

**EXT. MISS YA YA'S MANSION - FRONT - DAY**

Devon has both dogs on a leash, takes them out of the house and through the front gate.

Galavant has his red ball.

**EXT. BEVERLY HILLS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY**

Posh neighborhood, lots of trees.

Devon performs to no one, practicing. He's outstanding.

DEVON

It wasn't an accident, it was a choice, wasn't it?! You didn't just trip, fall down, and... oops! His dick was inside you! No, you made a conscious decision to betray me. And I'll tell you why, it's because you wanted 'this' to be over. You are just too much of a coward to actually tell me that you wanted to end it. And that's why we're breaking up, not because you cheated on me, because you're a fucking coward, Kelly. You're too scared to do anything, so you let things happen to you. You don't make choices, you just keep falling down, over and over again!

Devon looks to Harmony, who PANTS happily.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Then you say, "Fuck you, Johnathan! I'm glad I cheated on you, and you know what?! It wasn't the first time!"

Galavant pees on a tree, Harmony takes a crap on the grass.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Yeah, actually, you pretty much nailed it.

Devon pulls out a little plastic poop bag, leans down.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Jesus, what did Becca feed you guys?

As he's halfway through, his cell phone RINGS.

But, he has no hands.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Hang on!

Devon gets the phone out, screen says "Agent - Pick Up!"

As he picks up, he drops the phone right into the poop.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Oh! No!

TRACIE (40s, female) talks a million miles an hour, always selling, always looking for the next deal.

TRACIE (O.S.)

(through the phone)

Devon, my favorite little twink! I have someone who wants to talk to you--

DEVON

Hey, Tracie! Hold on one sec.

He's trying desperately to grab the phone, using one of the poop bags. He can't touch the screen.

TRACIE (O.S.)

(ignoring him)

--from that national you went in for. Good news! You're their number one, but they're in a rush and they want you to do a read over the phone.

DEVON

What? Now?

TRACIE (O.S.)

Nothing big, just a quick read and it's yours.

Devon has the phone in his hand now.

TRACIE (CONT'D)

Okay, putting him through. Remember this is a national spot, so you'd better not fuck it up, Damon.

DEVON

Devon.

TRACIE (O.S.)

Sure--

(all sunshine now)

Pryor! I have Devon on the line for you, so glad we could make this work!

Devon slowly brings the poop phone to his ear. He hates it.

This will be the hardest acting of his life.

DEVON

Hello! Oh my god! I just loved what you all had put together for the audition, it's so exciting!

PRYOR (O.S.)

(deadpan)

Yeah, so give me your best "Arby's. Where you come to eat meat."

DEVON

I...

Silence on the line.

DEVON (CONT'D)

(deep breath)

Arby's. Where you come to eat meat!

PRYOR (O.S.)

Variation on that.

DEVON

Arby's! Where you come, to eat meat.

PRYOR (O.S.)

And one more.

DEVON

Arby's. Where you come to eat meat?

PRYOR (O.S.)

Hang on.

The phone goes silent for a long moment.

Devon stands, poop phone to his ear.

The neighborhood is empty, just one black Volvo station wagon rolls along the road ahead.

PRYOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Great. We'll be in touch.

Click.

TRACIE (O.S.)  
Amazing job! I've never heard him  
so excited, they really liked you!

DEVON  
Did I book it?

TRACIE (O.S.)  
Absolutely maybe! I'll reach back  
out in a few after I check with  
them.

Click.

Devon is alone with the dogs, the poop phone, and the poop  
baggy dangling from his other hand.

Does he celebrate or cry?

Instead, he wipes the phone clean(ish) on the grass and ties  
up the poop bag.

Harmony BARKS once.

TURK  
Cute dogs.

The black Volvo pulled up next to Devon without him noticing.

TURK (30s, male) stands there, holds a Glock 9mm lazily  
pointed at Devon. Turk wears running pants and a hoodie  
pulled up high to hide his face.

TURK (CONT'D)  
Give them to me.

Inside the car, ORION (30s, male) is in the driver's seat.  
Orion, studious, looks like a well dressed bodybuilder.

Devon is a deer in headlights.

DEVON  
What?

TURK  
The dogs! Now!

DEVON  
They're not mine.

TURK

The fuck do I care? Give em here.

He gestures with the gun, advances.

Devon SCREAMS, throws the baggy of poop at Turk, and runs.

TURK (CONT'D)

Damnit!

He dodges the poop bag like it's an actual grenade.

ORION

Get him!

Devon sprints with the leashed dogs.

It's a game to them. They bound along, wind through their floppy ears, tongues lolling (Galavant still has his ball in his mouth).

**\*\*\*Remember when we said that this was their movie? Well this chase is all about them. Everything is about Harmony and Galavant.\*\*\***

Turk gives chase, not catching up. Devon can RUN.

TURK

Stop! Christ!

Devon does not stop.

ORION

Run, man!

Orion drives alongside Turk.

TURK

I am running! Get out and help,  
dick!

Orion speeds up, cuts in front of Devon as he crosses a driveway.

Between the car, the driveway, and a mailbox, the leashes become tangled and Devon goes down. Hard.

He bounces off the car with a THUD and skids painfully onto the concrete.

DEVON

Ohhh!

Turk catches up, out of breath.

TURK

Damnit, dude! Why are you running?!  
Don't you see I have a gun?!

Devon shields Harmony and Galavant, trying to protect them with his body.

DEVON

No! You can't!

Turk KICKS him out of the way, reaches down for the leashes.

Tries to untangle them from the mailbox, fails.

TURK

Shit! Where the hell are they  
stuck?!

The dogs BARK, loving the excitement.

Devon grabs Turk's leg, desperate.

DEVON

Please! They're not my dogs!

TURK

Then quit fighting!

Between Devon's hands, the leashes, and everything else, Turk loses control of the gun and it goes off--

BAM

Devon is shot high on his shoulder.

DEVON

You shot me! Oh no! Oh, fuck!

TURK

I didn't-- You were pulling-- You  
said they're not even yours!

Orion is out of the car.

ORION

You shot him?!

TURK

Just help me!

Orion untangles the leashes on the first try.

Devon MOANS in pain as the two men chase Harmony and Galavant. The dogs run in opposite directions.

ORION

Get him!

TURK

That one, grab it!

Wincing, Devon dials 9-1-1 on his cell.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

9-1-1, what's your emergency?

His phone suddenly shows an incoming call, "Agent - Pick up!"

Devon is bleeding, hurt, desperate, but he hesitates for a very long moment. Stares at the phone.

ORION

Hurry up, bro!

In the background, Turk and Orion finally have both dogs in their arms, putting them in the back seat of the VOLVO.

TURK

You hurry up! I got mine!

Galavant's red ball bounces, alone on the pavement.

He BARKS at it as he's tossed in the car.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)

Hello? Please state your emergency.

The phone blinks between "Agent - Pick up!" and the current call with 911.

Orion and Turk drive off with the dogs, they leave Devon with a finger hovering over his phone.

Agent or 911 operator?