

DOG PARK DILEMMAS

Pilot
"Welcome to Doggywood"

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COLD OPEN

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

A Golden Retriever runs along a wooded dirt path. He stops, sniffs a bush, raises his leg and marks his turf. A few back leg kicks and off he goes.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Barkley! Barkley!

Barkley ignores the call. He's having way too much fun to slow down.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Barkley!

Barkley pulls up quickly. He picks up a scent and heads off the path into some heavy brush.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
Barkley! Where the Hell are you?
If you don't come now, you're in
big trouble!

Barkley sniffs frantically at a pile of dirt and leaves. He starts to dig. A SNICKERS WRAPPER gets tossed from the dirt.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(getting closer)
There you are. What are you doing
in there?

Barkley stops digging. His head is deep in the hole. He tugs and tugs at something.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
What do you got there, boy?

Barkley pops out of the hole. In his mouth is a SKELETAL ARM.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
What is that?

Barkley turns, the arm dangles between his teeth. His tail is wagging.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
What the fuck? (screams)

END COLD OPEN:

ACT ONE

SUPER: 3 MONTHS EARLIER

EXT. JANSEN APARTMENT COMPLEX PARKING LOT - MORNING

BRETT BERGERON (mid 30's, easy on the eyes, writer, creative, but looks at the glass half empty.) is wearing a BOSTON RED SOX CAP. A towel over his shoulder. He closes the rear door of his black Sentra. Looks at the window. Taps on it. He makes GOO GOO GAGA faces and smiles.

BRETT
Let's do this.

He gets into the driver's side and closes the door.

INT. BRETT'S CAR - DAY

Focus on Brett as he drives.

BRETT
Listen, I know this is a big change for you. It's big for me, man. It's going to be hard at first, but trust me, you're going to get used to it.

Brett's eyes drift from the road up to his rearview mirror.

BRETT (CONT'D)
You're going to make new friends, have play dates, and before you know it, this place will feel like home.

Brett taps his left hand on the steering wheel. We see a GOLD BAND on his ring finger.

BRETT (CONT'D)
It's just you and me buddy. We'll make it work. I promise.

A RED SUV cuts into Brett's lane. He slams on the brakes.

BRETT (CONT'D)
You idiot!

There's a LOUD THUD from the back seat. Brett turns and looks.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Brody are you okay?

BRODY (a two year old Puggle mix, with a prevalent underbite) is on the floor. He shakes himself and looks up. His face says it all - he's not happy.

BRETT (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Bro. Come up here.

Brett pats his leg. Brody hops up onto the center console and then into the passenger's seat. He stands up on his rear paws and looks out the window.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Bad drivers, buddy. I'll make it up to you. This park we're going to is supposed to be amazing. You're going to love it.

Brody turns, looks at Brett, his tongue hanging out of his mouth.

EXT. DOGGYWOOD - MORNING

Large white letters stand on a hillside that spell out DOGGYWOOD. The parking lot is crowded. People pop out of their cars with their dogs and make their way to the entrance. HECTOR VALDEZ (late 20's, friendly, fun, hard working, has an accent) is sculpting a shrub with a hedge trimmer. He has his earbuds in and is singing.

HECTOR

Everybody working for the week-end.
Everybody wants a new romance.
Everybody going off the deep end.

ADAM ARCHER (late 30's, Doggywood manager, deceptive, micro-managing, don't get on his bad side) is watching Hector and doesn't like what he sees.

ADAM

Hector!

Adam storms over.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Hector!!

Hector sees him ranting, but can't hear him. He pulls out his earbuds.

ADAM (CONT'D)
What the Hell is this?

HECTOR
Eh, Mr. Archer.

ADAM
What are you making here?

HECTOR
A dog.

The shrub appears to look more like a LARGE HOG.

ADAM
A dog? Really? Because this
doesn't look like any type of dog
I've ever seen. Come here and look
at it.

Hector steps back and takes it in. He rubs his chin, then
rubs his brow.

ADAM (CONT'D)
See what I'm saying?

HECTOR
(smiling)
It's a fat dog.

ADAM
Are you trying to be funny?

HECTOR
No.

ADAM
We don't have fat dogs at
Doggywood. Take that trimmer and
give this guy some Ozempic.

HECTOR
Ozempic?

ADAM
Trim him down. Make him skinny.

HECTOR
Ah, si.
(motions with hands)
I make small dog for you, boss.

Adam walks off in a huff. Hector powers up the trimmer and
pops back in his earbuds.

EXT. DOGGYWOOD PARKING LOT - MORNING

Brett gets out of the Sentra. Opens the rear door and hooks Brody to a leash.

BRETT
Let's go, Bro!

Brody jumps out and Brett closes the door. They make their way to the front gate.

EXT. DOGGYWOOD/PUPPYWOOD MAIN GATES - MORNING

Hector is sculpting the shrub. Brett and Brody walk past him and stop. There are two different dog parks separated by a large fence. One sign says "DOGGYWOOD." The other next to it says "PUPPYWOOD."

SUPER: DOG PARK DILEMMA #1 - DOES SIZE REALLY MATTER?

BRETT
What do you think? Where do you
want to go?

Brett and Brody look through the gate of Puppywood. There are lots of dogs Brody's size or smaller all milling about. Not much happening. They turn and look at Doggywood. It's the complete opposite. There are lots of big dogs running about - from Huskies, to Labs, to even a Great Dane. Balls are being thrown and frisbees tossed. It's a party. Brody without hesitation walks to DOGGYWOOD.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Always the big dogs.

Brett walks up to the gate, pops up the latch, then pauses.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Are you sure about this?

Brody looks up and give Brett a little HOWL. They both enter.

INT. DOGGYWOOD PARK - MORNING

Brody and Brett stare in awe. It's not your typical dog park by any means. It's a half mile deep, with a wooded section, mulch play areas, even a sandy beach area for the dogs to run through. It's dog nirvana!

BRETT
Wow! Look at this place.

Brett reaches down and unhooks Brody from the leash.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Have fun, buddy.

Brody slowly walks in.

INT. DOGGYWOOD/MULCH PIT ONE - MORNING

JOHNNY G (early 50's, Jersey guy, vocal, no filter, short fuse) is wearing a YANKEES HAT and feeding water from a plastic bottle to his dog LUNA (a pretty blonde ridgeback mix) who gulps it down.

JOHNNY
There you go, girl. Drink up.
You're thirsty.

Luna stops drinking and runs off. HANZ (late 40's, from Italy, Schwarzenager-like accent, heart of gold, hard worker, not always on the same page as everyone) is staring across the park towards the front gate. His dog ZARA (a beautiful black Husky/Shepherd mix) tries to get his attention. Johnny stands upright in a bit of pain.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
So, I gotta get this leg checked out. I think the rod they put in there is rusted or something. It's killing me. I got like two hours sleep last night.

HANZ
(staring intently)
Yeah, that's not good.

JOHNNY
You think? Maybe I should just have it cut off?

Johnny waves his hand in front of Hanz's face.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Yo! I'm having a serious conversation with you about my well-being and you're staring off into space. What are you looking at?

HANZ
I'm looking at that funny little dog.

Johnny gives a look and sees Brody strutting about the park.

HANZ (CONT'D)

What type of dog is that?

JOHNNY

It looks like some sort of pug.
What ever it is, it's too small to
be in here. Luna would eat that
thing for lunch.

HANZ

It's cute.

JOHNNY

Eh, if you're into that sort of
thing. Only a matter of time before
the owner is bitching at us because
our dogs are too rough on his
little mutt.

HANZ

I think that guy's the owner.

Hanz points to Brett. Johnny eyeballs him, focuses in on the
BOSTON CAP.

JOHNNY

(fired up)

Of course it's a Boston guy. Makes
total sense now. They all think
because they won a few
championships over the last twenty
years they can do whatever they
want. Ahhh.

HANZ

What are you getting all worked up
about Johnny? He could be a good
guy.

JOHNNY

Doubt it. Nothing good comes from
Boston. Their pizza sucks as well.

LILLY (late 20's, Asian, opinionated, over analyzes
everything because she's a therapist) walks up behind them.

LILLY

What are you two conspiring about
over here? Whatever it is, I'm
sure it's not good.

JOHNNY
(annoyed)
Nothing, we're all fine here,
Lilly.

LILLY
I don't believe it.

JOHNNY
Of course you don't.

HANZ
We're just looking at that little
dog and his owner.

Johnny gives Hanz a look of disbelief.

HANZ (CONT'D)
What?

LILLY
Oh, he's kind of cute...the dog, I
mean.

JOHNNY
Yeah. Right? The one your dog is
about to devour.

CEE CEE (a large grey Poodle, that can be very annoying) is
following Brody and PECKING at him.

LILLY
I better make sure Cee Cee isn't
hurting that little guy.

Lilly runs off.

JOHNNY
There she goes, like white on rice.
Now I kind of feel bad for the guy.

HANZ
(laughing)
That's funny - white on rice.
(thinking)
Wait, rice is white? I don't get
it.

INT. DOGGYWOOD/MIDDLE OF THE PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Brody walks about, as Cee Cee prods him with her nose. Brett
seems unfazed by it.

LILLY
Cee Cee, Stop!...I'm sorry. Cee
Cee!

BRETT
It's okay. She's just feeling him
out.

LILLY
No. She can be a pest. I don't
want her to hurt your dog.

BRETT
Trust me. He'll let her know when
she crosses the line.

Cee Cee moves in on Brody's back. He turns, growls and
playfully goes after her. Cee Cee takes off running!

LILLY
Wow!

BRETT
Told you. He's a big dog in a
little guy's body. Might have a
Napolean Complex.

Lilly extends her hand.

LILLY
I'm Lilly and well, you know Cee
Cee.

Brett shakes.

BRETT
I'm Brett...and that's Brody.

Brody walks over to a nearby bench, raises his leg and pees.

LILLY
He's a charmer. Is this your guys'
first time at Doggywood?

BRETT
Yeah. It's quite the place. I've
never been to a dog park that has
it's own beach.

LILLY
That's nothing. Have you seen the
doggy snack shop?

BRETT
You're kidding, right?

LILLY
(feeling him out)
Nope. It's right over there,
behind that group of annoying old
codgers.

She points to where Johnny and Hanz are. Behind them is a small stand with a sign above it, "DOGGYWOOD TREATS." They are both looking her way. She gives them a patronizing wave.

BRETT
Annoying old codgers? Should I be
concerned?

LILLY
Their bark is worse than their
bite, but I'd avoid them if I were
you.

INT. DOGGYWOOD/MULCH PIT ONE - CONTINUOUS

Johnny and Hanz see her wave.

JOHNNY
See. She's talking about us. I
can just imagine the crap she's
telling this guy.

HANZ
You think?

JOHNNY
Of course she is.

HANZ
Why would Lilly talk about us to
the new guy?

JOHNNY
Because she's Lilly. She's a
master manipulator. Loves to stir
things up. It's in her nature.

HANZ
I don't know how you come up with
this stuff, sometimes. You act like
everyone is out to get you.
Lilly's always been nice to me.

JOHNNY

See. She's got you fooled. You
need to open your eyes, Hanz.
You're too nice.

JOE "THE DOZER" (mid 30's, African American, former NFL
Player, married, but you wouldn't know it, always has some
type of scheme going) walks up, smiling. Johnny sees him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Oh no, here we go.

JOE

Yo! Yo! What's up, my boys!

HANZ

Hey, Dozer.

Joe puts his hand up for a HIGH FIVE. Hanz slaps it. He
keeps it held up for Johnny.

JOE

C'mon, man. Don't leave a brother
hanging.

Johnny looks at him. Then looks at his hand.

JOE (CONT'D)

C'mon Johnny! Put it in there baby.

JOHNNY

If I do this, will you go away?

JOE

You're such a funny guy, Johnny G.
That's what I love about you.

Johnny reluctantly puts his hand up and Joe smacks it hard!

JOHNNY

Jesus!

JOE

That's what you get. Back when I
was on the Rams, we had this guy on
the team. Every time we'd high
five him, his hand would be like a
dead fish. So, you know what we
nicknamed him? Huh? Take a guess.

JOHNNY

Dead Fish?

JOE
(Eyes wide, surprised)
How'd you know that, man? I must
have told you this story before.

HANZ
(chuckling)
Dead Fish. That's a good one.

JOE
Anyways, we all started to give
Dead Fish a little extra pop on his
high fives. Eventually, he learned
to keep that hand firm.

HANZ
What did you call him then?

JOE
(baffled)
Ah, we just continued to call him
Dead Fish.

HANZ
But, why call him Dead Fish if his
hand wasn't a dead fish anymore?

JOE
The name just sort of stuck. Like a
nickname.

HANZ
(confused)
Ah, okay. I guess.

INT. DOGGYWOOD/MIDDLE OF THE PARK - CONTINUOUS

Lilly continues to pry at Brett for information.

LILLY
So, what do you do for a living?

BRETT
I'm a writer. In TV.

LILLY
There are lots of those out
here...I don't really watch TV. I
find it brain-numbing.

BRETT
It can be, no doubt. What do you
do?

LILLY
I'm a therapist.

BRETT
Makes sense.

LILLY
Why's that?

BRETT
Just the way you talk. It has a
very therapisty vibe to it.

LILLY
(laughing)
Therapisty that's a new one...Hmm

BRETT
I'm just saying. You seem like you
know how to get information from
people.

LILLY
Well, it is my job. So, where did
you move from?

BRETT
Santa Monica.

LILLY
I love Santa Monica. Why would you
move over here?

Brett takes a swig of water.

BRETT
It's a long story.

Lilly takes notice of his WEDDING RING. She waits a beat,
then...

LILLY
(bummed)
So, where is your wife today?

Brett seems uncomfortable. He looks for Brody, but he's
nowhere to be seen.

BRETT
Um, I seem to have lost my dog. Do
you see him anywhere?

LILLY
(looking about)
No, I don't.

BRETT
Brody! Brody!

LILLY
He's got to be around here,
somewhere.

Brett looks across to MULCH AREA #1. A group of people are gathered. There's lots of commotion going on. Dogs are BARKING and GROWLING. Is it a fight?

BRETT
Oh! No! Brody!

Brett's face says it all.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. DOGGYWOOD/MULCH PIT ONE - MORNING

Joe looks and sees Brody on top of Luna, who's on her back. Lots of little growls and sounds.

JOE

Damn! Look at your dog, Johnny.
She's getting mauled by that little pug.

Johnny looks to his left. Brody is on top of Luna, GNAWING on her paws. She appears to love it. Zara runs around the two of them and BARKS.

JOHNNY

What the Hell?

HANZ

Look at those two!

JOE

That little guy can bring it!

Johnny sits down on the bench. A slight smile upon his face. Other people move in to see what's going on. ALLISON (mid 20's, busy body, social media wanna-be influencer) busts out her phone, gets on her knees and shoots a video.

ALLISON

This is going on my Insta!

INT. DOGGYWOOD MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Adam hears noise coming from outside. He stops at the window and peaks through the blinds into the park.

ADAM

(to himself)

What is going on out there?

ADAM (CONT'D)

Oh, boy. Denisha!

DENISHA (late 20's, African American, curvy, smart-tongued and sassy) sitting at her desk, right next to the window.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(Vocal)

Denisha!

DENISHA
(calmly)
You know, I'm right here? Right?

ADAM
Do you see what's going on out there?

DENISHA
No.

ADAM
Well, get off your keister and take a look.

DENISHA
What's a keister?

ADAM
Your ass.

DENISHA
There you go. Just say it. You'd like me to move my ass.

ADAM
I was trying to be politically correct.

Denisha gets up and walks over.

DENISHA
That would be a first.

Adam holds the blinds open and Denisha takes a look.

DENISHA (CONT'D)
What? I see dogs playing.

ADAM
That's fighting!

DENISHA
That ain't fighting.

ADAM
It's fighting. There is no fighting in Doggywood. I want you to get that little dog and it's owner and bring them to me.

DENISHA
Okay, I'll get right on it.

Denisha makes her way back to her desk.

ADAM
No, I want you to do it now. So,
move your ass.

DENISHA
See! Now, right there, that was not
politically correct.

ADAM
(annoyed)
Whatever, just get it done.

Adam walks to his office.

DENISHA
The tone you said that with, makes
me want to talk with HR.

ADAM
Be my guest.

DENISHA
You're a real Keister, Adam.

Adam closes the door to his office.

INT. DOGGYWOOD/MULCH PIT ONE - CONTINUOUS

Brody and Luna are still going at it.

BRETT (O.C.)
Brody! Brody!

Brett moves through the onlookers.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Brody!

HANZ
It's okay, they're just playing.

JOE
That your dog, man?

BRETT
Yeah.

JOE
He's like a little Tasmanian devil.

HANZ
What's his name?

Brody and Luna continue to go at it.

BRETT
Brody.

HANZ
(lost in translation)
Ah, little Bo-de. He's so cute.

Johnny chimes in.

JOHNNY
What type of dog is that?

BRETT
He's a Puggle?

JOHNNY
A Puggle? What's that?

BRETT
He's like part pug and part beagle.
I think he might have something
else in him as well. I'm not sure.

JOHNNY
(stands up)
Yeah, like maybe Pit-bull.

BRETT
(chuckles)
Maybe.

JOHNNY
I've never seen my dog play with
any other dog like that.

Luna gets up and takes off running! Both Brody and Zara give chase.

HANZ
Look at him go. Bo-dee runs like a
rabbit.

Allison stops shooting her video. The onlookers disperse,
leaving Brett with the PARK REGULARS: Johnny, Hanz and Joe.

ALLISON
Your dog is amazing. I'm going to
make him a star.

She hands Brett her card.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
You can see him on my Insta. Just
scan the QR code.

BRETT
(confused)
Ah, okay.

Allison walks off.

JOHNNY
She's one of those social media
installers, infiltrators, incels...

BRETT
Influencers?

JOHNNY
Yeah. That's it. Whatever. She's
going to make everyone a star. If
anyone needs influence, it's her.

BRETT
I'm Brett, by the way.

Brett shakes Johnny's hand.

JOHNNY
I'm Johnny G. That's Hanz.

HANZ
(lost in translation)
Nice to meet you, Bet.

JOHNNY
and that's...

BRETT
(excited)
Joe "The Dozer" Jones!

Brett puts his hand up for a HIGH FIVE and Joe slaps it.

JOE
(grinning ear to ear)
No Dead Fish there, fellas. Just a
true football aficionado. I like
you, Brett.

JOHNNY
Please don't pump this guy's head
up any bigger.
(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

It's already the size of one of those Fat Heads. Gets any bigger, he'll be Barry Bonds.

JOE

You're just jealous.

BRETT

All kidding aside. I love you, Dozer. That fumble you made in the Super Bowl, with under two minutes left against the Pats, was huge in sealing the victory. I'll never forget it. You're my hero.

Johnny busts out laughing. Joe's smile turns into a sneer.

JOHNNY

(cackling)

That was cold. You're growing on me Boston.

Joe steps in close to Brett.

JOE

(eyes wide and angry)

You think that's funny?! Do you?! Tell me how much you loved that fumble now!

Brett is staring up at Joe who looks extremely pissed.

BRETT

(nervous rambling)

Um, really, man. I love you. You were a great running back. I hated playing against you guys. I had you on my fantasy team.

HANZ

C'mon. He was just joking, Joe.

JOE

Yeah! Well, so am I...

Joe busts out laughing. He smacks Brett on the back.

JOE (CONT'D)

Gotcha!

BRETT

(relieved)

Yeah, you got me good.

Joe gives him a hug and pulls him tight.

JOE
(whispers)
Don't ever bring that up again.
Okay?

BRETT
I won't.

Brody, Luna and Zara are tired from playing. They have all settled into the mulch.

HANZ
That was a good one, Joe. I
thought you were serious.

JOE
That's because I'm such a good
actor. OJ has nothing on me.
Well, maybe one thing.

Lilly stands off to the side. Brett walks over.

LILLY
I tried to tell you.

BRETT
What? They seem like good guys.

LILLY
Yeah. Right.

Lilly hooks Cee Cee up to her leash.

LILLY (CONT'D)
See you tomorrow, Brett.

BRETT
What if I don't come back.

LILLY
Oh, you'll be back. Let's go,
girl.

As they both SAUNTER towards the gate. Denisha STRUTS in.

JOE
My, oh my. Look at the Goddess
come down from the heavens to greet
us.

DENISHA

Dozer, you can keep all that sweet talk to yourself. It all just goes to waste on me. I'm looking for a real man. Not some ex NFL, weed salesman.

JOHNNY

Ouch! That's a little harsh.

JOE

Just one dinner, that's all I'm asking for.

DENISHA

And is your wife going to be eating with us?

Joe shakes his head and CLAMS up.

JOHNNY

Okay, that was a good one.

DENISHA

Listen, I'm not here to chit chat with all of you. I need the new guy and his dog to come with me.

BRETT

Me?

DENISHA

Yeah, what's your name?

BRETT

Brett and that's Brody.

Brody does a half head tilt. His underbite looks like a smile.

DENISHA

Does he always look like that?

Brody tilts his head to the other side.

HANZ

What did they do?

DENISHA

Adam saw the little guy fighting. You know the park policy on it.

HANZ

They weren't fighting. They were playing.

DENISHA

Plus, you guys didn't check in. Adam likes to meet all the new people and their dogs before they enter.

JOHNNY

Since when?

DENISHA

Since it doesn't concern you, Johnny G. Don't shoot the messenger. C'mon. I'll walk you both over.

JOE

That ain't right, baby.

DENISHA

Don't you be babying me.

BRETT

Brody. Let's go.

Brody gets up and the three of them walk towards the gate.

JOHNNY

This is total BS!

JOE

It's just Adam on another one of his power trips.

HANZ

Poor Bet and Bo-dee.

JOHNNY

(curious)

Joe? Where is Humper? I haven't seen him all day.

Joe looks around. Zara and Luna are still laying in the mulch.

JOE

Where? What? Humper!

Joe runs off.

INT. DOGGYWOOD/MULCH PIT TWO - MOMENTS LATER

HUMPER (a 3 year old German Shepherd, his name says it all, has a few bad habits)is humping away on top of MAGGIE MAY (a 15 year old sheep dog)who is just lying on the ground.

JOE
Humper! Stop it, Humper!

GARRET (mid 70's, been coming to Doggywood for years with Maggie, affectionately referred to as Old Timer)is just standing by, watching.

GARRET
Hey, Joe.

Joe grabs Humper by the collar and pulls him off Maggie May.

JOE
I'm sorry, Garret. I lost track of him.

GARRET
That's okay. Maggie didn't seem to mind. That's the most action that the old girl has had in a long time.

Garret and Joe share a laugh.

GARRET (CONT'D)
Hey, I was wondering if you might have any of those gummies you gave me last week. Those helped me so much with my lower back.

JOE
(smiling)
As a matter of fact, I do.

Joe reaches into his pocket and pulls out a LITTLE TIN. He opens it up and pulls out two GUMMIES.

JOE (CONT'D)
Now, don't take 'em both at the same time or you might be feeling a little too good, if you know what I mean. I wouldn't want you thinking you could go out and break dance or anything like that.

GARRET
Bless your soul. You're a good man Joe.

JOE

Listen, you come by the shop. I'll
hook you up with a good discount
and the best product.

GARRET

All right. You have a good day.

JOE

You too, Old Timer. Let's go, boy.

As they walk away, Humper continues to hump the air.

JOE (CONT'D)

You're so nasty.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ADAM'S OFFICE - DAY

A scene from BAYWATCH is playing on a screen. CJ (Pam Anderson) runs and dives into the ocean with a buoy attached to her wrist. We slowly pull back to reveal Adam watching intently on his computer.

ADAM
(to himself)
You have to save him, CJ.

He bites into a SNICKERS BAR, the wrapper still around it. There's a KNOCK at the door.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(frazzled)
Um, ah. Just a second.

He drops the Snickers onto his desk and tries to turn off the video. It appears to work. The door opens. Denisha walks in followed by Brett and Brody.

DENISHA
This is Brett and Brody.

Adam stands up. He has a smear of chocolate at the corner of his mouth. He extends his hand.

ADAM
Adam Archer. Nice to meet you.

Brett shakes his hand.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Please have a seat.

Brett sits down in one chair. Brody jumps up into the other. He sits and proceeds to STARE at Adam. The underbite very prevalent.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Um, actually, I meant just you,
but...

BRETT
You want me to have him get off?

ADAM
(a tad uncomfortable)
No. No, he's fine. He's a dog.
It's totally normal.

Denisha is standing in the back. Adam looks at her and nonchalantly NODS his head off to the side, for her to leave. Denisha doesn't pick up on it. So, Adam does it again. This time, more blatant, with EYE movement. She SHRUGS her shoulders and waves out her hands.

DENISHA
You want me to leave?

ADAM
Yes.

DENISHA
Then, just say it next time.

Denisha storms out.

ADAM
Can you get the...

The door SLAMS.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Door...Sorry for that. Let's talk
about why I wanted us to meet.

Out of nowhere, the THEME FROM BAYWATCH blasts from the computer speakers. "Some people stand in the darkness. Afraid to step into the light." Adam reacts quickly and unplugs the cord. Brett and Brody look at each other.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(composing himself)
Good song, right? Look, I'm going
to get right to it. In Doggywood
we have rules. I'm sure you've
been to a lot of other dog parks,
that allow you to just come and go.
We are not like that. We have much
higher standards. I keep an eye on
every dog and every person that
comes in this place. It's a way of
protecting not only you, but
everyone else. That's why we've
won five straight dog park of the
year awards. You seeing that?

Adam leans back in his chair and points with his thumb to the wall behind him. FIVE PLAQUES hang on the wall.

BRETT

Wow. That's pretty good.

ADAM

No. It's amazing! I'm sure you noticed when you walked in here today how safe and secure you felt. It's like Disney World for dogs, but far less liberal.

BRETT

It was our first time here. We didn't know there were rules. We just moved into the area and I heard this place was pretty cool.

ADAM

Pretty cool?...I see...Here's the deal. I saw your boy, Brody, fighting in the park today with a much larger dog. He could have been maimed or killed.

Brody twists his head from side to side in response.

BRETT

Adam. He wasn't fighting. That was him just playing. You can ask any of the other guys there.

Adam puts his hand up.

ADAM

First off, it's Mr. Archer. Just a small detail to remember. I can't take the risk of your dog being injured. That's why we have two parks. Doggywood for the bigger dogs, and Puppywood for the littler dogs. If you want to come back, you'll have to take Brody into Puppywood.

BRETT

You don't understand. Brody can't go in with the little dogs. He...

ADAM

No, I understand completely, because I know the rules, because I make the rules.

Adam reaches down and comes up with a BOOKLET. He hands it to Brett.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Here's the Doggywood Handbook.
You want to keep coming here in
good standing? I suggest you read
through it.

BRETT
But?

ADAM
No buts. Just read through the
rules. Have a good rest of your
day.

BRETT
(annoyed)
Let's go, Brody.

Brett gets up. Brody's leash in his hand. He goes to leave,
but Brody isn't budging. He continues to stare at Adam who
stares back at him like some SPAGHETTI WESTERN STAND-OFF.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Brody, let's go!

Brody hops down and trots over to Brett.

ADAM
One other thing. The handbook
costs ten dollars. You can pay
Denisha on the way out. We take
cash, card or bitcoin.

Brett shakes his head, opens the door and they both exit.
Adam taps the computer keyboard and Baywatch pops up on the
screen. He leans back in his chair. Grabs the Snickers.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Where were we, CJ?

INT. BRETT'S APARTMENT - LATER

We see the inside of a door. Hear keys jingle. Then the
door opens. Brett and Brody walk in. As they move inside we
see that the place is filled with BOXES. Some are opened,
others are not. Brett walks to a couch and collapses on it.
He looks around. Nothing on the walls. No TV. No other
furniture, for that matter. Just depressing.

BRETT
So, this is home. I guess?

Brody sits in front of him. He's panting with his tongue out.

BRETT (CONT'D)
 Sorry about the park, Bro. We'll
 see how it goes tomorrow. We can
 always find another one.

Brett looks down on the floor. There's an open box with a FRAMED PHOTO sticking out. He reaches down and grabs it. It's a photo of Brett, Brody and VALERIE (early 30's, Brett's wife, very pretty) they are smiling together. Brett rubs his finger across it. His eyes well up. Brody jumps up and wedges himself into Brett's lap. He licks Brett's face.

BRETT (CONT'D)
 I miss her, man. I know you miss
 her too.

Brody puts his paw on the photo and licks Brett some more.

BRETT (CONT'D)
 I'm okay. I'm okay. What do you
 say we get some food?

Brody jumps down and gives a little BEAGLE HOWL. Brett puts the photo back into the box.

BRETT (CONT'D)
 Let's go!

Close on the photo.

EXT. DOGGYWOOD/PUPPYWOOD MAIN GATES - MORNING

Hector is looking straight at us. Earbuds in, trimmer in his hands. He's EYEBALLING his work. He gives a little smile.

HECTOR
 Nice.

Over his shoulder, Brody and Brett walk up to the main gates. Brody PULLS Brett to the Doggywood gate. Brett LOCKS the leash, but Brody keeps pulling.

BRETT
 We're not going in there, remember.

Brody digs his NAILS into the concrete.

BRETT (CONT'D)
 Over here, Bro. Little dogs today.

Brett has to literally yank and DRAG Brody to the Puppywood gate. Brody BARKS, but gives up the fight.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Like I said. We can always find another dog park if this isn't to your liking.

Brett pops the latch and in they go.

INT. PUPPYWOOD/MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS

It's a completely different vibe. There's mainly dirt, one big mulch pit, and a few benches. There's no beach, no snack shop or forest area. Weiner dogs, Toy Poodles, a Frenchy, and a couple of little mutts wander about. Brett and Brody stand motionless amongst it all.

BRETT

Let's make the best of it. Right?

Brett undoes Brody from the leash. He doesn't move. WOMAN OWNER #1 (late 30s, owns the Frenchy) she stops and looks at Brody.

WOMAN OWNER #1

Well, aren't you just a little gentleman...what a cutey.

BRETT

Thanks.

Brody turns and gazes through the fence into Doggywood.

INT. DOGGYWOOD/MIDDLE OF THE PARK FENCE - CONTINUOUS

An Irish Setter jumps and catches a FRISBEE. A Dalmation plays FETCH with it's owner. Three dogs CHASE each other through the sand of the beach. Luna and Zara see Brody. They run up to the fence, all excited! Brody runs over to greet them. Hanz is talking with Johnny and Joe. He sees Brody.

HANZ

What's little Bo-Dee doing over there?

JOHNNY

I knew it. Adam exiled him to Puppywood.

JOE
He can't do that.

JOHNNY
Obviously, he can. The guy is such
a tool.

HANZ
There's Bet. Let's go talk to him.

JOHNNY
You know his name is Brett, right?

HANZ
Yeah, that's what I said. Bet.

Luna is LICKING Brody's HEAD through the fence. Zara
partakes, as well. Brett is just standing there as the guys
walk over.

BRETT
As you can see, we've been
banished.

HANZ
What was the reason?

BRETT
Big dogs belong with big dogs and
little dogs with little dogs. Says
it's in the handbook.

JOHNNY
Did he make you pay for it?

BRETT
As a matter of fact, yeah.

JOHNNY
Does that with everyone. Money
goes right into his pocket.

Lilly enters

LILLY
That's bullshit!

JOHNNY
(Spooked)
I swear, you're like Beetlejuice.
You just appear out of nowhere.

She pulls out her phone.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
What are you going to do?

LILLY
I'm pulling up the handbook online.

BRETT
It's Online? Jeez.

LILLY
I'm a lawyer. I'll figure this out.

JOE
I thought you were a therapist?

LILLY
I am. I just hated being a lawyer. Listening to people's problems all day is a whole lot easier than solving people's problems.

JOE
Makes sense.

LILLY
I'll be right back.

Lilly walks off SCROLLING through her phone. Brody is still getting licked. The little FRENCHY comes up behind and sniffs Brody's butt. Brody goes BALLISTIC! The Frenchy RUNS for his life. Brody in pursuit, nipping at his heels.

WOMAN OWNER #1
(screaming)
Oh my God! Baby! Come here.

The Frenchy runs into her arms.

WOMAN OWNER #1 (CONT'D)
Who owns this beast?

JOE
What just happened?

BRETT
He doesn't like little dogs. It's like a switch. I tried to tell Adam.

JOHNNY
This ain't going to be pretty is it?

BRETT
Probably not.

MONTAGE: (Slow motion cut to Theme from "PLATOON")

Brody attacks a little white poodle, who scurries away.

The first owner, with her Frenchy, runs out of Puppywood.

Brody chases dog after dog. Nipping at their heels and taking them down, one by one.

Johnny, Hanz and Joe along with others, are watching the carnage. Their faces perplexed.

Brody eyes wide, mouth open and saliva flowing.

People are picking up their dogs as fast as they can.

Screams and yips can be heard.

Brody finally stops, sits, and pants next to Brett. There's not one dog or owner left in Puppywood.

It's totally silent, til...

HANZ
(clapping)
That was awesome!

All the owners are outside the Puppywood gate, clutching their dogs to their chests. Woman Owner #1 walks up. Adam by her side.

WOMAN OWNER #1
(pointing)
That is the monster, right there!
He's terror incarnate!

ADAM
You two, again? You're gone! Go!
Leave!

BRETT
I tried to tell you yesterday that
Brody doesn't play well with little
dogs.

ADAM
Doesn't matter, two strikes, you're
out!

BRETT
It's actually, three strikes,
you're out.

ADAM
Not in Doggywood!

Brody looks up to Brett. Brett bends down and attaches him to the leash. They start to walk out. The Puppywood group CLAP and HECKLE them. Lilly steps up to the fence.

LILLY
Wait! I'm their lawyer.

ADAM
Lawyer? What? The dog has a
lawyer?

LILLY
Yes. I've been going through the
bylaws in your handbook and in
section one-zero-five-seven-four-
one-zero - D as in Delta - A as in
apple - C as in Custard - B as
in... Barbie. It states that dogs
of all breeds, creeds, and
nationalities regardless of size
are allowed to come into Doggywood.
You, sir, illegally kicked my
client out. All the while, knowing
that size doesn't matter.

ADAM
Really? Everyone knows that
Doggywood is for big dogs and
Puppywood is for small dogs.

Lilly raises the phone.

LILLY
Well, then maybe you should clarify
that in these bylaws.

Pin drop. All eyes on Adam. The REGULARS get ROWDY.

JOHNNY
What's up with that, Adam?!

HANZ
Yeah! What type of place are you
running?

JOE

Let him in! Let him in! Let him
in!

All the Regulars jump in on Joe's chant. Adam feels the pressure. He throws his hands up and walks away.

ADAM

Fine! Whatever! He can come back
into Doggywood. If he gets torn to
pieces, I'm not responsible.
You're all witnesses.

Brett walks out past the Puppywood crowd. They shake their heads in disgust.

WOMAN OWNER #1

Get that monster out of here!

Brett opens the gate to Doggywood and enters.

INT. DOGGYWOOD PARK - CONTINUOUS

The whole group converges on Brett and Brody. Joe is high-fiving everyone. He goes to hit Johnny's hand. Johnny stiffens it. A perfect slap.

JOE

No dead fish there. You're
learning.

JOHNNY

You know it!

Brody, Luna and Zara run off together. Brett walks over to Lilly.

BRETT

Lilly. That was amazing. You
really should keep being a lawyer.

LILLY

Too much work. I'd have to get a
degree and pass the bar.

BRETT

I thought you said you were a
lawyer?

LILLY

I lied.

BRETT

So, how did you know about the
bylaw?

LILLY

I made it up. I knew Adam would
crack, if confronted. It's in his
nature. I know people. That's why
I'm a therapist. I know the right
buttons to push.

BRETT

I don't know if I should be
impressed, or worried?

LILLY

(smiling)

Hey, I told you you'd be back, and
look... you're back.

Hanz gives Brett a big hug.

HANZ

(thinking)

Welcome back...Brett.

BRETT

Thank you, Hanz.

HANZ

I just love little Bo-dee.

Johnny walks over. He's doing a slow clap.

JOHNNY

Well, Boston, our dogs get along
pretty well. Maybe we can too...
eventually.

BRETT

I think that's a good possibility.

Brett, Johnny, Hanz, Lilly and Joe stand in the mulch
watching their dogs go at it til...

JOE

Where is Humper?

Joe goes running.

JOE (CONT'D)

Humper?

JOHNNY
I often wonder if he ever played
football with his helmet on.

Everyone laughs.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. DOGGYWOOD/PUPPYWOOD MAIN GATES - MORNING

Adam is walking past the main gates of Doggywood. He stops short and looks. The GIANT DOG SHRUB appears to be gone.

ADAM
What the?

He walks closer and looks down. The shrub has been trimmed down into the form of a Miniature Poodle. It's about the size of shoe box. Impossible to notice visually, unless you look for it.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(red faced)
Hector!

We pull back high and wide revealing the DOGGYWOOD sign.

FADE OUT: