

THERE'S TROUBLE IN THE VALLEYSTONE HOA

A one-hour drama-dark comedy TV Series

Episode 101: Dances With Labradoodles

Written by

Tom Stohlgren

Writer:
Tom Stohlgren
Email: tjstohlgren@gmail.com
Representation:
Eleni Larchanidou, LLM
Literary & Talent Manager
GREECE: +30-690-902-0698
(WhatsApp, Viber)
Email: managerelenilllm@gmail.com
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Episode 101: "Dances With Labradoodles"

TEASER

We SEE a helicopter lift off from an expansive ranch in western Montana with wide-open spaces, cattle, bison, bears, and wolves.

We HEAR the deep, authoritative, and sarcastic voice of BRADLEY MCKEY (35) trying to sound like his mean identical twin brother, Billy Bob.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

Tough break, Pop said. Ranches always get passed down to the oldest son, even if it was by only five minutes!

(in his regular voice)

Sure, Billy Bob went to Harvard Law, while I got an AA degree in Social Science from the local community college. Sure he ran the ranch for the past five years while Dad was sick, but I could have run our ranch if they let me!

The helicopter looks down at a new subdivision of large homes on small lots being constructed.

BRADLEY

(Billy Bob's voice)

Yeah, run it into the ground while you read stupid books in the hammock! Look, baby brother, 74 million Americans live in Homeowner Associations. That's 53% of households. Prove to me that you can manage an HOA successfully for five years, and I'll give you half the ranch! Maybe you'll even find a good woman to share it with!

The helicopter sets down in a field at a new subdivision of large homes on small lots with perfectly maintained yards.

A sign reads, "Valleystone Estates."

Bradley exits the helicopter with a small suitcase and a backpack. He looks out of place wearing blue jeans, cowboy boots, a plaid shirt, and a cowboy hat.

He walks half-way across the street to his beautiful new 4,000-square-foot home and stops.

He IMAGINES the view 200 years ago with the bison roaming across a lush green valley and two Native Americans on horseback.

We HEAR a small battery-operated lawn mower start, and Bradley refocuses on his new home surrounded by similar large new homes, each with a manicured green lawn, except his that hasn't been mowed recently.

Two doors down, MOLLY PIERCE (30), a feisty African American stops a small battery-operated lawn mower to greet Bradley with a smile. Molly wears a designer athletic suit and tennis shoes. Her labradoodle is leashed to the front porch and barks at Bradley.

MOLLY

You must be Bradley McKey. Welcome to Valleystone. I'm Molly Pierce.

Bradley smiles and tips his hat.

BRADLEY

Nice to meet you, Ma'am.

Molly's smile disappears.

MOLLY

Where I come from Ma'am means bitch!

Bradley fumbles his apology.

BRADLEY

Sorry, Ma'am, I mean, Molly.

Molly glares at him and restarts her mower.

MOLLY

If you need anything, send a telegraph.

Molly shakes her head in disgust.

Bradley cuts across his un-mowed lawn, steps in dog poop, then rolls his suitcase across it before realizing it. Molly sees it all, laughs, and yells.

Bradley glares at his shoes and suitcase.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

That's why we need a dog park!

INT. BRADLEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bradley walks with his socks on into a fully furnished, new house in a western ranch motif.

He looks around at the furnishings, wall art, and appliances.

On the long marble-topped kitchen island is a brochure and folder for the Valleystone HOA. He examines the brochure.

BRADLEY

(laughing)

Welcome to Valleystone where
luxurious estates kiss the Big Sky
countryside.

He races to the big sliding glass door to the backyard to see a covered porch, barbecue, and upscale patio furniture, with a big green lawn and wooden fences. Above the fences, we see the tops of houses in every direction.

He shakes his head in disappointment.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Five years? I'll never make it!

(sad)

Now I know what the Native
Americans mean when they said, "A
cage of any size is still a cage."

Bradley returns to the kitchen island and picks up the file on the HOA. He sees a list of five names: Bradley McKey (Chairperson), Molly Pierce, Cheryl Mathews, Muhammed Ahmadi, and Lyle Chen.

Bradley is disgusted.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

You gotta be kidding me!

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. BRADLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bradley answers the first knock at the front door to see Molly Pierce carrying a bottle of white wine and a large black binder full of papers with colored margin tabs. Molly still wears her athletic suit and tennis shoes.

Molly slips out her tennis shoes and puts out a hand to shake.

Bradley stares at her shoes perplexed by the gesture.

MOLLY

Molly Pierce. Previous chair of the HOA. You're Bradley McKey, and your brother is the land baron who developed these subdivisions.

BRADLEY

You've done your homework, Molly.

MOLLY

Your brother had his lawyer call me to suggest I relinquish my HOA chairperson position for the next five years.

(tosses Bradley the binder)

I was happy to oblige. Gotta wine opener?

Bradley looks toward the kitchen.

BRADLEY

(laughs)

Your guess is as good as wine.

The doorbell RINGS. Molly heads to the kitchen as Bradley opens the door to see CHERYL MATHEWS (35), a smiling and flirty woman with a green binder full of papers, and a bottle of red wine. She moves in for a hug, surprising Bradley.

CHERYL

I'm Cheryl Mathews. Landscape Commissioner.

Bradley steps back perplexed.

BRADLEY

I'm Bradley McKey. I think I remember you from high school.

Cheryl looks away.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

I didn't know we had a landscape commissioner.

Cheryl pushes past Bradley when she spots Molly with a wine opener.

CHERYL

Hi, Molly. Let's get this party started!

Cheryl dances seductively to the kitchen island and claims a barstool. Bradley watches her.

MUHAMMED AHMADI (50), a blue-collar businessman stands at the open front door, afraid to enter.

Bradley turns to see him.

BRADLEY

You may come in. I'm Bradley McKey.

Muhammed enters reverently and removes his work shoes.

MUHAMMED

Muhammed Ahmadi, I own the hardware and gun shop.

BRADLEY

That's great news, I need a lawnmower and an AK-47.

Muhammed's eyes open widely, then laughs.

MUHAMMED

You can pick up the AK and ammo tomorrow, but there's a 10-day waiting period for the lawnmower.

BRADLEY

Just the lawnmower then. Molly and Cheryl are in the kitchen.

MUHAMMED

I hope you have a big wine cellar.

BRADLEY

So far, I've found the kitchen and the bedroom. I may not need the rest of the house!

Bradley heads to the kitchen as LYLE CHEN (25), a handsome carpenter with a tool belt, walks right in carrying a six-pack of beer.

LYLE

I'm Lyle Chen. Homebuilder.

Bradley shakes his hand.

BRADLEY

Bradley McKee. The home looks sound to me, I don't think you'll need...

Lyle interrupts and points to his tool belt.

LYLE

It's so people know I'm not a computer geek. Your brother Billy Bob and I talk all the time. Not him, but his people. He is going to rocket me to the upper-middle class.

Lyle pops a beer as he heads to the kitchen, and Bradley follows him.

BRADLEY

(sarcastic)

Make yourselves at home.

LATER

Everyone sits at a large dining room table. The ladies have half bottles of wine in front of them. Lyle has two empty beer cans and is finishing another. Muhammed and Bradley each have a half glass of water. Lyle's hammer now rests on the island in the kitchen.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Let's get this over with.

MOLLY

We follow strict Parliamentary Procedure here.

BRADLEY

I may need...

MOLLY

Call the meeting to order.

BRADLEY

Done.

MOLLY

We'll suspend reading the minutes
of last month's meeting.

CHERYL

We drank a lot of wine.

Cheryl finishes her bottle and taps her wine glass, winking
at Bradley.

MOLLY

On to New Business. We have to
schedule a joint meeting with the
white-trash Riverstone HOA about
designing and budgeting for a
community dog park. They don't
respond to emails or phone calls,
but I saw they had a meeting
scheduled for tonight!

CHERYL

(tipsy)

The heathens meet only twice a year
and do nothing!

LYLE

Their houses average only 3,000-
square-feet. I built many of them.

Muhammed shakes his head in disgust.

MUHAMMED

Their yards are poorly maintained,
but they're well-armed.

Bradley hits his forehead with his palm.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - SAME

A sign reads, "The OK Morale Saloon." Another sign reads:
"One day it will be Ladies Nite, but this isn't it."

SILVER NIGHT HAWK (30), a beautiful, no-nonsense Native
American leads a loosely organized meeting.

She wears a T-shirt with four Native Americans with rifles that reads, "Homeland Security: Fighting terrorism since 1492." She sips a draft beer and looks at her folder of HOA notes.

She sits in a large booth with ANA PATEL (30), an introvert trying to maintain her Indian culture in a traditional gown. She sips a Shirley Temple with three cherries.

JOHN RUSSELL (24), a spoiled former child-TV star who has fallen on tough times, is throwing darts with DANNY SANCHEZ (25), a telecommuting tech nerd. They drink bottled beers. John sneaks glances at Silver, while Danny sneaks glances at John.

Danny's wild Russian-immigrant wife (OLGA, 21) drinks vodka at the bar while scanning the bar for rich men. Silver speaks in a loud voice frightening the 5 Patrons (various types and ages) and the BARTENDER (30s, male).

SILVER

Let's get our H-A meeting over with. Grammatically speaking, there's no such thing as a H-O-A. 'Homeowners' is one word, so it's an H-A meeting or "Ha!"

(beat)

George said he'll be late.

John and Danny join Silver and Ana in the booth.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Do we have minutes from our last meeting?

John looks into Silver's eyes.

JOHN

(sultry to Silver)

I spent a few minutes trying to get you to marry me.

Silver doesn't look up from her folder of notes.

SILVER

To revive your dwindling acting career by marrying a Native American?

JOHN

It's not dwindling. It's on hiatus.

(laughs)

Hiatus when this happens to me.

Everyone smiles.

DANNY

We spent a few minutes pulling my
new wife from her barstool.

They all look at Olga who throws back another shot of vodka.

JOHN

Got yourself a real catch there,
Danny. I hope you got a return
shipping label!

DANNY

It's a marriage of inconvenience.
She inconveniently needed to get
out of Russia, and I inconveniently
needed help around the house.

(laughs)

Preup and plane ticket later, here
we are.

SILVER

(sarcastic)

True love.

DANNY

I use us as an example of how my
computer matchmaking site works.
'Til Death Do Us Part Dot Com.'

Olga glares at Danny, which everyone sees.

SILVER

That may mean something else in
Russian.

GEORGE JACKSON (60), a well-respected black dentist enters
the bar and squeezes into the booth.

GEORGE

Sorry I'm late. Emergency root
canal. Only slightly less fun than
our H-A meetings.

George shakes hands with everyone, and waves to Olga.

SILVER

Thanks for coming, George. Any new
business.

Ana raises her hand and everyone is shocked.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Ana, it's not necessary to raise your hand.

ANA

(whispers)

Doggie park.

SILVER

That requires a joint meeting with those stuck-up thousandairs from the Valleystone subdivision.

JOHN

Probably one short meeting. We don't want anything fancy.

DANNY

My wolf-dog, Kodiak, needs another place to poop besides the backyard!

GEORGE

Our bylaws require us to help with the design and budget.

SILVER

That will lead to another assessment on every homeowner in both subdivisions. Personally, I like the open space as it is. Native vegetation and absolutely no fences!

Ana surprises everyone by hitting her fist on the table.

ANA

Those rich SOBs with the bigger houses should pay more or the deal's off!

BACK TO:

INT. BRADLEY'S HOUSE - SAME

Bradley stands as everyone nods in agreement.

BRADLEY

It's agreed then. We arrange a site visit with our friendly neighbors from Riverstone, reach an agreement on the design, and forge ahead with a 50-50 assessment of homeowners.

MOLLY

Should take ten minutes at most. A large fenced green lawn with a doggie agility course, and restrooms with flushing toilets.

CHERYL

With nice wooden benches scattered about, and a coffee-slash-wine bar. Poop-bag stations and walking paths! I'm sure they'll be reasonable.

MUHAMMED

I'd like to see a pond with a water feature. We sell everything we'll need! Oh, and a good-sized surfaced parking lot is in everyone's best interest.

LYLE

(to Muhammed)

Maybe your daughters can help me draw up some plans.

Muhammed glares at Lyle.

BRADLEY

It's settled then. Meeting adjourned. I'll call a joint site visit with Riverstone for Sunday afternoon.

Everyone nods in agreement and stands to leave.

Cheryl pours herself a tall glass of wine.

CHERYL

(tipsy)

I'll help clean up.

Bradley rolls his eyes in disgust but is interrupted when his phone RINGS.

INTERCUT Phone call with Bradley and Billy Bob. We see Billy Bob's back and a cowboy hat (who is played by Bradley speaking in a low, authoritative voice with a handlebar mustache).

BRADLEY

What is it, Billy Bob?

BILLY BOB
How are your management skills
progressing?

BRADLEY
Just held my first HOA meeting, a
huge success, if I don't mind...

BILLY BOB
(interrupts)
I want to see results!

Bradley looks around the room for cameras.

BRADLEY
Are you spying on me?

BILLY BOB
Don't be silly. Just the doorbell
camera for security when you're not
home. That house cost me a pretty
penny.

BRADLEY
I told you, I'll pay you back!

BILLY BOB
You'll need a job first! I saw four
people walk into my house, but only
three people leave...

Bradley hangs up the phone, grabs Lyle's hammer from the
kitchen island, opens his front door, and smashes the
doorbell camera.

Cheryl is smitten with Bradley and smiles and hugs him from
behind.

CHERYL
Decisive! I like that in a man.

Bradley gently pushes Cheryl out the door.

BRADLEY
See you Sunday afternoon, Cheryl.
Thanks for your support.

He shuts the door and hears Cheryl MOAN.

EXT. OPEN SPACE - AFTERNOON

The Valleystone HAO committee pulls up in five luxury SUVs
including a powerful new JEEP driven by Bradley.

They exit their cars disappointed that the Riverstone HOA committee has not shown up yet. Molly exits her SUV with a Labradoodle. Cheryl has a small Yorkshire Terrier. Both dogs are on short leashes.

MOLLY

Precious is my emotional support dog.

Bradley stares at Precious, then glares at the Yorkshire Terrier, who tries to run away.

Cheryl is defensive.

CHERYL

Yappy doesn't like conflict and fears Silver Night Hawk and Danny Sanchez's wolf!

Bradley checks a folder labeled "Riverstone H-A Committee."

BRADLEY

H-A? Huh? Mr. Sanchez owns a wolf?

CHERYL

Half-wolf. Same thing.

MOLLY

Danny and his dog are both evil.

BRADLEY

(to Cheryl)

Why doesn't Yappy like Ms. Night Hawk?

MOLLY

You'll see.

Molly nods to an old pickup truck heading their way.

CHERYL

She drives a Rez truck!

Silver's old truck sputters after stopping. She checks out everyone else's nice new SUVs and Bradley's Jeep.

SILVER

Did I miss the Memorial Day car sale at the luxury SUV store?

Bradley walks over to shake hands.

BRADLEY
I'm Bradley McKey. You must be
Silver Night Hawk. I've heard...

SILVER
(laughs)
Bad things about me?

They size up each other.

SILVER (CONT'D)
Our committee will be late. They
hate meetings, and like 37% of HOA
members nationwide, they hate HOAs!

Bradley is alarmed.

BRADLEY
37%? That seems a bit high.

The other Riverstone HOA members show up in older sedans

SILVER
Seems low to me.

Danny lets his half-wolf dog, Kodiak, out of the car without
a leash. The scary dog races to Precious and Yappy and growls
as if deciding which dog to eat first. Bradley reaches to the
inside of his jacket like he's carrying a pistol.

Danny yells.

DANNY
Kodiak, heel!

Kodiak races back to Danny's side, and Bradley relaxes his
hand, which Silver sees. She's angry at Bradley.

SILVER
Were you gonna shoot him?

Bradley shakes his head no.

BRADLEY
I have a permit to carry.

SILVER
To carry out white man's justice?

Cheryl points at Kodiak.

CHERYL

That's why the dog park needs a tall cedar fence -- to keep the wolves out!

Molly yells at Danny.

MOLLY

We want a doggy agility course and restrooms with flushing toilets!

Everyone begins yelling at each other.

DANNY

(angry and loud)

No dog needs flushing toilets or a fence or a coffee bar, or plastic poop bags? We'll never pay for that!

The two HOA groups growl at each other. Kodiak growls at Molly. Yappy and Precious hide behind their owners.

BRADLEY

All we have to do to appoint a joint subcommittee for the design and budgeting of a communal dog park!

SILVER

I'd like to keep it open space!

BRADLEY

Me too.

Bradley and Silver share a brief moment.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

But our constituents in both HOAs voted for a dog park!

Silver glares at Bradley who looks at his group.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Any volunteers from Valleystone?

Molly and Cheryl smile and raise their hands.

SILVER

Riverstone?

No one raises their hand until John slowly raises his hand.

JOHN

Gotta dog commercial audition soon.

DANNY

I've got a dog in this fight. I'll do it too.

BRADLEY

Great! You four will bring us all three plans for high, medium, and low assessment figures.

SILVER

Better not be more than \$1, \$2, or \$3 per household per month?

BRADLEY

We'll let the joint subcommittee make recommendations to us.

GEORGE

The final decision will need to be decided on by all the households in the HOAs. It's in our bylaws.

They are still growling at each other as they depart.

BRADLEY

(mumbles)

What have I gotten myself into?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. VALLEYSTONE SUBDIVISION - DAY

Bradley drives through his fancy subdivision with bigger homes and beautiful landscaping.

He crosses an area of open space between the two subdivisions and sees the smaller sign reading: "Riverstone."

EXT. RIVERSTONE SUBDIVISION - CONTINUOUS

Bradley drives his fancy Jeep around the lower-quality subdivision. The homes are still very nice, but more modest. The yards are modestly landscaped, but still very nice.

He looks at addresses as he drives, and stops at an average-looking house.

He steps out of his Jeep wearing casual blue jeans, a plaid shirt, tennis shoes, and carrying a gift bag containing a HUMMINGBIRD FEEDER.

EXT. SILVER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bradley knocks on the door with a smile.

Silver opens the door with a stern look.

BRADLEY

I was surprised when you invited me
for coffee.

SILVER

Keep your friends close...

BRADLEY

And keep your enemies closer?

SILVER

(smiles)
Won't you come in?

INT. SILVER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Silver ushers Bradley through the house quickly. He sees Native American art and beautiful landscape paintings and photos of the historic (pre-settlement) landscape.

He passes a table with two large computer screens and stacks of papers and old books.

He sees a modest, clean kitchen and smells a recently burned sage bundle. She moves him quickly to the modest backyard with tall native grasses and wildflowers.

EXT. SILVER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Two Indian blankets rest on the grass, with a ceramic serving tray with a Crow tee-pee painted on it. A small coffee pot, two mugs, and milk and sugar look ready to serve.

SILVER

Have a seat, Mr. McKee.

He sits as told, and hands Silver the gift bag.

BRADLEY

A housewarming gift.

She takes the gift bag, looks in it, and sets it aside on her blanket as she sits down.

SILVER

Thanks, but I prefer wildflowers to feed my friends, the hummingbirds.
(smiles)
Coffee?

BRADLEY

Yes, please. Black is fine. Simple.

She pours him coffee, then a cup for herself.

SILVER

That's the second thing we have in common. I don't want a dog park. I want native grasses, wildflowers, and cottonwood trees.

BRADLEY

You're very direct. Do you always get what you want?

SILVER

(laughs)
Hardly, or you wouldn't be here!

They sip the coffee.

SILVER (CONT'D)

You don't want a dog park either.

BRADLEY
No, but life is about compromise,
negotiation, and...

SILVER
Broken treaties?

Bradley is taken back.

BRADLEY
Your work is what?

SILVER
I'm an attorney working to
reappropriate Native American
lands.

He looks back at her house.

BRADLEY
Modest house for a successful
attorney.

SILVER
Your family killed our people and
stole our land over 150 years ago.

Bradley gets defensive.

BRADLEY
Your people and your land?
(glares at Silver)
Which tribe was that? Weren't their
ten or twelve tribes in the area in
pre-European settlement times, and
totally different groups before
them?

Silver stands angrily and picks up her blanket and yells.

SILVER
I know your brother, and I know
your family. Don't pretend to know
mine. You think because your
brother currently owns all this
land, and you own a house in
Valleystone, that you have any real
connection with this land!

She pulls him up from his blanket and pushes him to a side
gate.

BRADLEY
All I meant was...

SILVER

Two hundred years ago, 100% of the people living here were born here.

(angrier)

Now only 6.5% of the people in Montana are natives.

(angrier still)

Get off of my land! Our land!

BRADLEY

About the dog park...

She shoves him out the gate and slams it.

INT. BRADLEY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bradley sits on a barstool at the kitchen island and makes a shopping list on a long piece of paper. It reads: "Frozen Breakfast foods, Frozen lunch food, Frozen dinner meals, snacks, and liquor -- lots of liquor."

His phone RINGS. We see a photo of Billy Bob (Bradley with a cowboy hat and handlebar mustache, and a bolo tie).

Bradley stands and paces as he speaks.

BRADLEY

Hey, Billy Bob.

He paces and listens.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

As well as can be expected, I guess.

He paces and listens.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Lots of different kinds of people here, Billy. From all walks of life. It's like herding deranged cats, dare I repeat myself.

He paces and listens.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

How well do you know a Ms. Silver Night Hawk?

We HEAR yelling and muffled swear words as Bradley holds the smartphone to his chest until Billy Bob's rant is over.

Bradley puts the phone to his ear again we HEAR yelling and muffled swear words as Bradley holds the smartphone to his chest until Billy Bob's second rant is over.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

I had no idea. You never mentioned her to...

Again we HEAR yelling and muffled swear words as Bradley holds the smartphone to his chest until Billy Bob's rant is over.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

(angry)

That's who I have to settle this stupid dog park design and budget with. Thanks a lot, Billy Bob!

Bradley hangs up.

INT. GROCERY STORE - AFTERNOON

Bradley shops in the frozen foods section. He agonizes over choices, nutrient information, and prices. He has the fear of a first-time shopper.

He runs into Ana who has only fresh vegetables in her cart.

Ana stares at Bradley's frozen foods.

BRADLEY

Hi, you're Ana Patel. I'm Bradley.

Ana gives Bradley a glance but avoids eye contact.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Bradley McKey? From Valleystone?

Ana looks sadly at Bradley's food selections.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

It's my first time shopping since I was six years old.

(sadly)

After my mom died, my fathered hired a cook, a maid, and a personal assistant to replace her.

Ana glances sadly at Bradley.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

My brother says I gotta learn to do things on my own.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
(stares at the carts)
Looks like I've got a lot to learn.

The frozen foods start to drip water.

Ana tosses a few fresh vegetables from her cart to Bradley's cart and moves on.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Thanks, Ms. Patel. I can take a
hint.

He shops in the alcohol section and the frozen foods drip more water. He adds three bottles of his favorite BRAND whiskey.

He strolls slowly down the snack aisle reading the labels of some potato chips.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
One serving? About seven chips? And
350 milligrams of sodium? So one
bag at a sitting would be...

He looks around before sneaking the bag into his cart.

The frozen foods drip more, as he gets to the long coffee aisle. He studies the many choices.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Whole beans or ground? Where are
the cans? My drip coffee maker
probably needs paper filters?

He's in agony reaching for the paper filters.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
(mumbles loudly)
Paper products! Toilet paper!
Tissues! Paper towels! I need
everything!

He looks below his cart to see a puddle of water.

He races through the store adding the paper goods.

When the cart is full, he heads to the counter to see Cheryl is the checker.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Hi, Cheryl. Pleasant surprise.

Cheryl flirts with Bradley.

CHERYL

Nice to see you, Cowboy.

She looks under his cart to see it dripping. She follows the drips down the aisle to see a long line of drips.

Bradley looks away, embarrassed, as Cheryl studies his cart and starts ringing up his items.

BRADLEY

Just getting the hang of this shopping thing.

CHERYL

Two or three fresh vegetables. Those are good, Sugar.

She scans the potato chips.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

(laughs)

You must miss the salt lick you put out for the horses at the ranch.

BRADLEY

I'm just learning to read the nutrient information labels.

Cheryl scans the dripping frozen foods.

CHERYL

I can see that!

(beat)

I've got that joint HOA dog park committee meeting this afternoon, but I could cook you a homemade meal afterward?

BRADLEY

Sounds nice, Cheryl. But not tonight. I have important phone calls to make later. Give me a rain check.

Bradley pays and begins to head out.

CHERYL

I could help with that whiskey!

Bradley turns, smiles, and waves to Cheryl.

INT. BAR - AFTERNOON

One sign reads, "The OK Morale Saloon." Another reads: "Happy Hour 4-6 PM for Locals, Midnight-2 AM for Tourists."

The bar is empty. The Bartender stares at the clock, which reads: "3:59"

BARTENDER

Rush hour!

The western theme soundtrack similar to "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly" plays in the background as Danny and John enter wearing khaki pants and a teal (John) and pink (Danny) golf shirt.

The bartender slams his fist on the counter.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Whiskey? Leave the bottle?

John and Danny laugh and shake their heads.

JOHN

Such a kidder. I'll have a draft beer, whatever's on special.

DANNY

Make mine a light beer. I'm driving.

BARTENDER

I should take away your SUV keys for a half-hour, at least.

John and Danny take a seat in a large booth.

The Bartender pours two mugs and delivers them.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Expecting your wives?

John giggles.

JOHN

I'm not married.

DANNY

My wife's at home.

The Bartender delivers the beers and returns to the bar mumbling.

BARTENDER
I doubt that!

Danny hears him.

DANNY
What's that?

The Bartender turns and speaks loudly.

BARTENDER
A stout draft -- the beers.

Danny and John smile, and sip their beers very slowly.

Molly and Cheryl enter wearing modern western outfits with large leather purses.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Here comes trouble!

MOLLY & CHERYL
Hi, Clifford.

MOLLY
The house white wine for me, and
the house red wine for my friend
here.

CHERYL
Make those generous pours or it
will heavily impact your tip.

The Bartender rolls his eyes in disgust as the ladies join
Danny and John.

Cheryl and Molly glare at the men.

MOLLY
Listen up and listen well.

The Bartender drops off two LARGE glasses of wine and he
escapes back to the bar

CHERYL
An overwhelming 51% of the
homeowners in our two associations
voted for a dog park.

JOHN
That's not an overwhelming...

MOLLY
Silence!

John shuts up.

Molly opens her purse and pulls out a dog park feasibility study by another town and slams it on the table and turns to a design page.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

A bare-bones park will run us 42 grand: chain-link fence, a pocket park for small dogs...

CHERYL

Like my Yappy. And a double entry-gate to prevent escapes.

MOLLY

And we'd like to replace the chain-link fence iron with a PVC coating which will run 10-K more.

CHERYL

And the doggy agility course will run an extra 7 grand.

DANNY

A doggy agility...

CHERYL

Shut up, Danny or I will share pictures of your wife with multiple strange men.

MOLLY

I've seen 'em. They don't get any stranger.

CHERYL

The bottom line is the doggy park is gonna cost every homeowner a one-time assessment of \$200 and an increase of annual HOA fees of \$25 for maintenance.

MOLLY

Any questions?

John and Danny stand up to leave.

DANNY

You two are nuts!

JOHN

Nobody's gonna want to pay that much money to watch dogs poop.

DANNY

You pay for the dog park and we'll
take our dogs to the open space.

JOHN

Without a bunch of plastic doggie
bags and an agility course.

BARTENDER

(mumbles)

Them's fightin' words.

Molly stands and puts the feasibility plan in her big leather
purse and swings it at John and Danny.

John and Danny duck, but stand tall again to see Cheryl's
purse heading right toward them.

Danny takes a hit in the head and falls on the table spilling
all the drinks and breaking the two wine glasses.

We see the Bartender filming it all on his smartphone.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

(yells, but keeps filming)

Hey, knock it off!

Molly swings her purse back and hits John, who falls on top
of Danny who is trying to get out of the booth.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

You four are banned from the bar
for two nights... and days!

Molly and Cheryl turn to leave.

MOLLY

Put it on my tab, Clifford.

CHERYL

Give yourself a nice tip from my
tab.

The Bartender puts down his phone and grabs a towel to clean
up the mess.

JOHN

I'm pressing assault charges.

BARTENDER

Won't look good on the web. "Two
men lose purse fight at the OK
Morale Saloon."

DANNY

He's right, John. Let's go.

John and Danny drop \$20-bills on the wet table before walking out.

BARTENDER

Suburban bar fights are the worst!

INT. SILVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Silver watches the bar fight on the Internet (over 1 million views). She smiles as sage burns in a bowl.

Her smoke alarm goes off and upsets her.

INT. BRADLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bradley watches the bar fight on his smartphone (over 2 million views). He cringes and slaps his forehead with the palm of her hand as he stares at large landscape photos of his brother's ranch.

INT. BILLY BOB'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

We see the back of Billy Bob (Bradley with a handlebar mustache) watching the bar fight on the Internet (over 3 million views).

He pours himself another glass of Scotch, and grabs a yellow sticky pad and a pen.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BRADLEY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Bradley's kitchen is a mess. He wipes up a coffee spill from his coffeemaker that overflowed. The microwave door is open showing his oatmeal overflowed, and there is overcooked bacon on the range with smoke rising.

Bradley's phone RINGS with a picture of Billy Bob.

BRADLEY

Not now!

He reluctantly answers the phone to hear gunshots in the background.

INTERCUT Phone call with Bradley and Billy Bob. We see Billy Bob's back and a cowboy hat (who is Bradley speaking in a low, authoritative voice).

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

What is it, Billy Bob?

BILLY BOB

How are your management skills progressing now? How's that doggy park coming along?

Bradley tries to clean up his mess while speaking.

BRADLEY

You saw the video from the bar, didn't you?

BILLY BOB

(laughs)
Purse fight at the OK Morale.

BRADLEY

Were those gunshots I heard in the background.

BILLY BOB

Chasing trespass cattle off the north pasture and two teenage bicyclists wearing white shirts coming up the road. I'm riding out to pick up a few stay buffalo after lunch. All in a day's work at the ranch. When you learn to take charge of Valleystone...

BRADLEY

(angry)

It's not like the ranch, Billy Bob!
It's not an autocracy! I have to
work with uncooperative people and
make compromises! Democracy is
hard!

Bradley looks around at the messy kitchen.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

(yells)

And I don't have a cook, a maid, or
a personal assistant! I need a
bigger monthly allowance!

BILLY BOB

You're a bigger disappointment than
I thought, Little Brother

A SMOKE ALARM goes off in the kitchen.

BRADLEY

I gotta go!

Bradley ends the call, pulls the bacon off the stove, opens
the door to the backyard, and tosses the pan out.

He keeps the door open and waves in the clean air.

The alarm ends, and Bradley collapses on a kitchen bar stool
and glares at his kitchen appliances.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Traitors!

EXT. OPEN SPACE - DAY

Bradley arrives at the proposed site of the dog park with
three fold-up sports chairs. He wears a western business-
casual outfit and a cowboy hat and boots.

He sets the chairs up and returns to his Jeep to pull out a
large cooler of drinks, and a clipboard and pen.

He sits in the far right chair and waits.

LATER

Silver rides up on a mountain bike wearing an athletic
workout suit and a helmet. She carries a backpack.

BRADLEY

Good morning, Ms. Night Hawk.

SILVER

Good morning, Bradley.

Silver takes a seat in the far left chair, pulls a new BRAND Tablet computer from her backpack, and begins typing while she speaks.

SILVER (CONT'D)

It was a good idea to get feedback from the neighbors on what they expect of a dog park, but you'll excuse me if I work on a more significant case of white encroachment onto a sacred Native American mountain.

Bradley glances admiringly at Silver.

BRADLEY

The new ski resort expansion? I read about that. Good for you!

(looks out)

I imagine every place is sacred to someone.

Silver stops typing and glares at Bradley.

SILVER

My, what a white-imperialist thing to say. What's sacred to you?

BRADLEY

Not a doggy park. I'll tell you that!

Silver gazes admiringly at Bradley as Molly drives up in her new SUV, exits, and takes the middle seat. She ignores Silver as she complains to Bradley.

MOLLY

Those low-life idiots from Rivervalley are impossible to work with!

BRADLEY

Your video went viral and the OK Morale is sending you and Cheryl a bill for clean-up. We have to learn to be civil and compromise to get things done.

MOLLY

They don't want to pay for fences,
restrooms, or even a a doggie
agility course!

SILVER

(sarcastic)

Oh, dear. How will our overly
domesticated, morbidly inbred, weak
canines survive?

Molly glares at Silver.

MOLLY

See what I'm talking about?

Molly spins back to Bradley.

BRADLEY

Molly, we know your thoughts on the
proposed dog park. We are
soliciting comments from all our
interested neighbors.

Molly stands in anger. She speaks as she stomps back to her
car.

MOLLY

Everybody saw your notice for a
"listening session" on the
neighborhood website. If they were
interested, they'd be lining up
behind me!

Molly races off as John Russel putt-putts up on a BRAND (but
small) motorcycle. He hops off and struts to the middle chair
like a movie star in a purple silk Hawaiian shirt, tight
black jeans, and large safety helmet.

JOHN

Hey, Silver, sorry about the
incident at the saloon. Those
ladies went ballistic on us.

SILVER

The rich, one-percenters can be
bossy, John, I'm sorry...

BRADLEY

(defensive)

We're all neighbors here...

John spins to Bradley.

JOHN

I don't have a dog and I don't want to pay fees for anyone else's dog to crap in our open space! And that viral video cost me an audition for a dog food commercial.

SILVER

I'm so sorry, John. You would have been great in that commercial.

John flirts with Silver.

JOHN

You think so? I do have a dog-whisperer kind of command over most carnivores.

(looks out)

But I'm deathly allergic to cat and dog fur and break out in hives, so my agent is looking for human food and drink commercials, but not red meat, of course.

Bradley sounds serious but is kidding.

BRADLEY

You might be good in a tofu commercial.

John spins and smiles at Bradley, excitedly.

JOHN

I think so too! I could ride up on my hog...

(points to his motorcycle)

Take a big bite from a teriyaki tofu loaf, and wash it down with a sparkling water.

(snaps his fingers)

I gotta go call my agent!

John leans to kiss Silver on the cheek, which she half-resists, he waves at Bradley, and he hops on his little motorcycle and putt-putts away.

BRADLEY

I think he likes you.

Silver snickers as she goes back to typing.

SILVER

Remind me to get a cat.

Bradley sees that Silver is anguished.

BRADLEY
Something wrong?

SILVER
(sad)
A new report from Science magazine
that Natives have now lost 99% of
their lands in the lower-48 states.

Bradley is speechless.

LATER

Ana Patel walks by about twenty feet from the two chairs. She wears a traditional Indian gown. She pauses to speak but doesn't make eye contact.

ANA
I think it is a good thing you are
listening to our neighbors.

She walks on.

SILVER
Thanks, Ana.

BRADLEY
Yes. Thanks. And thanks for the
shopping help.

Silver glances at Bradley before returning to type.

LATER

Bradley opens the cooler and pulls out two plastic bottles of cold water. He offers one to Silver.

Silver politely waves it off and takes out a new BioBottle (or similar) biodegradable water bottle.

As she takes a sip, Bradley examines the water bottle.

Silver looks out to the proposed dog park site.

SILVER
It's reusable and compostable
later. Our oceans are choked with
your plastic bottles. Plastic dog
poop bags are also on my bad list.

BRADLEY
(snickers)
Is there anything on your good
list?

Silver ignores the comment and keeps typing.

LATER

Bradley stands and rolls up his chair and the middle chair.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Well, that was a waste of time.

Silver looks out to the open space, shuts her computer, and puts it in her backpack.

SILVER
Not for me.

Silver puts on her helmet, and mounts her bicycle.

SILVER (CONT'D)
Not much interest in your dog park.

BRADLEY
I never give up!

She rides off with a smile.

Bradley sadly loads up the chairs and cooler into his Jeep.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
(mumbles)
I give up.

He drives off.

EXT. BRADLEY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Cheryl waits outside Bradley's house. She wears a short skirt and sexy blouse.

Bradley drives up, perplexed to see her. He exits his Jeep.

BRADLEY
Come to apologize for the bar
fight?

CHERYL
Hell, no! That was fun!

BRADLEY

Then why...

CHERYL

I came to tell you that I had an affair with Billy Bob.

BRADLEY

(laughs)
Your not alone.

Cheryl is perplexed.

CHERYL

You had an affair with your brother?

BRADLEY

Cheryl, you'll have to excuse me. I'm busy this afternoon.

Bradley unlocks his door and steps in, trying to block Cheryl from entering.

CHERYL

Is it another woman?

Cheryl squeezes by him into the house.

EXT. BRADLEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cheryl walks in a sultry way to the kitchen island and sits.

BRADLEY

I don't have the time...

CHERYL

I do. It's my day off and I'm banned from the OK Morale 'til tomorrow's happy hour.

(winks at him)

Got any of that whiskey left?

Bradley shakes his head in disgust.

BRADLEY

I could use a drop too!

Bradley reluctantly grabs two glasses and a bottle of whiskey. He pours her a small amount.

She pushes out her breasts.

CHERYL

I get a more generous pour from my
worst enemies.

He fills her glass.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Let me tell you about Billy Bob.

BRADLEY

No thanks.

Cheryl swivels and moans on her chair, enjoying a memory and undressing Bradley with her eyes.

CHERYL

His voice made me drunk with
desire.

BRADLEY

Or with his scotch?

Cheryl is not listening to him. She's touching her thighs.

CHERYL

Every room at the ranch...

Bradley is stunned as Cheryl moans as she speaks.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Every table...

Bradley stares at his dining room table and cringes.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Every chair and footstool...

BRADLEY

That's enough...

Cheryl chugs down the glass of whiskey.

CHERYL

It was never enough.

(angry)

'Til he tossed me aside for that
cheerleader floozie, Barbie Sue
Miller!

Bradley's eyes open up widely in anger

BRADLEY

Back in high school? Barbie Sue was
my girlfriend!

Cheryl fills her glass to the top a second time.

CHERYL

You and the football team,
basketball team, and chess club.

BRADLEY

The chess club, too?

Bradley chugs his glass and paces.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Billy Bob stole everything of mine:
my minor league baseball card
collection, my cassette tape
collection of great accordion
solos, and my silver dollar
collection. Rare, antique coins.

Cheryl slams down the full glass of whiskey and looks Bradley
in the eyes.

CHERYL

No, I stole your silver dollar
collection! Your brother owed me
the five bucks!

Bradley is angry.

BRADLEY

Now you both owe me!

He grabs the whiskey bottle from the island and puts the
glasses in the sink.

Cheryl comes up behind Bradley and hugs him, moving her hands
all over his front side.

CHERYL

I could pay you back...
(sexy)
Ooooh, you are identical twins!

Bradley breaks away and heads to the dining room table to sit
down away from Cheryl.

Cheryl pulls a yellow sticky note from her bra and saunters
it over to Bradley.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

I found this yellow sticky note on
your door when I got here.

Bradley looks up at the note.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
From your brother. He's cutting
your allowance until you have a dog
park!

Bradley stands and rips the note from Cheryl's hand.

BRADLEY
He can't do that!

Bradley's smartphone RINGS. The Caller ID reads "Silver Night
Hawk."

He answers the phone and Cheryl leans in to hear.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Hello?

We can hear Silver's loud voice.

SILVER (O.S.)
We have a cease and desist order on
the dog park from the regional
archaeologist until a survey is
performed.

BRADLEY
Who's idea was that?

SILVER
Mine, of course. Goodbye.

Bradley's chin drops. Cheryl pulls his head to her chest to
console him.

CHERYL
Don't worry, Bradley. My first two
husbands broke up with me using
yellow sticky notes.

Bradley looks away, worried.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. OPEN SPACE - MORNING

Bradley pulls up to see Silver pointing out the perimeter of the proposed dog park to an ARCHAEOLOGIST (30s; male) with a metal detector and a shovel.

The Archaeologist puts the shovel down and starts sweeping the area with a metal detector, as Silver walks over to Bradley.

BRADLEY

What's going on?

SILVER

He's doing a preliminary survey for the archaeological clearance you need for any construction.

BRADLEY

Preliminary survey?

SILVER

If this was a battle site, he'll get lots of hits on the metal detector. He'll dig a few shallow pits to see if it was a village site, too.

BRADLEY

And if he finds anything big?
(sarcastic)
Say, an arrowhead?

SILVER

He'll shut you down faster than the Oklahoma Land Rush!

They watch as the Archaeologist puts a small red flag into the ground.

Bradley's eyes open widely.

SILVER (CONT'D)

That doesn't mean anything. He has to dig and find something of historical and cultural significance. Could be a horseshoe.

Bradley gazes at Silver compassionately.

BRADLEY

Why did you move to Riverstone?

Silver looks him in the eyes.

SILVER

You mean, why don't I live on a reservation?

BRADLEY

I didn't mean it...

SILVER

My family camped close to this spot over the past 200 years, even when it was part of your grandfather's and father's ranch.

BRADLEY

It's a nice spot.

SILVER

(laughs)

Your ranch hands ran us off several times, but we kept coming back.

Silver looks back toward her house.

SILVER (CONT'D)

I bought the house built on that spot. I outbid seven other people who wanted to buy it. It took every penny I owned.

BRADLEY

That's quite an achievement.

Silver looks away sadly.

SILVER

I had to buy back land that should have been ours to begin with. Land that was stolen from us.

They HEAR the Archaeologist's metal detector PING loudly. He puts four red flags in a cluster and moves on.

BRADLEY

Uh oh! We need an emergency meeting of the doggy park joint committee!

SILVER

No, we don't. You do!

Bradley leaps to his Jeep, while making a phone call.

INT. BAR - AFTERNOON

One sign reads, "The OK Morale Saloon." Another reads: "We don't do Karaoke"

The western theme soundtrack similar to "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly" plays in the background as Danny and John enter wearing khaki pants and teal (Danny) and pink (John) golf shirts. John and Danny also wear bicycle helmets to protect their heads from flying purses.

BARTENDER

Two strangers are waiting for you
in the back booth!

The Bartender points to a corner booth where Molly and Cheryl are waiting in cute summer dresses but with Grouch Marx's "nose and glasses" as a disguise. Their backs are to the door.

As John and Danny reach the booth they all whisper.

CHERYL

We're banned until tomorrow.

JOHN

I hardly recognized you.

MOLLY

The mustaches are real.

DANNY

Okay, why did you call us here?

John and Danny squeeze into the booth.

MOLLY

Tell 'em, Cheryl.

Cheryl looks reluctant to speak at first, she gets more excited as she blabs.

CHERYL

Bradley's older twin brother by
five minutes inherited the ranch
and all their real estate holdings.
He's mean and sent Bradley here to
prove himself.

JOHN

Prove himself how?

The Bartender wipes down tables close to the booth so he can listen in.

MOLLY

He has to take charge of the HOA
like an autocracy.

Cheryl, John, and Danny look baffled.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Like a super-rich, bossy ranch
owner!

ALL

Oh.

CHERYL

And if he doesn't develop the
doggie park, his brother will cut
off his allowance!

DANNY

Allowance? What is he? Twelve years
old?

MOLLY

I'm sure it's a heft sum.

JOHN

What can we do?

MOLLY

Compromise on the design features.

DANNY

We need a fence, but not a double
gate or an inner fence for puppies.

Cheryl punches Danny in the arm.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Ow!

CHERYL

My Yappy wouldn't survive in there
with your wolf.

JOHN

That's what compromise is all
about.

MOLLY

We're not budging on the agility
course.

JOHN
That's stupid! That's out too.

Molly hits John in the arm.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Ow!

DANNY
We're not running a circus.

MOLLY
As long as the restrooms with
flushing toilets stay.

CHERYL
We could go pee at home before we
take the dogs out.

Molly punches Cheryl in the arm.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
Ow!

MOLLY
Now the puppy park is gone for
sure!

Bradley enters the bar like a cowboy expecting a dual.

Cheryl is now talking very loud.

CHERYL
Look! If Bradley runs the HOA like
a real boss for five years, his
brother would give him half of the
ranch. He'd be super rich!

Bradley arrives at the booth before Cheryl can stop herself
from speaking.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
And single.

The Bartender coughs and speaks up.

BARTENDER
What can I get you, Mr. McKey?

John and Danny laugh as Cheryl and Molly cringe.

BRADLEY
Coffee, black, Clifford. Thanks.

The Bartender races to the bar to make coffee.

Bradley pulls up a chair to the edge of the booth and glares at Cheryl, then the others.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
I appreciate your efforts to
compromise.

The committee members stare at Bradley, who shakes his head in disgust.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Could you remove the silly glasses
and helmets?
(glares at the Bartender)
We don't need another video going
viral!

They remove their disguises and helmets.

Bradley speaks in a low authoritative voice sounding a lot like Billy Bob.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
I wasn't fond of the idea of a dog
park. We border lots of open space,
state parks, and federal lands to
walk dogs and recreate.

He looks away.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
I didn't fully appreciate open
space and those other alternatives
'til I came here. In fact, I stared
at my new gorgeous house and tried
to imagine the landscape that
existed here when I was a kid, and
even further back in time to when
the buffalo roamed here.
(sadly)
But there was my house. And I like
it. Don't get me wrong.

He looks back to the committee and points his finger out.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
And I remembered we got the
nation's first and grandest
national park up the road. And do
you know what their mission
statement says?

They all shake their heads, 'no.'

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Conserving unimpaired the natural and cultural resources and values of the land for the enjoyment, education, and inspiration of this and future generations.

MOLLY

But we're not a National Park...

BRADLEY

No, and neither is our ranch, but on the drive over here I started to think.

(beat)

What if we managed our precious little open spaces, hell, even our backyards and local city parks a little more like national parks?

DANNY

We'd see more birds and wildlife.

MOLLY

(reluctantly)

I agree. I like that "future generations" part.

JOHN

I suppose we could enjoy nature on its own terms. It might be more exciting than trying to tame it all the time.

Cheryl looks anguished.

CHERYL

Won't your brother be upset?

Bradley smiles.

BRADLEY

I'll mail him a yellow sticky note.

MOLLY

What do we tell our neighbors?

BRADLEY

I'll tell them the truth. Their dog park will be a little wilder than other dog parks, and we should all take pride in it!

The Bartender brings Bradley a cup of coffee.

BARTENDER

You're a good man, Bradley McKey.

EXT. OPEN SPACE - EARLY EVENING

The entire cast, except the Bartender, follows around the Archaeologist who takes his shovel and slowly digs by the site with the four red flags.

Silver looks on with particular interest.

SILVER

What do you think it is?

ARCHAEOLOGIST

We'll have to wait to see. Nearby archaeological sites yielded obsidian flakes, the volcanic glass that made arrowheads sharper than steel.

BRADLEY

Glass arrowheads wouldn't set off a metal detector.

ARCHAEOLOGIST

Could be a horseshoe, modern knife blade, rusty hammer, anything!

He keeps digging.

ARCHAEOLOGIST (CONT'D)

We're getting down in the meadow about two-hundred years or more in terms of soil development.

He hits something with his shovel and drops to his knees with a hand trowel and brush.

ARCHAEOLOGIST (CONT'D)

We got something!

Everyone watches as he unearths a large coin-like object. He takes a photo of it in the hole before putting on latex gloves and slowly lifting it out of the hole. He brushes off both sides of the object and smiles.

ARCHAEOLOGIST (CONT'D)

I think we have ourselves a Jefferson Peace medal dated 1801.

The crowd gasps.

ARCHAEOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Oh my God! the Jefferson medals were handed to Indian chiefs by Lewis and Clark on their Voyage of Discovery, 1804 to 1806.

He whips out a small ruler (in millimeters).

ARCHAEOLOGIST (CONT'D)

About 76 millimeters in diameter. Probably silver. Only 13 medals of this size were made for the Lewis and Clark expedition. Made for under ten bucks back then. Worth well over one-hundred-thousand dollars today.

BRADLEY

So there goes our dog park!

ARCHAEOLOGIST

(dancing, cheering)

Here comes the archaeology site of the decade... maybe more!

SILVER

(to the archaeologist)

Can I show them?

ARCHAEOLOGIST

Sure.

Silver pulls out four PLASTIC BAGS from the Archaeologist's backpack and shows the group four small obsidian arrowheads, each in a carefully labeled plastic bag with GPS location, date, time, and specimen number.

SILVER

These arrowheads probably only date back a few hundred years, but...

She reaches into the Archaeologist's backpack and lifts out a small box. She opens it carefully to reveal a six-inch-long stone spearhead.

ARCHAEOLOGIST

It's not a complete Clovis point specimen, and I found it yesterday further down river at a mammoth kill site.

SILVER

Indicating the First People, or
Paleo Indians, lived here in the
area 10,000 to 14,000 years ago.

Everyone gasps again.

BRADLEY

(laughs)

My brother sure isn't going to like
that!

Silver smiles.

SILVER

I'll prepare a detailed cease and
desist request for the site pending
a more thorough archaeological
survey.

ARCHAEOLOGIST

And I'll sign it.

BRADLEY

I'll happily notify everyone in our
H-O-A of your findings.

SILVER

I'll do the same in our H-A! Ha!

Everyone congratulates Silver.

Bradley and Silver remain behind as the others leave with the
look of satisfaction and pride.

BRADLEY

I've got you to thank for helping
me find my way.

SILVER

(laughs)

You didn't want a dog park either.

Bradley smiles and they share a moment.

INT. BILLY BOB'S RANCH HOUSE - AFTERNOON

We see Billy Bob (actually Bradley) from the back, with his
feet up on the chair and opening mail.

SUPER: "Three days later."

He opens up a small envelope from "B. McKey, 1001 Valley Vista Dr., Mountain Vista, MT. 59813."

He opens the envelope to find a single yellow sticky note which he reads in a deep, authoritative voice.

BILLY BOB

Forced to scale back on the dog
park design due to archaeological
findings, but everyone loves it.
I'd call it hugely successful!
Bradley.

Billy Bob grunts angrily and reaches for his bottle of Scotch.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. OPEN SPACE - EVENING

It's early evening at the new dog park, which consists of a single sign and a doggy bag dispenser.

The sign reads, "Dog Park: use at your own risk." The doggy dispenser reads, "Compostable poop bags: pick up after your damn dog!"

There is no parking lot, no fence, and no agility course!

Bradley arrives first and sets up a fold-up card table and two fold-up sports chairs.

He takes out five pizza boxes and a bottle of whiskey and sets them on the card table.

He sits in one chair and admires the sign and poop bag dispenser.

Silver shows up next on her bicycle with a backpack.

BRADLEY

Hi, Silver. Thanks for finding compostable poop bags.

SILVER

Thanks for getting that sign made so quickly, Bradley.

Silver pulls a thermos, a bag of Indian Fry Bread, and a jar of local honey from her backpack.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Ever try Indian Fry Bread?

BRADLEY

I have much more to learn from you, that's for sure!

Silver pulls out a bundle of dry sage.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Sage. I do know about that!

SILVER

Honoring the past.

She takes a BBQ lighter out of her backpack and lights the sage.

SILVER (CONT'D)
Old Indian trick. The BBQ lighter.

Bradley laughs and smiles.

Silver sits next to Bradley with the burning sage. She closes her eyes and smells the sage.

Bradley sees her sincerity and closes his eyes for a moment.

The sage burns out, and she gets up to rest it on the edge of the card table.

BRADLEY
Do you think we did a good thing
for our constituents?

SILVER
In time, they will see it.

BRADLEY
Only 37% of them wanted an increase
in HOA fees, so it had to be done
like this anyway.

SILVER
(laughs, looks up)
There are higher reasons.

Bradley looks up.

BRADLEY
I suppose so.

Silver breaks off a piece of fry bread, adds honey, and hands it to Bradley.

Molly exits her SUV with her Labradoodle, Precious, and a bottle of red wine. Precious is on a short leash. Molly's partner (30s; female) is with her. She is clingy and happy in love.

MOLLY
Pizza! Okay. Let's get this party
started.

While Molly introduces her partner in the background, Cheryl arrives with her Yorkshire Terrier, Yappy, and two bottles of wine. Yappy is on a short leash.

CHERYL
Won't this be fun!

Cheryl moves into Silver's seat next to Bradley, as John, Ana, Danny, George, Mohammed, and Lyle arrive with beer and soft drinks of choice.

They all admire the new sign and doggy bag dispenser with laughter, joy, and pride as they grab pizza and fry bread.

It's getting a little darker and the party is in full swing.

Molly and her partner are walking and playing with Precious without a leash behind the sign and to the left of it.

Yappy is off-leash and sits between to Cheryl and Bradley.

Bradley and Silver have a shared DREAM. They look out at Precious the labradoodle but HEAR and SEE the scene of Kevin Costner and the wild wolf in the film "Dances with Wolves" [or similar file footage].

Everyone else SEES the labradoodle jumping up and down doing tricks for Molly and her partner.

Danny arrives with his half-wolf dog, Kodiak. Again Danny lets Kodiak out of the car without a leash and the dog races toward Precious while growling.

DANNY

Damn it, Kodiak, get back here!
Heal!

Molly and her partner struggle to get Precious on a leash and to protect it from the growling Kodiak.

MOLLY

Damn it, Danny! Get that wolf-dog
out of here!

Bradley and Silver snap out of their DREAM.

Danny races out to the dog park to retrieve Kodiak, but Kodiak races away into the dark.

Molly and her partner return with Precious on a leash and race past Bradley and Silver.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

This is all your fault.

Molly tips over the card table in a rage of anger. The pizza and liquor go flying as Molly and her partner yank Precious to their SUV.

DANNY (O.C.)
 (yells)
 Kodiak! Where are you? Get your
 butt back here!

Cheryl looks down by her seat and SCREAMS because Yappy is gone. She stands, wobbles from the wine, and yells in a tipsy voice.

CHERYL
 Yappy? Yappy, come to mommy!
 (yells)
 Yappy, where are you?

She screams at Bradley and Silver.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
 If something happens to my Yappy,
 I'll shoot you both!

Cheryl pushes Bradley over in his chair before running out into the dog park at night.

SILENCE

Silver helps Bradley up.

They HEAR a real wolf HOWL in the distance.

Bradley and Silver glance at each other with open eyes before focusing on the sign, "Use at your own risk!"

They gaze into each other's eyes for a very brief moment.

FADE TO BLACK.

We HEAR Cheryl's drunken voice.

CHERYL (V.O.)
 Yappy?
 (hiccups)
 Yappy? Where are you?

We HEAR crickets.

A wolf HOWLS in the distance.

END OF PILOT EPISODE