

TRANSFURRED DOWNTOWN - ITERATION 10 - EP2
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INT. LINGLING'S BEDROOM - MORNING

LINGLING wakes with a start, her eyes widening as she looks at her alarm clock.

LINGLING
(Muttering)
I'm gonna be late!

She throws the covers off, then stops, glancing down at her furry paws. Lingling remembers that she has transformed so she is not going to school.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
(Quietly)
Oh... right.

She sighs and gets out of bed.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON THE TV, an anthropomorphic goat, INVESTIGATOR REN, wearing a dark leather jacket is being interviewed. His small appearance here is foreshadowing for later in this episode.

Mr. Lyn sits on the couch, watching the morning news. Mrs. Lyn is seeing Yingying off. She kisses Yingying on the forehead. Without saying a word, she promptly opens the front door and leaves for school. The door closes behind her.

LINGLING enters the living room, yawning widely. She is holding a brush. She absentmindedly combs her tangled white fur with her fingers. It's messy and sticks out in all directions.

LINGLING
(Sleepily)
Morning.

Mr. Lyn glares at her.

MR. LYN
(Authoritative)
You better not shed any fur onto my floors.

Lingling rubs sleep from her eyes.

LINGLING
(tired)
I'll buy a self-cleaning slicker
brush from, uh... Shop-ify...?

(Shopify is not a real app in this world.)

MR. LYN
(Scoffs)
With whose money?

Lingling wipes her face in frustration.

LINGLING
(Exasperated)
With my ALLOWANCE.

Mrs. Lyn steps between them, placing a hand on Lingling's forehead.

MRS. LYN
Are you alright? Did you sleep
well? Do you have a fever?

LINGLING
(Drowsily)
I'm fine, just drowsy.
Do I still have to go to school?

MRS. LYN
It's actually better if you don't.
You should stay home for now.
Yingying just left for school, and
I've taken leave for a week so I
can monitor your condition and cook
for you.

LINGLING
Well, since I can't go to school, I
have to get my friends to deliver
my homework on a daily basis.

MRS. LYN
(Proudly)
Aw~ staying on top of her grades
even in such a difficult scenario.
That's just the sort of thing OUR
DAUGHTER would do.

Mrs. Lyn raises her voice slightly, glancing toward Mr. Lyn.
Mr. Lyn gives a resentful look but does not reply.

MRS. LYN (CONT'D)
(Normally)
Breakfast is on the dining table,
Lingling.

Mrs. Lyn goes back to the kitchen.

Lingling puts her brush on a on a nearby shelf. Then, she notices some framed photos on the shelf.

There are photos of herself and her family.

Lingling takes her eyes off the photos. She walks past Mr. Lyn, ignoring his glare, and heads towards the dining table.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A ham sandwich sits on a plate. Lingling eagerly takes a large bite. White mayo overflows at the sides of the sandwich.

Her face immediately wrinkles in disgust.

LINGLING
(Disgusted)
Something's wrong with this
sandwich. It's too sour!

Mrs. Lyn pokes her head through a window on a wall that separates the kitchen from the living room. She the frowns, then her expression softens with understanding.

MRS. LYN
(Gently)
Oh... right. Your tastes... they might
have changed. Foxes mostly eat
meat... I think.

LINGLING
(Confused)
Aren't foxes orange? I thought I'm
a husky dog or something.

MR. LYN
(Annoyed)
Don't waste our food on that girl.

Mrs. Lyn turns towards Mr. Lyn.

MRS. LYN
(Indignant)
Lingling needs a proper breakfast.

Mr. Lyn gets up from the couch and walks to the kitchen through a door next to the kitchen window.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Lyn walks into the kitchen. Mrs. Lyn is taking a can of luncheon meat, but when she sees Mr. Lyn she puts it down on the table and looks at him in the eye.

MRS. LYN
What is it?

MR. LYN
Putting aside the part where you called Luncheon meat a proper breakfast, we already made breakfast for her and if she doesn't eat it, it's a waste. She can eat it right? I mean foxes are technically omnivores, so she can eat some vegetables.

MRS. LYN
(Defensive)
Well technically, I made the breakfast. You watched TV, and she doesn't like the sandwich.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lingling, overhearing their continued arguing from the kitchen, picks the tomato, MAYO-SOAKED lettuce, and pickle out of her sandwich. She then adds several more slices of ham and some butter from the table. She sighs and takes a bite of her makeshift sandwich.

CUT TO:

INT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - DAY/NIGHT - MONTAGE

A TIME-LAPSE SEQUENCE showing the passage of several days within Lingling's house.

*MORNING: YINGYING, backpack slung over her shoulder, leaves for school. Mrs. Lyn waves goodbye from the doorway. Mr. Lyn, dressed in a suit, grabs his briefcase and also exits the front door. Mrs. Lyn closes the door.

*DAY: Mrs. Lyn moves through the house, dusting furniture, vacuuming, and doing laundry. LINGLING sprawls on the couch, flipping through channels on the TV with the remote. She occasionally glances at her phone, scrolling through social media, then picks up a textbook, flipping through the pages listlessly.

*AFTERNOON: YINGYING returns home from school. She enters the house, closes the door behind her, and immediately goes to her room, not interacting with anyone.

*EVENING: Mr. Lyn returns home, opening the front door and entering. He looks tired. He closes the door.

*REPEAT: This cycle repeats several times, showing the consistent routine of the family.

Intercut with these scenes are shots of LINGLING looking at the window, peering out at the street. She looks hopeful at first, then increasingly dejected as no one approaches the house. She checks her phone frequently, but no messages appear.

On one of the days, LINGLING is sitting by the window, a textbook open in her lap, but she is clearly not reading it. Her gaze is fixed on the front door, a look of longing on her face.

The camera focuses on the clock on the wall as the hands move forward rapidly, showing the passage of time.

After several repetitions of the daily routine, the montage concludes with a close-up of LINGLING's face at the window. Her expression is now one of deep disappointment and isolation. The sun sets, casting long shadows across her face.

CUT TO:

INT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lingling is texting on her phone while sitting on a large single-seater recliner couch.

Lingling: Please, bring my homework to my place. I don't want to make the backlog any bigger! If you come, I'll explain everything.

Katie: If you want your precious homework, you have to come to school to get it yourself.

Last read - 3 days ago.

Lingling slumps back on the recliner couch.

She groans loudly.

Wide top-down shot of living room. Lingling is at the center of a big, but empty house.

LINGLING
I can't live like this! I need
people!

Lingling puts her hands on her face, then pulls them down her face/the sides of her head in frustration.

Then, while still lying on the couch, she picks up her phone.

She opens an internet browser and types "Ava Langsley" into the search bar.

A few results appear. Lingling taps on the first one. Nothing happens - the tap doesn't register.

Lingling huffs. She turns her finger so the claw doesn't get in the way. The tap registers.

A new window opens with a green backdrop and a white pawprint logo on it. The logo text reads "Pawprint. Leave your mark."

Immediately a short-form video opens. It is a speed-paint on paper. There is a voice-over.

AVA (V.O.)
Today we will be going over
different methods of sketching
people! One method is to...

LINGLING
Ava Langsley! You have a Pawprint
channel?

Lingling taps on Ava's profile picture. Then she clicks on a button for personal messaging.

She types a text to Ava.

Lingling: Hey, Ava! This is Lingling, the honor-role student who gave you a tour of RGS campus. I need a favor. Can you help me?

She pauses just before she taps 'send'.

She thinks about it for a bit.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
I've got no choice.

Lingling taps 'send'.

She puts down her phone and shuts her eyes.

Few moments of silence. Her phone buzzes.

Lingling picks up her phone quickly and checks her texts. She gasps in surprise. Ava replied.

Ava: Hi Lingling! How can I help?

CROSS-FADE TO:

EXT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lingling is peeking looking through a curtain-covered window. Ava Langsley is standing outside the front gate.

Ava appears to be unsure whether she is at the right place.

INT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Lingling jogs quickly to the front door. She looks at a wall switch with the label 'auto gate' pasted above it.

She hesitates, a visible internal struggle playing out on her face. Finally, she presses the button.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

The front gate opens. Ava is surprised. She hesitantly walks into the front yard.

She approaches the front door and knocks.

Lingling opens the door just a crack.

LINGLING
Ava, heeeey it's me, Lingling! Did you bring my homework like I asked?

AVA

Um, yes.

LINGLING

Cool, can you pass it to me?

Ava uses her trunk to lift her schoolbag off her back and into her fingerless foot-hands. As she takes out the homework she starts talking.

AVA

Lingling the other day I think I
bumped into you, literally. Was
that you?

Ava unzips her bag, takes out a tied stack of worksheets, and balances it on her nose like a waiter holding a tray.

Meanwhile on the other side of the front door, Lingling is putting on some big oven mittens.

LINGLING

Err... first pass me the homework,
then we can talk about other stuff,
okay?

AVA

Okay.

After a moment, the door opens. An oven-mitten-covered hand extends out.

LINGLING

Just put it on the mitten.

Ava is weirded out.

She carefully places the worksheets on the mitten.

The stack wobbles precariously. The mitten-hand drops it. Lingling mutters curses from behind the door.

LINGLING (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Oh crap.

Two oven mittens now reach out, fumbling to retrieve the stack.

Inside the house, Lingling lies on the floor in an awkward position, her body contorted so she can reach the worksheets through the narrow opening of the door without revealing herself. The door blocks her face from view.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
 (struggling)
 Come on... come on...
 (frustrated)
 Oh fuck it.

Back outside, the two oven mitts retract. The door opens wider, and two furry hands with black claws grasp the stack of worksheets.

Ava yelps, taking a step back.

Lingling pulls the homework inside.

Lingling sighs.

The door opens fully, and Lingling stands in the doorway, her transformed fox body fully visible. She holds the worksheets in one arm and the door open with the other.

AVA
 (Shocked)
 Good God.

Ava drops her arms, letting her bag slide off her trunk. She quickly catches it mid-fall with her trunk and gently places it on the ground, never taking her eyes off Lingling.

LINGLING
 (Exasperated)
 Yeah, the jig is up.
 (Suddenly serious,
 pointing at Ava)
 DON'T tell anyone.

AVA
 (Confused)
 Tell anyone what exactly? What's happening? Are you Lingling? Or are you—
 (*Dramatic gasp*)
 Oh, were you wearing a human disguise all this time but you're actually a fox?

LINGLING
 (Frustrated)
 No! Just go away—

MRS. LYN
 Lingling? Who is this?

Mrs. Lyn is standing at the gate, looking worried. She is carrying a bag full of groceries.

LINGLING

Mum, you're back!

AVA

Um, hello Ms. Lyn, I'm Ava
Langsley. Uh... Lingling
(Gestures uncertainly
towards Lingling)
mentored me when I transferred to
Rafflestonia.

I met her again when I was staying
late in school. It looked like she
was turning into a white werewolf...?

Uh... anyways, today Lingling asked
me to fetch her homework from
school, so I came and brough her
her homework.

Is-is she okay?

Mrs. Lyn relaxes slightly.

MRS. LYN

Well, now you know our little
secret. Why don't you come in for a
light snack?

AVA

Err, thanks.

Mrs. Lyn walks into the house, and so does Ava.

Inside the house, Lingling gasps, trying to protest, but Ava
is already inside.

She puts her arms up in disbelief (reference to meme "The
Persian Cat") and opens her mouth to try and say something,
but she just drops her hands and sighs in defeat, closing the
front door.

CUT TO:

INT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ava looks around. She is amazed at how fancy, well-lit and
clean the house is. Mrs. Lyn goes into the kitchen.

AVA
Woah, your house is so big! And
your couches are so big!

MRS. LYN
(friendly)
I'm glad you like it.

Ava looks at the recliner couch. Lingling quickly jumps onto it and lies on it sideways, allowing her to dangle her legs and tail off one arm rest and put her head on another.

LINGLING
Yes, and this seat has been my most
frequent choice lately, so I'm
sitting here.

AVA
Okay, can I sit here.

Ava points at the four-seater couch with her trunk.

MRS. LYN
Sure.

She sits down. She sinks into the couch and a faint CREAK is heard.

Lingling face-palms in frustration.

MRS. LYN (CONT'D)
I'll go prepare the food.

Mrs. Lyn walks out of the living room and into the kitchen.

Ava and Lynn stare at each other awkwardly for a solid minute.

Mrs. Lyn walks back into the living room with a tray and places it onto the coffee table.

MRS. LYN (CONT'D)
Here are some tea and biscuits for
you two.

AVA
Thanks.

Ava takes a small biscuit with her trunk, brings it to her mouth and eats it. Then, she takes a tea on a plate, puts it on her foot-hand and lifts the teacup with her trunk.

Lingling also takes up a cup of tea and starts sipping it.

MRS. LYN

So Ava, what year of study are you in?

AVA

First year.

MRS. LYN

Mm. Lingling's in her fourth and final year at Rafflestonia.

Lingling looks at Mrs. Lyn with furrowed brows, then she puts her hands on her stomach and stays silent.

MRS. LYN (CONT'D)

How was the mentoring with Lingling? Did she give a good tour of the campus?

Lingling avoids eye contact with Mrs. Lyn out of guilt.

AVA

It was fine. Very concise. I'm just glad I finally made it to Rafflestonia. After all, it's a pretty prestigious school where very few... um... - *people like me* - get accepted.

For some reason my family didn't get a response from Rafflestonia's admission team in our mail until last weekend! So, I missed the student orientation and the first few days of school. Kinda unlucky.

(jokingly)

You know, it takes just *two hours* to travel from Rafflestonia to my house, so why was the acceptance letter only delivered *two weeks* after the apparent delivery date that's printed on it?

Lingling looks at Ava in surprise.

LINGLING

Two hours? Where do you live?

AVA

My family just moved to Hillview.

MRS. LYN

That's all the way in the west!

AVA
Oh, it's fine.

Ava's looks at Lingling, her expression turning concerned.
She puts down her tea.

AVA (CONT'D)
The real question is, is Lingling
fine? What happened to her?

MRS. LYN
You see-

Lingling gets up from the couch and stands quickly.

LINGLING
(interrupts)
Mum, can we talk in private for a
minute?

Mrs. Lyn gets up. Mrs. Lyn and Lingling go to the corridor.
Lingling speaks in loud whispers.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
(angry)
Why did you let her in? Ava is the
last kind of person who should know
about... all this!

Lingling gestures to the her whole body.

MRS. LYN
Then why did you ask her to come to
our home?

Lingling looks at the floor.

LINGLING
My friends don't want to talk to
me. Not even text.

MRS. LYN
Lingling, Ava said she saw you mid-
transformation, right? So she
already knows you transformed.

Because of that, she is the only
person who believes that you are
Lingling, other than me.

Lingling fidgets.

LINGLING

Oh, right. Dad and Yingying don't think I'm me.

MRS. LYN

We need all the help we can get.

Lingling sighs, reluctantly nodding.

LINGLING

Okay.

Lingling and Mrs. Lyn return to the living room. This time, Lingling sits up straight at the edge of her couch.

MRS. LYN

Ava, how much do you know about transformations?

AVA

I heard that if a wolf bites a human, then the human will also turn into a wolf, apparently? But I thought that is just a mean myth.

Mrs. Lyn shakes her head.

MRS. LYN

That is mean, but if the bite breaks the skin and saliva gets into the wound, then it might allow the transmission of the ANIMALIZATION VIRUS. Do you know what that is?

Ava shakes her head.

MRS. LYN (CONT'D)

The Animalization Virus causes humans to transform into anthros. It spreads by moisture, for example by saliva when sharing food.

When it enters the human body it can be dormant for many days, usually up to two weeks. Fever and cough are the first symptoms. Then, small changes to the body hint at transformation, including extra hair growth of different color, claws protruding at extremities and change in bone shape. Normally these changes start slowly, over a variable number of days.

(MORE)

MRS. LYN (CONT'D)

In a human's final stage of infection, the transformation becomes rapid. Their breathing would become shallower and faster, and their body temperature would spike.

Eventually, the person would transform into a anthro all at once.

There have been reports of some who could resist complete transformation, but doing so killed them.

Humans are born without immunity to the virus, so we must be immunized with the vaccine from birth.

Normally, once someone is vaccinated for any given virus, they are largely resistant to that virus for life. However, even being nearly a hundred years old, the animalization virus frequently mutates into new strains that occasionally renders old vaccines obsolete, so there are still rare cases of transformations today.

Thus, there is perpetual research on the animalization virus and its vaccines, and humans have to take new vaccines every few years, or sometimes every few months.

This brings us to Lingling. She has taken every latest vaccine since her date of birth, including an injection she took the week before.

However, Lingling still transformed, out of the blue, with no early signs like fever or shortness of breath until just an hour before her complete transformation.

This is our mystery.

Ava looks at her tea. She taps her trunk on her chin, thinking.

AVA

Maybe it's caused a new strain of the virus?

MRS. LYN

Possibly, but my husband likes to keep in check with news about new virus strains. The last new strain that came out prompted him to get Lingling her last vaccine, and there has been no new news since then.

Additionally, Lingling should be quite resistant to any new strains, especially after her most recent vaccination.

Lingling snaps her fingers.

LINGLING

What if... My transformation is caused by the vaccine itself? Mum, you've said before that not all vaccines are perfect, right? What if there was something wrong with the dose I got?

MRS. LYN

Also possible. If that's the case, I'm going to have a word with the company who released that vaccine.

LINGLING

Then, my first step is to go back to the vaccination center. I still have the RECEIPT in my room.

Lingling gets up and starts to walk but she stumbles a bit and she stops abruptly.

AVA

Are you okay?

LINGLING

Yeah. I'm just getting used to walking on tiptoe all the time.

AVA

Has it been difficult for you in your new body?

Lingling flops back onto the couch, sitting in a slouch - legs apart and giant tail in the middle. She looks annoyed.

LINGLING

I'm dealing with it. Between the long fur all over my body that I have to spend AN HOUR to comb every day and this giant tail that gets in the way of all chairs, I think the most unsettling change is my legs.

She raises a leg and taps on a backwards-facing joint near the middle of it.

LINGLING (CONT'D)

This looks like a backwards knee right? Well, it's actually my heel, as in the whole lower half of my leg is just "foot".

Lingling bends the top half of her leg.

LINGLING (CONT'D)

This is my knee. All the way up here. Like, what kind of leg is this?

AVA

Digitigrade.

Mrs. Lyn and Lingling turn from looking at Lingling's legs to Ava.

AVA (CONT'D)

(shrugs)

I like to learn anatomy for drawing.

Lingling leans forward, looking very frustrated and embarrassed. She takes her cup of tea and throws it back, drinking it all down in one go. Then she puts down the cup, almost slamming it down on the plate. She winces.

LINGLING

Well, I guess that's all we got to discuss. Thanks for coming by. I finally got my homework and I got to work on it double-time before...

Wait, why is it you who delivered my homework of all people?

AVA

Excuse me?

MRS. LYN
(disapprovingly)
Lingling...

LINGLING
No! I mean- I've must have sent
dozens of text to my friends to
tell *them* to get my homework.

I just don't understand why they
sound like they're mad at *me* for
not coming to school, especially
Katie?

There is a silence. Everyone is looking at each other.

AVA
I'm not sure. I mean, you probably
need to ask your friends that
question.

I just went to your classroom and
asked the teacher there for your
homework.

It was already in a neat stack on
your desk, from all your... subjects...

Ava and Mrs. Lyn are looking at Lingling with concern.
Lingling is spaced out, her expression suddenly gloomy.

LINGLING
I have been part of the Dance Club
at Rafflestonia since year 1, when
Katie took me under her wing.

She was a year one, just like me,
but it felt like she was a senior
there forever, because as team lead
of the Dance Club, she was already
surrounded by friends who respected
and followed her.

My classmates tell me I'm a
teacher's pet. When I do better at
exams it doesn't make anyone like
me better.

I've been in many co-curricular and
extra-curricular activities. In all
those activities I was continuously
grinding to be better, but that was
kind of it. Get good. Join a
competition. Earn an award. Repeat.

(MORE)

LINGLING (CONT'D)

But, with the Dance Club, it's more than that. When I practice choreography with the team, I'm practicing with friends. Following and flowing to the rhythm of those who care and accept me as their own.

I mean, I felt like I was something great. Something bigger than myself.

But now Katie is mad at me because I'm missing the Dance Club sessions. Now she won't talk to me anymore.

Then there's you, Ava.

I mean, you're an anthro. I'm a human.

We met for like, an hour. I gave you a half-baked tour of the campus, and then I shoved you to the bottom-of-the-barrel anthro table at lunch when you asked to seat with us.

No offense.

AVA

Um... a bit offense taken.

LINGLING

I- I mean that's the point! I treated you like dirt, and we don't even know each other, but you still went out of your way to basically carry out a chore I asked, on Pawprint of all places!

Awkward silence. Lingling is clutching her head in her hands, and she looks like she's about to lose her mind.

MRS. LYN

Okay, um... Ava, thanks again for stopping by. You better go home now. It would be night by the time you reach home.

AVA

Yep.

Ava leans forward and stands up slowly. There's a huge dent in the couch in the space where Ava just sat. Ava puts her foot-hands up over her mouth.

AVA (CONT'D)
Oooh, I'm so sorry.

MRS. LYN
Uh... don't worry about it.

Mom covers the dented couch with some pillows.

Lingling is too busy staring out the window with a blank expression. Then, she looks towards the front door.

She snaps out of the daze and hurries to the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Ava walks out of the front door. The front gates swing open. Ava turns around and waves with her trunk. Mrs. Lyn is standing at the door.

AVA
Bye, thanks for having me.

MRS. LYN
Your most welcome.

LINGLING
Wait!

Lingling rushes out the front door and stops in front of Ava.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
(panting)
What I'm trying to say is... thanks.

I'm really glad that you visited. I hope it didn't take too much of your time.

AVA
Oh, no worries!

LINGLING
(shy)
It's just... I needed some company. Maybe... can you visit again soon?

AVA
Really? That would be awesome! Oh,
I almost forgot.

Ava reaches into her backpack with her trunk. She takes out a zip-lock bag with Lingling's school shoes in them, with their laces still tied together. Ava hands them over to Lingling.

LINGLING
(gasp)
My shoes!

AVA
You left these in a hurry the other day. I thought I'd pick them up for you.

LINGLING
(amazed)
Thanks.

Ava walks to the front gate and stops just before going through it. She turns back and waves her trunk. Lingling and Mrs. Lyn wave their arms back.

AVA
See you soon!

LINGLING
See you!

Ava walks out to the road, going out of view as she walks behind a wall.

CUT TO:

INT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Front door opens. Mr. Lyn walks in, closes door. Takes off his shoes and puts his bag on the floor. He is tired.

MR. LYN
Honey? I'm home. I had to stay back at work. Is dinner ready?

MRS. LYN (O.C.)
It'll be ready in twenty minutes.
Go take a shower.

MR. LYN
Right.

Mr. Lyn walks to the coffee table, picks up TV remote and turns the TV on. While looking at the TV screen, he falls backwards onto the four-seater couch. He lands hard between a gap in the pillows and falls into the large dent. He grunts.

Mr. Lyn looks down at the couch. He feels the sides of dent. He moves away the pillows on the couch, uncovering the large dent.

MR. LYN (CONT'D)
What happened to the couch?

No response. Mr. Lyn is alone in the living room.

HISS...

Sounds of cooking can be heard.

Mr. Lyn gets up. He looks left and right.

He goes to the shelf with framed photos. From behind a photo of the family, he pulls out a small smart phone that looks old and worn.

Mr. Lyn taps on the smart phone for a while. He opens a video recording. Ava is seen on the screen, talking to Mrs. Lyn and Lingling.

Mr. Lyn's jaw clenches. He slides the phone into his pants pocket.

He stomps to Lingling's bedroom door, which is closed. He bangs on the door repeatedly with his fist.

MR. LYN (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Open up fox! Open this door!

Lingling opens the door, annoyed.

LINGLING
(sarcastic)
Could you knock any harder, Dad?

MR. LYN
(sharp)
Don't call me "Dad"! Get over here!

Mr. Lyn grabs Lingling's arm and forcefully pulls her over to the living room. Lingling is startled.

He points to the dent in the couch.

MR. LYN (CONT'D)
You let an anthro ELEPHANT into the house?

LINGLING
(guilty)
Uh... n-no...

Mrs. Lyn is at the kitchen door, wearing an apron.

MRS. LYN
What's going on?

MR. LYN
You and the fox let in another anthro?

Mr. Lyn shows the phone footage.

MRS. LYN
(angry)
You put a hidden camera in the living room?

MR. LYN
Yes, I did. Since she happened.

Mr. Lyn points at Lingling.

MR. LYN (CONT'D)
I have been recording everything, and this proves that you aren't Lingling.

LINGLING
What? How?

MR. LYN
Lingling is smart. She knows never to let in anthros because they are dangerous criminals!

LINGLING
Ava is different! She's just a friend from school. Why would she be a criminal?

MR. LYN
Oh, of course she is your friend, because you're an anthro too!

MRS. LYN
She didn't let her in. I did.

Mr. Lyn turns towards Mrs. Lyn, shocked.

MR. LYN

Wh-why?

MRS. LYN

Because she saw Lingling
transforming!

Mr. Lyn becomes frustrated and paces around.

MRS. LYN (CONT'D)

(rising tone)

Also, you can't call all anthros
dangerous!

MR. LYN

They are dangerous! You work with
their kind all day - you should
know them best!

MRS. LYN

I *do* know them. They're my *friends*.
They are people, not animals!

MR. LYN

Do you hear yourself? You are
saying Anthropomorphic Animals
aren't *animals*!

Lingling looks at her parents arguing. She is tired.

She turns around and sees Yingying hiding behind a wall,
overhearing the argument. Yingying immediately retreats
behind the wall and disappears.

Lingling drags her feet as she walks to her room while her
parents are still arguing. She turns around and slams the
door shut.

CUT TO:

INT. LINGLING'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She locks the door behind her and leans her back against it.

Her room is dark except for a lamplight shining a dim yellow
light from her desk.

She grits her teeth and jumps onto her bed. She screams into
a pillow. Then, she squeezes the pillow against her chest and
rips it apart with her claws.

She throws the pillow across the room, sending pillow fluff flying in the air.

She jump-stomps on her bouncy bed several times and jumps off.

Lingling notices a standing mirror and she sees her full-body reflection. A white anthro fox. She grabs the mirror and throws it down.

SMASH!

Reflective shards of various sizes spread across the floor.

Lingling's reflection is in all of them.

She falls backwards and lies on her bed. Her eyes are crazed. She closes her eyes and waits, blinking a few times. The fluff settles onto the floor.

Lingling lifts her feet up and turns to the other side of the bed. She gets up and threads carefully to a wall, where she picks up a mini dustpan and broom from a hook.

CUT TO LATER:

INT. LINGLING'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP OF DUSTBIN

Lingling sweeps fluff and shards from the dustpan into a bin.

WIDE SHOT OF ROOM

Lingling lifts her foot off the bin's pedal and the lid closes. She puts back the dustpan and broom onto its hook, and she dusts her hands.

Lingling walks to her table and sits down on the edge of her chair. She opens a laptop and turns on the screen. The screen shines bright white light on her face.

Lingling opens a nearby drawer and takes out a wallet. She takes out a RECEIPT from the wallet.

Lingling looks at the receipt briefly, puts it down and opens a search engine and types "Downtown Community Center Vaccination". An image of a community center is shown.

Lingling opens a new tab and searches "Cheap places to stay in Downtown". Several results are shown. Lingling clicks on one and a HOSTEL is shown.

Lingling leans back with steepling fingers and a furrowed eyebrows, looking at her screen.

CUT TO NEXT DAY:

INT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Yingying is watching some TV. Mr. Lyn is at the dining table working on his laptop. Mrs. Lyn goes to Lingling's bedroom door and knocks gently on it.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

MRS. LYN

Lingling? Dear?

No response. Yingying turns down the TV volume.

MRS. LYN (CONT'D)

Lingling, this morning Dad and Mum had a talk - no shouting this time - and we both agreed that keeping you cooped up in the house has been a bad idea. So, we settled aside our differences and decided that... maybe we could all go out for a walk as a family? Let the fresh air and movement clear all of our minds for a bit.

Still no response. Mr. Lyn shakes his head. He points at Mrs. Lyn.

MR. LYN

I didn't agree to the walk, just to settle our differences.

MRS. LYN

Look, your father may talk big, but if he really believed you weren't his daughter, he would have called the police by now. But he hasn't, not even after last night.

No response again. Mr. Lyn takes an annoyed glance at Mrs. Lyn, but stays silent.

MRS. LYN (CONT'D)
 Despite our fighting, Dad and I
 agree on one thing - we will get
 through this crisis together. You
 can count on that. Okay, Lingling?

No response.

MRS. LYN (CONT'D)
 Lingling?

Mr. Lyn closes his laptop and gets up. Mrs. Lyn tentatively
 turns the door handle. It's unlocked.

Mrs. Lyn slowly opens the door.

CREEK...

CUT TO:

INT. LINGLING'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is empty. Brightly lit by sunlight from an open
 window. Wind starts to blow in and it moves the curtains in a
 graceful wavy manner.

The bed is empty, and her desk is empty. Everything is neat
 and tidy.

Mrs. Lyn runs into the room. She looks around. She's alone.

She runs to the open window. She cries out in terror.

MRS. LYN
 LINGLING!

Mr. Lyn runs into the room. Yingying peeks into the room from
 the door frame.

Mrs. Lyn and Mr. Lyn exchange worried glances.

Mrs. Lyn turns around and notices a lamp shining light onto a
 paper.

Mrs. Lyn picks up the paper. It reads:

LINGLING (V.O.)
 Dear family,

 you know what, Dad is right. I'm
 not Lingling - I haven't felt like
 myself since the transformation.
 (MORE)

MRS. LYN (CONT'D)

I feel as if my life got turned upside-down.

My "friends" from Dance Club care about me less than Ava, who's known me for barely a day, and I feel like a stranger among my family. I cannot stay here and do nothing, nor can I bear to watch as this family tears itself apart because of me.

I did some research. I know where to go to solve this, but I have go alone.

I'm sorry.

Love, Lingling.

Mrs. Lyn places the note on Lingling's table.

Mrs. Lyn gently pulls back Lingling's desk chair and sits in it.

Mrs. Lyn sobs. Mr. Lyn goes next to Mrs. Lyn and kneels down on one knee. He pats Mrs. Lyn's back to comfort her. Yingying watches all this from the door frame.

TO BE CONTINUED.