

CHICO THE DOG WITH PSORIASIS

Written by

Marc Morgenstern

401 W La Veta Ave #133
Orange, CA 92866
Contact@directorslashwriter.com
323.517.3328

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

JOSH and PHIL are sitting in a bar. There are numerous glasses around. They are quite drunk.

JOSH
What time do you have buddy?

PHIL
I'm not sure, it's either three
thirty, or nine o'clock.

RON enters the bar.

RON
Hi ya fellahs.

ALL
Hey.

RON
Excuse me bartender? Would you
give me a pint of happiness so I
could drown out my pathetic
heartaches and helpless sorrow.
Make mine regular. I just don't
understand light beer, the heavens
are just the same as regular.

BARTENDER goes and gets the beer.

RON (CONT'D)
Ladies and Gents, I would like to
propose a toast...

THEY all raise their glasses.

RON (CONT'D)
To women; You can't live with
them...you just can't.

ALL
To women.

JOSH
To women and sports.

ALL
To sports.

JOSH
You have to love sports.

RON
I agree. Hi fellahs, my name
is...My name? I had it with me
when I came in. Hold on.
(HE checks his wallet.)
Ron. But you guys can call me Ron.

JOSH
Hey Ron.

PHIL
Hi Ron. I'm Phil.

JOSH
I'm Josh.

RON
If you don't mind me inquiring
Phil, Ron.

JOSH
Josh, you're Ron.

RON
You're right. I'm Ron. Ronald.
Ronald Dennis. If you don't mind me
inquiring Ronald, Dennis, What are
the circumstances involved in the
consumption of the copious amounts
of fermented hops.

JOSH
What?

RON
Why are you getting shitfaced?

PHIL
I just got fired from my job.

RON
You just got fired? Whatever for?

JOSH
I blew an account.

RON
I never met a homosexual before.
Do you find me attractive?

JOSH

NO.

RON

Isn't that just the clincher. Not only am I sexually unappealing to women, but to men as well.

JOSH

I'm not homosexual. I blew an account, not an accountant.

RON

Do you want to talk about it? I'm listening buddy.

JOSH

I knew I was in trouble when they started taking measurements for my office. You see I was a junior partner for the accounting firm of Fitzroy, Gentile and Glick. My senior partner Leroy Fitzroy gives me a case to research. Except that the case involved my best friend, I couldn't expose my best friend, so I got fired.

RON

Dennis, you don't need them. I know how it is you put the best years of your life working for one company, then BLAM! They leave you just because of some cheap tawdry affair. Oh sure, the lingerie was a dead giveaway, I'm sure it wasn't your lipstick. Reverend give this man some holy water, I would like to run a tab.

(HE reaches into his pocket and pulls out a credit card.)

There you go. Now where were we?

(To PHIL)

Josh.

PHIL

Phil.

RON

Pardon me?

PHIL

Phil.

RON
I would love one thanks.
Bartender, fill.

The BARTENDER fills his glass.

PHIL
No, my name is Phil.

RON
Pleasure to meet with you Phil,
What's your story Phil?

PHIL
My wife left me today?

RON
Jeez, that's too bad, Phil. What
did you do to deserve such a plight
of mis-fortunate luck?

PHIL
She caught me in bed with her
sister.

RON
How could you do such a thing?

PHIL
Well, you see, they're identical
twins. The only difference between
them is that, my wife's sister is a
Catholic.

RON
That's a doozie.

PHIL
And she makes this little buzzing
noise in bed.

RON
Was she good?

PHIL
I don't know.

RON
Barkeep, give my friend here a
bucket of ale.

PHIL
Well, thank you Ron.

RON
My pleasure Josh.

PHIL
Phillip

RON
Thank you very much. Bartender,
fill up.

HE does so.

RON (CONT'D)
Well you guys haven't heard my
problem. You know how it is, you
come home from a long day at the
office. Well the horses weren't
very good today. You see my wife
named Chico has a skin condition...

JOSH
You have a wife named Chico?

RON
No, no, no, no. My wife... Mrs.
Dennis has a little dog. You know,
a chi-who-who, named Chico, and
Chico has a skin condition. I
think it's emphysema or emphylymie
or polysporin something like that.

PHIL
Eczema?

RON
No, that's not it.

JOSH
Lumbago?

RON
That's not a skin condition, that's
a big car.

PHIL
No, that's Winnebago.

RON
I know, psoriasis.

JOSH
That's a skin condition.

RON

Did you know she loves that dog more than she loves me. I guess because she's had him since he was a pup, and she got me when I was twenty three. Well every morning at two forty six. That scaly, little bastard would start barking. My wife thought the house was haunted, why else would that little shit be barking at the exact same time every night. I said the little pecker was possessed, she just thought it was ghosts. Any how, she wanted to bring in an exorcist to de-possess our house. I said the only way to de-possess it- - is to get rid of that walking flake of a dog. But she wanted a priest to come in. That cost a lot of money. So she wanted to take the two grand I was going to spend on my boat.

PHIL

A man needs his boat.

JOSH

Sure does.

RON

Don't I know it. Well it turns out that the priest only costs fifteen hundred, and she already spent five hundred of my boat money on ointment for Chico. I mean five hundred bucks. I can buy a whole new dog for that. And I don't mean no midget, flaky, scaly, possessed, insomniac of a chi-who-who., but a real, bone burying, shittin' and pissin', floppy eared dog. and one bigger than a slipper. But she had already wrote the check, and the priest showed up at the door. I asked him if he exercised my house and the check bounced would he repossess our house.

JOSH

Good one.

BAR:

That's priceless.

PHIL
I don't get it.

RON
So he does his stuff, but the barking continues. So my wife thinks Chico needs therapy. I said she was the one who needed therapy. But she insisted and she was going to spend another seven hundred dollars on a doggie shrink. No pun intended.

JOSH
None taken.

RON
Seven hundred dollars? What the hell was I made of? I said I can save us seven hundred dollars and diagnose...diagnotsn... tell you the problem myself. He's a chi-who-who! He has one of those self esteem problems. He's not a whole dog. He's like part of a dog. The mouth part. But she insisted. Well I was mad. I stormed out of there and went to the hardware store to pick up stuff for my boat.

PHIL
A man needs his boat.

JOSH
For sure.

RON
Don't I know it. I was buying stuff for my boat and I bought four large gasoline containers. I went and filled them up. Cost me twenty bucks. I can't even fill up my car for twenty bucks. So I went home and doused the place. Took one those fireplace matches and torched the whole house. Then I sat on the neighbors lawn across the street drinking a bottle of tequila and singing 'You light up my life.' That was going to be the end of my ungrateful wife and that scaly, loud, barking slipper. I never did like that dog.

Fire engine noise in the background.

RON (CONT'D)
To women.

ALL
To women.

Fire engine noise fades out.

RON
To women and boats.

PHIL
A man needs his boat.

JOSH
For sure.

RON
Don't I know it.

BLACKOUT