

EXT. PUPPY PALACE - DAY

As a storm brews, a beat-up Corolla slams to a stop in front of what looks like an old church: a compact but imposing stone building, surrounded by grass-covered grounds.

Five teens spill out. The front door opens, and they hustle in as a big CRACK of lightning forks through the sky, lighting an old cemetery beyond the building.

Above the door, we see the sign declaring what this place actually is: THE PUPPY PALACE, the balloon letters flanked by two smiling cartoon dogs.

INT. PUPPY PALACE - LOBBY - NIGHT

LUCY (18, believes consequences are for adults, ignores she technically is one now), bedecked in a Puppy Palace polo, holds the door for the others (Reagan, Leo, Jackson, Marcus, Sasha), then locks it behind them.

Lucy turns to REAGAN (19, could have been a cheerleader but didn't see the point).

LUCY
Did you bring it?

REAGAN
Of course.

Reagan holds up her backpack. Lucy grins, then leads them behind the lobby counter and through a door into the back.

INT. PUPPY PALACE - KENNEL AREA - NIGHT

Lucy leads the way.

LUCY
Keep your hands out of the cages if
you wanna keep your fingers.

A scared German Shepherd BARKS as LEO (17, androgynous, only here because their boyfriend is) passes, startling them.

JACKSON (18, a jock with a good heart and a wild streak) wraps his arm around Leo, chuckling.

JACKSON
Don't worry, I won't let the mean
dog get you.

Leo elbows Jackson, but then clings to him.