

CRYPTIDS

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OVER BLACK

SUPER: Cryptid - An animal whose existence or survival is disputed or unsubstantiated, such as the Yeti or the Loch Ness Monster.

FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- The Loch Ness Monster, dinosaur-like, with a long neck protruding through the water, swims in the loch.
- Bigfoot, the undisputed hide and seek champion, big and hairy ape-like creature, peaks out from behind a tree within a thick forest.
- Flying rod, a translucent rod-like creature, pulsates and sails through the air, in slow motion.
- Montauk Monster, a hairy dog-like creature with ferocious teeth, lies dead on a beach.
- Mothman, a hairy, winged humanoid with massive red beady eyes, sits perched on top of a bridge.
- Beast of Exmoor, a shaggy jaguar-like creature runs through a field.
- Jersey Devil, a cartoon drawing of a creature with a horse-like head, body of a goat, and bat wings.
- Hellhound, a black Doberman-like dog with ferocious teeth and red eyes, trots down a neighborhood street.

MAIN TITLE: Cryptids

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The serenity of the full moon is disturbed by *MUSIC* that grows louder and we move down to...

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: Canovanas, Puerto Rico

Dance music thumps.

Vibrant decorations, pinata of a goat hangs overhead.

A group of young PEOPLE dance on the back porch. Others enjoy the food, drink, and merriment.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

We move away from the house party and into the vast grassy yard. Chickens upset, *CLUCK*.

GNASHING sound, like something is being devoured.

EXT. BACKYARD - CHICKEN COOP - NIGHT

Terrorized chickens fly about the enclosed coop. A dead chicken lies on its side. On top of it, sits...

CHUPACABRA, two foot tall, gray gargoyle-like creature, sucks the blood out of the chicken with its mosquito-like snout. Nasty little thing.

EXT/INT. CHICKEN COOP - NIGHT

A silhouette of a MAN, breaks out of the darkness, slowly walks towards the chicken coop.

The Chupacabra slurps down the chicken's blood. It abruptly stops.

It *SNARLS*, looks up at the man.

Still obscured in the darkness, the man stands in front of the chicken wire. An eerie green light shimmers below his neckline.

An amulet hung around the man's neck pulses the green light. The Chupacabra becomes entranced by it.

A closer look on the amulet shows its gold color Egyptian carvings. A god, a man with a head of an anteater and hieroglyphics inscribed around the circumference.

The man inches forward, into the light. This is BEASTMASTER (40s) gaunt, face of a lunatic, curls his long wispy mustache between his fingers.

He wears an old suit from an age long passed. He tips his top hat and does a weird curtsy. He clutches the amulet in one hand.

BEASTMASTER

Hello, my little amigo. That's right, you follow me, now.

The Chupacabra *COOS*.

The Beastmaster's green luminous amulet reflects off of the Chupacabra's massive black eyes.

Beastmaster waves the Chupacabra in.

BEASTMASTER (CONT'D)
Come, come to me.

The Chupacabra leaps off the dead chicken and onto the top of the fence. It jumps off of the fence and onto Beastmaster's shoulder.

With a gloved hand, the Beastmaster caresses the Chupacabra's head. The creature *PURRS*.

BEASTMASTER (CONT'D)
We're friends now. You know,
amigos.

The creature drops down, *PURRS*, rubs against his legs like a cat. Beastmaster shakes his leg, feels awkward.

BEASTMASTER (CONT'D)
Okay, okay. That's enough.

The Chupacabra stops, glares at him.

BEASTMASTER (CONT'D)
Do you understand the words coming
out of my mouth?

The Chupacabra nods.

BEASTMASTER (CONT'D)
Good, my espanol is mucho terrible.
Come, we have many other friends to
find. Much work to do.

The Beastmaster looks toward the party in the distance.

BEASTMASTER (CONT'D)
I'm hungry. Shall we?

The Chupacabra scurries besides him.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

ABUELA (60s) sits on a chair claps to music. She watches people dance. Table full of food beside her.

The Chupacabra jumps on the table knocks food everywhere.
People scream in horror, flee.

EVERYONE

Chupacabra! Chupacabra! Aye Dios
mio!

Abuela, too shocked to move, stares in terror as the
Chupacabra grabs a chicken leg and devours it.

Beastmaster nonchalantly walks to the table, takes a piece of
chicken and eats. Abuela terrorized, stares at him.

BEASTMASTER

(mouthful of food)

Very good. You make this yourself?

Abuela nods.

BEASTMASTER (CONT'D)

I'll have to get the recipe from
you.

Abuela faints. Beastmaster bellows a sinister laugh that
echoes through the landscape.

BEASTMASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I will take everything...

The laugh continues.

BEASTMASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...And no one can stop me!

INT. GORDON'S APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: 3 months later

Rundown, empty liquor bottles, fast-food wrappers litter the
floor.

A poster of Bigfoot hangs on the wall. The inscription reads:
Hide and Seek Champion of the World.

Seems like the pad of a young bachelor, but...

INT. GORDON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

GORDON STRIKER (40s) disheveled, defeated, forgotten, snores
loudly, farts, then grins, mutters to himself. His alarm
clock *WAILS*, startles him awake.

GORDON

Okay, okay.

He reaches over, fumbles, slaps it off. He sits up, *SMOOSH*.
He looks down at his foot. Dog poop.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Rusty!

RUSTY, a little brown mutt, pot-belly, whines in the doorway.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Couldn't wait five more minutes!

The dog whines.

GORDON (CONT'D)

You used to help pick up chicks at
least, but you really let yourself
go, man.

Gordon burps. Rusty stares at him. Gives him the "I let
myself go?" Look. The dog scurries off.

Gordon reaches for a can of beer, tips it to his mouth,
empty.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Great! Just great.

He limps toward the bathroom.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Hell of a start of the day!

The wall lined with pictures of Gordon at various locations,
mountains, temples, colosseum, etc.

Gordon stops at a particular picture: Three men stand before
the Great Pyramids. One is an older distinguished looking
gentleman. The next is young Gordon, vibrant, healthy,
nothing like today, and the third man is someone familiar yet
it is not completely clear who he is.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Miss you, Dad.

Gordon carries on, slams the door shut.

EXT. BLOODMOORE MANSION - DAY

SUPER: Plattsburg, New York

A once majestic plantation style manor, now dilapidated, swallowed up by time, stands.

The lawn overgrown, festers with weeds and trees. The walls reek of pain and suffering.

Two KIDS on bikes zip by. A shadowy figure glances through a window, disappears behind the curtains.

EXT. CHAMPLAIN FOREST - TRAIL - DAY

Surrounding woods thick, massive timbers untouched by man block out the sun. There could be a creature hiding ten feet away and you wouldn't see it.

LUCAS BENNETT (13) scrawny, coke-bottle glasses, socially awkward, "Diary of a Wimpy Kid" in the flesh, pedals faster.

JACKIE DAVIS (13) tomboy but cute, intense piercing eyes, southern transplant, looks back at the mansion.

JACKIE
(southern twang)
You stank, Lucas!

LUCAS
(stutters)
I... I just don't think it's a good idea!

JACKIE
Ah, come on now. When you gonna stop being a scaredy-pants?

LUCAS
I'm not scared.

JACKIE
Yeah you is.

Lucas gives Jackie a dubious glance.

LUCAS
You don't know what you're talking about.

JACKIE
Sarah Cooper's mom went missing three days ago. Fifty thousand dollar reward. That's a fact.

LUCAS
So?

JACKIE
So? Maybe she's been kidnapped.

LUCAS
And you think she's there?

JACKIE
Perfect place to hide someone.

LUCAS
W-we would be heroes.

JACKIE
And rich.

LUCAS
I don't care about that.

JACKIE
I just wanna take a peek. Just a
little peek-see week-see.

LUCAS
Your plan sounds like the stupid
stuff people do and get killed for
it.

Jackie laughs.

JACKIE
Let's just look through the windows
and then we'll leave, okay?

LUCAS
Dumb!

Jackie pedals harder, gets some distance from Lucas. Lucas catches up.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Neatly kept, filled with middle-class homes. Dogs bark, people wash their cars, a nice place to live.

JACKIE
So, ya gonna be a chikin?

LUCAS
I'm not a chicken.

JACKIE
Yeah, ya are!

LUCAS

I'm not!

Jackie's got him where she wants him.

JACKIE

Good! I'll be by at nine. When it's dark.

Jackie does a fist bump towards the sky.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Super duper, pow!

She rides away.

LUCAS

(worried)

Super duper, pow.

Lucas gulps. Yup, he's a chicken.

INT. BENNETT HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Cheap china, odd tchotchkes, eclectic colors fill the space. Interior design is clearly not their forte.

Seated at the head of the dining room table is PAUL (40s) white-collared professional, coke-bottle glasses, afro-esque hair, reads a newspaper.

The headline reads: BIGFOOT sightings in Plattsburg.

Lucas glances at the newspaper.

Across from him, sits CLARA (15) mouthy but pretty, cheerleader type, rebellious, earplugs in.

HANNAH (O.S.)

Watch out! Hot stuff, coming through.

HANNAH (40s) quirky homemaker, oven mitt on, carries in large steaming pot, serves her family.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

(chirpy)

Who wants stew?

Paul looks down at his bowl, looks like dog crap. He grimaces. Hannah doesn't see it. She fills her bowl and takes a seat.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Bon appetit.

The family contemplates eating for a moment, then digs in. Hannah enthusiastically watches them take their first bite.

HANNAH (CONT'D)
Well, how is it?

PAUL
Delicious.

The family eats their five star meal.

LUCAS
Hey Dad, what's ass-burners?

PAUL
What?

LUCAS
Ass-burners? Jackie said because of my social problems, I probably got ass-burners.

Everyone snickers.

PAUL
You don't have that. And it's not called ass-burners. It's called Asperger's.

HANNAH
That's not something to joke about, Lucas.

LUCAS
So, just to be clear, I don't have ass-burners?

PAUL
(mutters)
Maybe after eating this.

Hannah stares at Paul for a moment. Paul looks down and continues eating.

HANNAH
No, you don't. Let's talk about something else. What have you and Jackie been up to, anyway?

LUCAS
F-fishing, building a tree fort,
bunch of stuff. We've been hunting
for fossils by the creek and we --

CLARA
That sounds ass-burners, all right.

LUCAS
Shut up, Clara.

CLARA
No, you shut up!

HANNAH
Clara, please. Can't we have a
normal dinner for once?

CLARA
I don't like this slop anyway.

Clara abruptly stands and tosses her napkin on the table.
Clara walks out.

PAUL
You just watch your mouth young
lady! Maybe we should leave Lucas
in charge this weekend.

CLARA
Whatever.

Hannah shakes her head in disgust.

HANNAH
You need to be careful while we're
away. They say Bigfoot's been seen
around town. Mrs. Cooper is still
missing too.

Paul shakes his hands, makes the hums "Twilight Zone" theme
song. Lucas smiles.

LUCAS
I will, Mom.