

Cyd & Julie
by
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FADE IN:

INT. LONDON FLAT, 1941 - MORNING

Early dawn light barely penetrates the room past the blackout curtains. We can barely see some lumps shift in the overstuffed bed.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - MORNING

A shabbily dressed woman, Mrs. McCrumb, wanders down the foggy streets with a long stick. She stands below a window and TAPS the window on the second floor with a long stick. She waits. She TAPS again. The blackout curtains fly aside and the window opens. A shilling flies out. The Knocker-Upper catches it and moves on.

She shuffles to another window a few doors down. She TAPS and waits. The blackout curtains move aside and the window opens. JULIE WARD, late 20's, pops her head out. She is Jamaican-British with a kind face and calm demeanor.

JULIE

Good morning, Mrs. McCrumb.

MRS. MCCRUMB

Good morning, Nurse. Busy at hospital?

JULIE

Unfortunately. Overwhelmed mostly.

MRS. MCCRUMB

They can't bomb us forever.

JULIE

Hopefully not.

Julie gently tosses down a shilling. Mrs. McCrumb catches it.

MRS. MCCRUMB

I thank you, dear. Try to have a good day. Be safe.

JULIE

You as well.

The women wave and Mrs. McCrumb continues on. TAP TAP TAP.

INT. JULIES LONDON FLAT - CONTINUOUS

With the light shining in, we see Julie's modest flat. A love seat, small table with a radio on it, a heavily blanketed

bed, a wardrobe with a few coats and dresses hanging it, and a sparse kitchenette taking up a corner.

JULIE

Alright, listen, I'll let you sleep in while I get ready but that means a quick breakfast before we go to work.

No response.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I know you heard me.

Who is she talking to? Julie grabs some clothes and heads out into the hallway.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bathed and dressed, Julie brushes her teeth. Sleepily staring in the mirror, she fixes wayward strands of hair. Done brushing, she double checks herself in the mirror and puts on her nurses cap. Perfect.

INT. JULIES LONDON FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

Back in the flat, Julie is all business. She folds her nightclothes and places them under her pillow.

JULIE

I can't believe you! Really! I need to make this bed. Time to get up! Cyd!

She lifts the thick blankets to reveal: CYD, a "Torby" cat (Tortoise-shell and tabby). Cyd opens an eye. Nope. She closes her eye and settles further into bed.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Hmmpf.

Julie drops the blankets on Cyd and heads to the kitchenette. She puts a kettle on, opens the icebox and retrieves butter, bread and a covered can of Grade 1 Salmon.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Guess I'm eating breakfast on my own.

She butters a thick slice of bread, places it on a large plate. Puts milk in her tea. She then uncovers the can of salmon and places a small portion on a smaller plate. She turns around to take the food to the table only to find Cyd sitting at the small table next to the radio.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Oh, did you want this?

Cyd's eyes dilate fully and a sweet smile crosses her lips. She blinks innocently. We can now see that Cyd's fur is a beautiful mosaic of varying shades of oranges, browns, reds, white and black. She's really quite pretty.

JULIE (CONT'D)

You plan on going into work today, sleepy head?

CYD

I'd rather stay here.

Julie's POV: Cyd MEOWS repeatedly. We hear Cyd in English.

JULIE

Here you go.

Julie places the small plate in front of Cyd. She sits and they eat breakfast together.

CYD

Here is so much nicer than hospital.

JULIE

We have a lot to do today at hospital.

CYD

I don't want to get in your way. I should stay here. I'll keep an eye on the flat.

JULIE

Don't eat too fast. There was a lot of bombing last night so we'll probably have a very busy day.

CYD

What? You are a terrible listener.

INT. JULIES LONDON FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

Julie packs her bag with a thermos and puts on her coat. Cyd makes herself comfortable on the bed. Julie grabs a miniature version of her nurses cap and attempts to place it on Cyd's head. Cyd dodges it.

JULIE

Oh, come on. You're a nurse too.

CYD

No, I'm not.

Julie tries to get the hat on Cyd again but fails when Cyd lays down, belly up on the bed.

JULIE

Okay, Cyd, no hat. I'll put it in the bag in case you want to wear it later. But you do have to come to hospital with me.

Cyd shakes her head and dives under the blanket.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Yes, you do. You can't stay here. It isn't safe here with all that's going on. It isn't just at night they bomb.

CYD

I should stay here. Keep an eye on everything for you.

Julie fishes her out from the blankets.

JULIE

No more playing around.

Julie grabs Cyd and holds her up to face her head on.

CYD

I really think I should stay. The bed is calling me.

JULIE

We stick together. No matter what. That's the deal.

Cyd tries to wriggle out of Julies hands but is unsuccessful. Julie tucks her into the bag.

CYD

Let's both stay here!

JULIE

Now, it may not look like it did yesterday. So, we have to be prepared for that. But we must have the courage of lions. Right, Cyd?

CYD

(weakly)
Courage of lions.

Julie pulls her bag across her shoulders and heads out.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

The city is still shrouded in the dim gray of a pre-dawn light as the duo cautiously make their way through the cobblestoned streets. Everywhere the relentless battering of the Blitz is evident. Julie's hand is on the bag and Cyd barely peeks out. They pass boarded up storefronts.

CYD

Looks awful. Let's go back!

Smoke lingers in the air. They turn onto a street only to find a massive hole in the middle of it and buildings in partial ruin. Firefighters struggle to put out stubborn fires. Cyd spies all of this from the safety of the tote.

JULIE

Guess we can't take this route anymore.

CYD

Perhaps we should go back home?

JULIE

That's right, Cyd. We won't let this stop us. Courage of lions.

CYD

Maybe we could have courage of lions from our flat?

They re-route to another street. Every buildings facade seems pockmarked from shrapnel. Now and again, people poke their heads out to assess the damage. Some have come out to clean up fallen bricks and broken glass. People acknowledge each other with a tip of the hat or a nod of the head but don't speak. The "stiff upper lip" of the English is in full affect.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Julie and Cyd, with her head popping out of the tote, hurriedly walk up to the entrance to the Piccadilly Circus Station. Londoners emerge from the Tube station rubbing their eyes. Businessmen with their briefcases, mothers carrying small children, a few teenagers, elderly make their way onto the streets. A grandmother with a knitted sweater approaches Julie and Cyd.

OLD NAN

Nurse? You're about the size of my granddaughter. Mind if I?

She holds up the sweater.

JULIE

Oh, sure.

The old woman holds the sweater up to Julie to see how it would fit.

OLD NAN

Well, I think this is going to fit her just fine. Yes, indeed. You know, the Germans have been the best thing for my knitting. Nothing to do in the tube but knit while they bomb away!

JULIE

I suppose that it is one silver lining.

OLD NAN

Have to keep our chins up. Can't let old Fritz get the best of us. You have a good day, Miss.

JULIE

You too.

Julie and Cyd both look anxiously at the stairs as fewer and fewer people come out. Suddenly, up from the Underground bounds MABEL MACKINTOSH, late 50's, in a nurses uniform. She walks with a driver golf club as a cane and carries a medical bag. She smiles when she see Julie and speaks with a thick Scottish brogue.

MABEL

Now, you needn't check on me, Julie love. I'm perfectly capable of getting to hospital myself. This isn't my first World War, ya know. I don't need an escort. No one bothers me.

She swings the golf club easily.

JULIE

Of course not. We just happen to be walking by and you know how Cyd just loves you.

MABEL

Hmm-mm.

CYD

It's true! I do love you, Mabel!

Mabel leans down and rubs noses with Cyd.

MABEL

And a good morning to you, brave girl. Oh look what I have...a little bit left over from my rations.

Mabel gives Cyd a sliver of cheese which Cyd promptly gobbles up.

CYD

Oh, thank you, Mabel.

JULIE

You spoil her.

MABEL

No such thing.

Mabel gives Cyd some chin rubs. Julie smirks.

MABEL (CONT'D)

So, is the war over yet?

JULIE

No.

MABEL

Hmm. Then I guess we go see what awaits us at hospital then?

JULIE

I'm sure it will be quiet and boring.

MABEL

(guffaws)

Ha! Yes, like the last 6 months. When will it stop? Not that I can complain. The Underground isn't so bad considering. But they do have the *worst* tea.

Julie takes her thermos out.

JULIE

Got you covered.

MABEL

You're a savior, Julie Ward!

SIRENS can be heard in the distance.

MABEL (CONT'D)

That's our cue.

Julie pours Mabel tea into her thermos cap and they head down the war torn streets.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Mabel, Julie and Cyd turn the corner and see a line of ambulances pulling up outside the hospital. The sight causes them to break out into a sprint.

MABEL
Must've been a bad one last night.

JULIE
They certainly hit Chelsea hard.

MABEL
Did they?

Out of the hospital entrance bolts, AGNES, mid 20's, an ambulance driver and her attendant, ELSIE, early 20's. Elsie runs up to the back of an ambulance and shuts the back door. Agnes races to the drivers seat, jumps in, waits for Elsie to hop in and they burn rubber toward the street. Mabel waves them down.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Agnes! How bad is it?

AGNES
Oi, they really blasted us this time.
Chelsea, Poplar, Strand, everywhere.
You've got your work cut out for ya.
Need to get back out.

Agnes and Elsie speed off.

MABEL
Alright, let's jump in!

CYD
Maybe we just go ho--

Mabel and Julie race to the hospital. Cyd hangs on in the bag.

INT. HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

Room after overcrowded room of patients in varying degrees of injury. It's a blur of overworked, exhausted doctors and nurses moving in an orchestrated dance of triage, diagnosing, moving patients and tending to wounds.

Cyd prances between nurses and doctors legs. She's dodging everyone swiftly while peeking into each room.

CYD
Who changed these rooms since last night? Where's recovery?

She gets swept up in the wheels of a gurney going into the operating theater. A drop of blood drips onto the floor near her.

CYD (CONT'D)

Oh no. I can't, the blood, I gotta get out of here.

Nausea takes her over and her eyes are crossing at the sight of the drop of blood. A nurse bends down to find a practically green Cyd.

NURSE

Now, you know you're not to be in here. You go on.

She grabs Cyd and shoves her out the swinging doors. Cyd leans against the wall to catch her breath, grateful to be clear of any blood. She staggers down the hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We finally arrive in a room filled with injured but recovering civilian patients. Some still sleep, others read magazines and newspapers, one patient knits, a few have a cup of tea. Julie moves swiftly from patient to patient. She has a quiet command of the whole room. She approaches an elderly patient, MRS. PATTERSON, late 60's.

JULIE

Mrs. Patterson, did you manage to get any rest?

MRS. PATTERSON

I certainly did not with all the racket from bombs, bombs, bombs! It was endless!

JULIE

Yes, last night was difficult. I'm sorry we haven't gotten you to a rehabilitation hospital yet. I'll be sure to ask when that can happen. We do need to change this wrapping.

There is a large gauze wrapping on Mrs. Patterson's leg.

MRS. PATTERSON

I don't want anyone touching me!

JULIE

I understand but we want to avoid infection.

Julie tries get a better look at the wrapping.

MRS. PATTERSON

The infection is the bombing! The violence! You know my darling Albert is in France right now and I haven't had word for weeks! Weeks!

JULIE

I'm sorry. That is hard. But I'm sure Albert is doing all he can to remain safe so he can get back to you. I'm going to get more bandages. May I tell the orderly to get you another cup of tea?

MRS. PATTERSON

(softening)

Oh, well, yes, that would be nice, dear.

JULIE

Alright. Be back in two tics.

Julie marches out of the recovery room as Cyd staggers in. Julie scoops up Cyd into her arms.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Well, there you are. Where have you been?

CYD

Oh God, Julie, it was horrifying. There was blood everywhere. Splattered all over. I think I may faint.

JULIE

We have a lot of patients to tend to, Cyd. I need you to pay attention and be a good nurse today.

CYD

I think I should lay down.

JULIE

Yes, you should get to work.

Julie puts Cyd down, pats her bum and hastily exits.

CYD

How can I work in these conditions?

Cyd peruses among few of the patients in the room: a lanky, gruff man with his head bandaged glares at Cyd. She keeps walking. She next sees an older, sweet-faced woman.

Cyd approaches her but just as Cyd is about to jump up on her bed, the woman begins SNORING LOUDLY. Nope! Cyd walks under the woman bed and peers across the room and sees a nice looking young man, GIL BAINES, with a broken arm. He's tapping a pencil against a drawing pad with his good hand. Out of frustration, he closes the drawing pad. Cyd jumps up onto his bed.

GIL

Well, hello there. Aren't you a welcome sight.

CYD

Hello. Would you like some company?

GIL

Would you like some pets?

He pats the bed next to him. Cyd stretches, saunters up the bed and makes herself comfortable next to him. He pets her gently.

GIL (CONT'D)

Aww. Aren't you a morsel of sweetness? Right to sleep, huh? Cute little face.

CYD

I'm just gonna rest here a second...where there's no blood.

He opens his drawing pad and starts sketching.

INT. NURSES STATION - CONTINUOUS

Julie hunts through the cupboards and drawers for the equipment she needs. Gauze, scissors, etc land on a tray. There are three other nurses there but Julie isn't acknowledging them.

NURSE 1

Help you with anything, Julie?

JULIE

Nope. I got it.

NURSE 2

I'm free if you need help on your ward. I know they put about a dozen more patients on you.

JULIE

I'm good. Don't need any help. Perhaps we can get the orderly to run some tea through?

NURSE 1
I'll let them know.

Julie grabs her tray and rushes out. The other nurses eye each other.

INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

The day is a whirlwind of activity for Julie and Cyd.

MONTAGE:

- 1) Julie unwraps and re-wraps wounds.
- 2) Cyd makes herself comfortable on a patients bed, accepting pets and purring loudly. The patient, an older man with a broken leg, visibly relaxes with Cyd.
- 3) Julie takes temperatures.
- 4) Cyd sneaks a drink of water from a glass on a sleeping patients bedside table.
- 5) Julie removes bed pans.
- 6) Cyd lays on a filing cabinet near the nurses station watching the bustle of activity around her. From her perch, she can see:
- 7) Julie helps load and unload patients in the ambulances.
- 8) Julie rushes up the hallway with a wounded, bloodied patient. Cyd sees them zip by but its long enough for her to get a look at the blood. She sways. Her eyes cross. Mabel catches Cyd before she falls off the cabinet and brings her back into the recovery room.

INT. NURSES STATION - EVENING

The very long, busy shift has come to an end for Julie, Mabel and Cyd. A new shift of nurses shows up to relieve the day nurses. The day nurses are gathering their coats and bags while Julie finishes up briefing the night nurses.

JULIE
All the children went to York earlier today so that section's free should you get any overflow. Agnes and Elsie were supposed to take the expectant mothers to Amersham already but I guess that is pushed to tomorrow.

NURSE
Oh, alright.

MABEL

Alright, Julie, lets skedaddle so I
can grab a decent spot down in the
Tube.

Mabel holds a purring Cyd.

JULIE

Yes, alright.
(to the night nurse)
Good luck. See you tomorrow.

NURSE

See you tomorrow.

Mabel, ready to go, hands Julie her coat. She puts it on and
grabs her bag. Julie opens her bag, Cyd hops in and sticks
her head out.

CYD

Yeah, lets get out of here and go
lay in bed forever.

JULIE

Courage of lions, Cyddie.

CYD

Yes, yes. Let's just get home.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Julie, Cyd and Mabel briskly walk out of the hospital. They
all look up to a quickly darkening sky.

MABEL

Bollocks, it's later than I thought.
We've got to hustle before those
bloody doodlebug bombs start buzzing
us.

Halfway down the driveway, the trio sees Agnes and Elsie pull
up.

AGNES

Too late for a pick up?

JULIE

Where've you been?

ELSIE

Where haven't we been?

AGNES

Right?

(MORE)

AGNES (CONT'D)

I think we've seen all of London today! We're here to pick up the expectant mothers and drop 'em at Amersham.

MABEL

It's so late, Agnes!

AGNES

I can do it. Done it before.

ELSIE

Lend a hand?

MABEL

I've got to get to the Tube.

JULIE

Go, go. I'll help.

MABEL

You sure?

CYD

No, Julie, we should go on home. It's dark.

JULIE

We'll only be a minute, Cyd.

MABEL

Stay safe. See you tomorrow. Grab a bed and just stay here tonight.

CYD

Don't worry about us. See you tomorrow morning, Mabel.

Mabel hustles herself down the street.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The last of the expectant mothers is put in the back of the ambulance. It is far later than anticipated. Julie looks around. Lights are being put out. Blackout curtains are closing. Oh no.

AGNES

You should stay here for the night, Jules.

JULIE

No, I feel safest at home. I'll be alright.

ELSIE

You sure?

JULIE

Sometimes. How long will it take you to get to Amersham?

AGNES

Depends on the bombing doodlebugs. Gotta change my route every time. See ya!

Agnes and Elsie take off down the darkening road. Cyd pops her head out of the bag and looks around.

CYD

Are you sure, Julie?

Julie takes a deep breath, fastens her coat tighter around her and looks down at Cyd staring up at her with total trust.

JULIE

Courage of lions, Cyd. Let's go.

CYD

(weakly)
Courage of lions? Okay.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

Julie's quickened steps echo off the cobblestone streets. It is hauntingly quiet. The last of dusk is swallowed up by the night. Julie struggles to maintain a sense of direction. She fumbles against buildings. She leans in close to a shop window.

JULIE

What is this? Oh! This is Poppy's Book Shop! I know where we are, Cyd. Just a few blocks. We'll be home in a jiffy.

CYD

I think we should go back to the hospital, Julie. It's too dark to see.

JULIE

Don't be scared, Cyd. Courage of lions.

Suddenly, the eery wail of air raid sirens pierces the quiet.

CYD

Oh...

JULIE

No.

Julie speeds up her pace and trips against a gutter, falling onto the sidewalk. The sky suddenly brightens as a bomb explodes a few miles away!

CYD

I'm scared, Julie!

The explosion's lights make the buildings visible. They look up and see the sign for Lydia's Millinery. They're only a few blocks away! The light dims swiftly. Julie leaps up and with one hand pressed against the buildings for guidance and the other hand firmly ahold of Cyd in her bag, she bolts blindly down the street. She bumps into what might be mailboxes, falls over what could be a curb, slams into a street sign.

JULIE

(under her breath)

Courage of lions. Courage of lions.

That's when she hears it: the droning. The horrific drone of Hitler's doodlebugs (V1 cruise missile). They're coming. Julie breaks into a sprint for her flat. They have to be close! The droning is deafening. The doodlebugs must be right above them! Then SILENCE.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Oh, God. Please, no.

CYD

Julie? What's happening?

Julie hunkers down into a doorway. She kneels and holds the bag with Cyd inside close to her chest, protecting her best friend.

JULIE

I love you, Cyd.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Darkness. And weight. Too much weight. So heavy.

CYD

Julie? Julie? What's happened?

Julie?

Cyd struggles to maneuver her way out of the bag. Something heavy constricts her movements. She pushes, pushes, pushes her way out. She tumbles out from under the heaviness.

CYD (CONT'D)

Julie?

Blinking, Cyd's eyes adjust. The fire from the bomb lights up the street. The buildings are...gone. Cyd turns to see what was so heavy she could barely move. The firelight shows her: there lying prone is Julie.

CYD (CONT'D)

JULIE! Wake up! Julie! Julie,
please! Oh no!

Cyd bites and pulls hard at Julie's coat collar. No movement. Cyd licks her face. No movement. Cyd jumps on top of her. No movement.

CYD (CONT'D)

Julie! Julie! Wake up! Please,
wake up! It's dangerous here! The
buildings are gone! We have to get
back to hospital!

Julie MOANS. She's alive! Cyd pulls as hard as she can on Julie's coat.

CYD (CONT'D)

JULIE! WAKE UP! JULIE, PLEASE!
JULIE! JULIE!

Cyd is SCREAMING in Julie's face. It's no use. Cyd looks up and down the charred street.

CYD (CONT'D)

Courage of lions. I'll get help.
Stay here. I'll get Mabel. She'll
know what to do. Here. Hold on to
this. So you know I'm okay.

Cyd puts her little nurse's cap in Julie's hand. Cyd nuzzles her head into Julie's face.

CYD (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get help. Everything's
going to be alright. Courage of
lions. I love you, Julie.

Cyd dashes down the war torn streets.

JULIE

(weakly)
Cyd...

EXT. LONDON STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Cyd darts through the darkness expertly navigating the chaotic maze left by Hitler's bombs. Some streets are illuminated with a recent bomb's fire light while others are pitch dark. She leaps over smokey piles of rubble, quietly sprints over the cobblestones and scales over doorways with ease.

CYD

Mabel. Mabel. In the Tube. Must
find the Tube. Which way is it?

The air raid sirens scream out. Cyd continues sprinting through the streets looking for where Mabel could be. She bounds up a pile of rubble and jumps to a streetlight to get a better look from higher ground. She shakes with fear.

INT. AGNES & ELSIE'S AMBULANCE

Agnes strategically drives through the battered streets. Elsie has popped her head through the canvas from the back.

AGNES

(in a whisper)
How is everyone, Els?

Elsie leans back into the cab.

ELSIE

(barely a whisper)
Managing.

AGNES

Good. I don't know how I got turned
around but I'll find us a way out.

Elsie leans her head in further to look out the window. Agnes squints to see better.

ELSIE

Keep going straight. I don't see
anything.

AGNES

Aye. I swear the sirens throw off
me sense of direction.

The hum of incoming doodlebugs strikes fear in both their hearts.

ELSIE

Should we stop, Aggie?

AGNES

I'd rather be a moving target. I'm not going to sit and wait for them bombs to vaporize me. Hold on, girls.

She accelerates.

EXT. LONDON STREETS

Cyd peers through the drifting fog and smoke. The loud growl from above has started again. Oh no. But does she see something down the road? It's an ambulance! Is that Agnes and Elsie? It IS!

CYD

AGNES! ELSIE! It's me, Cyd! Julie's hurt! We need to find Mabel!

Cyd jumps down to the pile of rubble so they can see her.

CYD (CONT'D)

ELSIE! AGNES! Julie's is hurt! I need help! Please help me!

Then the growling from above stops. All she can hear is the engine of the ambulance. She can see Agnes and Elsie speeding towards her. She frantically tries to get their attention.

Suddenly, she's upended. Lifted into the air, swirling, being pushed with such a force. Who pushed her? She can't see where to land. Where's the ground? She bounces off of something hard, lands with a thud and blacks out.

We see Cyd, unconscious, on the roof of Agnes and Elsie's ambulance speeding out of London.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The glow from the fires of bombed out buildings lights up Julie's face as she lays on the sidewalk, passed out. A line of blood streams down the sidewalk from Julie's head.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Cyd lays on the roof of Agnes and Elsie's ambulance. Muffled noises. Muffled voices. Cyd shivers. Another LOUD HUM comes close. More muffled voices. Movements, back and forth. The other engine speeds away. Quiet. But wait... did anyone tell Mabel that Julie is hurt?

CYD

(mumbling)

Julie? Did anyone help Julie?

Thumping on the roof. Scratching on metal. What...what is that?

CYD (CONT'D)

Hello?

OWLEANOR

Hello. Are you lost, dear?

Cyd forces her eyes open. She sees a bright white, heart-shaped face with two shiny black eyes staring... not an inch from her face. THAT'S NOT A PERSON! PANIC! Cyd puffs up, every hair on end, tail stiff, hissing, sputtering. Owleanor, a barn owl with a majestic aura, is rightly startled and reacts in kind with a blood curdling screech that rattles Cyd to the core. Cyd tumbles off the roof and onto a muddy road. She quickly takes refuge under the car.

What was that monster?

CYD

Where am I? What happened? What is that creature?

OWLEANOR

Creature? Well, I never. You're quite rude.

CYD

What? Well, what are you?

OWLEANOR

I'm a Barn Owl, dear. Although I don't particularly like barns. Rather putrid.

Owleanor peeks under the car. Startled, Cyd hits her head on the undercarriage of the car. She hisses and shows her claws to Owleanor.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)

I have those too.

Owleanor shows her talons, which are much, much, MUCH bigger than Cyd's.

CYD

Oh.

OWLEANOR

I do hate mud. So messy.

She flings some mud off her feet and silently flies up to a fence post across the road. The moonlight radiates off her snowy white feathers.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)
My name is Owleanor. What's yours?

CYD
Cyd.

OWLEANOR
And are you lost, Cyd?

CYD
I don't know. Where am I?

OWLEANOR
Chorleywood.

CYD
I'm lost.

OWLEANOR
Where do you mean to be?

Cyd mumbles.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)
What, dear?

CYD
LONDON!

OWLEANOR
Ahh, London. Flew over once. Very noisy.

Cyd mumbles.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)
I can't hear you, dear. Would you mind coming out from under the car?

CYD
No, you'll eat me.

OWLEANOR
Eat you? Are you a delectable mouse?

CYD
No.

OWLEANOR
A tasty shrew?

CYD
No.

OWLEANOR
A delicious rat?

CYD
No! I'm a cat!

OWLEANOR
Then I shan't care to eat you, dear.
I keep a strict menu. I have a
sensitive constitution.

Cyd mumbles.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)
Come on out from under there so I
can hear you.

Cyd, covered in wet mud, cautiously crawls out of from under
the ambulance.

CYD
What happened to Agnes, Elsie and
the patients?

OWLEANOR
Who?

CYD
The ladies driving this ambulance.
And the people in the back.

OWLEANOR
Oh. They got a flat tire.

She points to the deflated tire next to Cyd.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)
One lady ran up the road and another
ambulance came back and everyone got
into it and left.

CYD
This is terrible.

Cyd fights back tears while she cleans herself off.

OWLEANOR
No, no. There are farms everywhere
here. They love barn cats. Are you
a good hunter? Can you stand horrible
smells?

CYD
I'm not a hunter. I'm a nurse!

Cyd is surprised she called herself a nurse.

OWLEANOR

A what?

CYD

A nurse! I care for people who are hurt. I help them. I let them pet me.

Owleanor tilts her head.

CYD (CONT'D)

It's an important job. You wouldn't understand. I just have to get back to London. I have to get help for Julie. She's hurt.

Cyd's chin begins to quiver.

OWLEANOR

Now, don't get upset.

Cyd looks up and down the muddy, moonlit road but it all looks the same. Worry sets in.

CYD

Which way is London?

Owleanor points. Her long wing shimmers. Cyd takes a deep breath, tries to set aside her fear and begins to walk.

CYD (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Courage of lions.

OWLEANOR

Why, you don't even know where you are so you certainly don't know where you're going!

CYD

I'll ask along the way.

Owleanor stealthily flies to the next fence post.

OWLEANOR

Ask who?

CYD

Anyone I meet, I suppose.

OWLEANOR

Anyone you meet--Oh goodness.

(MORE)

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)

This is the countryside, dear, you can't go about asking directions to anyone you come upon. The woods and the farms are filled with all sorts.

CYD

I have to. Julie needs me.

Cyd picks up her pace. Owleanor silently flies next to her. Unbeknownst to Cyd, a red fox, with a devilish grin, has joined them. The fox trots just behind Cyd.

OWLEANOR

And what if someone sneaks up on you? What then?

CYD

That's not gonna happen. I may be from the city but I'm not clueless.

Just as she says this, PHOEBE, the red fox trotting beside Cyd interjects:

PHOEBE

Who's the new kid, Owleanor?

Cyd, immediately in full puff mode, shoots straight up like a rocket, hissing and clawing at the air.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

So fluffy!

Cyd successfully lands on all fours but again, knee high in thick mud. Owleanor and Phoebe are amused.

OWLEANOR

Her name is Cyd. Cyd this is Phoebe.

PHOEBE

You alright, Fluff?

Cyd crawls out of the mud. She shakes the mud from her paws.

OWLEANOR

She's heading to London.

PHOEBE

London, eh? What's there?

Cyd begins down the road again flicking off residual mud as she goes. Owleanor and Phoebe follow.

OWLEANOR

A hurt Julie.

PHOEBE

Ohh. A hurt Julie. What's a hurt Julie?

OWLEANOR

Not sure but it's very important to her.

CYD

She's my friend. I've known her all my life. And she's hurt. I have to get her help.

PHOEBE

London sounds far away.

OWLEANOR

It is.

They come upon a crossroads. They look one way and down the other.

CYD

Which way, Owleanor?

Owleanor, circling above, indicates to the left. Cyd marches to the left.

PHOEBE

Wait! You can't go that way! Old lady Curtis lives down that a way.

CYD

I don't care.

PHOEBE

She's got to have ten dogs, at least.

Cyd freezes.

CYD

Dogs?

Phoebe nods.

PHOEBE

And she lets them wander wherever they want. You definitely won't get past them.

CYD

Can I get to London going to the right?

OWLEANOR

Yes. Might take longer.

CYD

I'll walk faster.

PHOEBE

But old man Wetherby lives that way.

CYD

How many dogs does he have?

PHOEBE

One. But he has a gun. He's very dangerous. You don't want to cross him.

OWLEANOR

He is a menace, Cyd. Perhaps we can figure out another way to get you to London.

CYD

There is no other way. I just have to get to Julie. Now!

Phoebe and Owleanor give each other a knowing look.

CYD (CONT'D)

I can't waste anymore time. I have to go. No matter who lives down the road.

She turns right down the road.

PHOEBE

Alright, alright. Well, we'll just go to get you past nasty old Wetherby.

Phoebe follows Cyd. Owleanor has an eye on them from above.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

Cyd keeps a steady, determined clip. Phoebe keeps up, barely. Owleanor circles above. The night sky slowly gives to early morning light. Birds begin to SING their morning greetings. A rooster CROWS in the distance.

PHOEBE

Hey, so it's starting to get light. Maybe we should find a spot to sleep.

Cyd continues.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

You sure can run. You're not tired?

Cyd continues.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Not even a little bit? Could we slow the pace maybe? We really should get off the road, Fluff. Because, you know, people.

Cyd continues.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

The sun is coming up and with the sun comes, ehhhh, a lot of unsavory characters.

Cyd continues. Finally, Phoebe grabs her from behind. Cyd jumps up, startled, full poof and lands with a thud. Owleanor lands on a branch.

CYD

What did you do that for?

PHOEBE

We have to stop, Fluff.

CYD

We can't! I have to get to Julie! She's hu--

PHOEBE

Yes, yes, but it's safer for all of us if we stop until the sun goes down.

OWLEANOR

We can start again at sunset.

CYD

I guess I am tired.

PHOEBE

Okay! Let's find a cozy spot to rest! Owleanor, find a cubby for us?

OWLEANOR

Certainly.

Owleanor flies off. Phoebe smiles at Cyd. Cyd smiles weakly back.

Awkward pause.

PHOEBE
Not much of a talker, are you?

CYD
No.

Pause.

PHOEBE
Alright. That's alright. That's fine. We can sit here and wait. That's doable.

Pause.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
So, being a cat. What's that like?

Cyd drops her head.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Owleanor flies expertly through the canopies of trees, searching, searching, searching until YES, she finds the perfect tree hollow. She WHISTLES out.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe and Cyd hear Owleanor WHISTLE.

PHOEBE
Ha! She found one. Let's go.

CYD
Found what?

Phoebe leaps into the forest following Owleanor's WHISTLES. Cyd looks down the road. For a minute, it looks as if she might take off but she thinks better of it and follows after Phoebe.

EXT. FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Through a dense maze of greenery, tangled bushes and fallen trees, Cyd struggles to follow Phoebe who is obviously more adept at tackling the wilds of the countryside. They head towards Owleanor's WHISTLE like a honing beacon.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

While Owleanor WHISTLES, she circles a small clearing amongst trees. WHISTLE! She finds what she's looking for: a thick branch that has fallen. She picks it up with her talons. WHISTLE!

Struggling, she eyes a particular tree across the clearing and sets the branch over a moss-covered fallen tree in the middle of the clearing.

Owleanor gently lands on the fallen tree, eyeing her work. Just then, Phoebe leaps into the clearing.

OWLEANOR
Where's Cyd?

PHOEBE
Behind me. Which one?

Owleanor points to the tree she was surveying across the clearing.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
Oh, good one! But, a little high?

OWLEANOR
It's all I could find besides, we have more weight.

PHOEBE
Ahh, true.

Cyd crawls out of from some bushes with leaves and small branches stuck to her.

OWLEANOR
Oh dear. Aren't you a sight.

CYD
That was awful.

PHOEBE
Isn't there any nature in London, Fluff?

CYD
Not that I've seen.

OWLEANOR
Give yourself a good shake. You'll be fine.

Cyd shakes from head to tail, getting most of the debris off.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)
Are you afraid of heights, Cyd?

CYD
No, Julie and I live on the second floor.

OWLEANOR

Very good.

CYD

Why?

OWLEANOR

Well, we're sleeping up there tonight,
dear. In the hollow.

She gestures to the tree. Cyd scans the substantial tree and it's hollow about thirty feet up.

CYD

How are we supposed to get up there?

OWLEANOR

Well, I'll fly, obviously. And you
can climb but Phoebe will need a
little help.

CYD

Help how?

Phoebe scrambles over to the lower end of the broken branch laying across the fallen log, sits down and braces herself. She gives a devilish laugh.

PHOEBE

Ready!

CYD

Ready for what?

OWLEANOR

Well... you see...well, she'll have
to be...

(sigh)

Better to ask forgiveness than
permission.

Owleanor swiftly flies over to Cyd with her talons wide, picks Cyd up under her shoulders and shoots straight up into the sky. Owleanor labors a bit with the weight of Cyd who weights considerably more than a mouse.

CYD

Owleanor! What are you doing?!

OWLEANOR

(labored breathing)

Just aim for the other side of the
branch, dear!

Cyd looks down and sees Phoebe, increasingly small, wave from the lower side of the branch.

CYD

What?!

About 30 feet up, Owleanor drops Cyd SCREAMING into the clearing. Cyd flails but manages to see the branch as she plummets to the earth. Summoning every cat reflex she has, she lands with all fours on the end of the upper end of the branch. Her claws imbed deep into the wood.

Phoebe slingshots through the clearing and in a posture that would make Superman proud lands in the hollow with an unexpectedly loud THUD.

OWLEANOR

PHOEBE!

Owleanor zips down to the hollow and pops her head in.

INT. TREE HOLLOW - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe is dazed but alright.

PHOEBE

Oh, we have to do that again!

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Rattled and breathless, Cyd strains to get her claws out of the branch.

OWLEANOR

(to Cyd)

She's fine! Brilliant job!

CYD

Oh, hurra.

OWLEANOR

Now you climb up, dear.

CYD

What?! This is bollocks. I'll sleep down here.

Phoebe sticks her head out of the hollow.

PHOEBE

You need to sleep up here where it's safe, Fluff.

CYD
I'll be perfectly safe down here.
Besides, I don't even know how to
get up there.

OWLEANOR
You climb.

Pause.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)
Don't you know how to climb?

Cyd shakes her head.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)
How can a cat not know how to climb
a tree?

CYD
Because.

PHOEBE
Because why?

Pause.

CYD
Because I get carried everywhere!

Phoebe laughs.

PHOEBE
Oh, we've got a real posh city girl
with us, don't we? Madam Fluffy.

OWLEANOR
That's enough, Phoebe. You can climb,
Cyd. It's quite easy.
(shows her talons)
Use these.

Cyd looks at her paw.

CYD
But that's very high and I'd much
rather sleep down here.

Cyd gathers up some leaves for a bed.

OWLEANOR
Well, enough of this.

Owleanor flies out of the hollow silently. Cyd studiously
tends to her makeshift bed.

Suddenly, Cyd feels a stinging in her tail. Someone pulled some hair out!

CYD

OUCH!

PHOEBE

Hurry up!

OWLEANOR

Up the tree! Chop chop!

Owleanor has snatched some hair out of Cyd's tail and is circling back for another round! Cyd bolts and scrambles up the tree. Owleanor grabs a beak full of tail hairs again.

CYD

OW! Stop it! I'm getting there!

INT. TREE HOLLOW - CONTINUOUS

Cyd clambers into the hollow. Owleanor flies in right behind her. It's rather snug but all three fit.

CYD

That was uncalled for! It really hurt!

Phoebe puts a paw over Cyd's mouth.

PHOEBE

Shh! They'll hear you!

OWLEANOR

It's Wetherby.

The three cautiously peer out the hollow to see an old, grizzled man in overalls and a cantankerous one-eyed dog clomp through the trees. The farmer has a shotgun slung over a shoulder and carries a dead fox. Cyd's eyes dilate in fear.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)

Do you know who that is, Phoebe?

Phoebe focuses on the dead fox swinging to and fro.

PHOEBE

No, I don't think so. I didn't think we were this close to his farm.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

The dog stops dead in his tracks. He takes a long inhale of air. He squints toward the tree hollow.

INT. TREE HOLLOW - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe pulls Cyd into the back of the crowded hollow. Owleanor glares at the dog. She watches him follow after the farmer until they are out of sight.

OWLEANOR

Best we all get some sleep.

Phoebe and Owleanor get comfortable in the crowded hollow. They easily fall asleep. Cyd cautiously peeks out of the hollow. The countryside looks a lot more intimidating than it did before. Cyd shudders then leans back into the hollow to get some rest.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS STATION - MORNING

Londoners emerge from the Tube station bleary-eyed after another night of sleeping underground during yet another bombing. Many peer around to see how close the bombing got before heading in all directions in an attempt to keep some normality in their lives. Finally, and with great fanfare, Mabel proudly walks out onto the street with a double dose of cheese in her hand.

MABEL

Now, I don't want to hear how I spoil her. I won this cheese fair and square in a game of poker and--

She looks around for Julie and Cyd. They aren't here.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Well, that's strange.

She walks up to the corner and scans the street. Plenty of Londoners about but no Julie or Cyd. She hears SIRENS.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Oh, no. It can't be. Please. It just can't.

She drops the cheese and charges down the street.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Mabels runs breathlessly towards a small crowd gathered around a bombed building. She pushes people aside to see Julie laying on the ground, a dried pool of blood on the sidewalk next to her head. Mrs. McCrumb kneels next to Julie, holding her hand.

MABEL

Julie!

MRS. MCCRUMB
You know Nurse Ward?

MABEL
Yes, she's one of my nurses.

MRS. MCCRUMB
Bless her. We called for an ambulance
but...where are they?

MABEL
They'll be here.

Mabel leans down and brushes Julie's hair out of her bloodied face.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Julie, darling. Julie? Can you
hear me, dear? It's Mabel.

Julie mumbles incoherently.

MABEL (CONT'D)
What, dear?

Julie loses consciousness again. The ambulance races up the street. Folks wave it down. It pulls up. Ambulance driver, CHARLOTTE, and her attendant, DORA, hop out and run over.

CHARLOTTE
Mabel! Are you alright?

Then she sees who is laying on the ground.

DORA
JULIE!

MABEL
Get a gurney! We've got to get her
to hospital right now!

They scurry to the ambulance. Mabel turns to Mrs. McCrumb.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Thank you for watching out for her.

MRS. MCCRUMB
Of course. She's a dear heart.
Always so kind.

Charlotte and Dora push through the crowd. With Mabel's help they carefully lift Julie onto the gurney. That's when Mabel notices Julie's bag, where Cyd always rides. She opens the bag in disbelief. Empty.

Just as Julie is lifted to be carried to the ambulance, out of her hand drops Cyd's nurse's hat. Mabel picks it up.

MABEL

No. Oh. NO, no, no. CYD! Cyd!
Kitty, kitty, KITTY! Where are you,
my moppet!

CHARLOTTE

Mabel, get in the back. We've got
to go!

MABEL

Cyd! It's Mabel! Come here, sweetie!

CHARLOTTE

MABEL!

MABEL

Yes, of course. Oh, poor Cyd.

She puts Cyd's hat in her coat pocket and climbs into the back of the ambulance.

INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - AFTERNOON

Patients convalesce as nurses work the room. There is a small corner of the room cordoned off by curtain partitions. Behind these curtains Julie sleeps with her head wrapped in gauze. A nurse gingerly checks her vitals. Mabel briskly walks in.

MABEL

Any changes?

NURSE

No. Same. Which is better than
being worse, I suppose.

MABEL

Yes.

NURSE

Any word on Cyd?

MABEL

Not yet. I've told all the drivers
to keep a lookout for our sweet girl.
She must be so scared out there by
herself.

NURSE

They have to find her. What will
Julie do without her?

She takes Cyd's nurse hat out from a pocket and places it on the pillow next to Julie's head.

MABEL

I don't want to think about it. Let's let her rest. Let me know when she wakes up.

NURSE

I will.

They quietly walk out. Julie's eyes open.

INT. NURSES STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Some nurses busily tend to paperwork amidst the chaos of all the hallway traffic around the nurses station. Julie sneaks in the background, grabs a coat from the closet and puts it on over her patients gown. She pulls a hat down over her bandaged head and slips out the door.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - AFTERNOON

Julie speed walks towards her neighborhood. Smoke still lingers in the air. Folks on the street barely notice Julie as they wait in various lines for rations. An ambulance races past her, SIRENS BLARING. She looks away from the ambulance only to see Poppy's Book Shop is half missing. Charred books are strewn everywhere. Panic sets in. She breaks into a sprint towards her street. She passes the doorway she crouched in and steps over the bloodied sidewalk she laid on all night. She turns to see... her building is gone. Her flat is a pile of rubble.

Scanning quickly into every possible Cyd-sized hole in the rubble, she flings pieces of wood and concrete aside that she can manage.

JULIE

Cyd! CYD! Come here, Cyddie! Come on, Cyd! We have to get to hospital!

She heaves her broken, burnt sofa aside. Her panic is setting in.

JULIE (CONT'D)

CYD! Cyddie! Where are you?

A piece of glass SHATTERS when an edge of a picture frame is revealed under a slab of what was a wall. In the damaged picture frame is a photo of Julie and Cyd. Julie's smile is huge as she holds a tiny kitten who stares at her adoringly. Julie bursts into tears.

MABEL
 There, there, dear. Please don't
 cry.

Mabel wraps her arms around Julie.

JULIE
 I left her! I was supposed to protect
 her and I left her.

MABEL
 You didn't. You were hurt.

JULIE
 And she's probably hurt now and I
 can't find her!

MABEL
 We'll find her. I'll come back when
 my shift is over. Back to hospital
 now.

Mabel picks up Julie and guides her back down the street.

INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - EVENING

Julie rests in her bed, staring at the beat up photo of her
 and Cyd. Gil Baines approaches her little curtain cubicle.
 He has a drawing in his hand.

GIL
 Knock, knock?

Julie doesn't acknowledge him. Gil peeks his head in
 slightly.

GIL (CONT'D)
 Nurse? I heard about little Cyd.
 I'm terribly sorry. She helped me
 get through well,
 (he lifts his arm in
 a cast)
 a lot. She's the kindest Nurse I
 ever encountered and that's saying
 something around here.

Julie half-smiles.

JULIE
 Thanks.

GIL
 I drew this of her the other day
 when she sat with me.
 (MORE)

GIL (CONT'D)

I meant to give it to you and her
before I left. Don't mean to disturb.

He sets the drawing on the stand next to Julie's bed and steps away. Julie looks at it. It's beautiful, capturing Cyd in the most perfect way.

JULIE

Thank you so much. This is lovely.

Gil bows his head and exits. Julie looks back at the drawing. She has an idea. She carefully gets up from bed.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Excuse me?

Gil turns back.

INT. TREE HOLLOW - EVENING

Light of the setting sun shines in the hollow. Phoebe SNORES LOUDLY and stretches out with her paws in Cyd's face. The racket and shoving finally wake Cyd up. She looks around. Where is Owleanor?

She peeks out the hollow. It's quiet. She leans out a bit more to get a better look for Owleanor. She suddenly sees her floating in the sky, circling, circling, circling and finally descending down to the fallen log.

PHOEBE

What's going on, Fluff?

CYD

Owleanor was out flying. She's back now.

PHOEBE

She's back? That means breakfast!
Out of the way!

Phoebe tries to push past Cyd but they end up with tangled limbs.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Come on! Would you move already?!

CYD

I can't, you keep shoving me, I can't--

Phoebe huffs and gives Cyd a swift kick.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Owleanor sits majestically on the log, preening her feathers when suddenly Cyd shoots out of the hollow like a cannon.

CYD

AHHHHHHHH!

She flies swiftly through the air and lands in a bush with a THUD. Phoebe, ever so proud of herself, pokes her head out of the hollow. She assesses all the possibilities of how to get down and leaps out with confidence. She manages to land on a branch, tiptoes over it to another branch, bounces on that one like a diving board and vaults over to a lower branch, slides down it to land expertly on the fallen log.

PHOEBE

Look at all this! You shouldn't have, Owleanor. Yum!

OWLEANOR

Ehhh.

Cyd crawls out from under the bush with various twigs in her fur. She crawls up to the fallen log only to see a row of dead rodents. Some missing heads, some missing limbs, all a bloody mess. She recoils in disgust, hurling herself back into the bush.

CYD

What is that?!

OWLEANOR

Breakfast, dear.

Cyd again crawls out from the bush only to see Phoebe chomping down on a ... mouse? Cyd gags.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)

Well, that's rude.

CYD

Well, that's vile!

PHOEBE

What do you eat for breakfast?

CYD

Fish. Cheese as a treat! Not
(gagging)
Vermin.

OWLEANOR

Vermin! This is all very nutritious
I'll have you know.

PHOEBE
Fish and cheese. La ti dah, Miss
Fluffy Fancy Pants.

OWLEANOR
You don't want any of this?

Owleanor motions to her catches.

CYD
No, thank you.

Owleanor and Phoebe happily chow down. Cyd walks away before she gets sick.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

The sun has set and the moon is rising. Cyd and Phoebe travel down the road at a decent pace. Now and again the shadow of Owleanor passes over their path.

PHOEBE
So, this Julie must be very important
to you, huh?

CYD
Yes. She is.

PHOEBE
What's so important about her?

CYD
She adopted me when I was a kitten.
I don't remember much from when I
was really little but I remember
Julie just always being there. We're
always together. We have an important
job. We're Nurses.

PHOEBE
What's that?

CYD
It means we take care of people when
they are hurt. Julie puts bandages
where they are injured. And I help
them not be so upset.

PHOEBE
Sounds nice.

CYD
And we go home, listen to the radio,
maybe read a book and we snuggle.

(MORE)

CYD (CONT'D)

Then we go to sleep. It's been that way since the big loud sounds have happened.

PHOEBE

Oh, yes, we've heard them.

CYD

They are very loud in London.

PHOEBE

Can't Julie come out to Chorleywood?

CYD

No, she's hurt. She needs to get help. To hospital. I need to get her help. She's my best friend.

PHOEBE

What's that?

CYD

Someone you can always count on. Someone who's always there for you. You laugh together, cry together, just spend fun times together. You never let anything bad happen to them if you can help it. Even when the loud noises come, if you've got your best friend...you've got everything. Haven't you got a best friend?

Phoebe looks up to the sky where Owleanor was flying.

PHOEBE

I think I do. I think Owleanor is my bes--

Suddenly, a fish flops down in front of Cyd. She and Phoebe jump back in surprise. Owleanor settles on a branch nearby quite proud of herself.

OWLEANOR

You're welcome.

CYD

Where did this come from?

OWLEANOR

There's a river on the other side of that field over there.

CYD

What am I supposed to do with it?

PHOEBE

Eat it!

CYD

What?

OWLEANOR

You said you ate fish.

CYD

Yes. But not this kind. Julie just puts it on my plate. It doesn't look like this.

PHOEBE

Who cares what it looks like. Its fresh fish!

(she pushes the fish
towards Cyd)

Aren't you hungry, Fluff?

Cyd's stomach growls.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Alright, city girl, let me help you.
Look away.

Cyd covers her eyes. When she opens them, there is a nice pile of fish bits in front of her and Phoebe smiling proudly. Now this looks delicious! She digs in. Phoebe heads over to Owleanor.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Any dogs?

OWLEANOR

Some.

PHOEBE

How do they look?

OWLEANOR

Unfriendly.

PHOEBE

We'll have to get off the roads to get her to this London place. Avoid farms. Dogs will definitely see us on the road.

OWLEANOR

Yes. I think you should stay here.
I can get her to London. I can see
it when I fly high enough. I can
direct her where to go.

PHOEBE

No. I can help! You need me!
Besides, they can't get me. You
taught me too well.

OWLEANOR

I don't know, Phoebe. It's dangerous.
It's going across the river. You
hate swimming.

PHOEBE

I'm coming anyway. I have to.

OWLEANOR

Why?

PHOEBE

We're best friends.

OWLEANOR

What's that?

PHOEBE

You know, when you laugh and cry
together at the loud noises and what
not.

OWLEANOR

What?

PHOEBE

I can't really explain it but, it's
what we are.

Cyd arrives licking her chops.

CYD

That was delicious, Owleanor. Thank
you.

Owleanor puffs up.

OWLEANOR

You're quite welcome.

PHOEBE

Say, would you like to see where it
came from, Fluff? Lots more there.

Cyd nods.

EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER

Phoebe and Cyd sit on the bank of a rushing river. The moonlight shimmers off the water and reflects on Cyd's skeptical face and Phoebe's excited face.

CYD

Is it cold?

PHOEBE

Yes, very.

CYD

And its moving.

PHOEBE

Quickly. So you have to swim fast. Keep paddling.

CYD

I don't like this idea. Let's go back to the road.

PHOEBE

We can't. We told you. There are dogs loose at the farms. And they're awful. We go this way. It's a little longer but a lot safer.

CYD

I don't think it is. I don't know how to swim.

PHOEBE

I bet you never climbed a tree before you did, huh? You can swim. Just keep moving your legs. And we'll use a branch to keep us afloat. It's not that far.

CYD

I just don't think I can do it. I'm going back.

Cyd goes to turn back and a big branch drops from the sky right in her path with a THUMP. Owleanor descends onto a nearby rock.

OWLEANOR

You need to go this way. We've already taken all this time to avoid the dogs. We can't lose more time getting to your Julie. Right?

Cyd thinks.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)

Phoebe will hold on to the branch and start swimming. You jump in with her and hold onto the branch and you both swim over.

PHOEBE

Perfect!

CYD

I don't know--

A twig SNAPS behind them! All three look back. Another twig BREAKS. Owleanor launches skyward from the rock.

OWLEANOR

Get in the river!

PHOEBE

What is it?

OWLEANOR

I don't know! Just go!

Owleanor lets out a blood curdling SCREECH! Phoebe grabs the branch in her mouth and signals to Cyd to grab the other end. Another twig SNAPS! Cyd stumbles toward the river, reaching for the branch. Phoebe dives in and instantly starts paddling.

PHOEBE

(mouth full of branch)

Grab it, kid! Grab it!! JUMP!

Cyd leaps into the water and instantly submerges into the freezing river. She kicks and flails, reaching for the branch. The water is so cold! She can't see anything! Her claws dig into something...the branch? And she kicks frantically. She's making way! She's moving! Lifting her head above the water, she takes a much needed breath.

Opening her eyes, she finds she has dug her nails into Phoebe, who is bug-eyed with pain but still paddling frantically across the river. Cyd quickly reaches for and finally grabs the branch. With both of them paddling furiously, they make it to the other riverbank quickly.

Phoebe spits the branch out, bounds up to higher ground and looks back...checking for danger.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Come on, Fluff! Hurry up!

Cyd wobbles up the riverbank, slipping in mud.

CYD
Can you see what it is?

PHOEBE
No. I don't stick around to see
what wants to eat me!

Owleanor SCREECHES in the distance.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
Let's go! Owleanor's calling! She's
found a place to sleep!

Cyd follows Phoebe into the woodland. Back at the opposite riverbank, the scary noise shows itself: a beaver crawls out from the bushes, expertly swims across the waterway, finds the branch they dropped and indignantly grabs it.

BEAVER
You can't just take pieces of
someone's house like that! Hooligans!

She puts the branch in her mouth, heads back into and up the river...in a huff.

EXT. TREE HOLLOW - LATER

The trio is packed in a smaller hollow of a tree overlooking a small valley peppered with farmhouses. Phoebe loudly SNORES, Owleanor quietly WHISTLES and Cyd looks out at the stars disappearing in the morning light.

CYD
Hang on, Julie. I'm still coming.

INT. HOSPITAL EXAM ROOM - MORNING

Julie's head injury is being examined by an elderly, slow Doctor. Mabel has bandages at the ready to re-wrap it.

DOCTOR HENRIKSEN
Well, Julie, it's looking good. The
stitches are coming along. No
infection.

JULIE
Great!

Dr. Henriksen checks her eyes with a penlight.

DOCTOR HENRIKSEN
Follow the light. Do you have a
headache or dizziness.

JULIE

Nope.

DOCTOR HENRIKSEN

When is your next shift, dear?

JULIE

Tomorrow.

MABEL

It can be later in the week if needed.
I've enough staff to cover.

Julie glares at Mabel.

DOCTOR HENRIKSEN

Oh, it seems she's recovering quite well.

MABEL

Well, I did find her yesterday on the street, doubled over.

Julie's jaw drops in disbelief at Mabel's tattling.

DOCTOR HENRIKSEN

What?

MABEL

She snuck out. Poor dear forgot where she was. Thought she was at the shore. Tried sunning herself.

DOCTOR HENRIKSEN

How many of these episodes have you had, Julie?

JULIE

I haven't had any--

Mabel covers Julie's mouth.

MABEL

How would she know, Doctor?

DOCTOR HENRIKSEN

Oh, right.

Mabel carefully wraps Julie's head injury.

MABEL

I'll keep an eye on her. Put her in a bed and will keep close tabs. I'll let you know if there are any changes.

DOCTOR HENRIKSEN
 Good idea. Best to rest for now,
 Julie. Thanks, Mabel.

MABEL
 Of course, Doctor. Thank you.

As soon as Dr. Henriksen leaves, Julie slaps Mabel's hand.

JULIE
 Mabel! I can't be stuck in a bed!
 I need to find Cyd. She's out there
 all alone and-

MABEL
 And now you have a couple more days
 to search for her before old Henriksen
 will remember he even looked at ya.

JULIE
 Ahh. You're a genius, Mabel.

MABEL
 Yes, I know.

INT. HOSPITAL PATIENT ROOM - LATER

Julie is sitting by Gil's bed. She's examining several
 drawings in her hands.

JULIE
 These look great, Gil. They all
 look like her.

GIL
 Thanks. I can have this one and
 another couple of them done in under
 an hour. If you have time?

JULIE
 Has Henriksen been in here?

GIL
 Yeah. A bit ago.

JULIE
 Then I have time.

Gil smiles.

GIL
 Alright. I'll get right to it.

INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mabel carries extra pillows and sheets behind the curtain partitions. She turns to the bed and stuffs some extra sheets under the blanket to make the bed look occupied. She comes out and closes the partition.

MABEL

Okay, Julie. You get some sleep in there, dear. I'll check on you later.
(to other nurses)
Just leave Julie's care to me.

Mabel saunters out but she hasn't fooled the other Nurses and the patients don't seem to have noticed.

INT. NURSES STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Mabel eyes the drawings as she puts them into a tote. Julie puts on a jacket and hat over her bandage.

MABEL

Well, these are quite good. I think I like this one best. I'm gonna have to ask Mr. Baines if he does portraits of pleasant looking older women.

JULIE

Ha! I'm sure it couldn't hurt to ask.

Mabel hands her the tote.

MABEL

It's already a little late so be quick. Be back before the shift change.

JULIE

Yep. See you in a bit.

Julie pulls the hat down tight and takes off quickly out the door.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - AFTERNOON

Julie is back in her bombed out neighborhood. She stands at the foot of the pile of rubble that is the remains of her flat.

JULIE

Cyd! Cyddie! Cyddie kitty, come here, sweetie! CYD!

Nothing.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Where are you?

Julie takes a stack of drawings from her tote and makes her way through the rubble in the streets.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE:

1) Julie enters a bakery and shows the baker the drawing of Cyd.

2) A butcher looks at a drawing of Cyd, looks at Julie and nods towards the window.

3) Julie exits a lamp store, waving to the store owner.

4) The sweets shop owner hugs Julie and tapes a drawing of Cyd in the window.

5) Julie tapes a drawing of Cyd on a broken piece of wood she rigged up in front of the rubble that was her flat.

INSERT DRAWING OF CYD WITH WRITING:

BELOVED CAT MISSING, ANSWERS TO "CYD", CONTACT NURSE JULIE WARD AT SOUTH LONDON HOSPITAL IF SEEN.

Julie takes one more look around.

JULIE

CYD! I'll be back tomorrow! Right here!

She takes a deep breath and heads back to the hospital.

INT. TREE HOLLOW - EVENING

Cyd stretches in the tree hollow. It seems roomy. She opens her eyes...she's the only one in here! She shakes the sleep out of her eyes and pops her head out of the hollow. She sees Owleanor and Phoebe on a large stump, chatting over their newly caught and lifeless breakfast.

EXT. WOODED AREA - CONTINUOUS

Cyd slowly and meticulously climbs down the tree. Owleanor and Phoebe watch with amusement. The country has not rubbed off on her at all.

Cyd makes her way over to Owleanor and Phoebe on the stump only to find a large serving of freshly minced fish waiting for her.

CYD

Oh, thank you. This is lovely.

PHOEBE

Think nothing of it, Fluff. You're easy to feed.

They all enjoy their own meals in the light of the setting sun.

CYD

So, how far is London now, Owleanor?

OWLEANOR

Perhaps a day maybe two. Less the faster we move.

PHOEBE

We don't all have wings.

OWLEANOR

Unfortunately.

CYD

I never asked how you two know each other.

OWLEANOR

Oh, I've known Phoebe since she was just a little kit.

CYD

Oh?

OWLEANOR

I was flying over a field and saw this little fuzz ball bouncing about here and there. Thought I might have found a juicy shrew.

Phoebe laughs.

PHOEBE

I never looked like a shrew!

(to Cyd)

Is this the face of a shrew?

Cyd shakes her head.

OWLEANOR

Anyhow, I saw this little kit wandering about and it turns out she was lost. Calling out for her mum.

CYD

Oh. What happened to your mum, Phoebe?

PHOEBE

A trap. She had been gone a few days and I went out to try to find her and saw Wetherby taking her away. She was, ya know.

CYD

I'm terribly sorry, Phoebe.

PHOEBE

He must've hidden the trap really well because she taught me how to spot em. She was so good at spotting traps.

Phoebe hangs her head.

OWLEANOR

As luck would have it, I found little Phoebe and took her under my wings. If she wasn't a fox, she would've made a very good owl.

PHOEBE

Aww, thanks, Owleanor.

CYD

You've been friends a long time.

PHOEBE

Almost as long as I can remember.

Phoebe snuggles up against Owleanor and snakes around her. Just then she sees something in the brush. Phoebe leaps in front of Owleanor.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

NO!

Without warning, a BLAST OF A SHOTGUN rings out. Phoebe thrusts back against Owleanor, they tumble back into the brush. Cyd's cat instincts cause her to poof and fly straight up into the air. In an instant, as she tries to look where to land, something grips her mid-air and she is flying into the night sky like a rocket!

EXT. EVENING SKY - CONTINUOUS

Another BLAST OF THE SHOTGUN bursts through the sky. Cyd swerves to the right and then down. Fields, sky, trees, stars... she's all over the place. Cyd is about to puke.

CYD

Help! Let me go! Let me go!

OWLEANOR

Are you shot?

CYD

Owleanor? No, I don't think so.
I'm gonna be sick.

OWLEANOR

I have to get you out of here. I'll find a safe place for you while I go back for Phoebe.

CYD

Is she hurt?!

OWLEANOR

I don't know.

CYD

I should go with you.

OWLEANOR

No, I can go faster alone. I'll get her.

EXT. TREE - MOMENTS LATER

Owleanor flies into a tree canopy and lets Cyd down on a high, thick limb.

OWLEANOR

Stay here. I'll be back. Don't crawl down. You don't know the area.

Cyd nods. What are those dark speckles on Owleanor's chest?

CYD

You've been hurt!

Owleanor sees the blood splatter on her chest. Cyd gets woozy.

CYD (CONT'D)

Blood.

OWLEANOR

That's Phoebe's blood. Stay here.
You're safe here.

Owleanor flies off the branch and into the darkening sky. Cyd looks down. Whoa. All the branches of the tree sway to and fro. She gets dizzy. She carefully crawls over to the trunk and takes a deep breath. In the distance she hears a SHOTGUN BLAST. Oh no! And another BLAST!

CYD

Owleanor! Phoebe!

The sky is quickly getting darker. Where are they? This feels like its taking forever! Cyd cautiously takes a few steps out from the trunk to try to get a better look at the valley. She takes a step and SWOOSH there is Owleanor in front of her. Cyd jumps back and catches herself against the trunk.

CYD (CONT'D)

Owleanor!

OWLEANOR

What are you doing? I told you I'd
be back.

Blood is smeared all over Owleanor's chest now. The moonlight is only highlighting the scarlet streaks across her alabaster feathers.

CYD

OWLEANOR! You've been shot!

Cyd turns away from the blood so she doesn't faint.

OWLEANOR

No, I haven't. Phoebe has. We need
you to help her.

CYD

What?! I can't help her! Julie's
the nurse! I, I'm not, --

OWLEANOR

Well, you're going to have to do
something, Cyd. She's my Julie. I
need you to help her.

CYD

But... I wouldn't know what to do.
I just stayed with the patients at
the hospital.

OWLEANOR
You'll think of something.

Owleanor picks up Cyd and they sail up through the canopy.

EXT. THICKET - MOMENTS LATER

Owleanor, carrying Cyd, flies through a mossy thicket of overgrown trees and plants. Moon rays light up the area. Owleanor drops Cyd and she lands near a tree with thick brush around the trunk. Cyd peers through the moonlight streaked thicket.

CYD
Where is she?

A plant moves from the trunk of the tree. Phoebe lays in the hollowed out bottom of the tree trunk.

PHOEBE
Right here, Fluff.

CYD
Phoebe! Owleanor says you got shot?

PHOEBE
Just a scratch really.

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

Cyd leans in the den to get a look and assess Phoebe's injuries. Her back leg is soaked in blood.

EXT. THICKET - CONTINUOUS

Cyd reels back, her eyes dilate, she swoons around and falls back with a SMACK. She's out cold.

PHOEBE
Did she just faint?

Owleanor hops closer to inspect.

OWLEANOR
I think she did.

PHOEBE
How long is she gonna be like that?

Owleanor leans in close to Cyd's face and lets out a blood curdling SCREECH that echoes throughout the thicket. Cyd is rattled back to reality.

CYD
Oh! Did I faint?

OWLEANOR

Yes. Don't do that again. You need to tend to Phoebe.

CYD

I'm not sure what to do.

PHOEBE

But you said you and your Julie are nurses.

CYD

She is really the nurse. Ugh. There's so much blood. Gives me a churny tum.

Cyd grabs a leaf and folds it into a bag and breathes into it.

PHOEBE

What are you doing?

CYD

Trying to not faint.

OWLEANOR

Smart.

CYD

I...can't help you. Julie could help you. She's a nurse.

OWLEANOR

Just do what she would do.

PHOEBE

Cyd...please. I'm really hurt.

Cyd looks at her new friends. Just do what Julie would do. Okay. Right. Yes.

CYD

Alright.

(to Owleanor)

I need some water.

OWLEANOR

I can get get that.

CYD

You can?

OWLEANOR

Yes.

CYD
Okay. That would be great. And
bandages.

OWLEANOR
Bandages?

CYD
Something to wrap her leg in.

OWLEANOR
Righty-ho.

Owleanor takes off.

CYD
Can you crawl out a bit?

Phoebe crawls out of the den.

CYD (CONT'D)
What is this place, Phoebe?

PHOEBE
My den when I was a kit.

CYD
Oh. It's quite pretty.

PHOEBE
Thanks.

CYD
How did you see that farmer?

PHOEBE
It was Wetherby. Sixth sense.

Cyd is impressed.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
Also, he smells rancid. Don't think
he bathes. You can always smell when
he's around. Pee-yoo!

She makes a gagging face. Cyd giggles.

CYD
Does your leg feel broken?

Phoebe weakly moves her leg. Cyd takes some breaths from her
leaf.

PHOEBE
I don't think so. But it sure smarts.

CYD

I'm so glad he's a bad shot.

PHOEBE

He's not. He was aiming for Owleanor.
He definitely would've gotten her.

Oh. Owleanor swoops in awkwardly flying with a... kettle?
She clumsily drops it near Cyd. Water splashes out.

CYD

How did you get this?

OWLEANOR

I nicked it.

PHOEBE

(proudly)
And that's the fox in her.

Owleanor winks at Phoebe. Phoebe winks back.

CYD

Bandages?

OWLEANOR

Be right back.

Owleanor flies away. Cyd turns back to Phoebe.

CYD

Why does he want to shoot Owleanor?

PHOEBE

Years ago, we were out in a field getting lunch one day and Wetherby's nasty old dog came out of the blue and was chasing me down. He almost got to me. But Owleanor saved me. Dove out of the sky like lightning. Scratched him up good. Got an eye. And I got away. She even went after Wetherby himself. All those scars across his head? That's from Owleanor. She sent them both screaming and crying back to their farm. So they've been trying to get her ever since.

CYD

Why do they want you?

PHOEBE

I don't know. Humans seems to really hate foxes. And owls.

CYD

I'm sorry.

PHOEBE

Me too. Okay, you ready to look at
this leg, Fluff?

Cyd laughs weakly and takes a bunch of breathes in her leaf
and tosses it aside.

CYD

Okay. Courage of lions. Here we
go. We got this. I'm gonna pour
some water on it so we can see how
bad it is. Okay?

PHOEBE

Do your best, Fluff. Don't faint or
Owleanor will screech your face off.

Cyd lifts the kettle and pours water over Phoebe's wound.
She takes a closer look then she pours more water cleaning
out the wound. Phoebe winces. Cyd reels but gains composure.

CYD

Alright. It's not as bad as I thought
considering all the blood.

(she gets queasy)

But that's mostly washed away. I
think if we wrap it and let you rest,
it should heal up.

PHOEBE

Yeah?

CYD

Yeah.

Owleanor descends silently from the canopy with a shirt in
her beak.

CYD (CONT'D)

Oh, that's perfect, Owleanor!

Owleanor lands on a stump. Cyd grabs the shirt and eyes it.

OWLEANOR

How's your leg, Phoebe?

PHOEBE

Just a scratch really. Nurse Fluff
here says I should be in fine shape
in no time.

Cyd tries to tear the shirt in strips. She turns to Owleanor:

CYD

May I?

Owleanor leans closer and offers a sharp talon. Cyd uses Owleanor's talon like a knife and cuts strips from the shirt.

CYD (CONT'D)

Perfect.

Cyd gently wraps Phoebe's leg in the strips of shirt. Phoebe is visibly tired.

CYD (CONT'D)

Alright, Phoebe. You need to rest.

Cyd helps Phoebe back into the den then comes out and sets the plants back over the den.

OWLEANOR

We'll be right here if you need anything.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

Thanks, Fluff. You did good. Nighty-night.

CYD

Nighty-night.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS STATION - NIGHT

Mabel marches towards the tube station with determination. Night has fallen and the bombing will start soon. Windows are shuttered and the few people on the street are also rushing to shelter. Mabel disappears into the underground station.

INT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS STATION UNDERGROUND - MOMENTS LATER

There are people everywhere: on the platform, on the tracks, in the walkways... just wall to wall people. But what there isn't is chaos. It is ultra organized: there is a section for smokers, another where people are serving tea and food for anyone hungry, another where teachers reads to small children, another with folks playing card games, still another group of women knitting and crocheting and another with a couple musicians playing quietly as couples and parents and children dance.

Everyone is familiar with each other. Classism doesn't seem to exist here. Upperclass ladies in furs and pearls sit with working class folks. Middle class folks are peppered in every group. Mabel makes her way through the groups smiling and winking at folks as she goes. The respect for her as a nurse is palpable. People happily move aside for her.

TUBE STATION GUY
 Pardon, Nurse. Alright today?

MABEL
 Long day as usual.

TUBE STATION GUY
 Bless you, Nurse.

TUBE STATION LADY
 Nurse Mabel. Fetch ya cup of tea?

MABEL
 Oh, I forgot to grab one. Where's
 my head?

TUBE STATION LADY
 I got it, Nurse.

MABEL
 Oh, thank you.

Mabel makes her way to a section of the platform where folks are already sleeping. There are spare blankets and pillows. She grabs a blanket and pillow for herself and turns to see a familiar face.

MABEL (CONT'D)
 Julie! What are you doing here?
 You should be sleeping at the
 hospital!

JULIE
 I wasn't sure I'd make it back in
 time. And you always seemed so happy
 to stay here. I thought I'd try the
 accommodations for myself.

Mabel settles in next to Julie. Tube Station lady shows up with a cup of tea for Mabel.

MABEL
 Oh, thank you, dear.
 (to Julie)
 Worst tea in London but a bomb hasn't
 gotten through yet.

JULIE
 That's more than I can say for my
 flat.

MABEL
 I'm sorry, Julie. No word on Cyd?

JULIE

No.

MABEL

Keep the faith. She'll turn up.

JULIE

I sure hope so.

MABEL

She's smart. She'll find her way.

JULIE

But she's so scared of everything.
I just don't know where she could be
hiding. I don't want her going
through this without me. Without
someone to protect her.

MABEL

Try to get some sleep. Start again
tomorrow.

Suddenly, a bomb hits and shakes the station. The sound RUMBLES through the station. Everyone quiets for a moment and then goes back to whatever they were doing. Mabel glances at Julie whose face is stricken with terror.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Don't think the worst. Try to stay
positive. Cyd's a smart moppet.
And perhaps its best that she's...
as cautious as she is. It will keep
her out of trouble.

A few feet from them a cat and dog sleep with their human. They are snuggled up cozily. A tear falls down Julie's cheek.

JULIE

Yeah.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS STATION - MORNING

People flood out of the station and into the morning light. They crane their necks to see what damage was done by the previous nights bombing. Mabel and Julie step out and onto the street. Various people tip their hats to the Nurses.

TUBE STATION GUY

See you tonight, Nurses. Keep safe.

MABEL

And you.

(MORE)

MABEL (CONT'D)

(to Julie)

I sure miss your thermos of tea right about now.

JULIE

Me too.

They start up the street amongst the other Londoners when an ambulance stops nearby. Agnes pops her head out.

AGNES

Nurses! Free rides for Nurses!

Julie and Mabel laugh and hop into the back of the ambulance.

INT. BACK OF AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Julie sits on the stretcher while Mabel quickly lies down on hers.

MABEL

Ohh, that's nice. Better than the hard tile of the Tube. Oh, yes, very nice.

Mabel nestles down into the stretcher. Elsie opens the canvas between the cabin and the back of the ambulance so they can all see each other.

JULIE

How was the drop off at the convalescent home?

AGNES

Good, good. Didn't pop a tire this time.

ELSIE

No, very smooth. Any word on Cyd?

JULIE

None yet. But I put flyers up around my neighborhood.

ELSIE

You know, Julie, I was a veterinarian before I volunteered for the war.

JULIE

You were?

ELSIE

Yeah.

(MORE)

ELSIE (CONT'D)

My father is also a veterinarian.
Kind of the family business. Mostly
large animals but the small ones
too. I really think you should keep
looking.

JULIE

I am. I just don't know where to
look exactly. I know she was in my
tote. She always travelled in my
tote. But when they found me, she
was gone. The flat was gone.
Everything was gone. And she's so
scared of everything. I just don't
know where to look.

ELSIE

Cats are so smart. Even the scaredy
cats. And she's very bonded with
you. She'll stay near what's familiar
to her. So, I'd keep looking in
your neighborhood.

JULIE

I will. Thanks, Elsie.

EXT. THICKET - MORNING

It's quite peaceful in the thicket. Dew drops fall gently off
leaves. Some birds WHISTLE morning songs in the distance.
Owleanor perches on a high branch. Cyd moves the plants that
cover Phoebe's den. Cyd peeks in. Phoebe yawns and stretches.
Owleanor descends to a tree stump.

OWLEANOR

How is she?

CYD

Good. We'll have to change her
bandages so I'll need more--

OWLEANOR

Got it.

Owleanor points to a full kettle of water and another shirt
already in shreds.

CYD

Perfect.

OWLEANOR

Do you think she's going to be okay?

CYD

I hope so. I wrapped it the way
I've seen Julie do it a hundred times.

OWLEANOR

She has to be okay. She's my Julie.

CYD

I understand.

OWLEANOR

I'll get you to your Julie, Cyd. I
promise.

CYD

I know.

OWLEANOR

Take care of Phoebe. I'll be back
with breakfast.

CYD

Alright.

EXT. THICKET - LATER

Cyd and Phoebe take turns drinking water out of the kettle.
Phoebes leg has new, fresh wrappings on it. Phoebe moves her
leg to see how far it will stretch. She winces.

CYD

Still hurts?

PHOEBE

Not as much as yesterday. And I can
stretch it farther.

Owleanor appears at the other end of the thicket, flying
towards the two.

CYD

Oh! Owleanor! You'd be so proud of
me! I changed Phoebe's bandage
without fainting and only got sick
in my mouth a little bit.

Owleanor lands on the stump with two huge bloodied, dead vermin
in her talons. Cyd faints face first. THUD. Owleanor and
Phoebe laugh.

OWLEANOR

I'll fetch her some fish when she
wakes up.

EXT. THICKET - AFTERNOON

In the sanctuary of flora and fauna, the three friends relax. Cyd stretches on a blanket of moss. Phoebe convalesces near the den. Owleanor snores on the trunk nearby. Bees buzz, butterflies flutter by, birds flit from branch to branch.

Out of this peaceful setting a TWIG SNAPS. Phoebe's eyes open. Owleanor, still asleep, ruffles her feathers. Phoebe raises her head slightly and takes a whiff. Oh no!

PHOEBE

RUN! RUN! Owleanor, RUN! Cyd,
RUN!

Owleanor eyes pop open. The hunters dog starts racing through the thicket, drool flying everywhere. Cyd hisses. Phoebe bolts deeper into the thicket. Cyd runs, panicked, in another direction into the underbrush. Owleanor takes immediate flight. A SHOT RINGS OUT. And another! Then a THUD.

EXT. FIELD CLEARING - LATER

Cyd, muddy and breathless, dashes into an open field. She stops. She has no idea where she is. She hops onto a rock wall and surveys the fields for her friends.

CYD

OWLEANOR! PHOEBE! OWLEANOR! PHOEBE,
I'M HERE! WHERE ARE YOU? I'M HERE!

No reply. Then a TAP on the rock wall. And another and another. The skies open to a torrential downpour. Quickly soaked and shaking, Cyd continues to scream out for her pals.

CYD (CONT'D)

OWLEANOR! I'M IN A FIELD!
OWLEANOOOOOOR! PHOEBE!! I'M GOING
TO TAKE COVER IN THIS TREE RIGHT
HERE!

Cyd hops down from the wall and makes for a large tree. With what little strength she has, she climbs up to the first branch. Shivering, she waits.

CYD (CONT'D)

I'm here. Courage of lions.

INT. NURSES STATION - CONTINUOUS

Nurses circle the nurses station, grabbing files, coming and going. There is a steady organized chaos to the station. In the midst of it all is Mabel. She has an eye on everyone and everything. Agnes approaches the station.

MABEL
 Agnes? What do you need?

AGNES
 Need to take some folks out to
 Chorleywood.

She shakes a list of names.

MABEL
 Who?

AGNES
 Let's see... Ackerly, Baines, Rose
 and Wyatt.

MABEL
 Alright. What time you need to leave?

AGNES
 Sooner rather than later.

MABEL
 Alright.

AGNES
 Do you have a Nurse to spare? Elsie
 got pulled to help with that East
 End mess.

MABEL
 Ehh, I don't think so-

Julie stomps in, in wet clothes, behind the Nurses station.
 She starts to take off her galoshes.

JULIE
 Raining buckets out there. But I
 got a few fliers up.

MABEL
 Check that. I have a spare Nurse.

AGNES
 Excellent.

MABEL
 Keep your coat on, Julie.
 (to Agnes)
 Let's get them loaded up.

EXT. TREE - MOMENTS LATER

Wet and trembling, Cyd perches in the tree. The canopy sweeps
 back and forth in the wind and rain continue to pelt Cyd.

The sky is darkening by the minute.

CYD

They'll never find me here. I need
to find a road. Courage of lions.
I must have the courage of lions.

Thunder RUMBLES. Cyd almost loses her footing from the fright.

CYD (CONT'D)

Oh, gosh! Come on, Cyd. You can do
this. Find a road. Just find a
road. Owleanor will see you from
above. Courage of lions, courage of
lions, courage of lions...

She slowly makes her way down the tree. She hops down to the
wet grass and makes a run for it across the field clearing.

CYD (CONT'D)

Courage of lions!

INT. AGNES & ELSIE'S AMBULANCE - LATER

Rain is pouring down the windshield. The tiny windshield
wipers slosh across the glass. Agnes is laser focused on
driving.

AGNES

How's everything going back there?

The canvas moves aside and Julie pops her face in.

JULIE

All good back here. How's it going
up here?

AGNES

We're out of the city so that's good.
Should be at Chorleywood soon enough.
Just keep everyone calm.

JULIE

Got it.

Julie leans back into the back of the ambulance. A small
lantern hangs from the back of the cabin for light. Four
soldiers, in various stages of healing are on each of the
four stretchers. One of them is Gil Baines.

GIL

Sure is pouring outside. Really
couldn't wait until tomorrow?

JULIE

You know how it is...orders are orders.

She shrugs.

GIL

Even the daft orders. Say, have you any news on Cyd?

JULIE

Nothing yet. I sure hope someone has taken her in. Between the bombing and the weather, I can't think of what she's going through.

GIL

Yeah.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

It's pitch dark. The rain is coming down in sheets. Soaked to the bone, Cyd scurries down the road. She stops, shakes vigorously to get all the water off but within seconds is dripping again.

CYD

Ugh.

She continues.

CYD (CONT'D)

Courage of lions. Courage of lions.

Cyd stops. What is that? She can't hear anything past this downpour. Its like a HUM. A droning HUM. What is that? In an instant two shiny lights have appeared and are headed straight for her! The HUMMING is getting louder! It's gonna attack her! Cyd HISSES and PUFFS UP ready to defend herself!

INT. AGNES & ELSIE'S AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Agnes is glued to the windshield. The wipers struggle to make a difference. She peers over the steering wheel. Then she sees two glowing eyes and fur and swerves to not hit whatever that is!

AGNES

Oh no!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The beast ROARS over Cyd and she crouches down. She sees it veer and spin. The back door flies open! Is that an ambulance? Cyd runs towards it!

INT. BACK OF AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Julie is slammed against the stretchers. She grips the poles of the top bunk and places a foot against the bottom bunk opposite her.

JULIE
Hold on, fellas!

The soldiers hang on. The ambulance spins in the mud. The back door flies open with a SLAM.

JULIE (CONT'D)
The door!

GIL
Leave it!

JULIE
No, we'll get soaked.

Rain pours onto the floor. Gil turns on his torch to give Julie some light.

GIL
Turn on your torches if you can reach them!

Two other soldiers grab their torches and turn them on. Julie pulls herself toward the back door.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Cyd races towards the ambulance. There is a little light coming from the back. Someone is coming towards the door. More light! A person! It's Julie! She can't believe her eyes! It's JULIE coming towards the door!

CYD
JULIE! JULIE! I'm here! JULIE!

She uses all the strength she has to make a full sprint for the door!

CYD (CONT'D)
JULIE! IT'S ME! JULIE!

INT. BACK OF AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Rain pours and the light beams from the torches flying everywhere obscures Julie's sight of the door. She grasps a handle on the roof of the ambulance and reaches out of the back of the ambulance for the door handle. The rain batters her as she leans out. Then she hears it. A MEOW. Another one.

She peers out in the darkness and a torch light reveals a soaked cat running towards the ambulance!

JULIE
CYD?! Oh my goodness, CYD!

She calls back to Agnes:

JULIE (CONT'D)
Stop! Stop, Agnes! It's Cyd!

AGNES (O.S.)
What?

JULIE
(screaming)
IT'S CYD! STOP THE AMBULANCE!

Julie leans further out and stares at the increasingly small figure of the little cat in the distance. The MEOWS are getting fainter.

AGNES (O.S.)
That's impossible! It's probably a raccoon or something! There's no way she's all the way out here!

JULIE
STOP! AGNES, STOP!

AGNES
I can't!

Julie stares out at total darkness. Nothing. She can't see the cat. She can't hear it. Was it just her imagination?

GIL
Was it really her?!

Julie grabs the door handle and slams it shut.

JULIE
I swear it was. We're dropping you fellas off and I'm going back to get her.

The ambulance speeds down the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Cyd watches the ambulance get further and further away. She can't keep up. The red glow of the brake lights gets fainter and fainter.

CYD
JULIE! DON'T LEAVE ME!

Her legs are giving out.

CYD (CONT'D)
Julie... please!

She can't run anymore.

CYD (CONT'D)
Julie.

She lets out a WAIL and flops down on the soaked road. The rain pelts her. She CRIES her broken heart out.

PHOEBE
What did I tell you about staying
out of the middle of the road, Fluff?

Cyd shoots up three feet in the air, in full floof, hissing and clawing frantically at the air. She lands with a smack in a puddle a few feet away.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
Now the side of the road. That's
much better.

Cyd lifts herself out of the puddle.

CYD
Phoebe! How did you know where I
was?

Cyd leaps at Phoebe and hugs her tight.

PHOEBE
You were screaming loud enough. And
Owleanor's got *really* good ears.

Phoebe turns and limps down the road. Cyd follows.

CYD
Owleanor is okay?! She's alive?!

PHOEBE
Of course she's alive! What a
question, Fluff.

CYD
I just, I heard a sound after he
shot at us. It sounded like... like
Wetherby got her.

PHOEBE

Oh no. Owleanor pegged him with the kettle. Really good. A real wallop. He was knocked out cold. Might still be.

Phoebe laughs.

CYD

And his dog?

PHOEBE

Oh, he was after me good. Almost got me this time. Can't run as fast with this leg. But Owleanor helped me out there. Started dive-bombing that old bag of bones. She even got a bit of his ear! HA! Wasn't willing to lose anything else to Owleanor. He ran off back to his farm.

Phoebe leads her off the road. They crawl through a fence and disappear into the rainy night.

EXT. GROVE - CONTINUOUS

Cyd follows Phoebe through thick brush. Cyd is getting better at keeping up with Phoebe.

CYD

So you're both safe! That's just wonderful!

PHOEBE

You made it too! So, why were you crying back there?

Cyd is quiet. They wander into a grove of trees. Phoebe stops and looks intently at her.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Fluff, why were you crying?

CYD

Well, I saw Julie.

PHOEBE

You did? Where? On the road?! Why didn't you say? Let's go get her!

CYD

No, she was in an ambulance. And she kept going. Really fast. She didn't stop. She saw me.

(MORE)

CYD (CONT'D)

But she didn't stop. She kept going.
She left me.

Cyd gives in to mournful cries.

PHOEBE

Oh geez, Fluff. I'm sorry. Maybe
she didn't see you.

CYD

She did! She called my name! I
know she saw me!

PHOEBE

Oh.

CYD

She left me. Now I'm alone. I'm
all alone.

OWLEANOR

You're not alone.

Owleanor, sopping wet, with her conspicuously long legs holding up a tiny body with wet feathers stuck together stands only a few feet away. Cyd, startled, whips around but before she can hiss, she sees the drenched state the rain has left Owleanor in and bursts out laughing.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

PHOEBE

I mean... it's kinda funny.

OWLEANOR

What?

PHOEBE

How, ya know, you look when it rains.

Phoebe giggles too. Owleanor is not amused.

OWLEANOR

Oh, and you two think you look a
pretty picture right now?

Cyd and Phoebe continue laughing.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)

OKAY! That's enough!

Cyd and Phoebe try to stifle their laughter.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)
 We have to get to shelter. There's
 a hollow up there. I think it's
 unoccupied.

She points a soaked wing towards a tree. Cyd and Phoebe lose it again.

EXT. GROVE - MOMENTS LATER

Cyd has climbed up the tree and is peering into the hollow near a thick branch.

CYD
 (calls out)
 All clear!

OWLEANOR
 Brilliant!

Cyd crawls over to the thick branch.

CYD
 Need me to come down?

OWLEANOR
 No! But maybe move over to that
 branch.

Cyd moves over onto the wet branch.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)
 (to Phoebe)
 Phoebe can you get that broken ladder?

PHOEBE
 Yep.

Phoebe drags over a half broken ladder in her mouth.

OWLEANOR
 Lean it against the tree by that big
 branch. Close as you can get it.

Phoebe follows directions.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)
 Can you make that distance?

Phoebe nods.

OWLEANOR (CONT'D)
 Positive? Won't hurt your leg?

PHOEBE

Nah.

Owleanor climbs onto Phoebe's back and awkwardly tries to hang on with her wings.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Ow! Claws, Owleanor!

OWLEANOR

Oh, sorry, friend.

Phoebe scrambles up the ladder, loses her footing once, recovers and leaps for the thick branch! Phoebe makes it close enough to the hollow to grab the bottom rim of it.

CYD

Oh no!

PHOEBE

Jump in, Owleanor!

Owleanor crawls up Phoebe's back and into the hollow. Phoebe then uses all her effort with her one good back leg and scrambles into the hollow. She pops her head out.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

(to Cyd)

You coming in, Fluff?

Cyd nods and climbs into the hollow.

INT. TREE HOLLOW - MOMENTS LATER

The trio adjust themselves and get comfortable in the darkened, small hollow. They finally settle and attempt to rest.

OWLEANOR

Cyd?

CYD

Yes?

OWLEANOR

I'm sorry about Julie.

PHOEBE

Me too, Fluff.

CYD

Thanks.

Beat.

OWLEANOR

Cyd?

CYD

Yes?

OWLEANOR

You're not alone.

PHOEBE

She's right. You have me. And a soaking wet barn owl.

Cyd and Phoebe giggle.

OWLEANOR

Oh, shut it! I don't know why I bother!

EXT. CHORLEYWOOD CONVALESCENT HOME DRIVEWAY - LATER

Rain still beats down. Julie and Agnes exit the ambulance. Two nurses come out of the convalescent home with umbrellas.

AGNES

(to Julie)

You don't really think it was Cyd.

JULIE

I know it was.

AGNES

(to Convalescent Nurse)

Ackerly, Baines, Rose and Wyatt.

CONVALESCENT NURSE

Yes, we have them on our list.

AGNES

(to Julie)

How would she have made it all the way out here?

JULIE

I don't know. But she did. It's her.

All four nurses carefully aid each patient out of the ambulance, covering them with umbrellas, taking care to keep them as dry as possible.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(to Convalescent Nurse)

Do you have a telephone?

CONVALESCENT NURSE
Of course.

JULIE
Brilliant!

GIL
Calling for reinforcements?

JULIE
Absolutely.

GIL
How can I help?

JULIE
Could you draw more pictures of Cyd?

GIL
Sure thing! As many as you want.

EXT. GROVE - MORNING

The morning sun dries out the grove as Owleanor and Phoebe finish devouring their breakfast. Owleanor has returned to her dry, majestic self. Cyd sits off to the side.

OWLEANOR
You got enough breakfast, Cyd?

CYD
Hmm-mm.

Owleanor and Phoebe look at their friend.

PHOEBE
Where's the adventure today? Back towards home or... London?

OWLEANOR
Cyd?

Cyd takes a deep breath.

CYD
I guess London isn't my home anymore if Julie doesn't want me.

OWLEANOR
Well then, you come with us. You can stay in my hollow with me and you stay as long as you want.

PHOEBE

Or in my den, Fluff! It's in the same tree!

CYD

Thank you. Sounds perfect.

PHOEBE

Alright, back home then.

Owleanor silently catapults herself into the sky. Phoebe heads out of the grove. Cyd follows.

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS STATION - MORNING

You still wouldn't know they've withstood another night of bombing as the Londoners emerge from the underground fresh-faced and ready to face the day. Running up and peering into the crowd of people is Elsie.

ELSIE

Has anyone seen Mabel Mackintosh? She's a Nurse. Swings a mean golf club?

LONDONER

She's down there. Helping with some of the small children.

ELSIE

Oh, okay. Thanks.

Elsie stands back and anxiously waits. Mabel rises out of the underground, golf club in hand. Her face lights up when she sees Elsie and then it falls.

MABEL

Hello there! Wait. Why are you here? What happened?

ELSIE

Nothing bad. Julie found Cyd!

MABEL

Heavens! Where?

ELSIE

On the way to Chorleywood last night.

MABEL

Chorleywood? Impossible! It was probably a raccoon or a squirrel. Maybe her head injury was more serious than I thought.

ELSIE
She swears it was Cyd. And she knows
today is your day off.

MABEL
Uh-huh.

ELSIE
So she wanted to know if you'd go
help her look.

MABEL
How am I to know where she is?

ELSIE
She says you'll know when you see
it. I have today off also, so if
you go, I can go with you. In case
Cyd is hurt.

MABEL
Tsk. That scared little moppet out
in the country... breaks my heart.
Alright, let's go.

ELSIE
There's just one problem.

MABEL
What's that?

ELSIE
Agnes has the ambulance. In
Chorleywood. No transportation.

MABEL
Hmm.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

The ambulance rests idle in the road. Agnes is inspecting
the side of the road. Julie stands nearby. Agnes looks up
one way and then the other. Julie does the same.

AGNES
This is it.

JULIE
What? How can you tell?

AGNES
I've driven this road a hundred times.
At least.

JULIE
But it was raining.

AGNES
No matter. This was it. I'm telling ya. This is where we spun out last night.

JULIE
Okay. I'll find her around here then.

AGNES
You sure you want to do this? I may not get assigned to take another load to Chorleywood today.

JULIE
Yeah, I remember how to get back to the convalescent home.

AGNES
You sure?

JULIE
Yes. I need to find her.

AGNES
Alright, friend. See ya later then. Good luck!

JULIE
See ya later.

Agnes gets into the ambulance and drives away. Julie adjusts her tote over her shoulder. She pats where Cyd usually is. She looks down and sighs. She opens the bag and takes out a handful of fliers with Cyd on them.

INSERT FLIER: WANTED! LOST CAT! IF SEEN PLEASE CONTACT CHORLEYWOOD CONVALESCENT HOME!

Julie takes some tacks out of her bag, picks up a rock from the side of the road and tacks a flier on a fence post.

JULIE (CONT'D)
CYD! CYDDIE KITTY! COME HERE, SWEET GIRL!

She tacks another poster on a tree a few yards down.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - MORNING

Mabel, golf club across her lap, with goggles on is expertly steering a motorcycle with a sidecar down the streets of London. Elsie hangs on for dear life in the side car.

ELSIE

Where did you learn to drive a motorcycle?

MABEL

After the last World War, I learned to drive everything! Automobiles, motorcycles, lorries, everything! My brother bought me this one for my last birthday!

ELSIE

That's brilliant!

The war torn streets of London become a blur as they speed out of London.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

Julie pierces the last flier she has on a branch that is leaning over the road. She looks down the road and back.

JULIE

Where are you, Cyd?

She sees a rockwall a few yards from the road. She climbs up on it and with all her might SCREAMS!

JULIE (CONT'D)

CYD! CYD! CYDDIE KITTY! I'M HERE,
CYD! CYYYYYYYYD!!

EXT. MORNING SKY - CONTINUOUS

Owleanor watches over Cyd and Phoebe as they trapse through a lush, green field. She sees some sheep over in the next field.

OWLEANOR

Best to avoid them. Dog will be nearby.

She begins to descend. Then she hears it. What was that? It's so faint.

JULIE (O.S.)

Cyd! Cyyyyyyyyd! CYDDIE!

Why, it sounds like someone calling for Cyd! She descends quickly down to Cyd and Phoebe.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Cyd follows in Phoebe's muddy footprints through the wet field. Cyd flicks mud off her paw.

CYD
Is it ever dry out here, Phoebe?

PHOEBE
Not really.

Owleanor circles closely overhead.

OWLEANOR
CYD!

Finally getting used to Owleanor's arrivals, Cyd barely flinches.

CYD
Yes?

OWLEANOR
I believe I heard it!

CYD
What?

OWLEANOR
A Julie!

CYD
What?!

OWLEANOR
From over there! I swear I hear it!

CYD
You promise? You really promise?!

Owleanor nods.

CYD (CONT'D)
Show me where!

Owleanor flies off. Cyd and Phoebe run after her.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Julie treks along the road near a grove of trees.

JULIE
CYD! SWEET GIRL! CYDDIE!

Then she hears something. Is that? Could it be? She hears a MEOW! Is that Cyd? She climbs over a fence, runs into the grove of trees.

JULIE (CONT'D)

CYD! CYD! IT'S ME! CYD!

EXT. GROVE - CONTINUOUS

Cyd can hear Julie! Cyd sprints at full speed through the grove, leaping over mossy, wet logs, zigzagging around trees like a country cat. Phoebe tries to keep up.

CYD

JULIE! JULIE! IT'S ME! I'M HERE!
DON'T LEAVE!

PHOEBE

Are you sure it's her?

CYD

Absolutely! JULIE!

Then Julie appears from behind a tree. And they see each other. Muddy and wet, Cyd leaps into Julie's arms.

JULIE

CYD! Oh my goodness! How did you get out here?

CYD

I can't believe it's you! I can't believe you came back for me! I missed you so much!

Cyd rubs her face into Julie's and purrs loudly.

JULIE

Are you hurt? Are you okay? I just can't imagine how you got out here? Did someone take you?

CYD

I was trying to get you help and somehow got taken out here on an ambulance!

JULIE

Well, however you got out here, I'm glad you are safe now!

CYD

I wouldn't be if not for my friends, Phoebe and Owleanor. You have to meet them!

JULIE

Sweet girl, so brave. You have the
courage of lions, Cyd. I knew it.

Cyd squirrels out of Julie's arms and trots over to a large
rock where Phoebe and Owleanor sit at attention.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Uhh, Cyd, you should come here.
Come over here. Those are wild
animals! They're dangerous.

To Julie's horror, Cyd curls up with both Phoebe and then
Owleanor, rubbing her body and tail around them both.

CYD

They're not dangerous. They're my
friends! Owleanor is super smart
and Phoebe is, well, Phoebe.

PHOEBE

Nice, Fluff.
(to Julie)
Pleasure to meet you, Julie. Cyd's
told us a lot about you. That's *my*
best friend, Owleanor.

Julie's POV: Phoebe is making high pitched noises. Julie
watches Cyd being so affectionate with these two animals.

JULIE

Oh, well, it seems you made friends.

CYD

That's what I'm trying to tell you.
I don't know what I would've done
without them.

Julie kneels down in the grass.

JULIE

(to Owleanor)
Hello. How are you? You're very
beautiful.

OWLEANOR

Oh, I like her. I like her very
much.

JULIE POV: Owleanor makes chirpy sounds. Julie notices the
bandages around Phoebe's leg.

JULIE

Oh, sweetie, have you been hurt? Is
that blood?

PHOEBE

Yes, an awful, stinky farmer shot me!

JULIE

You have a good wrap there.

PHOEBE

Cyd did it.

JULIE

Looks like you've had a good nurse.

CYD

Aww, thanks.

JULIE

Your friends are very sweet, Cyd.

(to Phoebe and Owleanor)

I want to thank you both for looking out for my darling, Cyd. You all must've had the courage of lions.

Cyd, Phoebe and Owleanor all puff up with pride.

OWLEANOR

Ohh, well, I don't know about a lion, but--

PHOEBE

Oh, I think lions. Yes, definitely. Courage of lions.

Across the grove, a shotgun barrel lowers to aim on the trio.

FARMER

Scourge.

His finger begins to pull the trigger and just as the bullets release from the barrel with a BANG, the barrel flies up and hits the Farmer square in the face with a CRACK.

Julie hears the gunshot and dives for the three animals. She scoops them into her arms and covers them protectively.

JULIE

What was that?!

Julie looks beyond the grove to see the Mabel towering over the farmer. Mabel stands over the farmer who is laid out flat on the ground. She holds her driver up in the air, ready to pummel him if needed.

MABEL

Who goes about shooting innocent animals? What a brute you are! And you'll be treated as such if you so much as move.

The Farmer cowers. Back across the grove, Julie gets up from on top of Cyd, Phoebe and Owleanor.

JULIE

Are you sweeties okay?

CYD

Yes, I think so.

OWLEANOR

Yes.

PHOEBE

My leg really hurts.

Elsie approaches from the other side of the grove.

ELSIE

Are you alright?

JULIE

Yeah, yeah. Who was that man shooting at us?

ELSIE

Don't know but he won't be getting up with Mabel there. You found Cyd! How are you Cyd?

Cyd runs up to Elsie and jumps in her arms for a hug.

JULIE

Elsie?

ELSIE

Yeah?

JULIE

I think I have a special patient for you.

Elsie sees Phoebe laying there with the bloodied bandages.

ELSIE

Oh, darling. Have you been hurt? Will you let me have a look?

Phoebe shrinks back.

PHOEBE

I don't know.

Owleanor stands in front of Phoebe ready to screech her lungs out.

CYD

It's okay! She's a friend too. She won't hurt Phoebe. I promise.

Owleanor stands down.

OWLEANOR

If you say so, Cyd.

PHOEBE

Alright, Fluff.

Phoebe lays her head down and lets Elsie look at her leg. Owleanor observes closely.

ELSIE

(to Owleanor)

Is this your friend then?

OWLEANOR

Yes, my best friend, be careful with her.

ELSIE

I'll be careful. Promise.

Julie waves at Mabel across the grove. She lifts up Cyd to show Mabel. Mabel swings the driver around in celebration.

INT. CHORLEYWOOD CONVALESCENT HOME FRONT LAWN - AFTERNOON

Patients mill about the front garden area. Some with crutches, others being pushed in wheelchairs, some sit at tables and play cards. Julie exits the convalescent home. She approaches a group playing cards. Gil sits with them.

JULIE

Who's winning?

GIL

Not me. That's for certain. Heading home?

JULIE

Yes.

GIL

Little different than London, eh?

JULIE

A little.

GIL

How's our girl, Cyd? Not much for nursing anymore?

JULIE

She never was one for blood.

GIL

I remember.

JULIE

Have a good rest of your day. See you tomorrow.

GIL

And you, Nurse.

The other patients bid goodbyes.

PATIENT 1

See you, Nurse.

PATIENT 2

Good evening then, Nurse.

Julie strolls down the driveway.

EXT. COTTAGE GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Julie opens the gate to a small, walled cottage garden. She carries some grocery bags. There is Cyd and Phoebe asleep in the flowers and plants. Owleanor is on a small perch near a beautiful double hutch that reads, "Owl and Fox Box".

JULIE

Hello, sleepyheads. Very busy?

Cyd stretches out. Phoebe snores. Her leg is healed. Owleanor fluffs up and back down again.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Don't trouble yourselves.

Julie walks into the cottage.

EXT. COTTAGE GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Julie comes out carrying a tray with several plates and a cup of tea. She sets them down on a small table.

JULIE

Who wants afternoon tea? I stopped
by the butcher.

That seems to wake everyone out of their slumber. Julie places a dish in front of each animal: fish for Cyd, venison for Phoebe and Owleanor. Julies settles into a chair by the table and grabs her cup of tea.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Cheers, darlings.

All three enjoy their afternoon snack. A KNOCK comes on the gate. Julie opens the gate to a smiling Mabel and her trusty driver.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Mabel! I didn't know you were coming
today!

MABEL

Neither did I! But Agnes and Elsie
needed an extra hand for a transport
and I thought why not check in on my
friend?

JULIE

I'm so glad you did! Come in!

Julie opens the gate and Mabel ambles in.

CYD

Hi, Mabel! I missed you!

JULIE

Sit. Sit. We were just having
afternoon tea.

MABEL

Oh, were you then? I'd love a cuppa.

JULIE

Well, sit right down and let me get
you one!

Mabel sits down. Julie walks into the cottage. Cyd jumps up in to Mabel's lap for a snuggle. Phoebe begins to play with a butterfly flitting in the garden. Owleanor flaps her wings adjusting herself on the perch.

MABEL

(to Owleanor)

Aren't you pretty in the sunshine?

OWLEANOR
Yes, I am. Thank you.

MABEL
(to Phoebe)
Be nice to that butterfly, little
foxy.

PHOEBE
I will.

CYD
I missed you, Mabel.

Cyd purrs loudly in Mabel's lap.

MABEL
Aren't you the sweetest moppet.
London isn't the same without you.
But you have nice new friends to
spend your days with, don't you?

Julie comes back out with another tea cup and a fresh pot of
tea. She pours a cup for Mabel.

MABEL (CONT'D)
Have you seen that old farmer around
here again?

JULIE
I have not.

MABEL
Good. If you do, you tell him that
he messes with my friends, he's gonna
get the business end of my driver
again.

JULIE
I sure will, Mabel.

And five friends spend a peaceful afternoon together in a
beautiful garden.

THE END