

TRANSFURRED DOWNTOWN - ITERATION 10 - EP1
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ON TELEVISION: EXT. RUN-DOWN STREET - MORNING

Litter on road and on sidewalk. Cars parked at the sides.
animal people walking on sidewalk.

NEWS REPORTER

(V.O.)

Jungle Haven is a predominantly
ANTHRO residential area established
several decades ago to address the
significant anthro homelessness
crisis.

Focus on a boy with a zebra head (16M) walking across the
road. Several animal-people (ANTHROS) wearing black leather
jackets suddenly jump out from behind some parked cars and
beat up the anthro zebra.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

In the past few decades, the area
has become notorious for rising
gang activity.

Extortion and drug trafficking are
now commonplace, with the most
prominent group identifying itself
as "The Law Of The Jungle."

CUT TO:

ON TELEVISION: INT. TV STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

HUMAN NEWS REPORTER (30F) sitting on couch.

NEWS REPORTER

Today, we'll be taking a closer
look at the factors contributing to
the ongoing issues within Jungle
Haven.

To help us understand the complex
social dynamics at play, we've
invited sociologist, Dr. Elara
Vance.

DR. ELARA VANCE (49F) sitting on opposite couch, sharply
dressed, sitting upright, and holding a notepad. Graphic
appears on screen on bottom left: "Dr. Elara Vance -
Sociologist".

DR. VANCE

Thank you for having me. The issues facing Jungle Haven are multifaceted, but we need to address the myth that this is caused by concentrated populations of the anthros.

Many people in this city believe that Jungle Haven is a clear illustration of social order can break down in a neighborhood when there is a large concentration of anthros.

DR. VANCE (CONT'D)

Some claim that anthros, relative to humans, tend to operate more on instinct and emotion rather than logic and reason. This predisposition creates a notion that traditional anthros would disregard legal structures in favor of more primal, self-serving behaviors.

NEWS REPORTER

Do you think these claims have any basis?

Dr. Vance is shocked.

DR. VANCE

(sternly)

No. We have studies based on empirical research that show that the anthros' psychology are the same as other people.

And MY studies show that the real reason for the issues within Jungle Haven are directly the effect of-

PULL BACK FROM TV SCREEN:

INT. LINGLING'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LINGLING

Morning!

LINGLING (17F) with wavy black hair, school uniform and a school bag slinged over one shoulder. She walks fast into room.

Dr Vance continues talking but the conversation is muted.
Previous scene is playing on flatscreen TV in the room.

Lingling walks quickly to a dining table. She grabs a carton of MILK and drinks directly from it, finishing it quickly. She then snatches a SANDWICH from a plate on the counter.

Lingling heads towards the front door.

MRS. LYN (45F), Lingling's Mum is wearing an apron. She is at the sink of an open kitchen, washing some dishes.

MRS. LYN

Lingling, aren't you going to sit down and eat properly?

LINGLING

Need to get to school early. Got called in last minute to mentor a new student. Showing them around.

MR. LYN (43M), Lingling's Dad, is sitting at the dining table with chair facing outwards toward TV and drinking a mug of coffee.

MR. LYN

Well, be careful going to school, alright? Be wary of strangers.

Mr. Lyn points to the TV screen.

Lingling nods dismissively while holding sandwich in mouth and bent down to tie shoelaces. She stands up and takes sandwich out of mouth.

LINGLING

Yeah, yeah, I know.

Mum walks over to Lingling while wiping wet hands on apron. She straightens Lingling's uniform collar, then gently uses a finger to brush a strand of Lingling's hair away from her face.

MRS. LYN

Just be careful, okay?

LINGLING

(A small smile)

I will, see you Mum.

Lingling turns to DAD and YINGYING.

LINGLING (CONT'D)

Bye Dad. Bye Yingying.

Mr. Lyn nods.

YINGYING (13F) with school uniform and ponytail. Sitting at couch and looking at TV, back facing us. She looks back with sidelong glance while chewing something. Short pause. She looks back to TV in front.

Lingling opens door, walks through it while still holding door knob and pulls door shut behind her.

Mr. Lyn sighs, looks at TV and takes a sip of coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLY HILLS ESTATE - STREET - MORNING

Lingling exits through gate door. Behind her is a terrace house. She walks downslope towards left.

Sun rays shine. Neighborhood is an upscale residential area. Large, clean terrace houses separated by solid walls and gated entrances. Walls are bluesish-white, thin trees growing on some grass between sidewalk and road. Though gates we can see neat gardens.

(TITLE: Transfurred
Downtown)

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLY HILLS ESTATE - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Lingling walks past a big sign planted on grass that says "Holy Hills Estate".

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLY HILLS ESTATE - BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

Lingling walks across a bridge over a small concrete canal and continues walking to a bus stop. She waits.

A moment later, a bus pulls up. She boards.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - MORNING

(CREDITS: Writer: [Writer
Name])

Lingling is sitting next to a window and looking through it.
The bus is moving.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The bus travels through urban landscape. Tall buildings line the streets. Glimpses of human and anthro citizens walking on footpaths and waiting at traffic lights.

A crowd of humans and anthros in a business suits crossing the street.

A café shop where an anthro capybara couple are sitting and holding hands at a table for two,.

A bear anthro running a food truck with a queue of humans.

(CREDITS: Artist: [Artist
Name])

CUT TO:

EXT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

A wide shot of the grand school building. Engraved words "RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL" are above the entrance.

The bus stops in front of large school building. After short pause bus pulls away, revealing Lingling behind it. Lingling is walking briskly forwards to the building.

We see Lingling's face. She wipes her forehead with her hand.

She climbs up a long staircase leading up to the main entrance.

(CREDITS: Background Art:
[Background Artist Name])

(CREDITS: Created by:
[Your Name])

(CREDITS: Directed by:
[Director Name])

CUT TO:

INT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - ENTRANCE HALL - MORNING

Spacious, high-ceilinged room. Sunlight shines through large windows. Polished floor. There are many students scattered around, either chatting to each other or looking at their smartphones.

Lingling is leaning on far stage-left of a tall counter with a sign that says "Information Counter". She is scrolling through her smartphone. She sighs, tapping her foot.

LINGLING

(Muttering)

Seriously? Last-minute mentoring duty and they don't even tell me what parts of Rafflestonia to show the freshie, just "meet at the entrance hall".

(sigh)

This is so disorganized.

She looks around the hall, annoyed.

She looks at her phone.

LINGLING (CONT'D)

What does she even look like?

Then, large person enters from right and stands right next to Lingling. Lingling looks up from phone.

Lingling sees the person is very tall and takes a step back. She looks nervous.

The person is a large ANTHRO ELEPHANT. She is holding a smartphone in her trunk. She looks over the counter to talk to the receptionist.

AVA

Excuse me? My name is AVA LANGSLEY,
is Lyn Lingling here?

Lingling's eyes widen and she stares at Ava.

She closes her eyes and clutches her phone close to her chest. She breathes in deeply, then breathes out as she puts away her phone and extends her right hand.

LINGLING

(Stammering slightly,
forcing cheerfulness)

Y-yes, that's me. I'm Lingling.

Ava turns to Lingling.

AVA
Oh, great! I'm Ava. That's A-V-A
Langsley. My first name spells the
same forward and back! Nice to meet
you.

Ava places her phone in her shirt pocket and extends her trunk.

Lingling pulls her hand back. She is sweating nervously.

AVA (CONT'D)
Oh right, my bad.

Ava withdraws her trunk and instead extends her right "hand", which is a large, flat elephant foot with no fingers.

Lingling blinks hard.

She closes her right hand into a fist and gently fist-bumps Ava's "hand".

LINGLING
Uh... nice to meet you.

AVA
(A slight chuckle)
Sorry about that. It's... a bit
easier for me to use my trunk than
my hands.

LINGLING
(Forcing a bright smile)
No worries! So, you just moved to
the district, right?

AVA
Yeah, last week. That's why I
transferred here.

LINGLING
Right! I could tell by your um..

Lingling moves her hands in circular motion, referring to Ava's whole body.

AVA
By my what?

Lingling claps her hands together.

LINGLING
WELL, let's get started with the
tour!

CUT TO:

EXT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - CIRCULAR STADIUM/PARADE
SQUARE - DAY

Large, circular stadium/parade square that is surrounded by
several buildings. There are rows of tiered seating curve in
a semicircle around a circular concrete stage area with
staircases.

Lingling is leading Ava up one of the staircases. Ava is
panting, but Lingling is fine. Lingling turns back and looks
at Ava.

LINGLING
Whoa, you okay? Do we need to take
a breather?

AVA
(Panting)
Just... a... little... winded. These...
stairs...

Ava continues panting for a bit.

LINGLING
Alright, ready to continue the
grand tour?

LINGLING points at the different buildings in a fast and
consecutive manner. Then she talks very fast.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
Okay, so, over there, that's the
library - it has, like, three whole
floors of books, plus a silent
study area and a computer lab.

Next to it is the science block,
where we have all the labs for
biology, chemistry, and physics,
and they even have a small
greenhouse on the roof!

Then, that building with the big
windows is the art studios - they
have everything from painting

(MORE)

LINGLING (CONT'D)
and sculpting to digital art and
photography.

The canteen is hidden behind the
gym - it's huge, with tons of
different food stalls.

(Big Breathe In :O)
And finally, those buildings near
the back gate are the music rooms -
they have practice rooms for
individual instruments, a band
room, a ballet room, and even a
recording studio! That's pretty
much it.

Ava is wide-eyed and blinks hard.

AVA
(Slightly dazed)
That was... a lot.

LINGLING
(Feigning a thoughtful
expression)
Hmm, I think that covers most of
it... Oh wait! There's one more place
I should show you.

CUT TO:

INT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - TROPHY DISPLAY CASE -
CONTINUOUS

Trophy display case is well-lit, filled with shiny golden
trophies and awards of various shapes and sizes. Lingling and
Ava are standing in front of it.

Lingling speaks in regular speed.

LINGLING
Most of these are from school
teams, but some students get
individual ones too. Like me!

Lingling points to a few specific trophies.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
That one's for the talent show
where I played piano. This one's
for getting second place in the
inter-school spelling bee.
(MORE)

LINGLING (CONT'D)
And that one's for best performance
in Contemporary Dance last year. It
was a team effort, though.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
And I also have an orange belt in
the martial art of "Wushu"!

Lingling punches the air excitedly.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
And, like, a bunch of medals just
for keeping my grade point average
in the top ten percent of my entire
cohort!

LINGLING (CONT'D)
(counting with her
fingers)
There's bronze, silver, gold...,
gold..., gold..., and gold... (She throws
her hands up) ...half a dozen! Which
is all my semesters in Rafflestonia
so far!
(giggles)

Ava's eyes widen.

AVA
Wow... you're really talented,
Lingling.

LINGLING
(Beaming with pride)
Yep, that's me - talented.

Lingling looks at her trophies, smiling widely and putting
her hands at her sides.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
And, if you work really, really
hard...
(looks back at Ava briefly, then
back at trophies)
...like, really hard for you, maybe
one of these will be for an anthro-
I MEAN A PERSON-like you.

RING!

LINGLING (CONT'D)
Oh! That's the bell for class. You
got be in your class for homeroom
in ten minutes otherwise your
attendance will be marked late.

Okay, gotta go! Have a nice life!

Lingling starts jogging away from Ava.

AVA
(calling out)
Wait! How do I get to class One-E?

Lingling turns back while still walking and points to stage-
right.

LINGLING
(calling out)
Year ones usually go in that block!
Take the lift!

AVA
(calling out)
Okay, thanks!

Lingling turns forwards again and runs off.

CUT TO:

INT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Lingling is sitting at her desk.

MR. THAWLEY (50M) picks up a stack of papers from his teacher
desk.

MR THAWLEY
Morning class. Today, I'll be
handing out pop quiz...

The class grumbles.

MR THAWLEY (CONT'D)
...results - from last week's lesson.

The class murmurs in relief.

Mr. Thawley walks around the class, passing test papers to
students.

Finally, he walks over to Lingling and hands her her paper.

Lingling puts her test paper face down. She looks at her classmates.

LINGLING

So, how much did you guys get?

Her classmates (all girls) look at her. They are slightly irritated.

CLASSMATE 1

I got eight out of ten.

LINGLING

Okay, okay.

LINGLING (CONT'D)

(Points at another
classmate)

You?

CLASSMATE 2

Seven out of ten.

Lingling looks at another classmate.

LINGLING

How about you?

CLASSMATE 3

(sigh)

Just tell us how much you got.

Lingling picks up her paper and looks at her score. She smiles. She flips around the paper to show her classmates.

LINGLING

Ten-out-of-ten baby!

Her classmates all start murmuring in annoyed manner.

CLASSMATE 2

Can I see your answers?

Lingling passes the paper to CLASSMATE 2 to see.

Then she scratches her left arm. She looks at the itchy spot. She sees fine white hair just under her dress sleeve.

Lingling glances at her classmates then back at the hair. Her breathing becomes fast and shallow.

CLASSMATE 2 (CONT'D)
Hey, Lingling.

Lingling pulls down her sleeve to cover the white hair. She puts her hands in front with fingers interlaced.

LINGLING
(suddenly calm)
Yes?

CLASSMATE 2
Can you tell me how you got this question correct?

Lingling smiles.

LINGLING
Sure.

CUT TO:

INT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - CANTEEN DANCE CLUB TABLE
- NOON

Lingling is sitting at a table with friends. They are eating lunch and chatting.

KATIE
Lingling, I heard you had to mentor a new student today, am I right?

LINGLING
Oh yeah. I got an email from the student management committee this morning that was like, "Hello! Since you're an honor student can you come to school early to give a tour of the school even though class starts in one-and-a-half hours?" What the hell are they even doing?

KATIE
What was the new student like?

Lingling becomes nervous - she sucks in air through her teeth.

LINGLING
Well... she's okay. Friendly, but not too friendly-

AVA
Lingling, is that you?

Ava is standing about 10-20 meters away. She is holding a tray with her foot-hands. She waves with her trunk, but the tray starts sliding off the foot-hands so she uses her trunk to quickly grab the tray.

Ava walks towards Lingling's table.

LINGLING
(under her breath)
I take back that last part.

AVA
(excitedly)
Lingling, I didn't think we'd meet again. May I sit with you and your friends?

The other dance club girls at the table look at Ava in disgust. Ava notices and cautiously takes a step back.

DANCE CLUB GIRL 1
Lingling, do you know this elephant?

Lingling stands up hastily.

LINGLING
(nervous, forcing enthusiasm)
Um... everyone, this is Ava, the new student I mentored earlier. Ava, this table is the DANCE CLUB, and these are my friends.

AVA
(more reserved)
Dance Club? That's cool. Is it okay if I sit with you guys?

LINGLING
(urgent and quick)
AVA!
(suddenly lower tone)
This table is for *members only*.
(forced enthusiasm)
How about I show you around the cafeteria? I already know a clique where you'll fit right in!

Lingling leads Ava away from the table. She looks back at her Dance Club friends, who are staring angrily at her.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
(mouthing words silently)
I'll be right back.

CUT TO:

INT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - CANTEEN - CONTINUOUS
Lingling leads Ava to walk along perimeter of the canteen.

CUT TO:

INT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - CANTEEN ANTHRO TABLE -
CONTINUOUS

Lingling and Ava arrives at a table occupied by Anthro girls
only. They are all eating silently and gloomily.

LINGLING
Here we are!

AVA
(disappointed)
Oh.

LINGLING
(enthusiastic)
Hi everyone! This is Ava Langsley.
She's new here, and she's... um...

Lingling puts does a ta-da expression at Ava's body.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
She's finding a place to sit. Can
she sit here?

One of the Anthro girls moves to make some space for Ava.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
Well, I hope you like it. See you
around!

Lingling walks off. Ava is just standing, disappointed.

CUT TO:

18. INT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - CANTEEN DANCE CLUB
TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Lingling arrives back at her table.

LINGLING (CONT'D)

Uuuugh. Sorry about that. I
embarrassed us in front of the
whole school.

KATIE

It's okay. At least you sent her
away real quick.

LINGLING

It's kind of a shame though. She
just learnt that she has to go to
the bottom-of-the-barrel table on
her first day of school.

KATIE

Are you kidding? She should have
known to sit with her own kind from
the beginning! Did you know that
Anthros have "herd mentality" where
they tend to hang out with other
Anthros than with humans?

LINGLING

Wow, really?

KATIE

Yes! Why do you think there is an
anthro table in the first place?

DANCE CLUB FRIEND 1

As if her fat ass could fit at this
table. Her uniform is probably
plus-plus size!

DANCE CLUB FRIEND 2

And did you see her trunk? Is that
a nose or a hose!?

Maybe when she's sitting at the
anthro table, she's going to get
allergies from all the fur shedding
off the FURRIES.

Katie, Lingling and the rest of the Dance Club suddenly get
serious and shush Dance Club Friend 2.

KATIE

Woah, woah, woah, woah. Don't throw
the F-word. We're at school.

Geez.

Awkward silence. The girls just eat their lunches.

Lingling starts to scratch her left arm.

Katie looks at Lingling and sees some white hair on her left
arm.

Lingling notices Katie looking at her. She pulls down her
sleeve to hide the hair.

KATIE (CONT'D)

(whisper)

What's this?

LINGLING

(whispers)

Don't know.

Katie glances between Lingling and the other girls.

KATIE

(whispers)

Follow my lead.

Katie then stands up.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to the toilet - be right
back.

The girls murmur and nod their heads.

Katie looks at Lingling and tilts her head behind her
(beckoning gesture). Then she walks away while carrying her
HANDBAG.

Lingling taps her fingers on the table for a few seconds.

LINGLING

I also need to go.

Lingling gets up and walks away in same direction as Katie.

CUT TO:

INT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - GIRLS' BATHROOM -
CONTINUOUS

Lingling enters the bathroom. Katie is looking at Lingling with her arms crossed.

KATIE
(sharp and quick)
Roll up your sleeve.

Lingling hesitantly rolls it up and is shocked.

LINGLING
Ah! There's even more hair than
before!

KATIE
Shh-shh-shh! I checked that there's
no one else in here but someone
outside may hear. When did this
start to happen?

LINGLING
I first noticed this just earlier
during class. I thought it could
wait until I got home, but now it's
growing!? What is this?

KATIE
It could be an allergic reaction.
Did you do anything on that spot on
your arm recently, like apply a new
cream?

LINGLING
No, but I was VACCINATED last week.
Come to think of it, the needle was
injected right here where the hair
is.

KATIE
What was the vaccine for?

LINGLING
The ANIMALIZATION VIRUS.

PAUSE.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
Oh my God, I'm going to turn into
an Anthro! People are going to take
one look at me and their first
reaction would be to avoid me!

Instead of a Rafflestonia Honor Student, I'm going to be remembered as the thing that MAKES the boy cry "wolf"!

KATIE

Pull yourself together! No one is going to call you that. Calm down and remember - how long ago was your last vaccination?

LINGLING

One... one week ago.

KATIE

No, the one before that.

Lingling takes in deep breaths to calm herself down. She thinks for a moment.

LINGLING

Around three months ago. Actually, there hasn't been any other vaccine released between that and this. I've always got the latest shots - my Dad made sure of that.

KATIE

Then relax! Your body's immune system is definitely strong enough to prevent the virus from transforming you into an Anthro. This hair growth is probably just your body adapting to the new vaccine.

Now we just need to treat the symptom - remove the hair. Usually there's a special makeup hair-removal tape like what my Mom uses, but I don't have that right now, so well have to make do with this...

Katie takes out a roll of stationary tape.

CUT TO A FEW MINUTES LATER:

We see Lingling from a mirror's reflection.

Lingling carefully applies several strips of tape to her arm.

She takes a deep breath, closes her eyes, and rips all the tape off in one swift motion.

She winces and gasps.

The spot on her arm turns slightly red, but the white hairs are removed.

She takes in a deep breath, then stands up straight.

LINGLING
Thanks Katie.

KATIE
(sigh)
Don't scare me and yourself like that. Remember that besides being an honor student, you are also a Dance Club performer. You can't make a mountain out of a molehill!

Lingling looks down at the floor.

LINGLING
(softly)
I'm sorry.

Katie sighs.

KATIE
What I mean is, you're awesome. One little blemish isn't going to destroy you, is it? Come on, chin up! Look at me.

Lingling looks up to Katie.

KATIE (CONT'D)
Remember, you're awesome.

PAUSE.

LINGLING
I'm awesome.

KATIE
That's the spirit!

CUT TO:

INT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - DANCE STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Large, open room with a mirror covering whole wall, a horizontal pole across the mirror, and a wooden floor. Music is playing.

Lingling and Dance Club girls are doing a contemporary dance routine. Katie is at the front, demonstrating the choreography.

The dance involves fluid, sweeping motions of the arms and hands.

As music reaches crescendo, Lingling raises her left hand above her head.

She freezes.

She lowers her hand and takes closer look at it.

White fur spreading from her arm to her hand. Black claws growing slowly out of her fingertips.

Lingling panics. She clutches her left arm against her stomach and covers it with her right arm.

LINGLING

I need to go to the bathroom!

Lingling runs off to the side. Dance club girls stop dancing.

KATIE

(indignant)

We just took five!

At side of the room is a bag and a pair of white shoes. Lingling grabs them with her right hand and runs to nearby door. She grabs the doorknob with the left hand and opens the door.

KATIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Don't you dare leave the room.

Lingling looks back, anxious. She is still holding the door partially open.

PAUSE.

Lingling opens the door fully and runs out.

KATIE (CONT'D)

LINGLING!

CUT TO:

INT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - GIRLS' BATHROOM -
CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Lingling rushes into a cubicle, slamming the door shut and locking it.

She hooks bag onto a metal hangar and drops her shoes.

THU-THUMP.

The shoes bounce and scatter across the floor.

Lingling's breathing is shallow and fast. She tries to take off her tight-fitting shirt.

She squirms as she struggles to pull it off her head.

Shirt comes off, now only wearing a beige bra.

She looks at her torso. There are patches of white fur all over it.

BANG BANG BANG.

KATIE (O.C.)
Lingling? You in here?

Katie talks to Lingling from outside the bathroom stall. We only hear Katie from inside the stall but cannot see her.

Lingling swallows hard.

LINGLING
Yes.

KATIE (O.C.)
What the hell is going on with you?

LINGLING
Uh... stomach cramps. It's *really* bad. I think I have to go home.

KATIE (O.C.)
Are you shitting me? You never had- it's the hair isn't it? From earlier?

I told you not to fuss about it, it's nothing!

LINGLING
It's not nothing!

KATIE (O.C.)
So it is the hair thing!

PAUSE.

Lingling is silent. She looks ashamed.

KATIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(softer)
You're better than this Lingling.
(louder)
Now pull yourself together, open
this door and come out!

LINGLING
I'm sorry, please I'll make up for
it later, but I got to go home.

KATIE (O.C.)
UGH! Fine! Be that way! But once
you get over this, you and I are
going to have a one-on-one makeup
session!

We hear Katie leaving the bathroom.

STOMP. STOMP. STOMP.

Lingling sighs.

She puts down the lid of the toilet and sits on it. Then she
pulls out her smartphone from pants pocket and dials a
number.

She clutches her phone and takes a deep breath.

PAUSE.

She presses a button and holds phone in front of her, but
keeps it close to her face.

Phone ringback tone plays.

DUUUUUUUUU.

The call connects.

MRS. LYN (O.C.)
Hello, Lingling? Why are you using
a video call?

LINGLING
Mum, are you alone?

MRS. LYN (O.C.)

Yes.

LINGLING

Mum, look!

Lingling holds her phone further back and turns it to face her left arm, which is covered in white fur.

MRS. LYN (O.C.)

You're... transforming? That's impossible! You just got vaccinated!

LINGLING

I don't know! It just... started happening. Randomly.

Lingling's right hand starts transforming. White fur grows on hand and claws grow from fingertips.

MRS. LYN (O.C.)

Lingling, listen carefully. You need to go the hospital. Then, you'll have to verify your identity with your ID card-

LINGLING

No! I can't let anyone see me like this!

MRS. LYN (O.C.)

The transformation might kill you! You need immediate medical attention!

LINGLING

Can they stop it? Can you stop me from transforming?

Lingling's human fingernails detaches and falls onto the floor.

Lingling checks her fingers. She is horrified.

MRS. LYN (O.C.)

Lingling, once transformation starts it cannot be stopped.

Lingling looks hopeless.

She bends forward and puts her head in her hands.

Then she sits up. She is angry.

LINGLING
I'M GOING HOME!

MRS. LYN (O.C.)
NO LINGLING! YOU CAN'T-

Lingling presses a button and the call ends.

Lingling looks determined.

She glances at her right hand. Hands completely transformed into white fox paw-hands.

Lingling bends forward and picks up her left shoe. She tries to put on the shoe, but her feet are too long.

Lingling lifts up foot and holds it with her hand. Her black socks are stretching thin and there are holes across the fabric.

Lingling pulls off her socks. Her feet have transformed into white fox legs. Heel has moved up the leg, that is morphing from Plantigrade to Digitigrade form. Only toes fit into shoe.

LINGLING
(frustrated)
Augh!

Lingling puts down shoes and quickly ties laces of both shoes together. She picks up shoelace. Both shoes are lifted. She shakes the shoelace. Shoes don't drop.

Lingling stands up. She opens bag and takes out a folded orange poncho. She throws it over herself and the raincoat unfolds.

CUT TO:

INT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - GIRLS' BATHROOM -
CONTINUOUS

Lingling opens the cubicle door wider, peeks left at the door. She sighs.

She steps out of cubicle. She is wearing the orange poncho that covers up from head to her knees.

Lingling quickly walks to exit door and leaves the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Lingling enters a stairwell. She runs down a few flights of stairs.

At last flight of stairs she jumps down the last few steps. She lands feet first but falls forward, and lands on all fours as she uses her hands to break the fall.

She gets up and runs out of stairwell.

EXT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Lingling runs around a corner and slams into AVA's stomach.

BOING.

Ava doesn't budge, but Lingling bounces off Ava's stomach, is thrown backward, drops her shoes, and slides to a stop on the floor.

The shoes land a few feet away from Lingling.

Lingling winces and clutches her chest.

Ava is standing still a short distance away, looking shocked.

AVA

Oh! I'm so sorry! Are you alright?

Ava walks towards Lingling and reaches out her trunk, but she stops. She squints her eyes.

From Ava's perspective, she sees a girl (Lingling) wearing a hooded orange poncho with white fox legs, but with a flat human face.

The hood covers Lingling's eyes. Then Lingling tilts her head up to look back at Ava. Lingling's whole face is visible.

Lingling's eyes are widened in terror. Patches of white fur on neck. Cheeks read, but whiskers growing from them.

AVA (CONT'D)

Lingling...?

Lingling breathes fast and shallow breaths.

HAH~ HAH~ HAH~ HAH~

Ava takes a step forward, but Lingling crawls back while looking at Ava.

Still crawling, she turns around and sees her shoes. She swings her arm out to grab them, but her fingertips only brush the laces.

Lingling rolls over, gets to her feet in a single, fluid motion, and sprints away from Ava, quickly slinging her bag properly onto both shoulders.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAFFLESTONIA GIRL'S SCHOOL - MAIN ENTRANCE -
CONTINUOUS

A wide shot of the grand school building, with the long, shallow flight of steps leading down to the street.

Lingling bursts out of the main doors, clutching her hood down to cover her eyes. She runs down the steps, nearly tripping several times.

CUT TO HALF AN HOUR LATER:

EXT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - DAY

Car pulls to the side of the road just outside the gate to her house. Mrs. Lyn gets out, a worried expression on her face.

She notices that the gate lock is broken, hanging loose.

The front door of the house is slightly open.

INT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Lyn walks slowly, clutching her purse and looking around cautiously. It is silent.

She notices paw prints on floor. They lead to a hallway.

INT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Lyn walks slowly next to the footprints. There are open doors on the sides of the hallway leading to different rooms.

Mrs. Lyn stops at one doorway.

There is a bed with Lingling's bright orange raincoat lying on it and Lingling's schoolbag is on the floor.

Mrs. Lynn continues walking to the end of the hallway, where there is a closed door. There is a muffled sound of water running.

WOOSH~

Mum knocks.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

MRS. LYN
Lingling? It's me! Open the door!

LINGLING (O.C.)
(muffled)
Stay away! Don't come in!

MRS. LYN
Lingling, please! I'm your mother!

LINGLING (O.C.)
No, stay away!

Mrs. Lyn takes out a ring of keys from her purse. She tries inserting several keys into the lock. One of them goes in. She unlocks the door.

Mrs. Lynn puts her hand on the doorknob.

She opens the door slowly.

INT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bathroom is full of steam and sounds of running water.

Lingling at bathtub at the far end, behind the drawn shower curtain.

Mrs. Lyn approaches the shower curtain.

LINGLING
(Crying through the shower
curtain)
Mum, please! Don't look at me!

Mrs. Lyn pulls the shower curtain aside.

Shower is running full blast. Lingling is in the bathtub, thrashing about under the stream of water, her body convulsing.

She is naked, but patches of white fur cover parts of her skin. Small, underdeveloped fox ears protrude from her head, and a short, stubby tail is visible at her lower back. There are several patches of bare skin where the fur has not yet grown.

MUM
(sharp)
Lingling!

Lingling stops thrashing momentarily, only to continue even harder.

LINGLING
(screams)
AHHHHHHH!

MUM
Lingling, you're fighting the transformation! You need to let it happen.

Mum kneels down to be at eye-level with Lingling.

MUM (CONT'D)
I love you, Lingling. You're my daughter.

No matter what you look like, I'll always love and accept you.

Lingling's convulsions stop. She takes a deep, shuddering breath.

The white fur spreads quickly, covering her remaining bare skin. Her ears and tail lengthen and become more defined, and her mouth elongates into a narrow snout, a small black button nose forming at the end.

Lingling falls limp, sliding down to rest on the side of the bathtub.

Mrs. Lyn reaches out and turns off the shower. Suddenly everything is silent.

Mrs. Lynn reaches out her hand and gently uses a finger to brush a strand of Lingling's hair away from her face (just like start of episode).

Mrs. Lynn starts sobbing.

Lingling's eyes are closed. She does not cry. She is exhausted.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Muffled arguing voices can be heard from inside Lingling's house.

INT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Lyn and Mrs. Lyn are in a heated argument.

DAD

I can't believe you let a *stranger* into the house! A *fox*!

MUM

She's not a stranger, she's your daughter!

DAD

Don't be ridiculous! Lingling got her vaccinations last week! And as a child-as an *infant*!

Vaccinations are why there hasn't been a case of... of this... in decades! It's impossible!

MUM

I saw her! I saw her transforming! On the phone, and then in the bathroom! I saw with my own two eyes!

DAD

You saw wrong!

The argument continues, their voices overlapping.

INT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Yingying is just outside the master bedroom, using a cup to hear through the door. She takes the cup off the door.

Then, she wanders down the hallway and stops outside Lingling's bedroom door.

She puts the cup to the door again and presses her ear onto it. She accidentally pushes the door open - it isn't locked.

INT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - LINGLING'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beam of light from the hallway shines into the dark room. Yingying looks inside.

Lingling is lying on her bed in a fetal position, facing away from the door.

LINGLING (O.S.)
Come in, Yingying.

Yingying hesitates, then slowly and silently pushes the door open wider and enters the room. She closes the door behind her.

The room becomes dark. There is only faint moonlight filtering through the curtains.

Lingling turns over and sits up, slouching against the headboard.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
I understand you're scared. You
don't like talking to strangers...
but it's me, Lingling, your sister.

Lingling extends both her furry palms towards Yingying.

Yingying slowly approaches the bed. When she is close enough, Lingling quickly reaches out and pulls her into a tight hug.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
Oh~ I'm so glad you believe me.

Dad thinks I'm someone else... who
could blame him? Other people would
probably think the same.

But together, I think we can—

Yingying starts squirming. She pushes herself out of the hug and makes a beeline for the door.

Yingying runs out of room, slamming the door shut behind her.

Lingling slumps back onto her bed. The corners of her long lips twitching downwards into a frown.

LINGLING (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Together, we can get through this.

She closes her eyes. A tear runs down her cheek.

TO BE CONTINUED.