

Christian (12)

By

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EXT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Muddied sounds of laughter and whispers fill the room. Kids lean over desks, to congregate in their prospective cliques. Wind breakers, and crazy hair bows of all colors adorn students in this 1992 classroom. One student, CHRISTIAN, 12, scruffy brown hair, sits quietly alone, scribbling in a notebook.

Upon closer look, the black and white composition book spells out "Operation Bigfoot" scribbled in sloppy handwriting on the cover. A group of boys nearby, point and laugh at the seemingly oblivious Christian. The alpha male of the pack, shushes the other boys, and speaks.

BOY

Only idiots believe in bigfoot,
loser.

The other boys smirk and laugh. Christian pays them no attention.

BOY

You're spending all this time
looking for a freak monster, just
go home and look at your mother..

The boy turns and smiles at the group.

The bell rings. a stampede of 7th graders storm out of the classroom, leaving Christian behind, as he slowly gathers his books and backpack.

EXT. CHRISTIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Christian walks down the sidewalk right outside of his house. Even from this distance, he can hear arguing from inside. Christian's facial expression, or lack there of, make it evident this is a normal occurrence. He sluggishly walks over to the porch and makes a point to stomp on the wooden steps, making his presence known.

Through the deeply heated argument, Christian's mother can be heard from inside the house.

MOM

(muffled)

Enough! Christian's here.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Christian walks through the door and into the kitchen where his parents are. His mother wipes her face, red from anger and sorrow, and pats her shirt attempting to compose herself. She puts on her best fake smile.

MOM

Hi sweetheart! How was school?

Christian, almost as if he didn't hear her, walks straight to a drawer in the kitchen. He digs through the drawer looking for supplies. Finally, he menially answers.

CHRISTIAN

Good.

His mom clears her throat. His Father speaks.

DAD

Whatcha doing there, buddy?

Christian immediately speaks after his father, almost cutting him off.

CHRISTIAN

Have you seen the duct tape?

Christian continues to rummage through the junk drawer. Father speaks, more sternly this time.

DAD

Christian, your mother and I need to speak to you.

Christian looks his father in the eyes, for the first time today.

CHRISTIAN

I'm needing supplies so I can continue the search.

His father rolls his eyes, sighs, and rubs his brow. Evident from his frustration and the bigger problems going on, he gives up and walks out of the room. Mother makes her way closer to Christian and places her hand on his shoulder.

MOM

Son, I need to talk to you about something, something very important, can you come with me please?

Christian stares blankly into the plethora of junk in the open drawer in front of him, mentally assessing if he has time or not for a discussion. After a few slightly hard squeezes on his shoulder from his mom, he nods "yes".

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Christian follows his mother into the living room. She leads him, holding his hand. This embrace causes Christian to furrow his brow, the first type of emotional expression we've seen from him. Mother sits down on the couch, and leads Christian to the cushion next to her.

Nervous about the time, and more likely nervous about the coming conversation, Christian speaks.

CHRISTIAN

How long is this gonna take, I need to get out there pretty quick.

Unamused by her son's lack of interest, Mom looks him dead in the eye, and cuts right to the chase.

MOM

Your father and I are getting a divorce.

Christian's nervous facial expression instantly turns back to the blank shell it was before. He stares down at the floor.

MOM

I'm not sure if you knew noticed or not, but things haven't been well between us.... your father and I, We've tried long enough to make it work, and it just unfortunately didn't...

Christian checks his wrist watch.

CHRISTIAN

It's almost time... Mom I've gotta go.

Mom puts her hand on his leg, she knows her son, so she continues.

MOM

You and I are leaving in the morning sweetheart. We're going to live with aunt Kristie for a while,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOM (cont'd)
until I can get a job, and get us a
place of our own.

Christian shakes his head.

CHRISTIAN
Mom, I have to go, he crosses the
trail at the same time every week I
know it. I have to go..

Mother brings her hand up to his cheek.

MOM
Son, do you hear me? We are leaving
in the morning. This will be good
for you. You get to start in a new
school and have a chance to
actually make some friends. Getting
you away from these woods and these
silly ideas will be so good for
you. For us.

Christian pushes her hand away. Growing agitated, he raises
his voice.

CHRISTIAN
Let go of me! I have to go. He's
real mom!

Christian stands up from the couch. His mother tries to grab
on to his hand like before.

MOM
Sweetheart,

Christian yanks his hand free.

CHRISTIAN
Leave me alone!

He takes off out the front door.

EXT. ROAD - AFTERNOON

Christian furiously peddles down the middle of the tiny
road. With tears in his eyes, he peddles even faster, as if
attempting to outrun his own sorrow.

Big gray clouds loom on the horizon, and their presence
causes a shifting wind in the space around the boy. His
brown bangs whip and sweep across his forehead.

EXT. WOODED AREA - AFTERNOON

Huge forest trees churn and sway as the approaching storm continues it's creep overhead. Thousand's of their tiny leaves flutter about as the winds attempt to release them from their rooted stems.

Christian rounds a corner trail and eases his way into frame. He hops off his still moving bike and quickly makes his way to the mouth of the dense forest trail, as the unmanned bike slows and falls next to a tree.

Christian stops just a moment to check his watch, and whispers to himself.

CHRISTIAN
I can still make it.

He dashes off into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

Christian, sprints at full speed to make it to the crossing he so desperately believes the wild Beast uses. A large black bulky Polaroid camera hangs from his and bounces around on his chest with every stride.

He crosses certain points and expertly maneuvers the dense forest floor, proving he and only he has made this trek before. Finally, he reaches the spot. Winded, he heaves as he checks his blue plastic wrist watch. 6:46. He's missed his shot.

He lowers his head, and lets out a winded curse.

CHRISTIAN
damn.

The looming ominous thundercloud has crept it's way up overhead the forest and Christian. A loud crack causes him to flinch. He screams louder.

CHRISTIAN
Dammit!

His chest heaves as the winded boy starts to weep. He yells at the top of his lungs.

CHRISTIAN
Show yourself damn you! Come out! I know you exist. I'm not crazy, I'm not weird! You did this to me! I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN (cont'd)
have to leave my home because of
you! I hate you dammit! I hate you.

With no one there to comfort him, he falls to his knees and cries, his only release from school and home, right here on the secluded forest floor.

CHRISTIAN
I don't want to leave my home. I
don't want my parents to split. I
just want to be normal.. If you
exist, at all, walk out here right
now. Let me get a look at you.

The crashes of thunder grow more frequent. Christian raises his voice even more to drown out mother nature.

CHRISTIAN
I wont even take your picture,
look!

He takes off the Polaroid camera from around his neck and tosses it behind him.

CHRISTIAN
I just want to see you! I believe
in you!

He waits, as if a sign or the creature itself were actually about to surface. But, nothing. He takes a deep breath, the tears having now calmed. The storm outside however, growing.

CHRISTIAN
Look, this is my last time out
here. I will never return. Ever.
Please just do me this one favor. I
don't want to prove everyone else
wrong.. I just don't want to prove
MYSELF wrong....

Christian sits. Suddenly, rustling in the bushes in front of him grab his attention. He gasps, and looks ahead as the rustling grows louder and louder. Christian slowly looks ahead as the creature is surely about to surface.

A cotton tail rabbit emerges from the bushes, crushing all child like innocence and wonder that was left in the preteen boy. He can't help but laugh to himself. He lowers his head, wipes his nose, and reaches over for his camera. He snaps a picture of the tiny rabbit in front of him before he scurries off.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
(to himself)
There it is.. My proof.

He lowers the camera, and stands to his feet. The next fateful crack of thunder finally breaks the seal. Fat sloppy raindrops plaster the ground, and soak Christian. He looks up, sticks out his tongue, and drinks in the new life that he is about to undertake. He outstretches his arms and bathes in mother nature's shower.

After a while, he turns and walks back up the trail he came from.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

With his Polaroid camera sitting on his bedside table.. still holding wet drops from the thunderstorm before, Christian walks into screen in night pants and a t-shirt..

He crawls into bed, and notices the Polaroid picture still in hanging out of the tray of the camera. He pulls out the picture, shakes it a few times, and places it down next to his camera.

He then picks up a book from the table and begins to read.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The now calm trance like woods faintly shine under the new full moon.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

With the camera angle still fixed in the same position, the picture slowly begins to develop, the rabbit from before, being the center subject.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The tiny little rabbit before surfaces again, rummaging around. Suddenly, a beast like grunting sound can be heard off camera. A large black mass runs down the trail that Christian had tracked before.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The camera continues to zoom into the newly developed picture. The rabbit being the center subject, but slightly off to the left of the picture, one large, hairy apelike creature can be faintly seen looking directly at the camera.

Christian, completely unknowing of his picture, yawns, and closes his book. He reaches over to his lamp, and turns out the lights.

CUT TO BLACK.