

Mish slams the window and comes down in conservative clothes with a book and a bike. They take off riding in the distance.

THE STREET AND THEM RIDING DOWN INTO THE DISTANCE.

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EXT. OPEN FIELD IN A BACKYARD - DAY

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LONG BACKYARD FIELD WITH VARIOUS TREES SCATTERED AROUND.

The boys start to arrive one by one with about 8 total.

BRET

We've made it to our promised
land... like I promised we would!

Bret looks and walks to a part of the property he likes.

BRET'S BACK AS HE STANDS ON A PLOT OF GROUND.

Bret unzips his pants and starts peeing back and forth. He's walks sideways to marks as much ground as he can.

CLAY RAISES HIS FIST IN THE AIR AND YELLS...

CLAY

Flag it!

ALL OTHER BOYS

Flag it!

FULL VIEW OF THE SCENE.

BRET

Let the Colon games begin! I
declare this Bretland! Gentlemen
stake your claim!

The boys each run to pee on a different part of the property.

HOUSE'S BACK WINDOW AT THE FRONT OF THE PROPERTY.

Slowly the head of a Hispanic/ Native American looking boy raises up very slowly in a comedic way with a shocked expression on his face, as he watches from inside.

BOYS GATHERING STICKS AND MAKING PERIMETERS AROUND THEIR SPOTS. ONE OF THE BOYS EXTENDS HIS BOARDER CLOSE ANOTHER.

GRAM

Hey, Bain you're on my side!

BAIN

Na-ah, I sprayed all the way over here. I marked it! See!

GRAM

Hey Bret, Bain's in my space.

BRET

Sorry Gram, rules are rules. And Bain gets extra space, he's working with me. He's management.

A WOMAN COMES OUT TO THE BACK PORCH WITH LEMONADE AND SNACKS.

MARIA

Hello boys. I heard you playing out here. Maybe Paco can join you. I've brought some lemonade and snacks.

MISH

(mumbles)

Natives.

BRET

(proudly)

We're playing Colon.

MARIA

I don't know that game. Well play nice and keep it clean. I'll send Paco out to play in a bit.

Maria puts down the tray and goes inside. The boys run to the porch grabbing at the food and glasses of lemonade. Gram grabs a rocking chair, puts his snacks on it, and walks back to his spot. They finish the drinks and throw the glasses and trash on the ground. The boy in the house comes out.

PACO

Hey guys, can you please go play somewhere else. You're messing up my back yard.

BRET

You're not welcome here! Get back inside... or we'll just kick your ass! We marked this area!

BAIN

We should raid their fridge and see what they're hiding.

Paco nervously retreats back inside and closes the door.

MISH

I think we should make peace with them, they're probably not familiar with the word. I'll go tell him about the new way we are paving.

BRET

Just keep them over there.

Mish walks with his bible to the back door. He knocks and Paco opens it. Mish starts talking to him opening the Bible and reading and pointing to different passages.

ANOTHER GROUP OF ABOUT 15 KIDS WALKING UP TO THE PROPERTY. IT IS A MIXED GROUP OF BOYS AND WITH ABOUT 5 OR SO GIRLS.

PEZ

Hey we heard you all are over here playing. Can we join?

BAIN

No! Not the girls, they can't play. No room!

BRET

Sorry, there's no space left.

PEZ

Ah, come on!

BRET

Alright, we'll let you play, but you gotta rent from us. If girls wanna play, they can play house and make us tea and keep it clean. And... keep quiet when we're talking to other girls.

PEZ

Yeah, alright!

BRET

Go to the back porch and salvage anything we can use. Girls, go pick fruit from the yard... Well, what are you waiting for?! Get to work.

The kids all scramble to places around the house. The boys are dragging both heavy and light objects.

BACK WINDOW ON THE HOUSE.

Paco's head slowly raises up, his eyes are wide with worry.

CUT BACK TO VIEW OF THE PROPERTY AGAIN.

Bret, sitting on a log observing, sees Gram's plot. He sees the rocking chair and gets up to drag it to his plot. Gram comes back and sees his chair missing and drops some objects.

GRAM

Who took my chair! Who took my chair!

Bret is casually rocking back and forth on the chair. Gram turns and sees Bret and walks to him angrily.

GRAM (CONT'D)

That's my chair! It's in my space! You can't just come and take it, I took it fair and square!

BRET

The chair is property of Bretland under its intimate domain. It's my throne as leader. It's been "aquestioned" under the law of the land for the greater good.

GRAM

What law?! You're making shit up! You're not playing fair!

BRET

(hesitation, then pride.)
Under the law ABC123, which clearly states that under representation and best interest of Bretland, we got the right to "reprocession" whatever we need for the good of all. It's a real law, "ABC123".

GRAM

Stop making shit up! It was in my space fair and square.

BRET

Your space is part of Bretland. You occupy it with my permission... as a true representative of Bretland.

GRAM

Who gave you the right to make laws?! I want to make laws too! You can't just make up bullshit and expect me to obey!

BRET

(quickly, more aggressive)
It's tradition. My daddy's mayor of the town, so I'm second in command! He writes the laws. He gave me permission to also write laws. My grand daddy wrote laws before him. We're royal blood, with that comes entitlements. If you don't like it you can just leave this country!

GRAM

Well my dad said I can make up rules too!

BRET

That's not how it works! Your daddy is poor and works at a gas station. You can pump gas and bring us chips.

GRAM

I'm gunna kick your ass!!

BRET

(cowardly panicking)
Security! Security!!

A bunch of kids run over and surround the two of them.

BAIN

(confused)
Who's security? We don't any.

Looking around, Bret points to a much larger kid.

BRET

Step forward, Bull.

Bull steps forward with a smile. Gram backs up nervous. Bret grabs a stick placing it on Bull's shoulder knighting him.