

*Bite Sized*

**ToonTober Topic #2**  
**Topic: (Teeth)**  
**Final Week: 10/31/2021**  
**written by**

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FADE IN:

INT. GRAYSHADE VALLEY DINER - NIGHT

We find ourselves at *Marvelous Mabel's Muffin Tops*, an all night breakfast diner. Various toons are on stools or in booths eating breakfast items.

At the counter sits OTTOMESS BLOHTZ or OTTO, in his bunny-like hood and looking very worse for wear and covered in a mess of various fruits and vegetables.

MABEL, a middle-aged cat and the owner of the diner, pours hot coffee to some of the nearby patrons. She notices the messy but nutritious additions to Otto's wardrobe.

MABEL  
Bombed at the club tonight?

Otto is in deep thought. He's barely touched his chocolate chip muffin.

She picks up a piece of watermelon stuck in Otto's hood.

MABEL (CONT'D)  
(tasting the watermelon  
slice)  
I didn't know watermelon was still  
in season in Grayshade.

OTTO  
They're not.

MABEL  
But where on Earth did you find  
fresh watermelon in October?!

OTTO  
Oh, you'd be surprised what  
audience members can find for ammo  
when they hear puns they really  
don't like.

Mabel eyes the various food items in Otto's clothes.

MABEL  
Mind if I take some of these?

Otto nods looking a little confused.

Mabel swiftly takes the various fruits and veggies covering Otto. She disappears into the kitchen.

LOUD MIXING and CHOPPING noises can be heard from the kitchen along with some giant POOFING noises as tufts of flour flutters out from the chef's tiny kitchen window.

Mabel emerges from the kitchen with two large serving trays each with an array of muffins. They all contain various fruits and vegetables. Each muffin has a fall theme to them like pumpkin spice, carrot cake, apple crunch going on in their flavors.

MABEL (CONT'D)  
Order up!

The patrons cheer as she serves out this fresh batch of confectionery magic.

MABEL (CONT'D)  
Sometimes you've just got to make  
the best of a bad situation with  
what you've got.

Otto matter of factually nods at this. As Mabel continues serving the customers at the counter, Otto notices some large bite-mark shaped holes in her sleeves and apron.

OTTO  
(pointing to Mabel's  
apron)  
I think you might want to consider  
changing your detergent. Whatever  
you've been using might be a little  
TOO STRONG.

She looks down to where Otto is gesturing.

MABEL  
Oh, these? Oh no, my detergent is  
just fine. Something has been  
making a snack out of my clothes  
lately.

OTTO  
You too?

Otto unfolds his clasped arms to show the sleeves of his hoodie have been bitten to shreds and now resemble cowboy fringes.

MABEL  
Well, now look at you. Now all you  
need is a 10-gallon hat.

OTTO  
MABEL!

MABEL

(chuckling)

Alright, alright. Probably a 5-gallon hat would be more your style.

OTTO

Quit laughing. It's not that funny. What's going on around here?

MABEL

Far as I can tell there's a bit of a bite epidemic going around the neighborhood.

Mabel gestures to some of the patrons in the diner.

We see various patrons enjoying muffins in the diner with holes with bite shapes on various parts of their clothes.

MABEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

People have been walking around with holes in their clothes for a few weeks now. Even Mayor LeStache.

Just outside the window is a very conspicuous looking Mayor LeStache in dark sunglasses and a popped collar. He walks trying to go unnoticed with a large white bandage trying to cover the hole in his top hat.

OTTO

Sheesh, and I thought that guy was untouchable.

MABEL

Apparently not.

She notices some heavy bags under Otto's eyes as he tries to keep himself up. She refills his coffee mug.

MABEL (CONT'D)

You doing OK Otto?

OTTO

No. I haven't gotten much sleep lately. Lamp has been keeping me up a few nights.

MABEL

Oh, you keep forgetting to shut it off?

OTTO

No, I mean my roommate Lamp keeps waking up at odd hours of the night and shining his light in my face. He keeps freaking out at movements he sees in the shadows outside. I keep trying to assure him it's probably just a few raccoons messing around with the trash outside or something.

Otto turns to a pair of raccoons in fancy suits on the stools next to him. Their suits look just as rough as the other residents.

OTTO (CONT'D)

No offense.

RACCOON 1

None taken.

RACCOON 2

Yeah, happens all the time.

The two raccoons return to dividing a slim sack of trash between them.

RACCOON 1

Man, dumpster diving is dangerous these days with a clothing monster on the loose.

RACCOON 2

Tell me about it.

Otto turns back to Mabel.

OTTO

I don't know. Things have been weird around the house. Almost all my clothes look like Swiss cheese now. If this keeps up I might have to break out that barrel costume I wore last Halloween.

MABEL

Well, I don't know what to do about all that. But your lamp seemed to be the only one to sense this thing, right? Maybe you could have him stand guard as you ambush it?

OTTO

I don't know...sounds dangerous.

MABEL

Well, do what you will. For all you know that precious hat and hood of yours might be next.

Otto grasps his hood and hat defensively.

INT. OTTO'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Otto's tall LAMP shivers standing in the middle of the empty living room. He wears a comically oversized sweater labeled YUMMY. A trail of various oversized ugly Christmas sweaters lead all the way to the front door of the house.

LAMP

UMM, are you sure this is a good idea?

Otto peaks his head from behind the couch. His hood covered in tinfoil.

OTTO

Well, whatever this thing is, you seem to be the only one to see it. And it likes clothes...so, probably.

LAMP

I mean, OK. But why are you wearing a tinfoil hood?

OTTO

...safety? In case he's hungry for hood.

LAMP

Can I have some?

Otto waddles out from behind the couch. He's in a full tinfoil wrapped armor. He looks like a walking baked potato with little eyes.

OTTO

I, kind of used it all.

Lamp SIGHS in disappointment.

OTTO (CONT'D)

All I need you to do is stand there and let him come to you. I'll handle the rest.

LAMP  
What is the rest?

OTTO  
You'll see.

Otto pats something in his back pocket. He looks sure of himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER THAT NIGHT:

Otto is sound asleep behind the couch holding an oversized pop gun.

Lamp snores in the middle of the room, his light blinking on and off between breaths.

The front door CREAKS open. A tall bulky shadowy figure creeps in. It begins MUNCHING on the trail of clothes left on the floor.

In the middle of its MUNCHING something catches the creature's attention. The combination of Lamp's snoring and the on and off flashing light. The figure's eyes go wide with fascination.

As Lamp snores soundly the hulking figure moves closer with each flash of the light, until it stands towering over Lamp.

The creature moves its hands around Lamp's shining bulb transfixed. Some of the rustling movement disturbs Lamp waking him up. He stares in utter horror at the giant figure's glowing eyes.

Lamp SCREAMS in blood-curdling terror flashing the SOS signal in Morse code.

Otto wakes up and pulls up the unwieldy looking pop gun. The creature tilts its head in confusion at Otto.

Otto fires off a cork. It explodes into soda pop foam soaking all over the sweater in its mouth.

The creature's eyes GLOW in annoyance at the soiled sweater.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Ah, guess you're not a fan of prop  
comedy are you?

It ROARS.

Lamp's light fully illuminates the creature. A towering 7ft humanoid with folded up moth-like wings stares down at Otto. It bends down and feels around on him with its long antennas.

It slurps up the sweater sleeve in its mouth like a lingering piece of spaghetti.

Otto waddles away as fast as he can.

LAMP  
Wait for me!

Lamp hops furiously after Otto. The MOTHMAN pursues.

MONTAGE: OTTO'S HOUSE - HALLWAYS

Mothman chases Otto and Lamp all over the house.

Otto waddles into one door with Lamp hopping right behind him, Mothman in tow. The pair runs out another door with Mothman behind them.

This continues for a bit with the chase positions getting reversed with Lamp chasing the creature or Otto chasing the others.

Their rapid chasing and speed turns into a bit of a blur.

Suddenly Mothman finds himself alone in the middle of the hallway. It looks around for a moment and notices light under one of the doors. It growls and POUNDS on the door.

OTTO (O.S.)  
Nobody's here but us chickens.

Mothman continues to POUND on the door.

INT. OTTO'S SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

As Mothman pounds on the opposite side of the door, Lamp and Otto prop various pieces of furniture up to the door.

Otto opens the nearby window and gestures upwards to Lamp. He begins to climb up towards the roof.

EXT. OTTO'S ROOF - NIGHT

Otto awkwardly pulls Lamp up to the roof with him.

Both lie on their backs catching their breath.

LAMP

Do you think all that will hold him off?

OTTO

We probably bought ourselves a few minutes. Besides we're pretty high up. I mean it's not like that guy can fly or anything, right?

Giant FLAPPING noises can be heard just out of sight. Otto and Lamp turn to see Mothman flapping in place staring at the two. He brushes some door splinters off himself as he crosses his arms.

LAMP

(whispering to Otto)

Do you have a receipt for those few minutes? I think you got ripped off.

Mothman flaps menacingly towards Lamp, his claws raised. Otto backs up and nearly trips on some of his foil suit that has started to unravel. He examines the foil and looks at Lamp's glowing light as Mothman flaps closer.

OTTO (O.S.)

(to Mothman)

Hey, Buddy!

Mothman turns to see Otto a few feet away, waving his cap.

OTTO (CONT'D)

I've got a little snack for ya'!

Otto gestures for Lamp to turn his light off.

The light gone, Mothman turns his attention to Otto and flaps towards him. Otto waddles past Lamp handing him a strand of foil from his unraveling baked potato tin foil suit.

He gestures towards two goal like posts on the other side of the roof and waddles off.

Lamp doesn't quite get it.

Still waddling from Mothman, Otto gestures again towards the poles as his foil suit continues to unravel further.

Lamp notices the poles are just far enough away just barely wide enough for a being of Mothman's size.

Lamp begins to understand Otto's idea and he hops towards the goal-like posts.

As Otto is rapidly pursued by Mothman, Lamp takes the unraveling tin foil and fashions a wall like structure. He attaches the YUMMY sweater by the sleeves across the goal post with the bottom part of the sweater open. And narrow neck of the sweater facing a nearby tree.

Otto keeps waddling until his foil suit has completely unraveled. Otto comes to a halt, he's out of breath.

Mothman grabs Otto and lifts him up slowly to his mouth like a giant sub-sandwich.

As Mothman does this, Lamp hops to the other side of the preoccupied Mothman.

He prepares to take a bite, and Lamp holds his breath and turns his light on to the highest setting it can go.

Lamp aims his LIGHT at the tin foil wall/homemade reflector. The wall GLOWS brightly.

Mothman is completely transfixed at the glowing wall and drops Otto.

He lunges towards the reflector wall and launches head first through the giant sweater labeled YUMMY. He CRASHES right into a tree, his arms bound. Mothman struggles to get free due to the giant sweater binding his arms and wings.

Otto and Lamp go to the edge of the roof and look at their trapped quarry in the tree. Both of them GASPING for breath.

OTTO (CONT'D)  
Well I guess it looks like we've  
foiled his appetite.

Lamp, Mothman and a pair of other VOICES GROAN at that.

Otto and Lamp look around for the source of the extra voices.

A small SCUFFLING from below snaps them to attention. Lamp weakly flashes his light in the direction of the noise on the ground.

Lamp's light ILLUMINATES a pair of fancy raccoons with a huge sack of dumpster loot. They put their hands up as if they're doing jazz hands. It's the raccoons from the diner.

RACCOON 1  
(to Raccoon 2)  
Billy, didn't I tell you this was a  
bad house to loot?

RACCOON 2  
(to Raccoon 1)  
Well excuse me for being  
entrepreneurial for taking  
advantage of a good distraction  
Bobby.

OTTO  
(to the both of them)  
Umm, have I seen you somewhere  
before?

BOBBY RACCOON  
...no?

LAMP  
So, what are we going to do with  
these two?

Otto looks at the Raccoon Duo and at the struggling Mothman  
growling in the tree attempting to eat the sweater.

OTTO  
Gentlemen, I have a business  
proposition you might be interested  
to hear.

FADE TO BLACK:

TWO WEEKS LATER

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

The Raccoon Duo BILLY and BOBBY stand before a pair of ribbon  
microphones. Beside them stands DAMZELLE, a bunny toon  
sporting a sundress and hat. She MUTTERS some lines of some  
script pages she's holding.

On the other side of the room in the recording booth sits  
MIKE, a toon microphone adjusting some recording booth  
equipment.

MIKE  
OK gang, you're on in 5, 4, 3...

Mike gestures 2 and 1 as a RADIO ANNOUNCER comes on in the  
room.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
And we'll return with the thrilling  
conclusion of *Dashing Duck*, but  
first a word from our Sponsors!

BILLY RACCOON  
The Holiday season is coming and  
you know what that means?

DAMZELLE  
Another ugly Christmas sweater I  
just don't know how to politely  
turn down.

BOBBY RACCOON  
Well now, you don't have to!

BILLY RACCOON  
Simply leave it to the  
professionals at *Monstrous  
Vestments*, and we'll take care of  
your unsightly wardrobe attire.

BOBBY RACCOON  
Our trained professional will take  
your unwanted clothing and recycle  
them using our top-secret patented  
technique.

Mothman loudly TEARS apart a sweater and INHALES it. Followed  
by a large BELCH.

DAMZELLE  
But I actually like some of my ugly  
sweaters, some of them just don't  
match my current wardrobe style. Is  
there anything you can do about  
that?

BILLY RACCOON  
Need a new style? No problem.

Mothman takes another sweater and using a pre-made pattern  
BITES out various shapes into the sweater with BUZZ-SAW like  
intensity.

BOBBY RACCOON  
Simply send us your troublesome  
clothing and the requested pattern  
you'd like, and our professional  
stylist will customize your  
garments to better fit your needs.

## DAMZELLE

Simply pick up a *Monstrous Vestments* order form at any local clothing store in the Grayshade Valley.

## BILLY RACCOON

Fill it out with the desired pattern or customization you'd like. Or state whether you'd like to get rid of said vestment entirely.

## BOBBY RACCOON

Add a check addressed to *Monstrous Vestments* and our style team will handle the rest of your clothing needs.

## DAMZELLE

Call us at 555-55-MUNCH for pricing information. All operators are standing by.

CUT TO:

INT. OTTO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Otto and his furniture roommates sit around ROBBY THE RADIO listening to this ad.

BOBBY & BILLY RACCOON (O.S.)  
*Monstrous Vestments: "It's Scary How Low Our Prices Are!"*

DAMZELLE (O.S.)  
*Monstrous Vestments: "It's Scary How Low Our Prices Are!"*

Otto and his roommates look at each other.

## OTTO

I sure hope they didn't overpay for that advertising copy. Hey Robby, what else is on?

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END