

HOA

Written by

Asya Cara Peña

COLD OPEN

INT. DEVIN'S CONDO - DAY

A small condo with an open floor plan. Move in boxes strung everywhere. Workmen struggle to unload an L-Shaped couch too large for the space. It hits the kitchen island. DEVIN BROOKES, late 30s and average, flutters around.

HEAD WORKMAN

That it?

DEVIN

Looks like!

HEAD WORKMAN

You signed, yet?

DEVIN

I mean, I don't want to rush anything. I know I asked for the divorce, but I still feel like I have stuff to work through. Like lately I've been having this dream that I am breastfeeding my husband, but he's a baby. What's that all about?

HEAD WORKMAN

I meant the moving papers.
(avoiding eye contact)
To say we moved everything we agreed to?

DEVIN

Oh. Right!

Devin retrieves moving papers from kitchen island and hands them over. Finished, workmen file out. She opens a beer and surveys her new home.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

This is going to be great!

She flops down on her sofa smiling.

ACT I

OVER BLACK:

SUPER: A FEW HOURS LATER...

INT. DEVIN'S CONDO - EVENING

A single TV illuminate the otherwise dark space. It plays karaoke versions of Taylor Swift songs. Devin lies face down on the sofa, empty beer can and crumpled photographs, some ripped, scattered around her body.

DEVIN

*I knew you were trouble when you
walked in/*

A cellphone buzzes from an incoming call from "Mom". Devin reads the caller ID, blows raspberries, and then rejects it. The screen shows several missed calls from Mom.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

Trouble! Trouble! Trouble!

A knock sounds at the door. First lightly and then with more urgency.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

What now?

Devin stumbles up. The sofa blocks her from the front door. She climbs over it and opens the door. LEILA ABADI, a thirty something, plump, short Middle-Eastern woman with a ready smile, stands holding a pyrex container full of brownies.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

Hello, can I help you?

LEILA

No! But I can help you!

Leila casually slips past Devin into the apartment.

DEVIN

Excuse you?

LEILA

I know a cry for help when I hear one. T-Swift means man troubles. Who is he?

Leila picks up divorce papers on the counter.

LEILA (CONT'D)
Husband, then.

Devin rips them from her hand.

DEVIN
I don't know who you are-

LEILA
Leila Abadi! Neighbor and future
best friend!

DEVIN
Devin.
(glancing towards door)
Well Leila, it's nice to meet you
but I was in the middle of
something-

LEILA
I've heard this song thirty-two
times in the last two hours. You're
not doing anything, which is why I
have come to collect you!

Leila hooks elbows with Devin. Devin stays planted.

LEILA (CONT'D)
Oh come on! There's an ice cream
social tonight! Don't you want to
have fun?

DEVIN
I'm fun!

Leila pulls Devin towards the door. Devin squints her eyes
and then follows, slamming the door behind her.

EXT. CONDO MAIN COURTYARD/INT. REC CENTER - EVENING

An underwhelming courtyard with a glass enclosed Recreation
Center. Inside people mill about. Leila chatters away
undeterred by Devin's lack of interest.

LEILA
It was actually quite sad. It
wasn't the explosion that did it,
but the subsequent stampede.

DEVIN
Wait, what?

LEILA
Freak accident. Here we are!

Leila opens the doors to the Rec Center and they enter.

INT. REC CENTER - EVENING - DAY 1

Leila and Devin are immediately hailed by BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, a slender fifty something man with deferring posture, and CARLIE COBATA, a severe and beautiful twenty something woman with a bored expression.

BRUCE
Leila! And who have we here? Let me guess!
(talks into pretend radio)
Three-one-four, indecent exposure.

DEVIN
Excuse me?

BRUCE
Unit three-one-four?

DEVIN
Oh, right. Yes.

BRUCE
So glad Leila dragged you here!

DEVIN
Yep. Literally dragged.

LEILA
Couldn't let my new MILF miss out.

DEVIN
What?

LEILA AND BRUCE
(in unison)
Moved-In-Lady-Friend.

Bruce extends a hand.

BRUCE
I'm Bruce Springsteen, no relation,
President of the HOA Board and
Party Animal!

Devin frowns as she shakes his hand.

DEVIN
Devin Brookes.

BRUCE
And this is our lovely Board
Historian, excuse me, HERstorian,
Carlie Cobata.

Devin extends a hand to Carlie. Carlie grabs it and pulls
Devin close, sniffing her hair.

CARLIE
You smell like nutmeg-

Devin pulls away.

CARLIE (CONT'D)
And sadness.

Leila laughs.

LEILA
Nutmeg and sadness? Like a sad
latte!

Leila places her free arm around Devin and pulls her towards
a fold up table laden with giant tubs of ice cream. An older
woman, MRS. WHITE, enters wearing all black.

LEILA (CONT'D)
Speaking of sweets, let's get some
ice cream.

BRUCE
Oh Mrs. White just arrived. Nobody
mention IEDs or gazelles...

Bruce and Carlie head off to greet Mrs. White.

At the ice cream table, Leila spoons big scoops of ice cream
into a styrofoam bowl.

LEILA
That's Mrs. White. She was the Vice
President of the Board but stepped
down after "the incident."

Devin watches Mrs. White let out a sob. Bruce leads her to a
row of chairs set up in front of a flower rimmed easel with a
picture of a hairless dog. Somber music plays on a portable,
plugged in radio.

DEVIN
Is that, is this a funeral?

LEILA

It's an Ice Cream Social funeral,
the best kind! But yes, Mrs.
White's dog Tyrion died during a
freak accident at the Wild Animal
Park. We already had the social
planned so we figured two dogs, one
stone?

Leila turns around with her hands up in jest. Devin shakes
her head "No."

LEILA (CONT'D)

Too soon?
(stuffing ice cream in her
mouth)
It's a shame really because Mrs.
White was the only thing that kept
her at bay.

DEVIN

Who?

Carlie walks quickly over to them.

CARLIE

She's coming. I can sense it.

HEATHER WRIGHT, a good looking and authoritative silver-
haired fifty something woman, struts into the room. All eyes
go to her. She walks over to the ice cream table and drops a
baggie full of dog poop.

HEATHER

I've got good news and I've got bad
news. The good news is the
miscreant dog that's been pooping
on my front yard isn't Tyrion
because he is dead. The bad news is
there's going to be another dog
funeral because once I figure out
who's been pooping in my yard, I am
going to kill them.

BRUCE

Heather, not now.

HEATHER

Oh look, it's the welfare man.
How's unemployment?

Bruce withers. Devin takes a step forward.

DEVIN

Excuse me—

Heather looks her up and down.

HEATHER

No. I don't think so.

DEVIN

Wow.

LEILA

Devin, this is Heather Wright.

Heather gestures to the poop bag.

HEATHER

The board needs to take care of this.

BRUCE

Heather, I bought the signs encouraging everyone to be responsible owners.

HEATHER

Grow some hair on that pre-pubescent chest! I want a DNA test.

BRUCE

Of the poop?

HEATHER

Yes the poop. The results will narrow down the breed and reveal who's the next little pup going to Doggy Heaven.

LEILA

How do you know it's a dog?

CARLIE

Yeah, what if it's a human? What if someone goes to the park everyday and combs through the garbage to find the biggest turd there and then waits till cover of darkness to dump it on your yard?

They all turn to Carlie, mortified. Leila giggles.

LEILA

This girl! Isn't she the funniest person you have ever met?

BRUCE
We can't spend Board funds on this.

HEATHER
You can't, but I will. I'm joining the Board. With Mrs. White gone, there's an opening and it's time this condo see real leadership.

LEILA
Can she do that?

CARLIE
I suppose the Board could propose an alternative candidate for interim Vice President and affirm the choice with a simple majority.

LEILA
I nominate Devin as interim Vice President.

BRUCE
I second.

CARLIE
Fine.

BRUCE
Devin, welcome to the board!

To read the full script, please contact me for a copy.