DENNIS & GNASHER 4

DG404B - PIRANHARAMA

FINAL APPROVED SCRIPT

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Written
By

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EXT. DENNIS’S FRONT GARDEN - DAY

WIDE SHOT: The Colonel, in his garden, looks over at Dennis’s with mild interest as a terrified Double Glazing SALESMAN charges round and round Dennis’s house, Gnasher on his tail.

GNASHER/SALESMAN
<GNASHING SOUNDS>/AAAAAAARRRRGH!

ON THE COLONEL at his fence. The Salesman WHOOSHES past and OOV, Gnasher in pursuit. The Colonel calls after them:

COLONEL
Spot of intel, possibly a tad late.

The Salesman and Gnasher race past again. The Salesman’s jacket is now shredded.

GNASHER/SALESMAN
<GNASHING SOUNDS>/AAAAAAARRRRRGH!

COLONEL
He doesn’t like double glazing.

Salesman and Gnasher race past again. The Salesman’s jacket is now gone, his shirt beneath hanging in tatters.

GNASHER/SALESMAN
<GNASHING SOUNDS>/AAAAAAARRRRRGH!

COLONEL
Or salesmen.

They race past again, Salesman now minus shirt, bare-chested.

GNASHER/SALESMAN
<GNASHING SOUNDS>/AAAAAAARRRRRGH!

COLONEL
Just be thankful you’re not wearing spotty underpants.

They race past again. The Salesman’s trousers are now gone. He’s wearing spotty underpants.

GNASHER/SALESMAN
<GNASHING SOUNDS>/AAAAAAARRRRRGH!

COLONEL
Ah.

The Colonel whips out a huge walkie-talkie.

EXT. SCHOOL GATE - DAY

Outline of a phone in a bobbing black pocket. RINGTONE (D&G THEME). A hand reaches down and whips the phone out.
It’s Dennis, heading out the gate with Curly and Pie Face.

DENNIS
(into phone; autopilot)
It wasn’t me, I wasn’t there, you can buy them red and black striped jumpers in any high street--
(pause; a frown)
Colonel? What’s wrong?

EXT. DENNIS’S STREET - DAY
A horrified Dennis, Curly and Pie Face bolt down the street.

CURLY
Is it bad?

DENNIS
Two words: first word, “spotty”; second word,--

They SCREECH to a stop at Dennis’s front gate. Gnasher sits there, happily chewing on a pair of spotty--

DENNIS
--“underpants.”

The garden is a mess: beds trampled; lawn gnashed. The now naked Salesman perches quaking on a big overturned plant pot, wearing a second plant pot to cover his nether regions.

CURLY
At least your Dad’s not back yet.

DAD (OOV)
Dennis?! What on earth--?

REVEAL a shocked Dad behind them. Dennis sags.

INT. DENNIS’S HOUSE - LIVING-ROOM - DAY
A scowling Dad sinks into a chair and kicks off his shoes.

DAD
--and now we have to get the whole house double-glazed just to buy off that salesman! You can’t deny it, Dennis. That dog is getting worse.

DENNIS
Rubbish.

Dad picks up his slippers to put them on. They’ve been gnashed to bits. Dad grimaces and throws them away.
DAD
He’s becoming a real problem.

DENNIS
Naaaaaaah.

Dad opens his newspaper. There’s a huge hole gnashed in it. He grimaces and tosses the newspaper grumpily at Dennis.

DAD
Boredom, that’s what it is.

DENNIS
(re: gnashed newspaper)
You don’t even know this was Gnasher. Could’ve been rats, mice--

Dad reaches for the TV Remote. When he lifts it into view, Gnasher is attached to it. Dad scowls and shakes the remote. Gnasher flies off, disappearing OOV with a CRASH.

DAD
He’s bored, Dennis. He’s got no one to play with while you’re at school. Something has to be done.

DENNIS
<GASP> Dad, you’re a genius!

Whips out phone, hits speed dial, barks into phone:

DENNIS
Curly, Dad says I have to get a new pet to keep Gnasher company!

DAD
Eh? What? I didn’t say--

DENNIS
Meet you at the pet shop in ten!

WHOOSH, he’s gone. Dad SIGHS and zaps the TV remote.

REVEAL the TV opposite has a huge bite out of it. CRACKLE OF ELECTRICITY - DAD’S HORROR - then BOOM, the TV explodes.

MONTAGE - IN DENNIS’S GARDEN

1) Gnasher in a blindfold. Dennis whips it off, REVEALING to Gnasher a rabbit in a hutch. Gnasher smiles, gnashes the hutch to bits and nuzzles up happily to the rabbit. The rabbit looks utterly terrified and scarpers with a WHOOSH.

2) Dennis whips a blindfold off Gnasher to REVEAL a parrot on a perch. The parrot spots the beaming Gnasher, looks terrified, deposits a large dropping, and flies off, a second dropping splatting on Gnasher’s head as the bird disappears.

EXT. PET SHOP - DAY

A gloomy Dennis, Curly and Pie Face exit the Pet Shop.

DENNIS
Okay, we're done here. The Gnasher-Friendly Pet Pal does not exist.

They tramp off, passing the Pet Shop window as they go (and masking its display from view).

DENNIS
It's a myth, a fairytale, a--

As one, they stop. Mouths drop open. They WHOOSH back to look in the pet shop window (again masking it from view).

DENNIS/CURLY/PIE-FACE
Whoah.

EXT. DENNIS'S GARDEN - DAY

Gnasher in a blindfold. He looks bored. Dennis, Curly and Pie Face stand beside him, Curly poring over a thick manual.

GNASHER
<BORED YAWN>

DENNIS
Seriously, Gnasher, this is it. There's just something about him...

Dennis whips off Gnasher's blindfold. Gnasher looks to his left, and does a MASSIVE TRIPLE-TAKE. PULL OUT to REVEAL:

A super-reinforced fishbowl with a metal lid. In it is a creature that looks like a small fishy version of Gnasher.

DENNIS
The Abyssinian Wire-Finned Piranha.

Gnasher raises an intrigued eyebrow. He GNASHES FURIOUSLY at the bowl for a bit. The fish doesn't even flinch. And the bowl remains intact. Curly nods, impressed, manual in hand.

CURLY
Gnash-proof glass with titanium lid and integral oxygen supply. Nice.

Suddenly, the piranha GNASHES back at Gnasher, rolling its fishbowl around like a hamsterball. After a moment it stops. And eyes Gnasher with some interest. Beat. Gnasher smiles.
Then they're GNASHING MADLY at each other, fishbowl rolling around the garden, Gnasher all over it. Dennis smiles.

35 DENNIS
What does genius wear, boys?

36 CURLY/PIE FACE
A striped jumper, Den.

8 MONTAGE WITH MUSIC (GARDEN/GARDEN/DENNIS’S ROOM)

1) SLO-MO of Gnasher and piranha (in bowl) “running” together through long grass in the garden, tongues lolling, sun above.

2) SLO-MO of them rolling around, happily gnashing each other. Saliva flies, twinkling in the sunlight.

3) The pair in Dennis’s room, watching a movie. Gnasher has a chummy “arm” round the fishbowl. REVEAL what they watch: a Jaws-like movie (shrieking crowds on a beach flee a cartoonish gnashing shark). Dog and fish smile and cosy in.

9 EXT. DENNIS’S STREET - DAY

The Colonel, at his fence, watches Gnasher and the piranha rolling round Dennis’s garden. Dennis and the lads approach.

37 COLONEL
Ah, there you are, lads. Status Report 1600hrs: Operation Pet Pal a complete success. Zero casualties; minimal collateral damage; poops bagged and tagged: two.

He proudly displays two full paper bags (not transparent).

38 DENNIS
Um... great. Thanks, Colonel. Could be time for rations then, eh? Wonder what piranhas like to eat?

10 EXT. DENNIS’S GARDEN - DAY

Gnasher SCOFFS a huge bone. Next to him is the fishbowl, lid now off. Dennis and Pie Face stand over it dropping in food - chickens, pizzas, steaks, cakes - which the fish hoovers up.

39 DENNIS
So, basically... anything, yeah?

Curly sits nearby reading a thick piranha-keeping manual.
CURLY
Pretty much. "The Abyssinian Wire-Finned Piranha is almost completely omnivorous. However--" Ooh, hang on, didn’t see this bit... "--under no circumstances whatsoever should this fish ever be fed--" Ah.

DENNIS
What?

CURLY
... "--pies,--"

CRASH ZOOM on the fishbowl: in it there is now a large pie, Pie Face’s hand poised just above, having just dropped it in. The piranha WOLFS it. Curly’s eyes WHIP back to the book:

CURLY
"--which, in this species, have been known to cause--" Ah.

DENNIS
Tell me.

CURLY
"--extreme flatulence."

The piranha lets rip a HUGE FART, rockets out the bowl, over the street, and in a first floor window in Walter’s house.

INT. WALTER’S HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY

The piranha drops in the window into a full tub. Walter is in it, his eyes shut. He opens them, frowns, looks about.

A huge stream of fart bubbles GURGLES to the surface. Beat. He reaches for a bathside telephone and barks into it:

WALTER
Mother, I may have to insist on fewer sprouts at dinner tonight.

The door BURSTS open and Dennis, Curly, Pie Face and Gnasher barge in. Dennis has a large net, Curly has the fishbowl. A flustered Walter’s Dad is just behind them.

WALTER
Aaaaaaarrrrgh! What on earth--?

WALTER’S DAD
Ehm, hello, Walter, sorry about this. They said they had to--

Dennis SLAMS the door on him and turns to Walter in his bath.
DENNIS
Okay, Walter, listen to me: there’s no easy way to say this but--

CURLY
There’s a hungry, flesh-eating fish in your bath!

DENNIS
Actually, that was pretty easy. Respect, Curly.

CURLY
Cheers, Den. I try.

WALTER
Are you all insane? Get out at once before I call the police!

He reaches for the bathside telephone and jams the handset to his ear. But it’s not the handset, it’s the piranha.

WALTER
AAAAAAAAAARRRRRRGH!

He drops the fish (it PLOPS back in the water) then leaps out the bath into a towel held by a coy, eyes-averted Pie Face.

But the piranha follows, jumping out and onto Walter’s head. Dennis brings his net down over Walter and the fish.

DENNIS
Hah! Gotcha!

But now a half-naked Walter is trapped in the net with the crazed fish. It gnashes round and round Walter, shredding most of the towel (though leaving Walter’s modesty intact).

WALTER
<SCREAMING>

The piranha finally gnashes through the net and flops to the floor. With one deft little kick, Dennis flips it up, and it PLOPS back in the bowl Curly has. Curly slams the lid on.

Gnasher pads up to the fish, grinning. The pair high-five.

DENNIS
There you go. No harm done, eh?

ON WALTER, still trapped under the net, almost naked, hair and towel in tatters. He looks absolutely livid.

EXT. DENNIS’S HOUSE - DAY

A van with a Pet Shop logo waits on the road, back door open. An unhappy Dennis and Gnasher stand with Dad and Walter.
Once again, Walter, I am so sorry about this. We're all sorry.

Well, I do sincerely appreciate your cooperation in this matter.

And we sincerely appreciate you not "suing us without mercy till we end up homeless, destitute and scavenging for scraps in dustbins". Very kind of you.

Not at all.

Two PET SHOP MEN exit the house carrying the fishbowl with the piranha. They pass Gnasher. Gnasher and the piranha's eyes meet. The men pause. A tear runs down Gnasher's cheek.

<STIFLED SOB>

Maybe they can have a moment to say goodbye though, eh?

Don't be absurd. Disgusting thing. Deserves everything it gets. Chop chop!

As the men carry the piranha into the back of the van, the fish glares at Walter, EYES NARROWING, TURNING RED WITH FURY.

As the van drives off, Gnasher buries his head into Dennis.

<FULL-ON SOBBING NOW>

Golly, that was fun!

The Pet Shop Van rounds a corner and stops. The back door opens to REVEAL the two Pet Shop Men with the fishbowl. Behind them, the driver turns round and grins. It's Gran.

<LAUGH> Are we smoove or what?

The two Pet Shop Men whip off disguises to REVEAL that they are in fact Curly and Pie Face. Both grin.
EXT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

MUSIC BLARES from inside the tree house.

DENNIS (OOV)
And this year's award for outstanding performance in a fish-themed rescue caper goes to...

INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

MUSIC BLARES. The party decorations are out. A grinning Dennis addresses Curly, Gnasher and the piranha in its bowl.

DENNIS
... Curly!

Dennis and Gnasher applaud Curly who takes a mock bow.

Over by the main door, Pie Face sits with Paul the Potato. Both wear party hats. Pie Face looks wistful.

PIE FACE
And once again, the little potato behind the scenes gets nothing...

He gives Paul a conciliatory pat and takes out a pie. As he does, the piranha rolls up, eyeing the pie. Pie Face smiles.

PIE FACE
Oh well, I know I shouldn't, but--

He unscrews the fishbowl lid, drops the pie in and quickly screws the lid back on again.

PIE FACE
'Least you can't escape this time.

The piranha makes to eat the pie, but something OOV catches his eye. He double-takes. His eyes narrow. He glares through the open doorway at the street outside where he sees:

Walter at an upstairs window of his house.

The piranha seethes, EYES TURNING RED. He looks from Walter to the pie and back to Walter again. The piranha smiles...

ON DENNIS, CURLY AND GNASHER

DENNIS
So... long as nobody ever finds out we still got the piranha, we have absolutely nothing to worry about.

PIE FACE (OOV)
Um... Den...
Dennis turns. Pie Face stands there, pale and aghast.

**DENNIS**

Pie Face? That’s your oops face. Why’re you wearing your oops face?

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**EXT. DENNIS’S GARDEN - DAY**

Four horrified faces appear at a window in the tree house: Dennis, Curly, Pie Face and Gnasher. They look down to see:

The fishbowl rolling along a branch below, propelled by the crazed piranha, piece of pie bobbing uneaten beside it.

The fishbowl rolls off the end of the branch, bounces off the wall between Dennis’s house and Walter’s, onto the road (cars SCREECH to a halt), races round the corner to the front of--

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**EXT. WALTER’S HOUSE - DAY**

--hurts through Walter’s gate, hits Walter’s front door with a CRASH, the door bursts open, the fishbowl rolls on in.

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**INT. WALTER’S HOUSE/LIVING-ROOM - DAY**

The fishbowl rolls in and stops. The piranha scoffs the pie then FARTS HUGELY. The bowl stretches under the pressure. With a LOUD POP the lid flies off and the fish leaps out--

--just as Dennis, Curly, Pie Face and Gnasher charge in.

**DENNIS**

AAAAAARRRRRRGH!

Dennis grabs the fish and stuffs it up Pie Face’s jumper just as Walter enters. Curly kicks the fishbowl behind the sofa.

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**WALTER**

What on earth is going on? What are you all doing in my house?

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**DENNIS**

Hey, Walter... we... just came over to... um... say sorry. Yeah, that’s it. Right?

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**CURLY/PIE FACE**

Right. Sorry, Walter.

The fish under Pie Face’s jumper struggles to get to Walter, dragging Pie Face forward. Walter leaps back in horror.

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**WALTER**

Eeeuw! What are you doing?
DENNIS
Um... Pie Face, he just wants to... give you a “really sorry” hug.

The fish drags Pie Face forward again. Walter recoils.

WALTER
Aaaarrrrgh! Get out! Now! Before I call the police!

He turns to go. As he does, the fish FARTS, shooting out the neck of Pie Face’s top and OOV. Walter turns back, appalled.

PIE FACE
Um... pardon me?

All grimace at the smell, Walter as if he’s about to be sick.

DENNIS/CURLY/PIE FACE/GNASHER
Whoaah!/That’s ripe!/Phewee!/GNYUCK!

WALTER
You are all disgusting! I need to use the lavatory! You will be gone by the time I come out... or else!

He stomps out.

DENNIS
Okay, where’d the fish go?

Pie Face looks up. There’s a small hole in the ceiling.

DENNIS
What’s up there, Curly?

CURLY
That would be the “lavatory”.

DENNIS
<SIGH> Of course it would.

INT. WALTER’S HOUSE/BATHROOM – DAY

Walter enters and locks the door. MAD KNOCKING from outside.

DENNIS
Hey, Walter. Can I use your loo?

WALTER
What??! Of course not! Go away! I need to use it myself.

CRASH ZOOM, first on a small hole in the floor, and then on the toilet bowl wherein there now lurks the grinning piranha. Oblivious, Walter heads for the toilet and makes to sit down.
INT. WALTER’S HOUSE/UPSTAIRS LANDING - DAY
Dennis, Gnasher, Curly and Pie Face outside the bathroom.

WALTER (OOV)
<BLOODCURDLING SCREAM>
The boys wince. Gnasher grins. Bathroom door flies open.

WALTER
THERE’S NO TOILET PAPER!
He exits the bathroom, SLAMMING the door behind him.

INT. WALTER’S HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY
The furious piranha leaps from loo to door handle, gnashes the handle clean off, then goes berserk, gnashing everything in sight. Water starts to fountain from gnashed pipes.

EXT. WALTER’S HOUSE - DAY
The front door is wrenched open. Dennis, Curly and Pie Face stumble out, shoved by a furious Walter.

WALTER
OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT OUT!
Walter, remaining outside, SLAMS his front door shut behind him and whirls on the gang, purple with rage.

INT. WALTER’S HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY
Water gushes everywhere, crazed fish now gnashing the floor which gives way. Toilet and bath vanish downwards. CRASH!

EXT. WALTER’S HOUSE - DAY
Walter rants at the lads and Gnasher:

WALTER
So... do we understand? Are we clear? I am off to buy toilet paper. If you are still here when I get back you will taste my wrath.

PIE FACE
Ooh, nice. I like a bit of soup.

DENNIS
Wrath, Pie Face, not broth. Walter, consider us gone.

Walter scowls, turns on his heels and marches off.
Okay, let’s go get that fish!

They turn back to Walter’s house... and stagger in shock.

AAAAAAAAARRRRRRGH!

The house is completely filled with water. Items - chair, TV, hoover - float past windows. Curly reaches for the door.

No! We can’t let it escape and go for Walter again. I got an idea!

EXT. WALTER’S HOUSE/ROOF - DAY

Dennis, Gnasher, Curly and Pie Face in scuba gear, poised by a chimney overflowing with water. Dennis has the fishbowl.

Okay, we all clear on the plan?

Um... catch the fish?

I didn’t say it was a fancy plan.

Could we maybe go over it one more time?

You’ll be fine, Pie Face.

Dennis dives down the chimney. One by one, they all follow.

INT. WALTER’S HOUSE/LIVING-ROOM (UNDERWATER) - DAY

Dennis, Gnasher, Curly and Pie Face swim out the fireplace.

Various items - books, shoes, cups - bob around the submerged room. There’s a huge hole in the ceiling: the bath is on the sofa; the toilet and various plumbing bits on the floor.

The piranha is in a corner, munching viciously on a school photo of Walter. It spots something OOV, freezes, frowns--

--and darts away just as Dennis SLAMS the upturned, lidless fishbowl down, missing the fish by inches.

The piranha races round the sofa. Curly swims after it. Round and round they go. Dennis and Gnasher join the chase, everyone circling the sofa ever faster before they all--
--SCREECH to a halt (fish included) as they become aware of:

A somewhat vacant Pie Face, sitting in the bath, about to tuck into a pie. Dennis rolls his eyes and mimes to Pie Face: “Catch [grabbing motion] the fish [gestures to fish]!”

Light dawns in Pie Face’s eyes: “Oh yeah.” He makes a grab for the fish. It dodges, lunges for the pie in his other hand, scoffs it, FARTS, and rockets away on a jet of bubbles.

The piranha jets around the room, bouncing off several walls, straight through a TV set, before SMASHING into a photo of Walter on the wall. It bares evil teeth at the photo, then--

BAM! the open fishbowl slams against photo and wall, trapping the piranha inside. It’s Dennis holding the bowl. He grins.

But the fish just chews straight through Walter’s photo and the wall behind, then immediately gnashes its way back into the room through yet another photo (of Walter as a baby).

Curly taps Dennis’s shoulder and points to a window:

Walter, toilet roll in hand, marches along the street outside! He’s almost at the front gate!

Then the piranha spots Walter, too. Its eyes narrow and TURN RED. It takes a deep “breath”, lets rip a HUGE FART, and rockets full-tilt at the window, straight for Walter.

At the very last second, Gnasher dives into view in front of the window. In his paws is the toilet bowl, the wide bowl part of it positioned directly in the piranha’s path.

The fish rockets into the toilet bowl, WHOOShes (unseen) round its S-shaped bend and shoots out the end straight into--

--a U-shaped piece of pipe held up by Curly. The piranha ZOOMS through this pipe and round its U-shape bend, which redirects the fish back the way it came, straight towards--

--Dennis who dives like a goalkeeper to catch the fish in the fishbowl. Pie Face slams the lid on. The pair high five.

EXT. WALTER’S HOUSE – DAY

Long shot, side-on, of the house. Walter opens the front door as the back door also opens. Water gushes from both.

WALTER
AAAAAAARRRRRRGHH!

Walter is washed down the street and OOV by a big tidal wave. Dennis and co (with fishbowl) are washed out the back door.

ON THE TORRENT as it rages down the street, finally subsiding to REVEAL Walter sitting in the bath, toilet on his head.
Hello? Where am I?

Dennis, Gnasher, Curly and Pie Face are by the duck pond with the piranha in a clear plastic bag. Dennis grins at Gnasher.

--and the best thing is, you’ll still be able to see him every day!

<DAN]

GNASHER

<HAPPY, EXCITED GNASHER SOUNDS>

Dennis tips the piranha from the bag into the pond.

So you won’t get into trouble gnashing stuff when I’m at school.

I know you’ve still got that fish.

Dennis whirls. Walter is there, a dangerous glint in his eye. Dennis hastily hides the plastic bag in a pocket.

Sorry, Walter, don’t know what you’re talking about.

Dennis, Gnasher, Curly and Pie Face saunter off. As they do, two fishy eyes appear in the pond behind the scowling Walter. The eyes narrow, then TURN AN ANGRY RED.

ON DENNIS AND THE GANG as they stroll away, Walter now OOV.

I know it, and I’m going to prove it! You see if I don’t! And then--

SOUND OF A CRUNCH

AAAAAAAAARRRRRGGH!

Dennis and lads wince.

GNASHER

GNEE-HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE!

ENDS