

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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HANDHELD POV. DAY.

Moving along a crowded city sidewalk. OMINOUS MUSIC swells as people, terror on their faces, part to make way. The POV enters a revolving door and steps into a MARBLE LOBBY.

INT. LOBBY. CONTINUOUS.

A SECURITY GUARD smiles an over-the-top warm hello as the unseen entity passes by. As the POV heads for the elevators, his smile morphs into panic. He hurriedly dials a phone.

SECURITY GUARD  
(panicked)  
Incoming! This is not a drill,  
repeat not a drill!

INT. BURT BARRON'S OUTER OFFICE. SAME TIME.

Walls covered with huge photos of Burt in various costumes from Mattress King holiday ads: Leprechaun, Santa Claus, Abe Lincoln.

Burt's attractive assistant ERIKA gives a shrill WHISTLE. All activity freezes. After a moment, Burt's office door bursts open.

BURT  
What? Here? Now?!!

Erika gravely nods. Instantly it's air raid time. People stuff papers into drawers, clear desks, stash purses and personal belongings.

BURT (CONT'D)  
Terry-- secure all fabric samples!

A woman starts stuffing swatches into drawers and cabinets.

BURT (CONT'D)  
Computer cables!

People pull power cords and cables up out of reach.

BURT (CONT'D)  
Phil-- financials!

A man shoves papers into a cabinet, locks it, drops the key down his shirt. A casually-dressed office boy hurries past.

BURT (CONT'D)  
Do you have a death wish?! Tuck in  
those shirt-tails!!

The guy hurriedly does.

SECRETARY  
Help! Somebody!!

Burt turns to see that a SECRETARY has fallen, her foot wedged between a large filing cabinet and a stack of boxes.

Burt whips back to the elevator. The car relentlessly approaches, 3-4-5...

BURT  
Get her out of there, NOW!

Two assistants wrest her free. The woman starts to go back for her shoe wedged in the boxes.

BURT (CONT'D)  
Leave it! LEAVE IT!

She hobbles to her desk.

And then there's a--

LOUD DING.

People scramble into place, trying to look normal. The elevator doors scrape open, and out steps...

A COIFFED POMERANIAN DOG, wearing a Donna Karan sweater-vest, tam o'shanter, and a dangling diamond ear-ring with matching necklace.

GAUGUIN.

...followed by Burt's 35-ish, well-dressed wife CARLA. Tongue hanging out, breathing those raspy little annoying dog breaths, Gauguin's manicured nails clickety-clack on the marble floor in the frozen silence.

CARLA  
(into her cell)  
No Guillermo, the bird's eye maple  
is for the cabinets in the pool  
house-

As they pass peoples' desks, Gauguin nips and snaps-- he

lunges at a woman's ankles. She pulls her legs from under her desk to reveal she has her feet protected in metal trashcans.

Completely unnoticed by Carla, Gauguin spots an overlooked purse on the floor and snatches a CELL sticking from it. The employee moves to grab it, Burt glares at her to let it go. Burt and Carla kiss. Carla waits.

Burt looks to Gauguin who spits out the ravaged CELL and looks at Burt, pink tongue protruding. Burt plasters a smile on his face.

BURT

Gauguin.

He tentatively reaches a hand toward Gauguin who growls at him.

CARLA

So, ready?

(off his lost look)

Burt, please tell me you're joking.

He has no idea what she's talking about. With a sigh, Carla picks up Gauguin and carries him to Erika's desk, hands him over. Erika looks like she's just been given an IED. Carla heads into Burt's office. Burt follows.

INT. BURT'S OFFICE.

Burt closes the door behind them.

CARLA

I didn't want to say anything in front of Gauguin... our family therapy session starts in ten minutes. You know how important this is, the shrink says Gauguin is a hostile, neurotic mess and we've got to figure out why!

She feels something in her pocket and pulls out a dangling diamond ear-ring.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Ah, there's his other ear-ring.

INT. BURT'S OUTER OFFICE.

Gauguin, held at arm's length by Erika, surveys the office.

-- A woman has snapped a child protection gate into place, blocking entrance to her cubicle.

-- Another has his hands protected with a pair of catcher's mitts.

Gauguin whips his head around. People are wearing barbecue gloves, mid-calf rain boots. No vulnerabilities.

And then the elevator dings. And--

SAM.

Whistling a happy tune, steps off. Gauguin's eyes narrow. He wiggles free from Erika and charges.

SAM  
Hey hey, who's this little guy?

And Gauguin sinks his needle teeth into Sam's ankle.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Mother--

Erika tosses Sam a pair of ping-pong paddles.

ERIKA  
Use them!

SAM  
What?!

As Gauguin hops and snaps, Sam gets it-- drops his case which falls open on the floor, uses the paddles to fend off Gauguin as best he can. Gauguin's nails and teeth click off the paddles.

Gauguin manages to score little bites of knuckles,

SAM (CONT'D)  
Ow! Who's - sonofa! - animal -  
mother-- is this?!

Sam looks at Erika--momentarily giving Gauguin an opening. He leaps and bites Sam in the nipple.

SAM (CONT'D)  
OW!

Gauguin darts away, plotting his next move... sees Sam's sample case-- the ENVELOPE protruding from it. He races over and snatches it.

SAM

No, that's cash!

Still in pain, Sam takes off after him. Gauguin darts around, Sam right on his heels-- between desks, behind furniture. Sam knocks over a potted plant, whacks his shin on an open file drawer doubling as a barricade.

Gauguin stops and stares Sam down: come take it. Sam makes amove but Gauguin darts by him, scampers under a desk and starts shredding the envelope and the bills inside.

SAM (CONT'D)

You little-

Sam dives on his belly and slides under the desk, banging his head hard.

Gauguin, the envelope and cash now wet mulch, tries to run past him. This time Sam manages to grab his hind leg. Sam and Gauguin engage in a twisted, snarling, wrestling match...

Gauguin bites Sam's lip, rips his suit jacket, pokes him in the eye with his paw.

As Sam writhes in pain, Gauguin lifts his leg and RELEASES ASTREAM OF HOT PEE on Sam's head.