

TEASER

EXT. CHIMERA BAY - DUSK

The sun sets over a sprawling, neon-soaked skyline. It looks like a typical major metropolis, until you look closer at the people on the sidewalk.

ON A STREET CORNER: Two BUSINESSMEN in sharp suits finish a meeting.

BUSINESSMAN #1
Pleasure doing business, Bob.

They shake hands. As they do, Bob shifts fully into a massive silverback GORILLA in a three-piece suit. The other guy morphs into a red, anthropomorphic LOBSTER-MAN. CLACK. A firm, biological handshake. They shift back instantly and walk away.

IN THE PARK: A TEENAGER is late for a date. He checks his watch, panics, and shifts into a human-sized PEREGRINE FALCON. He shoots into the sky, clothes and all, blurring past a startled pigeon.

AT A FOOD TRUCK: The CHEF is overwhelmed with orders. He shifts fully, becoming an anthropomorphic SPIDER, using all six arms to flip burgers, salt fries, and take cash simultaneously.

CHEF
Order up! Who had the spicy tuna?

CAMERA PANS UP: Past billboards advertising "Tail-Safe Pants" and "Molt-Away Lotion." We rise above the noise of Chimera Bay to a quiet, rainy rooftop.

EXT. CHIMERA BAY ROOFTOP - NIGHT

We open *mid-air*. BECKS (Frog Mode) is soaring through the rain, screaming with joy.

BECKS
CANNONBALLLLLLL!

She slams onto a wet fire escape, sticking perfectly to the metal.

Below, in the alley, a group of HYENA THUGS are trying to hotwire a vintage convertible.

THUG #1 (The Runt) is the lookout.

THUG #2 (Claw-Arm) has shifted into a hulking, spotted Hyena to pry the door open.

THUG #3 (Tire Iron) is holding a weapon.

THUG #4 (Leader) is smoking a cigarette, watching.

JENNY (Bear mode) drops behind them. The pavement cracks under her weight. The Hyenas turn, terrified.

JENNY
 (Polite roar)
 You boys know this is a tow-away zone,
 right?

The Hyenas pull knives. They all shift fully into bipedal Hyenas, drool hitting the pavement.

THUG #2
 Oh, shit. It's the Bear.

CHELSEA (O.S.)
 (Sighs)
 Ah, hell. They always pull knives.

CHELSEA (Fox mode) leans against the brick wall, checking her claws. RILEY (Raccoon mode) is hanging upside down from a drainpipe, eating a granola bar.

RILEY
 Five bucks says Jenny throws the blue
 one into the dumpster.

CHELSEA
 No bet. Clock in, girls.

ACTION BEAT:

JENNY vs. Thug #2: The thug swings a claw. Jenny catches it with one paw, bored, and backhands him into the dumpster. *CLANG*.

BECKS vs. Thug #3: Becks tongue-whips the tire iron out of his hand, catches it mid-air, and bends it into a pretzel shape before bopping him on the head. *BONK*.

RILEY vs. Thug #1: The Runt tries to run. Riley drops a smoke pellet. *POOF*. We hear a scuffle and a yelp. When the smoke clears, the thug is tied up with his own shoelaces.

CHELSEA vs. Thug #4: The Leader charges Chelsea. She doesn't even unzip her jacket. She side-steps, sweeps his legs with her tail, and pins him to the wall with one hand.

They stand over the groaning thugs.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Good workout. Who wants tacos?

TITLE CARD: Zoo Girls P.I.

ACT ONE

EXT. CHIMERA BAY STREETS - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT: The city is bustling. It has a coastal, industrial vibe.

A construction crew is working on a pothole. Two guys have shifted into massive, bipedal RHINOS to jackhammer the concrete with tools.

A bike courier shifts fully into a sleek, anthropomorphic CHEETAH to pedal furiously through gridlock traffic.

A mom scolds her toddler, who has puffed up into a ball of spikes - a full anthropomorphic PORCUPINE - because he didn't get ice cream.

EXT. GOLDEN HEIGHTS ESTATES - CONTINUOUS

A gated community for the ultra-rich. The girls (Human form) are standing outside a massive iron gate. They look tired and annoyed.

A BUTLER (snobbish, a tuxedo) stands safely behind the bars. He has shifted into a full EMPEROR PENGUIN wearing a tux.

BUTLER

Mrs. Van Der Hoff will not be paying the retrieval fee.

CHELSEA

Excuse me? We spent three damn nights staking out a pier. We found her husband. We brought him home.

BUTLER

You returned him... damaged.

JENNY

He bit me! Look at this!

Jenny points to a small bandage on her arm.

BUTLER

Mr. Van Der Hoff is a Teacup Poodle. He is delicate. You "Predator Types" are simply too rough. The contract is void. Good day.

The gate buzzes and locks.

RILEY

(Kicking the gate)

I'm gonna hack his smart-fridge. I'm gonna set it to "rot," you pompous ass!

CHELSEA

Riley, no. Let's go.

INT. THE BEAST BUS (VAN) - MOMENTS LATER

The girls are piled into their beat-up, converted delivery van. It smells like gym socks and fast food. Riley is driving.

BECKS

So... that was our rent money.

JENNY

And my grocery money. I'm out of salmon.

CHELSEA

We'll figure it out. We always do.

RILEY

Do we? Because "figuring it out" usually involves me selling refurbished toasters on the dark web. We need a real case, Chels. Not lost husbands.

CHELSEA

I know. But nobody hires "The Zoo Girls" for corporate security. We're too...

BECKS

Furry?

CHELSEA

Liability-prone. Pull over. I need caffeine before I commit a felony.

INT. THE BEAN STALK COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The Zoo Girls (in human forms) are in line. They are counting wrinkled dollar bills.

The BARISTA is a short guy, but he shifts fully into a tall, lanky GIRAFFE wearing an apron to grab a bag of beans from

the very top shelf without a ladder.

BARISTA

Four oat milk lattes? That'll be
twenty-eight dollars.

Chelsea winces. She puts a pile of coins on the counter.

CHELSEA

Twenty-eight? Jesus. How about four
black coffees? And keep the change.

RILEY

(Muttering)

I miss the corporate expense account.
Remember the espresso machine in the
break room?

JENNY

You mean the one Veronica used to drug
the interns?

RILEY

Yeah. But the foam was incredible.

They grab their cheap coffees and walk out, looking defeated.

INT. ZOO GIRLS HQ/APARTMENT - DAY

It's a loft space. Half-gym, half-detective agency. It's
messy.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE:

Bills: Chelsea is pinning the "Final Notice" electric bill to
a corkboard. She mutters, "Son of a bitch."

Training: Becks (Human) is doing handstand pushups while
balancing a pizza box on her feet, trying to cheer everyone
up.

Tech: Riley is taking apart a toaster. It sparks in her face.
"Damn it!"

END MONTAGE

KNOCK KNOCK.

MRS. GRAHAM (70s) enters. She looks frantic.

MRS. GRAHAM

You have to help me. It's my grandson,
Toby.

She shows a picture: TOBY (20, messy hair, glasses).

MRS. GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He got an internship at the docks.
"Verlina Corp." He sent me a text
saying he found something "unnatural"
in the shipping manifests. Then...
silence.

CHELSEA

Verlina?

The mood drops. The name sucks the air out of the room.

MRS. GRAHAM

He's a specialized shifter. A tracker.
A Beagle mix. If he's scared... he
hides.

RILEY

A tracker? Those are rare.
Corporations pay big money for noses
like that.

JENNY

We'll find him, Mrs. Graham.

ACT TWO

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

A massive, ominous warehouse. The perimeter is fenced with high-voltage wire.

The girls are crouched on a crane, looking down.

CHELSEA (FOX)

Okay, listen up. This isn't a mugging.
This is a black site. We need to be
smart.

RILEY (RACCOON)

(Scanning with goggles)
Heat signatures everywhere. And...
what the hell?

BECKS (FROG)

What?

RILEY

The guards. Their heat signatures are
spiking. Like they're permanently
shifted. That's bad for the
metabolism.

CHELSEA

Forced shifting. Standard formation.
Becks, eyes high. Jenny, you're the
battering ram *only if necessary*.
Riles, kill the silent alarm.

INT. WAREHOUSE - VENTILATION SHAFT

Riley (Raccoon) scuttles through the vent. She uses her dexterous claws to unscrew a fan blade. She drops a small device. *ZZZT*. The cameras loop.

RILEY

(Into comms)
You're clear. And it smells like ass
in here.

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - LOADING BAY (UPPER GANTRIES)

Becks (Frog) drops from the ceiling, landing silently.
Chelsea (Fox) and Jenny (Bear) slip in through a side door.

They look down at the main floor. It is horrifying. Dozens of

cages are being loaded onto trucks.

BECKS

(Whispering)

Holy shit. Look at the size of them.
Elephants. Rhinos. Hippos. Those
aren't criminals.

CHELSEA

They're Heavy Lifters. Construction
workers. Dock hands. She's kidnapping
the strongest shifters in the city.

A massive figure walks among the workers. COMMANDER JOHN
PETERSON. He is a human-sized, muscular man barking orders

PETERSON

Move it! The Alpha wants this batch
processed by dawn! If anyone shifts
before we get the collars on, put them
down!

JENNY

Peterson. He used to run the fighting
pits downtown.

CHELSEA

If Peterson is here, this isn't
science. It's an army. We need to find
the lab, grab the kid, and get out
before Peterson smells us.

INT. MAINTENANCE HALLWAY

The girls creep down a dimly lit corridor. A GUARD (Doberman,
fully shifted) turns the corner, holding a tablet.

He spots them. His eyes widen. He reaches for his radio.

GUARD

What the f-

THWIP.

Becks shoots her tongue out, wrapping it around the guard's
muzzle, clamping his mouth shut.

BECKS

(Muffled speech due to tongue)

I got him!

The guard reaches for his stun baton. Riley scampers up his leg and deactivates his power pack. *power down noise.*

Jenny steps forward and lightly taps the guard's forehead with one massive finger. *donk.* He collapses unconscious.

CHELSEA

Nice teamwork. Lab is ahead.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LAB

They enter the main lab. Green liquid bubbles in tubes. It's sterile and cold.

They pass a cage. Inside is TOBY (Human). He's shivering, hugging his knees.

RILEY

Found him. Lock is biometric. Give me two seconds.

Riley picks the lock. *CLICK.*

RILEY (CONT'D)

Come on, kid. We're the rescue party.

Toby looks up. He sees Jenny (The 7-foot Bear) looming in the shadows.

TOBY

AHH! BEAR!

POOF!

Toby panic-shifts. Clothes fall off. Standing there is a BEAGLE. But he's not just a dog - he's an anthropomorphic Beagle, about 4 feet tall, wearing the oversized lab coat.

TOBY (BEAGLE)

(High pitched yelp)

Don't eat me! I taste like anxiety and ramen!

BECKS

Awww, he's cute!

CHELSEA

Toby! We're friendly. Your grandma sent us.

Toby sniffs the air. He sniffs Chelsea.

TOBY

You smell like... cheap tacos and justice. Okay. I trust you. But we have to go. Peterson checks the inventory every hour.

CHELSEA

We're leaving.

VOICE (O.S.)

Leaving so soon?

The girls freeze.

The lights slam on.

Blocking the exit is COMMANDER JOHN PETERSON. He cracks his neck.

PETERSON

The Zoo Girls. I was wondering when Veronica's failed experiments would show up.

Peterson shifts. It's brutal. His nose flattens into a wet snout. Razor-sharp tusks erupt from his lower jaw. Thick bristles tear through his shirt. He becomes a massive, 7-foot WILD BOAR in tactical armor.

Behind him, the HAZMAT SQUAD (Dobermans and Rottweilers) file in, weapons raised.

PETERSON (BOAR)

Put them in cages. The Bear goes to the pits. The rest... extract their DNA.

CHELSEA

(Unsheathing claws)

Plan B?

JENNY

(Roaring)

Plan B.

ACT THREE

INT. WAREHOUSE - THE FIGHT

Chaos erupts.

JENNY vs. PETERSON: Jenny charges Peterson. It's a sumo match. Bear vs. Boar. They grapple, smashing through a glass partition. Peterson gores a metal crate with his tusks, missing Jenny by inches. Jenny roars and slams him into a centrifuge.

RILEY vs. TECH: Riley scampers up a server rack to get the high ground. She throws a handful of magnetic discs onto the floor. They snap onto the Dobermans' metal boots and shock batons. She hits a button on her wrist. ZZZT. The magnets lock together, tripping three guards instantly in a tangle of sparks.

RILEY

Eat dirt, you dipshits!

THE SQUAD: Chelsea and Becks protect Toby. Dobermans fire shock rounds. Chelsea uses a metal tray as a shield. Becks is on the ceiling, dropping beakers of acid onto the guards below.

TOBY

The exit is blocked! But...
 (Sniffs wildly)
 ...there's a sewage outflow pipe on
 the north wall!

CHELSEA

Jenny! We're moving!

Jenny throws Peterson across the room.

JENNY

STAY. DOWN.

She rejoins the group. They sprint for the catwalk.

INT. WAREHOUSE - THE CHASE

The girls and Toby run along the upper gantries. Guards are climbing the ladders.

RILEY (THE GREMLIN): Riley is running on all fours. She slides *under* a rottweiler's legs, tying his shoelaces together with a zip-tie. He face-plants.

TOBY (THE SCOUT): Toby isn't useless. He's fast. A guard tries to grab Becks. Toby lunges and bites the guard's ankle.

TOBY
BAD DOG! BAD!

The guard howls, dropping his weapon. Becks spin-kicks him.

BECKS
Nice assist, Snoopy!

TOBY
(Panting)
I prefer "Underdog," actually! It's more heroic!

RILEY
(Snickering)
"Underdog"? Seriously? You gonna wear a cape next?

THE BOSS RETURNS:

They reach the north wall. The sewage pipe is sealed by a massive blast door.

RILEY (CONT'D)
It's bio-locked! I need a thumbprint!
Or a paw print!

Suddenly, a massive roar shakes the catwalk.

COMMANDER JOHN PETERSON is back. He's bleeding from his nose, his armor is dented, but he looks bigger - swollen with rage. He blocks their path.

PETERSON (BOAR)
You think you can break my jaw and walk away? I'm going to to mount your heads on my wall!

CHELSEA
Damn it. He's resilient. I'll give him that.

PETERSON
I'm not just a soldier. I'm the Alpha's hammer!

Peterson charges. He's a freight train of muscles.

CHELSEA
STALL HIM! Toby, the door!

THE FINAL FIGHT:

JENNY intercepts Peterson, catching his tusks. She slides back, her boots sparking on the metal grating. He's overpowering her.

JENNY
(Straining)
He's... heavy as hell!

BECKS leaps off the railing, bouncing off the wall to deliver a double-footed kick to Peterson's head. He barely flinches. He swats Becks out of the air.

RILEY jumps on Peterson's back, trying to shock his neck with her gauntlets.

RILEY
Why! Won't! You! Fall! The hell! Down!

Peterson reaches back, grabs Riley by the tail, and throws her into Chelsea.

PETERSON
Weak! You're all weak!

He raises a massive hoof to crush Jenny.

TOBY
(At the control panel)
I can't hack it! It needs the Alpha
Pheromone!

Toby looks at the fight. He sees his friends losing. He spots a loose-pipe steaming with hot pressurized gas near Peterson.

TOBY (CONT'D)
HEY! BACON BREATH!

Peterson turns.

PETERSON
What did you call me, you little shit?

TOBY
There's no need to fear! Underdog is
here!

Toby bites a valve on the wall. High-pressure steam blasts directly into Peterson's face.

PETERSON
GRAAAHH! MY EYES! YOU BASTARD!

Peterson stumbles back, blinded, failing.

CHELSEA
NOW! TEAM COMBO!

THE TAKEDOWN:

BECKS tongue-wraps Peterson's legs.

RILEY electrifies the floor beneath him.

JENNY delivers a haymaker punch so hard it creates a shockwave.

KO.

Peterson crashes through the railing and falls to the ground floor, landing in a pile of empty cages. He groans, defeated.

THE ESCAPE:

Toby grabs a shard of glass from the earlier fight - coated in Veronica's "Alpha Serum" - and jams it into the sensor.

COMPUTER VOICE:

ACCESS GRANTED.

The blast door hiss open.

Sirens wail in the distance. Blue and red lights flash through the warehouse windows.

RILEY
Cops. I might have pissed them off.
Let's bail before we have to answer
questions.

They dive into the pipe just as the police (Rhinos and Hippos in SWAT gear) bust through the main doors, surrounding the unconscious Peterson.

INT. VERLINA CORP TOWER - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Opulence. Silence.

VERONICA VERLINA (Human form) stands in a white silk robe, sipping wine. She watches a massive TV screen.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

...authorities raided the warehouse following an anonymous tip. Commander John Peterson, a known underworld figure, was arrested on site for illegal trafficking.

Veronica turns off the TV. She doesn't look angry. She looks bored.

She walks to a hidden wall. It slides open to reveal a secret lab. Inside the tanks containing twisted, embryonic shapes. A GRIFFIN. A HYDRA.

A SCIENTIST (Leopard) slinks forward, adjusting his glasses.

SCIENTIST

Ma'am... Peterson knows everything. If he talks...

VERONICA

John Peterson is a blunt instrument. He knows nothing of the true work. Let him take the fall.

She places her hand on the glass of the Griffin tank. It twitches.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

The Zoo Girls think they won a war. They merely swatted a fly. Phase Two begins tomorrow.

INT. ZOO GIRLS APARTMENT - LATER

The girls trudge through the front door, battered, bruised, and smelling of sewer water. Toby follows, looking exhausted.

Mrs. Graham jumps up from the couch.

MRS. GRAHAM

Toby!

TOBY

Grandma!

They run to each other. It's a genuine, tearful hug. Toby

buries his face in her shoulder.

MRS. GRAHAM

Oh, look at you! You're shaking. And you're so thin! Did they feed you?

TOBY

I'm okay, Grandma. I'm okay.

MRS. GRAHAM

(Sniffing him)

And you smell like... wet dog.

TOBY

(Laughing weakly)

Yeah. That's gonna take a few showers to fix.

Mrs. Graham turns to the girls. She walks up to Chelsea and hands her a check.

MRS. GRAHAM

Thank you. You brought my boy home.

Chelsea looks at the check. Her eyes widen slightly.

CHELSEA

Mrs. Graham, this is... this is more than the fee.

MRS. GRAHAM

Consider it a hazard bonus. I saw the news. That warehouse looked dreadful.

She walks over to Jenny (who is currently icing a bruise on her arm). Mrs. Graham reaches up and scratches Jenny right behind the ear.

MRS. GRAHAM (CONT'D)

And you were such a brave bear. Yes you were.

Jenny's leg starts to thump involuntarily. She leans into the scratch.

JENNY

(Purring rumble)

Oh... God. That's the spot. Don't stop.

Riley snickers.

RILEY
You have no dignity, Jen.

BECKS
(Holding up a pizza box)
Well, dignity is great, but pizza is better. A toast! To Toby! Or should I say... Underdog?

RILEY
I'm never letting you live that down.
"There's no need to fear!"

TOBY
(Grinning)
Hey, it worked. Peterson didn't see it coming.

CHELSEA
You did good, kid. We all did.

Chelsea walks to the window, looking out at the city skyline of Chimera Bay. The neon lights reflect in her eyes.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
But Veronica is still out there. And she's planning something bigger.

JENNY
Then we'll be ready.

RILEY
Assuming we can pay the damn electric bill next month.

CHELSEA
(Waving the check)
Lights stay on, Riles. At least for now.

They all laugh. The camera pulls back out the window, showing the vast, wild city.

FADE OUT.

TAG SCENE

INT. ZOO GIRLS APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Becks in a cute frog-print pajamas (Human form). She is brushing her teeth in the mirror, humming a tune.

A fat housefly buzzes around the sink. Bzzzzzz.

Becks watches it. Her eyes dilate - her pupils turning into horizontal frog slits for a split second.

THWIP.

Her tongue shoots out impossibly fast, snags the fly, and retracts. *Gulp.*

She freezes. She stares at herself in the mirror.

BECKS

...Damn it. I really have to stop
doing that.

She shrugs, grabs her toothbrush, and keeps brushing.

THE END.