

INT. WEST VANCOUVER HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

IN THE DINING ROOM On the kitchen table is remnants of a huge Turkey dinner. No one is in seated, but LAUGHTER can be heard from the living room.

IN THE KITCHEN stand JASON AND JUNE.

JASON

No, way. I will not.

JUNE

Come on. Somebody has to.

JASON

Why me?

JUNE

Because Dad will stop listen to you and -

JASON

Dad will not listen to tell me. He'll cut me off and start his drunk family Christmas routine like every year.

JUNE

Be assertive. Dad will listen and that will brace Mom.

JASON

Listen you're the one that ran over Buggy with your fricken Explorer. Get your husband to do it. They hate him anyway. And why wasn't he driving?

JUNE

He drove the first three hours and wanted to sleep.

JASON

Figures. How fast were you driving, there's practically nothing left of him.

JUNE

You know how old he was, what...like 9, how old is that in dog years?

JASON
He wasn't that old. Jesus, you've really done it. Mom's gonna snap.

JUNE
Would you just take one for the team and do this for me?

JASON
Nope. We have to burry him and zip our lips shut.

JUNE
That's torture. Mom will always wonder.

JASON
Better than her seeing that carcass in the driveway. The only talking I'll be doing after that is about the size of her straight jacket.

JUNE
I'm not burying that dog!

JASON
Well, you've got about two minutes until Dad cranks on the Christmas lights and it's "Hello rubber room."

JUNE
Go tell her you did by accident.

JASON
No fricken way!

HEARD FROM THE LIVING ROOM

JASON AND JONES MOTHER (O.S.)
BUGSY!!! Oh my god!!! Oh My God!!!

A loud CRASH is heard

JASON AND JONES FATHER (O.S.)
Jason, where the hell are you,
you're mother just fainted! Call
an ambulance!

JASON

Told ya, we shoulda burried the
mutt.
