BOSS

by

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FADE IN:

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - BATHROOM - MORNING

HARVEY HUTCHINSON, 44, confident, full of ambition, and in his underwear, grooms himself for work while listening to a motivational PODCAST through headphones.

DONALD TRUMP (PODCAST)
You want to reach the top of the ladder, my friend? Then grab your balls and take no prisoners. It’s kill or be killed...

Harvey poses in the mirror like a gunslinger. He quick draws one hand like a pistol, grabs his balls with the other, then pulls the imaginary trigger.

HARVEY
Bam!

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - MORNING

Harvey’s dressed for success and lookin’ sharp. He approaches his SON’S BEDROOM, sniffs the air and stops. He holds his nose to block the smell and enters without a knock.

INT. HUTCH’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A disaster area. Dirty clothes and fast food wrappers litter the floor. FHM girls and NASCAR posters cover the walls.

Harvey spots the source of the stink in the corner. A MOLDY, BUG INFESTED, BURRITO SUPREME.

HARVEY
Hutch! I told you to clean this room and not to leave food-

He YANKS back the blanket. But Hutch’s bed is empty.

Harvey looks over to see the family dog, RACHAEL RAY, a portly pug, scarfing down the moldy burrito remains.

HARVEY
Rachael Ray, NO! That’s disgusting.
INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Harvey comes down the stairs. His blossoming daughter, NICOLE HUTCHINSON, 14, sits on the couch, working on her laptop.

    HARVEY
    Morning, Nic.

    NICOLE
    Hey.

He notices her t-shirt: A billiard rack with "NICE" in the middle.

    HARVEY
    You leave the house in that shirt, you’re grounded for life.

    NICOLE
    Why? It just means I’m good at shooting pool.

He gives her a knowing look.

    NICOLE
    Are you going to help me with my video project for school like you keep promising?

    HARVEY
    You need to get the VHS tapes transferred to your computer like I told you.

She points to her laptop.

    NICOLE
    Done. A week ago. Like I told you yesterday.

    HARVEY
    Good. We’ll work on it Saturday.

    NICOLE
    Yeah, right. And I’m banging the Jonas Brothers.

    HARVEY
    Watch your mouth.

From the kitchen comes MARILYN HUTCHINSON, 42, attentive mom and real estate agent. She hands Harvey a cup of coffee.
MARILYN
Breakfast?

HARVEY
Running late. Where’s Hutch?

MARILYN
Sleeping?

HARVEY
He’s not in his room. And I’ve told him a dozen times not to leave food in there, it smells like Tijuana.

Nicole comments on the transferred video on her computer.

NICOLE
Nice hair in the 80’s, Mom. You look John Mayer.

MARILYN
Everyone’s hair was bad in the 80’s, Nic.

(to Harvey)
Dinner?

HARVEY
Working late. Don’t wait.

MARILYN
Remember our talk about balance?

HARVEY
That’s why I have you.

He gives her a quick kiss and is out the door.

EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME - BACKYARD - MORNING

Harvey spots a MILLER BEER CAN on the lawn...and then another, and another. The trail of cans lead to the POOL where Harvey sees...

HUTCH HUTCHINSON, 21, a soon-to-be college junior disguised as a shaggy mess of a slacker, is PASSED OUT ON A RAFT in his clothes from the night before.

Harvey grabs the pool skimmer and FLIPS THE RAFT, DUMPING HUTCH INTO THE WATER.

HUTCH
WHAT THE HELL?
HARVEY
Good morning, sunshine.

HUTCH
That was not cool, Dad.

HARVEY
Neither are the maggots living in your room.

He tosses an empty Miller can at Hutch.

HARVEY
Or you bringing the competition into my home.

HUTCH
They were out of Hibrau.

HARVEY
You shouldn’t be drinking anyway.

HUTCH
I’m 21.

HARVEY
Then start acting like it.

Harvey glances over at his prized ROSE BUSHES.

HARVEY
My babies look dry. Tell me you’re sticking to the watering schedule?

HUTCH
C’mon. Can you stop harassing me about everything?

HARVEY
I'm the boss. Someday you'll have a kid then you’ll be the boss. Until then I need you to pick up lawn bags and a new rake at the hardware store.

HUTCH
I don’t have any cash.

HARVEY
Shocker.

Harvey takes out his wallet and hands Hutch his Am-Ex card.
HARVEY
Let’s get on it. And don’t use the card for anything else, got me?

Harvey gives him a condescending grin, then heads off.

INT./EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - ESTABLISHING SHOTS

The hustle and bustle of a mid-size brewery in action. FACTORY WORKERS and EXECS showing up to work. - BREWMASTERS tasting their mixture. - Bottles filled and capped on the assembly line. - A FORKLIFT DRIVER hauls cases of Hibrau.

EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Harvey parks his Lincoln Navigator in the huge lot.

As he walks through the rows, he stops to admire the high-end European sedans in the “RESERVED EXECUTIVE PARKING” section.

Near the main building, Harvey stops at a statue of OLD-JONES, a guy from the 1880’s. He’s sporting a top hat and tails and holding up a bottle of Hibrau. A plaque reads: “HIBRAU LAGER - MILWAUKEE’S LOYAL FRIEND SINCE 1883”.

HARVEY
(grabbing his balls)
You and me, Jonesy. We take no prisoners.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - MARKETING DEPT. - MORNING

Harvey zigzags through a maze of cubicles. Promotional displays and test market products are scattered everywhere.

Outside his modest office, he’s greeted by his assistant, JANIS, 50.

JANIS
Morning, Mr. Hutchinson.

HARVEY
Good morning, Janis. Third quarter sales report?

She hands it to him. He flips to the last page.

HARVEY
Ouch. Shit is going to hit the fan. (beat)

(MORE)
But like The Donald says, "Sometimes by losing a battle you find a new way to win the war."

JANIS
Staff meeting's in ten minutes.

HARVEY
Bring it on.

He tucks the sales report under his arm and heads off.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CEO, ARTHUR BRACKEN, 64, a tough as nails silver fox, paces around the conference table that includes Harvey and the rest of the marketing department. They are listening to Senior V.P. of Sales, ELMER WINTHORPE, 60.

Winthorpe points to a MOCK-UP AD of Old-Jones, wearing his top-hat, in front of a fire with a cat curled up on his lap.

WINTHORPE
And then Old-Jones says, "What do you think, Pussy? Shall we crack open another Hibrau? And then the cat says, "One loyal friend deserves another."

Bracken rubs his temples. Frustrated.

BRACKEN
The cat talks?

WINTHORPE
He says, "One loyal friend deserves another."

BRACKEN
Has Old-Jones gone senile? Is that why he talks to a cat?

WINTHORPE
I'm sorry, Arthur?

BRACKEN
Old-Jones, the iconic symbol of the Hibrau Brewing company, is having a conversation with a cat, so I'm assuming he's developed Alzheimer's.
WINTHORPE
Um, no, the uh...

BRACKEN
Shut up, Winthorpe! And we’re wondering why sales are off twenty percent? Does anyone here have any good ideas, for God’s sake?

(beat)
HELLO? SOMEONE? ANYONE?

Harvey confidently stands up.

HARVEY
The cat meows.

Bracken stares at Harvey for a long beat.

HARVEY
Pussy knows what it wants, Arthur.

BRACKEN
I like it! Good work Hutchinson. Make it happen.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

As the meeting breaks up, Harvey files out. His go-with-the-flow buddy, PHIL DAVIS, 40's, comes over.

PHIL
Gutsy move, Harv.

HARVEY
You want to get to the top? Sometimes you grab your nut sack.

PHIL
Interesting concept.

KEITH PITTMAN, 38, your typical back stabbing co-worker, slaps Harvey on the shoulder.

PITTMAN
Smooth move, Hutchinson. Better grease up the next kayak to Kenosha.

HARVEY
Pittman, if you’re going to make an insult, it helps if people have a clue as to what you’re talking about.
PITTMAN
Well just remember what happened to the last guy that a took steamer on one of Winthorpe’s ideas.

HARVEY
You think I’m worried about-

Winthorpe beelines over. He’s not happy.

WINTHORPE
MY OFFICE, ONE HOUR.

HARVEY
Yes, sir.

Pittman smirks as Harvey fights to keep his composure.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - HUTCH’S ROOM - DAY

Rachael Ray is perched on Hutch’s lap as he and his buddies down cans of BUDWEISER and play NASCAR ’09 on PlayStation.

There’s Hutch’s better half and BFF, TEDDY O’Neil, 21. The book smart, 5 foot 3, RILEY FORD, 21. And GREG WARBURTON, 22, he can rebuild an engine and kick your ass at the same time.

HUTCH
See that, Ted-O? That was Jeff Gordon dusting your redneck Dale Earnhardt ass. Riley, hold on to your scrote-bag ‘cause here I come.

Hutch’s fingers dance expertly over his controller as his Jeff Gordon car motors past Riley’s Jimmi Johnson car.

RILEY
Bitch!

WARBURTON
Sick move, Hutch. Guess there is an upside to you playing this thing twelve hours a day.

HUTCH
Jealousy is a very ugly quality, Warburton. But I will admit, if I could major in NASCAR ’09, I’d contemplate going back to school.

TEDDY
You tell Harv yet that you’re taking the year off?
HUTCH
Waiting for the right moment.

TEDDY
He’s going to flip his shit.

HUTCH
Might. But I’ve got my life to think about, right?
(quick taps controller)
Laters, Warburton.

Hutch leaves Warburton’s Kyle Bush in his wake and TAKES THE CHECKERED FLAG. Rachael Ray BARKS her congrats.

HUTCH
Chicken dinner, ladies!

Riley tosses a victory Budweiser to Hutch. He toasts virtual Jeff Gordon on the TV.

HUTCH
Hells bells, Wonder Boy.

He swigs the beer then gives Rachael Ray her share.

RILEY
That was the last one. Beer run?

INT. WINTHORPE’S OFFICE – DAY
Harvey sits across from Winthorpe in his plush corner office.

WINTHORPE
Hutchinson, who plucked you from the warehouse at twenty-five?

HARVEY
You did, Elmer.

WINTHORPE
And who gave you your first promotion, your last promotion and every damn promotion in between?

HARVEY
You, Elmer.

WINTHORPE
AND YOU STAB ME IN THE BACK!

HARVEY
I was just-
WINTHORPE
Do you know what Bracken said to me after the meeting? That my ideas were antiquated.

Winthorpe points to a decades old logo of Old-Jones.

WINTHORPE
I created Old-Jones in ’72...

Winthorpe SHOVES a recent bottle of Hibrau in Harvey’s face. Same exact logo.

WINTHORPE
And the top-hatted son of a bitch is still selling beer today! That’s not a coincidence, that’s staying power, Hutchinson. Something you clearly don’t have anymore!

HARVEY
Elmer-

WINTHORPE
WE’RE DONE. GET OUT OF MY FACE!

Fuming pissed, Winthorpe spins his chair, turning his back. Harvey gets up and shuffles out.

WINTHORPE
Agggh!

Harvey turns back.

HARVEY
Sir?

No answer. Harvey closes the door behind him.

INT. WARBURTON’S JEEP WRANGLER - DAY

Hutch and crew cruise in Warburton’s ridiculously jacked up Bronco.

HUTCH
You really should consider joining me, Ted-O. A year off from school could be the experience of a lifetime. No classes, sleeping ’till noon, then getting lit the rest of the day.
TEDDY
Uh, we’ve been doing that all summer.

HUTCH
Yeah, but how cool would it be to do it in colder weather? Just tell your pops you need to “find yourself” or something.

WARBURTON
He’s right, Teddy. You’re wasting your time with that shit.

RILEY
What, getting an education so he doesn’t end up at Auto Zone?

WARBURTON
Funny one, little man. Least I make bank. Lot of good that diploma’s done you.

RILEY
I’m still weighing my employment opportunities.

WARBURTON
Bet they weigh less than you.

HUTCH
Warburton, 7-11 on your left.

INT. 7-11 - DAY

Hutch and Teddy hit the beer fridge. Hutch scans right past the Hibrau and grabs a 12 pack of COORS LIGHT.

HUTCH
I’m feeling like the cold refreshment of the Rockies. Cool?

TEDDY
Lock and load the Silver Bullets, baby. Grab two.

He dumps two 12’s in Teddy’s arms.

HUTCH
I’m cashed out and you’re up.

Teddy searches his pockets. He pulls out a crumpled coupon.
TEDDY
All I got is a 1/2 off on a Domino’s two topping.

Hutch contemplates. Then pulls out Harvey’s gold Am-EX.

HUTCH
The things I sacrifice for us. Meet you outside.

INT. 7-11 - COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

A kind-of-cute CASHIER, 21, rings up the beer.

CASHIER
Hey, I remember you from High School. Hutch Hutchinson, right?

HUTCH
In the flesh.

Hutch hands over Harvey’s credit card.

CASHIER
Wow, Gold Card. You must be doing well?

HUTCH
Some of us are just destined for greatness.

She looks at the name on card.

CASHIER
Yeah, right. Still using Daddy’s card are we?

HUTCH
Uh, Hutch is short for Harvey...in Dubai. I’m half Dubai...a-nin.

CASHIER
Nice try.

Hutch GRABS an assortment of crappy counter items including lighters, key chains, calling cards and chick magazines.

HUTCH
Would I buy all these personal gifts for you, including fifty of those Lucky 7 lotto scratchers, if this wasn’t my card?
CASHIER
Seriously? You're going to buy me all this stuff?

HUTCH
If you give me your phone number, foxy lady, this is all yours.

CASHIER
You're cute. Make it a hundred lotto scratchers and you got a deal.

HUTCH
Done.

EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - DAY
Out by the Old-Jones statue, Harvey vents to Phil.

PHIL
He's not going to fire you, Harv. You know how Winthorpe gets.

HARVEY
He was practically foaming at the mouth. Ungrateful S.O.B. is lucky I saved his ass in that meeting.

Harvey looks up at Old-Jones. Has a moment.

HARVEY
You know what? I'm done being bullied. I'm marching into Winthorpe's office, tell him he can go to hell and-

Harvey and Phil JUMP BACK as an AMBULANCE screeches to a halt right in front of them. PARAMEDICS rush out and thunder into the building.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - OFFICES - DAY
The elevator doors open. Harvey and Phil step out to see the Paramedics at work as employees crowd around WINTHORPE'S OFFICE. Harvey moves in closer.

HARVEY
Oh my God!

The Paramedics lift a rigor stiff WINTHORPE off his chair and place him on a the gurney. Pittman steps up next to Harvey.
PITTMAN
Looks like Elmer bought the
farm...but you ran away with all
the pigs.

HARVEY
What?

SARGENT HEINRICK, a Nazi-like Hibrau security guard
approaches Harvey.

SGT. HEINRICK
Mr. Hutchinson, it appears that you
were the last one to see Mr.
Winthorpe alive. His last words to
you were probably his last words on
earth.

As they wheel Winthorpe past Harvey, he observes the FROZEN
ANGRY GRIMACE on Winthorpe’s face.

HARVEY
He said, uh, “Good job”.

Sargent Heinrick makes some notes and follows the paramedics.
Mr. Bracken comes over to Harvey.

HARVEY
Elmer Winthorpe, he was a good man,
Arthur. This is a real tragedy.

BRACKEN
(leans in, whispers)
It’s a good thing he bit the dust,
otherwise he’d be out of a job.

Harvey shivers at Bracken’s coldness.

BRACKEN
I’m not saying anything,
Hutchinson, but Elmer’s shoes need
to be filled and I’ve got an idea
of who’s going to be doing the
filling.

Harvey smiles, quickly getting over the loss.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Harvey rants like a hyper puppy as the family eats dinner.
Hutch sneaks Rachael Ray spaghetti under the table.
HARVEY
Of course I’m upset that Winthorpe’s dead. But it was his time. And now it’s mine.

Marilyn
You’re a monster, Harv.

nicole
Agreed.

HARVEY
You guys won’t be saying that after I become a Vice President. It’s going to change everything.

HUTCH
That’s what that Cheney dude said.

Hutch drops Rachael Ray a handful of pasta. She INHALES it.

HARVEY
Hutch, are you feeding the dog from the table?

HUTCH
What? No.

HARVEY
We’ll be able to get into the Fair Oaks Country Club. Go on great vacations with the other execs.

nicole
I’d rather become a hooker.

Harvey’s on a roll. Doesn’t even hear her.

Marilyn
Nicole, enough.

HARVEY
And guess who’ll be watching Bucks games from the company floor seats?

HUTCH
Jack Nicholson?

HARVEY
Bracken already bumped me to the top of the list for tickets.

Hutch slyly palms a huge meatball, tosses it to Rachael Ray.
Marilyn
You haven't even been offered the job, Harvey.

Harvey
Arthur practically guaranteed it. We just need a little time. Out of respect for Winthorpe.

Hutch
Aren't you the saint.

Rachael Ray RIPS a gas bomb. Harvey glares at Hutch.

Hutch
I’m not feeding her!

Harvey
I’ve waited a long time for this promotion and fate has finally arrived.

Harvey’s feeling good. Hutch takes the opportunity.

Hutch
Speaking of fate, I, uh, have a small announcement.

Nicole
We already know, you’re gay.

Hutch
Funny one.
  (beat)
So, I’ve decided to take things in a new direction with school.

Harvey sports a big grin.

Harvey
You’ve decided on a major! That’s great, Hutch. Business or marketing?

Hutch
Well, neither.
  (beat)
I’m, uh, taking a year off from school.

Nicole
Ouch. Didn’t see that one coming.
HARVEY
Excuse me?

HUTCH
Before you go psycho, just listen. This plan helps out all of us.

Marilyn puts her hand on Harvey’s to calm him down.

HARVEY
Go ahead.

HUTCH
Okay. Since I have yet to clearly define my career path, it makes smart business sense, especially in these tough economic times, to evaluate the various opportunities out there. So why not take a year off, really research this thing, and “find myself”? Then bang! I’m back in school, heading toward a career and a life filled with huge financial rewards and tons of emotional stability. To top things off, you guys won’t have to worry about cash if things get really bad. ‘Ol Hutch here will unselfishly be able to provide for the whole family and we’ll live happily ever after.

(like Barack Obama)
Yes, we can.

Silence. They all stare at him. He smiles back.

NICOLE
Call me when the shit storm blows over.

Nicole gets up and leaves.

HARVEY
That’s it? That’s your plan?

HUTCH
Well I might travel a little in between the research. You know what they say, “All work and no play”-

HARVEY
ARE YOU INSANE? Do you know how hard I work so you can go to college? A luxury I never had!
Marilyn
Hutch, this might not be the right decision.

Hutch
I’m just not sure if school’s my thing right now.

Harvey
I’ll tell you one thing, mister, it’s going to look really bad that a Vice President’s son is a college drop out!

Hutch is put off by Harvey’s comment.

Marilyn
Harvey, calm down. That’s not the issue here.

Hutch
I’ve made up my mind. I’m not going back.

Harvey
Okay smart guy, what are you going to do for money? Because you’re not free loading around this house like you’ve done all summer.

Hutch
I already told you, I’ll be doing research.

Harvey
If you’re not going to school, then you’re getting a job! Then you’ll see how lucky you are to be in college. Tomorrow morning you are out pounding the pavement. No more free rides here, pal.

Harvey storms away from the table, but stops as Rachael Ray blocks his path, staring up at him.

Harvey
Go on! Move it, girl.

Rachael Ray convulses... then pukes spaghetti on Harvey’s shoe.

Harvey
Huuuutch!
INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - HUTCH’S ROOM - MORNING

Harvey enters and BANGS on his briefcase like a drum.

    HARVEY
    OKAY, MR. FIND YOURSELF GUY, TIME TO GET A JOB...

But Hutch isn’t there. On top of it, the bed is made. Harvey shrugs. Maybe he’s getting through to him.

INT. HARVEY’S CAR - MORNING

Harvey drives to work, listening to more motivational crap.

    DONALD TRUMP (V.O.)
    Now say it! Nothing will stand in my way of success. I will get what I want.

    HARVEY
    Nothing will stand in my way of success! I will get what I want.

SUDDENLY, in the rearview mirror, A HALF NAKED GIRL pops up from the back seat. It’s the CASHIER from 7-11.

    CASHIER
    Where am I?

    HARVEY
    WWWAAAAAAAAAA!

Harvey SWERVES out of traffic and pulls the car to the curb.

    HARVEY
    WHO ARE YOU?

    CASHIER
    The last thing I remember is we were smoking this killer weed.

    HARVEY
    WHO’S WE?

Harvey sees HUTCH PASSED OUT in the back in a sea of junk food wrappers and slurpee cups. Harvey smacks him awake. Hutch looks up.

    HUTCH
    Shit.
EXT. 7-11 - LATER

Cashier hurries out of the car, fumbling with her clothes. Hutch leans out the window.

    HUTCH
    I’ll hit you later, cool?

    CASHIER
    Screw you, loser. I knew you were full of crap!

Harvey looks at Hutch and shakes his head.

    HUTCH
    Look Dad, I-

    HARVEY
    Not a word. Not one word!

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - DAY

Harvey drags Hutch over to OSCAR, 50’s, brewery foreman.

    HARVEY
    Hey Oscar, How’s it goin’?

    OSCAR
    Harvey!

    HARVEY
    You remember my son, Hutch?

    OSCAR
    Sure. Sure. You were bussing tables at your dad’s BBQ last summer.

    HUTCH
    That’s me. Jack of all trades...and slave labor.

    OSCAR
    Tell me Harv, how are things in white-collar world?

    HARVEY
    I’m still the same guy, just wearing a different uniform.

Hutch rolls his eyes.
OSCAR
Speaking of uniforms, baseball starts in a week. This is our year.

HARVEY
Gonna crush those wimps from Pabst! So Oscar, Hutch here is looking for a job and I thought this would be a great place for him to start. He'll work hard and you can pay him minimum wage. What do you say?

OSCAR
Of course. If he's anything like his old man he'll be running the place in no time.

HUTCH
I'm nothing like him.

OSCAR
I always tell the boys in the warehouse, if you think this is the end of the road, just look at Harvey Hutchinson. He's proof that there's no limit to your dreams.

HARVEY
You speak the truth, my friend. (walking off)
Put the kid to work.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - EXECUTIVE FLOOR - DAY

Harvey passes Winthorpe's old corner office. He peeks INSIDE to see painters and carpet guys changing it up.

HARVEY
(like a mad scientist)
Soon you will be mine, all mine.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - DAY

Hutch is drenched with sweat and miserable as he lifts cases of beer off the assembly line and onto a pallet. Musclehead co-worker, Jake, 30’s, works effortlessly alongside Hutch.

JAKE
Told ya this is an awesome workout, Hutchinson. FEEL THE BURN!

Hutch can hardly breath. He stops and leans over.
HUTCH
Uh, huh. I need a sec.

JAKE
Well, hurry up. I gotta get to a veterinarian.

HUTCH
A veterinarian?

Jake flexes his arms.

JAKE
Yeah, my pythons are sick!

Jake sticks his bicep in Hutch’s face.

JAKE
Feel these bastards!

HUTCH
(creeped out)
Seriously, I’m good.

JAKE
See how thick the vein is? That’s from hauling kegs, amigo. Go on, stroke that puppy.

Jake doesn’t move his arm. Hutch awkwardly touches it.

HUTCH
I’m not real comfortable with this.

VOICE (O.S.)
Yo Jake, that your new girlfriend?

They turn around to see, ANGELA, 20’s, smokin’ hot blue collar chick, sitting in the driver’s seat of a forklift.

Jake quickly pushes Hutch away. Turns psycho.

JAKE
GET THE HELL AWAY FROM ME BEFORE I MONKEY HUMP YOUR SKULL!

HUTCH
(terrified)
I wasn’t...he told me to...

JAKE
TOUCH ME AGAIN AND I’LL RIP OFF YOUR ELBOWS!
Hutch is about to piss his pants as Jake stares him down like a raging bull.

ANGELA
Give the kid a break, Jake. I don’t thinks he’s your type.

JAKE
I AM NOT INTO DUDES!

ANGELA
Come on, we’re getting backed up.

Angela forks the pallet and steers toward the docks.

Jake eases up, puts his hand on Hutch’s shoulder.

JAKE
Sorry about that, Hutchinson. Didn't want her to think I was into weird shit. Thanks for covering.

HUTCH
(weakly)
No problem. You’re hurting my shoulder.

Jake lets go. Hutch strains to get a final peek at Angela.

JAKE
I gotta stop mixing the roids with the Red Bull. Gets me a tad zippy.

HUTCH
Never would have known.

JAKE
OKAY, YOU READY FOR A TRICEP PARTY?

He throws Hutch a stack of cases. Hutch drops to his knees.

JAKE
HELL YA, BABY! WOOO!

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DUGOUT - EVENING

Practice has finished. Harvey and Phil take off their cleats.

HARVEY
(like an announcer)
Batting third and playing short stop, Vice President of Sales, Haaarveeeey Huuuthcinson.
He makes crowd cheering noises.

PHIL
Promotion’s looking good, huh?

HARVEY
I’d say any day now.

Harvey pulls a MERCEDES BENZ BROCHURE out of his gym bag.

HARVEY
Check this out. The Mercedes S-600. This baby screams success.

PHIL
Nice.

HARVEY
Even nicer with 20” rims and a gun metal metallic paint job. That’s how a V.P. rolls, my friend.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME – BACKYARD – DUSK

Hutch is sprawled out on a lounge chair, exhausted from work. Harvey comes through the gate carrying a garden hose.

HARVEY
Hey pal, how’s it goin’ in the real world? Are you finding yourself?

HUTCH
(groans)
I can’t feel my arms.

HARVEY
Not too late to register for classes.

HUTCH
Forget it. You’ll never break me.

HARVEY
I like your energy. Use it to clean out the garage this weekend.

He tosses the hose on top of Hutch.

HARVEY
Roses look hungry. Make them happy.

Hutch grumbles as Harvey walks off with a whistle.
INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nicole’s working on her video project. Her laptop is hooked up to the TV which shows A YOUNGER HARVEY DANCING UP A STORM AT A PARTY, circa 1983.

Harvey enters with his head in the Mercedes brochure.

NICOLE
Dad, are you gonna help me with this or what?

HARVEY
What’s that?

He’s completely focused on the brochure.

NICOLE
Taking me to get a boob job.

HARVEY
A little later, honey.

NICOLE
You’re not even listening! I need help with my project.

Harvey looks up from the brochure. See’s himself on the TV.

HARVEY
Hey, I remember that!

He does a Michael Jackson move from Thriller. Not bad.

HARVEY
Your old man could tear up the dance floor!

NICOLE
Oh-my-God. Don’t ever do that in front of me again.

He goes back to the brochure and heads out.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marilyn does the dishes while Harvey places some of his freshly clipped roses in a vase.

MARILYN
Hutch has been at the garage for hours.
HARVEY
Good. The new Benz’ll need a clean home.

MARILYN
You’re being a little hard on him.

HARVEY
All for his own good, Mare. Eventually he’ll realize that his butt should be back in school.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - GARAGE - SAME

The place is a mess. Hutch and Teddy sport improvised hockey gear with bike helmets, gardening knee pads and golf clubs. Hutch maneuvers an empty beer can toward Teddy.

HUTCH
Five seconds left in the period. Hutchinson shoots...He scores!

The can RICOCHETS past Teddy and SMASHES through a window.

TEDDY
Oh, shit.

HUTCH
Shit, my ass. The USA just won the gold medal!

Hutch moves a stack of boxes to hide the broken window then goes to the fridge and grabs a couple cans of Harvey’s Hibrau. They crack ‘em open and guzzle.

HUTCH
You’d think as your buzz heightens, this Hibrau piss water wouldn’t continue to taste like my ass.

TEDDY
Speaking of ass, there’s going to be a ton of it next week at Fogelman’s barbecue.

HUTCH
Great. I have to work. I’m telling you, Ted-O, this job is ruining my life.

TEDDY
Then quit.
HUTCH

Can’t. Harv will make me go back to school.
(reading Hibrau can)
“Milwaukee’s loyal friend”, my ass!
I HATE YOU!

TEDDY

Why don’t you just get fired?

Hutch thinks for a moment. Grins.

HUTCH

Show me the money.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - GARAGE - LATER

A buzzed Hutch and Teddy are deep into a twelve pack as Hutch pounds away on his laptop.

HUTCH

(Reading as he types)
“...and furthermore, Hibrau tastes like watered down near beer and the marketing has no appeal to anyone under fifty. No hot chicks in the ads, sponsorship at sporting events or cool dudes in movies chugging it. Just some lame old top-hat dude on the brink of death. The bottom line is that Hibrau sucks and everything associated with it makes me think of my great grandfather. And he’s dead.”

TEDDY

That’s awesome! It’ll get you canned for sure. Maybe even sued.

HUTCH

And here’s the thing, I’m just telling the truth. Jerry Maguire’s got nothing on me. I’m sending it. Company wide.

On his computer, Hutch selects the e-mail folder, “all@hibrau.com”, and hits send.

INT. HARVEY’S OFFICE - MORNING

Janis intercepts Harvey as he heads to his office.
JANIS
Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Bracken just called an emergency meeting in the brewery. The entire company.

HARVEY
Meeting? About what?

JANIS
Might have something to do with your great grandfather. The one who’s dead.

HARVEY
What are you talking about?

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - DAY
The place is filling up with execs, office staff and brewery workers. Harvey enters.

CO-WORKER
Wow. Ballsy move, Harv.

HARVEY
Huh?

Another co-worker gives him the thumbs-up.

HARVEY
What?

From the FRONT of the brewery Bracken WAVES Hutch’s email.

BRACKEN
Hutchinson, come up here now!

Harvey points to himself, “Me?”

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - MOMENTS LATER
Up at that front Harvey scans Hutch’s email. Shocked.

BRACKEN
I had high hopes for you, Hutchinson. I knew you had that something, but this-

HARVEY
Arthur, I swear, I did not write this email.
BRACKEN
No?

HARVEY
I’ve worked for this company for 25 years. I respect what we represent. I would never say these things.

BRACKEN
I’m puzzled, Hutchinson. The email came from H. Hutchinson?

HARVEY
(leans in, whispers)
That’s my son, Hutch. He’s been working in the warehouse. I apologize-

BRACKEN
Well then, it seems that things have taken an interesting turn.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - LATER

Bracken reads Hutch’s email out loud to the entire company. Harvey stands off to the side, cringing with every word.

BRACKEN
“...and the marketing has no appeal to anyone under fifty. No hot chicks in the ads, sponsorship at sporting events or cool dudes in movies chugging it. Just some lame old top-hat dude on the brink of death.”

HARVEY
(sotto)
I am so screwed.

BRACKEN
“The bottom line is that Hibrau sucks and everything associated with it makes me think of my great grandfather. And he’s dead.”

(he scans the crowd)
Where is Hutch Hutchinson?

IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM

Hutch hides his grin, ready to face the firing squad and get the hell out of there.
HUTCH
Right here, sir. I’m Hutch Hutchinson.

BRACKEN
Come up here, son.

HUTCH
(sotto)
It’s party time.

The crowd parts as Hutch struts up to Bracken. He passes Harvey who shoots him daggers.

HARVEY
(mouthing)
You are dead, mister.

Hutch makes his way next to Bracken.

BRACKEN
You wrote this?

HUTCH
Yes, sir.

BRACKEN
And you think you know how to run this company better than me?

HUTCH
No, sir. It’s just that me and my boys drink a lot of beer and these are just some ideas of how to-

BRACKEN
It’s brilliant! The everyman’s perspective. Real beer drinkers!

Hutch is baffled, as is Harvey.

BRACKEN
It’s about time someone has the guts to address why this company is in the toilet! Desperate times call for desperate measures. It’s time to take a fresh approach and turn things around.

He puts his hand on Hutch’s shoulder. Looks out to the crowd.

BRACKEN
THE NEW VICE PRESIDENT OF SALES, HUTCH HUTCHINSON!
Hutch looks at him, “What the fuck?”

The crowd CHEERS. Except for Harvey who looks like he just got run over by a truck.

EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - DAY

Harvey exits the building gasping for air.

    HARVEY
    This is not happening.

He stomps into the parking lot, paces.

    HARVEY
    Definitely not happening. I’m dreaming or hallucinating or in a coma.

A worker passes him.

    WORKER
    Did ya here about the kid they made a Vice President? Pretty cool, huh?

Harvey just grumbles and walks on. He KICKS and PUNCHES at nothing but air, let’s out a few screams.

He stop at the “RESERVED - EXECUTIVE PARKING” sign and POUNDS ON IT, SLAPS IT, TRIES TO BEND IT. He’s in a total meltdown. He grabs the light post the sign is attached to and VIOLENTLY SHAKES IT.

    HARVEY
    WHY-IS-THIS-HAPPENING-TO-ME-

CREAK. Harvey looks up to see that the LIGHT FIXTURE snap loose from the light housing. It dangles by a wire and then...FREE-FALLS...CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE BENTLEY COUP THAT SITS BELOW IT.

    HARVEY
    Crap!

Something catches Harvey’s eye at the front of the Bentley.

    HARVEY
    Oh, no. God, no.

He creeps to the front of the car. Scans the placard.

CLOSE ON - “RESERVED FOR ARTHUR BRACKEN CEO”
HARVEY
(takes a breath)
Okay Harvey, calm down. Not a big deal-

CLUNK...The LIGHT HOUSING falls and PIERCES through the Bentley’s hood.

HARVEY
Holy shit!

Harvey sprints off toward the main building.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM

Hutch sits awkwardly on one side of the table, Bracken and the very corporate CAROL FOSTER, 40, sit on the other.

BRACKEN
Hutch, this is our CFO, Carol Foster.

CAROL
Real pleasure, Hutch. I hear terrific, terrific things.

HUTCH
Uh, about what?

Bracken and Carol share a laugh. Hutch awkwardly smiles, not really sure what’s going on.

HUTCH
Look guys, I didn’t mean to cause any trouble. How ’bout we chalk it up to a big misunderstanding and call it day and I’ll be on my way?

BRACKEN
Just hear us out, Hutch. Carol?

CAROL
We’re looking at a three year deal. First year at 350k with a 15 percent bump each year. Built in performance bonuses based on sales and market share. Sound good?

HUTCH
I’ll be honest. I’m lost here.

Bracken shifts in his chair. Clears his throat.
BRACKEN
We’re willing to play hard ball with you, Hutch. How ‘bout we start you at 400k for the first year and a very generous expense account?

HUTCH
You’re screwing with me, right?

CAROL
Plus full medical and dental and two weeks vacation.

HUTCH
As in, “All expenses paid”?

BRACKEN
Fine. Make it four weeks and we’ll throw in President’s Day.

Hutch is starting to grasp the situation.

HUTCH
What about St. Patrick’s Day and Halloween?

BRACKEN
You got it.

HUTCH
And those wicked Bucks tickets?

BRACKEN
You’ll get priority dates for the company Bucks and Brewers seats.

HUTCH
Now you’re talking. How ‘bout a car?

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - MARKETING DEPT. - DAY

Harvey heads back to his office nervous and shaken.

JANIS
They want to see you down the hall.

HARVEY
Who does?
JANIS
Some executive assistant called, said it was important. Something about Hutch.

HARVEY
Did they mention anything about a car in the parking lot?

JANIS
Huh?

HARVEY
Nothing. I’ll be back.

INT. HUTCH’S OFFICE – DAY
Harvey enters Winthrop’s remodeled office to see Hutch sitting behind a new, very expensive, desk.

HUTCH
Pretty sweet set up, huh Harv? I’m starting to like this real world thing.

Harvey fumes.

HARVEY
This isn’t right, Hutch.

HUTCH
Not right, Harv? Are you kidding? This chair is Italian leather. And check out the killer view.

HARVEY
Stop calling me Harv.

HUTCH
I think “Dad” is gonna sound a little creepy around the office.

HARVEY
I’m still your father!

Hutch puts his feet up on the desk.

HUTCH
And now I’m your boss.
HARVEY
You can’t even wipe your own ass.
You really think you can pull off this charade?

HUTCH
It’s what ol’ Bracken thinks that matters.

ANGELA, the hot chick from the warehouse, enters with a putter, golf balls, a jumbo bag of Doritos and a Slurpee.

HUTCH
You’ve met my new assistant, Angela?

ANGELA
(to Harvey)
Hey. You used to work in the warehouse like a 100 years ago, right?

Harvey looks at her blankly.

ANGELA
Here’s the stuff you wanted, Hutch.

Hutch takes the items. He purposely drops the bag of Doritos.

HUTCH
Oops.

As she bends down to grab the bag, Hutch sneaks a peak of her rack. She catches him.

ANGELA
Do that again, I’ll break your arm.

HUTCH
Such a kidder. Thanks, Ange.

(beat)
Hey, what about the stuffed grizzly bear head and the Pop-A-Shot?

ANGELA
Got it ordered.

HUTCH
Perfect. You’re the best assistant I’ve ever had.

Hutch grabs the putter and tears open the bag of Doritos.
INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harvey paces while bitching to Marilyn on the couch. Nicole flips through the TV channels, bored.

HARVEY
I’m telling you, Mare, this whole thing is insane! It’s like a bad episode of the Twilight Zone.

MARILYN
I don’t understand what you’re upset about. A promotion is a good thing.

NICOLE
He’s Dad’s boss.

HARVEY
You keep out of this, Nicole!

MARILYN
Calm down, Harvey.

HARVEY
Calm down? I’ve worked at Hibrau for twenty-five years. Hutch has been there for two weeks. Do you have any idea how embarrassing this is for me?

The doorbell RINGS. Harvey opens it to reveal a DELIVERY GUY with a bunch of packages.

DELIVERY GUY
Hutchinson residence?

HARVEY
Yes?

DELIVERY GUY
I got a package here for a Marilyn Hutchinson.

HARVEY
From who?

Delivery Guy looks at his notes.
DELIVERY GUY
“Dear Mom, you rock the house.
Love, Hutch.”

Marilyn comes over. She opens the box to find a set of DIAMOND EARRINGS staring back at her. Harvey’s floored.

Marilyn
These are beautiful!

DELIVERY GUY
And this Wii console is for Nicole Hutchinson.

Nicole
No way!

Harvey
We can’t accept this stuff.

Nicole
Maybe you can’t, but I can!

Nicole takes the pen from Delivery Guy and signs. Harvey is pissed, but feels left out.

Harvey
Are there, uh, any other gifts for other family members?

DELIVERY GUY
Oh, yeah. Almost forgot.

He reaches down to a cooler and pulls out a FAT STEAK.

DELIVERY GUY
This is for Rachael Ray Hutchinson.

Rachael Ray BARKS. She runs over and grabs the steak.

DELIVERY GUY
Have a good one.

Harvey slams the door. Fumes.

Harvey
If that kid thinks he can-

Nicole
Look! There he is.

Harvey
There who is?
Nicole points to the television.

NICOLE
Hutch!

CLOSE ON - TELEVISION

The Milwaukee Bucks play the Chicago Bulls. HUTCH SITS COURT SIDE IN THE COMPANY SEATS with Teddy, Warburton and Riley.

Harvey stares at the television in disbelief.

HARVEY
No...

CLOSE ON - TELEVISION

A BUCKS PLAYER falls onto Hutch’s lap while trying to retrieve a loose ball. Hutch helps him up and the player gives him a chest bump. The crowd loves it.

HARVEY
He got the company seats. I’ve been waiting two years.

Marilyn
Look Harv, he’s waving at us!

NICOLE
Awesome.

Marilyn and Nicole wave back at the TV.

Marilyn
Hi, Honey! Love the earrings!

Hutch looks right into the camera and gives a wink, almost as if he’s rubbing it in Harvey’s face.

INT. MILWAUKEE BUCKS ARENA - SAME

Hutch tosses the ball to the ref and sits back down.

HUTCH
C’mon, Bucko’s, let’s get back in this game!

RILEY
Hutch, this might be the sickest night of my life.
TEDDY
I still don’t get it. How do you go from warehouse bitch-boy to a six figure Vice President? Especially after the email you wrote.

HUTCH
The world’s a strange place, Ted-O. As they say, good karma pays off.

Teddy looks at him curiously.

HUTCH
Not necessarily my karma. I think I intercepted someone else’s shit.

TEDDY
Dude, whatever works. I could get used to living like a rock star.

Warburton points over at a CHEERLEADER looking their way.

WARBURTON
Check out the cheer chick with the explosive rack. I think she’s into our stuff.

They guys look over. She gives them a little WAVE.

RILEY
Damn. He’s not kidding!

WARBURTON
Hide your boner, little man. Let’s play it cool.

EXT. MILWAUKEE BUCKS ARENA - NIGHT

Hutch and the guys hang at the employee entrance as the Waving Cheerleader exits.

Hutch steps up, hands her his new BUSINESS CARD.

HUTCH
Hey there. Hutch Hutchinson, Vice President, Hibrau Brewery. You girls were fantastic tonight.

JACKIE
Thanks. I’m Jackie.
HUTCH
Pleasure is mine, Jackie. My VIP’s and I were wondering if you and a few of your colleagues would like to go to a private party this evening?

Jackie grabs two OTHER CHEERLEADERS as they exit.

JACKIE
You guys wanna party with these rich dudes?

TIFFANY
Yeah!

AMANDA
For sure!

Riley and Teddy share an “Is this really happening?” look.

HUTCH
Alright then. Let’s roll.

Teddy whispers to Hutch.

TEDDY
If you ever lose this job, I swear I will kill you.

EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. – NIGHT

Hutch and the group are at the front entrance. Hutch swipes his key card, unlocking the door.

HUTCH
Alright, party people, let’s do this thing!

Hutch holds the door as they file inside. Teddy hangs back.

TEDDY
This is probably not the best idea, Hutch, you’re going to get your ass fired for real.

HUTCH
The beauty of that Ted-O, is that I honestly don’t care. I mean, Bracken’s going to wake up tomorrow morning and realize that he made a huge mistake. So, whatever.
EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - NIGHT

Hutch leads them through the dark brewery.

He finds a panel of switches on the wall and flips them, lighting up a row of GIANT BEER KETTLES.

    HUTCH
    Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the first stop on my bucket list tour.

SMASH CUT:

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - MOMENTS LATER

A naked Hutch CANNON BALLS into a giant kettle of beer.

    TEDDY
    INCOMING!

He lands with a HUGE SPLASH then swims over to the group as they wade around in the beer.

    RILEY
    Nice Form, high level of difficulty. I’ll give you an eight and half.

    AMANDA
    Nine!

Warburton grabs Amanda.

    WARBURTON
    I’ll give you nine.

Jackie moves in close on Hutch, gives him some make out.

    JACKIE
    And I say it was a 10.

    HUTCH
    I had a dream like this once.

Jackie fondles Hutch below the beer’s surface.

    JACKIE
    Was this in your dream, baby?

    HUTCH
    Yup. How did you know?
Hutch winks over at Riley and gestures toward Tiffany. Riley tries to keep his cool, looks her in the eye.

RILEY
(stutters)
I had the same dream.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - HUTCH’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Music is blasting. The barely clad cheerleaders dance drunkenly around the office with Riley and Warburton. Hutch and Teddy lounge on the couch, smoking a joint.

TEDDY
I swear, I feel like Willy Wonka.

HUTCH
I’m Willy Wonka. You’re Charlie.

Amanda dances over and grabs the joint. She stumbles back and puts her FOOT THROUGH THE COFFEE TABLE.

AMANDA
WOOOO HOOOO!

She cracks up and dances back to the girls.

HUTCH
Enjoy it while it lasts, Charlie.

TEDDY
And you need to make it last forever. Why the hell should you know less about running a stupid beer company than the next guy?

HUTCH
Well, as old Harv says, I’m a life wasting, PlayStation addicted, college drop out that can’t wipe my own ass.

TEDDY
Look at that Mark Cuban dude. You think he’s got a clue?

Jackie mishandles the joint from Amanda and drops it.

TEDDY
Hey, watch the carpet!

JACKIE
Oopsy!
TEDDY
What if this Bracken guy wakes up tomorrow and is still into your ass? Then what? Poof! All this is, see ya!

Hutch looks around the giant plush office, taking in the expensive furniture, the large plasma, the killer view...The cheerleader PUKING into the large planter in the corner.

Hutch grabs the remote and turns off the music.

HUTCH
All right, party’s over! Let’s clean this place up.

TEDDY
That’s what I’m talking about.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - MORNING

Hutch strolls in a little hung over. He does a double take at Angela in her cubicle. She’s transformed out of her blue collar wear into a sexy business suit with her hair up.

HUTCH
Wow! You look awesome.

ANGELA
Thanks, Hutchinson. You might want to consider it yourself. Dress the part, you know?

HUTCH
Good point. I knew I hired you for a reason. This whole executive thing is going to take a little getting used to.

ANGELA
Just go with your gut. If we can make it in the warehouse, we sure as hell can make it in here.

HUTCH
Right on.

ANGELA
How about some coffee for that hang over?
HUTCH
It’s that obvious? A little Red Bull wouldn’t hurt either.

ANGELA
Right away, sir.

HUTCH
Sir. I like the sound of that.

ANGELA
Yeah? Enjoy it, Hutchinson, ’cause it’s the last time I’ll ever say it.

She turns to her computer.

ANGELA
Now I’ve got to figure out how to use this thing.

INT. HUTCH’S OFFICE - DAY
Hutch powers through a Red Bull and coffee as he goes through the weekly sales report, not really making any sense of it.

INT. HARVEY’S OFFICE - DAY
Harvey looks worn. He reads a memo from security.

HARVEY
(sotto)
“If anyone has information regarding the vandalism of a black Bentley Coup in the executive parking lot…” Crap.

Hutch walks in unannounced.

HUTCH
Let’s watch the language, Harv. Bad example.

HARVEY
Very funny. Surprised to see you in so early. It’s only 11:00.

HUTCH
Been here since eight. Already went through the sales report.
HARVEY
Like you even understand it.

HUTCH
Well, what I gather is you marketing boys have been doing a crappy job, therefore sales are down.

HARVEY
Okay, that does it. You’re grounded!

HUTCH
Yeah? Well you better work on getting those numbers up!

HARVEY
And you better figure out how to get to work. I’m pulling your car privileges. That includes your mom’s car as well. Better get those tires filled on your bike.

HUTCH
Fine with me!

Hutch gives him a nasty look and storms out for the office.

EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME - DAY

Harvey tends to his rose bushes at the front of the house.

A BRAND SPANKING NEW MERCEDES S-600 with custom rims and a gun metal metallic paint job rolls down the street. The Benz vibrates from the BUMPING subwoofer.

Harvey looks at the car with envy. Could have been his.

To his surprise the Benz pulls in his driveway. The doors open and TEDDY, WARBURTON AND RILEY ROLL OUT.

TEDDY
Hey, Mr. H. What’s shakin’?

Riley holds up a bucket of KFC.

RILEY
Drum stick, Mr. H?

HARVEY
(shocked)
WHOSE CAR IS THIS?
WARBURTON
Hutch’s. Dope, right? Wish I had a company car.

IN SLOW MOTION – Hutch smoothly slips out the driver’s door in his new five hundred dollar suit. He lowers his designer shades and looks at Harvey.

HUTCH
Like the new ride?

HARVEY
YOU’VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!

HUTCH
You do a good job with them rose bushes and I’ll let you take her for her spin.
(holds out his wrist)
Rooooolex.

Harvey looks at the gleaming gold watch and snarls. He grabs a rake and shoves it at Hutch.

HARVEY
Here I’m the boss. Now get this lawn cleaned up!

Harvey heads toward the house.

HARVEY
(sotto)
AAARRRGGGGGHHHHH.

EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME – BACKYARD – DAY

Hutch has changed out of his fancy suit as he and the guys grub on chicken while raking the leaves. Rachael Ray tears into the empty bucket, looking for scraps.

WARBURTON
Let me get this straight. You can get any food you want whenever you want it and the company puts up the cash?

HUTCH
Yup. It’s called an expense account.

WARBURTON
We don’t get expense accounts at Auto Zone.
HUTCH
The theory is you're always working
or something like that.

TEDDY
So dude, let me ask you this. If
you can get whatever you want for
free, why the hell are we sucking
off the Colonel?

Hutch tosses down the rake.

HUTCH
Good point, Ted-O. Time to step up
this dinner party.

RILEY
(re: piles of leaves)
What about all this?

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY
Harvey sits on the couch stewing. Nicole’s computer is hooked
up to the TV.

ON THE TV - HOME MOVIES
-- The family in happier, more understanding times. Harvey
and Marilyn throwing toddler Hutch back and forth.

-- Twenty-something Harvey working his warehouse job at
Hibrau. Little Hutch watching Dad load beer.

HARVEY
When did it happen?

-- Harvey and Marilyn kissing. little Hutch and baby Nicole
jumping on them in mid smooch.

HARVEY
When did he become the kid from the
Omen?

-- Eight year old Hutch up at bat. The pitcher throws a curve
ball and Hutch desperately swings, but misses. Hutch flips
off the pitcher.

HARVEY
Little bastard never could hit a
curve ball.

Harvey looks up as a LANDSCAPER motors past the window on a
lawn mower. A GARDNER with a leaf blower follows.
EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Harvey runs outside. Five WORKERS are mowing and trimming.

    HARVEY
    Excuse me! Can I help you with something?

The Leaf Blower Guy looks up.

    LEAF BLOWER
    Sure amigo, grab one of those bags.

    HARVEY
    I meant what are you doing here?

    LEAF BLOWER
    Cleaning the lawn.

Harvey’s getting frustrated.

    HARVEY
    I want to speak to your boss.

    LEAF BLOWER
    Mr. Hutch? He not here.

    HARVEY
    Mr. Hutch?

Leaf Blower Guy hands Harvey HUTCH’S BUSINESS CARD.

    LEAF BLOWER
    Mr. Hutch hire us to take care of the lawn. He pay us double.

Harvey starts to boil.

    HARVEY
    WHERE IS HE?

Harvey hears a GRINDING NOISE. He looks over to see HIS ROSE BUSHES BEING TORN APART BY AN ELECTRIC TRIMMER.

    HARVEY
    NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CUT TO:
INT. BROWN DEER CHOPHOUSE - EVENING

Hutch and the boys, looking way out of place, roll into the fancy restaurant. They make their way through the crowded entrance and approach the tuxedoed MAITRE D’ for a table.

HUTCH
Hey, buddy.

Maitre D’ gives them the once over.

MAITRE D’
(major attitude)
Beat it, kid. We’re not hiring.

HUTCH
Excuse me?

MAITRE D’
Dishwasher positions are filled. Now you and your cell mates scamper back to where you came from.

Warburton clenches his fist. Hutch holds him back.

HUTCH
That’s too bad. Maybe there’s another position available? Dish washing for me is just a stepping stone to my ultimate goal.

MAITRE D’
And what may I ask would that be?

HUTCH
Having your job.

Maitre D’ chuckles.

HUTCH
Do you think if I work hard enough someday I could be up here like you, lookin’ sharp and being in charge?

MAITRE D’
Highly doubtful.

Maitre D’ starts to walk away. Hutch stops him and points over to some YOUNG LOOKING GIRLS up at the bar.
HUTCH
See, if I had your job, I’d make sure that punks like me wouldn’t come in here and spot those two underage honey’s at the bar. Because punks like me might call the cops and have your liquor license pulled. How bad would that suck? But the flip side is that then there would be a job opening. Yours.

Hutch whips out a business card and flicks it at him.

HUTCH
So if you want to keep your job I suggest you lose the attitude and get us a table.

Maitre D’ scans the card.

HUTCH
And if you’d like me to replace those Hibrau beer taps with Old Milwaukee, I can make that happen as well.

Maitre D’ fumbles, grabs a stack of menus.

MAITRE D’
Yes, sir. Right away.

INT. BROWN DEER CHOPHOUSE - LATER

The guys sit at the best booth in the house. The table is overflowing with steaks, sides, and a variety of booze.

RILEY
Honestly Hutch, you are the man. That was brilliant.

WARBURTON
I still wish you had let me pummel that dude.

The WAITER comes over.

WAITER
How are we doing over here, Mr. Hutchinson?
HUTCH
Pretty damn good, my friend. Bring us another round of steaks. And throw in a couple of those jumbo lobsters.

WAITER
Right away, Mr. Hutchinson.

The waiter scurries off.

TEDDY
So what kind of stuff do they have you doing over at Hibrau?

HUTCH
I basically try to figure out ways to sell more beer.

WARBURTON
Like a bartender?

HUTCH
Sort of, but on a much bigger scale.

WARBURTON
Sounds complicated.

HUTCH
Not really. At first I had no clue what was going on. But then I realized no one else there has a clue either, so I just go with my gut.

WARBURTON
Just keep doing whatever it is that you do.

Warburton picks up his glass.

WARBURTON
Titties!

The guys pick up their glasses. Toast.

GUYS
Titties!
INT. HUTCH’S OFFICE - DAY

Hutch is getting into this job thing. He reviews a spreadsheet on the computer then makes some adjustments.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Hutch gives a power point presentation. The other execs nod to each other, “makes sense”. Harvey is miserable.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - DAY

Hutch sizes up an ad campaign. He pins an FHM centerfold over an Old-Jones ad. He steps back to admire it.

HUTCH
That’s how to sell beer!

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - DAY

A BREW MASTER hands Hutch a sample. He sips it, then dumps it out and passionately tells the brew master what’s missing.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - DAY

Hutch hangs with his former warehouse co-workers, snacking on pizza and taste-testing the different Hibrau brews. They’re all laughing it up and having a blast.

JAKE
This is awesome, Hutchinson. WOO HOO! WHO’S UP FOR SOME CRUNCHES?

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - DAY

Outside of Hutch’s office, Bracken shows Hutch the new sales report. Numbers are up. He pats Hutch on the back and heads off. Hutch turns to Angela. They enthusiastically high five.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - EVENING

Harvey and Phil, in their Hibrau baseball uniforms, walk toward the diamond.

PHIL
In all honesty, Harv, the kid’s doing a good job.
HARVEY
He doesn’t even know what he’s doing.

PHIL
That could be the secret. Maybe we over think things, you know?

HARVEY
Bullshit. It’s all luck.

PHIL
I don’t know. People really seem to like him.

They approach the DUGOUT. The PLAYERS, a mixture of Hibrau employees, are huddled around Hutch as he tells a story. They don’t notice Harvey behind them.

HUTCH
...So the gardeners I hired accidentally demolished Harv’s rose bushes and he’s crying about it like a little girl.

    (mimicking Harvey)
    The bad men cut my pretty flowers!
    What am I going to do? I need to change my tampon!

The players crack up. Hutch is the man.

HUTCH
I thought he was going to lose his shit right then and there.

Hutch looks up and sees Harvey.

HUTCH
Speak of the she devil. Hey Harv, big ball game today.

    HARVEY
    (beyond pissed)
    Why are you wearing a uniform?

    HUTCH
    Thought you boys could use some help.

    HARVEY
    We’re fine, thank you.

The team captain, Jake from the warehouse, calls out...
JAKE
Yo, Hutch! You cool with playing short stop?

HARVEY
That’s my position-

HUTCH
(to Jake)
They don’t call me Lil’ Jeter for nothing!

Hutch dashes out to the field.

HARVEY
Wait! They don’t call him that!

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - LATER

BRACKEN and other employees are in the stands. The Hibrau team is on the field with Hutch at short stop. The PABST BLUE RIBBON TEAM is up to bat.

HUTCH
HEY BATTER, BATTER. WUCH YOU GOT, BATTER?

Over by the dugout Harvey fumes.

HARVEY
(sotto)
Lil’ shit took my position.

A LINE DRIVE rockets toward Hutch. HE SNATCHES IT from the air for the out.

JAKE
AWESOME PLAY, LIL’ JETER!

Harvey kicks the dirt.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - SCOREBOARD - LATER

It’s the bottom of the 9th. Hibrau is down 4-1.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DUGOUT

Harvey pouts, having still not gotten into the game.
JAKE
Hey, Lil’ Jeter, you’re up. Let’s knock some wood! You’re our last chance.

Hutch grabs a bat and heads for the plate. The bases are loaded.

Harvey watches from the dugout steps. The Pabst pitcher throws a fast ball and Hutch FOULS it off. It WHIZZES toward Harvey’s head. He HITS THE DECK, almost getting nailed.

UMPIRE
FOUL BALL!

Hutch grins over at Harvey.

The Pabst Pitcher sets, then throws another heater.

UMPIRE
STRIKE TWO!

HARVEY.
(sotto)
Now strike him out.

BRACKEN shouts from the stands.

BRACKEN
Don’t disappoint me, Hutch!

Something dawns on Harvey. He gauges Bracken’s expectations. Looks at Hutch ratcheting back the bat. The Pabst Pitcher is about to wind up for the pitch when...

HARVEY
(shouts)
THE KID CAN’T HIT A CURVE!!!

TIME STOPS. Everyone looks at Harvey. Now he’s done it. He shrinks back into the dugout.

Pabst Pitcher looks over at his coach. He shrugs, “Why not?” Hutch glares at Harvey, then steadies himself at the plate.

The PITCHER unleashes a perfect curve ball that winds right down the middle of the plate...CRACK!

HUTCH
Suck on that...

The ball rockets past the outfield. GRAND SLAM! Harvey is stunned.
The HIBRAU SIDE goes crazy. The team explodes from the dugout to welcome Hutch as he rounds the bases.

Bracken comes from the stands, slaps Harvey on the shoulder.

BRACKEN
Nice reverse psychology there, Hutchinson. Had me worried for a minute. Your boy sure can hit the curve ball!

Harvey smiles weakly as Hutch plants his foot on home plate. His teammates swarm over, congratulating him.

Hutch struts over to Harvey.

HUTCH
How would you know if I could or couldn’t hit a curve ball, Harv? You haven’t seen me play since I was eight years old.

Harvey’s got nothing to come back with. Hutch disappears into the dugout with the team.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A disgruntled Harvey and the rest of the marketing department sit around the conference table. Hutch sits next to Bracken.

BRACKEN
Before we get down to business, I want to congratulate the Chuggers on kicking the piss out of those pussies from Pabst. And especially our boy, Lil’ Jeter.

HUTCH
It was nothing, sir.

BRACKEN
Don’t be modest, son. You’re a hero.

HUTCH
Well, I have always said, just cook me up a curve ball and I’ll blast it out of the kitchen.

The room claps. Harvey bites his tongue.
BRACKEN
As you all know, the last quarter was solid. Sales have been creeping back up and efficiency is at an all time high.

Bracken winks at Hutch who shrugs modestly.

BRACKEN
But we need to keep pushing. What do you marketing boys have for me?

Phil stands. He holds up a cardboard display of Old-Jones holding a cat in one hand and a frothy beer mug in the other. It reads, “Two friends are better than one”.

PHIL
These are going in beer aisles across the country.

Harvey presents a mock up of the HIBRAU MOBILE BAR TRUCK, a custom semi that converts into a bar. “Hibrau, your friend at the MILWAUKEE COUNTY FALL FESTIVAL”, is painted on the side.

HARVEY
We’ve got the new mobile set-up ready for this years Fall Festival. We’ll be doing promotional giveaways and event sponsorships.

BRACKEN
Looks good, Hutchinson. Pittman?

PITTMAN
I’ve put together a new radio jingle for that younger demographic we’ve been discussing. It’s gonna knock your sandals off.

Pittman opens the door. In walks a group of HARD-CORE RAPPERS, dressed like N.W.A.

PITTMAN
Hit it, guys.

The FAT RAPPER starts to human beat box. But instead of freestyling, the other Rappers huddle together and harmonize like a white-bread BARBERSHOP QUARTET.

RAPPERS
“When you’re near the end and you need a friend, reach for the blend that will put you on the mend. It’s Hibrau, yes Hibrau.”
FAT RAPPER
“Hibrau Lager. Milwaukee’s loyal friend since 1883.”

It’s so ridiculous it almost makes sense.

BRACKEN
What do you think, Hutch?

HUTCH
You want to know the truth, sir?

BRACKEN
Give it to me, son.

HUTCH
We’re not thinking outside the box. This is the same old stuff, recycled. If we want to get the younger demo we have to compete with the big boys. We’re gonna need to get in the ring with them.

HARVEY
Arthur, we’ve done extensive market research and-

BRACKEN
Tell me more, Hutch.

Harvey sits back, defeated.

HUTCH
Look at Miller or Bud. You go to a Brewers, Bucks or Packers game, they’re plastered everywhere. They sponsor concerts, wet t-shirt contests, TV shows and movies. They’re so planted in my brain that I buy the stuff without even thinking about it and so do all my friends.

HARVEY
Our budgets are nowhere close to what they have.

HUTCH
Then maybe we need to start small. See how it goes. Mix it up a little and try something new.

Bracken likes the sound of all this.
BRACKEN
I’ll give you people two weeks to come up with new marketing ideas. Impress me with something fresh and unique and we’ll implement it.

Hutch gives Harvey the thumbs up. He returns it with a scowl.

BRACKEN
Next order of business.

Bracken waves to someone outside of the glass walled conference room. Sargent Heinrick, the Nazi-like security guard, enters carrying a hard-shelled briefcase.

BRACKEN
Sargent Heinrick is going to give you an update on my Bentley. I will not rest until this scum of the earth is brought to justice.

Heinrick walks around the table, white gloving the backs of the chairs.

SGT. HEINRICK
Thank you, Mr. Bracken. We have some new evidence that I would like to share with you.

He pops open the briefcase and extracts a video tape. He pops the tape into a VCR at the front of the room. A grainy black and white image of the parking lot appears.

Harvey sweats it up.

SGT. HEINRICK
We have security camera footage from the day of the incident. Initially it was deemed useless due to the angle of the lens. But I consulted with a forensic crime lab and through the use of infrared video overlay simulation, we may be able to identify the culprit.

Harvey speaks up.

HARVEY
Maybe it was an accident.

SGT. HEINRICK
There are no accidents.

He pops out the tape and puts it in the briefcase.
SGT. HEINRICK
The process will take several weeks and we expect positive results. I’m taking the tape over there this afternoon.

BRACKEN
Good work, Sargent Heinrick. We’ll catch this son of a bitch. And when we do, I’ll chop off his balls and toss them into the malt brewer!

UNDER THE TABLE - Harvey crosses his legs.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - HALLWAY
Harvey discreetly follows HEINRICK, briefcase in hand. Harvey hangs back as Heinrick enters the security office. MOMENTS LATER - Heinrick exits the security office without the briefcase. Goes down the hall to the bathroom. Harvey walks with determination to the office. He looks around. Goes inside.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY
Monitors fill the walls. Each one displays a different angle of Bracken’s CAR.

HARVEY
Paranoid much?

Harvey spots the METAL BRIEFCASE on the file cabinet.

HARVEY (CONT’D)
There you are.

He GRABS IT and ZAAAAAP! 250,000 VOLTS rip through Harvey. He spins spasmodically and FLIPS out an OPEN WINDOW. The briefcase flies out of his hand, landing back on the file cabinet.

A few moments later, HEINRICK enters. He pulls out his key chain and disables the security shock on the case. BEEP BEEP. He picks it up and exits the office.
INT. HEINRICK’S CAR - DAY

Heinrick gets into his car. Puts the briefcase on the passenger seat and blazes out of the parking lot...

IN THE REARVIEW - Harvey stumbles out of the bushes. He drops to the pavement in defeat.

EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME - EVENING

Harvey’s in the driveway unloading some kind of ANIMAL COSTUME out of his car.

He’s STARTLED by the sound of a custom car horn that BLASTS to the tune of Chamillionaire’s “RIDIN' DIRTY”.

He turns to see HUTCH IN THE BENZ waving for him to move so he can pull into the driveway. Harvey does so reluctantly.

Hutch pulls in and hops out. He hits a button on the alarm remote and the Benz lowers to the ground and the doors automatically close.

HUTCH
Pretty sweet, huh? Warburton tricked it out. Internet, satellite, the whole nine.

HARVEY
I’m glad to see you’re wasting your undeserved salary on important things.

HUTCH
(re: animal costume)
What’cha got there, Harv?

Harvey blocks Hutch’s view of the trunk.

HARVEY
Nothing.

HUTCH
Let me see.

HARVEY
No!

Hutch steals a peak at the GIANT ANIMAL COSTUME HEAD sitting in the back seat.
HUTCH
Looks like someone’s going with the “kooky mascot” for their marketing presentation.

Hutch tries to dance around Harvey to get a better look.

HARVEY
Hutch! Stop it!

Hutch backs off.

HUTCH
Okay, okay, chill. You’re gonna have a heart attack, Harv.

HARVEY
Stop calling me Harv!

HUTCH
I’m out.

Hutch hits the remote. The alarm conformation beeps to the tune of Akon’s “SMACK THAT”.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM

Nicole sits in front of the TV, working on her video project. Harvey passes through.

HARVEY
Don’t ever look up to your brother, Nicole. He’s a bad seed. A bad, bad seed.

NICOLE
Yeah, right. He’s gonna buy me Rock Band for the Wii.

HARVEY
Are materialistic things really that important to you?

NICOLE
Look who’s talking. At least Hutch keeps his word.
(re: video)
Are you ever going to help me with this thing?
HARVEY
Once I finish up this presentation for work. I’m under a lot of pressure right now.

NICOLE
Blah, blah, blah. How ‘bout coming up with a new story?

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME – KITCHEN

Marilyn’s prepping dinner. Harvey enters.

HARVEY
We better watch out, Mare, that girl’s headed down the same path as her brother.

MARILYN
Wouldn’t that be great? Two Vice-Presidents in the same family.

HARVEY
That’s not what I meant.

MARILYN
Lighten up, Harv.

He looks over to the stove.

HARVEY
I’m not gonna make it to dinner tonight. I’m on a big deadline for work and Phil’s coming over. Could be an all nighter.

MARILYN
I’m actually making this for Hutch. He’s having dinner-

HARVEY
Stop. I don’t want to hear it. I know it’ll just upset me.

MARILYN
Harvey...

He heads off.

HARVEY
I’ll be out in the garage. Send Phil back.
INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - A giant blue badger head.

Phil inspects the head. Harvey is dressed in the rest of the costume.

PHIL
I’m telling you, it looks like a giant rat head.

HARVEY
Will you stop. Trust me on this, Phil. Spudz McKenzie, the Budweiser frogs, they sell product.

PHIL
The Hibrau Badgers?

HARVEY
Badgers are from Wisconsin, they’re funny and the demographic we’re going after loves ‘em.

PHIL
Why blue?

HARVEY
Why not?

PHIL
I don’t know. It seems kind of ridiculous.

He grabs the badger head from Phil and puts it on.

HARVEY
Check this out.

Harvey heads over to the refrigerator, but has a hard time navigating all the clutter. He mutters to himself, but can barely be understood through the giant foam head.

HARVEY
(muffled)
I’ve told that kid a thousand times to clean this garage.

PHIL
What’s that, Harv?

HARVEY
Nothing.
He gets to the fridge and pulls out a six-pack of Hibrau. Holds it up.

HARVEY
“Hibrau Lager, for the badger in all of us.”

Phil stares at him for a long moment.

PHIL
I don’t get it.

HARVEY
Forget the copy. The badger is funny, right?

PHIL
You’re not selling me here.

HARVEY
You need to think outside the box. Come on, put yours on and we’ll get a second opinion from Marilyn.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - Hutch sits at the feast-filled dining room table telling a story.

HUTCH
And then my buddy Warburton says, “You really want it, officer? Then come pull it out of my ass.”

REVEAL - BRACKEN sits at the other end of the table. He almost chokes on his drink, then bursts out laughing.

BRACKEN
Son, that could be one of the greatest stories I’ve ever heard!

HUTCH
I got a ton of ’em, sir.

Bracken leans back with a full belly.

BRACKEN
That meatloaf was superb. And those potatoes, out of this world.

HUTCH
That Marilyn, she can cook.
BRACKEN
I’ve got to tell you, Hutch, you’ve brought a new spark to this company.

HUTCH
I do what I do, sir. Another brandy, Mr. Bracken?

BRACKEN
Don’t mind if I do. And it’s high time you call me Arthur.

Hutch fills Bracken’s glass then raises his.

HUTCH
Cheers to you, Arthur.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - KITCHEN - SAME

Harvey and Phil, both dressed in the badger costumes, enter through the screen door.

PHIL
I feel like an idiot in this thing.

HARVEY
Will you stop?

Harvey pushes through the swinging door AND SEES BRACKEN SITTING AT THE DINING ROOM TABLE.

He backs into the kitchen, KNOCKING INTO PHIL. They both CRASH TO THE FLOOR.

PHIL
Hey! What the hell-

Harvey puts his hand over the mouth of Phil’s badger head.

HARVEY
Shhhh! Oh my God. Bracken.

PHIL
What about him?

HARVEY
He’s sitting at my dining room table.

PHIL
You’re kidding me?
HARVEY
Hutch, that little brown nose.
(beat)
Come on. We can’t let Bracken see us like this.

They turn to sneak out the screen door, but Hutch and Bracken are now STANDING OUT BY THE POOL. Bracken offers Hutch a cigar and lights it.

HARVEY
Crap! We’re going to have to go through the front and around.

They push through the kitchen and into...

THE LIVING ROOM

Where RACHAEL RAY POPS UP from the couch. She GROWLS at them.

HARVEY
Quiet, Rachael Ray! It’s me, your master.

She BARKS. Her eyes go bug-eyed, freaking out.

HARVEY
Phil, grab me some scraps from the table.

Harvey reaches his hand back, keeping his eyes on Rachael Ray as Phil hands him the ENTIRE MEATLOAF.

HARVEY
(realizing)
I said scraps, not the whole-

Too late. Rachael Ray rushes Harvey and SNATCHES the meatloaf.

HARVEY
What part of “scraps” didn’t you understand?

PHIL
That dog is psycho.

Rachael Ray guards the meatloaf. She becomes more aggressive, BARKING at Harvey and Phil.

HARVEY
Give me that bottle of Brandy.
PHIL
I’m thinking this is not the right
time for drinks.

HARVEY
Just hand me the bottle, please.

Phil hands it to him. Harvey pours a few drops in his palm
and holds it out to Rachael Ray.

HARVEY
Come here, girl.

Rachael Ray calms down. She comes over to Harvey and laps up
the Brandy from his palm.

HARVEY
That’s it, Rachael Ray. Good dog-

Rachael Ray LUNGES at Harvey’s other hand and grabs the
brandy bottle. She darts up the stairs with it in her mouth.

HARVEY
That takes care of that.

PHIL
Impressive.

Harvey and Phil continue to the front door.

As Harvey reaches for the handle, the door opens and NICOLE
ENTERS. She SCREAMS, having no idea it’s Harvey and Phil.

They struggle to take off their badger heads.

NICOLE
YOU SICK PERVERTS, GET OUT OF MY
HOUSE!

Nicole reaches into her pack back...

HARVEY
(mumbling through costume)
Calm down! It’s me-

...and WHIPS OUT A CAN OF PEPPER SPRAY, SPRAYING THEM THROUGH
THE OPENINGS IN THE BADGER HEADS.

PHIL
AAHHH! MY EYES!

HARVEY
OOWWWW! Stop-
Nicole dodges past them. She PUSHES them out the door and SLAMS it SHUT.

EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME - CONTINUOUS

Harvey and Phil TUMBLE onto the front lawn, ROLLING AROUND, BLINDED. They finally get the badger heads off.

    PHIL
    It burns!

Harvey grabs the garden hose. He DOUSES Phil’s face, then his own. They lay back, exhausted.

    PHIL
    I told you this was a bad idea!

From the other side of the fence they hear...

    BRACKEN (O.S.)
    I’m hoping the boys in marketing are going to knock our socks off next week with the new ideas.

    HUTCH (O.S.)
    I’ve been on top of them, Arthur.

    HARVEY
    Hide!

Harvey and Phil SCRAMBLE INTO THE BUSHES as Bracken and Hutch come through the side gate.

    HUTCH
    Speaking of ideas, Arthur, are you familiar with NASCAR?

    BRACKEN
    The car racing?

    HUTCH
    Fastest growing sport in the world, and the perfect opportunity to nail the younger demographic. I’m thinking it’s where we should be.

    BRACKEN
    Interesting. I like it.

IN THE BUSHES

Harvey and Phil listen.
HARVEY
Are you kidding me?

HUTCH (O.S.)
As fate would have it, they’re racing here this weekend at the Speedway. The Milwaukee 500. I’d like to do a little research.

BRACKEN (O.S.)
You have my blessing. Whatever you need.

HUTCH (O.S.)
Thank you, Arthur.

RACHAEL RAY, with blood shot eyes, STUMBLES out of the house. She has the empty brandy bottle in her mouth.

Rachael Ray sniffs the air, locking onto a scent. She drops the brandy bottle and RUNS TOWARD THE BUSHES.

HARVEY watches as Rachael Ray beelines for the bushes. She stumbles, face-plants, then gets up and darts toward them.

HARVEY
Crap.

Rachael Ray reaches the bushes. She bares her teeth and begins BARKING WITH A SLUR.

HARVEY
Rachael Ray, shoo. Get away.

HUTCH notices Rachael Ray barking drunkenly at the bushes.

HUTCH
What is it, Rachael Ray?

Rachael Ray is going NUTS, FOAMING AT THE MOUTH.

BRACKEN
Might be a rabbit in there.

Rachael Ray DIVES INTO THE BUSHES and...

ATTACKS Harvey and Phil. BITING, CLAWING, SCRATCHING. They put the badger heads back on for protection.

Rachael Ray mounts Harvey’s face. She looks Harvey in his badger eyes...AND PUHES INTO THEM.

HARVEY
UUUUGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!
Rachael Ray leaps onto Phil.

PHIL
HEEEEEEELP!

They SPRING FROM THE BUSHES in a panic, REVEALING THEMSELVES.

BRACKEN
What in God’s name!?

Hutch contains his laughter, knowing it’s Harvey and Phil.

HUTCH
There’s been reported robberies in the neighborhood, sir. Media’s coined them the “Rat Bandits”.

BRACKEN
Not on my watch!

Bracken grabs the rake off the lawn and BEATS ON THE BADGERS as Rachael Ray continues her attack.

BRACKEN
(with each beat of the rake)
NOBODY-STEALS-FROM-MY-EMPLOYEES.

Harvey and Phil FLAIL under Bracken’s beating. As they try to run away...

Bracken throws the rake at them and it gets caught up in Phil’s feet, tripping him. Harvey helps him up and they take off down the street.

BRACKEN
Don’t think you’ll be having a problem with them anymore.

HUTCH
Thank you, sir. You’re a hero to the neighborhood.

Rachael Ray looks up at them...HICCUPS.

HUTCH
That’s a good girl!

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LATER

Hutch is kicked back watching TV. Harvey enters, battered and bruised from the badger ordeal.
HUTCH
Hey Harv, you don’t look so good. What happened to you?

HARVEY
Real funny, isn’t it?

HUTCH
Well you gotta admit it’s kind of funny. But no worries, I didn’t blow your cover and I convinced Mom not to call the cops.

HARVEY
Yeah? Well now my badger presentation’s blown.

HUTCH
Look at it as me saving you from embarrassment.

HARVEY
You think you know it all, don’t you?

Harvey turns off the TV.

HUTCH
I was sort of watching that.

HARVEY
Well you’re not watching it anymore. I want the garage cleaned out, and take out the garbage then straighten up your room!

HUTCH
Harv, let’s take it down a notch.

HARVEY
I’M NOT HARV. I’M YOUR FATHER. AND AROUND HERE I’M STILL THE BOSS! YOU GOT ME?

HUTCH
What’s your problem?

HARVEY
What’s my problem? I’ll tell you what my problem is. You have a job you don’t deserve and you think this is all one big joke.
HUTCH
Wow. And jealousy rears its ugly head.

HARVEY
Jealous? Because you do nothing, make six figures and that nut job Bracken thinks you’re the second coming?

HUTCH
Did you ever think that maybe I’m good at what I’m doing and I’m actually making a difference? Or is it all just a big coincidence that Hibrau is kicking ass?

HARVEY
I’m going to go with coincidence.

HUTCH
This is the guy in the rat suit talking? Real creative stuff, pops.

HARVEY
We’re done with this conversation.

HUTCH
Maybe I’m not done.

HARVEY
My house, my rules. You don’t like it? Too bad. Now get that room cleaned before I ground you for a year.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - MORNING
Harvey exits his bedroom dressed for work. He hears a VACUUM coming from Hutch’s room.

HARVEY
(sotto)
Damn right I’m in charge. This is my house.

He walks by Hutch’s bedroom and sees a MAID, vigorously cleaning with the vacuum. HE BOILS.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING
Marilyn and Nicole make breakfast. Harvey rushes in.
HARVEY
Who the hell is that cleaning
Hutch’s bedroom?

MARILYN
That’s Ester. Hutch hired her.

Harvey drops his head into his hands.

HARVEY
WHERE IS HE?

MARILYN
Hutch moved out, Harvey.

HARVEY
What do you mean he moved out?

MARILYN
He said he wanted to try living on
his own, by his rules.

HARVEY
Oh he did, did he? That’s what he said?

NICOLE
His exact words were, “Dad is
acting like an a-hole. I’m outta
here.”

MARILYN
Nicole!

NICOLE
Well, that’s what he said.

HARVEY
Thinks he can one up me, does he?
WHERE DID HE GO?

INT. HUTCH’S DOWNTOWN LOFT - DAY
Teddy takes in the spacious, upscale loft.

TEDDY
Unbelievable. This place is sick!

Hutch directs a Best Buy delivery guy.
HUTCH
The 65 inch goes in the master and let’s hang the 110 inch bad boy over the fire place.

BEST BUY GUY
No problem.

Another delivery guy enters with a full size SLURPEE MACHINE.

HUTCH
You can hook that sucker up behind the bar.

DELIVERY GUY
Done.

HUTCH
Ever have a beer slurpee, Ted-O?

TEDDY
Pure genius.

An AIR HORN blasts from the street below.

HUTCH
Our ride is here.

Teddy goes to the window, looks out. His eyes light up.

TEDDY
No way.

EXT. HUTCH’S LOFT - DAY

Hutch greets a teamster driver, CARMINE, as he jumps out of the cab of the HIBRAU MOBILE BAR TRUCK. The side of the truck been repainted: “Hibrau, The number one choice of real NASCAR fans.”

HARVEY
Hey, Carmine!

CARMINE
Yo boss, we ready to roll?

HUTCH
Ready to go to the races, Ted-O?

Teddy looks at him with disbelief.
TEDDY
If you tell me we’re going to the Milwaukee 500, I’m gonna crap my pants. If you tell me where going to the Milwaukee 500 in that truck, I’m gonna crap your pants.

HUTCH
Then we’ll stop for diapers on the way. Bracken let me pull it from the Milwaukee Fall Festival.

TEDDY
Sick!


HUTCH
Let’s move her out, Carmine.

CARMINE
You’re the boss, boss.

EXT. MILWAUKEE SPEEDWAY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

FIFTY-THOUSAND RABID RACE FANS fill the grandstands around the speedway.

EXT. MILWAUKEE SPEEDWAY - INFIELD - SAME

Filled with hundreds of RV’s, corporate tents and concessions.

The Hibrau truck, which is now converted into a bar, is set up right behind pit row. Best seats in the house.

Warburton and Riley help Carmine serve free beer to a SMALL CROWD as Hutch and Teddy sit in lounge chairs checking out the teams prepping for the race.

TEDDY
Dude, if I die right here, today, I’m good with it.

HUTCH
Check it out, there’s Tony Stewart. And over there, Dale Earnhardt Jr.

Hutch spots his idol, the squeaky clean NASCAR darling, JEFF GORDON.
HUTCH
Yo, Gordo! Today’s your day!

JEFF GORDON looks over to Hutch and gives him the thumbs up.

TEDDY
Did you see that? Wonder Boy just gave you props.

HUTCH
That’s my main man right there.

Hutch calls over to the beer truck.

HUTCH
Riley! How we doin’?

Riley is surrounded by HOT CHICKS as he serves them beer.

RILEY
This doesn’t suck!

Warburton tosses out Hibrau t-shirts between pours.

HOT CHICK
Like, how do I get one of those shirts?

WARBURTON
You take the one you have on, off.

She does. Then shakes her tits and gives a little giggle.

Warburton gives Riley a wink.

RILEY
Give me some of those shirts!

He hands him a stack.

WARBURTON
Remember, Hutch said we don’t give these to fat chicks. Got it?

Hutch gets up from the lounge chair.

HUTCH
Remember, people! This is all compliments from your friends over at Hibrau! “The number one choice of real NASCAR fans.”

Hutch raises his beer cup.
HUTCH
Hibrau rocks! Hibrau rocks!

The crowd joins in.

CROWD
HIBRAU ROCKS! HIBRAU ROCKS!

EXT. MILWAUKEE MILE SPEEDWAY - INFIELD - LATER

The Hibrau party has swelled to a thousand plus. This is the place to be. Hutch and his boys sit on top of the truck with a group of hot girls all sporting Hibrau tank tops.

They whoop it up for Jeff Gordon, who’s in the lead, heading for the checkered flag.

HUTCH
Bring it, Gordo! Bring it!

TEDDY
He’s got it!

Gordon crosses the finish line. Winner.

WARBURTON
Okay ladies, shirts up for Mr. Gordon!

The girls LIFT THEIR TANK TOPS, saluting Jeff Gordon.

EXT. MILWAUKEE MILE SPEEDWAY - WINNER’S CIRCLE

Jeff Gordon and his team are up on the podium celebrating their victory. Jeff chugs the ceremonial bottle of milk.

REVEAL - Hutch has somehow worked his way into the middle of the celebration. He holds up a Hibrau beer can in victory and grabs Jeff’s arm and raises it.

HUTCH
Jeff Gordon, a true champion!

Everyone goes nuts. Jeff goes with it then leans over to Hutch.

JEFF GORDON
I don’t know who you are, kid, but I like your style.
HUTCH
I’m just an impressionable young lad who looks up to you as role model, Mr. Gordon.

Hutch grins, presents him with a business card.

HUTCH
Hutch Hutchinson, Vice President, Hibrau Brewing Company. Me and the boys would like to invite you to my little house warming party tonight. It’ll be off the hook. Guaranteed.

He hands Jeff the can of Hibrau.

HUTCH
Address is written on the can. Hope you can make it.

Hutch fist bumps Jeff and takes off, leaving him dumbfounded. Jeff looks at the can.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Hey Jeff, over here!

Jeff turns to the Photographer.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Hold up the can!

Jeff does so awkwardly. The camera goes SNAP, SNAP.

Photographer turns to Hutch who tosses him a Hibrau t-shirt.

EXT. HUTCH’S LOFT - NIGHT

The Hibrau truck is parked in front. We FOLLOW the beer tap lines that run out of the truck and up the side of the building and into...

INT. HUTCH’S LOFT - NIGHT

...the BAR in Hutch’s loft where Carmine mixes Hibrau Slurpees. The party from the raceway is now packed into Hutch’s place.

DUDES are partying, GIRLS are going wild and a LIVE BAND rocks the house.
In the middle of the make-shift dance floor Hutch grinds it out with a HOTTIE. Teddy, Warburton and Riley egg on Hutch into some dirty dancing.

TEDDY
Tear it up, dude! Own that ass!

Hutch actually has some moves. He spins, krumps, etc., as the onlookers cheer him on.

The song ends and the place erupts.

RILEY
Hutch, you are the king!

HUTCH
His majesty needs a refill on ye ‘ol Hibrau.

As they head over to the bar...

JEFF GORDON and his PIT CREW enter through the front door.

HUTCH
Gordo! Wow! Glad you could make it.

Jeff Gordon looks around.

JEFF GORDON
Great set up.

HUTCH
Thanks. This is Teddy, Riley and Warburton.

WARBURTON
Frickin’ awesome!

JEFF GORDON
Nice to meet you guys. This is my pit crew.

They exchange hellos.

HUTCH
Welcome, guys. Make yourself at home. How ‘bout some cold refreshing Hibrau?

JEFF GORDON
I’m not much of a drinker. You have any milk?

Hutch leads him to the bar.
HUTCH
C'mon. One beer won’t kill ya.

INT. HUTCH’S LOFT - LATER
Hutch is working the party. He passes a group of girls.

HUTCH
Having a good time, ladies?
Remember, “Girls who drink Hibrau
are prettier than girls who don’t.”

They look at him like he makes sense.

GIRLS
Hell yeah! Awesome!

He strolls over to the BAR where Jeff Gordon is POUNDING
BEERS with his pit crew.

HUTCH
Not much of a drinker, huh, Gordo?

Jeff Gordon has transformed from goody, goody Jekyll to party
monster Hyde.

JEFF GORDON
Wooo! This party is insane! YEAH!

HUTCH
There ya go. That’s the Hibrau
spirit-

Jeff Gordon GRABS a bowl of peanuts off the bar, dumps it in
his mouth like he’s slurping soup.

HUTCH
Looks like someone’s a little
hungry.

JEFF GORDON
Hungry like the wolf, bitch!

Jeff Gordon leans into Hutch. Whispers...

JEFF GORDON
Let’s get it on.

Hutch is a little creeped, not sure what he means.

JEFF GORDON
Chicks, brother. Wonder Boy needs
some tail!
HUTCH
Oh. Not a problem.

Hutch WHISTLES over to a BLONDE on the couch. Gestures for her to come over. She does.

HUTCH
Katie, this is Jeff-

Jeff Gordon GRABS HER. BLASTS his tongue into her mouth.

JEFF GORDON
WONDER BOY LIKEY!

Katie SLAPS him.

KATIE
What the hell, dude?

Jeff Gordon grabs his cheek. Stunned.

JEFF GORDON
Wonder Boy likey, a lot.

Katie storms off.

HUTCH
Uh, Gordo, you’re like red-lining here. Maybe down shift a gear or two?

Jeff Gordon’s focus is across the room where Teddy, Riley and Warburton play NASCAR ‘09 on the 110 inch plasma.

JEFF GORDON
You race?

HUTCH
Do I race? I’m like unbeatable.

JEFF GORDON
Then maybe you should stop acting like a little pussy and get ready to take an ass beating.

HUTCH
You don’t want to go there, Gordo.

Jeff Gordon drains his beer then stares down Hutch.

JEFF GORDON
My picture’s on the God damn game box.
HUTCH
Let’s do this.

INT. HUTCH’S LOFT – MOMENTS LATER

The entire party gathers around Hutch and Jeff Gordon as they get ready to duel it out in NASCAR ‘09.

Hutch does warm-up taps on his controller. Jeff Gordon gets stretched out by his pit crew.

Riley holds up a Hibrau t-shirt as a starting flag.

RILEY
Racer’s on your mark...Set...Go!

Hutch and Jeff Gordon hit their controllers, taking off in their virtual cars to the CHEERS of the crowd.

The go neck and neck through the first lap.

JEFF GORDON
Looks like someone's played this before.

HUTCH
I can race this mother in my sleep.

As they come around the turn Jeff Gordon pulls into the lead.

JEFF GORDON
Oh, yeah? Don’t forget who consulted on this thing.

Hutch quick taps his controller and tries to go inside. Jeff Gordon blocks him.

JEFF GORDON
Rookie move, bitch.

Hutch executes a series of COMPLICATED TAPS and his CAR ROARS to the outside, edging past Jeff Gordon.

JEFF GORDON
What the hell? I’ve never seen that move!

HUTCH
Special unlocking code from Japan. Very hard to obtain. And even harder to execute.

Jeff Gordon's CREW CHIEF steps up.
CREW CHIEF
Tires are low, J.G., pull her in!

Jeff Gordon’s steers the car into the pit. He hands the controller to the Crew Chief.

His Pit Crew crowds around the controller, inputting repairs.

Hutch calls out to Warburton...

HUTCH
HOW’S MY FUEL?

WARBURTON
We’ve got an eighth of a tank. Hold her for another lap!

Jeff Gordon slams down a beer.

JEFF GORDON
(to his crew)
LET’S GO! LET’S GO!

Teddy watches Gordon’s pit crew. Notices something.

TEDDY
Hey! They’re using illegal cheats to increase horsepower!

CREW CHIEF
No we’re not!

Crew Chief PUSHES Teddy. He falls into Warburton.

WARBURTON
NOT COOL, CHIEF!

Warburton PUSHES Crew Chief back, harder. He FALLS into Jeff Gordon who spills his beer all over himself.

Hutch stands up, still focused on the racing.

HUTCH
Everybody chill out! Okay?

Jeff Gordon is drenched with beer...and really pissed. He winds up and throws a PUNCH at Warburton...but MISSES and CONNECTS with Riley’s face.

RILEY
SHIT! JEFF GORDON JUST BROKE MY FRIGGIN’ NOSE!
Hutch drops his controller and TACKLES Jeff Gordon. IT TURNS INTO AN ALL OUT BRAWL.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

It’s the big day for the new ideas. Bracken and Hutch, with a cut above his eye from the Jeff Gordon fight, listen as Pittman and his team, dressed in WEASEL costumes, finish up their marketing presentation.

PITTMAN
...Weayaya The Weasel will be the new face of Hibrau. He’s fun, mischievous and most importantly, loves Hibrau beer.

BRACKEN
Weayaya?

PITTMAN

Everyone is confused.

HUTCH
I actually kind of like it. Has some great subliminal messages.

BRACKEN
If you like it, Hutch, I like it. Well done, Pittman.

ACROSS THE ROOM Harvey and Phil wait their turn.

PHIL
Maybe we should have stuck with the Badger thing.

HARVEY
Little S.O.B did that on purpose.
(confident)
Don’t worry, we’re going to blow everyone out of the water.

BRACKEN
Okay, who’s next?

Harvey and Phil gather up their stack of presentation boards.
HARVEY
Today we’re going to present to you the next generation in Hibrau marketing. Although our budget is limited, Phil and I have been able to secure a sponsorship deal that will put the Hibrau name in front of millions of potential new customers in an arena that up ‘till now has only been accessible to the big boys at Miller and Budweiser.

Harvey holds up a poster board showing a pack of NASCAR cars racing around track. He gives Hutch an “I gotcha now” smirk.

HARVEY
These “supercharged billboards” race each week at tracks around the country and are amongst the highest rated events in sports television.

Phil hands him another poster board.

HARVEY
Through savvy negotiations, we have secured a deal with NASCAR superstar, Mark Martin!

Harvey turns over the poster board that shows the Mark Martin racing car.

EXECUTIVE
Uh, his car has a big tiger on it and says “Frosted Flakes”.

HARVEY
Phil, next board please.

Phil displays a board with a close up of the front quarter panel of the Kellogg’s car filled with a bunch of TINY DECALS including a Hibrau.

HARVEY
(pointing to the picture)
See, here we are, to the left of the Beef Jerky sticker, above the Ritz Crackers and between the Winston Lights and Purina Cat Chow.

Harvey looks proudly toward Bracken.

HARVEY
This is where we want to be, sir.
BRACKEN
Hutch, we discussed this. You still feel strongly about it?

HARVEY
(whispers to Phil)
Let’s see the little S.O.B. get out of this one.

HUTCH
I do, sir. 100%.

BRACKEN
Good work, gentlemen-

HUTCH
And I don’t want to step on any toes but as coincidence would have it, I had the opportunity to put together a little NASCAR deal as well.

Hutch walks over to the door and opens it.

In walks a black-eyed JEFF GORDON, DRESSED IN A LEATHER HIBRAU RACING SUIT. He’s accompanied by a bruised up Teddy, Riley and Warburton sporting “Hibrau Racing Team” swag.

JEFF GORDON
“Hibrau, the number one choice of real NASCAR fans.”

The jaws in the room are all on the floor. Harvey’s nut sack is there as well.

HUTCH
Through creative deal making and, more importantly, some kind of freakish brotherly bond born out of barbaric male-bonding, my man Gordo here has agreed to become part of the Hibrau family.

Hutch presents a mini scale model of the new HIBRAU RACING CAR. The room APPLAUDS. Harvey is a mess.

JEFF GORDON
It’s an honor to be part of this exciting opportunity. Racing cars and working with guys like Hutch is what life is all about.

Hutch gives him a hug.
HUTCH
Thanks, Gordo. Sorry again about the shiner.

JEFF GORDON
It’s all good, brother.

BRACKEN
Bravo!

Hutch acknowledges Teddy, Riley and Warburton.

HUTCH
My guys here know the world of NASCAR better than anyone I know. With your approval, Arthur, I’d like them to head up the team.

BRACKEN
Brilliant!

HUTCH
And we can incorporate Weayaya The Weasel into the marketing.

BRACKEN
I love it! All of it!

The room gives a standing ovation as the guys pass out the mini-model Hibrau racing cars. Harvey is melting down.

INT. HARVEY’S OFFICE - DAY
Harvey has a crazed look in his eye as he stares at the mini-model Hibrau car on his desk.

HARVEY
(talking to the car)
You think you’re so great, don’t you?

He gently pushes the car around the desk like a ten year-old.

HARVEY
All shiny and fast...and full of great ideas...VROOM, VROOM.
(being the voice of the car)
Look at me, I’m perfect!

Harvey moves the car around a paperweight then over a stack of post-it notes.
HARVEY
I can do anything I want.

He guides the car toward his stapler.

HARVEY
Oh, look. There’s a giant stapler in the middle of the track...No problem, I’ll just go over it....Here I go over the stapler because I’m the greatest...

With his other hand he picks up the stapler AND SMASHES THE MODEL CAR INTO A 100 PIECES.

HARVEY
LOOK AT YOU NOW! NOT SO PERFECT, ARE WE?

There’s a KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Harvey snaps back to reality.

HARVEY
Just a sec.

He quickly cleans up the destroyed car. Gathers himself.

HARVEY
Okay, come in.

The door opens and in marches Sargent Heinrick from security.

SGT. HEINRICK
Guten tag, Mr. Hutchinson.

Heinrick looks down at his note pad.

SGT. HEINRICK
Hutchinson. You related to Hutch Hutchinson, the genius man-child?

HARVEY
(annoyed)
Yes. Kind of busy here.

SGT. HEINRICK
As you know, we are in the thick of our ongoing investigation to expose this worthless excuse for a human being that exterminated Mr. Bracken’s Bentley.

HARVEY
As I said, I’m busy. What do you want from me?
Heinrick scans his notes.

SGT. HEINRICK
I have an eye witness claiming they saw you exit the building quote, "In a frenzy", the day of the incident.

HARVEY
I’ve worked at Hibrau for twenty-five years. Everyday feels like a frenzy. Now, if you’ll excuse me, Sargent, I’ve got work to do.

Heinrick gives him a long stare then turns for the door.

He sees something on the floor and bends down to grab it. It’s a WHEEL from the Hibrau model car. He turns to Harvey.

SGT. HEINRICK
I’ve got my eye on you, Hutchinson.

He pockets the wheel and is out the door. Harvey slams his head down on the desk.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - DAY

Winter has come. The snow falls on a huge Christmas tree in front of the main building.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - EXECUTIVE FLOOR - MORNING

Holiday decorations are everywhere. Angela’s at her desk working Hutch’s calls.

ANGELA
Happy holidays, Hutch Hutchinson’s office...Please hold...Hutch Hutchinson’s office...

INT. HUTCH’S OFFICE - DAY

Hutch, stressed out, stands behind his desk juggling calls, reviewing reports, etc.

Teddy and Riley are kicked back on the couch. Warburton is putting golf balls.
HUTCH
(into phone)
That’s not gonna fly. The holidays are around the corner. Get on it!

He disconnects then yells out to Angela.

HUTCH
Angela, I need the year-end employee review schedule!

ANGELA (O.S.)
Coming!

Hutch rubs his temples.

TEDDY
Dude, you need to chill.

HUTCH
Chill? I need to chill? I don’t have time to chill, or sleep or anything. Holiday sales are flat, this crappy weather has distribution way behind and I’ve got employee year-end reviews coming out of my ass.

TEDDY
Like I said, you need to chill.

Angela comes in with the folder.

ANGELA
Here you go.

The guys check out her ass as she leaves.

HUTCH
You guys are pigs.

WARBURTON
And?

HUTCH
And are we on track with the NASCAR stuff?

RILEY
Yup.

HUTCH
Yup? What the hell is yup?
TEDDY
It means yes. Seriously Hutch, you’re going to have a heart attack.

He plops on the couch between ‘em.

HUTCH
I know. I’m really stressed. The only thing that used to stress me out was running out of weed.

Warburton puts his arm around him.

WARBURTON
It’s all good, guy. Take a breath.

He does.

HUTCH
You guys coming to the company Christmas party next week?

RILEY
Yup.

WARBURTON
Yup.

TEDDY
Yup.

HUTCH
Smart ass punks. Get out of my office.

They file out.

TEDDY
Remember who loves you, Hutch.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - HUTCH’S OFFICE - DAY

Hutch is all business as he gives Harvey his year-end review. Harvey looks worn, beaten down, the life sucked out of him.

HUTCH
Not a terribly productive fourth quarter. What’s going on, Harv?

Harvey just stares off.
HUTCH
Hello? Anybody home?

HARVEY
Huh? Did you say something?

HUTCH
I’ve put you on the Winter Brew campaign and you’ve given me very little. Your lack of effort is hurting sales.

HARVEY
(lifeless)
I’ll get on it.

HUTCH
What happened to your enthusiasm? Your love for this company?

HARVEY
Whatever. I’ll work on it.

HUTCH
Harvey, you need to pull it together.

HARVEY
I heard you. Can you please stop harassing me about everything.

HUTCH
Bracken is riding my ass like nobody’s business. Now get your act together or there’s going to be consequences.

HARVEY
Consequences?

HUTCH
For starters, I’m holding your year-end bonus until things improve.

Harvey stares at Hutch, “Are you joking?”

HUTCH
Now get out there and get to work. There’s still a few hours before the Christmas party. Make the most of them.
INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - DAY

The company Christmas party in full swing. Employees eat, drink and be merry.

Harvey and Phil stand by the punch bowl that sits at the end of a long buffet table. Harvey is fuming.

HARVEY
Can you believe it? My own flesh and blood gives me a bad year-end review!

PHIL
Well, my review went great.

Harvey shoots him a look then chugs his punch.

PHIL
At least we got a nice bonus.

HARVEY
You got a bonus?

PHIL
(back peddling)
I can’t remember.

Harvey chugs another glass of punch. He spots Hutch and Teddy across the room laughing it up with a couple of secretaries.

HARVEY
That little bastard.

ACROSS THE ROOM

HUTCH
(to a secretary)
Ask Teddy here. I’ve always had this freaky business sense.

TEDDY
Dude, the only business sense you had was getting out of the way when you puked all over yourself.

Hutch elbows him.

TEDDY
Ow!

HUTCH
He’s just kidding around. Right, Teddy?
TEDDY
No.

Hutch SMASHES his heel down on Teddy’s toe.

TEDDY
Yes!

HUTCH
Will you ladies excuse us?

Hutch pulls Teddy aside.

HUTCH
What are you doing?

TEDDY
Um, getting wasted at a Christmas party and trying to bag that red headed chick.

HUTCH
You can’t say that kind of stuff around the employees. I need to maintain an authoritative persona.

TEDDY
Did you just say, “authoritative persona”, or was that some other asshole?

HUTCH
I told you, I’m under a lot of pressure.
   (beat)
I’m sorry, okay?

TEDDY
Just lighten up and have fun. Can you still do that?

AT THE FRONT OF THE ROOM

The band stops playing and Bracken takes the mike.

BRACKEN
Welcome everybody to the annual Hibrau holiday party!

Everyone claps.
BRACKEN
Every year we have a talent competition, and this year is no exception. So whoever has on their dancing shoes and wants to win some fantastic prizes, waltz yourself out to the dance floor!

Teddy grabs Hutch. Raises his arm.

TEDDY
Hutch is in!

The crowd cheers.

HUTCH
What the hell are you doing?

TEDDY
Dude, you said you could still have fun. So here you go.

HUTCH
No, I’m not doing it.

CROWD
HUTCH! HUTCH! HUTCH!

Hutch reluctantly gives in.

HUTCH
Okay, okay. I’m in.

HARVEY, who continues to pound the punch, lights up.

HARVEY
Phil, hold my jacket.

PHIL
What are you doing?

HARVEY
He stole my promotion, took my position at short stop and held my bonus, but he ain’t takin’ this one. Opportunity knocks, Phil. Hutch is finally going down!

Harvey chugs the rest of his drink and stumbles to the dance floor. He gets right up in Hutch’s face.

HARVEY
YOU’RE GOING DOWN, MR. I CAN HIT A CURVE BALL. BOOO YAAAAA!
That was weird.

Hutch grabs Harvey. Pulls him in so no one can hear.

**HUTCH**
Did you hear the man? He said dance contest. You’re going to embarrass yourself. Take a seat-

**HARVEY**
OH, LOOK, EVERYONE. MR. BIG TIME VICE PRESIDENT IS SCARED HE’S GOING TO LOSE!

**HUTCH**
Stop it, will you?

Harvey clucks around like a chicken. Hutch has had enough.

**HUTCH**
Fine. Let’s do this.

The MUSIC starts. They walk in a circle sizing each other up.

Harvey eases in to an 80’s dance grove then transitions into Michael Jackson’s THRILLER. Hutch is completely surprised at Harvey’s dancing ability.

**HARVEY**
That’s right. Your old man here has got some moves!

Harvey stops on a dime and SPANKS HIS ASS AT HUTCH. The crowd loves it.

Hutch signals the band to up the beat. He moves out to the middle of the floor and busts out a sick B-boy routine.

Harvey and Hutch battle back and forth: BREAKIN’, SALSA, RIVER DANCE, MACARENA, HAVA NAGILA. The crowd cheers them on.

Harvey motions for the crowd to back up to give him room. He winks over to the band and they start playing, “YOU SHOULD BE DANCING”, by the Bee Gee’s.

Harvey pulls off a perfect, move-by-move dance sequence of the famous Travolta solo dance scene from “SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER”. It’s amazing.

**BRACKEN**
Ladies and Gentleman, we have a winner!

The crowd goes nuts. Hutch goes to shake Harvey’s hand.
HUTCH
Good win. Really impressed-

Harvey pulls his hand away. Flails around like a mad man. Trash talking.

HARVEY
I TOOK YOU DOWN, LOSER. I AM THE MAN. WOO HOO.

HUTCH
Easy, Harv.

HARVEY
EASY LIKE SUNDAY MORNING. THAT’S HOW I BEAT YOU, MR. VICE PRESIDENT!

Harvey continues to bounce around and trash talk...

HARVEY
I AM THE MAN-

BUT HE LOSES CONTROL AND BUSTS A MOVE INTO THE BUFFET TABLE, taking out the table legs. Like a row of dominos, one-by-one the trays full of food CRASH to the floor, ending with a smashing punch bowl finale, drenching Harvey.

The room is silent. Bracken walks over to Harvey and hands him his prize.

BRACKEN
Congratulations on the win.

Harvey looks at the prize. It’s a HIBRAU RACING TEAM t-shirt. A few CLAPS from the crowd then everyone goes back to drinking and mingling.

Harvey crawls off through the buffet slop, already forgotten.

EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - EVENING

Harvey braces himself from the frigid cold and shuffles toward the snow filled parking lot, a broken man.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - EXECUTIVE FLOOR - MORNING

It’s early in the morning and Angela is the first one in. She makes her way to her desk.

She flips the page on her calender to the NEW YEAR then heads into Hutch’s office.
INT. HUTCH’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Angela enters and flips the lights on. HUTCH IS FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR. She rushes over to him.

ANGELA
Hutch! Are you okay?

He wakes up.

HUTCH
Huh? Yeah. Hey, Angela. I must have fallen asleep. I haven’t been home in two days.

ANGELA
What are you doing here?

HUTCH
Sales were way off over Christmas and Bracken blew his load. I’ve been working all week. How was Chicago?

ANGELA
It was fine. Got to see the family and eat like a pig.

HUTCH
Cool.

ANGELA
How was your Christmas?

HUTCH
I spent it at Taco Bell.

ANGELA
What?

HUTCH
I got in another fight with my dad.

ANGELA
You need to work things out with him, Hutch.

HUTCH
I can’t deal with it right now. I have too much work to do.
INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. – CONFERENCE ROOM

Bracken rants around the room like a rabid dog. Hutch keys in on Harvey who looks like a shell of his former self.

BRACKEN
It was our worst holiday season in years. I don’t want to hear excuses! If you’re not performing, you’re gone. That goes for all of you!

Harvey just stares off into space. Hutch knows it’s only a matter of time until Harvey gets the axe.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. – CONFERENCE ROOM – LATER

The meeting has broken up. Harvey passes Hutch as he exits the room.

HUTCH
Hey.

But Harvey’s in another world. He walks past without a word.

HUTCH
Good to see you, too.

INT. RACING GARAGE – DAY

Hutch inspects the paint job on the new Hibrau racing car with Teddy, Warburton and Riley. He’s really stressed.

HUTCH
The hood logo is not big enough. I told you guys, quarter panel to quarter panel.

TEDDY
It’s just a mock up. We’ll adjust it.

HUTCH
And the green color is not right. It looks like frickin’ Lucky Charms. What the hell, guys?

RILEY
We can change it. Season doesn’t start for a few more weeks. We have plenty of time.
HUTCH
That your lame excuse?

WARBURTON
Calm down, man.

HUTCH
Don’t “man” me! This is not acceptable! It’s going to be my ass if this isn’t right.

TEDDY
You better remember who you’re talking to, Hutch. We’re not your little patsies at the office.

HUTCH
What you guys are is complete screw ups! I hand you the dream job of a lifetime and you can’t even get the simple stuff straight.

He stares at Teddy waiting for a response.

TEDDY
Hutch, go screw yourself, you douche bag.

Teddy turns and walks out. Warburton follows.

HUTCH
That’s real mature.

He turns to Riley.

HUTCH
Those numb nuts don’t realize what a good thing they have.

RILEY
Neither do you, Hutch.

Riley heads out the door.

HUTCH
Screw you guys! You’re dead weight anyway!

Hutch gathers himself. He takes a deep breath trying to calm down. He looks over at the car.

HUTCH
It’s the wrong shade of green.
He SCREAMS then punches the air.

INT. HUTCH’S LOFT - NIGHT

Hutch is on the couch reviewing sales reports. There’s a KNOCK at the door.

HUTCH
WHAT?

Annoyed, he goes to open the door.

HUTCH
(surprised)
Mom?

Marilyn balances a stack of Tupperware.

MARILYN
I hope you’re hungry. I brought leftovers.

HUTCH
You didn’t have to do that.

She looks around at the fast food wrappers, pizza boxes and empty Red Bull cans scattered around the loft.

MARILYN
Yes, I did. Now invite me in before I drop the Tupperware.

Hutch grabs the stack and leads her over to the couch. She notices the paperwork.

MARILYN
Looks like they have you working pretty hard.

HUTCH
You wouldn’t believe it.
(beat)
But I got it handled.

MARILYN
You sound like your dad.

HUTCH
Funny one.

MARILYN
I’m not joking, Hutch.
Hutch takes a moment. Then...

HUTCH
How’s he doing?

MARILYN
I think he misses you.

HUTCH
Yeah, misses telling me what to do.

MARILYN
He really does, Hutch. And deep down inside, he’s incredibly proud of you.

HUTCH
He’s got a funny way of showing it.

MARILYN
He’s going through a weird time right now.
(beat)
I’m not telling you what to do, but despite his faults, your dad has always been there for you. Make an effort, okay?

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - MARKETING DEPT. - DAY

Hutch gathers himself then KNOCKS on Harvey’s office door.

PHIL (O.S.)
He’s not here, Hutch.

Hutch turns to see Phil behind him.

HUTCH
Hey, Phil. Is my dad at lunch?

PHIL
He didn’t come in. Took a sick day.

HUTCH
A sick day? I don’t think he’s ever taken a sick day. Is he sick?

Phil leans in.

PHIL
Between you and me, I think he’s just sick of coming in.
INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Marilyn serves Harvey some lunch.

Marilyn
Okay, Harv. I’ve got to go show a house. You going to be okay?

Harvey
I’m fine.
(beat)
Are things going well?

Marilyn
Is what going well?

Harvey
Your career. Is your career going well?

She looks at him curiously.

Marilyn
It’s going great. Thanks for asking.

Harvey
Where’s the showing?

Marilyn
Over on Maple. Three bedroom craftsman.

Harvey
Knock ‘em dead.

Marilyn
Thanks, Harvey.

She gives him a kiss and heads out.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - DAY

Harvey enters the living room where Nicole is working on her video project.

Nicole
Hey dad, how come there’s hardly any video from the last few years?

(MORE)
There's tons of footage from when you and Mom first got married and when we were little kids, but it's pretty thin after that. Why did you stop filming stuff?

This hits Harvey hard. He doesn’t know what to say.

NICOLE
It’s cool, Dad. I’ll make it work.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - NIGHT

Harvey comes upstairs to call it a night. He stops in front of Hutch’s old bedroom, then goes in.

INT. HUTCH’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachael Ray lays on the bed, totally depressed.

Harvey looks around the sterilized room. The energy of Hutch has been cleaned away. Harvey has a moment. Then...

Begins MESSING UP THE room. Unmaking the bed, tossing PlayStation games and magazines. He opens the drawers and unloads socks and underwear onto the floor.

He looks around, grins.

HARVEY
That’s better.

Rachael Ray BARKS in agreement.

Harvey turns to walk out. Marilyn stands in the doorway.

MARILYN
Quit being a stubborn ass and go talk to him.

INT. HUTCH’S LOFT - NIGHT

A KNOCK on the door. Hutch opens it, revealing Harvey.

HARVEY
(uncomfortable)
Hey, Hutch.
HUTCH
(more uncomfortable)
I thought you were the pizza guy.
Come on in.

Harvey enters the loft.

HARVEY
Wow. Nice place.

HUTCH
It’s fine. I’m not really here that much.

HARVEY
Long hours at work, huh?

HUTCH
Like 24-7.

They head over to the couch. Harvey notices a pile of crumpled up paper on the coffee table.

HARVEY
What are you working on?

HUTCH
Bracken’s riding my ass for new product ideas. He doesn’t let up.

HARVEY
Got anything?

HUTCH
Not yet. Unless neon colored beer sounds like a good idea?

HARVEY
I’ve heard better.
(beat)
Do you have a minute to talk?

HUTCH
Sure.

They sit. Hutch tears a Red Bull out of a case on the floor.

HUTCH
Drink?

Harvey waves it off. Hutch opens one for himself.
HUTCH
You sure? Drink this stuff and you can stay up for a week.

HARVEY
You have any beer?

HUTCH
(sarcastic)
Do I have any beer?

Hutch goes to the fridge and grabs a six pack of Hibrau. He heads back to the couch and hands a beer to Harvey.

HARVEY
Join me?

Hutch is suspicious.

HUTCH
This feels like some kind of set-up. Thought I couldn't drink in front of you?

HARVEY
That's when you were just a dumb ass kid. Open one for yourself, will ya?

Hutch opens one. Harvey holds up his can.

HARVEY
A toast. To my son...and boss, Hutch Hutchinson, who's not only smart and a hard worker, but has proven that there's not just one path to success. I'm really proud of you and I'm sorry it's taken me so long to tell you.

(beat)
More importantly, I want you to know that having you in my life and spending time with the family is more important than any promotion.

Hutch is touched. Holds up his can.

HUTCH
I'll drink to that.

(beat)
And to Harvey Hutchinson. One hell of an S.O.B. who taught me everything I know.

(MORE)
And even though he’s made my life hell for the past twenty years, I wouldn't trade him for a million stock options.  
(beat)  
And I’m sorry if I give you too much of your own medicine.

HARVEY  
Fair enough. I’ll drink to that.

They clink cans. Hutch chugs his beer then crushes the can against his head.

Harvey looks at Hutch like he’s nuts. Then Harvey chugs his beer and crushes the can like Hutch. They both crack up.

INT. HUTCH’S LOFT – LATER

Empty beer cans litter the coffee table. Hutch and Harvey are pretty buzzed. They laugh it up and tell stories, bonding.

HARVEY  
Yeah. Well when I was a senior in High School I got caught with a girl in the locker room.

HUTCH  
Big deal.

HARVEY  
She was my Spanish teacher.

HUTCH  
Nice!

HARVEY  
Don’t tell your mother.

HUTCH  
Well, once Teddy and I broke into a house and stole their new Sony plasma. We pawned it to get tickets for a Bucks game.

HARVEY  
HUTCH, ARE YOU INSANE!

HUTCH  
What? You said I could tell you anything.
HARVEY
THAT TV WAS FROM OUR LIVING ROOM!

HUTCH
Oops. We were pretty messed up that night. Sorry.

Harvey lets it go. They share a laugh.

HARVEY
Okay. If I tell you this next thing you have to swear you will never tell anybody.

HUTCH
(crosses himself)
On the hot Asian weather chick from CNN.

HARVEY
I was the one who busted up Bracken’s Bentley.

HUTCH
SHUT UP! YOU DID NOT.

HARVEY
Oh yes, I did. The day you got the promotion. It was sort of an accident.

Hutch toasts him.

HUTCH
You, my pops, are the king of kings!

Harvey grabs for his beer but MISTAKENLY PICKS UP A RED BULL AND TAKES A BIG SWIG. He perks up.

HARVEY
Whoa! What’s in this stuff?

HUTCH
I don’t know. All sorts of crap.
(reading the can)
"Red Bull vitalizes the body and mind."

Harvey chugs some more as a light bulb flickers in his head.

HARVEY
You know what would be an interesting idea?
HUTCH
Taking this father son bonding thing to the next level and calling over some hookers?

HARVEY
No. Check this out.

Harvey holds up a can of Hibrau and a can of Red Bull

HARVEY
(with a grin)
Hibrau energy beer.

HUTCH
Genius!

HARVEY
Bet that stuff would sell, huh?

HUTCH
Like naked pictures of Vanessa Hudgens.

Hutch grabs a note pad off the coffee table. They start to riff on the idea.

MONTAGE - HARVEY AND HUTCH WORK ON THE ENERGY BEER IDEA
-- Late night in Harvey’s office, they work on the concept. Harvey’s got his motivation back.
-- Harvey and Hutch taste energy beer samples with the Brew Master.
-- Harvey shows Hutch a mock up of the energy beer can. He loves it.
-- Hutch has reconciled with his boys. Consults with them on the energy beer concept.
-- Hutch and Harvey play PlayStation in Hutch’s loft, finalizing ideas and laughing it up. Father and son are at peace.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - DAY

Harvey and Hutch practice the energy beer presentation to Marilyn and Nicole.
And that, ladies and gentleman, is the all new Hibrau Energy Beer.

Hutch holds up the mock up can.

“Hibrau Energy Beer -- Have a blast!”.

Marilyn and Nicole love it. They APPLAUD.

Thank you, thank you!

Harvey grabs something from under the table. It’s a BRAND NEW VIDEO CAMERA. He hands it to Nicole.

How about we go through it again and you can film it. Maybe use the footage for your project.

Awesome. Thanks, Dad.

She fires up the camera and they go again.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - DAY

Harvey and Hutch stand outside the conference room.

You ready to do this?

It’s on.

Like Donkey Kong.

What?

Just go with it.

They bump fists.
Hutch and Harvey give their presentation to Bracken and the Execs.

HUTCH
It’s a revolutionary new product that could double Hibrau’s market share within six months. This man next to me, Harvey Hutchinson, is the brain child behind this incredible idea. Harvey.

HARVEY
Thank you, Hutch. What I’m about to present here combines-

THE DOOR OPENS and IN WALKS SARGENT HEINRICK. He carries a file folder.

BRACKEN
Sargent Heinrick, we’re in the middle of a meeting.

SGT. HEINRICK
I’ve solved it, sir. We found the scum that exterminated your Bentley, sir.

He opens the file folder and tosses out GRAINY PHOTOS OF HARVEY AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.

HARVEY
(sotto)
Crap.

Bracken looks at the photos then to Harvey.

BRACKEN
An inside job. I’m disappointed in you, Hutchinson.

HARVEY
Mr. Bracken, it was an accident.

BRACKEN
Sargent Heinrick, arrest this man!

HARVEY
But-

Sargent Heinrick pulls out the cuffs.
HARVEY
Sir, please let me explain?

BRACKEN
Make it quick.

HARVEY
I’ve worked at Hibrau for twenty-five years and I’ve put my heart and soul into this place. Sometimes at the cost of my own family. The day I accidentally wrecked your car was a very emotional time for me. I know I should have come forward earlier, but I didn't, and that was a mistake. I truly apologize, sir.

Bracken contemplates...

BRACKEN
Arrest him, Sargent Heinrick, and he’s fired. Get this man out of my face.

Heinrick approaches Harvey.

HARVEY
I’ll leave on my own, thank you.
(to Bracken)
And for the record, I quit!

Harvey walks to the door with his head held high.

BRACKEN
Hutch, can we get on with it? What’s this great idea?

Hutch looks over to Harvey, then back to Bracken.

HUTCH
Well Mr. Bracken, the great idea is that...you can go fuck yourself.

Harvey can’t believe what Hutch just did. But he loves it.

BRACKEN
How dare you! You’ll never work in this business as long as I live!

HUTCH
Let’s hope that won’t be too long.

Hutch walks over to Harvey who stands at the door.
HUTCH
How ‘bout we get the hell out of this dump, “Dad”?

HARVEY
That sounds like a great idea, “Son”.

As they head out the door they both turn around and FLIP OFF BRACKEN.

FADE OUT.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The whole family is gathered around the television, eating pizza and watching Nicole’s completed video project.

(INsert VIDEO) - HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We see Hutch and Harvey practicing the presentation the day Harvey gave Nicole the camera.

NICOLE (V.O.)
...then my dad and my brother come up with this amazing idea for the company they work at.

(VIDEO) - EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME - DAY

Hutch and Harvey are in the DRIVEWAY the day of the Hibrau presentation. Marilyn wishes them good luck.

Harvey’s about to get into the passenger seat of Hutch’s Benz. Hutch whistles to him, then tosses Harvey the keys.

(VIDEO) - INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - DAY

Hutch and Harvey arrive home after getting fired.

Marilyn
How’d it go?

Harvey
Not quite as planned. We got fired.

Marilyn
What? Oh, no-
HUTCH
It was awesome! And we took the bus home.

Harvey grabs Marilyn. Plants her with a passionate kiss.

HARVEY
Let’s celebrate. Dinner wherever you guys want!

Marilyn looks over at Nicole who’s filming and shrugs.

NICOLE (O.S.)
I think they’ve gone insane.

Marilyn
I kind of like it.

She grabs Harvey and kisses him back.

(VIDEO) - INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - GARAGE - DAY
Hutch and Harvey are working intently.

NICOLE (V.O.)
Both Dad and Hutch are out of work but they’re like really stoked and acting weird, working on some secret project.

(VIDEO) - INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT
Harvey and Hutch take a break from working and play hockey with golf clubs. Harvey scores a goal on Hutch and lifts his club in the air.

NICOLE (V.O.)
But they were having fun and acting like idiots as well.

(VIDEO) - INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - GARAGE - DAY
The garage has been transformed into a real work space. Hutch and Harvey address their STAFF which includes Teddy, Warburton, Riley, Angela and Phil.

HARVEY
Thanks to all of your hard work, Hutch and I are proud to present...

Hutch reaches into a box and pulls out a can of...
Hutchinson Energy Beer!

Everyone applauds. Hutch breaks open the box and passes out the cans. He hands one to Harvey.

Nicole ZOOMS IN ON THE CANS as Hutch and Harvey toast. She ZOOMS OUT to revel that we are now in...

(VIDEO) – INT. HUTCHINSON BREWERY – DAY

Hutch and Harvey stand together in the small brewery.

HARVEY/HUTCH
Cheers!

The staff has gotten larger. They all raise their cans.

STAFF
Cheers!

NICOLE (V.O.)
It was pretty amazing what they pulled off.

Hutch turns to Harvey.

HUTCH
Okay, so you sure you can handle this on your own?

HARVEY
Very funny.

Hutch scoops up his book bag.

HUTCH
I’ll be back after my marketing exam.

HARVEY
Pass it or you’re fired.

HUTCH
That’s the old Harv I love.

Hutch and Teddy take off as Harvey celebrates with the staff.

(VIDEO)– EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME – BACKYARD – DAY
Harvey, Marilyn, Hutch and Rachael Ray hang out.
Things were going great for the Hutchinsons. In addition to the brewery, Dad was at peace, Hutch was in school, Mom had her family back and I finally finished this project.

Nicole joins the family in front of the camera. Wrangles them to pose for a final shot.

And that is the story of the Hutchinsons. It’s not all pretty, but it’s all true.

The family applauds. Rachael Ray BARKS her support...Then SNATCHES the pizza box and dashes toward the stairs.

The Hutchinson’s laugh it up as they scramble after her.

FADE OUT.

THE END