

SAMPLE FROM SOUTH FOR THE WINTER

INT. FEATHERBY HOUSE, ALLISON'S ROOM - DAY

A lightly cluttered bedroom is adorned with toys, trinkets, and posters. One poster is of a sheep playing a cello, with "Yo-Yo Baa" over the top. Another poster has six handsome, commercialized snakes on it, with "BTSSSSSS" on it.

Random clothes litter the floor. There's a gaming controller a lacrosse stick, scrunchies, some dolls, sheet music, pink headphones with cat ears, as well as a some brown feathers.

WOOSH! A pillow flies out from the closet. A suitcase. A series of pins and beads and necklaces. A rubber duck.

ALLISON (O.S.)  
Where... is... ACK!

ALLISON FEATHERBY, 10, TUMBLES out the closet, covered in cheap jewelry and scarves. Her eyes POP open in the mess.

ALLISON (CONT'D)  
Where's Robin!?

Right outside her window, a silhouette of birds fly by.

INT. FEATHERBY HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Allison is a spry young duck - pear-shaped but nimble, made clear by how she maneuvers through packed boxes and luggage.

She moves deftly: she dives into one pile and pops out another. She "warp pipes" into one box and TUMBLES out another, Sonic-the-Hedgehog style. She slithers into a pile, Olympic dives into another, tweens herself between another --

DARIUS (O.S.)  
Whoa, watch out, coming through --

DARUIS FEATHERBY, 42, clomps by, a tall, thick duck with a pronounced waddle, working through the boxes, carrying armfuls of bread, cheeses, condiments, meats and veggies.

DARIUS (CONT'D)  
-- gotta get these saaaand --

He steps over Allison as she smoothly glides under his legs, as if this is all too common.

DARIUS (CONT'D)  
 -- whishes done so we can hit the  
 road. Allison, you ready to go?

ALLISON  
 Almost, Dad, just gotta find Robin.

DARIUS  
 Well, we gotta go before --  
 He over-mutters to himself as he walks into the kitchen.

DARIUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 -- Problem Bridge becomes a  
 problem! You know, that thing's  
 always gotta be a problem...

TANYA (O.S.)  
 -- oh, I assure you, Miss Heron --

TANYA FETHERBY, 42, also tall but on the thinner side,  
 rocking glasses, her hair/feathers out like an afro, chats on  
 the phone while inspecting the boxes, clipboard in hand.

TANYA (CONT'D)  
 -- she'll definitely be keeping up  
 with her lessons over the winter --

Allison cutely crawls over her mom like a spider to get pass  
 her. Tanya doesn't react - again, all too common. She cover  
 the phone to address her daughter, smirking.

TANYA (CONT'D)  
 Talking with your music teacher  
 about a getting you a scholarship  
 next year! Laying on the *schmooze*.

ALLISON  
*Sick*. Also, have you seen Robin?

TANYA  
 I *think* I heard your brother --

ALLISON  
 Of course! That little weirdo!

Allison turns, so gung-ho at the thought of her brother's  
 involvement that she knocks into a pile of boxes! It sways --

TANYA  
 (on phone) Gotta-go-bye!

She hangs up and *instantly*, cartoonishly, catches every  
 falling box before it hits the floor. Allison grimaces.

ALLISON  
 Sorry, Mom! Sorry, Mom! Sorry, Mom!

She float-flitters about and grabs the boxes, putting them back where they were. She's clearly struggling.

TANYA  
 You gotta watch out, Baby! Gonna break something precious.

ALLISON  
 I know, sorry, I'm nerv-- *Ow!*

Allison lands, holding her left wing - but recovers quickly.

TANYA  
 Hey, you okay?

ALLISON  
 I'm good! Getting Robin!

She darts down the hallway towards a specific door --

INT. FEATHERBY HOUSE, LUCAS ROOM - DAY

BAM! Allison kicks down that door!

ALLISON  
 Alright, Lucas, where's Robin?

She comes to an extremely strange room for a young boy. There's a computer with a video streaming-rig, but also Rubik's Cube. There's a skateboard in the corner, and hula hoops, and a HDTV, and a VCR, and disco ball on the ceiling.

An antique Victrola plays the violin music, but huge speakers blast dogs barking in rhythm, creating a nonsense mix.

LUCAS FEATHERBY, 12, BURSTS out *his* closet, wearing sunglasses and a dapper vest with a pocket watch, holding a smartphone, broadcasting to his presumable followers.

LUCAS  
 Ahoy-ahoy to my followers! If you dig this Bee-thoven sonata/ "Who Let the Dogs In" mash-up, you best *mash* that like and subscriiiiiibe!

ALLISON  
 Yo, bird brain!

Lucas peeks over his glasses. He turns off his phone. Then the speakers. Then the Victrola.

LUCAS

*What it is, Sis? I'm bringing that back, by the way. What it iiiiiis.*

ALLISON

Ugh. I thought I heard Robin in here, but this is much worse.

LUCAS

Ally, Ally, Ally - you will never understand what's based these days.

ALLISON

Based?

As Lucas says each synonym, a visual, cartoony graphic of the year of the word's popularity appears.

LUCAS

You know, based! Lit! Amazeballs! Sweet! Da bomb! Tubular! Dig it! Groovy! Nifty! A gas! Swell! Cat's meow! ... bawcock.

Per each word/phrase, respectively, the following years pop up: **2020, 2016, 2009, 2002, 1996, 1982, 1974, 1961, 1952, 1940, 1933, 1920, 1600.**

Allison rolls her eyes and physically waves the numbers away.

ALLISON

Once I find Robin, I'll be ready to go. You need to get ready, too.

LUCAS

-- I'm all ready, daddy-O! Just finishing up this vlog --

He holds his phone up to his face as she starts to leave --

LUCAS (CONT'D)

-- but my fans know 'cause of this trip I can't be too *garrulous!*

-- and she slams the door shut. **7th Century.**