

LOSING HARRY

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. WELLS HOUSE - BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

The room is all boy - decorated with sports wallpaper, a blue color theme, cars and trucks neatly put away on shelves.

A hamster cage occupies the desk, next to the room's only window. Inside the barred habitat is HARRY HAMSTER, a typical fullgrown golden hamster. He runs at a swift pace inside his wheel.

HARRY

Yeehaw!

He comes to a sudden stop. The wheel's momentum spins him around and around several times before it fizzles. Harry laughs.

HARRY

It doesn't get any better than this.

Harry hops out of the wheel. From his water bottle, he takes several refreshing drinks.

BILLY WELLS, a cute seven-year-old boy in a baseball cap, enters the room with a full bowl of hamster food. He places the cup inside Harry's cage.

NOTE: Humans don't hear the animals speak.

BILLY

Here you go, Harry. Dinnertime.

Harry eyes the delicious meal before him. In the blink of an eye, he arrives at the bowl and stuffs food into his cheeks. They balloon out to disproportionate size compared to his body.

HARRY

This is the life. Everything I could ever want is right here with me in my own little paradise.

BILLY

How would you like to go outside for some air, boy?

Harry springs up onto hind legs.

HARRY

Outside? Really? Oh boy, oh boy.  
I love it out there.

Billy closes the cage door. He carries the enclosure out of the room.

EXT. WELLS HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Nestled in the upper region of a mountain. A gorgeous view of the valley below lies before it. No other houses within sight.

Billy leaves through the back door, placing Harry's cage on top of the picnic table. He removes Harry, holds him in his hands.

BILLY

There won't be too many nice days left with fall coming. I need to bring you out more often.

HARRY

Everyday would be nice.

SARAH (O.S.)

Billy! Come here, please.

BILLY

I can't, Mom. I have Harry outside.

SARAH (O.S.)

Grandma is on the phone and she wants to say hello. It'll just take a moment.

Billy sighs as he looks at the small rodent in his hands.

BILLY

Sorry, Harry but grandmas don't take no for an answer.

He puts Harry inside his cage and secures the entrance.

BILLY

I'll hurry back.

He runs to the back door and disappears inside.

Harry clings to the bars as he watches his owner leave him. His sad eyes are heartbreaking.

HARRY

Don't go. I've never been alone out here before.

Harry drops down to four feet and hurries off to an empty corner. He digs a hole within the mound of cedar chips, disappearing inside.

From the wilderness that lies behind the house, a red fox appears. This is FRANK FOX. He stops just inside Billy's yard and sniffs at the air.

FOX

What's that I smell? Perhaps a field mouse? Not my favorite delicacy, but it will do.

The fox sniffs out a trail in the air that leads him to the picnic table. There, he spots the lone cage. A SCRATCHING comes from inside as Harry attempts to bury himself further in cedar.

Harry cautiously pokes his head through the top of his mound.

The fox's face presses against the bars. The fierce predator drools over the scrumptious sight before him. A scary sight.

Harry wastes no time ducking back into his hole.

HARRY (O.S.)

Oh, no. The ugliest cat I've ever seen.

FOX

I'm not a cat, little one but to you, I may as well be.

He uses a front paw in a poor attempt to open the door.

FOX

Humans think they're so smart with stupid inventions like doors.

The cage moves with the fox's attempts. Harry, his eyes wide, is uncovered by the movements.

HARRY

I knew something bad would happen when Billy left me. This is just a dream. Wake up, Harry. Wake up!

The fox stiffens.

FOX

This calls for real smarts on my part.

He pounces on the cage and knocks it off to the ground with a CLANG.

It lands on its top with cedar chips scattering everywhere. Harry lies on the bars inside, terribly shaken, his hiding place gone.

A hand goes to Harry's aching head.

HARRY

Ow.

Using his head, the fox suddenly rams the cage, which tumbles several times. It comes to a stop upright. No sign of Harry.

The upside-down food dish rises upward to reveal Harry underneath.

The fox jumps into sight.

Harry gasps, just before he allows the bowl to drop down over him for cover.

FOX

I'm afraid that's not going to save you. Foxes are cunning predators.

He knocks the cage about until the top finally separates from the bottom.

Harry lies in the back of his wheel, which rests open side up as the cage's top is on its side.

Grinning, the fox moves in on his catch.

FOX

I have you now.

Harry recovers. A fox paw reaches out to him. He attempts to run from it. His movements spin the wheel, but Harry remains in one place.

FOX

Run all you want. You'll be too tired to struggle on your way to my belly.

Harry stops. The wheel's momentum continues and spins Harry for several moments. When it ceases on its own, Harry's head wobbles. Tiny stars dance around it.

HARRY

I think I'm gonna be sick.

FOX

Then I must hurry.

His paw moves in on its prey.

Harry leaps from his wheel and scurries outside into the grass, which nearly consumes him.

HARRY

Billy! Where are you?

FOX

No one can save you now.

He pounces.

Harry darts out of the way just in the nick of time, runs for the nearby woods. He breathes heavy as small hamster legs attempt to move faster than they're capable.

The fox pursues. He leaps--

Harry disappears underneath a thorn bush.

The fox lands on top, brought to an unexpected halt. He zooms straight into the air with many thorns pricking his underside.

FOX

Yow!

WOODS

Harry scampers deeper inside. He stops to listen.

FOX (O.S.)

That's gonna leave a mark.

FOOTSTEPS grow close.

Harry hides behind a tree. He peers around it.

As he passes by, the fox reaches to his belly with strong teeth and plucks thorns. Each time he removes one, he utters "Ouch!"