

# **DOUG THE PUG'S FINAL ADVENTURE**

Written by

Rainie Amber Ovenden

[rainovenden@gmail.com](mailto:rainovenden@gmail.com)

FADE IN:

EXT. JOY'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - SATURDAY MORNING

It's a beautiful fall morning in the sunny suburb of Paradise Hills, San Diego. BIRDS happily chirp from the trees, a NEIGHBOR collects his newspaper, JOGGERS run past doing their morning exercise. Ah, the serenity.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JOY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

JOY BENNETT (10) brunette sporty-type, sleeps open-mouthed in her bed.

JOY

ZZZZZZZZzzzzzzZZZZZZZZzzzzzzZZZZZZZ!!!

PAMELA (O.S)

Joy! Up, up, up and at 'em! Time to rise honey! Doug, come get your breakfast!

Joy starts to awaken, yet still the room echoes with loud snores. She wipes the drool from her mouth and lifts her bed sheet to reveal her plump pug DOUG (10) fawn coat, greying muzzle, wearing a bright green collar, snoring the house down.

DOUG

ZZZZZZZZzzzzzzZZZZZZZZzzzzzzZZZZZZZ!!!

JOY

(whispers)

Dougie. Wake up, it's breakfast time.

DOUG

ZZZZZZZZzzzzzzZZZZZZZZzzzzzzZZZZZZZ!!!

Behind Joy's bed is a series of photos that tell the story of Joy and Doug's 10 years of life together, Doug visibly ageing from a lively puppy to the old boy he is today. All the while wearing the same green collar.

JOY

(louder now)

Time to get up, Doug The Pug.

Doug continues snoring away so Joy jumps out of bed and searches the mess in her room for her dressing gown. She finds it eventually and while slipping it on she looks down noticing that she's absolutely covered in Doug's hair. Boy does he shed hair.

JOY

Doooooooouuuuuggg.

DOUG

ZZZZZZZZzzzzzzZZZZZZZZzzzzzzZZZZZZZ!!!

JOY

Dougie it's time foooooooooor...  
breakfast.

PAMELA (O.S)

Joy stop ignoring me please!

Having still gotten no reaction in the slightest from Doug she hangs her head out of the door and yells down to her mother.

JOY

I'm awake Mom! But Doug won't get  
out of bed!

PAMELA (O.S)

I know, I can hear him from down  
here! Just leave him be. Your  
babysitter will be here in 10  
minutes.

INT. JOY'S HOUSE, STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Joy bounds down the stairs ready to face a new day. The staircase walls display photos of the whole family, Doug included.

INT. JOY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Joy's mother PAMELA BENNETT (40) also brunette, keeps her head down busying herself preparing breakfast.

JOY

(sombre)

Remember when I only had to whisper  
"Breakfast" and Doug would come  
sprinting down the stairs?

PAMELA

He's getting old Joy, his hearing,  
and his sight for that matter  
aren't what they used to be.

(sighing)

We all have to get old one day.

JOY

(being cheeky)

Old like you Mom?

PAMELA

Very funny Joy.

JOY

But we can live till 100. Pugs only  
usually live to 11 and Doug's  
already 10 Mom. You heard what the  
Vet said last week.

PAMELA

The Veterinarian said pugs COULD live to 12 Joycie.

JOY

She also whispered something to you and you won't tell me what it was.

PAMELA

(looking guilty)

We were just talking about the bill sweetheart. Nothing for you to concern yourself with.

Pamela finally looks up now.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Joy! Look at the state of your pyjamas. I just swept the floor. Go clean yourself up please.

Joy just shrugs and pulls her dressing gown closed, tying it up.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

That's not what I meant.

Joy's father GREG BENNETT (40) tall, dressed in golfing attire rushes through the kitchen, grabs his coffee to go and hastily kisses Joy and Pamela while he rushes around gathering his things.

GREG

Gotta go fam bam. I'm running late again.

PAMELA

But Greg, I've nearly finished making breakfast.

GREG

Sorry Pam, if I miss this flight I won't make the company tournament. I'll barely make it as it is.

Pamela hands Greg a waffle.

PAMELA

Well here, at least eat this on the way.

Greg rolls his eyes dramatically then winks at Joy.

GREG

Ladies, I bid you adieu.

JOY

Bye Dad.

PAMELA  
Have fun darling.

Greg stops, pats down his pockets and turns around to ask...

GREG  
Honey have you seen my ...

Joy does her best softball pitch and launches the car keys to her father.

GREG (CONT'D)  
...keys? Thanks Joycie. You're really getting some speed now kiddo. The extra practice is really paying off.

JOY  
Thanks Dad. I'm starting pitcher next week!

GREG  
Really?! That's great sweetheart. OK, you two have a great weekend.

Greg rushes out of the kitchen and Joy returns her focus to her mother.

JOY  
Well I think I should be home-schooled.

PAMELA  
What? Why?

JOY  
I just want to be around Doug more and my teacher already said I can't take him to school.

Pamela starts to sweep up the dog hair.

PAMELA  
You're being silly now Joy. How about you go wake him up properly so he doesn't spend his whole day in bed again.

JOY  
(defeated)  
Fine.

Joy looks to the staircase and envisions herself and Doug several years ago bounding down the stairs laughing, all the while, Doug's curly tail wagging madly. She glumly smiles at the memory.

PAMELA  
Everything OK?

JOY  
Yeah, just...

PAMELA  
Just what honey?

JOY  
Nothing Mom.

With that Joy runs back up the stairs.

INT. JOY'S BEDROOM, SAN DIEGO - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Joy bounces into the room clapping her hands together and singing:

JOY  
"Doug, Doug, the little pug. Time to get up and eat some grub. Doug, Doug, the little pug. Time to get up and meet the sun. Doug, Doug, the little pug. Time to get up and have some....BREAKFAST!!!"

Doug's head quickly jerks up. That got his attention. He slowly rises from bed and has a big, long stretch.

DOUG  
(yawning)  
Huh, what?

JOY  
Breakfast Doug.

DOUG  
BREAKFAST?!

JOY  
Mom yelled out to you like 5 minutes ago.

DOUG  
I could have been eating breakfast 5 whole minutes ago?! What is wrong with you Joycie, why didn't you wake me up?!

JOY  
I'll try harder next time. Here let me help you down.

DOUG  
(defiant)  
I can jump down myself. Don't worry about little old me.

JOY  
But I do. I can't help but worry about you.

DOUG

Fine, you can lift me down if it's that big of a deal to you.

Joy gently lifts Doug to the ground.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Now how about that breakfast? Make sure Mom doesn't skimp on the liver this time.

JOY

Ew, gross.

DOUG

I don't know why she insists on putting me on another diet?

Doug sizes himself up in the mirror. Yep, he's chubby.

JOY

(sarcastic)

Beats me Doug.

Doug and Joy make their way down the stairs in stark contrast to Joy's previous memory. Doug stops halfway to catch his breath, but when Joy looks back he sticks out his chest and continues on his way down as if each step doesn't cause him pain.

INT. JOY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The small TV in the kitchen has the morning news on.

DOUG

Morning Mom, I sleep like a baby these days it seems.

PAMELA

Not to worry. I made your favorites. Liver and biscuits for you Doug, and waffles for you Joy.

DOUG

Ooh, do I get waffles too?

PAMELA

What do you think?

DOUG

Hhmm, I'm no mind-reader but I'm guessing by the scowl on your face it's a solid...maybe?

PAMELA

It's a no Doug.

DOUG

Can't blame a pug for tryin'.

Doug has a drink of water while Joy gives him a little scratch on the back unleashing a cloud of hair onto the twice swept floors.

PAMELA

Joy!

JOY

Oops, sorry Mom.

Doug and Joy take a seat at the kitchen counter and happily munch away on their meals. Joy sneaks Doug some waffles when Pamela is busying herself sweeping the floor yet again. Then the door bell rings.

PAMELA

Oh, that's the babysitter. Can you please behave this weekend? I was lucky to find someone left in the area willing to take the job.

JOY

We're not that bad Mom.

PAMELA

Tell that to Mrs Whiteside. Your little ghost prank now has a 62 year old woman afraid of the dark!

Joy and Doug burst into fits of laughter.

PAMELA (CONT'D)

Well I don't think it's funny so please, please, please play nice with this one.

DOUG & JOY

(trying to keep a straight face)

We will.

Pamela heads for the front door.

JOY

(mimicking Pamela)

"Please, please, please behave Douglas."

DOUG

You're the one that gets us into trouble. I'm quite happy spending the day napping.

Joy leans down, straightens out Doug's curly tail, then lets it go watching it spring back up into a curl.

JOY

I know, but where's the fun in that?

Doug notices a news report that sparks his interest.

DOUG

Quick turn the volume up.

NEWSREADER

Multiple dog disappearances in the Paradise Hills area have local law enforcement on high alert. After last month's successful raids and subsequent shutdowns of several 'Puppy Farms' in the area, San Diego Police Department fear the disappearances could somehow be linked. Senior Detective ROBERT DAVILA had this to say at last night's press conference.

Senior Detective ROBERT DAVILA (45) hispanic, stands in front of several news microphones while addressing the media.

ROBERT DAVILA

After an unprecedented number of dogs were reported missing from the Paradise Hills general area, I ordered an extensive investigation to get to the bottom of this. Our early investigations indicate that the disappearances could in fact be kidnappings as all homes of the missing dogs had signature small red ribbons tied to their front gates. We believe the homes were scouted first to see if suitable dogs were present and if so the ribbon markers were left to inform the kidnappers which houses to hit when the time was right. One particular street had 7 dogs go missing all within a few hours of each other. All dogs were 'whole', ie, fertile, leading us to believe they will be used to start 'Puppy Farm' operations back up in the area.

Doug and Joy share concerned glances.

NEWSREADER

'Puppy Farms', although sounding cute and lovely, are in fact awful places where cruel people force dogs to breed litter after litter in a horrible and dirty environment. Most dogs are locked in tiny cages, with little to no food and water. The ASPCA advised

(MORE)

NEWSREADER (cont'd)  
 our network that they still have  
 40+ dogs from the recent rescues in  
 their shelters awaiting adoption,  
 so please contact your local  
 shelter for more information.

Joy picks Doug up and cuddles him close.

JOY  
 That sounds horrible Doug.

DOUG  
 Those poor dogs.

JOY  
 We need to do something about  
 it...today!

DOUG  
 A few years ago I would have been  
 out the door before the news report  
 even finished, but I'm too old and  
 sick to be going on rescue  
 missions.

JOY  
 Sick? You said the Vet gave you the  
 all clear.

DOUG  
 Oh yeah, pfft, she did. Totally.  
 I'm much better, fo' sho'. I've  
 just got a bit of a stomach ache.

Upon noticing Joy's worried expression Doug tries to put her  
 mind at ease.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 Probably just ate my breakfast too  
 fast again. You know me.  
 (burps)  
 Whoop, there it is.

Pamela and the babysitter KIRBIE (21) African American,  
 rebel-punky and really tired looking, enter.

PAMELA  
 Joy, Doug, this is Kirbie.

DOUG & JOY  
 (monotone)  
 Hello Kirbie.

KIRBIE  
 Hey guys, how you doin'?

DOUG & JOY  
(monotone)

Fine.

Kirbie approaches Doug and gives him a scratch behind the ears. And you guessed it, unleashing ANOTHER cloud of hair into the air much to Pamela's dismay. She dejectedly reaches for the broom yet again.

KIRBIE  
Look at you you handsome Pug.

PAMELA  
(to Kirbie)  
Now are you sure you're OK to watch them all weekend? You look rather tired dear.

KIRBIE  
I'm fine Mrs Bennett. I've just been studying hard for my mid-terms is all.

PAMELA  
Really?  
(then)  
Oh how I miss college. What are you studying Kirbie?

KIRBIE  
A few things Mrs B but ultimately I'm hoping to be a Veterinarian. I've got a long way to go though.

DOUG  
(whispers to Joy)  
Oh great, another Veterinarian.

Kirbie hoists her big heavy backpack, complete with various animal rights activist buttons, including a cute pug faced button, off of her shoulder and onto the table with a thunk.

KIRBIE  
(to Joy and Doug)  
Which is why I plan on studying some more this weekend if that's OK with you two?

JOY  
(sarcastic)  
Really? Oh no. I hoped we'd braid each others hair and talk about boys.

PAMELA  
Joy don't be so rude.  
(MORE)

Copyright 2016 Rainie Amber Ovenden -- All Rights Reserved

Email: [rainovenden@gmail.com](mailto:rainovenden@gmail.com)