

JUST THE TEN OF US

"Requiem for a Hooter"

written by

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CAST

GRAHAM LUBBOCK.....BILL KIRCHENBAUER  
ELIZABETH LUBBOCK.....DEBORAH HARMON  
MARIE LUBBOCK.....HEATHER LANGENKAMP  
CINDY LUBBOCK.....JAMIE LUNER  
WENDY LUBBOCK.....BROOKE THEISS  
CONNIE LUBBOCK.....JO ANN WILLETTE  
J.R. LUBBOCK.....MATT SHAKMAN  
SHERRY LUBBOCK.....HEIDI ZEIGLER

GUEST CAST

FATHER BUD.....LOU RICHARDS  
COWBOY.....KEVIN EDWARD THOMPSON  
PATRON.....BEANS MOROCCO

ACT I

INT. LIVING ROOM - TWILIGHT

GRAHAM PUTS HIS COAT ON AS HE PREPARES TO GO OUTSIDE.

GRAHAM

Elizabeth! I'm going out to find  
Hooter!

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Graham, that dog's been missing for  
two years! Give it up, already!

GRAHAM

Come on, what would the world be like  
if we all gave up that easily? What if  
Ben Franklin gave up trying to catch  
lightning with that key and kite?

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

He'd probably wouldn't have gone bald.

GRAHAM OPENS THE DOOR.

GRAHAM

Well, the ships already sailed on  
that. I'll be back in a while.

EXT. FRONT YARD

GRAHAM CLOSSES THE DOOR AND BRISKLY STEPS OFF OF THE PORCH.  
JUST A STEP BEFORE HE CAN TRIP OVER HARVEY'S TRICYCLE, GRAHAM  
STOPS IN HIS TRACKS.

GRAHAM

It might seem crazy, but...

GRAHAM WALKS TOWARDS HOOTER'S DOGHOUSE. HE GETS ON HIS KNEES  
AND STICKS HIS HEAD IN THERE.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Hooter? You in here?

GRAHAM WAITS FOR A REPLY FROM HIS MISSING DOG.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You sure you don't have a basement in here?

INT. BARN

GRAHAM WALKS INTO THE BARN, STILL STREWN WITH STRAW FOR A COW LONG SINCE DEPARTED. HE MONOLOGUES TO HIMSELF AS HE LOOKS IN, NOT EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY, BUT MOST OF THEM.

GRAHAM

You know, I've checked every spot in town. The schools; the churches; the restaurants. Boy, that dog sure loved Bennigan's. And I still can't go within a hundred feet of the Y-W-C-A. Yet, I never thought to check the barn.

GRAHAM WALKS INTO THE STABLE, SURPRISED TO SEE IT OCCUPIED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Hooter! There you are! I've been looking around everywhere for you! I guess you're a little tuckered out from all of that wandering around, huh?

GRAHAM PAUSES FOR A SECOND, AS HOOTER FAILS TO RESPOND.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Geez, Hooter, you need a bath. You've got flies all over you.

GRAHAM GETS A BIT CONCERNED.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Hooter?

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

CONNIE AND MARIE ARE WATCHING TV, WHILE CINDY AND WENDY PAINT THEIR NAILS. SHERRY IS ALSO TRYING TO PAINT HER NAILS, TRYING TO LEARN FROM HER TWO OLDER SISTERS.

WENDY

So, Sherry. The key is to let your nails air dry. It takes longer than using a hair dryer, but it's worth it.

SHERRY

Why is that?

CINDY

Because nothing ruins a date night like setting your toenails on fire.

WENDY

Hey, Cindy, I like that clear nail polish you're using. Very chic.

CINDY

Thanks, I found it on Dad's workbench.

SHERRY

What's the name of the color?

CINDY LOOKS AT THE BOTTLE.

CINDY

SureStuck Rubber Epoxy.

GRAHAM WALKS IN THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR, LOOKING CONCERNED.

GRAHAM

Uh, girls. Could you turn the T-V off  
for a second.

CONNIE

But we're watching Anything But Love.

MARIE

Yeah, as weird as it is to see a  
horror movie star and a stand-up  
comedian on the same show.

GRAHAM

Please, this is important.

CONNIE TURNS OFF THE TV.

CINDY

What's wrong, Daddy?

GRAHAM

Well, I found Hooter.

WENDY

You found Hooter?!

MARIE

Dad, that's great news.

GRAHAM

Uh, not really. You see, girls, when I  
found him he was...oh, why keep up the  
stinkin' charade, Hooter bit it.

CINDY

Oh, Mom's not going to like that.

SHERRY

No, Cindy, Hooter's dead.

MARIE

What?!

WENDY

Hooter's...dead?!

SHERRY

Was he in the advanced stages of decomposition?

CONNIE

Sherry!

GRAHAM

No, when I found him in the barn, I thought he was just sleeping.

CINDY

Our little Hootsie-Wootsie?!

MARIE

Wait, he's been gone for two years! If Hooter was in the barn, and he still looked like he could be alive...

CONNIE

Then what?

MARIE

Well, then he must've been trying to find his way back all of this time.

(MORE)

MARIE (CONT'D)

But by the time he finally made it  
home, he...he...oh, Hooter!

THE FOUR OLDER SISTERS START SOBBING.

GRAHAM

I know. It's sad, but at least he made  
it back! Made the burial a lot easier.

CONNIE

You already buried him?!

CINDY

We didn't even have a chance to say  
goodbye?!

THE FOUR START SOBBING AGAIN.

GRAHAM

Well, you know what I always say...

MARIE

Oh, please don't give us the "Dying is  
a freakin' part of life" speech. I  
don't think I can handle it.

GRAHAM

I wasn't, I was just going to remind  
you of the old adage: "Life goes on,  
and so do we. Just how we do it is no  
mystery."

CONNIE

That's not an adage, that's the theme  
to Empty Nest.



GRAHAM

Oh. Well, my point still stands.

AS GRAHAM LEAVES, CINDY STARTS SOBBING EVEN MORE PROFUSELY.  
MARIE WALKS OVER TO COMFORT HER.

MARIE

Oh, Cindy. I know. I'm going to miss  
Hooter, too.

CINDY

Ohhh, Dreyfuss...

MARIE

Dreyfuss?!

WENDY

That's not even our dog!

CINDY

But he's such a good boy...how he just  
listens to Harry ramble on without  
ever saying anything...and the way he  
hides in the kitchen cabinets and  
closes the door from the inside...

CONNIE

Great! We're all mourning Hooter, and  
Cindy's crying over a dog from T-V  
that isn't even dead!

SHERRY

Hey, Wendy, how much longer until  
these nails dry?

WENDY

Didn't you hear anything we've been saying?!

SHERRY

Yeah, something something, Hooter, something something.

MARIE

Aren't you the least bit sad?

SHERRY

I was, when he went missing two years ago. Come on, you guys, you didn't really think he'd come back, did you?!

MARIE

But he did come back!

WENDY

Poor little guy just didn't have anything left in him.

THE FOUR OLDER SISTERS START SOBBING ONCE MORE.

SHERRY

Ugh, you four and your sentimentality.

SHERRY STARTS FANNING HER NAILS WITH A MAGAZINE.

FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

ELIZABETH IS STANDING WITH HER ELBOW ON THE KITCHEN ISLAND LOOKING GLUM. J.R. WALKS IN FROM THE BACK DOOR.

J.R.

Hey, Mom. Shouldn't you be making dinner?

ELIZABETH

I will later.

J.R.

Still bummed about Hooter, huh?

ELIZABETH

Yeah. We always kept his kibble dish right there, just in case he ever came back.

J.R.

Well, we can always let Sherry use it.

ELIZABETH DOESN'T RESPOND.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to send me to my room?

ELIZABETH

Maybe later.

CONNIE AND WENDY COME IN THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Hi, girls. How was school?

WENDY

Okay.

CONNIE

It was tough, but we made it through.

J.R.

Is Cindy still as broken up about Hooter as she was last night?

WENDY

I wish.

CONNIE

Now she's crying over dogs from the  
funny pages.

CINDY WALKS IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR, SOBBING, WITH A  
CONCERNED MARIE AT HER SIDE.

CINDY

Oh, Marmaduke!!! Why do you have to  
steal those pies off of the  
windowsill?!?!?

MARIE

Cindy, are you sure you're not  
thinking of Yogi Bear?

CINDY

They're both the same size!!!

ELIZABETH

Girls, J.R., I know this is difficult.  
Lord knows it's been tough for me.  
Knowing I'll never get to see little  
Hooty-Wooty and his little scruffy-  
wuffy face again. Maybe when Dad gets  
home we can discuss our feelings with  
each other. But maybe in the meantime  
we'd be better off just listening to  
the radio? Does that sound okay?

ELIZABETH TURNS ON THE RADIO.

FATHER BUD (O.S.)

Hey there, Hippos, it's your ol' pal  
Father Buuuud Kimmel with a real goody  
from back in Nineteen-Eighty-Two: I  
Want Candy by Bow Wow Wow.

ELIZABETH TURNS THE RADIO DIAL.

LOBO (O.S.)

*Me and you and a dog named Boo  
Travelling and living off the land*

ELIZABETH TURNS THE RADIO DIAL, AGAIN.

DOG POLICE (O.S.)

*Arf! Arf! Arf! Arf!  
Dog police! Where are you coming from?  
Dog police! Nobody knows who you are!  
Arf! Arf! Arf! Arf!*

ELIZABETH TURNS THE RADIO OFF.

ELIZABETH

Okay, how about some quiet.

MARIE

I never thought it would be this hard  
to say goodbye.

J.R.

Yeah, I'm going to miss that little  
mutt. Man, this is rough.

CINDY STARTS SOBBING AGAIN.

CONNIE

J.R.! Don't say "rough" in front of  
Cindy!

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GRAHAM IS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE REST OF THE FAMILY, WITH  
THE NOTICEABLE EXCEPTION OF CINDY.

GRAHAM

Thank you all for taking time out  
from...whatever it is you lugnuts do  
these days, to work through our grief  
about losing Hooter, for good this  
time.

CONNIE

Dad, where's Cindy?

GRAHAM

Uh, your mother just dropped her off  
at the mall. We decided her incessant  
sobbing would get in the way of the  
emotional healing process. So, does  
anybody want to start?

THE FAMILY STAYS SILENT.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Oh, come on, don't you have anything  
to say? Any memories or stories or  
stuff?

SHERRY STANDS UP.

SHERRY

I'll start, seeing how I'm the only one who's over the stinkin' mutt.

J.R.

So much for Little Miss Sensitivity.

ELIZABETH

J.R., quiet! Sherry, continue.

SHERRY

Thanks. Well, there was this one time me and Hooter were practicing our choreography for the third grade talent show. We were going to do a tribute to disco, and I had gotten him to stand on his hind legs whenever the Bee Gees hit a falsetto. Anyway, it was the night of the talent show. Things were going great, but once we got to the "ah ha ha ha" part of Stayin' Alive, Hooter ran off the stage to chase an opossum that got into the auditorium. My whole show was ruined! Not as ruined as that opossum would be, but you know what I mean.

THE FAMILY PAUSES TO PROCESS WHAT SHERRY JUST SAID.

ELIZABETH

Uh, would anyone else like to share something?

CONNIE

I remember when we first got him. I was afraid of the thunderstorm that was outside, and Hooter jumped into my bed shaking because he was scared, too; and we were able to get through the night together.

MARIE

And one night when I was trying to pray, I tried to get everyone to be quiet. No one would shut up, and except for Hooter. He was such a considerate little guy.

WENDY

Yeah. He always waited until I got out of the bathroom before he drank out of the toilet.

J.R.

You know, come to think of it, he may have been the best friend I ever had.

ELIZABETH

Oh, J.R.

J.R.

One year, he even let me dress him up as a Chupacabra.

MARIE

For Halloween?



J.R.

No, Easter.

CONNIE  
(laughing)

Oh, yeah. That was so lame.

J.R.

The nuns sure didn't think so.

THE REST OF THE FAMILY STARTS TO GIGGLE THEMSELVES.

GRAHAM

See, guys. I told you working it out  
with each other would make us feel  
better.

CONNIE

You're right, Dad.

J.R.

I feel better already.

MARIE

I feel better, too.

WENDY

I think we all do.

GRAHAM

Come on, you lugnuts. Group hug?

SHERRY

Okay, but let's make it quick, I can't  
take much more of this sappiness. I  
feel like I'm in an episode of Full  
House.

EVERYONE GETS UP AND HUDDLES INTO A GROUP EMBRACE.

ELIZABETH

You know, it would have been tough for her, but Cindy probably would have benefitted from joining us, too.

GRAHAM

Hey, shouldn't she be back by now?

CINDY ENTERS THE LIVING ROOM, WITH NINE DOGS ON HER COLLECTIVE LEASHES, AND A CHIHUAHUA SITTING ON HER SHOULDER AS IF IT WAS A PARROT.

CINDY

Hiyee!

THE REST OF THE FAMILY, STILL HUGGING, LOOK AT CINDY AND HER NEW CANINE FRIENDS IN ABJECT SHOCK.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THE FAMILY, STILL IN WHAT WAS A LOVING EMBRACE, IS STILL TRYING TO PROCESS THE NEW, UNAUTHORIZED PETS CINDY JUST BROUGHT HOME.

ELIZABETH

Uh, hi Cindy. You weren't walking around with sausages in your pockets, were you?

CINDY

Oh no, not after Dad talked to me about that. I just stopped by Alson's Pet Shop, and they say you can't buy new friends.

GRAHAM BREAKS AWAY FROM THE HUDDLE AND CONFRONTS CINDY.

GRAHAM

Alson's Pet Shop?! Do you have any idea how expensive those dogs are?!

CINDY

It's okay, they were on clearance.

CONNIE

That's a relief.

CINDY

See, here's a Golden Retriever, and Labrador Retriever, a Beagle, a Sheepdog...

THE FAMILY LOOKS AT EACH OTHER IN DISBELIEF AS CINDY CONTINUES TO LIST THE DOGS' PEDIGREES.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Another Beagle, a Standard Poodle, a Toy Poodle, a German Shepherd, and this little Chihuahua.

SHERRY POINTS AT THE GIANT BROWN NEWFOUNDLAND.

SHERRY

What's that thing?

CINDY

I don't know. I think it might be a California House Bear.

GRAHAM

Well, I don't care if they're dogs, bears, or African elephants! You're returning these critters right away!

CINDY

But I can't, Daddy, they were on...

GRAHAM

(annoyed)

...on clearance, all sales final.

Right.

ELIZABETH

Well, honey, we can't keep all these dogs. We can barely afford to keep ten people.

J.R.

We could always sell Sherry.

GRAHAM

J.R.!

MARIE (O.S.)

Awww...

GRAHAM RAPIDLY TURNS HIS GAZE WHEN HE NOTICES MARIE'S COOING. SHE'S KNEELED DOWN TO PET ONE OF THE TWO BEAGLES.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Aren't you just the sweetest Beagley-  
Beagle. Yes, you are...

GRAHAM

Marie! Get away from him!

GRAHAM PULLS MARIE UP BY THE TORSO, AWAY FROM THE FLOPPY-EARED CANINE.

MARIE

Dad!

GRAHAM

I'm not going to have you getting  
attached to these mutts. We're getting  
rid of them first thing tomorrow.

CINDY RUNS UP TO GRAHAM, WITH A COUPLE OF DOGS FOLLOWING HER.

CINDY

Daddy, no!

GRAHAM

Cindy, honey, I know you're still  
upset about Hooter, and I know you're  
still a bit behind on the whole  
concept of home finances; but we just  
can't afford these dogs.

CINDY

But Daddy, I thought you took me to the mall so I could get over Hooter.

GRAHAM

Well, yeah. I figured you'd think it over, get a pretzel, maybe buy a blouse or whatever it is you stinkin' girls like.

CINDY

But these dogs make me feel better.

GRAHAM

Would a new Lamborghini make you feel better, too?

CINDY

Heck, yeah!

GRAHAM

Well, we can't afford it! And we can't afford these dogs, either.

CINDY

Well, what if we just sold Sherry?!

SHERRY IS AGHAST, EVEN FACTORING IN THAT CINDY PROBABLY DOESN'T REALLY KNOW WHAT SHE'S SAYING.

SHERRY

Oh, so you're taking the Ratboy's side now, you dumb ginger?!

ELIZABETH

Nobody's selling anyone!

CINDY

So we can keep the dogs, after all?!

ELIZABETH

I didn't say that, I said we shouldn't sell them. Realistically, we'd be better off just giving them away.

GRAHAM

Elizabeth! What are you thinking?! How are we going to recoup the cost of Cindy buying these mutts?!

ELIZABETH

I don't know. Cindy, how much did these dogs cost?

CINDY

In total, thirty dollars, and a date with Keith Musburger.

CONNIE

(disgusted)

What?!

WENDY

Don't tell me you're actually going to go out with "Mushroomhead" Musburger.

GRAHAM

Oh, forget about "Mushroomface" or whoever it is! The faster we get rid of these mongrels, the less it's going to cost me. Now, everybody up to bed...now!

CINDY/CONNIE/MARIE/WENDY

Yes, Dad.

THE LUBBOCK KIDS ALL HEAD UPSTAIRS, AS DO THE TEN DOGS WHO'VE BEEN SITTING PATIENTLY THIS WHOLE TIME.

GRAHAM

Not you!

GRAHAM GRABS THE LAB'S COLLAR, BUT NOT BEFORE LETTING THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER BY. HE RUNS UP AFTER HIM, WITH THE POODLES FOLLOWING GRAHAM CLOSE BY.

FADE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SHERRY IS SITTING ON THE COUCH WITH A NOTEPAD. J.R. WALKS IN CARRYING A PARTY SIZE BAG OF POTATO CHIPS.

J.R.

What are you doing?

SHERRY

I'm trying to come up with names for these dogs.

J.R. SITS DOWN AND OPENS THE BAG OF CHIPS, MARKED BY THE LIGHT SOUND OF AIR WHOOSHING OUT OF THE BAG.

J.R.

Why? We're not keeping them.

SHERRY

Yes, but Obsessive Pet Owners Quarterly says a dog has a sixty-eight percent better chance of being adopted if they have a name.

JUST THEN, THE LABRADOR HOPS UP BEHIND J.R.

J.R.

Well, what would you name this one?



SHERRY

Well, it's a chocolate Lab, so I'd consider something apropos like Hershey, or Snickers.

THE LAB STICKS HIS NOSE IN J.R.'S BAG OF CHIPS AND STARTS MUNCHING AWAY. J.R.'S EYES WIDEN.

J.R.

What do you call a dog who likes to steal peoples' junk food?

SHERRY

I'd say Graham, but that'd be too on the nose.

J.R.

What about that dog?

J.R. POINTS TO THE GIANT, BROWN NEWFOUNDLAND DOG WHO'S BEEN SITTING NEXT TO SHERRY THIS WHOLE TIME, PANTING PROFUSELY.

SHERRY

Eek! Where did you come from?!

J.R.

How can something so big be so stealthy?

SHERRY

He could teach Dad a thing or two.

J.R.

So, what should we call him?

SHERRY

Perhaps something like Shadow or Ghost, something that fits his stealthy aura.

J.R.

Would people adopt a dog named Ghost?

SHERRY

Hey, how about St. John?

J.R.

St. John?! What kind of name is that?!

SHERRY

Because, he's a Newfoundland dog, and that's the provincial capital of Newfoundland.

J.R.

Wait, I thought St. John was the capital of New Brunswick.

SHERRY'S JAW DROPS.

SHERRY

How do you know that?!

J.R.

Eh, sometimes when I'm at school and I'm really bored, I'll actually pay attention in class.

SHERRY LOOKS TO SEE THAT THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG HAS DISAPPEARED. THE LAB STILL HAS HIS HEAD BURIED DEEP INSIDE THE BAG OF CHIPS.

SHERRY

Hey, where did St. John go?!

MARIE (O.S.)

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!!!!

J.R. AND SHERRY LOOK UP.

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

I'm in the bathroom, Dog, get out of here! We're not married!

THE NEWFOUNDLAND RUNS BACK DOWN THE STAIRS.

SHERRY

On second thought, maybe we should call him Gander.

GRAHAM COMES IN FROM THE KITCHEN WITH THE TWO BEAGLES, ONE IN EACH ARM

GRAHAM

Hey, you two. Mind opening the door for me? We got a taker for these two.

SHERRY GETS UP AND OPENS THE DOOR TO REVEAL FATHER BUD.

FATHER BUD

Hey hey hey, Lubbockland. Hear you got some pooches that need a good home.

GRAHAM

Yeah. You sure you have enough room in your spartan quarters?

FATHER BUD

Not to worry, hopefully with these guys help, I can move on up to deluxe apartment.

GRAHAM

Are one of these mutts a realtor?

FATHER BUD

Hey, these little guys are going to be  
part of my new act. Take a listen, and  
a one, and a two...

*Oh, the shark, babe,*

THE BEAGLES, STILL IN GRAHAM'S ARMS, HOWL IN UNISON.

FATHER BUD (CONT'D)

*Has such teeth, dear*

THE BEAGLES HOWL AGAIN.

FATHER BUD (CONT'D)

*And it shows them pearly...*

THE BEAGLES HOWL AGAIN. GRAHAM LOOKS AT SHERRY.

GRAHAM

And I thought your sisters were in  
over their heads.

FLIP TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD - TWILIGHT

CINDY COMES OUT OF THE HOUSE HOLDING THE CHIHUAHUA. GRAHAM IS  
FOLLOWING HER CLOSELY.

GRAHAM

It was nice of that Musburger boy to  
take one these dogs home with him.

CINDY

Yeah, I just hope D'Amico's serves  
Kibbles 'n Bits.

KEITH MUSBURGER (O.S.)

Hey, Cindy! You ready to go?!

CINDY

Yeah, just a second.

CINDY TURNS TO GRAHAM.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Well, bye-ee.

GRAHAM

Don't be out too late.

GRAHAM GETS A GOOD LOOK AT CINDY'S DATE.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

He looks a normal kid. I wonder why  
they call him "Mushroomhead".

JUST THEN, A COWBOY OF SHORT STATURE WALKS UP TO GRAHAM.

COWBOY

Excuse me, sir.

GRAHAM

Hey, what can I do for you?

COWBOY

I'm here for the Sheepdog.

GRAHAM

Oh, right.

GRAHAM TURNS HIS HEAD TOWARDS THE FRONT DOOR.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
(bellowing)

Elizabeth! We got another one!

ELIZABETH FRANTICALLY COMES OUT OF THE HOUSE WITH THE  
SHEEPDOG ON A LEASH.

ELIZABETH

Coming, Graham! This one tried to have  
a party with the poodle.

COWBOY

It's good to hear he's got that  
working dog spirit.

GRAHAM

Yeah. So, what is it that you do  
exactly?

COWBOY

Isn't it obvious? I herd cattle!

GRAHAM

But this is a sheepdog.

COWBOY

Hey, the way I see it, if he can work  
with sheep, he can work with cows.

ELIZABETH

Well, I'm sure you know what you're  
doing.

COWBOY

Darn tootin'!

THE COWBOY PUTS A SADDLE ON THE SHEEPDOG'S BACK.

GRAHAM

Uh, what are you doing?

COWBOY

Hey, I'd like to see you afford a  
horse in today's economy.

THE COWBOY LEADS THE SHEEPDOG AWAY; ON FOOT, THANKFULLY.  
GRAHAM AND ELIZABETH WATCH WITH BEWILDERMENT.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

MUSIC CUE: "HOW MUCH IS THAT DOGGIE IN THE WINDOW?" BY PATTI  
PAGE

MARIE IS IN FRONT OF THE YARD DOING A PARTICULARLY GOOFY  
DANCE, WITH THE GOLDEN RETRIEVER ON HER LEASH. CONNIE COMES  
UP TO HER TO TRY TO PUT A STOP TO HER EMBARRASSING DISPLAY.  
THEY'RE SEEN ARGUING AS MARIE TRIES TO KEEP DANCING. JUST  
THEN, A YOUNG MAN CARRYING A BOOMBOX COMES UP DOING A DANCE  
JUST AS GOOFY AS MARIE'S. HE ASKS MARIE FOR THE DOG, SHE  
OBLIGES, THE MAN WALKS AWAY WITH THE DOG IN TOW. MARIE LOOKS  
AT CONNIE AS IF TO SAY "TOLD YA SO."

WENDY IS SITTING THE YARD WITH THE GERMAN SHEPHERD AND THE  
TWO POODLES, NEXT TO A SIGN THAT SAYS "FREE DATE WITH EVERY  
DOG!" A LONG LINE OF SCHOOLBOYS ARE WAITING IN LINE FOR A  
CHANCE TO TAKE WENDY UP ON HER OFFER. GRAHAM SEES THIS, AND  
ANGRILY PULLS THE SIGN UP. THE BOYS IMMEDIATELY LOSE INTEREST  
AND WALK AWAY. UNDETERRED, GRAHAM IMMEDIATELY GRABS ONE OF  
THE BOYS BY THE COLLAR, PUTS THE LEASHES IN HIS HAND, AND  
PUSHES HIM AWAY ALONG WITH HIS THREE NEW PETS.

J.R. GREETES A COUPLE AT THE FRONT OF THE YARD, BECKONING  
SHERRY TO HURRY UP. SHE'S STRUGGLING TO THE PULL THE LABRADOR  
RETRIEVER OUT THE HOUSE. AN ICE CREAM TRUCK IS SEEN DRIVING  
UP THE ROAD. THIS IS ALL THE LAB NEEDS TO SEE. THE DOG RUNS  
TOWARDS THE STREET, TAKING SHERRY UNWILLINGLY ALONG. SHE  
STRUGGLES TO KEEP UP WITH THE LAB AS HE RUNS PAST J.R. AND  
THE UNNAMED COUPLE.

END MONTAGE

GRAHAM IS SITTING ON THE PORCH WITH THE BROWN NEWFOUNDLAND.

GRAHAM

Well, nine down, one to go.

GRAHAM PAUSES FOR A MOMENT.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I didn't think it would be this hard  
to get rid of some stinkin' dogs. The  
one we had just left on his own.

GRAHAM PAUSES FOR ANOTHER SECOND.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Heh, I remember when me and Elizabeth first got Hooter. He was just the tiniest little furball. He fit right in the palm of my hand. I was in love, until he decided that was a good time to go to the bathroom. But once I washed my hands, we were tight, as the kids like to say. There were times, when the kids were really acting up, that I'd ask Elizabeth if we should just run away and only take Hooter.

THE DOG TILTS HIS HEAD.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sure Marie would have taken good care of them. Funny thing is, we only got Hooter because Marie was so upset about losing our old dog, Fuzzy. Funny name, considering how much fur he was missing, but we loved him anyway. And of course, there was Mickey, my Dad's old dog; and Babe, the dog my Dad had before Mickey.

GRAHAM HEAD PERKS UP, AND LOOKS AT THE REMAINING DOG.



GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Wow, this is going to be the first time in my life that I won't have a dog. Gee, I never thought that this would be so...so...

THE DOG LETS OUT A LOW, BELLOWING BARK.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You said it.

A MAN APPROACHES GRAHAM.

PATRON

Excuse me, is this the Lubbock residence?

GRAHAM

For the moment.

PATRON

I saw your ad about a big, brown dog that you were trying to get rid of.

GRAHAM STANDS UP.

GRAHAM

Oh, yeah.

GRAHAM LOOKS AT THE DOG, AND HESITATES.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Uh...

GRAHAM HESITATES FURTHER.

PATRON

Is something wrong?

GRAHAM TAKES ONE MORE LOOK AT THE DOG.

GRAHAM

Uh, I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to decline your offer. I think this one's going to stay at home with us.

PATRON

Oh, that's a shame. I guess I'll go tell the boys at the club that the Korean barbecue is off.

THE PATRON LEAVES.

GRAHAM

Well, I guess it's just you and me.  
Hey, what was it that Sherry wanted to name you? Gander, or something?

THE DOG BLANKLY STARES FORWARD, HIS TONGUE HANGING LOOSE.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Hmm, good enough for me. Come on, I can smell dinner cooking. I hope you like Brunswick stew as much as I do.  
Ha ha ha ha ha.

GRAHAM AND GANDER ENTER THE HOUSE.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT II