

Laissezze Fur 3.0

Page 1

Four panels

Panel 1 - wide panel. The location is Lake Eola in downtown Orlando. It's a sunny day. A few people are out walking, dressed in either business clothing or exercise, and they're turning their heads and smiling at DOUG HUTZACKER (28), a skinny guy with hair that goes wild on its own. He looks rather disheveled in a modest business suit... basically a free spirit trying to be respectable. What is drawing people's attention is a) BUGS, the tabby cat that's perched on Doug's shoulder, and WILEY, a lab/retriever mix who's currently sniffing around in the grass. Doug looks stressed.

CAPTION: Downtown Orlando, Florida

DOUG - Wiley! Let's wrap it up!

DOUG - My stupid interview's in half an hour!

Panel 2 - small panel. The view is behind Doug, and a bit elevated so we can see Wiley too. Doug's head is turned to look at Bugs. Bugs is looking back at him. Wiley is actually looking in the direction opposite Bugs.

DOUG - C'mon, Bugs, don't look at me like that. The **rent's** due in three days. This is why I bluffed my way through law school.

DOUG - I **know** I'm selling out. It beats living in a cardboard box.

DOUG - Yeah, I know, I sound just like mom.

Panel 3 - Small panel. Same panel as 2, but this time Doug is looking alarmed as Bugs hops off his shoulder.

DOUG - But what's the point if there's no **point**, and...

DOUG - Hey, wait a minute! **Bugs!** Don't...

Panel 4 - Big panel. This will take up over half the page... it serves as our splash page. The view is Doug's POV. Bugs is standing next to Wiley. They both look calmly up at him.

BUGS - Doug, **shut up**.

BUGS - You need to stop whining and listen.

WILEY - We must speak to you about a matter of **grave importance**.

TITLE: Laissezze Fur

Page 2

Five panels

Panel 1 - The POV of the pets on the ground. Doug is staring at them with a shocked expression.

DOUG - But I...

DOUG - It's the interview. It's stressing me.

DOUG - My pets are speaking English.

DOUG - Okay, enough! Wiley, stop... talking! And sit!

Panel 2 - Close up on Wiley and Bugs. Wiley's face is in what can best be described as a perturbed snarl. Bugs is rolling his eyes.

WILEY - I will **not**, sir!

BUGS - Look, we'll explain later.

BUGS - Right now it's about our two kingdoms. We're kinda... on the brink. Of total war.

Panel 3 - Doug and the pets in profile. Doug is still looking like he's having a hard time believing this. There are a couple people further down by the lake - the three of them are alone.

DOUG - Kingdoms...?

BUGS - **Canis** and **Phyleen**. The Undying Pack and the Feline Dynasty.

WILEY - **Dogs** and **cats**, in your parlance, Douglas. Our leaders have drafted accords they believe will avoid open conflict. A peace summit has been called. But we need the **Kantar Sataj**.

BUGS - The **Eternal Arbiter**. Someone who knows both sides but doesn't favor either. A lot of candidates were... um, volunteered.

Panel 4 - Close up on Bugs and Wiley. Wiley is looking up at Doug earnestly. Bugs is looking off to the side.

WILEY - **You** were chosen. We just learned of it this morning.

BUGS - We wanted to tell you. But you were all over the apartment getting ready for the interview...

WILEY - You really were quite unfocused, **Douglas**, and...

BUGS - Oh, **Sabach!**

Panel 5 - Wiley's head is angled straight ahead... looking at several dogs, off in the distance. Running towards them. Bugs is in mid-air, jumping towards Doug's shoulder. Doug's hands are held out, like he doesn't know what Bugs is trying to do. His expression is also one of confusion.

WILEY - **They found us**. I'll hold them off. Bugs...

BUGS - You be careful, buddy, I **mean** it! **Doug!** Let's **go!**

Page 3

Seven panels

Panel 1 - Doug is running towards the camera through the park, with Bugs on one shoulder. Wiley is running in the opposite direction, towards the oncoming dogs. A couple onlookers are looking back at the dogs, in postures of fear.

ONCOMING DOG YELLING BALLOON - Die, pack traitor!

WILEY YELLING BALLOON - Curse you to the Lonely Kennel, Honorless Curs!

BUGS - He'll be fine, Doug! He's a level 8! Now head for the Bob Carr Theater! That's where the summit is being held!

DOUG - That's four blocks from here... wait, is this for the dogs and cats in Orlando?

BUGS - **Worldwide** kingdoms, Doug!

DOUG - And they wanted to meet in **Orlando**?!

Panel 2 - They're now running down a street in Orlando. Bugs has the tense, aware demeanor. There are a few people, all looking curiously at them.

BUGS - Yes! Because **you're** here! The delegations started arriving half an hour ago!

DOUG - **What**?! This is crazy! What about my *huff* interview?

BUGS - Will you forget about the ridiculous interview?! Okay, slow down... we've got more trouble.

Panel 3 - small panel. From over Doug's shoulder up ahead, we see several cats congregated on the sidewalk. Their expressions are angry.

DOUG - Holy... whoa!

CATS - HISSSSSSSS

BUGS - Don't let 'em trip you, Doug. They're a **Highborn Stealth Clan**. They bring you down, you don't get up, no matter how big you are.

BUGS - But... they still have instinct. Yell "**Vishni**!"

DOUG - What?

BUGS - Do it! **Now**!!

Panel 4 - The cats in the foreground are recoiling in fear as Doug rushes at them, arms outspread. Bugs still perched on his shoulder.

DOUG YELLING BALLOON - Vishni! Vishni!!

DOUG - What am I saying?

BUGS - "**Vacuum cleaner**." It's a symbol of the **power** humans unconsciously wield. Bet they've never heard a human **say** it, though!

BUGS - And now you know. Some petfolk **want** a war. And they know you're the one who's gonna make the Accords **happen**.

Panel 5 - Doug is still running, leaving the cats behind. Bugs is staring straight ahead.

DOUG - "The one..." *huff*

DOUG - Bugs... this is insane! How'd I get swept up in this?

BUGS - Wiley and I submitted your candidacy. We've had our eyes on you for a while.

DOUG - Really? Why?!

Panel 6 - Doug is running rather lopsidedly, wheezing, with an exhausted look on his face. Bugs looks over at him with something like reproach.

DOUG - I'm *gasp* okay, just give me a minute *gasp*.

BUGS - See, **this** is what you get when you eat **breakfast cereal** all week...

BUGS - Turn down here! We're almost there!

Panel 7 - Over the shoulder of Doug and Bugs... they are in front of the Bob Carr theater. The [sign](#) is prominent with the building behind it. Three dogs of differing large breed have stepped out from behind the sign.

DOUG - Uh-oh.

BUG - No, Doug, it's okay! **Hail Canines!**

DOG #1 - **Hail Feline!** Go to the rear entrance on the south lot!

DOG #2 - **Hurry!** They're waiting for you!

Page 4

Eight panels ([here's a suggested layout](#))

Panel 1 - Long panel. Doug, still running with Bugs over his arm, runs along the side of the theater building. For our purposes, it's just a flat wall.

DOUG - Wait! What do I say? How many delegates are there? Do they even speak English?

BUGS - We speak **every** language, Doug! Petfolk's sacred **Higher Perception** is the foundation of our entire society! How **else** do you think we've stayed in power this long?

BUGS - And don't forget, you went to **human school** for this! You're **much less** ignorant than...

Panel 2 - Their POV. They've arrived at a double door... and a single dog. A doberman. He's snarling, looking very menacing.

BUGS OFF PANEL - Hmm.

DOBERMAN - GrrrrrrRRR.

BUGS OFF PANEL - Okay, Doug, don't panic...

DOBERMAN - **Human**.

Panel 3 - Close up on the Doberman. He's looking feral... but also almost cocky.

DOBERMAN - You have no **place** here.

DOBERMAN - This is for the Higher Kingdoms and the sanctity of the **Holy Dispersion**.

DOBERMAN - Go back to your telly screens and your **noise**. Or see what **tooth and claw** can achieve upon your flesh whilst...

Panel 4 - Bugs is leaping off Doug's shoulder, looking angry, ears back.

BUGS - **Skrue** you and your "Holy Dispersion"!

DOUG - **Bugs!**

BUGS - Go through those doors, Doug! You can make it!

DOUG - But you...

Panel 5 - I want this to be one of the defining panels of this story... it's Bugs, delivering a kick with his hind leg and a swat with a foreleg to the Doberman... who's reeling from the blow as if he's been hit by a piledriver. Maybe have some cool anime-type [action lines](#) in the back. We should get the feeling Bugs is kind of a feline karate badass.

BUGS - Don't worry about me! I'll be out here...

DOBERMAN - grrrRRRWOLF!

BUGS - ... taking out the **litter!**

Panel 6 - small panel. The POV is inside the double doors. Doug is bursting through them, looking panicked. We see Bugs's hindquarters as well as the Doberman's... it looks like Bugs is landing on him.

BUGS - RAAAAWRRR...

Panel 7 - small panel. Wide shot. A tiny Doug runs through a large foyer. It looks impressive.

DOUG - *Huff* Okay. *Huff* No problem.

Panel 8 - small panel. Hands reaching for closed double doors.

DOUG - You went to **human school**. You'll be...

Page 5

Five panels

Panel 1 - large panel. Another defining panel. The POV is from the stage of the massive theater. Every seat in the house is full of dogs and cats... and they're all staring back at Doug, who has just stepped in. The dogs and cats are grouped according to species. We should be feeling awe here.

NO COPY

Panel 2 - small panel. Doug is walking down the row. On either side, the animals look back at him calmly. He's straightening his tie and trying to look nonchalant.

DOUG - *ahem*

Panel 3 - Doug is climbing on stage. His eyes are bugging out of his head as he looks at all the animals populating the auditorium. A sheepdog and a siamese cat stand on the stage, on either side of a podium. They're both looking at him.

DOUG - *Huff*

Panel 4 - Doug is at the podium. He closes his eyes. He's a little bent over, gathering himself.

NO COPY

Panel 5 - Doug stands up straight. Eyes open.

DOUG - I apologize for my tardiness. Now...

DOUG - ... does, uh, anyone have an **agenda**?

Page 6

Six panels

Page 1 - Doug is again walking on the path around Lake Eola. The sun is setting on the water... it's pretty. There isn't anyone else within earshot. Bugs is again perched on Doug's shoulder. He looks slightly bloody. In one hand Doug holds Wiley on a leash, who pads alongside. In the other is a large duffel bag.

CAPTION: Later...

WILEY - The last **Kantar Sataj** was the Great Sultan Swath. She just retired. She's a **turtle**.

DOUG - Huh. **Youtube** seems to think dogs and cats are **scared** of turtles.

WILEY - Yup. Equally. She was **perfect**. As, we believe, you'll be. You **nailed** it back there, by the way.

DOUG - Thanks. You're sure you're okay, Bugs?

BUGS - I'm fine. It's not my **blood**.

Panel 2 - Wiley looks up at Doug as they walk. Doug is holding up the duffel bag, looking at it. A couple bills stick out of it in comical fashion.

DOUG - I'm still having a hard time **believing** this. Why don't more people know?

WILEY - It **is** easier to let humans believe they're in control. And safer. For **them**.

BUGS - Is that money going to be enough for a while, Doug?

DOUG - Uh, yeah. But, look, I mean... You guys are, y'know, **kingdoms**. And I'm **me**...

Panel 3 - They are stopped at the railing. The POV is behind the three of them aiming out onto the orange-tinged water. Doug is holding out his arm towards a concrete post and Bugs is trotting down his arm. Wiley is standing, looking up at Doug.

WILEY - You've been talking to your pets for the better part of **three hours**. And you haven't once considered a **psychotic break** as explanation.

DOUG - Heh. I haven't ruled it out.

WILEY - Truth is, though, you've been somewhat... **directionless**. We petfolk call it "Pinned by the sun." We wanted this for you. We had no idea we would succeed.

BUGS - And now you're the **Eternal Arbiter**. How does **that** feel, Doug?

Panel 4 - close up on Doug. He looks like he's having a happy realization.

DOUG - Better. Yeah. Thanks, guys.

DOUG - So... "**eternal**," huh?

BUGS OFF PANEL - It's a title, don't freak out.

DOUG - What do I do now?

Panel 5 - Doug's POV. Wiley is looking at a park bench just a couple yards in front of them. On it sit a pomeranian, tail wagging, and a black cat. Both are looking back at the camera. Bugs is sitting on the concrete post, looking up at the camera, a smile on his feline face.

WILEY - The Eternal Arbiter doesn't just broker treaties and trade negotiations. He also helps petfolk reason with each other at the local level. "Peace beginneth at home," as they say.

DOUG - Okay. When do I start?

BUGS - Well... how about **now**?

Panel 6 - Big panel. An aerial view--it'd be nice if we could get more of Lake Eola in it. No people in the area. Doug is sitting on the park bench, Coco and Sprinkles sitting on either side. They are in deep conversation. Bugs and Wiley are frolicking in the open space a ways in front of them.

CAPTION - "Doug... meet Coco and Sprinkles. They've had some problems with who gets to lie on the **bed**."

CAPTION - "And we'll all just go from there."

THE END

Page 4 suggested layout

