

LARRY THE WONDER PUP - LARRY GETS FLEAS - D2 - by Ray Matsen

SC 1. EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

LARRY is sitting on the back lawn. The sun is shining and we hear birds <CHIRPING>.

LARRY (V/O)
What an amazingly brilliant day!
The sun's out, the flying-dogs
are singing, the sky is...
whatever that sky colour is.

Larry rolls around happily scratching his back, as dogs do.

LARRY (V/O) (CONT'D)
This is one of the greatest days
of my life.

We hear the <BACK DOOR OPEN>. Larry looks up.

LARRY (V/O) (CONT'D)
Sasha!! Cool! Now this day is
even better!

SC 2. EXT BACK PORCH - DAY

Sasha struggles out of the door carrying a TATTERED OLD LOUNGE CHAIR.

Larry runs up to her and <BARKS>.

LARRY (V/O)
Hey little owner! What've you
got there?

SASHA
Look Larry. I found this old
chair on the road. It's super
comfy, but Mum doesn't want it
in the house.

LARRY (V/O)
It looks like one of those soft
sitting things I sleep on in the
lounge room, only it's really
gross.
(Beat)
I LOVE it!

SC 3. EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Larry follows Sasha as she carries it down to the yard.

Sasha places the chair down with it's back to an old table (or something that can be climbed up on) and plonks herself down in it, exhausted.

Made in Highland

SASHA

Phew! Isn't it great? It's a little bit grubby, but it was FREE!

She savors the moment, while Larry sniffs at the chair.

LARRY (V/O)

I gotta tell you, this thing smells really bad too.

(Beat)

This is just getting better!

Larry <BARKS>. Just then GRIMESLEY jumps up on the fence.

GRIMESLEY (V/O)

Ewww. That is the most disgusting looking chair I've ever seen. This neighborhood is really going down hill.

SASHA

(To Larry)

Mum said it's probably full of fleas. But I can't see any.

GRIMESLEY (V/O)

Fleas? Yuck! I hate those horrible itchy things. I wouldn't wish fleas on my worst enemy.

From GRIMESLEY'S POV we see Larry running around the chair <BARKING> at Sasha.

CUT BACK to Grimesley's face, as her eyes narrow, thinking.

GRIMESLEY (V/O) (CONT'D)

(Sinister)

Hmmm. Or would I?

Sasha is still on the chair, when suddenly she feels a tiny bite on her neck. She slaps her hand on it and jumps up.

SASHA

Ow! What was that?

(Beat)

Hmm, maybe Mum's right. I better go get something to wash this thing with, just in case.

Sasha kneels down and talks to Larry.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Larry. Do not get on that chair until I wash it, ok?

Larry looks at her like he is understanding every word, but he is totally not.

Made in Highland

LARRY (V/O)
 Defend this chair with my life
 until you get back. Got it.

SASHA
 Good boy.

Sasha goes off and Larry starts guarding the chair.

LARRY (V/O)
 No one will come near this chair
 as long as Larry the Wonderpup
 is on duty!

Grimesley watches as Larry walks away from the chair looking for possible threats.

GRIMESLEY (V/O)
 If I can get that silly dog to
 sit on that disgusting old
 chair, he'll be the most flea
 bitten mutt in town. <EVIL
 LAUGH> And watching him scratch
 all day will be hilarious.

Grimesley jumps down into Larry's yard and approaches the chair. Larry turns and sees her.

LARRY
 Hey! What's that dumb old meow-
 dog doing here? She better not
 go near Sasha's old sleeping
 seat!

Larry <BARKS>. Grimesley ignores this.

GRIMESLEY (V/O)
 I just need to get him
 interested.

Larry watches Grimesley slowly walk around the chair. He's getting a little stressed. Grimesley <MEOWS>.

LARRY (V/O)
 What are you up to?

Larry <BARKS> again. Grimesley jumps up on the table behind the chair and wanders back and fourth.

GRIMESLEY (V/O)
 Come on, up you get. That's it.
 Jump on the chair.

LARRY (V/O)
 I've had enough of this. Get away
 from that sleeping seat you!

SC 4. EXT. BACK PORCH - DAY

Made in Highland

Sasha is coming out of the back door, awkwardly holding a VACCUM CLEANER and various connections and tubes.

SASHA
Larry, Mum said it's definitely
fleas and I should vacuum it.

She looks up and from SASHA'S POV we see Larry readying himself to JUMP on the chair.

Everything goes into SLOW MOTION as Sasha calls out to Larry.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Noooo Larrrrrrryyyy. Don't juuuump
on it! You'll get
fleeeeeeeaaaasss!

All in SLOW-MO we cut between the pair, as Sasha throws the vacuum connections down and runs towards Larry and Larry makes a gigantic leap towards the chair.

SC. 5 EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

Back to normal speed as Larry lands on the chair and <BARKS> at Grimesley.

GRIMESLEY
LAUGHING> You'll be sorr-ry!

Grimesley takes off and Larry sits down.

LARRY (V/O)
There we go! A job well done.

Sasha runs up.

SASHA
(Panicked)
Larry! Off! Off! Off!

LARRY (V/O)
Hey! What? I thought you wanted
me to protect it.

Sasha gives him a worried look.

SASHA
Are you okay?

LARRY (V/O)
(Confused)
Huh? You look worried. I wonder
wh- OW!! What was THAT?!
Something just bit me!

Larry starts SCRATCHING. Sasha shakes her head.

SASHA

Oh-oh. Looks like you've got fleas mister.

LARRY (V/O)

I don't know what your saying, but there's some weird little insects crawling all over me! Aaaahhh. Get them off!

Larry starts rolling around on the lawn scratching his back, but this time it's not in a happy way.

LARRY (V/O) (CONT'D)

Aaahhh! So ITCHY! Heelllp!

Sasha starts scratching her hair.

SASHA

Ow! There are more on me too!

Grimesley sits on the fence and <LAUGHS> as the pair scratch.

GRIMESLEY (V/O)

Hahaha! Best day ever!

TIME WIPE TO:

SC 6. EXT. BACKYARD - DAY - LATER

Sasha is holding a silver flea comb, it glistens in the sun. Grimesley watches on.

SASHA

Ok Larry, we have to get rid of these fleas. First we'll try this flea comb.

LARRY (V/O)

(Concerned)

That looks a bit painful.

Sasha starts running it through Larry's fur.

SASHA

How does that feel?

Larry is surprised. It's kind of nice.

LARRY (V/O)

Wow! That actually feels amazing. Hmmm. Ahhhh. Yes.

A MONTAGE (possibly SLOW-MO) of Larry loving being combed and Sasha laughing etc. Soon Sasha stops and Larry stands up.

SASHA

Anything?

Made in Highland

Sasha and Grimsley watch and wait. There is a moment it could go either way - then Larry starts SCRATCHING again.

LARRY (V/O)
Darn it! These silly little things are still nibbling at me.

Grimsley <LAUGHS>.

GRIMSLEY (V/O)
I knew it. He's too far gone.

SASHA
Hmmm. Mum had one more suggestion. A lemon bath.

LARRY (V/O)
(Confused and worried)
Wait! Did I hear the word BATH? Nooooo!

TIME WIPE TO:

SC 4. EXT. SASHA'S BACKYARD - LATER

SAD looking Larry sits in a TUB as Sasha pours water on him.

SASHA
This'll do it Larry. It's a mixture of soap and lemons. Mum says it works every time.

LARRY (V/O)
Yuck! It smells so... lemony.

Grimsley watches. She is highly amused.

GRIMSLEY (V/O)
LAUGHS> You'll need more than a squirt of lemon juice to get rid of his grimy fleas.

SASHA
Ok. Let's see if it worked.

Sasha picks up Larry, towels him down and puts him on the ground. He shakes vigorously, then they wait.

SASHA (CONT'D)
If you last five seconds without scratching, I think you'll be clear.

Sasha starts counting down.

SASHA (CONT'D)
5.. 4.. 3.. 2.. 1! Hooray!! You did it!!

Larry spins in circles, very happy.

LARRY (V/O)

I did it! I did it! Whoo-hoo! No
more fleas for me!

Sasha picks him up and cuddles him. Larry licks her face.

SASHA

I'm so happy for you! [She
scratches her hair] Ow. But I
think it's my turn now.

Grimsley looks on, annoyed and frustrated.

GRIMSLEY (V/O)

Drat! I loved watching that silly
dog scratch.

(She pauses)

Wait! OW! What's that...?!!

Grimsley starts SCRATCHING.

GRIMSLEY (V/O) (CONT'D)

OH-NO! I must've got too close to
that chair! Now I've got fleas
too! Aaaaaahhhh!

Grimsley runs off <MEOWING> as Sasha and Larry <LAUGH>. Sasha
shakes her head and gives Larry another big hug.

SASHA

Come here 'lemon boy'.

LARRY (V/O)

Lemon boy? Well, I guess that
beats being a 'flea boy' any
day.

He licks Sasha again and she <LAUGHS>.

END