

Dysfunctional Dam

A Raccoon and a Beaver are married together living in a beaver dam. One day while Raccoon is being lazy and hung-over they begin to argue.

Raccoon: Whaddya mean I don't do my fair share... look, I patched the leak.

Reveal a dripping wet cloth duct-tapped to the ceiling.

Beaver: When we got married you said that you would convert, that we would raise our kids in the beaver way. But look at you, you lay around the dam all day long. You don't build. You don't maintain. You don't do anything... and you're out all night long with your dishonored deprived debauchery. My mother was right about you.

R: Beverly, look... I'm nocturnal ...what do you want from me? ...I can't change the way my brain is wired. Remember, that's why you fell in love with me... because I'm different.

B: That was then and this is now. It's time for you to grow up and take on more of this responsibility. This family won't raise itself.

R: C'mon the kids are fine!

Zip pan over to reveal the kids - two baby raccoons with giant beaver teeth. One of them is foaming at the mouth, the other is screaming while pulling at its fur.

B: Joey has rabies and Meghan won't stop pulling her hair out! They aren't normal kids. They need a father!

R: They don't need a father... they've got a father! Me! What more do you want! I go out... I earn. Did I not bring six French fries, an almost full bag of Cheetos, and a half eaten hotdog last night? From my old man, that would have been a great haul!

B: Great haul for a raccoon, sure, but not for beavers. These kids need wood. Good wood.

Meghan/Joey: Good wood...good wood...good wood...

R: Fine! I could use some air anyways.

Raccoon marches to the exit.

R: I won't come back without wood.

Raccoon leaves the dam.

B: That's how I got in this mess.

