

The iconic Bigfoot attends his first group therapy session, but the chaos brought on by the attending cryptids and mythological figures, airing their dirty laundry, gets Bigfoot more than he bargained for.

Synopsis

Cryptids-Anonymous takes the form of an absurdist ensemble comedy, following the infamous Bigfoot, on his first day of group therapy. But this isn't just any group therapy session; all the attendees are fictional cryptid and mythology creatures and characters, ranging from Mothman and the Loch Ness Monster, to Bloody Mary and Chupacabra.

Bigfoot enters the session motivated to better himself and come to terms with the individual that he is, but quickly realises this may be a difficult goal to achieve when surrounded by various quirky characters who believe that they are the centre of their own world. The greatest source of comedy in the story derives from both the interactions to be had between the ensemble, and the cryptids' responses to living in a modern world. The abnormality of the cryptid's mythicity proves to pale in comparison to their strange behaviours and personalities.

Project Statement

This project wishes to explore the surreal and comical crossover that would occur between the various mythological and cryptid characters that fill our narrative. Each and every individual present at the therapy session see themselves as outsiders, ultimately they're present as they feel society has them downtrodden, solely because they don't fulfil the status quo of what it is to be a typical human. Despite how different they all are and the supernatural qualities that most possess, *Cryptids-Anonymous* explores the common shared, quite human, dilemma of asking "why is life so unfair?"

What makes this project so unique is that the writers have researched each character/cryptid to an extent to dissect what their insecurity and reason for therapy could be. These takes on the iconic mythical creatures provide a charming alternative perspective to the creature, almost making them sympathetic and identifiable for the audience. The setting of the group therapy session, also thrusts all of the characters into a western 21st century context; seeing the character's interactions with modernity provide humorous twists, not commonly seen.

Inspiration

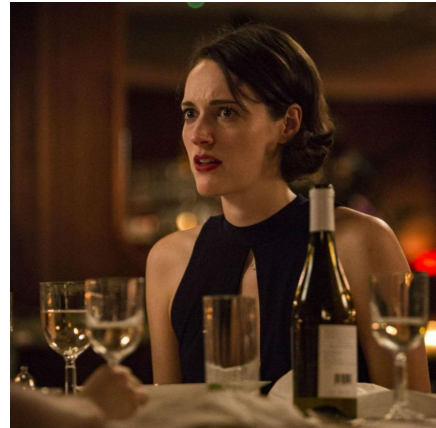
A central source of inspiration for the writing team were the various interesting cryptids and creatures that were available at our disposal, through centuries of mythology and cultural belief. Through discussions of what each writer thought of certain mythological creatures put on discussion, typically it seemed that they were objects of fear or danger. The writing team went to ask; "*what if these creatures had been misunderstood on the whole?*" Expanding on this idea of exploring a 'misunderstood' and comedic side of these characters, we wished to seek for a setting where multiple mythological characters could all be present together; a group therapy session providing a ground where not only all could be in the same environment, but acts as a space for these typically 'scary' characters to present a more vulnerable side.

Visual Treatment

Cryptids-Anonymous is an animated short film. We have used inspiration from various animated shows to help form our visual style.

Character Design

The character designs of the cryptids mix classic images that people associate with their stories, and the modern archetypes and stylings we wish to explore with these characters. We have some examples of these images, which would be coupled together in specific characters.



Mystical Elements

Cryptids-Anonymous takes inspiration from the mystical and supernatural elements of shows like *Gravity Falls* and *Owl House*. These shows have a heavy emphasis on the designs of monsters and vibrant colours. This helps make the shows feel more supernatural in tone, and is something we would replicate for *Cryptids-Anonymous*.



Linework

The short film would also use the rough linework styles of shows like *The Big Lez Show* and *Bojack Horseman*. This kind of rough, almost sketch-like linework gives the show a feeling of grittiness that our short film would do well replicating. This style is often more commonly associated with adult shows and comedy, which would help our short film's tone come across in aesthetic and visual style.



Cryptids-Anonymous

written by

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BLACK SCREEN.

DEEP VOICE

People are... afraid of me. They stare at me. They take photos of me when I'm not looking. And, nobody seems to know the real me. They just see some big, hairy, monster...

INT. LARGE ROOM, MIDDAY.

CLOSE UP of the man speaking. It's BIGFOOT. Yes, *the* Bigfoot.

BIGFOOT is wearing sunglasses to hide his identity; despite his visibly hairy face and iconic look.

A dozen or so chairs are formed in a circle, ten of them filled. A random assortment of cryptids and creatures fill the seats. A modest banner hanging in the background reads 'CRYPT-ANON'. BIGFOOT sits laid back in his seat, arms crossed, monstrous legs bursting out of his cargo shorts, and comically large birkenstocks on his giant feet.

A gap exists in the circular arrangement of seats where the slightly above human-scale Loch Ness Monster, NESSIE, is standing next to a whiteboard that reads "FEELING COMFORTABLE IN YOUR OWN SKIN, SCALES, FUR, ETC.". NESSIE is dressed in a tightly fitting suit, all damp, especially under her armpits.

NESSIE

(softly spoken, nervous)
Thank you for sharing with such...
raw... ness. Everyone, please give a
warm welcome to our latest Crypt-
chum, Bigfoot!

VARIOUS VOICES

(Monotone)
Hiii Bigfoot.

BIGFOOT

(Heavily uncomfortable)
Hey, isn't this kinda thing
supposed to be anonymous???

Two spots away from BIGFOOT, in a chair sits BLOODY MARY. She is dressed in a worn but once impressive long, seductive dress. She is covered in a dripping red liquid, glass of bloody mary in hand.

BLOODY MARY

(Condescending)
I mean... You are Bigfoot.

BIGFOOT

God, I hate that name. It's like
people don't know who I am at all.
I may have big feet, but I gotta
big heart too!

BLOODY MARY leans forward in her seat, slouched, terrible
posture. She is speaking directly at BIGFOOT.

BLOODY MARY

(Speech slurring, drunk)
So, let me get this straight.
People stay outta your hair and you
think that's a problem? I'd kill
for a moment of peace and quiet -
Instead I get dragged around all
over the world by fucking 10 year
olds.

(snide, mimicking)
*Bloody Mary, Bloody Mary, Bloody
Mary!*

(regular)
How many sleepovers can little
girls even have?

BIGFOOT

But, they all scream when they see
me. It hurts, and not just my ears.

BLOODY MARY

(laughs)
The kids scream when they see me
too, except they're literally
asking for it. I get INVITED to
show up and then get screamed at.
"Oh, let's go summon Mary, she's a
fuckin' laugh."

BLOODY MARY sips her drink, then suddenly disappears in a
puff of smoke. The sound of a BUBBLE BURSTING accompanies the
disappearance.

BIGFOOT

(Confused)
Whaaaaat just happened?

Bigfoot looks around the room looking for a reaction.

NESSIE

(Calming)
E... e... everything's okay. This
happens quite often.

NESSIE flips the whiteboard around to reveal a mirror on the other side. All the members of the circle besides BIGFOOT immediately stand and look directly at the mirror. BIGFOOT, lost, beams his eyeline across the room of cryptids, looking for an explanation.

EVERYONE (EXCLUDING BIGFOOT)
(Monotone)
Bloody Mary. Bloody Mary. Bloody
Mary.

A BUBBLE BURSTING can be heard. Everyone resumes their seats.

Beat.

BLOODY MARY falls from inside the mirror, clumsily, to the middle of the therapy session. As she lands ungracefully on the floor, she leaves a large smear of her red liquid in the middle of the room.

BLOODY MARY
(Mumbling)
I'll clean that up later.

Stumbling back to her seat, BLOODY MARY slips on the mess she has made, spilling a small amount of her drink on CHUPACABRA. CHUPACABRA, almost presenting itself as a timid, scraggy dog, whimpers as if he had been punished, tail between its legs.

BLOODY MARY arrives back in her seat, embarrassed.

BLOODY MARY (CONT'D)
(Reserved)
Thanks...

A large man, all black, slightly hairy, with red glowing eyes and enormous wings which are retracted onto his back sits next to BIGFOOT. This is MOTHMAN. Contrasting with his size, MOTHMAN's body language and tone presents him as nervous, insecure and introverted. MOTHMAN's voice is quite high pitched.

MOTHMAN
(Softly spoken, reserved)
I think... Bigfoot has a point. I
mean... People have the wrong idea
of me too. Like... There's this
statue of me and it has-

MOTHMAN leans into his seat, provoking a huddle among the group. He whispers.

MOTHMAN (CONT'D)
 (Whispers)
 Abs.

MOTHMAN leans out. Everyone follows suit.

MOTHMAN (CONT'D)
 (Softly spoken, reserved)
 And online, people are constantly
 talking about me in filthy...
 disgusting ways about how they want
 my body. I've seen the pictures.
 It's just a lot to live up to.

BIGFOOT has an empathising look on his face. On the other side of the circle, in one of the chairs sits GOATMAN, an individual with the body of a goat and the head of an old balding man with a small white beard. Goatman appears bitter a lot of the time.

GOATMAN
 (Jealous)
 People like you enough to put a
 statue of you up. Two assholes
 literally stole my bridge! They
 were dancing on it, and now
 everyone says it's theirs and not
 mine. It's literally called
 Goatman's Bridge!

GOATMAN is upset, stomping and kicking his back foot.

GOATMAN (CONT'D)
 (Traumatised)
 And no man should ever be milked!

FISHMAN, a man with the head of a fish, blubbers, incoherently.

FISHMAN
 (Incoherent sounds)
 Blublublublublub~

GOATMAN
 (Emotional)
 Yeah - you said it, Glen!

We stay on GOATMAN's sadness for a beat.

MOTHMAN
 (Empathetic)
 My god, that sounds awful...

BLOODY MARY

(snappy)

That's not how it sounded last weekend.

Silence.

Everyone in the room stares at an embarrassed MOTHMAN, sporting comically red cheeks. MOTHMAN's wings have contracted to a miniscule size.

BIGFOOT looks from MOTHMAN towards a void in the centre of the room.

BIGFOOT

(Defeated, hint of frustration)

I did not need that mental image...

A woman that has been present, but entirely silent for the entire session is dressed in a worn and torn wedding dress, veil covering her face. She is seated roughly opposite to BLOODY MARY. This woman is LA LLORONA.

LA LLORONA

(Drawn out Mexican accent, in disgust)

Putas!

A frat-boy-esque JERSEY DEVIL, wearing a loose singlet, sunglasses and a backwards cap, is seated in one of the chairs and chimes into the conversation for the first time.

JERSEY DEVIL

(Oblivious)

Wait... you said you had a sleepover last weekend?

NESSIE

(Placating)

I mean, technically she did.

Seated to the left of BIGFOOT is a short man, the LEPRECHAUN, with an orange beard, dressed in a little green suit. The LEPRECHAUN has his arms crossed and seems disinterested but annoyed.

LEPRECHAUN

(Irish accent, Annoyed)

What in the actual fuck, Mary?

BLOODY MARY
 (sipping drink)
 What? I'm not allowed to have my
 own sleepovers?

NESSIE
 And how do these sleepovers make
 you feel?

LEPRECHAUN
 (Annoyed)
 Ah, piss off back to Scotland!

FISHMAN interjects.

FISHMAN
 Blublublub~

LEPRECHAUN
 (Offended)
 I'm Irish, you gilled bastard!

All ten cryptids, excluding BIGFOOT and NESSIE begin arguing,
 talking over one another, flinging insults and jabs while
 remaining incoherent to the audience.

FISHMAN's gills pulsate open and close in quick succession as
 a frill develops around his neck out of anger.

LEPRECHAUN has stood up on his seat, sleeves rolled up,
 bobbing up and down on the spot in a boxing stance.

BIGFOOT
 (Holding in anger,
 droning)
 This is not happeningggg...

BLOODY MARY
 (Inauthentically
 complaining)
 Oh my god, I hate attention!

LEPRECHAUN
 (Hostile)
 I'm gonna have some slimy
 fists after dealing with you
Fishface!

LA LLORONA
Putas! Putas! Putas!

JERSEY DEVIL flings his singlet off, standing up flexing his
 little exposed muscles. His gaze is constantly switching
 around the room, attempting to provoke a fight.

JERSEY DEVIL
 (Confident)
 Who's having a fight? No one can
 handle a piece a' this!

NESSIE

(Weakly attempting to
diffuse)

Please... uh... please... we're-we're all
adults here...

NESSIE slips over in BLOODY MARY's pool of miscellaneous red liquid that's in the middle of the room. Simultaneously CHUPACABRA licks up some of this liquid - but is scared back to his seat when NESSIE slips, making a large THUD on the ground.

NESSIE's large tail causes destruction to the room's floorboard, now stuck in the indent that she has made. The room continues to fight and argue.

BLOODY MARY has developed somewhat reptilian features in her rage, a long pointed tongue beading back and forth, glowing eyes of a snake.

BIGFOOT is still seated, looking down as he has his hands over his face, shaking his head in disapproval.

NESSIE is nervously and quietly asking for help as she tries to shake and lift herself out of the indent, similar to a beached whale. No one notices.

NESSIE (CONT'D)

(Weak, Nervous)

Um... hello... Could someone... um... help?
Please...

MOTHMAN's red glowing eyes are now flashing, like a strobe. He's attempting to cover them.

LA LLORANA just has one arm extended, very still, with her middle finger presented to the group.

CHUPACABRA passionately stares at GOATMAN, licking his lips. GOATMAN bleats anxiously.

BIGFOOT removes his hands from his face and looks towards NESSIE still attempting to remove herself from the floorboards, then at the rest of the room. Finally giving in to his bottled up rage, he clenches his fists and lets out a loud yell.

BIGFOOT

(Angry)

THAT'S ENOOOUGHHH!

The entire room freezes. Everyone stops and stares at BIGFOOT.

FISHMAN's frill weakly contracts back into his neck. LALLORANA very slowly retracts her extended arm. CHUPACABRA is frozen, holding one of GOATMAN's legs between his teeth.

NESSIE remains stuck in the floor.

NESSIE

(Weak)

Help... me...

Footsteps can be heard walking closer to the room. A HUMAN man can be heard from the hallway before reaching the doorway to the room.

HUMAN

(Curious, annoyed)

What on earth is going on here?

The HUMAN reaches the doorway, holding and looking down at his clipboard, standing frozen in the doorway. The HUMAN looks up at the individuals attending the therapy session which is enough of a disruption for everyone to stop and stare.

BLOODY MARY'S neck twists and rotates 180 degrees to face him without moving her body. She angrily sips her drink.

The HUMAN stares in silence for a beat.

HUMAN (CONT'D)

(Firm, unemotive)

You guys are five past the hour.
We've got AA waiting outside. Time
to wrap it up.

BLOODY MARY looks directly at the HUMAN. Suddenly, she disappears in a puff of smoke, followed by the sound of a BUBBLE BURSTING.

The HUMAN sighs.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.