

MADDY & MAYLA SHOW

"The Puppy"

**(Pilot)**

Written by

Stan Morris

Jodie Needle

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FIRST DRAFT

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MADDY & MAYLA SHOW

"The Puppy"

CAST

MADDY.....MADISON MORRIS  
MAYLA.....MAYLA MORRIS  
RYDER.....RYDER YARBROUGH  
LIZ (MOM).....TBD  
STANLEY (DAD).....TBD

GUEST CAST

VARIES.....DEMI LOVATO

MADDY & MAYLA SHOW

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SETS

Teaser, Scene A - Scene Heading

Act One, Scene B - Scene Heading

Act Two, Scene C - Scene Heading

Tag, Scene D - Scene Heading

MADDY & MAYLA SHOW

EPISODE : PILOT

"THE PUPPY"

WRITTEN BY

STAN MORRIS AND JODIE NEEDLE

SETS:

INT DAD'S LIVING ROOM

INT: DAD'S KITCHEN

INT: MADDY & MAYLA'S BEDROOM AT MOM'S HOUSE

INT: MOM'S LIVING ROOM

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

FADE IN:

TEASER: INT. DAD'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - DAY 1  
(MADDY, MAYLA, RYDER, DAD)

MADDY AND MAYLA ENTER, TIPTOEING TOWARD THEIR DAD WHO IS NAPPING ON SOFA. MADDY IS ABOVE DAD WITH BOX OF TISSUES IN HAND. MAYLA IS BELOW, KNEELING. THEY SILENTLY PANTOMIME AND MOUTH COMMANDS BACK AND FORTH, POINTING AT EACH OTHER AND THEN DAD, BACK AND FORTH, TO DELEGATE THE TASK AT HAND.

DAD IS SNORING LOUDLY.

MADDY  
(POINTING TO HER SISTER AND  
MOUTHING THE WORDS)

You do it!

MAYLA  
(SHAKING HEAD PROFUSELY AND  
POINTING BACK TO MADDY)

No. YOU do it!

RYDER ENTERS RUNNING TO BREAK UP BICKERING BUT INSTEAD COLLIDES INTO MADDY. BOX OF TISSUES DROPS; SEVERAL TISSUES ARE TOSSED INTO AIR. GIRLS AND RYDER DUCK AND COVER. DAD SHIFTS POSITIONS ON SOFA.

DAD  
(GRUNTS AND SLIGHTLY  
UNINTELLIGBLE.)

Arghhh. OK, OK, Night, night, sweetie,  
yes, night, night...kissy, kissy.

MADDY  
(Points to Ryder)

Go back! You forgot the P-U-P-P-Y  
outside!

RYDER SCRAMBLES CLUMSILY OUT OF OPEN DOOR.

DAD MOVES A LITTLE MORE. GIRLS MOVE IN EXAGGERATED SLOW MOTION BACK INTO POSITION. MADDY DROPS A WAFTING TISSUE DOWN TO MAYLA. SHE RIPS IT IN HALF AND ROLLS EACH BETWEEN HER FINGERS. INHALING DEEPLY, SHE SLIDES EACH TISSUE UP EACH OF DAD'S NOSTRILS. DAD SCRATCHES FACE AND YAWNS.

GIRLS GIVE EACH OTHER A THUMBS UP, WALK TOWARD ONE ANOTHER AND DO THEIR SIGNATURE MADDY AND MAYLA TWIN HAND SHAKE AND HIP BUMP WHERE THEY MAKE "M'S" USING THREE FINGERS ON EACH HAND UPSIDE DOWN AND FACE EACH OTHER.

PUPPY ENTERS THROUGH STILL-OPEN FRONT DOOR AND DARTS ACROSS ROOM. ALL THREE KIDS RUN AFTER PUPPY IN THE OTHER DIRECTION AND OUT FRONT DOOR.

DAD  
(SNIFFLES)

Who? What? Where? Girls? You OK?

GIRLS (O.S.)  
(IN THEIR MOST CHARMING,  
CONVINCING VOICES)

Yes, Daddy.

DAD DRIFTS BACK TO SLEEP.

CUT TO:

SCENE TWO

INT. DAD'S HOUSE. DAY 1 AFTERNOON

(MADDY, MAYLA, RYDER, DAD, MOM)

EACH CHILD'S HEAD [THAT OF MADDY, MAYLA, AND RYDER] POPS OUT OF DOORFRAME, ONE BY ONE, STACKED ON TOP OF EACH OTHER.

MADDY POKES HEAD OUT OF FRONT DOORWAY INTO LIVING ROOM WHERE DAD IS STILL SLEEPING ON SOFA. THEN MAYLA, BENEATH MADDY, POKES HER HEAD OUT. THEN RYDER, WEARING HIS BACKPACK. THEN PUPPY'S HEAD PEEKS OUT OF BACKPACK. MADDY LOOKS LEFT AND RIGHT WITH HANDS OVER HER EYES, PEERING AROUND.

MADDY  
(TO MAYLA, RYDER, AND PUPPY)

The coast is clear.

MAYLA  
(TO RYDER AND PUPPY)

The coast is clear.

RYDER TURNS TO PUPPY SQUIRMING IN BACKPACK; ONLY ITS FACE REVEALED.

RYDER  
(TO PUPPY)

The coast is ... Nevermind.

MADDY RUNS PAST DAD INTO ADJOINING KITCHEN. SHE MOTIONS FOR MAYLA WHO RUNS ACROSS TO JOIN HER. THEY MOTION TOGETHER FOR RYDER. HE CLUMSILY SCRAMBLES WITH PUPPY SQUIRMING, SOMEHOW ALL MAKING IT INTO KITCHEN.

CUT TO:

SCENE THREE

INT. KITCHEN AT DAD'S HOUSE SAME AFTERNOON

MADDY

Phew! That was close. What are we going to do now? Dad and Mom said, "No pets." But we have to keep little Pup-Pup; she's so cute!

MAYLA

Well, since Mom and Dad are divorced, we can split the dog's time equally like they do with us. Kind of like shared custody.

RYDER

How are we gonna hide the P-U-P-P-Y?

MAYLA

Ryder, you hold the P-U-P-P-Y. Maddy,  
you clear the sink. We're gonna bathe  
her to minimize any germs, hair,  
allergens, and dander particles.

RYDER

Dandy, part...of...what?

MAYLA

Nevermind.

SHE LOOKS AROUND KITCHEN AND SPOTS A BOTTLE OF LIQUID DISH  
SOAP.

Hmmmm. We can use this dish soap.

MADDY TAKES DOG FROM RYDER AND CUDDLES HER.

MADDY

(TALKS BABY TALK)

Think it will be gentle enough on her  
"widdle" fur?

MAYLA

Should be. This has been used to  
remove oil from birds and turtles  
during oil spills.

MADDY

Hmmm. Well, I remember when this stuff  
helped remove Mom's makeup I may have  
been trying on when it spilled all  
over the bathroom counter and her rug  
last week?



MADDY HANDS DOG TO MAYLA, WHO HANDS DOG TO RYDER, WHO PUTS DOG ON FLOOR. RYDER REACHES INTO CEREAL BOX.

MAYLA

Ryder, pick up the dog...we're trying to clean her. This is no time for snacking.

RYDER

Sorry.

MAYLA

Let's not get off track.

MADDY PICKS UP BOTTLE, READS IT, AND SNIFFS.

MADDY

Well, at least it will leave her smelling like a fresh, lavender-scented Princess Palace Pet.

MAYLA

(TO MADDY)

Sink clear and ready?

MADDY

Check. Pretty pooch soap ready?

MAYLA

Check.

SHE TURNS ON SINK AND POURS TONS OF SOAP, CREATING A MOUNTAIN OF BUBBLES.

RYDER

(MUNCHES ON FROOT LOOPS AND GIVES SOME TO DOG)

Snack? Check!

GIRLS  
(IN UNISON)

Ryder!!

RYDER

What? I...the P-U-P-P-Y was hungry.

MAYLA  
(SIGHS)

Now we have to get those sugar-coated  
crumbs off of her too.

MADDY  
(WITH HAND GESTURES FOR  
EMPHASIS)

Put the snack down, and give me the  
dog.

RYDER

You mean the P-U-P-P-Y?

MAYLA

Y-E-S. Why do you keep spelling out  
"puppy?"

MADDY

He thinks if he spells it then Dad  
won't hear what we're talking about.  
You know, how adults spell things so  
they think we don't understand them?  
(SHE TOSSES HAIR, POSING DIVA-  
LIKE)

MADDY (CONT'D)

Whatever.

RYDER BREAKS INTO SONG, HIS VERSION OF *HOW MUCH IS THAT DOGGY IN THE WINDOW...* CHANGING "DOGGY" TO SPELLING OUT P-U-P-P-Y IN TUNE.

RYDER  
(SINGING)

How much is that P-U-P-P-Y in the  
window? The one with the...

GIRLS

Ryder! Shhhhh!

DAD [O.S.]

Girls? Everything all right?

GIRLS EACH PASS THE DOG TO ONE ANOTHER.

GIRLS  
(IN SUGARY SWEET UNISON)

Yes, Daddy.

DAD

You need anything?

MAYLA PEEKS HER HEAD OF OUT KITCHEN.

MAYLA

No thanks.

DAD

OK. I'm just gonna cat nap a little  
bit longer.

RYDER  
(NERVOUSLY AND QUICKLY  
INTERJECTS)

Cat nap? Cat? We don't have a cat in  
here and certainly not a dog. Nope  
Uncle Stan. No P-U-P-P-Y anywhere  
here.

DAD

Huh? Oh, "Hi" Ryder. You keep an eye on the girls. Girls, keep an eye on Ryder. Stay out of trouble...*girls?*

GIRLS

Yes, Dad.

MAYLA

(TO MADDY AND RYDER)

Let's get to work. Dad won't cat nap much longer.

RYDER

Cat nap?

GIRLS

Shhhh!!!

MAYLA

Ryder, it's a word with a non-literal meaning. Sister, let's get the P-U-P-P-Y. I mean the D-O-G. I mean...

MADDY

(EYES MOUNTAIN OF SUDS IN SINK)

Right sister. Let's start cleaning off those aller-GEMS.

MAYLA

You mean aller-GENS.

MADDY

No. This is gonna be a diva dog, a gem...like a diamond...emerald, ruby, sapphire...

SHE TOUCHES HER SIGNATURE STACK OF BRACELETS...ALL ON HER LEFT ARM, AND HER RINGS..ALL ON HER RIGHT HAND. SHE CAREFULLY TAKES THEM OFF, METICULOUSLY STACKING THEM ON KITCHEN TABLE.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Better not get my jewelry wet.

RYDER AND MAYLA WATCH HER METICULOUSLY STACK EVERYTHING IN OCD-MANNER/ORDER.

MAYLA

Umm, OK. I hope this works. I can't believe you get me into these things sister.

MADDY

Sister, we gotta work together. Besides, you know you wanted a dog, too. I can't believe we found such a beautiful animal all alone. Once Dad ...and then Mom see her all clean and cute, they'll have to let us keep her...even if they're both supposedly allergic.

MAYLA

Actually, I think only Dad is allergic. So maybe we can keep her at mom's house.

RYDER RESUMES MUNCHING ON FROOT LOOPS.

RYDER

Or we can keep her at mine. I can help!

MAYLA

Ryder, you live with us.

KIDS PLOP PUPPY INTO SUPER-SUDSY WATER. DOG WIGGLES. LOTS OF LAUGHING ENSUES. BUBBLES ARE EVERYWHERE...ON COUNTER, ON GIRLS, AND OVERFLOWING ONTO FLOOR.

THEY GET THE SOPPING WET PUPPY OUT AND PLACE HER ON RYDER'S LAP IN KITCHEN CHAIR. THEY ATTEMPT TO DRY HER WITH A DISH TOWEL. DOG SQUIGGLES AND JUMPS ONTO FLOOR, SHAKING OFF WHATEVER WATER IT CAN. DOG THEN DARTS OUT OF KITCHEN AND INTO LIVING ROOM AND ROLLS ON AREA RUG/CARPET TO DRY OFF.

GIRLS HURRY AFTER HER. DAD AWAKENS. JUST THEN, RYDER WITH BACKPACK IN HAND, RUNS IN, SCOOPS UP DOG, AND SLIDES ACROSS FLOOR AND NEARLY OUT DOOR. HE QUICKLY BUT GENTLY SHOVS DOG INTO HIS BACKPACK.

DAD HAS HIS NOSTRILS STILL STUFFED WITH TISSUE FROM EARLIER.

CUT TO:

SCENE FOUR

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAD'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON

DAD

Ryder, what are you doing? And why are you all wet?

MAYLA

(MOTIONS TO RYDER AND MOUTHS  
THE WORDS TO GET OUT...NOW)

He was just leaving, Dad. We were helping him with his community theater play.

RYDER

Uhh, just remembered ... I gotta do some homework before acting class.

(TAPS ON BACKPACK GENTLY)

SFX: DOG YELP

DAD

What was that?

SFX: ANOTHER SMALL DOG YELP

RYDER

Uh. Just practicing for our  
play...uh... *101 Dalmations* ...woof,  
woof...ruff, ruff...

MADDY

Daddy, you just woke up, maybe you  
were dreaming.

DAD

Guess I was in a deeper sleep than I  
thought. That was a pretty convincing  
bark there, Ryder. Very realistic.

MAYLA

You better finish that homework so  
you can get to rehearsal.

RYDER IS STILL ON FLOOR, TRYING TO KEEP DOG IN BACKPACK. DOG  
POKES ITS HEAD OUT AS DAD TURNS TO GIRLS.

GIRLS

Bye Ryder! Time for you to go.

DAD

Girls, don't be rude. You wanna stay  
for dinner Ryder? I'm not sure which  
barbecue joint I'll be hitting  
tonight. I know you love BBQ like I  
do.

(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)  
(FLEXES IN HIS SIGNATURE  
SLEEVELESS SHIRT.)

Time for some more protein before the  
gym.

RYDER

Sure, I'll stay. I love me some BBQ  
ribs.

GIRLS  
(IN UNISON)

No!!!!

MAYLA

Ryder needs to get his *DOG-GONE*  
homework done!

RYDER

Oh... right. Bye Uncle Stan.

CUT TO:

SCENE FIVE

INT. DAD'S HOUSE LATER THAT AFTERNOON

DAD

Girls, do you have homework? How about  
we go get something to eat?

DAD TURNS TO GIRLS WHO ARE DRENCHED...WITH TRAIL OF SUDS  
LEADING BACK TO KITCHEN.

Girls, why are you two soaking wet?

MADDY  
(WINKS AT MAYLA)

We ...

(MORE)



MADDY (CONT'D)

were practicing a scene for Ryder  
where we had to pretend we were  
bathing a dog. You know, *101*  
*Dalmations?*

DAD

Oh. Good thing you were acting  
because you know we can't have a dog  
in this house. Or your mother's.  
We're both allergic. Or at least one  
of us is ... not sure which one  
though.

DAD RUBS NOSE...ONE TISSUE FALLS OUT.

Huh?

MAYLA

(DISAPPOINTEDLY, SHE BATS HER  
EYES AND POUTS.)

That's not fair. I wish we could get a  
dog.

DAD

Why all this talk of dogs today?

MAYLA

(CHANGES SUBJECT AND SWITCHES  
TO UPBEAT TONE)

Nevermind, can I at least get a ride  
on your back?

DAD

Well, honey, I...

MADDY  
(STERNLY)

Get over here, and let me ride.

DAD

OK, no need to yell.

MADDY  
(BATS HER EYES AND POUTS AT  
DAD)

Sorry. Maybe some day you won't be  
allergic anymore Daddy, and you'd let  
us have a puppy?

DAD

I don't think I'll suddenly stop being  
allergic.

MAYLA

Actually dad, it is scientifically  
possible to outgrow an allergy.

DAD

Is is? Wait? How do you always know so  
much?

MAYLA

Reading, school, independent research,  
innate wisdom.

MADDY

Yeah, we know everything. Well, most  
things.

MAYLA

So father, can you please consider a  
dog?

DAD

Uh-oh. You said, "Father." Anytime you say "father," that creates trouble for me. Maybe we can talk about it over some barbecue?

MADDY

Chicken nuggets.

DAD

Chicken nuggets? At least say please, girls...and you gotta do your homework and clean up first.

MADDY

(BATS EYES)

Chicken nuggets first, please Daddy? We've been working like cats and dogs, and I'm hungry! We could go to the drive-through window first, and then clean up. And then do homework.

GIRLS

(IN UNISON)

Nuggets, nuggets, nuggets.

DAD

Well, we need you all dry and clean and homework done before your mom comes to pick you up.

MAYLA

It was so much easier, Dad, when you and Mom were together.

DAD

I know honey. I'm sorry.

MADDY

Daddy, we promise to clean up after we  
get some nuggets and fries. Now give  
us both a ride!

GIRLS BOTH CLIMB ONTO DAD'S BACK. DAD STILL HAS ONE TISSUE  
DANGLING FROM A NOSTRIL. RYDER HAD LEFT FRONT DOOR  
OPEN...AGAIN. MOM, DRESSED IMPECCABLY IN A SUIT AND HEELS,  
ENTERS.

CUT TO:

SCENE SIX

INT. DAD'S LIVING ROOM. EARLY EVENING

MOM ENTERS, EYEING DAD CURIOUSLY WITH TISSUE IN HIS NOSTRIL,  
GIRLS ON HIS BACK, AND BARE SHOULDERS AND BICEPS IN HIS  
CHARACTERISTIC MUSCLE T-SHIRT.

LIZ

Well, hello Stanley.

DAD

Hello. Liz. What are you doing here  
so soon?

MOM

Stanley, you know I told you I had a  
meeting on this side of town today and  
that I'd be picking up the girls  
early.

(SIGHS)

You never listen.

(MORE)

MOM (CONT'D)

And honestly, Stanley, do you own any shirts that have sleeves?

DAD SMILES, FLEXING A LITTLE.

DAD

Noticing my muscles, are you?

LIZ

(IGNORES DAD AND DIRECTS COMMENTS TO GIRLS)

Girls, chop, chop. Get some dry clothes on. Oh never mind, grab some towels. There's got to be at least one clean one here somewhere. And get in the car please, darlings.

GIRLS

Yes, ma'am. Bye Daddy. Love you.

DAD

(PLACES GIRLS DOWN AND HUGS BOTH.)

Love you too.

GIRLS EXIT TO MOM'S CAR. DAD IS TEXTING ON HIS PHONE.

MOM

Honestly, Stanley, can't you please try to listen to me when I talk? I hope you at least listen to the girls and get off that device that's clogging your brain...

SHE EYES HIM FURTHER AND POINTS TOWARD HIS NOSE WITH A DISGUSTED TONE.

(MORE)

MOM (CONT'D)

and your nose... what's all that in  
your nose?

DAD

Huh?

(PULLS TISSUE OUT)

What the? What did those silly girls  
do to me?

MOM

Our girls are always up to something,  
and you seem to be clueless. Have a  
good evening.

DAD

Goodbye honey...err, Liz, I mean.

HE CLOSSES DOOR AND HEADS TOWARD KITCHEN. HE FEELS HIS BICEPS  
AND FLEXES AGAIN.

Gotta get me some food fuel to get  
pumped for the gym.

HE OPENS KITCHEN DOOR AND SEES SUDS EVERYWHERE.

DAD (CONT'D)

*GIRLS!*

CUT TO:

SCENE SEVEN

INT: GIRLS' SHARED BEDROOM AT MOM'S HOUSE. LATER THAT  
EVENING.

GIRLS DO THEIR SIGNATURE "M&M TWIN POWER" HAND/HIP SHAKE.  
RYDER HIGH FIVES PUPPY, WHO IS HIDDEN AND NEARLY CAMOUFLAGED  
AMID A PILE OF STUFFED ANIMALS.

MADDY

Our twin sister power did it!

RYDER

Yeah, we did it? ... Did what?

MOM ENTERS DOORWAY.

MOM

Yes, girls, what did you do?

MADDY

Ummm... well...

MOM

(EYES EACH OF THEM)

*Mayla...Maddy...*

(GLARES AT RYDER)

*Ryder...*

RYDER

Well, we certainly didn't do anything  
with a P-U-P-P-Y, Aunt Liz.

GIRLS

(IN UNISON)

Ryder!!!

MAYLA

Well, Mom, you see ... we found a  
puppy.

MADDY GRABS DOG AND HOLDS HIM UP.

MADDY

And isn't she the cutest, cleanest  
diva dog you've ever seen? All she  
needs is a pink rhinestone collar or  
purple like my bracelets...

SHE FEELS HER LEFT ARM AND THEN RIGHT HAND,  
UNCHARACTERISTICALLY BARE SINCE SHE'S MISSING HER SIGNATURE,  
JEWELRY-CLAD ARM AND FINGERS.

MADDY (CONT'D)  
(PANICKY, DRAMATIC)

My bracelets. Where are my bracelets,  
and my rings? Oh no! I left them at  
Dad's. Mom, we gotta go back and get  
my bracelets. I can't be without my  
jewelry. We have to go now. I can't  
walk around any longer without them. I  
can't sleep, I can't eat...." We must  
leave now.

ALL THREE EYE HER IN SILENCE.

MOM

Sweetheart, we will get the bracelets.  
But first, girls, tell me some more  
about this dog. It's not right to keep  
a secret like this. Where did you get  
this dog?

MAYLA  
(INTERRUPTS)

Mother, we found her on the way home  
from school. So since we already have  
her, it is our responsibility to care  
for her. So can we keep her, Mom?

MADDY

Yeah, can we keep her mom, please?  
Pretty please?



RYDER CLOSES HIS EYES AND CLASPS HANDS IN PRAYER.

RYDER

Dear God, puhl-leessss, let us keep  
this Puppy.

HE OPENS ONE EYE TO SEE IF EVERYONE IS LOOKING.

MOM

Nice try, Ryder. Her owner must be  
missing her.

MOM PETS DOG.

Let's make some flyers so we can  
return her to her rightful home. Or  
better yet, I'll post some info on my  
Facebook, SnapChat, Twitter, and  
Instagram accounts. That should reach  
people faster.

MAYLA

Allright... But if we can't locate the  
proprietor, can we keep her?

MADDY

Yeah, Mom, can we, can we please? I  
promise I will brush her everyday, and  
sissy will walk her everyday.

MAYLA

Me? Sister *and* I will assume all  
responsibilities for the puppy, Mom.

MADDY

I will be in charge of her grooming.

RYDER

And I can help feed her. I already  
gave her some Froot Loops.

RYDER REMOVES FROOT LOOPS FROM HIS POCKET. DOGS EATS SOME,  
LICKING CRUMBS OFF OF RYDER'S FINGERS.

MOM

You're not supposed to give dogs  
cereal, sweetheart. You can make her  
sick.

MOM HOLDS PUPPY UP FOR EXAMINATION.

Although she looks pretty healthy.

MOM (CONT'D)

[SNIFFS DOG]

And smells so clean. Maybe...

RYDER

Yep, we got her sparkling clean when  
we gave her a bath at Uncle Stan's  
house.

GIRLS NUDGE RYDER.

MOM

*Uncle Stan's?* Dad knows about this?  
Why wouldn't he tell me? And why would  
he allow this? He's allergic for  
goodness sake.

RYDER

Don't worry about the allergies. We  
got a plan for that.

MAYLA

Yes, we removed as many of the allergens as we could. And well, Dad doesn't *exactly* know very much about the puppy.

MOM

Doesn't *exactly* know very much? What *exactly* does or doesn't he know?

MADDY

Well, we kind of didn't tell him.

MOM

And what *exactly* does kind of didn't tell him mean? Are you trying to trick your dad again? And me?

MAYLA

Not on purpose Mom.

MOM

Mayla, give Ryder the puppy so he take her outside.

RYDER DRAMATICALLY FALLS TO HIS KNEES.

RYDER

Outside? We can't leave her outside! Pleaseeee, it's not right to abandon an animal outside.

MOM

Ryder, calm down. The dog needs to go potty, and the girls and I need to talk. Please take her to the backyard.

MAYLA POUTS AND HANDS DOG TO MADISON WHO POUTS AND HANDS DOG TO RYDER.

MOM (CONT'D)

Ryder, go outside. And don't give her anymore Froot Loops. I know she must be hungry, and we'll feed her ... *something*... after she goes potty.

RYDER

Potty...hmmm....

HE PAUSES THEN SMILES. HE GRABS DOG AND EXITS.

MOM

(TO RYDER)

Take her OUTSIDE to go potty, not inside, Ryder.

RYDER

Yes, ma'am....

(THEN SLIGHTLY UNDER HIS BREATH BUT STILL AUDIBLE)

But a quick stop by the bathroom first!

MOM

Oh, brother.

MADDY

You mean, oh cousin.

MAYLA

It's just an expression, sister.

CUT TO:

SCENE EIGHT

INT. MOM'S HOUSE EARLY EVENING

MOM

Girls, let's sit down and talk. I am not happy with you trying to hide this dog. What's going on, and what IS your plan?

MADDY

We just want a dog, mom. We need it. We deserve it... after all we have been through.

MADDY GIVES HER BEST, CONVINCING POUT.

MOM

All you've been through?

MAYLA

We just need some extra affection and love. Ever since you and Dad got divorced, we feel downcast.

MADDY

Finding the puppy today made us feel warm and fuzzy. Like having another member of our family.

MAYLA

Like being a family. We just thought that maybe the dog might fix our family, and make you feel like a family again with Dad.

MOM

Girls, I'm sorry you've been feeling sad, but a dog can't fix a family. And we're not broken; we are still a family even if we're not living all together.

SHE HUGS BOTH OF THEM TIGHTLY.

MOM (CONT'D)

I love you both so very much, and so does your dad. But hiding a dog from us wasn't right.

MAYLA

I'm sorry we were deceitful, mom.

MADDY

Sorry, Mom.

MOM

I appreciate your apologies girls. You need to apologize to Dad, and we need to find this dog's owner.

MAYLA

And if we can't find it?

MOM

I don't know, sweetheart. Where would we keep her? I work and travel a lot for work, and daddy ... works... out ... and is allergic to dogs.

CUT TO:

SCENE NINE:

INT. MOM'S HOUSE SAME EVENING

DAD (O.S.)

*Aaachoo!*

DAD SNEEZES THEN ENTERS GIRLS' BEDROOM DOORWAY. HE IS CARRYING SEVERAL ROLLS OF TOILET PAPER AND MADDY'S STACK OF BRACELETS AND HANDFUL OF RINGS. GIRLS RUN TOWARD DAD AND EMBRACE HIM.

MAYLA

Daddy!

MADDY

My bracelets! And.... toilet paper?

DAD GIVES MADDY HER JEWELRY, WHICH SHE IMMEDIATELY PUTS BACK ON HER LEFT ARM AND RIGHT HAND. SHE RUBS HER HAND REPEATEDLY AND ADORINGLY OVER HER BRACELETS AND RINGS.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Thanks, Daddy. So glad they're here. I mean...you're here.

DAD

You're welcome, TWIN-kie. I didn't mean to startle you with my sneezing. ...Which I've been doing a lot of lately.

(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)

Ryder let me in and said you all were  
in here. He handed me a bunch of  
toilet paper.

HE SNEEZES AGAIN. AND AGAIN.

DAD (CONT'D)

Which I guess may not be a bad idea.

GIRLS  
(IN UNISON)

Bless you.

MAYLA GRABS ROLL OF TOILET PAPER AND ROLLS TWO PIECES JUST SO  
LIKE EARLIER.

MAYLA

Here Daddy, we've gotta a plan. You  
can put these up your nose to help.

MOM

That's um...helpful, Mayla, but why  
don't you tell your dad about your  
plan...

RYDER ENTERS ROOM WITH DOG AND ANOTHER ROLL OF TOILET PAPER.

RYDER

Wasn't sure how much toilet paper to  
bring outside for the P-U-P-P-Y.

MAYLA

Ryder, you don't need to spell it out  
anymore. And you don't need toilet  
paper for dogs. They just use the  
grass.



RYDER  
(HOLDS UP SMALL PIECE OF  
TOILET PAPER)

Then, what do I do with this?

MADDY

Ewww! Garbage...now!

RYDER, GROSSED OUT, RUNS OUT OF ROOM.

MOM

It's time to tell the truth.

DAD

Which is...

MADDY SNUGGLES THE DOG.

MADDY

We found a puppy! And mom says maybe  
we can keep her.

MOM

We'll see. What they aren't telling  
you is that they tried to hide said  
puppy, first at your house, and now at  
mine.

MAYLA

We just had it at Dad's residence to  
bathe her.

MADDY

We gave her a bath in the kitchen!

DAD

Ahh... so that's why my kitchen turned into a house o'soap. At least the kitchen is nice and soapy clean now.

MOM

Stanley, you're missing the point here. The girls tried to hide the dog rather than discuss it with us first.

DAD

Girls?

MAYLA

We thought you and mommy would think the dog was so cute that ...that...

MADDY

We could be a family again.

DAD AND MOM  
(IN UNISON)

We are a family.

RYDER ENTERS.

RYDER

Group hug!

THEY ALL EMBRACE. MOM AND DAD AWKWARDLY PULL AWAY.

DAD

We will always be a family.

RYDER

With me, too, right?

MADDY

And little Pup-Pup, too?

MOM

Well, for now, yes. And maybe if no one responds to my social media posts. Which I better start typing.

DAD

I better start heading out.

MADDY

Maybe you could come back with some dog food, Daddy?

DAD

I do have some leftover BBQ beef in the car.

RYDER

And I've got some Froot Loops.

EVERYONE

*Ryder!!!*

RYDER

What? OK. OK.

CUT TO:

SCENE TEN

INT. MOM'S LIVING ROOM. THE NEXT AFTERNOON

GIRLS AND MOM ARE LOOKING AT A LAPTOP.

MADDY

We have five responses to Mom's posting.

MOM

That's good.

MAYLA

That's not good.

RYDER IS LYING ON FLOOR WITH DOG. RYDER IS EATING LEFTOVER RIBS, AND THE DOG IS LICKING HIS FINGERS AND THE RIBS.

RYDER  
(TO "PUP-PUP")

C'mon girl, give me a BBQ kiss.

MAYLA

Ryder, that's not hygienic.

RYDER

What?

MADDY

Yeah, but she's so cute.

MAYLA

That's true. Go ahead, Ryder, keep sharing your ribs.

GIRLS GIGGLE WITH DOG AND PET HER.

MADDY

I hope we can keep her.

SFX. A KNOCK AT DOOR

GIRLS AND RYDER FREEZE.

MOM  
(HEADS TOWARD DOOR)

Don't worry girls. We aren't giving Pup-Pup away to just anyone.

(MORE)

MOM (CONT'D)

We will conduct a thorough, formal  
interview first.

(LOOKS THROUGH PEEPHOLE)

MOM

Girls, Dad, is here to pick you up.  
Gather your stuff, please.

(OPENS DOOR)

Hi Stanley.

DAD

Hi Liz. Hi TWIN-kies. Hi Ryder. Any  
ribs left?

GIRLS

Daddy!

THEY RUN TO EMBRACE HIM BUT STOP SHORT.

MAYLA

Wait, we gotta wash our hands. We've  
been playing with Pup-Pup. Dad's  
allergic.

MADDY

Right. Good thinking sister. C'mon  
Ryder.

GIRLS EXIT TO WASH HANDS.

MOM

Can you stick around a bit, Stanley?  
We are interviewing people who claim  
to be Pup-Pup's owner.

DAD

Pup-pup? Oh, we've named her now?

Sure, I'll stick around a bit.

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR

GIRLS AND RYDER RE-ENTER, AND THEY ALL HUG DAD TIGHTLY.

MADDY

Don't let anyone take the doggy,  
please, Daddy.

GIRLS LET GO, RYDER DOESN'T.

RYDER

Please don't let anyone take my little  
furry friend.

MOM

(LOOKS THROUGH PEEPHOLE)

We need to carefully consider all  
requests.

CUT TO:

SCENE ELEVEN

INT. MOM'S LIVING ROOM

THE FIRST OF THE POTENTIAL DOG OWNERS IS A BLATANT CAT LOVER,  
COMPLETELY ENTWINED BY A ROLL OF YARN IN HAND AND WEARING A  
SHIRT EMBLAZONED WITH THE WORDS, "*CATS ARE PURR-FECT.*"

MOM OPENS DOOR, AND RYDER RUNS UP AND SLAMS IT SHUT.

RYDER

No way!

MOM, DAD, MADDY, AND MAYLA ALL STARE AT HIM.

RYDER (CONT'D)

Well, we aren't giving this pooch away  
to just anybody ... especially not a  
cat-loving freak.

DAD

Aachoo!

EVERYONE  
(IN UNISON)

Bless you.

MOM

It is very important that we give  
everyone a chance to prove that this  
dog belongs to them.

SFX: ANOTHER KNOCK AT DOOR

MOM OPENS DOOR TO SEE AN ELONGATED, TOP-HAT WEARING CIRCUS-  
TYPE MAN HOLDING ANOTHER DOG AND TWO HULA HOOPS. HE PUTS DOG  
DOWN, AND IT RUNS AROUND, JUMPING THROUGH HOOPS.

MOM

No way!

SHE SLAMS DOOR SHUT AND LOOKS AT DAD.

DAD

What about carefully considering  
everyone?

SFX: ANOTHER KNOCK AT DOOR

THIS TIME DAD LOOKS OUT PEEPHOLE, AND SEES A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG  
WOMAN.

DAD

I'll handle this one.

DAD OPENS DOOR. HE SMILES AND FLEXES BICEPS AND BEGINS CHIT-  
CHATTING. HE SNEEZES. MADDY AND MAYLA WALK UP AND SLAM DOOR  
SHUT.

GIRLS

No way!

CUT TO:

SCENE TWELVE

INT. MOM'S LIVING ROOM LATER THAT EVENING

MOM, DAD, RYDER, MADDY, AND MAYLA ARE SITTING AROUND PLAYING  
WITH PUPPY.

MOM

We've been at this for hours. I  
think's it's time to accept the fact  
that this dog is lost.

SFX: KNOCK AT DOOR.

RYDER OPENS DOOR AND FREEZES. DEMI LOVATO IS STANDING THERE  
WITH A LEASH IN HER HANDS.

DEMI

Hi everyone. I lost my dog, and I  
really hope you've found her.

RYDER IS STILL FROZEN. GIRLS APPROACH HIM AND MOVE HIM TO  
COUCH.

DAD

Demi Lovato? You lost your dog.

DEMI  
(EXTENDS HAND)

Yes, nice to meet you. Actually, she's  
a puppy.



DAD

Stanley...errr, Stan, "Stan the Man"  
Morris.

MOM

Cool it there, Mr. Morris. Hello, Miss  
Lovato.

DEMI

Please, you can call me Demi.

MOM

With all due respect, Demi, we still  
don't know if you truly own this dog.

DEMI

I understand.

DOG RUNS TOWARDS DEMI. SHE KNEELS DOWN, AND DOG JUMPS UP AND  
STARTS LICKING HER FACE.

DEMI (CONT'D)

Oh, Sugarplum, you're ok. Thank  
goodness.

GIRLS LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND MOUTH THE WORDS, "SUGARPLUM?"

MOM

Well, Demi, it seems that Pup-pup, or  
Sugarplum, is your dog.

RYDER IS STILL FROZEN ON THE COUCH. GIRLS ARE SAD WITH HEADS  
IN HANDS.

DEMI

(SEES RYDER AND SENSES GIRLS'  
SADNESS)

Hey, is he ok?

MADDY

You're, you're Demi Lovato...we've  
idolized you for years... and our  
cousin, Ryder, has been in love with  
you and your music forever.

DEMI

That's so sweet. Thank you.

SHE WALKS OVER TO RYDER, CARRYING DOG. DOG STARTS LICKING  
RYDER'S FACE AND JUMPS ON HIS LAP. RYDER SNAPS OUT OF HIS  
TRANCE AND LOVES ON DOG.

GIRLS SURROUND DOG AND START PETTING IT.

MAYLA

May we have a moment to say our  
goodbyes?

DEMI

Of course.

MAYLA

Bye, Pup-pup. I mean, Sugarplum. You  
were such a sweet dog.

SHE PASSES DOG TO MADDY AND PUTS HER HEAD IN HER HANDS.

MADDY

Bye, furry diva.

SHE PASSES DOG TO RYDER, AND HER HEAD SINKS.

RYDER

(BREAKS INTO THEATRIC MODE)

Parting is such sweet sorrow, little  
pooch you much return to Miss Lovato.

LIZ  
(EYES KIDS AND THEN TURNS TO  
STANLEY)

Maybe we should consider a pet...

DAD

Maybe so...

DEMI

You know what? Maybe you should  
consider mine. I love my Sugarplum so  
much, but I travel so much that I  
could really use someone who cares  
about her to take care of her the way  
I wish I had time to.

GIRLS LIFT HEADS.

DEMI (CONT'D)

Yeah, as a matter of fact, I can't  
think of a better family than this  
one.

MADDY

Really? Well, I promise we would keep  
her totally fabulous.

MAYLA

Our care for her would be top-notch.

GIRLS

Mom, Dad, pleassseeee.

MOM LOOKS TO DAD. DAD NODS.

MOM

I suppose it would be ok, if it's ok  
with you, Stanley...but with your  
allergies, I'm not sure how you could  
handle it.

DAD

We'll handle it like we handle  
everything else...like a family.  
And...I've got a plan.

HE PLACES TWO ROLLED UP PIECES OF TOILET PAPER IN NOSTRILS.

RYDER

Good thinking, Uncle Stan.

RYDER PLACES TWO PIECES OF ROLLED UP TOILET PAPER IN HIS OWN  
NOSTRILS.

GIRLS

Ryder!!!

FADE OUT.