

(Name of Project)

by
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(Based on, If Any)

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in Order of Work Performed)

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FADE IN ON

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME. -DAY

Your typical suburban home, with it's perfectly trimmed lawn and mini-van in the drive way.

MARY (O.C.)
He's so precious. So adorable.

BOB (O.C.)
Well, he takes after his old man.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME. ENTERTAINMENT ROOM. -DAY

A PENGUIN stands in front of a liquor cabinet, looking up at the glass doors. He reaches for the handles on the doors.

MARY (O.C.)
(laughing)
Oh, stop!

BOB (O.C.)
He is a beautiful baby...

They're out of his reach.

He jumps up, reaching for the handles.

BOB (O.C.) (CONT'D)
'Cause he takes after his mommy.

MARY (O.C.)
Awww... I love you.

After several jumps, he stops and SIGHS in disgust.

KISSING noises is heard.

The Penguin rolls his eyes.

MARY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Pluto, no!

BOB (O.C.)
Pluto, get down! Get down!

MARY (O.C.)
Get him away from the baby, Bob!

BOB (O.C.)

Pluto!

PLUTO, a yellow labrador retriever rushes into the entertainment room. It stops next to the Penguin. He and the penguin look towards the doorway where he came from.

MARY (O.C.)

We're going have to do something about that dog.

BOB (O.C.)

I know.

Pluto and the Penguin look at each other.

MARY (O.C.)

Maybe we can give him away.

Pluto's ears perk up as an alarmed expression grows on his face.

The Penguin jumps up several more times, reaching for the liquor cabinet.

BOB (O.C.)

How about my brother?

Pluto cringes.

MARY (O.C.)

That's not a bad idea. He four kids love Pluto.

After several attempts, he stops and looks at the dog.

The two stare at each other.

The Penguin looks at the liquor cabinet and then Pluto.

PENGUIN

You help me and I help you. Deal?

Pluto anxiously nods.

INT. ENTERTAINMENT ROOM -NIGHT.

The Penguin sits on the sofa, drinking from a bottle of scotch.

Pluto lays on the floor, sleeping.

Things seems nice and serene until--

MARY (O.C.)

(horrified)
Oh my God! Bob! Come quick! Come quick!

Pluto and the Penguin look up, toward the noise.

BOB (O.C.)
What? What...? Oh my God! The baby!

MARY (O.C.)
All the blood! What happened?

The penguin climbs off the couch. With bottle in hand, he crawls underneath the couch.

Pluto looks at him.

BOB (O.C.)
Pluto! He must've attacked the baby!

Pluto looks up startled.

BOB (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Call 9-1-1!

Pluto crawls under the couch, next to the Penguin.

The Penguin takes a drink from the bottle. He and Pluto look at each other as Mary's CRIES are heard.

FINAL FADE OUT.