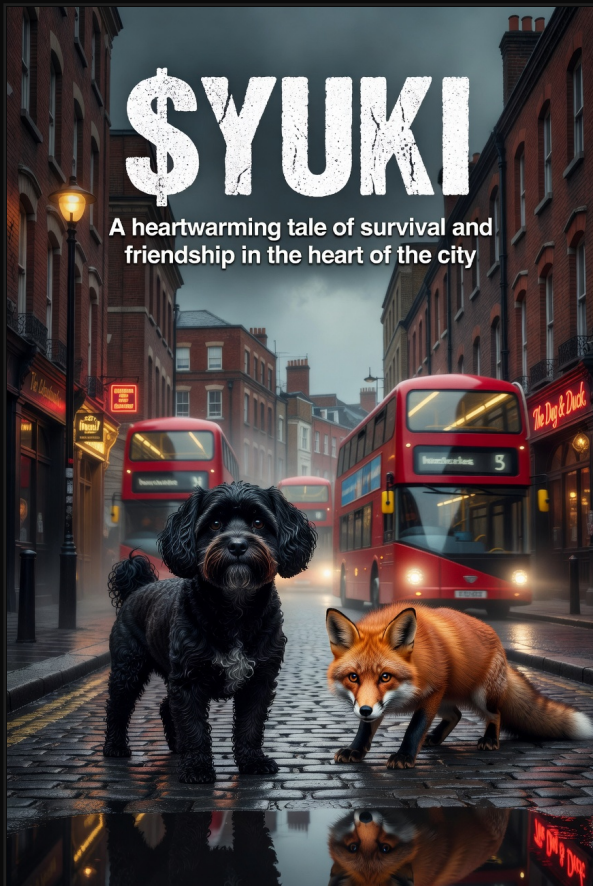


# \$YUKI

\$YUKI



*Yuki, a scrappy black Shi-Poo, roams East London's gritty streets, forging an unlikely pack with a cunning fox to survive abandonment and reclaim her sense of belonging.*

ONE SENTENCE

# Logline

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Yuki, a scrappy black Shi-Poo, roams East London's gritty streets, forging an unlikely pack with a cunning fox to survive abandonment and reclaim her sense of belonging.

# Treatment

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Act 1: The world of \$YUKI opens in the damp, bustling underbelly of East London, where Yuki, a small black Shi-Poo with a patchy coat, scavenges through overturned bins near Brick Lane. Her collar, faded and frayed, still bears a tag with a phone number that no longer connects. She's a stray now, abandoned by owners who moved away without her. The streets are a gauntlet of roaring double-decker buses, shouting vendors, and indifferent feet. Yuki's days are a blur of dodging danger and snatching scraps, her loneliness a quiet ache. She hides under a rusted bench in Shoreditch Park, trembling as rain pelts down, her only comfort the distant bark of other dogs she's too scared to approach. The inciting incident hits when a street sweeper's broom sends her darting into an alley, where she collides with Redge, a wiry, amber-eyed fox with a torn ear. Redge, unimpressed but curious, sniffs her out and offers a deal: stick with him, learn the streets, or get flattened by the next bus. Yuki hesitates, her trust shattered, but hunger and fear push her to follow.

Act 2: Yuki and Redge form a tenuous alliance, scavenging together through Whitechapel's maze of markets and backstreets. Redge teaches her to dart through traffic on Commercial Road, to steal kebab scraps from distracted hands, and to read the rhythm of the city's dangers. Their 'pack' grows with the addition of Midge, a one-eyed pigeon with a knack for spotting food from above. The trio's dynamic is messy-Redge is territorial, Midge unreliable-but Yuki starts to feel a flicker of belonging. The midpoint reversal strikes when a dogcatcher's net nearly snags Yuki outside Aldgate East station; Redge abandons her in the chaos, revealing his self-preservation over loyalty. Yuki escapes, but the betrayal stings deeper than hunger. Alone again, she wanders into a derelict lot near Bethnal Green, where she's cornered by a pack of feral cats. Her barks are feeble, her energy spent. The 'bad guys close in' as the cats circle, and internally, Yuki wrestles with despair-maybe she's not meant for a pack. The 'all is lost' moment hits when a cat's claw rakes her flank, and she collapses, whimpering under a broken pallet. In her dark night of the soul, Yuki dreams of her old home, the warmth of a lap, but wakes to cold asphalt, realizing she must fight or fade.

Act 3: A newfound resolve sparks as Yuki hears Redge's distant yip-he's come back, guilt-ridden, with Midge flapping overhead. They scatter the cats in a chaotic skirmish, Redge taking a scratch to protect Yuki. Bloodied but unbowed, the trio limps away, their bond forged in survival. The climax unfolds in Shoreditch Park, where they face a final test: a territorial stray dog twice Yuki's size. Yuki, summoning every ounce of grit, stands her ground, barking with a ferocity she didn't know she had, while Redge and Midge flank her. The stray backs off, and Yuki's pack claims the park as their turf. The final image is Yuki curled atop the same rusted bench from Act 1, now dry under a weak sunrise, Redge sprawled nearby, and Midge perched above. Her coat is still patchy, but her eyes glint with quiet defiance-she's not alone anymore.

# Beat Sheet

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**p. 1** **Opening Image**

Yuki, a tiny black Shi-Poo, cowers under a dripping awning on Brick Lane as a double-decker bus roars past, spraying puddle water.

**p. 5** **Theme Stated**

A street vendor mutters, 'Gotta find your crew out here, love,' as Yuki slinks by, unnoticed, hinting at her need for connection.

**p. 10** **Setup**

Yuki navigates East London's chaos-Brick Lane bins, Shoreditch Park, dodging buses and feet, her loneliness palpable in every wary glance.

**p. 12** **Catalyst**

A street sweeper's broom chases Yuki into an alley, where she meets Redge, a fox who offers street survival tips for companionship.

**p. 15** **Debate**

Yuki hesitates to trust Redge, torn between fear of betrayal and the gnawing ache of solitude as they skulk through Whitechapel.

**p. 25** **Break Into Two**

Yuki commits to Redge's teachings, darting through traffic with him on Commercial Road, embracing the gritty street life.

**p. 30** **B Story**

Midge, a one-eyed pigeon, joins the duo, offering aerial intel on food, building Yuki's fragile sense of a makeshift family.

**p. 30** **Fun and Games**

Yuki, Redge, and Midge pull off daring food heists in Whitechapel markets, outsmarting vendors and weaving through crowds with scrappy ingenuity.

**p. 55** **Midpoint**

False defeat: A dogcatcher nearly traps Yuki at Aldgate East; Redge flees, leaving her scrambling alone, trust shattered.

**p. 60** **Bad Guys Close In**

Feral cats stalk Yuki in a Bethnal Green lot; internally, she doubts her worth, feeling unlovable as hunger weakens her.

**p. 75** **All Is Lost**

A cat's claw slashes Yuki's flank; she collapses under a pallet in Bethnal Green, defeated, her whimpers fading into silence.

**p. 80** **Dark Night of Soul**

Yuki dreams of her old home's warmth but wakes to cold asphalt, wrestling with despair, believing she'll die alone.

**p. 85** **Break Into Three**

Redge returns with Midge, scattering the cats; Yuki realizes she must fight for her pack, finding raw resolve.

**p. 95** **Finale**

In Shoreditch Park, Yuki faces a massive stray, barking fiercely with Redge and Midge beside her, claiming their turf, proving belonging through grit.

**p.110** **Final Image**

Yuki rests atop the rusted bench in Shoreditch Park at sunrise, Redge and Midge near, her eyes sharp-solitude replaced by pack.

# Opening Scene

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EXT. BRICK LANE - DAY

Rain slicks the cracked pavement of Brick Lane, East London, where market stalls sag under tarps and the air hums with shouted Bengali and the rumble of double-decker buses. A tiny black Shi-Poo, YUKI, barely a foot tall, cowers beneath a dripping awning. Her fur is patchy, matted with grime, her faded collar dangling a useless tag. She flinches as a bus roars past, spraying puddle water inches from her paws. Her eyes, wide and wary, dart to a nearby bin, its lid askew, spilling fish-and-chip wrappers.

Yuki creeps forward, belly low, paws silent on the wet ground. She noses a greasy wrapper, snatching a cold chip before a vendor's boot stomps near, sending her skittering back. A MAN'S VOICE, gruff, cuts through the din.

VENDOR (O.S.)

Oi, get lost, mutt! No freeloaders!

Yuki whimpers, retreating under the awning again. Her gaze lifts to the gray sky, then drops to the endless stream of legs passing by—trainers, boots, none slowing for her. A CHILD'S sticky hand points, fleetingly curious, but is yanked away by a parent. Yuki's ears droop. She curls tighter, a small black smudge against the vibrant chaos, as another bus thunders past, its red bulk filling the frame. The roar fades, leaving only the patter of rain and her shallow breaths.

Suddenly, a shadow looms—a STREET SWEEPER with a bristly broom, jabbing at the ground near her. Yuki yelps, bolting from cover, her tiny legs pumping as she dodges feet and wheels, vanishing into a narrow alley's mouth. The sweeper grunts, already moving on, but Yuki's gone, her world a blur of fear and flight.

# Characters

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## Yuki **PROTAGONIST**

2-3 years

**LOOK** A small black Shi-Poo, barely a foot tall, with patchy, matted fur that clumps around her ribs. Her faded blue collar dangles a scratched tag, and her left ear has a tiny nick. Eyes are wide, amber, and perpetually wary, reflecting every streetlight.

**VOICE** Her barks are high-pitched, almost a squeak, with a hesitant, stuttering rhythm when scared. When bold, her yips sharpen, carrying a surprising edge for her size. No human speech, but her vocalizations feel like a plea or defiance.

**ARC** Yuki starts as a trembling, abandoned stray, aching for the warmth of her lost owners, scrounging alone on East London's unforgiving streets. She wants safety but needs a pack to survive, a lesson hard-learned through betrayal by Redge and near-death with feral cats. Her journey teaches her to trust selectively and fight for connection. By the end, she's a scrappy leader of her odd crew, her loneliness replaced by a fierce, hard-won belonging, evident in her steady gaze and upright tail.

## Redge **DEUTERAGONIST**

4-5 years

**LOOK** A lean, amber-eyed fox with scruffy reddish fur and a torn left ear that flops slightly. His tail is bushy but tipped with gray, showing wear from street life. Moves with a slinky, calculated grace, always scanning.

**VOICE** His yips are low and gravelly, with a sly, drawling cadence that suggests he's always scheming. Growls carry a warning snap, sharp and impatient. Vocalizations hint at a world-weary mentor with a selfish streak.

**ARC** Redge begins as a solitary opportunist, hardened by East London's alleys, valuing survival over loyalty. He wants easy scavenging but needs to confront his selfishness, which surfaces when he abandons Yuki to a dogcatcher. His return to save her marks a shift to reluctant protector. By the end, he's a gruff but reliable ally, sprawled near Yuki with a begrudging warmth in his posture.

## Midge **SUPPORTING**

1-2 years

**LOOK** A scrawny pigeon with mottled gray feathers and one milky, useless eye. Her good wing is slightly bent from an old injury, making her flight wobbly. Always twitching, pecking at invisible crumbs.

**VOICE** Her coos are rapid and jittery, a staccato burst that sounds like nervous chatter. Occasionally squawks loudly when startled, a shrill alarm. Her sounds paint her as a quirky, anxious sidekick.

**ARC** Midge starts as a skittish loner, joining Yuki and Redge for food scraps, driven by hunger over friendship. She wants safety in numbers but needs to commit to the pack, a struggle shown in her flaky reliability. Her role in scattering the feral cats cements her loyalty. By the end, she perches near Yuki with a newfound steadiness, part of the family.

## Dogcatcher **ANTAGONIST**

mid-40s

**LOOK** A wiry man with a weathered face, clad in a stained council uniform of gray overalls and scuffed boots. His hands are calloused, gripping a long-handled net with frayed edges. A perpetual scowl creases his brow, eyes sharp for movement.

**VOICE** His voice is a rough bark, East London accent thick, words clipped and impatient as if always on edge. Often mutters curses under his breath. Shouts carry a tired authority, used to being ignored.

**ARC** The Dogcatcher is a relentless force of order, obsessed with clearing strays from East London's streets, seeing Yuki as just another nuisance. He wants control but needs none emotionally, remaining a cold obstacle. His near-capture of Yuki drives her isolation deeper. By the end, he's a fading threat, glimpsed driving off empty-handed, defeated by her evasion.

# Locations

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## **Brick Lane** EXT.

A narrow, rain-slicked street in East London, lined with sagging market stalls under blue tarps, overflowing bins of curry wrappers, and graffiti-scrawled shutters. Crowds shove through, their boots and trainers splashing puddles. The air is thick with spice and exhaust, double-decker buses looming like red beasts.

*Chaotic and oppressive, drenched in sodium-vapor yellows and wet grays, a constant hum of danger.*

## **Shoreditch Park** EXT.

A patchy green space surrounded by tower blocks, with rusted benches and chewed-up grass littered with cigarette butts. A broken playground sits abandoned, swings creaking in the wind. The edges blur into industrial lots, chain-link fences sagging.

*Desolate yet oddly hopeful, bathed in weak dawn pinks or cold evening blues, a refuge with teeth.*

## **Bethnal Green Derelict Lot** EXT.

A weed-choked expanse of cracked concrete behind a boarded-up factory, strewn with shattered pallets and rusted rebar. Feral cats slink through shadows cast by crumbling brick walls. A single streetlamp flickers, barely cutting the dark.

*Menacing and forsaken, steeped in charcoal blacks and sickly amber glows, a trap waiting to snap shut.*

# Style

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## PALETTE

deep cobalt blue, electric violet, ultraviolet-purple, cold cyan rim accents, warm tungsten flares, muted grays and charcoals

# Director's Vision

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I see \$YUKI as a love letter to the unseen strays-literal and metaphorical-of East London, a story that claws at the heart with its raw, unpolished truth. This film isn't just about a dog; it's about the ache of being left behind, the grind of survival, and the desperate, messy beauty of finding your people-or your pack-in a city that chews up the vulnerable. I'm drawn to Yuki's journey because I've felt that outsider sting, navigating spaces that don't want you, and I know audiences will too, especially now, in a time when so many feel untethered, searching for belonging amidst economic and social decay.

My vision is to shoot \$YUKI with an unflinching street-level gaze, the camera often at Yuki's height, making human legs and looming buses monstrous, overwhelming. I want handheld shots that jitter with her fear, balanced by still, tender frames when she rests with Redge and Midge, capturing the fragility of their bond. East London isn't just a backdrop; it's a character-grimy, loud, indifferent, yet alive with hidden corners of hope like Shoreditch Park at dawn. I'm pulling from the raw energy of City of God and the quiet devastation of Wendy and Lucy to craft a tone that's both visceral and intimate.

When the audience leaves the cinema, I want them haunted by Yuki's wide, wary eyes, feeling the weight of her loneliness but also the stubborn warmth of her triumph. They should walk out looking at their own streets differently-noticing the strays, the overlooked, the ones fighting for a scrap of connection. This isn't a polished fairy tale; it's a scrappy, lived-in story that mirrors our own struggles to belong. \$YUKI is my chance to remind us that even in the harshest urban jungle, a pack-however unlikely-can be a lifeline. I'm here to make them feel every paw step of that fight.

# Dialogue Samples

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- > Dogcatcher: Oi, you little rat, c'mere-gonna clip that collar for good this time!
- > Yuki: (high-pitched yip) Yip-yip! (nervous, darting away) Yip!
- > Redge: (gravelly growl) Stick close, pup, or you're bus meat by mornin'.
- > Midge: (jittery coo) Coo-coo! Food's that-a-way, quick now, quick!
- > Dogcatcher: Bloody mutts, slippin' me again-council's gonna have my head!
- > Redge: (sly yip) Got your back now, don't I? Took long enough to learn.

# Screenplay

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FADE IN:

EXT. EAST LONDON STREETS - DAWN

The fog hangs thick over the bustling streets, red double-decker buses roaring like beasts through the gray brick maze. Steam rises from manhole covers as early risers shuffle by, coffee cups in hand. Amid the chaos, a small black SHI-POO, YUKI, darts between shadows, her fur slick with dew. She pauses, sniffing a discarded fish-and-chips wrapper on the curb, her bright eyes wide and curious, capturing the city's relentless pulse.

A STREET VENDOR, mid-50s, rugged with a thick beard and a worn apron, hawks newspapers from his stall. He slaps a stack down, yelling to passersby.

STREET VENDOR

(almost singing)

Get your mornin' read! Fresh off the press, hotter than the Tube in July!

Yuki cocks her head, watching him. A YOUNG COURIER, early 20s, skinny and wired, zips past on a bike, nearly clipping her tail.

YOUNG COURIER

Watch it, you mutt! Streets ain't for pets!

Yuki lets out a sharp BARK, defiant, then trots away, weaving through the crowd. She pauses at a puddle, lapping water, her paws leaving tiny prints on the wet pavement.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAMPED FLAT ABOVE CORNER SHOP - MORNING

The flat is a cluttered haven: faded wallpaper, scattered newspapers, a ticking clock on the mantle. Sunbeams slice through grimy windows, casting warm patches on the floor. YUKI bounds in, shaking off the morning chill, her tail wagging furiously.

Her OWNER, an ELDERLY MAN in his 70s, sits in a worn armchair, his face etched with lines of loneliness. He strokes Yuki's ears absentmindedly, his movements slow and deliberate.

ELDERLY MAN

(soft, weary)

Ah, Yuki-girl. You're the only one who shows up on time, eh? World out there's gone mad.

Yuki nuzzles his hand, letting out a contented WHINE, her eyes locked on his. He chuckles faintly, the sound rusty from disuse.

A KNOCK at the door echoes. The SHOPKEEPER, late 40s, burly with a thick accent and a grease-stained shirt, pokes his head in-it's the owner of the corner shop below.

SHOPKEEPER

(booming, impatient)

Oi, Mr. Hargrove! Rent's due again. You forgettin' up here? And keep that dog quiet; scares the customers!

ELDERLY MAN

(sighing, not looking up)

Alright, alright, Frank. Give an old man a moment. Yuki here doesn't mean no harm. She's got more heart than half the blokes on your shelves.

SHOPKEEPER

(grumbling, stepping inside)

Heart don't pay the bills. Look, I get it-lonely up here. But life's a grind, innit? Maybe get out, chat with folks at the pub. Or get rid of the mutt if she's too much.

Yuki growls low, protective, positioning herself between the Shopkeeper and her owner. The Elderly Man pets her head, a small smile breaking through.

ELDERLY MAN

(quietly, to Yuki)

See? World's full of takers. But you... you're loyal through it all. Don't let 'em change that.

The Shopkeeper shakes his head, exits with a mutter.

SHOPKEEPER

(over his shoulder)

Just sort the rent, yeah? Before the landlord sends the wolves.

The door SLAMS. Yuki whimpers softly, jumping into the Elderly Man's lap. He stares out the window, where foxes slink in the alley below, his gaze distant.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNER SHOP - LATE MORNING

The shop bustles with activity. The Shopkeeper argues with a DELIVERY DRIVER, early 30s, tattoos peeking from his sleeves, unloading crates of goods.

DELIVERY DRIVER

(yelling, frustrated)

Bloody hell, Frank! This is the third time you've shorted me on the tab. I ain't your charity case!

SHOPKEEPER

(snarling back)

Charity? You're the one dropping off rotten stock! Tell your boss to sort it out, or I'll take my business elsewhere.

Yuki watches from the flat's window above, her ears perked. The Elderly Man steps out onto the small balcony, leaning on the railing, a cup of tea in hand. A NEIGHBOR, an older woman in her 60s with curly gray hair and a shopping bag, pauses on the street below, glancing up.

NEIGHBOR

(calling out, warm but nosy)

Morning, Mr. Hargrove! How's that little Yuki doing? Heard her barking up a storm earlier. Everything alright up there?

ELDERLY MAN

(waving weakly)

She's fine, Mrs. Patel. Just full of life, that one. Keeps me going, you know? World's a bit brighter with her around.

NEIGHBOR

(smiling, sympathetic)

I know the feeling. My cat, Whiskers, is the same. Loyalty like that-it's rare these days. Don't let go of it.

The Delivery Driver and Shopkeeper's argument escalates, the Driver throwing his hands up.

DELIVERY DRIVER

(sneering)

Fine, mate! See how you get your stock next week. Good luck with your empty shelves!

He storms off, engine roaring as he peels away. Yuki, inside the flat, scratches at the door, wanting to join the Elderly Man. He turns back, opening it for her.

ELDERLY MAN

(whispering to Yuki)

Come on, girl. Let's not get mixed up in their mess. We've got our own world here.

Yuki trots out onto the balcony, leaping playfully at his feet. She chases a sunbeam across the floor as he sits, watching the street below. The camera lingers on her joyful barks, echoing his rare laugh, but his eyes betray a growing emptiness.

Suddenly, a distant THUNDERCLAP rumbles-rain begins to patter on the roof. Yuki pauses, sensing the shift, her tail stilling as she looks up at her owner.

FADE OUT.

# Shot List

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## EXT. EAST LONDON STREETS - DAWN

- |    |              |          |  |
|----|--------------|----------|--|
| #1 | WIDE         | HANDHELD | The foggy East London streets at dawn, red buses roaring through the gray brick maze with steam rising from manholes.<br><i>Establishes the gritty, chaotic urban environment as a harsh backdrop to Yuki's small existence.</i> |
| #2 | MEDIUM       | HANDHELD | Yuki, the small Shi-Poo, darting between shadows, pausing to sniff a discarded wrapper on the curb.<br><i>Introduces Yuki as a vulnerable yet curious figure navigating a dangerous world.</i>                                   |
| #3 | CLOSE        | HANDHELD | Yuki's bright, wide eyes reflecting the city's pulse as she cocks her head at the Street Vendor's call.<br><i>Captures Yuki's innocent perspective, contrasting with the harshness around her.</i>                               |
| #4 | OVER-SHOULDE | HANDHELD | Over Yuki's shoulder, the Young Courier zips past on a bike, nearly clipping her, as she barks defiantly.<br><i>Emphasizes Yuki's smallness and defiance in a world that disregards her presence.</i>                            |
| #5 | INSERT       | STATIC   | Yuki's tiny paw prints on wet pavement as she laps water from a puddle.<br><i>Highlights the delicate trace of her existence in an unforgiving urban sprawl.</i>   |

## INT. CRAMPED FLAT ABOVE CORNER SHOP - MORNING

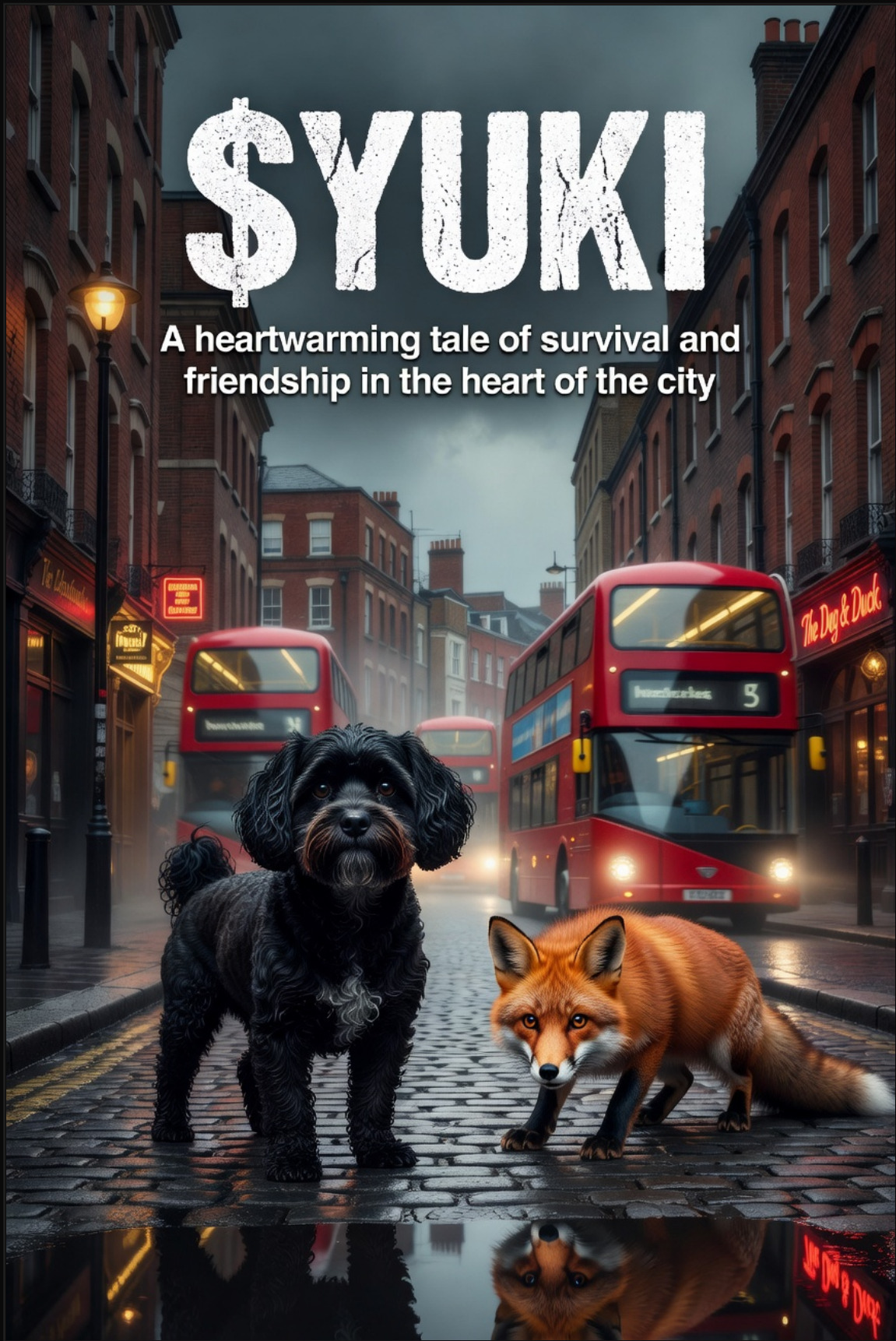
- |    |          |          |   |
|----|----------|----------|---|
| #1 | WIDE     | HANDHELD | The cluttered flat with faded wallpaper and sunbeams cutting through grimy windows, Yuki bounding in with a wagging tail.<br><i>Establishes the intimate, worn sanctuary of the Elderly Man's world, contrasting the outside chaos.</i> |
| #2 | MEDIUM   | HANDHELD | The Elderly Man in his armchair, stroking Yuki's ears with slow, weary movements.<br><i>Conveys the deep loneliness and tender bond between man and dog in a quiet moment.</i>  |
| #3 | CLOSE    | HANDHELD | Yuki's eyes locked on the Elderly Man as she nuzzles his hand, a contented whine escaping her.<br><i>Deepens the emotional connection, showing Yuki as his sole source of comfort.</i>  |
| #4 | TWO-SHOT | HANDHELD | Yuki growling protectively between the Elderly Man and the Shopkeeper during their tense exchange.<br><i>Underlines Yuki's loyalty and the intrusion of external pressures into their fragile world.</i>                                |
| #5 | CLOSE    | HANDHELD | The Elderly Man's faint smile as he pets Yuki after the Shopkeeper leaves, his eyes distant.<br><i>Captures a fleeting moment of warmth overshadowed by underlying despair.</i>   |

## EXT. CORNER SHOP - LATE MORNING

- |    |              |          |  |
|----|--------------|----------|--|
| #1 | WIDE         | HANDHELD | The bustling corner shop below, Shopkeeper arguing with the Delivery Driver as crates are unloaded.<br><i>Sets the chaotic, gritty street-level context of the neighborhood's daily grind.</i>               |
| #2 | MEDIUM       | HANDHELD | Yuki watching from the flat's window above, ears perked, as the argument escalates below.<br><i>Shows Yuki's curious yet distant perspective on the human conflicts around her.</i>                          |
| #3 | OVER-SHOULDE | HANDHELD | Over the Elderly Man's shoulder on the balcony, looking down at the Neighbor calling up warmly.<br><i>Frames a rare moment of community connection amidst the tension of the street.</i>                     |
| #4 | CLOSE        | HANDHELD | Yuki playfully leaping at the Elderly Man's feet on the balcony, chasing a sunbeam.<br><i>Highlights a brief burst of joy, contrasting with the growing emptiness in the Elderly Man's eyes.</i>             |
| #5 | MEDIUM       | HANDHELD | Yuki pausing as thunder rumbles, looking up at the Elderly Man with a stilled tail as rain begins to fall.<br><i>Foreshadows a shift in tone, mirroring the internal storm of uncertainty and isolation.</i> |
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# \$YUKI

A heartwarming tale of survival and  
friendship in the heart of the city



\$YUKI

\$YUKI

# Characters

4 PRINCIPALS

## CHARACTERS

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### PROTAGONIST

2-3 years

A small black Shi-Poo, barely a foot tall, with patchy, matted fur that clumps around her ribs. Her faded blue collar dangles a scratched tag, and her left ear has a tiny nick. Eyes are wide, amber, and perpetually wary, reflecting every streetlight.



### DEUTERAGONIST

4-5 years

A lean, amber-eyed fox with scruffy reddish fur and a torn left ear that flops slightly. His tail is bushy but tipped with gray, showing wear from street life. Moves with a slinky, calculated grace, always scanning.

## CHARACTERS

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### SUPPORTING

1-2 years

A scrawny pigeon with mottled gray feathers and one milky, useless eye. Her good wing is slightly bent from an old injury, making her flight wobbly. Always twitching, pecking at invisible crumbs.



### ANTAGONIST

mid-40s

A wiry man with a weathered face, clad in a stained council uniform of gray overalls and scuffed boots. His hands are calloused, gripping a long-handled net with frayed edges. A perpetual scowl creases his brow, eyes sharp for movement.

# Locations

3 SETTINGS

## LOCATIONS

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### EXT.

A narrow, rain-slicked street in East London, lined with sagging market stalls under blue tarps, overflowing bins of curry wrappers, and graffiti-scrawled shutters. Crowds shove through, their boots and trainers splashing puddles. The air is thick with spice and exhaust, double-decker buses looming like red beasts.

*Chaotic and oppressive, drenched in sodium-vapor yellows and wet grays, a constant hum of danger.*

## LOCATIONS

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### EXT.

A patchy green space surrounded by tower blocks, with rusted benches and chewed-up grass littered with cigarette butts. A broken playground sits abandoned, swings creaking in the wind. The edges blur into industrial lots, chain-link fences sagging.

*Desolate yet oddly hopeful, bathed in weak dawn pinks or cold evening blues, a refuge with teeth.*

## LOCATIONS

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### EXT.

A weed-choked expanse of cracked concrete behind a boarded-up factory, strewn with shattered pallets and rusted rebar. Feral cats slink through shadows cast by crumbling brick walls. A single streetlamp flickers, barely cutting the dark.

*Menacing and forsaken, steeped in charcoal blacks and sickly amber glows, a trap waiting to snap shut.*

# Storyboard

6 FRAMES

STORYBOARD

FRAME 1



FRAME 2



STORYBOARD

FRAME 3



FRAME 4



STORYBOARD

FRAME 5



FRAME 6

