

Pilot Script

**Monkeys**

"BOY MEETS BOY"

Written By

Larry Doyle

Character Design By

Kyle Baker

Writer's Interregnum Draft

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**"MONKEYS"**

TYPICAL OPENING

**OPEN ON:**

**EXT. URBANA – GREAT STREET – MORNING**

We are momentarily at street level, fighting our way through a **THICK, MEAN MORNING CROWD.**

ANNOYED MAN (MIXED INTO CROWD NOISE)

All right, which one of you jerks  
stabbed me?

Quickly we ascend, looking down at the **CACOPHONOUS**, congested street filled with **HONKING, SIRENS, YELLING** and **ASSORTED GUN SHOTS.**

**EXT. URBANA SKYLINE – CONTINUOUS**

It's a huge Midwestern city not unlike Chicago, but not Chicago. As we rapidly fly away from it, the various noises of the city start to diminish.

**EXT. THE SUBURBS – OVERHEAD VIEW**

We fly over a seemingly endless sprawl of suburbs, until finally we reach

**EXT. BUFFALO CREEK – OVERHEAD VIEW**

A century ago this was a small farm town; it has recently been swallowed by the sprawl – to a point. At the northwest corner of the development, the suburbs abruptly stop in a cornfield.

**EXT. CREEK ROAD – CONTINUOUS**

We PAN DOWN a suburban street past several interchangeable homes. It's a mixture of split-level ranches and Cape Cods with mix-and-match porches and garages. They are painted various fruit flavors.

The sidewalk and newly paved road end abruptly; the uniform green lawns turn to patchy lime and brown. We have reached:

**EXT. THE MCCONKEY HOUSE — FRONT VIEW**

It's a classic old farmhouse: white clapboard, big porch, storm cellar, belfry, etc. It's about a hundred years old, and looks it. It leans heavily to the left. (An old-fashioned wooden mailbox in front reads, MCCONKEY.)

The urban racket has dropped to **SILENCE**, which is broken by:

**THEME: "LOVERS OF LIGHT" BY THE AFRO CELT SOUND SYSTEM**

**FLY UP TITLE: "MONKEYS"**

A shutter **FALLS OFF** a second-story window.

As our theme plays, the house begins to throb and **RATTLE** to the beat of the music. Momentarily, the members of the McConkey household emerge:

BIG PAT strides out confidently in his sheriff's uniform; he hears something and stops, sheepishly. He turns around and a gun flies out the open door; he catches it and happily goes on his way.

LITTLE PAT strolls out, absent-mindedly eating out of his sack lunch; he crumples the empty bag and shoves it in his pocket.

CAITLÍN bustles out, wearing her cheerleading outfit, but also carrying a pair of blue jeans, a dancing leotard and some sort of Shakespearean costume draped over one arm, and large cardboard box of files under the other.

DEVIN and KEVIN climb out a second story window and jump to the ground, and scurry off, with Kevin limping in happy pain.

SÍNE marches out in a Catholic schoolgirl's uniform, whirling a "Bob Squad" lunchbox on her hook.

BO the dog tears out of the house with FIONNUALA, wearing a cowboy hat and twirling a makeshift lasso, in hot pursuit.

FINN toddles out, and crawls under the house.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — FOYER — CONTINUOUS**

JO watches from the door. She closes it quickly, locks it, and pulls a lit cigarette from behind her ear. She takes a **BIG DRAG**.

DOYLE ambles up in his tiny Catholic schoolboy's uniform.

DOYLE

Mom, am I gay?

JO

(NOTHING SHOCKS HER ANYMORE) Why wouldya ask that, Doyle?

DOYLE

Devin said I was gay.

JO

(MATTER-OF-FACT) A gay is a boy who likes other boys.

DOYLE

(CHEERY) I like other boys! I'm totally gay!

Doyle opens the door and exits happily. Jo leans her back against the door and **EXHALES** a puff of smoke.

**SERIES NOTE:** This opening will change on every episode, in the following aspects:

The opening shot of Urbana and the fly-away are part of the "long" opening; it shouldn't take more than 10 or 15 seconds. It's designed to be lopped off if necessary for time. The opening line will also change every week.

The exits of the individual monkeys will change. The animation will be done in such a way that it can be easily re-edited, allowing the monkeys to come out in a different order. We will also animate a few different exits for each character, allowing us mix up the combinations. (From time to time we may also do special "seasonal" animations)

A different character will stay behind to confront Jo after she closes the door. This will lead into a different short exchange in every episode, ranging from one line to not-very-many more.

**"BOY MEETS BOY"**  
(**"MONKEYS"** PILOT)

ACT ONE

**FADE UP:**

**EXT. CREEK ROAD – ONE PARTICULAR MORNING**

CLOSE ON a moving van for "HUSKY LADS MOVING." The truck **LURCHES** out of frame, revealing BAKER sitting on the curb. He casually **STOMPS** his feet to some unheard rhythm. (Behind him is a "Hometown" realty sign with a SOLD flag on top.)

A butterfly flutters above Baker's head. We follow it up a few feet and PUSH IN. The "camera" hits the butterfly, and it flaps wildly against the "lens." The butterfly falls out of frame, revealing the small figures of BIG PAT and ROBERT in the b.g.. We PUSH IN to:

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE – BACKYARD – CONTINUOUS**

BIG PAT chats up ROBERT across a chain link fence. Big Pat hunches down and puts his full weight on the fence, causing it to **BOW** and **CREAK** slightly. Robert leans back slightly.

BIG PAT

(VERY FRIENDLY) So, you're black.

ROBERT

(DRYLY) Yes. Does that frighten you?

BIG PAT

Good lord, no. No-no-no-no-no-no. I think it's great. Y'know, they call the Irish the blacks of Europe. 'Course Europe's got your genuine blacks now, too...

Before he can dig himself in any deeper, Big Pat is interrupted by **VICIOUS BARKING**. Robert's eyes widen as BO the dog tears into frame and **SLAMS** into the fence snout-first, bouncing off and flipping onto his back, dazed.

BIG PAT

(TINY LAUGH) He does that to everyone.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — KITCHEN — CONTINUOUS**

JO, smoking as usual, sits at a kitchen island with REBECCA.

REBECCA

I used to be an attorney, but now I'm a full-time mom to my Billie — she's thirteen; (LAUGH) oh, boy! — and Baker, six, sweet but such a handful.

JO

Two kids? (PUFFS) Cute.

FINN toddles by with a plastic bag over his head, **SUCKING** it into his mouth. Without even looking, Jo plucks the bag off.

JO

(ROTE) No bags.

FINN

(TODDLING OFF, HAPPILY) Bag! No.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — FRONT YARD — CONTINUOUS**

DOYLE walks up to the end of the sidewalk and frowns. He marches up behind Baker.

DOYLE

You're in my spot.

BAKER

I don't see your name on it.

DOYLE

Vacate my spot.

BAKER

Who's gonna make me?

Doyle is flustered for a moment, then:

DOYLE

(ERUPTING) Get out of my spot, black  
kid!

Baker ignores this and returns to his casual **STOMPING**.  
Doyle seethes. His hands form into tiny fists.

DOYLE

(WITH DERISION) Boner.

This gets Baker's attention.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — BACKYARD — CONTINUOUS**

Robert's eyebrow is already raised.

ROBERT

Eight children? That's many children.

BIG PAT

Oh, yeah. We've got gobs of 'em. Eight  
little miracles, the last three  
especially. (TURNS SERIOUS) Honest to  
God, Bob, I don't know what happened.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — FRONT YARD — CONTINUOUS**

The two boys face off in macho poses. After a beat, they lunge at each other awkwardly, gripping each other's collars and elbows. They STRUGGLE INEPTLY for several seconds, then:

DOYLE

I'm winning.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — KITCHEN — CONTINUOUS**

Jo waves her cigarette as she talks. Rebecca COUGHS politely.

JO

Then of course the hysterectomy doesn't stick, and so out pops six-seven-eight, bang-bang-bang—

Rebecca's eyes suddenly widen in alarm. PULL BACK to reveal that Bo has his snout well up her skirt.

JO (CONT.)

Bo, get out of her business! (NUDGING THE DOG WITH HER FOOT) Go find Doyle. *Amoch!* (TO REBECCA) He's a dirty dog.

The dog trots off. Rebecca smoothes down her skirt.

REBECCA

(FLUMMOXED) I'm sorry; you had three children after you had a hysterectomy?

JO

(PROUDLY) I made the Journal of the American Medical Association.

FIONNUALA (O.S.)

Mommy! Mommy! (BEAT, THEN) Mommy!

FIONNUALA stands in a police hat, holding a notepad.

FIONNUALA

Tell me, victim: where did the bullet  
go?

JO

(ROTE) Nula, show Mrs. Jones how you  
can spin around like you're on fire.

On cue, Fionnuala spins, waving her arms in slow motion.

FIONNUALA

(LIGHT SING-SONG) Owww-ow-owowowwww...

As Fionnuala spins out of the room,

JO

(TO REBECCA) That's good for 45  
minutes.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — BACKYARD — SIMULTANEOUS**

Big Pat holds his wallet open; an accordion of photos spill  
to the ground.

BIG PAT

Caitlin's going to be a real beauty,  
once the weight comes off..

With an expert flick of the wrist, Big Pat causes the  
pictures to fold back into his wallet.

BIG PAT (CONT.)

So, what brings you all the way out  
from the big city, Bob?

ROBERT

I prefer Robert, but as to why we--

BIG PAT

(SOBERLY) Was it the crack? The crack's  
a terrible thing.

ROBERT

(CONDESCENDING CHUCKLE) Well, the  
neighborhood we lived in--

BIG PAT

You won't find any crack out here.

(CHUCKLES) Unless that's what the twins  
are always cooking up there with their  
chemistry set. (LOOKS BRIEFLY  
CONCERNED) So, what do you do, Bobby?

ROBERT

(DRYLY) I make crack.

BIG PAT

(BIG LAUGH) Ah, you're a joker. So,  
what? Advertising or something?

ROBERT

(CASUAL) You don't have to advertise  
crack. Buyers seek you out.

BIG PAT

(NOT FUNNY ANYMORE) You don't make  
crack.

ROBERT

Not just crack. I also make crank.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — FRONT YARD — CONTINUOUS**

Doyle and Baker and now on the ground, completely wrapped  
in up one another, rocking and rolling as they **GRUNT** and  
pull.

DOYLE

Big fat boner!

BAKER

Big fat juicy boner!

DOYLE

Nobody calls me a juicy boner!

Baker and Doyle roll at camera, disappearing beneath it. We  
hear them GRAPPLE for several seconds, then:

DOYLE (O.S.)

Uh oh. We're in the street.

Their **GRAPPLING** resumes, and they reappear from under the  
camera and roll back to where they were before.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — KITCHEN — SIMULTANEOUS**

Jo lights another cigarette with the previous one.

FINN (O.S.)

Doggy, Doggy!

We hear a dog **YELP**. Bo **SCAMPERS** through, paws **SCRAPING** the tile, and out the back. Jo half turns her head.

JO

(CALLING) Finn, that dog's gonna eat your face and it's gonna be your own fault!

The backdoor **OPENS**. SÍNE saunters in.

SÍNE

(CASUAL) Hey, Mom. Other lady.

With her prosthetic hook, Síne impales an apple in a bowl of fruit on the kitchen island. (The bowl has a hand-written sign reading, "ONLY ONE!")

SÍNE (CONT.)

(ACTION MOVIE YELL) Hi-yaaaah!

JO

Don't spear your food, missy.

Síne waves the apple as she exits. Rebecca looks puzzled.

JO

(CLARIFYING) She's adopted. (FURTHER CLARIFYING) She came without the arm.

Finn toddles by, lifting up his shirt to expose his belly.

FINN

Doggy, c'm'ere! (THEN) Eat me!

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — FRONT YARD — CONTINUOUS**

Doyle is on his back. Baker sits astride Doyle, his knees on Doyle's armpits, pinning him.

DOYLE

You've put me in an awkward position  
here. I'm afraid I'm going to have to  
kick your ass.

From flat on his back, Doyle leaps up, Jackie Chan style.

**PLAY FANTASY**

Doyle magically throws Baker off with a SUPERHERO FANFARE. The background dissolves into a comic book abstraction.

**MUSIC: GARAGE ROCK COVER OF "POPEYE THE SAILOR MAN"**

Doyle **PUNCHES** Baker, sending him into a large tree, replacing the trunk with his body. Baker blinks. The top of the tree **SQUASHES** him, causing his brains, heart, lungs and liver to **SQUIRT** out his ears. As Baker's organs flop around like fish,

**ANGLE ON DOYLE**

Standing heroically, arms akimbo.

DOYLE

Hahahahaha!

**OUT OF FANTASY**

PULL BACK to reveal this image is in Doyle's eye. We quickly PULL BACK further to reveal Doyle is still on his back, pinned by Baker, who is **BEATING HIM SENSELESS**.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — BACKYARD — SIMULTANEOUS**

Robert continues toying with Big Pat, who is very unamused.

ROBERT

The secret to quality crack is not the cocaine; it's all in the baking soda. I have an exclusive deal with Arm & Hammer...

**SFX: POLICE SIREN**

BIG PAT

(UNDER BREATH) Ah, for the lova--

A police car **PULLS** into the driveway, lights flashing. DEVIN hops out of the front, and KEVIN exits the back. A YOUNG BLONDE POLICEWOMAN exits the driver's seat.

DEVIN

That cat was dead when we found it.

KEVIN

And he'd be alive right now if she hadn't stopped us.

SALLY

They were attaching a car battery to it.

KEVIN

It's a workable theory. A little movie called "Frankenstein."

Big Pat **LIFTS** Kevin off the ground with one hand.

BIG PAT

Do you remember how "Frankenstein" ends, Kevin? You want the neighbors out on the front lawn with torches? Because that's what you'll get with these experiments of yours!

DEVIN

Torches. That would be very good.

BIG PAT

And you, you put him up to it!

Big Pat **PLOPS** Kevin onto Devin's shoulders.

BIG PAT

Now go tell your mother what you've done, and God help the both of you!

The double-decker twins exit, a bit **DAZED** and **WOBBLY**. Big Pat turns back to Robert, completely friendly and casual.

BIG PAT

I swear, the one's evil and the other's a genius. It's a bad combination.

Big Pat turns to Sally, who's getting back in the squad car.

BIG PAT (CONT.)

Sally, what've I told you about running the siren?

POLICEWOMAN/ SALLY

(DEFENSIVE) Devin did it.

BIG PAT

Well, don't let him do it!

SALLY

What am I supposed to do, shoot 'im?

BIG PAT

Yes!

Sally **BACKS OUT**. Robert can't believe what he just saw.

ROBERT

(CHUCKLE) If you talked to a city cop  
like that...

BIG PAT

Well, it helps that I'm the sheriff.

(GRUMBLING) Sometimes. (THEN) You hit  
your kids, Bob? It's hard not to. But  
they'll rat you out so fast...

ROBERT

(WEAK SMILE, ASHEN) You do know I was  
joking about the crack.

BIG PAT

(JOCULAR) Hey, that's what warrants are  
for!

Big Pat **LAUGHS**, and **SLAPS** Robert on the shoulder, practically knocking him over. A beat later, a **BARKING** Bo tears into frame and **SMASHES** into the fence again. Robert is shaken.

BIG PAT (CONT.)

You need a beer.

ROBERT

(MEEK) Yes, please.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE – FRONT YARD – CONTINUOUS**

The two boys wrestle on the grass. (Doyle now seems to have the upper hand.)

DOYLE

I'm ripping your heart out and throwing  
it in a tree!

BAKER

I'm punching your face so hard your  
nose is flying down to your butt, and  
it's down there smelling your poop!

After a second, Doyle **CRACKS UP**. A moment later, Baker starts **LAUGHING** with him.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE – KITCHEN – SIMULTANEOUS**

Jo and Rebecca are in mid conversation.

JO

What they don't eat, I make 'em bury.

PAN OVER to the back door, where Devin and Kevin **ENTER**.

DEVIN

One word and you're deceased.

KEVIN

Periwinkle.

Devin puts Kevin in a headlock. They **GRAPPLE**. Jo grabs them by the necks and **FLINGS** them apart.

JO

Hey, hey, hey! Go fight in your room!

Jo **SMACKS** Devin in the back of the head, hard. The two exit.

DEVIN (O.S.)

(RELISHING) You are dead, dear brother.

JO

(CALLING) You kill him, Devin, you're not going to have any friends!

REBECCA

(JUDGMENTAL ALARM) You're just going to let them kill each other?

JO

(DISMISSIVE WAVE) We've got eight.

REBECCA

Not to pry, Jo, but when I was an attorney, I can't tell you how many clients I saw whose mal-use of violence was incubated in the home...

JO

(THIN SMILE) Leave us your card then,  
will you?

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — FRONT YARD — CONTINUOUS**

Baker and Doyle sit side by side on the curb, **CHUCKLING**.  
They both have pretty serious bloody noses. After a beat:

DOYLE

So, who won?

BAKER

(SWIPES NOSE) We're both badly  
bloodied. I'd call it even. (EXTENDS  
HAND) Truce?

DOYLE

(OFFERING HIS HAND) Truce.

BAKER

(GETTING IDEA) Wait! I'm a genius!

Baker grabs Doyle's hand and sticks Doyle's finger in his  
nose, while sticking his own finger in Doyle's bloody nose.

BAKER

Blood brothers!

DOYLE

I don't think this is how it's done.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — KITCHEN — SIMULTANEOUS**

Fionnuala **SPINS** by woozily, followed by Finn, who tries to  
copy her but **FALLS DOWN** repeatedly. Rebecca broaches a  
subject.

REBECCA

Jo, can I ask you a personal question?

JO

("WHY NOT?") You've already asked  
three.

REBECCA

Eight kids... that's quite a lot... in this  
day and age.

JO

What're ya gonna do? We're Catholics.

REBECCA

Well, we're Catholics, too...

JO

We're good Catholics.

Just then Big Pat (two beer bottles in one hand) appears behind Jo and gives her **BIG SMOOCH** on the side of her neck. Jo's pupils dilate noticeably. Big Pat exits without a word.

JO (CONT.)

(POST-COITAL SMILE) What're ya gonna  
do?

Rebecca smiles back **UNEASILY**.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — FRONT YARD — CONTINUOUS**

Doyle helps Baker up. As he does so, we see Bo running in from the backyard. He stops behind Doyle, and starts **BARKING VICIOUSLY** at a startled Baker.

DOYLE

(TO BO) Shut up! (BO SHUTS UP) Where were you five minutes ago when I needed his ears chewed off? (BACK TO BAKER, CASUAL) Don't worry; he won't bite you unless I tell him to.

Bo wags his tail. Baker smiles, relieved. Doyle looks down at his clothes.

DOYLE

We better wash up. My mom hates it when we get blood stains on stuff.

The two turn and walk back toward the house. Bo follows, sniffing at Baker's heels.

DOYLE

My name's Doyle.

BAKER

I'm Baker.

Baker pats Doyle on the back, leaving a bloody print.

DOYLE

(MATTER-OF-FACT) Sorry I called you a black kid.

BAKER (FACING AWAY)

(JUST CURIOUS) Why?

DOYLE

(CASUAL) I don't know.

**CLOSE ON FINN**

His head wrapped in an orange extension cord, one end in his mouth. PULL OUT to see Jo's face two inches from his. She removes the plug with a POP.

JO

(EXAGGERATED FROWN, GENTLY) We'll have  
no dead babies in this house, Finn.

FINN

(IMITATING HER FROWN) Dead baby. Sad.

Jo CHORTLES and kisses Finn's nose.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE – KITCHEN – CONTINUOUS**

Rebecca watches this scene, mortified. Finn toddles off. Jo takes a lit cigarette from behind her ear, and puts it in her mouth. As she puffs it back to life, a hand whisks it away.

CAITLÍN

We don't want you to die, Mom.

Caitlín **DOUSES** the cigarette in the sink.

REBECCA

(TOUCHED) That is so sweet.

JO

(LIGHTING ANOTHER CIGARETTE) Yeah,  
sweet.

Caitlín peers into the open refrigerator.

CAITLÍN

Why don't we ever have any diet pop?

JO

Because in this house we eat to  
survive, not for entertainment.

CAITLÍN

She says as she smokes.

Caitlín again grabs Jo's cigarette as she exits.

JO

(BEMUSED) I'll never die at this rate..

REBECCA

(TAKEN ABACK) There certainly is a lot  
of death talk in this family.

JO

(LIGHTING CIGARETTE) We're Irish.

CAITLÍN (O.S.)

(BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM)

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — BATHROOM DOORWAY — CONTINUOUS**

Caitlín stands in the doorway, horrified. Jo rushes up and  
pushes past her. She looks shocked.

**INSIDE BATHROOM**

Doyle and Baker stand in the middle of the floor, wearing  
only tiny white underpants, rivulets of blood running down  
their noses, necks and chests. Their bloody clothes are in  
the sink, which is overflowing with pink water. There are  
bloody swooshes and handprints everywhere.

DOYLE

I think you'll find there's less blood  
here than meets the eye.

JO

(ANNOYED) Ah, Doyle, now ya done it.

His mother's a lawyer; we're going to  
lose the house!

Caitlín sits on the toilet, working herself into an  
adolescent hysteria.

CAITLÍN

It's like Macbeth in here! (DECLAIMING)

"I am in blood, stepped in so far..."

DOYLE

Actually, this is mostly water...

Rebecca is on her knees, hysterically examining Baker.

REBECCA

Where did he stab you?

BAKER

(PLAYING THE BABY) Nose.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — FAMILY ROOM — CONTINUOUS**

Síne is watching **TV**, eating her apple off her hook.

REBECCA (O.S., LOUD)

(HORRIFIED) He stabbed you in the  
nose?!

Annoyed by the racket, she **TURNS UP THE VOLUME** with the  
remote. Devin and Kevin enter. Devin rubs Síne's head.

DEVIN

Hey, Shiny, what you watching?

Devin and Kevin stand in front of the TV, deliberately blocking Síne's view, and waggle their butts at her.

DEVIN/KEVIN

(BUTT-WAGGLING SOUNDS)

Síne jabs Devin hard with her prosthetic hook. He **YELPS**.

DEVIN

(CALLING) Mom! Síne's goring us with  
her hook again!

(Meanwhile, Bo steals Siné's apple off the couch.)

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — BATHROOM — CONTINUOUS**

Jo calls out the door.

JO

I'll take that arm away, Minnie Moo!  
Don't think I won't do it!

Big Pat and Robert appear in the doorway. Big Pat smiles at the scene; Robert scowls. Rebecca cleans Baker frantically.

REBECCA

(WORRIED) So much co-mingled blood...

JO

(INSULTED) My boy doesn't have  
gonorrhoea if that's what you're worried  
about.

Rebecca stands to "correct" Jo. They are nose-to-nose.

REBECCA

Gonorrhoea is not a blood-borne disease!

DOYLE

Mom, what's gonorrhoea?

JO

It's a disease bad people get.

REBECCA

(SO P.C.) Not just bad people, Baker.

JO

Well, whatever disease my kid gives  
your kid, just add it to your lawsuit.

BIG PAT

(THIS IS NOT FUNNY ANYMORE) What  
lawsuit?

JO

(J'ACCUSE, TO REBECCA) She's a lawyer!

BIG PAT

He's a crack dealer!

ROBERT

That was a joke!

BIG PAT

(IN ROBERT'S FACE) I'm laughing!

ROBERT

At least my kids aren't goring people  
with hooks and torturing dead animals!

BIG PAT

(DISMISSIVE SNORT) You can't torture a  
dead animal!

Finn appears holding a steak knife over his head, GIGGLING.  
Just as the knife is to plunge into Jo's leg she deftly  
intercepts it without appearing to ever see it.

JO

How would like it if I stabbed you,  
little man?

Jo makes stabbing motions at Finn. He toddles off,  
oblivious.

ROBERT

It's a family of killers!

Jo shoves Robert, as if to start a bar fight.

JO

My kids never killed nobody!

The families **FEUD**. Devin enters, presenting Síne's arm.

DEVIN

Here ya go, Mom. I confiscated it.

Síne **LUNGES** in from behind him.

SINE

Give me my arm back! (HIGHER, WHINIER)

Give it back!

Jo grabs the arm from Devin and brandishes it at Robert.

JO

If you ever trashmouth my kids again, I  
will tear your tongue clean out!

**ON DOYLE AND BAKER**

BAKER

This is a fun house.

DOYLE

Oh, this is nothing.

Bo **LICKS** blood off Doyle's face. Doyle and Baker **LAUGH**.

REBECCA (O.S.)

And the dog's a cannibal!

Rebecca scoops up Baker like a football, and **STRAIGHT ARMS** her way through the McConkeys; at the last minute she reaches back and grabs Robert and **YANKS** him out off-screen.

**EXT. HALLWAY — CONTINUOUS**

From the bathroom, we watch the Joneses barrel down the hall, lurching towards each doorway until they reach the one leading to the front door. Baker, under Rebecca's arm, looks back at Doyle balefully.

**ON THE MCCONKEYS**

Watching from the bathroom door. (Only Doyle looks sad.)

FINN

(WAVING HAPPILY) Bye-bye!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — EVENING**

The front door opens and JO steps out on the stoop.

JO

(YODEL) Monkeee-ee-ee-ee-ees!

She goes inside. Devin and Kevin appear out of the cornfield looking suspicious, and quickly shimmy up the drainpipe into their window. Síne rides in on her scooter, which she slings over her shoulder as she goes in the front door. Finn plummets from the tree, and toddles into the house.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — DINING ROOM — A LITTLE LATER**

(Clockwise, from head of table: Big Pat, Devin, Caitlín, Doyle, Fionnuala, Jo on the other end, Finn in a high chair catty corner from her, an empty chair, Kevin, and Síne.) While everyone else eats, Fionnuala intently scoops one pea at a time onto a spoon, and drops it into the gravy crater in her mashed potatoes. Big Pat over-butters a roll.

BIG PAT

(SARCASTIC) I want to congratulate you all on alienating our new neighbors in what I believe is a new McConkey record... (SEEING EMPTY CHAIR) Where's Little Pat?

SÍNE

(NOT LOOKING UP) Work.

BIG PAT

Where's he, at that Bagel Burger now?

SÍNE

(MATTER-OF-FACT) He got fired from  
there for asking the customers how they  
wanted their cows murdered.

JO

Big egit.

(As she talks, Finn plants both hands in his food.)

CAITLÍN

I think it's heroic.

Devin reaches across Caitlín, intentionally brushing her.

DEVIN

Hey, Boobs, move your boobs so I can  
reach the ketchup.

(Caitlín, flustered, looks pleadingly to Big Pat.)

CAITLÍN

Daddy!

(Big Pat, still buttering roll, answers without looking  
up.)

BIG PAT

(WITHOUT CONVICTION) Devin, don't call  
your sister Boobs and don't talk about  
her boobs at the dinner table.

DEVIN

It's not my fault her boobs are always  
getting into everything, with their  
boob juice.

(As Jo speaks, Finn rubs mashed potatoes into his head.)

JO

I will wash your mouth out with soap,  
Booby Boy, and not the good soap.

(As Síne speaks, Kevin is slouched next to her, creepily  
smiling and staring as if waiting for something to happen.)

SÍNE

Mom, do I have to have boobs?

JO

That's up to the Lord, Síne.

SÍNE

I don't want boobs. They're just big  
bags of fat.

BIG PAT

(MOUTH FULL) Could we please talk about  
something else?

(As Doyle speaks, Fionnuala sits next to him, intently  
dropping more peas into the gravy.)

DOYLE

I'm thinking of making Baker my best friend. He's got a lot of best friend qualities.

JO

You stay away from that boy. All we need is to give them more ammunition for their lawsuit.

BIG PAT

(BEEN HERE) Aw, come off it, will ya Jo?

**CLOSE ON KEVIN**

Staring intently.

JO (O.S.)

Lawyers sue. It's what they do. They sue and sue. And then we lose the house.

**ON DEVIN**

Picking up his fork.

CAITLÍN (O.S.)

(EXASPERATED LAUGH) You always say we're going to lose the house, Mom.

**CLOSE ON KEVIN**

His evil smile slowly intensifying.

JO

Someday we will, Caitlín, and you'll be  
out of the sidewalk, using those boobs  
of yours for a pillow.

**ON DEVIN**

He digs his fork into his mashed potatoes, and receives an  
**ELECTRIC SHOCK.**

DEVIN

Gah!

Everyone **REACTS**; Kevin **LAUGHS**. Frowning, Big Pat reaches  
into the mashed potatoes and pulls out two wires. He  
follows them under the table, where he sees them hooked up  
to a car battery. He looks to Kevin for an explanation.

KEVIN

Behavior modification experiment. I  
think we can all agree Devin needs to  
decrease his intake of carbohydrates.

Síne **LAUGHS**, followed by Caitlín and Doyle. Finn, his face  
smeared with ketchup, sees everyone laughing and joins in.  
Jo can't suppress her **CHUCKLE.**

DEVIN

S'not funny! I coulda been crisped!

KEVIN

With twelve volts? Not likely.

Devin stands, looking like he might cry.

DEVIN

H'woh! When I torture people, it's  
"Devin's bad, Devin needs counseling"  
but when Devin gets tortured, it's a  
huge hilarity party!

Devin storms out. A beat.

DOYLE

He makes an interesting point.

As Fionnuala drops another pea into gravy:

FIONNUALA

Die! (INSANE LAUGH)

BIG PAT

(BEAT) Maybe we can afford a therapist.

The family goes back to eating, a little more quietly.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE – NIGHT**

All the lights are out. We hear Finn CRYING.

DOYLE (O.S.)

Mom! Baby's crying!

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE – KIDS' BEDROOM – MOMENTS LATER**

A nightlight bathes the room in a bluish glow. Finn stands in his crib, **CRY-SCREAMING**. He sees something and stops abruptly. Jo trudges up.

JO

How may I serve you?

FINN

(RENEWED CRY-WHINE) Pass-eeee!

JO

Your pacifier is in your mouth, Finn.

Realizing this is the case, Finn stops crying, **SUCKS** his pacifier and drops down, fast asleep. Jo turns to leave and sees Doyle under his covers, illuminated by a lamp in there with him. Jo pulls back the covers to reveal Doyle is worriedly reading a book called "DISEASES YOU CAN GET."

DOYLE

I don't like the looks of this  
gonorrhoea.

Jo removes the lamp and gently pushes Doyle back onto his pillow. She caresses his forehead.

JO

Go to sleep, Dr. Doyle.

DOYLE

Mom, when we lose the house, I don't have  
to sleep in the car. I can sleep under  
it.

JO

(DEEP SIGH) We're not losing the house;  
your mother's on the case. So you play  
with that new boy as much as you want.  
(GIVES DOYLE A LOVING NOSE TWEAK) Just  
don't be breaking any bones, okay?

DOYLE

(FALLING ASLEEP) 'kay.

JO **CLICKS** off the lamp and is about to exit when he sees Fionnuala, in her little bed. She is wearing her police hat, and sucking on the barrel of her toy gun. When Jo takes the gun out of her mouth, she makes a **PROTESTING NOISE**. Jo forms her hand into a gun shape and puts her index finger in her mouth. She smiles.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — MORNING — ESTABLISHING**

**CLOSE ON DOYLE'S FACE**

Still asleep, but apparently feeling uncomfortable. He begins to open his eyes.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Reveals Baker is sitting on Doyle, smiling down at him. **STARTLED**, Doyle yanks the covers up, causing Baker to **SOMERSAULT BACKWARD** off the bed. We hear a **LOUD THUD**.

DOYLE

(WORRIED) I've broken your bones!

Baker pops up, smiling (rubbing the back of his head)

BAKER

No worries. Landed on my head.

DOYLE

(NOW MAD) How'd you get in my room?

BAKER

Giant teenager let me in.

DOYLE

(EXCITED) You saw Little Pat?

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — UPSTAIRS HALLWAY — CONTINUOUS**

Caitlín (in big pajamas) sleepily exits her room and goes into the bathroom. We hear the TOILET SEAT being put down, Caitlín sitting, and then:

CAITLÍN (O.S.)

(FRIGHTENED, GETTING SHOCKED SOUND)

A moment later, the door flies open and Caitlín (sans pajama bottoms) tears into the room across the hall from hers.

CAITLÍN (O.S.)

That is it, Kevin!

KEVIN (O.S.)

(BEING CHOKED) I've done nothing.

DEVIN (O.S.)

Ho. Sorry, Cat. The electro-toilet was for Kev. Hey, where's your pants?

The door flies open and Caitlín **SHRIEKS** and **STREAKS** across the hall, crouching to pull her pajama tops down in front and back. Her door **SLAMS**.

DEVIN (O.S.)

So that's what the bottom half looks like.

KEVIN (O.S.)

I'm not impressed.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — KIDS' BEDROOM — CONTINUOUS**

Doyle and Baker stand in front of Finn's crib. Finn sits there, just looking at them.

DOYLE

This is the baby. He doesn't do any  
tricks or anything.

Finn's face suddenly **CONTORTS** and turns bright red. After a  
moment, he relaxes and smiles contentedly.

BAKER

I think he just did something.

DOYLE

(EXITING RIGHT, MOSTLY O.S.) That's not  
much of a trick; I can do that. Wanna  
see my caterpillar collection?

BAKER

(EXITING RIGHT) Sure.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Doyle stands in front a dresser. Baker walks up behind.

DOYLE

Caterpillar means "hairy cat" in  
French.

Doyle opens the drawer. A dozen butterflies **FLUTTER** out.

DOYLE (CONT.)

Crap. That always happens.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — KITCHEN — MORNING**

Sine sits at the island, eating cereal. A timer **DINGS**. Jo  
enters and approaches the stove, looking for something.

JO

Where's the whatchamacallit?

Jo waggles her hand in illustration. (Her back to Síne). Síne points o.s. Without seeing this, Jo looks where she pointed.

Bo is **HAPPILY** tearing the stuffing out of an oven mitt shaped like a cartoon cat.

JO

You'll eat my boot, ya lousy mongrel!

Jo takes a theatrical kick in Bo's general direction. He **SCAMPERS** out the back. Jo looks to Síne.

JO

(GESTURING TO OVEN) A hand please,

Síne?

Síne dutifully hops up. (Heat billows out as) Jo opens the oven door and Síne reaches in with her prosthesis and pulls out a cookie sheet (and places it on top of the stove).

SÍNE

Chocolate chip with nuts. Who died?

Jo expertly slides cookies off the sheet onto a plate with a spatula. Síne reaches for one and Jo smacks her hook with the spatula, creating a loud **CLANG**.

JO

These aren't for eating, Minnie.

They're for keeping a roof over our

heads.

Jo grabs the plate, and exits, all business. A moment later, Doyle enters, leading Baker through a tour.

DOYLE

This is the kitchen... refrigerator...  
that's my Chinese sister..

The two exit out the back.

**EXT. JONES HOUSE – FRONT DOOR – CONTINUOUS**

Jo nervously smokes, holding the cookies. The door OPENS.  
Rebecca (behind a screen door) looks uncomfortable.

JO

Hi. I was hoping we could get off to a  
"fresh-baked" start... (FORCED LAUGH)

Rebecca smiles warmly, but before she can speak:

BILLIE (O.S.)

Motherrrrrrrrrr! Pleeeeeeease!

REBECCA

(OVER SHOULDER, PERFECT MOTHER) Billie,  
we agreed. We got our ears pierced and  
our navel pierced, and that's it.

Rebecca turns back to Jo, chagrined. Then:

BILLIE (O.S.)

No one will ever see it!

REBECCA

(MORE EDGE) I was a nurse, Billie. I've  
seen infections in... that region... which,  
well, which changed people's lives.

JO

Nurse? You said you were a lawyer.

REBECCA

(BRUSQUE) I worked as a nurse to put myself through law school.

BILLIE (O.S.)

(THREAT) I'm going to become a whore!

Rebecca closes her eyes to maintain composure. When she opens them, she addresses Jo rather formally.

REBECCA

I'm in the middle of a negotiation here...

JO

(JOKING) Try to get her down to slut.

REBECCA

(NOT TAKING JOKE WELL) Yes, well, it would be so much easier to simply smack her, but sadly, we don't use violence to resolve conflicts in this house.

Rebecca **CLOSES** the door. Jo stands there for a moment, pissed. She walks off toward her house, flipping the cookies in the air as she goes. They land on the Jones's roof.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — BACKYARD — CONTINUOUS**

Doyle and Baker look down at Bo happily writhing on his back.

DOYLE

Bo is my dog. The other kids are allowed to play with him, but I get to feed him and pick up his poop.

BAKER

My mom won't let me have a dog. She says they carry a myriad of diseases.

DOYLE

Actually, according to scientists, kids carry ten times more germs than dogs.

Baker mulls this, then looks worried.

BAKER

Don't tell my mom, okay?

**EXT. STREETS OF BUFFALO CREEK – CONTINUOUS**

Robert drives in a vintage sports car, singing along to his BILLIE HOLIDAY CD in a RIDICULOUS FALSETTO.

ROBERT

LORD I LOVE MY MAN/ TELL THE WORLD I  
DO...

**OVERHEAD SHOT OF INTERSECTION**

Robert's car rolls the stop sign at an intersection. As it pulls through the intersection, a police car follows from a cross street with its lights flashing.

**IN ROBERT'S CAR**

Robert looks in the rear view mirror and SIGHS. He pulls over. Out of cop car climbs Big Pat. Robert GROANS.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — BACKYARD — A LITTLE LATER**

Bo is still **RUBBING** his back on the grass.

BAKER

Is that all he does?

DOYLE

Of course not. (COMMANDING) Bo! Sit!

Bo leaps into sitting position, wagging his tail.

BO

I get food now!

DOYLE

Good boy!

Bo wags his tail much more slowly.

BO

I'm sitting. I get food for sitting!

DOYLE

(TO BAKER) Bo only talks to me.

BAKER

(RE: BO) He didn't talk. You just talked in a funny voice and squeezed it out of the side of your mouth so it looked like it was coming out the dog's head.

BO

Look, do you want me to talk or not?

**EXT. STREET — CONTINUOUS**

A smiling Big Pat approaches the car, but when he sees the driver is Robert he grimaces; this is the last thing he needs. The top of Robert's car only comes up to Big Pat's chest; he bends over and addresses Robert with a thin grin.

BIG PAT

Uh, you rolled that stop sign, Bob, but maybe in the city that's allowed, so why don't we call this a warning—

ROBERT

On-no-no-no! I insist that you treat me as you would any other black driver.

Robert hands over his license. Big Pat smiles thinly, and flips open his ticket book.

BIG PAT

(WRITING, CASUAL) So, Bob, do you really think I'm a racist, or are you just a jerk?

ROBERT

("GOTCHA") I never used the word "racist"...

Big Pat rips off the ticket and hands it to Robert.

BIG PAT

(FRIENDLY) So, just jerk then?

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — BACKYARD — A LITTLE LATER**

Doyle picks up a large red rubber bone off the grass.

DOYLE

Bo loves this. Watch.

Doyle throws the bone into the backyard. Bo is terrified.

BO

(PANICKED) My bone!

Bo runs after the bone. It **BOUNCES** wildly; Bo desperately lurches back and forth, trying to catch it.

Doyle and Baker watch this, **LAUGHING**. A frazzled Bo returns, drops the bone at Doyle's feet, then looks up.

BO

(CHIPPER) Again!

BAKER

Can I try it?

Doyle hands the bone to Baker.

DOYLE

My dog is your dog.

Baker throws the bone in the opposite direction Doyle threw.

BO

(DARTING OFF) My bone!

DOYLE

(PETULANT) Not that way!

**EXT. CREEK ROAD – CONTINUOUS**

Driving home, an annoyed Robert "imitates" Big Pat.

ROBERT

Ya rolled dat stop sign, sure ya did.

**EXT. BETWEEN MCCONKEY AND JONES HOUSE – CONTINUOUS**

The bone bounces on the grass, and ricochets toward the Jones's house, with Bo in hot and happy pursuit.

**INT. ROBERT JONES' CAR – CONTINUOUS**

Robert turns to pull in the driveway. He **HEARS SOMETHING**. He looks up and sees a bunch of **CROWS** on his roof, eating cookies. As he watches this, his car **HITS SOMETHING** and lurches to a stop.

ROBERT

(ANNOYED) Oh, great. Now what?

A red rubber bone **LANDS** on his hood.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

**FADE UP:**

**EXT. CREEK ROAD – OVERHEAD VIEW**

A small crowd has gathered around the front of Robert's car, where Bo is lying on his side. Big Pat's police car **SCREECHES** up, **SIREN** blaring. Neighbor kids and their parents watch from a distance.

**EDGE OF THE DRIVEWAY**

Doyle hugs Jo by the waist; she cradles his head against her hip, while holding Finn in her other arm. Caitlín (holding Fionnuala) and Síne look distraught; Devin and Kevin try to maintain their adolescent ennui, but aren't doing a great job. Big Pat comes up next to Doyle and Jo, and sees:

**ON THE DRIVEWAY – LOOKING DOWN**

Bo lies motionless. Rebecca crouches next to him, feeling his pulse by the side of his neck. She looks up.

REBECCA

I'm sorry.

Big Pat glances to the heavens. Doyle clings to his mother tighter; she sighs deeply (Finn plays with her hair). Caitlin and Síne hug and **CRY**. Devin bites his lip, angrily, and turns away. Kevin follows. Robert approaches Big Pat.

ROBERT

(VERY FLUSTERED) I feel, this, I feel  
like this was all my fault... Your dog  
wasn't on a leash, but still..

Big Pat's eyes narrow.

ROBERT (CONT.)

I want to do the right thing... (PULLS  
OUT WALLET) I know he was only a mixed  
breed, so, I don't know what's  
appropriate...

Robert stares into the abyss of his wallet. Big Pat calmly squeezes the wallet closed. Robert looks at him sheepishly.

**ON DOYLE**

Looking confused and terrified. Baker approaches.

BAKER

I—

Doyle **PUNCHES** Baker in the eye, knocking him down. Doyle bursts out **CRYING**. Jo hoists Doyle onto her shoulder, and starts back to the house. The rest of the family follows. After a few steps, Big Pat turns around, returns, picks up Bo's body and walks off again.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — TV ROOM — LATER**

Big Pat sits on the couch, with Doyle in his lap. Doyle is calmer now, probably because of the giant bowl of ice cream he is eating. Big Pat looks very discomfited, however.

BIG PAT

Doyle, remember when I told you that  
Uncle Jimmy was never coming back?

DOYLE

Caitlín says Uncle Jimmy is in jail.

BIG PAT

The point is he's never coming back.

Like Bo isn't coming back.

DOYLE

(POINTING) But he's right there.

Bo's body is on the floor, wrapped in an old blanket.

BIG PAT

Yes, Bo's there, in one sense. But part  
of Bo, the part we love—

KEVIN (O.S.)

Clear!

Big Pat looks up to see Devin and Kevin hovering over the dog as Kevin applies two electrodes to its chest. The body twitches, then goes limp.

DEVIN

(SHAKING HEAD, LIKE "DAMN") Ungood.

Big Pat eyes them coldly.

BIG PAT

(EVENLY) You two are going to hell, you  
know that, don't you?

As Devin gathers up the battery,

KEVIN

(HEARTFELT) I thought it would work.

It's a standard medical practice.

As they exit,

BIG PAT

Where'd you get that car battery  
anyway? It wasn't out of a car, was it?

DEVIN (O.S.)

We're putting it back right now.

Big Pat **SIGHS**. Doyle has a very cross look on his face.

DOYLE

I hate black people. They kill your  
dog.

BIG PAT

(TINY MOAN) Let's try to have one big  
talk at a time, buddy.

FINN (O.S.)

(AFFECTIONATELY) Doggy!

Big Pat looks to see that Finn has curled up with Bo, cheek  
to cheek, eyes closed.

FINN

Night-night.

Big Pat closes his eyes, and lets his head fall against the  
back of the couch.

BIG PAT

Jo! Your turn!

Fionnuala crawls into Big Pat's lap on the other side.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — BACKYARD — EARLY EVENING**

Kevin, Devin, Jo, Doyle, and Caitlín stand in front of a very small grave under the big tree, as Big Pat pats down the dirt with a shovel.

**CLOSE ON JO**

Her eyes watery.

JO

Damn dog.

**BACK TO SCENE**

DEVIN

You didn't bury him deep enough, Dad.

The raccoons are gonna get 'im.

Jo **SMACKS** Devin in the back of the head.

CAITLÍN

Doyle, would you like to say something?

Doyle looks down and speaks with great solemnity.

DOYLE

Goodbye, Bo. You were a good boy. Amen.

The family bows theirs heads as Caitlín begins to sing the Irish traditional, "*USHAG VEG RUY*" ("Little Red Bird")

CAITLÍN

*CHADDIL MISH RIYR EDDYR DAA GHUILLAG*  
(I slept last night between two leaves)

*EDDYR DAA GHUILLAG, EDDYR DAA GHUILLAG*  
(Between two leaves, between two leaves)

*MYR CADLEY YN OIKAN ER KEEAGH Y VUMMIG*  
(As a baby sleeps on his mother's  
breast)

**OVER THE PRECEDING**

Doyle looks up and his face suddenly turns angry. He sees Baker watching forlornly from the other side of the fence. (He has quite a shiner). Doyle makes a mean face. Baker turns and walks away slowly.

CAITLÍN

*AS O! MY CHADLEY CHA KIUNE*  
(And o! my sleep was good.)

Doyle salutes like John-John.

BIG PAT

Which of you jokers told him to do  
that?

Devin **SNICKERS**. Jo **SMACKS** him in the back of the head.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE - NIGHT**

There is a full, blue moon.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE - BABIES' ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Doyle lies awake in the dark.

FIONNUALA (O.S.)

You're the elfant and I'm the boss.  
Stomp that monkey, elfant!

DOYLE

Shut up, Nula. Go to sleep!

FIONNUALA

(UNDER BREATH) You're bad elfant. I  
shoot you.

The door **OPENS**. It's Caitlín. She sits on the edge of Doyle's bed, full of teenage-girl motherly concern.

CAITLÍN

It's okay for a boy to cry, Doyle.

DOYLE

I don't want to cry right now, thanks.

CAITLÍN

I know you miss Bo. But try to remember all the fun times you had with him. Oh, like, remember that time when he ran off into the woods and we found him sleeping in that tree with those baby rabbits?

DOYLE

(CONFUSED) No.

CAITLÍN

(REALIZING, SUDDENLY UPSET) Oh, that was Kelly. Poor Kelly. (HER EYES WELL UP; THEN QUICKLY) It's okay to cry.

She pats Doyle and bolts the room, **CHOKING BACK SOBS**.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — FAMILY ROOM — NIGHT**

Big Pat, Jo and Caitlín sit, reading. (Big Pat reads the paper, "BUFFALO CHIPS"; Jo reads the book, "VANISH WITHOUT A TRACE," and Caitlín reads the magazine, COQUETTE.) They are quiet except for the occasional PAGE TURN. The DOOR opens, and Little Pat enters, wearing a red racing helmet and jumpsuit. (Both emblazoned with a cartoon helmet wearing running shoes)

LITTLE PAT

(CHEERY) Hey, fams! What's news?

JO

Neighbor boy killed the dog.

Little Pat takes off his helmet, crestfallen.

LITTLE PAT

Bo? Why didn't anybody call me at work?

BIG PAT

Nobody could remember where you worked.

LITTLE PAT

Speedies. Well, not anymore.

He lets the helmet drop; he plops unto the arm of the couch next to Caitlín.

LITTLE PAT

I can't believe Bo's dead. He was a great dog.

CAITLÍN

Kelly was a great dog.

BIG PAT

I thought Kelly was a cat.

JO

He was one of those hamster dogs.

LITTLE PAT

Dylan, he was great dog.

CAITLÍN

(FROWNING) He used to bite me.

LITTLE PAT

A great dog.

There's a **KNOCK** at the door. Jo answers. It's Rebecca. She holds out a plate of cookies with a hopeful look.

REBECCA

Do you like peanut butter?

JO

No. (BEGRUDGING) But this brood'll eat anything with sugar in it.

REBECCA

Actually, these don't have any processed sugar. In our house, we just feel--

JO

(HAD IT) Yes, well in the McConkey house, we just feel--

LITTLE PAT (O.S.)

Cookies!

Little Pat scoops up six cookies and tosses them all into his mouth. As Big Pat and Caitlín join in, Jo smiles begrudgingly at Rebecca.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — BABIES' ROOM — CONTINUOUS**

Doyle's eyes are closed. He opens them, and climbs out of bed. He goes to the window and looks into the backyard. In the blue light he sees a small figure crouching graveside.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE — BACKYARD — CONTINUOUS**

Doyle stalks up behind Baker, but stops when he hears Baker is **CRYING** softly.

BAKER

I'm sorry I killed you, Bo. Really  
sorry.

Baker reaches under his pajama top and pulls out some meat.

BAKER

I brought you this. I wasn't hungry.

Baker lays the meat on the grave. Watching this, Doyle softens. He puts his hand on Baker's shoulder.

DOYLE

Bo loves pork chops.

A little surprised, Baker stands.

BAKER

That's a lamb chop.

DOYLE

He's not picky.

Baker and Doyle stand awkwardly for a moment. They simultaneously move to hug, but then pull back. They both hook their thumbs in their pajama bottoms.

BAKER

(CASUAL) I was hoping to get through my  
whole life without killing anybody.

There's a small **WOOF**. The two boys turn in shock to see:

**GRAVESITE**

Bo's nose breaks through the dirt, and strains toward the lamb chop.

BO

I smell food.

**INT. MCCONKEY HOUSE – FAMILY ROOM – CONTINUOUS**

Big Pat, Jo, Caitlín and Little Pat are all eating Rebecca's cookies, looking a little surprised that they're good.

CAITLÍN

No sugar?

BIG PAT

(MOUTH FULL, TO REBECCA) So does your husband want to kiss and make-up, too?

REBECCA

(LAUGHS) Oh, God no.

DOYLE/BAKER (O.S.)

(SCREAMS)

Everybody rushes toward the back.

**EXT. MCCONKEY HOUSE – BACKYARD – CONTINUOUS**

The five burst out the back door. Next door, Robert climbs over the fence; Billie hurdles over the fence behind him. Síne (in pajamas) appears close behind with Fionnuala and Finn. Devin and Kevin show up, dressed in black with their faces covered in night camouflage. Everyone stares in disbelief at:

**GRAVESITE**

Doyle and Baker sit on the dirt, with Bo lying across their laps, greedily eating the lamb chop.

DOYLE

Bo came back!

Big Pat is flabbergasted. Robert elucidates.

ROBERT

I've read about this. Sometimes when animals go into coma, it's difficult to—

BIG PAT

You might have said something earlier!

REBECCA

(WORRIEDLY) Baker, that dog's been in the ground; there's no telling what—

Jo **PUNCHES** Rebecca in the shoulder.

JO

(TO REBECCA) I thought you were a nurse.

REBECCA

Not a dog nurse!

JO

Declaring somebody dead who's not dead is malpractice!

REBECCA

You going to sue me now?

**ON DOYLE, BAKER AND BO**

Baker pets Bo's head. Bo, with the bone in his mouth, **GROWLS** at him menacingly. Doyle looks up.

DOYLE

Hey, Dad, maybe we should dig up

Grampa!

Big Pat signs and shakes his head. Next to him, Devin and Kevin spot Billie next to Robert. She smiles at them.

DEVIN

Very good.

Robert frowns.

**FADE TO BLACK**

THE END