

CITIZEN CANINE        REG. WGWA#

An Original Feature Comedy Screenplay Excerpt

Written by Bennett Stein

Logline: A billionaire leaves all his money to the family dog which culminates in all the family members behaving like animals in kissing up to the dog.

The following scene involves the oldest son, CLIVE CHASE (48), a Wall Street high roller wannabe, his wife PATYY (43), a Martha Stewart wannabe, their smart ass 12-yr-old son, Jimmy and lovably goofy son, TIMMY (4). They conspire and plot in the basement.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM/THE CHASE MANSION/BRIDGHAMPTON - MORNING

Clive locks the door with showy efficiency. Then takes a stack of freshly folded clothes, shoves them into one of the 8 massive washing machines and sets it to full cycle.

CLIVE

Patty, switch on that radio! ASAP.

Patty does so landing on a thumping HIP HOP station. Panic wrenches her face, she shoves the tuner to a schmaltzy EASY LISTENING station and flashes a tight grin.

PATTY

Okeedokee, radio tastefully engaged.

Clive turns on a maid's TV to a BOT wars special - metal scrap heaps on wheels thrashing each other to smithereens.

CLIVE

TV, now deployed.

JIMMY

(sarcastic to Timmy)  
Copy that, cheese farts.

Clive raises a warning finger, puts an ear to the door. Tiptoes to another fresh folded stack of towels, whips them into a dryer, turns it on: oh yeah, big man on the case.

CLIVE

All secure. Let's begin.

An excited Timmy and a smirking Jimmy sit on a counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIMMY

All skewered! No bad guy safe now!

Clive signals for Timmy to reign it in a little.

JIMMY

Dad, you geek, you act like were Seal Team Charlie or something.

CLIVE

It's imperative we keep this strategy meeting classified.

TIMMY

Watch out! Bad guys are gonna get it!

He forms his tiny hand into a pistol, makes shooting SOUNDS. Clive jams a towel under the door and signals to Patty.

PATTY

Okay, boys, we have a once-in-a-life time opportunity here. If we just follow a few basic procedures we could just end up... Masters of the universe.

JIMMY

What are you guys smoking?!

CLIVE

Hey, put a sock in it, pal.

PATTY

Young man. You are on the verge of being fired from this family. Do you not want that mountain bike for your birthday?

(off Jimmy's shrug)

Fine. Do you not want that Kawasaki One-Twenty-Five CC dirt bike for Christmas?

JIMMY

Well, duh, Mom--

PATTY

Do you not want a Lamborghini Diablo for your sixteenth birthday?

JIMMY

Whoa, Mom, sure but--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PATTY

Then zip it up and do everything  
you are told starting this instant.  
Got it?

Jimmy jumps off the counter, fully ready to cooperate.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Okay, my little men, here's the  
play. It is imperative we all just  
love Winston to within an inch of  
his life. Okay?

The stakes are so high her "little men" nod enthusiastically.

PATTY (CONT'D)

Love him with everything you've  
got. Play with him, run with him,  
play fetch with him, hunt squirrels  
cats, and bunny rabbits with him.  
Wrestle with him, sleep with him--

CLIVE

Spoon with him, basically is what  
Mother means, like he's your  
girlfriend or--

Patty rolls her eyes and signals Clive to strangle that  
thought immediately.

PATTY

And most importantly, feed with  
him. In fact, keep an eye on his  
food and water levels at all times.  
Make sure he sees you cheerfully  
topping off his food bowls.

CLIVE

Make sure he sees only you--

TIMMY

Mommy, daddy mad at Wewson.

CLIVE

No I'm not. I love Winston... As  
much as... As much as...

PATTY

Looking at yourself in the  
mirror... Without your shirt on.  
You bet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TIMMY

Daddy say Wewson smelly doggy! Go away!

PATTY

Well, Timmy, it's a brand new day and Daddy loves Winston very, very much. We all do. Okay? Who do we love?!

PATTY & CLIVE

WINSTON!

PATTY

Who do we love?!

ALL

WINSTON!

PATTY

WHO DO WE LOVE?!

ALL

WINSTON!

Patty signals Clive. They hop to shoving dog chews, kibbel bits, old socks, you name it, into the boys' pockets.

PATTY

Your mission orders from Sergeant Daddy and Major Mommy are to stay close by the target at all times.

JIMMY

The target?

CLIVE

Winston, A-K-A Little Buddy.

JIMMY

So like what's all this crap for?

CLIVE

Think of it as the X Factor. Nothing short of the decisive edge our squad has against the competition.

JIMMY

Who? Aunt Penny and Uncle Fletch--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TIMMY

Uckle Fletch is funny guy, Mommy!

PATTY

Settle, dear. Daddy's talking.

CLIVE

When anyone other than your mother and I engage Winston, activate these treats to steal his attention away.

PATTY

And remember, this meeting is highly top secret. Don't discuss it with anyone.

CLIVE

In fact, it never happened.

PATTY

Never.

Timmy is awed by the implications. He adopts an alpha stance and turns to face a rough crew of imaginary opponents.

JIMMY

Hey, you bad guys! We never happened in this place!

(makes a tiny gun fist)

CHOO-PISH-BANG-KAPOW!!

Patty lays down 4 identical fanny packs. She unzips one.

PATTY

Each of us will be equipped at all times with the following...

She holds up a cheapo WALKIE. Then a LEASH, then a GI JOE retrofitted as a MAILMAN JOE, with blue short sleeve shirt, shorts and a little mail-carrying satchel.

CLIVE

Mommy spent hours on these battle kits. She deserves a medal.

The boys are speechless, and a tad concerned. Clive pats them on the back as if they're an intrepid little frontier family hunkering down to fight off a thousand Apache warriors.