

Douglas Deer and Wilder Wolf: Time and Space

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INT. PREHISTORIC CAVE

DOUGLAS DEER, a small, anthropomorphic deer, sits across from WILDER WOLF, a larger, boding saber-tooth wolf, in a dark, cold cave. They are both sitting on ROCKS and wearing CAVEMAN OUTFITS.

A snowy storm rages outside the cave walls. Douglas and Wilder both shiver from the cold, hugging their own bodies and exhaling small CLOUDS of air.

When Wilder exhales a small puff that floats over to Douglas, he shapes it into the form of a SCARF, then "wears" it.

Douglas loudly <sneezes>, first blowing away Douglas's scarf, then blowing him off his rock entirely.

DOUGLAS DEER
I've had it!

Douglas stands back up, and angrily stomps around the cave.

WILDER WOLF
Had what?

DOUGLAS DEER
I've had enough, that's what! We've been stuck here for days, freezing and starving.

There is a realistic close-up of Douglas's deer legs frozen as if they were LEG-SICLES.

WILDER WOLF
I can't even wag my tail anymore.

There is a close up of Wilder's tail in a block of ice that sparkles.

DOUGLAS DEER
If we don't get some warmth and food quick, we're not gonna last much longer.

Wilder gets emotional.

WILDER WOLF
But-

Wilder snuffles through his words, partially from cold and partially from actual sadness.

WILDER WOLF (CONT'D)

But if I'm gone, I can't chase you
around anymore!

Douglas comforts Wilder by aggressively patting his hoof on his back with his entire arm. This further knocks the wind out of Wilder, which leaves him deflated.

Douglas grabs Wilder by the tail, smashes it against the ground like a glass bottle to break the ice, and keeps blowing into the tip of his tail until Wilder inflates again.

DOUGLAS DEER

Oh, there, there. I promise when
this whole thing blows over, we can
get back to our usual shtick,
alright?

WILDER WOLF

B-blows over?

DOUGLAS DEER

That's righ- oh, no.

Without missing a beat, Wilder takes a deep breath in and blows the storm outside away. It concentrates into a SWIRL that disappears off into the distance, behind the horizon.

The swirl tries to rise back up, but a FIERY FIST is seen above the horizon punching it back down. After a couple more attempts, the sun rises, victorious.

Wilder licks his lips, highlighting his long, sharp fangs, and talks directly to the viewer.

WILDER WOLF

It'll be a long time before I
become man's best friend.

Wilder turns his attention back to Douglas, who looks at the camera, as if for help. Nevertheless, he has a quip at the ready.

DOUGLAS DEER

Hopefully you'll be deer's best
friend a lot sooner.

Wilder doesn't answer, but instead growls and roars, blowing Douglas away from him again, giving him a head-start.

DOUGLAS DEER (CONT'D)

Heh, guess in a few minutes I'll be
gone with the wind, but lucky for
me, that movie doesn't exist yet.

Wilder chases Douglas in circles around the cave. At one point, Douglas breaks off part of one of his own antlers to distract Wilder by offering to play fetch. He whistles.

DOUGLAS DEER (CONT'D)

Here, boy! Come and get it!

Wilder is confused at first, then excitedly pants while wagging his tail.

DOUGLAS DEER (CONT'D)

Oh, who's a good boy?

Wilder looks around him, as if to look for the "good boy" in question.

DOUGLAS DEER (CONT'D)

You are, you are! Now, sit!

Wilder sits down, shaking the cave and making a crater in its floor. Douglas drops the piece of antler and runs away.

WILDER WOLF

Hey! Wait a minute!

Wilder pulls out a LARGE TEXTBOOK from his ear.

WILDER WOLF (CONT'D)

Just as I suspected. This is against the laws of nature!

Wilder starts the chase again, but is confronted by one of the rock-chairs, with Douglas on the other side.

WILDER WOLF (CONT'D)

Uh. You first.

DOUGLAS DEER

No, you.

WILDER WOLF

Really, I insist. I do.

DOUGLAS DEER

That's so kind but you really don't have to.

WILDER WOLF

Well, okay then.

Wilder takes a big step forward, over the rock, then suddenly picks up speed again.

He continues to chase Douglas across the screen, over a repeating background of the cave wall, until it starts to become that of ANCIENT EGYPTIAN WALL MARKINGS.

INT. ANCIENT EGYPT - CONTINUOUS

Wilder and Douglas become HIEROGLYPHICS. Wilder tries to open his mouth to growl, but no words come out.

While Wilder is busy getting frustrated and "cursing" in ancient Egyptian, Douglas hops on a BIRD LETTER and flies up and along the wall.

EXT. ANCIENT GREECE - CONTINUOUS

The letter bird becomes a REAL BIRD flying in a stylized, ancient Greek sky, crushed under the weight of a deer.

They <splat> on the ground, surrounded by WHITE COLUMNS and STATUES OF GODS. Douglas peels himself up, and the bird flies away as the camera pans to a toga-clad Wilder, studying a FEATHER.

Douglas whistles as he walks away, forgetting that Wilder has a keen sense of hearing and uses it to start sneaking up behind Douglas.

The two start to run faster, matching the pace of the history they run through.

EXT. DARK AGES EUROPE - CONTINUOUS

Douglas and Wilder both plug their noses as SEWAGE is dumped on them from the windows above.

EXT. COLONIAL AMERICA - CONTINUOUS

Douglas, dressed as a Native American, and Wilder, a colonizer, discover the true story of Thanksgiving as SPEARS and BULLETS fly over their heads.

EXT. WORLD WAR II TRENCHES - CONTINUOUS

Douglas and Wilder run through the trenches, each wearing MILITARY UNIFORMS and carrying FLAGS showing pride in their respective species, parodying old propaganda cartoons made in that era.

INT. ANIMATION STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Douglas and Wilder eventually make it to modern day in an office, where they stop to catch their breath.

DOUGLAS DEER
(breathlessly)
Hey- don't you think this is-
getting a little repetitive?

WILDER WOLF
(breathlessly)
Yeah- I'm tired- of running.

Wilder's ear twitches as he hears something.

DOUGLAS DEER
And I'm tired of almost getting
eaten or flattened or whatever
every picture! Whose idea was this
all anyway?

Wilder points up. Douglas looks around. The style of cinematography changes from flat shots to more dynamic ones. A WALK CYCLE lines one wall and a RUN CYCLE on the other.

A stressed-out ARTIST with arms full of PAPERS runs past Douglas and Wilder, not noticing either them or her dropping papers along the way.

The animals look down at the floor to see an incredibly long CARPET running down the hall of the repeating cave background from earlier.

Douglas picks up one of the papers the artist dropped and looks at it. It shows concept art of Douglas and Wilder themselves. They share a look, shocked.

Wilder's ear twitches, and he points to a door.

WILDER WOLF
Hey, over there, I think I hear
something.

Wilder charges on ahead. Douglas shrugs at the camera.

DOUGLAS DEER
It must really be the end of time
if I'm trusting you.

Douglas and Wilder stand on the other side of a door. They overhear boisterous laughter, briefly scaring them out of their skins and ending up with the wrong ones.

They trade again before sharing a nod, before Douglas takes off his hoof to reveal a hand, which he uses to knock on the door.

WRITER

Come in!

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Douglas and Wilder open the door and walk through. There is one human WRITER in the room, sat in front of a desk covered in PAPERS, STICKY NOTES, and SNACK WRAPPERS. The CEILING FAN spins slowly.

WRITER

Please, please, have a seat.

Douglas and Wilder both pick up chairs.

WILDER WOLF

I'll take this one!

Douglas nods.

WRITER

No shenanigans, sillies! You're off the clock.

DOUGLAS DEER

No kidding! We just traveled through all of time in only five minutes!

WRITER

Please, I mean sit down. Douglas Deer, Wilder Wolf.

Douglas and wilder sit down, next to each other.

DOUGLAS DEER

There's something we'd like to say.

WILDER WOLF

Yeah, we have some notes.

WRITER

Wouldn't be the first time, am I right?

The writer gives a fake laugh and rises from their chair to note something on the WHITEBOARD next to a doodle of an ANVIL.

Meanwhile, Douglas and Wilder find and cringe at a drawing of their female counterparts, designs unchanged except for fluffier chests, big eyelashes, and pink bows.

The writer realizes something, and turns back around.

WRITER (CONT'D)

Wait, why are you two sitting next to each other? You're supposed to be mortal enemies. Roadrunner and Coyote, Tweety and that cat, that's just how it goes.

Douglas and Wilder share a determined expression. Wilder pulls a CARROT out of his "pocket" and starts gnawing on it.

DOUGLAS DEER

Whatever you say, doc.

Douglas and Wilder enter a spat, a CLOUD of flying fists that turns into a TORNADO and tears up the writer's room.

WRITER

No, no! My beautiful creations!

The spat stops for a second. Wilder blushes.

WILDER WOLF

You think we're beautiful?

DOUGLAS DEER

C'mon, we have a job to do!

A STAR SHAPE closes in on Douglas and Wilder. Douglas winks, then closes the "curtain" to make the screen totally black.

Text: THE END fades onto the screen.

FADE TO BLACK.