

NOAH'S BARK

"Pilot (How Noah Started Hearing the Voices)"

Written by

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Episode #1

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CAST

NOAH SINGLETON.....
GRIZELDA.....
SHERMAN.....
CORA.....
ROSCOE, THE BULLDOG.....
SAM, NOAH'S GOLDEN RETRIEVER.....

GUEST CAST

MRS. FOTHERINGAY.....
TRUMAN, HER BEAGLE.....
MR. CARUTHERS.....
UNCLE THROCKMORTON SINGLETON.....
AUNT ABIGAIL SINGLETON.....
REGGIE SINGLETON.....

NOAH'S BARK

"Pilot (How Noah Started Hearing the Voices)"

SETS

INT. NOAH'S BARK PET STORE

INT. MR. CARUTHERS' LAW OFFICE

INT. NOAH'S STORE MANAGER'S OFFICE

INT. SINGLETON CONDOMINIUM

EXT. STREET

COLD OPEN1 INT. NOAH'S BARK PET STORE - DAY

1

"Noah's Bark" is a medium-sized pet store located in a middle-class neighborhood strip mall. It is tidy, but could use some cosmetic repairs. While not the size of a PetSmart, it has a wide variety of merchandise and has been in business in the same spot for more than 20 years.

NOAH SINGLETON, the store manager (who wears a red vest and a name tag, like his employees), approaches MRS. FOTHERINGAY, a dowager woman in a fur coat. On a leash is her sweatered beagle, TRUMAN.

NOAH

May I help you, Mrs. Fotheringay?

MRS. FOTHERINGAY

Yes. I'm interested in purchasing a warm yet *stylish* doggie sweater for my Truman.

Truman yips upon hearing his name.

NOAH

Of course. We have many. . . *doggie* sweaters available. Most of the ones that would fit your Truman are on the bottom shelf.

Truman yips again upon hearing his name spoken.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY

(glances down)

I see.

(beat)

Do you have any in blue?

NOAH

I'm afraid not. All the stock we have is out.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY

So no beige, brown, or black either?

NOAH

(confused)

Is there some reason why you only want "b"-colored sweaters?

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
(chuckles)
Isn't that obvious?

NOAH
Not to me.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
Trumie is a *beagle*.

Truman yips again.

NOAH
I can see that.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
"B" for blue, "b" for beagle.

NOAH
Oh.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
I suppose you don't have any sweaters
in eggshell either?

NOAH
(beat)
For the "e" in beagle?

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
Precisely. Now you're getting it, Mr.
Singleton.

Noah points at a particular sweater.

NOAH
No eggshell, I'm afraid. How about
that nice tan one?

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
(confused)
Tan? There's no "t" in beagle.

NOAH
No, but there *is* a "t" in Truman.

Truman yips again upon hearing his name.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
Now you're just being silly.
(beat)
Come, Trumie.

1 CONTINUED: (2)

Truman yips disdainfully. Mrs. Fotheringay turns heel and leaves the pet store, Truman by her side, his tail held high.

NOAH
(sotto voce)
Child substitute.

Noah walks back toward the cash register.

GRIZELDA
(yelling from near the
bubbling fish tanks in the
corner)
Boss!

With a sigh, Noah walks over to her.

NOAH
(approaching her)
What is it, Grizzly?

GRIZELDA is a seventeen-year-old, not-too-bright, Goth girl. Dressed entirely in black (except for her regulation red vest), her face is the color of liquid paper.

GRIZELDA
I wish you wouldn't call me that.

NOAH
Why not?

GRIZELDA
Because it sounds like "grizzly." I'm
not a b-e-e-r.

Noah smirks and stifles a laugh.

NOAH
Whatever you say.
(beat)
What's the trouble?

GRIZELDA
The electricity to the fish tanks
isn't working right again. Some of the
goldfish have already gone belly up.

NOAH
(angrily)
I fixed that thing two days ago.
(sighs)
Let me have another look.

1 CONTINUED: (3)

Noah opens the squeaky door of the electrical box and starts poking around.

GRIZELDA

Maybe you should just have an electrician come in and replace the thing once and for all. It would be less trouble for you.

NOAH

Good idea. I'll just pay the bill out of your wages.

GRIZELDA

(hurriedly)

I didn't mean. . .

NOAH

You know we don't have the money for that. Sales haven't been -

Noah screams as he receives a *big* electric shock. He is knocked to the floor, momentarily unconscious.

GRIZELDA

Boss!

2 INT. NOAH'S BARK PET STORE - MOMENTS LATER

2

Noah wakes up slowly on the floor. Grizelda, SHERMAN, and CORA are looking down at him.

GRIZELDA

Are you OK, boss?

SHERMAN

How art thou, Mr. Singleton?

CORA

Should we call a doctor?

ROSCOE, the store's bulldog, starts licking Noah's face.

NOAH

I'll be OK.

(beat)

Stop that, Roscoe!

Roscoe is heard speaking, though his mouth doesn't move.

ROSCOE

If you insist. I was rather enjoying the salt.

NOAH
(shocked)
Roscoe?

ROSCOE
(confused)
What? What did I say?

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE3 INT. MR. CARUTHERS' LAW OFFICE - FLASHBACK

3

A card over the scene reads "TWO MONTHS EARLIER."

The law office is typical: A large desk is flanked by rows and rows of law books. A few pictures and framed diplomas adorn the walls. Three identical chairs are arranged in front of the desk. Noah's elderly aunt, ABIGAIL, dressed all in black, is seated in one of the chairs, dabbing her eyes with a tissue.

Noah enters the office, closing the door behind him. He kisses his aunt on the cheek and sits beside her.

NOAH

Aunt Abigail, how have you been?

ABIGAIL

As well as can be expected since my dear Throckmorton's passing.

NOAH

It's hard to believe that the services were two weeks ago.

ABIGAIL

Throckmorton specified that the will should be read two weeks after his funeral, so here we are.

NOAH

Do you need anything?

Abigail blows her nose *loudly*, giving the tissue in her hand a real workout.

NOAH (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

Aside from some new tissues?

Noah takes a box of tissues from the desk and holds it near Abigail. She pulls out a few and dabs at her nose.

ABIGAIL

No thank you. You've been so kind already.

NOAH

It's nothing any good nephew wouldn't do.

ABIGAIL

Your uncle was very fond of you, dear.

NOAH

I know.

ABIGAIL

We never had any children of our own.
He considered you an "honorary" son.

NOAH

(beat; uneasily)

Auntie, if it's OK to ask, why did you
and Unc never have any kids? You were
always so much in love.

(beat; shyly)

Was there some. . . medical problem?

ABIGAIL

Oh no. Nothing like that. We were both
perfectly functional - 100% A-OK.

NOAH

Then why. . .

ABIGAIL

Your uncle was never a handsome man -
not with those big ears and *huge* feet
of his. Still, all the girls in
Hoboken were *pretty* jealous when I
finally landed Throckmorton.

NOAH

Why was that?

Abigail holds out both of her hands, palms sideways, about a
foot apart from each other.

ABIGAIL

He had the *biggest* -

Noah throws his hands up in the air.

NOAH

Too much information!

ABIGAIL

It should have had its own ZIP code!

(beat)

I don't know how they ever closed the
coffin lid.

NOAH

(chuckles uneasily)

This is *much* more than I need to know.

ABIGAIL

(giggles)

Some of my girlfriends called your
uncle *Throckmorton*.

NOAH

Can we *please* -

ABIGAIL

I so enjoyed our. . . *private* times
together. What all-American woman
wouldn't? However, I knew that any
child of ours would get half of
Throckmorton's looks, and I couldn't
do that to an innocent baby. I decided
that this particular family tree
branch needed to be pruned for good!

(beat)

Can you imagine if we had a *girl*? The
poor thing would have to enroll in
clown college as soon as possible.

NOAH

Auntie, why am I here?

ABIGAIL

Mr. Caruthers is going to read your
uncle's will. Throckmorton must have
left you something.

NOAH

What?

ABIGAIL

I don't know. I'm not privy to the
will's contents.

NOAH

Who's this empty seat for?

The door to the law office is opened. With great aplomb,
Noah's brother, REGGIE (a/k/a "Reginald"), walks into the
room. He is dressed in a very British fashion: a tight-
fitting pin-stripe suit, a bowler hat, and carrying an
umbrella. He ceremoniously closes the door behind him.

REGGIE

Greetings and felicitations, all.

NOAH

Well, if it isn't my chimney sweep of a brother, Reggie.

REGGIE

That's "Reginald" to you. Just because I am *temporarily* in the Colonies, I see no reason to disregard proper British decorum.

NOAH

Are you still pretending to be British? That act's getting pretty old.

REGGIE

(aghast)

Pretending? Well I never! I am a Briton at heart.

NOAH

You were born at Boston City Hospital, Reg, just like I was. You're no more British than I am.

REGGIE

An accident of birth. I was an outcast in the Colonies, and I have since relocated to my proper home.

NOAH

You don't have to pretend to be John Steed in front of us.

REGGIE

The very idea!

ABIGAIL

(raising her voice)

Please, boys!

REGGIE

Aunt Abigail is right, little brother. This is not the day for us to argue over why you are wrong and I am right.

NOAH

(sarcastically)

Pencil me in for next Monday.

REGGIE

Consider it done.

Reggie sits in the vacant chair.

The door to the office opens again, and MR. CARUTHERS enters. He is a middle-aged man, wearing large glasses and an expensive suit, and carrying a briefcase. He closes the door after him and sits down at his desk, placing his briefcase on the blotter.

MR. CARUTHERS

Good morning, everyone.

They all utter "good morning," etc. in return.

MR. CARUTHERS (CONT'D)

Abigail, let me again express my deepest condolences on your loss. Your Throckmorton was a fine man.

ABIGAIL

(sniffs)

He was. . . and very well endowed.

After an awkward moment, Reggie offers Mr. Caruthers his hand. They shake.

REGGIE

Mr. Caruthers, I am Reginald Singleton.

MR. CARUTHERS

Ah, yes: The nephew from England.

REGGIE

(proudly)

Quite.

Noah offers his hand to Mr. Caruthers. They shake hands as well.

NOAH

And I'm Noah Singleton, from the country that won the Revolutionary War.

REGGIE

Bah!

MR. CARUTHERS

So good to meet you both. I only wish it were under more pleasant circumstances.

Caruthers pops open his briefcase and removes a DVD.

ABIGAIL

What is *that*?

MR. CARUTHERS

Your husband decided to record his last will and testament rather than put it in writing. It's unusual, but legal.

ABIGAIL

Why on Earth did he do that?

MR. CARUTHERS

He told me that he always wanted to see himself on TV ever since he didn't get to be a contestant on *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire*.

ABIGAIL

Throckmorton *always* carried a grudge against Regis Philbin.

REGGIE

Why was that?

ABIGAIL

He said that he saved his life in the War of 1812 and, because of that, Regis should have pulled some strings for him and gave him a chance on the show. He wrote Mr. Philbin several times.

REGGIE

(incredulously)

The War of 1812?

NOAH

That sounds like Uncle Throckmorton alright.

Mr. Caruthers gets up from his desk and opens a cabinet on the wall to reveal a TV and a DVD player. He slides the DVD into the player. After a few seconds of snowy static, we see THROCKMORTON on the TV screen. Abigail lets out a slight gasp at the sight of him.

Throckmorton is sitting up in a disheveled bed surrounded by many, many pillows and blankets. He's wearing a tattered robe. His wispy white hair is unkempt, he has a few days' growth of beard, and his large ears are clearly visible. We hear him from the TV speaker, complaining to an unseen person.

THROCKMORTON

Alright already! I put on a robe so
I'm not naked. What the heck does it
matter? I'm *dying* here!

He clears his throat and, putting on a serious face, looks
directly into the camera.

THROCKMORTON (CONT'D)

I, Throckmorton P. Singleton, being of
as sound mind and body as somebody
who's staring Death in the kisser *can*
be, hereby declare this to be my last
will and testament.

He glares into the camera.

THROCKMORTON (CONT'D)

Hey, Regis! It's me. *Ha!*

He gives Regis a prolonged raspberry.

THROCKMORTON (CONT'D)

Now I can die a happy man.

(longish beat)

I leave everything I own, all my
worldly goods, to my wife, Abigail
. . . with the *single* following
exception.

(beat)

Noah, are you there?

NOAH

Yes, Uncle Throck-

THROCKMORTON

Don't talk back to the TV screen! The
men in the white coats will come and
haul you away to Bellevue, which is
not a nice place. . . so I *hear*.

He puts on his serious face again.

THROCKMORTON (CONT'D)

Noah, I've always liked you. You've
been like a son to me - without the 18
years of trouble a *real* son would come
with. Your aunt and I never had any
kids because, chances are, well. . .
they would have been pretty ugly.

ABIGAIL

(gasps)
He knew?

THROCKMORTON

Of course I knew, Abigail. It didn't matter to me. I was getting a lot of sack time with you, so I was happy.

ABIGAIL

(smirks)
That little devil.

THROCKMORTON

Noah, because you're so special to me, I'm leaving you something very precious - something that bears your name.

NOAH

(shocked; sotto voce)
Oh, no - *not* Noah's Bark.

THROCKMORTON

My pet store, Noah's Bark. I started it around the time you were born and even named it after you. I'm leaving you the store on the condition that you run it *personally* and don't fire any of my employees for two years. Grizelda, Cora, and Sherman are a strange bunch, but they're good workers and like a family to me.

(very seriously)
That place is the result of my blood and sweat. I've put my very *soul* into it.

NOAH

Two years?

THROCKMORTON

After those two years, you can do whatever you want with the joint. Burn it down if you like. I don't give a damn.

(beat)

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (8)

THROCKMORTON (CONT'D)

There is a *little* incentive for you to take the manager's position, aside from the fact that I've heard your realtor job is in the crapper: If you manage Noah's Bark for two years and keep making a profit - I don't care if it's a *penny* as long as you're in the black - you'll inherit two million dollars.

He leans forward and stares into the camera.

THROCKMORTON (CONT'D)

Whaddya think, sonny?

NOAH

(surprised)

Well, I don't know. I. . .

THROCKMORTON

Talking back to the screen again? You have to stop that!

(longish beat)

If you don't want the chance at the two mill, I'll make the offer to Reggie.

REGGIE

(surprised)

I?

THROCKMORTON

But *only* if you turn me down, Noah. Also, if you accept and *then* pull out, Reggie can come in, finish up the two years, and collect the inheritance himself.

(beat)

A million bucks a year for two years' work. Think about it. I've authorized Caruthers to put everything into motion.

He sits back in his bed with a heavy sigh.

THROCKMORTON (CONT'D)

I have to go. I have dying to do. Don't let me down, Noah. The undertaker's already done that.

He chuckles and yells out to the unseen person.

CONTINUED: (9)

THROCKMORTON (CONT'D)

Alright, I'm done. Help me out of this
blasted robe, will ya? I came into
this world buck naked, and I'm gonna
go out buck naked!

The screen fades to black and, finally, snow. All heads turn
to Noah.

ABIGAIL

(longish beat)

Well, dear?

Noah lowers his head and rubs his tired eyes. He looks up.

NOAH

Me run Noah's Bark?END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

4

INT. NOAH'S BARK PET STORE - AS BEFORE THE FLASHBACK

4

Noah is lying on the floor after receiving the electric shock. He is coming to. His concerned employees and Roscoe, the bulldog, are gathered around him.

GRIZELDA

Are you *sure* we shouldn't call a doctor?

NOAH

(shaking it off)
No thanks. I'll be fine.

Noah starts slowly getting up.

CORA

This reminds me of what happened to my cousin Willie years ago.

Noah, now in a seated position on the floor, stops rising to speak with Cora.

NOAH

He got an electric shock that knocked him on his butt?

CORA

No. Willie fell off a step ladder while changing a high-up light bulb.

NOAH

(sighs)
How does what happened to me remind you of that?

CORA

He landed on his back, just like you did. He looked like a turtle too.

With Sherman's help, Noah carefully gets on his feet.

SHERMAN

Methinks it might be best for you to lay supine for a bit, Mr. Singleton.

GRIZELDA

Supine? Is that near Buffalo?

NOAH

Today's a Shakespeare day, Sherman?

SHERMAN

Indeed.

NOAH

What kind of day will tomorrow be?
Emily Dickinson?

SHERMAN

That's impossible to know until my
brain and I arise. It *could* be Emily
Dickinson. It could be Ralph Kramden.

Noah is briefly dizzy and grabs a display for support.

NOAH

I think that "supine" idea of yours
might be a good one, Sherman. Thanks.

SHERMAN

I have *lots* of good ideas.

GRIZELDA

He certainly does.

CORA

It's just that no one ever listens to
him.

SHERMAN

The woman speaks the truth, my lord.

NOAH

Can you mind the store?

Sherman looks about.

SHERMAN

There's no one here.

NOAH

Can you mind it if someone *does* come
in?

SHERMAN

Certainly. I'm a professional.

CORA

As we *all* are.

NOAH

I'm gonna lie down in my office for a
bit.

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

Noah starts walking, a little shakily, to his office. Roscoe follows slowly behind him.

GRIZELDA

(complaining)

Is no one gonna tell me where Supine is?

5 INT. NOAH'S MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

5

Noah is lying on a beaten-up couch. Roscoe enters, closing the door behind him with his nose. He sits down next to the couch. He does not move his mouth, but we can hear him.

ROSCOE

So you can hear me now, huh? Lucky you.

Noah leans up on his elbows.

NOAH

(shocked)

Oh, God, it *wasn't* a dream.

ROSCOE

We dogs knew that one day your kind would find a way to communicate with the highest form of life.

NOAH

You think that dogs are a higher form of life than man?

ROSCOE

Of course. Isn't it obvious?

NOAH

No. How can you even *think* that? Man has built roads, cities, and the cronut. We've flown in space. All dogs do is sit around all day, fetch sticks, eat, and sleep.

ROSCOE

Your point being?

NOAH

(with sudden realization)

I hadn't thought of it that way.

(sighs)

I don't want this power, Roscoe. How long will it last?

ROSCOE

Who knows?

NOAH

(surprised)

Don't you know?

ROSCOE

Not me, big guy. The electric shock must have given you the power. Maybe another shock would take it away?

NOAH

I think I'll pass on that idea.

ROSCOE

Yeah. It might be dangerous.

NOAH

Does this power work only on you?

ROSCOE

There's no way to tell until you give it a whirl with other animals. It could work for a variety of species: birds, turtles, even - God forbid - cats.

NOAH

You don't like cats?

ROSCOE

They're wastes of good fur.

NOAH

But they're pretty intelligent animals.

ROSCOE

Ha! The dimmest dog is more intelligent than the smartest cat who ever lived. Cats have led you humans to *believe* they're intelligent animals because they act cool and aloof.

NOAH

They're not?

ROSCOE

It's all a show. You'll see.

(sighs)

All animals are one big family and, with cats in the family. . .

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

well, doesn't everybody have that
crazy uncle?

NOAH

I certainly did.

ROSCOE

We animals are like the Borg, but with
fur.

NOAH

I can't believe I'm talking to a dog.

ROSCOE

It's no picnic for me either, mister.
And you're not so much *talking* to me
as you are hearing my thoughts.

(beat)

Do you have a dog at home?

NOAH

Yes - a golden retriever. . . Sam. I
wonder if this will work on *him*?

ROSCOE

I don't see any reason why *I* should be
the only dog you're lucky enough to
hear from.

Noah sits up slowly, grunting as he does so.

NOAH

I think I'll call it an early night.

ROSCOE

May I ask one favor?

NOAH

Sure.

ROSCOE

That bin near the front register - the
one with all those tasty beef-basted
bones in it.

NOAH

What about it?

ROSCOE

Could you have that Sherman character
move it down to my level? It's pretty
tough for me to reach right now.

6

INT. SINGLETON CONDOMINIUM - EVENING

6

Noah enters, closing the door behind him. He is greeted by Sam, who is wagging his tail furiously. Noah bends down to pet him. Like we did with Roscoe, we hear Sam.

SAM

Oh boy! You're home. I can *eat*.

NOAH

Yes, you can eat, Sam. How was your day?

SAM

OK. Dee Dee came by and walked me around. . . You can *hear* me?

NOAH

(chuckles)

Yeah.

SAM

(concerned)

Since when?

NOAH

Just today.

SAM

Phew!

NOAH

What does that mean?

SAM

(quickly)

Nothing.

NOAH

Have you been doing things you shouldn't while I'm at the store?

SAM

Me? Of course not.

(beat)

How long is this thing going to last?

NOAH

I have no idea. It could last forever; it could be gone in the morning.

SAM

How are you going to use it?

NOAH

(confused)

Use it? I don't understand.

SAM

Boy, you really are an inferior race.

(beat)

Here you've been given access to a world that no human has ever known. Use it!

NOAH

How?

SAM

Learn from us dogs.

NOAH

How about cats?

SAM

Let's leave them out of this. They're even inferior to you.

(beat)

You can learn a lot from us dogs. How many things do people do in front of their dogs because they know dogs can't speak. . . like what you and Caroline did the other night?

NOAH

Hey! No one asked you to watch.

SAM

I'm a dog. I can only lick so many things. I was bored.

NOAH

Don't you ever mention what you saw to anyone.

SAM

Who would I tell? No one can hear me but you.

NOAH

Oh yeah.

SAM

Though another dog *might* find it amusing.

CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH
(cautioning him)
Sam!

SAM
OK. OK.
(beat)
It occurs to me that knowing what dogs
really want might be very valuable to
the owner of a pet store.

INT. NOAH'S BARK PET STORE - DAY

Noah is behind the register when Mrs. Fotheringay comes in with a sweated Truman. He steps out to greet her.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
I was next door at the coffee shop,
Mr. Singleton, and I thought I'd stop
in and see if you had received any
more doggie sweaters for Trumie.

Truman yips upon hearing his name.

NOAH
I'm afraid not.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
Darn.

We hear Truman speak, like Roscoe and Sam before him.

TRUMAN
Glad to hear it. Why does she put me
in *itchy* sweaters? I have *fur*. I'm
warm! So help me if I could bite *this*
ugly sweater off. . .

NOAH
Mrs. Fotheringay, I don't think Truman
wants a sweater.

Truman yips upon hearing his name and wags his tail quickly.

TRUMAN
He's right. He's *right*!

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
No?

NOAH
No.

CONTINUED:

Noah bends down to Truman's level. He takes Truman's head in his hands.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You don't want a sweater, do you?

TRUMAN

You can *hear* me?

NOAH

Uh huh. Let me guess - you want one of these big, beef-basted bones.

Truman wags his tail excitedly and jumps up and down.

TRUMAN

Yeah. Yeah. *Please!*

MRS. FOTHERINGAY

(insulted)

You think that my baby wants one of those *messy* things?

NOAH

I do. Let me get one for him. I had them moved to the bottom bin a few days ago. More convenient that way.

Noah grabs one of the bones. It is almost as big as Truman.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY

But I don't think. . .

NOAH

This one's on the house. If he doesn't like it, so be it.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY

(sighs)

Oh, very well. I suppose there's no harm in trying.

Noah stoops and offers the bone to Truman, who is jumping about excitedly.

TRUMAN

Oh boy! *Oh boy!*

Truman snaps the bone up quickly and begins happily chewing on it.

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
(surprised)
He *likes* it.

NOAH
He certainly seems to.

TRUMAN
(while chewing)
This tastes a *lot* better than a
sweater.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
I never would have dreamed. . . I'll
take every one of those bones you
have. Only the best for my Trumie.

Truman lets out a happy yip. His tail is whipping about.

TRUMAN
(still chewing)
Happy dog! Happy dog!

NOAH
I'll ring them up for you.

Noah starts gathering all the bones in his arms.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
How could you have *possibly* known?

Noah stops and looks at her.

NOAH
You've heard of the horse whisperer?

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
Yes.

NOAH
(sotto voce)
I'm the *dog* whisperer.

Noah gathers the rest of the bones.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
Amazing! So many of my friends find it
difficult to know what their pets
want. I shall tell *all* of them to come
here. Their pets will be so happy!

NOAH
Thanks. I'd appreciate that.

CONTINUED: (3)

Noah stands and plops all the bones by the register.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Just one thing.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
Yes?

NOAH
I wouldn't recommend you let Truman
wear his sweater while he gnaws on
these bones. The beef coating can make
quite a stain.

Truman yips (while chewing) upon hearing his name.

MRS. FOTHERINGAY
(alarmed)
I'll remove it at once.

She bends and starts gently removing Truman's sweater.

TRUMAN
Thanks, pal. *Thanks*. What a day!

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

8

EXT. STREET - DAY

8

It is a bright, sunny day. Noah has Sam on a leash. Sam is looking about expectantly.

NOAH

I don't know about this.

SAM

You owe me, Noah. Didn't I give you the idea about being the dog whisperer?

NOAH

Well, yeah, but. . .

SAM

And now the store's doing really well, isn't it?

NOAH

Business *has* picked up quite a bit.

SAM

So you're well on your way to earning that two million dollar inheritance from your uncle?

NOAH

Yes.

SAM

So you owe me.

NOAH

(grudgingly)

I guess so.

SAM

Later I can help you meet some human owners to maybe improve *your* love life, but for now it's *my* turn.

Sam looks around anxiously. He spots a female poodle.

SAM (CONT'D)

(excitedly)

There she is!

Sam tugs Noah along at a fast clip down the street.

CONTINUED:

NOAH
(yelling)
Sam! Sam, hold on!

Sam doesn't listen.

As they pass, we see a sign. On it is an arrow pointing the way they are headed and the words "DOG PARK."

END OF SHOW