

"White Van Man"  
Pilot

Bobby Bowman

2nd Revised Network Draft

The Mark Gordon Company

1/9/12

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 INT. SHEA KITCHEN - MORNING

1

It's a tidy, blue-collar home. MASON, 15, a young Josh Gad with wild hair, tiny mustache, and a Jr. ROTC cadet shirt, is frozen mid-bite with a spoon and bowl of cereal, creeped-out by something he sees on the floor.

MASON

Mom? I think we need to let the ambulance guys in.

TERRY, 49, a Patricia Clarkson type in a bohemian shirt and head scarf, makes coffee while her brother, TONY, 55 lies calmly on the floor, squinting like lemon got in his eye.

TERRY

We are a family, Mason. And sometimes family means locking out emergency personnel until your uncle promises to retire and work on his heart health. You listening, Tony?

TONY

I do not negotiate with terrorists. Mason, open the door for the E.M.T.'s.

TERRY

(to Mason)

You stay right there, baby.

We glimpse EMT's, NICK and VIGO, out the window, smoking.

MASON

Uncle Tony, are you going to haunt us if we let you die?

TONY

Just you -- open the door.

TERRY

He's not going to die. Trust me, I'm a health care professional.

TONY

You're a masseuse.

TERRY

Licensed masseuse. Why must you torture me, Tony, when I'm only trying to love you?

(out the window)

Sorry for the hold up, Nick. Coffee?

NICK

How about tea? I got a tickle in my throat today. It's the worst.

TONY

Is it? 'Cause I got a tickle in my aorta that I bet beats it.

MASON

(to Terry)

Can I give him some ice to chew?

TERRY

Not if you love him, baby. This is family -- you can't get soft.

(to Tony)

Just say you'll retire and let someone else run the repair business.

TONY

(clenching his chest)

I spent twenty five years building up Mr. Fix-It. Who can I trust to be Mr. Fix-It? Who?!

TERRY

You know who.

CUT TO:

2 INT. A STOPPED GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

2

ON JACK SHEA, 29, idealistic, tough, not brilliant -- think Mark Wahlberg in Boogie Nights without the huge package. Or with it, we'll see in casting. He's in grey "Rocky" sweats with a 9" cross on the front. Jack stands at the front with some luggage and speaks to the 7 RIDERS.

JACK

(smiles, upbeat)

Here's my stop. You guys were an awesomely supportive busload of strangers.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Of the three times I've flunked out of seminary school, this ride home I felt the least shame and self-hate.

VOICE IN BACK

Good luck finding a meaningful career where you can help people, Jack.

Folks murmur agreement.

JACK

Thanks, Linda, and good luck finding a cure for your vision loss. Or at least for that weird skin blotch on your face.

VOICE IN BACK

What skin blotch?

JACK

None, Linda. You're beautiful. We're all beautiful. Point is, the future is as bright as we make it, folks. And my bright future is somewhere out that door.

He salutes them, heads to the steps, trips, and tumbles out of frame.

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

CUT TO:

**MAIN TITLES**

3 EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

3

Jack dusts himself off and tries to stay upbeat as he picks up his bags. There is a sign above him which reads:

**Welcome to Mapleport**  
"Make yourself useful"

Jack sees it, nods to himself: "Will do." And begins walking.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

4

Jack walks determinedly down the street with his luggage.  
MR. MALVY, 55, an ass, fixes a go-cart, sees Jack and laughs.

MR. MALVY

Jack! Back again, huh? What was it  
this time? Park Ranger? Air Marshal?

JACK

(despises Malvy)

Seminary. Just hoping to help people  
make spiritual sense of a random  
universe. But working on go-carts  
is fine too, I guess.

MR. MALVY

Jack Shea. Always trying to prove  
something. 'Til ya shoot yourself in  
the foot. Ha!

JACK

That only happened once in the police  
academy.

MR. MALVY

Thought you did it in the Army, too.

JACK

No, sir. I shot somebody else's  
foot in the Army.

(off Malvy's cackle)

I have to go, Mr Malvy. Say "hi" to  
your irresponsible daughter-the-  
stripper-with-kids-from-three-  
different-dads.

Malvy angrily points to three diverse KIDS sitting nearby in  
their little go-cart helmets looking upset.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sorry, kids. Your mom's a great  
lady who only works bikini bars --  
no actual lap-dancing or if she does,  
it's an air dance, no real grind.  
Stay proud of who you are.

Jack glares at Malvy, takes his luggage and goes.

CUT TO:

5 INT. SHEA HOUSE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER 5

Jack comes in to the empty house, girded for the worst, but discovers his dad's TV chair is empty. He calls upstairs:

JACK  
Dad? Aunt Terry? Sorry I'm late.

He waits for an answer and shrugs, "Oh, well."

CUT TO:

6 INT. SHEA BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER 6

Jack carries his gear downstairs as the sound of firecrackers below freak him out for several beats of mayhem. At the bottom of the stairs he finds a shitty, unfinished room, filled with smoke, two beds and Mason, now in his Jr. ROTC cadet shirt and underwear. Mason is sweet but over-eager.

MASON  
Hey, cuz. I heard you coming and wanted to surprise you and make a cool impression.

JACK  
(weirded out by him)  
You know what else would have made a cool impression? Pants.

MASON  
Ha! As if.

JACK  
No if. Just as. Put pants on, Mason.  
Where's my dad?

MASON  
Out. P.S. You and me are gonna be outstanding roommates. I figure we can start a positive message rock band ASAP. We can sing about faith and duty to country. Or we can drop the positive message and shred to some death metal. I'm flexible. I just wanna rock.  
(unpacking for Jack)  
I like that you only got two duffels. You travel "military light."

JACK

I travel military broke. Can you  
leave my bags closed, please?

The boiler kicks in, startling Jack.

MASON

It does that every half hour or so  
lately. You'll get used to it. And  
if you smell something like rat turd  
funk, I did some re-con -- it's just  
mouse turds, so that's "all good."  
(lighting fuse)  
You're gonna stay living here, right?

JACK

It's more of a stop-over thing. I  
like walls and no explosions.

As the fireworks start exploding Mason yells...

MASON

Reasons to stay: we can lift weights  
together, do ROTC drills, jam in our  
positive message rock band...  
(as firecrackers end)  
Plus, you can save your father from  
his heart dying.

Jack stares in horror\confusion.

JACK

So I can save him from what?

CUT TO:

7 INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

7

Jack holds flowers. Tony is on a gurney brooding. Terry  
sits nearby all smile. In B.G. Mason slowly marks ROTC drills  
with an empty IV stand.

JACK

I'm with Aunt Terry in feeling this  
whole thing is a blessing. Not that  
you're sick but that I can be of  
true service to my dad. Now, you  
may have reservations about me running  
Mr. Fix-It.

Tony's EKG goes ape-shit.

JACK (CONT'D)

Okay, you do. Can't blame you.  
I've had a few career bumps.

TERRY

Oh please. Who hasn't shot themselves  
or a coworker in the foot now and  
then? Or started a brush fire near  
a ranger station. Or broke a dam--

JACK

Everybody hasn't, Aunt Terry, but  
thanks. Maybe it's because I aim  
too high or try too hard. You're a  
tough example to live up to, Dad.

TERRY

Not lately. Look at him -- a pine  
cone could live up to that.  
(off Jack's look)  
I'll be quiet.

JACK

Dad, I've always wanted to do  
something big with my life. Save  
lives or save souls. But maybe the  
person I have to save is you. And I  
know I get excited about things then  
lose focus and bad things happen and  
I jump ship and come home. But not  
this time. Partly because I'm already  
home. But I'm focused on making you  
proud. And bringing us closer.

TONY

(takes Jack's arm)

I'll die now just to stop hearing  
you talk like a fruitloop, Jack.

(then)

Here's the deal. The doctor gave me  
two options: retire or croak. Took  
me an hour to mull the choice. Then  
I thought, "Okay, I'll retire, but I  
poured decades of blood, sweat and  
tears into that business. It's like  
a son to me." And all I can think  
is, "Who besides my other son could  
I get to run it?"

JACK

I appreciate that sentiment, Dad.

TONY

No, seriously, who? I'm still trying to come up with someone. If you know anybody else, let me know.

TERRY

(off Jack's deflation)  
You're gonna be great.

As Mason impressively "rifle twirls" the I.V. stand, we...

CUT TO:

8 EXT. SHEA DRIVEWAY - MORNING

8

Jack's formal send-off. Terry stands, her arm around Mason. Jack is in khakis and a polo shirt with the company logo.

JACK

Thank you for having the faith to put your business in my hands.

Tony won't let go of the keys. They struggle. Tony releases.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll prove you did the right thing.

Jack gets in as Mason sets off flares from a Roman Candle.

TERRY

Good luck. Especially with Darren.

JACK

Darren? He's still with the company?  
(heart sinks)  
Oh. Oh, God.

CUT TO:

9 INT. VAN/EXT. ROAD - DAY

9

Jack pulls over to a curb and picks up DARREN, 22, glasses, skater shorts and a hoodie, brilliant and couldn't care less. He's laughing on his cell phone. In his other hand he has a 40-ounce in a bag. He stands beside an impossibly old man, ELLIS, semi-catatonic, in a wheelchair with oxygen tanks.

DARREN

(laughs into phone)  
Damn, girl, save some dirty talk for after work.

(MORE)

DARREN (CONT'D)

Y'know, I was gonna jump you right there in the kitchen last night but I felt bad since I was there to take out your granddaughter... Yeah, lemme talk to Princess.

Jack puts on his friendliest face -- hoping for the best.

JACK

Hey, bud. Good to see you again.

Darren kisses the old man goodbye and gets in, leaving Ellis on the sidewalk alone.

JACK (CONT'D)

Let's hear it for prompt start-times, huh, partner? I foresee us having successful and spiritually fulfilling--

DARREN

Where's Tony?

JACK

(still upbeat)

Huh? Oh. I'm taking over for him while his heart mends. He said he was gonna call you.

DARREN

Maybe he did -- I been busy pokin'.  
(into phone)  
What's that, Princess? You still out of breath?  
(to Jack)  
Told you I was busy.

JACK

(points to Ellis)

Darren, we can't leave your grandfather out there alone.

DARREN

Oh, he's cool. I left him a sandwich.  
(off Jack's look)  
Man, you are still so uptight. Watch:

Darren gets out and goes to take the sandwich and Ellis smacks his hand - a sudden move like the movie "Awakenings."

DARREN (CONT'D)  
(getting in van)  
See? He's bad-ass. Let's roll.

Darren pulls out the 40-oz from the bag. Sees Jack eye him.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
This is coffee. Can we go?

Jack forces a smile and drives.

CUT TO:

10 INT. VAN/EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

10

Jack is driving and trying to read a clipboard of work orders.  
Darren has his feet up on the dash.

DARREN  
(sotto, on phone)  
Yeah, it's nuts -- I got this clown  
saying he's a new Tony when nobody  
can be a new Tony.

JACK  
I can hear everything you're saying.

DARREN  
Not you, pimp-juice. Different guy.  
Across town.  
(into phone)  
Yeah, that was him. Now he's an  
upset clown, heh-heh, but it's all  
gravy -- I'll try and help him, but  
history says he won't last.

JACK  
I'm gonna last!

DARREN  
Not you. Damn, so paranoid. Relax.  
Have some coffee.  
(offers 40 oz, then  
sees something ahead)  
Whoa-whoa-whoa, stop the van.  
(calls out window)  
Berrick! Berrriiick! What's up?

A shifty guy, BERRICK, hurries with a flat screen TV.

BERRICK  
You know. Keepin' busy. Can I get  
a ride? My car won't start and I  
kinda need to leave the area fast.

Darren opens the door.

JACK

Whoa. Hey, fellas. Don't want to ruffle feathers here, but we're headed to an important client, and I'd *just-as-soon* not get involved with a thief.

DARREN

Thief? That is presumptive and hurtful, man. Is that because Berrick is part Asian?

BERRICK

Asians built the railroads, homey.

DARREN

That's a bad start for our positive working rapport. Bad.

This hits Jack hard.

CUT TO:

11 INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

11

They drive with Berrick in the van. Jack's pissed. Berrick swigs Darren's "coffee."

DARREN

(on phone)

I think this might work out, me and this dude. I miss Tony, but there's a definite upside to having no boss. Do what we want, go when we want. Everyday's a party day.

JACK

You have a boss. Me. It's not a party day.

Darren and Berrick crack up.

DARREN

(on phone)

It's fun, but he won't last.

Jack sighs, worried about his future.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 EXT. RICH CLIENT'S HOUSE - LATER

12

Jack and Darren walk up to a fancy house. Berrick follows.

BERRICK

You sure I can't come in, too? Maybe inspect their alarm system.

JACK

Go away. You're done.

Berrick lingers and Jack has to "shoo" him off like a goat. As Berrick heads off, they head to the door. Jack fumbles through work orders on a clipboard.

DARREN

You said it's a shower job, right? Remember, we're using pre-mixed tile grout with exclusive, heat-activated polymers from Germany. Rich women love hearing stuff like that. Your dad got so much tail talking about exclusive polymers from Germany. I bet you got siblings on this block you don't know about.

JACK

(tucking in shirt)

Don't ring the bell. Tucking my shirt in. You need to tuck in, too.

DARREN

People don't tuck into shorts.

JACK

Professionals don't wear shorts on a job, so tuck in to make up for it.

DARREN

(pushing bell)

I opt out of that rule.

JACK

No opt outs. Put the shirt-- Ow! Got a hair in my watchband. Oh, oh--

A super TALL CLIENT LADY opens the door. Jack straightens, yanks his hand from his pants, causing agony which he covers:

JACK (CONT'D)  
(eager to impress)  
Hi. Mr. Fix-it. At your service.

DARREN  
(re: her height)  
Wow.

TALL CLIENT LADY  
Where's Tony? I wanted Tony.

DARREN  
Tony's fantastic -- he'll be back to work soon.

JACK  
No, he won't -- his heart is weak. I'm his son, Jack. I'm saving his life by taking over and bringing Mr. Fix-It to the next level. Website. Skype. Plus I have a background in law enforcement and theology, so I may solve crimes or mend hearts out here, the sky's the limit.  
(off her scowl)  
But that's down the road. Let's talk about your shower. We're using a, um, pre-mixed tile grout with heat activated polymers from Germany. How's that sound?

TALL CLIENT LADY  
I called you to re-plank my deck.

JACK  
(checks clipboard)  
Here it is. Deck bid. After lunch.  
(explains)  
My dad's weird notation system. I'll be improving that too.

Awkward pause.

DARREN  
At least your shirt's tucked in.

CUT TO:

13 INT. POYNTON HARDWARE STORE - LATER

13

LIZ POYNTON, 28, lovely, tough, works behind the counter. She has a calm, bemused, tongue-in-cheek demeanor that tends

to charm the camera. Like her brother, Darren, she's brilliant and bored with her job. Jack is there, in a hurry.

LIZ

(likes making him  
squirm)

So Jack, I hear you're the new Mr.  
Fix-It. Guess I'll have to start  
dressing sexy for work.

JACK

Are you flirting with me?

LIZ

No. Why? That's stupid.  
(brazenly looking him  
up & down)

So you're stuck working with my idiot  
brother, how's that going?

JACK

We got stuff to work out. He calls  
me pimp juice--

(re: her looking at  
his body)

Can you look at me up here, please?  
Thanks. I need sample decking for--

He does a double take, seeing Ellis is inexplicably there in his wheelchair but forges on...

JACK (CONT'D)

I need sample decking for a bid.  
Krexboard, Composite, Fairdeck,--

LIZ

(louder than needed)

Just Grello, right?

JACK

Krexboard is recycled grocery bags  
and Fairdeck helps third world  
lumberjacks with fair--

LIZ

Or just Grello? Durable, low  
maintenance--

JACK  
(patient)  
No. Krexbo--...  
Krex--...  
Krehhhhx--

LIZ  
(louder than needed)  
Grello, very good.  
Grello...  
Grehhhhl--

TONY (O.S.)  
Just get the damn Grello!

Tony stands up from hiding beside Liz, eating a huge sandwich.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Clients don't need choices or greeny  
feel-good crap. Do what works and  
move on. And stop hitting on Liz.

JACK  
She was hitting on me.

LIZ  
I was just helping you pick, then  
you came on to me, kind of strong.

JACK  
I did not!  
(to Tony)  
Are you just down here all day waiting  
for me to come in and screw up?

TONY  
I had time on my hands. Plus other  
guys came in and screwed up too.  
It's been a productive morning.  
(sees the front door)  
Crap.

Tony ducks behind the counter as Terry comes in.

TERRY  
Too late. I saw you. Why am taking  
days off from the spa to nurse you  
to health if you're gonna sneak  
downtown to fondle tools?

TONY  
No, that's your job at the spa.

TERRY  
I am a licensed masseuse!

CUT TO:

14 EXT. MAIN STREET - LATER

14

Jack comes out of the hardware store with a small trex plank and meets Darren coming out of a convenience store with lunch.

DARREN

Hey. You owe me six bucks.  
(flashing dirty mags)  
I'm refilling the van's library.

JACK

That's disgusting. No.

DARREN

Library's crucial for morale, daddy.  
If you're stuck somewhere, like the  
lumber yard waiting for them to sand  
some wood -- you can head to the van  
and you can *sand some wood*.

JACK

No! It's not your van to decide the  
rules! This is a family business  
and you are not family. You are an  
employee! I'm your boss. I have a  
code of ethics, a code of *hygiene*,  
and my van shall not be sullied.

DARREN

Too late. Did it when you were  
getting hardware.

JACK

You sullied my work van?... You  
sullied my work van! Go clean it  
out, right now, and while you're at  
it, maybe clean out your soul.

DARREN

(glances behind Jack)  
Okay, but someone's already been  
cleaning out the van, so...

Jack turns and sees Berrick is stealing tools from the van.

JACK

You saw him there and didn't stop  
him?!

DARREN

"Just an employee." Not my van.

JACK  
Unbelievable!  
(yells)  
Berrriiick!

Berrick bolts and Jack takes off running after him... He gets closer, closer, and as we see them cross the street down the block Jack gets creamed by a Malvy kid in a go-cart.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(way in the distance)  
Son of a bitch!

CUT TO:

15 INT. SHEA DINING ROOM - NIGHT

15

JACK  
Here's the deal. I'm firing him!

The family eats -- Terry slapping Tony's hand as he reaches for rolls. Mason practices formal (West Point) table manners.

JACK (CONT'D)  
He's crude, disrespectful, unprofessional and he stinks up the van with his coconut skin cream -- which I think he also uses in relation to a disgusting van library he had. He's got to go.

Reveal Darren, happily eating with the family.

TONY  
You can't fire D'. My best friend's dying wish was for me to look after the boy. Now it's your job.

JACK  
The wish doesn't count if your friend didn't actually die.

We see ELLIS, catatonic in the corner in his wheelchair.

TONY  
He's damn close to dead. In fact he could be dead now. Ellis, you dead? ...Mason, go poke him.

MASON  
Mom?!

TERRY

I'll poke him, baby. You eat.

MASON

(to Jack)

See? Our band could make up a sad song about this. Sad but positive.

As Terry goes to poke Ellis in B.G.

JACK

I need a new assistant if I'm gonna take Mr. Fix-It to the next level.

TONY

Mr. Fix-It doesn't want a next level. Mr. Fix-it likes where he's at.

JACK

He doesn't know what he's missing. I could really take him places.

TONY

Mr. Fix-It gets motion sickness and might just throw up down your neck. Don't change things. Including Darren. Tough if you don't like *him*. *That's business: Sometimes you have to work with the man you got.*

This is blowing Jack's mind.

TONY (CONT'D)

Frankly, you could learn from him. He knows the biz. And he's fun.

Darren sneaks a roll to Tony who quickly bites some and winks at Darren. Darren and Tony laugh as friends. **Jack is deeply wounded, feeling like a third wheel.** So he slips Tony a pork chop, trying to be friends.

TONY (CONT'D)

Pork could kill me, Jack.

Tony gives Darren a "Can you believe this guy?" look and they crack up again.

DARREN

(a rascal)

Won't kill me, though.

Darren then takes Jack's pork-chop off Tony's plate and eats it himself. Tony cracks up. **Jack shakes in his anger as he glares at Darren. Mason picks up on Jack's pain and out of loyalty stares daggers at Darren, too.** In B.G. Terry finally pokes Ellis into moving.

TERRY

There he goes. We're good.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16 INT. BASEMENT - MORNING

16

CLOSE ON Jack as he gets dressed. His face still seething with a spooky anger like a Stanley Kubric poster. The image is scored with the sound of a woman humming.

MASON (O.S.)  
(movie trailer voice)  
"He tried being nice to Darren... He  
tried being professional..."

Mason sits beside Jack. Terry is there.

MASON (CONT'D)  
...But when Jack's dad sided with  
Darren and not Jack... Jack's war  
just got personal."  
(off Terry's kiss)  
Stop, mom, I'm trying to pump up  
Jack for Darren's butt-shellacking.  
(to Jack)  
That could be our band name. "Butt  
Shellacking."

Terry is packing clothes into a trunk, and listens to an iPod. (It's her voice we've heard humming during the above.)

JACK  
(irritable)  
I didn't say I'd start a band, Mason.  
And stop giving me advice. I'm a  
grown man. You don't understand my  
situation.

MASON  
Oh. Okay. I was only thinking how  
I want to shellack my dad's stupid  
Army unit. He re-enlisted saying he  
missed them which means he sort of  
likes those guys more than me.  
(off Jack's concern)  
Oh, it's cool. I got you as a male  
role model now, so I'm good.  
(off him)  
Stop. Today's about your drama  
anyway. Forget I said it.  
(MORE)

MASON (CONT'D)

(taps Terry to remove  
her headphones)

Mom, can you cook a fun breakfast  
that will cheer up Jack since he's  
stuck working with a guy he despises?

JACK

It's just he's got zero moral fiber,  
zero self-development goals--

TERRY

Jack, stop whining. I like Darren,  
but if you don't want to work with  
him, don't.

(explains, sagely and  
patiently)

Just because you can't fire a man  
doesn't mean you can't make him quit.

The guys are in awe of her brilliance.

MASON

Aw, yeah. Shellac Darren's brain,  
Jack. Shellac that brain.

JACK

Aunt Terry, I feel like I don't tell  
you "I love you" enough.

TERRY

Of course you love me. How could  
you not?

TONY (O.S.)

I see that all my clothes have been  
confiscated.

TERRY

(calls upward)

Yep. And I locked up Jack's clothes  
too, so you will be forced to stay  
home and rest like the doctor said.  
I laid out an outfit of mine you can  
wear.

Tony at the bottom of the stairs in a stretchy yoga outfit  
identical to the one Terry wears but it's way small on him.

TONY

Ellis is gonna see this and pee  
himself.

TERRY  
Well, he'd do that anyway.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. STREET/INT. VAN - LATER

17

Darren waits on the curb with his 40 oz. The van pulls over. Darren gets in and Jack acts cool, Clint Eastwood style.

JACK  
Ditch the beer.

DARREN  
It's coffee.

JACK  
I'm not your clown. Ditch the beer.

DARREN  
You got to relax, big-baller. That kind of tense, trying-too-hard is probably why you mess up careers.

Jack glares then snatches the forty-ounce.

JACK  
Mind your business how I mess up, we're ditching your stupid beer.  
(notices fluid)  
Huh? It's coffee. Why the hell do you have coffee in a forty-ounce?!

DARREN  
I owe a guy money -- he sees me standing out here with coffee, he knows I got a job. He sees me with a forty in the morning he won't bug me. Now I need some coffee.  
(takes Jack's, sips)  
Hazelnut? You go, girl.

CUT TO:

18 INT. POYNTON HARDWARE STORE - LATER

18

Liz talks to Jack and Darren.

LIZ  
(looking Jack over)  
So you need some deck fasteners?  
Gonna "nail it" or "screw it" hard?

DARREN

We're driving three-inch deck screws.

JACK

You like deck screws? Okay.

(to Liz)

We're shooting sixteen-D nails.

She rolls her eyes, picks up the phone to dial...

INTERCUT WITH...

19 INT. SHEA LIVING ROOM - LATER

19

Terry has yoga mats down and plays a yoga DVD. She's in some yoga pose with Tony doing the same behind her. Ellis is by Tony in his chair. The phone rings. Terry answers.

INTERCUT WITH:

20 INT. POYNTON HARDWARE STORE - SAME TIME

20

Liz is on the phone between Jack and Darren.

LIZ

The boys need Tony to settle an argument about the deck job.

JACK

(leans into phone)

I want to shoot sixteen-D nails and he wants to drive two-inch deck screws.

DARREN

Three inch -- he's lying!

BACK AT THE HOUSE:

TERRY

Tony can't be bothered right now. We're doing a yoga tape with Reba McEntire -- they'll have to figure out the deck job on their own.

TONY

(alarmed)

The deck job? She's a huge client.

TERRY

(without looking back)

You sit back and breathe with Reba.

She hangs up and resumes breathing to country\new age music.

BACK TO THE HARDWARE STORE:

Liz talks to Jack and Darren.

LIZ  
He's busy. Use the sixteen-D's.

JACK  
In your face.

DARREN  
Tony likes deck screws.  
Why are you favoring Jack?  
You like him?

LIZ  
Not a bit.  
(to Jack, super flirty)  
You need a nail gun? Bet you're  
packing a nice nail-gun already.

Darren views this with horror.

JACK  
You like me.

DARREN  
That's definitely flirting.

DARREN (CONT'D)  
Stop slutting it, Liz. It makes me  
ashamed you're my sister.

LIZ  
Good. I spend my life ashamed I'm  
your sister.

DARREN  
We gotta roll out, Jack.

JACK  
Is this a sore point? When your hot  
sister flirts with me?

LIZ  
I don't.

DARREN  
Shut up, man.

JACK  
You really hate this.  
(a la Darren)  
Relax, daddy. It's all good. Have  
a sip of coffee.

Darren glares. Jack finally has leverage on him.

CUT TO:

21 INT. SHEA LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 21

Terry happily sits in front of Tony and Ellis, facing the TV.

TERRY

See, there? Reba got that teenage pregnant girl to meditate and it lowered her blood pressure enough to save the baby. God she's good.

Tony rolls Ellis up closer and pulls off his oxygen mask so his breathing sounds are labored and more audible.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Nice breathing back there, Tony.  
Glad to hear you're getting into it.

Meanwhile, Tony sneaks off screen.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER 22

Tony trots barefoot down the street in the yoga clothes. Mr. Malvy, flying a little helicopter, sees him.

MR. MALVY

Look at you. Late for mime class?

Tony punches the chopper out of the air as he passes.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. CLIENT'S HOUSE - LATER 23

Darren lays planks on a half-done deck. Jack's on the phone.

DARREN

Off the phone, we have work to do.

JACK

Ooh, now you have a work ethic.  
(on phone, a la Darren)  
Yeah, this clown's freaking out because I want to take his sister out dancing. Freak dancing.

DARREN

Don't push me, man.



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

25 EXT. CLIENT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

25

Jack is still nailed to the deck. Darren's freaking out.

DARREN

Oh, man. Oh. I told you to use  
deck screws, pimp juice.  
(looks at Jack's foot)  
I'm gonna throw up.

As Darren dry heaves...

JACK

Good. Maybe you'll throw up your  
crazy hood slang like "pimp juice."  
Can you please call an ambulance?

Tony comes around the corner in his yoga outfit, on the phone.

TONY

I'm calling them now.

JACK

Dad? You're checking up on me again?  
It's like you don't trust me.

TONY

Look at yourself!

Terry comes around the corner of the house.

TERRY

Caught you, Tony. You're supposed  
to avoid stress!

TONY

This isn't stressful.

JACK

No? I have a nail through my toe  
webbing.

DARREN

Now, I'm throwing up.

As he does:

TONY  
I'm fine, Terry. Stop bossing me  
like you know everything. My health  
is not... affected by...

His face gets the lemon-in-the-eye look. He holds his chest.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Son of a bitch.

SMASH TO:

26 INT. AMBULANCE - A WHILE LATER

26

A miserable Tony is on a gurney beside Jack who's laying on the bench with his foot bandaged. Terry sits on the bench, too. Nick, the EMT from the earlier scene is there. After a miserable beat.

NICK  
We're not supposed to double up but  
you're good customers so...

TERRY  
Thanks, Nick. Thanks Vigo.

JACK  
What's E.M.T. training like? You  
need book smarts?

TERRY  
I think you and Tony have some  
emotions you need to discuss.

JACK  
No emotions. I'm good.

Terry slaps Jack's foot -- he yelps.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Stop that!

TERRY  
Not until you communicate with your  
father why you don't like your job.

JACK  
If he doesn't know then--

Terry raises her hand to strike again, Jack blurts out:

JACK (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. It's because... because I don't think he wants me around.

TERRY

Good communicating, Jack. And how do you feel about that, Tony?

TONY

I feel like choking my sister, Terry.

She pokes his chest and he groans.

TONY (CONT'D)

I think he's quitting like he's done a dozen other things.

JACK

Why do you care if I quit? You want Darren to run the business anyway.

Tony just rolls his eyes. Terry pokes Tony.

TONY

Ow! No, I don't. Darren can't go six hours without a hitting a bong or polishing his knob.

JACK

Then why the hell do you like him better?! I get that I'm a screw up but so is he in other ways! And you laugh and joke around with him. You only seem pissed off and freaked out when I screw up. Why?

TONY

I don't know.  
(Terry pokes him)  
Ow! I don't know.

TERRY

Communicate to him.

TONY

Because you're my son! Ya happy?!

JACK

I'm your son? That's it?!

TONY

It's the best I got! I'm not a  
shrink! I'm a tool guy, Jack! Can  
we stop talking like fruitloops now?

The van takes a hard right and Jack rolls off his bench onto  
the floor. As Nick and Terry pull him up...

NICK

This is why we shouldn't double up.

JACK

(getting back on bench)  
Dad, I get that I haven't made you  
proud much. But would it have killed  
you to give me one word of  
encouragement, just one, to show  
you're glad I'm here trying? I don't  
even know if you want me living in  
your basement. Do you?!

Jack waits, tears forming. Tony has them too but can't speak.  
Terry pokes Tony hard.

JACK (CONT'D)

It doesn't count if you have to poke  
him!

The van takes another hard right and Jack rolls off again.

JACK (CONT'D)

Son of bitch!

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

27 INT. SHEA KITCHEN - MORNING

27

Jack, in uniform, eats cereal with Mason and Terry. Tony  
enters in PJ's, sees Jack glaring at him. Tony starts to  
speak, can't, and merely takes a newspaper and goes. Jack  
shakes his head, disgusted, tosses his spoon down and goes.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. STREET - LATER

28

Jack stops to pick up Darren. But Darren waves him off.

DARREN

I got a different gig... Go.

Jack shakes his head, disgusted, and drives on alone.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. CLIENT'S HOUSE - LATER 29

Jack limps around, working on the deck. He hurts his foot.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. SHEA DRIVEWAY - EVENING 30

Jack comes in, tired and grim. Terry is at the door.

TERRY

Tony's proud of you for not quitting.

JACK

(bitter)

Oh, he told you that, did he? Cause he couldn't spare one word for me.

TERRY

Well, he is. And Mason made up some lyrics he wants you to jam out to.

JACK

We don't have a band!

CUT TO:

31 INT. SHEA BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER 31

Jack goes downstairs and is again startled by firecrackers.

MASON (V.O.)

(speaking his lyrics)

"Some dads know the perfect thing to say."

He finds his shitty basement has been transformed. Tony is finishing putting up some walls, including a retractable divider wall.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"But those guys prob'ly suck with tools."

Mason is psyched, giving a big thumbs up. Tony and Jack make eye contact. Tony starts to say something emotional, but he's too macho, so he simply nods a self-conscious "hi" and keeps painting.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*"Nobody gets a perfect father. Which  
stinks but it's a rule.*

Jack then sees Darren there helping out! Jack is touched.

JACK  
This was your other gig?

DARREN  
Thought we could stand to cool off.

Darren gives him a contrite nod -- both men's eyes say, "I'm sorry," and Darren offers Jack a piece of molding to install.

MASON (V.O.)  
*"Like any hard partnership -- at  
work or where you're livin'..."*

Jack smiles at Darren then at Tony who continues working.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*"...You get what you get, so don't  
get upset. Work with the man you're  
given."*

Jack feels better and begins to install the molding.

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*"You gotta work with the man you're  
given."*

The three men keep working side-by-side as Mason and Terry hang pictures. The song that's been playing under all of this segues to amateur bass guitar, and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

A WHILE LATER

Mason reads his lyrics as Jack happily plays bass in their new room. A picture we assume is Mason's father in uniform hangs over him.

MASON (CONT'D)  
*"Oh yeah... Dance-dance, y'all...  
Work with the man you're given."  
(stops reading)  
That's the chorus -- then I solo on  
beat-box flute.*

Mason starts playing beat-box flute to Jack's bass line. Mason is great in an oddball way like Napoleon Dynamite's dancing. Jack smiles at him, glad he's there.

CUT TO:

32 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

32

Music drifts up from below as Terry and Tony share a beer.

TERRY

Tomorrow no work. We do yoga.

TONY

I'll bend over and you can kiss my...

He gets his lemon-squint, heart-pain look.

TONY (CONT'D)

Yoga. Okay.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW