"Untitled Adam F. Goldberg"

"Pilot"

Written by

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Directed by

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Seth Gordon/Happy Madison/SPT/ABC

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COLD OPEN

1980s STOCK FOOTAGE capturing happy suburban life. Kids ride Big Wheels, a dad teaches his son how to swing a bat, that famous home movie of the boy going ape-shit when his parents buy him a Nintendo at Christmas.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
Man, I miss the '80s. Not exactly the parachute pants or the keytar solos. No, I miss how back then the world was still small. No Internet or cell phone or Facebook or Tweets or Pings. Your friends lived on your street and your family were the people at your dinner table. They were all you had and all you needed...

The STOCK FOOTAGE culminates with an idyllic '80s All-American family having a backyard barbecue complete with Slip N' Slide.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
Unfortunately, I've got no clue who the hell these people are. No, no -- this is my family...

SMASH TO OUR FAMILY SHOT IN VHS HOME FOOTAGE (A STAPLE WE'LL USE IN EVERY COLD OPEN):

INT. DINING ROOM/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (VHS HOME VIDEO)

Older sister ERICA (17, rebellious and bananas hot) SCREAMS at BEVERLY -- the ultimate smother with frizzy '80s hair.

ERICA
You don't know anything! He's not too old for me!

BEVERLY
He's in college!

ERICA
Wrong! He flunked out to start a band! Don't you feel stupid now!

BEVERLY
Murray! Talk some sense into her!

MURRAY (O.S.)
I told you, I'm busy!

The CAMERA hustles through the door into the LIVING ROOM where we find DAD reclining in his La-Z-Boy, clad in TIGHT tightie-whities. Meet hot-tempered, gruff MURRAY (40s). The pre-pubescent CAMERA MAN blocks his view and zooms in and out.

CAMERA MAN (O.S.)
Hi, Dad. You watching TV? You watching TV you watching TV you watching TV youwatchingTVyouwatch--

MURRAY
Stop filming me! You're aggravating me, you little bastard!

The CAMERA pans over to the mirror, REVEALING a reflection of our 11 year-old cameraman, ADAM. Geeky yet loveable. He smiles with pure glee, pumping his fist.

ADAM
Boom! Got it on film!

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
The grinning geek is me. Adam Silver. We were the first on our block to get a video camera -- it was my only friend. And I used it to capture all the crazy.

BEVERLY (O.S.)
Murray! For once in your life, get off your ass and do something!

MURRAY
I'm married to you. That's plenty!

There's SCREAMING from the DINING ROOM. Something CRASHES. Adam hustles back in to find Erica FULL NELSON-ING middle child BARRY. He's a highly-emotional mess of a 16 year-old.

ERICA
He hit me first!

BARRY
Yeah, cause you pulled my hair!

BEVERLY
What are you pulling his hair for? He needs it, it's already thinning! Now sit down and eat Thanksgiving!

Barry storms over and roughly GRABS the camera from Adam.

BARRY
I'll give you something to film! Your own death!

ADAM
Get off! Barry! Stop grabbing it!

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
This is how I remember the '80s. There were no parenting blogs or participation trophies or peanut allergies. Just a ton of yelling and flip-flops to the head.

Beverly kicks off her flip-flop, catches it like a bad-ass in mid-air, and bats her fighting kids with it.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
Crazy thing is, each of us became well-adjusted, successful adults. But whenever I pop in an old video, people always ask the same thing...

The TITLE SMASHES UP: How the Hell Am I Normal?

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The morning rush. Erica chugs coffee as Adam tries on high-waisted female Jordache jeans. Beverly fidgets with the zipper.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
October 15th, 1985. It began as a typical morning in the Silver house...

BEVERLY
See? Why go shopping when your sister's jeans fit you perfectly?

ADAM
Fit me perfectly?! They're roomy in the hips and tight in front! I look like Brooke Shields!

BEVERLY
Murray! Go tell Barry to get a move on!

We REVEAL Murray in his La-Z-Boy, eating a jelly donut in his tightie-whities. Shirtless. Classic dad style.

MURRAY
You know the rule! When I'm on the throne, leave me alone.

BEVERLY (O.S.)
That's the toilet!

MURRAY
It applies to all thrones!
(then, drops a blop of jelly on his chest hair)
Ah, nuts.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Beverly barges into the bathroom and casually whips the shower curtain aside. We REVEAL Barry, shampoo in hair.

BEVERLY
Morning, Birthday Boy! Whattya want for breakfast?

BARRY
I want you to get outta here! Gah!

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
As always, my mom began the day by dressing us, feeding us and ignoring any sense of human boundaries.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Beverly tapes a giant DOT MATRIX PRINTED BANNER to the wall. It reads “HAPPY 16TH B-DAY, MY BABY”.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
That crispy-haired, overbearing woman gave everything to her family. We didn’t want it, but she gave it anyway.

BEVERLY
There he is! The big one-six!

Beverly hands Barry a box of cereal with a bow on it.

BARRY
Aw, Honey Comb! Score!

BEVERLY
You know the drill, everyone! Present time!

Adam hands Barry a VHS tape shoddily wrapped in a bow.

ADAM
Here. It’s that tape of you doing that thing. You can burn it now.

BARRY
(sincere)
Thanks.

Barry turns to Erica as she digs into her pocket.

ERICA
Okay, here’s my gift. I saw it at the mall and thought of you --

BOOM! Erica pulls out her FIST and DRILLS Barry in the arm. Adam grins -- until Erica spins on him.

ERICA (CONT’D)
And your birthday’s gonna come early this year if you don’t stay out of my room, little weenie.

Erica CRACKS her neck. Adam GULPS in pure terror.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
My beautiful, terrifying big sister Erica. She gave us that same gift for the next twenty years.

BEVERLY
Okay! Mom's turn! This is for you, my little baby.

Beverly hands Barry a little wrapped box. It jingles.

BARRY
It's jingling. It's keys! Keys means car! Car means freedom from all you monsters! I love you, Mom!

Barry rips it open and pulls out -- a locket. A beat.

BARRY (CONT'D)
The hell is this?

BEVERLY
A locket. It's got my picture inside. Now you can always have your mother near your heart.

BARRY
I don't want to be near you! That's why I asked for a fucking car!

BEVERLY
Oh, sweetie. You're just not ready to drive. You're still too immature and... a little high-strung.

BARRY
I am not! You are!

Barry chops the air in a fit. Adam watches on, delighted.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
My brother Barry. A grade-A spaz with major middle child syndrome. The guy needed some serious meds. Too bad they weren't invented yet.

BARRY
Dad! Talk some sense into your wife! She said I can't drive!

MURRAY
I agree with whatever nonsense your mother said!

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
And finally -- my dad. A simple man with simple pleasures. The kind of guy who believed pants were the corporate oppressors of his balls.

Murray struggles his way out of his La-Z-Boy. As a result, Adam catches a good glimpse. He WINCES.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
As a result, his balls were the corporate oppressors of my eyes.

Murray tosses Barry a sloppily wrapped birthday gift.

MURRAY
Here. Got this for you. I think you're really gonna like it.

A hopeful Barry tears open a... Mister Mister cassette tape?

BARRY
Mister Mister?! You don't know me at all! I'm into new wave synth pop!

MURRAY
I went to Sam Goody. The man there said it was a hip track.

BARRY
The man is <u>wrong</u>. He knows nothing!

MURRAY
You didn't see him! He had an earring and wore a jean jacket covered in buttons! Covered!

BEVERLY
Don't get your father worked up.

MURRAY
Too late! I'm all worked up!

BEVERLY
Murray, your heart! Doctor Hong said you gotta relax. Breathe!
(then, casually to Barry)
You're killing your father. I hope you're happy.

Murray takes some deep, soothing breaths. It doesn't work.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
Last year, dad had his third heart attack. Doctor's orders were clear. No more stress, no more yelling. Just one problem. Yelling was the only way my dad parented. It's all the man knew...

MURRAY
It's not working! What does Doctor Hong know anyway? No yelling? I have kids!

Suddenly -- someone outside HONKS a CAR HORN. Over and over.

EXT. SILVER FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

The family piles out to find a RED 1985 FIREBIRD. At the wheel is AL "POPS" SOLOMON. He's 70 and a real wild man.

POPS
I hear someone turned sixteen and could use a new car.

BARRY
Holy crap! For me?

POPS
I don't love you that much. This baby's mine. You get my old Caddy.

BARRY
If it has four wheels and a tape deck, I'll take it!

ERICA
What the hell?! I didn't get a car when I turned sixteen!

POPS
What do you need a car for? With your looks, you can get a ride from any boy in town.

Adam smiles as he watches Pops stroll up the main path in his burgundy smoking jacket, which awesomely matches his car.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
My grandpa. The wild man of the family. Yes, he wore burgundy suits and was uncomfortably sexist, but ol' Pops was still my hero.

Pops throws a pair of Cadillac car keys to Barry. A hand intercepts. BOOM. It's Beverly.

BEVERLY
Not happening. You're not giving him your old car, Dad.

POPS
I just did. I upgraded to the Firebird. I'm gonna be moustache deep in an avalanche of horny sixty year-old widows.

Pops reaches out and gives Adam a high five.

ADAM
Nice!
(then)
Ew.

BEVERLY
We already went over this, Dad. He's not getting his license.

BARRY
I <u>can</u> and I <u>will</u>! I'm sixteen, I have rights! It's the <u>law</u>!

BEVERLY
I am the law.

BARRY
Well, the law is mean and ugly.
(to Murray)
<u>Please</u>. It's not fair.

Murray exhales deeply, clearly feeling for his son in this real moment. He puts a hand on Barry's shoulder. A beat.

MURRAY
Who the hell told you life was fair, you stupid moron?

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
My dad's "colorful" way of speaking may seem a bit harsh. It really wasn't. You just had to learn how to speak "Murray".

<u>THREE VHS CUTS:</u>

-Murray stands before a drunk Erica, holding a tequila bottle.

MURRAY
You don't have a brain in your head, Miss Big Shit!

SUBTITLES: Please reconsider your point of view.

-Barry rams Adam's head into a giant foam speaker as Murray yells to them from his La-Z-Boy.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
I am this close to pulling a double homicide! I have it in me!

SUBTITLES: I find your behavior frustrating.

-Murray holds up Adam's math test. He got an A.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
Don't get cocky, you little bastard.

SUBTITLES: Excellent work!

EXT. SILVER FRONT LAWN - BACK TO SCENE

FWIP! Beverly tosses the car keys back to Pops.

ERICA
So Barry has a car and no license, and I have a license and no car. How does that makes sense?

BEVERLY
(victorious)
Makes perfect sense to me.

BARRY
I hate you all! The only one who understands me is Morrissey!

Barry races inside, doing that weird chest forward run with his arms dangling at his side. A beat.

POPS
Well, this was fun.
(winks at Adam)
Pick you up after school? We can hit the senior water aerobics class at the Y.

ADAM
(a HUGE grin)
I'll bring my towel.

INT. WAFFLE HUT - LATER

Adam and Pops sit in a booth, chowing down on Monte Cristos. A serious convo is going down. Damn serious.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
Old people water dancing was just our cover. The waffle hut was right next door -- and that's where the schooling really began.

POPS
And you can't go in and honk 'em. It's all about cuppage. Be gentle. Those puppies are sensitive.

ADAM
(sincere)
I just wanna... bury my face in 'em.

POPS
I know. We all do. But you have to romance 'em first. Speaking of, where are we on Operation Waffle Girl?

Adam glances over to ZOE the waitress (15, cute, bubbly). In dramatic SLOW MO, she scrapes baked beans off a plate into a sludgy trough.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
Her name was Zoe Feldstein. She was an older woman. A freshman.

ADAM
Well, like you said, I'm laying the groundwork. It's the long con.

POPS
Damn right. Last week, we told her your name. Let's see if it stuck.
(calling to Zoe)
Miss? Can you top me off?

ADAM
No! It's too ballsy! Pops, pull the rip cord!

Zoe approaches and pours Pops a cup of coffee.

POPS
Thanks. Really appreciate it.

Pops nods to Adam. He swallows his terror.

ADAM
Also... the check please?

ZOE
You got it, Alan.

Zoe heads off. Adam stares Pops down for a beat.

ADAM
That was... rad! She said my name!

POPS
She called you Alan.

ADAM
Close enough! You're a genius, Pops.

POPS
Eh, so the long con will take a little longer than usual.

EXT. WAFFLE HUT - PARKING LOT - LATER

Pops and Adam head for the Firebird. They spot Barry sitting outside Wawa eating out of a garbage bag, bike next to him.

ADAM
Barry? What are you doing?

BARRY
What's it look like? Eating day-old donuts out of a garbage bag. My friend Terrance leaves 'em out back for me.

ADAM
Why?

BARRY
It's called eating your feelings, ass-bag. Mom's gonna make me ride my banana seat Huffy for the rest of my miserable life.

POPS
Not if I can help it. Put down the garbage cruller, 'cause I'm gonna figure out a way to get you that license and my car.

Pops offers Barry a hand up. He takes it with a small smile.

INT. FIREBIRD TRAMS AM - LATER

Pops speeds home in his Firebird. Silent. Deep in thought. Adam and Barry sit in back, eagerly awaiting his next thought.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
It looked like Pops was cooking up an epic plan. That old man had schemes within schemes. No one could compete with his big brain.

BARRY
Spill it, Pops. So, what's the master plan?

ADAM
(uneasy)
Pops? You okay?

Pops blinks -- confused and disoriented. He overshoots the left turn -- totally lost. BOOM! HE DRIVES HIS CAR THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM OF A HOUSE!

A beat as the dust and debris clears, we REVEAL a horrified AFRICAN-AMERICAN FAMILY sitting in their destroyed living room. Silence as they gawk at the car.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
Unfortunately, that big brain was being ravaged by dementia.

Then -- CLICK! POPS REACHES OVER AND LOCKS THE DOORS. Barry watches on in horror as Adam slinks low in his seat.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Pops, Adam and Barry sit on a bench, heads hung low.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
Pops was booked with reckless endangerment and we were all thrown behind bars. It was ugly alright...

We PULL BACK through the bars to find Beverly chewing out OFFICER PUCHINSKI (30s), a massive hulk of a cop.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
... Not for us. For the poor officer who had to face my mom.

BEVERLY
Are you proud of yourself? Locking up an old man and two little boys? You see the one with the girl pants? He's gonna be a big Hollywood director -- the next Steven Spielbaum and you treat him like a common criminal! I mean, did you even offer them a sandwich?

OFFICER PUCHINSKI
It's not really policy, but I guess I could whip up a --

BEVERLY
No! We don't want your crappy sandwiches! I want you to unlock that door and apologize!

The officer unlocks the door and nods to Pops and the boys.

OFFICER PUCHINSKI
(sheepish)
I'm, uh, sorry.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
As much as we complained, having an overbearing smother did have its benefits.

Beverly wheels on Pops, Adam and Barry.

BEVERLY
Car. NOW.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
But they were short-lived.

EXT. SILVER FRONT LAWN - LATER

The family is gathered, watching as a tow truck dumps the TOTALED FIREBIRD in front of the house.

POPS
Don't worry, Beverly! I'll clear this whole mess up at my hearing next week.

BEVERLY
Forget your hearing. It's been heard. You're not driving.

POPS
Like hell I'm not. I told you, the accident wasn't my fault!

BEVERLY
So the house just darted out into the street without looking both ways?

POPS
The sun was in my eyes! And the brakes failed! And there was a... moose!

BEVERLY
A moose. In the middle of town. It's almost unbelievable.

POPS
Imagine my shock.

BEVERLY
That's enough, Dad. This is your second episode this month.

POPS
Please, I took a few grapes from the grocery store. That's hardly an episode. Everyone does it!

BEVERLY
It wasn't a grocery store! You wandered into someone's house!

Beverly notices the NEIGHBORS, casually watching from their porch as if this happens ALL the time.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Why don't you go get a camera, Gina? It'll last longer!

Adam sidles in next to Beverly, filming with pure joy.

ADAM
Got it covered.

Erica suddenly appears from nowhere, pushing Adam aside.

ERICA
If Pops isn't driving anymore, I totally have dibs on his new car!

BARRY
It's my car! He gave it to me!

ERICA
I'm going to college in ten months, eighteen days! I need a car and I will fight you for it!

BEVERLY
No one's fighting anyone or driving anything or going anywhere! Especially you, Dad. I mean it. No more Firebird, no more driving and no more swim class with Adam.

Adam's joy is instantly gone. He turns off the camera.

ADAM
Whoa-whoa! Stop! I have to go swimming with Pops. I got... important business there.

BEVERLY
You're eleven! What business?

ADAM
I'm in love with their -- floaties! They're so buoyant and... tan.

POPS
Are we done here? 'Cause I've got a date with Shirley Nagel and tonight I'm scoring some serious under the girdle action --

Everyone breaks into FURIOUS AD LIB chatter. Murray finally reaches into the TOTALED FIREBIRD and LEANS ON THE HORN until it sputters and dies. He's calm. For the moment.

MURRAY
This goes without saying --
(then, yells)
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE?!

BEVERLY
Here we go, he's yelling again.
Murray, I got it handled --

MURRAY
Do you? 'Cause to me, it looks like you've lost it with the rest of 'em. It's time I handle it.

For once, Beverly is SILENT. Shocked. Murray brushes past her and steps before Albert and Barry.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
Cut the crap, Albert. This is all part of life. You lose your keys, Barry gets his. It's like -- the circle of driving.

BARRY
Sweet! I'm getting my license?

MURRAY
No! Maybe! We'll talk about it later!

BEVERLY
No! Stop talking! Go back to your La-Z-Boy and watch the game.

MURRAY
Oh, so that's how it's gonna be?

BEVERLY
It's whatever I say it's gonna be.
No one is driving! Ever again.
(then, changes the subject)
Who wants bagel bites?

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Beverly heads inside to find Murray dragging the La-Z-Boy out back to the garbage.

BEVERLY
Oh God. What are you doing now?

MURRAY
Gonna be damn hard for you to tell me to go sit in my damn chair when I burn it in the damn yard!

BEVERLY
It's not gonna fit through the door, Murray.

MURRAY
Oh, so now you're also an expert on spatial relations?

FWUMP. The chair gets completely wedged in the back door. He pushes it with all his might, wedging it further.

BEVERLY
Sweetie, the vein in your head is popping out. You need to calm down or I'm calling Doctor Hong.

MURRAY
You wouldn't.

Beverly grabs the phone mounted on the wall and dials! But it's a rotary phone. Spin. Click-click-click. Spin. Click-click-click. It's taking forever.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
Fine. Call Hong. I'll just tell him you're using my crappy heart as an excuse to control this family.

Beverly hangs up the phone. It's on.

BEVERLY
Excuse me?

MURRAY
That's right. You want me in this chair -- out of your way -- so you can run the show around here.

BEVERLY
Riiiiight, it's been a real joy doing everything in this house. I clean, I cook, I carpool, I scrub all your tire-tracked underpants.

MURRAY
Yeah -- 'cause that's the way you want it.

BEVERLY
Oh, so you think I <u>like</u> scrubbing your freckled shorts?

MURRAY
I think you <u>love</u> it. It means you have all the control!

BEVERLY
And apparently, you have none.

MURRAY
Fine. If you're not calling all the shots, then let me take Barry driving.

BEVERLY
Are you crazy? We decided he's not ready.

MURRAY
No. <u>You</u> decided.

BEVERLY
Yeah, 'cause you can't get involved without blowing your top. I'm just looking out for you, honey.

MURRAY
No, this isn't about me. Face it, your whole world's caving in. Erica's talking about college, Barry's driving and your little baby boy's got Playboys under his bed.

BEVERLY
(gasps)
Not my Adam.

MURRAY
There's one thing you can't control and that's them growing up, Bevy.

Beverly looks caught -- but won't back down.

BEVERLY
You think you can keep your cool all of a sudden? Fine. Good luck teaching Barry how to drive.

MURRAY
Oh, I will. I'll teach him <u>good</u>. Like a goddamn Zen master!

Murray storms into the LIVING ROOM where Adam plays Nintendo. Upstairs, we can hear Morrissey playing from Barry's room.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
You. Erica-Barry-what'syourname!

ADAM
Adam?

MURRAY
Get me my pants.

Adam runs off, a man on a mission. Murray SCREAMS upstairs:

MURRAY (CONT'D)
Barry! Turn off the cry-baby song and get down here! We're going driving.

Barry pokes his head downstairs, eyes wide.

BARRY
Really?
(to Beverly)
Really?

MURRAY
Don't look at her! Look at me. Circle of driving, kid. Let's go get your license.

Barry gives a determined nod.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
Just don't be a stupid moron and make me regret this.

SUBTITLES: Just don't be a stupid moron and make me regret this... please.

INT. SILVER FAMILY STATION WAGON - LATER

A trembling Barry is at the wheel, driving TEN MPH. Cars HONK and ZOOM BY. Adam sits in back, scared shitless.

MURRAY
Brake brake brake! Let him pass! LET HIM PASS! Let the moped pass!

ADAM
God, you're awful! Let me out of this car! I can't die before I cup boob!

As he drives, Barry reaches back and tries to punch Adam. Murray slaps Barry's hands down.

MURRAY
No! Slapping the kids in the back seat is way too advanced for you!

BARRY
Stop screaming! Mom said you're not allowed to be screaming!

MURRAY
I am not screaming! MY VOICE IS RAISED FOR EMPHASIS! Now pull a U-ey! We're going home!

BARRY
Home? No. This was my one chance to get my license.

MURRAY
And you blew it. Pull over.

BARRY
(freaking out)
I can't! There's too much cars! It's too much! It's all too much!

MURRAY
Just put it in park!

ADAM
Dad, we're in the middle of an intersection!

Murray reaches over and throws it in park. He steps out of the car, calling to passing traffic.

MURRAY
Go around! My son's a moron!

ADAM
Know what? I'll take a bus to the diner.

Adam hops out as Murray rounds the front of the car.

MURRAY
Get out! I'm taking the wheel!

BARRY
No! You said it was my turn! Circle of driving!

Murray reaches for the driver's side door handle and --

CLUNK. Barry locks him out. He ain't moving. EVER.

MURRAY
Open the door, Barry. Open the damn door! Stop saying "no" and open it!

BARRY
No, no, NO!

ADAM
GUYS! Please! Stop fighting!

A beat. Adam quickly turns on his video camera.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Okay, we're rolling. Go go go!

EXT. INTERSECTION - LATER

Traffic has slowed to a crawl. Barry is still locked in the car... as a POLICE CAR rolls up next to Murray.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
It would come to be known as the great lockout of '85. My brother sat stone-faced and silent in that station wagon with no food and no water. Only stubborn teenage angst to sustain him.

OFFICER PUCHINSKI
There a problem here?

MURRAY
Just out for a nice drive with my son, Officer. You know how it is. You got kids? Married? What's your situation?

OFFICER PUCHINSKI
The situation is move the car or I'll impound it.

MURRAY
No! No impounding. I'm handling it.
(breathes deep)
Like a Zen master.

Murray walks calmly to the car and POUNDS on the window.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
I will DESTROY you and all you hold dear if you don't open the door!

BARRY
Fine! Then I'll never get out! I'll live here! This is my home now!

Murray wheels on Adam, eyes flashing fire.

MURRAY
Erica-Beverly-what'syourname! Get me the crowbar!

OFFICER PUCHINSKI
Sir. I can't let you break a window.

MURRAY
Window? I'm gonna beat his ass with it.

EEEEEERTTT. Pops' Cadillac pulls up. A FUMING Beverly is at the wheel, Pops rides shotgun and Erica is in the back. Officer Puchinski and Murray GULP in fear.

OFFICER PUCHINSKI
It's the sandwich lady. This is <u>bad</u>.

MURRAY
How did she -- who called her?

ADAM
(grinning)
Not me from that pay phone over there.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
Yup, there were pay phones back then.

Murray wheels on the car, madly KNOCKING on the window.

MURRAY
Barry. Get out of the car. <u>Please</u> get <u>out</u> of the damn car!
(glances over at Beverly)
In! Let me <u>in</u>! We'll both live in there! We'll make a wonderful life for ourselves! Open up!

No go. Beverly is upon him.

BEVERLY
So this is what happens when you're in charge? A city-wide traffic jam? Whose world is caving in now?

MURRAY
You can gloat later. Just do your mothering thing and get him out of the car.

BEVERLY
Oh no, Mr. Zen Master Man. You clean up this mess. I'm going to the salon to get my hair poofed.

ADAM
Can you drop me and Pops off at swim class? It's on the way --

MURRAY
Wait! Don't go. Albert, help me out here. Barry listens to you. Talk some sense into the boy.

Pops gives an understanding nod, then screams to Barry:

POPS
Fight the power, kiddo! Don't let anyone say you can't drive! It's a God given right!

The station wagon suddenly RISES. We REVEAL it's been hooked up to a tow truck! It drives off, Barry still inside the car.

BARRY
I regret nothiiiiiiing!

A beat. Erica leans over to Beverly.

ERICA
Since you're already mad -- I'm on the pill.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. WAFFLE HUT - LATER

Pops and Adam are back in their booth ordering from Zoe.

ZOE
Welcome back, boys. What'll it be?

POPS
I dunno. What do you think, Alan?

ADAM
(coolly)
Let's pull the trigger. Two Monte Cristos, extra jam.

Someone pipes in from the next booth -- it's BEVERLY.

BEVERLY
He'll have the Mickey Mouse pancakes. They're his favorite.

ADAM
Why did you come in here? Go get poofed!
(then, to Zoe)
I don't know her. Monte Cristos, please.

BEVERLY
All that fried cheese and meat? You'll be on the bowl for hours.

ADAM
MOM!
(to Zoe)
... Is the nickname of this crazy lady I don't know.

POPS
Can you give us a second?

Zoe smiles and walks off.

POPS (CONT'D)
Bev, we appreciate the ride. But we're kinda doing our thing here.

BEVERLY
Doing what? The Y's next door. Your swim class already started --

Adam looks at Pops in a panic. He covers like a pro.

POPS
We're just grabbing a bite before we take a dip.

BEVERLY
Eating before you go in the pool? What do you have, a death wish?

ADAM
Mom, please. I can't have you here. It's too important.

BEVERLY
For what? Since when did this waffle hut become a den of secrets?

Adam nervously glances over at Zoe. Beverly notices.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhh. I get it. Someone's got a little crush.

ADAM
No. That's -- crazy. I don't want to go out with her.

BEVERLY
Good. 'Cause I won't let you.

ADAM
What?

POPS
Here we go.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I gotta draw the line somewhere. I mean, Erica's rushing off to college, Barry wants to drive, now you want to date? You're eleven! You still play with your toy robots!

ADAM
They're Gobots and one day they'll be worth millions.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
They weren't.

BEVERLY
Dad, how could you encourage this?

POPS
'Cause the kid's in sixth grade. Loosen your damn grip, Bev. Just let him be. Let us all be.

ADAM
Yeah! I'm a man now! A man with needs! And I need Zoe and her sweet, delicate boobs and you can't stop me!

AND -- we reveal that Zoe is right there.

ZOE
I'll... come back.

Zoe hustles off. A speechless Adam stares Napalm at Beverly.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
Until now, I was always the one behind the camera. Wasn't as fun when I was in the cross-fire of crazy. I only had one choice -- take it like a man.

A beat. Adam BURSTS INTO TEARS and runs out.

POPS
Well. There goes the long con. Months in the making. Months.

BEVERLY
This is your fault, you know. If I knew this was why you drove him here, I never would've allowed it.

Pops takes a moment, then looks at Beverly.

POPS
You wanna know why I won't give up my license, Bev?

BEVERLY
Shirley Nagel. We get it.

POPS
Please, Shirley Nagel will drive to me. But if you take away my car, you take away my time with my grandson. I don't have much, but I have this. At least... I did.

BEVERLY
Dad, I had no idea...

POPS
Looks like you got what wanted.
Again.

Pops heads out. Beverly watches through the window as Pops comforts Adam with a hug. She swallows hard, feeling horrible.

INT. IMPOUND LOT - DUSK

Barry and Murray sit in silence, waiting for their car. It's tense as hell. Barry finally snaps, breaking the silence:

BARRY
I'm sorry, okay? I spazzed out. I always spaz out. It's what I do! I'm doing it right now! As always, it's all my fault!

MURRAY
No. I mean, yes. But... I didn't help much. I shouldn't have yelled at you, okay?

BARRY
Well, it is your thing.

MURRAY
It really is. Guess your mom was right.

BARRY
About everything. I'll never drive.

MURRAY
Any dumb-ass can drive. Even you.

BARRY
Come on, Dad. You gave me a Mister Mister tape. You don't know anything about me.

MURRAY
Trust me. I do.
(exhales deeply, then)
I know you go through life feeling like no one listens... and nothing goes your way... and you wanna scream at the world 'cause you feel so damn burned and let down...

Barry looks at his dad, freaked by his insight.

BARRY
Maybe. How did you...

MURRAY
When I was your age, all I wanted to do was shoot hoops. I even went to Villanova to play ball. Figured it was only a matter of time before I went pro.

BARRY
(looks his dad up and down)
What happened?

MURRAY
I gave it my all, practiced around the clock, poured my soul into being the best -- and turns out -- I suck. Hard. I didn't even make the team.

BARRY
Wow. That's a horrible story.

MURRAY
I'm not finished. Same week I got cut, I met your mom. Fell in love. Had Erica and you and what's-his-face. Point is, good things do happen to guys like us. You just can't give up.

Barry takes this in, Murray's words landing hard.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
Turns out, our dad did have a good heart after all. He just had to open it up once in a while.

MURRAY
I know I don't say it a lot, but... you're not a total idiot all the time.

SUBTITLES: I LOVE YOU.

Barry smiles, touched to the core. And Murray smiles, proud of his victory. Just then, the IMPOUND LOT EMPLOYEE pulls up the station wagon. Murray tosses the car keys to Barry.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
You wanna drive home?

BARRY
Are you gonna scream at me?

MURRAY
(tender)
You bet I am.

As they get in the car, Barry grabs something -- the Mr. Mister casette. He pops it in. The epic '80s song "Kyrie" BLASTS.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Adam sits outside Wawa, eating donuts out of a garbage bag.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
That night, Barry wasn't the only one who made history.

Zoe suddenly steps before Adam. He frantically tosses away the bag of garbage donuts and madly licks his fingers.

ZOE
Hey.

ADAM
(as cool as he can)
'Sup.

ZOE
Are you okay? I know... things got weird.

ADAM
Yeah, I'm really sorry about that.

ZOE
Don't be. Listen, your mom tells me you're gonna be a big director.

ADAM
Uh, yeah. Maybe.

ZOE
Well, I'm kind of a singer and wanted to shoot a video. Would you be up for helping me?

Adam is speechless. All he can muster is a nod "yes".

ZOE (CONT'D)
Cool. Talk tomorrow, Adam.

With that, Zoe walks off. Adam finally catches his breath.

ADAM
She said it. She said my name.
(then, grins triumphantly)
Long con.

EXT. SILVER DRIVEWAY - DAY

The driveway is now a cheesy '80s music video set. Zoe lip syncs to a GOD AWFUL POP song as Adam films like THE MAN.

We REVEAL BEVERLY proudly watching from the kitchen.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
I guess mom really did give everything to her family. Even if it meant letting them go.

"KYRIE" CONTINUES OVER OUR ENDING MONTAGE:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Beverly hands Barry a piece of mail. He opens to finds... his driver's license.

Barry celebrates with wild karate kicks as Murray looks on proudly... and Beverly looks on, worried.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Barry pulls the station wagon up to the curb -- well, onto the curb. Pops and Adam happily hop out.

POPS
They just opened this place, kiddo. I think you may like it.

We REVEAL the giant sign outside the restaurant -- HOOTERS. Adam's heart skips a beat. He glances up at Pops with a look that says "I LOVE YOU, GRANDPA."

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pops sits alone at the kitchen table. After a moment, he grabs a pair of scissors and snips his driver's license in two. He heads over to Erica, asleep on the couch, and gently tucks his car keys into her jacket pocket.

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)
And with that... the circle of driving was finally complete. No matter how hard my mother tried to pump the brakes.

EXT. SILVER BACK YARD - DUSK

The sun sets as Beverly sits on the children's rusty, unused swing set -- alone. She holds a BABY BLANKET in her hand. After a moment, she gives it a deep sniff.

MURRAY (O.S.)
Whatcha doing?

Beverly jumps, caught. We REVEAL Murray behind her.

BEVERLY
Nothing.

MURRAY
Relax. I know when you're sad you come out here and sniff the kids' old baby blankets.

Murray sits on the swing next to her. A beat.

BEVERLY
What happened, Murray? Seriously, where did it go? I blinked... and everything's changed.

MURRAY
Honey, you've given everything to this family. To the kids. But if you can't let them go... you'll lose them for real.

Beverly takes this in for a moment and nods.

BEVERLY
You were right. My world is caving in. Guess I really can't stop it.

MURRAY
No. But you still did the right thing. After everything, you let that little bastard get his license.

BEVERLY
Baby steps.

Murray pulls out a baby blanket. He offers it to her.

MURRAY
Speaking of... can I take a hit?

Beverly smiles as the Mister Mister SONG crescendos. They sit there in silence, passing the blanket back and forth. It's crazy and creepy, but... oddly touching.

BEVERLY
Oooooh, that's the stuff.

MURRAY
Oh yeah. Smells like when they couldn't talk back.

BAM! Murray's swing SNAPS under him. He CRASHES to the ground.

MURRAY (CONT'D)
Goddammit!

BEVERLY
That's it, I'm putting you on a diet!

We PULL BACK TO REVEAL Adam video taping everything from his window. He smiles victoriously.

SMASH TO:

TAG

CHYRON OVER BLACK: DEDICATED TO MY FAMILY. POPS. MURRAY. BEVERLY. BARRY. ERIC(A).

A short, 30 second montage of the real VHS footage of my family arguing -- featuring lines from this very script.

MURRAY
You're aggravating me, you little bastard!

BEVERLY
What are you pulling his hair for? Look, he needs it. It's already thinning.

BARRY
I told you to stop filming!

ADAM
Stop pulling on it!

Then -- silence -- as the audience takes it all in. What they saw was REAL.

END OF SHOW *