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PRINCIPAL CAST · LOCATIONS · STORYBOARD

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



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Characters

4 PRINCIPALS

CHARACTERS



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



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



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



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



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

