

THE BIGFOOTIFICATION

Written by

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In a world where Bigfoot creatures live alongside humans, a lonely man is torn between a life of normalcy and embracing his inner Bigfoot identity.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

DAN BIGFOOT, 30, an all around chill Bigfoot creature, struts along the path. A COOL FUNK SONG plays as he steps to the beat. He shakes his hair around like a dog. It flows in the breeze.

It's a totally. Epic. Sight.

Across the park, is JACK, 25, an anxious and charmingly awkward man. He stares at Dan, entranced.

DAN BIGFOOT

Sup, dude!

Dan Bigfoot nods to him. Jack breaks his gaze.

JACK

Oh, hey!

Dan Bigfoot struts past. Jack jogs away.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Jack stares at himself in the mirror, wearing a towel around his waist. He turns, revealing a dense, HAIRY PATCH on his lower back.

He reaches down to stroke its fur-like texture.

He grabs a RAZOR, shrugs. Moves it toward the patch and shaves it off.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jack types at a desk. The search bar on the computer reads:

Weird body hair late twenties male??

He swipes through low-quality images of hairy skin patches, varying in color and texture.

BRETT, late 20s, an egotistical boss with a power complex, pops up behind Jack's shoulder.

BRETT

Jack.

Jack SLAMS the computer!!

JACK

Good morning, Brett.

BRETT

I don't pay you to look at photos
of hairy assholes.

JACK

That wasn't what I was looking at--

BRETT

Everyone has their niche, man. No
need to be embarrassed!

Brett punches Jack's arm. He rubs the spot where he was
punched. Brett walks off.

Jack leans over to the next desk. Seated behind it is ANDREW,
late 20s, gentle and witty. He's typing.

JACK

Hey Andrew.

ANDREW

Hi, Jack.

JACK

How was your weekend?

ANDREW

It was great, I went hiking.

(beat)

Actually, I waited for the
refrigerator repair man who never
came. You?

JACK

Jeez, sorry about that. Mine was
good, I mostly just read.

ANDREW

Nice.

JACK

It was. Hey, can I ask you
something?

ANDREW

What's up?

JACK

I was wondering, when your brother
started, *transforming*, what was
that like for him?

Andrew closes the computer.

ANDREW

Oh.

JACK

I hope that's not an inappropriate question.

ANDREW

No, of course not. He was still him, he just started growing a lot more hair, and beefing up a bit. He also got a lot of cravings for new foods. Why do you ask--

Brett SLAMS a stack of papers down on Jack's desk.

BRETT

Jeez, what kind of razor do you use?

JACK

Men's starter shave kit...

Brett walks off.

ANDREW

He's extra douche-y today.

JACK

Yeah. Tell me about it.

ANDREW

So, what made you think of my brother?

Jack, embarrassed, covers the hair on his arms. He starts sorting through the papers.

JACK

I was just wondering.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack sits on the couch, wearing an extra tight t-shirt. On the table is A GALLON OF MILK, and a piled-up plate with yogurt and berries, salmon, and steak. Jack's stomach GROWLS.

He reaches for the TV remote, as his shirt RIPS in half. He groans and throws it off. Takes a bite of his food.

He FLICKS on the TV, swipes through a few channels, and lands on a TALK SHOW.

ON THE TV:

The host is TIM, 40, genuine and charismatic. He interviews CECILLE BIGFOOT, 35, a well-spoken and beautiful millennial Bigfoot.

Tim holds up a book titled, 'THE BIGFOOTIFICATION.'

TIM (O.S.)

How does it feel to see your books on the shelves?

CECILLE BIGFOOT (O.S.)

You know, I feel pretty damn proud.

APPLAUSE from the talk show's live audience.

TIM (O.S.)

I loved it, Cecille, I really did. It's a best seller for a reason.

CECILLE BIGFOOT (O.S.)

Aw. Thank you, Tim.

TIM (O.S.)

I'd love to hear how your transformation began.

CECILLE BIGFOOT

It's actually a little wild. I was in school studying ballet when I first started changing.

TIM

What was that like for you?

CECILLE BIGFOOT

Oh, I felt so alone. I had no community. There was no one to guide me through the process.

TIM

Is that why you wanted to share this story with readers?

CECILLE BIGFOOT

Oh, certainly. But I also wanted to write this because, I feel like we get to hear a lot about how hard the transition is, but there's not enough talk out there about how beautiful this whole experience is.

(MORE)

CECILLE BIGFOOT (CONT'D)

I've become so much happier since all (RE: her hairy body) *this* happened. I hope readers walk away knowing that life becomes so richer once you embrace the change. After all, it's who you are.

TIM

Wow. Thank you sharing that, Cecille.

CECILLE BIGFOOT

Of course.

TIM (O.S.)

What do you think the best part of it all has been?

She smiles, stroking her hair.

CECILLE BIGFOOT (O.S.)

Probably all the shampoo PR.

The crowd LAUGHS again.

TIM (O.S.)

Cecille, everybody!

APPLAUSE from the studio audience. She waves to the camera.

Jack looks down at his now-empty plate and ripped shirt. He picks up the gallon of milk and chugs the remaining contents.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jack stands in front of the mirror in his pajama pants. He looks down at the hairy patch, now doubled in size. He picks up his razor and lifts it towards the hair.

Jack hesitates. He lowers the razor. Pauses, then lifts it to the patch.

Again, he lowers it.

He opens the bathroom cabinet and stores the razor away.

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Jack jogs along the path. He's listening to MUSIC on his headphones, staring at the ground ahead.

THUD! Jack falls, he's run into something. He looks up - it's Dan Bigfoot!

DAN BIGFOOT (O.C.)
Jeez, my bad! Didn't see ya there!

Jack stares at Dan in all his glory. He extends a hairy palm.

JACK
I'm so sorry, I wasn't paying attention.

DAN BIGFOOT
No worries. It happens.

Dan helps him up.

DAN BIGFOOT (CONT'D)
What's your name, bud?

JACK
I'm Jack.

DAN BIGFOOT
Jack. I'm Dan. Nice to meet you!

JACK
Nice to meet you, too.

Jack looks down at a scraped arm.

DAN BIGFOOT
Yikes! You good there?

JACK
Yeah, I'm okay.

DAN BIGFOOT
You're one tough cookie.

JACK
Thanks. I think I've seen you around before.

DAN BIGFOOT
Yep, I live close, so I come here a lot. I've got a pretty sweet place just a few blocks away.

JACK
Yeah, me too. Just off the park.

DAN BIGFOOT
That's great! You run every day?

JACK
Every day I can.

DAN BIGFOOT
Amen, brother.

Dan fist bumps Jack.

JACK
I uh, I wanted to compliment your
hair. It's cool.

DAN BIGFOOT
Thanks! I'm trying out something
new.

Dan shakes around his soft, luscious hair.

DAN BIGFOOT (CONT'D)
Well, Jack, I'm gonna keep moving.
Trying to beat this heat.

JACK
Good call.

DAN BIGFOOT
But hey, see you around. Let's run
together some time!

JACK
Yeah, let's do it!

DAN BIGFOOT
Sweet. Take it easy, friend.

JACK
Yeah, you too!

Dan Bigfoot waves and jogs away. Jack smiles, and runs off.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack sits down on the couch. He's growing his hair out. He
takes a bite from another huge PLATE OF FOOD.

He picks up a book. It's 'THE BIGFOOTIFICATION' by Cecille
Bosch.

Jack opens the book and turns to the first page. It reads:

STARTING YOUR TRANSFORMATION.

THE END.