nail down happiness -- by buying something, by signing a contract, by building a castle -- but you can't. Happiness is a dynamic process. It's not a trophy you can hang on the wall and expect to always be there. You have to fight for it constantly, and you can't be tied down by habits or material things. You have to listen to the winds.

Man, you had love, you had everything, but you gave it all up, for what? A piece of real estate, something you can't really have anyway. You can't own a home like this; it owns you. As long as you have possessions, you can never really be free.

But don't listen to me. I'm nobody. I'm just Bigfoot. A myth.

BIGFOOT shakes ROBERT's hand.

BIGFOOT

Thanks for the sandwiches.

Then BIGFOOT lopes off into the forest, in a manner resembling the famous Patterson film footage of him.

From the porch, ROBERT watches BIGFOOT go.

ROBERT
(to his dog)

He lacks vision.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END

