

# H.O.A.

"Pilot"

Written by

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EXT - DRIVEWAY OF 2105 LOBLOLLY WAY - DAY

WELCOME TO TWIN PINE LAKES PHASE II, THE TYPICAL SUBURBAN SUBDIVISION IN SMALL CITY JUST OUTSIDE OF ORLANDO FLORIDA. THE HOUSES ARE ALL FAIRLY NEW AND WELL KEPT. IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S RIPPED STRAIGHT FROM A BETTER HOMES AND GARDEN MAGAZINE. LIFE IS HAPPENING ON THE SIDEWALKS, PEOPLE WALKING THEIR DOGS, WATERING THEIR LAWNS, AND TAKING WALKS WITH THE KIDS.

MIKE TIMMONS, A MID FORTIES BUT LOOKS LIKE HE COULD BE A LITTLE YOUNGER, TALL CASUAL LOOKING GUY, IS UNLOADING THE CONTENTS OF A MOVING TRUCK WITH THE HELP OF A FEW MOVERS. HIS NEW NEIGHBORS ARE TRYING TO GET A GOOD LOOK AT WHAT'S GOING ON WITHOUT LOOKING OBVIOUS. MIKE SEES THEIR CURIOSITY BUT CONTINUES TO UNLOAD THE TRUCK WITHOUT MAKING TOO MUCH EYE CONTACT.

AN OLDER MAN WALKING A SMALL DOG STOPS AT THE END OF THE DRIVEWAY AND WATCHES FOR A FEW MINUTES. MIKE NOTICES THE MAN BUT TRIES HIS BEST TO IGNORE HIM. AFTER A MINUTE OF AVOIDING EYE CONTACT THEY CATCH EACH OTHER FOR A QUICK SECOND.

NEIGHBOR

(WAVES EXCITEDLY) Howdy there neighbor!

Welcome to the neighborhood!

MIKE TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND SLUMPS ROLLING HIS EYES - HE LOOKS DEFEATED. HE SAYS SOMETHING UNDER HIS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD.

MIKE

(HALF WAVES) Trying to get in... Thanks.

MIKE GOES BACK TO MOVING BOXES OUT OF THE TRUCK. THE NEIGHBOR STAYS AT THE END OF THE DRIVEWAY WATCHING. MIKE TAKES A BOX INTO THE GARAGE AND HITS THE BUTTON TO CLOSE THE GARAGE DOOR. AS THE DOOR CLOSES MIKE STANDS AND WATCHES THE NEIGHBOR WATCH HIM. THE NEIGHBOR'S DOG KICKS UP HIS LEG AND PEE'S ON MIKE'S MAILBOX JUST IN TIME FOR MIKE TO SEE IT HAPPEN BUT AS THE DOOR CLOSES IT'S TOO LATE FOR HIM TO SAY ANYTHING.

INT - KITCHEN - DAY

THERE ARE BOXES ALL OVER THE PLACE. MIKE'S WIFE, VALERIE TIMMONS, EARLY TO MID THIRTIES, VERY PRETTY, IS UNPACKING BOXES MARKED "KITCHEN". MIKE WALKS IN FROM THE GARAGE AND DROPS A BOX ON THE FLOOR.

MIKE

OK Val... I can't take these people already...  
Mister Roger's and his dog just stood at the  
end of the driveway and stared me down until  
I would talk to them... And then the little  
monster peed on our mailbox... OK?? He peed  
on the mailbox!

VALERIE

Mister Rogers peed on our mailbox?

MIKE

Yeah... make jokes... meanwhile that dog is  
making our mailbox his personal toilet

VALERIE ROLLS HER EYES, SHAKES HER HEAD, AND LAUGHS AT MIKE AS  
IF TO SAY HERE WE GO AGAIN.

VALERIE

Oh Mike, calm down... I know how much you hate people but really... you have to relax... we haven't even moved in yet... These people are our neighbors... and they are just interested in who is moving into the neighborhood...

MIKE

Well I'm interested in various animals not relieving themselves on my new very expensive lawn.

VALERIE

Well I'm sure it will be fine...

MIKE WALKS OUT OF THE KITCHEN, TALKING TO HIMSELF, HE IS CLEARLY ANNOYED. MIKE GOES BACK OUTSIDE THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR TO GET MORE BOXES OUT OF THE TRUCK. HE CONTINUES THE CONVERSATION WITH HIMSELF AS HE WALKS OUT. VALERIE GOES BACK TO UNLOADING THE BOXES IN THE KITCHEN.

END COLD OPEN.

EXT - DRIVEWAY - DAY

MIKE IS STANDING OUTSIDE OF THE MOVING TRUCK WITH STACKS OF BOXES OUTSIDE THE TRUCK. THE NEXTDOOR NEIGHBOR, AMANDA, EARLY FORTIES, LOOKS LIKE SHE WAS THE COOL PRETTY GIRL AT ONE POINT AND IS STILL TRYING TO HANG ON TO THAT, IS STANDING AT THE EDGE OF HER YARD WATCHING MIKE. MIKE TRIES TO AVOID EYE CONTACT BUT AS SOON AS SHE SEES THE OPENING SHE STARTS A CONVERSATION. AS SHE CALLS OUT VALERIE WALKS OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

AMANDA

(WAVES) Hey there! Moving in huh?

MIKE

No... we just figured we'd store some  
of our stuff in a random vacant house.

AMANDA

(LOOKS CONFUSED) Huh?

VALERIE JOINS MIKE IN THE DRIVEWAY AND PUTS HER ARM AROUND HIM TO HIDE THAT SHE IS PINCHING HIM FOR BEING A JERK.

VALERIE

(PINCHING MIKE) Yeah... hoping to get settled  
in today... I'm Valerie and this is my husband  
Mike.

AMANDA

I hope you guys like kids.

MIKE

I hope you like loud drunk people.

VALERIE PINCHES MIKE AGAIN. MIKE PUSHES VALERIE AWAY.

MIKE

OUCH... STOP IT... What!?

VALERIE GRABS MIKE AND HUGS HIM AND LAUGHS TO MASK THAT SHE IS YELLING AT HIM FOR BEING A SMART ASS TO THE NEIGHBOR.

VALERIE

(WHISPERING ANGRILY) You stop it... idiot.

AMANDA LOOKS HALF CONFUSED AND HALF ANNOYED. SHE SHAKES HER HEAD AND WALKS BACK TOWARDS HER HOUSE.

MIKE

(WAVES SARCASTICALLY) Good to meet you!

Let's do this again soon.

VALERIE GOES BACK IN AND MIKE GOES BACK TO TAKING BOXES FROM THE DRIVEWAY TO THE HOUSE.

CUT TO:

INT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ALL OF THE BOXES ARE IN AND THE HOUSE IS PRETTY HECTIC. ALL OF THE FURNITURE IS IN PLACE, BUT THE HOUSE IS IN VARIOUS STAGES OF BEING UNPACKED. MIKE AND VALERIE SIT ON THE COUCH EXHAUSTED... THEY STILL HAVE HOURS OF UNPACKING TO DO.

MIKE

Babe I am beat... what do you say we call it a night and pick this back up in the morning?

VALERIE

Mike, come on... let's get a few more boxes done... I want the house to look-

MIKE

Like a catalog I know... but people live here... and people don't live in catalogs... if they did catalogs would have shoes on the floor and cups in the sink...

VALERIE LEANS OVER AND CLIMBS ON TO MIKE'S LAP AND KISSES HIM AS SHE TALKS TO HIM.

VALERIE

(BEING FLIRTY) OK... OK... we'll go to bed now...  
but tomorrow we get this place unpacked  
and ready to live in...

MIKE

How about we go upstairs and do some unpacking  
in the new bedroom... get that ready to live in?

VALERIE

I would love to but you're too tired and  
I would hate to keep you up...

VALERIE GETS UP AND PATS MIKE ON THE LEG AS SHE SLIDES BY HIM  
AND WALKS TOWARDS THE HALLWAY TO GO UPSTAIRS... MIKE GETS UP AND  
FOLLOWS HER.

MIKE

I mean I'm too tired to unpack more boxes...  
but I think I can scrape up enough energy...

VALERIE

(WALKING UP THE STAIRS) Forget it Mike...

VALERIE HEADS UP THE STAIRS WITHOUT LOOKING BACK.



MIKE

(FOLLOWING BEHIND VALERIE) OK fine but  
I am sleeping in tomorrow... none of this  
up at 8 o'clock crap... and I want  
breakfast... maybe in bed even...

FADE TO

INT - BEDROOM - MORNING

LIKE THE REST OF THE HOUSE THE BEDROOM IS HALF UNPACKED. MIKE AND VALERIE ARE ASLEEP. THE BLINDS ARE CLOSED BUT YOU CAN SEE THE SUNLIGHT COMING THROUGH. THE DOORBELL RINGS, MIKE DOESN'T MOVE. THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN, THIS TIME TWICE. MIKE'S EYES OPEN WIDE AND HE IS CLEARLY ANGRY. HE LOOKS STRAIGHT UP AT THE CEILING BUT DOESN'T MOVE. THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN, THIS TIME THE PERSON RINGING IT HOLDS IT IN SO THE CHIME DRAGS OUT. MIKE REACHES OVER AND GRABS HIS CELL PHONE TO CHECK THE TIME... ITS 8:56 AM. MIKE THROWS A MINI TANTRUM KICKING HIS LEGS AND SHAKING HIS ARMS. VALERIE SLEPT THROUGH THE DOORBELL BUT IS NOW AWAKE.

VALERIE

(HALF AWAKE) Mike what the hell are  
you doing?!

MIKE

(ANNOYED) Aerobics... what the hell do you  
think I'm doing... do you not hear the damn  
doorbell?!

THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN. MIKE THROWS HIS PILLOW ONTO THE FLOOR AND KICKS THE COVERS OFF AS HE GETS OUT OF BED. THE SHEET IS WRAPPED AROUND HIS LEG AND AS HE TRIES TO KICK IT OFF HE PULLS MOST OF THE COVERS OFF OF VALERIE.

MIKE

Do you see??!! These are the "neighbors" that  
you want me to be nice to... Its eight fifty  
GD six on a Sunday...

VALERIE

Calm down... we needed to get up anyway...

MIKE

Calm down? What's wrong with you?  
I married a crazy person...

MIKE PUTS ON A SHIRT, BUT HE PULLS IT OVER HIS HEAD LIKE A SPOILED 8-YEAR-OLD. THE SHIRT IS ON INSIDE OUT. VALERIE GETS UP AND PUTS ON A ROBE AND WALKS TOWARDS THE DOOR.

VALERIE

Yeah, YOU married a crazy person.  
Let's go down... but BE NICE

MIKE

I'll go down... but...

VALERIE

MIKE... BE... NICE

VALERIE HEADS OUT OF THE ROOM AND DOWN THE STAIRS FOLLOWED BY MIKE WHO IS STILL CLEARLY ANNOYED. VALERIE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S SPENT HOURS GETTING READY EVEN THOUGH SHE IS JUST OUT OF BED. MIKE LOOKS ROUGH AND HE HAS A BAD CASE OF BED HEAD.

CUT TO

INT - FOYER - MORNING

VALERIE WAITS AT THE DOOR FOR MIKE TO COME DOWN THE STAIRS... MIKE MAKES IT DOWN AND LOOKS THROUGH THE WINDOW NEXT TO THE DOOR. TWO MEN, BOTH VERY WELL GROOMED ARE OUTSIDE... ONE HOLDING A TRAY COVERED IN FOIL AND THE OTHER WAVING VERY ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

MIKE

What's up with these people and the  
waving like lunatics?!

VALERIE

Oh you mean them being happy to meet people?  
Yeah that's just crazy...

VALERIE DOES A QUICK FIX OF HER HAIR AND TURNS TO OPEN THE DOOR AND GREET THE NEIGHBORS. STANDING ON THE DOORSTEP ARE JERRY AND JEAN. THEY ARE IN THEIR EARLY TO MID-FORTIES. THEY ARE WELL DRESSED AND TRENDY WITH PERFECT HAIR AND EYEBROWS. THEY LIVE DIRECTLY ACROSS THE STREET.

VALERIE OPENS THE DOOR.

JERRY AND JEAN

(IN HARMONY) Hello, Hello Good Morning!!

JEAN

I'm Jean and this is Jerry,  
welcome to the neighborhood!

JERRY

We live just across the street,  
welcome neighbors!

JEAN PULLS THE FOIL OFF OF THE TRAY JERRY IS HOLDING TO REVEAL  
DOZENS OF COOKIES. JERRY EXTENDS THE TRAY OUT TOWARDS MIKE AND  
VALERIE TO SHOW THEM WHAT THEY MADE.

VALERIE

Oh my God, you guys are so sweet...

I am Valerie, and this is my husband Mike.

VALERIE REACHES OUT TO SHAKE THEIR HANDS, MIKE REACHES OUT AND  
GRABS A FEW COOKIES AND STARTS EATING.

JEAN

(JOKINGLY) Looks like the big guy  
is hungry?

JERRY AND JEAN LAUGH AT THE JOKE LIKE IT'S THE FUNNIEST THING THEY HAVE EVER HEARD. VALERIE LAUGHS ALONG WITH THEM, TRYING TO LIGHTEN THE MOMENT. MIKE WITH A COOKIE HANGING OUT OF HIS MOUTH LAUGHS LOUDLY AND SARCASTICALLY.

MIKE

(LAUGHING SACRASTICALLY) Looks like Jean and  
Jerry can't tell time.

MIKE LAUGHS EVEN LOUDER AS JEAN AND JERRY START TO LAUGH A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLY. VALERIE GRABS A COOKIE AND SHOVES IT INTO MIKE'S MOUTH.

Valerie

(LAUGHING) Have another cookie idiot.

MIKE

(WITH A MOUTH FULL OF COOKIES) MMMMMMM...  
Thanks babe... delicious!

MIKE TAKES THE TRAY. HE NODS TO JEAN AND JERRY AND MUMBLES SOMETHING AS HE TURNS AND WALKS BACK TOWARDS THE KITCHEN. VALERIE STAYS TO TALK TO JEAN AND JERRY.

VALERIE

(APOLOGETICALLY) Mike loves cookies...  
He doesn't love mornings.

JEAN AND JERRY CRACK UP LAUGHING AGAIN.

JERRY

(POINTING AT JEAN) This one doesn't like  
mornings either... If he is up before  
7AM LOOK OUT!

JEAN

Look, nothing good happens before 7AM...  
Know what I mean girl?

VALERIE DOESN'T REALLY KNOW WHAT HE MEANS BUT SHE LAUGHS ALONG  
WITH THE JOKE.

VALERIE

Thanks for the cookies and great to  
meet you! We will bring the tray back soon.

JERRY

No rush... just have it back before 5pm today.

VALERIE LOOKS CONFUSED, JEAN AND JERRY CRACK UP LAUGHING AGAIN  
AS THEY WALK AWAY.

JERRY

(WALKING AWAY) Just kidding girl...  
anytime is fine.

VALERIE CLOSES THE DOOR AND HEADS INTO THE KITCHEN TO JOIN MIKE.

CUT TO

INT - KITCHEN - MORNING

THE KITCHEN IS STILL MOSTLY PAKED IN BOXES. MIKE IS DRINKING MILK OUT OF A VASE AND STILL EATING THE COOKIES JEAN AND JERRY BROUGHT.

VALERIE

A vase Mike... really?

MIKE

What? Someone didn't finish unpacking the kitchen.

VALERIE

Someone was so tired and wanted to go to bed.

MIKE

Well someone didn't take the hint.

VALERIE

Well someone... you know what... Nope... not doing this at 9 AM.

MIKE

Well someone wouldn't be up at 9 AM if  
Will and Grace didn't ring the doorbell  
A thousand times.

VALERIE

Will and Grace? That's not even funny..  
What does that even mean?

MIKE

You know what it means...

VALERIE WALKS OUT OF THE KITCHEN BACK TOWARDS THE STAIRS,  
TALKING TO MIKE AS SHE WALKS AWAY.

VALERIE

Busy day ahead Mike... let's not  
waste it.

MIKE

What happened to my breakfast  
in bed?

VALERIE

You're eating your breakfast and we're  
Not in bed so... and put those cookies in  
something.



MIKE EATS ANOTHER COOKIE AND FINISHES OFF THE MILK. HE REACHES INTO THE OPEN BOX MARKED KITCHEN AND PULLS OUT ANOTHER VASE. HE DUMPS THE COOKIES INTO THE VASE. GRABS ONE MORE COOKIE AND WALKS UPSTAIRS.

CUT TO:

INT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

MIKE IS SURROUNDED BY BOXES OF NEW FURNITURE THAT HE HAS TO ASSEMBLE. HE HAS TOOLS SPREAD ACROSS THE FLOOR. SOME OF THE BOXES ARE OPEN AND THE PARTS ARE LAYING RANDOMLY AROUND THE COUCH WHERE MIKE IS SITTING. THE ORIGINAL KARATE KID MOVIE IS ON THE TV AND MIKE IS PAYING MORE ATTENTION TO THE MOVIE THAN HE IS TO THE WORK HE NEEDS TO DO. VALERIE COMES DOWN THE STAIRS. SHE HAS HER CAR KEYS OUT AND HER SUNGLASSES ON READY TO LEAVE AND RUN ERRANDS.

VALERIE

Look at you... you should have all  
of this done in no time.

MIKE

(Not paying attention) Yeah... that  
sounds good.

VALERIE

What Mike? What sounds good?

MIKE

Huh? What you said... it's fine.

VALERIE

Mike come on... you've seen this movie two hundred times... Can you focus on the furniture please and get it done?

MIKE

(Looking for the remote) Babe... Now I missed the best part... I have to rewind it... I'll get it all done... And what's with the sunglasses inside... Are you Lady Gaga?

VALERIE

You're an idiot... And I am on my way out... Don't sit here and watch TV all day... Finish the furniture.

MIKE

Love you too babe... Have fun.

VALERIE LEAVES THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR. MIKE REWINDS THE MOVIE TO SEE HIS FAVORITE PART. HE NOTICES THERE IS A KARATE KID MARATHON ON THE GUIDE. HE MOVES THE FURNITURE PIECES OUT OF THE WAY AND LAYS DOWN ON THE COUCH TO WATCH THE MOVIE.

**END OF ACT ONE**