

FLUFFY

by

DC Harrison

Email: dc@screamfix.com
Phone: 281-683-7839

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A full moon brightens the starless sky.

The CHIRPING of CRICKETS and the ominous MELODY of a lone WHIP-POOR-WILL serenades the night.

Moonlight reflects off the tranquil lake, illuminating the shoreline and surrounding trees. Four silhouetted figures move about a dancing campfire.

SUPER: Somewhere in the East Texas Piney Woods

The laughter and chattering of four women in their mid-20s overcome the sounds of nature.

BRI is in her element, dressed like an L.L. Bean catalog model. She arranges five lawn chairs in a semi-circle around a cast-iron fire pit.

Gothic DANA seems out of place in her Mooncult maxi dress and Raven boots. She places a small folding table next to each chair.

ABIGAIL, dressed like a 60s flower child and the concert shirt clad, tattooed rocker girl YVONNE set up a large table behind the chairs.

Bri picks up a metal poker and sits in the middle chair. Breaking up the remnants of a burning fire log, she adds another to the pit. Gazing deep into the flame - she smiles.

Dana sits in the first chair on the left, placing a backpack on her lap. She fires up a Black & Mild and relaxes.

At the table, Abigail skewers marshmallows, periodically popping one in her mouth. Yvonne skilfully skewers wieners. Both women stick their skewered food upright into Styrofoam blocks.

Dana reaches into her backpack, producing a bottle of LAJITA MEZCAL. She holds it up, letting out a howl. The others reply in kind.

Abigail and Yvonne place their food arrangements on the small folding tables. Bri immediately grabs a skewered marshmallow to roast over the fire.

Abigail, still popping marshmallows into her mouth, sits between Dana and Bri. Yvonne sits to Bri's left, roasting a wiener.

Dana rests the Mezcal on her thigh, staring at the empty fifth chair. The others glance in that direction.

DANA
So where the fuck is JENNY?

Replies come in succession - nearly simultaneously.

ABIGAIL
She's got some space-time continuum
issues, man.

YVONNE
She does get sidetracked.

BRI
She'll be here - eventually.

Dana gently swirls the bottle, eyeing the worm inside. She holds
it up in a toast.

DANA
What the fuck ever. It's the early birds
that get the worm. Right?

The others howl in agreement.

Dana takes a swig, passing the bottle to Abigail.

One by one, they take turns at the Mezcal, making idle chatter.

Two rounds later, as Abigail passes the bottle to Bri...

ABIGAIL
OK, Bri. Tell us a story.

DANA
Something better than that lame-ass shit
Abigail choked out last time.

ABIGAIL
Hey!

YVONNE
That WAS pretty lame.

ABIGAIL
Come on now!

Abigail feigns a frown. The others laugh.

Bri raises the bottle above her head.

BRI
OK, OK. Chill out. Y'all are going to
love this one. It's called FLUFFY.

A deafening silence. Bri receives a barrage of "WTF" looks.
Yvonne and Abigail in unison:

YVONNE ABIGAIL
Fluffy? Fluffy?

Dana verbalizes her expression.

DANA
Seriously Bri? What the fuck?

BRI
Hear me out.

DANA
Whatever, bitch. Make it good.

Bri takes a swig of Mezcal and passes the bottle to Yvonne.

BRI
OK, so it was a dark and stormy night.

YVONNE
Oh, come on!

BRI
I'm kidding. But it is at night. MOMMY,
DADDY, and little SUSIE are driving down
a secluded country road.

Abigail raises her hand as she interrupts.

ABIGAIL
I don't get it, man. Why are they on a
secluded road in the middle of the night?

BRI
Ugh! Why does it even matter?

ABIGAIL
I'm just trying to get a feel for the
story, man.

Dana and Yvonne voice their disapproval, throwing marshmallows at
Abigail. She covers up as if being stoned.

BRI
Come on, Abigail, it's a freaking
campfire story!

ABIGAIL
I know, but.

BRI
FINE! Here's your freaking motivation -
Susie's Daddy is a real estate agent
closing an evening deal on a farmhouse.
The family came along to keep him
company, OK?

Abigail appears genuinely shocked at Bri's quick reply. Dana and Yvonne chuckle.

BRI (cont'd)
No. More. Interruptions!

The others agree.

As Bri weaves her tale, we see it unfold on the screen.

EXT. BACKROAD - NIGHT

A dark four-door luxury car travels down an unlit rural road. The full moon highlights empty fenced pastures on either side.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

DADDY (30s), dressed in business casual, sits behind the steering wheel. His clean-cut look marred only by a five o'clock shadow.

Daddy glances at MOMMY (30s), sitting in the passenger seat. An adorable brunette in a pale blue blouse - the epitome of "the girl next door."

Daddy looks in the rearview mirror.

The couple's daughter, SUSIE (10), sits in the backseat. A typical middle-class all-American girl. Her face and light green dress illuminated by a handheld game system.

DADDY
I'm sorry, ladies. I didn't realize this
was going to run so late.

MOMMY
No worries, dear. We're happy to have
come along.

Daddy glances into the rearview mirror, expecting a reply from Susie. She is glued to her game.

MOMMY (cont'd)
Honey, WATCH OUT!

Daddy looks ahead to see a small white DOG sitting in the middle of the road. Slamming on the breaks, he instinctively throws his arm across Mommy's chest.

DADDY
What the hell?

Mommy and Daddy simultaneously turn their attention to Susie.

In unison...

MOMMY
Are you OK, baby?

DADDY
Susie, are you alright?

Susie, jolted back to reality, sits wide-eyed and confused.

MOMMY
Susie?

Susie nods.

SUSIE
I'm OK, mommy.

Relieved, Mommy and Daddy turn their attention to the Dog.

Daddy taps the horn a few times. The Dog is unfazed.

DADDY
Crazy mutt.

Susie snaps to attention. Unbuckling her seat belt, she peers between the front seats.

SUSIE
Oh, Daddy, he's so cute.

Daddy glances over his shoulder before turning his attention back to the Dog.

DADDY
Yeah, but not very smart.

Daddy leans on the horn for a few seconds.

The Dog doesn't flinch.

DADDY (cont'd)
OK, you guys wait here.

Daddy exits the vehicle.

EXT. BACKROAD - NIGHT

Daddy approaches the Dog. It stands and wags its tail.

Daddy claps his hands, stomps his feet, and yells.

DADDY

Shoo! Get out of here. Go home.

The Dog whimpers and dances but doesn't budge.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mommy and Susie look on.

SUSIE

Daddy's going to scare it.

MOMMY

I don't think so, honey. But Daddy's not having much luck is he?

SUSIE

Can't we keep it, Mommy?

MOMMY

I'm not sure how your father would feel.

Susie abruptly exits the vehicle. Startled, Mommy follows after her.

MOMMY (cont'd)

Susie! Come back here.

EXT. BACKROAD - NIGHT

Daddy turns to face Susie and Mommy.

DADDY

I thought I asked you ladies to wait in the car.

SUSIE

But Daddy, he's so cute. Can't we keep him?

Daddy glances at mommy, who shrugs. Her expression is one of semi-approval.

DADDY

Now, Susie, we can't just pick up stray dogs.

Rushing past Daddy, Susie bends down to pet the Dog. It immediately begins barking and licking her face. Susie giggles.

DADDY (cont'd)

Susie! Be careful, sweetheart.

SUSIE

It's OK, daddy, he just wants to play. And he's not stray. See, he's got a tag - FLUFFY!

Daddy bends down to examine the gold bone-shaped tag.

DADDY

Fluffy, huh? No owner info, no number, and no houses for miles. Where did you come from, little guy?

SUSIE

Can we keep him, daddy? There's plenty of room on the tag for our info!

Mommy snickers. Daddy turns to her with an inquisitive look.

MOMMY

How about this? Let's take him home, and we'll make some calls in the morning.

SUSIE

Daddy?

Daddy lets out an exaggerated sigh.

DADDY

You guys are always ganging up on me. Alright, fine.

Susie wraps her arms around Daddy.

SUSIE

Thank you, thank you, thank you. I love you, Daddy!

Fluffy barks and dances. Mommy and Daddy laugh.

Susie releases her grip on Daddy. She scoops up Fluffy, giggling as the dog licks her face.

Mommy and Daddy exchange smiles. Walking arm in arm, they follow Susie and Fluffy to the vehicle.

INT. SUSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mommy and Daddy stand in the doorway of Susie's anime-themed bedroom. Susie and Fluffy lay cuddled together, sleeping on a princess canopy bed.

MOMMY
Isn't that the cutest?

DADDY
I'm not sure how I feel about her
sleeping with that dog.

MOMMY
You're such a worrywart, honey. That's
the friendliest creature ever.

DADDY
Yeah, he's a friendly little thing. But
don't get too attached because we're
still making those calls.

MOMMY
I know - Ya big meanie.

Daddy chuckles. Mommy whispers a good night as she switches off the bedroom light. She pulls the door closed, leaving it slightly ajar.

LATER

Fluffy's whimpering awakens Susie. She reaches out to comfort the dog.

SUSIE
What's wrong, boy?

Susie feels a damp spot on the sheet and quickly sits up.

SUSIE (cont'd)
Oh no! Did you pee in the bed?

Susie springs out of bed. She darts across the room, turning on the light. As her eyes adjust, she notices blood on her fingers.

Startled, she looks toward the bed. Fluffy sits on bloody sheets. The dog's mouth and front paws are a bloody mess.

Susie screams!

SUSIE (cont'd)
Mommy! Daddy!

Susie scoops Fluffy into her arms and runs crying down the hallway. She barges into Mommy and Daddy's room.

INT. MOMMY & DADDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SUSIE
Mommy, Daddy, wake up, something's wrong
with Fluffy!

Susie flips on the light. Eyes widened, her face contorts in fear and disgust.

Mommy and Daddy lay in a pool of blood eaten to the bone from the neck down.

Susie is frozen in shock until Fluffy whimpers and stirs in her arms. She looks down, but it's not Fluffy.

A hideous gray-skinned creature with twisted yellow horns and burning red eyes stares back at her.

Susie's final scream never leaves her throat.

Fluffy's jaws widen to an impossibly distorted proportion, revealing rows of large jagged razor-like teeth.

The creature chomps down on Susie's neck, nearly severing her head.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

BRI
And that was Fluffy!

DANA
Badass!

YVONNE
Yeah, that was sick.

Abigail is speechless. A look of shock on her face. The others laugh - general rowdiness ensues

A small green compact car pulls up.

The cheerful 20-something JENNY exits her vehicle to hoots and hollers. Her white sleeveless mock neck blouse is hardly appropriate for camping.

JENNY

Hey guys!

DANA

It's about fucking time, bitch.

JENNY

Nice to see you too, Dana.

YVONNE

You get lost or something?

DANA

Something.

BRI

You missed my story, girl, what the hell?

JENNY

Yeah, sorry I'm late. I had to make a stop.

Jenny reaches inside her vehicle. She emerges, holding a small white dog.

JENNY (cont'd)

This little guy was sitting in the middle of the road. I couldn't just leave him.

Dana, Abigail, and Yvonne look at Bri, who shrugs and shakes her head. Jenny's voice forces their attention back to her.

JENNY (cont'd)

His tag says FLUFFY, but there's no owner info. Isn't he adorable, though?

The other women are visibly concerned - borderline frightened.

Fluffy's eyes flash red. Bri, Dana, Abigail, and Yvonne scream in terror and scatter.

JENNY (cont'd)

What the hell? Guys?

Jenny looks down at Fluffy. Paralyzed with fear, she tries to scream.

Fluffy's jaws widen as he strikes - Blood splatters to fill the screen.

GROWLING, SNARLING, and SCREAMS of pain and agony are heard (O.S.).

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE CAMPFIRE - MORNING

The sun breaks the horizon. The water is as still as a photograph.

A portal materializes above the shoreline to reveal a winged silhouetted figure. Orange rocky structures protruding from a lake of flaming lava provides the backdrop.

The figure exits the portal, morphing into a nude DEMONESS. She resembles a 30-something human female - with black orbs for eyes.

The Demoness takes a deep breath, viewing the world around her. She whistles - Fluffy stops lapping up a pool of blood near Jenny's severed head.

Barking with excitement, the dog sprints across the bloodstained sand, leaping over human body parts.

Fluffy jumps into the waiting arms of the Demoness. The dog whimpers and licks her face. She basks in its affection.

DEMONESS
Now there's a good boy.

Fluffy barks in reply.

DEMONESS(cont'd)
Yes, yes, yes. You can come out to play again tonight.

The Demoness surveys the carnage Fluffy has left behind. She smiles, giving Fluffy a kiss.

The Demoness steps into the portal, morphing into a winged silhouette.

The portal seals shut behind her.

FADE OUT.