

BAD PENGUIN IV

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Typical suburban home with a perfectly trimmed lawn and mini-van in the driveway.

A helium balloon, shaped like a baby bottle, is tethered to the mailbox.

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

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

INT. HOME. ENTERTAINMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A large liquor cabinet. Dozens of bottles are visible through the glass doors.

The PENGUIN stands in front of the cabinet. He reaches up--

MARY (O.S.)  
(giggles)  
Oh, stop!

BOB (O.S.)  
He's a beautiful baby--

But the cabinet handle is out of reach. He tries jumping--

BOB (O.S.)  
'Cause he takes after his mommy.

MARY  
Aww... I love you.

After several jumps, the Penguins stops and SIGHS in disgust.

KISSING noises are heard.

The Penguin rolls his eyes.

MARY (O.S.)  
Pluto, no!

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

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

BOB (O.S.)

Pluto!

PLUTO, a yellow lab rushes into the entertainment room. It stops next to the Penguin, head hung low.

MARY (O.S.)

We have to do something about him.

BOB (O.S.)

I know.

MARY (O.S.)

Maybe we can give him away.

Pluto's ears perk up. Alarm expression grows on his face.

BOB (O.S.)

How about my brother?

MARY (O.S.)

That's not a bad idea! His four kids love Pluto!

Pluto shudders.

The Penguin tries jumping up to the cabinet handle. After several tries, he stops and turns to the dog.

PENGUIN

You help me. I help you. Capiche?

Pluto anxiously nods.

INT. ENTERTAINMENT ROOM - NIGHT

The Penguin sits on the sofa and drinks from a bottle of scotch.

Pluto sleeps on the floor, next to him.

Things are nice and serene until--

MARY (O.S.)

(horrificed)

Oh my God! Bob! Bob! Come quick!

Pluto and the Penguin look up, toward the screaming.

BOB (O.S.)

What? What...? Oh my God! The baby!

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

The Penguin jumps off the couch. With bottle in hand, he crawls under the couch.

Pluto looks at him.

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

Pluto looks up, horrified.

BOB (O.S.)  
Call nine-one-one!

Pluto crawls under the couch, next to the Penguin.

The Penguin drinks from the bottle. He and Pluto look at each other. Mary's CRIES are heard.

FINAL FADE OUT