

Saving Mr. Buttersworth

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Draft 2

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INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

A security SAFE sits on the interrogation table.

A bucket of ice water is poured onto the head of ROY BENOIT (30), a snooty man with a barrette, tied to a chair, badly bruised and abused. Tossing the bucket to the ground, TEX CHANDLER(40), a good-looking man dressed like a Texas Ranger moves right into Roy's face.

TEX

If you don't gimme this here combination real quick; he's gonna die!

Looking Tex directly in the eyes, Roy arrogantly laughs. Grabbing and smashing Roy's face on the desk, Tex moves away in frustration.

ROY

...I savor an ice bath and a broken nose, cowboy. We Quebecers. Do. Not. Break.

TEX

Fine...Tell that to the Mad Dog, Roy. Benoit.

Tex bangs on the interrogation wall. Roy's pride deflates.

ROY

No! Please, anything but the Mad Dog!

INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

With the muffled knocks hitting the wall, a partially obscured by the shadows FIGURE rises from a chair. Cracking their neck, the FIGURE moves forward.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tex and Roy listen as the hard footsteps approach.

As the door swings open, a beam of light floods the dingy room. The still mysterious figure stands in front of Roy on the other side of the table. Breathing heavy and scared, Roy keeps his eyes shut afraid of what is presented. The audible noise of urine hitting the concrete floor echoes.

TEX

Time's a factor, Mad Dog. He's running outta air in there! This

here sick of a gun knows the-- TEX (CONT'D)

The figure raises their hand to stop and quiet Tex. Roy timidly peaks out of the corner of his eye - "Ah!"

The figure is revealed as MAD DOG (8) a girl with a stern face and her hair up. Wearing a pantsuit, Mad Dog pulls her eyeglasses off, letting them hang on the eyeglass strap around her neck. Moving toward Roy's side of the table, Mad Dog sniffs the air.

MAD DOG
Ewwww - somebody has fart breath!

ROY
(shaky)
That is impossible. I floss.

MAD DOG
Then explain to me why we got pictures of you brushing your teeth with stinky poop!

Mad Dog presents a child's drawing of Roy brushing his teeth with a turd. Teary-eyed, Roy becomes defensive seeing the proof, and he pleads to Tex to intervene.

ROY
Excusez-moi this child is slanderous!

MAD DOG
He can't save you, fart boy. Only I can. Give me the combination.

ROY
I cannot recall with such hurt feelings!

MAD DOG
Oh, jeez Louise! You know how I know you're a smelly French Canadian?

TEX
Whoa. Hey! Mad Dog. We don't need to bring race into this.

Mad Dog marches up to Tex, visibly pressuring him.

MAD DOG
You wanna save a life today, Tex?

TEX
...Yes.

Mad Dog nods and strides back to the blubbering Roy, standing behind him.

ROY

Just send me to Guantanamo, Mad Dog.
This terrorist thing is no longer
fun.

Reaching below the chair, Mad Dog magically pulls up a delicious plate of poutine and a garbage can. Presenting the plate to Roy like a family member kept hostage.

ROY (cont'd)

Ah! Poutine! My only love!

MAD DOG

Decision time, fart boy: Combination
or I waste it.

Roy becomes emotional looking at his poutine. Mad Dog starts shoveling the poutine in the garbage.

ROY

...Please! 8245! Okay! You win! Just
don't hurt my--

Mad Dog drops the plate of poutine to the emotional horror of Roy falling back in his chair. Tex and Mad Dog rush to the safe.

Entering the combination, Mad Dog cracks the safe open. Inside is a cat, MR. BUTTERWORTH (4) that Mad Dog desperately grabs and clings to.

MAD DOG

Mr. Butterworth!

TEX

You just saved the Pope's cat, Mad
Dog! Good work.

MAD DOG

Just another day on the job, Tex.

Funny 80's Freeze Frame shot.

Credits with character acting then looking at camera with a friendly smile.