

SIRIUSLY SPEAKING

Written by

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FADE IN:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

An unseen TV blares. Much closer, tiny paws wave in the air.

Joyous energy wrapped up in a French Bulldog package,  
GUINNESS rolls on his back in a luxury DOG BED.

A logo on the side reads: Sirius - Custom Canine Sleepy Time.  
In a burst of excitement, Guinness YELPS!

Nearby, CRAIG (30s) swivels in his recliner, shoots the pup  
an annoyed look.

CRAIG

No barking after six, Guinness!

Fat Guinness rolls onto his belly. Peeking over the bed's  
edge, he wags his tail - BARKS again!

CRAIG

Doesn't "stop" translate to dog?!?

Craig throws a shoe at Guinness. The dog ducks: the bed  
absorbs the shock.

A female voice interrupts:

REBECCA

Craig, that's mean. Don't!

Guinness grumbles in agreement. Craig prepares to launch his  
other shoe.

REBECCA (30s) slips a lean, yoga primed body between Guinness  
and her husband's sketchy aim.

CRAIG

Becks, no joke. He's gotta stop.  
It's after hours...

Rebecca bends down, affectionately scratches Guinness' ear.

REBECCA

What a widdle fuzzy-wuzzy. Daddy's  
bluffing, baby boo. No one's ever  
gonna complain about you!

CRAIG

(grumbles)

I sure as hell will. The barking's  
interrupting my show!

REBECCA  
So? Turn up the volume.

CRAIG  
You recommend blasting the TV?  
That'll make us Enemy Number One  
with the guy downstairs for sure!

REBECCA  
What're you watching, anyway?

Rebecca perches on the recliner's arm.

REBECCA  
More Science Fiction claptrap?

CRAIG  
Science Fiction isn't "claptrap!"  
It's thought provoking. Smart.  
Better than the reality shows you  
mainline!

Laser blasts PEW PEW PEW from the TV. Rebecca angles a  
skeptical eye at the screen.

REBECCA  
Doesn't sound so smart to me.

CRAIG  
Becks, you can't jump in on Episode  
8, Season Two and judge. You gotta  
watch from the start...

BARKKKKK! Guinness lets loose with another volley of yelps.  
The bickering couple swing towards their wayward dog.

REBECCA AND CRAIG  
Guinness!

And find themselves engulfed in a BLIZZARD of mattress foam.  
Having ripped a hole in the fabric, Guinness' digging makes  
stuffing fly.

REBECCA  
No. Bad dog!

CRAIG  
You're realizing that now?

Rebecca and Craig run over. Rebecca scoops up Guinness and  
cradles the wriggling goofball in her arms.

CRAIG  
What'd this designer matt cost us?

REBECCA  
\$200 plus tax. Though we got free shipping.

Craig groans and pats the mattress. Eviscerated by the pup's hijinks, it's noticeably flatter now.

CRAIG  
It didn't even last a month!

REBECCA  
Maybe it's still under warrantee?

CRAIG  
From direct dog damage? Gimme a break.

Craig throws handfuls of stuffing into a trash bin. Shuffling back to his recliner, he slides down.

CRAIG  
Why can't we just declaw him?

REBECCA  
Not gonna happen. That's inhumane!

She kisses Guinness's tiny nose. He licks her face.

REBECCA  
He's kidding, Pumpkin. And don't worry about your bed. Daddy'll patch that for you before it's time for night-night.

Craig stares at his TV show. SF battles ROAR.

CRAIG  
After the credits roll. One hour.

Sighing, Rebecca tucks Guinness into bed. Eyes the mattress. Something seems... Off.

Under the hole, the mattress seems replenished. Rebecca touches it gently.

REBECCA  
Odd.

CRAIG  
That dog? Hey, I wanted a German Shepherd. But no, you said it was "too big for the apartment." But that little rat's been more trouble pound for pound -

REBECCA

Craig, I'm serious. Get your couch  
potato ass over here !

Rebecca drags Craig out of his recliner, to the bed. She pats  
the "renewed stuffing".

REBECCA

But you threw out two handfuls.

Guinness gnaws a bone. The couple eye his bed, confused.

REBECCA

Uh, maybe the foam just shifted?

CRAIG

(sarcastic)

It sure can't be growing on its  
own. Even if it were somehow alive,  
wouldn't bio-foam regeneration take  
time? Even Wolverine sometimes  
takes weeks...

REBECCA

Time to put down the Sci-Fi remote,  
sweetie. You're sounding more koo-  
koo every day.

CRAIG

When we first started dating, you  
called me "creative" and "quirky."

REBECCA

Which translates pragmatically to  
"insane."

Craig bats mock-seductive eyes at his wife.

CRAIG

Admit it, you still love me. Let's  
cuddle on the loveseat. Drink some  
beers, watch the show. I'll explain  
the origin story to you myself...

REBECCA

(sighs)

If you insist.

The duo split. She towards the kitchen. Craig to his seat.

But as Rebecca returns with bottles: more foam flies!

Chasing his tail in a circle, Guinness BARKS and digs MORE  
foam out of the hole! Triggered, his humans run over.

REBECCA

Baby!

CRAIG

Baby, my ass. This has to end now!

Two more handfuls of foam: gutted. Rebecca eyes the dog mattress...

And gawks as the dent subtly fills out!

REBECCA

Holy.

CRAIG

Shit. What IS this? A frikkin' wormhole?

He pokes the mattress with a finger. Rebecca reads a tag on the bed's side, as Craig glares at panting Guinness.

REBECCA

Hand wash only. Ingredients: Micro fiber. Memory foam.

(beat)

Of course! There's nothing supernaturally science freaky about this at all. Guinness took some padding off the top. The foam below's just expanding to fit!

CRAIG

"Took some off the top?" That dog's a freaking wrecking ball. That furry bastard even *looks* proud. And we paid top dollar for his comfort...

REBECCA

It's still a quality product. See?

Rebecca drags the mattress near the TV. Handing Craig a beer, she grins and sits cross-legged in the doggie bed.

REBECCA

Ooooooh, Comfy. Join me!

CRAIG

Uh, that's for dogs. And I like my recliner cup-holder thank-you-very-much.

REBECCA

You want me to watch your silly Sci-Fi show? Then cut me some slack. Compromise.

Reluctant, Craig sits down. His smile slowly grows...

CRAIG

You know, this IS pretty cushy.

REBECCA

Of course! Why do you think Guinness likes it so much?

Almost on cue, Guinness bounds into Craig's lap. Craig attempts to complain, but fails. The pup's too cute. Together, the trio cuddle before the TV's glow.

PEW PEW PEW fills the air.

REBECCA

(points at the screen)  
Hey, that looked cool.

CRAIG

See? I knew you'd be converted to the Church of Nerd eventually. It only took, uh, four fast years?

REBECCA

Please don't tell me there's any crazy aliens and wormholes in this story?

CRAIG

Nah. A space battle. That's all.

A tranquil moment. But elsewhere, chaos reigns.

#### **INT. SIRIUS DOGBED COMPANY**

The logo on the wall reads: Sirius Custom Canine - out of this world comfort for your dog!

Speaking of nerds... Clad in a white lab coat and thick glasses, SUPERVISOR BECKER strides across the room.

To confront a panicked HARLAN. The skinny tech scrambles at a blinking console.

A wall of MONITORS flicker overhead. Each screen depicts a different dog and bed.

- Rebecca, Craig and Guinness cuddle and watch TV.
- A BORDER COLLIE rips a hole in a Sirius mattress. As with Guinness, foam instantly flies.
- A DALMATIAN rises from his bed, hits a pocket of distorted air. It pops out of existence for a second, then returns. Shocked, it yips and runs away.

BECKER

Dammit, Harlan! Repair the matrix before it destabilizes. You just warped spacetime over Des Moines!

Harlan gulps, and types.

HARLAN

Doing it now, Sir. I just have to calibrate between entry coordinates X and Y.

Onscreen: a dog bed with no hole deflates. The CHIHUAHUA in it shivers, terrified.

The Border Collie's bed inflates the exact same volume. Indicating material's been transferred instantaneously - over thousands of miles!

HARLAN

Whew! Emergency averted. Equilibrium restored.

BECKER

Good to hear. Make sure we never reach that crisis point again!

HARLAN

We still might, with the older models. Fabric shields over early prototypes cores simply didn't factor in the sharpness of these animal's claws...

BECKER

God dammit, Sergeant - how many times must I remind you? They're "guardian protectors". Don't call them animals. HQ might hear!

An alert BEEPS. A screen flashes. Incoming signal from HQ. Harlan connects the call.

The video of Rebecca, Craig and Guinness winks out...



...replaced with a SAINT BERNARD in a SPACESUIT. Intelligent eyes blink at Harlan and Becker. The humans bow.

BECKER

We don't deserve this honor -

SAINT BERNARD

Spare me the compliments. A status report will do.

HARLAN

We...er, we had a temporary wormhole breech. But entanglement safety levels have been restored.

SAINT BERNARD

Are the updated portals being rolled out to designated locations? And retrofitted with the augmented padding protocols?

BECKER

(grovels)

Oh Saintly One, of course! We would never ask you to travel all the way from Canis Major, just to materialize on a hardwood floor!

The Saint Bernard drools. Holds up a paw in salute.

SAINT BERNARD

Saints be praised. You, too. When the pack arrive, rest assured you will both be rewarded for your... Obedience.

The screen flickers out. The screen with Rebecca, Craig and Guinness is restored.

Becker and Harlan exchange looks.

HARLAN

Are you sure everything will work out? Even with the new... arrangements? Dog and humans will live together in peace?

Becker beams up at the screens of dogs, now all sleeping peacefully in their Sirius portal "beds".

BECKER

Everything is sure to work out fine. The Supreme Leader himself just called me Good Boy!