

Maudy, the Flying Squirrel

by
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EXT. MAUDY NUTLER'S HOUSE - DAY

MAURICE (MAUDY) NUTLER, 34, a timid, grey, flying squirrel, arrives home and finds the roof broken in and the backyard life-springs disconnected from the house.

INT. MAUDY'S HOUSE, BACK ROOM - DAY

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPAPA, a black squirrel, early 100s, lies on the floor and gasps for air.

MAUDY

Great-Great-GrandPapa are you alright? Oh my god!

Maudy lifts Great-Great-GrandPapa and connects a vine to his arm. Great-Great-GrandPapa takes a deep breath and talks in a whisper.

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPAPA

Are the Sacred Springs alright?

MAUDY

Yes, Great-Great-GrandPapa. I can see it from here. It's flowing well.

Great-Great-GrandPapa relaxes and smiles.

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPAPA

Take care of it, Son. Protect it.

RICHARD RACCOON, 34, a money-grubbing loan shark laden with jewels and chewing on a smoking stogie, walks in. He looks around.

RICHARD

Aww, Maudy, this is a shame. What can I do to help?

Richard sits on a stump with his head in his hands.

MAUDY

Nothing that five thousand dollars won't fix. But who has that laying around?

RICHARD

It's a funny thing you said that, Maudy. I just happen to have the papers all drawn up.

MAUDY

Oh no, Richard, I couldn't. But thank you, anyway.

RICHARD

It's no bother at all. It's my pleasure.
Just sign the papers.

MAUDY

Ya see, I don't have the money to pay for
this. I can't pay you back.

RICHARD

Don't worry about it. Your family's been
on this land a long time. I'm sure you
have enough equity to cover this loan.

MAUDY

No, but... You see...

RICHARD

SIGN THE PAPERS, NUTLER! I mean..., it's
the least I could do.

MAUDY

Oh, Sweetie's not going to like this.
Well, I do need the help.

Maudy signs the papers. Richard snatches them and leans
close to Maudy's face.

RICHARD

You're doing the right thing. Your
grandfather won't last a week unless you
fix that connection to the Springs out
back.

MAUDY

You mean my great-great-grandpa--.

RICHARD

Don't correct me, Nutler!

Maudy raises both paws and backs away. Richard smiles
broadly, puts his arms around Maudy's shoulders and
clears his throat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

What I meant to say is..., your great-
great-grandfather is a legend around
here. How can I not know him?

MAUDY

You know about the Sacred Springs? How?

RICHARD

I'm a businessman. It's my business to know. A raccoon could make good use of those Springs. I'm just saying...

Richard snickers and leaves the house. Maudy opens a can of green hornet energy drink and takes a long swig. He scampers around in circles.

MAUDY

Fiddlesticks! Fiddlesticks! Fiddlesticks!

INT. MAUDY NUTLER'S HOUSE, MAUDY'S ART ROOM - DAY

Maudy watches his paintings twirl around the room. Used bluebird tail feathers wet with assorted colored paint, lay at his feet.

SWEETIE NUTLER, 30, a red squirrel with white chest fur, a red bushy tail and Baby Boop eyes, marches in with an envelope in her paws. Butterflies encircle her movements.

SWEETIE

I got this letter today.

She waves the envelope under his nose.

SWEETIE (CONT'D)

It came special delivery, flew right through the window from the mail-copter.

MAUDY

Special delivery?

Maudy takes the letter and reads it. His tail droops and all of the paintings drop to the floor.

SWEETIE

Maudy, what is it?

Maudy

It's nothing, Sweetie. Don't you worry your sweet, little head about it.

He shoves the letter into his paint smock.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

You know what? I could've been one of those mail-copter flyers. I think I might've been pretty good at it.

SWEETIE

It says, we owe five thousand dollars to Richard Raccoon by Friday, or our house belongs to him.

Maudy sits on a branch and dabs paint on a picture. They all fly up and swirl around him.

MAUDY

Look at these pictures. Five new ones today. They're good, don't you think?

Sweetie stands with her paws on her hips. She gazes at Maudy with intensity.

Maudy stops painting and takes in Sweetie's look.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

I have it under control.

SWEETIE

You do not have it under control. You have to get our house back. Maudy, how could you let this happen?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Maudy follows Sweetie into the kitchen. She cracks a pile of walnuts with her teeth.

MAUDY

Well, what was I supposed to do? I don't make googly goop at the job. I couldn't fix this house without more cash.

Sweetie turns away. Her tail droops. She sits on a table stump and whimpers.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

Sweetie, don't. We can get another house. This house is falling apart anyway. Maybe, it's time.

SWEETIE

What are you saying? What about Great-Great-GrandPapa? He'll die without the Sacred Springs.

Sweetie turns to the pantry. She soothes her fur down. A swarm of butterflies fan her. She turns back around.

MAUDY

Ummm--

SWEETIE

Oh my god! Did you tell him about the Sacred Springs? Did you? We need them to keep us well too.

MAUDY

I didn't tell him. He already knew, for peanut butter sakes.

Maudy whacks the feather brush against the side of the window. Birds scurry away.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

Fiddle sticks, Sweetie. How did I know he was going to swindle me.

SWEETIE

Because he's Raccoon. It's what he does. You gotta get it back.

Maudy paces and wrings his paws.

MAUDY

I can't do that. Who knows what he'll do. He has a lot of power, that one.

SWEETIE

Can't you talk to Judge Macadamia? What Richard Raccoon is doing can't be right.

MAUDY

It's not that easy, Sweetie.

Sweetie takes off her apron and hangs it up. She sits on the corner stump and takes a deep breath.

SWEETIE

I can't believe you're not going to do anything. I'm so upset.

MAUDY

Sweetie, come on now.

Sweetie leaves the room and slams the door. The room shimmies. A few leaves fall from the outside branches.

Maudy slouches down into his chair. A small grey cloud hovers over him. It rains.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

Oh Fiddlesticks, Sweetie, why do you have to get so nuttied up.

INT. MAUDY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Three bluebirds fly around Maudy's head. One has a brochure in its beak. Maudy reads it.

MAUDY

Copter race. Winning prize, five thousand dollars. Golly goop, that's just what I need to keep the Sacred Springs.

The birds CLAP their wings, fly around and tweet.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

But I don't think I can do this. I haven't flown anything, not even myself, in years.

The birds turn their backs on Maudy. They fold their wings and pout.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

Aw, come on guys, not you too.

The birds fly and sit on a picture of Sweetie and Great-Great-GrandPapa smiling and sitting under the great pecan tree next to the Sacred Springs.

MAUDY NUTLER,

You're right. I don't think I've seen Sweetie so disappointed. I have no choice. I'll do it!

The birds sit on Maudy's shoulders and TWEET a happy tune.

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPAPA

(O.S.)

Give'em heck, Son.

EXT. FLIGHT FIELD -DAY

Many colorful helicopters line up. Maudy picks the White Angel. He gets in.

A tall, lanky giraffe, wearing a blue uniform with the name DAVE embroidered on its pocket, mid 20s, comes out and joins him.

MAUDY NUTLER,

It's been a while since I've flown one of these helicopters.

SERVICE MAN DAVE

It'll come back to ya. It'll be like swooping down for acorns.

MAUDY

I haven't done that in a while either, but I hope you're right.

Maudy turns around and sees Sweetie and two of their children waving from the stands. He waves back.

Raccoon, surrounded by several girl raccoons, drives up in a Mercedes.

RICHARD

Hey girls, look who's competing, Maudy Nutler, the flying squirrel who doesn't fly? Hey, Maudy.

Everybody LAUGHS. Richard and his crew drives away. He calls out behind him.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You don't have a chance.

Maudy gets into White Angel, puts his hand on the throttle and jams down on the gas pedal. The helicopter starts to spin out of control.

MAUDY

Whoa, Whoa, Whoa!

The White Angel crashes into a dirt mound marked Rookies.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

Peanut Butter and Jelly! I'm alright, I'm ok. Ok.

Maudy starts the engine again. The helicopter moves slowly and Maudy pulls it to the line up. He gets out of the helicopter and runs towards Sweetie in the stands.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

Sweetie, what are you doing here?

SWEETIE

I should be mad at you. Why didn't you tell me you were entering the race? I had to read it in the Branch Tribune.

MAUDY

Well, you said I should do something. And I wanted to surprise you.

Maudy leans up and gives her a kiss on the cheek.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

I wanted to come home with the money in my hand and lay it right on the table stump so you could see it.

Maudy looks down and kicks a little dirt.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

...and just in case I didn't win...

SWEETIE

You're gonna win Maudy. You're gonna keep our house for Great-Great-Grand Papa... and for us.

She bats her eyes and kisses him on the nose.

SWEETIE (CONT'D)

I have faith in you and I love you for doing this.

The whistle blows for the line-up. Maudy runs into his helicopter, revs it up a bit and gives a final look at Sweetie. She gives a fluffy tails-up shake.

MAUDY

(to the helicopter)

Let's get our house back.

The helicopter blinks its headlights. Maudy pulls off. The engine hisses, spits and fizzes out.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

Hey, what's happening?

Maudy pulls the throttle again, but the same thing happens. He gets out of the helicopter and looks at it. The service man runs out and checks it out.

SERVICE MAN DAVE

Looks like your propellers are stuck.

MAUDY

Stuck? How? It wasn't stuck before. How?

SERVICE MAN DAVE

I don't know. Just maybe you gotta a bum copter. Yep, that's what it could be.

MAUDY

What? A bum copter? Don't you guys check these before the race?

SERVICE MAN DAVE

Yeah, but sometimes one slips by.
Sometimes it happens.

MAUDY

Fiddlesticks!

Maudy tries to fix the propellers. Richard passes by in his helicopter.

RICHARD

What's the matter, you got a stuck propeller? Take it as a sign Nutler, get outta the race!

Richard starts to drive off, then stops.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry about the house. I only needed one more house to take over the providence. Yours just happened to be it.

MAUDY

You! You almost banished my Great-Great-GrandPapa forever. You're not gonna get away with this.

RICHARD

What'd ya gonna do? Win the race?

Richard LAUGHS and speeds off. A heap of smoke and dirt covers Maudy. The service man comes with tools and fixes the propeller. He brushes Maudy off with a small brush.

SERVICE MAN DAVE

There, this should hold it. I don't know what good it'll do you now. They got a good jump on you.

MAUDY

It will have to do.

The service man walks away. Maudy take a bottle of green hornet out of his back pocket, and he takes a long swig of it.

Maudy does two backwards flips, jumps in the helicopter and takes off.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

I'm getting my house back!

Maudy is a lap behind the rest. He pushes his throttle and give it a good pump. The engine smokes and spits.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

C'mon, White Angel, I know you got it in you. Let's do this.

White Angel sputters and zooms forward. Maudy pushes hard and steady on the throttle until he catches up to the other helicopters circling the last lap.

He looks over and sees Richard next to him.

RICHARD

Hey! It's not gonna be that easy, Nutler!

Richard makes a sharp right turn and clips the back propellor of Maudy's helicopter. Maudy's helicopter takes a deep dip, and spins into a nose dive.

MAUDY

Fiddle, Fiddle, Fiddlesticks, Peanut Butter, Walnut Jam! I've got to do something. Now!

Maudy grabs his red hornet just as it slips out of the seat. He takes a swig and looks at the gas tank. He takes another swig and climbs out of the helicopter.

EXT. IN THE BLEACHERS - DAY

SERVICEMAN DAVE

Hey! What's he doing up there?

SWEETIE

Oh, I can't look.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Maudy holds on to the back of the seat. He lets the wind fill his natural wings like a parachute to control his dissent.

He scoots down to the gas tank and pours the last bit of Green Hornet into the tank. The White Angel sputters, coughs and jerks.

MAUDY

Come on, girl. They're all watching.

White Angel starts to even out and like a rocket, go upward. She moves so fast, Maudy uses his tail and all four of his paws to control the throttle.

White Angel careens into a grove of trees. Everything is silent.

EXT. IN THE BLEECHERS - DAY

The audience waits. Sweetie and the children hug each other. Dave looks up and mutters to himself.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Richard leads the race towards the finish line. He looks at the grove of trees and LAUGHS.

The trees in the grove rustle. Maudy's helicopter pierces through the trees and out into the raceway.

White Angel's propellers shaves off the leaves from the trees and feathers of birds as it pasts by. The birds shiver and try to cover their nakedness.

Maudy catches up with Richard and the other flyers. Richard throws a net to trip Maudy, but Maudy catches the net and throws it back onto Richards propellers.

Richard's propellers gets tangled and spins down into a dirt pile. Maudy pulls the throttle and White Angel speeds ahead, breaks the finish line and wins the race.

EXT. FLYING FIELD, WINNER'S BOOTH - DAY

Maudy receives his prize and walks over to see Richard in handcuffs, standing with the police.

MAUDY
(to Richard)
Here's the five thousand dollars I owe you, Richard. But since you admitted to vandalizing my house...

Maudy rips up the mortgage agreement and sprinkles the pieces of paper over Richard's head.

MAUDY (CONT'D)
...this mortgage agreement is not good either, and the money is mine!

INT. MAUDY'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - DAY

Maudy, Sweetie and Great-Great-GrandPapa sit on the sofa and watch a video of the race.

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPAPA

I love this part, where Maudy speeds past
Richard and nearly blows his socks off.

They all LAUGH.

SWEETIE

My favorite part is when they put Richard
in handcuffs.

They eat pecans. Blue birds and butterflies circle them.

MAUDY

Oh, I don't know Sweetie, I think this is
my favorite part.

Maudy looks out of the window.

MAUDY (CONT'D)

Now, make sure you get all the weeds from
around the Springs, Richard Raccoon.
Those weeds really grow fast.

Richard Raccoon scowls and adjusts his orange jumpsuit. A
police officer prods him with his nightstick. Richard
kneels and pulls weeds.

SWEETIE

I'm so proud of you, Maudy.