

# LEMON and CURD

Piccalilli Expedition

By

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An original short animation

Current Revision by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

A hot day - two mischief making friends - LEMON, a young male skunk, American accent. CURD, a young male cross-breed dog, Cockney accent. Are riveted on their game of pin the ladybird to the ground with your nose. Lemon, annoyed, keeps losing.

LEMON

Ah, darn it - I ain't never gonna win.

CURD

Aha, gotcha!

LEMON

Slow down, will ya!

CURD

(laughs)

...That tickles.

(laughs)

...Stop it.

(paws at his nose)

LEMON

What's going down, Curd?

CURD

That sneaky ladybird...

(sneeze)

just sneaked...

(sneeze)

up me nose!...

(sneeze)

Lemon, chuckles.

LEMON

Awesome.

Curd, gazes at sky excitedly.

CURD

Oooh.

Lemon, studies Curd and gazes at sky too.

LEMON

NO...Curd, are you nuts?

Curd, jumps up and catches wasp in mouth.

CURD

Gotcha!

Lemon, shakes head.

LEMON

You've goofed up there big time,  
bud!

Curd, stung, mouth throbbing like a cartoon thumb hit by  
hammer, howls loudly in pain.

Lemon, annoyed, Curd isn't concentrating on game.

LEMON (CONT'D)

Ladybirds, Curd, ladybirds! That's  
what we're after, not wasps!

Curd, howls, jumps up and down on stiff legs.

CURD

Blimey, me mouth!

LEMON

Piccalilli!

Curd, howls again.

CURD

...What?

LEMON

Piccalilli, that's what you need.

CURD

Why?

LEMON

For your mouth, stoopid! Best thing  
ever for stings in the mouth.

CURD

It is?

LEMON

Sure is.

CURD

Come on then, let's go.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Lemon, Curd, Pilchard

Lemon and Curd, run down street in comical fashion. Whilst  
in pursuit of 'wondrous remedy', bump into PILCHARD,  
milkman's cat. (Pilchard, young female tabby, aloof manner)

LEMON

Slow down, Curd - you're going the  
wrong way.

Curd, screeches to a stop.

CURD

But you said to go this way?

LEMON

Nope.

CURD

Well which way then?

Pilchard, local troublemaker, watches smugly from street gutter.

PILCHARD

Well who'd have guessed - a dog  
with cloth ears?

Lemon, turns, seeks whereabouts of insult.

LEMON

Hey, butt out, Ms Smarty Pilchard  
Pants - this is a private  
conversation!

Curd, stares at Lemon and gives big toothy grin

CURD

It's alright, Lemon, relax - I'll  
handle it from here.

Curd, turns and stares at Pilchard.

CURD (CONT'D)

Cloth ears? Did you just call me  
cloth ears?

PILCHARD

That's right you big lump of hairy  
gristle.

CURD

Lump of hairy gristle?

Curd, hackles begin to rise.

PILCHARD

Well if the cap fits...and you  
smell!

Curd, hackles begin to recede, realises she's right about  
them being smelly.

CURD

Well I can't argue with that.

Curd, shrugs his shoulders, goes back to Lemon. A sense of  
urgency prevails.

CURD (CONT'D)  
 (shouts)  
 Piccalilli, Lemon, I need  
 Piccalilli - let's go!

INT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

Lemon, Curd, Shop Assistant

Lemon, opens door, bell jangles noisily and momentarily puts Lemon and Curd on edge. A female SHOP ASSISTANT, tall, middle aged, slicked black hair pulled back tightly into ponytail is at the till.

Lemon, saunters up to Shop Assistant.

LEMON  
 Hi, do you have any Piccalilli?

SHOP ASSISTANT  
 Yeah, it's over there next to the  
 shoe polish...bottom shelf.

Shop Assistant, points, catches scent of Lemon and feels queasy, covers nose and mouth with hand.

Lemon and Curd, scamper off to far side of shop. On route, pass a cheese counter.

LEMON  
 (sniffing)  
 Wowie zowie! What is that smell?

Curd, answers Lemon in educated manner.

CURD  
 Actually I think you will find that  
 is the world's smelliest cheese,  
 commonly known a Vieux-Boulogne.

LEMON  
 Well the world can keep it - I've  
 never smelt anything as bad as  
 that, not ever!

Curd, picks up jar of pickled walnuts.

CURD  
 Is this it?

LEMON  
 Nope.

Curd, picks up jar of frog legs in brine.

CURD  
 What about this?

LEMON

Nope.

Lemon, picks up jar, shakes in front of Curd's face.

LEMON (CONT'D)

Aha, Mustard Piccalilli - even better.

SHOP ASSISTANT

(shouts)

Have you found it yet?

Lemon and Curd, scamper back to Shop Assistant.

LEMON

Do you have a large spoon?

Shop Assistant, raises eyebrows, drums long painted fingernails on counter in anticipation of magic word.

LEMON (CONT'D)

Please?

SHOP ASSISTANT

Aren't you going to pay for that first?

LEMON/CURD

Pay?/Pay?

SHOP ASSISTANT

Yeah, that's what I said.

CURD

But I'm a dog, guv'nor?

SHOP ASSISTANT

And?

CURD

Everyone knows dogs don't carry money. I mean where would I put it? In a tail bag?

Lemon, finds comment about tail bag hilarious, falls to ground in hysterics and slaps paw against floor several times. Curd and Shop Assistant, give a strange stare, he regains composure.

SHOP ASSISTANT

That's not my problem - if you don't pay you can't have.

LEMON

Hey, lighten up, lady - it's a medical emergency!

SHOP ASSISTANT

Is that so? Then you should go to the A&E department.

LEMON

But they wouldn't have Piccalilli! They'd have cardboard sandwiches with limp lettuce and rubbery cheese but definitely no Piccalilli!

Shop Assistant, switches on portable fan and aims at Lemon and Curd. Wants rid of them ASAP.

SHOP ASSISTANT

Okay, take it - but just get out of the shop because I think I'm going to...

Shop Assistant, faints.

EXT. OUTSIDE SHOP - DAY

Lemon, Curd

Lemon and Curd, exit shop and loiter outside. Lemon, unscrews Piccalilli jar lid.

LEMON

Open your mouth real wide, Curd.

Curd, opens mouth.

Lemon, tips half of jar into Curd's mouth. Lemon, forces Curd's mouth shut, continues to hold him in this position.

LEMON (CONT'D)

Don't swallow it yet, Curd - it needs to stay in there for at least 5 minutes.

Curd, astonished expression, eyes watering, steam erupting from nostrils and ears. Howls, runs off down street in disoriented manner.

LEMON (CONT'D)

Awesome...Hey, come back, Curd you need to finish the whole jar!

Lemon, chases Curd, waves jar in paw.

EXT. DUCK POND IN PARK - DAY

Lemon, catches up with Curd. Curd, head submerged in duck pond. Lemon, gasping for breath.

LEMON  
(ruefully)  
Hey, Curd, you'll be all right.

Curd, lifts head slowly from pond. Foul mood.

CURD  
(hacked off)  
Says who?

Lemon, hangs head down in shame, squirms uncomfortably.

LEMON  
Gee, I sure am sorry.

Curd, glares at Lemon.

LEMON (CONT'D)  
But haven't you heard of the saying  
you've gotta fight fire with fire?

CURD  
(abruptly)  
No!

An awkward silence.

LEMON  
Guess I'd better be going then.

Lemon, turns, begins to step sheepishly away.

Another awkward silence. Curd, mouth feels better.

CURD  
Wait a minute - Lemon?

Lemon, hesitates.

LEMON  
What?

CURD  
It doesn't hurt anymore!

Lemon, jumps up, punches air triumphantly.

LEMON  
I was right! It did work.

Curd, scratches ear slowly with back leg, glances sideways at Lemon.

CURD  
Well actually...no - I think the  
pond water sorted it.

LEMON

But you're not mad at me anymore -  
right?

Curd, stops scratching, cocks leg against park bench.

CURD

Well, maybe a bit...

Lemon, remembers half full jar, shows it to Curd.

LEMON

So you didn't like it then?

Curd, raises eyes upwards in disbelief.

CURD

And you called me stoopid!

Lemon, flings jar into nearby bin. Lemon and Curd, chuckle,  
wander off together into distance.

FADE OUT