

Grizzly Tales For Gruesome Kids

SERIES 3 SHOW 9

THE URBAN FOX

By
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DRAFT 3

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THE URBAN FOX
(June 05 2001)

3-D ANIMATION

SCENE 1 - INTERIOR PROJECTION ROOM

IT IS A DINGY CRAMPED ROOM FULL OF CINEMA PARAPHENALIA. A LARGE PROJECTOR HUMS IN THE BACKGROUND. AN OLD LEATHER CHAIR SITS FACING THE CAMERA. A HUGE, JUMBLED PILE OF METAL FILM CANNISTERS IS PILED AGAINST ONE WALL. COBWEBS HANG FROM THE CEILING. AN OLD RADIATOR HEAVES LIKE A PAIR OF LUNGS IN THE CORNER.

SPINDLESHANKS, THE STORYTELLER'S PET SPIDER LIVES HERE SOMEWHERE.

MR GRIZZLY, THE STORYTELLER LIMPS INTO THE FRAME. HE IS AN OLD MAN, WARTY & GNARLED WITH LONG GREY HAIR. HE BLOWS OUT HIS BATTERY OPERATED TORCH, SELECTS A FILM TIN FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE PILE AND TURNS TO CAMERA, WHILE THE PILE COLLAPSES BEHIND HIM, UNNOTICED.

STORYTELLER (3-D)

You are welcome to Grizzly tales For Gruesome Kids, a series of cautionary tales for lovers of squeam.

HE LIMPS OUT OF SHOT.

CUT TO

TIGHT SHOT OF THE STORYTELLER'S CHAIR.

STORYTELLER IS WEARING AN ILL-FITTING, MOTH-EATEN RED JACKET, A RIDING HELMET THAT'S TOO SMALL AND CARRYING A HORSE WHIP. HE HAS A MONOCLE IN HIS EYE AND IS PRETENDING TO BE ARISTOCRATIC.

STORYTELLER (3-D)

(MOCK ARISTOCRATIC)

Oh hellair. This tale is called The Urban Fox and is all abite hunting. They say that the thrill of hunting is all in the chase.

HE BLOWS HUNTING HORN

SFX: HUNTING HORN

Come on Spindleshanks.

RELUCTANTLY, SPINDLESHANKS COMES OUT WEARING A FALSE FOX'S TAIL, A FALSE PAIR OF FOX'S EARS AND A FALSE FOX'S NOSE. HE DOES NOT LOOK HAPPY.

Run!

SPINDLESHANKS STARTS TO RUN. STORYTELLER IMMEDIATELY WHACKS SPINDLESHANKS WITH HIS HORSEWHIP, FLATTENING HIM TO THE FLOOR.

SFX: SPLAT

SPINDLESHANKS' LEGS CONTINUE TO RUN EVEN THOUGH HIS BODY'S SQUASHED UNDER THE WHIP

STORYTELLER (3-D)

But I think it's all in the killing myself. Ha ha ha ha!

MUSIC: PHANTOM OF THE OPERA-ESQUE GOTHIC HORROR

CUT TO

SCENE 2 - INTERIOR CINEMA AUDITORIUM.

SFX: PROJECTOR HUM

THE CAMERA SWOOPS ACROSS SEATS AND OVER THE LITTLE BOY'S HEAD TOWARDS SCREEN. BEETLES SWARM ALL OVER THE BACK OF THE BOY'S CHAIR. A BAT SQUEAKS AS IT FLAPS TOWARDS THE SCREEN. A MOTH FLUTTERS ACROSS THE FRAME.

CAPTION ON THE CINEMA SCREEN IS;

THE URBAN FOX

Based on a story from the book
"More Grizzly Tales For Gruesome Kids"

CUT TO

2-D ANIMATION

THE URBAN FOX

HIGH AND WIDE, STATIC SKY SHOT OF URBAN VICTORIAN SEMI-DETACHED STREET. SEE BUSY ROAD IN FRONT OF HOUSES (LOTS OF TRAFFIC & PEDESTRIANS) AND SMALL WALLED GARDENS TO THE REAR. THE HOUSES AND GARDENS ARE ALL IDENTICAL. THIS SHOT IS ESTABLISHING THE LACK OF OPEN SPACE AS THE SMALL GARDENS BACK ONTO OTHER ROWS OF VICTORIAN HOUSES. IT'S ALL VERY URBAN AND TIGHT FOR SPACE. IF YOU LOOK VERY CLOSELY YOU CAN SEE A TINY RED ANIMAL TROTTING DOWN THE ROAD TOWARDS A HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET.

Once upon a time in a busy inner city

CUT TO

CAMERA AT GROUND LEVEL ACROSS BUSY URBAN STREET. WE ARE LOOKING AT A SEMI-DETACHED VICTORIAN HOUSE IN A ROW OF SEMI-DETACHED VICTORIAN HOUSES. CARS AND VANS RUSH BETWEEN CAMERA AND HOUSE. A FOX TROTS ALONG THE STREET WITH A WHITE PLASTIC BAG IN ITS MOUTH. IT IS UNPERTURBED BY ALL THE NOISE. THE PEOPLE WALKING PAST IT ON THE PAVEMENT DON'T TURN A HAIR. WHEN IT REACHES THE HOUSE IT RUNS DOWN THE NARROW PASSAGE BETWEEN HOUSES.

there lived a fox called Elvis.

CUT TO

BACK GATE TO GARDEN. THE FOX APPEARS ON THE TOP OF THE GATE AND JUMPS DOWN PAST CAMERA.

Elvis had been born and bred in the city

CUT TO

WIDE SHOT OF 50 FOOT GARDEN LOOKING FROM HOUSE. IT IS A SQUARE OF GRASS WITH FLOWERBEDS ON EITHER SIDE AND A COUPLE OF TREES AT THE END NEXT TO A GARDEN SHED. THE FOX TROTS ACROSS TO THE SHED AND SITS DOWN OUTSIDE.

and had never seen the countryside.

CUT TO

CLOSE UP FOX. THE FOX TIPS OUT THE CONTENTS OF ITS BAG. IT IS A HALF-EATEN CURRY IN A SILVER FOIL DISH AND PILAU RICE IN ANOTHER SILVER FOIL DISH. IT PICKS UP BOTH IN ITS MOUTH AND DISAPPEARS INTO A HOLE UNDERNEATH THE SHED.

He'd never killed a lamb or eaten a fresh chicken in his life. He lived off takeaways in a semi-detached den underneath a garden shed

CUT TO

EXTERIOR KITCHEN WINDOW. MR AND MRS SMITH AND PARKER STAND INSIDE AT THE WINDOW, SMILING. THEY HAVE BEEN WATCHING THEIR FRIEND THE FOX. PARKER IS SWEET BUT SNUFFLY. ALWAYS SNIFFING AND WIPING HER NOSE ON HER SLEEVE

that belonged to Mr and Mrs Smith and their daughter, Parker.

CUT TO

DUSK IN THE CITY. SHOT FROM BEHIND, THE TWO FRIENDS SIT ON A WALL. BETWEEN THEIR HEADS WE SEE A SMOGGY CITY SKYLINE. THE SMOG IS A PURPLE HAZE. THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET IN THE SKY. PARKER PUTS HER ARMS ROUND ELVIS. SPONTANEOUSLY ELVIS PUTS HIS ARM ROUND PARKER. NO WORDS ARE SPOKEN. THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TRUE FRIENDSHIPS THAT TRANSCENDS WORDS. THEY ARE TWO PARTS OF A WHOLE.

Parker and Elvis were firm friends who loved to sit and watch the sun go down through a purple haze of exhaust fumes.

CUT TO

TOP SHOT. THREE HUGE REMOVAL LORRIES PULL UP IN THE ROAD, BLOCKING ALL TRAFFIC.

CUT TO

STREET LEVEL. WIDE SHOT. MEN UNLOAD VERY BEAUTIFUL AND EXPENSIVE FURNITURE - CHAISES LONGUES, BUREAUX, RUGS, GILT FRAMED PICTURES OF SEVERE LOOKING ANCESTORS etc.

One day a new family moved into the street.

WE HEAR A LOUD BLAST ON A HORN

SFX: ANGRY BLAST OF CAR HORN

CUT TO

BACK OF LAST LORRY MEN STRUGGLING TO CARRY OUT AN ANTIQUE, FULL-SIZED CANON. A HUGE 4x4 JEEP CAN'T GET PAST THE LORRIES. IT IS BLARING ITS HORN AND FLASHING ITS LIGHTS. IT BUMPS UP ONTO THE PAVEMENT AND DRIVES ALONG THE PAVEMENT TO GET ROUND THE LORRIES.

Lord Percy Blunderbuss his wife Lady Davinia and their two Right Honourable children, Piers and Tamara

CUT TO

PAVEMENT ALONGSIDE LORRIES AND IN FRONT OF HOUSE WITH SOLD SIGN OUTSIDE. THE 4x4 PARKS IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE ON THE PAVEMENT AND THE BLUNDERBUSS FAMILY GET OUT. THEY ARE LOUD, RED-FACED, BIG-HAIRED, TWEED SUITED COUNTRY GENTRY. THEY KNOCK REMOVALS MEN OUT OF THEIR WAY WITH HORSEWHIPS AS THEY GO INTO HOUSE.

had moved up from the country.

CUT TO

EXTERIOR PARKER'S BEDROOM WINDOW. ELVIS AND PARKER WATCH ASTONISHED FROM THE SAFETY OF PARKER'S BEDROOM WINDOW. FROM OUTSIDE, WE SEE THEIR FACES THROUGH THE GLASS. THEIR NOSES ARE BOTH PRESSED UP AGAINST THE GLASS. WE SEE THEIR BREATH LEAVING LITTLE FROSTED RINGS OF CONDENSATION.

Elvis and Parker had never seen so much furniture in all their lives.

CUT TO

INTERIOR BEDROOM WINDOW. PROFILE 2-SHOT.

"What do you think they want those for?" asked Parker, SHE POINTS OUT OF WINDOW.

CUT TO

POV FROM BEDROOM WINDOW. WE SEE GUN RACKS, TACK BOXES, AND SEVERAL CASES MARKED WITH SKULL AND CROSS BONES.

pointing at five gun racks, several tack boxes and a large metal case marked DEATH TRAPS - OPEN WITH EXTREME CAUTION.

CUT TO

INTERIOR BEDROOM WINDOW. PROFILE 2-SHOT.

"Don't ask," gulped Elvis. "And look over there!

HE POINTS OUT OF WINDOW

CUT TO

POV FROM BEDROOM WINDOW. WE SEE A FOURTH LORRY UNLOADING 4 HORSES AND PACK OF BEAGLES

What do they want *those* for?"

CUT TO

INTERIOR BEDROOM WINDOW. PROFILE 2-SHOT.

PARKER AND ELVIS EXCHANGE A LOOK OF UNEASY PUZZLEMENT

CUT TO

FINGER PRESSES DOORBELL FOUR TIMES IN QUICK SUCCESSION, IN A RATHER IMPATIENT WAY.

SFX: IMPATIENT DOORBELL RING

The following morning

CUT TO

EXTERIOR FRONT DOOR. THE DOOR IS OPENED BY MR SMITH. MRS SMITH HOVERS BEHIND HIM.

all was revealed when Mr and Mrs Smith received a visit from

CUT TO

THE TWO YOUNG BLUNDERBUSSES. PIERS AND TAMARA STAND ON DOORSTEP WITH HORSEWHIPS IN HAND. IF EVER THEY POINT OR TOUCH OBJECTS THEY WILL DO SO WITH THESE WHIPS.

Piers and Tamara.

"Hellair," boomed Piers. "How's it hanging, Gramps? Just getting to know the natives, what!"

"Hellair." screeched Tamara. "I'm a little sister!"

CUT TO

DEEP 2-SHOT. SHOOTING OVER MR SMITH IN FOREGROUND FOCUS ON MRS SMITH IN BACKGROUND

"Have you come to meet Parker?" asked Mrs Smith.

CUT TO

OVER MR & MRS SMITH'S SHOULDER SHOT OF TWO NOBBY CHILDREN

"Does she have a Porsche?" (PIERS)

"No." (MR S)

"Does she holiday in St Lucia?" (TAMARA)

"No." (MR S)

"Is she stinking rich then?" (PIERS)

CUT TO

DEEP 2-SHOT. SHOOTING OVER MR SMITH IN FOREGROUND FOCUS ON MRS SMITH IN BACKGROUND

"She gets one pound a week pocket money." (MRS S)

CUT TO

2-SHOT PIERS AND TAMARA

"Then why would we want to know her?" (TAMARA)
"Absolutely!"

CUT TO

2-SHOT MR AND MRS SMITH. THEY EXCHANGE A LOOK OF SURPRISE AT THIS REMARK.

Thing is,

CUT TO

2-SHOT PIERS AND TAMARA

we've got to sort out the old sporting business now, what!
Wondered if you could assist." (PIERS)

CUT TO

DEEP 2-SHOT. FOCUS ON MR SMITH IN FOREGROUND WITH MRS SMITH IN BACKGROUND OUT OF FOCUS.

"We're not really sporty people," said Mr Smith.

THROW FOCUS TO MRS SMITH

"Unless you count Bingo." (MRS SMITH)

CUT TO

2-SHOT PIERS AND TAMARA

"Bingo! Oh, how common.

SHE WRINKLES UP HER NOSE AND PULLS A FACE AT PIERS.

Not our bag at all. Is there a Stag Hunting Club round here?

CUT TO

2-SHOT MR AND MRS SMITH. SMITHS SHAKE HEADS

CUT TO

2-SHOT PIERS AND TAMARA

Or Pheasant Shooting?

CUT TO

2-SHOT MR AND MRS SMITH. SMITHS SHAKE HEADS

CUT TO

2-SHOT PIERS AND TAMARA

Or Bear Baiting?" (TAMARA)

CUT TO

2-SHOT MR AND MRS SMITH. SMITHS SHAKE HEADS

CUT TO

2-SHOT PIERS AND TAMARA. PIERS IS VERY DISAPPOINTED

"Tch! I told Mumsy and Popsy we should never have moved to the city. Your average bloke-from-the-smoke can't understand that for a sport to be a real sport there's got to be killing!"

"Have you got servants?" Tamara asked suddenly.

CUT TO

DEEP 2-SHOT. SHOOTING OVER MR SMITH IN FOREGROUND FOCUS ON MRS SMITH IN BACKGROUND

"Er...no." (MRS S)

CUT TO

OVER MR & MRS SMITH'S SHOULDER SHOT OF TWO NOBBY CHILDREN

"Thought not. House is filthy." (TAMARA)

"Still, can't be helped. You're probably rather poor, aren't you? Mind if we take a look around?" (PIERS)

THEY PUSH PAST MR AND MRS SMITH INTO THE HALL. THEY CLEAR A PATH WITH THEIR HORSEWHIPS.

He didn't wait for an answer.

CUT TO

INTERIOR KITCHEN DOOR. PIERS AND TAMARA BARGE INTO THE KITCHEN. THEY FREEZE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM WITH HORROR.

CUT TO

PARKER AND ELVIS ARE SHARING THEIR BREAKFAST TOAST AT THE KITCHEN TABLE. PARKER EATS THE SOFT SQUIDGY CENTRES OF TOAST. ELVIS EATS THE CRUSTS. THEY BOTH HAVE NAPKINS TIED AROUND THEIR NECKS

"Gadzooks!

CUT TO

TIGHT SINGLE ON PIERS

It's a fox!" (PIERS)

CUT TO

TIGHT SINGLE ON TAMARA

"Vermin!" shrieked Tamara.

CUT TO

DEEP 6-SHOT. SHOOTING OVER PARKER AND ELVIS IN FOREGROUND SEE TAMARA AND PIERS STANDING GOBSMACKED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM WHILE MR AND MRS SMITH EDGE ROUND THE TWO COUNTRY CHILDREN AND STAND BESIDE THE TABLE WHERE THEIR DAUGHTER AND HER FRIEND ARE EATING.

"That's Elvis," said Mr Smith.

"Don't care if it's Big Bopper and the Bluenotes, it's got to go!

CUT TO

2-SHOT OF ELVIS AND PARKER AT THE TABLE

"What do you mean, got to go?" said Parker.

SHE PUTS A PROTECTIVE ARM AROUND ELVIS

"He's my pet."

ELVIS NODS AND TAKES A BITE OF TOAST

CUT TO

2-SHOT

PIERS AND TAMARA

"Was your pet. Leave it to the experts, we know what to do."

(PIERS)

PIERS TAPS THE SIDE OF HIS NOSE AND RUSHES OUT WITH TAMARA

CUT TO

4-SHOT. MR AND MRS SMITH, PARKER AND ELVIS. MRS SMITH IS CLOSEST TO CAMERA. SHE TAKES A FEW PACES AFTER TAMARA AND PIERS SO THAT SHE'S CLOSE TO CAMERA. SHE CALLS AFTER THEM.

"What do you mean?" said Mrs Smith, but the Blunderbuss children

CUT TO

SHOT DOWN HALL THROUGH OPEN FRONT DOOR. SEE TAMARA AND PIERS RUNNING DOWN FRONT PATH.

had gone.

"Tally-ho, Sis! Frock up!" (PIERS)

CUT TO

MR AND MRS SMITH, PARKER AND ELVIS PLAYING SCRABBLE AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE. PARKER AND ELVIS ARE ON ONE SIDE PLAYING TOGETHER AND HELPING EACH OTHER. MUM AND DAD ARE AT EITHER END OF TABLE. A BUGLE SOUNDS.

SFX: BUGLE. HUNT TALLY-HO

THEY TURN AND LOOK OUT OF WINDOW. MR SMITH STANDS AND LOOKS.

Half an hour later a bugle sounded.

CUT TO

MR SMITH'S POV THROUGH WINDOW

SEE ACROSS ROWS OF SMALL WALLED GARDENS (4 FOOT WALLS - NO BIGGER) SOME WITH SHEDS, SOME WITH WASHING LINES, SOME WITH SATELLITE DISHES, ALL WITH FLOWERS. NOT TOO MANY TREES. IN THE NEAR DISTANCE THEY CAN SEE TAMARA AND PIERS IN FULL RED-COATED HUNTING GEAR ASTRIDE THEIR HORSES WITH A PACK OF HOUNDS BAYING AT THE HORSES' HOOVES. PIERS IS HAVING A NIP FROM A HIP FLASK.

"They're going fox hunting!"

CUT TO

3-SHOT AT TABLE. ELVIS CLOSEST TO CAMERA. PARKER NEXT TO HIM AND MRS SMITH AT THE END OF TABLE

"There'll be trouble if they trample my Begonias!"

SHE LOOKS ACROSS AT ELVIS THEN LEANS FORWARD AND PUTS HER HAND ON HIS PAW

Oh listen to me. Here's me going on about my flowers and it's you they're hunting to death, Elvis!

SHE PATS THE FOX'S PAW

What are we going to do to save you?"

PARKER PUTS HER ARMS AROUND ELVIS

"Don't worry about Elvis. Those are country hounds and this is a city fox. They'll never catch him. He's far too street wise."

CUT TO

KITCHEN FLOOR NEAR BACK DOOR

ELVIS SQUIRTS HIMSELF BEHIND THE EARS ACROSS HIS THROAT AND ON BOTH THE WRISTS OF HIS FRONT PAWS WITH EXPENSIVE PERFUME.

Then the urban fox covered his scent with a squirt of perfume

THEN HE TROTS TOWARDS THE BACK DOOR.

PAN WITH FOX TO SEE MR AND MRS SMITH AND PARKER IN A GUARD OF HONOUR BY THE BACK DOOR. MRS SMITH PATS HIS EARS, PARKER GIVES HIM A DOUBLE THUMBS UP AND MR SMITH CRIES

SFX: MR SMITH CRIES

SO MRS SMITH PUTS HER ARMS ROUND HER HUSBAND TO COMFORT HIM, WHILE ELVIS DIVES THROUGH THE CAT FLAP. IT WAS A HERO'S SEND OFF!

and shot out through the cat flap to meet the hounds head on.

CUT TO

ROOFTOP SHOT OF BACK GARDENS. WE SEE THE FOX COME THROUGH THE CAT FLAP AND RUN UNDER THE SHED. OUR FOCUS HOWEVER IS SIX HOUSES UP, WHERE TAMARA AND PIERS ARE PREPARING TO LEAVE. IT IS CLEAR FROM THIS SHOT HOW THE PACK OF HOUNDS AND THE TWO HORSES FILL THE GARDEN AND AS A RESULT IF THEY MOVE THEY'RE GOING TO DO A WHOLE LOT OF DAMAGE.

Six gardens down the bugle sounded for a second time.

CUT TO

KNEE-HIGH SHOT OF HUNT IN BLUNDERBUSSES GARDEN. LOTS OF DOGS IN FOREGROUND. PIERS PUTTING HIP FLASK AWAY. TAMARA BLOWING SECOND BUGLE.

SFX: BUGLE

THE BEAGLES HOWL.

SFX: BEAGLES HOWL

PIERS' HORSE REARS UP ONTO ITS HIND LEGS AND PIERS SHOUTS.

"Tally ho!"

THE HOUNDS POUR OVER THE FIRST WALL LIKE A SWARM OF ANTS. THE HORSES FOLLOW.

(WE DO NOT SEE THEM LAND ON THIS OCCASION, BECAUSE CAMERA STAYS ON BLUNDERBUSS GARDEN SIDE OF WALL)

CUT TO

THE SMITHS GARDEN SHED.

SFX: RUMMAGING NOISES FROM UNDERNEATH.

Now foxes are the most cunning creatures on earth. The gardens were too small for Elvis to run away, so his plan was **ELVIS APPEARS THROUGH HIS ENTRANCE HOLE WITH AN OLD BAMBOO STICK AND A PIECE OF STRING.**

CUT TO

ELVIS JUMPS OVER THE WALL TOWARDS THE HUNT AND DISAPPEARS.

to blend in with the city and make himself invisible.

CUT TO

THE HUNT POURING OVER A GARDEN WALL DESTROYING ALL IN ITS PATH. *WHEREVER THE HUNT LANDS IT CAUSES IMMENSE DESTRUCTION. PULLING DOWN WASHING, TRAMPLING FLOWERS, KICKING UP HUGE DIVOTS OF LAWN etc. PLUS AS A GENERAL NOTE - BEAGLES AND HORSES SHOULD BE PICKING UP GARDEN DEBRIS FROM EACH GARDEN THEY GO THROUGH*

AS THE HUNT POURS ACROSS THE GARDEN REVEAL ELVIS STANDING NEXT TO GARDEN GNOMES FISHING IN A GOLDFISH POND.

In the first garden he stood next to a family of gnomes.

CUT TO

TIGHTER SHOT OF SAME WITH DOGS CHARGING THROUGH SHOT IN FOREGROUND ELVIS HAS A FISHING ROD MADE FROM STICK AND STRING. *IN ALL THESE DISGUISES, IT IS QUITE CLEARLY A FOX - IT'S JUST THAT THE HUNTERS ARE DEAD THICK!*

The hunt steamed by without so much as a second glance.

CUT TO

PIERS' HORSE JUMPING THE WALL ALONGSIDE TAMARA. PIERS LURCHES FORWARD IN HIS SADDLE. HE IS FOAMING AT THE MOUTH JUST LIKE HIS HORSE.

"They've got the fox's scent!" bellowed Piers, foaming slightly at the mouth.

PAN HIM ACROSS GARDEN WHERE BEAGLES ARE ALREADY LEAPING WALL. HE FOLLOWS. AS HE JUMPS...

CUT TO

SWIMMING POOL. WOMAN WHO OWNS IT IS SUNBATHING WITH A COCKTAIL. ELVIS IS LYING BESIDE HER IN A BIKINI. HE IS WEARING DARK GLASSES, READING A BOOK (UPSIDE DOWN IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY) AND SIPPING A COCKTAIL. THE HUNT THUNDERS BY IN FOREGROUND. THE WOMAN TIPS HER SUNGLASSES DOWN HER NOSE AND PEERS IN A MODERATELY SURPRISED WAY AT THE BEAGLES. ELVIS WAVES AS THE HUNT GOES BY. THE DOGS PLOUGH THROUGH EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH, INCLUDING THE SWIMMING POOL.

In the second garden, Elvis lounged by the swimming pool with a good book and a fruit cocktail.

CUT TO

TAMARA & PIERS' HORSES JUMP WALL. PAN THEM ACROSS SMALL GARDEN. TAMARA WAVES TO THE WOMAN AND THE WOMAN FOX!

"Hellair!" waved Tamara as she galloped past.

THE HORSES JUMP THE POOL.

"Lovely day for it!"

CUT TO

HOUNDS AND HORSES POURING OVER WALL ONTO BELOVED FLOWER BED THE HOUNDS AT THE FRONT SKID TO A HALT AND SNIFF AIR. THE HOUNDS AND HORSES BEHIND SHUNT INTO EACH OTHERS' BOTTOMS.

CUT TO

BACK WALL OF HOUSE. ELVIS HAS TURNED HIMSELF INTO A SATELLITE DISH BY CURLING HIMSELF INTO A CIRCLE AND CLINGING ONTO A WINDOW LEDGE. NEXT TO HIM IS A REAL SATELLITE DISH.

And in the third garden he curled himself into the shape of a satellite dish.

CUT TO

ELVIS' POV. HIGH ANGLE SHOT OF THE HUNT IN THE GARDEN. THEY HAVE STOPPED. THE DOGS ARE SNIFFING.

The dogs stopped and sniffed and whined and barked

CUT TO

2-SHOT. PIERS AND TAMARA ON TOP OF THEIR HORSES. DOGS STATIC AND SNIFFING IN THE FOREGROUND. PIERS AND TAMARA LOOK ROUND SLYLY - THEY THINK THEY'VE GOT THE FOX.

but they couldn't see him.

"Onward!" bellowed Piers.

THE HUNT POURS ON.

CUT TO

ELVIS SIGHS WITH RELIEF AND FALLS OFF THE WALL.

CUT TO

LOOK BACK DOWN THE ROW OF GARDENS AT THE TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION.

By now the hunt had left a trail of destruction in its wake. Knocked down fences, flattened flowerbeds, twisted climbing frames.

CUT TO

DEFLATED PADDLING POOL

There was a punctured paddling pool,

CUT TO

CRACKED PAVING SLABS COVERED IN PAW PRINTS AND HOOF MARKS

a cracked patio,

CUT TO

A BENT BARBECUE WITH A BENT BUGLE STUCK IN IT

a bent barbecue and

CUT TO

NORMAL, UNTOUCHED POTTING SHED. SUDDENLY (BIG SHOCK) TAMARA'S HORSE DROPS OUT OF THE SKY HAVING JUST LEAPT A WALL AND LANDS STRAIGHT ACROSS THE ROOF, CRUSHING THE SHED INTO SPLINTERS.

SFX: BIG SMASH

one unlucky potting shed.

CUT TO

ELVIS ON TOP OF A TABLE TENNIS TABLE NEXT TO A TABLE TENNIS BAT AND BALL. HE CURLS UP NEXT TO BALL BUT IS OBVIOUSLY TOO BIG. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD.

THE FOURTH GARDEN IS A KIDS' GARDEN. LOTS OF GAMES. SEE TABLE TENNIS TABLE, CROQUET LAID OUT ON LAWN, A JUNIOR FOOTBALL GOAL, MINIATURE GOLF. ELVIS RUNS AROUND TRYING TO BE THE OBJECTS, BUT OBVIOUSLY FAILING.

In the fourth garden, Elvis thought about disguising himself as a table tennis ball, but decided he was too big.

CUT TO

ELVIS TRYING TO EMULATE A GOLF CLUB, BUT FAILING

He thought about disguising himself as a golf club, but couldn't work out where to hide his tail.

CUT TO

ELVIS TRYING TO EMULATE A PENALTY SPOT BY FLATTENING HIMSELF AS FLAT AS HE COULD, BUT FAILING

He even thought about disguising himself as a penalty spot, but he couldn't make himself flat enough.

CUT TO

ELVIS EMULATES A CROQUET HOOP BY HOLDING HIS BREATH AND STANDING ON TIP-TOES. THE HOUNDS RUN RIGHT UNDERNEATH HIM. BECAUSE THEY'RE SO CLOSE ELVIS IS WEARING HIS MOST CASUAL FACE.

In the end he disguised himself as a croquet hoop and did such a good job that the dogs ran right underneath him.

"Blast that fox!

ELVIS FLICKS HIS EYES UP TO PIERS.

CUT TO

PIERS AND TAMARA STATIONARY AND LOOKING FOR FOX. SEE HOUNDS GOING UNDER ELVIS BEHIND THEM.

Where is he?" thundered Piers in his fury.
HE KICKS HIS HORSE ON.

CUT TO

LOW ANGLE SHOT OF HOUNDS POURING OVER WALL AND TRAMPLING THE GARDEN. THEY ARE FOLLOWED BY HORSES.

In the fifth garden, the urban fox pretended to be

CUT TO

ELVIS, STANDING ON HIND LEGS WEARING BLACK MASK WITH SWAG BAG OVER SHOULDER, IS TRYING TO BREAK INTO A CONSERVATORY (OR BACK DOOR/WINDOW) WITH A CROWBAR. THE HUNT SAILS BY BEHIND HIM. PIERS WAVES. ELVIS WAVES BACK. TAMARA IS LOOKING TIRED AND BRINGS UP THE REAR.

an urban burglar and the hunt sailed by as if an urban burglar was the most normal sight in the world.

"I'm getting rather tired," complained Tamara.

CUT TO

QUICK MONTAGE SEQUENCE

ELVIS IS NEXT TO A BIRDBATH. HE IS SQUIRTING WATER OUT OF HIS MOUTH TO MATCH THE FOUNTAIN EFFECT IN THE BIRDBATH NEXT TO HIM. THE HUNT GOES PAST.

In the sixth garden, Elvis disguised himself as a birdbath.

CUT TO

ELVIS IS LYING ON HIS BACK NEXT TO REAL GARDEN-WASTE CRUNCHING MACHINE. ELVIS IS EATING LEAVES AND WEEDS. IT OBVIOUSLY TASTES DISGUSTING. THE HUNT GOES PAST.

In the seventh, as a crunchy-munchy machine for chewing up weeds.

CUT TO

RUN DOWN GARDEN, FULL OF DUMPED RUBBISH. ELVIS STANDS ERECT ON 4 CAR WHEELS. THE HUNT GOES PAST

In the eighth, as a shopping trolley.

CUT TO

ELVIS HANGS BETWEEN TWO TREES. HIS FACE SHOWS THE STRAIN. HE IS SWEATING. THE HUNT GOES PAST.

In the ninth, as a hammock.

CUT TO

ELVIS STANDS ON THE SPOT, HOLDS WASHING IN HIS HANDS AND TURNS CIRCLES. WHEN THE HUNT HAS GONE PAST HE FALLS OVER WITH GIDDINESS.

In the tenth as a rotating washing line, which fooled the hunt completely.

CUT TO

GARDEN. PARKER IS STANDING IN GARDEN WITH TWO POLICEMAN. PARKER POINTS OUT OF SHOT.

And in the eleventh... well there was no eleventh, because in the eleventh garden the police were waiting

CUT TO

THE HUNT POURS OVER THE WALL. HOUNDS FIRST, HORSES LAST. SERIOUS DAMAGE AS THEY LAND.

to arrest Tamara and Piers for criminal damage.

CUT TO

TWO POLICEMEN HOLDING UP THEIR HANDS AS IF STOPPING TRAFFIC. BUT THE HOUNDS AND HORSES RUN STRAIGHT OVER THEM.

But Tamara and Piers did not want to go to prison.

"Head for the hills!" shouted Piers,

CUT TO

HIGH ANGLE SHOT OF HOUNDS AND HORSES RUNNING OVER POLICEMAN, JUMPING NEXT WALL AND KEEPING GOING OVER ALL SUBSEQUENT GARDEN WALLS.

and they rode off into the distance like Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. Only difference was, they never found the hills, because in that city there were none.

CUT TO

ESTABLISHING WIDE SHOT OF DIRTY, DAMP SEWERS. A MISERABLE LOOKING PIERS AND TAMARA SIT EATING A RAT. THE BEAGLES AND HORSES ARE DOWN THERE WITH THEM LOOKING COLD AND MISERABLE

They went to ground in the sewers which is where they're still hiding today,

CUT TO

2-SHOT PIERS AND TAMARA SITTING UP AGAINST WALL.

"More rat?"

PIERS OFFERS A BITE OF HIS RAT TO HIS SISTER. SHE TAKES A NIBBLE

They're too scared to come out lest the

CUT TO

TWO POLICE DOG HANDLERS IN A WRECKED GARDEN. THE BLOODHOUNDS PICK UP A SCENT AND, AS ONE, LEAP THE WALL AFTER THE HUNT. THE POLICEMAN HOLD ONTO THE LEADS AND FLY OVER THE WALL AFTER THEIR DOGS.

City Police should hunt them down like foxes.

CUT TO

ELVIS AND PARKER SITTING WITH THEIR BACKS TO US ON A WALL. BETWEEN THEIR HEADS WE SEE THE PURPLE HAZE OF A CITY SKYLINE AND A GLORIOUS SUNSET. THEY HAVE THEIR ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER.

CUT TO

3-D ANIMATION

SCENE 3 - INTERIOR CINEMA PROJECTION ROOM

THE FILM IS RUNNING ON THE PROJECTOR BEHIND THE STORYTELLER.

SFX: FILM THROUGH SPROCKETS.

IN THE FOREGROUND OF SHOT ON THE TABLE STANDS SPINDLESHANKS WITH A BRICK TIED TO HIS HEAD AND A BRICK ON EACH FOOT. HE IS STANDING STOCK-STILL TRYING TO BE A WALL. HE IS FACING THE CAMERA. THE STORYTELLER IS BEHIND SPINDLESHANKS. HE IS STILL WEARING RIDING GEAR. HE IS TAKING OFF HIS RIDING HELMET (NO POSH VOICE THIS TIME THOUGH)

STORYTELLER (3-D)

That wretched Urban Fox has given Spindleshanks ideas. He's cleverly disguised himself as a brick wall so that me and my horsewhip will never be able to find him again. Well I can't see him. Can you? (VERY BADLY OVER-ACTED) Oh look! Who's built this brick wall on my table? I guess I'd better knock it down.

STORYTELLER PRESSES BUTTON. A HUGE BUILDERS' DEMOLITION BALL SWINGS DOWN FROM THE CEILING. SPINDLESHANKS IS FACING CAMERA WITH HIS BACK TO THE BALL AND KNOWS NOTHING OF HIS IMPENDING DOOM. THE DEMOLITION BALL SPLATS INTO SPINDLESHANKS

SFX: SPLAT

SFX: SPINDLESHANKS CRIES WITH PAIN

THE DEMOLITION BALL SWINGS SPINDLESHANKS OVER THE TOP OF THE CAMERA. THE SPIDER IS FLAT AND IS BLINKING WITH SURPRISE

STORYTELLER (3-D)

Ha ha ha ha!

THE DEMOLITION BALL SWINGS BACK INTO SHOT WITH A FLAT SPINDLESHANKS STILL SPLATTED TO THE FRONT. THE DEMOLITION BALL WHACKS THE LAUGHING STORYTELLER ON THE END OF THE CHIN

SFX: THUMP

SFX: STORYTELLER'S CRY OF PAIN AS HE'S HIT BY DEMOLITION BALL AND KNOCKS HIM CLEAN OUT.

MUSIC: SIG TUNE