

THE CRYPTID SURVIVAL GUIDE
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CHARACTERS

NARRATOR 1

NARRATOR 2

HIDEOUS CREATURE

The Snallygaster

SALLY, a Snallygaster looking for love

BRIAN, a Snallygaster looking for love

The Leprechaun

PATRICIA, a leprechaun

The Wampahoofus

SNORG, a Wampahoofus mother

WEEBLE, a Wampahoofus teenager

The Hodag

GIBBY, a Hodag

TODD, a Hodag

RHONDA, a Hodag

The Puckwudgie

ABERNATHY, a Puckwudgie

The Snarly Yow

SNARLY YOW, a very good boi

The Chupacabra

JULIAN, a Chupacabra

ROSA, a Chupacabra

The Mermaid

ESTRELLA, a mermaid

The Batsquatch

BRUCE, the Batsquatch

ROBIN, a literal small bird

The Bigfoot

KARL, a Bigfoot

JESSICA, a Bigfoot

Humans

HUMAN 1, a human, very scary

HUMAN 2, another human, also scary

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Casting: I've envisioned that the same two humans show up in each scene, but if you'd like to have a larger cast, you may have different actors play the humans in each vignette. You may also double cast any of the cryptids as necessary if you'd like a smaller cast. With quick-change costumes, the play could be done with a cast of seven. The ideal cast size is probably twenty.

Projections: The stage directions call for a projection of each cryptid at the beginning of their scene, but please take this as a suggestion. If you do not have the means to put a projection on the stage, no worries, the effect can be created with handheld signs or even skipped altogether if necessary. Please have fun with the projections—the artist's renditions of the cryptids could be cartoony, or a child's drawings, or sketches, or anything, really—they should be an additional element of humor to the play.

Costumes: For the most part, this play relies on the imagination of the audience in creating the visual image of each cryptid in their mind (hence the projections), so don't feel the need to be literal with the costuming. Costumes can be as simple as a mask, or as involved as you'd like them to be.

Accents: Since most cryptids are regionally based, this would be a great play to adopt a number of accents. Feel free to experiment!

Is there a local cryptid near you? You have the playwright's permission to add a scene about a local cryptid if there is a famous one near your group. You may replace one of the methods (except for Bigfoot), or simply add one.

For a shorter play: Feel free to cut any of the scenes as necessary.

Gender of the Characters: Any character may be any gender; change pronouns accordingly.

THE CRYPTID SURVIVAL GUIDE

A forest.

The whirring of insects. Birds singing.

Narrator 1 enters in woodland survival gear.

NARRATOR 1. It's a typical day in the forest. The birds are chirping. The beavers are building their dams.

Narrator 2 enters spookily.

NARRATOR 2. Squirrels are chasing each other in the trees because they're weird like that.

NARRATOR 1. And then you hear it. *Something* is out there. Drawing closer.

A Hideous Creature enters, stepping very sneakily.

NARRATOR 2. The birds stop singing. The bugs hold their breath. The squirrels don't care.

NARRATOR 1. But you care. *What* is out there? *What* is coming toward you?

The Hideous Creature sneaks to the center of the stage, sniffs the wind.

NARRATOR 2. Your blood freezes. A chill goes up and down your spine. You've dreaded this moment for your entire life.

NARRATOR 1. It's the deadliest animal alive.

Human 1 steps in, wearing a Mickey Mouse T-shirt, chewing gum, maybe taking a selfie of itself. It scratches itself and belches.

NARRATOR 2. A human.

HIDEOUS CREATURE. AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

The Hideous Creature freaks out and flees.

The human does not notice.

HUMAN. Ooh look birds.

The human looks at birds and makes a little note in a notebook.

NARRATOR 1. But fear not, friends, because we're here to provide you with a helpful guide to survive the deadliest creatures ever to walk the planet!

NARRATOR 2. Humans. Specifically, birders.

She points to the human.

HUMAN. Ooh there's a bird. It's got feathers.

The human makes another note in its notebook.

NARRATOR 1. (To Narrator 2.) <Narrator 2's real name>, we talked about this. We're not using this play to further your bizarre vendetta against birders.

NARRATOR 2. Birders are a problem and they need to be stopped!

NARRATOR 1. You need to chill! They're just looking at nature.

NARRATOR 2. Birders killed my parents.

NARRATOR 1. They did not.

NARRATOR 2. Metaphorically.

NARRATOR 1. We're here to provide a service to the audience—how to survive humanity when you're a cryptid.

NARRATOR 2. Oh.

NARRATOR 1. What is a cryptid, you ask?

NARRATOR 2. Nobody asked.

NARRATOR 1. They were wondering it. A cryptid is any legendary or secretive creature that may or may not exist—your Bigfeet, your Loch Ness monsters, your Menehune.

NARRATOR 2. Spoiler alert: They all exist. Every single one. Even the ones that sound stupid.

NARRATOR 1. And they only reason they've survived this long is that they are very very good at avoiding...you. How do they do it?

NARRATOR 2. We're about to find out!

1. The Snallygaster

NARRATOR 1. Let's start with one of the most famous cryptids of all time: the myth, the legend, the Snallygaster.

Narrator 1 clicks a slide and an image of the Snallygaster appears. It is the most bizarre thing you've ever seen in your life. Half-bird, half-reptile, with a huge beak and wings and a profusion of octopus tentacles sprouting off its torso at weird angles. (And when I say half-bird, half-reptile, literally the left half of the thing is a bird and the right half is a lizard.)

NARRATOR 2. What the heck is this thing?

NARRATOR 1. The Snallygaster, as we all know, is a half-lizard, half-bird with razor-sharp teeth, giant wings, and octopus tentacles sprouting off its torso at strange angles.

NARRATOR 2. Yeah this thing makes a lot of sense from an evolutionary standpoint.

NARRATOR 1. Right. So how does the Snallygaster survive? Let's watch!

NARRATOR 2. I just like saying Snallygaster, honestly.

Sally, a Snallygaster, shuffles in, holding all of her tentacles and wings and other appendages.

She's nervous. She takes out her phone.

SALLY. *(Into the phone.)* All right, you know the deal, Brenda. If this date goes sideways, I need you to call me and say that my grandma is sick and I need to leave immediately. Yeah I don't have high hopes. Oh wait I think I see him lurching through the forest. How's he look? He looks like a big, freaky monster with wings and tentacles—but nice. I'll text you.

She puts away the phone as Brian, another Snallygaster, lurches in, holding his tentacles, wings, and other appendages.

He waves at her.

BRIAN. Are you Sally?

SALLY. You must be Brian!

BRIAN. Yes! Oh my gosh you look so much better than your profile pic. I mean not that your profile pic was terrible or anything, but I basically just saw your lizard half and tentacles so I wasn't sure how you would be in person—but you're great, you're great, this is great. Ha ha ha I'm nervous.

SALLY. Don't worry about it.

BRIAN. I literally never go on blind dates.

SALLY. It's not blind, you can see me.

BRIAN. That's so funny! Phew!

Brian shakes out his tentacles.

SALLY. Just relax.

BRIAN. I don't date much. You can probably tell.

SALLY. Well, there's only like six of us in existence.

BRIAN. Yeah that makes it tough. To procreate.

SALLY. Whoa.

BRIAN. I'm sorry I shouldn't lead with that but—I'm just trying to ensure the survival of the species.

SALLY. Is that your line? Is that what you tell all the girls?

BRIAN. No I just—I'm sorry! I'm so bad at this. How about we get to know each other? What do you do for fun?

SALLY. I like to fly over farmer's fields and then scoop up cows in my tentacles and then eat them whole.

BRIAN. Nice!

SALLY. It's the best! And then you spit out the whole skeleton over a barn or something? Pew pew pew, try to hit a silo? Amazing.

BRIAN. That's so cool. I'm mostly into eating rabbits these days. Can I say something? You're beautiful.

SALLY. Stop it.

BRIAN. I mean it. I don't say that to many Snallygasters cause there aren't very many of us but—

SALLY. Well there aren't a lot of fish in the sea.

BRIAN. (*Singsong.*) Good thing you caught me. I'm your fish. Don't throw me back!

SALLY. Look, Brian, you need to slow your roll—

There's a noise from offstage.

BRIAN. What was that?!

HUMAN 1. (*Offstage, shouting.*) LOOK AT ALL THIS BEAUTIFUL NATURE! LET'S BE QUIET AND APPRECIATE IT!

HUMAN 2. (*Offstage, shouting.*) OH YEAH THIS IS SOME GREAT NATURE HERE! REAL NATURAL!

BRIAN. It's humans!

SALLY. Dang it.

BRIAN. Let's get out of here!

Brian starts to try to run away—

SALLY. You run away from humans?

BRIAN. They're so scary!

HUMAN 1. (*Offstage, shouting.*) IF YOU'RE QUIET YOU CAN HEAR ALL THE BIRDS!

HUMAN 2. (*Offstage, shouting.*) I LOVE BIRDS! BIRDS ARE SOME OF MY FAVORITE THINGS! LET'S BE QUIET AND LISTEN TO THEM!

SALLY. You are a terrifying mistake of nature, Brian. You are an apex predator. You need to scare *them*.

BRIAN. I do?

SALLY. Yes! How are we going to raise a family together and make more Snallygasters if you can't scare off two little humans? Come on, you can do it! Get your beast on!

BRIAN. All right I can do it!

Sally and Brian scoot to the side as Human 1 and 2 enter, dressed like hikers.

HUMAN 1. WOW LOOK AT THIS BEAUTIFUL, PRISTINE FOREST!

HUMAN 2. I CAN'T WAIT TO ENJOY THIS PEACEFUL NATURE BY DRIVING MY ATV ALL OVER IT!

SALLY. (*To Brian.*) Go!

Brian jumps out, somewhat nervously.

BRIAN. Booooo. Oodly schmoobly. Boooo. Rar.

He tries shaking some tentacles at them.

HUMAN 1. Whoa. (soda)

HUMAN 2. What is that?

SALLY. (*Hissing, to Brian.*) What are you doing?!

BRIAN. I'm scaring them. It's working.

He shakes some more tentacles at them.

Boooo.

Sally grabs him and yanks him back

SALLY. You're not a ghost! You have fangs! You have claws! Come on—

BRIAN. I've actually had a lot of dental work so I'm a bit self-conscious about—

SALLY. Get back there and terrify them! You will eat them! You will grab them in your stupid mass of tentacles and fly off with them to your lair!

BRIAN. My lair is honestly kind of messy so—

SALLY. Use it!

HUMAN 1. I think that was like a really large gecko—

HUMAN 2. I don't think it was a gecko—

BRIAN. Rarr. I'm scary. I'm going to take you back to my laaaaaaaaiiiir. I haven't cleaned the toilet in like a month and it's not pleasant at alllll.

SALLY. I need a Snallygaster who's going to be a predator, Brian!

BRIAN. Rarr?

HUMAN 1. Totally a gecko—

SALLY. Fine!

Sally leaps out.

RARRRRRGHGHGHGHGH!

BRIAN. (*Scared.*) AAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

SALLY. Not you.

HUMAN 2. Whoa. Nature is awesome.

SALLY. Fine, you humans asked for it. *(To Brian.)* There's only one way we're scaring them away from here: a public display of affection.

BRIAN. Oooh.

She approaches Brian—

HUMANS. AAAAAAHHHH!

The humans run off

NARRATOR 1. Survival tactic one! Scare the humans.

NARRATOR 2. They can't handle the truth.

BRIAN. That was amazing. So maybe we can—

SALLY. I would but my grandma is sick so I have to go bye.

She leaves.

BRIAN. Huh.

Lights change.

2. The Leprechaun

NARRATOR 1. Our next cryptid comes to us from Ireland—

NARRATOR 2. Yarr I love the Irish.

NARRATOR 1. You're doing like a pirate thing.

NARRATOR 2. They have pirates in Ireland. Irish pirates.

Narrator 1 projects a slide of a leprechaun—this could be the mascot from Notre Dame or the poster from the B horror movie Leprechaun or the guy from the Lucky Charms box.

NARRATOR 1. The leprechaun.

Patricia, a leprechaun, enters. She kicks back, has a beer, and flips on her remote control.*

We hear the sound of a football game.

PATRICIA. *(Shouting at the television.)* Come on, you bunch of goobers! Hit somebody! Awww for cryin' out loud, my grandma can block better than that and she's been dead for a century! I ought to curse the whole lot of ye!

* Soda

Human 1 enters, sneaking up on Patricia.

You stinkin' gob of potatoes! I'll fling you into the sea! I'd let the frisky dolphins have their way with ye!

Human 1 seizes the leprechaun

HUMAN 1. Ah ha!

PATRICIA. Aaaaaah!

Human 1 starts tying up Patricia with rope.

HUMAN 1. I captured you! YES! I did it! Me! Wooooooooo!

PATRICIA. Aw crap.

HUMAN 1. You don't know how long I've been hunting you. First, I asked a witch, and she told me that I had to collect seven four-leaf clovers and then once I got those I had to turn around three times in a wooded glen and—

PATRICIA. Yeah yeah yeah sheesh.

HUMAN 1. You thought you could hide forever, didn't you? Nope! Now I got you. Wooooooo.

Human 1 snaps a selfie with Patricia.

Boo. All right then. Fork over the gold.

PATRICIA. What gold?

HUMAN 1. Your gold. Your pot of gold. I AM RICH! First thing I'm buying is my own cruise ship. Then I can cruise anywhere I want and not let anybody else on it. Gimme.

PATRICIA. I don't have a pot of gold.

HUMAN 1. You can't fool me. I know leprechauns are liars.

PATRICIA. Oh okay nice stereotype.

HUMAN 1. The rule is that you have to tell me where your gold is hidden if I catch you.

PATRICIA. Let me ask you something—you see me here, watching television on a twenty-four inch screen—you think if I had my own pot of gold, I would get a bigger TV?

HUMAN 1. You're wee. You like wee things.

PATRICIA. If I had a pot of gold, I would live in a gated community, all right? I would hire a security guard named Bert to buzz in

Amazon drivers and that's it! I would have fifteen security cameras outside my mansion and all of them would be connected to my smartphone—you wouldn't get anywhere near the place—I would have lasers incinerate you from space if you got close! I wouldn't stop there! I would build an orbiting death palace and have all of my food sent in on a space elevator, you clod. No one would ever get near me!

HUMAN 1. I'm not sayin it makes sense—

PATRICIA. So here I am, sittin' in this miserable apartment, drinkin' generic swill from a can, and you conclude that there is a secret *fortune* hidden somewhere in this dump? Go ahead, boyo, look around! Find the secret gold! I'd love some!

HUMAN 1. So you admit there's secret gold?

PATRICIA. No! If I had an entire pot o' gold, you think I'd just *leave* it as gold? I wouldn't *invest* it? Do you have any idea how stupid it would be to keep a billion-dollar asset in gold coins somewhere and not diversify into tech stocks and real estate?

HUMAN 1. Huh.

PATRICIA. Yeah, huh. You're an idiot. The gold is long gone.

HUMAN 1. What happened to it?

PATRICIA. I invested in some independent films. I lost it all.

HUMAN 1. Oh.

PATRICIA. Yeah. It's a touchy subject. I don't like to talk about it. Now can I get back to watchin' me game?

HUMAN 1. Do you happen to know any other leprechauns with more gold?

PATRICIA. Talk to Barney. He bought an island in the South Pacific. Apparently the sea air is great for his skin condition.

HUMAN 1. Right. All right sorry to bother you.

Human unties Patricia and starts to leave, but lurks nearby —

PATIRICA. (*Under her breath.*) Idiot.

Human 1 jumps back and grabs Patricia again.

HUMAN 1. Ah ha I knew it!

PATRICIA. Oh no you got me again!

HUMAN 1. WHERE IS THE GOLD OR I WRECK THIS TELEVISION!

PATRICIA. Okay okay okay! I'll tell you where it is. It's at the end of the rainbow.

HUMAN 1. Which rainbow?

PATRICIA. You take a left at Connemara and there's a rainbow there. Follow it, and when you get to the end of it, my pot of gold is hidden inside one of those fake rock things that you hide a key in.

HUMAN 1. The whole pot of gold fits in one of those little rocks?

PATRICIA. It's wee. I like wee things.

HUMAN 1. I was kind of hoping it would be bigger.

PATRICIA. So you think, as a wee person, that I would have a *human*-sized pot o' gold and I wouldn't use it to—

HUMAN 1. (*Cutting her off.*) All right all right thanks! Woo! Cruise ship, here I come!

He runs off.

PATRICIA. So dumb.

NARRATOR 1. Survival tactic two! Trick the stupid humans!

NARRATOR 2. There isn't gold at the end of the rainbow?

NARRATOR 1. A rainbow is an optical illusion that has no end—you can't get to the end of it. Ever. Hence—trick the stupid humans.

NARRATOR 2. Ohhh.

PATRICIA. Besides, you hold onto the gold in case of societal collapse. Everyone knows that.

Lights change.

3. The Wampahoofus

NARRATOR 1. Which brings us to our next cryptid!
The Wampahoofus!

Narrator 1 projects a slide of the Wampahoofus, which looks like a cross between a boar and a stag and has four legs—its two left legs are twice as long as its two right legs.

NARRATOR 2. Who comes up with these names?

NARRATOR 1. Lonely hermits who are losing their minds, probably. The Wampahoofus: nature's most adorable mistake.

NARRATOR 2. And like most mistakes, it comes from Vermont.

NARRATOR 1. What do you have against Vermont?

NARRATOR 2. They know what they did. (*Whispering.*) Birders.

NARRATOR 1. The Wampahoofus lives in the mountains, and as you can see, it has legs of different lengths, which allows it to move very quickly along the side of the mountain—in one direction only.

Snorg, a Wampahoofus mother, enters, moving clockwise.

She's followed by Weeble, her teenage daughter, also moving clockwise.

SNORG. Come on, sweetie, we need to get a hoof on if we're going to get to the other side of the mountain before sunset.

WEEBLE. Mom, I need to talk to you about something.

SNORG. What?

WEEBLE. Can you turn around and look at me?

SNORG. No obviously I can't, I have legs of different lengths. I only face this way.

WEEBLE. That's what I wanted to talk to you about. This is hard to say. Sometimes...I think about...going in the other direction.

Snorg gasps.

SNORG. You shut your mouth.

WEEBLE. I mean, we always go clockwise around the mountain and I—

SNORG. I don't want to hear that kind of talk, Weeble. We're Wampahoofuses. This is what we do. We go clockwise around the mountain.

WEEBLE. You ever thought about going counterclockwise?

SNORG. No!

WEEBLE. Not even when you were younger?

SNORG. Oh sure I thought about it. Everybody's thought about it. But—

WEEBLE. But what?

SNORG. It was just my foolish youth. You have to let go of those childish ideas.

WEEBLE. But it seems kind of dumb that we can only go in one direction—like, wouldn't the ability to *turn* be important to evading predators and—

SNORG. Stop asking questions, Weeble! You never met your Aunt Diane, my sister. Don't end up like her.

WEEBLE. What happened to Aunt Diane?

SNORG. She was like you. Headstrong. Curious. Different. She asked the same questions you're asking: Why are we made like this? We make no sense as animals. We can't even turn around. So you know what she did? One day...she turned around. And she walked... (*It's hard to say.*) ...counterclockwise.

WEEBLE. What happened?

SNORG. She fell off the mountain! Look at us! Look at our legs! She took one step and she tumbled down the side of the mountain like a boulder! She was never seen again!

WEEBLE. Is she dead?

SNORG. Of course she's dead! You think we could survive in any habitat that wasn't a highly sloped mountainside?! She was eaten by bees!

WEEBLE. She was eaten by bees?!

SNORG. Probably I don't know I've never been off this part of the mountain—because I accept my lot in life and don't ask questions.

There's a noise from offstage.

WEEBLE. What's that?!

SNORG. Humans!

Human 1 and 2 enter, dressed like hunters, wearing orange.

HUMAN 2. Oh lookee there! What is that?!

HUMAN 1. Looks like a deer-slash-boar-slash-stag creature!

HUMAN 2. Whatever it is, I think it would be great to chop off its head, stuff it with Styrofoam peanuts, and mount it on my wall!

HUMAN 1. That sounds like a totally reasonable thing to do that was acceptable for hundreds of years!

WEEBLE. What do we do?!

SNORG. What we Wampahoofuses do best—we run in a clockwise direction! Let's go!

Weeble and Snorg run off

The humans run in place—

HUMAN 2. They're gettin' away!

HUMAN 1. Darn these symmetrical-length legs! We'll never catch them!

NARRATOR 1. Survival tactic three! Escape using your nonsensical environmental adaptation!

WEEBLE. (*As she runs off.*) I'll never question accepted wisdom again!

Lights change

NARRATOR 2. I'm still not sure the Wampahoofus makes any sense.

NARRATOR 1. Nope. But that's why it's survived all these years.

4. The Hodag

NARRATOR 2. And now it's time for my favorite cryptid: the Hodag!

Narrator 2 puts up a slide image of the Hodag—which is a bear-shaped furry monster with long tusks and spikes on its back.

Fun fact: The Hodag is from Wisconsin.

A cheesehead appears on top of the Hodag's head.

That's all I know about it, actually.

NARRATOR 1. Let's find out how it survives the harsh Wisconsin winter. And the harsh Wisconsin humans.

Lights up on two Hodags—Todd and Rhonda.*

They are grilling out.

Gibby, a third Hodag, enters.

* It's highly important that all of the Hodags speak with thick Wisconsin accents. The word "Hodag" itself is a delicious treat in the Wisconsin accent, pronounced "Hoe-Daeg."

GIBBY. Hey there, Hodags.

RHONDA. Oh hi there, Hodag.

TODD. Oh yah.

GIBBY. Watcha upto, Hodags?

RHONDA. Oh we're just grillin' out some brats before the Packers game.

GIBBY. Oh yah?

RHONDA. Yah.

TODD. You want one, Hodag?

GIBBY. Oh don't mind me I'm okay.

TODD. You sure? The brats are tasty. Rhonda's been grillin' em up.

GIBBY. That right?

RHONDA. Yah.

GIBBY. Oh I don't know. I'm puttin' on a few pounds lately.

RHONDA. You look svelte.

GIBBY. No.

RHONDA. Yah. Don't you think so Todd?

TODD. I think you look outstanding.

GIBBY. Aw you're just sayin' that.

RHONDA. You get your Hodag keister over here and you have one of these brats. And I don't want to hear no for an answer.

GIBBY. I guess I better then.

TODD. She told you.

GIBBY. She sure did.

Gibby comes over for a brat.

Commotion from offstage.

TODD. Aw jeez it's the humans!

RHONDA. Aw dang it I'm in the middle of this!

GIBBY. Hold on!

Human 1 and 2 burst in. They are wearing Packers gear or other suitable Wisconsin-themed clothing.

The Hodags and the Humans stare at each other.

Tense standoff.

(*To the other Hodags.*) I think they see us.

TODD. (*To Gibby.*) Shhhh. I got this.

Todd steps forward.

Hey there, Humans.

HUMAN 1. Hey there, Hodags.

TODD. Watcha upto, Humans?

HUMAN 2. Oh we're just walking through the woods here.

HUMAN 1. Watcha upto, Hodags?

RHONDA. Oh you know just grillin' out before the Packers game.

HUMAN 1. Oh.

HUMAN 2. Oh yah?

RHONDA. Yah.

Pause.

HUMAN 1. You think they're gonna win?

TODD. Aw jeez I don't know. That kicker.

HUMAN 1. Oh don't get me started on the kicker.

HUMAN 2. He gives me heartburn.

TODD. You want some Tums? I chew these things like candy when the game's on.

RHONDA. And the rest of the time.

TODD. Aw you got me, Rhonda. She gets me. This one.

HUMAN 2. Oh no I'm fine I don't need anything.

TODD. You sure?

RHONDA. Aw you should have some.

GIBBY. Take it. Take the Tums.

HUMAN 2. Okay.

They hand over some Tums.

NARRATOR 2. Survival tactic four! Befriend the humans!

NARRATOR 1. Shared interests can go a long way.

GIBBY. Hey how 'bout later we hunt down some moose and tear them apart with our sharp claws and spiny outgrowths?

HUMAN 1. We're doing what now?

Lights change.

5. The Puckwudgie

NARRATOR 1. And now for our next cryptid—
The Puckwudgie!

A slide of the Puckwudgie appears—a tiny, smiling, leaf-covered man with a porcupine coat.

NARRATOR 2. Part person, part porcupine, all pain!

The slide changes and the Puckwudgie looks meaner—

NARRATOR 1. Standing only two feet tall, Puckwudgies live in the swamps of Massachusetts.

NARRATOR 2. And they are not happy about it.

Abernathy, a Puckwudgie, enters. Abernathy speaks with a Boston accent if possible.

A stuffed animal bunny is somewhere on the stage.

Abernathy approaches it.

ABERNATHY. Oh look a bunny.

He picks it up and punts it offstage.

Boom.

Human 1 and 2, environmentalists, enter, in love with the woods and each other.

HUMAN 1. It's such a perfect day in this swamp.

HUMAN 2. It's so nice to be away from our digital world and in the peaceful beauty of nature.

HUMAN 1. Hey look, a bunny!

Another bunny stuffed animal has appeared somewhere on the stage.

Abernathy finds it.

He punts it offstage.

HUMAN 2. Whoa!

HUMAN 1. Hey not cool!

Abernathy spots them for the first time.

ABERNATHY. What.

HUMAN 2. That was a very sweet little bunny—

ABERNATHY. Yeah those are the best kind to punt. You can get a lot of distance if they're really sweet.

HUMAN 1. You're...you're not human.

ABERNATHY. Oh. Wow. We got a genius here. What gave it away? Was it my whole body covered in porcupine quills? Was that what tipped you off, Einstein?

HUMAN 2. He's kind of rude.

ABERNATHY. News flash: No one likes you.

HUMAN 1. It's okay, this is the natural world, we need to respect it.

ABERNATHY. I'd like to put leeches up your nose and pull out your brain through your nostrils. Then I'd pickle it and have it for a snack. A small snack, because there's not much brain there.

HUMAN 2. That is both very aggressive and very specific!

HUMAN 1. He's just feeling threatened because we've intruded on his habitat! Totally understandable. We're the invaders here, we need to respect his customs. Creature of the forest...we want to live in harmony with you.

ABERNATHY. Shut up before I smack you.

HUMAN 1. It's working, I can feel a connection!

HUMAN 2. Ooh, give him a snack!

HUMAN 1. No, we can't feed him, then he'll be dependent on us!

ABERNATHY. I seem to be having a hard time getting through to you idiots. So I'm gonna make this crystal. You know what, I want you to stay, I changed my mind. Enjoy the nice swamp. Cause I'm gonna follow you, and I'm gonna be watching, recording your every move with my little porcupine nose, and learning all about you. And when you go back to your little eco-friendly lives, I will be clinging to the underside of your electric vehicle, and I will come into your house, and I will bring an entire assortment of ornery woodland creatures with me. I'm gonna stuff angry badgers in your

pillowcases so when you set your head down at night, you're gonna go, "AAAAAHHH IT'S A BADGER EATING MY FACE OH NO!!!" And that's only the beginning, I will put a live mink in your refrigerator, I will fill your bathtub with the worst toads you've even seen—not the good ones—I will bring an entire breeding ball of banded snakes and you know where they're gonna be? In your toilet. You sit down, AAAAH AN ENTIRE SPHERE OF BANDED SNAKES IN THE CRAPPER! Let's see how you're gonna commune with nature then! You like that? You like sharing your space with nature?! Spiders!

HUMAN 1. Okay okay—

HUMAN 2. Back away slowly!

ABERNATHY. You go to pour the milk OH NO IT'S ALL SPIDERS! Somebody replaced all of my milk with spiders! Except the spiders drank the milk and they're bloated now like little fat marshmallows!

HUMAN 1. This is gross! Nature is gross!

HUMAN 2. Let's go home!

They run off.

NARRATOR 1. Tactic five: Be incredibly unpleasant until they leave you alone.

NARRATOR 2. Pro tip: That works on dates too.

Narrator 1 gives Narrator 2 a look.

If the person you're on a date with is terrible and you don't want to fake a call from your grandma.

NARRATOR 1. Good to know.

6. The Snarly Yow

NARRATOR 2. Our next cryptid is one of the best ones: the Snarly Yow.

Narrator 2 clicks a slide and the Snarly Yow appears—it looks like a large, friendly black dog, like a black Lab.

* The words "in the crapper" may be cut.

NARRATOR 1. That's the Snarly Yow?

NARRATOR 2. Yeah I was surprised too. According to descriptions, the Snarly Yow appears to be a slightly larger than average dog.

NARRATOR 1. With a name like "Snarly Yow," you figure it would be kind of scary.

NARRATOR 2. Some people don't like dogs.

NARRATOR 1. Those people are terrible.

NARRATOR 2. And those are the people who reported the Snarly Yow, which lives in the mountains of Appalachia, and is rumored to... *(Checks notes.)* Roam the woods at night and make noise.

The Snarly Yow enters like a very friendly dog.

Perhaps he lifts his leg and pees on something. His tail wags.

NARRATOR 1. Let's see how he survives!

A frisbee flies in—

The Snarly Yow chases it.

HUMAN 1. *(Offstage.)* Wicked throw, brah!

HUMAN 2. *(Offstage.)* Did you see where it went?

HUMAN 1. *(Offstage.)* Over here!

Humans 1 and 2, frisbee golfers, enter looking for their frisbee.

The Snarly Yow enters with the frisbee in his mouth.

HUMAN 2. Hey check it, that large black dog got our frisbee!

The Snarly Yow approaches, tail wagging, frisbee in mouth.

HUMAN 1. Whoa. Stop.

HUMAN 2. What?

HUMAN 1. Step no further, brah. That, my friend, is the legendary Snarly Yow.

HUMAN 2. This good boi?

HUMAN 1. Do not be fooled by his friendly demeanor. The Snarly Yow is the most dangerous creature in the entire state.

HUMAN 2. He's bringing us the frisbee.

HUMAN 1. Do not touch it! We need to back away very slowly and get the heck out of here. This place is not safe.

The Snarly Yow flips the frisbee back to the humans—hopefully with his mouth.

HUMAN 2. You're crazy. This is just a very nice dog.

HUMAN 1. Out here in these woods?

HUMAN 2. He's just looking for frisbees. I think this very good boi needs to be petted.

HUMAN 1. NO! DON'T GO ANYWHERE NEAR THE SNARLY YOW! Listen to his name! Snarly! Yow! He's a terror! He's a monster! He'll as soon kill you as look at you.

HUMAN 2. He's not snarly at all. He's a good boi. You are a good boi, aren't you?

The Snarly Yow nods appreciatively and wags his tail.

HUMAN 1. You are courting death, brah. I am telling you. You need to leave this beast alone and slowly back away.

HUMAN 2. Oh no he is a good boi that needs petting.

Human 2 starts petting the Snarly Yow.

HUMAN 1. I can't watch this!

Human 1 covers his eyes.

Waits.

Nothing happens.

Huh.

Maybe I was wrong about this little friend.

I guess he could use some ear scratches and—

SNARLY YOW. RARRRRRRRRRR!!!!!!!!!!!!

The Snarly Yow destroys Human 1.

The humans both shriek in horror.

HUMAN 1. AAAAGHGHGHGHGHGHGHGHGH!!

Human 2 tries to flee—stumbles offstage—

HUMAN 2. I'M RUNNING AWAY NOW SORRY I'M LEAVING YOU FOR DEAD!

HUMAN 1. IT'S COOL NO WORRIES!!!!

The Snarly Yow feasts on Human 1 for a second, then chases Human 2 offstage.

HUMAN 2. (*Offstage.*) OH NO IT'S MUCH QUICKER THAN ME IF ONLY I HAD TWO DIFFERENTLY-SIZED LEGS THAT WOULD GET ME OUT OF HERE FASTER!!

SNARLY YOW. (*Offstage.*) RARRRRRR!!

HUMAN 2. (*Offstage.*) OH NO HE'S EATING ME IN THE MOST PAINFUL WAY POSSIBLE! OHHHH! OHHHH THIS HURTS A LOT! I DON'T EVEN HAVE MOST OF MY BLOOD ANYMORE! I AM BEING DEVOURED BY THE SNARLY YOW! HE'S STILL A GOOD BOI THOUGH AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Perhaps a fake head rolls onto the stage.

The Snarly Yow returns, maybe with a severed hand in its mouth.

He pees on something.

NARRATOR 2. Tactic six: Be a stone-cold killer.

NARRATOR 1. Did not see that coming.

NARRATOR 2. Nobody does. Which is why the Snarly Yow still lives. If you eliminate all the witnesses, there's nobody to tell your story.

NARRATOR 1. Nice.

7. The Chupacabra

NARRATOR 1. Which brings us to one of the more notorious cryptids, the Chupacabra.

Narrator 1 clicks a slide and an image of the Chupacabra appears.

NARRATOR 2. Ooh I've heard of this guy.

NARRATOR 1. The Chupacabra roams from Mexico, to the Caribbean, to the American Southwest, and is the bane of livestock farmers everywhere.

NARRATOR 2. Not to be confused with the Chupacabra, which lives in Maryland.

Narrator 2 clicks a slide and an image of the Chupacabra

appears. It looks just like the Chupacabra, except it has crab pincers.

NARRATOR 1. That is not a thing, stop it.

NARRATOR 2. It pinches you to death. Pinch pinch. Maryland is for Chupacabras.

NARRATOR 1. But how does a cryptid this notorious evade capture? Let's find out.

NARRATOR 2. It pinches you.

NARRATOR 1. It does not!

Julian and Rosa, two Chupacabras, enter on a date. They are finishing their dinner.

ROSA. Oh that was delicious, Julian.

JULIAN. Did you try the chickens, my love?

ROSA. I did. They were fantastic. So fresh.

JULIAN. Free-range are the best.

ROSA. You always take me to the best places.

JULIAN. Nothing is too good for the queen of my heart.

ROSA. Oh Julian—you are so romantic.

JULIAN. I knew, when I saw you when we were both Chupacab-chicks, that I would marry you one day. You are the most beautiful Chupacabra I've ever seen. The way your fangs gleam in the moonlight, the way your rough coat of wiry back hair glints in the glow of the farmer's motion lights.

ROSA. And you are the most handsome Chupacabra I have ever seen. Your two glowing red eyes, which burn like the fire in my heart—

JULIAN. Oh yes tell me more.

ROSA. Whenever I devour cattle or pigs or goats, I am thinking only of you.

JULIAN. And I, you. Take my paws which are tipped with long, sharp talons perfect for eviscerating livestock. Let us dance the paso doble.

Julian takes a rose and puts it in his mouth—

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!



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