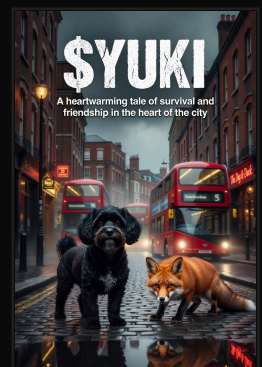


\$YUKI

\$YUKI

Screenplay generated by bMovies



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.