

Panhandle

"Pilot"

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&

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ACT ONE

INT. NATE'S CONDO - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON Nate's alarm clock. 12:59 rolls into 1:00 PM. The radio blares. We pull out to see NATE CAMPBELL sleeping on a mattress on the floor. Nate is in his early twenties and looks scruffy and unkempt. His condo is very sparse, but notably messy. Nate rolls out of bed sluggishly, the radio still playing.

INT. NATE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Nate checks the cabinets and fridge for food, but finds only condiments and batteries.

INT. NATE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the shower, there is a small desk with a computer on it. Nate finds that he is out of shaving cream, and he dry shaves, looking into a filthy mirror. A note on the mirror reads "Buy Shaving Cream." He looks at the note curiously, and tosses it out the window. He then examines his teeth.

INT. NATE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nate exits the bathroom doing half-assed stretches, as if he only decided at the moment that should be part of his routine. He moves to the center of the room and assumes the push up position. He does one push up, and starts a second but collapses as if from boredom. He begins to slowly roll and crawl in the direction of the couch. He reaches to pull himself up onto the cushions, when his front door opens.

Nate's sister, SUSIE enters. She is wearing a pant suit and carrying a plastic bag full of food. Susie is not much older than Nate, but looks very professional. Her expression is exasperated disappointment as she looks down at Nate on the floor.

SUSIE

Nate, if dad and mom saw you on the floor at one PM, they'd blame *me*.

NATE

I couldn't find food.

SUSIE

I was looking at your finances this morning;

(MORE)

SUSIE (CONT'D)

you're making seven figures from your web business. You could order pizza for every meal, you could have a man in a limousine bring you caviar three times a day, you could have a pastry chef parachute onto your front lawn every morning with a fresh batch of croissants.

NATE

My neighbors have been telling me about this thing, uh, what's it called...meals on...on wheels. They bring you food, you know, to your door. They say it's pretty good.

SUSIE

That program is for the elderly and disabled.

NATE

I mean, most of my neighbors are elderly and disabled.

SUSIE

You're 22. And I *told you* when you moved in here, this is a de facto retirement community.

An OLD MAN using a walker passes by Nate's window. He sees Nate lying on the floor and waves cheerily. Nate grins and flops his arm in a vague salutary gesture. The old man turns away and yells off into the distance.

OLD MAN WITH WALKER

Get off my lawn!

SUSIE

And I have no idea what you do with most of your time.

NATE

At least I'm out of bed.

Susie sits down on the couch, and looks down at Nate. Her eyes spell genuine pity.

SUSIE

I brought you soup. And vitamins. I'm actually afraid you might get scurvy or something.

(beat)

And don't eat the vitamins as food.

Nate hauls himself off the floor and begins to scarf down the food.

NATE
(mouth full)
Thanks, Suze.

Her irritation subsides, and she ruffles his hair.

SUSIE
...so, busy day? Why are you out of
bed?

Nate looks at Susie out of the corner of his eye, and he searches for his words.

NATE
Oh, you know. Getting the jump on
the day.
(beat)
Also, I need a ride.

SUSIE
(teasing)
Are you going to the grocery store
or are you finally going to buy a
second shirt?

NATE
I need a ride to the bus station.

SUSIE
Wait, are you going somewhere?
Which bus station?

NATE
Is there more than one?

SUSIE
Well, I'd hope there's at least
two.

INT. SUSIE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

SUSIE
(furious)
Oh, god dammit, Nate!

NATE
(looking out the window)
I think they're putting up a bridge
over there.

SUSIE

Why didn't you tell me *they* were coming?

NATE

I thought you'd probably yell.

EXT. BUS STATION - AFTERNOON

BRUCE SOMERSET and TAD POLK exit the bus. They both are very dusty. They look as disheveled as when we first saw Nate, if not worse. Bruce is carrying an enormous canvas duffel bag. Tad carries nothing. Bruce is the larger of the two, and actually looks like he could run a mile. He is wearing an NSFU sweatshirt, with the sleeves cut off. Tad is of average height and wears glasses. They both stare into oblivion.

BRUCE

Is this the right town?

TAD

Fern Beach: Nate *says* he lives here.

BRUCE

There's also a Fern Beach, Washington.

Tad looks at Bruce's eyes.

INT. SUSIE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

SUSIE

Aren't they still in college?

NATE

They *graduated*, Susie.

SUSIE

(incredulous)

Really?

(beat)

Your life just gets so...*weird* when Bruce and Tad are around. How long are they staying?

NATE

(proud)

They're coming to live with me.

She grips the wheel tightly and stares hopelessly ahead.

EXT. BUS STATION - AFTERNOON

Tad and Bruce are struggling to operate a vending machine. Bruce is staring at the keypad, and Tad is shaking and punching the machine.

BRUCE

I'm pretty sure, if you enter in the right code, you can get access to the food machine's operating system.

Tad immediately stops, and becomes interested.

TAD

Why would they have that?

BRUCE

So they can fix it. Or for emergencies. Do you think Heebie Jeebies restock themselves?

TAD

I'm pretty sure the vending machine guys can probably just get free snacks out of these whenever they want. It's in their contract.

Bruce tries a code.

BRUCE

Well, that didn't work.

TAD

What code did you try?

BRUCE

A bunch of nines.

TAD

Why would that work, Bruce?

BRUCE

I figured it would overload its computer.

TAD

Oh, I see. Good call.

BRUCE

Want to break the glass?

INT. SUSIE'S CAR - AFTERNOON

SUSIE

Nate, your condo is borderline condemned. It can barely house one person!

NATE

It's a solid place.

SUSIE

Does solid mean no furniture besides a couch and mattress?

NATE

And computers.

SUSIE

Do you know what furniture means, Nate?

They pull into the bus station. We see Bruce and Tad are in a heated argument with a hotdog vendor. He is fending them off with his tongs.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Oh god.

EXT. BUS STATION - AFTERNOON

Nate rolls down the window of Susie's car.

TAD

Hey, chill out man. The ketchup's free for everyone else.

HOT DOG MAN

They bought a hot dog! It's not free, just complimentary!

BRUCE

Okay Sir, I have ten cents. Can I *buy* ketchup, and *then* get complimentary ketchup?

HOT DOG MAN

No!

(jabbing)

Get away from my cart, before I call the police.

NATE
(out the window)
Hey, guys!

BRUCE AND TAD
(nonchalant)
Hey, Nate.

Bruce sighs, removes his wallet, and conspicuously slaps a twenty into Tad's open palm. Susie parks, and she and Nate get out of the car.

NATE
So, how are you guys?

BRUCE
Oh, we're good.

Tad looks back and projects hatred at the hotdog vendor, who is now talking to a bicycle police officer.

TAD
A little hungry.

BRUCE
Yeah, food sounds good.
(notices Susie)
Oh, hi Suzle.

TAD
How's it going, Suzle.

SUSIE
Why do you call me that? That's never been my name.

BRUCE
Fine, whatever nice car, Nate.

SUSIE
It's actually my car. Now just get in and shut up. I hope your bags fit; I have a lot papers in the trunk.

TAD
(proud)
You mean, *bag*.

SUSIE
Is that where you put all your marbles?

INT. NATE'S CONDO - AFTERNOON

Bruce and Tad are going through Nate's fridge, while Nate sits on the couch and Susie lectures him.

SUSIE

What I'm saying is your condo is not approved for occupancy by three single men.

NATE

I don't need people to approve of me.

SUSIE

No, this is about county zoning laws.

NATE

Yeah...what's federal law say?

SUSIE

(sighing)

Nate, your friends need to find a place to live in two days.

Nate leans back over the couch and winks at Bruce and Tad, who are not watching.

NATE

(finishing his wink)

Oh, they'll find a place to live alright.

SUSIE

You handle subtlety like a ten-year-old.

NATE

Look Susie, they've been my friends for my entire life. We'll figure it out.

SUSIE

(softening a bit)

Okay, Nate.

(beat)

In the mean time, I didn't really want to say this, but all three of you really need a shower.

Susie walks into the bathroom. Nate looks nervously at Tad and Bruce.

SUSIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Nate! There's a computer in your shower. And where's the shower head? How have you been bathing?

SMASH CUT:

EXT. NATE'S LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Nate, Bruce, and Tad are all in boxers. Nate is hosing down Bruce and Tad. Susie's arms are crossed, as she watches defeated and befuddled.

TAD

You take all your showers this way, Nate?

NATE

Yeah!

BRUCE

This is great!

NATE

Watch this...

Nate sticks the hose down his boxers. GREG SILVERS enters. He is a robust but arrogant-looking retiree. He flaunts his wealth and active lifestyle with his track suit and gold Rolex. He is a community leader and does not disguise his disapproval of Nate.

SILVERS

Nate, are you doing something besides wasting water this afternoon? Or *morning* for you.

NATE

Hi, Greg! These are my friends.

SILVERS

My name is Mr. Silvers.

Silvers moves closer to Susie, and puffs his chest.

SILVERS (CONT'D)

Hi, Susie. How's the practice?

SUSIE

It's fine, Mr. Silvers.

SILVERS

Please, I stopped being Mr. Silvers the day I retired and got a yacht. You should go on a voyage with me some day.

SUSIE

No.

(to Nate)

Nate, I'm leaving. I'll check on you in two days. Find a place for your friends to live!

BRUCE

Bye, Suzle!

SILVERS

You got a couple squatters, Nate?

Nate looks over at his two friends who are now incidentally squatting over the hose.

NATE

Yeah, I guess.

SILVERS

You know there's no way you can legally have two roommates in your shack. Here's councilman Smiley, now.

JOHN SMILEY enters. He's a well-dressed man in his eighties. He sports little round glasses and a dotted bowtie. He treats Nate like a grandson.

SMILEY

Oh, hi Nathaniel. Hi, Greg. I have some big news. I'm proud to say, I'm looking at the winner of the Fern Beach tenth annual Hydrolympics, and thus the new Water Sergeant who will represent Fern Beach on water issues for the next year.

Greg Silvers bows.

SILVERS

This is excellent news, Smiley. As you know, when I spent those two months in Sierras, I learned something about man's place in nature...

John Smiley doesn't realize Silvers is talking to him. He walks past Silvers, and shakes Nate's hand.

SMILEY

Congratulations, young man. I am happy to say, you are forty years the junior of the last Water Sergeant.

NATE

Oh, thank you Mr. Smiley. Do I get a sash?

SMILEY

You do! You'll get it at the city council meeting tonight.

SILVERS

Wait, how the hell did you pull that off, Nate. That hose has been running water for two months.

CLOSE ON Bruce and Tad biting the water from the hose like dogs.

SILVERS (CONT'D)

That's not *my* hose, is it?

NATE

I think it's communal, Greg.

(thinking)

I've never been to the other end.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FERN BEACH CITY COUNCIL CHAMBER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the pounding of a gavel. We see it is John Smiley leading the session.

SMILEY

That's nine yays and two nays for the abandonment of Robert's Rules of Order.

We pull out and see the whole council has an average age of 74. Fern Beach is unofficially a retirement community today.

COUNCILMAN 1

But without order we are but animals.

SMILEY

I'm sorry, Mr. Frist. We will transition to lower formality over the next four years. And now, a very special bit of business, I'm proud to announce the winner of this year's Hydrolympics, Nathaniel Campbell. Everyone give a Fern Beach hello to our new Water Sergeant.

COUNCILWOMAN 1

Nathaniel, I was Water Sergeant in 1967. You'll be so cute in that dashing sash.

Smiley gives Nate the sash. He is genuinely proud. The sash is baby blue, with gold Latin text.

SMILEY

(sincerely)

You look very masculine.

Silvers is at a separate desk, with his own gavel, which he hammers. He is wearing an Armani suit, vastly overdressing.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

Yes, Alderman Silvers.

The local government is a hybrid of a council-based and aldermanic system primarily to occupy more residents.

SILVERS

Thank you, councilman Smiley. I have an issue to present to the council on the behalf of the aldermen.

Silvers is the only alderman.

SILVERS (CONT'D)

It has come to my attention that our new Water Sergeant is violating county law by harboring two additional residents in his condominium.

SMILEY

Is this true, Nathaniel?

NATE

(looking up from his sash)
Yeah, Mr. Smiley. You met them like three hours ago.

SMILEY

(barely remembering)
Oh, Bryce and Ted. I do like them.

SILVERS

Yes, but they're going to have to go, Water Sergeant. You're a public official now, we can't have you violating the law you protect.

SMILEY

I'm afraid he's right, Nathaniel.
(beat)
But I suppose we can look the other way, at least until winter.

SILVERS

(pissed)
No! The aldermen have already taken action by contacting Daniel Logg.

Shocked whispers erupt. First revealing that Logg is the Fire Marshall, followed by unrelated gossip.

NATE

(confused)
Who's Dan Logg?

SMILEY

Why he's the Fire Marshall of Fern Beach County.

(MORE)

SMILEY (CONT'D)
(oblivious to the gravity
of the situation)
He hates the Water Sergeant!

INT. WOODMAN'S LODGE - NIGHT

Woodsman's lodge is a hunting and forestry-themed restaurant, inside it loosely resembles the interior of a log cabin. The young waitress, BETH, approaches the table.

Beth SLAMS down three large steins of water.

BETH
A round of big waters for the big
new Water Sergeant. What are you
gentlemen hungry for this evening?

NATE
Hi. I'll get the lumberjack stack
of pancakes.

BETH
Sure thing.
(looks at Bruce)
And what can I getcha?

BRUCE
(looking at Beth's name
tag)
Beth...that's a nice name; is it
short for something?

BETH
Yeah.
(beat)
Elizabeth.

BRUCE
Well Elizabeth, you look great in
that coonskin cap.

Beth giggles.

BETH
They make me wear it.

BRUCE
Matches your eyes.

Beth giggles again and blushes.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(nodding at Nate)

Now I would love to have the same thing as the gentleman next to me. Do you think that we could pull off bacon instead of the hashbrowns?

Beth squeezes Bruce's shoulder.

BETH

Sure thing, big boy.
(turning to Tad)
And for you?

TAD

(looking at the menu)
I'll have waffles. Four waffles.

BETH

Coming right up boys.

Beth leaves.

NATE

So, how's it feel to have shiny new degrees? Not to have homework anymore?

BRUCE

It's good, I think my uncle is disappointed that I didn't come work at his hotel.

NATE

So, you ended up with the hotel management degree, then?

BRUCE

Yup, specialization in island resorts.

NATE

Sounds grueling. Tad, I trust you finished up your mechanical engineering stuff alright. How is the fountain building going?

TAD

(shrugs)
It's okay.

BRUCE

Tad...tell him.

TAD
Tell him what?

BRUCE
(to Nate)
Tad, here, won a prize. A big one.
The top prize given in the state of
Florida, to top fountain engineers.

TAD
We're called fountaineers.

BRUCE
NSFU installed the fountain in the
quad; it was inspired by Spanish
explorers...

TAD
(correcting)
It was based on Ponce de Leon and
the Fountain of Youth; it's
entitled "*La Fuente de Dios*."

NATE
Sounds impressive.

TAD
I've submitted it as my masterpiece
to the Fountaineers' Guild; I won't
hear back for months.

BRUCE
What about you Nate, I heard you
were making money from the
internet. Is that right?

NATE
Yeah, more or less. It kind of runs
itself. I've just been mostly
hanging around. I built a sand
castle last month.

BRUCE
Good for you, buddy. Good for you.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nate, Bruce, and Tad walk towards Fern Beach Liquor and
Gifts.

BRUCE
So, the Fire Marshall is coming
tomorrow morning?

NATE

That's what they said. It's really important that we clean up a bit.

TAD

(pointing to sign)

So, Nate, we going to celebrate our reunion tonight?

NATE

We probably shouldn't drink tonight. We're just going to get some snacks.

They enter the liquor store.

INT. FERN BEACH LIQUOR AND GIFTS - NIGHT

The door RINGS as they enter. JENNY staffs the front counter and seems delighted to see Nate. Jenny is the same age as the three guys. Her hair is tied back and neat.

JENNY

Nate! How are you? I haven't seen you since Monday.

NATE

(nervous)

Yeah...that was yesterday I think, Jenny.

JENNY

No. That was three days ago. I was hoping I'd see you soon. Who are your friends?

TAD

Tad.

JENNY

Jenny Miller.

BRUCE

(extending his hand)

Bruce Somerset. A pleasure to meet you, Jenny. Nate didn't mention he had such a pretty friend.

Jenny is flattered.

TAD

(fiddling with a lighter)

Or any friends.

BRUCE

(to Nate)

Alright, buddy. We'll grab the snacks. You hold down the fort.

Nate is confused, and Jenny continues to smile. Her phone rings.

JENNY

(answering phone)

Hello? This is she. Well okay then, bye.

(to Nate)

So, Nate...I've been meaning to ask you, what do you *do*?

NATE

(awkward)

Do when?

JENNY

When you're not here.

NATE

Well today...I picked up Bruce and Tad, and we took a shower, then I became the Water Sergeant, and then we came here...and Susie yelled at me a lot.

JENNY

(squinting)

Who's Susie?

NATE

My sister
(rolls eyes)
The lawyer.

JENNY

Oh! I'd like to meet her!

Tad returns with an armful of crappy snacks: pork rinds, pop tarts, and cold cuts.

TAD

Do you like roast chicken slices?

NATE

(distracted)

Yeah, I guess. I mean, turkey is...

TAD

(slamming ten packs onto
the counter)

Good.

(to Jenny)

Before you ring this up, we're
going to need some liquor.

BRUCE

Tad, Nate said no drinking tonight,
although I guess we haven't seen
each other for over a year.

JENNY

Aww, over a year. Oh, so you guys
go way back?

TAD

Oh, no, I forgot, I guess Nate
doesn't like having man nights
anymore.

NATE

(beat)

Alright...we need some scotch,
brandy, corn whiskey, mead...

JENNY

(excited)

I don't think we have that last
one, but I'll get what I can for
you.

EXT. NATE'S CONDO - NIGHT

Nate, Bruce, and Tad come to the front door. Nate has a huge
brown grocery bag in his arms.

TAD

Wait, so you *named* your condo?

NATE

Every great house has a name. Like
Monticello or Deerpark or...The
White House.

BRUCE

Didn't you come up with some dumb
name for your future house in
eighth grade when you thought we'd
all live together?

TAD

It was something really gay.

NATE

The condo is named "Guypark."

TAD

Yup, that was it. Super gay.

BRUCE

Yeah, that's like the gayest name you could have chosen.

NATE

Sorry, guys. What's done is done.

INT. NATE'S CONDO - NIGHT

The three guys enter the condo. Liquid SWISHES around as Nate tries to open the door.

TAD

You don't lock your door?

NATE

Nah, no point.

BRUCE

Well, I don't know about you fellas, but I'm unken to get drunken.

NATE

(beat)

We can't Bruce; I told you. We need to clean up for the Fire Marshall.

TAD

There's not much to clean. It just seems messy in here, because everything is crap.

NATE

That's true.

Tad has wandered into the kitchen, and is looking through the drawers.

TAD (O.S.)

You have a lot of knives, Nate. A lot of hunting knives.

NATE

Yeah, I got them at an estate sale,
when my neighbor died.

BRUCE

I was reading a pamphlet about
knife throwing on the bus.

NATE

I mailed that to you.

EXT. TREE - NIGHT

A series of knives bounce harmlessly off of a tree in quick succession. There is a pause. An empty glass bottle is thrown against the tree and bounces without shattering.

EXT. NATE'S LAWN - CONTINUOUS

BRUCE

Crap, this is harder than I
thought. That tree is so big.

NATE

Dammit, we're drunk.

TAD

Nate, Nate, Nate.
(poking Nate's chest with
a bottle)
We can't drink all this. We have to
destroy it, so the Fire Marshall
doesn't know.

NATE

We can be drunk. Whaz he gunna do.
Fire us?

Laughter.

BRUCE

Tad's right, Nate. We have to do
something about all the rest of the
liquor.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. NATE'S LAWN - LATER

A large bonfire ROARS with empty scattered bottles around it.
All three guys are staggering around it in a circle.

A MASKED EGRET walks in to the flame and is incinerated, emitting its characteristic SQUAWK.

We fade to black. Fading back a moment later to:

EXT. NATE'S LAWN - THE NEXT MORNING

The guys are passed out around embers. The remnants of a chair lie near the fire's boundary. Several knives are embedded in the chair.

CLOSE ON boots, slowly marching towards the three guys. The boots stop, and we hear a TAPPING.

CLOSE ON a pen tapping a clipboard.

CLOSE ON Nate's face. He opens his eyes slowly, shielding his face from the alien morning sun.

Nate's P.O.V.: The FIRE MARSHALL drifts from a blurry silhouette to a sharp, towering figure. His face is stern and uncompromising.

FIRE MARSHALL
Are you Nathaniel Campbell?

NATE
(half-awake)
Yeah...

FIRE MARSHALL
Daniel Logg. Fern Beach County Fire
Marshall.

Nate blinks slowly.

FIRE MARSHALL (CONT'D)
I'm here to inspect condominium
number 137, home of the new county
Water Boy. I observe the door is
already open. I'll let myself in.

INT. NATE'S APARTMENT - LATER

The three guys look like shit. All three are filthy and have ash on their face. They sit on the couch, as Daniel Logg paces in front of them.

FIRE MARSHALL
Water Sergeant, I've inspected the
premises and come to the following
conclusions.
(MORE)

FIRE MARSHALL (CONT'D)

One, this structure is outdated, and was seemingly originally designed to house animals or tools. Two, this "condo" or more correctly "death trap" meets no electrical or fire codes, and would not meet the standards of a Medieval Prison. Entering the information gathered during my investigation into the standard equations, I have calculated a maximum occupancy of 0.7 people.

NATE

Well, you round up, right?

FIRE MARSHALL

No, Mr. Campbell, we round down.

NATE

Oh.

FIRE MARSHALL

You have three days to miraculously modernize this tinder box, or I'll have no choice but to have you all evicted and the building condemned, I pray indefinitely. Have a good day.

The Fire Marshall promptly leaves, fixing his uniform as he steps out the door. He closes the door, but it has a natural tendency to swing back open.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

Nate dials Susie from a payphone in a frenzy.

NATE

Susie!

SUSIE

What, Nate?

NATE

I've got a big problem.

SUSIE

Let me guess: you were informed by the city that your friends and perhaps you cannot live in your condo.

NATE

No!

(beat)

Yeah...how did you know?

SUSIE

That was the likeliest scenario. Well, have you started looking for a new place? Maybe not dilapidated or in a retirement community?

NATE

No, Susie. I'm not abandoning Gypark!

SUSIE

You're still calling it that?

NATE

The Fire Marshal said our building is unfit for any residents. That's obviously not true. Is there anything we can do?

SUSIE

Nate, I'm sorry, it's over. To even have a chance of legally construing that building as a viable structure, you'd have to go so far as to become a church or a ranger outpost or something like that.

NATE
Ranger outpost?

SUSIE
Oh God. Nate, if you get some boxes, I'll even help you move out. You only own like five things.

NATE
(excited)
Okay, thanks, Susie, bye!

SUSIE
(continuing)
I have some leftover boxes at my house, now that I think of it.

NATE
Sorry, Susie, got to go. In a rush. Bye!

INT. SMILEY'S CONDO - LATER

Mr. Smiley opens the door and finds Nate.

SMILEY
Why, hello, Nathaniel. What brings you here? Is there a problem with the water?

NATE
No. Mr. Smiley, how do I become a ranger outpost?

SMILEY
How about you come in and take a seat. We'll discuss it.

Nate takes a seat.

SMILEY (CONT'D)
So, Nathaniel, what makes you want to start a ranger outpost in our community?

NATE
Oh, the Fire Marshall is going to evict us otherwise.

SMILEY
Oh, the Fire Marshall, he really hates the Water Sergeant.

NATE

Yeah. So anyway...are there forms or something?

SMILEY

Oh my, yes. I'll fetch them. While you wait, would you like some butterscotch candies?

NATE

Yeah, sure.

SMILEY

Here's the candy tray. I made it at the community center.

NATE

(genuinely)

Oh, it looks like from a store.

Nate unwraps the candy, and pops it in his mouth. He grimaces.

SMILEY (O.S.)

They're sugar free. I'm very worried about the diabetes.

NATE

(spitting out the candy)

Oh, I didn't know you were a diabetic.

Smiley returns with a stack of forms.

SMILEY

Oh my, no. But you can't be too safe.

NATE

Mr. Smiley, at your age, you should live a little.

SMILEY

I think it's fantastic that you young people want to help out with our natural resources.

NATE

Is there any training?

SMILEY

Heavens no. It's extraordinarily easy.

(MORE)

SMILEY (CONT'D)

I imagine they'll have you monitor
wildlife populations maybe,
especially the birds and the masked
egret. They're all so beautiful.

NATE

So, what do I need to do with these
forms?

SMILEY

Well, you just fill them out and
return them to me.

NATE

Can I just do that now?

SMILEY

Oh gosh, no. I'm about to go to
sleep. Also, you'll need a lawyer
to sign off on much of this. Say
hello to Brad and Timothy.

INT. LAW OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Susie is talking to her father on the phone in her office.

SUSIE

(on the phone)

So, Tad and Bruce have come to live
with Nate.

(beat)

It's not wonderful, Dad. He can't
feed himself, much less three
Nates. Also, I think they're
getting evicted.

(beat)

I've told him so many times he can
afford a house, but he loves that
condo.

(beat)

Yeah, I know it's a gay name. He's
obsessed with it. Anyway, I have a
big case to work on, I'll talk to
you later.

(beat)

Bye, dad.

Nate enters. Susie looks very tired.

NATE

Susie! I need forms filled out by a
lawyer!

SUSIE

(hopeful)
Did your friends get arrested?

NATE

No. These are the forms to be a
ranger outpost.

SUSIE

Who gave those to you?

NATE

Old Mister Smiley did.

SUSIE

I can't fight all your battles for
you.

NATE

But, Susie, I gave you power of
attorney...

SUSIE

(beat)
Don't spread that around, okay. It
practically makes you my kid.

Nate offers the forms.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Nate, I'm not going to sign those
forms.

NATE

Why not, Susie?

SUSIE

There are *so many* reasons why you
should not be a RANGER OUTPOST!

NATE

Come on, Susie. This has always
been my dream.

SUSIE

What, being a ranger?

NATE

No, keeping Guypark!

SUSIE

First off, you have no interest in
the natural world.

(MORE)

SUSIE (CONT'D)

And you don't even have the
requisite staff of at least...two
volunteer deputies...

We see through Susie's office window Bruce and Tad trying to
staple each other. Tad successfully staples paper to Bruce's
shirt.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

(defeated)

Give me the forms.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. GUYPARK RANGER OUTPOST (NATE'S CONDO) - DAY

CLOSE ON: several employees of the Florida Department of
Recreation and Parks hammering a sign into Nate's lawn. The
sign reads: "GUYPARK RANGER OUTPOST".

PARK SERVICE EMPLOYEE 1

(shakes head)

These ranger outposts always have
such gay names.

BRUCE

I'd doubt that. Like what?

PARK SERVICE EMPLOYEE 2

Queenfield, Fairyheights,
Dancingpond...

NATE

I think we broke that mold.

Greg Silvers enters furiously.

SILVERS

What in God's name is going on
here, Campbell?

NATE

Oh, hi, Greg. I thought you were
going mountain kayaking?

SILVERS

I was, until I got a notice that
part of my property was being
seized by the park service via
eminent domain.

NATE

Oh, yeah. That was my bad. You can still use it and stuff.

PARK SERVICE EMPLOYEE 1

(to Silvers)

Sir, we're going to need you to let us clear that region over there for the visitors information kiosk.

SILVERS

That's my hot tub! Nate, this isn't over! I'll turn your life into a living hell.

NATE

Come on, Greg. We're doing this for the environment.

SILVERS

No, you're doing this to prevent being evicted.

TAD

Greg, with all due respect, as a deputy ranger, I'm going to have to ask you to come back when the park is open.

Silvers storms away. The park service guys approach Nate.

PARK SERVICE EMPLOYEE 2

So, Ranger Campbell, you understand that in a time of environmental crisis, it might be required to house up to twenty rangers in your outpost. It's meant to be a refuge for rangers addressing serious natural concerns.

NATE

Yeah, no prob. Hey, by the way, I've been meaning to ask, do we get sashes?

PARK SERVICE EMPLOYEE 2

You get a full uniform, including one forest green sash.

NATE

Alright!

INT. NATE'S LIVING ROOM - DAYS LATER

TAD

I swear, I've seen pee burn.

BRUCE

Yeah, I was there too, but I can't be sure Pat didn't sneak in some grain alcohol or kerosine or something.

TAD

Yeah, I guess it could have been a magic trick.

NATE

Wait, so it's only asparagus pee that burns?

TAD

That's what I was told.

BRUCE

I think he phrased it, "deeply infused asparagus urine."

NATE

We should try this, but I don't know where we're going to find asparagus.

BRUCE

Yeah, where do you get that?

TAD

I think Asia.

NATE

It's going to be expensive.

The loud MURMUR of a large crowd is heard from outside.

TAD

Do you hear that?

NATE

Hear what?

TAD

I think I hear thunder or something.

NATE

Yeah, I'll shut the door.

Nate walks to the door, and realizes...

EXT. GUYPARK RANGER OUTPOST - CONTINUOUS

The three guys leave the condo, and are greeted by a crowd of rangers, protesters, and a TV crew.

CHIEF RANGER

Ahh, Ranger Campbell, glad to see you.

NATE

Who are you?

CHIEF RANGER

I'm Chief Ranger Davis, your superior ranger. I've sent some additional rangers to help with the crisis.

NATE

Umm, crisis?

CHIEF RANGER

Didn't you read the fax?

CUT TO:

INT. NATE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A fax machine box sits in the shower. It has been used as a chair.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUYPARK RANGER OUTPOST - CONTINUOUS

NATE

No...

CHIEF RANGER

The masked egret is in serious trouble, and recently there was a documentary on public television about it, so now it's really serious.

NATE

Wait, that's that bird that always dies.

CHIEF RANGER

Exactly, you and your deputies are going to need to do what you can to solve this environmental crisis.

BRUCE

We'll do it for Florida, sir.

Bruce reaches to high-five Tad, but Tad reciprocates with a fist pump.

CHIEF RANGER

Otherwise, we might have to temporarily shut down this community, and make it a wildlife preserve. We'd even have to kick out John Smiley, what a nice old man.

(beat)

Have you drafted your plan of action?

Bruce, Tad, and the chief ranger crowd around Nate. Unfazed, Nate offers his solution.

NATE

We're going to have to call...The Professor.

Title reads: "To be continued..."

END OF ACT THREE