ROVER JACOBSON: CANINE PRESIDENT

"Dad's Boot"

Written by E.J. Rupert

From Ell's Brain Cells
© Jimmy Rupe Productions
(414) 550-0547
ejrupert@yahoo.com

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

An ANNOUNCER speaks.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
And now, a message from the President of the United States.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ROVER the dog, wearing a necktie around him, sits on top of his desk and is behind a podium, He PANTS and looks around. People around him FLASH their cameras.

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
(more forcefully)
And now, a message from the President of the United States.

Rover MOANS. People CHATTER around themselves. Rover's owners, PHALON and MYA JACOBSON, stand beside him.

MYA
This is gonna be a long address, Phalon. Do something!

PHALON
Keep your bra on, Mya, I'm thinking!

He talks to an INTERPRETER standing on the other side of Rover.

PHALON (CONT'D)
Aren't you supposed to be doing the sign-language thing?

MYA
Phalon!

PHALON
Oh, sorry.
(yells)
Aren't you supposed to be doing the sign-language thing?!

INTERPRETER
I'm not deaf, you moron!

PHALON
Sorry.

He approaches the podium.

PHALON (CONT'D)
Give us five minutes, everybody.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

ANNOUNCER (O.C.)
And now, a message from the owner of the President of the United States.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rover lies on the floor. Phalon speaks behind the podium, with Mya on his side.

PHALON
So that's where we stand, America. Now, for my next topic...
(pause)
I'll give you a minute to write that down.

LONG PAUSE.

MYA
Phalon, what are you doing?

PHALON
(whispers)
Commercial break.

MYA
No it's not!

PHALON
There's an ad!

He takes an earbud out from his ear.

PHALON (CONT'D)
I'm streaming old Presidential Addresses.

MYA
Oh. That's why you went on about the war on alar apples.

PHALON
It could still come back!

A MAN'S voice is heard.

MAN (O.C.)
Excuse me, I have a question.

PHALON
This isn't a question-and-answer session, sir.

The man is CEDRIC BRINKLEY, wearing a fake mustache and wig, and disguising his voice. With him is his advisor, HUGO VALDEZ.

MAN/CEDRIC
I know, but it's very important.

HUGO
(to Cedric)
I'm begging you, sir...

CEDRIC
(to Hugo)
Quiet!
(to Phalon)
So, Mr. Jacobson, you think you're equipped to run the country for your pal Rover there?

PHALON
Yes. Yes I do.

CEDRIC
Then what is this comment about, dissing the hottest singer of our generation?

He pulls out his phone.

CEDRIC (CONT'D)
I'll send all of you the link. But here is Phalon Jacobson, smearing D-Angelica's good name!

MYA
You mean, "D'Angelica"? It's pronounced, "Dan", then add, "gelica", to it!

CEDRIC
That's her!

The audience GASPS and FLASHES cameras. Rover BARKS.

PHALON
(stammers)
But I...wait...hold on...

MYA
(to the mic)
This address is over! Everyone out!

Reporters SPEAK OVER EACH OTHER while asking Phalon questions. Security escorts them out. Phalon looks at his phone.

PHALON
Great. Now I got uninterrupted listening?

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Phalon and Mya gather around the counter and look at their phones.

MYA
Alright, let's see how you screwed this up.

PHALON
I don't see anything about me and D'Angelica. I do see all these posts about pencils, though. Funny, I was looking for my pencil yesterday.

Cedric, without his costume, and Hugo enter.

CEDRIC
That's because we had to do some digging! Look at my phone!
(pause)
Well, look at Hugo's. You can't get anything on my flip phone.

HUGO
Do I have to?

CEDRIC
Yes, Mr. Intern! What am I not paying you for?

Hugo SIGHS and shows them his phone.

PHALON
This is an AOL chatroom comment from 1996.

CEDRIC
D'Angelica just dropped her third album.

Mya looks at the phone and GASPS.

MYA
Phalon Jacobson, how could you??

Phalon looks at the phone.

PHALON
This person said, “D’Angelica’s new album is all that and a bag of pork rinds.” Then I said, “It didn’t do anything for me. I liked her last album better.”

Everyone else shakes their head.

PHALON (CONT’D)
What’s wrong with that?

MYA
You said something critical about the hottest performer ever!

HUGO
She has 25 Grammys. From last year!

CEDRIC
It gets worse.

He points to the phone. Phalon continues reading.

PHALON
“But to each his own.”

Everyone else MOANS in disbelief.

MYA
“To each his own”??

PHALON
This was ‘96. She wasn’t even anybody yet!

Everyone else GASPS.

CEDRIC
D’Angelica was always somebody!

MYA
Centuries married to someone, and you think you know them.

PHALON
Fine, she was somebody, but I wasn’t! Who cares what a random nobody says?

MYA
Well, you’re somebody now!
(pause)
Sort of.

PHALON
(to Cedric)
And I suppose you had nothing to do with this, right?

CEDRIC
Anything you post on the internet stays there forever and ever!
(pause)
It just happened to come up, while I was looking for nothing in particular.
(pause)
I thought about you one day, and the article showed up. Damn algorithm.

PHALON
(to Mya)
See? It happened to <u>him</u>, too!

MYA
Don't you think you should do something about this?

PHALON
(scoffs)
Any backlash this would get will die down.

CEDRIC
On the contrary, this could affect your dog's approval rating!

PHALON
What's that?

CEDRIC
(smugly)
It'll affect his legacy! He'll even get impeached, and then, someone else will take his place!
(pause)
Matter fact, maybe you <u>should</u> do nothing!

PHALON
No!
(sighs)
Maybe I can get some agents to contact her.

MYA
No way. You can't seem to do anything right. I'll talk to her woman-to-woman. Plus I'm a First Lady. That should hold some clout.

PHALON
You're just trying to borrow the Air Force One. And our daughter already has it.

MYA
What? Why?

PHALON
She said she was using it for a college tour. Even though she's only 15. And she took 20 of her best friends with her, who are also 15.

LUDWIG BEST enters.

LUDWIG
Hey, what's going on?

PHALON
(to Ludwig)
If Brooke's gone, why didn't she take you along?

LUDWIG
Because her boyfriend's with her!
(sighs)
I wonder how <u>that's</u> like.

Everyone stares at him.

LUDWIG (CONT'D)
"Boyfriend", right! Which is <u>me</u>! I really gotta learn how to put my foot down!

PHALON
Damn right, like me! Mya, you go find out where D'Angelica resides!

MYA
(dreary)
My hero.

PHALON
I'll stay here and run interference. Maybe I'll throw a ball or something. If I stay in the public eye and do something fun, this scandal won't spread.

CEDRIC
Whatever. You got a lot to learn about being the President...'s owner.

He and Hugo exit.

LUDWIG
You know, back when I was president of her fan club, which had to be decommissioned because everybody and their mama claims to be the biggest fan. Fan clubs were about to make a comeback, too. These influencers don't know anything about the laboring of coming up with slogans, and...

PHALON
The point??

LUDWIG
I have her address. She lives in Massachusetts. I'll give it to you, if I can come with you.

MYA
And ruin my girls' trip?
(pause)
To save my husband's career?

LUDWIG
Come on! We could swing by my hometown in Rhode Island!

Everyone else looks at him.

LUDWIG (CONT'D)
Yes, black people live in Rhode Island.

PHALON
I didn't know anyone lived in Rhode Island.

MYA
Fine, Ludwig, get your stuff ready. I'll meet you in the limo.

PHALON
The limo's gone, too. Brooke and her friends took it with them to get to the plane, and to follow it.

MYA
(sighs)
Fine, we'll take your car.

PHALON
What?? No way! You still haven't told me how you spilled milk in the engine!

MYA
Come on! It's the least you can do!

PHALON
Fine, go ahead! I'll tell everyone about the ball I'm throwing. I wonder if my AOL account still works.

MYA
Maybe we'll stay a little longer and help you get with the times.

PHALON
I got it, okay? Just go!
(to Ludwig)
Let's see you still wanting to be with Brooke after a car trip with her mom!

LUDWIG
That would be unbelievable, sir!

He exits.

PHALON
You know, Mya, on second thought, you'll be gone awhile. Maybe we should, well, you know...

MYA
You serious?

Phalon approaches her.

PHALON
We haven't even christened every room in this White House yet.

They both GIGGLE amorously.

MYA
Okay, let's do it!

She pulls out two cans of paint from underneath the counter.

MYA (CONT'D)
You paint the left side of the Oval Office, I'll paint the right!

PHALON
What about the door?

MYA
We'll do it together!

PHALON
That's why I love you!

They both take their paintbrushes, tap them together, and dash away.

INT. PHALON'S CAR - DAY

Mya drives. Ludwig sits in the passenger's seat.

MYA
How much farther do we have to go, Ludwig?

LUDWIG
We literally just got on the road!

MYA
(sighs)
I know. I get a little anxious when I start "car-ing".

LUDWIG
Well, don't think about it too much. We'll be at D'Angelica's place in no time.

MYA
And you're sure she'll be there?

LUDWIG
Yeah! She don't get out much. She lives a private life.

MYA
Even though she lives in the D'Angelica Mansion on D'Angelica Road, in D'Angelica, Massachusetts?

LUDWIG
Yep!

MYA
We need to switch soon. I don't want to mess up Phalon's car.

LUDWIG
Mrs. Jacobson, I always wondered, you guys always give each other hell. How do you stay together?

MYA
(sighs)
It's hard to say. I guess we're just made for each other. Even at our wedding, when we had our first slow dance. It was to "Reasons", by Earth, Wind & Fire. It set the tone for our whole marriage. It was confirmed that it was destiny.
(sniffles)
I got something in my eye! Let's pull over!

LUDWIG
There's a diner over here, anyway.

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Mya and Ludwig enter the diner, which looks run-down and have a few white patrons sitting down.

LUDWIG
On second thought, let's get back on the road.

MYA
Come on! What's the problem?

LUDWIG
This looks like the kind of place that hangs people like us!

MYA
Politicians?

LUDWIG
Yeah!

They approach the counter. GLADYS the waitress approaches them.

GLADYS
Welcome. Here are your sticky menus.

She hands the menus to them.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
But they're really just for show. We're out of ground beef, so we can't make any burgers.

MYA
That's alright. I'll get the "World-Famous Fried Chicken" that you got advertised in your window. What about you, Ludwig?

LUDWIG
Just coffee.

GLADYS
Good choice, 'cuz we're out of chicken, too.

MYA
Damn, what do you have?

GLADYS
The friendliest waitresses in the DMV. Now sit down!

Mya scoffs and sits.

LUDWIG
I'm gonna go to the bathroom. If I'm not out in ten minutes, come look for me.

He approaches the bathroom. A GENTLEMAN exits.

GENTLEMAN
I'd wait a few, if I were you.

Ludwig opens the door and holds his nose.

LUDWIG
Oh, god!

He lets go of his nose.

LUDWIG (CONT'D)
Well, I can top that!

He goes in. The gentleman exits.

INT. DINER - SAME

Mya reads the menu. JESSIE, a younger waitress, approaches her.

JESSIE
Don't mind Gladys. We're happy you and your husband are here.

MYA
Thanks, but we're not together.

JESSIE
Do tell!

Ludwig returns.

JESSIE (CONT'D)
(to Ludwig)
So you're not gonna order anything to take home to your girlfriend?

LUDWIG
What? No.

Gladys returns.

GLADYS
Get back to work, Jessie. Not every customer is husband material.

JESSIE
Don't be mad because you got laid out by that customer's wife!

GLADYS
I got a few kicks in.

Jessie exits.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
If you're gonna order something, do it now. We're closing soon.

MYA
I thought you were open 24 hours!

GLADYS
Yeah, but we're out of the good stuff, as you so pointed out.

MYA
That's it, we're outta here!

LUDWIG
Mrs. Jacobson, let's just chill for a minute!

MYA
That's a minute too many! Remind me never to come back here!

She storms outside. Ludwig runs after her.

MYA (CONT'D)
Let me get my keys out.

LUDWIG
Don't worry about that.

He points to the car. It has a boot on a tire.

MYA
What the heck is this?

LUDWIG
Oh my god! Do you have any outstanding tickets?

MYA
Not that I know of! Let me call the police!

She pulls out her phone.

MYA (CONT'D)
If my phone wasn't on one percent! Where's yours?

LUDWIG
I left it at home. I wanted to bond with you.

MYA
Well, that was dumb! I need to find a charger!

INT. DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Mya and Ludwig enter the diner. Gladys stands behind the counter, with her hands on her hips.

GLADYS
We must've made quite an impression. You're already coming back!

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Cedric and Hugo, wearing all-grey suits, walk down a hallway. There is faint music in the background.

CEDRIC
I can't believe you have me going to this ball, Hugo!

HUGO
It's good to save face, sir, Plus you wanna show your followers that you know how to follow, too.

CEDRIC
Well, after five minutes, you can follow me outta here.

In front of them is JEREMY, the butler. He leads them into a room where people, also dressed in all-grey, CHAT, eat, and drink. Phalon approaches them.

JEREMY
(to Phalon)
Mr. Brinkley, sir.

PHALON
Thank you, Jeremy.

Jeremy exits.

CEDRIC
A butler.

PHALON
Yep. The only qualification was that his name must begin with a "J"!

CEDRIC
(whispers to Hugo)
That should be my butler!

HUGO
Calm down, sir.

CEDRIC
(regular voice)
And what is all this? You said it was an all-white party! That's why we wore all-grey!

HUGO
(snickers)
I just knew you wanted to be rebellious, sir!

A MAID approaches them with a tray of drinks.

MAID
Brandy Old-Fashioned, gentlemen?

Cedric opens his eyes wide and licks his lips. He quickly composes himself.

CEDRIC
If that's all you got.

He takes two glasses and passes one to Hugo. The maid exits. Rover approaches Cedric and sniffs him.

PHALON
You've met our President.

CEDRIC
(groans)
Yeah, yeah.

Phalon exits. Cedric pets Rover.

HUGO
At least you don't have to kiss babies, right?

CEDRIC
Oh, I would <u>love</u> to kiss a baby!

Hugo looks at him puzzled. Rover exits.

CEDRIC (CONT'D)
I would love to be <u>president</u>, I mean. I don't like kissing babies or kids.
(pause)
Only older ones. Women, I mean. No one young. Well, my wife is nine years younger than me, but you know what I mean.

Hugo exits.

CEDRIC (CONT'D)
(calls out)
Waiter, keep it coming with these old-fashioneds!

Phalon walks through the room.

PHALON
(sotto voce)
Alright, everything's going fine. No one questioning me about D'Angelica.

Jeremy returns.

JEREMY
Everything alright, sir?

PHALON
Yeah, I'll be fine, Jeremy. I just hope that Mya made it to D'Angelica's house. I've been trying to reach her all day.

He looks at his phone.

PHALON (CONT'D)
Unless she blocked me again.

A snooty HUSBAND and WIFE approach them.

PHALON (CONT'D)
(to the couple)
Are you two enjoying yourselves?

HUSBAND
Yes, but can your disc jockey switch up the music?

WIFE
Yes, we would like to, uh, "throw down".

PHALON
Well, it <u>is</u> my house!

HUSBAND
That is no cap.

PHALON
DJ! Play us something nice!

The DJ YELLS from across the room.

DJ
Thought you'd never ask! It's what all the kids are listening to!

He PLAYS an up-tempo song. The crowd starts dancing.

PHALON
Yeah! There you go!

Phalon bobs his head along, then stops.

PHALON (CONT'D)
Is this D'Angelica?

DJ
Yep! Her new song, "And Your Little Dog Too"!

PHALON
Huh?

D'ANGELICA RAPS on the track.

D'ANGELICA
"[Expletive] the guy and his little dog, too! Everybody!"

The crowd on the track REPEATS IT.

D'ANGELICA (CONT'D)
"I'm'a get Phalon and his little dog, too!"

The crowd REPEATS.

PHALON
(to DJ)
Turn this off right now, or get out!

DJ
Fine, then I'll take the party with me!

He signals to the dancing crowd.

DJ (CONT'D)
And I still get paid!

PHALON
Fine! Then I'll leave!

He storms away, nods his head to the beat, then abruptly stops.

PHALON (CONT'D)
(moans)
She picked a fine time to return to form!
(sighs)
Some help Mya is! She's probably on the road having a ball in my car right now!

INT. DINER - LATER

Mya sits at the counter, with her phone at her ear. In the background is loud music PLAYING on an OLD GUY's cell phone.

MYA
What? Parking tickets? But that's my husband's car! What? Hold on!
(to the old guy)
Sir, can you turn that music down?

OLD GUY
It's for my condition!

Another OLD GUY interjects.

OLD GUY #2
Hey, buddy, turn that down! I'm trying to yell at my daughter!

He leans to his cell phone placed on his table.

OLD GUY #2 (CONT'D)
(yells on his phone)
I already gave you my password! What's a screenshot?

An OLD WOMAN, with loud audio PLAYING from her phone, interjects.

OLD WOMAN
If I miss any of my stories, there's gonna be hell to pay!

Mya hangs up her phone. Ludwig approaches her.

LUDWIG
What did the police say?

MYA
Mr. Jacobson forgot to pay his parking tickets, and that's why there's a boot on the car!

LUDWIG
But how are we supposed to get outta here? Let alone reach D'Angelica's house?

OLD WOMAN
Call him up and curse him out!

MYA
Good advice, but this is a family discussion here!

OLD WOMAN
You're talking so loud, <u>we</u> might as well be family!

Jessie returns with two plates of food.

JESSIE
Here you go!

MYA
I thought you were out of chicken.

JESSIE
I had some stashed away.
(to Ludwig)
This is my special recipe. Flavor all over the breasts and thighs. And all white meat. Nice and thick and tender.

LUDWIG
And crispy!

JESSIE
(pause)
Right. Glad you like it. Maybe I can make some for you more often.

She winks at him.

LUDWIG
Okay.

She waltzes away.

LUDWIG (CONT'D)
What a nice lady.

MYA
I kept telling that fool to pay his tickets and not to let them build up! Why can't he be like me? I had a few points knocked off, but at least I'm still driving!

LUDWIG
Yeah, when we get outta here, I'm driving.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Phalon paces back and forth. He spots Rover lying down.

PHALON
You're lucky you're a dog. People don't watch your every move, and you're the President!

His daughter, BROOKE, enters.

BROOKE
Dad, don't you guys embarrass me enough?

PHALON
What stupid comment did I post on your page this time?

BROOKE
Too many to mention, but we were on our...
(pause)
...college trip, and every store I go to...
(pause)
...college souvenir store, that is, I'm the bad guy because I'm related to you! Why don't you just tell D'Angelica you're sorry?

PHALON
What for? For having an opinion?

BROOKE
You're famous now! You're supposed to share eveyone's opinion! It's the American way!

PHALON
That's ridiculous.

He holds up Brooke's arm.

PHALON (CONT'D)
And what's with the armband? Colleges have VIP sections now?

BROOKE
Of course! But the college man wouldn't let me apply, thanks to your scandal!

PHALON
You're about as good a liar as your mom!

BROOKE
Thank you! And now, thank me, because I got D'Angelica on the phone right now!

She shows him her phone.

PHALON
What? How did you get a hold of her?

BROOKE
I'm the president's owner. That counts for something.

PHALON
(sighs)
Why couldn't it be someone else, like a divorce lawyer?

BROOKE
Oh yeah, someone did call the other day!

Phalon stares at her angrily.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Just kidding. Go on.

Phalon snatches the phone from her.

PHALON
Hello?

INTERCUT - PHALON/D'ANGELICA

D'ANGELICA
Hello, Mr. Jacobson. This is your favorite singer, D'Angelica.

He looks at the screen and sees her.

PHALON
Hold on.

He lays the phone down on its face. He jumps up and down.

PHALON (CONT'D)
D'Angelica's talking to me!

He composes himself.

PHALON (CONT'D)
Yeah, what do you want?

D'ANGELICA
Just wanted to talk with you privately.

PAUSE,

PHALON
You're livestreaming this, aren't you?

D'ANGELICA
(chuckles)
You sure know ball.

PHALON
Look, D'Angelica, I think there has been a misunderstanding. It was a quote from eons ago!

D'ANGELICA
Doesn't matter! The internet is forever!

PHALON
I'm sure you had other people criticize your work before.

Brooke GASPS.

PHALON (CONT'D)
(to Brooke)
Oh, knock it off!
(to D'Angelica)
Why care about what I say?

D'ANGELICA
Because you don't know how hard it was for me to make it! My first album? It went plaster! Nobody even downloaded it! Did you?

PHALON
I...
(pause)
Nice try.

INT. FBI VAN - SAME

Two FBI AGENTS, in front of television sets and radios, SLAM DOWN their headphones.

FBI AGENT #1
Damn!

FBI AGENT #2
What's on TV?

The other agent grabs a remote.

BACK TO PHONE CALL

D'ANGELICA
Anyway, it took a while for me to get here, but I'm here, with the support of my millions and millions of fans!

"Love" emojis pop all over the screen.

PHALON
Including me! I think being critical of your work makes me a bigger fan!

"Red angry face" emojis pop up.

D'ANGELICA
Ooh, you're lucky I don't have the chatbox up!

PHALON
Listen, both of us had hard times growing up. I wasn't supposed to be here! Me and my family are from Washington. The state of Washington! The "Seahawks" Washington! "Sea!"

Brooke signals him to stop.

D'ANGELICA
See what?

PHALON
Nothing.

D'ANGELICA
Whatever. I don't even care anymore. I'm considering hangin' it up.

"Surprised" emojis pop up.

BROOKE
(gasps)
Dad!

PHALON
(to Brooke)
Relax.
(to D'Angelica)
Why would you hang it up?

D'ANGELICA
The game is getting younger and younger. Don't nobody wanna hear their grandmother rap.

PHALON
(scoffs)
Bull! Who said that?

D'ANGELICA
My granddaughter. That's the title of her own rap album.

PHALON
So you're gonna let a family member stop you? My family don't have my back at all!

He looks at Brooke, who shrugs.

PHALON (CONT'D)
You built an empire! They're already talking Oscars for you, and you haven't even been in a movie yet!

Rover pushes his dog dish to Phalon and MOANS.

PHALON (CONT'D)
Rover, cool it!

Rover BARKS.

PHALON (CONT'D)
No!

Rover STOPS.

PHALON (CONT'D)
(to D'Angelica)
See, Rover don't even care that I'm talking to D'Angelica. Y'all should be canceling <u>him</u>!

They both CHUCKLE.

D'ANGELICA
You're something else, Phalon. I think I got a few more hits in me.

PHALON
Good. Now how about telling your label to pull your <u>current</u> hit? What do you say?

D'ANGELICA
Hmm, I don't know.

PHALON
Come on.

A BOY'S comment pops up on the screen.

BOY
"Hawks!"

D'ANGELICA
What?

PHALON
Internet delay.

D'ANGELICA
Oh.

INT. DINER - LATER

Mya and Ludwig finish eating.

LUDWIG
Jessie? We'll take the check now.

JESSIE
Oh, honey, don't worry about it! It's on the house!

LUDWIG
Really? Thanks!

MYA
Yeah, thank--

Jessie hands her a bill. Mya frowns and hands her some money. Jessie exits.

LUDWIG
That wasn't very nice.

MYA
Why are you surprised? She's been making googly-eyes at you ever since we walked in!

LUDWIG
Really? She's not even my type!

MYA
I know that, Ludwig. You're gay.

LUDWIG
(gasps)
What?? I'm not--
(quick pause)
How did you know?

MYA
Never underestimate the power of a black woman's gay-dar.

LUDWIG
So obviously you know I'm not dating your daughter.

MYA
Yep.

LUDWIG
And you know about her and Rodney.

MYA
I do now!

LUDWIG
Oops.

MYA
Forget all that. We need to get outta here!

A SHERIFF speaks to them.

SHERIFF
Excuse me, but I couldn't help but overhearing your situation.

MYA
Yeah?

SHERIFF
A guy in your district owes me a favor. I can get that boot off your husband's car in an hour, tops.

MYA
Really! That's great! Thank you! But why?

SHERIFF
That D'Angelica chick? I can't stand her music!

Ludwig GASPS and rises out of his chair.

LUDWIG
How could you--

MYA
(to Ludwig)
Shut up! Let's beat it!

They get out of their seats and head to the exit.

LUDWIG
To D'Angelica's place?

MYA
Hell no! I'm tired! We're going back home!

LUDWIG
Just as well. My <u>real</u> mate is probably upset with me.

Jessie watches them exit and shakes her head.

JESSIE
Why do all the black women get all the black men?

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Phalon, wearing headphones attached to a laptop, nods his head rhythmically. Mya and Ludwig enter.

PHALON
Mya?? Shouldn't ya'll be in Massachusetts?

LUDWIG
Yeah, but...

PHALON
I should've never sent my wife to go!
(to Mya)
You always mess up something!

LUDWIG
Mr. Jacobson, with all due respect...

MYA
He's right.
(to Phalon)
We had to turn back around. I forgot my purse.

PHALON
The one you're wearing?

MYA
My other purse. With my drivers-license-thingy in it.

Phalon CLICKS HIS TEETH and shakes his head.

MYA (CONT'D)
What's that music?

PHALON
Nothing!

He SHUTS his laptop. Mya reopens it, puts on the headphones, then puts them down.

MYA
"And Your Little Dog Too"?

LUDWIG
(gasps)
I heard about that song! It's already nominated for a Wine-Me Award!

PHALON
What is that?

LUDWIG
They just made it up! Just for her!

He picks up the headphones.

MYA
It sounds like D'Angelica's dissing you! I mean, I get it, but why are <u>you</u> listening to it?

PHALON
(sighs)
It's a good song. Plus me being the villain in all this brought my approval rating up...I mean, Rover's.

He signals at Rover, who rolls on the floor.

PHALON (CONT'D)
Me and D'Angelica talked it out, and everything's cool.

MYA
Then why were you coming down on me?

PHALON
It's hard to break a habit!

They both smirk. Phalon walks away.

LUDWIG
Why didn't you tell him the truth?

MYA
Eh, he'll find out when he gets pulled over.

Brooke enters.

BROOKE
Hey, guys!

LUDWIG
Hey...

He looks at Mya and back at Brooke.

LUDWIG (CONT'D)
...babe!

They approach each other and attempt to kiss each other. Phalon reenters.

PHALON
Hey, none of that kissing in here! This is a family home!

MYA
Hush up. I wanna see this!

Brooke and Ludwig struggle, reach up, quickly kiss each other, and stand back.

PHALON
We;;, I guess if their love's even half as real as ours, it's alright.

He kisses Mya on the forehead.

THE END