

**Little Dogs**

"Pilot"

by

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COLD OPENING

FADE IN:

EXT. DOG PARK -- DAY

Several attractive, athletic, twenty-somethings play vigorously with their large dogs in a field bearing a sign marked - 'Large Dogs.'

This is not a story about those people.

A golden retriever owner throws a frisbee for his pooch but it sails over the dog's head and over a fence, landing in the adjacent field bearing a sign marked - 'Little Dogs.'

Not far from the frisbee a group of unathletic thirty-somethings lounges together on picnic tables and lawn chairs as their little dogs play around them. They stare at the frisbee as if it's a strange foreign object from outer space.

BAILEY (34) - he's slightly paunchy and wearing office clothes - lethargically ambles over to the frisbee and picks it up. It's covered in dog drool, as are his hands. He awkwardly throws it back in disgust - it barely clears the fence top.

BAILEY

Here's your filthy frisbee. Keep it, and your condescendingly active lifestyle, on your own side!

He walks back to the group and sits down next to his French bulldog, William. BUDDY (34) - he's a bit thinner, but still looks like the before photo in a fitness ad - pats Bailey on the back.

BUDDY

Good one, Bailey. I'll bet that guy completely goes off his vegan diet and Cross-Fit routine after this.

BAILEY

Hey, the dog park is supposed to be a place where you go to watch your dog play ... or, in your case, watch your dog sniff other dogs' asses.

Buddy's Italian greyhound, Alison, is nose-deep in William's rear as Bailey pulls him away from the near cavity search.

DUSTY (33) - he's more fit, but dresses like a bad impersonation of Gordon Gecko - listens with interest.

DUSTY

It wouldn't kill you guys to be a little more active - maybe even get in some semblance of shape.

BUDDY

Oh really?

DUSTY

You married guys just have it so easy. You lose your edge because you don't have to work for it anymore.

BAILEY

Work for what? What is 'it' exactly?

DUSTY

Sex! You guys get regular conjugal visit time without having to do anything to earn it. You can let yourselves go completely.

BUDDY

Oh, I assure you, we earn it ...  
(a bit dejected)  
... when we actually get it.

BAILEY

What is this 'regular conjugal time' business? How often do you think married people actually have sex?

DUSTY

As much as you want. My friend Josh got married last year and they're going at it five or six times a week -- he's given up masturbating entirely.

Buddy and Bailey look at each other knowingly and LAUGH.

BUDDY

(to Dusty)

A year? Seriously? Have you ever heard of 'the honeymoon period'?

DUSTY

Hey, I don't expect it stays at that level. It probably tapers off to a couple times a week. I mean, I'm a realist about it.

Buddy and Bailey give another knowing look and LAUGH.

DUSTY (CONT'D)  
What? Bailey, how often do you and  
your wife do it?

BAILEY  
Oh, you know, that's personal stuff  
and all ...

BUDDY  
C'mon, Bailey. You've got to step  
up here and set him straight.

BAILEY  
Okay, okay. I suppose you could say  
it is ... um ... bi-monthly.

DUSTY  
What? No way! ... Seriously?

BUDDY  
More importantly, why would you  
describe your sex life in such an  
odd way?

BAILEY  
Because it sounds better than six  
times a year. Satisfied? What about  
you, Mr. Set Him Straight?

BUDDY  
Well, um, then ... let's say ...  
maybe twice per quarter.

DUSTY  
That's only eight times a year!

BUDDY  
Bravo! Were you a math major?

DUSTY  
Is your sex life a corporate  
earnings report?

BO (32) - he sports a lithe, almost fit, physique, but  
negates it with a sad pony tail - holds his basenji, Harold  
II, on his lap and leans in to give his take on the matter.

BO  
(to Dusty)  
I don't know what your beef is,  
man.  
(MORE)

BO (CONT'D)  
I'm single and I have sex all the time - and it's not that much work either.

BUDDY  
This is sex with another person?

BO  
Sometimes.

BAILEY  
Without an exchange of weed?

BO  
Oh, so now we're getting all into semantics and stuff?

DUSTY  
(interrupting)  
I refuse to believe that married people have so little sex. I mean, if that's true, then what's the point of getting married?

Buddy and Bailey shrug their shoulders and nod their heads, conceding the validity of his point.

DUSTY (CONT'D)  
I mean ... Molly, how long were you married to Harold?

MOLLY (35) - her once dazzling features have been weathered by deadlines and disappointment, but she can still fit into her skinny jeans sometimes - hands a pug, Britney, back to her owner so she can properly address the question. DAISY (31) - she's attractive, blond, and doesn't even seem to have to work at it - takes the pug without even looking up from her iPhone.

MOLLY  
I was married for eight years, give or take a miserable month.

DUSTY  
And how often did, you know... .  
What was your sexual frequency.

MOLLY  
Well, not that it's any of your business, but it was quite frequent - I screwed like a rabbit.

DUSTY

(to Buddy and Bailey)

Exactly. See? You guys are just outliers. Married people have sex all the time.

BAILEY

Wait a minute. Molly, how often did you and Harold have sex?

MOLLY

Oh, that nonsense stopped after year three. Enough is enough already.

Dusty is crushed. Daisy gives Molly a high five without looking up from her iPhone. Buddy raises his arms in touchdown style triumph.

BUDDY

Yes!

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BUDDY'S FACULTY OFFICE -- DAY

Buddy sits in his desk chair surrounded by the accoutrements of his university faculty position. Molly and Bailey sit across from him in the seats normally occupied by students.

Buddy passes a joint to Molly as Bailey casually walks over to the door and stuffs a rolled up towel at its base crack. He returns and takes a hit. It's clearly a routine for them.

BUDDY

(mock serious, hitting the joint)

I'm glad you both could join me for this important meeting. Professor Jackson ... IT guy - we have important matters to discuss.

BAILEY

(to Molly)

Indeed, we do. First on the agenda - Professor Jackson, why is your pony-tailed little brother charging me so much for weed lately?

MOLLY

He's starting another business, so he needs capital. ... And middle-class guys in their thirties will pay more to deal with someone they know won't beat them up and take their lunch money.

BUDDY

Does this mean he's moving out of your house?

MOLLY

Of course not. Why would he?

BUDDY

Because he's thirty-two.

BAILEY

So, what soon to be failed business enterprise is the misunderstood genius into now?

MOLLY

It's a fertile-assage spa.

BAILEY

Ooh, I actually like the sound of that.

BUDDY

I don't even want to know what that means.

MOLLY

(to Buddy)

Well, you'll find out soon enough. By the way, are your dad and step-mom still visiting this weekend?

BUDDY

Yeah, we've been killing ourselves with shame-cleaning all week. Entertaining friends and family is totally not worth it. ... No offense.

BAILEY

None taken. But MAX is awesome. He has the best stories about your childhood. Like when you ...

BUDDY

(interrupting)

I'm sure Dad will tell all of them.  
... Oh yeah, don't let Dusty know.  
He's still pissed at my dad and he  
gets all pervy touchy-feely with my  
step-mom -- some kind of passive-  
aggressive move.

MOLLY

Why is he mad at Max?

BAILEY

In college he busted Dusty for  
bringing pot into his house. He  
gave Dusty this big lecture and  
confiscated it. Later, we caught  
him and Buddy's step-mom smoking it  
in the garage.

MOLLY

That's a hell of a grudge. ... So,  
more importantly, what are these  
childhood stories about Buddy?

BAILEY

Well, when Buddy played  
kindergarten T-Ball he once swung  
at the ball so hard ...

BUDDY

(interrupting)

Don't!

BAILEY

... that he totally crapped his  
pants!

MOLLY

(laughing hard)

That's adorable!

BAILEY

His mom changed him right there on  
home plate!

BUDDY

(mortified)

I still think I should have gotten  
a free base on that. It's in the T-  
Ball rules somewhere.

INT. BO'S FERTIL-ASSAGE SPA - DAY

Dusty and his sister Daisy walk into the lobby of Bo's spa, where Molly is already hanging out.

Several women wearing Dominos-Pizza style smocks and baseball caps mill about them, coming in and out of back rooms.

BO

Welcome to my Fertil-assage spa!

DUSTY

I don't get it - what do you do sell here - massages and pizza?

BO

We do in fact offer free pizza to our clients, but that's not our core service. Let me step you through our operation.

Bo leads them to the door of the first back room and opens it. Bailey lies on a table on his stomach getting a massage from one of the smock and baseball cap clad women.

DUSTY

Bailey?

Bailey lifts his head up from the padded face rest.

BAILEY

Hey guys! How's tricks?

He buries his face back into the padded rest as Bo closes the door.

BO

Bailey signed up for our service just this morning.

MOLLY

Gosh, he actually looked happy.

DUSTY

To clarify ... he's just getting a massage?

BO

While we do in fact offer a basic massage option, Bailey is getting our primary service - which is much, much more.

DUSTY

Okay, what the hell is this stupid service?

BO

Well, due to HIPAA or is it FERPA? ... some privacy crap I don't understand, I can't discuss it. But ... since you're all friends I'll make an exception. As you know, Bailey and his wife are having trouble conceiving a child ...

DUSTY

(interrupting)

I, in fact, did not know that.

BO

In any case, men who need to get semen samples often don't like the cold and sometimes unwelcoming environment of fertility collection centers - which are often located downtown. We offer a more convenient and hospitable, suburban environment.

DAISY

You provide jack-off rooms?

BO

Yes Daisy, but much, much more. Gentlemen who prefer to, let's say, 'find their own way to fruition' can do so in a private room and ...

Bo gently pulls a spa worker near to join them.

BO (CONT'D)

Stacy, or one of our other collection facilitators will take their sample and speedily deliver it to a downtown fertility lab. Like her cap says '30 minutes or less, or it's free.'

DAISY

That's it? That's the whole business?

BO

That's our entry-level service. However, many of our gentlemen clients, such as Bailey for instance, may need or prefer some help in obtaining their sample. So for them we offer our 'fruitful ending' massage plus collection service.

DAISY

So, a rub and tug plus delivery.

MOLLY

Oh, Bo is getting lots of clients for that service.

BO

And ... if I'm not mistaken, I believe Bailey is about to provide a sample right about ... now.

BAILEY (O.S.)

Uhhh! ... Vengeance is mine!

BO

(smiling)

That's his 'ending-affirmation'.- I helped him come up with it.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. BUDDY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Buddy and his wife LILLY sit on the couch watching TV. There's a KNOCK on the door and they get up and walk to the door to greet their guests.

BUDDY

I guess that's dad - are you ready for this?

LILLY

I didn't do all that shame-cleaning for nothing. We are going to entertain the crap out of them!

Buddy opens the door and is surprised to see that it's Dusty, who invites himself inside.

DUSTY

Hey, how are you guys?

BUDDY

Why are you here?

DUSTY

A guy can't come over to visit his friends? Besides, I wanted to greet your folks.

BUDDY

You hate my dad.

DUSTY

I do not. I love Max. And MITZI, she is just ... heavenly.

BUDDY

See that - that right there - that's creepy.

DUSTY

Man, I don't know what you're talking about.

(sniffs curiously)

What ... what is that? Is Max already here?

BUDDY

No, he's on his way. Why?

DUSTY  
(more sniffing)  
It's just ...  
(moving closer)  
Dude! I ... I hate to tell you  
this, but you kind of ... you've  
started smelling like your old man.

BUDDY  
What!? Get the hell out of here.

DUSTY  
No, really. I'm not trying to be a  
jerk here. But Max has a distinct  
scent and ... now you have it too.  
It's not a big deal - we all get  
older Buddy.

BUDDY  
I do not smell like my dad! Lilly,  
smell me and tell him.

LILLY  
(backing up)  
There is no way I'm getting  
involved in this idiotic  
discussion.

There is another KNOCK on the door. Buddy opens it and it's Max and Mitzi. They hug with Buddy and Lilly and exchange pleasantries.

Then Dusty goes in for the big hug with Mitzi - too long and with too much back rubbing - all while eyeballing Max.

Finally it ends and Dusty extends his hand to Max who reluctantly shakes it as they test each others' grip.

BUDDY  
(whispering to Lilly)  
Did you see that? He's a perv.

LILLY  
Oh, don't worry about it.

Lilly gives Buddy a small kiss on the cheek and then recoils a little, sniffing and looking puzzled.

BUDDY  
What?

LILLY  
(whispering)  
Oh, honey - you've turned.

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Buddy and Bailey sit on a locker room bench changing clothes as Max wraps a towel around his waist and walks to the next room. We catch them in mid-conversation.

BUDDY

You're in business with Bo now?

BAILEY

We're not in business, I'm a client.

BUDDY

How often do you give samples?

BAILEY

(smiling)

As often as my wife will let me.

BUDDY

It'll be a touching story for Bailey Junior about how he was conceived with the skillful but gentle hand of a masseuse wearing a pizza delivery uniform.

BAILEY

When he hits puberty he'll understand.

Buddy grimaces a bit and holds his stomach.

BAILEY (CONT'D)

You're irritable bowel syndrome acting up again?

BUDDY

Sshh. Don't call it that - call it IBS.

BAILEY

I'm pretty sure all these old men in towels can crack your Enigma code. Speaking of old men, where did Max wander off to?

BUDDY

I dunno. We better find him - it'll take him at least thirty minutes to get dressed.

BAILEY

The elderly do love their locker  
room nakey time.

They get their shoes on and walk to the ...

INT. GYM STEAM/SAUNA ROOM AREA -- CONTINUOUS

The guys check the sauna and see nothing. Then an annoyed man steps out of the steam room with a HUFF.

Through the steam room's misty glass door they see Max with his back turned to them - but he's clearly furiously masturbating, as he moans loudly. Bailey stares on in wonderment.

BAILEY

Wow, look at him go. He's like a little soldier in there - polishing the living hell out of his bolt action rifle.

Buddy just winces and, clutching his stomach, makes a bee line for a nearby toilet stall.

INT. BUDDY'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM -- EVENING

Buddy and Lilly put the finishing touches on a buffet line dinner as the guests begin serving themselves.

Everyone gets their plates full and begin chatting as their little dogs beg for handouts.

CUT TO:

Bo and Dusty argue next to the buffet line - they are both hitting the liquor pretty hard.

DUSTY

That's what I'm trying to tell you - there's no such thing as 'assless chaps' - all chaps have no ass, that's why they're chaps.

BO

But people say that all the time - they talk about someone wearing 'assless chaps'.

DUSTY

Those people are idiots!

BO

Would you at least be willing to acknowledge the existence of 'assed chaps'?

DUSTY

No, I would not! Those would be ... they would just be leather pants.

BO

I have three words for you my friend - David. Lee. Roth.

DUSTY

What?

Bo pulls out his wallet and unfolds an old magazine photo. An INSERT reveals a rear-view concert picture of Roth wearing leather chaps that reveal his butt cheeks, but have a thin band of leather covering his crack.

BO

See? These are 'assed chaps' - but not leather pants.

DUSTY

Why on earth would you carry that around?

BO

Oh, I find myself in this debate more than you might think - and I'm a huge Van Halen fan. ... Now, do you understand the difference between assed and assless chaps?

DUSTY

What I don't understand is how you survived to adulthood.

BO

You'd be amazed at how often people ask me about that.

CUT TO:

Bailey, Daisy and Molly cluster near the sliding glass doors - each of them holds a little dog. We catch them mid-conversation.

DAISY

All I'm saying is that there are really zero incentives for women to get married these days.

MOLLY

I hear ya. I don't want to have to take care of a man and I don't need one to take care of me.

DAISY

Oh I want men to take care of me. But I have a lot of men working their asses off to get a shot at some of this. Why should I limit myself to just having one guy?  
(solemnly)

It takes a village to take care of me.

BAILEY

You ma'am, are what is wrong with America.

DAISY

Excuse me? I am what is right with America. Why do you think little squirrelly men like you work so hard to get ahead in business? It's to get women like us.

MOLLY

Thanks for including me. I think?

DAISY

You're welcome.

(back to Bailey)

This area?

(waves the pug she holds over her pelvic region)

Is a freaking jobs creator. It makes the economy go.

CUT TO:

Max and Dusty are drinking a bottle of scotch just inside the kitchen. They're hitting it hard and slurring their words a little.

MAX

Again, I'm so sorry about the pot thing. I mean, it came from a good place of responsible parenting, but I was having a really crappy day and later that night I really just needed to unwind a little.

DUSTY

Hey, listen. I understand. It's fine, really.  
(grins)  
But you owe me a dime bag.

MAX

And if I ever come into some marijuana, it's all yours.

DUSTY

And listen, you know I regard Mitzi as a first class lady, right?

Buddy approaches the kitchen but then pulls back, just out of their view, when he hears their conversation.

MAX

I know, I know.  
(ruefully)  
It's just that ...

DUSTY

What? What's wrong Max?

MAX

Things have been strained. We haven't had ... relations... in over a year now. She's just not interested anymore.

DUSTY

Listen, things are gonna work out, I'm sure of it. Maybe you two could try seeing a sex counselor or something.

MAX

Yeah, I suppose.

DUSTY

Hey, I'm here for ya man.

They give each other a drunken hug as Buddy listens in just out of view. He's a bit grossed out and clutches his stomach.

INT. BUDDY'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM -- HOURS LATER

Lilly, Mitzi and Buddy clean the remains of the dinner. Buddy clutches his stomach and grimaces.

LILLY

You okay?

BUDDY

Not at all. Something is not  
agreeing with me.

LILLY

It's those stuffed peppers your dad  
made. You shouldn't have tried them  
- you know what they do to your  
stomach.

BUDDY

Too late now. Where is dad anyway?

MITZI

(making air quotes)

He's upstairs taking one of his  
'showers' again.

BUDDY

Well, those stuffed peppers are  
just getting worse - excuse me.

Buddy rushes off to ...

INT. BUDDY'S HOUSE, HALLWAY OUTSIDE DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM --  
CONTINUOUS

Buddy tries the door but it's locked from the inside.

DUSTY (O.S.)

Ocupado!

BUDDY

Dusty? You're still here?

He rushes off to the stairs to the ...

INT. BUDDY'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He throws open the door even though the SOUND OF THE SHOWER  
can be heard. He drops his pants and sits on the toilet.

He soon realizes that not far away, the shower is running and  
Max is in there - furiously masturbating - again.

Max's MOANING emanates from the shower as Buddy strains and  
GROANS on the toilet.

The two offer up a duet of DISGUSTING SOUNDS as simultaneous  
pain and disgust register on Buddy's face.

Buddy finishes up as fast as he can and exits the bathroom.

Max's breathes a SIGH OF RELIEF as he finishes.

INT. BUDDY'S HOUSE, UPSTAIRS SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

A naked Max sniffs the air and wears a disgusted expression.

MAX

(quietly, to himself)

What is that awful stench? It  
smells like an old man with  
irritable bowel syndrome.

INT. BUDDY'S HOUSE, BUDDY AND LILLY'S BEDROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Buddy sits up in bed reading as Lilly enters the room, closing the door behind her, and climbs into bed.

LILLY

I put Dusty on the couch with a  
pillow and blanket - he was pretty  
wasted.

BUDDY

He and dad nearly found the bottom  
of a bottle of scotch.

LILLY

Oh no, did they get into it? Did he  
creep on Mitzi again?

BUDDY

No, they made up and hugged - it  
was creepy in a whole new way.  
Besides, we have a bigger problem.

LILLY

What?

BUDDY

Dad is like a total masturbation  
addict. He won't stop. I caught him  
punishing his little soldier at the  
gym earlier today and then about an  
hour ago he was at it again in the  
shower.

LILLY

You were in the shower with him?

BUDDY

Of course not - I was on the  
toilet.

LILLY

At the same time?

BUDDY

Yes!

LILLY

Why?

BUDDY

Because stupid Dusty was camped out  
like an Occupy Wall Street  
protester on the downstairs toilet!

LILLY

Okay, okay, we have a problem.

BUDDY

Yes, we do. I mean, where will he  
strike next?

LILLY

Yeah ... gross. I take baths and  
shave my legs in that shower.

BUDDY

Yeah, I know ... and that's where I  
go to masturbate ...

LILLY

Dude. Gross.

Lilly looks at him with disgust and turns over to go to sleep. Buddy shrugs his shoulders and returns to his book.

INT. BUDDY'S HOUSE, BUDDY AND LILLY'S BEDROOM -- 3AM THAT NIGHT

While Lilly sleeps, Buddy sits up in bed in the dark, clutching his stomach again. Although it's very dark he stumbles into the ...

INT. BUDDY'S HOUSE, HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He can barely see and feels his way along the wall toward the bathroom. As he stands in the dark outside the bathroom door a woman's hand gently touches his shoulder from behind.

MITZI

Max? Max is that you? I can't see  
anything at all.

(sniffs in deeply)

Oh, it is you. You're scent is so  
distinct and comforting ... such a  
manly odor; it makes me feel safe.

She places her other hand on his back and draws a bit closer.

MITZI (CONT'D)

Max, I want ... I want you to return to my bed. I'm ready to be with you again, intimately. And we can do it that special dirty way you like where we only look at each other in the bedroom mirror.

Buddy is frozen in fear and can't speak other than a muffled MMMPHH! He practically DIVES into the bathroom and shuts the door in one swift move and then turns on the light. His face is etched in pure anxiety.

EXT. BUDDY'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY -- NEXT MORNING

Buddy, Lilly and Dusty help Max and Mitzi load their car. Dusty and Max still seem a little hung over.

Lilly hugs Max. Max shakes Buddy's hand and then Dusty's.

DUSTY

Listen, Max, can I talk with you for a minute about something?

MAX

Sure, as long as it's not too loud and doesn't involve more alcohol.

They LAUGH a bit and move to the other side of the car to talk. Mitzi hugs Lilly.

MITZI

Now we're only a couple hours away, so you need to come see us soon, okay?

LILLY

You bet. Have safe trip.

Mitzi hugs Buddy who seems to have some trepidation about it. She holds him close and then recoils with a sniff, sporting a very puzzled look on her face. Buddy abruptly and awkwardly breaks the embrace.

BUDDY

Well, um, I guess you guys need to hit the road now ... you know, beat the traffic.

MITZI

Uh, yeah, I guess we do. C'mon Max, let's go!

Max ends his talk with Dusty and gets into the car. As they pull away, Lilly PUNCHES Buddy in the arm.

BUDDY

What?

INT. BO'S FERTIL-ASSAGE SPA -- DAY

Dusty and Daisy enter the front door with their pugs, Beyonce and Britney. Molly helps Bo handle some paperwork for Bailey while Harold II and William check out the pugs.

DUSTY

Another sample collection Bailey?

BAILEY

Hey, it takes a village to fertilize my wife's egg, man.

DUSTY

And your wife is okay with you doing all this?

BAILEY

Let's say she's on board with the idea of me using Bo's service to help us get pregnant.

BO

Our credit card receipts are fairly nondescript.

DUSTY

Oh, I see.

BAILEY

Do not ruin this for me Dusty. It's all I have. Don't poke the bear!

MOLLY

(pointing to a nearby collection facilitator)

Actually, she's going to poke your bear.

BO

Bailey, this is Tasha and she's going to be collecting for you today. She's new, but very eager.

(to Tasha)

Why don't you go ahead and set things up?

She nods and walks to the back room.

DUSTY

Something about this combination of services strikes me as very, um, how can I put this delicately? Illegal.

BAILEY

Don't you ...

BO

(interrupting)

Au contraire mon frere. You might be correct if this were one corporation, but it's actually two. My first LLC offers massage therapy and the second offers sperm delivery. They merely share a lease ... and a front sign ... and employees ... and some other stuff.

DUSTY

I don't see how that makes a difference.

BO

Well, it's all very, very complicated lawyer stuff.

DAISY

But he's a lawyer.

BO

Be that as it may  
(a couple beats)

DUSTY

What? 'Be that as it may' has to have something following it ...

MOLLY

Bailey, your room is ready.

BAILEY

(walking to the room)

Yay! Daddy's gonna deliver some semen!

MOLLY

(spanking his bottom)

Go get em tiger!

BO

(to Dusty)

Legal schmegal.

(MORE)

BO (CONT'D)

You and I have bigger fish to fry.  
I saw a western wear place a few  
doors down. So, we can settle this  
ass chaps debate once and for all.

DUSTY

There is no ass chaps debate. You  
are just wrong ... and stupid.

BO

Be that as it may.

INT. WESTERN WEAR STORE - A BIT LATER

Bo and Dusty look through western wear searching for chaps.  
The place is filled with posters and tributes to conservatism  
- Ronald Reagan from a cowboy movie, George W. Bush in a  
cowboy hat, and more. They are approached by the store owner,  
DUKE. He looks like a distant cousin from 'Duck Dynasty'.

DUKE

Hi boys, I'm Duke. What can I do ya  
for today?

BO

We're hoping to find both ass-less  
and assed chaps.

DUKE

What?

BO

Well, to clarify, possibly even  
some partially-assed chaps.

DUKE

Excuse me?

INT. BO'S FERTIL-ASSAGE SPA -- ABOUT SAME TIME

Daisy and Molly have their ears up against the door to the  
room where Bailey is trying to make a deposit.

BAILEY (O.S.)

No, you're doing it all wrong. You  
have to use both hands!

DAISY

Wow, both hands - impressive.

BAILEY (O.S.)

No, that's too fast. Have you no  
sense of rhythm whatsoever? Keep  
time with the Enya music damn it!

MOLLY

Listen to him bark orders. He's  
like a little general directing his  
troops into battle!

INT. WESTERN WEAR STORE -- ABOUT SAME TIME

BO

(to Duke)

No, not leather pants. I'm talking  
about a relatively thin strip of  
leather along the butt crack. Check  
out this picture.

Bo pulls the Roth photo out of his pocket.

DUSTY

Oh hell, not the picture.

BO

(showing photo to Duke)

You see how this works - now that's  
a partial-ass chap.

DUKE

Listen here boys, I run a  
traditional, family values store,  
here. I don't go for this  
alternative lifestyle, S & M  
nonsense you might be into!

DUSTY

Oh no, we're not into this sort of  
thing - this is just a hypothetical  
discussion ...

DUKE

(interrupting)

Get out of my store! Now!

BO'S FERTIL-ASSAGE SPA -- ABOUT SAME TIME

Molly and Daisy continue to listen in on Bailey's collection  
attempt. It's not going well but he's close.

BAILEY (O.S.)

Faster, no, slower. Please do not  
put your finger in there, I do not  
enjoy that at all. Okay, that's it  
... yes, yes, yes ...

MOLLY

Ooh, I think he's close!

BAILEY (O.S.)  
By the power of Greyskull ... I  
have the powwwwerrrr!!

DAISY  
Who's Greyskull?

MOLLY  
That is not a good ending  
affirmation. He really needs to  
stick with the ones we taught him.

BAILEY (O.S.)  
No, you have to scoop it from the  
side or you'll lose it. ... Wait,  
let me have it. Give me the jar!

There is a loud CRASH of glass from the room.

DAISY  
Uh oh.

BAILEY (O.S.)  
(between sobs)  
All is lost! All is lost!

FADE OUT.

ACT THREE

EXT. DOG PARK, LITTLE DOG AREA -- NEXT DAY

Buddy and Bailey sit in lawn chairs while William and Alison chase each other around and sniff each others' butts.

BAILEY

Why do you think Bo and Daisy don't date each other? They seem like a match made in hipster-slacker heaven.

BUDDY

That situation would involve the possibility of one of them having to pick up a check.

BAILEY

Yeah, I hadn't considered that.

BUDDY

But, according to Molly, they have sex on occasion.

BAILEY

Really?

BUDDY

How do you think she stays constantly in weed while having no real job other than taking care of Dusty's pugs?

BAILEY

Now I wish I hadn't asked.

(a beat)

Does Lilly know that you and Daisy hooked up in college?

BUDDY

I've never mentioned it, but she's hinted that she knows. I'm pretty sure Dusty told her. That's his revenge for me having sex with his little sister.

(a beat)

Did you and her ever ...?

BAILEY

Oh no. I mean, not really. One time we got drunk and kissed a little.

(MORE)

BAILEY (CONT'D)

But then I looked into her eyes and there was that close resemblance to, you know, Dusty, and it was like I was kissing him and ...

BUDDY

And what?

BAILEY

I kind of ... I kinda threw up on her - all over her, in fact. I mean, it could have been the Jagermeister we were drinking, but I really think it was the eyes - they are eerily similar, even for siblings.

BUDDY

Maybe that's why she's always giving you crap.

BAILEY

What do you mean?

BUDDY

You're probably the only guy who's ever turned her down - especially in such epic fashion.

BAILEY

Eh, maybe. But, to be fair, a lot of people give me tons of crap and I've never thrown up on any of them.

(a couple beats as they  
watch the dogs play)

Is Max still masturbating like a horny wombat?

BUDDY

I don't know. I haven't talked to him in a couple days.

BAILEY

So you never told him about Mitzi wanting him back in her bed?

(grinning)

Or should I say wanting you back in her bed?

BUDDY

Nice. Did you come up with that one while you were crying over spilled semen?

BAILEY

Touché, Mr. Douché. But you are going to tell him, right?

BUDDY

How can I? I'd have to tell him what happened.

BAILEY

And it would be a full on admission that you've begun to smell just like your dad.

BUDDY

It proves nothing! It's just a misunderstanding ... a horribly creepy and unfortunate misunderstanding.

(a beat)

Besides, Dusty says he has dad's masturbation situation handled somehow.

BAILEY

Dusty? What can he do?

BUDDY

I dunno. But we're meeting tomorrow to talk about it.

(grimacing)

Geez, all this nonsense has got my IBS acting up again.

(stands)

I gotta hit the rest room.

BAILEY

They're closed. Didn't you see the sign?

BUDDY

(clutching his stomach)

I am freaking jinxed!

BAILEY

There's some bushes over there.

BUDDY

(running toward the bushes)

No one will know about this. No one hears about this, ever!

BAILEY

(holding up a dog poo bag)  
Don't forget - you have to curb  
yourself! ... And you can only use  
the approved compostable bags!

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE BO'S FERTIL-ASSAGE SPA -- DAY

Buddy and Dusty walk their dogs on the strip mall sidewalk on  
their way to Bo's spa.

BUDDY

Why are we meeting everyone here?

DUSTY

It's just convenient -- Bailey is  
giving another sample after his  
recent ... unpleasant experience.

BUDDY

Oh c'mon, I don't want to be here  
for this.

DUSTY

Don't worry about it - he called me  
ten minutes ago - he's done and  
just hanging out. Molly's there too  
with Harold, so we'll all just  
convoy over to the dog park.

BUDDY

Well what did you do about my dad  
anyway? Is he still abusing himself  
hourly?

DUSTY

Buddy, it's not about mere physical  
pleasures - it's a deeper  
psychological need for personal  
connection. ... You'll see.

BUDDY

What does that even mean?

They come to Bo's spa and enter.

INT. BO'S FERTIL-ASSAGE SPA -- CONTINUOUS

As Buddy and Dusty enter the spa it appears much more crowded  
than usual.

The collection facilitators have replaced their smocks and  
baseball caps with partially-assed chaps (a la David Lee  
Roth) along with bikini tops and cowboy hats.

Duke from the western wear store is measuring some chaps for a couple of collection facilitators in the lobby corner.

Nearby, a line of gentlemen are waiting patiently for a massage and sample collection. Bo and Molly are working feverishly behind the counter to keep up.

MOLLY

(to Buddy and Dusty)

Look at all the people. Isn't this fantastic?

BO

Business has tripled since we went to the chaps uniforms!

Dusty looks at Bo and then at Duke who meets his eyes.

DUSTY

Duke! What the hell?

DUKE

Hey, it's supply meeting demand. Free enterprise, pal - a good old-fashioned conservative family value.

Daisy emerges from a back room door wearing the partially-assed chaps, bikini top, and a cowboy hat.

DUSTY

Bo! What the hell?

BO

Oh, she's not a collection facilitator - that's just a bathroom. She just loves the uniforms so much that I gave her one. ... She is kind of like a mascot though.

Max emerges from a back room door with his shirt only half buttoned up and sporting a very satisfied expression.

BUDDY

Dad?! What the hell?

Max just grins a dopey grin and attempts to button his shirt. He and Bailey give each other a rather elaborate, multi-move high five.

DUSTY

(to Buddy)

See pal? I told you I'd fix this.

(MORE)

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Max just needed a little human intimacy.

(loud, to everyone)

And Max is doing a good deed here. All of his samples are donated to lesbian couples so they can conceive.

BUDDY

What?!

DUSTY

(whispering to Buddy)

Don't worry man, that's just what we tell him. It's all strictly 'pump and dump' for Max. Nobody wants his nasty old sperm.

(a beat)

Although I have thought about pranking Bailey by switching it out with his sample. ... Wow, think about it - Bailey could end up raising your half brother. Wouldn't that be awesome?

BUDDY

(grimacing and clutching his stomach)

Oh dear Lord, what have I done?

(a beat)

I probably deserve this.

Bo has walked over to Dusty and Buddy and puts his arms around their shoulders.

BO

(upbeat, to Buddy)

Lighten up, bro - we all deserve this - it's awesome! Check it out - that little dude's having a blast!

At their feet, William is furiously humping Alison.

FADE OUT.