

CHASING BIGFOOT

Written by

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**INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL - DAY**

A shirtless prisoner does pushups. On his muscled back, a huge tattoo of a woman (65) with a hunting rifle on her hip, cigar in her mouth, and one foot on top of a dead grizzly --

The word 'MOM' etched below it.

The tattoo's owner - VIC (45). Vic thinks rules don't apply to him. You got a problem with that? Screw you.

A CORRECTIONAL OFFICER (40s) approaches Vic's cell munching a donut, keys jangling. This guy's too nice for his job.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

I hope six months went by faster  
for you this time, Vic.

Vic continues his pushups, gaze fixed ahead.

The guard smiles good-naturedly, searching his keychain.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER (CONT'D)

You know, if you're so keen to bag  
big game out of season, maybe you  
should go looking for Bigfoot, hey?

Vic jumps up, puts his t-shirt on.

VIC

Bigfoot as hard to find as your  
sense of humor?

The officer chuckles, unlocks the cell, smile turning somber.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

Sorry about your mom, Vic. The  
judge should've let you visit with  
her, if you ask me.

Vic grips the back of the guard's neck. The guard winces.

VIC

Don't worry. You guys aren't the  
assholes I have a problem with.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

Lucky us.

Vic steals his donut. Swaggers off.

**EXT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY**

Vic exits the small town jail. At the curb - a beefy black pickup truck topped with hunting searchlights.

Beside it - SEESAW (20s) has LONZO (20s) in a headlock.

SEESAW

Take back what you just said.

LONZO

I can't take back what's true, you big baboon. Let go of me.

SeeSaw spots Vic, releases Lonzo. Embarrassed.

SEESAW

Hey, Pop.

Vic glares between them, waiting for an explanation.

SEESAW (CONT'D)

Lonzo badmouthed Captain America.

LONZO

I just told this boob to grow up and stop believing in superheroes.

SEESAW

At least I don't believe in magic tomatoes like you.

LONZO

*Those are real.*

Vic sighs - *My Sons of Perpetual Disappointment.*

SEESAW

How are ya, Pop?

Vic opens the truck's tailgate, slides out a hidden storage tray full of hunting gear - regular rifles, tranq rifles, pistols, flashbangs, flares, ropes, nets, a bow and arrows.

VIC

Got an update for me?

Vic inspects a rifle. Lonzo and SeeSaw trade glances.

LONZO

The crazy old coot's still around.

SEESAW

You wanna pay him a visit?

The look in his eyes says he does.

VIC  
First things first.

He pushes the tray closed - CLANG.

**EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY THROUGH FOREST - DAY**

ZOOM! A weather-beaten red sedan speeds through a sea of pine trees. Two extinct volcanoes on the horizon.

The sedan races into a parking lot past a sign:

"GRANDPA CRAMER'S BIGFOOT TOURS."

Beside it - a 20ft-tall smiling, waving statue of Bigfoot.

**INT. RED SEDAN - DAY**

HELEN CRAMER (45), determined, desperate, swerves her car to a sliding stop outside a log-cabin-style shop. Beside her --

GRANDPA CRAMER (65), half park ranger, half Santa Claus, grips the Jesus handle, wide-eyed from the wild ride.

HELEN  
Gotta go, Dad. I'll see you later?

GRANDPA CRAMER  
...You're not coming in, possum?

HELEN  
My guy with the dynamite's waiting.

Grandpa blanches.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Dad, I'll be fine. Unless you don't get out - then I'll be late.

GRANDPA CRAMER  
Why don't you stay? Tai'll be here soon. She says she has a big announcement.

HELEN  
Yeah, I know. I told her I'll see her tonight after my shift, okay?

Grandpa puppy-dogs --

GRANDPA CRAMER  
 You've been so busy lately. You  
 haven't even seen the new addition  
 I made to the shop yet.

Helen's chin drops. She holds up a hand in surrender.

HELEN  
 Okay. Two minutes, that's it.

Grandpa beams.

**INT. SHOP - DAY**

DING - the door chimes as Helen follows Grandpa in. She glances around, skeptical of this temple to Bigfoot where --

Souvenir shirts, hats, and camping gear fill the rustic space. A poster of the creature on the wall reads:

"I Know Who *I* Am. Do You?".

Grandpa points a remote control at a bank of TV screens.

GRANDPA CRAMER  
 Check this out.

Distracted, Helen drifts to a display of pocket-size drones.

One of Grandpa's TV SCREENS powers up to reveal --

BOBBY 'FAKEFOOT' (25), wannabe actor, dressed in a Bigfoot costume and hi-viz vest, arms out, moving like a zombie.

Grandpa shakes his head with a chuckle. Turns on a walkie.

GRANDPA CRAMER (CONT'D)  
 (to Helen)  
 He's rehearsing for Frankenstein.

Zombie GROANS from Bobby over the walkie.

Helen pops an eyebrow at the TV as she activates a drone --

GRANDPA CRAMER (CONT'D)  
 (into walkie)  
 Morning, Bobby! How are you?

Bobby's arms flop to his sides in frustration.

BOBBY FAKEFOOT  
 I'd be better if I could remember  
 my lines. How about you, chief?

GRANDPA CRAMER

I'm happier than a squirrel in a nut factory. My daughter Helen's here, and my granddaughter Tai is on the way!

BOBBY FAKEFOOT

Nice to meet you, Helen. Now, if you'll excuse me, this Big Foot needs to take a big leak before the ten-o'clock tour.

GRANDPA CRAMER

(to Helen)

I hired Bobby to entertain the customers. Pretty neat, right?

Helen's drone crashes into a Bigfoot mannequin. The head flies off -- and rolls across the floor to Grandpa.

GRANDPA CRAMER (CONT'D)

Possum, be careful! Good Bigfoots are hard to come by.

Helen picks up a framed photo on the counter of her smiling MOM (60), wearing a hiking shirt and a yellow neckerchief.

HELEN

You know, Dad, when you told me you were retiring, I did not expect  
(gestures at the shop)  
...this. Bigfoot was mom's thing.

Her dad retreats into silence. Seeing his pain, Helen softens. She wraps her arms around him.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I miss her, too.

She adjusts Grandpa's neckerchief with affection.

HELEN (CONT'D)

My dad, the Bigfoot expert.

GRANDPA CRAMER

...Why don't you come work for me?

Helen barks a laugh.

HELEN

And make videos of what? Him?

She nods at the TV -- Bobby Fakefoot. Peeing in the woods.