

The Stonewell Dog Show

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. JACKSON REC CENTER - SUNSET

The Rec Center is vast, only a few lights radiate out of its windows. The parking lot out front is bare and lifeless.

The sign out front reads, "GRAND RE-OPENING!"

INT. REC CENTER AUDITORIUM - SUNSET

CHASE JOHNSTON, a seemingly 80-year-old man who's actually 35 and has seen it all, and KEVIN WIER, Chase's confused 17-year-old janitorial understudy, are waxing the floors of a massive auditorium.

Johnston slows down his buffing machine to a halt and TAPS it gingerly.

JOHNSTON

(Relieved)

I can't believe it's all over...
Finally.

Kevin awkwardly stops his buffing machine. The machine lets out vicious POPS and PUTTS and finally turns off.

KEVIN

Wow. You sure look happy. Chase,
this is honestly the first I've
ever seen you smile.

JOHNSTON

(Annoyed)

It's Johnston to you. And it's
finally over. We can open the Rec
back up.

KEVIN

Finally over? Come on, it couldn't
be that bad.

JOHNSTON

Oh, you mustn't know about the
Stonewell Dog Show... The most
daunting day this recreational
center has ever seen. It had to be
about a year ago...

Johnston strokes his chin.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JACKSON REC CENTER - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Exactly about a year ago.

The parking lot is full, people are everywhere rummaging about. The sign out front reads, "44th ANNUAL STONEWELL DOG SHOW".

INT. REC CENTER HALLWAY - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

YOUNG CHASE JOHNSTON, a 34-year-old man with wide eyes and a smile plastered across his face, is mopping the middle of the hall as people pass him left and right.

Young Chase waves to a PASSERBY.

PASSERBY

Oh, hey Johnston. How's it going?

YOUNG CHASE

Call me Chase. Johnston is my father's name.

PASSERBY

Sure thing. Take it easy. I don't want to miss the dog show.

Young Chase waves the Passerby on and continues mopping.

KEVIN V.O.

Wait... Wait... Wait. There is no way you were that young a year ago.

Young Chase puts one hand on his hip and the other on his mop. His face drops

MATCH CUT:

EXT. JACKSON REC CENTER - SUNSET, PRESENT DAY

Johnston has one hand on his hip and the other on the buffing machine.

JOHNSTON

(Brash)

Just *how* old do you think I am?

Kevin scratches his head and squints his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN
(mumbling)
I don't know... Like eighty
something?

JOHNSTON
Ahem. Thirty-five, thank you very
much. This place ages you.

Johnston stares off into the distance.

MATCH CUT:

INT. REC CENTER HALLWAY - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

Young Chase snaps out of his daze and continues mopping.

JOHNSTON V.O.
And that's when *they* arrived.

VIVIAN CRIEONS, a French dog breeder in her early 20's concealing her emotional instability and fatherly issues, struts by with her French bulldog.

Young Chase tries to wave at her, but Vivian pays him no mind. She takes a sharp dramatic turn into the auditorium.

BROCK SMITHERS, a 45 year-old former crime boss that doesn't try to conceal his past in the slightest, moseys on by spitting on the floor like it was an old saloon. A massive bloodhound fumbles behind him into the auditorium.

Young Chase tries to mop up the spit before the next contestant walks through.

SISTER FRAY, a 60-year-old nun with a severe gambling problem, walks past Young Chase and grabs him by the shoulder.

SISTER FRAY
(softly)
Thank you for your service here. A
clean show makes for clean odds.
May the Lord be with you.

Sister Fray bows her head then walks to the auditorium. A Greyhound scampers behind her.

SANDY WILKS, a 28-year-old all American girl with a chipper exterior and a cynic interior, struts side-by-side with her Chihuahua.

(CONTINUED)

Young Chase waves at her. Sandy lets off a rather princess wave with head bob. Sandy does a catwalk pivot through the auditorium doorway.

STEVE MARSDEN, a 65-year-old gentleman in formal attire, bows at Young Chase for a short period. Steve hands Young Chase the keys to his car.

STEVE

Park it somewhere nice, and I'll
make it worth while.

Steve flashes a wad of cash in his suit jacket. Young Chase nods his head, baffled by Steve's confusion.

Steve WHISTLES and a kerry blue terrier prances behind him. Steve tips his hat and marches into the auditorium.

Young Chase scratches his head. He pockets the keys.

KATHERINE WINCHESTER, a 30-something British woman with the insatiable longing to pet dogs, strolls past Young Chase, nuzzling a teacup poodle in each arm. She walks through the auditorium doors backwards.

Young Chase looks up at the ceiling and lets out a deep BREATH.

CONRAD ROMANOV, a 40-something massive Russian man, who may not be as tough as he pretends to be, struts down the hall. He GRUNTS at Young Chase.

Young Chase steps back.

A tiny beagle puppy skitters its way to Conrad and projects a skittish YELP. Conrad picks up his pup and carries on to the auditorium.

Young Chase puts his mop in the bucket and slides it to the far right of the hall. Young Chase EXHALES deeply.

YOUNG CHASE

(Under his breath)

You've got to be kidding me.

BRODIE GERMAN, the 22-year-old heir of the German fortune and prodigy dog trainer, with the fashion sense of a Renaissance painter, and the ambiance only describable as pompous, drags a red wagon fashioned into a throne where his prized German Sheppard resides.

BRODIE

Make way peasants. You're in the presence of royalty.

Young Chase steps aside. Brodie and his dog pass Young Chase with out their chins pointed upward and eyes closed. Upon pivoting to the auditorium door way, Brodie misjudges the turn and runs face first into the wall.

Young Chase looks up to the ceiling.

YOUNG CHASE

(disgruntled)

These people are going to ruin my life.

JOHNSTON V.O.

...And they did.

INT. REC CENTER AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

The stands are packed. All of the current eight contestants sit in a row of metal fold out chairs in front of a massive dog play land. The audience CHEERS out of control.

Young Chase enters through the door in the back of the room.

The lights dim. A spotlight flickers on in the dead center of the auditorium. A microphone descends to meet the Announcer, a 35-year-old man dressed rather nicely for getting paid so little, occupying a deeply dynamic voice. The audience goes SILENT.

ANNOUNCER

(over projecting)

Ladies and gentlemen, are you ready for the 44th annual Stonewell Dog Show?

The audience CHEERS even louder than before.

The front auditorium doors SLAM open. A human and dog silhouette can be discerned from the lighting. The doors SLAM shut.

The intruders of this dog show are none other than ELLIOT ERVIN, a 33-year-old over excited Australian tourist, and his droopy basset hound.

ELLIOT

(Screaming)

Oi, is this where the free dog washes are?

(CONTINUED)

The audience MUMBLES inaudible words.

The Announcer looks around, shifting his brows.

ANNOUNCER

All right, ladies and gents. Give
it up for our newest contestant...
Ahem, what's your name, son?

ELLIOT

Elliot. And this here's...

ANNOUNCER

It doesn't matter. Take a seat
right up there, and we'll get your
pooch pampered.

Elliot pumps his fist then makes his way to his seat.

ANNOUNCER

Are you all ready for this
doggone...

The door SLAMS open once more, but there isn't a silhouette.
The door SLAMS shut.

A young looking girl, JACKIE HU, a prepubescent looking
girl, with a soft smile and stare as deceptive as her age,
is now sitting in the last remaining contestant chair. At
her legs is ROVER, a 40-ish year-old man dressed in a poorly
made dog costume.

ANNOUNCER

(extremely annoyed)

Are there any more surprise
contestants I should know about?
No? Let's start the show.

MONTAGE

-Vivian SNAPS at her dog and it does a flip.

-Brock waves his finger in the air and his dog comes back
with several wallets.

-AUDIENCE MEMBER #1, AUDIENCE MEMBER #2, and AUDIENCE MEMBER
#3, search their pockets. Their faces grow disgust. They
shake their fists at Brock, all in unison.

-Sister Fray is trading cash back and forth with AUDIENCE
MEMBER #4.

(CONTINUED)

-Brodie Eskimo kisses his dog and it jumps through hoops on the course backwards.

-Sandy princess waves at the audience and her Chihuahua follows suit.

-Elliot scratches his dog behind the ear and it fetches a cigarette lighter from o.s.

-Sister Fray sits down cross legged and starts to pray. Her dog sits down and mimics praying.

-Katherine sets her dogs down and parades through the contestants' dogs, petting every one of them.

-Conrad fake cries until his dog stretches the length of his leg. He picks up the dog. His dog licks his face.

-Steve WHISTLES. His dog flees his side. Steve WHISTLES once more. His dog comes back with his car keys and a top hat.

-Young Chase checks his pockets. He CLAPS in amazement.

-Jackie pets Rover on the head.

ROVER
(unenthusiastic)
Bork...Bork.

The audience CLAPS and CHEERS.

INT. REC CENTER AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

The Announcer steps to the center of the room.

ANNOUNCER
And that concludes the contest for
the evening, folks. Judges will
have all marks tallied in *ten*
minutes.

The contestants file out of the auditorium one-by-one.

INT. REC CENTER HALLWAY - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

Young Chase is sweeping the hallway. In the b.g. Brock is fiddling with something out of sight.

Young Chase looks back at Brock, and hurries away.

INT. REC CENTER MEN'S ROOM. - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

Young Chase is restocking the paper towels.

A toilet FLUSHES. Steve opens a stall and trots over to Young Chase.

STEVE

Ah, yes. Thank you, towel boy.
Could you pull one off for my dear
dog too?

Steve rinses his hands and grabs a paper towel from Young Chase. Young Chase is stunned.

A second toilet FLUSHES. Steve's dog opens the stall and walks to the sink. The dog rinses his front paws then snags a paper towel from Young Chase.

Young Chase's jaw drops.

INT. REC CENTER AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

The room is overcome with the CHATTING of audience members. The contestants all take their seats without their dogs. The Announcer steps to the microphone. The audience goes SILENT.

ANNOUNCER

Aaaaaand, the votes are in.

The contestants lean forward.

ANNOUNCER

Coming in with the bronze medal and
taking home a freshly groomed pup
is... *Elliot Ervin!* Come say a few
words the the audience, Elliot.

The audience CHEERS.

Elliot makes his way to the microphone. He peers into the audience. He grabs the microphone and counts to two on his other hand.

ELLIOT

(beat)
Thank you.

The audience awkwardly CLAPS.

(CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER

No. Thank you, Elliot. Now please
take your seat.

Elliot walks to the three-part podium to his third place
seat pumping his fists above his head.

Vivian leans forward. Sweat is building on her forehead. She
peers into the audience anxiously.

Sister Fray is praying and MUMBLING.

ANNOUNCER

All right. Next up, we have out
silver medalist. So who's taking
home a silver medal and a life-time
supply of dog chow?

(Beat)

Katherine Winchester, come on up
here!

Sandy swings her head to the side and starts to bite her
nails nonchalantly.

Brodie cups his forehead in his palms.

ANNOUNCER

Katherine, would you like to say a
few words?

Katherine meanders to the microphone.

KATHERINE

I...I like dogs. And petting dogs.
And, yeah.

The audience CHEERS.

Katherine lets out an excited SQUEAL as she shuffles to her
seat on the podium.

INT. REC CENTER HALLWAY - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

Young Chase is pretending to sweep the hall. He wipes his
forehead and rolls his eyes.

O.s. there's a BEEP. Young Chase snaps his neck to the side.
He closes his eyes and throws his head back.

YOUNG CHASE

(exasperated)

You've got to be kidding me.

CLOSE ON: A bundle of dynamite with an LED screen reading,
"Waiting for remote signal"

INT. REC CENTER AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

The Announcer steps back to the microphone. The auditorium becomes a soundless void.

ANNOUNCER

And... For our final winner. The
gold medal and fifty-thousand
dollars goes to...

The remaining contestants lean forward.

The audience leans in.

ANNOUNCER

(Screaming)

Jackie Hu!

The audience CLAPS louder than ever before. Sandy does a spit-take.

The remaining contestants lean back in a disappointed unison.

Jackie grows a devilish grin as she struts to the microphone.

ANNOUNCER

Jackie, would you like to...

Jackie rips the microphone from his hand.

JACKIE

(facetiously cute)

I'd like to thank all of you who
made this possibly. I'm the
happiest girl...

SANDY

(Savagely interrupting)

Fake dog! You can't win. Your dog
isn't real. It's a person in a
costume.

The Announcer slaps his forehead.

ANNOUNCER

Sorry, folks. We have one of these
every year.

(CONTINUED)

The Announcer WHISTLES. MAN #1 and MAN #2 bust in through the door, dressed in white scrubs. They tackle Sandy and give her an injection.

Sandy breaks free and makes a break for it.

SANDY

You'll never take me alive!

Sandy bolts out of the back door. Man #1 and Man #2 follow her.

Jackie frolics to her winner's podium seat.

Brock glances around and flees amidst the calamity.

Vivian looks back to the audience. In the b.g. VIVIAN'S FATHER, a 50-year-old French businessman, gives her a scolding stare.

Vivian cowers in her seat.

Sister Fray removes prayer beads from her pocket and starts inaudible CHANTING. In the b.g. Audience Member #4 is rubbing their fingers together signifying to pay up.

Steve looks around contemplating. He rises from his seat.

STEVE

Well, I see no reason for my being here any longer. Good day! Oh and valet, your tip is null.

Steve WHISTLES like a hawk. He looks at his watch.

A luxury sports car appears with Steve's dog in the driver seat.

STEVE

(affectionately)

Good boy.

His dog BARKS and hops to the passenger seat.

CLOSE ON: The Announcer's baffled face.

ANNOUNCER

Wh-what is even happening?

The car is gone. But there are skid marks across the entire auditorium.

Brodie is laying on the ground in the fetal position BAWLING.

(CONTINUED)

BRODIE

(Muffled crying)

I have failed you pa-pa. I have failed my entire family. Generations of Germans, all let down. Why?

Conrad's face is scrunched and he's rocking back and forth.

CONRAD

(chanting)

Conrad is strong man. Conrad no cry. Conrad is strong man. Conrad need puppy pal.

EXT. JACKSON REC CENTER - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

Young Chase nervously fidgets with his broom. He starts to tap his feet.

Six Homeland Security cars with their lights on rush to the front door.

YOUNG CHASE

Finally.

INT. REC CENTER AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

Vivian's Father presents her with a paper. In giant bold letters across the top it reads, "Official Disownment Decree". Vivian SOBS as she signs it.

CLOSE ON: Conrad's scrunched up face lets a single tear go.

CONRAD

(progressively louder)

Conrad is strong man. Conrad no cry.

Conrad picks up a chair and throws it.

CONRAD

(and louder)

Conrad is strong man. Conrad no cry.

Conrad picks up another chair and throws it.

ANNOUNCER

(Shaking)

Please, stop the violence!

(CONTINUED)

Conrad picks up another chair and sets it down genitally.

CONRAD
(sobbing)
Conrad is strong man. Conrad need
puppy pal.

Elliot leans in next to Jackie.

ELLIOT
(whispering)
So, do we get our prizes now... Or?

Jackie's facetious smile drops into an expression of disgust.

JACKIE
Were you *born* this stupid? We get
them as we leave.

ELLIOT
(Smiling)
Thanks. Wanna trade?

Jackie smacks Elliot. He isn't fazed.

Brodie inches his way under the stand.

Katherine remains perched up in her chair with a huge smile.

KATHERINE
(to Jackie)
I know it isn't first. But do you
think they'll let second pet *all*
the dogs?

JACKIE
I'm surrounded by idiots.

Katherine gets out of her seat and heads for the back door.

EXT. JACKSON REC CENTER - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

YOUNG CHASE
Yeah, I only found one. But there
could be others.

HOMELAND SECURITY #1
This is a serious threat. I'm going
to have my whole squad sweep the
building.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG CHASE
Shouldn't we... Evacuate?

HOMELAND SECURITY #1
Only if we aren't successful.

Young Chase's jaw drops as shoots the Homeland Security #1 a confused gaze.

EXT. JACKSON REC CENTER PARKING LOT - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

The lot is full of cars. One in particular sticks out.

A cherry red convertible Corvette with the top down adorning Brock in the Driver's seat.

BROCK
(Crazed)
If I can't win, no one wins! Ahaha!

HOMELAND SECURITY #2 steps up to the car. He gives the windshield a KNOCK.

HOMELAND SECURITY #2
Sir, I'm going to need you to come with me.

BROCK
Never!

Homeland Security #2 quick-draws a taser and sticks Brock. A ridiculous amount of volts pulse through Brock, causing him to drop his keys outside of his car.

HOMELAND SECURITY #2
(into chest radio)
Yeah, I've got the perp in custody. initiate sweep.

INT. REC CENTER KENNEL ROOM - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

Katherine opens all of the kennels. She leashes the dogs up one-by-one. Katherine tries to leash Rover.

ROVER
Bork. Bork. Lady leave me the hell alone!

KATHERINE
Di-did you just talk?

(CONTINUED)

ROVER
'Course I did. No get the hell out
of 'ere.

Katherine runs away screaming with the rest of the dogs on
leashes.

Rover dips down to take off his costume. He comes back up in
a red suit. Rover checks his watch.

ROVER
And bingo was his name-

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. REC CENTER AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

ANNOUNCER
(begging)
Oh, sweet Meredith. Please save me
from this hell.
(Brodie is huddled under the
stands. He hears a BEEP. It's
another bomb. Brodie grabs
it.)

Elliot stand up. His face puckers.

ELLIOT
So, I'm gonna go.

Brodie runs out from under the stands.

BRODIE
(frantically)
I've got a *bomb*! I mean I found it,
but... I have it now.

The audience SCREAMS in pure terror. Everyone is running out
the doors except Brodie. Jackie sneaks in between people.

Elliot still standing in place.

ELLIOT
Yeah, I'm really going to go now.

Elliot casually walks out.

Brodie LAUGHS maniacally. He stomps over to the now tattered
winner's podium and sits in the first place seat.

(CONTINUED)

BRODIE

Ha. Ha-ha. I did it dad. I won.

A single teardrop falls from Brodie's face.

INT. REC CENTER HALLWAY - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICERS #3,4,5, and 6 march down the hallway dressed head-to-toe in riot gear looking for dynamite.

The frantic crowd runs toward the Homeland Security unit, trampling them in their wake.

EXT. JACKSON REC CENTER - NIGHT (1 YEAR AGO)

The crowd is starting to clear out. Rover and Jackie walk out of the Rec Center. Jackie has changed clothes and has a duffel bag.

Jackie bumps into Young Chase.

YOUNG CHASE

Hey. Watch where yo-

(Beat)

Say, aren't you that girl that just won? Jackie, that's it! Congrats.

JACKIE

Who?

YOUNG CHASE

Yeah, Jackie Hu! Good job, kid.

JACKIE

No. Who?

ROVER

Come on. Let's get away from this weird guy.

Rover grabs Jackie's arm and pulls her away. As they're walking away Rover pulls Brock's keys from his pocket and JANGLES them. Jackie reaches into the bag and pulls out a stack of 100 dollar bills. Rover and Jackie LAUGH together.

INT. REC CENTER AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Kevin's face puckers. He scratches his head and face.

KEVIN

So, what happened? I don't get it.

JOHNSTON

Oh, Homeland Security missed a bomb. It blew out the back of the building.

KEVIN

Over a dog show?

JOHNSTON

Yup.

KEVIN

Okay. Well, I quit. This place is freaking insane.

JOHNSTON

Not a bad call. I might join you.

The two janitors walk out of the building.

EXT. JACKSON REC CENTER - NIGHT

Kevin turns to Johnston and grabs him by the shoulder.

KEVIN

I've been meaning to ask, what ever happened to that crazy girl? Or the German kid?

JOHNSTON

Oh. Brodie died on impact. He refused to leave. I don't think they ever caught Sandy though. She could still be in there for all anyone knows.

Kevin and Johnston LAUGH together as they part ways.

INT. REC CENTER HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sandy crab walks across the floor.

(CONTINUED)

SANDY
(yelling)
They'll never take me! *Never!*

FADE TO BLACK.