

Small Town Pluto

Written by

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Draft 2

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE COUGHY SHOP - DAY

Pluto, Washington - West Coast, a small town (E.g. Pullman, WA). Buildings two stories tall made of brick and wood line the main street. Surrounding the town are rolling hills that lead to wooded mountains in the distance. At the end of a charming commercial strip is the Coughy Shop, a yet to open recreational marijuana dispensary. Sitting in front of the shop is a STORAGE TRAILER.

INT. THE COUGHY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The Coughy Shop has yet to be set up. There are moving BOXES everywhere; walls with just paint primer; nothing on the shelves.

TANNER BUTLER, 30, a laid-back stoner smokes a JOINT, and looks at his PHONE. Walking in from the back entrance of the shop, carrying BOXES, is XAVIER "X" CRAW, 34, an affable and nerdy black man.

X

Tanner! This is a place of business,  
not leisure. Pluto is not Seattle.

Tanner is still looking at his phone.

TANNER

Did you know how crazy the internet  
was, X?

X

We're opening in forty-eight hours,  
and you're smoking and talking about  
the...internet?

X grabs Tanner's JOINT and puts it out. Opening a box of GLASS PIPES and BONGS, X unpacks.

TANNER

Yeah! I googled the word 'moist'  
earlier, and let me tell you - wow!  
What a rabbit hole! Also, did you  
know Michael Jackson died?

Tanner shows X his PHONE screen. A YouTube clip of professional wrestling. X shakes his head, taking two BONGS to the front window.

TANNER (cont'd)  
Oh, turn it down a few stress  
notches, buddy. You're prepared on  
the business end. I'm prepared with  
the grow. We'll make our opening.

X doesn't acknowledge Tanner's appeal with agreement.

X  
(looking out window)  
I told you to move the trailer two  
hours ago.

TANNER  
I was obviously busy. Plus, all the  
bud in there is legal.

X  
No shit it's legal. My concern is  
leaving a million dollars of  
inventory in a box on the street.

TANNER  
Ha. Oh yeah. I never really thought  
about it like that.

X  
I know you haven't. So, let's move  
the trailer before somebody starts  
sniffing around.

INT. SUV - MOMENTS LATER

An SUV sits in one of the stalls of a two-car garage in the  
back of the Coughy Shop. The duo hops into the SUV and  
starts the engine. Playing on the radio is halfway through  
James Taylor's "Mexico." Tanner cranks the volume nob up.

TANNER  
Awwww shit! Call the fire department!  
James Taylor about to burn this  
mother down!

Looking over his shoulder, X starts reversing and backing  
out of the garage into the tight alleyway.

TANNER (cont'd)  
(singing loudly)  
Sleepy senorita with the eyes on  
fire. Woh, Mexico. It sounds so sweet  
with the sun sinking...

YELP-THUMP-THUMP! - Slamming on the brakes, X promptly has a look of dread.

EXT. THE COUGHY SHOP ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The SUV obstructs the scene of the accident from the side street connected to the alley. Tanner is the first to see it.

TANNER

Well, you don't see that everyday.

X

Jesusfuckingchrist don't tell me I hit a kid!

TANNER

Honestly...Kinda equal within our culture.

X

An old person?!

TANNER

Psh, it's much worse than an old person.

X timidly walks around and catches a glimpse of a dead BEAGLE. X freaks, while Tanner is collected.

X

Fuuuuuuuuuuck!

TANNER

Yeah. It's-- uhh. A dog. Was a dog?

X

It's a beagle!

TANNER

So...Throw it in the garbage?

X

The garbage?!

TANNER

Yeah. Let the garbageman worry about it. We're doing more than that dog would do for us.

Tanner notices a COP CAR slowing down on the side street connected to the alleyway.

TANNER (cont'd)  
 (noticing)  
 FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!  
 Okay, okay, okay, okay - uhhh...

Tanner takes out a small POCKET KNIFE, and he stabs the front-passenger TIRE several times. Finally popping, the SUV instantly becoming limp and broken.

X  
 What was that?!

TANNER  
 (crazed)  
 We needed a reason to be pulled over other than murdering snoopy!

X  
 Don't say murder! It was an accident!

The COP CAR has pulled over. Tanner opens the passenger side door and grabs a BACKPACK from the car. Tanner throws the BACKPACK to X.

TANNER  
 Clean up this "accident," and I'll talk to the cop.

X  
 (beside himself)  
 I had a dream this would happen to me when I was a kid.

TANNER  
 Oh god. Just stuff the mutt before more of your shitty childhood dreams come true!

The cop, DEPUTY RICK DANSEN, 45, in full uniform steps out of his car and approaches the SUV concealing the accident. X stuffs the mangled BEAGLE carcass in the BACKPACK. Tanner runs up to the Deputy Rick, spooking him.

TANNER (cont'd)  
 Officer! Thank god! The bad guy that popped my tire ran that way!

Deputy Rick puts a hand on his pistol as he looks wary of Tanner.

RICK  
 ...Deputy...Please describe this bad guy, sir.

X can hear Tanner's description of the assailant.

TANNER

(searching)

Well...Deputy...He had...Snake-like features...Definitely North Korean... and he kept talking about recreating 9/11!

RICK

Son of a...

TANNER

If you hurry, he JUST slithered that way with a stack of plane tickets!

Tanner points the other direction. Rick pulls out his PISTOL, and he starts running down the street.

RICK

(looking back)

NEVER AGAIN!

Rick tears his ACL and falls to the ground. Rick's PISTOL fires, breaking a window in the distance. Rolling on the street in pain, Rick is embarrassed and hurt.

TANNER

Are you alright, Deputy?

RICK

...Yep...Law enforcement never rests.

Rick slowly gets up and limps after the "criminal." Looking affected by the ordeal, X sits protected behind the SUV. The BEAGLE stuffed in the BACKPACK. Tanner walks back amazed.

TANNER

(to X)

You just got away with murder, friend-o.

X isn't laughing as he gets up and throws the backpack over his shoulder. Opening the driver's side door, X puts the car in neutral.

X

Help me push the car back in the garage.

TANNER

Ha-ha. You know what you and OJ Simpson have in common, X?

The duo starts pushing the SUV down the alley back to the garage. X gives Tanner a death stare.

TANNER (cont'd)  
What? You both played running back in high school.

MAIN CREDIT SEQUENCE

INT. COUGHY SHOP - LATER

With the BACKPACK around his shoulder, X and Tanner enter from the back entrance.

X  
There are a million things to do around here. Do. Something. Anything. I'm going to the VET. Hopefully this can be sorted out.

TANNER  
Aye-Aye, Captain! I'll get to it after lunch...kidding.

X  
Just don't let anything happen to that trailer.

X unlocks the front entrance and exits. Tanner eyes the store and all the jobs that need work. Tanner sits down, and he pulls out a JOINT. The Coughy Shop fills with smoke.

INT. VET LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

X walks up to the VET secretary MARY-LOUISE DAVIS (40) an unkempt woman that looks older than her age and prays to Make America Great Again. Mary-Louise stares at X with an unwelcoming glare.

X  
Hello.

Mary-Louise does not extend any warmth.

X (cont'd)  
Nice to meet you - My name is Xavier, but people call me X.

MARY-LOUISE  
Like the radical Islamic terrorist, Malcolm X?

X  
 ...Before this conversation becomes  
 anymore pleasant, I really need to  
 see a VET.

MARY-LOUISE  
 ...Regarding?

X  
 Pet stuff.

MARY-LOUISE  
 I don't see a pet, Malcolm X.

X  
 (jokey)  
 The cat is in the bag!

MARY-LOUISE  
 You sure yer not just tryin' to steal  
 pet drugs like my nephew?

X  
 No, please. I don't want any cat oxy  
 or horse tranquilizer. I just need a  
 VET. I have cash. I will pay up  
 front.

MARY-LOUISE  
 You people all talk the same.

X  
 Excuse me?

MARY-LOUISE  
 Don't get triggered by truth, Malcolm  
 X.

X  
 (leaning in)  
 The truth is you're not doing your  
 job you deplorable basement dweller.

Taken aback, Mary-Louise's face lights up with horror.

MARY-LOUISE  
 Jo-Joan-JOAN-JOAN-JOAN!

Walking out of her office into the lobby with purpose is  
 JOAN BLEDSOE, 45, a no bullshit, experienced town VET.

JOAN  
 Mary-Louise stop yelling.

MARY-LOUISE

Joan! This snowflake is stomping on my first amendment rights by not letting me openly criticize him.

(to herself)

This is why we need a wall.

JOAN

Do you have an animal that needs attention, sir?

X nods. Joan leads X toward the exam room.

MARY-LOUISE

Ain't no safe space gonna protect you in Pluto, snowflake. Mary-Louise Davis make sure of it.

X enters the exam room looking back at Mary-Louise shaking and fiercely speaking in tongues putting a hex on X. Joan slowly closes the door.

INT. THE COUGHY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Tanner sits looking at his PHONE when a light knock taps on the front door. Peering out the window, Tanner notices DAISY PRESCOTT, 22, a sorority girl with a BEAGLE. Tanner springs up quickly to unlock the door.

TANNER

(unintentionally  
creepy)

Who comes knocking on the candy man's door? A little girl looking for candy?

DAISY

...What the fuck?

TANNER

I'm sorry. That was weird. Probably universally. Even an alien would have--

Daisy eyes Tanner and over his shoulder into the store.

DAISY

...So, you're the weed guy?

TANNER

I am him. He is me.

DAISY

Pretty ballsy moving into a behind  
the times kinda place like Pluto.

TANNER

You college kids'll keep us in  
business...plus, my enormous balls.

DAISY

(casul)

I keep waiting for a man that has  
bigger balls than me.

TANNER

Whoa. That's kinda gross. But,  
surprisingly intriguing. Kinky.

DAISY

Yeah, I'm an open book.

TANNER

Well, would an open book...and that  
open book's dog like a super VIP,  
super very important person, preview  
of the Coughy Shop?

DAISY

Uh...Sure. Why not? You seem too  
stoned to be a rapist.

TANNER

Ha. Whoa. Tanner Butler.

Tanner extends his hand toward Daisy.

DAISY

Butler - Ha...I'm Daisy.

Daisy walks into the Coughy Shop with the BEAGLE.

INT. VET EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The BACKPACK sits on an exam TABLE next to X. Joan finishes  
putting on LATEX GLOVES.

JOAN

Despite parts of this town being  
dangerously behind the times like our  
friend Mary-Louise out there, at  
heart, I will always be a woman of  
medicine.

Joan mimes smoking a joint.

X

That's great! We'd love your support!

JOAN

(mom)

To a point. You ever sell to little ones. You know, children. I'll take you down, X. Got it?

X

Yes, mam. Crystal clear.

JOAN

Good. Now what kind of animal you got in that bag, X? A snake?

X

...Well. It's...There's no snake.

X shamefully and slowly unzips the BACKPACK.

X (cont'd)

I have nothing to say.

X unceremoniously dumps the beagle carcass on the TABLE. Joan examines the beagle for a moment, and solemnly removes, and disposes of her GLOVES.

JOAN

Princess Sprinkles is dead, X.

X

Princess Sprinkles? You know this dog?

JOAN

Well, X. Princess Sprinkles here was an unprecedented, five-time WKC show dog champion. A vicious competitor that wanted to murder the competition.

X

So, I ran over the Michael Jordan of dogs?

JOAN

Less beloved. More like Kobe. Either way, the Mayor's sure gonna be sour.

X

(distraught)

Wait...this is the Mayor's...Oh god,  
he's gonna wreck us before we even  
open shop.

JOAN

...off the record. Between you and I.  
Hypothetically: we could just pretend  
you never came in today.

X

And I just carry around the Mayor's  
dead dog?!

JOAN

Come on, city boy. Go bury her out in  
the woods. And hope to whatever you  
believe in that your secret stays  
buried out there.

Overwhelmed, X contemplates his next move.

INT. THE COUGHY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Tanner is unusually confident showing Daisy the Coughy Shop  
store plans. Daisy is cautious, not overreacting to  
anything.

TANNER

...I don't like to toot my own horn,  
but I make the best edibles in the  
state.

DAISY

I heard you had to remove some ribs  
to toot your own horn.

TANNER

Haha? Totally! I'm starving. You  
wanna go get a bite to eat or  
something?

DAISY

No. I'm fine.

TANNER

Oh. That's cool. I understand.

DAISY

I wanna smoke with you.

Tanner lights back up with excitement.

TANNER

O-M-G! You are so vivacious, Daisy.  
You have such a...firm...tight...  
energy about you.

Tanner is about to pull out a JOINT when X unlocks the front door. Entering with the BACKPACK, X is surprised and pissed there is a girl in the store. Daisy's BEAGLE starts smelling and barking at its dead sibling.

X

...What the fu--(interrupted)

TANNER

X! Meet - Daisy. Daisy meet X! My  
partner in recreational--

The BEAGLE is barking uncontrollably. X is very cold in reaction.

DAISY

(restraining dog)

I don't know what's gotten into  
Prince Amadeus, but maybe I should  
take him back to my parents.

X

Good.

TANNER

(worried)

Ha - what about our little hangout?

DAISY

Okay, desperate much?

Tanner attempts to play it cool. The dog continues to bark.

DAISY (cont'd)

Ha, your face. If you want you can  
come by my sorority on campus in like  
an hour.

TANNER

I love sororities.

DAISY

(to X)

You're welcome to join, also.

X doesn't respond - who is this girl?

TANNER

We'll be there, Daisy.

DAISY

Great! I'll text you the address.

Tanner opens the door for Daisy, and her barking BEAGLE to exit. Waving goodbye, Tanner closes the door and locks it.

X

You're lucky we have to go bury this dog, or else I'd kill you right now, Tanner.

TANNER

Bury the dog? You gotta be kidding me. We gonna have a prayer service, too?

X

It's our only option if we don't want the MAYOR to find out.

TANNER

This is Mayor Prescott's dog? Haha.

X

Why's that funny?! He'll shut our ass down if he found out.

TANNER

He was cool dude at the city council meeting.

X

Yeah, about small business coming to his town. Not murdering his once in a lifetime show dog!

TANNER

See! You did murder it!

X

Oh my god! Help me put this thing to rest.

TANNER

There is no way you're going to cock block me with a dead animal again, X.

X

Don't prioritize girls over business, Tanner!

TANNER

You hitting that dog wasn't business,  
it was strictly personal. So bury the  
dog, personally.

Tanner starts walking out the door.

X

Where are you going?

TANNER

(turns around)

To the college - I'll network with  
our future clientele while I wait for  
Daisy. Y'know, business - not  
personal.

Tanner exits. X has to bury this dog alone.

EXT. PLUTO FOREST - LATER

In the thick forest of evergreen trees, a lively SQUIRREL  
runs up a tree, a HATCHET flies in, kills, and pins the  
squirrel against the tree.

Carrying an AR-15, MASON WARFIELD, 40, a burly outdoorsman,  
removes the HATCHET from the tree. Biting into the  
squirrel's belly raw, Mason has a look of delicious  
satisfaction.

With BLOOD covering his mouth, Mason throws the used  
squirrel a few yards in front of him on the ground. Picking  
up his rifle, Mason passes the squirrel, and notices the  
carcass is laying next to a large pile of bear SCAT.

Cautiously approaching the SCAT, Mason gets on one knee, and  
he pokes and puts a sample taste in his mouth.

INT. LUCKY'S HARDWARE - CONTINUOUS

X walks into a modest sized hardware store, carrying the  
BACKPACK. There are no customers inside except for the  
owner, LUCKY, 60, essentially George W. Bush if he was never  
POTUS, standing behind the store counter. Delighted, Lucky  
watches the pen stabbing scene in "Goodfellas" on a little  
TELEVISION. Lucky hits mute.

LUCKY

Welcome to Lucky's Hardware - I'm  
Lucky!

X  
How's it going, Lucky? I'm X.

LUCKY  
What can I help you with, X?

X  
...Well, this is gonna sound strange,  
but I need a shovel.

LUCKY  
Not strange. Everybody needs a  
shovel. Haha.

X  
...Some rope.

LUCKY  
A shovel and some rope? Okay.

X  
...And a burlap sack.

LUCKY  
...are you one of them doobie  
brothers moving in over on Prescott  
Boulevard?

X  
Recreational marijuana. But yeah,  
how'd you know?

With a big smile on his face, Lucky walks around the counter  
to help X around the store.

LUCKY  
Well, when you buy what ya buy. I  
figure you got some loose ends left  
over before you go "legit."

Lucky picks out a SHOVEL and keeps walking.

X  
(joking)  
Haha. I didn't choose the thug life.  
Thug life chose me.

Lucky doesn't laugh - he's hardened as he grabs some ROPE.

LUCKY  
...Whoa - just like "The Wire."  
Mother fucker is on pest control.

Lucky winks, as X looks confused as to what he is discussing. Lucky misinterprets X's confusion and quickly realizes he might know too much.

LUCKY (cont'd)  
 ...Oh, don't worry. I ain't no bitch  
 ass stoolie, X. Lemme tell you. I can  
 keep anything on the hush-hush.  
 ANYTHING.

X realizes Lucky is convinced he's a gangster, and he puffs his chest out a bit.

X  
 ...Like where I can find some  
 storage? Preferably six feet under.

X winks at Lucky. Lucky picks out the largest BURLAP SACK he carries.

LUCKY  
 ...Yo, I got a spot on fleek. Secrets  
 stay buried there, ya dig.

Lucky extends his hand for a cool handshake that X warily keeps up with.

LUCKY (cont'd)  
 My man.

Carrying the tools, Lucky leads the way out of his shop.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In front of a manicured university campus, two sorority girls, BECKY and LAUREN (22) sit on the front porch of their sorority house. Walking up casually to the porch is Tanner with HEADPHONES on.

TANNER  
 (singing)  
 Just shower the people you love with  
 love. Show them the way that you  
 feel.

Walking up the stairs with no self-consciousness, Tanner pulls his HEADPHONES down, still blasting James Taylor's "Shower The People."

TANNER (cont'd)  
 What up, ladies? I'm Tanner.

BECKY  
Hi. I'm Becky. She's Lauren.

TANNER  
Sorority sisters, Becky and Lauren.

LAUREN  
What are you like a transfer student  
or something?

TANNER  
Ha. No. Me and my buddy are opening  
the weed store on the east side.

BECKY  
You're the Coughy Shop?

TANNER  
I am him. He is me. Daisy around?

BECKY  
No. But your competition is.

Becky points to FRANCIS BASIL, 19, a long haired hacky  
sacker banging the sack around in the university quad.

TANNER  
Competition?

BECKY  
Francis Basil - Pluto U's hookup  
since he was a Freshman.

A fellow student cautiously walks up to Francis. The  
exchange of MONEY and WEED takes place. The customer  
casually walks away, and Francis goes back to sacking.

TANNER  
Pshh. That's no hookup. This is a  
hookup.

Tanner pulls out a few dime BAGS of WEED from his pocket,  
and he friendly tosses them at Becky and Lauren.

TANNER (cont'd)  
Dime of the day: Afghani Bullrider.  
Compliments of the Coughy Shop. Hope  
to see you ladies at our opening this  
weekend.

Becky and Lauren are impressed as Tanner leaves the porch.

EXT. PLUTO U QUAD - CONTINUOUS

Approaching Francis, Tanner walks with purpose.

TANNER

Hey you! You think you're pretty hot?  
Real hot guy on campus, huh?

FRANCIS

What?

TANNER

Yeah, you're not even a hot young boy  
from what I saw watching you from  
across the way. I'm on to you.

FRANCIS

Are you trying to fuck me or bust me,  
narc?

TANNER

What? No! I'm - no. I'm like the  
furthest from a narc. I'm cool.

FRANCIS

But you're trying to fuck me?

TANNER

No! I'm going to put your black  
market shit, and when I say shit, I  
mean shit, out of business!

FRANCIS

Narc.

Francis walks away, firing Tanner up.

TANNER

Hot young boy!

Confused, Daisy taps Tanner on the shoulder.

DAISY

What was that all about?

TANNER

Jerk was calling me a Narc, which I'm  
not - so I called him a hot young  
boy - which he's not!

DAISY

Okay. Let's maybe cool down for a  
minute.

TANNER

No, no, no. I'm great! Def 100. I was yelling because I'm not self-conscious about what just happened...

DAISY

Great! How about some lunch then?

TANNER

...Perfect, yeah. The munchies are eating me alive.

EXT. PLUTO FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Looking through BINOCULARS, Mason carefully studies his surroundings in the evergreen forest. In the distance, Mason hears a car door SLAM.

EXT. PLUTO FOREST RIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Following toward the noise, Mason reaches a ridge that conceals him. Below the ridge is the trailhead where Lucky's TRUCK is parked. Mason crouches as he watches X get in the truck bed to retrieve his items.

EXT. TRAIL HEAD - CONTINUOUS

Leaning against his beat up TRUCK, Lucky smokes a blunt with his back to X in the truck bed. Grabbing the SHOVEL, BACKPACK and putting the ROPE in the BURLAP SACK, X hops out of the truck bed.

LUCKY

I just don't wanna see what kind of mess you back there, X. I hate being around rats.

X

Turn around, Lucky. What's done is done.

Lucky turns around and becomes confused for how light X is traveling.

LUCKY

Where's the package?

X

In the backpack.

LUCKY

Holy guacamole. The rat was a kid?!...That is sooooo cool! I mean, I get it. Sometimes there's collateral damage playin' "the game." I've seen Breaking Bad.

X looks at Lucky realizing his perception is much grander than the reality.

X

Pick me up in an hour, Lucky.

LUCKY

Remember I ain't no deep throat, X.

X

Just be here and we won't have a problem.

Lucky goes in for the fist bump. X reciprocates.

LUCKY

Baller status.

EXT. PLUTO FOREST RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The MAN watches Lucky helplessly stand by his truck. Mason changes his focus to X, making his way up the trailhead into the forest. Mason gets up, and he starts making his way toward X's location.

INT. TASTY FREEZE - LATER

Tanner's SOFT SERVE CONE is melting as he stares at Daisy provocatively sucking on a MILKSHAKE at the wholesome Tasty Freeze.

TANNER

...So are we going to talk about you and I?

Daisy has no idea she was being seductive.

DAISY

What? Us smoking?

TANNER

Nothing - it's just.

DAISY

It's just you want to fuck me, and my boyfriend complicates that.

TANNER

...Boyfriend?

Walking in the Tasty Freeze is Daisy's boyfriend, RILEY, 22, a red-state conservative hipster, damp with sweat and wearing a Bo Staff outfit. With him is his sidekick DOM, 20, who dresses exactly like Riley.

RILEY

Daisy don't worry. I'm here!

DOM

Don't worry! Everyone.

Walking right up to Daisy and Tanner's table, Riley sits on the table with his back turned to the non-existent Tanner. Slightly embarrassed, Daisy still dutifully goes in for a kiss.

RILEY

Easy, Days. It's a Tuesday afternoon and you're trying to get on second base?

DOM

Riley and Daisy hitting a double. Hot. So hot.

RILEY

Shut up, Dom.

DAISY

Shut up, Dom.

DOM

I'm sorry. You're right, Riles. Sorry, I'm so stupid. F'ing GD idiot.

Dom paces away hitting his forehead. Tanner is still invisible.

RILEY

ANYWAY, my day has been going great! My teacher told me I was exceptional, which is like, "I know" but the whole class heard him call me exceptional.

DAISY

...Which is all that matters.

In the background, still hitting his forehead and not looking up. Dom violently runs into and knocks over a CUSTOMER with a TRAY of FOOD. Riley is oblivious to anything but himself.

RILEY

Exactly. I don't throw the word 'hero' around lightly, but I was a hero today.

DAISY

Exceptional.

TANNER

How are you a hero?

Still sitting on the table, Riley slowly turns around. Dom is cleaning up his mess in the background.

RILEY

Where did you come from?

TANNER

I was sitting here the whole time.

RILEY

You were sitting with my cutie patootie?

TANNER

What are you high?

RILEY

High?! FU! You think a high-guy could stick his BS in your A?

TANNER

You're gonna stick bullshit in my ass?

Daisy giggles. Riley gets frustrated.

RILEY

Don't be crass. No!

Riley pulls out his bo-staff.

RILEY (cont'd)

I'm going stick my Bo-staff up your A.

TANNER

Ohhh, you're going to fuck me with bo staff. That's better.

RILEY  
Eww! Sodomy! Outside! Five minutes!

Riley slides off the table and begins announcing to the tasty freeze.

RILEY (cont'd)  
Fight! Fight! Fight!

The crowd at the Tasty Freeze gets riled up. Dom is just about cleaned up his mess, as Riley passes him.

RILEY (cont'd)  
Quit farting around, Dom.

Back at the table, Tanner confesses to Daisy.

TANNER  
...As hard as this is to believe from the tough guy persona I play on television, but I've never actually been in a fight.

DAISY  
Fight! Fight! Fight!

EXT. TASTY FREEZE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

A small circle of people continuing chanting "fight," among them Daisy and Dom, watch Riley and Tanner prepare for battle.

RILEY  
Thank you all for joining us. If we could take a moment of silence while we pray to Mother Gartha for guidance and strength.

TANNER  
Mother Gartha?

RILEY  
(duh)  
The sacred Mother and protector of bo staff. YOU must also pray to her, or the contest will be disqualified in her eyes.  
(to Dom)  
Dom, will you please start us.

Dom lowers his head and begins oddly humming, as Riley closes his eyes, and he harmonizes in the humming. Tanner rolls his eyes and closes them.

INT. TANNER'S MIND - CONTINUOUS

BLACK

As the humming continues, Tanner begins to have a vision form in his once blank mental canvas. It's beautiful and colorful. The colors form a woman, MOTHER GARTHA, goddess of bo staff.

MOTHER GARTHA

Mother Gartha bestows her great strength within Tanner.

TANNER

Ha. Thanks. Appreciated.

MOTHER GARTHA

...Protection activate!

EXT. TASTY FREEZE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Riley is just about to cheap shot Tanner with his BO STAFF when Tanner's eyes burst open, and he blocks the attack. Gaining the advantage and counter attacking, Tanner strikes Riley in the square of his forehead, knocking him out.

TANNER

Awwwww snap! You just got punk'd by your own Mother fucking Gartha!

Daisy grabs Tanner by the hand, and they run away from the raucous Tasty Freeze parking lot.

EXT. PLUTO FOREST - CONTINUOUS

In a small alcove off the trail, X is digging a hole into the earth. Shoveling hard, X hears a fallen tree branch crack on the ground. He stops to look around him, but the forest seems empty. X goes back to digging when he hears some brush rustle directly behind him. Mason emerges from concealment. His AR-15 pointed at X.

MASON

What are you doing on my property?

Turning around to face Mason, X is shocked dropping the shovel.

X

...I don't mean any disrespect. I'm just digging a hole--oh my god! Is that a machine gun?!

MASON  
Unzip the pack, boy.

Mason readies his rifle as X slowly unzips the BACKPACK and pushes it toward Mason. Peeking inside the bag with his rifle, X watches Mason. Letting his guard down for just a moment, Mason reaches into the bag.

MASON (cont'd)  
You killed Princess Sprinkles?! God  
bless yo--

X quickly grabs the shovel and hits Mason with it, stunning him. Grabbing Mason's rifle, X points the weapon at its owner.

X  
Just stay right there. Seriously, I'm  
so sorry. But zip up the backpack and  
hand it to me.

Mason plays it cool, and he zips up the backpack. Grabbing the bag, X turns around and starts dashing through the forest. Composing himself, Mason pulls out a handgun concealed to his leg and follows X.

EXT. MAYOR'S MANSION - LATER

Daisy and Tanner walk in the backyard of a giant, gorgeous property bordered by forest. The house itself is a sprawling, western-inspired mansion.

TANNER  
Huh. Nicest place I've ever smoked.

DAISY  
Yeah, my parents have done alright  
for themselves.

TANNER  
Your parents? Don't you think we're  
moving a little fast?

DAISY  
Shut up, Romeo.

TANNER  
What? Is this like a normal thing,  
Daisy? Inviting random boys over to  
your parent's to smoke?

Underneath a sprawling deck is an entrance to the house. A large mound of MANURE, a few yards off the entrance, sits on a BLUE TARP.

DAISY

I don't know? You seem like a cool guy. I wouldn't read into it too deeply.

TANNER

I'm at your parent's house. On our first...hangout. What I'm trying to say is...I just hate gray area.

DAISY

I get that. Uncertainty sucks.

Daisy tries to find house keys in her purse when she notices the mound of manure.

DAISY (cont'd)

Ugh. You wouldn't mind moving that, would you?

TANNER

Moving that giant pile of shit? Why?

DAISY

It's good for my Daddy's garden.

Tanner looks around the general vicinity - there is no garden, only a shed.

TANNER

I don't see a garden.

DAISY

I know. It sucks. But, it would mean so much to my family if you came through on this.

TANNER

...I mean, I don't have a shovel or work gloves or whatever.

DAISY

That's fine. Everything you need is in that shed out there.

Daisy plays with her hair and touches Tanner. Super flirty.

DAISY (cont'd)

Thank you so much, Tanner. You're seriously the best.

(MORE)

DAISY (cont'd)  
I'm sure you will, but pop that shirt  
if you get too hot.

Daisy turns around and seductively walks toward the house, with a look of mischief on her face. Tanner looks at Daisy walk away with equal confusion and lust.

TANNER  
This is not helping with our gray  
area, Daisy!

Daisy walks into the house - Tanner is stuck moving a pile of shit.

EXT. DEEP PLUTO FOREST - CONTINUOUS

X is running through the forest, carrying Mason's AR-15. Looking around, X notices nothing but endless evergreen forest surrounding him. Hearing a tree branch crack on the ground behind him, X promptly finds a place to hide on the forest floor.

EXT. DEEP PLUTO FOREST HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Lying in his perceived safety, X has a slight vantage of what's in front of him. Hearing another fallen branch crack on the ground, X sees an obscured figure (a bear) pass by but continues on its way. Relieved by what has transpired, X pops his head out of his hole.

EXT. VANTAGE DEEP PLUTO FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Unbeknownst to X, Mason has him and a BROWN BEAR in his binocular sight a few hundred yards away, and he fires his HANDGUN.

EXT. TRAILHEAD - CONTINUOUS

Sitting in his TRUCK smoking his blunt, Lucky hears the GUNSHOT. Fearing the worst, Lucky quickly starts the engine and speeds down the forest road.

EXT. DEEP PLUTO FOREST - CONTINUOUS

X falls to the ground in shock - A big BROWN BEAR was about to attack him before the gunshot. Running full speed, Mason powerfully tackles the BEAR. Rolling away from the fight, X gets up. The BEAR appears to get the upper hand on Mason. Leaving the AR-15 and Mason behind, X runs away.

EXT. DAISY'S PARENTS MANSION - DUSK

Shirtless and covered in manure, Tanner approaches Daisy holding a TOWEL.

TANNER

...I put the wheelbarrow and shovel back where they were.

DAISY

Oh, I'd hug you, but you're covered in shit.

TANNER

Yeah, about that. Could I take a shower...and then really...you can hug me, as much as you want.

DAISY

Yeah. Drop 'em.

TANNER

Pardon?

DAISY

Take off your pants. I'll wash your clothes while you shower.

TANNER

I'm not wearing underpants.

DAISY

What? Why not?

TANNER

I gotta let my boys breath the way nature intended, Daisy.

DAISY

You got something you don't want to show me?

TANNER

Gray area, Daisy! This is what I'm talking about.

Daisy shrugs and Tanner reluctantly takes his PANTS off, and Daisy sees *everything*.

TANNER (cont'd)

Are you holding back laughter?

DAISY

Noooo.

Handing the TOWEL to Tanner, Daisy knows she's played this Tanner situation perfectly.

DAISY (cont'd)  
 Shower is the first door on the right. I'll put these in the wash for you, big guy.

Tanner is herded into Daisy's parents house, naked and confused.

EXT. EDGE OF THE PLUTO FOREST - MOMENTS LATER

Bruised, battered and exhausted, X exits the forest with the BACKPACK. Unknown to him, the Mayor's mansion is in the darkened distance. A dirt road separates the edge of the forest and a property fence. X climbs over the fence.

MASON  
 (from behind, off)  
 You left me to die, coward.

X stops knowing his worst nightmares have come true. Putting his hands up, X turns around and sees Mason pointing his AR-15 at him. The BEAR's head has been decapitated and strung on Mason's BELT.

X  
 I'm the wrong tag team partner, brother. I don't fight bears.

MASON  
 You been on Warfield property all day, boy. I gots the right to defend my property at all costs against trespassers.

From a distance (toward the mansion) a suppressed sniper rifle is fired, hitting Mason square in the head, killing him instantly.

X  
 HOLY FUCK!

X gets down thinking he's next to go. Looking toward the mansion, X sees a silhouette of Mayor JOHN PRESCOTT smoking a CIGAR with the RIFLE on the deck. The silhouetted Mayor throws his cigar off the deck and heads into the mansion.

## INT. MAYOR'S MANSION BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tanner is in the shower, not washing himself. Daisy knocks on the bathroom door, but comes in regardless. The shower curtain separates them.

DAISY

Your clothes are in the wash -  
shouldn't take more than an hour.

TANNER

Oh, thanks.

DAISY

Make sure to clean up everywhere.

Daisy exits the bathroom, but the door doesn't close all the way, so Tanner assumes Daisy is still present.

TANNER

Gray area, Daisy! Can we talk about this? Because I need to get some stuff off my chest. I think you know I like you a lot. Yes, at first, I just wanted to make love so bad my boners were crazy, Daisy! Haha. That rhymes.

## EXT. EDGE OF THE PLUTO FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Huddled over Mason's corpse, X panics as a truck drives down the dirt road next to the property fence. Pulling up beside the crime scene, Lucky gets out of his truck.

LUCKY

X?!?

X

...Lucky is that you?

LUCKY

Hotdamn, Bboy! You had Lucky scared.

Lucky hops over the fence and sees the corpse of Mason.

LUCKY (cont'd)

Ohhhhh, shit! You 187'nd Mason Warfield?! And, on the mayor's property! Combo, OG.

X gets up triumphantly.

X

...Just remember who runs this shit.  
It ain't the mayor, Lucky.

Lucky face lights up like a kid in a candy store, his dreams are coming true.

X (cont'd)

Now, clean up this mess while I go  
fuck the Mayor's girl, yo.

X gives Lucky dap and walks toward the Mayor's mansion with amazed at everything. Lucky looks at X marching away with great pride.

LUCKY

(to himself)

I'm going to hell for my boy.  
Tiiiiiiight.

Lucky starts dragging Mason's corpse toward his truck.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Still taking a shower, Tanner looks upset as if he's not getting a response. No one else is in the bathroom.

TANNER

Don't give me the silent treatment,  
Daisy. I'm not Riley. I'm a man. I'm  
a man with immense feelings  
expressing himself through our joyous  
connection. Don't you feel the energy  
between us? It's so carnal...sexual.  
I know it's scary, and I'm scared,  
too. But, we must--

Daisy enters the bathroom.

DAISY

I threw your clothes in the dryer.

TANNER

Uh - Huh?

DAISY

I put some dry clothes for you in the  
guest room upstairs.

TANNER

...Thanks, Daisy.

DAISY  
We're you talking to yourself before  
I came in?

TANNER  
No...I was masturbating.

Tanner immediately regrets his response. Daisy doesn't  
laugh, but she's not disgusted by it. It's awkward.

DAISY  
Just hurry the fuck up so we can  
smoke.

EXT. MAYOR'S MANSION DECK ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Cautiously approaching the Mayor's sliding glass door on his  
large deck, X politely knocks on the glass. Opening the door  
is the Mayor John Prescott, 70, stout and affable, holding  
back a few BEAGLES.

X  
Hello, sir. My name is Xavier Craw,  
but people just call me, X.

JOHN  
Good evening, X. Come on in.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

X enters the house, and looks around the Western ranch  
decorated house.

JOHN  
Sorry you had to deal with that trash  
on my property. I hope you're okay,  
X.

X  
...I'm fine, sir.

JOHN  
Stop. You're a guest in my home now.  
Call me, John.

X  
I'm fine, John. But...you might not  
be fine with me after I...show you  
something.

JOHN  
Show me in the kitchen. I'm going to  
put some coffee on.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

John leads X to the kitchen, and pulls a BAG OF COFFEE BEANS from the pantry, while X awkwardly looks around. Putting a KETTLE on the stove, John gestures X to sit.

X  
There's no easy way to do this, John.

X unzips the BACKPACK and unceremoniously dumps Princess Sprinkles onto the kitchen table.

JOHN  
Ah, jeez.

Reaching under the kitchen counter, John pulls out a GARBAGE BAG and approaches the corpse.

X  
I am SO sorry about your beloved  
Princess Sprinkles.

JOHN  
Not beloved to me. The beagles are  
the wife's thing. The way I see it.

John points to the many other BEAGLES around, while he dumps Princess Sprinkles and the backpack in the bag.

JOHN (cont'd)  
That's Princess Sprinkles. And that's  
Princess Sprinkles. They're all  
Princess Sprinkles. Just count your  
blessings the wife is out of town.

Sealing up the garbage bag, John tidies the area.

X  
Holy shit. Haha. I'm sorry, John. I  
was expecting you to shoot me after  
all that.

JOHN  
Well, that would be impossible, X. I  
don't own a firearm.

X  
Sir?

JOHN

I don't make enemies, X. I'm a  
problem solver.

John warmly pats X on the shoulder, and dumps the trash into a larger refuse container. Switching on his COFFEE GRINDER, John begins crushing his beans when X sees the wet and toweled, Tanner. Daisy walks in from another room.

TANNER

X?!

X

Daisy?!

TANNER

Mayor Prescott?!

DAISY

Daddy?!

TANNER

...Daddy?!

JOHN

Tanner why did you move my manure and  
are now naked in my home?

TANNER

...I was trying to...squire your  
daughter, John.

JOHN

Daisy, go finish his laundry.

DAISY

Yes, Daddy.

JOHN

Go put some clothes on, Tanner.

In one direction, Tanner dejectedly walks away looking for his loaner clothes, in another direction, Daisy goes back to laundry room.

X

I,I,I don't know what to say.

John continues grinding the beans.

X (cont'd)

As much as Tanner has disappointed  
both of us tonight. I swear he's a  
good guy.

Moving the coffee grounds to the FRENCH PRESS, John pulls and pours the kettle to start the brew. John sets a timer.

JOHN

Your earlier gesture of courage and honesty about Princess Sprinkles reveals true character. If you vouch for him? It's good enough for me.

X

That makes up for Tanner existing?

John laughs but then becomes cold when Tanner walks into the kitchen. He is wearing a ROBE embroidered with 'John' on the lapel. Sitting down, Tanner and John stare at each other for what feels like an eternity. The timer beeps. John starts pouring coffee in CUPS. X kicks Tanner to say something.

TANNER

...Um. Mr. Prescott. Totally sorry.

JOHN

X? Cream, sugar?

X

Sounds good. Thank you.

TANNER

...The situation of me squiring Daisy, that is. But I assure you, Mr. Prescott. I didn't know she was your daughter.

JOHN

...Tanner? Cream, sugar?

TANNER

(unaware snob)

Oh, no. I only experience coffee in it's purest form.

John brings the CUPS over and rejoins the group.

TANNER (cont'd)

But, what I'm trying to get at, Mr. Prescott. This whole ordeal. If it's taught me one thing, it's that like anytime you try to hookup with a chick, it's somebody's daughter, y'know?

John doesn't respond to Tanner with any kind of emotional reaction. Just a man drinking coffee.

X and Tanner sit in awkward silence as they sip their coffee. X can't take it anymore and breaks up the silence.

X

Great coffee, John.

John takes a long satisfying gulp of his coffee.

JOHN

Don't thank me, X. Thank Pluto's local roaster Guillermo Blanco, and his thriving small business, Blanco Beans.

TANNER

A little underroasted, but decent.

JOHN

...You like coffee, Tanner?

TANNER

Well, when I was traveling in Algeria, I tried the local robusta pache colis bean. Devine.

JOHN

Three points: one, that wasn't the question I asked. Two, the robusta pache colis bean is native to Latin America. And three, no coffee is grown anywhere near the northern Sahara.

TANNER

Yeah, exactly, Mr. Prescott. Southern Algeria.

JOHN

Have you ever even been outside of the state of Washington, Tanner?

TANNER

...I should probably check on my laundry.

X

That's a great idea, Tanner.

Tanner gets up and is about to leave, but stops.

TANNER

For the record. I've been to Idaho.

Tanner exits.

X

Before we wear out our welcome tonight. Is there anyway you could give us a ride back to the shop?

JOHN

Do I have to take Tanner?

X

It's either that or leave him here.

JOHN

I'll get the car warmed up.

INT. MAYOR'S MANSION LAUNDRY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Daisy is sitting on the DRYER waiting for the clothes to finish their cycle. Tanner comes in.

DAISY

Hey, good looking. I'm upset we didn't get to smoke.

TANNER

I'm upset living in this sexual purgatory! Why do you keep leading me on?

DAISY

Because I think I like you.

The DRYER's buzzer goes off. Almost like he was behind the corner the whole time, John pops into the laundry room with the garbage bag containing Princess Sprinkles.

JOHN

Come on, Tanner. Gather your things. The bus back home is leaving.

John exits the laundry room. Daisy throws Tanner his CLOTHES.

TANNER

We're going to leave it like this?

DAISY

We are. But it's simple. You want me?

Tanner desperately nods.

JOHN

(off)

Hurry up, Tanner!

Tanner reluctantly walks away before Daisy stops him.

DAISY  
You gotta work for me.

Daisy pats Tanner on the cheek and struts out.

EXT. THE COUGHY SHOP ALLEYWAY - LATER

John is parked in the alleyway, as X and Tanner get out of his BLACK CADILLAC ESCALADE TRUCK. Tanner goes straight into the building from the garage.

JOHN  
Don't be a stranger, X. If there is anything I can do. Please, don't hesitate to ask.

X  
Thank you for everything, John.

John drives away down the alleyway.

INT. THE COUGHY SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Tanner is smoking a JOINT, lounging around the yet to be setup Coughy Shop. X enters and notices Tanner smoking, but his focus goes toward outside the Coughy Shop. As X walks past Tanner, he takes the JOINT out of his hand and takes a hit himself. Walking toward the entrance, X waves at Tanner to follow.

EXT. THE COUGHY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

X opens the door, Tanner stands next to him. The TRAILER is gone.

X  
You didn't move the trailer...did you?

TANNER  
Nope.

X  
...Fuck.

FADE OUT.

**The End**