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# Harry and the Hendersons

By William Dear

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(POUNding)

(GROWLING)

**GEORGE:**

Survival of the fittest, Son.

**ERNIE:**

Right.

Of course, your new rifle  
gives you a little edge.

(SHUSHING)

Dad, do you hear...

(WHISPERING) Be real quiet.

Lunch!

And I killed it!

Nancy!

Will you look at the size  
of this thing?

There's no way

I'm eating a dead rabbit.

I thought you said

we were leaving.

Will this never end?

Start the fire, Nan.

We are leaving. Before lunch.

George, what happened to "home before  
dark. Grab a bite on the way"?

Come on, Nan, we gotta cook it.

It's Ernie's first kill.

Yeah, it's my first blood.

I hope you're proud of yourself.

Look, we'll stuff it. Okay?

You're a butcher, Ernie.

Back off, Sarah!

It was him or me!

(SQUEALING)

**SARAH:**

**ERNIE:**

**GEORGE:**

**NANCY:**

a little air will do us all some good.

**SARAH:**

Ernie, close the cooler.

**NANCY:**

doing in the fish?

Looking for my baseball glove.

Hey, Dad.

Yeah.

Do you think I can get a pair of  
real major league baseball cleats  
when we get back?

You bet.

Great. I'm gonna  
spike Frankie McDowell.

**NANCY:**

Listen to your Mom, Ern.

But he spiked me twice!

That's different. You go  
right ahead then. George.

Nan, you don't understand these things.

It's just smart baseball.

Hey, hey. Be careful of  
my drawings back there.

And don't step on the trout.

Or my flowers. They're still alive.

Or Mom's flowers.

Oh, Nan, don't you love  
roughing it in the wild?

"Roughing it," George?

The only thing rough  
about it was when

the generator went out in the  
middle of Masterpiece Theatre.

(BRAKES SCREECHING)

Whoa!

George, please, slow down.

I know these roads

like the back of my hand.

And I know Seattle's  
not going anywhere.

Want your sunglasses, George?  
No, I'm fine, dear.  
Mom, Ernie's playing  
with that gun again.  
Ernie, don't even touch that gun.  
It's a rifle, girls.  
If you can shoot with it,  
it's a gun.  
Oh, my God! Look at that deer!  
Did you see that, Sarah?  
No, I missed it.  
I always miss everything.  
Hey, Dad.  
Yeah.  
Maybe there's a chance  
you can blast something.  
Ernie, don't give Daddy any ideas.  
I could not face two stuffed bunnies.  
Did I bring my rifle this time?  
Did I? No.  
You're right, George, we'll always  
remember this as our first camping trip  
when Ernie killed something  
and you didn't.  
My God!  
(BIRDS SQUAWKING)  
My God.  
I thought I hit a man!  
Is everybody all right, Nancy?  
Okay, kids?  
Sarah, are you all right?  
Yeah.  
George, what is it?  
I don't know.  
I hardly saw it.  
But it's gotta be a bear.  
Could it be a gorilla?  
I don't think  
they get that big around here,

**SARAH:**

just get out of here, Dad.  
What if it's still alive?  
What if it's in pain?

If it's still alive, it's probably not in a very good mood.  
No way it's alive!  
You trashed him, Dad.  
There's probably guts and eyeballs hanging off the bumper.  
Knock it off, Ern.  
We can't just leave it in the road, suffering.

**ERNIE:**

(GROANING)  
Everybody, stay in the car.  
Son of a bitch.  
You drive a classic, you try to take good care of it, and some dumb animal...  
George, shouldn't we call a Ranger?  
No, not yet.

**ERNIE:**

Don't you need some backup?  
No.  
I said stay in the car.  
This is exactly why I brought it.  
For protection.  
You didn't have to lie.

**ERNIE:**

It's dead.  
Shoot it anyway!  
Nan!  
What?  
I think you better come take a look at this!  
(GASPING)  
(WHISPERING) Dad.  
Yeah?  
What if it's him?  
Who?  
Bigfoot.  
Bigfoot?  
Holy shit! Sorry, Dad.  
That's okay.  
I was looking for the right words.

It smells gross!  
George, what is it?  
I guess it must be  
a Bigfoot.  
I don't know what else it could be.  
Nancy, this is a big deal.  
It's a major discovery.  
I bet a museum  
would want it or something.  
We have to take it home.  
(SIGHS)  
Ernie, you and your sister go take the stuff  
off the top of the car, put it in the back.  
Right, Dad.  
And tell your sister she's gonna  
have to help us lift this thing up!  
Oh, Sarah!  
Pull it forward!  
Don't worry.

**NANCY:**

What if it's the only one?  
It's not as if  
I tried to hit it, Nan.  
It was just luck.  
Luck?  
What if we've just rendered  
an entire species extinct?  
One of a kind?  
This thing could  
really be worth something.  
I don't believe you just said that.  
Come on, Nan. It's all  
in how you look at it.  
(GROWLING)  
It's alive!  
Dad!  
Did you see those big honking teeth?  
Ernest.  
Get me my rifle.  
George.  
What are you gonna do?  
Be careful.  
It's still loaded.

George, you're not going out there?

We can't just leave it  
in the road, can we?

What if it's suffering?

Sorry.

It's dead!

Are you sure?

Yeah.

Are you really sure?

I'm really sure!

Remember, you were sure before.

Nancy, I'm not a doctor,  
but it has no pulse,  
it's not breathing  
and it's cold as a Popsicle.

Believe me, honey, whatever  
it is, it's definitely dead!

(PANTING)

(BANGING)

(EXCLAIMS)

(ROARING)

(EXCLAIMING IN FRIGHT)

(EXCLAIMING)

(ROARING)

(SNIFFING)

(SNEEZING)

Help!

Somebody!

Help!

Ernie, get your mother!

Quick!

(EXCLAIMING)

All right. I knew you weren't dead!

Not yet I'm not!

Not you, Dad, him!

Help!

George, what...

(GRUNTING)

Are you all right?

Nancy, get my rifle, quick!

What...

What are you...

George!

(STAMMERING)

Sarah, don't come in here!

Oh, my God!

Horrible smell!

Nancy, do something!

(STAMMERING)

Be very careful.

What are you doing?

(SNIFFING)

Oh, God!

**GEORGE:**

everybody, let's get out of here! Quick.

Come on, Sarah.

No!

Mom, my corsage!

No.

My orchid!

It's eating

my fifteenth birthday corsage!

Sarah!

The one I saved for

over six whole months!

(SPITTING)

I was gonna keep that flower

for the rest of my life!

And you ate it!

(WHISPERING) Sarah!

I don't care how big and

ugly and smelly you are.

You just can't go around eating

other people's corsages!

That was a bad thing you did!

A bad, bad thing!

Do you hear me?

Even if you are an animal!

You just can't go around

acting like one in this house!

Let's get out of here, now!

Boy, Sarah. You really pissed him off!

Shut up.

Shh! Both of you!

Come on, it's going

in the dining room!

Wow!



That's great, that's just great!  
George, he's eating my plant.  
Look, he's eating my plants! No!  
He's eating my  
Passiflora coriaceous.  
Stop that!

**GEORGE:**

(GASPING)  
(WHIMPERING)  
Uh-oh.  
Oh, dear.  
(ALL GASPING)  
Okay, that's it!  
George! Can't we  
just call somebody?  
George, what's that for?  
I know what I'm doing.  
Oh, George!  
I'm not gonna stand around while  
some animal destroys our house!  
Dad, it's not an animal!  
George?  
George?  
I'm okay.  
Everybody, get up here!  
Quick! Quick!  
What's it doing?  
It's burying Grandma's mink stole.  
Don't you look at me like that!  
Why are you all  
looking at me like that?  
I didn't kill the poor little things.  
Grandma didn't kill them!  
Some ranchers raised them  
and killed them.  
And they only did that because  
they knew somebody would buy them.

**GEORGE:**

everybody back into the house!  
All right, everybody out!  
(GRUNTING)

**GEORGE:**

Keep an eye on him!

"Keep an eye on him," George?

Lock the door!

Yeah.

George, he's coming back!

Stall him!

I can't! How?

I don't know!

Show him the pasta maker.

George!

Not yet!

George!

He really wants to come in now.

George!

Company!

(PHONE RINGING)

Downtown. Sergeant Mancini.

Sergeant, my name is George Henderson.

I'm at 437 Manning Drive.

I wanna report a...

Something in my house.

What kind of something,

Mr. Henderson?

Some... A big... Something.

My family's in terrible danger.

In danger?

Mr. Henderson, do you have  
someone in your house?

A burglar, a prowler?

No, don't think

I'm crazy, Sergeant,  
but it's Bigfoot.

Of course, yes.

They can be a nuisance,  
I'll tell you what,

Mr. Henderson.

It kind of happens  
all the time around here.

Now, we found these Bigfeet  
are pretty reasonable fellows.

Hey!

Look, I hit a Bigfoot with my car.  
I thought it was dead.

I was gonna call in the morning,  
but it must have been hungry  
'cause I found it in the kitchen!  
You hit a Bigfoot with your car...  
No! Yes.  
in your kitchen.  
Look, I'm under  
a lot of stress here,  
I mean, it wasn't dead anymore. It must  
have just walked into the kitchen.  
It was eating  
out of our refrigerator.  
I thought it was gonna eat me, but it  
ate my daughter's corsage instead.  
And then our Passiflora coriacea  
and then it ate our goldfish.  
And where is it now, Mr. Henderson?  
It's in the bathroom.  
Of course, how stupid of me.  
Hey, look, just say I believe you  
have a Bigfoot in your house.  
First we cordon off  
your neighborhood.  
Second, we evacuate your neighbors,  
and third, we send a whole  
shit-load of cops in there  
to deal with the thing. I mean, fully  
armed and ready, Mr. Henderson.  
So unless you wanna  
be responsible  
for wrongfully turning your  
neighborhood into a war zone  
I suggest you drop this  
whole thing right now.  
A war zone?  
Very well, then.  
No, no, no Bigfoot here,  
Sergeant. I was just joking.  
Sorry, it's just a prank.  
I'm not even George Henderson. You  
must have reached the wrong number.  
We're on our own.  
(PHONE RINGING)  
No, no, Sergeant, no Bigfoot here.

Irene.  
Fine. Wonderful time.  
What? No, wait!  
It's Irene!  
She's bringing the dog back.  
I couldn't stop her!  
I'll meet her halfway.  
(KNOCK ON DOOR)

**IRENE:**

It's no use hiding!  
I know you're up!  
Just take Little Bob  
and get rid of her!  
Easy for you to say. This is Irene.  
Oh, my God!  
Look, we can't  
let her see this thing.  
No offense.  
The basement.  
You'll love it. It's like  
a cave with a pool table.  
Come on!  
Nancy!  
Nancy!  
(DOGS BARKING)  
Beat it!  
Come on, hurry!  
(BIGFOOT BARKING)  
Nancy! Yoo-hoo!  
Quick, quick!  
Let's go! Now's our chance!  
Nancy, what...

**SARAH:**

The beginning of the end.  
Once Irene sees it,  
the whole world's gonna know.  
I'll have to join a convent.  
Nancy!  
Marry a zoo-keeper.  
I'll be a social outcast  
for the rest of my life!  
I'll go to my prom, the kids will

probably throw pig blood on me!

Thank you, Dad.

Sarah, don't let her in!

**ERNIE:**

Rise and shine!

Don't worry.

It's the safest place in the whole house!

(CRASHING)

Ernie!

It's okay, Mom, the stairs broke!

We're all right.

Oh, good.

There you are!

Amazing. That was...

Can you imagine?

Little Bob must be in heat or something.

Every dog in the neighborhood is out here.

(SNIFFING)

My God!

What is that smell?

What the hell happened?

We decided to defrost the fridge.

Oh, God!

Is everything all right

with you kids?

Us?

Oh, hey, fine.

Wonderful.

No. Great. Really great.

(DOG GROWLING)

I got your mail.

Just put it on the fridge.

Nan, you wouldn't happen to have any  
peanut butter and brewer's yeast?

I found a new diet.

Sarah, please take

the dog out of the room.

Peanut butter I know we have.

Is chunky okay?

Let me see if I can

help you, Irene.

Peanut butter's always  
on the second shelf.

Great. No brewer's yeast?

No, sorry.

Never mind,

I gotta go to the market

and pick up some

cod liver oil and Tabasco.

It's a new energy diet. You

might wanna try it, George.

(CREAKING)

Exercise, Irene.

That's the only diet.

Plenty of energy right here!

Well, maybe it's just rotten  
meat or eggs or something.

Exactly. No sense standing  
around breathing it.

Thank you for

taking care of Little Bob.

(CRASHING)

Oh! Ernie!

What was that?

Ernie's experiment

for his science class.

(STAMMERING) He's got

one of those gerbils.

Yeah! It's so cute.

Only, it's more like...

A hamster.

Yeah, only bigger,

and it's always hungry.

Nothing more than rats getting a lucky  
shake from society, if you ask me.

I know where you are if I need you.

Ernie!

Ernie, are you all right?

Boy, is this guy strong!

Ernie, give me your arms.

I'll lift you up.

It's Monday morning.

What am I gonna do about work?

You are going to call in sick,

that's what you're

going to do about work.

Dad's gonna just love that.

Can I be sick, too?

No.

I think you and Sarah will  
be safer at school, Ernie.

Oh, well. At least I can  
tell the kids at school  
my dad creamed a Bigfoot.

You're sick, too.

We're all sick.

No one's going anywhere until  
I figure out what to do!

Get out of the fridge,  
Ernie.

Coffee?

Now, it took some doing, but...

At least for now  
it seems to be trapped.

**GEORGE:**

So, how are you doing?

(DOG BARKING)

I don't know.

He's our little pet.

(GROWLING)

It's hurt.

Are we sure we don't have  
anything that doesn't sting?

Don't I wish.

Yeah, this is going  
to hurt a little, okay?

What I do is just close my  
eyes real tight. Like this.

**NANCY:**

(BLOWING)

Good.

Does this mean we can keep him?

Oh, grow up!

Maybe we can.

I don't know.

You don't know?

The answer is "No."

Now you know.

It was just so different

when it was dead.  
George, you were different.  
And I'm convinced he wasn't dead.  
Hey, hang on. I thought we were  
gonna sell it, and get rich.  
Let's keep it and get rich.  
Exactly.  
(GROWLING)  
I don't believe this family! Sorry.  
We are talking about a living,  
breathing being here.  
It might even be  
some kind of a person.  
It's a Bigfoot person.  
We don't even know what it is.  
We don't know  
if it's male or female.  
Definitely male.  
How can you tell?  
Oh, don't answer that, honey.  
Never mind.  
Nan, I don't know how, but we gotta  
figure a way to keep this thing.  
It's big bucks, don't you see?  
I mean, it's a ticket  
to a better life!  
A better life for whom?  
What about his life?  
I'm thinking about us.  
I just need time  
to figure away to...  
Oh, well.  
At least he's safe here.

**LAFLEUR:**

given up, my old friend.  
The only difference  
between these and those  
is I get a buck a strand for mine.  
These are real, Doc.  
I chased a set of tracks  
for two or three miles.  
Okay, Jocko, if you've got  
castings, I'll buy them,



but let's keep the price  
on the ground.  
Listen, you don't understand!  
I almost had him.  
I was that close.  
Then what, gun jam?  
Or maybe a change of heart.  
Had him in your sights  
and couldn't do it?  
What's the story this time?  
I don't know.  
I think he was hit by a car.  
That should have made it easy.  
Yes, I know but...  
There are no traces,  
no tracks, nothing.  
He just vanished.  
Well, like I tell my customers,  
Bigfoot eat their dead.  
I don't know why the  
hell I bother with you!  
Because you figure I'm the only one  
who deep down wants to believe you,  
but I don't.  
Not any more.  
We both spent our whole lives  
chasing after that beast,  
and we both have to stare at  
ourselves in the mirror every morning  
and keep repeating,  
"I'm not a fool!"  
"I am not a fool!"  
Only you finally blinked!  
Or finally opened my eyes!  
We'll find out soon enough!  
Go for it, Jocko!  
Raise a ruckus!  
God knows, I can use the business.  
Put the stuff  
in the freezer, honey.  
Where is he?  
Living room.  
Everything is melting. Have I  
got something to show you.

George, give me a second.  
Irene had us cornered out  
there for 15 minutes.  
She invited us to dinner and bowling.  
Bowling?  
Don't worry, George, I spared you.  
I told her you had something to  
drop off tonight, don't you?  
Don't be so sure.  
You might just change your mind  
when you've seen what I've seen.  
Sarah, you, too.  
Come on.  
George, those are  
just empty calories.  
Never mind about that.  
No, no, no, no.  
Not yet.  
Just a minute.  
I have a little something  
to show you.  
But first, I want you to think  
about this just for a moment.  
Us,  
Life,  
Time.  
Magazines! Cover stories.  
I mean, you could be looking at old Dad  
on the Carson Show, for heaven's sake.  
No, no, no, no.  
Now, we started with  
something kind of simple.  
But I'm sure you'll see  
that as soon as he gets going there  
is absolutely nothing to stop him!  
Sit.  
Sit.  
Sit!  
That's great!  
You taught him how to sit?  
No, no, no!  
Don't sit!  
That was outstanding, Dad!  
No, no, no. Stay. Please...

George, if I could have a word with you before the Carson Show calls.

Nancy!

It wasn't...

Nancy, honey, we've got to give him one more chance!

George Nathan Henderson, what is the matter with you?

This is our home! Our stuff!

Look, he had it perfect just five minutes ago.

George, you are acting like a crazy person!

Honey, that wasn't supposed to happen!

None of this was supposed to happen, but it did, and now we have to do the right thing!

I know it seems bad, but just give me one more week.

We don't have enough house for two days!

George, he doesn't fit here!

He doesn't fit in our lives!

Look, we have to do the right thing and think about him!

Mom, Dad, hurry, this is great!

(SIGHING)

**MAN ON TV:**

What's the matter with him?

**WOMAN:**

Maybe he thinks you're getting...

(LAUGHING)

Now watch this.

(CHAIR CREAKING)

Cool, huh?

He didn't care for the blue cheese.

eat your Pablum

like a good boy...

and you'll have

Swedish pancake too.

Now I know where  
Bonzo get his bad habits.  
That's outright bribery.  
Okay.  
I'll take him back.  
But you know  
it might not be so easy,  
I think he likes it here.  
What kind of a way  
is that to talk to a baby?  
What do you mean?  
She's gone.  
It's time to go.  
Remember this?  
Your favorite station wagon.  
Right. What's left of it.  
(ROARING)  
No, no, no.  
It's really much nicer  
on the inside. Come on.  
Perfect.  
Hungry? We're gonna  
have a little party.  
Yeah. A goodbye party.  
Plan B.  
No problem.  
See what we're gonna be missing?  
Never mind.  
Let's eat. Nancy?  
Here. Ern.  
Have you ever had a burger?  
Smells good.  
Look at this.  
Mmm. Mmm.  
(BARKING)  
Oh, right.  
Yours was the fish. Here.  
This is for him,  
the burgers are for you.  
You want another?  
I ordered wrong.  
Double fish on a sesame bun.  
Catch of the day.  
Covered with tartar sauce.

How about some fries, huh?  
Extra larges, two orders.  
You can wash it down  
with a chocolate shake.  
Look at all this stuff!  
All you can eat.  
Atta boy.  
Great!  
Comfortable?  
Just sit... Stay.  
Stay.  
Stay right there.  
You're not changing  
your mind, are you?  
Your mom's right, Ern.  
I know it's hard.  
It's hard for me, too.  
But it's the right thing to do.  
It was wrong of me to think that we  
could just claim it like a stray dog.  
He's more of a man than an animal.  
You were the first one to see that.  
He deserves to be free.  
Mom's right.  
He's gotta go back  
where he belongs.  
So why don't you and me  
go on down there,  
like a couple of real men  
and say, "Goodbye, hairy friend."  
(CLATTERING)  
Harry?  
Since when does he have a name?  
Since right now.  
(HOWLING)  
(HOWLING)  
Harry.  
Harry!  
(WHISPERING) There's someone in the house.  
What should we do?  
You stay right there.  
(SQUEALING)  
(GROWLING)

**TV ANNOUNCER:**

Today Jerry's special...  
You're free, Little Bob.  
Go back to the wild.  
Run, Little Bob.  
Run free.  
And now, your host,  
the toast of  
the Olympic Coast,  
Jerry Seville!

**SEVILLE:**

thank you, thank you.  
(LAUGHING)  
Good morning, Seattle.  
God, I hate this guy.  
I'll turn it off.  
No. Let me hate him.  
It'll keep me awake  
until the coffee kicks in.  
But I sure am glad  
it's Tuesday.  
Isn't Monday  
the dullest day of the week?  
Up yours, Jerry.  
Seems old Jer was wrong.  
All right.  
This morning's paper.  
By no means front page news.  
Are you sitting down?  
Listen, late last night  
a Hawthorne Hills man  
discovered his wife lying  
unconscious on top of their car.  
After the paramedics had  
revived the woman she said,  
"She must have been put there by  
a huge, hairy, man-like creature  
"resembling the legendary Bigfoot...  
Harry.  
"...who she had earlier  
mistaken for a mouse!"  
Hawthorne Hills?  
A mouse?

A mouse!  
I gotta find him.  
I can't go to work.  
When do we ever listen to  
silly old Jerry Seville?  
If there really was a Bigfoot, don't you think  
I'd have had him as a guest on my show?  
I gotta check it out anyway.  
No, the very best thing that  
you can do is go to work.  
What if somebody finds him before I...  
All right?  
See you tonight.  
Bye-bye. Bye.  
John Morrow, who will talk to us all  
about his new squid and prune juice diet.  
Bigfoot.

**ERNIE:**

Little Bob!

**LAFLEUR:**

I see an old Army buddy from 40  
years driving along the freeway  
and, of course,  
I cannot remember his name  
so I take his license number  
plate and I come here,  
and because of that I am going to find  
out where he lives. It's fantastic.  
Ten bucks.  
(MEN LAUGHING)  
So how about you, George?  
Did you see any Bigfoot?  
What?  
You know, your vacation.  
Bigfoot?  
No.  
I read the things weigh over 400 pounds.  
Smell real bad, too.  
Hell, looks like we got  
one of those right here.  
What's your shoe size, Billers?  
Very funny.

I'm working with assholes.

Can I help you?

Probably yes.

I hope we can help each other.

I believe this is yours.

Okay, what are you  
selling, buster, huh?

Mrs. Henderson?

Yes.

Irene, would you go see if the tea  
kettle is just about to boil, honey?

Thank you.

Good morning.

Hi.

I am called Richard Smith.

And I'm from  
the U.S. Forestry Service  
and I'm investigating a possible  
road-kill, with an animal  
either killed or maimed  
in a car accident.

Now, I know that you did  
hit something on Route A-4  
which was a little fire road  
off the I-90?

Yes. We did run into something.

(SNIFFING)

What was it that you hit,  
Mrs. Henderson?

I don't know.

We couldn't see it.

You know, it happened so fast.

Where is it now?

Now? I don't know.

It ran away.

Mrs. Henderson, obviously, our  
main concern are for your family,  
to be sure no one was injured.

No one was injured.

I'm so pleased.

Obviously our other concern is for the  
safety of that poor little animal.

It could be out there suffering  
and I know you would want to help



me find it so I could care for it.  
No. I mean, yes.  
But I mean,  
there's nothing wrong with it.  
It walked into the woods.  
I mean, it didn't even limp.  
Walked?  
It crawled, it scurried,  
you know, it scampered,  
it kind of wobbled, creeped,  
like an animal does, you know?  
Anyway, he's fine,  
and we are fine and...  
You know...  
I forgot I have a sink backed up and I...  
And a potty.  
I've gotta go take care of it.  
Thank you.  
Thanks very much for thinking  
of us and bringing this to us.  
And thanks for your consideration.  
License plates, huh? That guy's  
probably a convict. Here.  
What you don't need now  
is somebody bothering you.  
Just sit back and relax.  
I can remember Herb's and my first fight.  
This is nothing.  
Can I help you?  
Probably not.  
This is the first  
place I have been.  
I want some .458 magnums.  
I think we got those  
in here somewhere.  
Yeah. Here we are.  
We don't get much  
call for these monsters.  
\$28.50 for the box.  
Do you have any more?  
There's 20 of them in there,  
you know?  
Do you have any more?  
I'm sorry, that's the last we got.

What, are you going  
on safari or something?  
No. Just into my own back yard.  
There he goes, just like clockwork.  
Jeez, Dad,  
who the hell is that guy?  
Jacques LaFleur.  
He's always the first to show when  
these crazy sightings start up.  
He bought some  
pretty serious ammo, .458s.  
Before Sasquatch got under his  
skin he was a Class A hunter.  
Where do you think Claws came from?  
That guy shot Claws?  
Yeah.  
Why would he part  
with a trophy like that?  
Probably because  
it was the smallest one.  
May I help you?  
Yes, I'm on my lunch break  
and I'm kind of in a hurry.  
Could you point me  
to some books on the...  
(WHISPERING) Bigfoot?  
Sasquatch?  
Sasquatch.  
Sasquatch.  
That's the one.  
Fantasy, folklore,  
myths and legends.  
Basement stacks. Take the stairs.  
Thank you.  
You could also try children's books!  
Right!  
This book sucks!  
Ernie.  
These pictures don't look  
anything like Harry!  
He's right, Nan. It's no  
wonder people wanna kill them.  
These books make them  
out to be monsters.

All except this journal from the North  
American Anthropological Institute.  
Some guy named Wallace Wrightwood.

**NANCY:**

No. That's Jacques LaFleur.  
He's a hunter who came  
into the store today.  
No, honey.  
This is Richard Smith,  
the forestry guy I told you about  
who came to our house today.  
That lying bastard!

**SARAH AND ERNIE:**

Both of you, to bed, right now.  
Sarah, get off that phone. It's two hours.  
Come on, that's it!  
Mom, it's only 8:30.  
You mind your mother!  
(HORN HONKING)  
Hard to believe, huh?  
And from the look in your mug, you  
think it's a load, don't you?  
Everybody asks,  
"Has anybody ever seen one?"  
Let me ask you,  
you being a flatlander,  
a city fellow,  
you've seen hundreds,  
thousands of pigeons, right?  
Of course.  
Have you ever seen a baby pigeon?  
Well, neither have I.  
But I got a hunch they exist.  
Are you Dr. Wrightwood?  
I'm George Henderson.  
Wrightwood ain't here.  
Is he coming back?  
He might.  
Could I leave a message for...  
How do you know Wrightwood?  
His books. And his research.  
He seems to be the only person

who really believes in all this.  
I just need a few answers.  
Doctor's old, tired.  
I'm gonna put  
my phone number down here.  
Could you see  
that the Doctor gets this?  
"Vital facts that could prevent  
an unnecessary and tragic end  
"for the big fellow?"  
I have a friend,  
a man named Jack.  
And say there was this,  
this, giant...  
Is there a beanstalk involved  
in this, Mr. Henderson?  
A beanstalk?  
No. No.  
I mean, with all  
these Bigfoot sightings  
what if Jack and his family  
opened up their home  
and their lives to this thing?  
And, what if they found out that  
he was more human than animal,  
and they just said,  
"We'll take him in.  
"We'll accept responsibility for him until  
a safe place can be found for him to be."  
Not some zoo, or lab...  
So what you're saying is  
you would be willing...  
Excuse me, Jack would be willing  
to take this creature in,  
care for it and love it like a pet?  
No, no,  
like a member of the family.  
That's a noble gesture,  
but impossible.  
Sasquatch is a primitive  
ancestor of modern man,  
but if you ever came  
face to face with one  
you'd see that they're still

very much animals.  
Only on the outside.  
Look, I know what  
I'm talking about!  
And I know it's closing time so if  
you wanna talk shop, then shop!  
Jack and the Beanstalk,  
George?  
It just came out like that. I  
didn't know what I was saying.  
I think you knew  
exactly what you were saying.  
Face it, Dad, you want him back.  
Sarah, I want to take him back  
where he belongs,  
but that means  
I've gotta find him first.  
By bringing Harry here  
we put his life in danger.  
Now, we've got to  
try to set things right.  
George,  
this is really Harry.  
Did you draw that?  
Yeah.

**NANCY:**

(GROWLING)

**MAN:**

from that window!

(SCREAMING)

(REPORTERS CHATTERING)

**WOMAN:**

Now get this.

"It must have been the large hairy  
giant he saw running from the scene."

Did you get that, George?

Yeah.

George, do you still  
fool with that painting stuff?

Yeah.

As a matter of fact, I...

Good!  
You can save your old man  
a few bucks.  
How about you draw  
a big full-size Bigfoot?  
We'll put it in the window  
right next to the gun section.  
Now, you make him real big,  
you know, real scary.  
You know, like they're  
supposed to be, George.  
Hands up, big claws,  
big fangs, a lot of drool.  
And let's put up a map of the area,  
and we'll mark on it all the spots where  
people say they've seen the thing.  
We'll become kind of like  
a Bigfoot Central, a B.H.Q.  
Dad, don't you think we might be  
encouraging a lot of unqualified people  
to go running around  
with loaded weapons?  
Come on, you know as well as I do  
there's nothing out there to shoot at.  
This is the first time my dad ever wanted  
me to draw anything and what is it?  
A target for a bunch of  
blood-thirsty crackpots.  
Come to bed.  
No, really, it's the same old story.  
One Christmas, when I was a kid,  
I begged him all fall  
for a set of paints.  
He ends up giving me a BB gun.  
Like you got Ernie.  
Yeah.  
Come to bed.  
No.  
Honey, I can't.  
I gotta finish this.  
What's the problem?  
If I make him look  
mean and vicious,  
people are gonna shoot first and

then worry about the consequences.  
It's like drawing a "wanted"  
poster of your best friend.  
But if I make him look peaceful,  
the way Harry really is...  
Well, that's just not  
what my father wants.  
George, I'm so proud of you.  
You don't know what to do.  
If your father wants a Bigfoot,  
give him a Bigfoot.  
I wanted King Kong, you brought  
me a goddamn giant gerbil.  
I told you exactly what to do.  
You didn't even come close.  
Well, maybe it's right on the nose.  
I mean, how do we know?  
Maybe it's not vicious at all.  
Maybe it's gentle,  
even has feelings.  
Where did you dream up that shit?  
Go stick a pin in Queen Anne's Hill,  
we just got another sighting.  
Should have got a real artist.  
(PEOPLE CHATTERING)

**MAN:**

Clint Eastwood magnums.  
You got an M-16?  
Anything that'll go  
fully automatic?  
Fully automatic is illegal and it  
takes seven days to clear a handgun.  
I'm afraid if you want a gun right now  
it'll have to be a rifle or a shotgun.  
Anything with a night-scope.  
Give me the biggest one you got!  
Well, we've got some big guns  
and some big, big guns,  
but I'm afraid we're all out  
of big, big ammo! Who's next?  
Look, pal, they just spotted that  
thing not three blocks from my house.  
Where do you live?

What for?  
It's for the gun.  
Where do you live?  
11484 Devon Drive.  
Where was the sighting?  
On the corner of Maple and Ogilvy.  
What the hell's  
that got to do with it?  
Where you going?

**MAN:**

(PEOPLE GRUMBLING)  
See? You're not  
the only artist in the family.  
How's that for  
an arthritic old shooter, huh?  
What the hell did you do that for?  
It was my drawing!  
Why did you change it?  
Hey, George. Cool down.  
It's just a piece of cardboard.  
Not to me!  
It means something to me!  
Can't you see that?  
He means something to me!  
What the hell are you talking about?  
The hell with it! I quit!  
Over this? You can't quit!  
We've never been so busy!  
What the hell's  
the matter with you?  
(POLICE RADIO CHATTERING)  
Harry.  
Yeah.  
Sorry, thought  
you were someone else.

**MAN:**

It was bigger than you are!  
Twice as big as you. Gigantic!  
Biggest thing I ever saw.  
Excuse me,  
when did all this happen?  
Do you mind? I'm trying



to take a statement.  
It was huge. Gigantic.  
A monster like an ape with rabies, only  
bigger than a regular ape with rabies.  
Now just calm down and  
tell me what happened.  
Okay. I'm okay.  
I brought my poor ten-speed  
to a complete stop  
like I always do at stop signs.  
When out of nowhere  
this humungous hairy thing  
is standing right  
in front of me! Growling.  
With these enormous fangs and these  
giant hands, and he grabs me.  
And he picks me up,  
bike and all, over his head  
then he smashes me down on the  
cement and now he's all over me.  
And he's snarling with saliva  
dripping off his pointed teeth.  
So I grab my Mace...  
What? Mace? You idiot!

**COP:**

I didn't really Mace him.  
I was about to be eaten!  
Eaten? By a vegetarian?  
All right, that's it. Officers!  
No, now look...  
I have no doubt that you saw him,  
but what really happened is  
when you saw him,  
you were so scared shitless that you  
crashed your precious ten speed  
into the stop sign,  
bumped your head on the curb  
and probably scared him  
half to death in the process!  
I'm right, aren't I? That's  
what really happened, isn't it?  
Isn't it?  
(ALL LAUGHING)

Yes. Yes.

How did you know this?

Did you witness it happen?

What's your name, sir?

My name?

My name is George Hen...

George, George what?

George Hen...

George what?

I'm sorry.

I really have to go.

(ALL CLAMORING)

**MAN 1 ON TV:**

...the dreaded name of Bigfoot  
reverberated through newsrooms...

**MAN 2:**

restricted to remote areas...

Today's report of the  
legendary beast attacking...

Other news, there has been yet  
another sighting of the creature  
that some people are now  
calling the legendary Bigfoot.

As a matter of fact an eyewitness is  
now claiming to have been attacked  
by the legendary beast  
known as Bigfoot.

He quickly changed  
his story, however...

Update, Bigfoot right here  
in the city.

When this mystery man known to us as,  
George Hen, appeared on the scene...

I have no doubt  
that you saw him,  
but when you saw him,  
you were so scared...  
knowledge of the Bigfoot's  
habits, vanished before...

**GEORGE ON TV:**

your head on the curb...

crashed your precious  
ten-speed into the stop sign,  
bumped your head on the curb  
and probably scared him  
half to death in the process!

**WOMAN 2:**

My name?

My name is George Hen...

George, George what?

George Hen...

My name?

My name is George Hen...

George, George what?

George Hen...

**WOMAN 2:**

How did you know this?

**MAN:**

What's your name, sir?

My name?

My name is George Hen.

**WOMAN 1:**

our reporter talk about it,

you'd think Mr. Hen

had a personal...

(REPORTERS CLAMORING)

**MAN 3:**

that he actually...

(WOMAN 1 LAUGHING)

Quite possible.

(POLICE SIREN WAILING)

**MAN 4:**

whereabouts of the elusive Mr. Hen

or the hairy visitor, should call

this station and report Bigfoot.

What the hell is that?

(POLICE RADIO CHATTERING)

(MAN TALKING ON TV)

I said get out of here now!

(WHISPERING) Harry!

Harry!

(GROWLING)

I want this quadrant air tight.

Nothing gets out! Nothing!

And no force except

in self-defense!

I don't want some prankster

in a monkey suit

bleeding all over the streets.

(MEN CHATTERING)

**WOMAN ON RADIO:**

civilians with weapons.

All units in the vicinity of Broadway

and Torrance please respond.

Repeat, we have civilians

with weapons.

(HELICOPTER WHIRRING)

**OFFICER:**

Freeze! Move out!

Drop it!

What, are you crazy? Do you know

how much I paid for this gun?

Get this guy. Come on,

move it! Move it!

(GROWLING)

(MEN SHOUTING)

(BANGING)

(ROARING)

(GUN FIRES)

My God! Harry?

(HOWLING)

Harry, are you hurt?

Where are you?

(BANGING)

Harry.

Thank God, you're okay!

Come on down!

Stay right there!

Don't move.

(BRAKES SCREECHING)

Hang on, Harry.

Follow that garbage truck!

(CLICKING)

(TIRES SCREECHING)

(SCREAMING)

(GROANING)

Harry! Harry,

come on down.

There. Quick! This way!

**GEORGE:**

(GUNS COCKING)

**GEORGE:**

Honey.

Look who's here.

Harry?

Harry!

**BOTH:**

I knew it was you. I could smell  
you all the way upstairs.

Wow! Let's celebrate!

Let's take a picture!

I'll get the camera.

Ernie, no! No!

(GROWLING)

Harry,

I'm human.

I made a mistake

and I'm sorry.

Dad, he doesn't understand.

(WHIMPERING)

I know something he'll understand.

Ernie, give me a hand.

(ALL GASPING)

George?

What are we gonna do about Harry?

First things first.

Do you have a cat?

No!

Good, then it's just a hairball.

(ADDAMS FAMILY THEME PLAYING ON TV)

Are you completely deaf?

I said, "Get me out of here now."

"Tomorrow is too late!"  
Jerome,  
Jerome, I know where he is.  
What the hell do you think I have  
been doing for the last 25 years?  
(WHISPERING) Him!  
Yes, Sasquatch!  
Jerome, this time it is different.  
I've got his address.  
Crazy?  
You let me stay here for one more  
hour and I'll show you me crazy.  
(SQUISHING)  
Time's running out.  
Jerome,  
you make something happen... now.  
(PHONE RINGING)  
Irene, the phone. I've  
gotta get the phone. Okay.  
I just need someone to talk to.  
You know, it hasn't been easy  
with this pool and everything!  
And Herb? He's no help!  
His latest theory is that a condor  
flew over and took a shit in it!

**MAN:**

Hello?  
Hello.  
I saw you on television last night,  
Mr. Hen, and I think we should talk.  
Who is this?  
Do the words,  
"Vital facts that could  
prevent a tragic  
"and unnecessary end  
for the big fellow, "  
ring a bell?  
Nancy, it's Wrightwood. Dr. Wrightwood?  
Yes. How are you?  
Fine.  
Can we get together?  
Sure, any time.  
Now, this afternoon.

Well.

Come to the house.

How about dinner?

Hello, are you still there?

Sorry, bad connection.

You're up near Index, right?

Just take the I-5 right into town.

We're in the Wallingford section.

George? What are you doing?

(DOORBELL RINGING)

You?

I'm Wallace Wrightwood.

Dr. Wrightwood.

May I come in?

Yes, of course you can.

Nancy, this is Dr. Wrightwood.

He's the curator of the Bigfoot  
Museum I told you about.

I'm pleased to meet you.

Likewise. Thank you.

These are beautiful.

This is our daughter Sarah.

Hello.

**GEORGE:**

Oh, and this is our son, Ernest.

Hello.

**ERNIE:**

Ernie, this is Dr. Wrightwood.

Something sure smells...

good.

That's dinner.

Roast beef.

Mom, where's the roast?

The roast. I'll get it, hon.

The roast,

is resting in a shallow unmarked  
grave in the back yard.

Oh.

Right. Well, there's  
plenty of other stuff.

Are you vegetarians?

Sometimes.

It depends on the guest.

(LOUD POP MUSIC PLAYING)

(MUSIC STOPS)

(GROWLING)

As you probably know, your Dad paid me  
a visit the other day at my museum.

I liked him.

What I'm gonna say now  
just might save his life.

I don't understand.

When I was younger I used to have a  
good job working as a lab scientist.

Life was great.

And then something happened on a  
hunting trip darn-near 50 years ago  
that let the air out of everything.

I went out for a walk  
one day in the woods.

I heard a rustle behind me.

Then I smelled something  
that made my eyes water  
and my lungs smoke!

By the time I turned around  
all I saw was a streak of fur.

On the ground  
there was a footprint.

A big footprint.

So, I was hooked  
from that moment on.

I started spending all the time I  
could spare searching for the beast.

Then I spent time I couldn't spare.

That's how I lost my job  
and my friends.

It's so sad.

Well, I didn't tell it so you  
could cry in your sprouts,  
or whatever that is, darling.

I'm telling it so that your father  
won't make the same mistake.

I appreciate what you're  
saying, Dr. Wrightwood,  
but there's a big difference  
between your story and mine.



Not as big as you think.

Maybe even bigger.

(GEORGE CLEARS THROAT)

No, no, no. You're kidding yourself.

I remember what you told me

when you came into my shop.

Bigfoot can come live with us.

We'll accept the responsibility.

Can you imagine what a Bigfoot  
would do to your home?

Yeah, well, I can.

You're good people.

I'm gonna say this once.

I'm gonna say it simple and I hope to  
God for your sakes you all listen.

There are no abominable snowmen.

There are no Sasquatches.

There are no Bigfeet!

Am I missing something?

Oh, Lord! Lord God!

Dr. Wrightwood, say hello to Harry.

Harry?

(EXCLAIMS)

Isn't he something?

Oh, yes, he's so smart, too. I mean,  
George has taught him how to sit.

To sit?

We haven't quite perfected it yet.

Hungry?

He lives here with you?

Temporarily.

(PEOPLE CHATTERING)

(DOOR BUZZING)

Well?

If I call in a favor, I might be able  
to get you out sometime tonight.

Sometime tonight?

I need a damn good reason.

For Christ's sake, I'm talking  
about bagging a Sasquatch!

That'll cut a lot of ice  
for the judge.

**GEORGE:**

Harry's world out there.  
It's like we've become an  
enemy to anything wondrous.  
Even the scientific community's  
gonna poke and prod at him  
until he hates every man that  
he sees, including you and me.  
The only answer is a safe place  
where even LaFleur can't find him.  
I might know a place, but we'd never  
be able to find it in the dark.  
Then you will help us?  
In every way I possibly can.  
That's wonderful.  
We'll leave first thing  
in the morning.  
I'll wake the kids. Real early.  
They'll wanna come.  
We'll make a whole day of it.  
Our last day with Harry.  
He's so odd.  
He didn't say good night.  
I don't even know  
when he's coming back.  
Now, get some sleep.  
(CRICKETS CHIRPING)  
(HARRY SNORING LOUDLY)  
And where the hell have you been?  
There was nothing I could do!  
Don't bullshit!  
They weren't letting anybody out  
until they processed those guns  
and there were a lot of guns!  
You need a bath.  
And what? Blow my cover?  
Hey, come on!  
Come on, give me my things!  
Hey, when I'm ready, pal.  
When he's ready, pal.  
Jerome, do something, eh?  
So what's your sign?

**IRENE:**

Kimchee! Kimchee!

My name is Kim Lee not Kimchee!  
You killed them!  
Oh, no!  
Where are my  
precious little babies?  
Thank you.  
Forgive me, Harry?  
(THUDDING)  
I'm gonna show these to Irene.  
She loves roses.  
Sure would be a dream come  
true if we could keep him.  
Well, you know  
what they say,  
"The best things in life  
are supposed to be free."  
Hold it right there, mister.  
What did you do to my roses?  
No!  
Don't even think about it!  
One false move out of you  
and I'm gonna prune your plant.  
And I'm talking nip it in the bud!  
(SCREAMING)  
My God!

**ERNIE:**

Hurry up, Dad.  
George, you drive.  
It's not fair!  
He should be mine!  
Damn you!  
(BRAKES SQUEALING)  
(MUMBLING)  
LaFleur!  
What?  
I think we're being followed  
by our own car!  
Wow!  
He stole my car!

**GEORGE:**

you look at this traffic?  
(POLICE SIREN WAILING)

Damn!  
Cops!  
Everybody just act normal.  
Here he comes!  
Look what he's doing  
to my paint job!  
He's almost on us, Dad!  
(IMITATING POLICE SIREN)  
George, could you go  
a little faster?  
All right, Mom!  
That sucker's history!  
Don't kid yourself. This  
is the part he's good at.

**ALL:**

**WRIGHTWOOD:**

Hurry.  
Up here, George.  
Hurry!  
You better make this  
a short goodbye, George.  
You've gotta go back  
where you belong now.  
Come on, now.  
It's LaFleur!  
Harry, you've gotta go!  
LaFleur!  
Hurry, please, please!  
There's no time!  
No, don't worry about us!  
We'll be all right.  
Get out of here!  
Can't you see  
we don't want you anymore?  
Why can't you go back  
where you came from?  
Now, leave us alone!  
Go.  
Go!  
(WHIMPERING)  
Goodbye, my friend.  
There's no need to cry.

We'll never see him again, will we?

Sure we will! We can just follow his footprints.

Footprints.

(WHISPERING) Scatter.

Anything to throw him off!

It's a goddamn herd!

(FOOTSTEPS)

(GROWLING)

Oh, no!

(GROWLING)

(GROWLING)

(ROARING)

(SCREAMING)

(SNARLING)

(YELPING)

(ROARING)

Harry!

Good God! Harry, no!

(PANTING)

Listen to me. You're wrong!

I was like you!

I almost killed him myself!

But it would have been murder!

He's not an animal!

He's our friend!

For God's sake, Jacques,  
open your eyes!

Are you people out of your minds?

Do you think I'm going to stop now?

I'm going to kill him.

You're not gonna kill him!

You're not gonna hurt him!

I won't let you!

George!

George!

I'll kill you first!

Don't let him kill me!

Don't let him kill me!

Please, don't let him kill me!

Don't let him kill me! Please,  
don't, don't let him kill me.

I'm...

No, no...

Jacques LaFleur, meet Harry.  
Harry Henderson.  
Strange feeling, eh, Doc?

**WRIGHTWOOD:**

What are you talking about?

**LAFLEUR:**

Over?

Why, it's just the beginning.  
Jocko, this old ticker hasn't  
thumped like this for years.  
It's like going to heaven with  
your feet still on the ground.  
And we get to share it with  
one of our oldest friends.

(LAUGHING)

Goodbye, Harry.

We gotta let him go.

**GEORGE:**

I never got a chance to thank you.

I don't think you'll ever know  
how much you've meant to us.

You take care of  
yourself now, okay?

Okay.

Mon dieu!

They have a language?

Now, Jocko, what for you?

I don't know.

There's always Loch Ness.