

The Dog Sh*its on the Roof

By

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ROUGH DRAFT

INT. GEORGE'S STUDIO APARTMENT / HALLWAY, NYC, 7AM

CLOSE UP: A SMALL PUG DOG WAITS PATIENTLY BY THE FRONT DOOR.

In the out-of-focus background, we see George - early 40's - turn his alarm off, and then roll out of bed. He stumbles to the front door.

George and his dog exit the apartment into the hallway.

However, instead of going down the stairwell, George and his dog go UP the steps. They walk up two flights to the very top floor. They reach a door and step outside onto the roof.

EXT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT ROOF

George remains in the background as the dog runs into the foreground. The dog circles around, squats and takes a large poop - on the roof.

TITLE PAGE: THE DOG SH*ITS ON THE ROOF

INT. MUSIC STUDIO, 10AM

George sits alone in a sound studio. He wears headphones and has two keyboards in front of him. His hands wait above the keys.

We hear three "beeps" signaling that he is now recording.

George takes a breath, and slowly moves his hands to the first keyboard.

He proceeds to play "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star."

After the last note, he holds his hands above the keys for a clean pause.

Then he lowers his hands and proceeds to play "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" again. Only this time he uses the first keyboard to play the melody with one hand, and uses the second keyboard to insert animal noises - frogs, birds, crickets - into the song.

He plays the last note, adds one more frog "ribbit" and removes his hands from the keyboards.

George looks up towards the booth, and we hear a voice say:

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

Nice job George. That was a clean take. Let's move on to Frere Jacques. (Talking / whispering to someone else in the booth) Oh how do you say it? (Back to George) I mean "Frear-A Jock-A" or whatever.

INT. MUSIC STUDIO BOOTH, 11AM

George stands in the doorway, while Phil - also early 40's - and Jen - mid-30's - sit at the boards.

PHIL

Nice work today George. You would think someone who works at a toy company would know how to say Frere Jacques, am I right? I just can never get it. Anyway, your recording will sound great in that new Sweet Dreamz Rocker I think. Exactly the kind of traditional, yet modern feel that parents are looking for. Right Jen?

JEN

Yeah, great Jim. I mean George. Just log your hours with Kathy ok?

GEORGE

Ok.

PHIL

Are you going to stop by the bar tonight?

GEORGE

Oh, I don't know.

PHIL

Really, you should come by. Have a drink.

GEORGE

Are you sure it won't be too weird.

PHIL

No, not at all. Come on.

GEORGE

Alright, Alright. See you tonight Phil.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Yes!

George exits.

INT. GEORGE'S STUDIO APARTMENT / HALLWAY, 2PM

George walks in and his little pug dog needs to go potty. He excitedly greets George and then waits by the door. George puts his belongings down. This time we see him grab a paper towel from the kitchen and then he opens the front door.

As George and his dog exit the apartment, George's next-door-neighbor Emma - mid-70's - pops her head out.

GEORGE

Hi Emma.

EMMA

George.

George and his dog head up the steps. Emma gives them a suspicious, accusatory look.

EXT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT ROOF

The dog circles around, squats and takes a large poop - on the roof. This time we see George bend down and pick up the poop with a paper towel. Then both George and the dog head back inside.

INT. GEORGE'S STUDIO APARTMENT

George flushes the paper-towel-wrapped poop down the toilet. Then he puts a leash on his dog. They leave the apartment again, only this time they head downstairs.

EXT. NYC STREET

George and his dog walk down the sidewalk. His dog stops, raises his leg, and pees on a fire hydrant. His dog likes to poop on the roof, but pee on the street. They continue walking towards the park.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

George and his dog walk through the park. They pass a woman - early 40's - with a dog who is squatting in the grass. George and this woman make friendly, fellow-dog-owner eye contact and George gives her an awkward smile. He and his dog continue walking.

They are far down the path when George hears a woman behind him.

WOMAN

Excuse me. Excuse me! Sir. Excuse me sir!

George turns around and sees the woman he awkwardly smiled at running towards him. Her dog, a large-but-adorable boxer, catches up to her side. The two dogs sniff each other.

GEORGE

Hi.

WOMAN

Hi. Sorry to bother, but do you have a poop bag I could use? I left mine at home.

GEORGE

Oh no.

WOMAN

No you don't have any? Just one?

GEORGE

No, I don't have any.

WOMAN

Oh but you have a dog, so I thought... oh, wait did you forget yours too?

GEORGE

No, I just don't have any.

WOMAN

Oh. I see.

GEORGE

What?

WOMAN

You're one of those people.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
What people?

WOMAN
One of those people who leaves
their dogs' shit all over the
sidewalk.

GEORGE
Oh no! I don't do that.

WOMAN
Ok, so can I have a bag please?

GEORGE
No.

WOMAN
(walking away)
Forget it.

GEORGE
No, wait. You're right, I forgot
mine too. Like you said. Sorry,
it's been a long day.

WOMAN
Yeah, tell me about it. Well, I'm
off to find a bag then.

GEORGE
(looking around)
Here. Look there's a bag.

George gestures to a used grocery bag on the ground next to
a nearby trash can.

WOMAN
Oh I'm not picking that up.

GEORGE
Fine. I'll do it.

George daintily picks up the bag.

GEORGE
Where is it?

WOMAN
(pointing to the grassy patch)
There.

George, with his dog trailing along, finds the poop, picks
it up and throws it away.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN
Thanks so much.

GEORGE
No problem.

At this point the two dogs start playing with each other.

WOMAN
Oh that's cute. Most dogs are
scared to play with Max.

GEORGE
Oh really? He seems really sweet.

WOMAN
(Speaking in a baby voice)
He is. He's just so big and
playful! Who's this little guy?

GEORGE
Pugsly.

WOMAN
Because he's a pug?

GEORGE
Uh, yeah.

WOMAN
Clever. Well, I'm Catherine,
because I'm a human. Nice to meet
you.

GEORGE
Nice to meet you too.

CATHERINE
And you are?

GEORGE
Oh I'm George.

CATHERINE
George. I know, doesn't it seem
sometimes like you know all the
dog's names but not the owner's
names? Anyway, I should get going.
Nice to meet you George.

GEORGE
Nice to meet you too Catherine. And
Max.

(CONTINUED)

Catherine waves goodbye, and she and Max walk away out of the park.

GEORGE
(to Pugsly)
Come on pal. Let's go home.

INT. GEORGE'S STUDIO APARTMENT / HALLWAY, 4PM

George and Pugsly walk up the stairs to their apartment. When they arrive at their floor, Emma is peaking her head out of her door.

EMMA
Oh hi again George.

GEORGE
Hi Emma.

EMMA
Taking your dog for a walk?

GEORGE
Yep.

EMMA
So he can go potty?

GEORGE
Uh, yep.

EMMA
That's great. That's where dogs should go potty, outside on the street.

GEORGE
(unlocking his door)
Ok, well, see you later.

EMMA
Uh huh.

George and Pugsly enter their apartment and George shuts the door.

INT. DYLAN'S CANDY BAR BAR, 8PM

CLOSE UP: A VERY SUGARY CHOCOLATE DRINK WITH WHIPPED CREAM,
RED SYRUP AND POP ROCKS ON TOP

We pull back to reveal Phil behind the bar and George sitting at the bar, with this crazy drink concoction in front of him. Phil is a much bigger personality here than at the music studio. He is wearing a very brightly colored uniform.

GEORGE
And I'm supposed to drink this?

PHIL
Yes! "Candy is dandy but liquor is
quicker!"

George looks apprehensively at his drink.

PHIL
Come on, it's delicious, I promise.

George takes a sip. The Pop Rocks pop in his mouth.

GEORGE
Wow... that's interesting.

PHIL
I call it "Devil's Food Drink"

GEORGE
You should call it diabetes in a
cup.

PHIL
Don't tell me how to name my
drinks.

Phil looks over at the chocolate fountain and sees a young overweight boy putting his mouth under one of the streams of chocolate.

PHIL
Hey! Kid! Hey! (imitating Willy
Wonka) "Don't do that. You're
contaminating my entire river."
Seriously, kid, beat it before I
call security.

The kid runs off; chocolate all over his face.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
I swear, kids these days.

GEORGE
This is a fun second job for you
though. I like it.

PHIL
Yeah, well, I need some way to pay
rent now that Stacy moved out.

GEORGE
Oh man, I'm sorry.

PHIL
It's ok. I mean, honestly, who
thought that was going to work out?

GEORGE
I thought she was nice.

PHIL
I met her at a strip club, George.
Major red flag. How about you? Meet
anyone new lately?

GEORGE
No.

PHIL
Ah, that's ok. We'll just be single
until we die. At least you've been
married. Everyone assumes I'm
divorced, like you. But now it's
like weird that I haven't been
married before.

GEORGE
Yeah, major red flag.

A tween girl comes up to bar.

GIRL
Excuse me, can I have a
Cosmopolitan?

PHIL
Excuse me are you 21?

GIRL
I know what I'm doing, ok?

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
Do you even know what's in a
Cosmopolitan?

GIRL
Alcohol.

PHIL
Where are your parents?

GIRL
Mom! This man won't let me have a
drink!

A woman, early 40's, in very tight, almost trashy, clothing
comes over to the bar.

WOMAN
Excuse me sir, please pour my
daughter a drink. Whatever she
wants.

PHIL
Ok... virgin Cosmopolitan coming
right up.

WOMAN
And a real drink for me please.

PHIL
And one non-virgin Cosmopolitan,
ma'am.

George continues to watch the following exchange while
reluctantly sipping his drink.

WOMAN
I like your little outfit.

PHIL
Uh, thanks.

WOMAN
Say Mr. Candyman, how about making
that a double for mama?

PHIL
Um, that's extra.

WOMAN
(sliding a \$20 on the bar)
Go ahead.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL

Well, it's \$22 for both drinks.
\$30, with the double.

WOMAN

What?

PHIL

(hitting on her)
But for you, let's say \$20.

WOMAN

That's better. Mama needs cab money
to get home to Jersey.

GEORGE

(cough-whispering)
Red flag, red flag.

WOMAN

What was that?

GEORGE

Oh, nothing, just that the drinks
are really good here. Right up your
alley.

PHIL

(sliding the Cosmos across the
bar)
Here you go. Two Cosmos, one
virgin.

GIRL

What did that man just call me?

WOMAN

Oh please, no one has called you a
virgin since the 5th grade. (Taking
a sip) Yum. Thanks Mr. Candyman.

Woman reaches in her purse and slides a napkin across the
bar with her number on it. She and her daughter take their
drinks and leave.

GEORGE

She has napkins in her purse with
her number pre-written on them?

PHIL

(smelling the napkin)
Mmmm. It smells like slutty
perfume.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Phil, do not call that woman. Phil,
are you listening to me? Do not
call her.

PHIL

Yeah, yeah, I won't.

Phil tucks the napkin in his pocket.

PHIL

So, want another?

GEORGE

No thanks, I should get home. My
kidneys will thank me. See you
tomorrow.

PHIL

Yeah.

George leaves.

Phil pulls out the napkin and pulls out his phone. He starts
dialing. On second thought, no, he won't call her. He
crumples up the napkin and basketball-throws it into the
chocolate fountain.

PHIL

Yes! 10 points!

INT. TOY COMPANY BOARDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING, 10AM

George sits in the middle of a large conference room table.
He is surrounded by 15 or so upper-level executive types.
They are all dressed in business attire, while he is dressed
more casually in a polo short and khakis. Baby toys, swings
and bouncers are scattered throughout the room. Phil, also
dressed nice-but-boring, is standing at the front giving a
PowerPoint presentation.

PHIL

(pointing to George)

And George here composed the music
for the 2016 Sweet Dreamz Rocker.

All of the executive types look at him; a few smile.

PHIL

George, we were thinking that for
the new Dancing Baby Bouncer we
would love an authentic recorder
sound.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
(clearing his throat)
Uh yeah, I can do that on the
keyboard, no problem.

PHIL
No, no, we were thinking a real
recorder. We're gonna have someone
join you in the studio this week.

GEORGE
Ok, great.

PHIL
(back to his presentation)
So to recap, the Sweet Dreamz
Rocker is on track to hit the
market next month. And the rest of
the "Sweet Dreamz" line will
follow, including the swing and
crib soother - that one right there
on the table in front of you Chris.

Chris - mid-30's aging frat boy - picks up the soother and
it starts to play George's music. Chris looks at George.

CHRIS
Oh man, those are some sweet tunes.
Do you ever fall asleep in the
studio? I would. (He mimes playing
a keyboard and mimics Twinkle
Twinkle Little Star) Like
do-do-da-da-do-do---zzzzzz. Annnd
I'm asleep already.

All of his colleges laugh. Chris is the designated funny man
at work and everyone loves him.

GEORGE
(cutting off the laughter)
No, no I don't fall asleep.

CHRIS
Oh well, you should man. This stuff
is better than Ambien.

GEORGE
Thanks?

CHRIS
Phil? Excuse me Phil. I have a
question.

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
Yes Chris?

CHRIS
Can I take this home and sleep with
it?

Everyone laughs.

PHIL
Sure Chris. Kathy anything else?

Kathy is a very severe-looking woman in her late 40's, and clearly the boss / in charge of the meeting.

CINDY
No that's it. (People start getting
up and leaving). Thanks everyone.
And thanks for your presentation
Phil.

Only Phil and George remain in the conference room. Phil stands in the doorway, ready to leave, but George remains seated.

PHIL
You ok?

GEORGE
Yeah, yeah.

PHIL
Don't listen to them. You do great
work. Chris has mental problems I
think. Hey, want to come by tonight
for some Jolly Rancher shots?

GEORGE
No thanks. I think I'll just stay
in tonight.

PHIL
Alright, suit yourself. But I'll be
there if you change your mind.

George depressingly nods. Phil can take a hint and leaves George alone with his thoughts.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, 2PM

George and Pugsly walk through the park. George is still hurt from Chris's comments earlier. As they walk, George notices all the babies they pass. Babies being pushed in strollers by nannies, babies being pushed in jogging strollers by their type-A moms, babies waddling down the sidewalk. His world is filled with babies. This makes him sad and he feels like he can't escape.

This moment is broken when George hears argumentative yelling nearby. He and Pugsly turn the corner to find Catherine and Max. Catherine is arguing with a young teenage boy with a skateboard.

CATHERINE

Did your mother teach you to behave like this?

BOY

No.

CATHERINE

Ok, so next time don't run over my dog with your skateboard.

BOY

Maybe next time you should have better control over your dog.

CATHERINE

What did you just say to me?

BOY

You heard me. That dog jumped at me. I'm gonna tell my parents and they will sue you.

George decides it's time to intervene.

GEORGE

Whoa, whoa, what's happening here? Listen kid, this lady and her dog are friends of mine. So if you sue them, you'll have to sue me too.

BOY

That's fine, my dad's a lawyer.

GEORGE

Of course he is. Give me your hand.

(CONTINUED)

BOY
Ew, gross, no.

GEORGE
Give me your hand.

The boy reluctantly gives George his hand. Then George takes Catherine's hand and he puts their two hands together.

GEORGE
Shake and apologize. Both of you.

Catherine and the boy are taken aback by the situation and comply.

CATHERINE
Sorry.

BOY
Sorry.

GEORGE
See that wasn't hard.

George takes a small bottle of Purell out of his pocket and offers it to both. They both take a squirt of hand sanitizer.

GEORGE
Alright kid, off you go.

BOY
Bye losers.

The boy skates away.

CATHERINE
Thanks. What are you a therapist or something?

GEORGE
No. Um, actually, I'm a musician.

CATHERINE
A musician, wow. Well, sorry I lost my cool. That's embarrassing for a woman my age.

GEORGE
No it's not. Kids are brats.

CATHERINE
You have any?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

What kids? Oh no. You?

CATHERINE

One. A girl. Eighteen months.

GEORGE

Oh...cute.

CATHERINE

She is. She's just wonderful.

GEORGE

You and her father must be proud.

CATHERINE

Oh, she doesn't have a father. I mean, she does, but...

GEORGE

(assuming she's gay)

Oh I'm sorry! I mean you and your partner. I get it, that's great.

CATHERINE

No, no. It's just me and her. No one else. I was ready for kids and decided to have one. So just me and Ella.

GEORGE

Ella, that's a pretty name.

CATHERINE

Thanks. Anywho, nice running into you again. And thanks for saving my butt.

GEORGE

No problem.

They look down and both dogs are lying on the grass. Pugsly's head is resting on Max's belly.

CATHERINE

Well, that is just too adorable.
(She pauses) Listen, I know we just met the other day, but would you like to come over for dinner sometime? You can bring Pugsly. More like a doggie playdate if you want. I mean, you can say no. Now that you know I have a toddler. I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE (cont'd)
totally understand that that's
really overwhelming and--

GEORGE
Yes. Dinner would be great.

CATHERINE
Ok. Are you free Friday night?

GEORGE
Yep. Believe it or not, I don't
have a large social calendar.
(realizing this makes him sound
like a weirdo). I mean, I have
friends of course, but, uh, you
know, it's not like at my age--

CATHERINE
(pulling a pen and paper out
of her purse, she starts
writing down her info)
I get it. Here's my address and
number. Let's say 7? Oh, and I
don't cook, so you bring the food.

GEORGE
Ok, what do you like?

CATHERINE
Oh anything! Just no Pad Thai. I
had a bad experience. (giving him
the paper with her info)

GEORGE
Sure. How about Ella?

CATHERINE
Oh that's sweet, but I've got her
taken care of.

GEORGE
Ok, 7 Friday it is. See you then.

CATHERINE
(walking away with Max)
Yes, see you then! Looking forward
to it! And bring Pugsly!

GEORGE
I will!

INT. DYLAN'S CANDY BAR BAR, 8PM

George is sitting at the bar and quickly takes a Jolly Rancher shot. It's disgusting. Phil quickly pours him another and George drinks it. Also disgusting.

PHIL
That was cherry.

GEORGE
Ugh! That was gross.

PHIL
We need to celebrate! (He takes a shot). You got a woman's number!

GEORGE
Aaanndd she hand-wrote it on a REAL piece of paper.

PHIL
That's a classy woman.

PHIL
(getting tipsy-serious)
Look. I know it's been awhile, man. But you got this. You're a good guy. You deserve a happy ending.

GEORGE
Phil, I didn't meet her at the strip club.

PHIL
You know what I mean. The fairytale ending. Wedding bells. All that's for you.

GEORGE
I think all those Pop Rocks are rotting your brain. But thanks.

PHIL
(pouring two more shots)
Another!

GEORGE
Oh, please, no.

PHIL
Do it. Do it. Do it.

George takes the shot. Phil takes one too.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
What do you call that one?

PHIL
Sweet Dreamzzzz.

GEORGE
Wait, did you just roofie me?

PHIL
No! George! Ok, I call it
Twinkle-Twinkle-Little-Shot. Wait,
wait!

Phil turns his back to George while he prepares two more drinks.

GEORGE
No, seriously Phil, no more.

Phil dramatically turns around, slides the colorful shots towards George and throws glitter all over the bar.

PHIL
(pumping them up to take the
shot)
Twinkle-Twinkle-Little-Shot.
Twinkle-Twinkle-Little-Shot!
Twinkle-Twinkle-Little-Shot!!

They both drink.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT / HALLWAY, 11PM

Emma sits watching The Wheel of Fortune. She holds a half-finished glass of whiskey. She hears George's door squeak open. She quickly puts down her glass and opens her door. She finds George - very drunk - and his dog going up the steps.

EMMA
Oh hiya Georgey-Porgey.

GEORGE
(turning around and looking
down at Emma)
Oh hi Emma.

EMMA
Watcha going upstairs for?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Oh, you know, just checking the upstairs window. I'm getting a draft. Are you getting a draft?

EMMA

And you're taking your dog?

GEORGE

Uh, yeah.

EMMA

Ok then. Have a nice night. And no I'm not getting a draft.

Emma shuts her door. George is relieved she didn't ask more questions. He and Pugsly continue up to the roof.

INT. MUSIC STUDIO - FRIDAY MORNING, 10AM

George sits at his keyboards. He and Phil are a little hungover. Steve, a very weird man in his early 50's, stands behind him with a recorder ready in his hands.

George starts playing Rock-A-Bye Baby on his keyboards, while Steve embellishes with his recorder. It becomes clear that Steve is not really listening to George's playing, and he's basically doing whatever he wants with that recorder.

George stops playing. But Steve keeps going. He's really passionate about his music.

Finally Phil - in the booth - interrupts.

PHIL

Steve. Steve. Steve! That's good. That's enough. Great recorder work. Ok, how about this time you listen to what George is playing and go off of that?

STEVE

Oh, like copy George?

PHIL

No, don't copy him. Just add to his sound. You know?

STEVE

Like, double his music?

(CONTINUED)

PHIL
(whispering to Jen in the booth)
What does that even mean?

PHIL
(back to Steve)
Um, sure Steve. However you want to look at it. Just, you know, play WITH George. Like a duo.

STEVE
Oh, a duo. Got it.

PHIL
Ok George, same thing this time, ok?

GEORGE
Yep. Got it.

PHIL
Alright. And recording.

This time Steve looks intently at George. George plays a note, then Steve plays the same one on his recorder. Steve continues to copy George and it sounds awful. George looks up at Phil in confusion.

INT. MUSIC STUDIO BOOTH, 11AM

George stands in the doorway, talking with Phil and Jen.

PHIL
Well, that was interesting. Very... interpretive.

GEORGE
For those parents who want a little something different for their kids, right?

PHIL
Yeah if they want their kids to grow up to be psychopaths.

JEN
Ok so let's reschedule this session for Monday? Work for you George?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Yep.

JEN

And no Steve this time. George you can just do the recorder sounds on your keyboard.

Steve walks by and joins George in the doorway.

STEVE

That was really very inspiring work George.

GEORGE

Thanks.

STEVE

I love the way you captured the innocence of babies in the innocence of your music.

GEORGE

Ok thanks.

STEVE

This is what we live for right? Hey, I was thinking, I know a great place downtown for bubble tea. Want to join me?

GEORGE

Now?

STEVE

Yeah, man. It's a great way to relax after a jam session. And I always BYOW. (He reveals a joint in his shirt pocket)

GEORGE

Oh, bring your own weed, I get it. No thanks.

STEVE

Are you sure? I think we really have a connection here.

GEORGE

That's ok, I gotta walk my dog.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE
Philly man?

PHIL
Uh, no.

STEVE
Alright later dudes. Peace out.

Steve exits.

PHIL
Well, good luck tonight George.
Remember, no Indian food.

GEORGE
Got it.

PHIL
And just be yourself. Just relax.

GEORGE
Yeah ok.

PHIL
I believe in you.

GEORGE
Thanks Phil. Bye Jen.

George exits.

INT. CATHERINE'S BUILDING ELEVATOR, FRIDAY NIGHT

Catherine lives on the 28th floor of a new condo building on the Upper East Side. George and Pugsly ride in a bright, modern elevator. Pugsly has never been in an elevator before and is generally impressed. George holds on tight to a bag of Indian take-out food.

GEORGE
Ok Pugsly, play it cool. Max is a real nice dog and you guys could have a great doggie bromance. Just don't do anything stupid, ok? I'm sorry, I didn't mean to call you stupid. Just be yourself and it will go great.

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT

George and Pugsly enter Catherine's apartment. It's also modern, but with kids toys lying about. There is a baby grand piano in one corner.

CATHERINE

Pugsly!! Hi George, come on in.

Catherine grabs the food from George and heads to the kitchen. Pugsly and Max greet each other and run throughout the apartment.

CATHERINE

I'm so sorry my sitter just bailed.
So looks like it's 2 humans, 2 dogs
and a baby tonight.

GEORGE

Oh that's ok! I was looking forward
to meeting Ella anyway.

George walks over to Ella. She is sitting in a Sweet Dreamz swing, and it's playing his music.

GEORGE

Hi Ella! So nice to meet you.

Ella is fast asleep in the swing.

GEORGE

(to self)

I guess my music really does put
people to sleep.

CATHERINE

What was that George?

GEORGE

Oh nothing! Ella is very cute.

CATHERINE

Oh thanks. She just loves that
swing. (Looking through the food)
Ohh Indian! Fabulous!

GEORGE

Oh good. I wasn't sure what to get.
I got a bunch of different stuff.
Chicken, lamb, paneer. My friend
told me not to get Indian food, but
I love Indian food, so--

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE

Me too! How about some Stones and wine?

GEORGE

Sure thanks.

Catherine puts on some Rolling Stones music and opens a bottle of wine.

GEORGE

So Ella sleeps through all this noise?

CATHERINE

Oh yeah, she's a great sleeper. Plus that swing just knocks her right out. I don't know what it is about it, but it's like baby Ambien.

GEORGE

That's funny.

CATHERINE

(putting food and wine on the table)

Please sit.

George sits and takes a healthy sip of wine. Catherine sits too.

CATHERINE

So George, I already know Pugsly is the best dog on the planet, but what's your story?

GEORGE

Well, I've been in the city about 5 years. Divorced. You know, living the bachelor life.

CATHERINE

No offense but I could tell you were single miles away.

GEORGE

Oh thanks.

CATHERINE

No that's a compliment! When I first saw you, you were walking Pugsly like you had all the time in

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE (cont'd)
the world. You were just enjoying
life, you know? It was so
refreshing to see. You didn't have
to rush off somewhere, pick up the
kids from soccer practice or
something.

GEORGE
I thought you liked kids.

CATHERINE
I do! But just because I have one
doesn't mean I like running around
sleep-deprived all the time. Don't
get me wrong, I love Ella. She's
the best thing to ever happen to
me. Sometimes I just miss those
days before I was a mom.

GEORGE
That's normal I think.

CATHERINE
I think so too.

GEORGE
So do you know who her father is?
Like, how does that all work?

CATHERINE
Nope I don't know. All I know is
that he is tall, athletic and
educated. And I paid a lot for
that.

GEORGE
That's so great though. You were
ready for kids, so you had a kid.
Now that's refreshing.

CATHERINE
I guess. I was in a long
relationship before, and it just
fell apart. I don't want to get
into it. Anyway, I couldn't imagine
meeting anyone else. But my life
felt... empty. I knew I wanted to
be a mom. And nowadays you don't
have to wait for Mr. Right. So tell
me more about being a musician.
That must be so fun. What do you
play? Are you part of band?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
(clearing throat)
Oh, um, it's not that exciting.
What do you do? This is a great
place.

CATHERINE
Oh I'm a personal assistant. For a
celebrity.

GEORGE
Ohh, for who?

CATHERINE
Promise not to tell?

GEORGE
Promise.

CATHERINE
Madonna.

GEORGE
What?! That's... that's neat.

CATHERINE
Well, I'm only her New York
personal assistant. I manage her
townhouse and her contacts here.

GEORGE
I didn't even know that was a job.

CATHERINE
Me neither! I just sort of fell
into it. But it's great
flexibility, for Ella. And that's
what I mean. If you have a band or
something, I know a few people who
could introduce you to the right
people, you know?

GEORGE
Yeah, yeah. Well, I don't really
play that type of music.

CATHERINE
So what type of music do you play?

GEORGE
Um, children's music actually.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE

Oh, that's interesting. Like
kumbaya with a guitar or something?

GEORGE

No, more like nursery rhymes? On
the keyboard.

CATHERINE

Oh, so you're not really a
musician.

GEORGE

Well, I guess not...

CATHERINE

Sorry, I didn't mean it like that.
I just mean, it's not like you're
writing original songs or anything.
Hey! I have a piano right here. Why
don't you play something?

GEORGE

Oh, no, that's ok.

CATHERINE

Oh c'mon!

GEORGE

No, really.

CATHERINE

C'mon. It's my grandmother's old
piano and no one ever plays it.

GEORGE

...Alright, just one song.

George gets up. He starts walking towards the baby grand
piano. But as he does, he loses confidence in himself.
Instead he veers right towards Ella's toy piano. He slowly
and awkwardly sits cross-legged on the floor in front of it.

He dramatically lifts his hands, then lowers them and begins
playing "Baa, Baa, Blacksheep." He finishes and looks up at
Catherine.

CATHERINE

That...was...nice.

GEORGE

(still on the floor)

This is me. This is what I do.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE

It's interesting, really. Like I said, I wouldn't really call you a musician - you probably shouldn't tell people you're a musician - but maybe more like a master of the childhood arts?

GEORGE

That's not funny.

CATHERINE

I wasn't trying to be funny, just it's confusing when you say that word "musician" you know? That implies a lot and--

GEORGE

Well, if you want to date a "musician," then maybe you should go pick one up at a bar somewhere.

CATHERINE

Hey, this is not a date, ok? It's not a human date. It's a doggie date.

GEORGE

(getting up off the floor)
Oh fine, fine. But you know who does appreciate my music? Ella. Ella likes my music because it puts her to sleep. That's what I do, I put people to sleep! C'mon Pugsly, let's go.

Pugsly comes running into the living room, Max close behind. He looks up at George, confused. George walks towards the front door, but Pugsly does not follow him.

GEORGE

Pugsly, come on.

CATHERINE

Wait, just wait a minute.

GEORGE

(opening the door)
No, Pugsly, let's go.

Pugsly lowers his head and slowly walks towards George. Max follows him.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE

No, Max, you stay. Max, stay.

GEORGE

(standing in doorway)

Look, it was really nice meeting you. I hope you find what you're looking for, I really do.

CATHERINE

What's that supposed to--?

George shuts the door as she's talking.

INT. CATHERINE'S BUILDING ELEVATOR

CUT TO: GEORGE AND PUGSLY SILENTLY RIDING THE ELEVATOR BACK DOWN.

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT

Catherine cleans up what's left of dinner. She pours herself another glass of wine. She watches Ella sleeping in the swing, replaying and regretting the things she said to George.

EXT. NYC STREET, NIGHT

George and Pugsly walk towards their building.

GEORGE

(to Pugsly)

Look pal, it was a strike out tonight. I'm sorry. You liked Max though, didn't you? Well, there will be other dogs. This is New York, there are literally a million other dog butts for you to sniff.

George and Pugsly walk up the front steps into their building.

INT. GEORGE'S HALLWAY

George and Pugsly walk up the steps to their floor. They find the building superintendent Mike - Italian man, late 50's - and Emma, waiting for them.

(CONTINUED)

SUPERINTENDENT MIKE
Oh, there you are.

GEORGE
What's this?

SUPERINTENDENT MIKE
Emma here says your dog shits on
the roof.

GEORGE
Um, no he doesn't.

SUPERINTENDENT MIKE
(pulling photos out of her
pocket)
She took these photos.

George examines the photos. They are indeed pictures of
Pugsly pooping on the roof.

GEORGE
Wait, how did you get these?

EMMA
I followed you this morning.

GEORGE
And you actually got them
developed? Nevermind. Look, I'm
sorry, it won't happen again.

SUPERINTENDENT MIKE
Emma says you've been doing this
for years.

GEORGE
I wouldn't say that. Listen, Pugsly
is a very high-maintenance dog. He
has very delicate bowels. He
doesn't like everyone looking at
him doing his business - I mean,
would you? - so, I thought this
would be a reasonable solution--

SUPERINTENDENT MIKE
Nope, out. You leave this week.
Your lease is terminated.

GEORGE
Wait, no, no! I clean it up! It's
completely sanitary!

(CONTINUED)

SUPERINTENDENT MIKE
No it's not. It's disgusting and
filling my roof with disease.
You're out.

GEORGE
But you don't understand!

SUPERINTENDENT MIKE
Ok, so get rid of the dog.

George looks down at Pugsly.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT HALLWAY, MORNING

CUT TO: CLOSE-UP OF GEORGE'S HAND KNOCKING ON A DOOR.

The door opens to reveal Phil. He is still dressed in his pajamas. We pull back and see George, Pugsly, and a bunch of boxes in the hallway.

PHIL
George!

GEORGE
Thanks Phil for letting us stay
here.

PHIL
No problem. Come on in you two.

Pugsly runs into the apartment. George awkwardly grabs two boxes and walks in.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT

George is unpacking his stuff into the spare room, when Phil walks by the doorway.

PHIL
If you need anything, let me know.
Make yourself at home.

GEORGE
Thanks again Phil.

PHIL
Really, no problem, man. I'm happy
to find someone to split rent.

(CONTINUED)

All of a sudden, we hear Phil's bedroom door open and heels on the floor. The trashy woman from Dylan's Candy Bar comes up behind Phil. She gives him a hug and starts biting his ear.

WOMAN

Thanks for a wonderful evening.

PHIL

Uh, no problem. Jeanette meet George; George, Jeanette.

JEANETTE

Oh, nice to meet you George.

GEORGE

Oh, hi, again.

Jeanette sees Pugsly on the bed.

JEANETTE

Oh hi you little doggie! (to Phil)
See you later?

PHIL

Yeah babe.

Jeanette gives Phil one last big kiss goodbye, then she leaves the apartment.

GEORGE

I thought you weren't going to call her?

PHIL

Well.

GEORGE

Well?

PHIL

I was almost going to ask her to move in with me. Thank goodness you got kicked out of your place.

GEORGE

I was wondering, do you have access to your roof?

PHIL

I dunno, why?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE
You've never checked it out?

PHIL
No.

GEORGE
Oh, no reason. Just thought it
would be nice to go up there
sometimes.

PHIL
George, are you ok?

GEORGE
Oh yeah, I'm fine.

PHIL
George, please, please don't jump
off the roof, ok?

GEORGE
I'm not going to jump off the roof.

PHIL
I know things are tough right now.
It didn't work out with that dog
park chick, but so what? Hey,
Jeanette has a few friends, I can
probably set you up.

GEORGE
Oh, no thanks, that's ok.

PHIL
Really, let's do a double date!
It'll be fun.

GEORGE
No, really, that's ok.

PHIL
Nope, you have no say in the
matter. We're going out tonight.
I'll ask her to bring her hottest
friend.

Phil leaves. George looks at Pugsly on the bed - how is he
going to go potty?

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT STAIRWELL, NIGHT

George and Pugsly climb up Phil's apartment building stairwell. They get to the top floor and approach the door to the roof. Except there is an alarm on the door.

Maybe the alarm is turned off? George looks at Pugsly, then he slowly tries to open the roof door. The door starts to open. Then suddenly the alarm goes off - lights flashing and sirens blaring. George and Pugsly run back down the steps.

EXT. NYC STREET, NIGHT

George and Pugsly stand in front of Phil's apartment building. George can't get Pugsly to go poop.

GEORGE

Come on boy, you can do it. Just visualize the poop. You can poop anywhere. The sidewalk is just like the roof. Look, there's poop. And there's poop. Everybody's doing it.

Pugsly looks up at George and whines. George is at a loss.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT, NIGHT

Pugsly sleeps with George in bed, but all night he whines and whines. George tries to sleep, but can't. Poor Pugsly!

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, CLOUDY MORNING

George walks around the park with Pugsly, still trying to get him to go poop. At this point Pugsly is very uncomfortable and walks like... well, he walks like he really has poop. It looks kind of hilarious.

Suddenly Catherine and Max walk by.

CATHERINE

Oh, hi.

GEORGE

(startled)

Oh, hi.

CATHERINE

What's wrong with Pugsly?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Huh? Oh, he's a little backed up.

CATHERINE

Oh. Listen, about the other night--

GEORGE

No, no, it's ok.

CATHERINE

No, I said some harsh things and I wanted to apologize.

GEORGE

Ok.

CATHERINE

What are you doing on this side of the park anyway? I never see you over here.

GEORGE

I... moved. Well, I'm living with a friend. I got evicted.

CATHERINE

Evicted? Oh no. What did you do?

GEORGE

I didn't do anything. It's Pugsly. He can only poop on the roof.

CATHERINE

What?

GEORGE

He can only poop on the roof. I take him up on the roof, and he poops. That's how he operates. And that's why I didn't have a poop bag that day. And that's why I got kicked out of my apartment. And that's why we're stuck here now.

CATHERINE

So... he poops on the roof?

GEORGE

Yes! It's not that big of a deal!

CATHERINE

Um, it totally is. (to Pugsly)
C'mon Pugsly, you can poop out

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE (cont'd)
here. Poop in the grass, it's
liberating. Max, teach Pugsly how
to poop.

Max licks Pugsly's face. Poor Pugsly continues to whine.

GEORGE
I've tried everything.

CATHERINE
(sighs)
Well... do you want to come to my
place? I have roof access.

GEORGE
Oh, no, I don't want to impose.

CATHERINE
Please, I can't see him like this.

GEORGE
Are you sure?

CATHERINE
Yes, yes. Like I said, this is for
Pugsly, not you.

EXT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT ROOF, CLOUDY MORNING

Pugsly finally poops!

George and Catherine sit on a bench. Catherine's apartment
building roof is very fancy. There are nice chairs and
benches and tables, and even a gazebo with lights.

Catherine silently gives George a poop bag. George picks up
Pugsly's large poop. Pugsly and Max run about the roof. The
sky is overcast and it starts to drizzle.

CATHERINE
We should go in.

GEORGE
Look, I'm sorry about the other
night too. I overreacted. You're
right, I'm not a musician.

CATHERINE
Yes you are! I'm sorry for the
things I said too.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

I just hate being single. I hate dating. It's just--

CATHERINE

I know, it's the worst. I wasn't completely honest with you either. I wasn't in a long relationship before I had Ella. I dated a lot of men. Like A LOT of men. I didn't know what I was doing. And I was miserable.

GEORGE

Oh. I haven't dated that much. Maybe I just need more practice.

CATHERINE

When did you get divorced?

GEORGE

Three years ago. We couldn't have kids. I mean, it wasn't just that, but that destroyed us. And then she remarried really quickly. Now she has a little boy, and another on the way. Her son is named Kyle Jr., after her new husband.

CATHERINE

I'm sorry.

GEORGE

And all day I'm surrounded by baby crap. Babies, babies, babies.

CATHERINE

Why don't you get another job?

GEORGE

Well, I was an accountant. When we got divorced I thought, "George, this is your moment. It's time to live the life you've always wanted to live." So I quit my job and decided to pursue music. I booked some decent gigs, but I was out of money in six months. I saw an ad for this job, and, well, that was it. Now I record baby music for a living.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE

So you did play with a band?

GEORGE

A few times. But I mostly booked solo piano gigs. They paid next to nothing, I don't know what I was thinking.

CATHERINE

You were following your heart. Most people aren't brave enough to do that. Were you happy?

GEORGE

Maybe. I don't know. What's happiness?

CATHERINE

I don't know. So you really can play the piano?

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT

George sits at Catherine's baby grand piano. He raises his hands in preparation. He lowers them slowly and begins. He starts playing a beautiful version of "Lullaby" by Shawn Mullins. He really can play, and it sounds impeccable. Then he starts singing, softly at first. Turns out, he has an amazing rock voice too. George slowly lets go of the world around him and loses himself in the music. He plays the last note and looks up at Catherine.

CATHERINE

That was... wonderful. You're talented. And I'm not just saying that. You're actually really great.

GEORGE

Thanks.

CATHERINE

So can we start over?

GEORGE

You mean between us?

CATHERINE

Yes between us.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Sure.

Catherine pulls a key out of her pocket.

CATHERINE

Here. Take my extra building key.
For the next time Pugsly has to
poop. Just go on up.

GEORGE

Oh, no this is too much. I don't
want to get you in trouble or
anything.

CATHERINE

No one cares. And if anyone tries
to stop you, you tell them to come
talk to me.

GEORGE

What if they try and take my lunch
money too?

CATHERINE

Well, then, I'll have to beat them
up.

Catherine sits next to George on the piano bench.

CATHERINE

And, just to be clear, I hope you
stop by and see me too.

GEORGE

I will.

They kiss.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK

George and Pugsly walk through the park to get home to
Phil's apartment. George holds the key in his hand and
admires it, and the new direction his life is taking.

They walk by a street musician playing the recorder. He
remains blurry in the background. But he wears a colorful
yarn poncho and is very passionately into his music. Why
it's Steve! George tries to sneak by, but Steve sees him and
stops playing.

(CONTINUED)

STEVE

George! Hey George! George my man!
Hey!

George finally turns around.

STEVE

Hey man!

GEORGE

Hey Steve. What are you doing out
here?

STEVE

Oh I love to play with nature, you
know? I get inspiration from the
birds, the squirrels, the grass,
the trees.

A homeless man walks by and hawks a loogie in Steve's
direction. He dodges and ignores it.

STEVE

They talk to me.

GEORGE

The trees talk to you?

STEVE

Yeah, man. So what are you up to
right now?

GEORGE

Oh, you know, busy day. Stuff to
do.

STEVE

Mind if I come with you?

GEORGE

Where?

STEVE

Wherever you're going man.

GEORGE

Oh, well, see, I'm living with Phil
right now, and he has these strict
rules about guests.

STEVE

Who Philly man? No way. We're pals.
He'd love to see me, I'm sure.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Oh, I don't know about that.

STEVE

Sure he would! The wind is telling me to follow you.

GEORGE

I don't know, Steve, the trees are telling me should you stay here with them.

STEVE

Oh really? Let me see. (He pauses and "listens" for a moment). Nope, they say I should go with you. Hear that? They're saying "George, George."

GEORGE

Oh. No I don't hear that.

STEVE

It's ok, you just have to practice listening a bit more. You'll get the hang of it. C'mon I'll lead the way.

Steve jumps in front of George and Pugsly and starts playing his recorder, Pied-Piper-style. George looks around in dread and embarrassment. Pugsly looks confused. They come to an intersection of paths.

STEVE

Which way?

George points right, and they all turn right and out of frame.

INT. PIANO BAR, NIGHT

George, Phil, Jeanette, her "hot" friend Cindy, and Steve all sit at a booth. Phil and Jeanette are on one side, and George hangs on to the end seat. Cindy and Steve sit on the other side and they are really hitting it off.

CINDY

(to Steve)

That's so fascinating. I wish I could play an instrument.

(CONTINUED)

JEANETTE

Cindy? What are you talking about?
Cindy here did Nicole Napolitano's
hair once. She's real talented.

GEORGE

Who's that?

JEANETTE

Real Housewives of New Jersey, duh.

GEORGE

Oh, sorry. Yeah Cindy that's
fascinating.

CINDY

Thanks. It was a great experience
for me to grow as a stylist, you
know?

JEANETTE

You watch, Cindy's gonna be a real
famous celebrity hair stylist one
day.

STEVE

That's sexy.

GEORGE

Well, I'm going to go get some more
drinks. Anyone need anything?

STEVE

Yeah, George, can I have a flaming
rum punch?

GEORGE

I don't know what that is.

STEVE

Just kidding. Can I have some
Baileys?

GEORGE

And what?

STEVE

What?

GEORGE

Baileys and what?

(CONTINUED)

STEVE
Oh just straight up.

GEORGE
Alright. Anyone else?

No one responds.

George leaves the table and approaches the bar. As he does, he notices Catherine sitting with a very handsome gentleman. He is taken aback by this and stops a moment to watch them. Catherine is laughing and places her hand on the handsome gentleman's thigh. George decides it's time to make his presence known. He stands next to them at the bar.

GEORGE
Excuse me, bartender?

Catherine sees him.

CATHERINE
Oh, George!! Hello, George?!

GEORGE
Oh, Catherine! Hi. I didn't see you there. I see you're on a date of some sort. That's really great.

CATHERINE
George, this is Ryan. Ryan, this is George.

RYAN
Hey man.

GEORGE
Ooh ok, I get it. You've slept with a lot of men. I should have seen this coming.

The bartender approaches.

BARTENDER
What can I get ya?

GEORGE
Can I get a Yuengling and some Baileys?

CATHERINE
Wait, what are you implying?

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER

Like mixed together, or?

GEORGE

No, separate. (to Catherine) I'm not implying anything. You said it yourself, you sleep with a lot of people. And here you are sleeping with this guy.

BARTENDER

So, like a separate glass of Baileys?

CATHERINE

Excuse me? I am not sleeping with "this guy."

GEORGE

Yes, just Baileys in a glass, thanks. (to Catherine) Well, it sure looks like it.

CATHERINE

Can we step outside please?

GEORGE

Oh is that a threat?

CATHERINE

Stop it. Please, step outside with me for a moment.

EXT. PIANO BAR, NIGHT

George and Catherine walk out of the bar, onto the sidewalk. It's a little chilly this evening and they both wish they had a sweater.

CATHERINE

Look, you need to calm down, ok?

GEORGE

Sorry, ok. I just saw you with that really handsome guy and... I should have seen this coming. You tried to warn me. I'm just not used to this whole dating, casual hook up thing.

CATHERINE

We're not hooking up. He's--

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Oh, he's what?

CATHERINE

He's a music producer ok?! I was telling him about you.

GEORGE

Wait, what?

CATHERINE

I was telling him how good you are.

GEORGE

Oh.

CATHERINE

But now, he probably thinks you're a crazy person.

GEORGE

Oh. Shit.

CATHERINE

Will you play something?

GEORGE

What now?

CATHERINE

Yes, get up on that stage and play something! This is your chance.

GEORGE

Um, ok, ok. You really think I'm good enough?

CATHERINE

I think you're better than good enough.

INT. PIANO BAR, NIGHT

George walks out onto the piano bar stage. He waves out to the crowd. Steve, drinking his Baileys, waves back.

George sits at the piano. This is his big moment. He looks up and sees Catherine and Ryan the music producer watching him.

George raises his hands above the keys, but this time we see that his hands are shaking.

(CONTINUED)

He lowers his hands and begins playing "Lullabye (Goodnight, My Angel)," by Billy Joel. He is a little quiet and unsure of himself at first, but as he plays he unleashes his talent. He rocks the place and by the last note everyone is cheering him on.

He looks up and smiles at Catherine. She is glowing, and Ryan the music producer is ecstatic.

EXT. NYC STREET, NIGHT

George, Catherine, Phil, Jeanette, Cindy and Steve all walk down the street, all still bubbling with energy from George's performance and a fun night out. Cindy and Steve continue to hit it off. George and Catherine hold hands.

CATHERINE

That was amazing.

GEORGE

Thanks. You think he'll really call?

CATHERINE

Who Ryan? Yes! You should have seen his face.

PHIL

I'm just going to pop in here real quick.

INT. BODEGA, NIGHT

Phil walks into a bodega, Jeanette follows close behind, Cindy behind her.

PHIL

Do you have any cloves?

JEANETTE

Oh, who's taking off their clothes?!

CINDY

Oh, great, they're closed.

Cindy walks out.

EXT. NYC STREET, NIGHT

CINDY
They're closed!

STEVE
But life is open to you, my dear.

George and Catherine sit on a bench outside the bodega.

GEORGE
Thank you again for... everything.

CATHERINE
You're welcome.

Phil and Jeanette come out of the bodega. Phil has a hot dog, clove cigarettes, and some napkins. Jeanette steps out of the bodega and immediately into a big pile of dog poop. Dog poop is all over her cheap stilettos.

JEANETTE
Oh, dammit! Fucking dog shit!

Phil puts his hot dog in his mouth and gets down on one knee. He uses the napkins to wipe the dog poop off Jeanette's shoe.

JEANETTE
Aw! What a sweetie! Cindy are you seeing this?! Look at him down on one knee!

CINDY
You might as well stay down there until you have a ring, Phil.

Phil throws the napkins on the ground. He spits out his hot dog, and reaches into his pocket.

He pulls out a big Ring Pop from Dylan's Candy Store.

PHIL
Jeanette...

JEANETTE
Oh. My. God.

PHIL
Jeanette, will you marry me?

(CONTINUED)

JEANETTE
Phil, is this for real?

PHIL
Sure, why not?

JEANETTE
Um... yes!

Phil unwraps the Ring Pop and puts it on Jeanette's finger.
She tastes it.

JEANETTE
Yum, cherry.

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY, DAY

7 MONTHS LATER

George stands outside of Catherine's apartment. He is dressed in a very nice suit. He fixes his suit and gathers himself. He pulls out Catherine's key from his pocket. He puts it into the door, but as he does it swings open.

CATHERINE
Hi.

GEORGE
Hi.

Catherine is dressed up in a flowy cocktail dress. She holds Ella, who is also in an adorable dress. We pull back and see Pugsly - dressed in a doggie tuxedo - and a bunch of boxes in the hallway.

CATHERINE
Come on in.

George awkwardly pushes one big large box and enters Catherine's apartment. Pugsly follows.

INT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT

All of George's boxes have been moved into the apartment, and he, Catherine, Ella, Max - also dressed in a doggie tuxedo - and Pugsly stand in the middle of the living room. They are surrounded by boxes.

CATHERINE
I'm so glad you're here.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Me too. Wait, there is one more thing.

George exits back into the hallway. He comes back in the apartment carrying a baby bouncy seat.

GEORGE

This is for Ella.

CATHERINE

Oh! A bouncy seat!

GEORGE

Not just any bouncy seat.

He puts the bouncy seat on the floor and Catherine puts Ella into it.

GEORGE

This is the Wind Dancer. We got the idea from Steve. Watch.

George presses a few buttons and upbeat keyboard dance music starts playing. A mini wind dancer (aka wacky waving inflatable arm-flailing tube man) inflates and starts moving around. Ella laughs.

GEORGE

See. My music doesn't always put babies to sleep anymore.

CATHERINE

I love it. I don't know about the dogs though.

The dogs are terrified and start turning their heads and whining.

George feels around in his pocket.

GEORGE

And this is for you.

George pulls out a flash drive.

CATHERINE

What's this?

GEORGE

My first album.

(CONTINUED)

CATHERINE

What?! You told me next year.

GEORGE

I lied. Ryan wants to release it next month.

CATHERINE

George! This is amazing. You're amazing.

They kiss. Then George extends his arm in a gentlemanly way.

GEORGE

Shall we?

CATHERINE

Ok everyone, off to the roof!

GEORGE

Off to the roof!

Everyone, including Pugsly and Max, make a mass exodus towards the front door. Catherine takes Ella out of the Wind Dancer, but doesn't turn it off.

WIDE: STATIC SHOT OF THE APARTMENT FILLED WITH BOXES AND THE WIND DANCER ROCKING OUT ALL ON IT'S OWN.

EXT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT ROOF, SUNNY AFTERNOON

It's Phil and Jeanette's wedding! The wedding party is lined up under the gazebo. Phil and George stand on one side, and Cindy and Jeanette's daughter on the other. They all wait.

Suddenly recorder music starts playing. Steve is dressed in a white tux off to the side. He plays Canon in D by Pachelbel... but it's his own interpretation.

Jeanette appears and starts walking down the aisle. She notices the music is a little off, but goes with it. She reaches the front.

PRIEST

We are gathered here today to celebrate the union of Phil and Jeanette. Phil, I believe you have a few words?

PHIL

Yes. Jeannie, you're the best thing to ever happen to me. Fishing your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHIL (cont'd)
number out of that chocolate
fountain was the best decision of
my life. You are my chocolate
fountain, babe.

PRIEST
Jeanette, do you have something
prepared?

JEANETTE
Yeah. Phil, you are my candyman.
(She starts tearing up) And I want
to be your candywoman for the rest
of my life.

PRIEST
That's sweet. Now for the rings.

GEORGE
Ah, right.

George whistles. Pugsly and Max appear, in their doggie
tuxes, at the top of the aisle. They sit. They both have
ring pillows tied around their collars.

George whistles again and the dogs come down the aisle to
Phil and Jeanette. They untie the rings. Pugsly and Max lay
down next to George.

PRIEST
Ok, repeat after me. Phil, you
first. With this ring I thee wed.

PHIL
With this ring I thee wed. (He puts
the ring on Jeanette's finger)

PRIEST
And Jeanette.

JEANETTE
With this ring I thee wed. (She
puts the ring on his finger)

PRIEST
By the power invested in me, I now
pronounce you husband and wife. You
may kiss the bride.

They kiss. The small crowd cheers.

EXT. CATHERINE'S APARTMENT ROOF, EARLY EVENING

All the wedding guests enjoy the reception. George is seated at a piano. Catherine, holding Ella, leans against it. They kiss, and then he begins to play "Lullaby" by Front Porch Step.

Phil and Jeanette dance together. Steve and Cindy dance together. Jeanette's daughter is too busy texting to dance.

Pugsly and Max run around the guests in excitement. Then they head to a corner of the roof.

We see a little potty area has been setup for them. Fake grass and even a fake fire hydrant.

Both Pugsly and Max stand on the grass and circle around. At the same time they both squat, they begin to poop and---

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.

OVER END CREDITS: PHIL DIVING IN THE CHOCOLATE FOUNTAIN FOR JEANETTE'S PHONE NUMBER.