

FUN GUY

Written by

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EXT. FOREST - DUSK

ECHO, a nervous little girl with a mop of hair and saucer-sized eyes, walks along a rugged forest path. The slightest of limps. She strolls quickly without looking down, one hand rested on a side bag. Only her face betrays her insecurity.

CRACK.

She spins to look.

Nothing there.

Echo continues making her way to wherever she's going.

Mushrooms.

She kneels over the clump of white mushrooms, pulling out a folding pocketknife. A claw-shaped scar on her ankle.

Echo saws at the mushroom base-

CRACK.

Echo cuts herself. She sucks on her finger, looking around.

Just a squirrel.

She picks herself up, leaves the mushrooms behind.

One with a drop of blood.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Echo walks past a fence onto a quaint property. Vaguely Scandinavian. Mountainous backdrop. Small barn. Smaller cottage. She walks inside.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Echo enters a small kitchen. She gently dumps the contents of her bag out onto a wooden table. A glittering rock rolls off.

She tries to grab it before-

SHATTER.

Echo grimaces and grabs a broom from the corner of the room. She expertly sweeps up the mess and walks outside to dispose of it.

EXT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS - PITCH BLACK

Echo dumps out the rock shards into a pile of trash. Out of the corner of her eye-

A tiny silhouette. Running into the cottage. A mouse?

Echo SIGHS and moves her broom into an offensive position, creeping back into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Nothing is immediately out of the ordinary. Echo crouches, scanning the floor for any tiny creatures. Satisfied, she stands back up. Sees the table.

Berries eaten.

Nuts scattered.

Mushroom-

Wait. A mushroom?

She picks it up. Turns it over.

A drop of blood.

She drops the mushroom.

It wriggles.

She pokes it.

It jerks.

She WHISPERS.

ECHO
Mushroom?

It WAILS.

MUSHROOM
AAAAAH

Echo covers the MUSHROOM up with both palms. She slowly uncovers the mushroom, bringing it closer to her face.

ECHO
Please, don't yell.

The mushroom doesn't respond, but she can see its small face. It's almost... cute.

She completely flattens her palms.

ECHO (CONT'D)
Can you... walk?

The mushroom reveals tiny arms and tiny legs, and proudly stands up.

ECHO (CONT'D)
What else can you do?

The mushroom does a handstand.

Echo GIGGLES. It sounds foreign coming out of her mouth.

ECHO (CONT'D)
Do you have a name?

The mushroom shrugs.

ECHO (CONT'D)
What am I going to do with you?

The mushroom curls up into Echo's hand.

ECHO (CONT'D)
Can I call you Butch?

BUTCH ponders. Nods.

ECHO (CONT'D)
You're very accommodating, aren't you?

Butch shrugs again, curls up, and closes its eyes.

ECHO (CONT'D)
I guess that means it's bedtime.

Echo sets Butch down.

ECHO (CONT'D)
But I need to clean up your mess first.

Butch's eyes fly open. It hops out of Echo's hands, onto the table, and scoops all of the forest detritus together. It taps the pile with finality, and the pile disappears.

ECHO (CONT'D)
Oh. That works too.

Butch bows.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Echo steps down from the loft where she sleeps. She puts on a jacket and her bag, moving to leave the room. From the loft, Butch leaps onto Echo, who FALLS to the ground.

ECHO
(to Butch)
I guess that means you're coming
with me today.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Echo walks along a forest path, Butch on her shoulder.

CRACK.

Echo jerks around, Butch barely hanging on.

A WOLF. Small, but predatory, baring its teeth. Echo freezes, pure terror coloring her face.

Butch leaps off Echo's shoulder towards the wolf.

ECHO
Butch! Don't-

Butch touches the wolf.

It disappears.

ECHO (CONT'D)
Oh. I guess that works too.

Butch hops back onto Echo's shoulder and they continue their walk.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Echo enters the dining room, dumps her bulging side bag onto the table. Nuts and berries, yes, but also mushrooms (of a different variety than Butch). Butch hops onto the table. Echo smiles.

THE END