

PROFESSOR GREER

"The Oasis on the Ghetto"

S1 E1 Pilot

WGA West 2034821

written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA - LAUREL PARK TOWNHOMES - DAY

BEGIN OPENING TITLES

PROFESSOR GRAHAM GREER, early 50's, blonde hair, blue eyes, athletic and divorced. He teaches English at the local community college and has a border collie mix named Godfrey. Graham lives in a two-bedroom townhome at a complex known as Laurel Park that was built in the mid-1960s. The east side of the complex has homes that approach one million dollars while the west side of the complex has tiny one-bedroom cottages that are run down and is near a commercial street that leads into downtown. Even though it is May, it's about 100 degrees. This is Texas.

Graham floats in the SWIMMING POOL that is surrounded by a few dilapidated palm trees. About a dozen units face the pool. It's the beginning of the summer and his mind drifts.

CLOSE-UP SHOT - Graham drifts in the pool.

GRAHAM (V.O)

Robert Browning said, "Grow old
along with me! The best is yet to
be."

An ambulance siren wails in the background. PARAMEDICS wheel an ELDERLY WOMAN out of one of the townhomes on a gurney.

GRAHAM (V.O) (CONT'D)

Alfred Lord Tennyson said, "Old
age hath yet his honour and his
toil."

A naked older man runs naked past the pool with MARK LUCAS, the Laurel Park maintenance man, in hot pursuit.

GRAHAM (V.O) (CONT'D)

William Wordsworth said, "The
wiser mind mourns less for what
age takes away than what it leaves
behind."

A TEENAGE BOY runs by the pool carrying a flat screen TV while the Manager of Laurel Park townhomes, MRS. SCHNEIDER, chases the kid in her pink running shoes and spandex with a rake in her hand.

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GRAHAM (V.O) (CONT'D)

But my favorite quote about getting old comes from Albert Einstein, who said, "I have reached an age when, if someone tells me to wear socks, I don't have to."

Graham gets out of the pool and grabs a towel from the back of a chair as the camera tracks him walking towards the pool gate.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

My philosophy on aging is to fall in love with a younger woman and make love with her as often as possible.

LUCY WYNTER, late-20's, waits for Graham at the pool gate. She is a strawberry blonde, with green eyes and is well endowed. She wears a long floral cotton skirt with sandals, a white t-shirt and silver and turquoise earrings. She is a graduate student in English at the local university and was Graham's student at the community college.

LUCY

Hey, Graham. How are you feeling, babe?

GRAHAM

Like a million bucks! How are you, Lucy?

Graham and Lucy kiss each other passionately. Graham walks through the gate and they walk arm-and-arm with each other to Graham's townhome. GODFREY, a Border Collie mix, greets them as they leave the pool area with the camera tracking them from behind.

GRAHAM (V.O.)

My name is Graham Greer. I'm a college English professor and this is my girlfriend, Lucy. And that's my dog, Godfrey. This is our life in ...

ROLL TITLE

THE OASIS ON THE GHETTO

END OPENING TITLE

ACT ONE

EXT. GRAHAM'S TOWNHOME - DAY

Graham sweeps some dry grass and leaves off of the path that leads to the front door of his townhome. It is another hot day and he can't wait to get back into the pool.

Graham's neighbor, TERRI LYNN HATCHER, approaches Graham with a CIGARETTE dangling from her mouth. She is clad in a "ZZ Top" t-shirt, cut offs and a pair of flip flops and has several visible tatoos.

TERRI LYNN

Hey Graham. Did you see where that dog from across the way took a shit in your yard the other day?

GRAHAM

(laughing)

Why no, Terri Lynn, I believe I missed that.

TERRI LYNN

Well, I took a picture of it on my cell phone. It happened while you was in the pool, of course. You know the management will fine you \$50 for dog shit in your yard and try to blame it on Godfrey. All they want to do is fine people here.

GRAHAM

Thank you, Terri Lynn. I really appreciate that. That was very neighborly of you.

Graham's cell phone rings with a soft melodic tone. It's Lucy calling.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I got to take this, Terri Lynn. Thanks again for watching my back.

TERRI LYNN

Okay, Graham. I'll catch you later.

Graham walks back inside his townhome to talk to Lucy. On the way, he grabs a letter that is attached to a large metal clip near his front door.

(CONTINUED)

INT. GRAHAM'S TOWNHOME - DAY

GRAHAM

Hello Lucy. How are you?
Graham scans the letter while talking to Lucy.

LUCY

I'm peachy. How are you?

GRAHAM

Well, I just recieved a letter from Lone Star Development Corp. that they are looking to take over our homeowner's association so they can develop a new gated community of some kind.

LUCY

What? Lone Star? Those people are bullies! Thugs! Real criminals! They have a horrible track record.

GRAHAM

They're holding a meeting on Thursday night with the homeowner's association. Representatives from Lone Star Development will be in attendance.

LUCY

We should go, Graham. We have to fight these greedmongers.

GRAHAM

Yes, Lucy, we do. And we will. Will I see you later, honey?

LUCY

Yes, but after my yoga class. Bye Graham. I love you.

GRAHAM

Love you too, babe.

They both hang up their phones. Graham reads the LETTER again closely while shaking his head in disbelief. Godfrey looks at him and turns his head from side to side.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Graham floats in the pool while one of his neighbors, BRITTANY BRANIGAN, walks by the pool with a bag of laundry in one hand and a laundry detergent container in the other.

(CONTINUED)

She has lots of tattoos, wears a pair of gym shorts and a "The Go-Go's" t-shirt with no bra. She has very large breasts and wears her hair in a ponytail.

GRAHAM

Hello Brittany. Come join me for a swim.

BRITTANY

Graham, I'd love to join you but the water is too friggin' cold. Especially with these boobs. Screw that.

GRAHAM

I understand. Hey, did you get the letter about the meeting on Thursday with Lone Star Development?

BRITTANY

Yes, I did. I'll be there with lots of questions. I can't afford to live any place else in this town. It has become too damn expensive.

GRAHAM

I agree Brittany. Like Ben Franklin said, "We must, indeed, all hang together or, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately."

BRITTANY

Ain't he the dude on the C-note?

GRAHAM

Yes, he is, Brittany. See you on Thursday night.

BRITTANY

Later, Graham.

Brittany heads off to the laundry. Graham swims over to the ladder on the side of the pool. He climbs out of the pool and walks toward the gated entrance to go and meet Lucy at his townhome.

INT. GRAHAM'S TOWNHOME - NIGHT

Lucy chops some fresh VEGETABLES on a cutting board as Graham lines a wok with OLIVE OIL while listening to 1980's pop music. Godfrey is sprawld out on the floor in the dining nook.

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

The thing about these Lone Star guys, Lucy, is that they have an army of lawyers behind them.

LUCY

And boatloads of cash. So do you think we're fucked Graham?

Graham saunters over to the counter and grabs a carrot from the pile of fresh vegetables. He begins to put it in his mouth.

GRAHAM

Yeah, we're fucked, honey, but this ain't the first time David didn't fight back with Goliath. We can beat these bastards. We just got to be smart.

LUCY

Smart how? We're academics Graham. It's not like we're explicating poetry here. Or analyzing postmodern fiction. This is real life, big lawyer, big money, evil empire stuff.

GRAHAM

I know, Lucy. But we've got the passion. My family built these townhomes. They were meant for regular working people that are cops, firemen, nurses and teachers. Not lawyers and bankers and technology geeks.

LUCY

I know, Graham, but this city has changed. One third of the residents here rely on two weeks salary to pay their housing costs. It's all about greed and winning at all costs. Unfortunately, it's a "Fuck You" world out there.

Lucy walks over to the wok and dumps the chopped vegetables into the hot oil. She looks Graham in the eye and they kiss.

LUCY (CONT'D)

We're gonna need a miracle to beat these bastards. But if anyone can do it, you can, Graham Greer.

(CONTINUED)

Lucy grabs a vial of insulin from the refrigerator. She takes a syringe out of her bag and gives herself a dose of insulin. Graham pours himself a glass of WHITE WINE.

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GRAHAM

But how, honey? I can use the appeal to pity, but what will that get me? Laurel Park was built in 1963. I wonder if we could get it declared a historic landmark by the city.

LUCY

That would be a first. So many old houses and buildings have been bulldozed under the guise of "progress."

GRAHAM

True dat. Well, I wonder if the Lone Star people have been working Mark Lucas and Mrs. Schneider? You know, making them an offer they can't refuse?

LUCY

It wouldn't surprise me, Graham. Those people would do anything to make a buck.

Graham serves up the vegetables and chicken from the wok over two bowls of WHITE RICE. They move into the living room while Lucy lays out the water, wine, chopsticks and napkins for them to eat.

GRAHAM

The only reason a huge developer like Lone Star would want to take over a 40 unit complex like Laurel Park is for the land. Don't you think?

LUCY

It's the location, Graham. They want to build a high rise property with lofts and retail stores. The hood has become respectable, baby. That's why a lot of people have left this city. They can no longer afford it.

GRAHAM

That's true. The ghetto is shrinking and has become gentrified over the years and this
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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GRAHAM (CONT'D)
city is losing a lot of its ethnic
character and diversity. It's a
city of hipsters and yuppies.

LUCY
Yeah. Mostly white yuppies.

Lucy and Graham sit down on the sofa next to each other to
eat dinner. Godfrey wakes up from his nap as the Chinese
food has piqued his interest.

LUCY (CONT'D)
(giggling)
Why do you think I shackled up with
my old college English professor?
I couldn't afford an apartment in
this city.

GRAHAM
Hey! Not old. I believe you meant
"former."

Lucy leans in and gives Graham a big wet kiss.

END OF ACT I

ACT II**INT. LAUREL PARK CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT**

About 20 people are gathered in the LAUREL PARK CLUBHOUSE for a homeowner's association meeting. An ATTORNEY and his ASSISTANT from LONE STAR DEVELOPMENT are present. LUCY sits on the front row with other homeowners including Brittany and Terri Lyn. Graham sits at the head table with the other Board members. Most of the residents are elderly.

MRS. SCHNEIDER

The meeting of the Laurel Park Homeowner's Association will now come to order. Please review the minutes from the last meeting.

The Board members review the minutes for a few seconds.

MRS. SCHNEIDER (CONT'D)

Do I have a motion to approve the minutes?

MARK LUCAS

I make a motion to approve the minutes.

SANDRA BENNET

Second.

MRS. SCHNEIDER

The minutes from the last meeting are now approved. For tonight's meeting, we have representatives from the Lone Star Development Corporation who will give us a presentation for their plan for the Laurel Park Condominims. Mr. Dunleavy, you have the floor.

LANCE DUNLEAVY, a well dressed man in his early forties, walks to the front of the crowded room full of homeowners. His Assistant, dressed in a tight-fitting short skirt and stiletto heels, hands out bound, color printed information packets.

LANCE

Good evening, ladies and gentleman. My name is Lance Dunleavy and I am Vice President of Development at Lone Star Development Corporation. We own and operate over one hundred residential properties across the country.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LANCE (CONT'D)

As you can see from the collateral that my assistant is handing out, we are making the Laurel Park homeowners a generous offer for their properties.

Graham skims through the OFFER which has lots of colorful charts and quotations about security and "piece of mind."

GRAHAM

(whispering to LUCY)

They're only offering \$60K for the one bedrooms and \$80K for the two bedroom units. They're worth three times that!

LANCE

Please take a moment to look through the information provided. We need to get 80% of the owners to agree to terminate the condominiums in order for us to proceed with our development. A collective symphony of gasps, grumbling and a few "Dangs" are heard throughout the room.

MRS. SCHNEIDER

Quiet. Quiet please. Allow Mr. Dunleavy to continue.

LANCE

Once you have looked everything over, I will take comments and questions.

TERRI LYNN

My name is Terri Lynn Hatcher and I've lived here for 20 years. These amounts you are offering are way too low. Our homes are worth three times what you are offering. Why are you lowballing us?

LANCE

Well, Ms. Hatcher. That is a good question. The right to buy and sell property is part of the American way in life.

BRITTANY

But no where in our Constitution does it say that we have to be gobbled up by the sharks, does it Mr. Dunleavy?

(CONTINUED)

TERRI LYNN

Or be bullied by a greedy
developer like Lone Star.

MRS. SCHNEIDER

People. People. Please calm down.
This is meant to be a healthy
discussion.

BRITTANY

And so it only takes 80% of
the owners to allow you to take
over so you can demolish our
homes. I read that it only takes
10% of the ownership to block it.
I'd like to make a motion that the
homeowners agree to block the
takeover of the Laurel Park
Townhomes by the Lone Star Development
Corporation.

TERRI LYNN

I second the motion. How do you
like them apples, Mr. Dunleavy?

MRS. SCHNEIDER

Only Board members can make
motions.

GRAHAM

Well, I'm a Board member, Mrs.
Schneider, and I would like to
make a motion to block Lone Star
Development from taking over
Laurel Park.

There is dead silence in the room. The camera PANS the table
of Board members. The camera zooms in on LANCE DUNLEAVY and
then zooms in on MRS. SCHNEIDER.

MRS. SCHNEIDER

Without a second, the motion ...

SANDRA BENNETT

I'll second the motion.

Graham smiles at SANDRA BENNETT. The room full of homeowners
erupt in a collective cheer and some raise their canes in the
air and shake them.

LANCE

(angrily)

Let me assure you, Mrs. Schneider,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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LANCE (CONT'D)
we will be back. We don't give up
that easily. Good evening.

Lance Dunleavy and his slutty Assistant leave the clubhouse in a hurry. Mark Lucas follows them outside. Some of the HOMEOWNERS throw the OFFERING at them as they leave while others flip them off in a moment of solidarity.

Lucy smiles at Graham and gives him a thumbs up. He returns the smile to Lucy but knows that this is just the beginning of the battle with Lone Star Development.

EXT. LAUEL PARK SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Graham floats in the pool and thinks about the Board meeting. He can't believe that the Lone Star people tried to lowball him and the Laurel Park homeowners.

Sandra Bennett enters the pool area. She is in a BLACK BIKINI and wears a big WHITE FLOPPY HAT with a black ribbon tied around it. She places her towel on a chair and kicks off her sandals. She then saunters over to the edge of the pool.

SANDRA
Hello Graham. How are you today? Or do
you prefer Professor Greer?

GRAHAM
Sandra? Call me Graham. What a pleasant
surprise to see you. How are you doing
today?

SANDRA
Well, after that Board meeting
yesterday, I'm not quite sure how I am
doing.

Graham swims over to the edge of the pool to be closer to Sandra, who sits on the STEPS at the end. For a woman who is sixty years old, she looks very fit and trim, and has long legs.

GRAHAM
I know what you mean. We're just a quiet
little development of forty condos and
all of a sudden, Godzilla wants to knock
us down.

SANDRA
That's the property market here. I heard
that your family developed Laurel Park.
Is that true?

(CONTINUED)

GRAHAM

Yes ma'am. I grew up here and, with the exception of college and getting my PhD, have lived here almost my entire life.

SANDRA

So that explains why you are so passionate about keeping Lone Star from taking us over.

GRAHAM

Guilty as charged. And thank you for your second at the meeting.

SANDRA

You're quite welcome.

GRAHAM

Sorry to be so direct, but what do you do for a living, Sandra?

SANDRA

You mean "did." I'm a retired paralegal.

GRAHAM

Oh? I see.

SANDRA

I worked for my ex-husband for thirty years.

GRAHAM

Okay. Well, I'm divorced as well.

SANDRA

But you're not single?

GRAHAM

Yes. Lucy is my girlfriend.

SANDRA

I see. I wasn't sure if she was ... never mind.

GRAHAM

My daughter? I get that a lot.

SANDRA

Good for you old sport. Enjoy it while you can.

INT. TOWNHOME - DAY

Looking through the window on the second floor, Mark Lucas holds a parabolic MICROPHONE and records the conversation between Sandra and Graham. He has a diabolical grin on his face.

EXT. LAUEL PARK TOWNHOMES - DAY

Graham leaves the swimming pool area and heads back to his condominium. He runs into LAYLA MUELLER, an elderly retiree with leathery skin and a Dallas Cowboys baseball cap. She walks her dachshund, whom she calls TURD BUTT.

LAYLA

Turd Butt. Don't you do that here. You little devil!

Graham stealthily approaches Layla and Turd Butt.

GRAHAM

Layla. How are you doing on this beautiful day?

Layla looks up and looks Graham straight in the eye.

LAYLA

Well, Graham, I'm not dead yet.

GRAHAM

Oh, Layla. You got plenty of years left in you. Come on.

LAYLA

Well, thank you, dear. I wanted to say thank you for handling that SOB from Lone Star at the meeting. We have to work together and keep those bastards from stealing our homes from us.

GRAHAM

It's like what Vesta Kelly said, "Snowflakes are one of nature's most fragile things, but just look what they can do when they stick together." We're snowflakes, Layla. Sticking together.

LAYLA

I ain't no snowflake, Graham. I'm a concealed carrying, Dr Pepper drinkin', right wing Republican from Texas with arthritis. And who the hell is Vesta Kelly?

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Turd Butt pees all over Layla's feet as Graham heads to the entrance of his townhome.

END OF ACT II

ACT IIIINT. HALLWAY - DAY

The camera zooms in on a wall plaque that reads LONE STAR DEVELOPMENT. A large man with a shaved head enters the offices.

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A RECEPTIONIST sits behind a large wood desk and answers a continuously ringing phone.

RECEPTIONIST

No, Mr. Maxwell, you don't get a discount on your rent for being a cross-dresser. I'm sorry. Goodbye.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

How can I help you?

MARK LUCAS

Hi. I'm Mark Lucas. I am here to see Lance Dunleavy.

RECEPTIONIST

One moment Mr. Lucas. Please have a seat.

MARK LUCAS

Thank you, ma'am.

Mark sits down in a comfortable LEATHER CHAIR. On the walls there are framed photographs of Lone Star property developments throughout Texas. Lance Dunleavy enters the reception area clad in a blue blazer and khaki pants.

LANCE

Mark. Good to see you man. Come on back to my office.

Lance and Mark stroll down a hallway to Lance's corner office. Mark sits down in a chair while Lance paces behind his large desk.

LANCE (CONT'D)

What have you got for me, Mark?

MARK LUCAS

I am able to record Graham Greer's conversations by the pool. Earlier today I got him talking to Sandra Bennett.

(CONTINUED)

LANCE

Very good, Mark. Do you think we could bring Sandra Bennett over to our side?

MARK LUCAS

Well, I don't know about that.

LANCE

Of course we can, Mark. She's retired and living on a fixed income. She can be bought, Mark. She can be cajoled and persuaded. That's what I do, Mark.

MARK LUCAS

(nervously)

Yes sir. I understand.

LANCE

Get me more audio, Mark. More conversations that we can use to screw him over. It won't take much. Now get to it, Mark. Chop, chop.

Mark quickly leaves the office as Lance laughs devilishly.

INT. GRAHAM'S TOWNHOME - DAY

The sound of a CHAINSAW runs through Graham's front door screen like a bull running the streets of Pamplona in July. Graham steps outside of his townhome into his patch of grass known as his front yard.

EXT. GRAHAM'S TOWNHOME - DAY

Across from his townhome, the buzz of the chainsaw gets louder as Graham approaches the townhome across from him. CARLSON BAXTER cuts vigorously into a STUMP on his patio. He sees Graham and turns off the chainsaw.

GRAHAM

Howdy, neighbor. Looks like you are "gittin' her done," as they say. How goes it, Carlson?

CARLSON

Not too bad, Graham. Not too bad. Just getting a few things squared away before I clear outta here.

GRAHAM

Oh? You moving out, Carlson.

(CONTINUED)

CARLSON

Yes sir. Lone Star doubled their offer, so I figured I would ease into early retirement. Got my eye on a place on the lake.

GRAHAM

Did you say Lone Star doubled their offer from last week?

CARLSON

Yep. Couldn't afford not to, Graham. I've been here for thirty years, so I figured that it's time to move on. A lot of good memories here. I remember grilling by the pool with your folks. Good times, Graham, Good times.

GRAHAM

Well, sorry to see you go, Carlson. You will be missed.

Mark Lucas watches the two men converse from the parking lot. He takes out his cell and sends a text. Thunder claps loudly and lightning can be seen in the broad Texas sky.

Graham makes his way to his vintage sports car. He watches Mark Lucas scurry away to the other end of the development.

Graham jumps into his car and puts the top up. He slowly pulls out of the parking lot as the rain begins to pour madly, giving the Laurel Park Townhomes a much needed bath.

EXT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

The parking lot at the YOGA STUDIO is filled with expensive luxury and sports cars. Audi, BMW, Mercedes, Tesla and the random Tahoe or Lincoln Navigator.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

Lucy is sitting cross-legged on a pink yoga mat in a studio of about twenty people, nearly all women, except for a thin and muscular Asian man. She has prepared a mat and blankets with a pair of purple blocks for Graham.

LUCY

Hey honey. How's it going?

GRAHAM

Did you hear the news about Coleman Baxter?

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

No, babe. What happened?

GRAHAM

Lone Star doubled their offer on his unit and he took it.

LUCY

Oh no. Really? You know, when I was doing my laundry this morning, I overheard Layla talking to Gayle Gomez and I could swear she mentioned something about "doubling their offer."

GRAHAM

Really? What are we going to do, Lucy? This is David and Goliath and they got us by the ...

Sandra Bennet plunks her yoga mat, strap, blankets and blocks down next to Graham in the studio.

SANDRA

Well hello, you two. I didn't know you came here for yoga. How are y'all doing?

Both Graham and Lucy look confused and perplexed. Lucy puts on a big smile. Graham looks frazzled.

LUCY

Doing great. Looking forward to some breathing and stretching.

GRAHAM

Sandra. Nice to see you.

SANDRA

Graham. You look a little stressed about something. Let me treat both of you to a smoothie after class. I have some news for you about Laurel Park.

Graham and Lucy both nod their heads in agreement.

A skinny blonde woman with zero body fat and perfect white teeth turns on some trippy Eastern music via her iPhone.

YOGA INSTRUCTOR

Namaste y'all. Welcome to Basic Yogo. How's everybody doing today?

INT. HEALTH FOOD STORE

Graham, Lucy and Sandra sip on large smoothie drinks while sitting at a table in the corner of a HEALTH FOOD STORE next to the yoga studio.

GRAHAM

So it looks like Lone Star has decided to flex their muscle and double their offer. We believe at least two or three tenants have accepted the offer, which has put us in a bad spot, Sandra.

SANDRA

I heard some rumors about this. Well, on a more positive note, my ex-husband, Gordon, was researching the possibility of mineral rights for the owners at Laurel Park.

LUCY

Wow. Does he think we can make a little money?

SANDRA

Well, more in alignment with our cause, Gordon discovered that a Native American tribe may have a burial ground exactly where the Laurel Park Townhomes were built. He has hired an archeologist from Texas Tech to come to Midessa with a team of graduate students to excavate the property.

Graham and Lucy look at each other in disbelief.

GRAHAM

You know, Sandra, I think Gordon is on to something here. When my Dad was first building the Laurel Park Townhomes, I would play in the mounds of dirt as a kid. One day I found a few arrowheads. I remember showing them to my father and he told me I should become an archeologist.

SANDRA

Now that is fascinating, Graham. Cream always rises to the top.

LUCY

Such a kind man Gordon is. That's great news, Sandra.

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SANDRA

Well, he certainly is smart. Trust me,
he has his eye on the prize as well,
Lucy.

The three of them sip on their smoothies and smile.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV**INT. GRAHAM'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY**

Graham and Lucy meet up at his townhouse at Laurel Park. They sit in the living room to review the information that Sandra shared about Gordon and his recent discovery.

GRAHAM

So do you think that what Sandra told us about Gordon and the Native American burial ground is real?

LUCY

I don't think she was lying to us, Graham. She seems to want to keep Lone Star from taking away our homes.

EXT. GRAHAM'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

While Graham and Lucy discuss Gordon's discovery, Mark Lucas listens to their conversation with his parabolic MICROPHONE pointed through their kitchen window. Mark is positioned outside of Graham's townhouse on the other side of the fence in the back of Graham's home.

INT. GRAHAM'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

GRAHAM

Yeah, you're probably right. I just don't know if I trust Gordon. He's kind of a sleazy lawyer.

LUCY

You gotta have faith, Graham. He's trying to help, Sandra. He sounds like a good guy to me, honey.

Lucy gets closer to Graham and massages his back with one hand and his balls with the other. Graham starts to kiss Lucy on her shoulder which gets her really horny.

EXT. GRAHAM'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

While Mark Lucas records Graham and Lucy, Layla and Turd Butt stroll up to Mark. She records Mark with the video on her cell phone.

LAYLA

Whatcha doing Mark?

Turd Butt begins a LOW GROWL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Graham and Lucy's groans and moans can be heard through the headset.

MARK LUCAS

(startled)

Oh. Hey Layla. Just testing out this fence for Graham.

Turd Butt's growl gets even louder as does Graham and Lucy's screams of pleasure.

LAYLA

Bullshit, Mark. I see that parabolic microphone in your hand. You're listening in on Graham's conversation inside his house. It sounds like they are fucking. You're a pervert, Mark Lucas. A Peeping Tom.

Mark tosses the parabolic mike over the FENCE.

MARK LUCAS

Oh no, Layla. That's just a thing I have to listen to football games with. It's not a microphone.

LAYLA

Do I have a sign that reads "Stupid" on my forehead? My daughter, Beth, is a Midessa County Deputy Sheriff and she would love to see your listening device, Mark. I would imagine that a judge would call that "Invasion of Privacy."

Turd Butt's growl is now peppered with some barking while Graham and Lucy are screaming and moaning while fucking.

MARK LUCAS

Layla. Let's try and keep this between us, okay? Nobody needs to know about this.

LAYLA

The hell they don't! I'm going to expose you and your little extra-curricular activity at the next homeowner's meeting. Pervert!

EXT. GRAHAM'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

A white piece of paper that reads "HOMEOWNER'S MEETING, THURSDAY @ 6 PM POOL HOUSE" hangs from a large metal clip outside of Graham's front door.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL AREA - LAUREL PARK TOWNHOMES - NIGHT

A table is set at the front of the room that includes seats for Mrs. Schneider, Mark Lucas, Sandra Bennet and Graham Greer. A fifth seat remains empty.

MRS. SCHNEIDER

Good evening. This meeting of the Laurel Park Townhomes Homeowner's Association is called to order. Do we have a quorum, Mr. Seceretary?

MARK LUCAS

Yes ma'am, we do.

MRS. SCHNEIDER

Very good. The meeting can now begin. Our first item is the acquisition of 80% of the properties at Laurel Park by the Lone Star Development Corporation. Mr. Lance Dunleavy is in attendance at tonight's meeting to make a statement and answer any questions that you may have.

Lance Dunleavy make his way to the front of the room.

LANCE DUNLEAVY

Thank you, Mrs. Schneider. We are thankful to those of you that took advantage of our premiere property offers. Does anyone have any questions about Lone Star Development becoming the majority shareholder of the Laurel Park Townhomes?

A tall, robust man in a dark three-piece suit and black cowboy boots with a grey beard approaches the front of the room, followed by a white-haired man. They are both carrying leather briefcases.

GORDON BENNETT

I have a couple of questions, Mr. Dunleavy.

LANCE DUNLEAVY

Yes sir. Fire away.

GORDON BENNETT

My name is Gordon Bennett and I am a member of the Laurel Park Board of Directors and the owner of three units.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GORDON BENNETT (CONT'D)

While conducting some research about mineral rights for the property, I discovered that there may be a Native American burial ground beneath what is now the Laurel Park Townhomes. Based on that information, does that alter or change your strategy in acquiring all of the Laurel Park Townhomes and tearing them down for a mixed-use development?

Lance takes a handkerchief out of his sportcoat pocket and wipes the sweat off of his brow.

LANCE DUNLEAVY

Well, sir, that is a rather complex and interesting question. If it were true that there was a Native American burial ground beneath the Laurel Park Townhomes, then Lone Star would consider altering our development plans for the property. What proof do you have, Mr. Bennett?

GORDON BENNETT

To answer your question, I will turn this over to Dr. David Digmore from the Anthropology Department at Texas Tech University.

DR. DAVID DIGMORE

Based on my research, my team has discovered that the exact location of the Laurel Park Townhomes was part of a burial ground for the Mescalero-Apache Indians. We plan on sending a team of graduate students and anthropologists to excavate the site.

Lance is sweating profusely and his handkerchief is soaked in sweat.

LANCE DUNLEAVY

So, this is nothing more than speculation, Dr. Digmore, as you have no definitive proof.

GORDON BENNETT

Yes, that is true, Mr. Dunleavy. However, in order to protect the sanctity of the Native American burial ground, I have filed a cemetery notice with the Midessa County Medical Examiner's Office.

(CONTINUED)

Dunleavy looks like he may faint and takes a seat in the empty chair at the table. He squeezes the sweat from his handkerchief while Tiffany offers him a paper towel to dry himself.

GORDON BENNETT (CONT'D)

In order to bless this burial ground, I have invited the Chief of the Mescalero Apache tribe, Victor "Wise Owl" Arroyo, to bless the ground of his forefathers.

WISE OWL and a group of Native American DANCERS and SINGERS enter the Laurel Park pool house. They dance and sing in a circle as the residents and the Board Members watch in surprise. One of the dancers grabs Mrs. Schneider out of her chair and spins her around. Some of the residents rise from their seats and wave their fists in the air. Once their routine has ended, they quietly depart the pool house.

VICTOR "WISE OWL" ARROYO

Thank you to the owners of the Laurel Park Townhomes. We appreciate your cooperation during the investigation of the final resting place of our ancestors, who used to sing:

The tribal members join in unison.

Their property of all kinds, good,
uncountable

Having been prepared he walks they say

Long life like, good, chief never has he
trouble

Having been prepared he walks they say.

The Mescalero Apache Indians depart the pool house quietly.

GRAHAM

I make a motion that the Board approves the excavation of the Laurel Park Townhomes for a Native American burial ground and that the Lone Star Development Corporation postpone any digging activities until a conclusion has been reached.

SANDRA BENNETT

I second the motion.

MRS. SCHNEIDER

All those in favor, aye?

(CONTINUED)

All of the Board members say "Aye." Lance Dunleavy glares at Mark Lucas.

LANCE DUNLEAVY

This is an outrage. A hoax. A comedy of errors. No one embarasses the Lone Star Development Corporation nor Lance Dunleavy. No one.

Lance storms out of the room with his slutty assistant, TIFFANY, in tow.

The townhome owners make TOMOHAWK chopping motions with their hands and yell "Aye yae aye yae, Aye yae aye yae" at them as they depart the pool house.

CLOSE-UP of Lance with on-screen text.

Lance Dunleavy was banned from the real estate management industry and currently manages a convenience store in the Texas panhandle.

Mark Lucas chases Lance out of the room.

CLOSE-UP of Mark Lucas with on-screen text.

Matthew John was arrested for invasion of privacy by Layla's niece. He is now serving 5 years in a prison near Amarillo.

Graham and Lucy hug and kiss each other.

CLOSE-UP of Graham and Lucy with on-scrree text.

Lucy moved out of her tiny apartment and now lives with Graham in his Laurel Park townhouse.

Gordon Bennet puts his arm around Sandra and gives her a hug.

CLOSE-UP of Gordon and Sandra with on-screen text.

Gordon and Sandra got back together and she moved into his mansion in Midessa. They kept her Laurel Park townhouse as an investment.

END OF ACT IV

ROLL CLOSING CREDITS