

TRANSFURRED DOWNTOWN - ITERATION 10 - EP3
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EXT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - MORNING

Investigator REN Haruto (35M), a yellowish-white anthro goat dressed in black leather, wearing black sunglasses and leather shoes. He is walking up the footpath and his shoes make a CLACKING NOISE.

CLACK. CLACK. CLACK. CLACK.

He stops in front of Lingling's house and briefly takes out a notebook from his black leather jacket pocket to double-check the address. He's at the right place.

He presses a doorbell button, then he walks to the front gate and waits with his arms folded.

YINGYING can be seen in a window, peeking through the curtains. She is watching Ren.

She disappears from the window. The front gates open swing open.

CUT TO:

Ren goes to the front door and knocks. The door opens and Lingling's Mr. Lyn (40M) is there.

MR. LYN

Mr. Ren Haruto. Please come in. You
can place your shoes here.

Ren ignores him and half-heartedly brushes his feet on the "Welcome" mat before stepping in with his shiny leather shoes still on. Lingling's Mr. Lyn is slightly offended, but stays quiet.

He goes to the four-seater couch and sits down, crossing his legs. He takes out his notebook again and starts writing some notes.

Mrs. Lyn takes out two glasses of water on a tray.

MRS. LYN

Would you like some water,
Detective Ren?

MR. LYN

Don't give him one of our glasses!
Use the paper cups.

MRS. LYN
Darling, I'll wash these later,
just like with all the other
glasses we use.

REN
(fake cough)
MM-HMM!

Ren points his pen at Mr. Lyn.

REN (CONT'D)
(authoritative)
You called me here because your
daughter went missing, right?

Mr. Lyn calms himself down. He takes a framed PHOTO of
Lingling and sits on the single-seater couch, to Ren's right.
He places the photo on the table.

MR. LYN
This morning, my daughter, Lyn
Lingling, ran away from home. She
quietly left her bedroom through
her window while the door was shut,
so we did not know it when she
left. She did not say anything or
leave any note before she left.

REN
So she just ran off? For no reason?

MR. LYN
W-We don't know why she left.

REN
If she did not say or write down
any reason for leaving, then how
could you be so sure that she left
on her own volition?

Mr. Lyn is stunned for a second. Mrs. Lyn chimes in.

MRS. LYN
I was the first to discover that
Lingling *disappeared*. I entered her
room earlier. The windows were wide
open and her backpack was missing.
Her bed was made and her desk was
tidied.

Ren breathes out heavily in frustration. He knows Lingling's
parents are not being honest with him. He takes out a small
camera and takes a snapshot of the photo.

Then, he gets up from his seat.

REN
Show me her room.

CUT TO:

INT. LINGLING'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ren enters the room and looks around. A sweeping glance shows the room is tidy. Sunshine and a gentle breeze enter the room through the open window.

Ren takes a few wide-angle shots of the room.

Ren takes out some thin rubber gloves and puts them on. Then, he walks around the room.

He goes to the desk, which has nothing on it.

Above the middle of the desk is a DESK LAMP that is supported by an awkwardly bent swan neck.

Ren touches the light switch on the base of the DESK LAMP, turning the lamp on. He runs his fingers on the desk surface under the lamp light.

He walks around some more. Then, he notices the the floor. He gets down on one knee to get a closer look.

He notices some white hair and a few fine shards of broken glass on the floor. He scrapes some of it off the floor and puts them in a zip-lock bag.

Walking around again, he notices a standing mirror with its reflective side facing the wall.

He turns the mirror around, revealing it to be broken with missing fragments. He takes a snapshot of the mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ren steps out of Lingling's room. Mr. Lyn and Mrs. Lyn are waiting just beside Lingling's bedroom door.

Ren notices Yingying in her room. He steps close, looking at Yingying. She is drawing on a paper at her desk.

REN

Who's she?

MRS. LYN

Oh, this is our second daughter,
Yingying.

Yingying stops, looks at Ren briefly, then goes back to
drawing very fast and furiously.

MR. LYN

Have you found anything in her
room?

Ren takes a step back from Yingying's room.

REN

There were some shards of glass and
white hair on the floor, and
there's a broken mirror. Otherwise,
it's like you said - the room is
tidy.

Now, I'm need to know a few more
things.

Has Lingling been in contact with
any anthro persons recently?

MR. LYN

No, she has not.

REN

Do you suspect that an anthro has
any involvement in her
disappearance?

MR. LYN

No. W-we're not sure.

Ren pinches the bridge of his nose, then crosses his arms.

REN

Then why did you call *me*?

I run a one-man private
investigation business and my work
is focused in the Downtown
District, more specifically in
Jungle Haven. I also don't
advertise.

So, it's strange for me to receive

a phone call from a family living all the way in the terrace estates at the outskirts of the city.

You could have called the police - they have much more men, resources and connections to track down your daughter - but you called me.

Is there any reason why?

Ren is staring intently at Mr. Lyn.

MRS. LYN

Um, Investigator Ren, I heard about you from a friend at work.

She said that you help people in Jungle Haven with their problems very well, because you are *compassionate*.

So, today I called her and asked for your business' phone number.

REN

That still doesn't explain why the police wasn't your first choice.

Mrs. Lyn looks at Mr. Lyn. Mr. Lyn shakes his head. Mrs. Lyn's eyebrows furrow and she turns back to Ren.

MRS. LYN

Something's happened to Lingling that we cannot tell anyone.

REN

Why not?

MR. LYN

Because she has a life. If anyone finds out, her reputation is ruined.

REN

Look, Mr. Lyn, Mrs. Lyn, if your daughter has disappeared, that means her life is at stake.

You two have to be honest with me if I am to find her before something happens to her.

Now tell me, what happened to her?

Mrs. Lyn takes in a deep breath and sighs.

MRS. LYN
She's changed.

REN
Changed? Changed how?

Mrs. Lyn looks at Mr. Lyn.

MR. LYN
It's all we can share for now.
That, and she's probably wearing
white.

REN
Wearing white?

MR. LYN
It's her new favorite color. All
white - from head to toe.

Ren is confused.

MRS. LYN
You'll understand when you find
her.

REN
IF I find her.

Ren walks towards the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINGLING'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MORNING

Ren walks out of the front door. Mrs. Lyn rushes to the door.

MRS. LYN
You can find her, right?

REN
Just call the police, madam. I'm
not doing this.

MRS. LYN
Please, right now Lingling is in a
difficult situation that requires
someone like you.

Ren keeps walking and doesn't look back.

REN
I'm not THAT compassionate.

MRS. LYN
It's not that. Only... Only *beings*
like you can know what she's facing
now.

Ren stops abruptly. He turns around slowly.

REN
(tone rising)
Oh, is that what it is? Now you
humans want a "being like me" to
help solve YOUR problems?

Mr. Lyn approaches Mrs. Lyn.

MR. LYN
He's getting emotional. I told you
we should call someone else.

Ren points at Mr. Lyn.

REN
I f**king heard that, and it is a
brilliant idea - call someone else!

Ren walks briskly out the gate.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINGLING'S ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Ren is angrily walking down the footpath, away from
Lingling's house. He hears fast footsteps from behind him.

He turns around to see Yingying running towards him in
slippers, holding a MYSTERIOUS FOLDED PAPER.

Yingying stops at a small distance in front of Ren and holds
out the FOLDED PAPER with an extended arm.

Ren goes to take the FOLDED PAPER from Yingying. Immediately
when Yingying is no longer holding it, she turns back and
runs back home.

Ren looks at the FOLDED PAPER. On the outside, Yingying has
written in block letters: FIND HER.

He unfolds the paper. On the other side of the paper is a crude, rushed black-and-white pencil sketch of an Anthro Fox which is lying on its side while in a fetus position. There are additional small drawings of fox around the main drawing.

(It's Lingling, but Ren does not know.)

Ren stares at the drawing, then he folds it up.

He clenches the folded paper in his fist.

REN

FINE.

Ren pockets the drawing in his black leather jacket.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN COMMUNITY CENTER - MORNING

Lingling walks up to building. Looks up and sees the building. She walks through the entrance doors.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN COMMUNITY CENTER - VACCINATION CENTER
ENTRANCE - MORNING

There are long queues with red tape forming long rows of people. All of them are humans.

Lingling joins a queue. She looks around her. She's the only anthro there. Some people look at her with raised eyebrows and are careful not to stand too close to her.

At the end of the queue, there is a checkpoint booth. A man ahead of Lingling in the queue walks to the checkpoint and shows their ID card to a CHECKPOINT WORKER (30M).

Lingling draws her wallet and takes out a RECEIPT from it. It shows the name "Lyn Lingling" at the top. Lingling gets worried.

The man leaves the checkpoint and moves to join another queue.

CHECKPOINT WORKER

Next!

Lingling walks to the checkpoint. She looks at the checkpoint worker and gives a nervous smile.

CHECKPOINT WORKER (CONT'D)

Miss, this queue is for vaccinations to prevent animalizing transformations. What are you doing here?

LINGLING

I'm actually here on behalf of a friend. She was administered with the vaccine here two weeks ago, and now she is feeling unwell. She suspects that it's a side effect of the vaccine.

She could not go out today so she sent me here to ask for more info on the vaccine, like "What was the batch number of the dose?" "Who was the doctor who prepared and injected me?" and "Did she clean her syringe properly?"

CHECKPOINT WORKER

What's your friend's name?

LINGLING

Lyn Lingling. That's L-Y-N, space, double L-I-N-G. It's all on this receipt here.

Lingling holds her receipt out to the checkpoint worker.

He writes down the name on a notepad.

CHECKPOINT WORKER

Mmm hmm, mmm hmm. Got it.

Unfortunately, I cannot just share such confidential information about another's injection, so I cannot help you.

LINGLING

(flustered)

What? Then what did you ask my name - I mean, my friend's name for?

CHECKPOINT WORKER

Security reasons, which reminds me - what's your name?

Lingling folds her arms and turns a cold shoulder.

LINGLING
(whining)
I don't wanna say my name.

CHECKPOINT WORKER
(sighs)
Get out of the queue or I'll call
security. NEXT!

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOSTEL - MORNING

Phone shows picture of Hostel building. It moves aside to
show said building.

Lingling puts away her phone and walks into hostel.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN HOSTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Lingling walks up to a receptionist desk. There is a human
HOSTEL RECEPTIONIST (30F) at the desk who is smiling. There
are a few hostellers lounging around.

LINGLING
Hello, may I book a bed here
please? My stay might last about a
week, but it may be longer - I
don't know - I'll have to see how
things will go.

HOSTEL RECEPTIONIST
Oh, we cannot allow you to stay
here.

LINGLING
(whining)
What?! Why?

The receptionist's smile falters a bit. She hastily searches
for something on her desk off camera.

The receptionist calms down a bit. She now has a paper. She
reads off it.

HOSTEL RECEPTIONIST
 Hostellers with long fur would
 compromise the cleanliness of the
 rooms as they might unintentionally
 shed fur among the premises or
 leave permanent smells on the
 walls.

In the past, we have received
 complaints about rooms that an were
 previously occupied by such
 hostellers as there had been balls
 of fur on the floor and a pungent
 "animal musk".

Thus, this hostel may refuse any
 individuals with long fur.

(looks up)
 We sincerely apologize for the
 inconvenience.

Lingling is appalled.

BAM!

She slams her paw-hands on the desk.

LINGLING
 (exclaiming)
 I don't shed fur and I don't smell
 bad!

HOSTEL RECEPTIONIST
 I didn't say that. Also, you are
 leaving sweat prints in the desk.

Lingling lifts up her paw-hand. There is a wet paw-hand print
 on the surface.

Lingling frantically wipes her paw-hands on her clothes.

LINGLING
 (bargaining)
 I'll shower two - no, three times a
 day!

HOSTEL RECEPTIONIST
 No means no, miss.

LINGLING
 I'll shave all my fur-

CHINATOWN HOSTEL RECEPTIONIST
(overlapping with
Lingling)
Please, miss-

LINGLING
(grabbing her large, furry
tail)
I'LL CUT OFF MY TAIL!

The hostellers around Lingling turn to look at her. Lingling notices. Some are giving a scrutinizing look.

HOSTEL RECEPTIONIST
(serious)
Miss Fox, I am telling you one last
time: leave, or I will call the
police.

Lingling is embarrassed. With her tail literally between her legs, she turns around and walks out of the building while the receptionist is keeping her eyes locked on her.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOSTEL - CONTINUOUS

Lingling steps in front of the hostel. She takes a quick look around for other hostels.

Then, Lingling pauses to take some fluff from her chest. She puts it to her nose, smells it, then winces in disgust. She angrily throws down the fluff onto the ground and stomps her foot.

CUT TO:

12. INT. SHOPPING MALL - NOON

The mall is bustling with Humans and Anthros. The shops are brightly lit.

Lingling is sitting on a bench in the middle of the mall. She is sitting in a slouch, resting her head back and looking at the ceiling. Her large tail sways between her legs.

LINGLING
So much for knowing where to go and
doing this alone. What now?

Lingling's stomach growls. She puts her hands over her tummy.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
Ugh~ maybe I should have waited
till after breakfast before running
away.

Lingling gets up. She looks around. She spots a food court on one of the upper floors of the mall.

She starts walking there.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - CONTINUOUS

Lingling walks into the wide and spacious place. There are many tables around, nearly all occupied by Humans and Anthros. Small food stalls line the perimeter of the court.

She takes a deep breath, then her eyes widen in surprise. The smells are intense and surround her that we can see in the form of multi-colored smoke.

She comes across a waft of smell that she finds especially good.

Lingling follows the smell tries to walk to its source with her Fox nose pointing the way and her eyes closed.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - CHICKEN RICE STALL - CONTINUOUS

After some walking, she stops in front of a stall and opens her eyes - it's a food stall with whole chickens hung up on hooks, glowing under the warm yellow lights. There is a long queue.

Lingling's eyes are shining with glee and drool drips from her mouth.

She joins the queue.

When it is her turn, Lingling rushes forward.

LINGLING
(excitedly)
Uh... I didn't really read the
menu. Just give me a BIG piece.

The anthro pangolin CHICKEN RICE CHEF takes down a whole roasted chicken, places it on a plate and only seasons some parsley onto it. Then, he pours some soup from a pot into a small bowl.

He places the plate of chicken and bowl of soup onto a tray and hands the tray to Lingling.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
(confused)
What? Where's the rice?

CHICKEN RICE CHEF
Rice? You want rice with this Fox-Hunt Set?

LINGLING
Uh... Never mind. How much?

CHICKEN RICE CHEF
Ten dollars.

Lingling takes out her PINK PHONE. She uses it to scan a QR code to make an electronic payment.

A human young man, a PICKPOCKET, is in the queue and just behind Lingling. He looks over her shoulder and sees her shiny phone. His eyes widen in interest.

LINGLING
Thanks!

Lingling takes the tray away.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL, FOOD COURT, TABLE

Lingling finds an empty seat and sits down. She takes off her backpack and hangs it on the backrest of the seat.

Lingling takes up her fork and spoon to use them to eat, but changes her mind and throws them behind her. She tears out a leg with her bare paw-hand and starts chewing away chunks of meat from it.

LINGLING
(mouth full)
Mmm! When has chicken ever tasted this good? Oh, I remember. My tastes have changed.

Meanwhile, at a table some distance away, the Pickpocket is picking at his food and taking quick glances at Lingling.

Lingling puts the last chicken bone on her plate as she finishes her dinner. She licks her fingers clean and wipes them with a paper napkin.

Lingling sinks into her chair.

LINGLING (V.O.)
 (we hear Lingling's
 thoughts)
 Mom, Dad and Yingying must be
 having *their* lunch now.

Lingling takes out her phone. She opens some pictures of her family on from a hiking trip, then some pictures of her Dance Club friends.

She sighs.

LINGLING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I tried to do this on my own, but I
 couldn't find out more about my
 vaccination, nor find a place to
 stay. But, at home my family is all
 split up and fighting over me.

 Should I try again by myself or go
 back home and try again with my
 family? I don't know what to do.

Lingling gets up and starts walking out of the food court. The Pickpocket also gets up and follows Lingling.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL, CORRIDOR - EVENING

Lingling is walking in a crowded corridor, looking for an exit. The Pickpocket follows close behind. His hands are in his pants pocket. He is wearing long pants.

Pickpocket walks by Lingling's right. He bumps into her, pretending it is by accident. He lifts up his right hand apologetically.

PICKPOCKET
 Ah, sorry.

Pickpocket keeps walking forward. However, Lingling feels her right pocket and glances at it. Her phone is gone.

She looks at Pickpocket. He is holding her pink phone. He slips it into his right pants pocket and puts his hands back in pockets.

LINGLING
Hey stop! That's mine!

Pickpocket turns around and looks at Lingling. He takes out his hands and shrugs.

PICKPOCKET
What?

LINGLING
Don't play dumb, that's my phone!
I'd recognize my pink phone
anywhere! It's a limited edition
with pink metal! You slipped it
into your pocket!

The Pickpocket reaches back into his right pants pocket but draws out a small black phone.

PICKPOCKET
This is MY phone, miss. Mind your
own business.

Lingling freezes. She opens her mouth to say something, but no words come out. The Pickpocket is already turning around and walking away.

Lingling rushes at the Pickpocket and pats his pants aggressively. The Pickpocket stops abruptly.

PICKPOCKET (CONT'D)
What the hell? Stop!

Lingling crouches down and reaches into the pants pockets and pulls out whatever she can, dropping them on the floor.

Keys, tissue paper, the black phone. No pink phone. Lingling is bamboozled.

Pickpocket grabs Lingling's shoulder. The Pickpocket tries to shove her away, but Lingling grabs his arm instead.

She stands up and pulls at his arm. The Pickpocket frantically tries to run away, but Lingling does not let go.

LINGLING
Give me back my phone!

Two Mall Security Guards run over. Standing side-by-side of Lingling, they grab Lingling's arms and rip her from the Pickpocket.

However, Lingling accidentally lacerates the Pickpocket's arm when she is pulled away as her claws dig into his skin, and draws blood.

The Pickpocket bleeds and cries in pain.

Lingling is horrified and looks at her blood-stained fingers.

The Pickpocket crouches down, picks up his belongings from the floor and runs away. Lingling's expression changes from horror to worry.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
No! My phone!

Lingling shakes off the guards and runs after the Pickpocket.

Suddenly, she seizes up and falls to the ground.

A third guard, GUARD 3, has arrived and is using a TASER on Lingling.

CUT TO:

17. EXT. OUTSIDE OF SHOPPING MALL BUILDING

Lingling is escorted to a police car, which has its red and blue lights flashing. She is wearing handcuffs.

One of the policemen escorting her opens the back-seat door. The other pushes Lingling into the car. They slam the door shut and then get inside the car themselves.

LINGLING (CONT'D)
Why are you arresting me? He's the thief! I'm the victim!

Lingling is driven away from the mall.

CUT TO:

18. EXT. POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Wide shot of police station.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ren enters the lobby. He goes to a reception desk and talks to the police receptionist.

REN

Good afternoon. I am Investigator Ren. May I have a word with Officer Chudnow?

OFFICER CHUDNOW

Haruto?

OFFICER CHUDNOW (50M) is an Anthro Chow-Chow Dog. He just walked into the lobby. Ren holds out a hand to Officer Chudnow.

REN

It's nice to see you, *officer*.

Officer Chudnow shakes hands with Ren.

OFFICER CHUDNOW

I'm sorry - *Investigator* Ren, how have you been?

REN

As per usual. Helping my neighbors with their troubles. How are you?

OFFICER CHUDNOW

I'm good. I came out here to take a break from a mountain of paperwork.

REN

Does the entire workload belong to you?

OFFICER CHUDNOW

(sigh)

I'm helping a few of my senior coworkers with their paperwork.

Ren balls his hand into a tight fist, angrily.

REN

(whispers)

Human coworkers?

OFFICER CHUDNOW

(sighs)

Did you come here for help?

Ren relaxes his hands and puts them in his pockets.

REN

A human family living in the HIGH HILLS ESTATE called me to their home this afternoon because their first daughter had disappeared. I have a clue on someone who may be involved.

Ren takes out Yingying's drawing and shows the drawing of an Anthro Fox.

REN (CONT'D)

I asked the neighbors in the estate about whether they have seen an anthro fox in their neighborhood. All have said that no anthros live or visit there.

Then, I went back to JUNGLE HAVEN and asked my neighbors. The fox families can't recognize the individual in the drawing.

However, they noted empty patches on the back of dark ears. Dark ears means this person is a red fox, but red foxes shouldn't have the empty patches.

REN (CONT'D)

Apparently these are "false eyes" and they are common to tigers, but red foxes don't usually have false eyes.

I was hoping you would know a red fox with false eyes.

OFFICER CHUDNOW

Hmm, I don't know any fox with false ears, but maybe I could look in the waiting room to see whether anyone has seen such a fox pass through.

REN

Officer Chudnow, I'm not saying this fox might have kidnapped the human girl - just that they are related somehow. I was hoping you could search the police's database.

OFFICER CHUDNOW

Yes, I know this fox may not be a criminal, but the police records of individuals mostly consists of suspected felons, and all suspected felons go through the waiting room.

Ren looks away from Officer Chudnow. He is annoyed.

REN

Please take a look.

He passes the drawing to Officer Chudnow.

OFFICER CHUDNOW

Wait here.

Officer Chudnow walks out of the lobby while Ren waits.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Officer Chudnow walks into the room. There are rows of seats with a few anthro felons on them. There are human and anthro police officers standing at the sides of the room, keeping watch of the anthro felons.

Lingling is sitting there as well.

Officer Chudnow spots Lingling from behind her. He is very surprised.

He takes out Yingying's drawing and holds it up to compare with Lingling. The anthro fox in the drawing matches Lingling, including the false eyes on her ears.

He walks around the seats slowly. He sees Lingling's face.

Lingling sees him.

Officer Chudnow stares wide-eyed at Lingling for a hot second. Then, he snaps out of it and walks briskly out of the room.

Lingling looks nervously at Officer Chudnow as he walks away.

TO BE CONTINUED.