

THE COOL KIDS

"Pilot"

by

Charlie Day and Paul Fruchbom

August 18, 2017

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. SHADY MEADOWS - DINING ROOM - DAY

THE DINING HALL OF A MID-TIER RETIREMENT HOME. WE PAN PAST
VARIOUS TABLES AS RESIDENTS QUIETLY EAT BREAKFAST. THEN -- *

WE FIND TABLE 24. WHERE HANK (A MISCHIEVOUS SCHEMER) IS *
SECRETLY POURING FOUR TEQUILA SHOTS OUT OF A FLASK. HE HANDS *
THEM TO: CHARLIE (IRRITATED BUT BUMBLING, BLACK) AND SID (A *
CAUTIOUS HYPOCHONDRIAC WITH OVER SIZED GLASSES AND A WEIRD *
STREAK ABOUT HIM). THE FOURTH SEAT IS NOTICEABLY EMPTY.

HANK

Okay boys, this one's for Jerry. One
for you. One for you. One for me. (TO
THE EMPTY SEAT) And one...

(RECONSIDERS) Actually, let's make it
two for me. (TO SID AND CHARLIE) I
could get used to this. *

SID *

Don't peer pressure me like this. I
still have to take my pills. *

SID HOLDS A FEW PILLS IN HIS HAND.

SID (CONT'D)

Do you know what happens when you mix
prescription drugs and alcohol?

CHARLIE

Yeah. A good time.

HANK

Those aren't even prescription drugs. *
You're taking multivitamins for crying
out loud.

SID INSPECTS THE PILL.

SID

It could still trigger a reaction.

CHARLIE

You want a reaction!? Don't take the
damn drink, and see what happens!

SID RELUCTANTLY GRABS HIS SHOT. HANK TURNS TO THE EMPTY SEAT
AND OFFERS UP A TOAST.

HANK

Jerry, what can I say? You were the
most ornery, foul-mouthed, sexually
depraved son of a bitch I've ever met.
And thank God I did. We're gonna miss
you, pal.

HANK POURS SOME TEQUILA ONTO THE FLOOR -- "FOR THE HOMIES."

HANK (CONT'D)

To Jerry.

CHARLIE / SID

To Jerry.

THEY ALL DOWN THEIR SHOTS, THEN LAPSE INTO SILENCE FOR A
SOMBER, REFLECTIVE BEAT. THEN --

SID

So... should we talk replacements?

HANK

It's a little soon, don't you think!?

SID

It's a prime seat. We should move
fast.

CHARLIE

Fine. Who did you have in mind, Sid?

SID

I don't know. What about Phillips?

*

CHARLIE

(SCOFFING) Hell no.

*

SID

What's wrong with Phillips?

CHARLIE

Talks about his grand kids too much.

SID

Anderson?

*

CHARLIE

Loud chewer.

SID

Dudley?

CHARLIE

Can't stand him.

SID

You don't even know him!

CHARLIE

Yeah, but I bet I won't like him.

SID

Seems like you don't like anybody.

CHARLIE

Exactly. I say we leave the seat
empty.

*

SID

Then why did you ask me who should
take the seat?!

CHARLIE

What the hell else have we got to do?

HANK

I'm with Charlie. No matter who we
pick, they'll never be able to replace
Jerry. He was a hell raiser. A legend.
Let's honor his legacy the way it
should be honored. With an empty seat.

*
*
*

SID

That's a pretty crappy legacy.

HANK

You know what I mean. The seat stays --

*

SUDDENLY, MARGARET ENTERS AND FLOPS DOWN IN JERRY'S SEAT
WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A HELLO. BRASH, CONFIDENT, LARGER THAN
LIFE AND UNCONCERNED WITH SOCIAL PLEASANTRIES, SHE STARTS
WOLFING DOWN A PLATE OF EGGS WHILE OUR GUYS LOOK ON IN SHOCK.

MARGARET

(RE: HANK'S FLASK) Do you mind? It's
been a bitch of a morning.

*

WITHOUT WAITING FOR AN ANSWER, SHE GRABS THE FLASK AND TAKES
A LONG SWIG. THEN ANOTHER. WIPES HER MOUTH WITH HER SLEEVE.

HANK

Um, excuse me --

MARGARET

Don't start, fly boy. I'm not in the
mood. And I'm not interested.

*

HANK

Look lady, I don't know who you are or
where you came from, but you can't
just sit here. You have to be invited.

MARGARET

Why? Who are you guys? The cool kids? *

CHARLIE

Damn straight.

HANK

We basically run this joint. *

MARGARET LOOKS AT HANK, THEN CHARLIE, THEN SID.

MARGARET

Wow. This place is gonna be a lot
crappier than I expected. *

SHE TAKES ANOTHER SWIG FROM HANK'S FLASK.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

And I was expecting pretty crappy.

HANK *

Well you can't sit there. That seat
belongs to Jerry. *

MARGARET *

That right? And where is this... *

Jerry? *

HANK SCOFFS IN DISBELIEF. HE'S JUST ABOUT TO SAY MORE WHEN
THE LOUDSPEAKER BLARES TO LIFE. WE SEE ALLISON, MID-20S (A
TRACY FLICK TYPE) SPEAKING INTO A MICROPHONE AT A DESK. *

ALLISON (OVER SPEAKER)

Good morning, everyone. I just have a couple announcements. After last week's incident, anyone wishing to sign up for water aerobics must first pass a swim test. Also, Jerry Walsh passed away yesterday. He was loved and will be missed. There will be free balloons and a cheese plate available in his memory. Have a nice day.

THE LOUDSPEAKER SHUTS OFF. MARGARET TURNS TO HANK.

MARGARET

(POINTING TO HER SEAT) Jerry?

HANK

It doesn't matter. That's still his seat.

MARGARET

Tell you what. When he shows up, I'll give him his seat back. How's that sound?

AND WITH THAT, SHE GOES BACK TO HER EGGS, LEAVING OUR TRIO SHELL-SHOCKED. AND OFF OF THEIR STUNNED FACES --

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONEINT. DINING HALL - DAY

AS WE WERE. WITH HANK, CHARLIE AND SID STARING IN SHOCK WHILE MARGARET EATS HER BREAKFAST. FINALLY, HANK SPEAKS UP.

HANK

Excuse me. Hey lady?

HE GETS NO RESPONSE. *

HANK (CONT'D) *

Look, I get that you're new here. So
you don't understand how this works. *
But you can't just sit wherever you *
want. *

SID *

It's true. You have to earn that spot. *

MARGARET *

Oh yeah? And how'd you earn it? *

SID *

Hank, Charlie and I have been friends *
since we were kids. We all grew up in *
the same neighborhood in Brooklyn. *

CHARLIE *

They used to throw rocks at me 'cause *
I was black. *

HANK *

No, not true! We threw them near you! *
Not at you! We intentionally missed! *

CHARLIE

You missed 'cause you threw like an
old man even when you were eight.

HANK

It was a peer pressure thing! (TO
MARGARET) You had to be tough where we
came from.

MARGARET

Oh, I can tell.

SID

I still regret it.

MARGARET

So what I'm getting is nobody earned
anything.

SID

I guess not.

MARGARET

Tell you what, tough guys. I'll arm
wrestle you for it.

SID

Fine.

HANK

No, Sid, don't --

BEFORE HANK CAN FINISH, MARGARET EASILY DEFEATS SID.

SID

Damn. She's good.

CHARLIE

Does that count?

HANK

No, that doesn't count! Look, you have
to leave! You're not invited! And
worst of all, you're disrespecting
Jerry!

MARGARET

Who's that again?

HANK IS JUST ABOUT TO EXPLODE WHEN --

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I'm kidding. Take it easy. Why don't I
get us a few drinks so we can all just
calm down? Hey, you...

SHE SIGNALS WILCOX, 20'S, THE PERENNIALY PUT UPON WAITER,
AND HANK'S GRANDSON. WILCOX APPROACHES.

WILCOX

Hey, guys. Sorry to hear about Jerry.

MARGARET

Yeah, real bummer. Now, how about you
bring us a round of Bloody Marys? Put
it on Jerry's tab.

WILCOX

Oh, I'm sorry ma'am. We don't allow
drinking in the dining hall except
during happy hour.

MARGARET

What are you talking about? These guys
were just doing tequila shots? *

WILCOX

What!?! Come on, Grandpa. You told me
you weren't gonna drink that out here! *

MARGARET

(TO HANK) You let the waiter call you
grandpa? *

HANK

No. He's my grandson. I got him this
job because his mom was giving me
grief. (TO WILCOX) And now he's being
ungrateful and doing the same thing. *

WILCOX

I'm not ungrateful. I just don't want
to get fired. Mom said I'd have to
join the army if I lost another job. *

HANK

Will you calm down? Nobody saw us. *

WILCOX

I'm not cut out for the military
grandpa. I don't have the strength
physically or mental wise. *

MARGARET

Great. Then how about you sneak me a
bottle or two and I won't rat you out? *

HANK

He doesn't work for you.

MARGARET

He does now. Unless he wants to be a
marine.

WILCOX

Aww man. This is getting out of
control. (TO MARGARET) I'll see what I
can do.

WILCOX EXITS STRESSED.

HANK

Okay, that's enough! You can't just
barge in here and take over! Wilcox is
my errand boy, not yours. Now go sit
somewhere else. There's plenty of
women here who need a fourth.

MARGARET

Have you met these women? I'd rather
sit with men any day. Barring that,
I'll take you three.

HANK

What is it with you? Why do you want
to sit at our table so badly?

MARGARET

Honestly, I don't. (GETTING IN HANK'S
FACE) But then you told me I couldn't.

(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

So now you're gonna need a hearse to
drag me away. Because no one tells me
what to do. No one.

SHE STARES HANK DOWN -- NOT GIVING AN INCH. OFF HANK,
REALIZING THAT THIS COULD BE A PROBLEM --

SID

Damn. She really is good.

CUT TO:

INT. REC ROOM - DAY

CHARLIE AND HANK ARE PLAYING CARDS WHILE SID SPREADS OUT A
DOZEN PILL BOTTLES ON THE TABLE. HIS MORNING MEDICATION.

HANK

That woman is going to be a real
problem for us.

CHARLIE

Speaking of problems... how many pills
do you actually take?

SID

Don't worry about it.

HANK

(LOOKING AT A PILL BOTTLE) Are those
Jerry's pills?

SID

I said don't worry about it.

CHARLIE

What the hell are you doing with
Jerry's pills?

SID

It's not like he's gonna need 'em.

CHARLIE SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISBELIEF.

HANK

Forget the pills. We need to talk
about Jerry's memorial service.

*

SID

Why do we need to talk about it?
Aren't they doing one for him?

HANK

A P.A. announcement and free balloons
is not a service!

CHARLIE

Don't forget the cheese plate.

HANK

We're not sending Jerry off with a
cheese plate. We need something big,
something epic. I'm talking kegs,
girls, people getting naked. And not
just because they forgot their meds.

*

*

CHARLIE

Allison's never gonna let us throw a
party.

SID

She runs this place like Alcatraz.

HANK

Don't worry about Allison. She doesn't
need to know.

CHARLIE

How are we gonna pay for a party
anyway? Jerry was the one with deep
pockets. I'm broke as hell.

*

*

HANK

That's true. So am I. Sid, you don't
have any money do you?

*

*

SID

No, nothing... well... except this.

HE PULLS OUT A CREDIT CARD.

HANK

When did you get a credit card?

SID SHRUGS -- *IT'S NOT IMPORTANT.*

SID

Meh.

CHARLIE

Is that Jerry's credit card?

SID SHRUGS -- *MAYBE.*

SID

Meh.

HANK

How did you get Jerry's credit card?

SID SHRUGS AGAIN.

*

SID

The less I say the better.

CUT TO: *

INT. SHADY MEADOWS - LOBBY - DAY

A DELIVERY CLERK ENTERS PUSHING TWO KEGS ON A HANDCART *

HANK (O.S.)

Psst! Psst!

THE CLERK TURNS AND SEES HANK PEEKING OUT OF A SUPPLY CLOSET. *

HANK (CONT'D)

Over here.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY

THE CLERK SQUEEZES IN WITH HANK, CHARLIE AND SID. *

HANK

Sorry for the tight quarters, but we
need to be sneaky about this.

CLERK

No problem. Happens all the time.
Although it's usually with younger
customers. (BEAT) Okay. Can I get your
credit card?

HANK

Here you go.

HANK CONFIDENTLY HANDS IT OVER.

CLERK

Perfect. Thanks. Now can I get a photo
ID?

HANK

(SUDDENLY THROWN) What?

CLERK

I don't need to check your age --
obviously. It's just store policy.

(OFF THEIR REACTIONS) Is that going to
be a problem?

HANK

No, of course not. Why would it be a
problem?

HE SMILES, PLAYING IT COOL AS HE STARTS PATTING DOWN HIS
POCKETS, PRETENDING TO LOOK FOR HIS ID.

HANK (CONT'D)

I'm sure I've got it in here
somewhere. At my age, you need three
people to go to the bathroom, let
alone find your ID.

HE TURNS TO CHARLIE AND SID, WHISPERS --

HANK (CONT'D)

Run.

THEY LOOK AT HIM BLANKLY, THEY CANT HEAR A THING.

SID

...WHAT?

HANK

(HARSH WHISPER) *I said run.*

CHARLIE

We can't hear you.

SID

Is my ear on?

SID FIDDLES WITH HIS HEARING AID. HANK PULLS THEM ASIDE

HANK

I'm telling you to run.

CHARLIE

Oh... Run. Got it.

SID

I'm not running, are you crazy? Not
with my arthritis.

HANK

Come on, it'll be just like when we
were kids.

SID

When we were kids, I had both my hips.

HANK

You can do it. Now, on my cue, grab
that keg and make a break for it.

HANK TURNS BACK TO THE CLERK.

HANK (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. Now, where were we?

CLERK

... just so you know, I could hear
everything you guys were saying.

THEY STARE AT THE CLERK BLANKLY. THEN-

HANK

Run!

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

HANK, CHARLIE AND SID MAKE A BREAK FOR IT AS WE --

*

CUT TO:

*

INT. ALLISON'S OFFICE - DAY

HANK, CHARLIE AND SID SIT IN CHAIRS, STARING AT THE FLOOR, LIKE KIDS CALLED INTO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE. SITTING ACROSS FROM THEM IS ALLISON.

ALLISON

I'm not even sure where to begin this time.

HANK

I can explain --

ALLISON

I don't want you to. The less I know about this credit card, the better.

*

SID

Can we have it back then?

CHARLIE SHOOTS HIM A LOOK: *DON'T BE AN IDIOT.*

ALLISON

Look, I'm sorry about Jerry. But you can't throw some crazy party. You three know the rules better than anyone. You're part of the reason we have them in the first place.

HANK

What have we ever done?

ALLISON LOOKS AT HER BIG BOOK OF NOTES

ALLISON

Frequent drunkenness, illegal gambling, inciting riots, general disorderliness and now we can add bootlegging and credit card fraud to the list. And that's just in the three months I've been working here.

CHARLIE

(INDIGNANTLY) I don't remember any of that stuff.

SID

You can't remember what you had for breakfast.

CHARLIE

That's not true.

SID

Oh yeah? What'd you eat?

CHARLIE

(SEARCHING FOR IT)....Damn. He's right.

HANK

Look, we don't have to sit here and be berated by a millennial nitwit just because she inherited her father's nursing home.

ALLISON

Actually you do. And this millennial
nitwit went to Harvard Business
School.

SID

Never heard of it.

HANK

You've never heard of Harvard?

SID

Oh, Harvard. I thought she said barn
yard. I can't hear a thing today.

ALLISON

Look guys, this isn't exactly my dream
job but I'm trying to make the best of
it. Maybe you could do the same.

HANK

With what? A cheese plate?

ALLISON

I'm sorry, Hank, but we can't throw a
party every time someone dies. We'd go
broke in a month. Now I loved my dad,
but he ran this place like a moron. We
need to be more cost-efficient.

CHARLIE

For the record, I still want the
cheese.

HANK

Fine, if you won't let us throw a party, at least move what's-her-face from our table.

*

*

ALLISON

Who? Margaret? She can sit wherever she wants. So can anyone.

*

ALL THE GUYS REACT IN HORROR.

SID

*

How dare you.

ALLISON

Look, Margaret is a tough case. She's been kicked out of three retirement homes in the past year alone. The least you could do is try to make her feel welcome.

HANK

Yeah, that's not gonna happen.

ALLISON

Is this because she's a woman?

HANK

Oh don't start in with me on that PC crap! It's because she's a jack ass!

ALLISON

Then she should fit right in with you guys.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. DINING HALL -NIGHT

SID NERVOUSLY APPROACHES TABLE 24 WHERE MARGARET IS ALL BY
HERSELF. HE FIDGETS WITH SOMETHING IN HIS EAR. IT LOOKS LIKE
ANOTHER HEARING AID. *

SID

I don't think I can do this.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

HANK AND CHARLIE ARE HIDING IN THE BUSHES, SPYING ON SID
THROUGH THE WINDOW AND COMMUNICATING VIA A TWO-WAY RADIO.

HANK

You want this woman sitting at our
table forever? Trust me, this will
work. Your mere presence makes most
women uncomfortable. All you have to
do is dial that up to eleven. Flirt
with her a little. Put the moves on
her. She'll be running to another
table in no time.

SID (OVER RADIO)

What do you want me to do? Fondle her
or something?

CHARLIE

What?

HANK

Did you say fondle her?

CHARLIE

What the hell's wrong with you?

SID (OVER RADIO)

I'll take my glasses off to look
younger.

SID TAKES HIS GLASSES OFF

HANK

Sid. Don't take your glasses off!

CHARLIE

And don't sexually assault her! (TO
HANK) This might have been a mistake.

SID (OVER RADIO)

Okay. Here goes nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

SID APPROACHES THE TABLE. MARGARET LOOKS UP AND SEES HIM JUST
STANDING THERE AWKWARDLY.

CHARLIE (VIA EAR PIECE)

Say something.

SID

... something.

MARGARET

What?

HANK (VIA EAR PIECE)

Say, hi idiot.

SID

Hi idiot.

CUT TO:

*

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

HANK AND CHARLIE WATCH IN HORROR.

HANK

What is he doing?

CUT TO: *

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

MARGARET

What are you doing?

SID TRIES TO FLASH A CREEPY SMILE, BUT IT JUST LOOKS WEIRD.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

You look like you're constipated.

SID

Huh?

MARGARET

You look constipated!

SID

Hold on. I can't hear. Let me turn my
ear up.

SID FIDDLES WITH HIS EAR.

CUT TO: *

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

HANK AND CHARLIE WATCH AS THE RADIO FILLS WITH STATIC.

CHARLIE

Oh crap. He turned his radio off.

HANK

(INTO THE RADIO) Sid, Hello? Sid? Can
you hear me? (THEN) Okay, this might
have been a mistake.

CUT TO: *

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

SID

What were you saying?

MARGARET

I said you look like you can't use the
toilet.

SID

Oh. I can't most of the time. May I
join you?

MARGARET

How can I resist?

SID PULLS OUT HIS CHAIR AND TRIES TO SIT, BUT HE ACCIDENTALLY
MISSES AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

CUT TO: *

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

HANK

This is a nightmare.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

SID PULLS HIMSELF OFF THE GROUND AND SITS DOWN IN HIS CHAIR.

SID

Sorry. Can't see without my glasses.

MARGARET

So you can't see, you can't hear and
you can't go to the bathroom?

SID

I can't do a lot of things.

MARGARET

What a dream come true. (THEN) Where
are your friends?

SID HESITATES --

SID

Not hiding, if that's what you're
asking.

MARGARET

I wasn't.

SID

Well, maybe they wanted us to be
alone.

HE FORCES AS CREEPY A SMILE AS HE CAN MANAGE.

MARGARET

Are you on some sort of medication?

SID

Lots. Why? (PULLS OUT A PILL BOTTLE)

You want some?

MARGARET

What is it?

SID

I'm not really sure. Here. Give it a
try.

HE REACHES ACROSS THE TABLE TO HAND HER A PILL WHEN IT
ACCIDENTALLY SLIPS FROM HIS HAND AND FALLS INTO HER DRINK.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

HANK AND CHARLIE LOOK ON, HORRIFIED.

HANK

Did he just rufi her drink?

CHARLIE

(HEAD IN HANDS) We're going to jail.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

MARGARET

You weren't trying to slip that in my
drink, right?

SID

No. Not at all. (BEAT, GINGERLY) But
if I were, would that creep you out?

MARGARET

Everything about you creeps me out.

SID BRIGHTENS -- *MAYBE THIS IS ACTUALLY WORKING.* THEN
MARGARET LEANS IN CLOSE.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Lucky for you: I like creepy. I like
it a lot.

SID'S FACE INSTANTLY FALLS. MARGARET DIPS A FINGER IN HER
DRINK, THEN LICKS IT, EYEING SID LIKE A LION STALKING PREY.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

What do you say we take this creep
show back to my room?

SID

(SCARED) Mmm-hmm.

SID GULPS, A DEER IN HEADLIGHTS, AS WE --

CUT TO:

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

HANK AND CHARLIE WATCH IN HORROR AS MARGARET LEADS SID BY THE HAND OUT OF THE DINING HALL. *

CHARLIE *

Well, that ain't good. *

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

HANK AND CHARLIE ARE OUTSIDE MARGARET'S ROOM LISTENING THROUGH THE DOOR.

HANK *

Maybe this will work in our favor. If you slept with Sid, would you want to sit next to him every day? *

CHARLIE *

It's Sid I'm worried about. He hasn't had any action in a million years. I'm worried his heart is gonna explode. *

HANK *

I can't hear anything.

CHARLIE *

I'm telling you. He's dead. He's laying there dead as a doornail.

HANK *

(CHECKS THE DOOR) It's unlocked. We should go inside.

CHARLIE *

I'm not going in there!

HANK

Worse case scenario: we see that woman
naked.

CHARLIE

Worse case scenario: we see Sid naked!

HANK

That's a good point.

CHARLIE

Some things you can't unsee.

HANK

Fine. We'll cover our eyes. Follow me.

CUT TO:

INT. MARGARET'S ROOM - NIGHT

HANK SLOWLY ENTERS THE FOYER, FOLLOWED CLOSELY BY CHARLIE.
BOTH OF THEM COVER THEIR EYES UNTIL THEY HEAR LAUGHING.

THEY LOOK UP AND SEE MARGARET AND SID ON THE COUCH, DRINKING
AND LAUGHING LIKE LONG-LOST FRIENDS. *

MARGARET

Three hours later, I wake up on the
floor, totally naked, next to a
longshoreman, with a rubber tube in my
hand. Then I start thinking: did this
guy get the enema or was it me? *

SID KEELS OVER, LAUGHING. MARGARET NOTICES CHARLIE AND HANK
STANDING IN THE DOORWAY, DUMBSTRUCK. *

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Oh hey, look who it is. The geriatric
mastermind. *

HANK

(TO SID) You told her?

SID

(FLUSTERED) No. She knew what I was
doing and then she flipped it on me.

MARGARET

Yeah. I read you like a book. A really
dumb book. Want to stay for a drink?

Your grandson really hooked me up.

SHE GESTURES TO HER COLLECTION OF BOOZE.

HANK

(GLARING AT SID) I'd rather pass a
kidney stone.

HANK ANGRILY PULLS SID ASIDE.

SID

She's actually pretty fun when you get
to know her. (BEAT) And I think we
should let her take Jerry's seat.

HANK

Did you fall on your head?

SID

Does it really matter who sits there?
Or what kind of memorial service Jerry
has? Jerry was an ass.

HANK

(GASPING) What did you just say?

SID

He would replace my beta blockers with
Cialis. Just to see what would happen.

*

HANK

It was a joke!

SID

Not to my penis.

HANK

Charlie, you believe this? Charlie?

*

REVEAL CHARLIE ON THE COUCH, EATING CHIPS AND GUACAMOLE.

*

CHARLIE

Damn. That's good. She make this?

HANK

What are you doing?

CHARLIE

We skipped dinner. I'm starving.

HANK

Don't tell me you want to stay, too?

CHARLIE

Come on, Hank. You didn't even like
Jerry.

HANK

What are you talking about?

CHARLIE

Sid's right. He was a jerk. He used to
make jokes about me sitting in the
back of the bus. That ain't right.

*

HANK

You do sit in the back of the bus.

CHARLIE

Those are the best seats!

HANK

(BESIDE HIMSELF) I can't even believe
you guys right now. You want to sit
here and eat chips with this seat
stealer, you go right ahead. I hope
that guacamole tastes like betrayal.

AND WITH THAT, HANK STORMS OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. ALLISON'S OFFICE - DAY

WILCOX ENTERS LOOKING NERVOUS. ALLISON SITS AT HER DESK

WILCOX

Hi, Allison. You wanted to see me?

ALLISON

Yes. Have a seat, Wilcox.

HE SITS.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Our liquor inventory keeps coming up
short each month. Bottles disappearing
out of thin air. Do you know anything
about that?

WILCOX

What?! That's crazy! How's that
happening!?

ALLISON

I don't know. That's why I wanted to
talk to you.

WILCOX

Have you considered ghosts?

ALLISON

Excuse me?

WILCOX

I mean, a significant amount of people
have passed away here so you can never
discount the possibility of, like,
extraterrestrial foul play.

ALLISON

Right. Well I had not considered that.
But if you do hear anything about
living people taking the booze let me
know. Okay?

WILCOX

Okay. Deal.

ALLISON

And Wilcox.

WILCOX

Yeah?

ALLISON

I'm not an idiot.

WILCOX

(THROWN) What?

ALLISON

I know you pull favors for your
grandfather and his friends. But we
are on the same team. I want to turn
this place around, make it profitable,
then... who knows? We could leverage
this into a franchise play and that
trickles down to everyone here. Do you
understand what I'm saying?

WILCOX

Not really?

ALLISON

I'm saying by helping me, it helps
your grandfather. And we both want to
help your grandfather, right?

WILCOX

Of course. But for the record, I'm
strictly business at work and I don't
do special favors for anyone here.

HANK POPS HIS HEAD IN.

HANK

Wilcox! There you are! Stop
fraternizing with the enemy and come
with me. I need one of your special
favors.

WILCOX LOOKS CAUGHT.

CUT TO:

INT. REC HALL - DAY

HANK SITS BY HIMSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EMPTY ROOM. WILCOX ENTERS. HE HANDS HANK A CUP OF COFFEE AND A SEALED ENVELOPE.

WILCOX

Here's the key you wanted, Grandpa.

HANK

Good work. This almost makes up for the booze you pilfered for Margaret.

WILCOX

I feel like I'm really getting in over my head. I mean stealing room keys?

HANK

We're not stealing. We're borrowing without permission.

WILCOX

I guess that does sound better.

HANK

I know it does. That's why I said it. Now get me a danish to go with this coffee.

WILCOX EXITS. AN ELDERLY RESIDENT APPROACHES AND DISCREETLY SLIPS HANK SOME CASH. LIKE A CLANDESTINE DRUG DEAL.

HANK (CONT'D)

Thanks. Now beat it.

THE RESIDENT EXITS, PASSING SID AND CHARLIE AS THEY ENTER.

SID

What was that about?

HANK

Don't worry about it, traitor.

CHARLIE

Look Hank, I'm sorry about last night.

But Sid's right. She's not that bad.

HANK

Then have fun sitting with her. I'm
taking my meals out here from now on.

ELDERLY RESIDENT #2 ENTERS, DISCREETLY SLIPS HANK SOME CASH
AND EXITS.

CHARLIE

Seriously, Hank, what the hell is
going on?

HANK

Fine. Can you guys keep a secret?

SID

Not really.

HANK

I don't want you telling that woman.

CHARLIE

Come on, Hank. We're still your
friends. You can tell us.

HANK

Alright, but this is just between us.
I've figured out a way to pay for
Jerry's memorial service.

CHARLIE

How?

HANK LOOKS AROUND, MAKES SURE THE COAST IS CLEAR. *

HANK *

You remember that summer when we found
Sid's skin mag in his basement? *

SID *

That wasn't mine. That was my dad's. *

HANK *

It doesn't matter. You remember how
much we made charging kids for a peek?
We're gonna do the same thing here. *

CHARLIE *

You're gonna have a skin mag at
Jerry's memorial service? *

HANK *

No, I'm gonna charge admission. To a
party. The memorial service is
something we'll just spring on 'em. *

SID *

Feels kind of sleazy, don't you think? *

HANK *

You stole a dead man's credit card. *

SID *

Fair point. *

CHARLIE *

I like it. We'll help you set up. *

MARGARET (O.S.) *

Set up what? *

HANK TURNS TO SEE MARGARET RIGHT BEHIND HIM. *

HANK *

It doesn't matter. You're not invited. *

SID *

Jerry's memorial service. We're gonna *

have a cover charge. (OFF HANK'S *

REACTION) Oh crap, I wasn't supposed *

to say that, was I? *

HANK *

(SHAKING HIS HEAD) You idiot. *

SID *

It's not my fault! I told you I *

couldn't keep a secret! *

MARGARET *

A cover charge, huh? That's not bad. *

Maybe you're not as dumb as you look. *

HANK *

Don't flatter me, sweetheart. You're *

still not getting an invitation. *

MARGARET LOOKS AWAY, COVERING HER DISAPPOINTMENT. *

MARGARET *

Whatever. Like I would go to your *

stupid dead guy party anyway. *

SHE EXITS. *

CHARLIE *

You should have invited her. She could *

rat us out now. *

HANK

Don't worry about that. She doesn't
know where the party's going to be.

SID

Where is it going to be?

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - DAY

HANK, CHARLIE AND SID WALK THROUGH AN EMPTY TWO-BEDROOM.

SID

Whose room is this?

CHARLIE

(IN SHOCK) Is this Jerry's room?

HANK

It's perfect, right? I got Wilcox to
swipe the key. We can trash it and
nobody's gonna care. Plus, all the
neighbors are either invited or deaf.
No one's gonna hear a thing.

CHARLIE

We should still post a lookout.

HANK

Already taken care of. I told Wilcox
he could keep a case of beer if he
handled security.

SID

I thought he was underage?

HANK

He is. That's why it worked.

*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JERRY'S ROOM - LATER

HANK, CHARLIE AND SID ARE PREPPING FOR THE PARTY -- SETTING UP SPEAKERS, GETTING ICE READY, HANGING DECORATIONS.

HANK

Alright. Finally things are looking
up.

*

*

*

SFX: THE DOORBELL RINGS.

HANK (CONT'D)

Oooh, and that must be the dancers.

*

CHARLIE

You got dancers?

HANK

Well... best I could find on short
notice.

HANK OPENS THE DOOR -- SMILING WIDE -- ONLY TO FIND ALLISON WAITING FOR HIM IN THE HALLWAY. AS HIS SMILE FADES --

A MIDDLE-AGED BURLESQUE DANCER IN FULL UNIFORM APPROACHES.

BURLESQUE PERFORMER

Hey, I'm, uh, I'm here for the
uh...(READING INVITATION) memorial
service?

OFF HANK, REALIZING THIS PARTY IS OVER BEFORE IT STARTED --

END ACT TWO

*

ACT THREE

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

THE GANG AT THEIR USUAL TABLE. HANK SEETHES IN SILENCE,
WAITING FOR MARGARET TO ARRIVE.

CHARLIE

I told you not to trust her.

SID

I can't believe she tricked us like
that.

HANK

Where the hell is she?

HANK CHECKS HIS WATCH.

HANK (CONT'D)

Screw this. I'm not waiting for her to
show up. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

HANK, CHARLIE AND SID STORM DOWN THE HALLWAY.

HANK

I bet she's in there just laughing at
us right now!

THEY GET TO MARGARET'S ROOM AND ARE JUST ABOUT TO POUND ON
THE DOOR WHEN THEY SEE IT'S AJAR.

CUT TO:

INT. MARGARET'S ROOM - DAY

THEY BARGE IN AND FIND MARGARET AND ALLISON ON THE COUCH.

HANK

Ha! I knew it!

MARGARET LOOKS UP TO REVEAL TEARS STREAMING DOWN HER FACE.
SHE LOOKS SHATTERED. LIKE SHE'S BEEN CRYING FOR HOURS.

HANK, CHARLIE AND SID FREEZE IN THE DOORWAY, SPEECHLESS. *

CHARLIE *

Oh. My bad. Are we interrupting? *

HANK

What is this?

ALLISON

Margaret is having a difficult time
with her transition.

SID *

Transition? She's becoming a man?

ALLISON

Her transition into the home! *

SID *

Oh. That makes more sense. *

ALLISON

Will you give us some privacy please?

THEY NOD, SUDDENLY FEELING LIKE JERKS. AS THEY BACK AWKWARDLY
OUT OF THE ROOM -- *

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A MEAGER PLATE OF CHEESE CUBES AND CRACKERS.

WIDER TO REVEAL A PATHETIC MEMORIAL SERVICE IN PROGRESS.
THERE'S A PICTURE OF JERRY PROPPED ON AN EASEL, THREE
GERIATRICS HOVERING AROUND A PUNCH BOWL AND A MUZAK VERSION
OF SINATRA'S "MY WAY" PLAYING ON THE SPEAKERS.

AT TABLE 24, HANK, CHARLIE AND SID COMMISERATE IN SILENCE. *

SID

Look at it this way: I'm sure Jerry would have appreciated the effort.

HANK

No, he wouldn't have. You were right. He was kind of the worst.

CHARLIE

Then what the hell have you been complaining about? Why do you care about this crappy party? Or who sits in Jerry's chair?

HANK

Because this isn't about Jerry. It's about us. One day, this is gonna be our crappy party. And someone is gonna be sitting in our chair. And just like that, we'll be gone. Forgotten. As if we were never even here.

THEY ALL DRIFT INTO A SOMBER SILENCE. *

SUDDENLY -- *

SFX: THE MUZAK CUTS OUT. THUMPING DANCE MUSIC CUTS IN.

HANK (CONT'D) *

What the hell is this now? *

MOMENTS LATER, THE DOOR OPENS AND IN WALKS A PARTY PLANNER, A DJ, BARTENDERS, CATERERS, DANCERS.

CURIOUS RESIDENTS SOON FOLLOW AND BEFORE OUR GANG KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING, A PARTY HAS EMERGED AROUND THEM. BOOZE, FOOD, MUSIC, THE WORKS. THEY'RE IN SHOCK.

A BEAT LATER, MARGARET ENTERS AND CHATS BRIEFLY WITH THE PARTY PLANNER, THEN APPROACHES THE TABLE.

HANK (CONT'D)

This was you? You did this?

SHE SHRUGS -- YEAH.

HANK (CONT'D)

It still doesn't make up for you
ratting us out.

MARGARET

I didn't rat you out.

CHARLIE

Then who the hell did?

EVERYONE SLOWLY GLANCES AT A GUILTY-LOOKING WILCOX. HE QUICKLY FOLDS.

WILCOX

I'm sorry, Grandpa. I didn't want to,
but Allison... she just looked at me
and... she's got that hair... and
those eyes... I cracked. I'm sorry.
Please don't make me join the Army!

WILCOX CRIES ON HANK'S SHOULDER.

HANK

Jesus, kid. Calm down. I forgive you.

WILCOX

Really?

HANK

Yeah, but you're doing my laundry for
a month.

WILCOX

Okay. Thanks, Pop-pop.

SID

(TO MARGARET) I can't believe you
pulled this off. What about Allison?

MARGARET

Don't worry about Allison. I took care
of it.

CHARLIE

How? What did you say to her?

MARGARET LOOKS DOWN AT THE FLOOR. HER LIPS START QUIVERING,
HER EYES WATER. WITHIN SECONDS, SHE'S BAWLING.

MARGARET

(THROUGH TEARS) I'm having a hard time
here. A really hard time. I'm lonely.
And no one likes me. I don't know how
much longer I can take it.

OUR GUYS FIDGET UNCOMFORTABLY -- NOT ENTIRELY SURE WHAT'S
HAPPENING -- AS MARGARET CONTINUES BAWLING.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Please. Let me throw this party for
them, Allison. I know it's against the
rules, but I just want them to like
me. Please! I'm begging you!

SUDDENLY, MARGARET STOPS CRYING -- AS QUICKLY AS SHE STARTED.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Anyway, that's what I said.

SHE GRABS A BEER AND CASUALLY CHUGS HALF OF IT.

SID

And that worked?

MARGARET

(TO SID) No. So I spiked her drink
with Ambien and knocked the bitch out.

CUT TO:

INT. ALLISON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

ALLISON IS PASSED OUT, FACE DOWN ON HER DESK.

BACK TO:

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

MARGARET

Kids today got a lot to learn. I
figure we've got about four hours
before she wakes up.

ANGLE ON HANK, CHARLIE AND SID. NOW EVEN MORE IN SHOCK.

HANK

I don't know what to say. Thank you.

MARGARET

Listen, I'm sorry about... I don't
know... everything. I'm not very good
at making friends.

HANK

Me neither.

MARGARET

Oh. I got that.

HANK SMILES, THE TENSION BREAKING.

CHARLIE

(IN SHOCK) I still can't believe you
paid for all this.

MARGARET

It's the least I could do. I didn't
know your friend, but from what I've
heard, he seemed like a great guy.

*

HANK

Honestly, he was a jerk.

MARGARET

I can't promise I'll be an
improvement.

MARGARET SMILES. SO DOES HANK. HE STICKS OUT A HAND AND SHE
LOOKS AT IT.

HANK

The seat is yours.

MARGARET

I know. I didn't need your permission.

CHARLIE

So... is that a yes?

*

MARGARET

(THEN) Sure. Why not?

*

SHE SHAKES HANK'S HAND. SID GRABS A FEW DRINKS AND OFFERS A
TOAST.

SID

To Margaret.

MARGARET

No. (TOASTING HIS PICTURE) To Jimmy.

*

HANK / CHARLIE / SID

Jerry.

*

MARGARET

*

Whatever.

*

THEY ALL CLINK THEIR GLASSES.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Thanks for dying you sack of crap.

HANK

Yeah, I think you're gonna fit in just
fine.

END ACT THREE

TAG

INT. DINING HALL - NIGHT

THE PARTY IS IN FULL SWING. MARGARET, HANK, SID AND CHARLIE ARE LAUGHING, ALL OF THEM DRUNK. THE PARTY PLANNER WALKS UP.

PARTY PLANNER

Excuse me. I hate to bother you, but
your credit card has been declined.

*

MARGARET

There must be some mistake.

PARTY PLANNER

I've tried several times.

MARGARET

Okay. Hold your horses. I'll get you a
different one.

MARGARET REACHES INTO HER POCKET, THEN SCREAMS --

MARGARET (CONT'D)

RUN!!!!

-- AND SUDDENLY TAKES OFF. FOR A BEAT, NO ONE KNOWS WHAT TO DO. THEN HANK, CHARLIE AND SID QUICKLY FOLLOW.

AND AS OUR NEW GANG TAKES OFF AS FAST AS THEY CAN (WHICH, HONESTLY, ISN'T THAT FAST), WE --

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT