"White Van Man"
Pilot

Bobby Bowman

2nd Revised Network Draft

The Mark Gordon Company

1/9/12
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SHEA KITCHEN - MORNING

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:

INT. A STOPPED GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

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

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

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:
EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

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 a Malvy, takes his luggage and goes.
INT. SHEA HOUSE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

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:

INT. SHEA BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

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:

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

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.
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
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
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)
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:

INT. VAN/EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

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! Berriiiiick! 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

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:

EXT. RICH CLIENT'S HOUSE - LATER

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

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:

INT. POYNTON HARDWARE STORE - LATER

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
(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.   
(see 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!
14 EXT. MAIN STREET - LATER

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.
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:

INT. SHEA DINING ROOM - NIGHT

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

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 Shelling." 

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.
(explain, 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

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

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

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

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

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          DARREN
In your face.  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          DARREN
You like me.  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          DARREN
I don't.    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:
INT. SHEA LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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:

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

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:

EXT. CLIENT'S HOUSE - LATER

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

DARREN
Off the phone, we have work to do.

JACK
Oooh, 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.
JACK
Not you, playboy. Another guy who also stinks like coconut oil.
(points)
That plank’s not straight.
(into phone)
What’s that, Liz? You want to see my straight plank?

INTERCUT WITH...

24 INT. POYNTON HARDWARE STORE - CONTINUOUS
Liz is on the phone grinning as she speaks on the phone.

LIZ
Want to really drive him nuts. Take your shoes off. He hates bare feet.

JACK
He hates feet, huh? Interesting.

DARREN
(wields a deck plank)
You need to slow your roll, playboy.

JACK
(taking shoe off)
What does "slow your roll" mean? Better question: what’s your bad history with feet?

DARREN
Slow your roll! I'm not playing.
(jabs him w/ the plank)
Put the shoe back on!

JACK
(picks up nail gun)
Really? You want to take this up a notch? Because I--

Pop-pop-pop! Several nails wiz past Darren who screams as they break a window behind him, making Jack scream and recoil, sending another nail into his bare foot.

JACK (CONT'D) DARREN
Agh!! Oh! Oh! Oh!! Agh!

JACK
Why does this always happen to me?!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. CLIENT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

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

DARREN
Oh, man. Oh. I told you to use
desk 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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

30  EXT. SHEA DRIVEWAY - EVENING

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

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:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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