

KITTY & MOONWOLF

Episode 1x0WC: "Lemonsmacks"

The new fragrance by
l'ours de pooh

FADE IN:

An animated sky hosts a harmony of cheerful birds.

Down below however...

EXT. PIDDLES PET PARK - DAY

MOROSE CATS and DOGS occupy the confines of what's more like a prison yard than a getaway for these beloved critters. One of the yardbirds goes by the name -

KITTY

a purple cat whose "emopunk" style demands she stand out from the rest. Emphasizing the point, she plucks at a VOODOO DOLL clone of:

MOONWOLF

At first glance he's the biggest, most fearsome dog here, but his "googely guise" suggests he's safer than a teddy bear.

Moonwolf struts by, parading a box of LEMONSMACKS candy.

MOONWOLF

Can I interest you to dabble with me in a delectable Lemonsmack?

KITTY

Yuck! That candy is sooo sugary. Besides, remember what happened the last time?

Without regard, Moonwolf pours the entire box of Lemonsmacks into his mouth. His jaws implode yet, somehow, he manages to squeeze out a sleazy smirk. Then -

MOONWOLF

Howl-woo!

80's HAIR METAL crashes our senses as Moonwolf surges to the sky, daring us to transcend with him the apogee of sour-epic tartness.

Moonwolf floats down in ecstasy. Kitty fumes.

KITTY

Are... you... SERIOUS!? Have you not heard of a little thing called sharing?

MOONWOLF

I dunno... sounded to me like you declined my delectable offer.

KITTY

Well it doesn't matter now, does it? You ate them all.

Moonwolf peeks inside of the box. He reacts amazed, but covers up, stingy. Kitty leans in curious.

MOONWOLF

What if...

KITTY

Yeah?

MOONWOLF

I told you...

KITTY

I'm listening.

MOONWOLF

There is...

KITTY

Oh my gosh just spit it out already!

Spitting all over Kitty:

MOONWOLF

One more left!

KITTY

Gross. Say it, don't spr-ay it.
(realizes)
Wait, what?

MOONWOLF

Good news - there's one more piece of candy in the box.

Kitty smiles, whisking us away to a world of YELLOW. One that rains Lemonsmacks upon mountains of more Lemonsmacks. Even as the sun rises, its rays gyrate around one giant Lemonsmack.

She leaps up and licks the sun, bashful of its burn.

But all that's wishful.

Kitty extends her hand.

KITTY

Sweet, now hand it over.

MOONWOLF

Not so fast. How do I know you're not gonna take the last one and lock its lemony goodness away in your piggy bank with the rest of the candy I gave you?

EXT. KITTY'S ALLEY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Kitty looks around. Nobody in sight. She opens a safe. Inside is a PIGGY BANK. She shatters it with a hammer and cuddles up with her candy - a glutton for the crinkling of wrappers.

EXT. PIDDLES PET PARK - DAY

Kitty gets serious.

KITTY

I'll play you for it.

MOONWOLF

I love games! But what did you have mind?

KITTY

Rock. Paper. Scissors.

Moonwolf gasps.

CUT TO:

THE OCTAGON

Kitty shakes her fist, jestingly plays ROCK.

KITTY

So, are you ready to... rock?

Moonwolf readies his fist for a game of "rock-paper-scissors".

MOONWOLF

Not quite *rock*, but I'm always ready to...

Moonwolf plays PAPER.

MOONWOLF

Paper.

Kitty PURRS on her cutest whisker face.

KITTY

Oh yes, Moonwolf, paper does beat rock. But it can never overcome -

SNAP-BACK REVEAL

Kitty wears oversized MECHANICAL ARMOR that wields the latest in gadgets and weaponry.

KITTY

SCISSORS!

Followed by a villainous, VIBRATO LAUGH.

She aims a hand-cannon at Moonwolf. A cable propels from its barrel, spearheading a pair of LETHAL SCISSORS.

Just before cutting PAPER, Moonwolf switches to ROCK - they touch, barely, and her SCISSORS crumble to dust.

KITTY

(kneeling agony)

Arghhh!

BACK AT THE PARK

Minus the armor, Kitty squeaks face-to-face with Moonwolf.

Again, they play "rock-paper-scissors" and again, she loses.

KITTY

Best two-out-of-three.

(rapid fire, Kitty loses
each time)

Three-out-of-five. Four-out-of-seven. Five-out-of-nine. Six-out-of-eleven. Seven-out-of-thirteen. Eight-out-of-fifteen. Nine-out-of-seventeen. Ten-out-of-nineteen.

Pompously, Moonwolf stops her.

MOONWOLF

Eh hem, best eleven-out-of-twenty-one?

KITTY
 (kneeling agony)
 Arghhh!

SINISTER VOICE (O.S.)
 Enough!

Kitty and Moonwolf spin on -

ROCKY SIZZA

a company-man in a crap, plaid suit. His right hand is made of stone, the left one - scissors. Replacing his head is a sheet of paper, pixilated with an ANGRY EMOJI.

ROCKY SIZZA
 Do you really think you can just R-P-S until you win?! Until it's shouted from the rooftops "bravo chum, bravo, and may the odds be ever in your favor"? Guess again! You only get one shot to prove yourself victorious in this match of chance and wits!

Moonwolf scratches his head.

MOONWOLF
 Uh, who are you again?

ROCKY SIZZA
 What?! Who dares speak such a foolish and miscalculated question!

Rocky Sizza is so outraged, he cuts his own head off. Then he bashes his scissor-hand with the stone-hand, which prints out a fresh piece of paper displaying a SMILEY EMOJI.

ROCKY SIZZA
 (now pleasant)
 Actually, as a neutral third party mediator, the firm I represent assists with negotiations between individuals and/or entities whom wish to settle a dispute. Name's Rocky Sizza, at your service.

Kitty and Moonwolf stare deadpan at him...

ROCKY SIZZA
 Your wish is my desire.

Crickets CHIRPING, their stare persists...

ROCKY SIZZA
Just here to help.

Their eyes twitch, spooky and bloodshot...

ROCKY SIZZA
Any day now.

Kitty and Moonwolf clear their throats:

KITTY	MOONWOLF
Moonwolf won't share the last Lemonsmack! (beats) It's not fair. You know how much I love candy. Candy corn. Corn muffin. Muffin top -	Kitty is trying to take my last Lemonsmack! (beats) It's not fair. You know how much I love candy. Candy corn. Corn muffin. Muffin top -

Rocky Sizza sighs, his paper-head drapes over his rock-hand.

KITTY	MOONWOLF
- Top dog. Dog pound. Pound cake. Cake walk. Walk easy. Easy peezy. Peezy breezy. Breezy best. Best friends!	- Top dog. Dog pound. Pound cake. Cake walk. Walk easy. Easy peezy. Peezy breezy. Breezy best. Best friends!

Kitty and Moonwolf embrace. Abruptly - *and realizing it's awkward* - they break away from the hug.

KITTY
(kneeling agony)
Arghhh!

ROCKY SIZZA
Hey! There's no need for furballs,
okay? Now then, let's see. Kitty -
you say Moonwolf here owes ya some
sort of... lemon treat?

MOONWOLF
Lemonsmacks!

ROCKY SIZZA
I've had 'em before. Good stuff.

KITTY
Moonwolf doesn't owe me anything. I
don't know, I figured he'd catch on
and give me one. I never wanted to
challenge him for it.

ROCKY SIZZA
Even though you did otherwise?

KITTY

Yeah. Guess I should have been more honest from the start.

MOONWOLF

It's okay, Kitty. Here ya go.

Moonwolf gives her the last Lemonsmack.

Kitty blushes, a heart pops over her head.

Rocky Sizza relishes in his greatness:

ROCKY SIZZA

Yep, I think it's safe to say my job here is done. But believe me, spats are aplenty and this town's chock-full of 'em. You two make it look easy. Wasn't always like that. Imagine breaking the news to a famished T-Rex that he's not gonna eat a caveman -

Rocky Sizza realizes Kitty and Moonwolf split. He's been yapping to himself. SAD FACE EMOJI.

Together, Kitty and Moonwolf soar through the animated sky, both sparkled by a YELLOW GLOW.

MOONWOLF

Howl-woo!

KITTY

Meow-wow!

FADE OUT.

SCREW IT - FADE BACK IN:

Moonwolf flies literally an inch ahead of Kitty. She scowls at him.

KITTY

Tell me - how is it you can fly faster than me?