

BIGFOOT

Pilot

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Adapted from the  
books by  
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WRITER'S DRAFT  
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COLD OPENFADE IN:

TIGHT ON BIGFOOT, hands folded, lying on an therapist's couch.

BIGFOOT  
Doctor, Bigfoot not know where begin.  
(BLOWS OUT CHEEKS) It been decades  
since Me left forest and still  
Bigfoot feel like... Me not fit in.

CUT TO Bigfoot standing alone in the middle of a forest.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
Bigfoot not fit in the woods. Woods  
lonely place. Also, too many bugs.

CUT TO Bigfoot at a classy party, a towering wallflower.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
But woods just as lonely as cocktail  
parties. At least in woods Me never  
have to pretend Me read Malcolm  
Gladwell. (SIGH) Bigfoot just tired  
of people making me feel different.

Bigfoot at the food table spots a nearby parrot in a cage.  
CUT TO him chomping its off head, then dipping it in the guac.  
He lifts it but stops, noticing the staring, horrified faces.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
Like when humans double-dip it faux  
pas but when Bigfoot do it, he told  
to leave. What that double standard?

CUT TO the front lawn of Bigfoot's decrepid old pig-sty  
mansion, flanked by pristine, modern mansions. Amongst junk  
piles and roaming animals, Bigfoot washes his dented stretched  
black limo in an undershirt and jockeys.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
People got wrong ideas about Bigfoot.  
Me not just another big star with  
sweet wheels and historic crib.

CUT TO Bigfoot, running in a marathon, sweating buckets.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
And Me not dumb monster either!

REVEAL a torch-wielding mob of humans pursue Bigfoot.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
People monsters! Bigfoot contain  
multitude. Me got soul of poet.  
Good poet. One who still use rhymes.

CUT TO Bigfoot on a park bench alone watching couples kiss and friends play as he draws a sketch. REVEAL it is a flattering picture of himself as the center of the parkgoers' attention.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
Being loved pretty high on me Amazon  
wishlist. But breaking ice hard.  
Even though Me talk English perfect.

An old man sits down beside Bigfoot. He starts talking to her. Confused, she gets up and leaves. CUT TO Bigfoot in a lab coat beside a diagram of the ear.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
Me have theory there invisible bone  
in most human ears that twist Bigfoot  
words: "The Confusinator Bone."

ANGLE ON the totally empty space in the canal he points to. CUT TO Bigfoot back at the park. A boy on a teeter-totter smiles and beckons him to join. He perks up and hurries over.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
(SIGH) Bigfoot go so far recently to  
place Missed Connection personal.  
"You. Nice little boy in Pine Nut  
park. Me. Big, Missing Link type."

Bigfoot plops down on the elevated end causing the boy to soar over the street to smash into the high window of a building.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
"Did we... have connection?"

Bigfoot looks around. CUT TO him on the psychiatrist's couch.

BIGFOOT  
Me never hear back. Dunno. Maybe he  
not able to read yet. Anyway, all  
these thing lead Bigfoot get real  
angry. But mostly... Me get sad.

Bigfoot reaches down and lifts up two huge half-eaten hams.

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)  
Doctor, what you think? Bigfoot  
should up doses of anti-depressants?

REVEAL the doctor is a Raccoon Bigfoot has taped horn-rimmed glasses on and they are in Bigfoot's mansion. The Raccoon paws the glasses, struggling to remove them.

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)  
Raffles, act like therapist! You  
never get those off! Me tape them  
on too tight. Maybe because me have  
control issues. Maybe we explore?

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEEXT. BIGFOOT'S BACK YARD - DAY

Bigfoot, in a tackle vest, fishes over brown, swampy water. PULL BACK TO REVEAL Bigfoot sits on an Everglades airboat in the middle of his giant (and filthy) luxury pool.

He gets a strong bite. The pole flies out of his hands. Bigfoot whips out a pistol and shoots into the water. He scans back and forth with the gun, searching for something.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)

Me know there something more than  
fish in there. Me call him "Poolie:  
Monster of Bigfoot Pool."

KEN TUPPER, Bigfoot's handsome, pony-tailed billionaire neighbor appears on the balcony of his modernist mansion. Smarmy and in neon biking attire, he's had it with Bigfoot.

KEN TUPPER

How's it goin' there, big guy?!

BIGFOOT

What you want this time, Ken?! Can't  
you see Bigfoot gone fishin'?!

KEN TUPPER

Remember how I asked you to clean up  
the shot-out clay pigeons all over my  
front lawn from your skeet-shooting?

BIGFOOT

Not really. It been crazy month.

KEN TUPPER

It was yesterday. I'm rehearsing my  
latest TED talk for some fellow CEO  
chums next week. Oh, Quincy Jones is  
coming. I'm sure he says hello. So  
could you come and clean 'em all up?

Bigfoot points to a frisbee atop filthy detritus on his patio.

BIGFOOT

What about your frisbee that land on  
me patio, Ken?! Hmm? You not pick  
that up! Look! It definition of  
eyesore! (BEAT) Me saw we even!

STEVE (O.S.)

Hey Bigfoot!

Startled, Bigfoot turns and fires his empty gun at STEVE  
RAMBERG, 25, who stands on the patio near the pool's edge.

Wide-eyed due his coping mechanism of optimistic enthusiasm and, too, his inch-thick glasses, he wears a baggy "X-FILES" shirt covered in shmutz over his slight and short frame.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Bigfoot! Put your Poolie gun away!  
I'm not your tentacled nemesis. I'm  
your two-armed best friend! OK?!

With the photo album he brought, he shields himself. His judging eyes narrowed, Bigfoot slowly puts his piece down.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
Sweet. Oh, Mr. Tupper, hello!  
Didn't see you. Hey, just wondering--

KEN TUPPER  
(EXITING) No, Steve. There are NO  
openings in my video game department.

STEVE  
Hear that? (UPBEAT) We're finishing  
each other's sentences. I'm getting  
somewhere. (PUMPS FIST) Yes!

BIGFOOT  
Steve? You said you too busy to go  
fishing with Bigfoot today. Better  
things to do! You change mind?!

STEVE  
No. I told you. I can't fish today  
because I'm moving in with Maureen.

BIGFOOT  
(ANNOYED) You still dating that girl?

STEVE  
Ha, you've actually asked me that  
every time I've mentioned her for two  
years. Yes. We're moving in today.

BIGFOOT  
Please not chide Bigfoot for wanting  
know about Steve life!

STEVE  
Hey, get over here already and look!  
I found this, unpacking this morning.

BIGFOOT  
Great! Now Me have to go back to  
shore and it gonna be a whole thing.

Bigfoot turns on the boat's engine fan and coasts five feet to the edge of the pool. He gets off and walks to Steve who holds out a photo album. Steve flips it open to a big photo.

STEVE

Look! When we met when I was a kid!  
When you visited me at the orphanage!

INSERT: Steve, a very fat, pimply nerd in the same (but tight) X-FILES shirt, hugs Bigfoot while Bigfoot smiles awkwardly.

BIGFOOT (O.S.)

Me forgot how fat you used to be.

STEVE

Our housewarming's next week. Come!  
Don't bring your "famous shiskabobs"  
like last time though. Maureen's  
vegan and they give me nightmares.  
Super cool nightmares! But, still.

Bigfoot, contemplating, puts his finger on his chin.

BIGFOOT

Steve, you like be Bigfoot plus one?

STEVE

Um, I can't be your plus one. Since  
I'm hosting the party with Maureen.

BIGFOOT

Hmm. Steve not capable of multi-  
tasking. OK. Bigfoot get it.

STEVE

All right, gotta get back before she  
stumbles on my Japanese porn stash.  
Hope you make it, buddy!

Steve walks back toward the house and Bigfoot watches him.  
His brows furrow and he puts his hands on his hips, upset.

BIGFOOT

Stupid pissing contest mind games of  
Steve! He know Me in lady recession!  
Now Me gotta show Steve he not only  
one able get lady. But how do that?

Bigfoot spots Ken's frisbee, picks it up, and a thought bubble  
appears. He imagines himself in a park asking a pretty girl  
to play frisbee. They start tossing and with each throw they  
get closer until they embrace. Bigfoot gives a cocky smirk  
that says "Me got this."

EXT. ESTAB. LUMBERJIM'S TAVERN - DAY

A working-class dive. Two men in plaid fight outside.

INT. LUMBERJIM'S TAVERN - DAY

It's a rowdy scene of gritty barflies: David Lynch's *Cheers*.  
Bigfoot, in a cardigan, approaches broken women at the bar.

BIGFOOT  
(SEDUCTIVE) Hey there. Wanna blow  
this joint and play some frisbee?

Bigfoot holds the frisbee up and alluringly shakes it.

FEMALE BARFLY  
(SLURRED) You smell real, real bad.

A beat. Bigfoot moves on to the next lady, who is passed out.  
He pokes her. Nothing. Bigfoot moves to a chain-smoker.

BIGFOOT  
Hi. Wanna throw this sunavabitch  
around? See where leads?

SMOKING LADY  
No! Bigfoot, we went on a date years  
ago and you gave me Lyme disease.

BIGFOOT  
Tick gave you Lyme disease. (HURT)  
Bigfoot gave you night of your life!

EXT. ESTAB. BEAN DIDDLEL'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A typical Pacific Northwest coffee shop filled with hipsters.

INT. BEAN DIDDLEL'S - DAY

As he enters, Bigfoot drops the frisbee in a trash bin.  
Bigfoot gets in line and zones out, thinking contemplatively.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
Maybe Bigfoot buy wood and build  
woman trap. Use cheese as bait.  
Bigfoot know one thing of women: they  
love cheese. Like mice that way-

SUSIE (O.S.)  
Hello! Can I take your order?

Bigfoot, lost in thought, has arrived at the counter. A cute  
young perky female cashier, SUSIE, smiles up at him.

BIGFOOT  
Oh. Me sorry. Just one second.  
(V.O.)  
This girl new. Pretty. Always get  
same thing but still look at menu.  
But not paying attention to menu.  
Contemplating me habits. DECIDE!-

SUSIE  
Excuse me. Bigfoot?

BIGFOOT  
Me Bigfoot. Hi. Hello. Hi.

SUSIE

You should sign up for our open mic!

She gestures to a sheet marked "OPEN MIC SIGN UP." He glances over, sees "MS. VOYTILLA" is first, and looks back, deadpan.

BIGFOOT

Mmm. Bigfoot not been inspired lately to try to top Ms. Voytilla's Theremin playing. She got mad chops.

SUSIE

Ha, K, so do you know what you want?

BIGFOOT

Me have 32 ounce caramel latte. Iced. Extra caramel. With lots of cinnamon. Please... no be stingy.

SUSIE

Nice! The caramel latte is my jam!

BIGFOOT

(SALIVATING) Jam?!! (DAWNING) Oh...

SUSIE

Yeah, caramel's basically the best thing in the world. Duh.

BIGFOOT (V.O., EXCITED)

Wow. She like me. She like caramel. Hmm. She primo plus one material!

SUSIE

That'll be four dollars.

Bigfoot reaches inside his wallet. He hands two crumpled bills over. Susie delicately unfolds one.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

This is a two dollar bill. (UNWRAPS OTHER) And... another two dollar bill. Great! And actually the cinnamon is on the condiment counter.

Bigfoot's eyebrows furrow. He's hurt and annoyed.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)

Maybe she not plus one material if she like making Bigfoot feel stupid!

She holds up a plastic cup and writes with a sharpie.

SUSIE

Big... Foot! I'm Susie by the way.

Susie winks at Bigfoot. TIGHT REPLAY IN SLO-MO: When her lid fully closes, a dramatic music STING. Bigfoot grins, excited.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
She wink at me. She into Bigfoot  
junk. Ask her! Ask her now! NOW!

Bigfoot immediately walks away and stands across the room and waits at the drink counter.

EXT. ESTAB. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

INT. STEVE AND MAUREEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bigfoot manically paces amongst stacks of unpacked cardboard boxes, grinning happily and shaking his hands out.

BIGFOOT  
Whole thing was like magic, Steve!  
Me think this girl might not be me  
plus one. Me think she... the one.

REVEAL: Steve, panting, shirtless, and so ripped, listens as he alternates lifting dumbbells at a lighting quick pace.

STEVE  
That's awesome, Bigfoot! From the  
way you talk about it, it sounds like  
you two have an amazingly deep bond.

Maureen, Steve's earnest, artsy girlfriend, enters holding a box. She opens a closet door and lets out a frustrated grunt.

MAUREEN  
Steve, are you clearing out this  
stuff tomorrow like you promised?  
Y'know, the... M-E-M-O-R-A-B-I-L-I-A.

BIGFOOT  
Me know how to spell! (SUSPICIOUS)  
What she talking 'bout? Why you have  
"Memory Labia" in your closet?

Bigfoot marches to the closet and looks inside. It's full of plastic-wrapped Bigfoot merchandise from the '70s and '80s.

STEVE  
(STOPS LIFTING) My memorabilia of  
you. I gotta find another place for  
it. We're turning that closet into a  
workshop where Maureen and I can make  
our relationship collages or focus on  
our side business projects. Like  
"Hor-duroys"! Corduroys that run  
horizontally. Not vertically!

Bigfoot, aghast and astonished, puts his hands on his head.

BIGFOOT  
For first time you miss our weekly  
fishing trip! And now this?!

Bigfoot dramatically crosses his arms.

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)

Steve, time to make choice. Who it gonna be? Bigfoot? Or Maxine?

MAUREEN

My name's Maureen! What the hell! It's been friggin' years, Bigfoot.

BIGFOOT

Steve, come fish with Bigfoot now... Or we done! Me drawing line in sand! Just like Jesus in Footprints poem!

STEVE

Bud, Maureen and I have to go to bed.

BIGFOOT

Of course! Gotta go do some lame activity with girlfriend. Again!

STEVE

Please don't make me choose between you two. That's just... idiotic.

BIGFOOT

So this where we at? Name-calling! Me not idiot! You idiot! You throw away best thing in Steve life! Me! Clear Bigfoot out of your closet, Steve! Bigfoot take up too much room! And only let your girlfriend in your closet! (VOICE CRACKING) Your closet is your heart!

Bigfoot opens the door and dramatically turns to Steve.

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)

Now if you excuse Bigfoot, Me gotta find new best friend and put him in me closet and lock closet forever!

He slams the door, knocking it off its hinges. Maureen yelps. From the window Steve sadly watches Bigfoot stomp away.

MAUREEN

He's not actually going to lock someone in a closet, is he?

STEVE

No. It's like he said: Closets are hearts. (SIGHS) Closets are hearts.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. ESTAB. BIGFOOT'S ESTATE - NIGHT

TIGHT ON a "NO TRESPASSING" sign on Bigfoot's gate. The CAMERA TILTS UP to the iron "B" atop it. In the background sits Bigfoot's Xanadu, smoke rising from its chimney.

INT. BIGFOOT'S STUDY - NIGHT

Bigfoot sits in the glow of his fireplace, flipping through Steve's album of photos. As he flips we see a story: Steve and Bigfoot doing everything together until Maureen starts appearing in photos and Bigfoot, unhappy, evil eyes her.

BIGFOOT

Steve, why you not care about image in history books? Ever hear of another sidekick who betray his awesome big deal friend?! No? His name Lucifer! Maybe you join him?!

Bigfoot chucks the album in the fire. He gets up and storms out. After a beat, panicked, he races back in and takes the album out of the fire and frantically blows on it.

INT. BIGFOOT'S ESTATE (ELSEWHERE) - NIGHT

ANGLE ON A wall of hooked, hanging cassette players marked "AUDIO WALKING TOURS." Bigfoot, swigging "Bigfoot's Own" whiskey takes one off, puts the headset on, and pushes play.

LEONARD NIMOY (V.O.)

Hello! I'm Leonard Nimoy. And welcome to "Le Chaussere", the home of the one and only Bigfoot...

Bigfoot drunkenly ambles through rooms in his mansion as he listens to the player. He peeks inside a ballroom, flooded.

LEONARD NIMOY (V.O.)

Bigfoot may be "Legendary" but there's nothing more legendary than the parties he hosts here. Packed always with Bigfoot's many friends.

Bigfoot looks down, dejected and depressed.

LEONARD NIMOY (V.O.)

Let me say again if you see Bigfoot during the tour, do not talk to him or bother him. Please. Down the hall is The Billiards Room...

Bigfoot enters the cobwebbed room decorated in red velvet.

LEONARD NIMOY (V.O.)  
 Sinatra had his Rat Pack, Elvis had  
 his Memphis Mafia, and Bigfoot has  
 his Toes; his loyal group of die-hard  
 amigos. Above the bar, is a portrait  
 of Bigfoot with all of his "Toes."

Bigfoot looks up at the painting. In it, he wears a blue  
 leisure suit and is surrounded by his eclectic assemblage of  
 weirdo friends, celebrity friends, and combinations thereof.

TIGHT ON Bigfoot's finger as he taps his old Toes one by one.

BIGFOOT (O.S.)  
 Dead. Prison for Murder. Murdered  
 by this guy. Never liked him. Dead.  
 Dead to me. Forget who that guy was.

His finger ends on a skinny, bug-eyed guy leaning on Bigfoot.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
 Bigfoot only have one Toe left. Like  
 a lucky diabetic.

EXT. ESTAB. WOLFPINES INDIAN CASINO - NIGHT

A huge Casino shaped like a big multi-colored glass headdress.

INT. CASINO (BINGO PARLOR) - SAME

Bigfoot sits off the floor with ALFIE ALFREDDI, the older  
 version of the Toe who was leaning on him. Disheveled, in a  
 bathrobe, Alfie plays Bingo amongst seniors. A joint hangs  
 off his lip but he's spaced-out on any number of drugs.

ALFIE  
 Footsie, great to see ya! How have  
 ya been since last time I saw ya?

BIGFOOT  
 Alfie, last time Me see you, Bigfoot  
 thrown in jail for peyote hard  
 candies you slip in me fanny pack!

ALFIE  
 Did I not get you acquitted?! And  
 did I not get you a new fanny pack?!

Bigfoot weighs this and then smirks and cocks his brow.

BIGFOOT  
 Touche. (THEN) So what Alfie schedule  
 like? Want go fishing? Tomorrow?

ALFIE

No-can-do, Footsie. Gotta lay low.  
A malevolent force keeps trying to  
destroy me when I leave the casino.  
I call this force "Commander Zero."

BINGO ANNOUNCER

Blue nineteen!

ALFIE

(LOOKING DOWN) Ooh! Finally!

Bigfoot notices Alfie does not play with a bingo card but with a kid's menu from a Mexican restaurant. Alfie marks a smiling cat in a sombrero holding a plate of enchiladas.

BIGFOOT

Alfie. You know that not bingo card?

Alfie looks at Bigfoot puzzled then looks back at the menu.

ALFIE

If true I'm glad my new guy wasn't  
selling me scrap paper. But... if  
true I'm doing worse than I thought.

INT. WOLFPINES CASINO FLOOR - NIGHT

Bigfoot, downtrodden, walks the casino floor. He towers over the game preserve of humanity, feeling alienated.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)

How Bigfoot gonna find fishin' buddy?  
Maybe me make "die-hard amigo" trap?

He sees a neon sign "BUFFET" and stops beside craps tables.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)

What if Bigfoot use buffet for bait?  
Provide options. (DAWNING) Trap whole  
new entourage!

Bigfoot hears a loud O.S. cheer. He looks next him to a craps table where CHET ZABKA, a blonde beefy metrosexual with frosted tips and a cocksure swagger just had a great roll.

CHET

Call the Mexican fire department  
because Chet is enfuego!

Chet high fives his bros who surround him and spots Bigfoot.

CHET (CONT'D)

Bigfoot?! NO! WAY! (TO BROS)  
That's why I'm on a roll! Bigfoot's  
here! He's givin' me luck!

Bigfoot, perturbed, puts his hands on his hips.

BIGFOOT

Hey! Everybody think Bigfoot good  
luck charm! Bigfoot not Buddha!  
Love handles where similarities end!

CHET

Yeah! (TO CROWD) Buddha isn't fit  
to eat Sherpa poo off your balls!

BIGFOOT

Ha ha ha! Sherpa poo?  
(V.O.)  
Hold phone. This guy funny. And he  
seem get Bigfoot in uncanny way.

Chet comes over, snaps a cell pic of him and Bigfoot, then  
shakes Bigfoot's hand.

CHET

Chet Zabka! It's an honor. (DASHES  
BACK) Lucky hand, comin' through!

Chet grabs the dice. He does a little dance and throws them.

CRAPS DEALER

It's a seven!

The crowd cheers. Chet hollers and chest-bumps his buddies.  
Chet races over, leaps up, and hugs Bigfoot.

CHET

This calls for a celebration, bros!  
Bigfoot, you're my bro! That applies  
to you! We are clubbin' tonight!

BIGFOOT

OK. Fun! (BEAT) Who we gonna club?

EXT. ESTAB. "PULSATIONS" NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

There's a long line for the trendy nightclub. Chet leads his  
bros (now including Bigfoot) past it, toward the entrance.

CHET

Chet and his posse can skip straight  
to the front! Impressed, Bigfoot?

BIGFOOT

Yeah. Bigfoot not skip lines much  
anymore. Except Disneyland. Only it  
pain finding solid special-needs kid  
to go with. Why you get to skip?

Chet takes out his card, hands it to Bigfoot, and chuckles.

CHET

You could say I draw a lot of water!

INSERT the card for "ZABKA'S WATER-BASED SPORTING GOODS." Under that it reads "Let Chet Get You Wet!" beside a picture of Chet in fishing gear, casting a line. Bigfoot's eyes widen and he smiles giddily as if he's struck gold.

BIGFOOT  
(ECSTATIC) Chet like to fish?!

CHET  
Does Chet like to fish? Brofoot, I almost became a pro-fisherman but I injured my casting wrist in college.

BIGFOOT  
Oh no, Chet. What happen?

The bouncer opens the door for Chet and his bros.

CHET  
I was doing an impression of a gay guy and when I got to the limp wrist part I just... over-committed.

His bros give empathetic "Aw, man"s as they enter the club.

INT. "PULSATIONS" DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Techno beats thump as the dance floor hops. Bigfoot nurses a beer, apart from Chet's bros at the bar. Chet comes from talking to some club girls and holds his phone up, proudly.

CHET  
We've been in here twenty minutes and I already got more digits than Pi!

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
(SALIVATING) PIE?! (REALIZING) Oh.

Chet leans back and takes a selfie of himself with Bigfoot and his bros. He kicks back, takes a drink off the bar, and sips.

BIGFOOT  
So... Chet not have girlfriend?

CHET  
I love the ladies. But Chet makes his own rules. I can't have long term girlfriends tampering with the Chet legislature. Know what I mean?

BIGFOOT  
(EXCITED) Wow. Chet wise to not be slave to girlfriend. You basically Abraham Lincoln of yourself.

CHET  
Bigfoot, what's your lady sitch?

BIGFOOT

Oh. Things complicated with this girl. Susie her name. We both into each other but both afraid make first move. (ROLLS EYES) So... that old story.

CHET

Wanna get her? Then know your ABCs: Ass? Boobs? Confidence. If a girl's got ass and boobs you wanna...

Chet mimes a ferocious, rapid motor-boating of breasts then breaks out of it instantaneously.

CHET (CONT'D)

Have confidence and ask. Also helps to have something that makes you distinct. You? You're Sasquatch.

Chet chuckles and takes off his glasses to show Bigfoot.

CHET (CONT'D)

Me? I got these glasses. Chet's vision is perfect. I don't need 'em. They make me stand out to the ladies.

BIGFOOT

So funny... This guy Steve - who Me not friends with - is both slave to girlfriend and he need wear glasses 'cause his vision bad. Lame.

Chet spots two cute girls down the bar, looking at him.

CHET

See them? Bigfoot, you my wingman!

BIGFOOT

Maybe Me sit back and observe Chet illustrious and mighty "C" bringing.

CHET

Tonight we cast our reels for 'The Booty-fish.' Tomorrow you and me will actually fish. (SNAPS FINGERS) In fact, I'll hook you up with my new line of sports apparel and we'll have an all day water sports bro bond!

BIGFOOT

(CLAPPING) Bigfoot want all of that!

Chet picks up a beer and shoves it in Bigfoot's face.

CHET

Awesome! Now drink! Liquid courage for the big fat cowardly lion!

This hits a nerve, Bigfoot intimidatingly puffs his chest.

BIGFOOT  
BIGFOOT NOT FAT! BIGFOOT BIG-BONED!

Chet recoils, taken aback. Bigfoot relaxes.

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)  
Bigfoot sensitive about weight.  
Sorry. (BEAT) That was smart,  
literate turn of phrase, Chet.

MONTAGE UP:

After an exterior of Chet's superstore we go inside. Bigfoot comes out of a dressing room, happy, in tight zebra-striped speedos. Chet gives a thumbs up, laughs, and takes a picture.

A series of photos swipe by with Bigfoot emerging from dressing rooms in all manner of aqua-sports gear.

Bigfoot barrels down a Slip 'N Slide. Chet snaps some pics as Bigfoot crashes into a retaining wall.

Bigfoot water-skis terribly, pulled by a boat driven by bikini girls. Chet laughs and snaps pictures of Bigfoot as he tumbles on the line, unable to get up. Bigfoot laughs too.

Bigfoot and Chet, in scuba gear, play peek-a-boo through a window in the hull of a sunken boat. Chet snaps pictures.

Chet and Bigfoot finally fish. Bigfoot catches a big fish. Chet looks sad he didn't catch it so Bigfoot hands it to him. Later, on the pier, getting their picture taken, Chet holds the fish as if it's his catch. Bigfoot happily hugs Chet.

EXT. ESTAB. PINE NUT BAKERY - DAY

Bigfoot, now dressed as Chet (frosted tips, douchey shirt, fake glasses) walks into the bakery.

INT. PINE NUT BAKERY - DAY

Bigfoot stands at the counter, waiting. His cell rings (the ring is Chet saying "That's Classic!"). The caller ID reads "STEVE." Bigfoot takes a put-upon breath and answers.

BIGFOOT  
(CURT) Bigfoot.

INTERCUT between Bigfoot and Steve in his apartment. Steve fastidiously arranges his anime figurines around his place.

STEVE  
Hey! If you wanna stop by the  
housewarming tonight we're playing  
board games. Hungry, Hungry Hippos?  
Hmm? I know it's your favorite!

BIGFOOT

Chet birthday party tonight, Steve.  
So Me afraid Bigfoot little busy.

STEVE

Chet? Wait a minute. Who's Chet?

BIGFOOT

Oh, only Bigfoot new best friend  
forever. He like you. Only awesome!

STEVE

Hey, well, y'know, Chet is invited.  
I mean I was hoping you'd come,  
Bigfoot, since things ended pretty  
weirdly last time we saw each other.

BIGFOOT

Bigfoot not need Steve! Chet all  
Bigfoot need! Chet keep Bigfoot  
stuff! And Chet even has *French*  
Bigfoot poster! He understand me in  
deep, European way you never could!

An old baker wearing an eye patch comes from the back holding  
a big pink cake box.

BOB THE BAKER

Here's your cake order, Bigfoot!

Bigfoot hangs up. The baker opens the box revealing a cake  
covered with images of Bigfoot and Chet doing water-sports  
together. Tiny letters spell "HAPPY BIRTHDAY REALLY BIG."

BOB THE BAKER (CONT'D)

Oops! That's supposed to say "Happy  
Birthday" in 'really big' letters.  
Maria's English ain't good. Sorry.

Bigfoot takes out a scrap of paper on which he brainstormed.  
INSERT: The scrap, with many crossed-out options, has an  
eventual winner: "Happy Birthday Really Big."

BIGFOOT

Nope! Perfect! Thanks!

Bigfoot pays, picks up the box, and exits happily whistling.

EXT. PINE NUT STREET - DAY

Bigfoot puts the cake in the torn-up passenger cab of his beat-  
up stretched limo. It is packed with balloons and presents.

BIGFOOT

Cake for Chet. Balloons for Chet.  
Presents for Chet. Bigfoot famous  
shiskabobs for Chet.

ANGLE ON charred squirrels and peppers on spikes. Bigfoot shuts the door then sees Bean Diddler's across the street. Through the window he sees Susie who spots him and waves.

Bigfoot hears the Obi-Wan-like voice of Chet in the ether:

CHET (V.O.)  
Remember, Bigfoot: A... B... C!

Bigfoot takes a breath and determinedly walks into the shop.

EXT. ESTAB. "PULSATIONS" - NIGHT

TIGHT ON A SIGN: "CLOSED FOR PRIVATE PARTY." There's an "S" written in marker after "PRIVATE" so it reads "PRIVATES."

INT. "PULSATIONS" NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A banner reads "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, YOU F#@%ING ANIMAL!" Bigfoot, smiling happily, dances next to Susie. He sways to the techno music like a circus bear but at least he commits.

SUSIE  
Bigfoot, I'm so happy you invited me!  
Oh, Man! I need to cut loose so bad!

Susie, already a little wasted, closes her eyes and lets her body get lost in the music. Bigfoot just looks at her.

BIGFOOT  
(LONG, AWKWARD BEAT) Caramel so  
delicious! Right?!

Chet who dances with trampy club girls nearby moves over to Bigfoot and nudges him. He hands Bigfoot his empty tumbler.

CHET  
Hey, be a good Chet Dos and grab the  
birthday boy another tequila and Red  
Bull! (NOTICES) Hey, who's the chick?

Chet nods to Susie, her eyes closed, dancing drunkenly like no one is watching. Bigfoot leans in to Chet's ear.

BIGFOOT  
That Susie! Remember? She girl from  
coffee shop Bigfoot have will-they-  
won't-they with! Me build up "C" to  
ask her to party! And she say yes!  
All because of Chet sage teachings!

CHET  
Aw, yeah! Somebody's gettin' laid!

Bigfoot hugs Chet tight, then takes his empty glass.

BIGFOOT  
Me hope so! True love sex best kind!

INT. PULSATIONS NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT (LATER)

Bigfoot, holding Chet's drink, awkwardly tries to get through the crowd while scanning around for Chet. He can't find him.

INT. PULSATION MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bigfoot pushes open the bathroom door, holding the drink.

BIGFOOT  
Chet! You in here?!

Chet exits a stall, buckling his belt and checking himself out in the mirror. Bigfoot runs up and hands him his drink.

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)  
Chet, Me looked everywhere in club for you! They out of Red Bull. So bartender use well energy drink. If you not like, Bigfoot go buy Red Bull. Not problem, you birthday boy!

Chet, still looking in the mirror, calls to the stall.

CHET  
Coast is clear! Just Bigfoot and me!

Susie slips out the stall while making a playful face that owns the awkwardness of the situation.

SUSIE  
Whoa! That was crazy! Ha! Oh, hi Bigfoot! Let's all go dance, guys!

BIGFOOT  
Oh, hello, Susie! In a second!

Bigfoot watches Susie hurry out and then he turns to Chet.

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)  
Thank you for helping Susie go to the bathroom, Chet. She must've really had to go. Her shirt on backwards!

CHET  
Uh, actually, Brofoot... we had sex.

A HITCHCOCK ZOOM on Bigfoot as his jaw drops to the floor. He SCREAMS as all the flesh melts off his face to his skeleton. Back in reality, Bigfoot is just flustered and very thrown.

CHET (CONT'D)  
(TAKING SIP) Yeah. I think I'm gonna need you to go get me some Red Bull.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. PULSATIONS MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Bigfoot stands at the sink, shell-shocked and defeated. Chet has his hand on his shoulder, "comforting" him.

CHET (CONT'D)

We had sex. It meant nothing. Chet doesn't have girlfriends. Remember? So you can still date Sloppy.

BIGFOOT

Sloppy?!

CHET

Susie! I meant Susie! You know what I meant. Hey, Chet's sorry. I dunno. I guess the fact *the* Bigfoot was into this girl made her, like, extra bangin', weirdly. I wanted to get closer, not to her, but to you.

Bigfoot looks into Chet's eyes, wanting to believe him.

BIGFOOT

Bigfoot admit me having trouble staying mad at Chet puppy dog face.

CHET

That's what I want to hear. Now take your time getting that Red Bull.

Chet exits. Bigfoot sighs then shuffles to a urinal. He starts to pee. He looks up and gasps in shock. ANGLE ON the urinal advertisement showing Bigfoot in Scuba Gear. The tagline: "ZABKA BRAND: SPORTS APPAREL FOR THE VERY OVERWEIGHT."

BIGFOOT POV SHOT: Bigfoot moves to the next urinal to see another ad with a picture of him from the water sports bro-bond. He gasps and moves to the next urinal with yet another ad for ZABKA BRAND HEFTY FIT AQUA APPAREL featuring Bigfoot.

Finally, he moves to the last urinal where we see the back of a guy's head. The guy cranes his neck to look at Bigfoot.

GUY AT URINAL

Hey!

Bigfoot pushes the guy aside to see the last ad showing Bigfoot hugging Chet on the pier. Bigfoot's dialogue bubble says "Nobody's Fatter than I am!" Devastated, Bigfoot rips the ad off the wall and marches out of the bathroom with it.

INT. PULSATIONS DANCE FLOOR -NIGHT

Chet walks through the crowd when he spots Susie ahead, waving.

He rolls his eyes and turns around to bump into Bigfoot who holds up the framed ad featuring them together on the pier.

BIGFOOT

Bigfoot never agree to be poster boy for your big-boned sportswear, Chet!

CHET

Oh, well, you did sign a contract to be in the ads. Remember? After I bought you those shots after fishing?

Bigfoot darts his eyes around, trying to remember.

CHET (CONT'D)

You were already tipsy. I probably shouldn't have brought it up. But I can't control what you do when you've had too much to drink. Nobody's a saint here. K? Nobody's a saint.

BIGFOOT

Chet, Bigfoot feel used, dirty, and worst of all, Bigfoot not feeling confident about body image!

CHET

Do you know how many fat kids are gonna look up to you now and be like "I wanna do sports and be healthy and actually live my life and not die."

BIGFOOT

(SIGHS) It appreciated how you see me for role model me am, Chet, but, but-

CHET

"But but"! Now let's get your "but but" on the floor and get you laid!

Chet grabs the ad and tosses it behind him. He gestures to two trampy girls at the bar. One is hot and one is not.

CHET (CONT'D)

Check it out! These girls look totes DTF. I'll take the hot one. You take... uh... the other hot one.

Bigfoot shoots a deeply angry frown at Chet. Chet doesn't notice Bigfoot keeps scowling, a pressure cooker of rage.

CHET (CONT'D)

Hello, ladies.

The ugly girl points back and forth at Chet and Bigfoot, referring to them wearing the same outfit.

UGLY GIRL

You guys make quite the pair.

Chet shuffle-dances in front of Bigfoot, cock-blocking him.

CHET

Oh, we're a pair all right! I'm Han Solo. And Bigfoot's my Chewbacca!

Chet erupts into a loud, endless-seeming guffaw. The girls laugh too. Through Bigfoot's POV he sees Chet and the girls' cackling faces as demonic. Bigfoot sees Chet, dressed as Han Solo, towering over him as if on stilts, pointing down at him.

BIGFOOT

ME... NOT... CHEWBACCA!!!

Back to reality, Bigfoot swiftly rips Chet's arms off. Blood gushes like a geyser out both nubs. Chet starts screaming...

EXT. ESTAB. PINE NUT JAIL - DAY

INT. PINE NUT JAIL - DAY

In a cell, teen gangbangers sit nervously looking O.S. ANGLE ON Bigfoot who stares out the barred open-air window and has three canaries perched on him a la The Birdman of Alcatraz.

GUARD

Bigfoot, your buddy posted your bail!

BIGFOOT (V.O.)

Buddy?! Me knew Chet come to his senses and forgive Bigfoot!

From behind the guard, Steve steps out, giving his first non-smiling expression. In fact, it's a vaguely pissed deadpan.

STEVE

(DEEP, LANDO CALRISSIAN) How you doin'... Chewbacca?

Bigfoot frowns, goat-gotten. Steve, gives a defiant 'whaddya gonna do about it' look and shakes his head at Bigfoot.

INT. STEVE'S CAR - DAY

Steve drives, annoyed. Bigfoot, stuffed into the tiny passenger seat, stares out the window. It's silent and tense.

BIGFOOT

Me can not believe you sold all your "me stuff", Steve. That twice you stab Bigfoot in back now!

STEVE

I sold it to bail you out of jail!

BIGFOOT

So ends justify means?! Hmm?! Your moral universe sicken Bigfoot.

Steve screeches to a stop in front of Bigfoot's mansion.

STEVE

My moral universe?! You ripped a dude's arms off! I didn't want to sell any of that stuff! But I need you around more than I need... McDonald's Bigfoot bicentennial cups!

Shaking with anger, almost crying, Steve punches the wheel.

STEVE (CONT'D)

WHY DID YOU MAKE ME GIVE THOSE UP?!

Seeing Steve like this strikes a chord with Bigfoot. He stares at Steve like a scolded puppy as Steve simmers down.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Well. Here's your stop. Goodbye.

Bigfoot gets out of the car and closes the door behind him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Your memorabilia sold like crazy on Ebay. Thought you'd like to know... Somebody still loves you, Bigfoot.

Steve holds his look at Bigfoot for his double meaning to sink in and then he peels off. Bigfoot hangs his head, realizing he's made a terrible mistake. Bigfoot hears Ken's voice...

KEN TUPPER (O.S.)

So I leave you with four words:  
Transparency. Singularity. Good.  
Vibrations. (APPLAUSE) Thank you!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Ken on his front lawn with twenty people seated to watch him. Ken notices Bigfoot on the other side of his fence and picks up a burlap bag beside him.

KEN TUPPER (CONT'D)

Oh, Bigfoot! I gathered those clay pigeons. You actually didn't hit any of them so they're totally re-usable! And so is the bag. You're welcome.

INT. BIGFOOT'S STUDY - DAY

Edith Piaf plays as Bigfoot sits at his desk looking longingly at the now charred photo Steve showed of their first meeting.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)

Bigfoot need say sorry. Me hate say "sorry" so Me say with nice gift.

He swivels his chair to his computer. A flower delivery site is up. Bigfoot's cursor goes back and forth between one bouquet offering additional chocolate and one offering additional balloons. Back and forth, he just can't decide.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
Flowers good start. Need something more. Me write song? Make book of favor coupons? Maybe Apple TV?

A cow wanders into Bigfoot's study and turns to look at Bigfoot. Bigfoot smiles as he gets an idea.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
Me think me know perfect thing...

Bigfoot's expression is again a confident "Me got this" look.

EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bigfoot knocks on Steve's door then hurries away and hides. Steve steps out, looks around. As Bigfoot peeks out to see Steve's reaction he nibbles chocolates from the box seen online. Finally, Steve looks down.

REVEAL Bigfoot has put the now strangled cow there with its udders sliced. A pool of milk envelops the cow in which Bigfoot has placed flowers spelling "ME SORRY FOR SPILLED MILK." Steve, mildly annoyed, looks up and spots Bigfoot.

STEVE  
(EXASPERATED) Would you please help me get rid of this, please?

Bigfoot, lips covered in chocolate, nods "yes" and runs over.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND APARTMENT - DAY

Steve and Bigfoot carry the cow down an alley to a dumpster.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
On three. One-two-three!

They swing the cow back and heave-ho it in. It lands inside the dumpster with a thud. There's a thoughtful silence as they walk back down the alley to Steve's apartment building.

BIGFOOT  
(V.O.)  
Maybe Steve gonna apologize first for calling Bigfoot "idiotic." Or. Not.  
(ALoud)  
Bigfoot overreact. Bigfoot thought Me lose you to Maureen, a more attractive version of Bigfoot.

STEVE  
Maureen? Is a more attractive "you"?

BIGFOOT

Yeah. That her name, right?

STEVE

Yes. Please, as my best friend, remember her name. She hasn't replaced you. And you are very attractive yourself. Don't compare.

BIGFOOT

Thank you for telling me opposite of every other signal Me been getting from you. Phew. This a relief, boy.

STEVE

Uh, I never, ever- (SIGHS) If I sent you wrong signals, I didn't mean to.

BIGFOOT

Bigfoot and Steve used to do collages kinda stuff and sideways pants business venture thingies. When Me see you get rid of 'me stuff' Bigfoot think Steve not want... Me anymore.

STEVE

No! I want more Bigfoot in my life! Let's get some stuff off the ground again! You want in on "Hor-duroys"?

Steve excitedly thrusts his pelvis out points to his pants.  
TIGHT SHOT of the horizontally running corduroy grain.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Well, think it over. Bigfoot, listen, we have a bond. I was an orphan and you're Bigfoot. We're both... on our own. But we got each other. So we're not. And thus your 'me stuff' is never, ever leaving my closet. (BEAT) Closet meaning heart.

BIGFOOT

Good. Me closet got tons of Steve stuff Bigfoot not throw out. Again, closet mean heart in this context.

STEVE

Also... Sorry I called you an idiot.

Bigfoot hugs Steve, lifting him in the air. Steve chuckles.

BIGFOOT

Water under friendship bridge, Steve!

TIGHT ON Bigfoot's face as he hugs, his eyes blissfully shut.

BIGFOOT (V.O.)  
Steve must never find out Bigfoot ate  
his parents. (BEAT) Accidentally.

STEVE  
Whatchya thinkin' about, Bigfoot?

Bigfoot, startled, throws Steve off of him and leaps back.

BIGFOOT  
NOTHING! BIGFOOT MIND TOTALLY BLANK!  
WHAT THE HELL, STEVE! (BEAT) C'MON!

EXT. ESTAB. DOWNTOWN COURTHOUSE - DAY

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is packed with citizens of Pine Nut we've seen. Bigfoot, in a suit and bifocals, calmly takes notes at the Defense table. Chet, now armless, sits with The D.A.

ANGLE ON Bigfoot's pad that has a drawing of himself with an slashed equal sign next to a drawing of Chewbacca.

JUDGE  
Is the defense prepared to give it's  
closing statement?

Alfie, unrecognizably dapper and handsome in a suit and with his hair combed, stands up to defend Bigfoot.

ALFIE  
(UNDER BREATH) Magic time.

Alfie takes his time, feeling out the space. He's another person in a courtroom. Less Dr. Gonzo. More Atticus Finch.

ALFIE (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, it  
is not my client who is at fault for  
Mr. Zabka's accidental mauling. My  
client is innocent. Furthermore  
Bigfoot is an innocent. The guilty  
party? (DRAMATIC PAUSE, TEARING UP)  
The crooked timber of Man...

EXT. COURTROOM STEPS - DAY

Bigfoot stands on the steps happily shaking Alfie's hand. Alfie has loosened up. He wears shades and has a jay out of his mouth. The lady stenographer now hangs on his arm.

BIGFOOT  
Charges dismissed?! Alfie, you make  
Johnny Cochran look like asshole!

ALFIE

Flattery won't pay my bill, Footsie.  
If you're hard up right now we can  
sue somebody we know's a lock and get  
my money. Meantime, get going on all  
that community service. Pick places  
where you can inconspicuously trip.

Bigfoot spots Susie, further away, walking down the steps.

BIGFOOT

Susie! Hi!

Bigfoot mimes a "Call Me" gesture. Susie quickens her pace  
down the steps. Bigfoot gives a baffled look.

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)

Hmm. What her problem?

After a beat, Bigfoot gets a cocky look again: "Me got this."

EXT. ESTAB. BEAN DIDDLE'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

A sign outside reads "OPEN MIC TONIGHT!"

INT. BEAN DIDDLE'S COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

A packed house watches an ancient African-American lady play a  
Theremin. Steve, Maureen, and Alfie sit in the audience.

ALFIE

I bet her Parkinson's makes her such  
a good Theremin player. Wanna bet?

STEVE

(SMILES) Sure, Mr. Alfreddi. Why  
stop our tradition of making bets  
that couldn't possibly be settled?

Curtains close on Ms. Voytilla as the audience applauds. Two  
women, (50s), MANDY and PATTY, step from the sides of the  
stage to the mic under a "BEAN DIDDLE'S" banner.

PATTY

Thank you, Ms. Voytilla. Hi again,  
I'm Patty. This is my wife Mandy.  
We're the proud owners of the shop.

MANDY

And our next performer wrote his own  
intro. (HOLDS UP) This is difficult  
handwriting. (STRUGGLING) "This song  
for special someone out there who  
remain nameless. Parentheses Susie."

Many audience members turn to look at Susie who watches at the  
counter. Her eyes go wide, mortified and a little scared.  
Maureen hangs her head in her hands and eyes Steve.

MAUREEN

Oh my God.

PATTY

Please welcome... Bigfoot!

Mandy and Patty exit. A spotlight on Bigfoot, in grunge attire. He strums remedial notes on his electric guitar.

BIGFOOT

(SINGING, SOMBER) We both know  
caramel so delicious. But, c'mon  
baby, bein' lonely... so pernicious!

ANGLE on Steve and Maureen who share a look.

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)

(SINGING) But me not feelin' sick,  
'cause love SO, SO NUTRITIOUS!

Bigfoot jumps off the stage and does Pete Townsend windmills.

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)

(SHOUTING) GOT SO MANY VIT-A-MINS,  
THROW THEM FLINTSTONES AWAY!

With his eyes closed he rocks out with increasing passion a la Marty McFly. Jumping around, shaking the floor, he knocks the lighting rig over which in turn rips down the stage's curtain.

The audience hurries out of their seats as Bigfoot, a mosh-pit of one, kicks over speakers causing electric screeches. Everyone, now flush to the walls, covers their ears. Bigfoot collapses to his knees as finishes holding an off-key note.

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)

Thank you! Peace in Mideast!

He opens his eyes to see the audience staring at him, silent. He stands and notices Susie is not at the counter anymore.

BIGFOOT (CONT'D)

Wait minute. Where Susie go?

After a beat, Steve claps his hands together, and smiles.

STEVE

Bigfoot, two pieces of good news!  
Susie did see your song. (BEAT) And  
she is now in a safe place.

END OF PILOT