

Characters:

Art, a male Grizzly Bear

Hoagie Mattson, a blue-black male owl

Colt, a red male owl

Mattatha, a male leucistic American

Robin

Act I, Scene II: (Opens to a large oak tree with many branches and luscious golden leaves filling it out, signifying Fall season. There's a large police badge in the center of the tree and just below it there's a silver plated glass revolving door at its base, with various owls and the occasional raven coming in and out of it. "The Woodlands, London." appears in white bold font then disappears, the screen then switches to the interior of a crowded police station full of desks and cubicles, with Owls, Ravens and Robins of various colors and types occupying the large open room. The screen focuses on Art, a large, massively built grizzly bear sitting at a cubicle in the middle of the room. He's wearing a dark blue T-shirt with a bronze police badge printed on its upper left corner, talking on a white corded phone.)

Art: We can't release information on

somebody without a name or distinguishable feature, guy! How many white tigers are there in the world?!

(A high pitched voice babbling incoherently can be heard faintly from the phone. Art lets off a frustrated sigh.)

Art: Alright, alright. I get it! As soon as we get one or the other, I'm sure Chief Mattson will release that information. Will that work?

(The high pitched voice babbles some more. Art slams his large, furry brown paw on the white desktop, causing it to split in half, the phone sliding down the middle as Art catches it with his knee. The slam startles everybody around him with gasps abound while getting a few Owls to poke their heads over the wall of the neighboring cubicles, looking concerned. Art waves them off apologetically with a free paw.)

Art: No, he ISN'T taking calls! He's in the middle of interviewing witnesses!

(Art lets off another frustrated sigh, looking to the concerned Owls apologetically as the screen changes to

Colt, sitting underneath a spotlight in an otherwise pitch black room. He looks scared out of his mind, wide eyed and breathing heavily. The faint creak of an office chair can be heard off screen.)

Hoagie Mattson: *angry, off screen* Let me ask you this again! Where is the President?!

Colt: I -- I told you, I don't know! They said they were going there by pig's back! I swear, dawg!

Hoagie Mattson: *off screen* But where.. are.. they.. GOING? And on a pig's back?! That doesn't even make sense!

Colt: I -- I ... I told you --

(The rest of the room is illuminated with a click of a light switch, showing Colt sitting in a standard looking office with white walls and various degrees in dark wooden frames hanging on the wall behind him. Hoagie Mattson leans in on the right side, getting close to Colt's face. He's scowling in anger as Colt slinks back, looking even more frightened as his eyes dart back and forth from the direction of the doorway and back to the eyes of Hoagie Mattson.)

Colt: I don't KNOW!

Hoagie Mattson: You know what, pal?!

(Colt looks uncertain about answering the question, keeping his mouth shut and continuing to dart his eyes from Hoagie Mattson to the door and back.)

Hoagie Mattson: If you really didn't know, you wouldn't be about as white as my socks!

Colt: You don't wear socks, dawg! None of us do!

(The screen goes down from Hoagie Mattson's lower waist to his yellow, clawed talons that are completely bare. The camera returns to Hoagie Mattson, giving off a casual shrug.)

Hoagie Mattson: Um.. perhaps that's not the best example, but you get my point! Where the hell did they take the President of the United Nations?!

(Just as Colt is about to respond and is on the verge of crying, on top of looking like a pale train-wreck, three knocks are heard on the door as it then creaks open, revealing Art. Hoagie Mattson is shown standing just in front of it to the right, leaning closer into the face of Colt,

growling.)

Art: *excited* Chief Mattson! We just caught a big -- *concerned* what the heck are you doing?

Hoagie Mattson: *keeping glare on Colt* Investigating our make it or break it suspect, that's what!

(Art closes the door behind him and looks to the terrified Colt then back to Hoagie Mattson, with concern.)

Art: Don't you see he's scared to death, Chief?! He clearly didn't have anything to do with it, plus I just got a tip on our kidnapper!

(Hoagie Mattson looks Art in the eye, which is giving off a curious twinkle as a stern expression crosses his face.)

Hoagie Mattson: How big of a "tip"?

(Colt's eyes are darting back and forth between Art and Hoagie Mattson, still seated between both of them.)

Art: Huge, Chief. Huge!

Hoagie Mattson: *casual* Fair enough. Alright, owl.. you're free to leave.

Colt: *relieved* Thank god!

(Colt lets out a relieved sigh as he frantically gets to his feet and makes a run for the door, but gets hit in the face with it, knocking Colt to the floor as the door swings open, with Mattatha revealed behind it, a relatively overweight bird with a huge gut. He has a mixed look on his face, half relieved but also half exhausted.)

Mattatha: Alright guys, change of plans. We're picking up on the President kidnapping case and dropping the mauled camper mystery --

(Art looks to Mattatha, giving him a daring glare. Mattatha looks a bit uncomfortable.)

Mattatha: That Art had nothing to do with.

(Mattatha appears to be intimidated as he and Art continue to look each other in the eye.)

Mattatha: Nothing at all. Not a.. *deep breath* damn thing..

(Art continues to stare down Mattatha as the robin clasps his wingtips together, letting off a deep breath. Hoagie Mattson can be heard clearing his throat as Mattatha turns around and stands in front of the open doorway.)

Mattatha: *deep breath* Okay guys!
Let's have a good day out there! Get back to work, Eye Brows!

(Mattatha waddles out of the room, the door closing behind him and showing a knocked out Colt laying just to the right of it. Hoagie Mattson is now sitting behind his brown wooden desk, decorated with picture frames and covered messily with loose papers, motioning a wing for Art to continue on.)

Hoagie Mattson: So, you were saying?
Art: We've got some identity on the kidnapper and where they may be hiding the President.

(Hoagie Mattson watches inquisitively as Art takes the empty seat that was once occupied by Colt, keeping his eyes sternly locked onto those of Mattson.)

Hoagie Mattson: Well, what and where

are we going on a manhunt for?

Art: A vampire tiger and some village named Hogsback. I've pinpointed its location in Africa.

Hoagie Mattson: Very good.

(Hoagie Mattson turns his face towards the camera with Art looking on, confused.)

Hoagie Mattson: It was clear to Hoagie. Crystal clear.. as clear as a proxy mine stuck on the chest or pelvis area of a KazeSim. It was the equivalency of getting punched in the face, like from the fist of an ever elusive Fist.. Sim. It wasn't the photographer he was after, it was a mad cat with a vengeance for blood. Blood and torture..

Art: What in the heck are you TALKING about?!

Hoagie Mattson: Hey, I can do a self-narrate! Don't hate! Oh man, that rhymed!

Art: *sighing* Are you done, Chief?

Hoagie Mattson: Sure, why not. I have the perfect heroes in mind even, to save President Whatshisname.

Art: Westminster and Abby?

(Hoagie Mattson looks into the camera

again, giving off a wink. Art is looking more frustrated and letting off yet another sigh.)

Hoagie Mattson: *sternly* No! That's what they'd expect us to do.

Art: Who do you have in mind, then?!

Hoagie Mattson: I want.. *drum roll sounds*

(Art looks for where the drum roll sound is coming from, confused and rather agitated. Hoagie Mattson just looks into the camera sternly.)

Hoagie Mattson: Frog and the rat.

Art: *confused* Uhm, you mean Daggett and Squeaks?

Hoagie Mattson: Of course I did!

(Art has a pleasantly surprised smile forming on his face as he nods in agreement.)

Hoagie Mattson: And that white furry thing with a tail that works with them. You know..

Art: Sassy?

Hoagie Mattson: Yeah, that's it! Kitty cat, albino opossum, whatever her name is. Send out our best informant to reach

them, Art. Immediately..

(Hoagie Mattson has a thoughtful expression on his face as Art nods once again.)

Art: Right away, sir.

(Art gets to his feet and heads for the door, narrowly avoiding tripping over the still unconscious Colt.)

Hoagie Mattson: One more thing.. Art?

(Art turns to Hoagie Mattson, standing just in front of the door, watching attentively.)

Art: Yes, Chief?

Hoagie Mattson: Break it to our heroes.. gently. Such devastating news in the Grid can shatter hearts.

Art: You got it, Chief.

(Hoagie Mattson is shown sitting in his office chair and turns towards an open window, the sunshine pouring down through it and over him as he begins to hum just as Art opens the door to leave.)

Hoagie Mattson: *singing* I miss the

rains down in Africa..

(Art turns around one more time,
observing Hoagie Mattson.)

Art: That's part of a song, isn't it..?

Hoagie Mattson: **sarcastic** No, I feel
sympathy pains for their drought
periods.. **sternly** go seek out our
heroes.

(Art gives off a shrug, exiting through the
door and closing it behind him. The
screen fades to black with Hoagie
Mattson staring out the window, leaning
back in his chair behind his desk.)