

INT. CARSON'S HOUSE - RYE AZ - MORNING

DOT CARSON, a small town woman in her late 30's, is fixing breakfast for her husband, SAM late 30's and two kids DUSTY 13 years old and DALLAS 7 years old, while the radio show is playing in the background.

The family is pleasantly making a ruckus and enjoying their morning ritual of clowning around. An adorable blond cocker spaniel, BUDDY, lays by their feet.

DOT
Shhhhhhhhhh! Hush up for
a sec!

Dot turns up the radio.

TIM (V.O.)
...so if you see this
little black and white
fella, please call us at
555-3015 and let's bring
Dude home where he
belongs. It's almost 3
weeks but his family
thinks he's out there.
If he is, I think we
should name him Lucky!

Tim queues in the song "Where Oh Where Has My Little Dog Gone?". Dot looks out her kitchen window and sees Dude in her backyard.

DOT
Oh my lord. There he is!
There's that puppy from
the radio!

SAM
You're shittin' me.

DOT
Sam! Your language.

DUSTY
I'm gonna catch him!

DALLAS
Me too!

The boys run away from the kitchen table and out the door.

DOT
Dusty! Dallas!

SAM
Hell, I'm goin' too!

Dot and Sam follow the boys outside.

EXT. CARSON'S HOUSE - RYE AZ

Dusty and Dallas fly out of the house. Dude cocks his head towards the noise. His appearance is quite scrawny. A sad sight.

DUSTY
(grabs his brother)
Dallas hold on!

DALLAS
What?

DUSTY
You're gonna spook him.

Dot and Sam step outside and stand on the back porch.

SAM
He don't look so good.

DALLAS
Here boy...here boy.

Dallas edges closer towards Dude with Dusty right behind him. Dude GROWLS. The boys stop.

DUSTY
He ain't too happy
either.

SAM
Don't go any further.

Sam runs into the house and quickly comes back out with bacon in hand. He catches up to the boys.

SAM (CONT'D)
You boys stay here.

Sam slowly approaches Dude waving the bacon.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hey little man. I got
something for ya. It's
bacon. I bet you're
hungry. Come here boy.
Come on.

Dude doesn't move but continues to GROWL. He is
in survival mode.

SAM (CONT'D)

(Back to the
family)
What did they say his
name is?

DOT

Dude!

SAM

Come here Dude.

Sam is getting closer. Dude is not sure what to
do. He BARKS and bares his teeth at Sam.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's okay Dude.
Everything is going to
be okay.

Sam is only yards away now. Dude sniffs the air
apprehensive. He BARKS.

SAM (CONT'D)

That's it Dude. You bite
me and you're gonna turn
into a doggie football
real fast. Just a fair
warnin'. Come on now,
come on.

Sam takes another step and trips over a rock
sticking up out of the ground.

SAM (CONT'D)

(Yells)
Shit!

What the hell was that? Alarmed, Dude bolts into
the desert.