

KATE SHELLEY SEQUEL SERIES: EPISODE 1
THE OUACKTACULAR OUEST

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Ext: DIRT PATH LEADING TO THE SHELLEY HOUSE - Morning

17 year old KATE SHELLEY and her 6 year old sister MAYME SHELLEY are walking up the path to return to their farm house. Kate is walking at a steady pace with a mail sack in her arms. Mayme has run far out in front of her and approaches a hill, almost completely out of eye-shot of her elder sister.

KATE

Mayme! Slow down! I don't want to lose sight of you!

Mayme turns around while smiling mischievously.

MAYME

What?! I can't hear you! Did you say go faster?!

Mayme continues to keep up her speedy pace. Kate GROANS in exasperation.

KATE (sotto voce)

I know that she heard me correctly.

Kate picks up her own pace to keep Mayme in her view, nearly dropping the oddly shaped mail bag in her hands.

As she awkwardly runs to keep up, an envelope flies from the bag and lands in the grass nearby.

Ext: FARMHOUSE

Kate meets up with Mayme at the entrance of the house, winded and frustrated.

KATE

Mayme! You can't run off like that! I don't have the time to be searching for you all morning if you go missing again. You know it's another chore day and there's no time to waste-

Mayme is not listening to her elder sister who is still rambling on. Her attention is turned towards the road

they just came from, spotting a small white rectangle in the distance lying on the grass.

KATE (cont'd)

After we've picked up the mail from Moingona, I've got to hang the linen to dry, mop the floors, then feed the chick—

MAYME

You dropped one!

KATE

What—

Mayme zooms off back down the road and then returns waving the lost letter grasped in her hand.

MAYME

This one looks fancy! It's got a little picture on it!

KATE

Is that so?

Once facing Kate again, Mayme keeps the unopened letter out of her elder sister's reach and stares down at it, holding it close to her nose, and attempts to spell the name written on the front.

MAYME

Cah... tuh... h... Ca... the... rin.. KATE! This one's for you!

Kate is shocked that the fancy letter is addressed to her since it so rarely happens nowadays. She snatches it from Mayme's hands and sees the letters S and C forming the insignia of Simpson College. Kate drops the bag of mail to her side and flips the letter over examining it, holding it up to the sun.

Mayme begins to jump up and down excitedly.

MAYME

Just open it! Open it! Open it!

KATE (exasperated)
Okay, I will!

MAYME

Hurray!

Kate opens the letter and reads it with a concentrated expression on her face.

Mayme tugs on her sister's skirt for attention.

MAYME

Katie! Tell me! What's it say?!

KATE

It's from Simpson College. They want to give "The Hero of Honey Creek" a tour of their campus... in Des Moines.

MAYME

GASPS Des Moines?! The big city?!

Kate lowers the letter, ignoring her sister, a bemused expression crosses her face due to the invitation to something so prestigious and being called a hero again.

MAYME (cont'd)

Kate! Will you go?! I want to come with you!

The absurdity of Mayme's request snaps Kate back to reality, returning her expression to one of concern.

KATE

Mayme, even if I were to go- which I am sure I have no time to do. I could not take you along

because you would run off and I would never see you again!

This upsets Mayme, as she has not been fully cognizant of her tendency to run away until now.

MAYME

I promise I won't! Oh please, oh please! I won't run away! I'll stay next to you the entire time! I want to go to Des Moines!

Tears start welling up in Mayme's eyes. Kate remembers how their father used to tell them about Des Moines and the hustle and bustle of the city. She begins to feel bad for her sister, but still is uneasy.

As Kate glances around uncomfortably, she spots their farm duck that had recently hatched 12 ducklings. She immediately forms an idea.

Leaving Mayme to pout by the mailbag, Kate stashes the letter in her pocket and runs over to the ducks and scoops up one of the ducklings. The mother duck looks annoyed yet is seemingly okay with it.

Kate hurries back over to her sister and plops the duckling into her hands.

Mayme is shocked.

MAYME (confused)

Hello, Puddles!

(whispered, as to not offend the duck)

Katie, why did you give me Puddles?

KATE

If you can watch Puddles the entire day and bring him back to me at sundown without losing him, I will let you come with me to Des Moines.

Mayme's eyes widen, she holds Puddles close

MAYME

Really?! Okay!

Kate smiles and grabs the mailbag. She turns and enters the house, closing the door behind her.

Mayme is still beaming, she tilts her head down to look at Puddles once more, but now all that is there is her empty hands. The duckling has vanished.

MAYME

Uh oh...

EXT: FARMHOUSE BACKYARD - Midday

Kate is hanging bed sheets onto a clothesline. She looks on at Mayme suspiciously, who is hustling to and fro around the garden area.

Mayme is overturning rocks and lifting up cabbage leaves, as if she were looking for something.

MAYME (loud whisper)

Puddles?! Puddles?! Are you there?

Kate continues to look on from a distance, pinning up another sheet.

KATE (loudly)

Mayme?! Have you lost something?!

Mayme drops the rock in her hand and her eyes widen like a criminal caught in the act.

MAYME

No! Puddles and I are just playing a game!

KATE

Is it cowboys? Is that why he's riding on your back?!

Mayme immediately reaches her arms behind her and pulls out Puddles, who must've been perched on the bow of her apron this entire time.

Mayme holds Puddles close to her face.

MAYME (out of Kate's earshot)

Puddles, you naughty ducky, you can't run off like that! If you do then I can't go to Des Moines!

PUDDLES

Quack!

Mayme SIGHS and slips Puddles into her apron pocket.

MAYME (at her pocket)

That was too close! You need to stay here until sundown!

Puddles looks up at Mayme from her pocket with an adorable and seemingly innocent expression. His eyes are big and sparkling. Pitiful, if you will.

MAYME

Oh, I can't stay mad at you. I'm gonna find you some snacks.

Mayme turns to the garden, grabs a nearby basket, and starts foraging for peas and carrots.

While Mayme is engrossed in her vegetable picking activities, Puddles slowly slips out of Mayme's pocket. He glances over at Kate, who is bringing in the now empty laundry basket into the house. He begins to sprint towards the POND.

FARMHOUSE POND

Puddles runs into the pond and enters the water excitedly, super ecstatic about his newfound freedom and also feeling very prideful about his daring escape.

With the speed of a motorised boat, he begins swimming in figure 8's around the small pond. He's a very clever and fast duckling!

Puddles is unaware that he's being watched. At the far end of the pond, near the surface of the water, two eyes can be seen gazing at the duckling. They belong to a SNAPPING TURTLE.

EXT: FARMHOUSE BACKYARD GARDEN

Mayme is humming to herself and dropping peas into her pocket while also placing others into a basket that she is holding.

MAYME

Oh Puddles, Des Moines will be so much fun. I heard there's so many fun things to do there. The governor lives in a HUGE CASTLE and I bet there's better food than peas and carrots!

Upon the mention of peas and carrots, Mayme glances down at her pocket and pulls it open wider. She sees that it is empty. Panic sets in and her eyes widen once more.

MAYME

OH NO! Puddles you're gone again!

Mayme then begins to hear panicked quacks coming from the direction of the pond. She drops her basket and runs over to follow the sound.

FARMHOUSE POND

Onlooking the pond is the mother duck and her 11 other ducklings. They're huddled together near the side of the water, facing the pond fearfully. The mother duck is quacking loudly.

Mayme approaches the scene, and sees that Puddles is stuck in the middle of the pond, seemingly unable to move.

MAYME (at the mother duck)

What's going on?!

Then Mayme follows the duck's gaze and sees the real reason for their terror. A dark blob in the water is headed towards Puddles.

Mayme GASPS

MAYME (cont'd)

Oh no! Puddles!

Mayme glances back to the farmhouse, beginning to fall into the familiar habit of calling for her sister in times of trouble.

MAYME

KA-

She catches herself. No, she wants to go to Des Moines and if Kate finds out that Puddles is going to get eaten then she'll never let her go!

MAYME

No, I have to do this myself!

Mayme frantically looks around her, knowing time is short.

CENTRE OF THE POND

Puddles, whose feet are tangled in algae, tries to use his wings to propel himself away from the incoming

monster. He splashes around as he wrestles with his own legs.

The turtle now is right in front of him, it begins to open its mouth. It's huge!

Puddles braces himself for impact and just before the big mouth can clamp down on him, a resounding SPLASH startles both the duckling and the turtle.

The turtle, fearful, skitters back towards the outskirts of the pond. Puddles glances back and sees Mayme breathing heavily at the edge of the pond.

She had thrown a large rock between the duckling and the turtle to scare it off and was continuing to hurl little stones at the retreating blob.

EDGE OF THE POND

MAYME (out of breath)

Puddles! Are you okay?!

Mayme can see Puddles try to jump up and down with glee from her heroic act but then is immediately pulled back down by the algae. It is only a matter of time before the turtle returns.

MAYME

I can't swim very well!

Mayme looks over at the distressed mother duck and the 11 huddled ducklings.

She nods resolutely.

MAYME

But I can try to be brave!

Mayme begins to hoist her skirt up. Just as she's about to hit the water running, Kate flings open the farmhouse door and calls from a distance.

KATE (yelling)
Mayme! What are you doing?! You're not a
good swimmer!

MAYME
FOR PUDDLES! FOR Des MoinesS!

Mayme shuts her eyes, plugs her nose, and holds her
breath while she sprints into the water.

It goes up to her knees then gets no deeper.

She releases her nose and softens her scrunched up
expression.

MAYME

Oh.

Mayme wades through the water and yoinks Puddles from
where he was stuck and returns to the shore. Meeting Kate
and the duck family that is waiting.

Kate is exasperated and is inspecting Mayme up and down
while it seems like the ducks nearby are celebrating.

KATE

Mayme?! What were you thinking?! You're lucky
there hasn't been rain in awhile!

Mayme cradles Puddles and has water dripping from the hem
of her skirt.

MAYME

You said sundown right?

KATE

I said what?

MAYME

You said I needed to not lose Puddles until sundown. Then I could go to Des Moines with you.

KATE

Oh, come on Mayme, Des Moines is hardly worth drowning in a pond over.

Mayme ignores her sister and points to the setting sun.

She then hands over Puddles to Kate.

MAYME

I'm coming with you!

Kate looks at Mayme incredulously and then at Puddles. She turns to place the duckling back with his family.

Puddles is now humbled from this event and is allowing himself to be mobbed by his concerned family members.

Kate looks amusedly at this display of duck affection and then walks back up to Mayme.

She softens at her little sister's unwavering determined gaze and gives in.

KATE

I suppose the station master will give out an extra ticket, considering there are two heroes now.

Kate kneels down and hugs Mayme. Mayme shoots her arms up in celebration while still in the embrace.

Mayme (muffled)

Hurray!

INT- TRAIN STATION- a week later

Kate and Mayme are dressed in travelling clothes and holding hands. They are speaking with the STATION MASTER at the ticket booth.

STATION MASTER

How many tickets will it be, girls?

Kate looks down at Mayme, who is determinedly trying not to look around. She's facing forward and has a solemn expression on her face.

Kate giggles at her sister's uncommonly serious face and looks back at the station master.

KATE

Two, please.

Suddenly, Mayme lets out a YELP when she feels a rustling in her pocket. She jumps back and pulls her hand away from Kate's. She lifts up the flap of her jacket pocket and out pops a little head. It's Puddles!

MAYME

Puddles! How did you get in there?!

PUDDLES

Quack!

The station master GASPS.

Kate looks back at him sympathetically.

KATE

Actually, could you make it three?