

# Hamster Davies

*A Life of Continual Dysfunction*

Dwight J. Sernoskie

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## **Self Contributors/Author Information**

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## Summary

Hamster Davies, known as, an overachiever in his late thirties on vacation, in New York, for the first time in his life with his adoptive parents Christmas and Juggs Davies at birth, mainly to see a professional Broadway performance in the cities drama sector.

Following an error over tickets purchased, the Davies are shortly given the Calpowns private box seats by accident, and, as a result of an abnormal unsympathetic conversation with Christmas, and the theatres customer service representative working that day?

Once, in the theatre, seated, high above the crowd making eye contact with Julie, sitting beneath hyperventilating because of the dreadful fabric on the chairs and walls in the theatre with her father and uncle, not including, the general inquisitive people around her, peculiarly during the intermission both families at last meet.

Afterwards a small argument between both families, Julie offers to take Hamster out for a drive the next day, where a romantic encounter of another kind apparently occurs, even if in another part of the theatre, we later meet Bones, Julianne and Greeko, better identified, as the infamous Fantsolli brothers.

Under a reconsideration given by their partnered boss, Mama, all three men agree to shortly kidnap her, seeing in the Fantsolli's personal thoughts it would teach her father a soon lesson in business, seeing the next day once, Hamster and Julie turn up missing; Danny becomes concerned in total hysterics, plus, converses with Bruno in their family home who's not that worried.

Meanwhile, Hamster and Julie are presently seen driving around New York in her new convertible, a graduation present from dear old dad, though, her driving skills are not the greatest, needing to stop at a particular dog park that she likes to visit often.

While in her vehicle attempting to make the moves on Hamster; even so, both of them fall out of the car into a large pile of animal, inhospitable surroundings, as the Fantsolli's appear on from a short distance, to soon take them to Mama's gym, where they're held hostage.

After some discussion, Bruno recalls that she regularly visits an unusual park, while they all make their way there; on the other hand, Danny figures out the two of them have been kidnapped, and by whom, discovering her car was abandoned at the park, and goes to Mama's to get them back.

In the meantime, in Mama's Gym, Mama profoundly enraged that Danny's business ventures are doing so well, mostly cutting into her profiles with the Fantsolli brothers, challenges Julie to a brawl in a wrestling ring, taking into account the other males are soon smitten; a-chick fight is required.



***Bones Fantsolli***

**Hobbies:** Cleaning and shooting big guns

**Books/Publications:** Hit Men's Club, Stalker Monthly, Guns with Gigantic Bullets, Short Men with Stamina

**Personal Goal:** Not to be wounded in the groin

- Quotes -

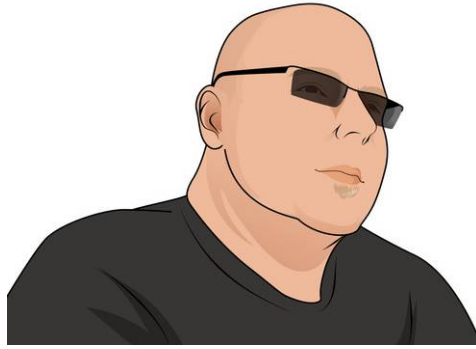
Who comes to these places any ways, what a serious dump, besides, I'm terrified to just use the toilet in this place, and I'm a guy who doesn't get frightened that easily,

#####

Hey, at least, one friend is better than two, well, at times, I think,

#####

Wouldn't it be better with maybe one of those divided personalities, bearing in mind if someone asked you a question, well then, you can have two immediate different answers to say to the person asking



***Uncle Bruno***

**Hobbies:** Builds miniaturized boats from ice cream sticks

**Books/Publications:** The World According to Great Cartoons

**Personal Goal:** Struggling to discover further imperative words

- Quotes -

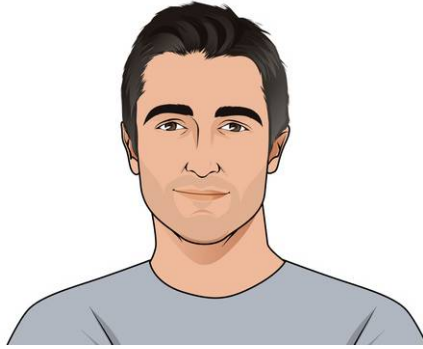
You know, I should have taken that course when I was young in school, it often helps people soon identify with another's way of thinking, and unfortunately my luck, the word doesn't come to mind for some reason,

#####

But isn't that what a family is for, to smooch food and cash off of most of the time,

#####

You mean like Santa, the big fat white guy, whereas, white stuff that would fall from the sky, and where Bruno may, could, would, slip and fall to likely break his leg in many places, and then, add soon after months of extensive pain,



***Julian (Julianne) Fantsolli***

**Hobbies:** Temporarily trying to keep his O.C.D. in-check

**Books/Publications:** Psychological thrillers

**Personal Goal:** Trying to trust his ex-wives more

- Quotes -

You two better have insurance policies on both of you because, I'm not dealing with either of your prospective wife's or girlfriends, or even their own families, plus, in particular if they're as nuts, as you two are,

#####

Last time I mentioned something about someone's wife, I got kicked in the cannelloni,

#####

Didn't I tell you to stop leaving your garbage in the car, now look it's drawing more ants, and you know that ants don't run off when you ask them to, considering they keep multiplying in the hundreds, therefore, it can be a thousand to one, so they can tell you to get out,





***Julie Calpown***

**Hobbies:** E-mailing desperate men, but believing she's somebody besides

**Books/Publications:** The Disrespectful Modest Rich Girls Club

**Personal Goal:** Locating a rich man who will spoil me

- Quotes -

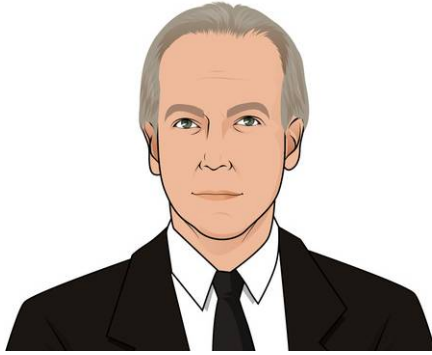
I have limited automotive insurance, even though if I could have listened to the small lizard the one-day on television, the whole thing could have taken me merely fifteen minutes, and, found a better rate, besides, I might have soon saved afterwards hundreds of dollars on my overall car insurance,

#####

You, be a-postman, I think the occupation would be too hard for you to walk to a house, and later have to put a letter in the mail slot, and then, walk away,

#####

So, what's your story or do you have an actual story to tell, or are you one of these guys who presently imagine they have a story; however, don't think they have one, or am I just to confusing for you,



***Christmas Davies***

**Hobbies:** Drinking and lighting a foul smoke here and there

**Books/Publications:** The Nudity Club - 1988

**Personal Goal:** None found on record

- Quotes -

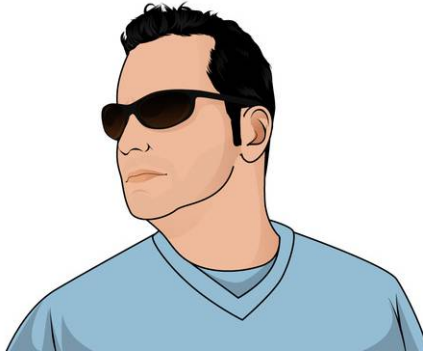
We wouldn't want one of your beneficiaries to slightly pop out of your shirt and cause a car accident,

#####

I saw you sitting there trying to choke-out the one-eyed wallaby,

#####

And, if your thinking you're going to soon see any flashing, boob slips, mooning or even any disorderly conduct in anyway, you're kind-of in the wrong place,



***Danny Calpown***

**Hobbies:** Taking yoga, jumping and climbing

**Books/Publications:** Standard Commerce and Associations

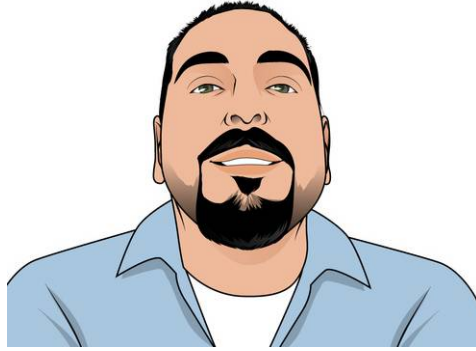
**Personal Goal:** To own all the dry cleaning businesses, in New York

- Quotes -

Well, I will tell you how you should feel crappy that's how, as people like you make me want to watch some purplish dinosaur on television, which doesn't have any significance to this matter, but it just makes me feel better,

#####

I can't, I wouldn't, I couldn't, I shouldn't,



***Greeko Fantsolli***

**Hobbies:** Flying outdoor remote planes

**Books/Publications:** True Italian baking

**Personal Goal:** Mostly to reduce on pasta dishes

- Quotes -

Well, with no friends in any case I can talk to myself, to soon construct a likely companion who I should point out isn't going to talk back to me,

#####

I've been cutting down recently on that, seeing I need to get my girlish figure going and those appealing curves,



*Hamster Davies*

**Hobbies:** Attempting to devise an initial board game of all video games

**Books/Publications:** Reader of fine poetry and scientific studies

**Personal Goal:** To originate the first ever micro-human transporter

- Quotes –

So are you trying to say that fluffy pillows and a tweeter hole, would hold more importance in a relationship, basically among other people,

#####

I'm still emotionally traumatized from that whole event from years ago, holes, big enough to have larger objects to suddenly slip out,

#####

Well, I can see someone didn't have their constructive we not need-to very dislike everything we soon observe or say breakfast this morning previous to when we left the house,



***Juggs Davies***

**Hobbies:** Gardening, cuisine, and a faithful enthusiast of Anderson Cooper  
**Books/Publications:** A fan of romance, plus, the extremely breasted females club  
**Personal Goal:** Not to be an added pessimistic then commonly needed in life

- Quotes –

Come on Christmas, you couldn't even pick up a drunken woman who couldn't even stand straight for god-sake,

#####

He can barely hit the toilet when he needs to use it, and the circumference size to have a baby isn't that big to start with,

#####

Considering you don't want to get drunk and come home with someone with a lonesome dysfunction who thinks he's all that, or likely to have a nasty rash on your lower region, and oddly has a fractional first name of a season,

# Chapter 1

The factual foundation of a family excursion that will not be simple to forever overlook

As the skies open, and, the day by day operations carry on in the city, we shortly observe various types of a New York location, principally in a remote public park located near the cities surroundings.

The distinct atmosphere is moderate with a little wind, even if the aroma of mouth-watering hot dogs can be smelt in the air, taking into account the public park is not awfully eventful with people, although not abandoned either.

While Hamster begins to stroll deeper into the park's opening, promptly noticing a park pavilion, and continues to walk over to it.

Hamster, in his late thirties, has never been on a trip outside his home state of Florida, other than is fascinated of the ambiance that he's looking at directly.

Walking up-on-to the pavilion, turning to momentary look at the unexpected skyline of New Year City from a distance, placing his hands-on the railing, slowly bending forward, still, looking in total astonishment.

His facial expression, showing uncertainty of what it would be like to live in the city of bright lights, plus, the steady stream of activity in the town?

Appearing determinedly at the city outline; nonetheless, needing to speak his mind on whatever he's thinking right at that instant.

New York WHAT a TOWN, yelling stridently!

THE CITY OF STUNNING LIGHTS, YET THE MILLIONS OF VEHICLES AND THE MASSES OF PEOPLE WITH SOARING BUILDINGS, TO EVEN THE AVERAGE POLLUTION LEVELS MOSTLY CREATED BY MAN, stopping to take a breath to carry on at the view ... PLUS, THE RATS THAT ARE BIGGER THAN CATS, ALONG WITH THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS TO RECONIZE OF COURSE, THE HOME OF THE ONE FINGER SALUTE, grasping for air in his breath, ahead of speaking again ... AND, WE SURELY CANNOT IGNORE THE OTHER BASICS OF ALL CITIES, taking a profound breath ... MOSTLY FROM THE MAGNIFICENT RESTAURANTS, AND THE ENTERTAINMENT GALAS THAT THIS CITY IS LEGENDARY FOR, immediately gesturing with his hands, still, believing the city needs to take notice of his suggestions from a distance.

Oddly he in-takes more air ... MAYBE FROM THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO STROLL THE STREETS THAT ARE OFTEN NOTICED WALKING VERY UNUSUAL ... MOST LIKELY DRUG RELATED I PRESUME, stopping to breathe in extra air to soon carry on ... CLEARLY TO THE NOTABLE LISTING OF BUSINESSES THAT SOMEBODY COULD LATER VISIT, cleaning his throat, knowing it's getting tender shouting for longer than usual, regularly soon taking great energy out of any person's breathing and talking rhythm.

Breathing in more air, beginning with his spontaneous rant ... FROM THE VIVID BLINKING LIGHTS OF THE MISCELLANEOUS SIGNS, TO YET THE BIGGER GUYS STATIONED OUTSIDE THE STRIP JOINTS THAT DO OFTEN EMERGE

SUSPICIOUS AT TIMES; HOWEVER, NOT IN THAT SPECIFIC WAY, THOUGH, IT'S NOT NECESSARY, questioning himself ... AND, TO THE FAMOUS GIRLS OF THE NIGHT, then, breathing in another time ... IF SOMEONE WERE TO TRAVEL TO THIS TOWN DURING THE YEAR, LIKELY THAT PERSON CAN BE RELIEVED THAT THE HUDSON RIVER WILL BE THERE, stopping in mid-sentence, in favour of a short few seconds ... RIGHT DOWN TO THE CLASSIC BOATS THAT OFTEN DRIFT ON ITS WATER, TOGETHER WITH THE ALLURING BODIES THAT FLOAT BESIDE THEM!

Gasping again to his harsh outburst ... WHAT IS IT ABOUT THIS CITY THAT MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WANT TO VISIT HERE, yelling, soon eyeballing the cities backdrop, breathing more air into his lungs ... IS IT, THE PECULIAR CAB DRIVERS THAT DON'T OFTEN KNOW WHERE OR WHAT STREETS YOU REALLY WANT TO VISIT?

Suddenly a gathering of birds soar over him before they all fly away, as the echo of vehicle horns can be heard in the surroundings.

Looking back at the city skyline, taking another deep breathe ... IS IT, THE DISTINGUISHING DISGUSTING ODOURS IN THEIR CARS, OR POSSIBLY THEIR BROKEN ENGLISH ... BUT NO, pointing his one index finger upwards, taking an extra inhale ... COULD IT BE BECAUSE, STYLISH TELEVISION HOSTS SUCH AS, ACTORS OR MUSICIANS TO YET SPORTING FIGURES ARE HERE, OR PERHAPS HAVE AT LAST LOST THEIR OWN PARTICULAR DOMAIN, shaking his head side to side in disagreement?

Abruptly a female jogger is seen passing by the park pavilion, even if he shortly looks over at her soon observing the jogger running off the length of the pathway into a forestry area within the park; nonetheless, appears intently around to see if there are any other people, mostly to maintain his quizzical rant, considering no one is in his direct setting, trying to carry on with his outspoken debate to himself.

Taking a philosophical breath ... IS IT FOR THE REASON THAT THE STATE OF NEW YORK HAD A GOVERNOR NAMED, beginning to studier his words at the top of your voice ... GEORGE PAT-TA, PAT-TI-KE, PUTT-A-TUS, POCKOLEY-US, PINK-A-POCKET, PICK-AL-D-ICAL, getting discouraged that he cannot pronounce nor recall the full name ... OH-WHATEVER, placing his hands in front of him, gesturing he doesn't actually care any longer, continuing to stare at the city scenery in front of him ... IS IT BECAUSE OF THE BLUSTERY WEATHER IN THE WINTER SEASON, AND THE SMELL OF THIS FINE CITY, taking a deeper breath, followed by a few coughs, placing his one hand over his mouth?

Oh my god I hope not, he says, principally in shock due to all the ordinary odours he can now smell.

Unpredictably perking up, as a suggestion has popped into his head from all the optimistic shouting ... WAIT ... IT CAN ONLY BE THAT HAMSTER DAVIES HAS COME TO-TOWN ... SO LOOK OUT NEW YORK, AND GET READY TO FELL MY WRATH, standing on the first level of the pavilion overlooking New York City with a large smile with both hands up in the air demonstrating his personal enthusiasm, wearing his conventional flannel pants and thick dark glasses, ironically has been renowned, as his brand name superficial wear, like peanut butter and jelly often go together at times, despite the fact that he's vigorously observing the cities ambience from the pavilion, speaking in a loud tone for another time.

THIS IS ONE STRANGE CITY ... DO YOU HEAR ME NEW YORK ... D-O, Y-O-U, seeing his voice takes on a sudden echo, but a profound louder voice can be heard from somewhere near him.

S-H-U-T U-P ... CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO SLEEP HERE, YOU IDIOT, the other voice yells from a close distance, taken off guard and rather startled by the further



tone; even so, isn't sure where the high-pitch came from, quickly looking around, soon noticing a male attempting to sleep at the base of the structure towards the-back-side-of the pavilion that he never saw at first glance, appearing determinedly at this individual; on the other hand, not optimistic, what to do?

Oh ... Sorry I didn't see you there, sitting, lying in your own urine and other things I can presently spot crawling and swarming around you, leering down on a homeless man resting there, trying to snooze.

That's okay, says the homeless man, even if both of their voices shift to a general manner.

Say, the man says, bending forward to ask a sudden question ... Why don't, you come over here and sit down beside me, patting his one hand down on the concrete area where he's sitting, although Hamster looks rather hesitation.

No ... That's okay, beginning to stare around, hoping someone would pass by, so he could hastily leave the area; however, no one does.

Actually I think I hear my brain calling me over somewhere, pointing in numerous different directions with his one index finger, to soon run off.

Surprisingly making a run for it, seeing the homeless man was giving him the creeps, plus, for the reason he's never noticed a person in that type-of state before, leisurely running away from the park pavilion, even though the homeless man starts to express some laughter, to soon shout in a deep and loud voice, therefore, Hamster can hear it ... ARE YOU SOME LITTLE WUSSY BOY, shouts the man, in view of Hamster's on the run; nevertheless, turning his head still in a running position, falling to the ground, but gets back up to stare keenly at the man.

WHY DO YOU ASK, shouting back questioning?

YOU RUN LIKE A-LITTLE GIRL, the man shouts from a distance away!

YEAH, BUT I SMELL BETTER THAN YOU DO AND MOST GIRLS FOR THAT MATTER, screaming like a frightened school girl; nonetheless, in the intervening time, running in the opposite direction from the unusual man in the park for an hour, ultimately seen sprinting to the downtown district of New York.

Even as, moments pass, we quickly see him approaching his step-mother Juggs and step-father Christmas Davies, standing on a sidewalk looking at a sightseer pamphlet of future attractions to optimistically visit being in the city.

Where in-the-hell have you been, can't you see that we've been looking all over, sick we might have lost you in this city, his step-father mockingly mentions?

Hamster glancing at them both in a flabbergasted stare ... Oh-really, and, where did you look, taking into account he's a little stunned to what he had just heard, although Christmas, sarcastically looking at him ... No ... I'm just teasing you?

Why, Hamster replies wondering?

Look, do you think I'm going to start off calling out, Hamster ... Hamster? Remember, we're, in New York City so you know, and, what do you think people are going to say, despite having a puzzled stare on his face.

It's bad enough there's many quack jobs running around; furthermore I'm not going to be one of them.

Your step-father's right, besides, look at his name, Christmas, can it get any worse, or perhaps it can, she suggests, turning to her ... Hey ... I wouldn't talk.

Listen, she says, in a demanding voice ... You're very well aware of my family history, considering my mother was a female stripper, and, do you understand the emotional suffering that I've had to go through, as a teenager, and still, as an adult?

We all understand that everyone often inherits something from their own parents, but, like countless things, the question is, what is an individual going to get, pointing to the two of them?

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