

Hunting Bigfoot

Written by

Brian Gould

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Btg1019@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST PATH - DUSK

Hiking ahead on a forest trail, FRANKIE RIZZO (16) strolls with an arrogant strut despite braces, acne, and patchy facial hair. The younger and smaller, NYLES MILLER (12), struggles to carry two bulky backpacks. Both boys are wearing uniforms for an outdoor youth program called, "The Compass Kids." The only difference is that Frankie wears a sash that says "Compass Man."

Dropping the backpacks, Nyles can't go any further. Rolling his eyes, Frankie turns around.

FRANKIE

Get up, skid mark! We're already lost. We can't lose anymore time.

NYLES

I'm parched, Frankie! My strength to weight ratio is off!

Nyles begins to sulk, as Frankie laughs and continues down the forest path. Soft tears running down his face, Nyles contemplates his current reality.

FRANKIE (O.S.)

(deep in forest)

Compass Baby! Quit crying and get your ass over here!

NYLES

...I'm not crying!

Wiping the tears from his eyes, Nyles struggles to pick up the backpacks as Frankie keeps yelling insults at him.

EXT. FOREST CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Walking toward a cabin after shouting at Nyles, Frankie eyes through the cabin's window. Tottering into the area with the backpacks, Nyles spots Frankie marching up to the cabin door.

NYLES

I'm so thirsty!

FRANKIE

Shut up! There's probably water inside.

Huffing at Nyles, Frankie melodramatically knocks hard on the door, pushing it ajar.

NYLES

We can't go in there! Compass Kids don't trespass!

FRANKIE

I just did!

Frankie walks into the cabin, leaving Nyles outside. Picking up the backpacks, Nyles warily walks toward the entrance.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Tip-toeing inside the cabin, Nyles drops the bags and runs as soon as he sees there is bottled water on the kitchen counter. The cabin is tastefully furnished with a kitchen, pantry, dining room table, bed, and a bathroom in the rear next to a back door: A real nice forest getaway.

Chugging a bottle of water, Nyles' thirst is quenched. Wiping his mouth, Nyles looks to see Frankie studying a large web diagram stretching across the walls. Walking toward him, Nyles trips over a briefcase. Opening it up, Nyles is shocked at what he sees inside.

NYLES

I knew I smelled uranium in the air!

FRANKIE

It doesn't smell like piss.

NYLES

Holy frijole, Frankie. This is a nuclear bomb! We have to tell Compass Leader Rick!

FRANKIE

No! As like the Compass Man, I'm gonna tell Compass Leader Rick. As the Compass Kid, you're gonna guard the bomb 'til I get back.

NYLES

You're going to leave me here?!

FRANKIE

Quit being selfish and give me the coordinates before we ALL die, butt munch!

Frankie punches Nyles in the arm, and Nyles jots the info down off his compass.

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
Come on. Quit crying. What's the worst that could happen?

NYLES  
What if somebody comes back before you?!

FRANKIE  
I don't know! Hide. What do I care?

Frankie scrambles out of the cabin. Alone and teary eyed, Nyles walks up to the web diagram. Piecing it together: the bomb blows up the Animal Channel TV transmitter which equals no more Hunting Bigfoot show which equals peace.

Overhearing someone sneezing outside the cabin, Nyles freezes from fear. Panicked and searching for a spot to hide, Nyles feels the pressure as the wheezing is getting closer.

INT. CABIN PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

Swinging the kitchen pantry door open, Nyles is astounded to see the closet fully stocked with nothing but boxes of pancake mix and bottles of syrup. Hopping in and sealing the door behind him, Nyles attempts to control his frightened breathing as he hears the terrorist enter with a sneeze.

EXT. COMPASS KID'S BASECAMP - CONTINUOUS

Tents with a fire pit and camping chairs in the middle make up the Compass Kid's basecamp. Two Compass Kids, TED (12) and BARRY (12) work on building a fire. Running out of the woods is COMPASS LEADER RICK (45), a man that looks like he is still living in a war zone, but without eyebrows to express his pure horror.

RICK  
STAND UP BARRY!

BARRY  
(drops kindling)  
Ah! What?!

RICK  
SLAP ME!

Barry gives a good hard slap across Rick's face.

RICK (cont'd)  
Ah! Invigorating! A slap a day keeps  
the doctor away!

Ripping off his shirt like the Hulk, Rick stares down Mark.

RICK (cont'd)  
YOU READY TO SERENADE ME WITH THAT  
SWEET ANGELIC VOICE BEFORE SHUT EYE,  
MARK?!

Mark clears his throat to sing a response as Frankie runs  
into camp out of breath.

FRANKIE  
Terrorists! Nuclear Bomb! In the  
woods! I heroically escaped!

RICK  
YOU ABANDONED YOUR COMPASS KID WITH  
TERRORISTS?!

FRANKIE  
The terrorists! They took Nyles!

RICK  
...That poor little coward.

INT. CABIN - LATER

Listening to the terrorist sneeze and sweep their floor with  
Bossanova music playing, a crack of light illuminates Nyles.  
Finished sweeping, the terrorist ignites the stove and  
places a pan on top. Realizing that the terrorist is walking  
toward the pantry, Nyles closes his eyes wishing for better  
times.

Nyles is flooded with light as the pantry door is opened.  
Blinded by the sudden light difference, Nyles refocuses to  
view BIGFOOT (30) dressed like an unhip dad at a BBQ lightly  
growling back at him.

Nyles screams out in terror so loud it can be heard  
progressively further away.

EXT. COMPASS KID'S BASECAMP - CONTINUOUS

Nyles faint scream can be heard as Rick exits his tent  
loading a youth model .22. Kneeling next to the Compass Kids  
creating makeshift weapons out of s'more skewers, Dutch oven  
lids, and bear spray.

BARRY

What do we do Compass Leader Rick?!

RICK

... Y'know, I didn't permanently lose my eyebrows in Operation Enduring Freedom for one OUR fellow Compass Brothers to be kidnapped.

(kids perk up)

Every one of us here took the sacred oath to protect and defend the Compass Kids against ALL enemies, foreign and domestic!

(kids inspired)

Our goal is not the victory of might, but the vindication of right. We must defeat the terrorist. We must rescue Nyles!

The Compass Kids rally around their leader, while Frankie looks unsettled.

RICK (cont'd)

But first, what is the sixth tenant of the Compass Kids, Mark?

MARK

(singing)

Always call authorities for help!

RICK

What a voice - he's right. Frankie?! Give me the coordinates!

Frankie hands Rick the piece of paper that Nyles wrote.

RICK (cont'd)

Is this your handwriting, Compass Man?

FRANKIE

Yes. Why? I know coordinates and stuff.

RICK

(into walkie talkie)

...Emergency Services, this is Compass Kids. We are seeking assistance - Repeat, we are seeking...

INT. SURVEILLANCE TENT - CONTINUOUS

Two bored "Men in Black" agents, MIXON (40) and HANKS (60), pick up Rick's signal inside their surveillance camping tent.

RICK (O.S)  
(through radio)  
...we are seeking assistance. Nuclear  
weapon. Terrorists. Coordinates are  
north 43 degrees 49 point 421  
minutes, West 38 degrees 58 point 615  
minutes. Over.

Hanks frantically jots down the coordinates.

MIXON  
Did we just find our bomb?

HANKS  
I think we just caught the son of a  
bitch!

The two agents load their guns, burst out of the surveillance tent and run into the woods.

INT. CABIN - LATER

Shoveling pancakes onto Nyles plate, Bigfoot seems to be friendly as the unusual cabinmates share the kitchen table.

BIGFOOT  
Butter?

Nyles is afraid to look Bigfoot in the eyes. Shrugging and sitting down, Bigfoot slathers his hotcakes with butter and syrup. After a few bites, Bigfoot notices Nyles still looking away.

BIGFOOT (cont'd)  
Compass Kids, huh? How's that  
treating you? Better than this  
conversation hopefully.

Nyles continues to look down and slump in his chair as Bigfoot sneezes.

BIGFOOT (cont'd)  
My apologies, allergies this time of  
year...So, are you a mute or just  
rude?

NYLES

...I didn't mean to be rude, Mister Foot. I'm just blue thinking about what you're going to do to me.

BIGFOOT

Do to you? I'm feeding you flapjacks. I offered you butter!

NYLES

I'm sorry but a Compass Kid could never accept butter from a terrorist!

BIGFOOT

Terrorist?! What? Because of this?

Standing up, Bigfoot picks up his bomb and sneezes.

NYLES

Please don't hurt me mister Foot! I want grandkids someday!

BIGFOOT

Then stop watching shows about me!

Marching over to his web diagram with the bomb, Bigfoot points at the Animal Channel television transmitter.

BIGFOOT (cont'd)

I recognize nuclear obliteration is probably too extreme, but I'm tired of the constant harassment! Ten seasons of Hunting Bigfoot? Ten!

Bigfoot sneezes again as Nyles looks down afraid of Bigfoot's outburst and germs.

BIGFOOT (cont'd)

It's like, come on! I built a nice life for myself here. I finally have a home, not a house, a HOME!

Bigfoot sneezes again, and seems vulnerable.

BIGFOOT (cont'd)

I'm just so tired of constantly relocating to find some peace and quiet.

NYLES

...Then continue to be peaceful Mister Foot! Be yourself and remember terrorism is never the answer.

Trying to clear his throat and sinuses, Bigfoot submits.

BIGFOOT

You're right. This old thing will probably just cause more headaches than good times. I always knew I needed a young boy as a friend.

Kicking down the front door of the cabin, Rick aims his .22 at Bigfoot. The Compass Kids and Frankie with their makeshift weapons aren't far behind, but Frankie runs out of the cabin scared when he sees Bigfoot. Nyles fearfully sits at the kitchen table in between.

RICK

Sweet land of liberty! How could you become an Al-Qaeda Bigfoot?!

Kicking the backdoor down, Mixon and Hanks point their guns at Bigfoot and Rick who return the threat. Nyles sinks further as he's really in the line of fire.

HANKS

Drop the weapons you terrorist scum!

MIXON

(to Hanks)

I told you it was Bigfoot! You owe me a can of coke!

Running through the front door with tiny tan colored shorts and pointing his bow at Bigfoot is, BRADY KING (35), an energetic Australian host of Hunting Bigfoot. Right behind him catching all the action is his cameraman TODD (20).

BRADY

Crickey! After ten seasons, we found 'em! Piss off mates, he's mine!

Taking a deep breath, Nyles stands up and onto the kitchen table.

NYLES

Bigfoot belongs to no one but himself! Shame on all of us!

The hostile room cools for a moment as they direct their attention to the child standing on a table.

NYLES (cont'd)

Shame on our gall for riding into HIS home on our high horse telling him how to live!

(MORE)

NYLES (cont'd)

Bigfoot deserves peace and quiet just as much as the rest of us. Has he made some mistakes? Sure! But who here hasn't? Heck, I didn't wash my hands before dinner last night! That's right - I said it!

Nyles steps down from the table and walks toward Bigfoot.

NYLES (cont'd)

So, come on, folks! Gosh darn it, we owe it to ourselves to protect Bigfoot's majestic existence!

HANKS

Enough of this kumbaya bullshit! I'm giving you a choice, either hand over the bomb or you're gonna eat American lead.

Bigfoot stares down Hanks as the tension rises between the groups. Looking around the room, Bigfoot makes eye contact with Nyles. Smiling back at him, Nyles nods reassuringly. Slowly and carefully putting the bomb on the floor, Bigfoot rises with his hands up.

Feeling a sneeze coming on, Bigfoot makes a funny face spooking Hanks staring right back at him. Using his arm to cover his sneeze, Hanks fires his gun, setting off a chain of gunfire toward Bigfoot. To the horror of Nyles, Bigfoot has been killed.

INT. CABIN - LATER

Sitting on Bigfoot's bed, Barry drapes a blanket over the shocked Nyles. Ted tries to console Nyles as Barry sits down. Behind the Compass Kids, MIB agents are 'cleaning' the crime scene. Still recording Hunting Bigfoot, Todd films Brady interacting with the crime scene for B-Roll.

Walking into the cabin with Frankie, Rick pushes him in front of Nyles and the Compass Kids.

FRANKIE

...I'm sorry for like leaving you here or whatever.

Frankie extends his hand for a limp handshake that Nyles shakes back. Rick rips Frankie's 'Compass Man' Sash off of him.

RICK  
Leaving a fellow Compass Brother  
behind? Truly sickening. You're worse  
than that turd Benedict Arnold.

Frankie walks away with his head hung low in shame. Rick's stern disposition turns to congratulatory as he embraces Nyles.

RICK (cont'd)  
Nyles! You son of a gun! You showed  
real courage today baiting that  
terrorist goon. I didn't think you  
had it in you...Compass Man.

Rick puts the 'Compass Man' sash onto the demoralized Nyles, and he forces a handshake with his newly promoted man.

Hank and Mixon walk up in front of Nyles and extend their hands in congratulations. The white body bag of Bigfoot is being loaded out of the cabin.

MIXON  
American hero are the words I would  
use to describe your valor today.

HANKS  
Our agency could use more patriots  
like you.  
( )

RICK  
He saved the Compass Kids!

MIXON  
No. He saved the United States of  
America. Never forget that.

HANKS  
If you ever need us - we're always  
listening, Nyles Johnathan Miller.

FADE OUT.