

For Fox Sake

by

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(c) Jan 2025 OWC entry

Edited after feedback

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FADE IN:

EXT. METROPOLIS SKYLINE - DAWN

Oblique orangy sun's rays lay bare an island of complete dereliction. The grid of collapsed streets are filled with rubble; some pavements tumble into the subways; water jets spurt from broken mains. The Iron girders of high rises jut upwards like the rusting bones of the city.

At its centre a lush area resembles the Amazonian rain forest. CLOSE on a rusted sign - Central Park.

SUPER: MANHATTAN 2250

EXT. STREET LEVEL - CONT

Nature reclaims every nook and cranny. Green gashes of grasses, shrubs and trees bury their roots deep. An ivy strangled structure collapses.

PANTING - an animal running, scrabbling, sniffing as it journeys.

ANIMAL'S POV - from about 15 inches high.

Other dogs join the running pack, emerging from hideaways along every street. Our dog yelps a greeting.

EXT. STREET LEVEL - CONT

The pack amasses, then stops. Pack members greet each other with waggy tails, ear licks, play bows. They are outside a building (now at a jaunty angle) who's sign once said Studio 54. Some letters have fallen off, leaving STUD 5.

The pack quietens as the skies darken. A flock of millions of squawking birds passes overhead, moving inland. The excited pack gives chase, yelping and barking.

EXT. AIRSTREAM TRAILER - DAY

The weatherbeaten trailer has solar panels precariously fixed to its roof. Rice and potatoes grow nearby from a tumble of trash bins. DON 40's, opens the trailer's door and carefully steps out. Gazing towards the growing sunlight we see he has milky cataracts in both eyes.

A BLACK LABRADOR nuzzles at his side, guiding her master.

DON

Another day in paradise, Lucy.

LUCY 3, licks his hand, presses closer. She speaks to the camera.

LUCY
I help him, he looks out for me.
He wasn't always so blind. Don
rescued me as an abandoned pup,
now at least I can return the
favour.

EXT. STUD 5 - NIGHT

The dog pack queues to enter the club through a smashed door. A large ALSATIAN sniff searches each dog before entry. All dogs attention is drawn to the lustrous russet fur, white tipped erect ears and dainty, darker black paws of the vixen vision VIKKI, as she pushes her way to the front. The Alsatian clears a path and Vikki slinks inside.

INT. STUD 5 - CONTINUOUS

Beside the dance floor, RUFUS a red SETTER and BARNABY a golden DOODLE are nervously chatting. They both make puppy dog eyes as they admire Vikki smiling slightly at them.

RUFUS
(to Barnaby)
Hey boy, she's a fox.

Barnaby is stress licking, looking at Vikki whilst trying to summon his last vestige of cool.

BARNABY
Don't I know it -

RUFUS
- No a real fox!

INT. DJ BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

A DALMATIAN SPOTTY 4, his long tail wagging, snuffles amongst a tangle of wires and equipment. Something hidden has taken his fancy, he scrabbles to it. He emerges with a WAD of cash. In disgust he spits it out - it hits some control buttons which bathe the club in both colored lights and music.

Spotty jumps onto the console and looks down upon the rest of the dogs. They seem happy with this newfound distraction.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - CONT

BARNABY

What?

RUFUS

Vikki's a real fox!

BARNABY

There ain't no law 'gainst it.

RUFUS

Didn't have you down as an
interspecific type.
You still a virgin?

BARNABY

Who's askin?

RUFUS

Don't worry. This ain't her first
rodeo.

BARNABY

Meaning -

RUFUS

Just be putty in her paws.

Vikki slowly sashays over to them. Poety in (half speed?)
Motion.

BARNABY

She's spotted us!

RUFUS

You dog! She likes you.

BARNABY

What do I do. What do I say -

RUFUS

Go with the flow. Enjoy your
seven minutes in heaven.

BARNABY

Again, WHAT !!

VIKKI

Hello boys.

VIKKI

(to Rufus)

Whose ya fine furry friend?

RUFUS
May I present Barnaby.

VIKKI
Aint you all bright eyed and
bushy tailed.

Barnaby obligingly wags his large bottle brush tail.

BARNABY
The pleasure's all mine, Vikki.

He licks her ears, more roughly than intended. Vikki
slinkily sidesteps.

VIKKI
Easy boy! Let's go somewhere
quieter where we can talk.

Barnaby's suddenly transfixed by the glare of a spotlight.
For a moment he cannot move, then -

BARNABY
I will follow your lead.

VIKKI
Clever boy.

BARNABY
Where we goin' ?

VIKKI
Stock room. Out the back. Just
you and me. Some alone time.

As Vikki leads him away she swishes her tail so Barnaby
gets a waft of her musk. Wide-eyed he starts salivating.

BARNABY
I've never -

Vikki quickly turns rubbing her cheek scent glands against
Barnaby's face. She's up close and personal in full furry
contact.

VIKKI
At ease stud. You're in good
hands. I'm very experienced.

Barnaby forces a swallow.

BARNABY
Good to know.

EXT. DON'S HORSE FIELD - DAY

Across from his Trailer garden (in what was Lenox Hill) Don tends to his horse, a Spanish Mustang CHEETO, 22. She places her face next to Don's and exhales noisily on him. He caresses her as he jokes,

DON
Hello girl. What's with the long
face!

Lucy guides Don as he selects various items of tack and harness from a makeshift stand. It's obvious he's done this many times before. Don works in harmony with dog and horse.

INT. STUD 5 - CONT MONTAGE

The dog revellers are playing various games:-

- A) Couples play bow and nuzzle each other
- B) Chase the moving light spots across the dance floor
- C) Table diving and jumping, both height and length
- D) A group of dogs sit around an uneaten Pavlova, seeing who can make the largest dribble pool
- E) Two dogs tucking into a bowl of spaghetti, eating various strands then they both pick up the same one, ending up nose to nose - After a heartbeat a fierce fight erupts between the two.

INT. STOCK ROOM - CONT

Almost total blackness. A dog pants rapidly with light throat squeaks/ rasps.

VIKKI
Steady boy. Try to relax.

BARNABY
I'm sorry. You smell great. So
foxy feral.

VIKKI
It's a gift.

BARNABY
I want to do it.

VIKKI
Yes baby.

BARNABY

With you.

VIKKI

D'oh! There ain't no one else in here.

BARNABY

Ouch! You bit me -

VIKKI

Stop talking.

BARNABY

Can we do it?

VIKKI

(low and husky)
Yes baby.

BARNABY

Like this?

Extra heavy panting.

VIKKI

NO! Teats first!

EXT. TREFOIL ARCH - CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

A gang of wolves gather beneath the ornamental bridge. The ragged rabble are searching out trouble. DIEFENBAKER a Canadian Timber wolf is the Alpha male leader. CLOSE ON as he opens his mouth and sniffs. He senses something.

Diefenbaker looks to the West, heads off. His pack follow.

EXT. DON'S HORSE FIELD - DAY

Don checks his work, walks Cheeto forward a few paces; rechecks the belts and buckles then -

Guided by Lucy, he walks Cheeto backwards into what appears to be a stable. Reveal -

it also contains a Doctors Phaeton Vintage Horse Drawn Carriage. Its twin yoke arms are pointing skyward in mock surrender.

EXT. BALTO STATUE - NIGHT

Diefenbaker halts as his pack growl, brush against and urinate upon the Alaskan dog statue. Then onwards -

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE PARK INFORMATION KIOSK - NIGHT

The travelling pack ransack the place searching for food.
Then onwards -

INT. DON'S STABLE - DUSK

With Cheeto's positioned, Lucy grips Don's hand. Don gently flips each carriage yoke arm down and secures it.

DON
(to the animals)
Fancy a little trip into town n'
see if we can sniff out any
crispy critters?

Cheeto stamps her front hooves. Lucy barks as Don gathers the reigns then clambers up into the driving seat. Lucy scrabbles up, taking a position on Don's lap, between his arms. She licks his face - the signal for -

DON
Walk on!

They emerge as the orange hazy sun starts to set.

INT. STUD 5 BAR AREA - NIGHT

Rufus chats with GINA 7, a black coated Newfoundland.

RUFUS
Yo Gina! How's things?

GINA
I reckon 10 pups - coming soon.

RUFUS
Congratulations. How's Dad?

GINA
Off out with some younger bitch.

RUFUS
Bummer! You don't need him -

GINA
He's only got to wave his tail my
way and I swear my ovaries burst!

From behind the bar someone's found a stash of ancient peanuts and a fight ensues.

Gina barks, jumps, counter-surfs, then resource guards the split packets.

GINA
Where's your pal Barnaby?

RUFUS
In the stock room with Vikki.

GINA
Dirty dog. There's a first time
for everything!

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN, 8TH AVE - NIGHT

The wolves travel South. Running onto West 54th Street,
they stop, hearing music coming from the club STUD 5.
Diefenbaker checks the scent, drools. They've arrived.

INT. STUD 5 - CONTINUOUS

The wolves slip inside, taking up vantage positions.
Diefenbaker makes his way to the DJ Booth. He snaps and
pulls at wires until the music stops, the stage lights
become still. The dog revellers look up in fright.

DIEFENBAKER
Attention you dirty dogs - you
have a fox in your hen house!

Some dogs try to flee - their escape barred as the wolves
block the exits.

DIEFENBAKER
Come out to play. You very tasty
vixen.

The wolf pack whitters and squeaks in hungry expectation.

RUFUS
Ain't no one here but us
chickens.

He moves beneath a spotlight. Gina, disguised in darkness
sneaks away to the back stock room. Diefenbaker regards
Rufus in a "if she ain't here, you'll do" way.

EXT. PHAETON CARRIAGE - PARK LANE - CONT

Travelling - then Lucy barks loudly. Don pulls on the
reigns, they stop. Lucy jumps down and dashes off chasing a
rabbit. CLOSE on the seat beside Don is a large dead rat,
an over ripe squirrel and a chubby chipmunk. Lucy returns
victorious. She offers her prize to Don but then barks in
agitation. She senses something. Don flicks the reigns and
guided by her, they head onwards. Lucy directs him right at
West 54th Street.

INT. STUD 5 - CONTINUOUS

DIEFENBAKER
You dare challenge me, dog!

INT. STOCK ROOM - CONT

In the blackness SFX of dog and fox going great guns. Then -

VIKKI
The music stopped !!

BARNABY
I've never cared for bass solos.

EXT. STOCK ROOM - CONT

Gina arrives and deeply woofs softly.

GINA
You two - we've got a situation

INT. STOCK ROOM - CONT

Barnaby gasps, his body slumps back heavily against the door, panting slows.

BARNABY
Can you release me? I can't uncouple.

VIKKI
Sorry babe - it's a fox thing.

EXT/ INT. STUD 5 - CONTINUOUS

Don and Lucy arrive outside. Lucy grabs Don's left hand and leads him inside. In Don's right hand glints a six gun.

EXT. STOCK ROOM - CONT

GINA
Open the door I'll get you to safety.

The door slowly opens. It's uncertain who looks the most embarrassed. Vikki and Barnaby have to (gingerly) move like an eight legged animal.

INT. STUD 5 - CONTINUOUS

Both Don and Lucy can smell the fear.

DON
Show yourself, varmints!

Diefenbaker motionless above him, calculates his attack leap onto the rarest delicacy of human prey. Silently he inches closer. Instinctively his pack repositions.

Lucy squeaks softly, her head and nose erect. She pushes his left hand as Don steadies himself. His gun aiming. Senses heightened.

Diefenbaker steals into position as the wonky floor CREAKS -

Don fires a single kill shot. Diefenbaker crashes down from the DJ booth dead. For a heartbeat - stunned silence - dust motes in a colored spotlight - then pandemonium.

Don's aim spins rapidly left and right as four other wolves are mortally wounded/killed. Don's gun CLICKS empty. Gunsmoke encircles him like a shield.

The dogs chase the remaining shocked wolves quickly away.

Dogs surround Don and Lucy, escorting them both outside.

LUCY
(to the Alsatian)
Can you get us one to go?

ALSATIAN
Yes Ma'am. It's our pleasure.

EXT. DON'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Don sits content outside gazing into a roaring fire. Meat is roasting above it. Lucy is greeting her new friends, walking amongst the many reflective wide eyes of the dogs who wait patiently at a respectful distance.

Barnaby and Vikki (now uncoupled) look at each other and drool. Then they look at the meat and drool some more.

The fire's flames flicker and spit as some fat drips.

The end.

FADE OUT.