

Fluffy Fury
by
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INT. PHARMA LAB - DAY

A middle-aged, bald, CHEMIST with thick glasses sits in front of a table, staring at a white rabbit. A small dish holding amber-colored goo rests in front of the rabbit.

A short sniff and the rabbit nibbles at the goo. The Chemist talks into a handheld recorder.

CHEMIST

Subject 32 is ingesting two ounces of formula F now. There are no initial indications of negative reactions to the subject's exterior or signs of internal distress.

The Chemist spins in his chair and wheels over to a different table. He writes in a journal.

CHEMIST

Although this is the first test subject for the new formula, I believe we have reason to be optimistic.

The Chemist clicks off his recorder.

CHEMIST

Take that, Ozempic!

The rabbit's shadow over the Chemist's back grows to monstrous proportions. He doesn't notice until he hears the dish break.

He looks up slowly and hears GROWLING. He reluctantly turns to face Subject 32.

CHEMIST

Ahhhhh!

We don't see the rabbit or the attack, only a splash of blood against the wall and the sounds of a very hungry bunny.

EXT. PHARMA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Loading dock, poorly lit, mostly abandoned.

A BURLY MANAGER sweats through his toupee as he pushes a dolly hauling a 55-gallon drum up a ramp onto a short-bed truck.

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The Manager approaches the front of the truck where a DRIVER in a cap and jumpsuit waits. We don't see his face.

The Manager pulls out a wad of fifties and counts. The Driver takes the money.

When the driver closes his door, he reveals the company logo "LANSING LABS."

As the truck pulls away, we peer inside to see that one of the drums is leaking...

TITLE: FLUFFY FURY

INT. TARA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

TARA, 30s, athletic and driven to succeed even when unconscious, sleeps in a drool-level slumber.

A shadow appears in the window behind sheer curtains.

First a blur, then a shape...with claws.

A scraping noise. Tara wakes, sleepily sees the form.

Claws against the window. Tara sits up, reaches out to the curtain cautiously.

She whips back the curtain and!

A fat squirrel perches on a branch looking stupid. Tara relaxes.

Then! Tara's alarm goes off, blaring death metal. Tara yelps, the squirrel shoots straight up off the branch out of sight at a *Airplane* style absurdity.

INT. ROBERT'S FOYER - DAY

ROBERT, early 40s, smooths his hair back. He buttons the top button of his polo, steps back to admire himself in the mirror.

He unbuttons the top button, admires himself again. Good Lord, he's turning himself on.

INT. SEAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

SEAN, 22, hangs off the side of the couch asleep. He rolls over, covers his head.

Panic! Sean throws the cover off his head, looks at his watch. He jumps up, knocking cups and glasses over on the battered coffee table.

SEAN'S ROOMMATE, 22, burnout, sits nearby in an armchair.

SEAN'S ROOMMATE

Good, you're up! Breakfast time.

SEAN

No, I am super late.

Sean searches around the floor, under papers, behind a dead plant and finally finds his phone's power cord unplugged and unattached to his phone.

SEAN

Where's my phone?

SEAN'S ROOMMATE

Melissa needed last night.

SEAN

Why didn't you give her yours?

SEAN'S ROOMMATE

Cause then how would she call me?

SEAN

My phone is my alarm! I'm so fired.

SEAN'S ROOMMATE

It's fine.

SEAN

It's not fine. I need them to hire me permanently. I don't want to work the kind of job where I come home at two in the morning smelling like old hot dogs.

Sean zooms to his room. Sean's roommate sniffs his shirt.

INT. LANSING LABS RECEPTION - DAY

Glass automatic sliding doors, granite floors and high ceilings: an entrance that says welcome to Lansing Labs, we're all show.

ETHAN, late 20's, GQ fierce, enters carrying a latte. The only other person there is MARGIA, a sweet faced and soft bellied 71-year-old security guard, at her post by the metal detector.

ETHAN
Good morning, Margia.

MARGIA
Morning, Ethan.

Ethan take a seat behind the massive welcome desk.

MARGIA
Is that one of those fancy lattes?

ETHAN
No, it's frothy cement.

MARGIA
I sure could use a pick me up like that this morning.

ETHAN
Mm-hmm.

Ethan sorts a pile of papers.

MARGIA
Especially after all those long nights of leaving the side door off the alarm so somebody could use the company computers for his classes.

ETHAN
It's not the computer I need, it's just so much quieter-

Ethan realizes his confession. He sighs, slides Margia his cup.

MARGIA
Oh, why thank you, dear.

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ETHAN

I haven't told anyone else about working on my MBA, so pretend you don't know, OK?

MARGIA

Know what, dear?

ETHAN

Don't do that. At your age, I can't tell if your being clever or going senile.

Sean rushes in, heads for the elevator. He swipes his badge, fidgets frantically waiting.

ETHAN

Late night?

Sean leaps in the elevator the minute the doors open, dropping his bag in the process.

ETHAN

Young people, am I right?

MARGIA

What?

ETHAN

Drink your latte.

INT. CHEMICAL LAB - DAY

Beakers, centrifuges, and other lab equipment on one side of the room, computers and desks on the other.

PETER, late 40s, Russian accent, looks out the window with binoculars.

Sean rushes in and plops his bag on the smaller of the two desks.

PETER

You're late?

SEAN

I know, I am so sorry. It won't happen again. I-

PETER

No, I was asking. I have no idea what time it is.

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CONTINUED:

SEAN

Oh. Then I'm on time. What are you doing?

PETER

Checking in on our little raccoon family. I think one of them is missing.

SEAN

Jimmy Dean? Paula Dean?

PETER

Butters.

SEAN

Awww, little buddy. Maybe Jimmy and Paula ate him.

Sean laughs at his joke, but drops his smile when he sees the placid look on Peter's face.

PETER

We do not joke about cannibalism.

Sean looks surprised and horrified.

PETER (CON'T)

Why do you think I left Russia?

Sean puts on rubber gloves.

SEAN

I saw Tara talking to that woman from the mayor's office.

PETER

Another inspection probably.

SEAN

That's like the third time this week.

PETER

Probably looking for evidence that the rumors are true. That we dump arsenic into the rivers and harbor radioactive monkeys.

SEAN

That's ridiculous. We don't have any radioactive monkeys.

INT. HALLWAY OF LANSING LABS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Smoke fills the bland hallway of Lansing Labs, impeding visibility. Shouts can be heard, and distant lights shine, but mostly shadows move around in the cloud.

A crazed lemur leaps into view and then leaps down the hallway out of sight. Peter appears out of the smoke with a net. He looks around and, upon hearing a lemur scream, runs down the hallway.

INT. CHEMICAL LAB - DAY (PRESENT)

Peter avoids making eye contact with Sean.

PETER

Not monkeys.

EXT. FRONT LAWN OF LANSING LABS - DAY

Tara walks slowly down the front lawn next to MS. BANKSHAW, a woman who looks to have had a wedgie since the late 80s. She only glances up from her tablet occasionally.

TARA

The food trucks will be set up over on this side, a ways back from the main stage. We'll open the gates up for them at two so they will have a couple hours to set up before we open it up to the public.

MS. BANKSHAW

How many food trucks should we expect?

TARA

Eight have committed to-

MS. BANKSHAW

I thought it was ten.

TARA

Two backed out when the venue moved, but they were vegan eateries anyway, so was it really a loss?

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Tara laughs. Ms. Bankshaw does not. They continue progressing across the lawn towards the front of the building.

MS. BANKSHAW

And the Long Street Quartet is performing like the mayor requested?

TARA

They will be performing in the beginning for an hour after the gates open. Then, DJ Skims is going to take over handling the music. He's very popular among the eighteen to twenty-four year olds.

Ms. Bankshaw looks up from her tablet.

MS. BANKSHAW

The mayor isn't going to even be here within the first hour.

TARA

Oh.

MS. BANKSHAW

This is a problem.

TARA

I can call and move them to a later time then. I'll just have Skims take a break in the middle.

MS. BANKSHAW

The Mayor has really done a great service to your company by permitting this event to be held on your space.

TARA

Yes, I-

MS. BANKSHAW

You're fortunate that he doesn't take stock into the internet rumors about Lansing Labs.

TARA

Absolutely, I don't-

(CONTINUED)

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MS. BANKSHAW

So, considering the boost in positive PR this will give you, I think you can manage a little attention to the order of events, don't you?

TARA

Yes. Absolutely. Karen.

MS. BANKSHAW

I prefer Ms. Bankshaw. Karen is a little too informal.

TARA

Your name's really Karen?

LELAND, 17, NRA member/MAGA vibes, pulls weeds at a nearby mulched flower bed. He stops his work to listen to the conversation.

MS. BANKSHAW

What?

TARA

Nothing! I was just remarking how grateful we all are.

MS. BANKSHAW

(pissed)

You know, I was skeptical about the more outlandish rumors regarding your company's unethical animal testing-

TARA

That is ancient history. Our company is animal-free now and-

MS. BANKSHAW

-but maybe I should do a little more digging. Maybe I was too quick to believe you.

LELAND

Maybe you were.

Tara and Ms. Bankshaw turn to see Leland approaching.

TARA

Ms. Bankshaw, this is Leland, a young volunteer-

(CONTINUED)

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LELAND

Forced to do community service.

TARA

Donating his time-

LELAND

Because I broke in-

TARA

Because of a little harmless vandalism. He is one of the many young people eager for the fireworks and grateful to the mayor for saving the event.

Leland shoots Tara a look of disgust.

TARA (CON'T)

(quietly)

Who would like his hours shortened.

LELAND

(flat)

I love the fireworks. My friends and I always go. It's so fun.

TARA

Thank you, Leland. Carry on...over there.

LELAND

(sinister)

Oh, I will.

Leland returns to his flower bed. Ms. Bankshaw stares at her tablet, pushing and swiping.

MS. BANKSHAW

Just tell me that you can guarantee the mayor won't be attacked by a rabid chimp and I'll approve the site.

TARA

(laughing)

Rabid chimp? How ridiculous, of course not. Now, what type of wine does the mayor prefer?

MS. BANKSHAW

Jack Daniels.