

"How the Hell Am I Normal?"

"Pilot"

Written by

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Seth Gordon/Happy Madison/SPT/ABC

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TV calling For educational purposes only

COLD OPEN

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

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

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

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

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

Unfortunately, I've got no clue who the hell these people are. No, no -- this is my family...

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

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

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

ERICA

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

BEVERLY

He's in college!

ERICA

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

BEVERLY

Murray! Talk some sense into her!

MURRAY (O.S.)

I told you, I'm busy!

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

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

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

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

ADAM
Boom! Got it on film!

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

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

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

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

ERICA
He hit me first!

BARRY
Yeah, cause you pulled my hair!

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

Barry storms over and roughly GRABS the camera from Adam.

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

ADAM
Get off! Barry! Stop
grabbing it!

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

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

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

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

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

BEVERLY
Morning, Birthday Boy! Whattya
want for breakfast?

BARRY
I want you to get outta here! Gah!

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

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - LATER

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

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

BEVERLY
There he is! The big one-six!

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

BARRY
Aw, Honey Comb! Score!

BEVERLY
You know the drill, everyone!
Present time!

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

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

BARRY
(sincere)
Thanks.

Barry turns to Erica as she digs into her pocket.

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

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

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

Erica CRACKS her neck. Adam GULPS in pure terror.

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

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

Beverly hands Barry a little wrapped box. It jingles.

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

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

BARRY (CONT'D)
The hell is this?

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

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

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

BARRY
I am not! You are!

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

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

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

MURRAY
I agree with whatever nonsense your
mother said!

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

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

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

Murray tosses Barry a sloppily wrapped birthday gift.

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

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

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

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

BARRY
The man is wrong. He knows nothing!

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

BEVERLY
Don't get your father worked up.

MURRAY
Too late! I'm all worked up!

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. SILVER FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

BARRY
Holy crap! For me?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BEVERLY

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

POPS

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

Pops reaches out and gives Adam a high five.

ADAM

Nice!
(then)
Ew.

BEVERLY

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

BARRY

I can and I will! I'm sixteen, I have rights! It's the law!

BEVERLY

I am the law.

BARRY

Well, the law is mean and ugly.
(to Murray)
Please. It's not fair.

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

MURRAY

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

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

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

THREE VHS CUTS:

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

MURRAY

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

SUBTITLES: Please reconsider your point of view.

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

MURRAY (CONT'D)

I am this close to pulling a double
homicide! I have it in me!

SUBTITLES: I find your behavior frustrating.

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

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Don't get cocky, you little
bastard.

SUBTITLES: Excellent work!

EXT. SILVER FRONT LAWN - BACK TO SCENE

FWIP! Beverly tosses the car keys back to Pops.

ERICA

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

BEVERLY

(victorious)

Makes perfect sense to me.

BARRY

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

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

POPS

Well, this was fun.

(winks at Adam)

Pick you up after school? We can
hit the senior water aerobics class
at the Y.

ADAM

(a HUGE grin)

I'll bring my towel. TV Calling - For educational purposes only

INT. WAFFLE HUT - LATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Zoe approaches and pours Pops a cup of coffee.

POPS
Thanks. Really appreciate it.

Pops nods to Adam. He swallows his terror. - For educational purposes only

ADAM
Also... the check please?

ZOE
You got it, Alan.

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

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

POPS
She called you Alan.

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

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

EXT. WAFFLE HUT - PARKING LOT - LATER

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

ADAM
Barry? What are you doing?

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

ADAM
Why?

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

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

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

INT. FIREBIRD TRAMS AM - LATER

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

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

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

ADAM
(uneasy)
Pops? You okay?

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

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

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

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

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beverly wheels on Pops, Adam and Barry.

BEVERLY
Car. NOW.

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

EXT. SILVER FRONT LAWN - LATER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

POPS
Imagine my shock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ADAM
Got it covered.

Erica suddenly appears from nowhere, pushing Adam aside.

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

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

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

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

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

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

BEVERLY
You're eleven! What business?

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

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

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

MURRAY

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

BEVERLY

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

MURRAY

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

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

MURRAY (CONT'D)

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

BARRY

Sweet! I'm getting my license?

MURRAY

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

BEVERLY

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

MURRAY

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

BEVERLY

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

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - LATER

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

BEVERLY

Oh God. What are you doing now?

MURRAY

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

BEVERLY

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

MURRAY

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

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

BEVERLY

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

MURRAY

You wouldn't.

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

MURRAY (CONT'D)

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

Beverly hangs up the phone. It's on.

BEVERLY

Excuse me?

MURRAY

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

BEVERLY

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

MURRAY

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

BEVERLY

Oh, so you think I like scrubbing
your freckled shorts?

MURRAY

I think you love it. It means you
have all the control!

BEVERLY

And apparently, you have none.

MURRAY

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

BEVERLY

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

MURRAY

No. You decided.

BEVERLY

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

MURRAY

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

BEVERLY

(gasps)
Not my Adam.

MURRAY

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

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

BEVERLY

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

MURRAY

Oh, I will. I'll teach him good.
Like a goddamn Zen master!

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

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

ADAM
Adam?

MURRAY
Get me my pants.

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

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

Barry pokes his head downstairs, eyes wide.

BARRY
Really?
(to Beverly)
Really?

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

Barry gives a determined nod.

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

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

INT. SILVER FAMILY STATION WAGON - LATER

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

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

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

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

MURRAY

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

BARRY

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

MURRAY

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

BARRY

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

MURRAY

And you blew it. Pull over.

BARRY

(freaking out)

I can't! There's too much cars!
It's too much! It's all too much!

MURRAY

Just put it in park!

ADAM

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

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

MURRAY

Go around! My son's a moron!

ADAM

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

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

MURRAY

Get out! I'm taking the wheel!

BARRY

No! You said it was my turn!

Circle of driving! TV Calling - For educational purposes only

BARRY

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

Murray wheels on Adam, eyes flashing fire.

MURRAY

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

OFFICER PUCHINSKI

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

MURRAY

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

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

OFFICER PUCHINSKI

It's the sandwich lady. This is
bad.

MURRAY

How did she -- who called her?

ADAM

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

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

Yup, there were pay phones back then.

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

MURRAY

Barry. Get out of the car. Please
get out of the damn car!

(glances over at Beverly)
In! Let me in! We'll both live in
there! We'll make a wonderful life
for ourselves! Open up!

No go. Beverly is upon him.

BEVERLY

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

MURRAY

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

BEVERLY

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

ADAM

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

MURRAY

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

Pops gives an understanding nod, then screams to Barry:

POPS

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

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

BARRY

I regret nothiiiiiiiiing!

A beat. Erica leans over to Beverly.

ERICA

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

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. WAFFLE HUT - LATER

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

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

POPS
I dunno. What do you think, Alan?

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

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

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

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

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

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

POPS
Can you give us a second?

Zoe smiles and walks off.

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

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

POPS

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

ADAM

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

AND -- we reveal that Zoe is right there.

ZOE

I'll... come back.

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

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

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

A beat. Adam BURSTS INTO TEARS and runs out.

POPS

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

BEVERLY

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

Pops takes a moment, then looks at Beverly.

POPS

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

BEVERLY

Shirley Nagel. We get it.

POPS

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

BEVERLY
Dad, I had no idea...

POPS
Looks like you got what wanted.
Again.

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

INT. IMPOUND LOT - DUSK

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

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

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

BARRY
Well, it is your thing.

MURRAY
It really is. Guess your mom was right.

BARRY
About everything. I'll never drive.

MURRAY
Any dumb-ass can drive. Even you.

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

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

Barry looks at his dad, freaked by his insight.

BARRY
Maybe. How did you...

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

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

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

BARRY
Wow. That's a horrible story.

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

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

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

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

SUBTITLES: I LOVE YOU.

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

MURRAY (CONT'D)
You wanna drive home?

BARRY

Are you gonna scream at me?

MURRAY

(tender)

You bet I am.

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

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

ADULT ADAM (V.O.)

That night, Barry wasn't the only
one who made history.

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

ZOE

Hey.

ADAM

(as cool as he can)

'Sup.

ZOE

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

ADAM

Yeah, I'm really sorry about that.

ZOE

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

ADAM

Uh, yeah. Maybe.

ZOE

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

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

ZOE (CONT'D)

Cool. Talk tomorrow, Adam.

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

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

EXT. SILVER DRIVEWAY - DAY

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

We REVEAL BEVERLY proudly watching from the kitchen.

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

"KYRIE" CONTINUES OVER OUR ENDING MONTAGE:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

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

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

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

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

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. SILVER BACK YARD - DUSK

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

MURRAY (O.S.)
Whatcha doing?

Beverly jumps, caught. We REVEAL Murray behind her.

BEVERLY
Nothing.

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

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

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

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

Beverly takes this in for a moment and nods.

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

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

BEVERLY
Baby steps.

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

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

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

BEVERLY
Ooooooh, that's the stuff.

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

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

MURRAY (CONT'D)
Goddammit!

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

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

SMASH TO:

TAG

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

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

MURRAY
You're aggravating me, you little bastard!

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

BARRY
I told you to stop filming!

ADAM
Stop pulling on it!

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

END OF SHOW

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