

PUGUMENTARY

by
Phil Clarke Jr.

copyright 2005
doglebe@yahoo.com

FADE IN ON:

INT. WHITE WALL -CLOSE UP.

A framed photograph of STANLEY SLOAN (80), holding two pugs in his lap, hangs on the wall. He has a big, friendly smile on his face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
On June 5th, 2005, eighty year old
Stanley Sloan called 9-1-1,
complaining--

CAMERA PULLS BACK

Showing other framed photos on the walls. Some are simple snapshots. Others are of professional quality.

Sloan is in some of these photos.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Of shortness of breath and chest
pains--

Some are black and white. The photos vary in age. The frames vary.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
When police and paramedics arrived
at his one bedroom apartment in
Greenwich Village, New York--

Sloan is in some of these photos.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
It was too late. Stanley Sloan
succumbed to cardiac arrest...
Leaving behind--

There's over forty pictures on the wall.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Twenty-two pugs.

FADE OUT:

THEME MUSIC BEGINS.

SUPER: STANLEY SLOAN

SUPER: A PUGUMENTARY

OPENING CREDITS

FADE IN ON:

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE APARTMENT BUILDING. -DAY

A typical century old apartment building. Several trash cans line up along the outside. Parked cars line the street.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Stanley Sloan lived in this East
7th Street apartment building since
the early nineteen-sixties. A
plumber by trade, he never married.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING STOOP.

KARL BAVOLACK (45) stands at the stoop, holding a push broom.

SUPER: KARL BAVOLACK - BUILDING SUPERINTENDENT

BAVOLACK
(thick Ukrainian accent)
I have been super here for twenty
years. Twenty years--!

His eyes dart back and forth between the Narrator (O.C.) and the camera lens.

BAVOLACK
Mister Sloan is very good tenant.
Never cause problems. Never!

NARRATOR (O.C.)
What about his dogs?

BAVOLACK
He always have dogs. I did not
know how many he have.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
How many did you think he had?

BAVOLACK
(beat)
Three. Maybe four.

He forces a smile on his face and gently nods to the camera.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING VESTIBULE.

CASSIE MELENDEZ (25) opens her mailbox. She wears mostly black clothing with rips in it. Her jet black hair is short and slicked back. Her lower lip is pierced. She carries a large portfolio.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
Excuse me. Did you know that
Stanley Sloane died?

SUPER: CASSIE 'NIGHTWING' MELENDEZ - NEIGHBOR

CASSIE
Died? That old dude who was always
walking those dogs?

She pulls a handful of mail from the box.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
What did you know about him?

She locks the mailbox.

CASSIE
I don't know. He was always
walking those dogs of his. All the
time.

She turns from the camera and puts her key in the lobby door.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
That's all?

CASSIE
Yeah.

She opens the door and starts walking in.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
Nothing else?

She passes through the door and turns around. She gives the Narrator (O.C.) a dirty look as she pushes the door closed, locking it.

CLICK.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY PARK. MONTAGE.

A series of shots of different pugs in a local city park.

An overweight pug in a colorful sweater waddles along as if overexerted.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Originally known as 'foo dogs' pugs originated in China approximately 2,500 years ago. These small, roly-poly dogs became popular companion pets for European royalty, including--

CUT TO:

A PAINTING OF JOSEPHINE BONAPARTE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Josephine, wife of Napoleon Bonaparte...

CUT TO:

A PAINTING OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Queen Victoria, of Great Britain...

CUT TO:

A PHOTOGRAPH OF TORI SPELLING.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And American actress, Tori Spelling.

CUT TO:

INT. PUG STATUE -CLOSE UP.

A bronze statue of a pug, sitting on a pedestal.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In 1885, the pug was officially recognized by the American Kennel Club, in the toy class... Today, these pint-sized dogs are very popular in big cities.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK BENCH. -DAY

REBECCA (25) sits on the bench. A very old-looking pug sits in her lap. It wears a brightly-colored, jewelled collar.

SUPER: REBECCA REYNOLDS - PUG OWNER

REBECCA

My parents got me Coco when I was twelve. They didn't want to deal with a big dog.

She lifts Coco up on its hind legs.

REBECCA

Say hello to grandma and grandpa, Coco. Say hello.

She takes Coco's paw in her hand and waves it at the camera.

REBECCA

(baby talk voice)

Hewwo gwandma. Hewwo gwandpa.

She waves Coco's paw at the camera again, smiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIFFERENT PARK BENCH

KAREN (30) and DAN (30) sit on a bench, wearing matching preppy attire. They each have a pug wearing matching leashes. Dan's pug, George, is by his feet. Karen's is on her lap.

SUPER: KAREN AND DAN ROCHAMBEAU -PUG OWNERS

DAN

We got George, here, when he was four months old, right from the breeder.

KAREN

He was such a peanut of a dog back then--

DAN

(to Karen)

He was. Wasn't he?

(to camera)

A month, we noticed something was wrong.

INSERT - GEORGE

DAN (O.S.)
He wasn't eating. He cried a lot.
He ripped things up around the
apartment--

BACK TO SCENE

KAREN
He chewed up nearly two thousand
dollars worth of my shoes--

DAN
(to Karen)
I remember that. And dining room
set?

KAREN
(to camera)
A hundred and twenty year old
cherry wood dining set. He chewed
up the legs and scratched up the
cloth seats. I still haven't
forgiven him for that.

DAN
(to George)
That was very bad--!

KAREN
The vet couldn't find anything
wrong with him so we went back to
the breeder. He suggested that
George was lonely and that maybe we
should get him a friend--

DAN
Fortunately, he has one pug left
from George's litter--

KAREN
And that's how we wound up with
Martha.

She scratches Martha under the ears.

DAN
George's attitude changed right
away. He was eating again. He was
happy.

The pugs are several feet away from each other and seem
oblivious to each other.

DAN

The two are the closest of friends.
They're inseparable.

KAREN

We're just glad that George isn't a
German Shepherd.

A man, walking a Great Dane, passes the two and their pugs.

DAN

For a number of reasons.

Karen covers Martha's eyes with her hands until the Great
Dane passes.

KAREN

Really. We could never fit two
German Shepherds in our apartment.

DAN

We couldn't get another pug if we
wanted to. We just don't have the
room for that.

CUT TO:

INT. DOG PLAYPEN

Grainy stock footage of several young pugs playing with each
other. It's a cute and humorous sight.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Then how could Stanley Sloan
possibly keep twenty-two pugs in a
one bedroom apartment?

HOLD

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY

Bavolack walks along the hall. He glances back at the camera
as he approaches an apartment door. There is a pug sticker
on the door.

He pulls a large keychain from his pocket.

BAVOLACK

This where he live. Here. This
where police find him.

He quickly fishes through the keys and singles one out.

BAVOLACK

They broke lock to get into
apartment. I had key, but they
broke lock. I had to replace lock.

He slides the key into the lock and turns it.

CLICK.

BAVOLACK

My way would be easier.

He opens the door.

BAVOLACK

See?

CUT TO:

INT. SLOAN'S APARTMENT.

The apartment is filled with old furniture. Everything is decorated in a strong (and disturbing) pug motif.

Pugs are everywhere!

Hundreds of pug paintings and photographs line the walls. Statues, in various sizes and materials, line every inch of shelving. Stacks of books and magazines on dogs are piled high on a coffee table.

Small dog beds cover the floor. Dogs' names are embroidered on them.

Hanging over a doorway is a crucifix. A Pug's head replaces Jesus' head.

HOLD.

BAVOLACK (O.C.)

He make that himself.

The camera spins to Bavolack. It takes a moment to focus on him.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

He made it?

Bavolack nods. His eyes dart between the Narrator (O.C.) and the camera.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
 He didn't just go out to a store
 and buy that?

Bavolack shakes his head.

The camera spins back to the Jesus-pug.

It's so weird...

Underneath the crucifix is a small table. A dozen small
 cremation urns sit on it.

Bavolack opens one up; it's filled with ashes.

BAVOLACK (O.C.)
 Come to kitchen.

The camera follows Bavolack into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN

A similar pug motif fills the kitchen. Photos and calendars
 hang on the walls. Pug coffee mugs line the drying rack.

Drawings of pugs, by a child's hand, covers the refrigerator;
 they are held up by pug magnets.

Bavolack points to one such drawing. It is signed by
 'ANGELA. AGE 7.'

BAVOLACK
 This girl live with her parents
 when she did these. These done
 years ago. She all grown up now.
 Her parents move away but she live
 here with friend in building.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY. APARTMENT 12A.

The apartment door is partially door. ANGELA (25) stands in
 the doorway, leaning against the wall.

SUPER: ANGELA ROSEN - NEIGHBOR

ANGELA
 Who?

NARRATOR (O.C.)
Stanley Sloan?

She looks at the Narrator (O.C.).

NARRATOR (O.C.)
Your neighbor?

She gently shakes her head. The name means nothing to her.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
He owned all the pugs--

Angela's eyes big real big and her jaw drops.

ANGELA
Oh my God!
(inside apartment)
Cassie, come quick!
(to Narrator)
I can't believe it! I mean, I knew
this guy all my life. I grew up--
(inside apartment)
Cassie! Hurry up! It's important!
(to Narrator)
I can't believe this. He was like
my grandfather to me or something--

The door opens. Cassie stands there, wearing only a black bra and black pants, stained with paint. She has some paint on her hand.

She looks at the Narrator and the camera. She looks pissed.

ANGELA
(to Cassie)
Did you hear. Mister Sloan died.
You know, the guy downstairs?
(to Narrator)
Adam Sloan--?

NARRATOR (O.C.)
Stanley Sloan--

ANGELA
(to Cassie)
Stanley Sloan! The guy with--

CASSIE
The guy with all the fucking pugs.
I heard from these guys like an
hour ago...

Listen, I have to get this album cover finished by Monday.

(grows nasty)

And I can't call Mommy for rent money every month, okay? Now leave me alone and let me do my shit.

Cassie lets go of the door and walks into the apartment. Angela gently grabs the door as it closes against her.

She looks at the Narrator (O.C.).

ANGELA

She's hurting inside, I know. We were both really close to him. Since I was a kid, I use to call him Uncle Adam. He--

NARRATOR (O.C.)

Stanley.

ANGELA

What?

NARRATOR (O.C.)

Stanley Sloan.

ANGELA

(beat)

Right. Uncle Stanley. I can't believe he's gone. I really can't. We were so close.

CUT TO:

EXT. WARZONE. -DAY.

Stock footage of a Korean War infantry company.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

Stanley Sloane served as an infantryman in First Cavalry Division in Korea. A decorated marksman, he received his first of two Purple Hearts only four days after his arrival in Korea when an enemy shot him in the arm... His second injury occurred during the Battle of the Pusan Perimeter. On August 12th, 1950, his company was caught in an enemy mortar barrage.

Although he sustained injury to his leg, he carried and dragged several of his fellow soldiers to safety, earning him his second Purple Heart and the Bronze Star.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMY FIELD HOSPITAL. -DAY.

Stock footage of a MASH UNIT. Doctors and nurses take care of the wounded.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

While recovering in a field hospital, Sloane fell victim to an infection, resulting in complete hearing loss in his left ear. He received an honorable discharge on December 16th, 1950.

CUT TO:

EXT. 1950'S NEW YORK CITY.

Various outdoor footage of the Manhattan skyline.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

And returned home to New York City.

Other footage shows busy Manhattan streets, with many of the periodic landmarks like Times Square and the Horn and Hardett's Automat.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

But who cared for his pugs in the months he served in the army? He had no family. And there was no one available to speak with regarding this period of his life. All that we were able to find were--

CUT TO:

AN OLD HANDWRITTEN LETTER.

Handwritten letters by Stanley Sloan to a woman known only as Elizabeth.

The paper is brown with age and wrinkled.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
 In one letter, dated May twenty-
 sixth--

CLOSE UP ON THE DATE.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
 Stanley Sloan wrote:

PULL BACK

To show the entire letter.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
 We've been on standby for the last
 two days, and are constantly
 reminded that we'll be shipping out
 at any moment. Everyone here is
 glum, talking about their families,
 sharing stories and passing around
 photographs. Yet, when I try
 talking about--

The names SCARLET, GYPSY, LINUS and MAX are highlighted.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
 Scarlet, Gypsy, Linus and Maxie,
 they look at me like I have a third
 eye. The four pugs of the
 apocalypse are my family! They are
 all I have. I am doing this as
 much for them as anyone else here
 is doing it for their families.

The letter ends with: RESPECTFULLY YOURS, STANLEY SLOANE.

FADE TO:

A SECOND HANDWRITTEN LETTER.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
 In another letter, dated December
 second--

CLOSE UP ON THE DATE.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
 Stanley Sloane wrote:

PULL BACK:

To show the entire letter.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

I had another dream about Linus last night and can't shake the feeling that something has happened to him. Out of the four of them, I think he would miss me the most. If I had to pick one that I missed the most, it would be him. Please don't tell the others that. I'm sure they're upset enough about my absence. Please tell them that I might be coming home soon. While my leg has healed up, my hearing is still giving me a problem. I'm supposed to see an ear doctor for it.

The letter ends with RESPECTFULLY YOURS, STANLEY SLOANE.

CLOSE UP ON THE HEADER:

"Dear Elizabeth."

NARRATOR (O.C.)

There was no other reference to Elizabeth found in any of Stanley Sloane's possessions. It is strongly believed that the identity of this friend, from nearly sixty years ago, will forever remain a mystery.

CUT TO:

FADE IN ON:

EXT. BUILDING STOOP. -DAY.

Angela sits on the stoop, looking a little down.

ANGELA

I really can't believe that he's gone, you know? It really shows just... how delicate... life really is.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What will you miss the most about him?

ANGELA

(beat)
Everything. Just everything.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Nothing specifically?

She looks at the camera with sad puppy dog eyes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Did he ever tell you about his time
in the armed forces?

ANGELA
The what?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The armed forces. He was in the
army.

ANGELA
He was?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
He served in the Korean War.

ANGELA
In the Korean war...? In Korea.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Yes.

A very long awkward pause.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In Korea.

Angela sits there with a very uncomfortable look on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. DOG PLAYPEN (STOCK)

It's the same footage used earlier.

NARRATOR (O.C.)
But what about his dogs? What do
you do with twenty-two pugs needing
a home?

CUT TO:

INT. RHONDA CABOT'S HOME OFFICE.

RHONDA (45) sits behind her desk. There's a small pug statue on her desk next to a telephone. A framed photo faces her.

A corkboard hangs on the wall behind her, filled with post-its and Polaroids of pugs.

YAPPING is heard in the background.

SUPER: RHONDA CABOT - LONG ISLAND PUG RESCUE.

RHONDA

I began the Long Island Pug Rescue in 1989, when my first pug, Queen Gracious the Pure, died. She was nineteen years old and the--

She turns the framed photo toward the camera.

It is of Gracious, a pug wearing a ballerina outfit.

RHONDA

Sweetest most beautiful most wonderful--

She struggles to hold back the tears. She turns the photo back and gently strokes the frame.

RHONDA

Most precious little baby...

Tears roll down her cheeks. She quickly takes a tissue from a desk draw and wipes her eyes with it.

RHONDA

I'm sorry. Can we do this again..?

CUT TO:

EXT. RHONDA'S GARAGE.

The garage is fashioned to serve as a kennel. Cages with pugs line the wall. Dry and canned dog food are piled neatly on the side.

Rhonda walks through the garage, along the cages.

RHONDA (V.O.)

When I heard about the Sloan pugs, I was shocked. Devastated. The New York City Center for Animal Care and Control called me--

She sticks a finger in a cage, playing with a pug.

RHONDA
 (babytalk; to pug)
 Hello Snookums! Is your tummy
 feeling better--?
 (to camera)
 Asking for help. They didn't tell
 me exactly how many they had.

CUT TO:

INT. SLOAN'S APARTMENT.

SUPER: DRAMATIZATION

Rhonda walks through the apartment, carrying two small dog carriers.

RHONDA (V.O.)
 I showed up with six crates in my
 van and, right away, filled them.
 There were pugs in the living room.

INT. SLOAN'S BATHROOM

Rhonda steps into the old bathroom. The shower curtains are drawn.

RHONDA (V.O.)
 In the kitchen. In the closet...
 I found two in the bathtub--

She pulls the shower curtain aside.

CUT TO:

INT. SLOAN'S BATHROOM.

A 'bathtub p.o.v.' of Rhonda. She makes a nasty face and covers her nose.

RHONDA (V.O.)
 That's what they used for a potty
 when they couldn't go out...

She turns away in disgust and walks out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. SLOAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

GERTRUDE BLUM (80) stands at the bottom of the stairwell. She's an extremely-fragile looking thing with coke-bottle glasses.

SUPER: GERTRUDE BLUM - NEIGHBOR

GERTRUDE

Well, I've lived here ten years. Nearly ten years. It'll be ten years in October... I moved here shortly after my husband Earl passed away... Shortly after moving here, I began hearing these strange noises at night and I thought it was Earl, coming back to try to tell me something. I couldn't make out what he was saying. I kept asking him to speak up... After nearly three months I found out that it was Mister Sloan's pugs through the walls. It wasn't my husband at all.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

Can you tell us anything else about him?

GERTRUDE

No. I don't think I can... Come to think of it, it could've been Earl talking to me through those dogs.

HOLD.

EXT. SLOAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING -DAY

Bavolack sorts through the garbage, separating recyclables.

BAVOLACK

Landlord wanted me to start cleaning out apartment--

He pulls a bottle from the garbage. He turns to the Narrator (o.c.). His eyes still dart back and forth.

TWO TEENS walk from behind the camera and past Bavolack.

BAVOLACK

But lawyers say I can't. They say that rent is paid--

The Teens stop about twenty feet behind Bavalack. They turn to the camera.

BAVOLACK

Up to end of month so we can't go
into apartment. He have no family.

The Teens start Dancing and making faces to the camera.

BAVOLACK

So at end of month, I then go in
and take everything out quickly so
new tenants move in soon--

Bavalack spins around and throws his bottle at the two. It SHATTERS at their feet.

He ad-libs SCREAMS at them in a foreign language as they run off. After a moment, he turns back to the camera.

BAVOLACK

(smiling)

It's okay. I know their parents.

CUT TO:

INT. RHONDA'S OFFICE

Rhonda sits behind her desk. A pug sits in her lap.

RHONDA

We do background checks on all
potential adoptees. Make sure they
are responsible people who can give
a pug a proper home.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP

On the pug.

RHONDA (V.O.)

One time, we had a young man from
Vermont try to adopt two pugs.
Well, there's a pug rescue group in
Stowe, Vermont which he claimed he
didn't know anything about.

BACK TO:

Rhonda at her desk.

RHONDA

I called the Vermont Pug Rescue Organization and they had heard of him. He adopted two pugs from them four months earlier... It turned out he was feeding them to his ball python.

INSERT - PUG - CLOSE UP

A pug, facing away from the camera, jerks its head toward the camera, as if shocked.

BACK TO SCENE

Rhonda.

RHONDA

I was horrified. Completely and totally horrified at this. Pugs are God's most beautiful creatures. They're living treasures. It's sinful. You don't feed them to snakes... Cats, I could see, but not pugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SLOAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING -DAY

Bavolack piles up old furniture by the garbage cans.

SUPER: THREE WEEKS LATER.

He gently shakes the furniture pile. It doesn't move. It seems secure.

BAVOLACK

Is end of month and now I must clean apartment like I say I do weeks ago.

His eyes dart between the Narrator (O.C.) and the camera.

BAVOLACK

Woman who take dogs come by and she take some things from apartment.

The Teens from earlier walk up from behind Bavolack. They stop about twenty feet behind him.

One points to the camera.

BAVOLACK

She leave furniture but she take
all statues and paintings and all
else with the dogs.

One of the Teens tap dances for the camera.

BAVOLACK

I must now throw out old furniture.
And I must fix floors. Sand them
down and refinish and paint entire--

He grabs an item from the pile and spins around. He throws
it at the Teens.

It's a cremation urn. It opens up as it hits the ground.
Ash scatters on the sidewalk

The teens flip the bird at Bavalack. It is pixilated.

Bavalack turns back to the camera and shrugs.

BAVOLACK

They do the drugs.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR BENJAMIN ZAIUS' OFFICE.

FADE IN ON:

EXT. DOCTOR ZAIUS' OFFICE -DAY.

ZAIUS (50) sits behind his desk. Diplomas and certificates
line the wall behind him.

SUPER: DOCTOR BENJAMIN ZAIUS, PSYCHIATRIST.

ZAIUS

Collecting a large number of
animals--or *hoarding*--is typically
a sign of a compulsion disorder or
a debilitating psychiatric
condition... It is something that
the hoarder has little or no
control over. He or she usually is
unaware that he or she is doing
anything unusual.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What would cause someone to collect
animals, a opposed to snow globes?

ZAIUS
 There is a difference between
 collecting and hoarding.

INSERT:

A close up of the nameplate on his desk:

DOCTOR ZAIUS

ZAIUS
 Most people collect things.
 Whether it be baseball cards. Or
 autographs. Or old records or
 movies.

BACK TO:

ZAIUS' DESK.

He continues talking to the Narrator (O.S.).

ZAIUS
 These are healthy hobbies.
 Collecting pets--hoarding pets--is
 not.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 What's the difference between the
 two?

ZAIUS
 The difference...? Animals are
 living things. Well, the live ones
 are, anyway. What I mean to say--

INT. ZAIUS' OFFICE.

Zaius sits behind his desk, in a slightly different position.
 Obviously from a different take.

ZAIUS
 Hoarding pets is a behavioral
 disorder, connected to obsessive
 compulsive disorder. They own more
 pets beyond the usual amount and
 have an unhealthy relationship with
 them.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Unhealthy? How?

ZAIUS

Well, hoarders have an undying need to collect and control their pets. They want to be surrounded by their pets, whom they consider to be more like children than pets.

INSERT:

A close up of the nameplate on his desk:

DOCTOR ZAIUS

ZAIUS

The classic example is 'the crazy cat lady' often seen in television or movies. Here we have a woman who collects scores of cats.

BACK TO:

ZAIUS' DESK.

He continues talking to the Narrator (O.S.).

ZAIUS

Nothing else matters to her but her cats and her control for her cats. Typically, the hoarder, lives in squalor. His home is usually filthy and unhealthy--

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Not Stanley Sloane.

ZAIUS

Excuse me.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Stanley Sloane didn't live in squalor. His home was very clean--

ZAIUS

Hoarders live in unsanitary conditions. Their homes are filled with feces and many of the animals are sick and dying.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Stanley Sloane's pugs were all healthy when animal rescue picked them up.

Zaius looks a little agitated.

ZAIUS
They were all healthy?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Yes.

ZAIUS
Twenty-two pugs in a one bedroom
apartment and all were healthy?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Yes.

ZAIUS
They weren't living in filth? In
an unsanitary environment?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
No.

Zaius shifts his weight in his chair, growing more agitated.

ZAIUS
Neighbors weren't complaining about
smells? Noise?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
There were no complaints from the
neighbors. Most didn't even know
how many pugs Mister Sloane owned.

ZAIUS
This is not the norm for pet
hoarders--

INSERT:

A close up of the nameplate on his desk:

DOCTOR ZAIUS

ZAIUS (V.O.)
Their homes are unsanitary, filled
with filth and fleas and even pets
that died because the hoarder
cannot part with--

BACK TO:

ZAIUS' DESK.

Zaius flips the nameplate over with a--

SLAP!

He's getting pissed.

ZAIUS

Their deceased animals... Were there any deceased animals on the premises?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

There were a number of deceased--

Zaius smiles. He's finally right.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Pets--

Zaius raises his hand to point an 'I gotcha' finger at the Narrator.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In cremation tins and urns.

INSERT:

SLOANE'S APARTMENT. -DAY

Bavalak shows the camera the cremation urns (as already filmed).

BACK TO:

INT. ZAIUS' DESK.

Zaius falls back in his chair, forcing out a painful SIGH.

ZAIUS

(beat)

Did you check his freezer?

CUT TO:

INT. SLOAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

MONIQUE WILLIAMS (30) sits at her door. She's a very attractive black woman.

SUPER: MONIQUE WILLIAMS - NEIGHBOR

MONIQUE
Stanley Sloan died? That man with
all those dogs? That's too bad.

She turns her head inside the apartment.

MONIQUE
James? James, come here!

She turns back to the camera.

MONIQUE
When did this happen?

The door opens more. JAMES WILSON (30) steps next to her.
He's a big muscular guy and wears a MALCOLM X T-shirt.

SUPER: JAMES WILSON - NEIGHBOR.

He looks at the camera, and then Monique.

JAMES
What's this?

MONIQUE
Stanley Sloan died.

JAMES
Who?

MONIQUE
The man with all the dogs.

JAMES
Oh. Him. The guy with all those
pugs--

He turns to the Narrator.

JAMES
Those were pugs, right?

NARRATOR (O.C.)
Pugs. Yes.

JAMES
Pugs. Yeah. Well... The guy was
a racist--

MONIQUE
What?

JAMES
 (to Monique)
 You heard me--!

MONIQUE
 He was not--!

JAMES
 He was too--!

MONIQUE
 He was a very nice man. You should
 be ashamed--

JAMES
 Nu-uh. No way--

MONIQUE
 You should be ashamed of yourself.
 You don't know what you're talking
 about--

JAMES
 I don't know what I'm talking
 about? I don't know what I'm
 talking about?
 (to Narrator)
 How many of those dogs did he have?
 Like forty? Fifty?

NARRATOR (O.C.)
 Twenty-two.

JAMES
 Twenty-two! He had twenty-two of
 them dogs! They were all white
 pugs, right?

NARRATOR (O.C.)
 Fawns.

JAMES
 What?

NARRATOR (O.C.)
 They're called fawns. Their color
 is called--

JAMES
 I don't care what they're called.
 The dogs are white.

MONIQUE
There are black pugs too--

JAMES
Guy didn't have one black pug--!

MONIQUE
Oh come on--!

JAMES
Not one--!

MONIQUE
I don't believe you.

JAMES
And black pugs do exist. I seen
'em.

MONIQUE
I seen them, too.

JAMES
Oh really? Where?

MONIQUE
Mister Sloan had some!

JAMES
What? He did not.

MONIQUE
He had some.

JAMES
Really? How many'd he have?

MONIQUE
I don't know. I never counted.

JAMES
He didn't have any! None! Zero!

MONIQUE
He had some!

JAMES
But you don't know how many?

MONIQUE
Maybe three. Maybe five. I don't
know--

JAMES
And you don't know how many he--?

MONIQUE
How would I know? All those pugs
look the same to me--

JAMES
(very loud)
Ah-ha!!

Monique looks at him, surprised.

JAMES
(righteous)
All the black pugs look alike to
you--!

MONIQUE
I can't believe it--

JAMES
They all look alike! Spoken just
like the man--!

MONIQUE
I can't believe I said that!

JAMES
And like the man, you wanna keep
all the brothers--two legged and
four--down!

She shakes her head at him in disbelief.

MONIQUE
They're dogs.

She walks inside the apartment.

He watches her walk into the apartment (and out of view). He
looks at the camera.

JAMES
(beat)
Get away from my door.

FADE IN ON

INT. REBECCA'S APARTMENT -DAY

Camera pans showing the living room. It's nicely furnished
with a great view of New York City.

REBECCA (O.S.)
 This is my place... or, should I
 say, our place.

Rebecca sits on the sofa.

REBECCA
 We lived here for about three years
 and, um, we're both really happy
 here.

There are a few photos of Rebecca and Coco scattered about
 (it's not like the Sloane wall).

REBECCA
 There's a pet shop nearby that has
 all of Coco's favorite foods. And
 There's a nice park nearby--

EXT. DOG RUN -DAY

Rebecca sits on a bench in a dog run, with Coco sitting
 nearby, leashed. Other dogs and people are scattered about.

REBECCA (V.O.)
 Where Coco plays with all his other
 pug friends.

Other dogs are having a great time, running around. People
 hang out with each other, chatting...

And Rebecca sits by herself.

A GUY steps up to the bench, with a leash in one hand and a
 book in the other. He looks around before sitting on his end
 of the bench.

She looks at him, big-eyed, before casually and calmly
 sliding down the bench, away from him.

INT. REBECCA'S STUDIO APARTMENT -DAY

Rebecca sits on her sofa.

REBECCA
 I live close enough to where I work
 that I can come home for lunch and
 take Coco on a quick walk every
 day.

NARRATOR
 You spend a lot of time with Coco?

REBECCA
Oh yeah. We're like a couple. Him
and me.

NARRATOR
What does your boyfriend think of
this?

REBECCA
Boyfriend? I'm--I'm not seeing
anyone right now... Coco doesn't
let me.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Excuse me?

REBECCA
I didn't mean it like that. It's
not like he tells me who to date.
It's just... Not too many guys
I've dated seem to like Coco.

CUT TO:

INT. REBECCA'S STUDIO APARTMENT -DAY

Rebecca enters her kitchen, followed by Coco.

REBECCA
If a guy can't love me **and** Coco,
then I don't see it working out.

She opens a can of dog food and dumps it into an expensive-
looking bowl. She chops it up with a fork.

REBECCA
Coco's, like, my little baby.
Would a single mom date some guy
that would be mean to her kids? I
don't think so!

She puts the bowl down on a fancy matt. Next to an equally-
fancy water dish.

Coco eats up as Rebecca picks up the water dish.

REBECCA
Go easy, Coco. Not too fast.

Rebecca washes the water dishes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 How many relationships have you
 'sacrificed' for Coco's sake?

REBECCA
 How many...? I haven't
 'sacrificed' any relationships for
 Coco. I choose Coco over those
 relationships I've been involved
 with 'cause I think my relationship
 with Coco will last forever.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Forever?

She nods assuringly.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 But Coco is twelve.

REBECCA
 Uh-huh.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Don't pugs live only thirteen of
 fourteen years?

She stops nodding.

A moment of realization hits her.

REBECCA
 Oh God...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 That means that--

REBECCA
 Oh God--

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Coco only has a few--

Horror is written all over her face.

REBECCA
 Oh my God--!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Years left--

REBECCA
 Get out! Get out of my house!

The camera pulls back.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What--?

She throws an oven mitt at the camera as it backs away.

REBECCA

(hysterical)

Get out of my house! Get out! Get
out and leave Coco alone!

The camera backs out of the apartment as Rebecca keeps throwing things. The Narrator appears briefly in the shot, guarding his face from items being thrown.

The Narrator and the cameraman are out in the building hallway.

REBECCA

Leave me and Coco alone! I'm
calling Daddy!

The door SLAMS shut. Locking is heard.

REBECCA (O.S.)

(muffled; sobbing)

Don't leave me Coco. Promise me
you'll never leave me...

The camera stares at the apartment door.

CAMERAMAN

(barely audible)

Crazy bitch...

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. RHONDA'S HOME OFFICE -DAY

Rhonda sits behind her desk. Pug figurines line the desk. One of Sloan's paintings hang on the wall behind her where the corkboard was.

A pug sits in her lap.

A framed newspaper clipping hangs next to the painting.

RHONDA

The past three weeks have been wonderful for the Long Island Pug Rescue. Word has gotten out of my 'pug parade' as--

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSPAPER CLIPPING -CLOSE UP.

The headline reads 'PUG PARADE.' An unflattering photo of Rhonda accompanies it. She holds a dozen pugs on leashes.

RHONDA (O.C.)

The local newspapers called it and many people showed up to adopt. We've placed sixteen pugs in the--

CUT TO:

RHONDA AT HER DESK

RHONDA

Past two weeks. And donations have increased considerably. People are donating more pug food and chew toys than we've ever received. We're getting more money than ever... The biggest donation came from Mister Sloan. His lawyer said I would get all his belongings, including--

She points to the painting behind her.

RHONDA

Three oil paintings by George Nobel. Nobel was a court artist for the British royal family. He painted pugs, and other dogs. Even today, his paintings hang in Buckingham Palace and museums all over Europe... They're expected to fetch over ninety thousand dollars at an upcoming auction.

NARRATOR (O.C.)

Ninety thousand?

RHONDA

And the proceeds will go to benefit pug rescue through out the northeast. Oh--!

She pulls the pug up from her lap and to her face. She smiles.

RHONDA

Did you hear that, Brandy? Mommy said a pun. Mommy said that the pug paintings would *fetch* a lot of money. Fetch? Wasn't that cute, Brandy? Wasn't it...?

FADE OUT.

RHONDA (V.O.)

(baby talk)

Not as cute as you, though...

KISSING/SMACKING SOUNDS are heard.

CLOSING THEME MUSIC.

CREDITS

FADE IN ON:

INT. RHONDA'S BASEMENT

Various shots of numerous pugs, racing around.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Stanley Sloan is no different than the fat woman you see everyday at a McDonalds. Or the man you see in the subway on the way to work who wears too much cologne... One recognizable trait. One characteristic. A simple label that separated him from others and defined him and his entire life. Whatever else Stanley Sloane may have done in his life, he will be will forever be known as 'the pug guy.'

They gather at a wall and look up at something not visible by the camera. Some pugs jump on the wall, standing on their hind legs.

They are anxious to get to their goal.

SUPER: FOR INFORMATION ON ADOPTING A RESCUE PUG, VISIT
[HTTP://WWW.PUGRESCUE.COM/](http://www.pugrescue.com/)

The camera looks at the pugs' destination on the wall.

It's the Jesus-pug, hanging just out of their reach.

FINAL FADE OUT