

The Guy Who Killed Bigfoot  
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**Synopsis:** *The Guy Who Killed Bigfoot* tells the story of Kennedy, a trans man in his twenties who was the subject of a viral video where he appeared to shoot Bigfoot. On the anniversary of the video, his ex Tammy tracks him down unexpectedly.

**Content Warnings:** discussions of sexual violence and homophobia, references to murder, strong language throughout

Just before sunrise. Kennedy, a trans man in his twenties, enters with bags and a small table. Tammy, in her twenties and a member of a cryptid-hunting cult, follows, reading from her phone.

TAMMY:

It says here Caroline Calloway is in custody, just showed up at the speech and tried to shoot the president, yada yada, president's still in surgery. In case you were wondering.

KENNEDY:

Does nobody do anything normal anymore?

TAMMY:

Well, she's the last of the old influencers. Might as well go out with a bang.

KENNEDY:

Yeah, but it's a *big* leap from scamming in the 20s to literally assassinating the president in 2030.  
(a little awkward)

My big day overshadowed again.

Tammy laughs. Kennedy sets up the table and begins setting out food, decorations, and more.

TAMMY:

This is such a nice creepy corner of the woods. I guess this means you're, like, an ax murderer now?

KENNEDY:

You came to me, and these were my plans. Take 'em or leave 'em.

TAMMY:

I thought the "normal" world was supposed to be less chaotic than where we're from. Be honest, if a Mothman attacked right now, would you even be able to fight it off? Or have you gotten a little rusty?

KENNEDY:

I'm not dignifying that question with a response.

Tammy laughs.

TAMMY:

Least the sun's coming up. Everything cool's nocturnal, so we should be safe, regardless of your current, uh...fighting acumen.

KENNEDY:

I haven't seen you in years, you show up at my doorstep, and now you're, what...calling me out? Baiting me into a fight?

TAMMY:

Why, you scared?

KENNEDY:

Of you? Never.

Tammy is awkward, and full of energy.

TAMMY:

Hey, what was that Shakespeare thing you used to say, when we were kids? Back when we had that awful teacher lady with us for a month.

KENNEDY:

Aw, Margaret. I had such a crush on her.

TAMMY:

*I know*, that's why I hated her. On the morning hunts you'd always be like, oh, Miss Margaret, it's just like Shakespeare said, "arise fair sun –"

KENNEDY:

"And *kill* the envious moon." It's a classic line.

TAMMY:

You always did love the killing part of that. You'd have like a smug little smile when you said it.

KENNEDY:

(flatly)

Yeah that's me, big fan of violence.

TAMMY:

No, I wasn't talking about the Bigfoot thing. I don't think you're – I'm sorry, I'm doing this all wrong. It's just been so long since I've seen you, it felt so normal to just –

KENNEDY:

It's fine, Tammy. It's me, I'm on high alert today.

TAMMY:

It's a big number.

KENNEDY:

Yeah. Six years.

TAMMY:

No, I mean *you*, you idiot. You're – you're twenty-five. At least as of a few hours ago.

KENNEDY:

Yeah. I mean, duh. That's true, too.

TAMMY:

Don't give me that look, Kennedy.

KENNEDY:

I'm still not convinced you're not a hallucination. I don't know if you know this, based on –

He gestures vaguely.

KENNEDY:

But I'm basically chronically sleep deprived, so I don't –

TAMMY:

(earnest)

You look so good, by the way. Not to cut you off –

KENNEDY:

No – I mean, thank you – *thanks* –

TAMMY:

I'm just so happy you...you know.

KENNEDY:

Transitioned?

TAMMY:

Yeah. *Yeah*. It's like, of everyone we knew, you actually grew up, and, all your dreams came true.

KENNEDY:

I wouldn't say *that*. If you haven't noticed, I'm alone in the woods. On my birthday. With my ex!

TAMMY:

(impish)

Sorry, *am* I your ex? Because I was never really sure.

KENNEDY:

Oh, I don't wanna do *this*.

TAMMY:

"Ex" just feels so small. Like, oh, yeah, we just dated for a few weeks, met on an app, whatever. Like, it's so different for us. We basically grew up together.

Kennedy keeps working on the table, pulling raw meat out of a grocery bag.

TAMMY:

*Ohhhh*, don't tell me you're a red meat guy now. I'm gonna throw up, you can't fucking eat that.

KENNEDY:

I'm not gonna eat it!

TAMMY:

Okay. Good! Because if you eat it and throw up, 100% I'm gonna throw up too. The loyalty runs deep.

(after a moment)

Everyone was super tense after you left, like, buying burner phones and wearing disguises.

KENNEDY:

*You* wore a disguise?

TAMMY:

I got bangs.

KENNEDY:

Ah. *Big* commitment.

TAMMY:

Right?! I literally used to tell your sisters that you of all people would appreciate my sacrifice. I've got a fivehead, so it kind of worked, but you always had a super small forehead, so –

KENNEDY:

What, were you just sitting around with my sisters, gauging the size of my forehead the second I left?

TAMMY:

They said it was more like a threehead, really.

KENNEDY:

Well, I'm glad *you* still feel comfortable being mean to me. Really makes me feel at home.

TAMMY:

*Oh my god.* Everyone thought you were gonna come clean about the video, and...everything else.

KENNEDY:

I'd be lying if I said I hadn't thought about it.

TAMMY:

I could've been your informant on the inside.

KENNEDY:

Really?

TAMMY:

Yeah, if you asked. Everyone we know would be *so* jealous that I was, like, your modern Deep Throat.

KENNEDY:

No, Tammy, everyone we know would say you were more like my modern Carpet Muncher.

Tammy laughs, shocked.

KENNEDY:

Tell me I'm wrong. 'Cause that's the shit they always said about – well, about me, at least.

TAMMY:

You're such an asshole. But you're right, that's exactly what they'd say. Fucking pricks.

A warm mini-beat.

KENNEDY:

So how is everybody, anyway? How's your dad?

TAMMY:

Oh, he never really changes. Still a firm believer in the mystique of your family. "Tammy, the Harrisons are the descendants of President William Henry Harrison, blah blah blah –"

KENNEDY:

And, *most* importantly, he didn't die from the common cold, as literally all historians thought.

TAMMY:

Naturally, he was killed by a cryptid, and the government covered it up. Which means that *we* have to do...whatever the fuck it is we do.

KENNEDY:

I'm like a thousand percent sure my family made that story up.

TAMMY:

Fuck. I think my dad was always jealous that it was you who got all the notoriety, after Bigfoot.

Uncomfortable, Kennedy starts pacing.

TAMMY:

You know, if you came out and said you're the kid from the video, you could probably still make a career off of that. It's pretty recent. Write a sad book. Sad book becomes a TV series.

KENNEDY:

Yeah, *that's* what I want.

TAMMY:

Your family would *love* that. And my dad would go fucking crazy. Not to mention the fact that you'd be an instant celebrity on the underbelly of the internet. Which – I mean, you kind of already are.

(off Kennedy)

What?

KENNEDY:

It's just...it's so not like that. I don't know, I thought you would know that I – I –

TAMMY:

What? You thought I would know what?

KENNEDY:

I thought you would know I don't want to be famous or whatever for the worst thing I ever did.

TAMMY:

A lot of people have done a lot worse. Jeez, you don't have to take it so seriously.

KENNEDY:

Do you know who I am, Tammy? Who I really am, deep down?

TAMMY:

I'm *sorry*, I shouldn't have said –

KENNEDY:

No, you should know – *you* came to find me – at the end of the day, I'm someone who found something completely unknowable. Something people have looked for for *decades*, something that was important to them...and I was so afraid, the first thing I did was try to kill it. There are things I have to apologize for. Things I would've done differently. But maybe I don't have to tell you that.

A charged beat.

TAMMY:

That was a pretty lethal burn from a guy laying out such a terrible picnic.

Kennedy scoffs, the tension dissipating.

KENNEDY:

It's not a picnic. Apparently, there were Bigfoot sightings in this area six years ago, around this time. Which makes me think, based on their migration patterns, and the amount of land they cover in a day – I think there's a chance that one of those Bigfoots –

TAMMY:

Was *your* Bigfoot. Oh.

KENNEDY:



I come out here on the anniversary and put out some kind of...offering. An apology supper, or something. I don't know, I have to *pretend* I can atone for this. Hence, the food.

TAMMY:

...Are those acorns?

KENNEDY:

Gotta account for the fact that maybe Bigfoots eat like squirrels.

Tammy picks up a piece of cheese.

KENNEDY:

*No, don't eat that!* I don't know if Bigfoots can have lactose or not, I need both cheese options.

TAMMY:

Are we expecting a Bigfoot to, like, give a full review?

KENNEDY:

We're not expecting anything. I just do this, and I need to do it thoroughly. If you're not having the time of your life, you're welcome to go track down another former lover from your torrid past.

TAMMY:

Ooh, got me again.

KENNEDY:

So give me the scoop – are you *queen* of the cult these days? Are you seeing anyone?

TAMMY:

Actually, I'm a bit of a cult outcast at the moment. Missed a few really big hunts.

KENNEDY:

Ah, welcome to the club.

TAMMY:

And I *did* have a boyfriend until a few weeks ago – shocking, I know, literally everyone had a field day about it – but, uh, do you remember Greg?

KENNEDY:

I'm sorry, *Greg Greg*?

TAMMY:

Just, Greg. His name's just Greg.

KENNEDY:

I thought his whole thing was MILFs. Least, that's what he always said. Which was pretty fucking weird, coming from a kid.

TAMMY:

Well, I guess technically, when I was dating him, I *was* actually pregnant, so it all kinda...  
(uncomfortable and trying to hide it)

Look at you, so caught off guard. If a cryptid swooped in right now, you'd be toast. Luckily you have *me* here to give 'em a little –

She punches at the air.

KENNEDY:

You have a – sorry, you have a kid now?

TAMMY:

No. Greg wasn't the father, I got an abortion, and – this is – I wanted to talk to you, to...uh...  
(deflecting)

Look, Loveland Frogman comes up behind you, what do you do?

KENNEDY:

What?

TAMMY:

Loveland Frogman. Imagine you're in Ohio, coming after this cryptid. Imagine I'm the Frogman!

KENNEDY:

Tammy –

TAMMY:

I come up, and I hit you with a pow! Pow! What are you gonna do? What are you gonna do? Well, if *you* were the frog, I'd grab your arm like this – try and push your body in the opposite direction, maybe break your little frog arm – get an arm around your waist – a little of this, little of that –

KENNEDY:

*I don't want to know how you'd fight the Loveland Frogman!*

(after a moment, teasing)

And you of all people should know, there are much easier ways to get your arms around me.

Caught off guard, Tammy breathes a laugh – and pushes Kennedy away gently.

KENNEDY:

So you...you and Greg didn't have a...or didn't...

A rustling offstage.

KENNEDY:

I'm not trying to pry.

TAMMY:

(forging ahead with a rehearsed speech)

Okay. So. Um. Here's the spiel. It wasn't Greg's. And I didn't want to keep it. I didn't want to keep it, because it was some random prick's – there was this night, we all went to a bar after chasing chupacabra – I, you know, I – I – I got raped, and it – um – fucking horrible, but, um – after everything went down, I came here, because, I wanted you to know. And, I wanted to know about you. So that's it, um...what's new with you?

Kennedy looks at her, frozen.

TAMMY:

(with forced and failing casualness)

Do you have a job...are you seeing anyone...

KENNEDY:

Oh my god, Tammy.

TAMMY:

Don't go soft on me now, Kenny.

KENNEDY:

I'm so sorry.

TAMMY:

No, no, I – *agh* – I didn't want you to be so sad. And to look at me like – but *I'm* sorry – I don't know how to be normal anymore. And I don't wanna do...all of that. But I wanted to tell you. I don't know why. I – sorry, I just –

KENNEDY:

You have nothing to be sorry for.

TAMMY:

(softly)

Tell me about you.

KENNEDY:

Well, I work at one of those 5D printing centers now. I'm basically a customer service rep, but –

TAMMY:

That sounds interesting! And – and romance-wise?

KENNEDY:

Nothing for a while. I'm awkward with new people – you know that.

TAMMY:

Hm.

KENNEDY:

How do you casually say to someone, I have this extremely specific trauma that ate my life for a few years...and by the way, you've probably already seen it, because *I* was the kid in the Bigfoot video.

TAMMY:

If nothing else, you've got a very memorable ice breaker. Like, who's gonna top that?

Kennedy sighs a laugh.

KENNEDY:

I'm just so sorry, Tammy. And if there's anything I can do, or anything you want to talk about –

TAMMY:

No, nah – just – wanted to say it. To you. Um. Next topic.

KENNEDY:

Okay. Uh, well, I'd be curious to know how you got my address.

TAMMY:

So you can change it immediately?

KENNEDY:

*Yeah.* No, I need to make sure, like, Jeremy Mueller couldn't come find me, if he wanted to.

TAMMY:

Jeremy Mueller has three kids now. I doubt he still wants his bike back.

KENNEDY:

Can never be too careful. So...?

TAMMY:

So...the only person I know who goes back and forth to so-called the normal world is, uh...your mom. So I called her, she knew where I could get an abortion – after the procedure, I didn't have anywhere to go, since everyone else had already moved on, so...I stayed with her. "*Slumber party...!*"

KENNEDY:

(slowly)

Oh my god.

TAMMY:

I was in the old trailer and I saw your address on an envelope. That's it. No real stalking required.

KENNEDY:

What, did you sleep in Meg's old bunk?

TAMMY:

Worse: William Junior's.

KENNEDY:

Nooooo! That bed was rancid.

TAMMY:

Well, your mom always had it out for me, so I think that was kind of on purpose.

KENNEDY:

She didn't *always* have it out for you. She basically liked you until she caught us kissing.

TAMMY:

That's true.

KENNEDY:

You know, that was the best part of my...my "young life." Our little romantic era, right before I left.

TAMMY:

I don't know. I also liked when we had the ballet teacher hunting with us.

KENNEDY:

*Yes!* I still do the moves sometimes when I'm at home.

TAMMY:

No you don't. You couldn't even do the moves when you were *doing* the moves.

KENNEDY:

Really?

Kennedy jumps to his feet, putting them into first position.

KENNEDY:

Little of this, little of that –

He moves his feet through the other ballet positions.

TAMMY:

Can't forget the arms.

Gently, she touches both his arms, getting him to raise them.

TAMMY:

And your posture – Hilda would've been all over you. Not straight enough.

KENNEDY:

That was always my problem, growing up.

Tammy laughs. Slowly, Kennedy puts his hands on Tammy's waist.

KENNEDY:

Is this okay?

She nods, looking at his lips. She moves toward him slowly, and then – takes a step back.

TAMMY:

I'm sorry, I'm –

KENNEDY:

No, it's okay. I'm sorry.

A noise in the woods nearby.

KENNEDY:

You know...this was all a little chaotic. Inviting you into the woods with me for a sad Bigfoot tablescape. And at this hour, who knows who we might run into. Like, what – sickos who jog?

TAMMY:

Kennedy –

KENNEDY:

This was stupid. And unimportant, and useless, while there's real shit going on with you, in the world, and – nothing's ever happened here, I'm probably just wasting food, so...we should go. We should go! I don't know why I pretended something else might happen.

TAMMY:

Look, you've made a beautiful spread for...if not Bigfoot, at least, um...

She shoves a piece of cheese in her mouth.

TAMMY:

Mmm, this is fabulous, this is so delicious!

KENNEDY:

You don't have to do that, Tammy.

TAMMY:

No, it's so good, it's – I'm not an eating an acorn, uh – fuck –

She picks up the meat.

TAMMY:

Let's give it a little try, right? Little steak tartare? That's supposed to be fancy.

KENNEDY:

*Do not eat that!*

TAMMY:

C'mon, what's one little bite gonna do? You know, *this* is the fear that keeps you from adequately fighting off Loveland Frogmen. You really need to work on that.

KENNEDY:

*Tammy!!*

She puts it near her mouth, but ultimately can't do it.

TAMMY:

Okay, but it looks, like, really good. You picked a real prime cut. That's a legitimate skill.

KENNEDY:

You're gonna catch a disease. Can you put that down?

TAMMY:

I would've eaten it, if it would've made you feel better. I would've done anything.

There's a rustling offstage.

KENNEDY:

Can we be real for a second?

TAMMY:

No. Maybe. Let's ask a Magic 8 Ball.

KENNEDY:

We were supposed to run away together.

Mini-beat.



TAMMY:

You're saying that like I wasn't the one who did all the research. Bought the bus tickets. Hid the maps.

KENNEDY:

That's the thing I always wondered. It all happened so fast, but...why didn't you run away with me?

TAMMY:

You know, you ask me these intense questions and expect a totally normal answer, and...and...  
(serious)

There's this myth in my family about the Bird Woman. And I know it sounds crazy, but you're the fucking guy who killed Bigfoot, so you don't really have a leg to stand on. The story was that this creature – with a beak, who could fly – she'd come to the women in my family, at one key moment, and give them a kiss. And then they'd know their life's purpose. The night we were gonna run away, she came through my window and...kissed *me*. I don't remember a lot of what happened afterwards, but...I knew I couldn't leave with you. I couldn't leave.

And I'm not the same hick you left behind. Really, I read – I pretend to read – and I know about trauma, believe me, and like, who really knows who or what came through my window that night, right? But I knew, bone deep, I couldn't go. And what really sucked was that, when my mom would tell me that story, I thought there was distance between me and all that – “daughter,” “women.” Like, the story could never *really* be about me. So the fact that the Bird Woman came at all...it's like everything was saying, no, *this* is who you are. You got the kiss, you're a woman in this family, and this awful, evil life...that is your birthright.

I loved you so much. But something in me shut down after that night, and...all of a sudden I open my eyes, and it's six years later, and I'm laying on a bed in your trailer, after my fucking abortion, drowning in the smell of your mom's perfume, and I'm just thinking of – of you, and us, and trailer ballet, and...what might've been.

KENNEDY:

(after a moment)

Are we thinking the Bird Woman's a cryptid, or is this more along the lines of a creep in a bird suit?

TAMMY:

I was always partial to the idea of a puppeteer gone rogue. Jim Henson off the shits.

KENNEDY:

Also...kind of gay that your mom has kissed a Bird Woman before. Right?

TAMMY:

If the story's true, so did my grandma. *And* my great-grandma!

KENNEDY:

*Right.* It's the whole lineage.

(serious)

That's not your birthright, Tammy. Seriously, are we really these people who abide by...kiss-based rules? Gender role bullshit? The imposed judgment of a bird/human hybrid who might not even *exist*? It's like, at the end of the day, can we escape the cult or not?

They lock eyes. Tammy's phone buzzes.

TAMMY:

Oh – it's a news alert.

KENNEDY:

Oh my god, what's the verdict?

TAMMY:

Well. Caroline Calloway has killed the current sitting president. R.I.P., I guess.

KENNEDY:

Wow. R.I.P. You know, sometimes it's nice to know other people are more fucked up than I am.

TAMMY:

You were a scared kid, Ken. Every time I look at you it's like *I'm* a kid again, and...I'd do anything I could to just stay next to you.

Rustling again – something coming through the trees. We see a shadow: Bigfoot, as the day is breaking.

KENNEDY:

Finally.

Bigfoot, in shadow, strikes the same ballet pose Kennedy and Tammy had been trying for – arms raised above their head. It seems to gesture emphatically, asking them to do the same.

In disbelief, and a little hysterical, Tammy and Kennedy strike the same pose, and spin. Bigfoot, in shadow, does the same.

For a moment, the trio proceeds in a coordinated ballet movement. Kennedy breaks off, laughing. Tammy finishes her spin. A moment.

Tammy reaches out and takes Kennedy's hand. They share a hopeful look.

Lights down.