

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.

MANAGER

...and he says I need a neutralizing agent for this, and I says I'm already bleeding money having to dump all this product, I ain't forking out more so what, some fish can meet his grandchildren? Tree-hugging hipsters, they'll be the death of this country. Just to be safe, though, you know, don't drive too crazy or anything. Well, that should be the last one.

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

MANAGER

Eight-hundred, right?

Driver nods. Manager pulls out a wad of fifties and counts.

MANAGER

I'm used to supplies falling off a truck, but I think this is the first time I've had to put them ON a truck.

The Manager laughs, the Driver does not. He simply takes the money.

MANAGER

Not a big talker, huh? All the same to me, nice doing business with you.

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 already leaking...

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.

TITLE: FLUFFY FURY

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.

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CONTINUED:

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.

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CONTINUED:

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.

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.

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CONTINUED: (2)

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.

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.

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CONTINUED:

PETER

We do not condone cannibalism.
This is not Moscow.

Sean looks surprised and horrified.

PETER (CON'T)

Why do you think I left Russia?

Sean puts on rubber gloves.

SEAN

On my way in, 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 a 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, then goes leaping down
the hallway out of view. Peter appears out of the smoke
with a net. He looks around and, upon hearing a lemur
scream, runs down the hallway out of sight.

INT. ANIMAL LAB-DAY (PRESENT)

Peter avoids making eye contact with Sean.

PETER

Not monkeys.

EXT. FRONT LAWN OF LANCING 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 four 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?

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.

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CONTINUED:

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-

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, a scruffy young hipster, pulling weeds at a nearby mulched flower bed, stops his work to listen to the conversation.

MS. BANKSHAW

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

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 security breaches and unethical animal testing, but maybe I should dig a little deeper. Maybe I was too quick to judge.

LELAND

Maybe you were.

Tara and Ms. Bankshaw turn to see Leland approaching.

TARA

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

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.