

DOG MAYOR

Written by

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INT. DOT'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING (DAY 1)

Super: Bayloon, Florida

Open on the dated living room of DOT, a woman in her late 60s with dark, leathery skin from years of baking in the Florida sun. She SNORES loudly from a couch in front of the TV.

TILT down to reveal PICKLES, a beagle, at Dot's feet. He's snoring even louder.

Dot's daughter, RYANN (31) plops down on the couch next to Dot to watch the news. She has a pasty complexion that screams "I don't live in Florida, usually!"

ZOOM into the TV as the news plays.

INT. NATIONAL NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Two anchors, DEBORAH and DOUG, sit behind a desk.

DEBORAH

And in other news, a Florida town is celebrating an unlikely hero, Pickles, a beagle that saved its owner's life earlier this week.

DOUG

(snickering)
How? Did the dog sniff out fentanyl in a batch of meth?

DEBORAH

(laughing)
Haha, Doug. How have we not been fired yet?

DOUG

Truly a mystery, Deborah. Now let's go to Bayloon, Florida where one of our field reporters was able to catch up with Pickles and his owner, Dot.

CUT to a previously recorded interview.

EXT. DOT'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON (PREVIOUSLY)

A FIELD REPORTER holds a microphone up to DOT, who is holding PICKLES in her arms.

TV Graphic: Dorothy "Dot" Andriano + Pickles the hero

FIELD REPORTER
Tell me, Dot. What exactly
happened?

DOT
I was driving down the Pennsylhio
Bridge when I completely fell
asleep at the wheel. If it wasn't
for Pickles here barking up all
kinds of noise, I would've woken up
dead.

FIELD REPORTER
Well, you would've never woken up
again.

Dot passes out standing up and starts snoring.

FIELD REPORTER (CONT'D)
...Ma'am?

Pickles drops to the ground from Dot's lifeless arms and
starts to trot away. The camera starts to shake as the
cameraman and field reporter awkwardly run after Pickles.

FIELD REPORTER (CONT'D)
Pickles, no! Pickles, stay!

CUT TO:

INT. NATIONAL NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

DEBORAH and DOUG chuckle from behind their desk.

DEBORAH
(laughing)
What a story. I think Dot needs
more coffee!

DOUG
Or meth, Deborah!

DEBORAH
(teasingly)
If you bring up meth one more time,
I'm having security search your
dressing room!

Both anchors laugh.

Doug picks up a mug from the desk and chugs it. His face
shows that there is clearly alcohol in the mug. He brings the
mug to his lap to top it off with a flask.

We ZOOM out of the TV to reveal the full living room.

INT. DOT'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RYANN turns off the TV in anger.

RYANN
(spitefully)
She has narcolepsy, you alcoholic
jackwads.

We hear a KNOCK at the front door. Ryann answers it and is greeted by JUNE-JULY, a pious, over-perfumed 51-year-old woman canvassing for a mayoral candidate and wearing a shirt that says "MAYOR DUNEBERRY: HE DIDN'T DO IT!" She reads everything off a script provided to her and shows zero emotion outside of disgust.

JUNE-JULY
(reading)
Hello. May I please speak with...

She looks down at her clipboard.

JUNE-JULY (CONT'D)
...Dorothy Andriano?

RYANN
I'm Ryann, her daughter. How can I
help you?

JUNE-JULY
(reading)
My name is June-July Krane. I'm
volunteering with the Mayor
Duneberry campaign. Can I ask you a
few questions?

Ryann shrugs.

JUNE-JULY (CONT'D)
(reading)
Do you think abortion should be
legal?

RYANN
(indignantlly)
I do.

JUNE-JULY
(reading, deadpan)
God have mercy on your soul.

A beat.

JUNE-JULY (CONT'D)

(reading)

Do you think the national census should include a question about citizenship status?

RYANN

No, I think that's discrimina--

JUNE-JULY

(softly reading to herself)

Pretend like you didn't hear them and continue questionnaire.

A beat.

JUNE-JULY (CONT'D)

(reading)

Do you think the original Four Loko should be legal?

RYANN

Wait, what?

JUNE-JULY

(monotone)

Can we count on your vote for the re-election of Mayor Duneberry?

June-July awkwardly holds out papers. Ryann takes them begrudgingly and closes the door with a THUD, startling both DOT and PICKLES awake.

Ryann immediately throws the papers away then sits down next to her mom on the couch.

RYANN

Mom, why on earth do you still live in this town?

DOT

(groggily)

What's wrong with Bayloon?

RYANN

Good God where do I start? It's marsh land, for one. So everyone here is a literal swamp person. And also-

DOT

(cutting her off)

Listen, peanut. This town isn't all bad. You grew up here and look how you turned out!

(beaming)

A big city Chicago lawyer!

RYANN

Mom. I'm a single, unemployed, 31-year-old living with her mom...

(disgusted)

...in Florida.

DOT

No, no. You are a wonderful daughter who took a leave of absence from her job so she could look after her sick mother...

(proudly)

...in Florida.

RYANN

I still can't believe late-onset narcolepsy is a thing.

DOT

Oh, honey. No. I just suddenly fall asleep sometimes. I have no romantic interest in corpses.

RYANN

No, that's not--how do you not know the name of your condition?

DOT

Of course I do! It's Pantene Pro-V.

RYANN

Oh wow. Okay. I'm going to take "the local hero" for a walk.

DOT

You don't have to do that! I can walk my own dog.

RYANN

Last time you walked Pickles you--

Dot SNORES loudly.

RYANN (CONT'D)

Yep. Alright, Pickles. Let's go soak in some hot, wet Florida air.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

RYANN walks PICKLES down the street, stopping to notice that almost every house has a Mayor Duneberry sign in the front yard. Each sign gets progressively weirder.

INSERT - VARIOUS LAWN SIGN HEADLINES

"MAYOR DUNE BERRY FOR RE-ELECTION!"

"MAYOR DUNE BERRY: HE DIDN'T DO IT!"

"THAT WOMAN IS A LYING SNAKE IN THE GRASS."

"OUR KIDS *PLAY* IN THE GRASS!"

"WE HAVE TO KEEP OUR GRASS SAFE!"

"REALLY, WHO ARE YOU GOING TO BELIEVE?"

"A WOMAN RUINING GRASS FOR OUR *CHILDREN* OR A MAYOR WHO WEARS *SUITS*?"

"NOT TO MENTION HIS ALIBI IS AIR-TIGHT."

"JUST LIKE HIS WELL-TAILORED SUITS."

"I MEAN WHY WOULD HIS BEST FRIEND, JEREMY, LIE ABOUT BEING WITH THE MAYOR THAT NIGHT?"

BACK TO SCENE

RYANN
Jesus Christ.

A man, MR. HINES (75,) speed walking by stops to speak to Ryann.

MR. HINES
Hey, wait a minute now. Is that
Pickles *the hero*?

Ryann nods as she keeps walking.

RYANN
(to herself)
Pfff of course Mr. Hines can
recognize a *dog* but not his former
student.

Ryann walks by another "DUNE BERRY FOR MAYOR" sign that has been vandalized to say "PICKLES FOR MAYOR."

She then walks passed a giant street mural painted in Pickles honor with Pickles depicted as a saint.

Ryann stares at the mural in shock, but snaps to when an ATV driven by a portly MAN in jean cut off shorts and no shirt almost hits her and Pickles.

RYANN (CONT'D)

Okay, that's it. To the bar we go,
Pickles!

INT. TOWN BAR - MOMENTS LATER

RYANN sits at the bar with a beer bottle in hand. PICKLES sits lazily on the floor by her.

A bartender, TYLER (35,) polishes a wine glass. Tyler is a deadpan, stone-faced man with a rapier wit and zero tolerance for bullshit.

TYLER

Hey, just because he's famous
doesn't mean you can bring a dog in
here.

RYANN

I'm so sorry. I thought--

TYLER

I'm just kidding. Anything goes in
Florida. Hell, that's a 12-year-old
kid sitting at the bar. The only
thing Florida can't tolerate is
tolerance. And science.

Ryann looks down the bar to see a 12-year-old boy, KEVIN, drinking what looks like a beer as he plays games on his phone. Kevin is a weird, small kid who chews on the collar of his sweatshirt. He is one of few words.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I'm Tyler, by the way. Aren't you
Dot's daughter?

Tyler puts out a hand and shakes with Ryann.

RYANN

Yeah, I'm Ryann. I'm just back here
temporarily to help out my mom. I
don't like "live here" live here. I
actually live in Chicago. So. I'm
just here. For now. Temporarily.
Short term. Nothing permanent.

TYLER

Well okay then! Understood. Are you looking for a job while you're here "temporarily?"

RYANN

What makes you think I need a job?

TYLER

Bartender's intuition. Which is to say: you're at a bar on a Monday afternoon.

RYANN

Yeah, this town makes that easy.

TYLER

Well don't worry too much, Ryann. This town could be worse.

RYANN

Oh yeah? How's that?

Tyler nods back towards Kevin.

TYLER

Kevin could be drinking actual beer instead of root beer.

RYANN

Where are his parents?

TYLER

(nodding)

That's his dad in the back booth. He, uh, uses this bar as a daycare center while he's "at work."

Ryann spots a silver haired MAN with a massive grin sitting in a back booth with a YOUNGER WOMAN. The woman giggles at his every word. The man is Mayor Duneberry (57) a walking, talking parody of Bill Clinton. He is always wearing a well-tailored suit and makes everything sound sexual no matter how mundane or unrelated to sex it might be.

RYANN

Is that...

TYLER

(nodding)

Mayor Duneberry. If you put all the women he's ever slept with in one room, it would just look like a bus station.

Ryann takes a huge sip of beer.

RYANN

Gross. *How* is he the mayor?

TYLER

Hopefully he won't be after tomorrow's election. Honestly, your dog would be a better mayor.

RYANN

Somehow you are not the only person who thinks that.

TYLER

Better a dog than an ass.

RYANN

Welp. At least Pickles is neutered.
(to Pickles)
Isn't that right, Pickles!

Ryann looks down to pet Pickles, but he's gone. She turns around and is startled by Kevin, who is directly behind her holding Pickles and staring at her.

RYANN (CONT'D)

Ah! Sorry, you startled me. Kevin, right?

KEVIN

My dad says not to talk to strangers.

RYANN

Am I really a stranger, Kevin?
You're holding my dog.

Kevin locks eyes with Ryann and remains silent.

RYANN (CONT'D)

Very cool. Okay. Let's start over.
Hello, Kevin. My name is Ryann.
This is my mother's dog, Pickles.

MAYOR DUNEBERRY

(sexually)

Did someone say *pickles*?

RYANN

(whispering to herself)
What...the fuck?

Mayor Duneberry slides up to the bar next to Ryann to order. He blatantly checks Ryann out before introducing himself.

MAYOR DUNE BERRY
I'm Mayor Duneberry, but you can
call me Daddy.

He winks then turns to Tyler.

MAYOR DUNE BERRY (CONT'D)
I'll take another round for me and
my, uh, "niece."

He winks again. Tyler grabs two Four Lokos from a fridge and pours them into martini glasses.

MAYOR DUNE BERRY (CONT'D)
And then whatever sugar mounds here
wants.

RYANN
Dear God no thank you.

MAYOR DUNE BERRY
(sexually)
Hey, I don't take no for an answer.

RYANN
Yeah I read that in the paper.

MAYOR DUNE BERRY
Ha! A funny one!
(sexually)
I love a good *chuckle*.

Mayor Duneberry slides a card towards Ryann.

MAYOR DUNE BERRY (CONT'D)
Don't be a stranger, *Chuckles*.

He walks back to his booth with his Four Loko-tinis.

Ryann sits in disbelief. She is lost for words.

TYLER
Did he even ask you what your name
was?

RYANN
Nope. Wow, what a garbage human. He
didn't acknowledge his son, either.

TYLER
Well that I understand.

Ryann and Tyler look over to Kevin, who is still holding Pickles and staring blankly at Ryann.

RYANN
Do you blink, Kevin?

Kevin holds his stare and says nothing.

TYLER
So...*did* you want another drink?
Whatever you want on Dingleberry's
tab.

RYANN
Could you actually just shoot me in
the face?

TYLER
Whiskey it is.

Tyler pours a shot for himself and Ryann. They raise the shots up to toast.

TYLER (CONT'D)
To Pickles for mayor!

RYANN
(cheersing)
To anyone but Duneberry!

They clink and drink the shots.

Ryann whips her head around towards Kevin.

RYANN (CONT'D)
Now give me back the dog, you
little shit.

EXT. MONSTER TRUCK RALLY - AFTERNOON (DAY 2)

Super: Election Day

DOT sits on bleachers next to three other WOMEN, all in their late 50s/early 60s. Her head is tilted back as she SNORES loudly. The woman next to her, MARY, nudges her awake.

MARY
Dot, cut that shit out.

DOT
(waking up)
Sorry, Mary. It's my condition.

MARY
Pantene Pro-V?

The other two women, MARIE and MARI, get excited as they point at the pit in the center of the arena.

MARIE
Look! It's Hotrod Harold! Gosh he's
the best.

All the women perk up at the name of the driver.

MARI
How can you tell, Marie?

MARY
That's his car, Mari. The "I'm Not
Compensating For Anything."

DOT
Has the I-N-C-F-A always looked
like that, Mary?

CUT TIGHT on the car in the arena. There's a giant ad on top of it that reads "DUNEBERRY DIDN'T DO IT!"

MARIE
New sponsor this year.

The women nod along with complete understanding.

DOT
How does Duneberry afford a
sponsorship with all those class
action lawsuits?

MARY
Dot, we agreed no politics in our
happy place.

MARI
Wait, isn't today the mayoral
election?

MARY
No. Politics. In. Our. Happy. Place

Mari and Marie look around the stands at all the fans and confirm: yep. The whole town is literally here.

MARIE
Can't be today. Whole town's here.

MARY
NO. POLITICS. IN. OUR. HAPPY.
PLACE.

We hear a loud CRASH as Hotrod Harold rams into another car.
The whole crowd/town goes nuts.

ALL
Whewwwww! Yeahhhhhh!

MARI
My nipples just got hard

MARY
(screaming)
NO POLITICS--oh, sorry. Me too,
actually.

MARIE
Same!

CUT TO Dot. She's completely asleep again.

MARY
Poor thing. She's gotta stop using
Pantene Pro-V.

EXT. /BAYLOON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL,/INT. BAYLOON ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL GYM - AFTERNOON (DAY 2)

RYANN walks into the school gym, which has been outfitted
into a polling place for the local election. There is nobody
there except for JUNE-JULY, who is volunteering.

Ryann looks around, confused by the lack of people. She
shrugs and walks up to June-July to get a ballot.

JUNE-JULY
Voter registration and ID please.

Ryann hands her documents over.

JUNE-JULY (CONT'D)
Says here you're from Caucasia.

RYANN
No, it says I'm Caucasian.

June-July stares blankly at Ryann.

RYANN (CONT'D)
I'm white.

JUNE-JULY

Oh, why didn't you say so? Here's your ballot. Just fill in the first bubble for Mayor Duneberry.

RYANN

Shouldn't this have his full name?

JUNE-JULY

Innocent until proven guilty!

RYANN

What?

JUNE-JULY

Knee jerk reaction. What was your question?

RYANN

Nevermind.

Ryann walks to a booth and looks at the ballot. Under mayor there are only three options.

INSERT - ELECTION BALLOT

"MAYOR DUNEBERRY," "PICKLES ANDRIANO," or "KURT." Just "KURT."

Ryann looks at Pickles' name on the ballot incredulously.

RYANN (CONT'D)

What the actual fuck, Bayloon.

She scans down the ballot to "Kurt" and takes a beat before filling in the bubble next to his name.

RYANN (CONT'D)

(whispering to herself)

Please don't be a creep, Kurt.

We CUT over to see that June-July is putting up a makeshift sign, a ballot with giant letters written over it in marker that reads "WENT 2 RALLY. PUT BALLOTS 4 DUNEBERRY IN BOX."

Ryann walks over in disbelief.

RYANN (CONT'D)

You can't leave. Who will monitor this election?

June-July shakes her head, offended.

JUNE-JULY
 God is *always* watching.

June-July puts on a jacket and walks out the door.

Ryann stands stunned for a minute then re-centers herself. She puts her ballot into the box and storms out the door.

As soon as she steps out of the school gym she is startled to see KEVIN who is sitting on a creaky school swing on an otherwise empty playground. He stares at her blankly as he kicks his legs.

RYANN
 (shuddering)
 NOPE. Not today.
 (whimpering to herself)
 Is this how I die?

INT. DOT'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING (DAY 2)

DOT is sleeping standing up in front of an open fridge. She SNORES loudly.

PUNCH IN on PICKLES lapping up leftover pasta from an overturned Tupperware container that has fallen out of the open fridge. RYANN walks in the front door and observes this scene.

RYANN
 (sarcastically)
 Pickles, no! Carbs go straight to your thighs!

Dot jolts awake.

DOT
 (yawning)
 Oh hi, Ry. I was just reheating some pasta for...

Dot looks down at Pickles eating the pasta.

DOT (CONT'D)
 ...you know what? I'm just going to make cereal. Want any?

RYANN
 Sounds pretty good, actually. Sure.

Dot starts to get bowls and boxes of cereal out.

DOT

So I was talking to Mary, Marie,
and Mari today and you know what
they said?

RYANN

They're going to start going by
their middle names?

Dot shakes her head.

DOT

They told me that your high school
boyfriend, Andrew, just got out of
prison and--

RYANN

(interrupting)

Let me stop you right there. I am
not looking to date anyone from
Bayloon.

DOT

What about--

RYANN

Or the panhandle, or the Gulf
coast, or the Keys. Nowhere in
Florida. No "Florida men." I'm just
here to drive you to your doctor
appointments until we can figure
out a more sustainable lifestyle.
That's it. I am not staying in this
swamp fire of a town.

DOT

(not paying attention)

Well that's nice. What did you do
today?

RYANN

I exercised my constitutional
right.

Ryann winks at Pickles.

DOT

You went to the shooting range?

RYANN

No, I voted...

DOT

Dangit. So the election *was* today?
Boy I hope Kurt can pull this one
off. Or Pickles! Gosh, wouldn't
that be fun!?

RYANN

Okay, *who* is Kurt?

DOT

Kurt!? *Actually*, his wives just
left him so--

RYANN

Mom. I am not dating anyone from--
wait. Did you say *wives*?

DOT

Cereal is ready!

Ryann starts to grab a bowl of cereal when suddenly there's a
loud KNOCK on the door. Ryann goes to open it and is
surprised to see JUNE-JULY again.

RYANN

(sarcastically)

Oh joy.

June-July looks down at a clipboard and reads robotically.

JUNE-JULY

Is Pickles Andriano home?

RYANN

The dog?

JUNE-JULY

It's a *dog*?

RYANN

Pickles, come!

June-July does a sign of the cross and takes a deep breath
before returning to the script prepared on her clipboard.

JUNE-JULY

(unwillingly)

The city council of Bayloon has
declared a winner of this year's
mayoral election. I, June-July
Krane, am "honored" to congratulate
the new mayor of Bayloon: Pickles
Andriano.

RYANN
 (in disbelief)
 No. What?! How?

JUNE-JULY
 Andriano...is that Italian?

RYANN
 He's a beagle...?

Dot walks over to hear what the commotion is about and is overjoyed by the news. She scratches Pickles behind the ears excitedly.

DOT
 (in baby voice)
 Oh, Pickles! A hero *and* a mayor!!
 Mommy is so proud!

A mix of disgust and panic sets in on Ryann's face.

RYANN
 I don't...I just...how did this happen?!

JUNE-JULY
 The candidate with the majority of votes wins.

RYANN
 I know how an election works. How did a *dog* win it? How many people would possibly vote for a dog?

JUNE-JULY
 22 people.

RYANN
 There were only 22 votes?!

JUNE-JULY
 (indignantly)
 No. There were 35 votes.

RYANN
 There were only 35 votes?!

JUNE-JULY
 Twenty-two for Pickles Andriano, five for Duneberry, two for Kurt, and several ballots with phalluses drawn on them.

RYANN

I just. I don't understand.

JUNE-JULY

A "phallus" is a male genitalia.

RYANN

(sarcastically)

Thank you, June-July. But I don't understand how Pickles won.

June-July looks at Ryann and wildly misjudges Ryann's look of disgust for concern for Mayor Duneberry.

JUNE-JULY

Don't worry, we'll get to the bottom of this miscarriage of democracy. Mayor Duneberry has already petitioned for a recount.

RYANN

A recount of 35 votes?

JUNE-JULY

Yes. Twenty-two for Pickles Andriano, five for Dun--

Ryann closes the door in June-July's face.

A beat.

We hear another KNOCK behind the door. Ryann rips it back open expecting to see June-July.

RYANN

WHAT?!

A confused COURIER stands behind the open door holding a cardboard box.

COURIER

Uh. Sorry if this is a bad time. I just need a signature from Ryann Andriano.

The courier holds out a tablet for Ryann to sign then gives her the cardboard box.

RYANN

What is this? I didn't order anything.

COURIER

Eh, legally I cannot know. But
hopefully wine?

Ryann closes the door and brings the box to a table to investigate.

INSERT - PACKAGE LABEL

The return address says "THE LAW OFFICES OF CHZEBUHRGER, CHZEBUHRGER, & CHZEBUHRGER."

RYANN

(confused)

It says it's from my office.

Dot brings scissors over to help her cut it open. Inside Ryann pulls out personal items: a company branded water bottle, a plant, tissues, stale candy, papers, and a key card.

DOT

Well someone needs to teach you
lawyers how to send a care package.
Where is the wine?

RYANN

It's not a care package, Mom. They
cleaned out my desk.

DOT

Oh, isn't that sweet?! It'll be
like a fresh start when you get
back!

RYANN

(defeated)

It means I won't be going back.

DOT

Now wait just a minute now. Those
Chzebuhrgers said you could take a
leave of absence. They can't just
go and do *this*.

Dot starts rummaging through the box.

DOT (CONT'D)

There better be a dang good apology
note in here.

RYANN

(sighing)

I need a drink.

INT. TOWN BAR - LATER

TYLER is behind the bar restocking bottles.

RYANN grabs an open barstool, sighs, and looks up at Tyler.

RYANN
Another shot to the face, please.

TYLER
Who died?

RYANN
My faith in humanity.

TYLER
(as if telling a ghost
story)
But that's been dead for 20 years!

Ryann stares blankly.

TYLER (CONT'D)
No? Okay.

Tyler puts a shot glass on the bar and pulls out a bottle of whiskey.

TYLER (CONT'D)
So what happened?

RYANN
Well first I lost my job.

TYLER
Oh shit. I'm sorry.

RYANN
Thanks. Honestly, I think I feel
relieved?

TYLER
Hey, good riddance to 'em then.

RYANN
But also Bayloon elected a dog
mayor.

Tyler's eyes widen with excitement.

TYLER
We. We elected a dog mayor. Holy
shit that's the most outrageous
thing this town has ever done.
(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

And our weatherman once said a tropical depression needed to see a therapist.

RYANN

(incredulous)

My mother's beagle is the mayor elect of my hometown.

TYLER

Ohhh, so now it's a "hometown," not just some temporary "pitstop?"

RYANN

Tyler, be serious. This is *horrifying*.

TYLER

No. This is cause for celebration.

RYANN

I wouldn't pop your champagne just yet. Duneberry requested a recount. A recount of 35 votes.

TYLER

A better turnout than expected, really. What, with that monster truck rally in town and all.

RYANN

Are you kidding me?

TYLER

In 2012 more American's voted for American Idol than in our presidential election. You think Bayloonians would skip a monster truck rally to take part in a *democracy*?

RYANN

Don't tell me *you* went to the monster truck rally instead of voting out that monster.

TYLER

Oh very clever, well done! But, clever puns aside I actually *did* vote. For a hero, no less.

RYANN

Is Kurt a veteran?

TYLER
(laughing)
No. I voted for Pickles, Ryann.

RYANN
Why. Would. You. Do. That!?

TYLER
Please, between Pickles, Kurt, and
Duneberry, Pickles was the obvious
choice. I mean, who did you vote
for?

RYANN
Kurt...I honestly have no idea.

TYLER
Kurt? The guy who had 12 wives?

A beat.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Anyway, here's the good news:
Duneberry is not mayor.

RYANN
Okay, I'll drink to that.

Ryann throws back the shot.

TYLER
And more good news: you're not
unemployed anymore!

RYANN
What do you mean?

TYLER
Who do you think is going to drive
Pickles to those weekly public
hearings?

RYANN
Well, my mom can't drive with her
condition.

TYLER
And Pickles can't drive with his
paws. So...

RYANN
Oh no. Oh no, no, no, no. SHIT.

TYLER

I think you joined the city council, councilwoman.

Ryann puts her head in her hands and massages her temples.

RYANN

Just shoot me.

Tyler refills her glass.

TYLER

We can just call this "your usual."

We ZOOM into a TV playing above the bar as the national news comes on.

INT. NATIONAL NEWS STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

DEBORAH and DOUG sit behind their desk and look to camera.

DEBORAH

And tonight: Pickles the canine hero has been elected mayor of Bayloon, Florida. But was the election rigged? A Florida man files for a recount to get some answers.

A beat.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Wow, I can't believe that's a real headline.

DOUG

(laughing)

And I can't believe a story with "Florida man" ended without a mugshot!

Both anchors laugh uncontrollably.

DEBORAH

(laughing)

Can't argue with that, Doug! A refreshing lack of neck tattoos in this Florida story!

Both anchors smile at each other and laugh even more. Doug picks up his mug from the news desk and takes an inappropriately long sip. It goes down the wrong pipe and he coughs a bit.

He catches his breath.

DOUG

And later: is TikTok making
teenagers gassier?

We ZOOM out of the TV.

INT. TOWN BAR - CONTINUOUS

RYANN groans as she looks up at the TV. TYLER looks sad for her.

TYLER

Hey. One day at a time.

RYANN

(defeated)

I guess.

Ryann holds up the shot Tyler poured for her and is about to take it when we hear a loud BANG by the front door.

CUT to the front of the bar as the door swings open violently. DUNEBERRY enters with a wild look in his eyes.

The camera moves with him as he walks towards Ryann and slow-claps in her face.

MAYOR DUNEBERRY

(dryly, aggressively)

Well, well, well. I thought I might
find you here, *Chuckles*, if that's
even your real name.

RYANN

It's not.

MAYOR DUNEBERRY

I haven't been able to stop
laughing at your very funny joke.
Ha. Ha.

RYANN

The one about consent?

MAYOR DUNEBERRY

Don't make up words to distract me.
I'm talking about the election you
rigged to embarrass me. A *dog*? In
my office?!

RYANN

First of all, I didn't *rig* anything. But, I also know the election wasn't monitored so I completely agree there should be a recount.

MAYOR DUNEBERRY

There *will* be a rec--oh. I wasn't expecting a lack of resistance here. Yes. Well. *Good.*

A beat.

MAYOR DUNEBERRY (CONT'D)

But don't think I'll forget this little joke of yours so quickly. You made me the laughing stock of Bayloon!

RYANN

Really? I feel like this is the least offensive scandal you've been a part of.

MAYOR DUNEBERRY

I WILL NOT BE BESTED BY A DOG.

RYANN

Okay let's calm down. I swear I didn't do anything. I'm just as confused as you are.

MAYOR DUNEBERRY

I am NOT confused. I am a heterosexual Goliath. And I *will* get you for this. And your little dog, too.

TYLER

Wow. Wicked Witch of the West Keys over here.

Mayor Duneberry whips his head towards Tyler.

MAYOR DUNEBERRY

And *you* too...

He looks Tyler up and down trying to place his name.

MAYOR DUNEBERRY (CONT'D)

...bar...

A beat.

MAYOR DUNEBERRY (CONT'D)
...barkeep.

TYLER
(laughing)
Dude! Do you not know my name? I've
been serving you and all your
"nieces" for 5 years.

MAYOR DUNEBERRY
(menacingly)
Well after this you'll wish you
never met me.

TYLER
I already agree with that.

RYANN
Yeah I think that's what most women
say about you, too.

MAYOR DUNEBERRY
You'll see. YOU'LL ALL SEE.

Duneberry walks backwards out of the bar making an "I'm watching you" motion with his fingers. He bumps into a stool and almost trips, then finally vanishes out the front door.

Ryann and Tyler look at each other with stifled laughter. Ryann picks up the shot Tyler poured from before and raises it.

Suddenly we hear a faint, defeated GRUNT from the other side of the bar. It's KURT, a greasy, drunk 43-year-old man in mechanic coveralls with his name embroidered on a patch.

KURT
(groggily)
Can I get one of those, too?

TYLER
Sure thing, Kurt.

RYANN
(whispering)
Seriously, *who* is Kurt?

Tyler shrugs.

TYLER
One of Pickles' constituents, now.

RYANN

You know what? I hope so. Let's
save this town.

Ryann throws back the shot and a proud smile starts to creep
on to her face.

In the background Kurt takes his shot. He lets out a huge
belch and wipes his face.

Ryann's smile drops for a moment but she forces it back.

SFX: "Dog Days" by Florence And The Machines plays us out.

FADE TO BLACK.