LIVING THE DREAM

PILOT

Written by

Josh Heald

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COLD OPEN

SCENE A

INT. LOGAN HOUSEHOLD - DAY (DAY 1)
(Connor, Nicole, Cal)

CONNOR LOGAN (25, HANDSOME, OVERCONFIDENT) WALKS IN THE KITCHEN DOOR, CARRYING A CAKE BOX.

CONNOR

Honeys! I'm home!

NICOLE TYLER (MID 20S, PEP SQUAD LIFER) ENTERS CHEERFULLY.

NICOLE

Hey Connor - what's in the box?

CONNOR DOES HIS BEST BRAD PITT FROM "SE7EN" IMPRESSION.

CONNOR

WHAT'S IN THE BOOOOOX? (SMILES)

That's a good Brad Pitt, right?

NICOLE

What is?

CONNOR BRUSHES IT OFF AND PUTS THE BOX DOWN.

CONNOR

It's a cake. A little welcome home

thing.

CONNOR'S OLDER BROTHER, **CAL** (30, MORE OF A ROETHLISBERGER THAN A BRADY) ENTERS THE KITCHEN, NOT AMUSED.

CAL

You bought yourself a welcome home

cake?

CONNOR

Yeah, I noticed there wasn't one here when I got in last night. So I'm just trying to do my part.

CONNOR PATS HIS HUMORLESS BROTHER ON THE SHOULDER, ON HIS WAY TO THE CABINET, WHERE HE GETS PLATES.

NICOLE, MEANWHILE, TASTES A BIT OF FROSTING WITH HER FINGER.

NICOLE

Mmmm! Oh my god. Connor, this is the best!

SHE SEES CAL LOOKING ANNOYED AND SHE TONES IT DOWN.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You know. If you like cake.

(QUIETER) And delicious frosting.

(EVEN QUIETER) It's not for everyone.

CAL

(TO CONNOR) Did you even look for a job today?

AS CONNOR TAKES OUT PLATES, HE TAPS HIS HEAD.

CONNOR

I do all my job hunting up here.

CAL

How's that working out for you?

CONNOR

So far so good!

CAL

Really? Because from where I'm standing, you went halfway around the world to start a whiskey company. And now you're back here - broke - with your tail between your legs.

CONNOR

Cal. Sweet Cal. Scotland went perfectly according to plan.

CAL

So you planned to be a giant failure?

CONNOR OPENS THE REFRIGERATOR.

CONNOR

You do construction. I'm an idea man. We operate in different circles.

CAL

Right. The circle that pays his bills. And the Fantasy Circle. Where checking accounts are filled with smiles and blind optimism!

CONNOR

Do we have any 2% milk?

CAL SHUTS THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR ON CONNOR.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I get it. This little love triangle of ours makes you uncomfortable.

HE POINTS TO THE THREE OF THEM.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Nicole and I had some nice times. But when I left, she had to move on. And of all the potential rebounds out there, I'm glad that it's you.

NICOLE

Oh Cal wasn't my rebound. First I was with Johnny Gristecki. And then my dad's friend Bill.

CONNOR

Uncle Bill?

NICOLE

Well I don't call him that anymore. That would be weird.

CONNOR

(LOOKS AT CAL) That *would* be weird.

CAL IS GETTING HOT.

CAL

If everything's so wonderful, why are you here?

CONNOR GETS INTROSPECTIVE AND POETIC.

CONNOR

When a man ventures so far from his home, sometimes it's nice to remember the simple place - and the lovely people - from whence he came.

NICOLE PUTS HER HANDS OVER HER HEART, EATING UP HIS DOG AND PONY SHOW.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

By the way, nice score on the free

house!

CONNOR PUTS UP HIS HAND FOR A HIGH FIVE. CAL GRITS HIS TEETH AND LEAVES HIM HANGING.

CAL

I assumed Mom and Dad's mortgage when

they moved to Arizona. It wasn't

free.

CONNOR

Tomato, tom-ah-to. Agree to disagree.

CAL

I will not!

CONNOR

OK! We agree! I give up. Ahh!

CONNOR MAKES A SHOW OF PUTTING UP HIS HANDS, LIKE HE'S IN A HEIST. HE LOOKS AT NICOLE AND SMILES, LAUGHING. IT ONLY MAKES CAL HOTTER.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Well I'm off.

NICOLE

What about the cake?

CONNOR

Save me a slice. I gotta see a guy

about a thing.

CAL

Gonna work on another half baked plan?

(FAKE INSPIRATION) Oh! I've got it!

How about selling water to an Eskimo?

CAL LAUGHS AT HIS OWN JOKE.

CONNOR

Selling ice to an Eskimo. It's an idiom.

CAL STOPS LAUGHING.

CAL

You're an idiom.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

SCENE B

INT. GARAGE - DAY (DAY 1)
(Russ, Connor, Bruce)

AN ANT FARM CRASHES TO THE FLOOR OF A GARAGE -- ANTS SCURRYING TO FREEDOM.

RUSS (O.C.)

Check it out -- PHOTON!

RUSS DANZINGER, 30, CHILDISH, AND OUT OF SHAPE, STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF A MESSY GARAGE, TRYING IN EARNEST TO SQUEEZE INTO A CHILD-SIZE LASER TAG VEST. IT'S WAY TOO SMALL.

CONNOR

I think you have to let this one go,

Russ.

RUSS ACCEPTS THE INEVITABLE AND TOSSES THE VEST INTO A TRASH PILE, AS HE HAPPILY GOES ABOUT CLEANING THE GARAGE.

RUSS

I love how you're back! That's a

strong move, man. Screw Ireland. Put

your talents to work here in the U.S.

of Pennsyl-freakin-vania.

CONNOR

That's what I'm saying. Keep it

domestic.

RUSS

Hey remember when you got Mayor Nelson

to lift the ban on bonfires?

CONNOR

(SMILES) That was an awesome -- and

incredibly dangerous summer.

RUSS

(NODS EXCITEDLY) You're always coming up with stuff. I wouldn't worry.

CONNOR

Why would I worry?

RUSS

You shouldn't.

CONNOR

I'm worried that you think worrying is an option.

RUSS

Not for you it's not.

CONNOR

That's right. I figure I'll pick up a shift at the brewery while I get my ducks in a row. You and me, like old times.

RUSS

You didn't hear? Brewery's closed.

CONNOR

What?

RUSS

Yeah, whole thing's being auctioned.

CONNOR LOOKS A LITTLE ROCKED BY THIS NEWS.

CONNOR

Whoa. I didn't know things were that bad.

RUSS

(NODS) Hundred and sixty guys kicked to the curb with a $200 check, a case of beer, and a punch to the nuts. (THINKS) It's like a Springsteen song.

CONNOR

The brewery's been there for like 40 years.

RUSS

You don't have to tell me. I was on track to be head brewmaster.

CONNOR

Weren't you the night janitor?

RUSS

That's an early part of the track. (THEN) You know I make good beer.

RUSS HANDS CONNOR AN UNLABELED SIX-PACK.

RUSS (CONT'D)

My summer ale. I call it... Russ' Summer Ale.

CONNOR

Inspired name.

RUSS

I workshopped it with the guys at the dump.

CONNOR TASTES THE BEER AND LOOKS IMPRESSED.

CONNOR

Wow! That's really good, Russ! Hey, have you tried selling this?

RUSS

I was gonna. But then the whole Jenna thing...

RUSS GROWS QUIET. CONNOR NODS, REMEMBERING.

CONNOR

I was sorry to hear. Was it bad?

RUSS

(CONTEMPLATIVE) Divorce is like a Judd Apatow movie. It's long. Someone on a bike gets hit by a car. And then it's over.

CONNOR NODS SYMPATHETICALLY.

RUSS (CONT'D)

And then there's three more hours of talking. And then it's really over.

CONNOR

You know what? I'm back now. You and I are gonna hit this town like we're Vince Vaughn and Owen Wilson. (BEAT) Circa 2005.

RUSS

Not so fast. I'm trying to make amends.

CONNOR

The divorce isn't final?

RUSS

No, it's wayyyyy final. She had an ace lawyer too. Didn't even get to keep my pillow.

HE SAYS IT EXCITEDLY, AS IF IT HAPPENED TO AN ENEMY.

CONNOR

Why are you so happy about that?

RUSS

Because it's a clean break. With that marriage behind me, I can take the lessons learned and apply them toward my next relationship.

CONNOR

With the very same woman.

RUSS

Exactly.

CONNOR

How does Jenna feel about this?

RUSS

(PONDERS) I'm gonna say somewhere between lukewarm and restraining ordery.

JUST THEN, **BRUCE**, LATE 40S AND UNSHAVEN, COMES INTO THE GARAGE, DRINKING A BEER.

BRUCE

Hey chief, I'm paying you to clean this mess, not make it worse.

RUSS

(SALUTES HIM) You got it, boss. Under control.

BRUCE ROLLS HIS EYES AND GOES BACK INSIDE.

CONNOR

This isn't your garage?

RUSS

(LAUGHS) My garage? Like if I had all this stuff, I'd throw it away? He's giving me six bucks an hour. (WHISPERS) I usually charge four.

RUSS GOES TO GIVE CONNOR A FIST POUND.

CONNOR

This is not a pound-worthy situation.

CONNOR BEGINS WALKING OFF.

RUSS

Where ya going?

CONNOR

Great comebacks call for great inspiration.

RUSS

You're gonna get a taco?

CONNOR

(CONFUSED) I'm gonna see Annie.

(THEN) How did you get tac--

RUSS

(OBVIOUSLY) Inspiration rhymes with perspiration. Perspiration means sweat. I sweat when I eat tacos.

CONNOR CONSIDERS FOR A BEAT AND THEN NODS.

CONNOR

Fair enough.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE C

EXT. WALMART - DAY (DAY 1)
(Annie, Mrs. Livingston, Connor, Benny, Anthony)

ANNIE PARKER (25, SMART, ATTRACTIVE, WITTY) STANDS OUTSIDE, WEARING A BLUE VEST AND KHAKIS.

ANNIE

Hi, welcome to Walmart. (THEN) Hey Mr. Carroll. (THEN) Welcome to Walmart, Mrs. Livingston.

MRS. LIVINGSTON, AN OLDER WOMAN, SMILES SWEETLY.

MRS. LIVINGSTON

Oh Annie, you don't have to say that every time.

ANNIE

I do, actually. Corporations have policies. And without these policies, their uniformity would devolve into a loose mishmosh of regionally-mandated directives. And we don't want that, do we?

SHE SAYS IT WITH SUCH A SMILE, MRS. LIVINGSTON LOOKS LOST.

MRS. LIVINGSTON

I... guess not?

MRS. LIVINGSTON GOES INSIDE, AS CONNOR WALKS UP, FINISHING A TACO.

ANNIE

Welcome to-- whoa! Yes!

SHE GIVES HIM A VERY TIGHT HUG.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I missed you.

CONNOR

I missed you too.

THERE'S A WARMTH AND SINCERITY IN THEIR WORDS.

ANNIE

What happened? Europe couldn't handle you?

CONNOR

If I'm being self-critical, I would say my Plan B needed some work.

ANNIE

What was Plan B?

CONNOR

Didn't have one.

CONNOR SMILES. SO DOES SHE. HE CAN BE HONEST WITH HER.

ANNIE

Just the fact that you've *been* to Scotland counts for something around here.

SHE GRABS A SEASONED MICHAEL HAGERTY-ESQUE GUY (**BENNY**).

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Hey! Pay your respects. Connor Logan's back.

BENNY ACTUALLY LOOKS IMPRESSED.

BENNY

Shit! Hey Connor! How's the whiskey?

CONNOR

Oh! You know... lots of peaks and valleys in the booze trade.

BENNY

You're telling me. A year ago, I'm hauling freight over at the brewery. Now they got me labeling junk in here.

CONNOR

(FEELS BADLY) How is that?

BENNY

(ROTE) I'm fortunate to be part of a team of dedicated individuals who all bring a different, yet unified spirit to--

ANNIE

All right, move it along.

SHE SHOOS HIM AWAY AND LOWERS HER VOICE, CONSPIRATORIALLY.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

We can rob this store. They have ski masks and crowbars in adjacent aisles. They're practically begging for it.

CONNOR LOOKS HER HARD IN THE EYES.

CONNOR

I'm in.

ANNIE

Don't test me. I know we're kidding, but I'll take this joke to prison.

CONNOR SMILES.

CONNOR

What happened to graphic design?

ANNIE

Guess who my biggest client was.

SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO SAY IT.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Brewery closes. So do I. (THEN, TO HOUSEWIFE WITH KIDS) Hi Mrs. Costa. Shawn's not working today. He got detention.

MRS. COSTA TURNS HER SHOPPING CART AROUND, SOMEWHAT EMBARRASSED, AS HER KIDS PROTEST.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

She's handjobbing the shopping cart collector kid. (OFF CONNOR'S CONCERN) Don't worry, he's 18. Ish.

CONNOR

You're way too good at this job.

ANNIE

I have to be. There's like 50 people on the waiting list. (POINTS TO LAWN CHAIR) I get to sit down when it's not busy.

CONNOR

Cushy gig.

ANNIE

So what's next? You gonna get the old carnival up and running?

CONNOR SMILES, REMEMBERING.

CONNOR

The carnival! No. I got death threats from carnies in three states. We were giving away too many prizes.

ANNIE

That's the point, isn't it? You find a situation and make it better. It's kinda your thing.

CONNOR LOOKS AT HER, ALMOST LIKE HE'S SEEING HER FOR THE FIRST TIME. THEIR MOMENT IS BROKEN BY A FAT KID (**ANTHONY**) WHO IS STEALING A BAG OF DORITOS UNDER HIS SWEATSHIRT.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Anthony, what did I tell you?

ANTHONY

Holy crap, Connor Logan! (TAKES OUT CHIPS) Hey, you want a Dorito?

CONNOR

I'm good. Thanks.

ANTHONY

(TO ANNIE) You know who this is? This guy got Penthouse to shoot a calendar in the high school gym.

CONNOR

They still talk about that?

ANTHONY

Talk about it? That calendar got me

through some times, man.

ANTHONY PULLS CONNOR IN FOR A TOO-INTIMATE HUG BETWEEN MEN. ANNIE GRABS THE CHIPS AND SEPARATES THEM.

ANNIE

(TO ANTHONY) All right, let's go.

You know the drill.

ANTHONY

(TO CONNOR) Good to see you.

SUDDENLY, ANTHONY TAKES OFF RUNNING MUCH FASTER THAN HIS PHYSIQUE WOULD SUGGEST HE'S CAPABLE.

ANNIE

Goddammit... we got a runner!

ANNIE DITCHES HER POST, RUNNING AFTER HIM. SHE CALLS BACK TO CONNOR.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Call me later! Whatever you're

planning, I'm in!

CONNOR

(SOFTLY, TO HIMSELF) Whatever I'm

planning...

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE D

INT. BAR - NIGHT (NIGHT 1)
(Bartender, Connor, Abe, Waitress)

CONNOR SITS ON A BARSTOOL IN A HALF-EMPTY TOWN BAR. THE **BARTENDER** APPROACHES.

BARTENDER

What are you having?

CONNOR PUTS RUSS' HOMEMADE SIX-PACK (MINUS ONE BEER) ON THE BAR. THE BARTENDER LOOKS NONPLUSSED.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

You brought your own beer to a bar.

CONNOR

Sweet concept, right?

BARTENDER

You know there are rules about

bringing outside alcoholic beverages

into this establishment. We could

lose our liquor license.

CONNOR AND THE BARTENDER STARE AT EACH OTHER FOR A LONG BEAT. THEN THEY BOTH BREAK INTO A SMILE.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Welcome back, Connor.

THE BARTENDER OPENS TWO OF THE BOTTLES, TAKING ONE FOR HIMSELF. HE CLINKS CONNOR'S BOTTLE AND WALKS OFF.

CONNOR LOOKS AROUND AT THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE OF THE BREWERY'S INFLUENCE ON THE TOWN: THE BREWERY'S GROUND BREAKING, LITTLE LEAGUE SPONSORSHIPS, TOWN FAIRS.

HE TURNS TO THE OLD TIMER (**ABE**) SITTING NEXT TO HIM.

CONNOR

It's sad, you know? We'll never taste

Lion's Paw beer again.

ABE

That crap tasted like a warm puddle of dead horse piss.

CONNOR LOOKS OFF-PUT.

CONNOR

That's a pretty specific criticism.

ABE SHRUGS.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

OK, so it wasn't the best. But Lion's Paw made us special. It was ours. We're not just another Walmart town.

ABE

Unless this place has a rich uncle I don't know about, that's exactly what we are.

CONNOR LOOKS BUMMED, AS ABE CONTINUES.

ABE (CONT'D)

It's your generation. Nobody wants to be the hero. You just want to go home at five o'clock and--

HE MAKES A JERKING OFF MOTION AND THEN MOVES ON. THE BARTENDER WALKS BACK OVER.

BARTENDER

Don't listen to Abe. He's doom and gloom about everything.

IN A CORNER, ABE GRUMBLES TO A NO-NONSENSE **WAITRESS**, AS HE TAKES A HANDFUL OF PRETZELS.

ABE

Seems to me people used to take pride in baking pretzels. Nowadays the salt ratio is way out of proportion. And when it comes to crispiness--

WAITRESS

Cool it, Abe.

BACK AT THE BAR, THE BARTENDER HOLDS UP HIS BEER.

BARTENDER

This is good, by the way. What is it?

CONNOR LOOKS AT THE BEER AND HIS EYEBROWS RAISE. THERE'S A NEW LIGHT IN HIS EYES.

CUT TO:

SCENE E

INT. GREEK DINER - LATE NIGHT (NIGHT 1)
(Russ, Annie, Connor, Diner Waitress, Manager)

RUSS AND ANNIE SIT AT A BOOTH. A LONG SILENT MOMENT PASSES.

RUSS

It's good to see you. Have you...

done something with your hair?

ANNIE

Let's not do this.

CONNOR COMES IN AND SITS DOWN.

CONNOR

(EXCITED) I have a plan.

HE PLACES A BOTTLE OF RUSS' BEER ON THE TABLE. HE SEES RUSS AND ANNIE AVOIDING EYE CONTACT.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

OK... what happened?

ANNIE

Nothing.

RUSS

Well, not *nothing*.

ANNIE

My vagina took a wrong turn and ended

up in Horribleville.

CONNOR

(DISBELIEF) No!

RUSS

I prefer to think of it as Baker,

California.

(MORE)

RUSS (CONT'D)

(OFF THEIR CONFUSION) The home of the world's tallest thermometer?

THEY STARE AT HIM.

RUSS (CONT'D)

You don't get it.

ANNIE

You're implying that your penis is both impossibly enormous and capable of measuring air temperature.

RUSS

(SMILES) You got it.

ANNIE

Horribleville.

CONNOR

(TO RUSS) I thought you were trying to get Jenna back?

RUSS

I'm using this marital intermission as an opportunity to hone my craft.

A **DINER WAITRESS** STOPS AT THE TABLE.

DINER WAITRESS

What can I get you guys?

ANNIE

I lost my appetite.

THE DINER WAITRESS NOTICES THE BEER.

DINER WAITRESS

No outside beverages.

CONNOR

(SMILES, PLAYING ALONG) Right. Because you could lose your liquor license?

DINER WAITRESS

I'm getting the manager.

CONNOR IS CONFUSED, AS SHE WALKS OFF. RUSS STARTS TO GET UP.

CONNOR

Where are you going?

RUSS

(LOOKS AROUND) The manager and I have an ongoing disagreement regarding the toastiness of my tuna melt...

CONNOR

Sit down. I'm trying to say something. (LOOKS AT THEM) We should buy the brewery!

RUSS AND ANNIE LOOK AT HIM AND BOTH START <u>LAUGHING</u>.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Not the reaction I was expecting.

ANNIE

Where do we get the money?

CONNOR

Let me worry about that.

ANNIE

I don't know anything about beer.

CONNOR

No, but he does.

ANNIE

So you're suggesting we make a life-altering financial decision based solely on Russ' intellectual property?

RUSS

You're talking about my penis again?

ANNIE

I am not.

CONNOR

Guys, that brewery is the lifeblood of Newbank, Pennsylvania. And I don't know about you, but I don't wanna go home at five o'clock and jerk off.

RUSS

Agreed. You get it out of the way in the morning and that way you can focus on your activities like a gentleman.

CONNOR

(IGNORING HIM) I flew 3000 miles to sell whiskey. Maybe I was supposed to drive down the street and sell beer.

ANNIE

Or just possibly you weren't supposed to do either.

CONNOR

You guys always love my ideas!

ANNIE

Yeah, when they’re fun! Not when they’re real.

RUSS NODS.

RUSS

The guys at the dump were pretty sure you were gonna start a boy band.

CONNOR

Who are these guys at the dump?

RUSS

Same guys who used to work at the brewery. Don’t judge.

CONNOR, A LITTLE ANNOYED, CHANGES SPEEDS.

CONNOR

Do you know that one of the Real Housewives made a hundred million dollars selling a mixer? Aren’t we better than the Real Housewives?

ANNIE

Depends on which city. We’re better than Miami, but Atlanta might have us notched. They have a bisexual.

CONNOR

Think about what reopening the brewery would mean.

(MORE)

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Newbank would get its balls back! And we'd be the heroes. (TO RUSS) Don't you think Jenna would welcome a hero?

THIS FINALLY GETS RUSS' ATTENTION.

RUSS

Oh you're good. (THEN) OK. I'm a beer maker. I'm gonna need some time to transition out of my current job.

CONNOR

I took the ad off Craigslist.

RUSS

(CLAPS HANDS) Transition complete.

CONNOR TURNS TO ANNIE.

CONNOR

What do you say, Miss... Marketing Director?

ANNIE SMILES SLIGHTLY.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

(REMINDING) Whatever I'm planning...

ANNIE

Do I have to wear khakis?

CONNOR

I'd prefer if you didn't.

ANNIE

OK. I'm in.

THEY ALL SMILE, BASKING IN THE MOMENT.

CONNOR

All right, I got us a 9am appointment

at the bank. Auction's in two days.

Russ, can you make more beer?

JUST THEN, THE OLD **GREEK MANAGER** COMES OVER, FUMING, AND STARTS YELLING AT RUSS.

MANAGER

I toast bread! I tell you add

dressing make moist like sponge!

HE BACKS RUSS OUT OF THE BOOTH AND TOWARD THE DOOR.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

NO! You know tuna fish melt more than

man who make tuna fish melt 30 years!

FROM THE DOORWAY:

RUSS

(YELLS, TO CONNOR) How many bottles?

CONNOR

Six pack!

MANAGER

You have big mouth like tuna fish!

RUSS

(YELLS) See you at the bank!

THE MANAGER SLAMS THE DOOR ON RUSS.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE H

INT. PARKER KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 2)
(Connor, Russ, Annie, Brian)

IN A KITCHEN, CONNOR AND RUSS SIT AT A TABLE, WHILE ANNIE MAKES TEA. CONNOR AND ANNIE LOOK PROFESSIONAL, WHILE RUSS WEARS AN ILL-FITTING BLAZER WITH CAP'N CRUNCH T-SHIRT.

CONNOR IS CONFUSED.

CONNOR

I made that guy his first fake ID.

And this is how he pays me back?

RUSS

I've never seen a loan officer so...

amused.

CONNOR

I know, right? He was so hung up on

revenue and sales projections.

(FRUSTRATED) Give me the money and

I'll go figure that stuff out!

ANNIE

You probably shouldn't have said that.

CONNOR

Definitely shouldn't have said that.

(APOLOGETIC) Sorry I went off-book.

ANNIE

Don't worry about it. We can use my

marketing presentation as... place

mats!

ANNIE COMES OVER WITH TEA, WHICH SHE PLACES ON FOLDERS.

RUSS

(SIPS TEA) Mmmm. What is this?

ANNIE

It's a special blend of hibiscus, snap dragon, and ginseng. I make it myself during the harvesting season.

RUSS

Well it is phenomenal.

ANNIE

(ROLLS EYES) It's Lipton. It might be expired.

RUSS PUTS IT DOWN, AS ANNIE BRINGS OVER HER LAPTOP.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I had a feeling things might go south at the bank, so I put us on Kickstarter.

CONNOR

That's a great idea! Let's go Veronica Mars on this thing!

RUSS

What now?

CONNOR

It's that TV show with Kristen Bell? They used Kickstarter for something. I don't know. I didn't watch it.

RUSS

Kristen Bell...

CONNOR

Blonde. Yay-high. She was in that movie we saw?

RUSS

Oh! Sandra Bullock.

CONNOR

No. Still Kristen Bell.

ANNIE

Anyway! If someone gives us five grand, we have to let them swim in a giant vat of beer.

CONNOR

I don't think that's possible.

RUSS

No, it's cool. I did it all the time.

CONNOR LOOKS UNEASY, AS THE DOOR OPENS AND **BRIAN PARKER** (A HARDWORKING 20) WALKS IN. HE'S IN A SHIRT, TIE, AND WALMART BLUE VEST. HE'S SURPRISED TO FIND EVERYONE THERE.

BRIAN

Annie, we've talked about this...

CONNOR

Is that Little Bri? What's up, man! Look how big this guy's gotten!

BRIAN

You were only gone a year.

ANNIE TAKES THE GROCERIES.

ANNIE

He's my manager. And my landlord.

SHE WALKS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE KITCHEN. BRIAN FOLLOWS.

BRIAN

Did you let a shoplifter go yesterday?

ANNIE

It's Anthony Guardia. He ran a mile, which I didn't even think was possible, so we called it even.

BRIAN

When you're in the vest, you are not an employee of Walmart. You ARE Walmart. Do you think Walmart wants to make a habit of letting people take whatever they want?

ANNIE

(THINKS) You know, Brian, I do. (PATS HIM ON SHOULDER) Good talk. I like this family time.

SUDDENLY, RUSS PERKS UP AND <u>LOUDLY CLAPS HIS HANDS</u> TOGETHER. EVERYONE LOOKS IN HIS DIRECTION, BUT HE SAYS NOTHING.

CONNOR

Is that a prelude to something?

RUSS

(SMILES) I know where we're gonna get the money.

CUT TO:

SCENE J

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY (DAY 2)
(Connor, Russ, Jenna)

CONNOR AND RUSS HANG AROUND A PARKING LOT, AS PEOPLE COME AND GO. RUSS KEEPS A LOOKOUT FOR SOMEONE.

CONNOR

Who are we looking for?

RUSS

I told you, it's a surprise.

CONNOR

It's not like that time you surprised me with indoor fireworks, is it?

RUSS

Better.

CONNOR

Better than an attic fire?

Impossible!

RUSS

You'll see. It'll all work out. The guys at the dump are counting on you.

CONNOR

Why do you keep involving the dump guys in my affairs?

RUSS

(SEES SOMEONE) There she is!

Princess!

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT, **JENNA HARRIS** EXITS HER CAR. IN HER LATE 20S, JENNA IS A KNOCKOUT BRUNETTE IN A POWER SUIT. SHE SEES RUSS AND HER EXPRESSION TURNS ANGRY.

JENNA

Fifty feet!

RUSS

(HIDES BEHIND CONNOR) Look who it is!

JENNA'S EXPRESSION CHANGES. SHE'S PLEASANTLY SURPRISED TO SEE CONNOR.

JENNA

Connor! Oh my gosh!

SHE TOUCHES HER HAIR AND IMMEDIATELY OFFERS CONNOR A HUG, AS RUSS LOUDLY WHISPERS IN HIS EAR.

RUSS

Her family's loaded. (THEN, RE:

JENNA'S REACTION) Not for me!

RUSS BACKS AWAY, AS CONNOR TRIES TO SALVAGE THIS INTERACTION.

CONNOR

Here's the thing. We're trying to buy

the brewery.

JENNA

(LAUGHS) Yeah right! After what

happened with you in Europe?

CONNOR

I look upon Scotland as a learning

experience.

JENNA STOPS LAUGHING.

JENNA

Sorry. I thought you were kidding.

Wait, why are you coming to me?

RUSS

You were always saying we needed to diversify our portfolio.

JENNA

There is no <u>our</u> portfolio, nitwit.

CONNOR

You know what? We went about this very poorly...

CONNOR GRABS RUSS TO GO, BUT JENNA STOPS THEM.

JENNA

Wait-- I know the auction's tomorrow. But I just can't. I'd have to sell my dad on the idea. And with your track record (LOOKS AT RUSS) And *his* track record. There's no way.

CONNOR NODS AND SMILES, UNDERSTANDING.

CONNOR

Don't even sweat it. We'll figure something out. We always do. (THEN) And hey, for what it's worth, I made Russ bring me here. He didn't want to bother you.

RUSS GOES TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT CONNOR GRABS HIM AND PULLS HIM AWAY. JENNA STANDS IN THE PARKING LOT, LOOKING SYMPATHETIC.

CUT TO:

SCENE K

INT. LOGAN HOUSE / KITCHEN - EVENING (NIGHT 2)
(Nicole, Russ, Cal, Connor, Annie)

CONNOR, RUSS, AND ANNIE JOIN CAL AND NICOLE AT THE TABLE. EVERYONE SHARES A BUCKET OF CHICKEN.

NICOLE

Did you know that there are more

chickens in the world than people?

SHE HOLDS UP THE BUCKET, SMILING.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

It says so on the bucket. So, you

know... it's probably true.

RUSS

(NODS) I read in a Nantucket Nectar

that Mississippi's not a state.

CAL SCOOPS SOME MASHED POTATOES ONTO HIS PLATE.

CAL

(SARCASTICALLY) I'm so glad your

friends could join us for dinner.

ANNIE AND RUSS LOOK TO EACH OTHER, A LITTLE AWKWARD.

CAL TURNS TO NICOLE.

CAL (CONT'D)

Mashed potatoes?

CONNOR

She's allergic.

CAL

No she's not.

NICOLE LOOKS AT CAL AND NODS EVER SO SLIGHTLY. HE PUTS DOWN THE SPOON, FRUSTRATED.

CAL (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to start pulling your weight around here, Connor.

CONNOR

Don't you worry about that. We've got something big in the works.

CAL

Oh, right. Buying the brewery?

CONNOR LOOKS AT ANNIE AND RUSS. THEY LOOK SURPRISED TOO.

CAL (CONT'D)

The guys at the bank called me after you left. They thought it was a joke.

CONNOR

Yeah, well the joke's on them. Make a note, Russ - no bankers at the grand opening.

CAL

(SIGHS) I told Mom I'd put you on my crew.

CONNOR IS CAUGHT OFF GUARD.

CONNOR

In construction?

CAL

No, on my pirate ship that I haven't told you about.

RUSS

(EXCITED) In!

CAL

I'll even get Nantucket Nectar here some part time work. (TO RUSS) You good at picking up trash?

RUSS

I'm great at picking up trash.

CONNOR

Cal, I don't know what to say.

CAL

You'll start off as a lunch runner. And if you really apply yourself, I can see you carrying my tool belt by this time next year.

CONNOR SHAKES HIS HEAD.

CONNOR

You know, Cal. There's something I've been meaning to say to you...

CONNOR'S PHONE BUZZES. HE LOOKS AT IT WITH SURPRISE.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I have to go.

CONNOR IMMEDIATELY GETS UP AND WALKS OUT THE DOOR, LEAVING THE AWKWARD GROUP HANGING AT THE TABLE. AFTER A QUIET MOMENT...

ANNIE

So is there an ice cream cake or was this the whole shebang?

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE L

EXT. LION'S PAW BREWERY - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)
(Female Voice, Connor)

CONNOR SITS ON THE HOOD OF A OLD CAR IN AN EMPTY PARKING LOT. BEHIND HIM IS THE LARGE BRICK FACADE OF THE VACANT LION'S PAW BREWERY. IN THE DARK, A FEMALE VOICE...

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Did you come alone?

CONNOR

I did.

JENNA EMERGES FROM THE SHADOWS.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I feel like we should be exchanging microfilm. (LAUGHS) Why didn't you want me to bring Russ?

JENNA LUNGES FORWARD AND KISSES CONNOR. HE IS BEYOND STUNNED. AS SHE PULLS BACK...

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Oh. That's why.

OFF CONNOR'S STUNNED EXPRESSION...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SCENE M

EXT. LION'S PAW BREWERY - NIGHT (NIGHT 2)
(Connor, Jenna)

JENNA HOPS UP ON THE HOOD OF THE CAR NEXT TO CONNOR. HE SHIMMIES HIS BUTT AWAY. SHE SHIMMIES HERS CLOSER. HE SHIMMIES AGAIN. SO DOES SHE. NOW HE HAS NOWHERE LEFT TO GO. HE CAN'T LOOK HER IN THE EYE.

CONNOR

This is... unexpected.

JENNA

But not really. You knew there was always something between us.

CONNOR

There was? (CHANGES SPEEDS) You're my friend's wife.

JENNA

Not anymore.

CONNOR

Yeah but he still thinks there's a chance--

JENNA

There's not.

CONNOR

Maybe a sliver--

JENNA

No sliver.

CONNOR

An iota.

JENNA

No iota.

SHE PLACES HER HAND ON CONNOR'S LEG.

CONNOR

Ohhhh boy.

JENNA

Don't think of this as anything more than me just... putting it on the table. What you do with it is up to you.

CONNOR

Really?

JENNA

(LAUGHS) Yes Connor. Really.

CONNOR LOOKS RELIEVED.

CONNOR

Great. Because I think you're a terrific girl. It's just that I--

SHE BRINGS HER FINGERS TO HIS LIPS, STOPPING HIM.

JENNA

I don't need an answer right now.

SHE SLIDES OVER A BIT, GIVING HIM SOME BREATHING ROOM.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Remember when you organized that anti Pizza Hut letter-writing campaign?

CONNOR NODS, REMEMBERING.

CONNOR

Whole town got free Pizza Hut.

JENNA

You have a way of making people happy.

SHE LOOKS UP AT THE BREWERY.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Why do you want to buy this place?

CONNOR

(THINKS) Where did you met Russ?

JENNA

(SMILES, REMEMBERS) You introduced us. Right here. And if that's not a testament to your powers of persuasion, I don't know what is.

CONNOR

I met him here too. He was throwing a Halloween pajama 80s party.

JENNA

The man could never settle on a theme.

CONNOR

First fight. First kiss. First time I saw a grown man cry. (EXPLAINS) Also Russ.

JENNA CHUCKLES. CONNOR CONTINUES, SINCERELY.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

It's not about the beer. It's about not feeling ordinary. Me or the town.

JENNA THINKS ABOUT THIS FOR A BEAT. THEN...

JENNA

I have a discretionary fund. But it has a strict limit.

CONNOR

What are you saying?

JENNA

I'm saying when we get to the auction, you stick to the limit. (BEAT) And that you'll *think about it*.

CONNOR

About... it.

JENNA

Whatever happens tomorrow, you're not ordinary, Connor.

JENNA GETS UP AND LEAVES. OFF CONNOR'S LOOK, WE

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE P

INT. CITY HALL / MEETING ROOM - DAY (DAY 3)
(Johnny, Connor, Russ, Annie, Jenna, Auctioneer, Benny, Abe, Cal, Nicole)

CONNOR STANDS IN THE BACK OF A ROOM FULL OF FOLDING CHAIRS, DRINKING A COFFEE. A SIGN READS, "COMMERCIAL REO AUCTION."

JOHNNY GRISTECKI, 25 AND THE COMMENSURATE DOUCHE, APPROACHES, WEARING A TOO-FLASHY SUIT.

JOHNNY

Connie Logan...

CONNOR TURNS. HE'S NOT PLEASED TO SEE JOHNNY.

CONNOR

(CURT) Johnny Gristecki.

JOHNNY

It's John now.

CONNOR

It's Connor.

JOHNNY

Sure it is. So I guess you heard I shacked up with Nicole Tyler after you took off. (POPS SUIT LAPEL) Sorry for party rocking.

CONNOR

That's all right. Apparently being with you is traumatic enough to make girls wanna bang their uncles.

CONNOR WALKS AWAY, AS JOHNNY CALLS AFTER HIM.

JOHNNY

He's not really her uncle, you know!

CONNOR MEETS RUSS AND ANNIE, AS THEY WALK IN, EATING PASTRIES.

RUSS

There's free danishes out there!

Forget the brewery. We should just

come here every day!

ANNIE GESTURES LIKE SHE'S WEIGHING THE OPTIONS IN HER HANDS.

ANNIE

Buy the brewery... eat free danish...

It's certainly a toss up.

RUSS

So where did you get the money?

ANNIE

Yeah, seriously. (QUIETLY, MALICIOUS)

If you robbed the store without me, I

will end you.

CONNOR

We have an investor.

JENNA WALKS IN, LOOKING SMART AND BEAUTIFUL AS ALWAYS. RUSS INSTINCTIVELY STARTS MEASURING OUT FIFTY FEET, BACKING UP AND COUNTING PACES.

RUSS

One, two, three...

JENNA

Fifty foot rule is temporarily

suspended.

RUSS BEAMS, AS JENNA SQUEEZES CONNOR'S ARM.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Good luck. Bid with confidence.

ANNIE SENSES SOMETHING IS UP. CONNOR GIVES HER A SUBTLE HEAD SHAKE, URGING HER TO LET IT GO, AS JENNA TAKES A SEAT.

RUSS DOESN'T SENSE ANYTHING OUT OF SORTS.

RUSS

(TO CONNOR) I don't know what you did to get her to come around, but whatever it was, keep doing it!

CONNOR LOOKS AWKWARD, AS THE **AUCTIONEER** MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

AUCTIONEER

Folks, we're gonna be starting in just a moment...

CONNOR AND THE GANG TAKE THEIR SEATS, AS THE AUCTIONEER ADDRESSES THE ROOM. THERE ARE ONLY SIX PEOPLE IN ATTENDANCE.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

OK, the first lot up for bid is over on West Front Street. It's a 41,000 square foot commercial space, formerly housing the Lion's Paw Brewery. Opening bids above $81,000 will be accepted. Do we have any bids?

CONNOR RAISES HIS NUMBER.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

$81,000. Do we have 82?

NO ONE IN THE ROOM BIDS. CONNOR BEAMS.

CONNOR

Champagne for everybody!

AND THEN...

JOHNNY

A hundred.

JOHNNY RAISES HIS NUMBER.

CONNOR

And put that champagne back on ice.

AUCTIONEER

We have $100,000. Looking for 110.

CONNOR LOOKS AT JOHNNY. JOHNNY JUST SMILES IN A DOUCHEY MANNER. JENNA GIVES CONNOR A NOD AND CONNOR RAISES HIS NUMBER AGAIN.

CONNOR

One-ten.

JOHNNY IMMEDIATELY RAISES HIS NUMBER.

JOHNNY

One-twenty.

CONNOR LEANS ACROSS THE AISLE TO JOHNNY.

CONNOR

Hey. What gives?

JOHNNY

I’m a buyer for Walmart. We’re expanding the parking lot.

CONNOR

Expand in the other direction. We both get what we want. (RAISES NUMBER) One thirty.

JOHNNY SMIRKS.

JOHNNY

I like this direction. (RAISES

NUMBER) One forty.

JENNA HANDS CONNOR A NOTE. ON IT IS WRITTEN, "MAX 150." CONNOR QUIETLY APPEALS TO JOHNNY.

CONNOR

You're from here. You know what the

brewery means. Let someone else be

the bad guy...

CONNOR RAISES HIS NUMBER ONE LAST TIME.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

One fifty.

AUCTIONEER

One hundred fifty. Do we have--

JOHNNY

One sixty. (SMIRKS AT CONNOR)

Nothing personal.

CONNOR

But you mean everything personal?

JOHNNY

Pretty much, yeah.

CONNOR SITS BACK IN HIS CHAIR, WHEELS TURNING. JUST THEN, IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM...

BENNY (O.C.)

Holy crap, that's a good danish.

BENNY AND A RAG-TAG **GROUP OF GRIZZLED EX-BREWERY GUYS** ENTER THE ROOM, EATING SMALL PASTRIES.

RUSS

What are the dump guys doing here?

CONNOR LOOKS TO ANNIE AND WINKS.

CONNOR

Plan B. (THEN, TO ROOM) Time out!

JOHNNY

You can't call time out!

THE AUCTIONEER LOOKS AT CONNOR, RAISING A DANISH IN RESPECT.

AUCTIONEER

I'll allow a one minute conference.

JOHNNY THROWS UP HIS ARMS IN FRUSTRATION, AS ANNIE NOTICES A BAKERY BOX UNDER CONNOR'S SEAT.

ANNIE

(TO RUSS) Connor bought the danishes!

RUSS

(CONFUSED) I thought they were free?

CONNOR APPROACHES BENNY.

CONNOR

Did you look through my proposal?

BENNY

We didn't have to. You're the guy who brought the World Series of Bowling to Newbank. That's good enough for us.

CONNOR

Yeah, that was actually super easy.

THE OLD TIMER FROM THE BAR, ABE, STEPS FORWARD. HE HANDS CONNOR AN ENVELOPE.

ABE

Thirty two grand. Everyone's pension. If you can call it that.

(MORE)

ABE (CONT'D)

(PULLS CONNOR CLOSE) You're crazy if you think this is gonna work.

CONNOR

Then why are you here?

ABE

Who says I have a problem with crazy?

CONNOR SMILES, BUT HE'S A LITTLE OVERWHELMED BY THE SUPPORT.

CONNOR

I feel I should let you know my recent business venture in Scotland didn't work out so well.

THE DUMP GUYS EXCHANGE LOOKS. THEN...

ABE

Well then I guess it's a good thing this isn't Scotland. (WINKS) Welcome home.

THE DUMP GUYS TAKE SEATS IN THE BACK, AS CONNOR TRIUMPHANTLY HOLDS UP HIS NUMBER AGAIN.

CONNOR

(TO AUCTIONEER) One ninety-two!

EVERYONE SMILES.

RUSS

(TO JOHNNY) Suck it!

JOHNNY

One ninety-three.

RUSS

Well that was short-lived.

AN **OLD LADY** GIVES JOHNNY A DIRTY LOOK. HE LOOKS WARY OF HER.

AUCTIONEER

One ninety-three going once, going

twice...

CAL (O.C.)

Two fifty.

CONNOR TURNS AROUND TO SEE CAL, AS “DRESSED UP” AS HE GETS IN HIS GOOD JEANS AND A TUCKED-IN FLANNEL SHIRT. THE BROTHERS EXCHANGE A LOOK -- THERE IS THE SLIGHTEST NOD OF BROTHERLY UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN THEM.

AUCTIONEER

Do we have two sixty?

THE OLD LADY GRABS JOHNNY’S PADDLE.

JOHNNY

Excuse me?

SHE SHAKES HER HEAD. HE’S HAD ENOUGH OF THIS.

JOHNNY (CONT’D)

(SIGHS) Let them have it.

AUCTIONEER

Sold! Two-hundred and fifty-thousand

dollars. Moving on to lot two...

EVERYONE GETS UP AND HUGS. CONNOR CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES CAL, WHO IS NO LONGER WEARING HIS POKER FACE. HE IS VERY OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.

CAL

Did we get it?

CONNOR

You got it.

CAL

How much of that am I on the hook for?

CONNOR

About fifty-eight. Give or take.

CAL

(NODS) We can swing it with a second mortgage.

CONNOR CAN'T BELIEVE HIS BROTHER DID THIS FOR HIM.

CONNOR

WHY?

CAL

You're my brother. And...

HE PAUSES. IT'S DIFFICULT FOR HIM TO SAY.

CONNOR

I love you too, man.

CAL

(LYING) I wasn't gonna say that.

CONNOR

What were you gonna say?

CAL

You know... just that... you better know what you're doing. This is about more than you.

CONNOR LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM -- ANNIE, RUSS, JENNA, THE GUYS FROM THE DUMP, CAL -- THERE'S A LOT RIDING ON THIS.

ACROSS THE ROOM, NICOLE APPROACHES ANNIE WITH A SMILE.

NICOLE

So how long have you and Connor been an item?

ANNIE

Me and Connor? Oh. No. We're not...

an item.

NICOLE

Really? I coulda sworn there was

something there. I'm usually a good

judge of that.

ANNIE LOOKS ACROSS THE ROOM AT CONNOR, STILL IN CONVERSATION WITH CAL. HE MEETS HER EYES AND GIVES HER A WAVE AND A BIG SMILE. SHE GIVES HIM HER OWN SMILE - JUST SOMEHOW BIGGER AND DIFFERENT THAN BEFORE.

CUT TO:

SCENE R

EXT. LION'S PAW BREWERY - DAY (DAY 3)
(Connor, Annie, Nicole, Russ)

CONNOR, RUSS, ANNIE, JENNA, CAL, BENNY, ALL THE GUYS FROM THE DUMP, AND A LOT OF THE **TOWNSFOLK** ARE OUTSIDE THE BREWERY. CONNOR HAS SET UP A RIBBON OUTSIDE THE DOORS, WHERE HE CONDUCTS A LITTLE RIBBON-CUTTING CEREMONY.

THERE IS A PLACARD WITH AN UPDATED - SOMEHOW CLASSIER - LION'S PAW LOGO. IT SAYS, "GRAND OPENING" AND THEN IN SMALLER FONT, "NO BANKERS ALLOWED."

CONNOR

I'd like to thank Jenna, Cal, Benny,

and all the guys from the dump --

whose names I promise to learn in the

coming days -- for trusting us to

shepherd their investment. And as

this business grows, so shall we.

HE TURNS TO A **WEIRD GUY** IN A BATHING SUIT.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I'd also like to thank

Game_of_Thrones_Guy_1981 for his

generous $5000 contribution.

THE WEIRD GUY SNAPS ON SOME GOGGLES AND GIVES A THUMBS UP, AS ANNIE TAKES A BOX CUTTER FROM HER PURSE.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I thought I said giant scissors?

ANNIE

Yeah, because they sell those

everywhere, right?

SHE USES THE BOX CUTTER TO JAGGEDLY CUT THE RIBBON, AS CONNOR OPENS AN ELECTRICAL JUNCTION BOX, WHICH CONTAINS A LEVER.

CONNOR

One small step for man. One giant

leap for beer-kind...

NICOLE

Go Connor go!

REVEAL NICOLE IS THERE IN HER OLD CHEERLEADING UNIFORM, SHAKING POM POMS. RUSS GIVES HER AN APPROVING ONCE OVER. CAL GIVES HIM A DISAPPROVING LOOK.

CONNOR THROWS THE LEVER AND SPARKS FLY OUT OF THE JUNCTION BOX. HE BACKS AWAY, AS THE WHOLE BOX EXPLODES! INSIDE THE BREWERY, WE CAN HEAR A CHAIN REACTION OF OTHER JUNCTION BOXES EXPLODING.

EVERYONE LOOKS UP AT THE BREWERY WITH DEEP FINANCIAL CONCERN. RUSS STARTS A SLOW CLAP.

RUSS

WOOOO!!!

HE SEES THAT NO ONE ELSE IS JOINING IN.

RUSS (CONT'D)

Oh that wasn't supposed to-- Oh.

HE STOPS CLAPPING. THEN HE SHRUGS AND SMILES.

RUSS (CONT'D)

It was still pretty fucking awesome.

END OF SHOW