

The Werepuppy of Sunshine Valley

by
Daniel P. Coughlin

FADE IN:

EXT. MOONBREAD STREET - NIGHT

Rows of suburban homes line both sides of the street. The lawns are mowed, flower gardens vary in loud colors, and picket fences run the length of the street.

The moon illuminates the last house on the left.

A WINDOW OPENS. PAWS PATTERN. PEACHES, an overweight peach-colored tabby, slips out the kitchen window.

EXT. MOONBREAD STREET - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Peaches looks both ways before she prances down the alleyway toward a tuna can that sticks out of an uncovered trash bin.

Peaches' eyes light up and her tongue slides across her mouth. She trots to the tuna can.

Behind Peaches, WEREPUPPY, a tall, yellow-eyed, beast stands on its haunches. He opens his mouth to reveal razor sharp teeth. He wags his tail.

Werepuppy's left foot drags and he limps toward Peaches.

Peaches paws at the tuna can until it falls. She laps up the fishy goodness, unaware that Werepuppy approaches.

A shadow looms over Peaches while she finishes the tuna.

PEACHES

Meow. Prrrr...

She watches Werepuppy's shadow elongate over her.

Werepuppy's head blocks the full moon.

PEACHES (CONT'D)

Rrrrooooww!!!

Peaches darts to the end of the alleyway, but hits a brick wall. With nowhere to go, she jumps on top of a dumpster. Werepuppy salivates as he closes in on Peaches.

Peaches' fur puffs out and she trembles.

WEREPUPPY

Wooo! Wa-wa-wooo!

A clawed paw swipes at Peaches.

Peaches darts between Werepuppy's legs and zips down the alley.

EXT. MOONBREAD STREET - PEACHES HOUSE - NIGHT

Peaches sprints down the street, flies through the yard, and zips in through the window.

The window slams on Werepuppy's claw and his long sharp fingernails slip outside.

INT. PEACHES' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peaches darts under the couch. Her terrified eyes glow in the dark as she watches Werepuppy's shadow wipe across the picture window.

EXT. MOONBREAD STREET - BUTTERNUT HOUSE - DAY

TOM BUTTERNUT, 40's, handsome, suburban American, opens the front door.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT, a stunning orange-brown kitty with sparkling yellow eyes, a permanent smile, who wears a shock collar, prances into the sunlight.

She runs, jumps, and rolls in the grass.

She lays on her back, upside down, and looks across the street to the General's house, which is a nice home with a Marine Corps flag that blows proudly in the breeze.

SERGEANT, a short-haired cat with blonde fur and focused, icy eyes darts out the front door. He sprints across the street and lunges at Shelby.

Shelby rolls to the side, smiles, and runs away.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

Let's see what you got, Sergeant.

SERGEANT

Yes, ma'am! Meow-meow-meee-yow! Hubba hubba!

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

Silly!

EXT. BUTTERNUT HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Sergeant gains on Shelby. They reach a ball of orange yarn and both dive for it. They get tangled and pull at the yarn. They inch closer together until their faces almost touch.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

That was...

SERGEANT

Meow.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

Mmm... meow.

They smile and almost kiss, but a LOUD PIERCING BARK rings out from the neighbor yard. The fence rattles.

EXT. CLAY BUCKET'S HOUSE - DAY

CLAY BUCKETS, a small mini-pinscher with black and tan fur is tied to an old tractor tire in the filthy backyard. He jumps around barking and kicking up dust. He yelps and limps on his left foot.

CLAY BUCKETS

You better let me play! Now! I live here too, ya know! Please, please, please! Ouch! If you don't let me play I'll...

EXT. BUTTERNUT HOUSE - DAY

Shelby and Sergeant prance to the front yard.

SERGEANT

Clay Buckets sure is an angry pup.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

Sometimes he gets so angry I think he's gonna blow. He makes these awful shrieks at night and Mr. Schlap, his owner, lets him run loose at night.

SERGEANT

I wonder what makes him so mad.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

He's a dog that wants to be a cat and hates being a chihuahua.

SERGEANT

What kind of shrieks does he make?

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

He howls.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

EXT. CLAY BUCKET'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Clay limps and rolls in the dirt. He tries to bite at his foot, but can't reach it. Then, his back curls and his neck elongates. He looks to the sky and howls.

EXT. BUTTERNUT HOUSE - WINDOW - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Shelby watches Clay change and howl at the moon. She shivers and her eyes widen.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. BUTTERNUT HOUSE - DAY

Sergeant and Shelby walk to the edge of the yard. Sergeant steps into the road.

SERGEANT

Let's go find some tuna cans.

Shelby paws at her shock collar.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

You know I can't.

SERGEANT

One day I'm gonna bite that thing off.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

I wish I was as brave as you, Sergeant.

SERGEANT

You're brave.

Shelby's smile dips into a frown. Softly, she rubs her nose against Sergeant's.

Sergeant's stern expression breaks. His teeth jut outward into a smile.

EXT. MOONBREAD STREET - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The sun fades. Dark clouds drift across the full moon.

Sergeant marches from garbage can to garbage can and sniffs for tuna.

A garbage can lid CRASHES to the ground.

Sergeant spins, but sees nothing.

He hops on top of a trash can, spots a tuna can, and laps up the fishy goodness.

The Werepuppy's haunches slide into the alleyway.

Werepuppy's shadow hovers above Sergeant.

Sergeant stops eating and looks up. Werepuppy snarls and bares his razor sharp teeth.

Sergeant smiles big and zips between Werepuppy's legs. He kicks Werepuppy's foot out from under him.

SERGEANT

Come on, you overgrown poodle!

Werepuppy lunges at Sergeant and backs him up to the end of the alleyway.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

I've never seen such a slow puppy.

Werepuppy almost falls. He stops and rubs his left paw before he limps toward Sergeant.

Sergeant jumps on Werepuppy's shoulder and runs circles around his head.

Werepuppy tries to follow Sergeant. His vision blurs and he stumbles in circles.

Sergeant jumps on a garbage can. The can wobbles and Sergeant falls into a corner.

Werepuppy closes in. Sergeant's fur puffs out. He looks to a tuna can filled with fleas and pee.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Can I offer you a used tuna can?

Sergeant tries to run, but Werepuppy blocks him.

Sergeant trembles.

Werepuppy swipes a claw at Sergeant.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

No!

EXT. BUTTERNUT HOUSE - DAY

The new day shines bright on Moonbread Street. CORA BUTTERNUT, a nice American lady, lets Shelby out to play.

Shelby looks around for Sergeant.

She searches the backyard, but can't find Sergeant.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

Sergeant! Where are you?

Shelby stands at the edge of the street and looks to the General's house.

Sergeant trembles underneath a blanket in the windowsill.

TRIXIE, a thin white cat wearing a sparkled collar struts in front of Shelby.

TRIXIE

It's so sad, really. He was soooo cute.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

What's sad?

TRIXIE

The Werepuppy got another one of us.

Shelby's mouth drops and her sight shoots across the street.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

Who did he get this time?

TRIXIE

I was certain that you knew.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

Spit it out.

TRIXIE

Your boyfriend, Sergeant. Maybe you should go across the street and try and help him?

Shelby paws at her shock collar.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Oh, that's right. So sorry. You know what? Maybe I'll go over there and try and cheer him up. It must be so hard to go from militant to... Scaredy-Cat.

Shelby's brow furls and she hisses.

TRIXIE (CONT'D)

Meow.

Clay Bucket's head pops over the fence.

CLAY BUCKETS

Hey Trixie! You better come over here and play. Now! Arf!

Trixie turns to Clay.

TRIXIE

Doggies aren't my style, but you're cute. You're kinda like a cat.

INT. BUTTERNUT HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Shelby sits in the windowsill. She watches Sergeant from across the street.

Shelby stands straight and watches Werepuppy lunge into the General's yard. He walks to the window where Sergeant hides.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

I gotta do something.

INT. BUTTERNUT HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Shelby jumps on the counter top, pounces to the open window above the sink, and slips outside.

EXT. BUTTERNUT HOUSE - NIGHT

Shelby stops at the curb. She steps forward. The shock collar buzzes. Her fur shoots up, down, and in circles as she twitches.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

I have to help him.

One step, TWITCH-ZAP. Two steps, ZIP-ZAP. Three steps, Shelby doesn't stop. She sprints, twitches, zips, and zaps across the street.

EXT. GENERAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Werepuppy pushes the window open and slides his claw toward Sergeant.

INT. GENERAL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sergeant shakes, hisses, and hides beneath his blanket. Werepuppy's claw slides inside.

EXT. GENERAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Shelby jumps on top of Werepuppy. The shock collar sends a jolt of electricity through Shelby and into Werepuppy.

Werepuppy, shakes, twitches, and FARTS.

Shelby waves her paw in front of her nose.

Werepuppy shakes Shelby to the ground.

Shelby glances at Werepuppy's foot. A thorn protrudes from his left paw. Shelby tries to grab it.

Werepuppy howls and swipes at Shelby. His claw rips Shelby's shock collar off.

Sergeant, shaky and scared, fumbles out the open window and jumps at Werepuppy.

SERGEANT

You leave her alone!

WEREPUPPY

Rrrr... Roar!

Werepuppy punches Sergeant, sends him flying into the shrubs.

Werepuppy lunges at Sergeant, about to crush him.

Shelby seizes the moment and grabs the thorn from Werepuppy's paw.

WEREPUPPY (CONT'D)

Arf... yelp... yelp... hrrr....

Werepuppy falls into the bushes. His yelps turn into soft barks.

Werepuppy's swollen talon throbs, then shrinks into a dog paw. He stops shaking and his fur settles into a smooth coat. His wide eyes sink back into his head. Werepuppy has settled into Clay Buckets.

Clay emerges from the shrubs.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

Clay Buckets? Where is Werepuppy?

CLAY BUCKETS

That thorn in my paw hurt so bad that I would turn into Werepuppy. Now that it's not stuck in my foot I'm not so angry that I change into a beast. I feel better already. I know I was mean to you all, but... maybe we can play sometime? I just want to make friends.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

You can't be mean to everyone just because your paw hurts.

CLAY BUCKETS

But you wouldn't play with me. I thought it was because I was a dog. I don't want to be a dog. Especially not a Chihuahua.

SERGEANT

You should be proud of who you are.

CLAY BUCKETS

But then you'd never play with me.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

We didn't want to play with you because you were mean, not because you were a doggy.

CLAY BUCKETS

Really?

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

Really.

CLAY BUCKETS

Can I be your friend now? I promise I won't be mean.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

You can be our friend, Clay.

Sergeant stops trembling and stands tall.

SERGEANT

Friends.

Shelby, Sergeant, and Clay place their paws together. They laugh and chase each other under the moonlit night.

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

Friends for life!

EXT. MOONBREAD STREET - BUTTERNUT HOUSE - DAY

Peaches, Shelby, Sergeant, Trixie, and Clay chase each other around the yard.

Clay gets tangled up in the yarn ball.

TRIXIE

Hey there, pup. I heard you were the werepuppy?

Clay lowers his head.

CLAY BUCKETS

Not anymore.

TRIXIE

I like a little danger. Need a hand with that yarn?

Clay's sight forms a heart around Trixie.

Trixie helps Clay out of the yarn mess. They prance off into the sunset holding paws.

PEACHES

I have to go home and exfoliate hair balls.

Peaches prances off.

Shelby and Sergeant watch Clay and Trixie snuggle and play.

SERGEANT

Who would have thunk it?

SHELBY SUGARFOOT

I think I like the new neighborhood.

Shelby and Sergeant rub noses.

The sun fades.

The moon rises.

Somewhere, a WEREPUPPY HOWLS.

FADE OUT:

THE END