

Playing Chicken

Pilot
by
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COLD OPEN

SCENE A

EXT. DAIRY AIR ICE CREAM SHOP SIDEWALK PATIO (DAY 1)

TIM MACELROY AND HIS BROTHER JAKE SIT AT A SMALL TABLE.
THERE IS SOME MILD FOOT TRAFFIC PASSING BY.

JAKE (30) IS A TOUGH, SHIT-TALKING GUY'S GUY IN A WHEELCHAIR. HE'S A STUBBORN, NARROW-MINDED OUTSPOKEN REDNECK CONSERVATIVE BUT HE POSSESSES A CHARMING BRAVADO. JAKE IS A LOYAL GUY WHO WOULD COME AND PICK YOU UP YOU IF YOUR CAR BROKE DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT - IN KENTUCKY.

TIM (28) IS A PASSIONATE, OPINIONATED AND OFTEN FRUSTRATED LIBERAL INTELLECTUAL. HE'S OVERLY P.C. BUT CONSCIENTIOUS, SMART AND GENUINELY CARES ABOUT PEOPLE AND THE ENVIRONMENT. ALTHOUGH NOT PHYSICALLY AGGRESSIVE, TIM ISN'T AFRAID TO GET IN YOUR FACE. ESPECIALLY WHEN DEFENDING AN UNDER-DOG. TIM IS TALL AND FIT, DESPITE HIS WEAKNESS FOR JUNK FOOD.

IN THE DISTANCE A HIGHWAY WORKER RUNS A JACKHAMMER. THE SOUND STOPS BEFORE THE DIALOGUE AND ONLY BLASTS WHENEVER JAKE SWEARS. (BACKGROUND SOUNDS COVERING PROFANITY WILL BE A SERIES RUNNER AND WILL BE MARKED WITH F**KING ASTERISKS.)

A HOT YOUNG WAITRESS BRINGS THEIR ORDERS.

WAITRESS

A cup of Red, White and Blueberry.

(FOR JAKE) And one Hot Fudge Bannana

Split. (FOR TIM) Be right back with

the check.

TIM TAKES A SILVER POUCH FROM HIS JACKET POCKET, OPENS IT, REMOVES A POP-TART AND CRUMBLES IT ONTO HIS SUNDAY. JAKE'S LOOK SAYS, "WHAT THE FUCK?" TIM PICKS UP ON JAKE'S LOOK.

TIM

What?

THE WAITRESS RETURNS WITH THE CHECK. BEFORE SHE CAN PUT IT DOWN, JAKE HANDS HER A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

JAKE

There you are, sweetheart.

WAITRESS

Oh, do you have anything smaller?

JAKE OPENS HIS WALLET AND FLIPS THROUGH SEVERAL BILLS.

JAKE

Sorry darlin', wall to wall hundies.

WAITRESS

Okay. I'll get you some change.

THE WAITRESS EXITS.

TIM

What is it with you and your hundreds
all the time?

JAKE

A hundred dollar bill makes a
statement, Tim.

TIM

It sure does. It says, "Howdy, I'm a
big pain in the ass."

JAKE

Yeah well, what statement are you
making when you throw down two bucks,
nine quarters and a coupon?

TIM

I'm just saying, Jake. There's no
reason to make her life difficult.

JAKE

Who? The waitress? You, diggin' her?
I'll hook it up. Waitress!

TIM
No! Jake! What are you doing?

THE WAITRESS RETURNS.

JAKE
My brother here thinks you're hot.

TIM
(embarrassed laughter)
Oh my God. Please. I'm sorry.
That's ridiculous.

WAITRESS
Ridiculous, huh? Thanks a lot.

THE WAITRESS STOMPS OFF, OFFENDED.

TIM
No! I didn't mean... Oh! She hates
me now. For the last time - I don't
need a wingman! Okay, Goose!?

JAKE
Hey, I threw you a lob. It ain't my
fault you whiffed. Ya whiffer.

A SCRUFFY HOMELESS MAN WALKS UP.

HOMELESS GUY
Sorry to bother you gents but might
you be able to spare some change for a
weary traveler?

JAKE
Keep it movin' there, chief. No
suckers at this table.

TIM
Wait. Here you go. Good luck.

TIM GIVES THE GUY SOME CHANGE. THE MAN WALKS AWAY.

JAKE
What the f***, Tim?

TIM
Come on, man. He's down on his luck.

JAKE
He's lazy! A healthy white guy with
people skills? You're telling me he
can't work? The Taco-Rama just hired
a retard for cryin' out loud!

TIM
That is so wrong, Jake.

JAKE
No, you'd be surprised. The kid does a
nice job and you might even get a hug.

TIM
What I'm saying is, the kid at the
Taco-Rama is 'mentally disabled.'
You're a retard.

JAKE
Well, irregardless, bums like that are
a blight on the city and you're
handing out incentives.

TIM
Has it ever occurred to you that
people might need a little help to get
off the street.

JAKE
I'm sure your forty cents will put him
right back on his feet.

JAKE TAKES A LARGE BITE OF HIS ICE CREAM.

TIM
Better slow down, you're gonna get
freezey-head.

JAKE
Thanks, Mom.

TIM
Oh, speaking of Mom, Karl and I are
going over to her new place later.
You wanna come with?

JAKE
No thanks. I ain't having anything to
do with that swingers club.

TIM
It's a community for active retired
singles.

JAKE
(LIKE LA-DI-DA) Well, Lolly, Lolly,
Lolly get your adverbs here.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

Sounds like one big geriatric gang
bang to me. Doesn't Mom have any
respect for Dad? He just died.

JAKE CROSSES HIMSELF BUT DOES IT WRONG - IN A CIRCLE.

TIM

It's a cross, Jake. Jesus wasn't
nailed to a big doughnut. Anyway,
it's been three years since Dad died.
Mom's entering a new stage in her
life. She needs to spread her wings.

JAKE

Mom shouldn't be spreading anything.
Her age, she oughta be mopping the
floors and puttin' the chairs up.
Store's closed.

TIM

She's fifty-five, Jake. (THEN) I'm
getting a napkin. You better slow
down.

TIM WALKS INTO THE ICE CREAM SHOP.

JAKE SHOVELS IN A HUGE BITE. HE GETS AN ICE CREAM HEADACHE.
HE MOANS AND GYRATES IN HIS WHEELCHAIR AS HE SLAPS HIMSELF IN
THE FOREHEAD. HE IS ALSO INADVERTENTLY THRUSTING HIS ICE
CREAM CUP FORWARD WITH HIS OTHER HAND. A BIG GUY WITH LONG
HAIR AND A MUSTACHE PASSES BY. JAKE LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S
PUSHING HIS CUP ON THE GUY. THE MAN ASSUMES THAT JAKE IS
MENTALLY CHALLENGED. HE ROLLS HIS EYES AND BEGRUDGINGLY DIGS
SOME CHANGE OUT OF HIS POCKET. HE DROPS IT INTO JAKE'S ICE
CREAM CUP AND THEN TURNS TO WALK OFF.

JAKE

Hey man! What the hell!?

BIG GUY
Whoa! When someone gives you a
handout, all they wanna hear out of
you is "thank you!"

JAKE
Nobody asked you for a handout, Yanni!

BIG GUY
Well excuse me for trying to help out
a cripple.

JAKE
What'd you call me!?

BIG GUY
Sorry. What is it you people like to
be called these days? Handicapables?

JAKE
I'm handy with my fists and capable of
beatin' your ass motherf*****...

JAKE'S TIRADE OF PROFANITY IS MASKED BY A LONG BLAST FROM THE
JACKHAMMER. TIM RETURNS. THE BIG GUY STEPS INTO HIS FACE.

BIG GUY
You know this guy?

TIM
He's my brother.

BIG GUY
Well your brother better watch his
mouth or I'll kick your ass.

TIM
My ass? How'd my ass get into this?

JAKE
You lay one finger on my little
brother and you're gonna be crappin'
teeth for a week!

JAKE COMES AT THE GUY BUT TIM STEPS BETWEEN THEM.

TIM
Whoa! There's no need for violence
here.

BIG GUY
Well, there's gonna be some violence
if you don't get your gimp under
control.

TIM
(GETTING PISSED) Excuse me?

BIG GUY
Don't get me wrong. I'm all for your
Special Olympics and so forth but if
you're gonna let him out around normal
folks, teach him some manners!

TIM HANGS HIS HEAD IN DEFEAT AND STEPS ASIDE.

TIM
Alright. Have fun, Jake.

JAKE SMILES AS HE LUNGES OUT OF HIS CHAIR, TAKING THE GUY
DOWN. THEY FALL OUT OF FRAME AND WE HEAR A BRUTAL ASS-
KICKING. TIM SITS DOWN AND GOES BACK TO HIS SUNDAE.

END OF COLD OPEN

TITLE SEQUENCE

A GREEN TOYOTA PRIUS PULLS INTO THE DRIVEWAY TO A DAVE MATTHEWS SOUNDING THEME SONG. PAN ACROSS THE BUMPER: A DARWIN FISH AND BUMPER STICKERS THAT READ, "NO WAR FOR OIL" AND "SAVE THE RAINFOREST."

THE SONG TURNS TO AN AC/DC SOUNDING RIFF AS A HUGE RED PICKUP SCREECHES INTO THE DRIVEWAY NEXT TO THE PRIUS. THE PICK-UP HAS A PLASTIC NUTSACK HANGING FROM THE TRAILER HITCH, A JESUS FISH AND BUMPER STICKERS THAT READ, "THESE COLORS DON'T RUN", "UNITED WE STAND" AND "NO FAT CHICKS." - BOTH CARS HAVE WISCONSIN PLATES.

ACT ONESCENE BINT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM (DAY 1)

THE IS A VERY "GUY" HOUSE BUT ALSO IMMACULATELY CLEAN. LOTS OF BLACK LEATHER, HUNTING TROPHIES, GREEN BAY PACKERS MEMORABILIA AND A TOP-OF-THE-LINE FOOSBALL TABLE.

JAKE LIES ON A MASSAGE TABLE PETTING STEVE, A HUGE UGLY DOG-SIZED CAT THAT LIES ON HIS CHEST. COLETTE (29, HOT, BLUE SCRUBS) IS EXERCISING JAKE'S LEGS. COLETTE IS SWEET, INTELLIGENT, INDEPENDENT AND MATURE. SHE'S QUIRKY AND A BIT AWKWARD BUT ALWAYS NOTICES A PERSON'S BEST QUALITIES FIRST.

JAKE

Steve's a good boy. Steve's a good
kitty. Go on outside now.

STEVE JUMPS DOWN.

JAKE (CONT'D)

And no raping the chihuahua next door.

(THEN) So, Colette, what's say we take
this therapy thing up a notch. How
'bout a little happy ending today?

COLETTE

(DISTRACTED) Hmmm.

JAKE

What's with you? You usually enjoy my
unique brand of sexual harassment.

COLETTE

I signed the papers today. It's so
weird. I never thought I'd be
divorced. I never thought Dan would
cheat on me.

(MORE)

COLETTE (CONT'D)

I figured his scoring opportunities were shot once he learned to speak Klingon.

JAKE

You know, you oughtta look into hooking up with my little brother.

COLETTE NOTICES A CUT ON HIS KNEE.

COLETTE

Jake, what is this? Did you get in another fight?

JAKE

Come on, it's good for us quads to lay an ass-beating on the able-bodied once in a while. So, what do you think?

COLETTE

I think this might be infected.

JAKE

No, what do you think about Tim? You both buy into global warming and feng shui. You guys oughtta be able to connect on all kinds of nonsense.

COLETTE

Gee, thanks. But I'm taking some time-off from relationships until I figure out why mine always royally suck.

JAKE

You know what your problem is?

COLETTE
 Sure. I'm too trusting, I have
 empowerment issues and, according to
 Oprah Magazine, I'm a "playa-hater."

JAKE
 I was just going to say you always go
 for jag-offs.

TIM ENTERS AND REMOVES HIS JACKET. HE BREAKS HIS CASUAL
 STRIDE WHEN HE SEES COLETTE - A LITTLE TOO HAPPY TO SEE HER.

TIM
 Oh. Hey, Colette. Back already?

COLETTE
 We're going three sessions a week now.

TIM
 Oh. Great. That's awesome. Cool.

TIM CROSSES TO THE KITCHEN. THROUGH THE OPEN SPACE ABOVE THE
 BREAKFAST BAR WE SEE HIM FIX A MASSIVE GLASS OF MOUNTAIN DEW.

JAKE
 (SOTTO TO COLETTE) Well, he's not a
 "playa." (TO TIM) Hey, you got my
 change from the ice cream place?

TIM
 Um... I do.

JAKE
 You do.

TIM
 I did.

TIM COMES OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

JAKE

You did? Do you or do you not have my change?

TIM

Yes...I don't. Okay, I don't expect you to understand this, Jake. But I met a man today who's been victimized by a society that doesn't value...

JAKE

Do NOT tell me you gave some skag-ass bum my hundred bucks!

TIM

No. It was only ninety-three fifty and the term is Homeless American.

JAKE

Homeless American? I'm so sick of you ramming your P.C.ness down my throat.

TIM

Jake, I don't know if you realize just how tough these people have it.

(TAKES A SIP AND WINCES) Oh god, flat Mountain Dew.

KARL ENTERS. (29, GOOD LOOKING, BLUE-COLLAR RUGGED) KARL IS DIM AND LAID BACK BUT HE'S FUN, SILLY AND THE SWEETEST GUY YOU KNOW. HE WEARS A FLANNEL SHIRT, JEANS AND A WEIGHT BELT. HE CROSSES TO TAP FISTS WITH JAKE.

TIM (CONT'D)

Hey, Karl.

KARL
Hey, fellas. Okay, I know I'm on time
but what are we doing again?

TIM
We're going over to my Mom's new place
to help her unpack.

KARL
Yes! That's why the weight belt.
Thank you! So what's up?

JAKE
Gonad here gave some homeless guy a
hundred bucks.

TIM
Ninety-three fifty.

KARL
That was cool of you.

JAKE
No! Not cool! It wasn't even his
money! And he only did it to make one
of his bleeding-heart points!

TIM
No, I did it because sometimes it
takes a village. Right, Colette?

COLETTE
I don't know, Tim. It might have been
a better call to give that money to a
shelter or a food bank.

TIM

Yeah, but I really had a good feeling.
This guy's gonna turn it around. We
made an investment in a human being.

JAKE

We? You're a family-sized sack of
stupid, you know that. All you
invested in was a week's worth of crank
and smokes. And you're paying me back.

TIM

Fine. I've got a three day subbing
gig at Franklin Jr. High next week.

JAKE

Tell you what - I'll bet you that
ninety-three fifty that your boy'll be
right back out begging on his corner
again tomorrow.

TIM

I'll take that bet.

TIM AND JAKE ENGAGE IN A SERIES OF HANDSHAKES AND GESTURES
FROM A CHILDHOOD OF BETTING ONE ANOTHER OVER STUPID SHIT.

TIM (CONT'D)

Jake. Don't you ever see these people
and think, "That could be me someday."

JAKE

No. I look at them and think, "That
could be Tim someday."

TIM
What the hell are you getting at!?

KARL
That's it. I wanna see some MacElroy
man-hugs. Come on! Let's do this!

TIM
Karl, he's calling me a freeloader!

COLETTE
No he's not.

JAKE
Oh, he might be.

TIM
Hey! When you got hurt, I dropped
everything. I gave up my tenure and
my rent-controlled apartment to come
back here and help out. I'm sick of
you treating me like a deadbeat!

TIM STORMS OUT THE FRONT DOOR, KARL FOLLOWS.

JAKE
Boo-hoo! Go cry to Mom, you little
piss-ant!

THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT. JAKE CONTINUES LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I told you he likes you. You should
give him a shot.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE CINT. DONNA'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

THE SMALL CONDO IS LITTERED WITH CARDBOARD BOXES. DONNA MACELROY (55) IS A FIRST-CLASS BROAD. SHE'S TOUGH, DIRECT AND BRUTALLY HONEST. DONNA HAS SEEN A LOT AND DOESN'T JUDGE THE CHOICES OF OTHERS. SHE'D GIVE HER LAST CIGARETTE TO A TRUCK STOP HOOKER. STILL, DONNA DOESN'T TAKE ANY SHIT.

TIM AND KARL ARE UNPACKING. DONNA IS SMOKING.

TIM

When Jake got out of the hospital, I was happy to take his abuse. It was the least I could do. But he doesn't need me anymore. He's just about back up to full jackass.

DONNA

You know Tim, I used to peek in on you two asleep all snug in your bunk beds and many times I thought seriously about smothering the little bastard. So, I know what you're going through.

TIM

No matter what I do, it's never enough. He's totally incapable of gratitude. I'm not asking for a great big fluffy "Thaaaaank Youuuu!" How 'bout just a (CASUALLY) "Hey, thanks. Hey man, thanks. Thanks, bro." How hard is that!?

DONNA

He appreciates you, Tim. But he takes after your father. Just give him time. It's barely been a year since the accident.

TIM

Mom! Please stop calling it an accident. They were playing chicken on jet skis! They crashed into each other on purpose! What's that tell ya?

DONNA

Well, he's not a chicken.

KARL

Man, I could go for some chicken right now. (OFF TIM AND DONNA'S LOOK)
What? I'm just sayin'.

TIM

My whole life, Jake does something stupid and I gotta pay. Remember in little league when Jake put that bumper sticker on my coach's new truck? The one that said, uh...

KARL

"Born Horny." But Jake only did that because Coach Campbell said you threw like a girl.

TIM

Yeah, well I got stuck on the bench
the rest of the season because of it.

DONNA

You were on the bench because you
threw like a girl.

THE DOORBELL RINGS. DONNA OPENS THE DOOR TO AL, A TALL
KINDLY MAN IN HIS SIXTIES. HE ENTERS CARRYING A TOOLBOX.
DONNA DROPS HER EDGE AND LIGHTS UP TO SEE HIM.

AL

Oh, Donna. Don't you look beautiful.
Oh, geeze, I didn't realize you had
company. I can come back and take
care of this later.

DONNA

No, no. Al, this is my son Tim and
his little friend, Karl.

AL

Ah Tim! Your mother tells me you're a
very talented writer.

TIM

Actually, I'm an English teacher. My
writing is more of a pipe dream.

AL

"One's character may be measured only
in relation to the weight of one's
dreams."

TIM
Right. That was Thoreau?

AL
Chicken Soup for the Plumber's Soul.

TIM
Ah, the classics.

AL
Well, I'd better get to work before
she cracks the whip. Ha Ha!

AL EXITS THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR.

DONNA
He's fixing the patio door.

KARL LOOKS LONGINGLY INTO THE KITCHEN, AND THEN AT DONNA.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Do you want to go help, Karl?

KARL EXCITEDLY RUSHES OUT TO HELP.

KARL (O.S.)
Hey! What's up my man! What you
crankin' there - a five sixteenths?

DONNA
Listen, Tim, I want to get your advice
on something.

TIM
(SURPRISED & MOVED)
My advice? Really? Wow.

DONNA
What.

TIM

I don't know. It's just usually you go to Jake.

DONNA

Well I'm sorry Tim, but you can be a little judgemental sometimes.

TIM

Judgemental? What kind of a mother says something like that to her son?

DONNA

You know what, never mind.

TIM

No, I want to help. What is it?

DONNA

Alright. Al? The guy who's working on the back door? Well, we've been, you know...dating.

TIM

Dating!? You just moved in a couple of weeks ago. You've already got some guy working on your back door? (OFF HER LOOK) Not judging. No judgment.

DONNA

Look, I ain't dated since Watergate. So, what signal would you say a man is sending if he buys a gal a pair of shoes?

TIM
Um...That he's gay?

DONNA
No, I mentioned I might want to take
up tennis. The next day he gives me a
new pair of tennies.

TIM
I'm betting he likes you.

DONNA CAN'T HOLD BACK A MASSIVE SCHOOLGIRL GRIN.

TIM (CONT'D)
Okay, yeah - that's giving me the
willies.

DONNA
Alright! I knew this was a bad idea.

TIM
No. Come on, Mom. I think it's great
that you're moving on and getting back
out there. I've just never seen Donna
MacElroy blush.

DONNA
Well, it's been a long time since
anyone's treated me like a lady. He's
got me all nervous, butterflies in my
stomach... (GETTING UP, GRIMACING)
It's giving me the runs.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE DINT. JAKE'S KITCHEN - DAY

JAKE IS AGGRESSIVELY SCRUBBING THE COUNTER TOP. TIM ENTERS THROUGH THE BACK DOOR, CARRYING A SACK OF GROCERIES. HE'S IN GREAT MOOD. BOTH TIM AND JAKE WEAR PACKERS JERSEYS.

TIM

Jakey!

JAKE

(SAME TONE AS "JAKEY") Numbnuts.

TIM

I got all the stuff for your salsa.

JAKE

Sweet. (FINGER SNAP) Fridge.

TIM

(CHEERFULLY SARCASTIC) You're welcome.

(THEN RE: SCRUBBING) I think it's clean.

JAKE

Just because it looks clean, don't mean it is clean. But you wouldn't know about that, would you Captain Crusty Sheets?

TIM

So, Mom and I had a good talk last night. (PSEUDO-DOWNPLAYING) You know, she was asking me for advice on some things. Just wanted to rap.

JAKE STOPS SCRUBBING. THIS HAS STRUCK A NERVE. TIM SAUNTERS OUT THE BACK DOOR WITH A SMIRK. JAKE FOLLOWS.

EXT. JAKE'S BACK PATIO

TIM STARTS PREPPING THE GRILL.

JAKE
So, what's up with Mom?

TIM
Yeah, I really can't say. She wanted me to keep it on the down-low. But don't worry. I gave her the sage advice, so she's all good.

THIS REALLY BUGS JAKE. TIM LOVES IT.

TIM (CONT'D)
So, what's the spread on the game today?

JAKE
What do you care?

TIM
You're right. I don't. I already won a bet today. Guess who's not back on his corner.

JAKE
Oh, congratulations. Too bad you already gave your winnings to a bum.

TIM
He'll pay me back, you'll see.

JAKE
Tim, even if we did slip into the
Bizarro World where suckers get paid
back, how would he even find you?

TIM
I wrote him an I.O.U.

JAKE
You gave some cockroach our address!?
Great! Now we're going to have every
dumpster-monkey in town stopping by
for a handout!

DONNA (O.S.)
Boys?

INT. JAKE'S KITCHEN

DONNA IS UNPACKING SOME FOILED-OVER PLATES. TIM AND JAKE
ENTER FROM THE PATIO. BOTH ARE STUNNED TO SEE THEIR MOM
SOMEWHAT DOLLED-UP.

JAKE
Perfume!? Alright, what the hell's
going on with you?

TIM TAKES A PHYSICAL STANCE IN DEFENCE OF HIS MOTHER.

TIM
Mom, you don't have to tell him
anything until you're ready.

JAKE
Tell me anything about what?

DONNA
Okay Jake, I'm not going to pussyfoot
around with you. There's a new man in
my life.

JAKE
I don't think so! Not on my watch!

DONNA
His name is Al and you better start
dealing with it because Tim invited
him over to watch the game with us.

JAKE
That was your sage advice!? To bring
him here!? No way! Packers / Vikes!?
That was Dad's favorite match-up!
Forget it, Mom! Not under my roof.

TIM
I thought you should meet him. I
really think you'll like him. He's a
retired plumber.

JAKE
Great. Can't wait to see his butt-
crack.

DONNA TRIES TO RESPOND BUT TIM JUMPS IN.

TIM
Jake, if Mom wants to meet new people,
she's a grown woman and she deserves
our support.

DONNA
Thank you. And I don't need anyone's
permission to have a sex-life.

TIM
Yeah, she doesn't need... Wait, what
are we talking about?

TIM PHYSICALLY JOINS JAKE, SQUARING OFF WITH DONNA.

JAKE
Sex-life!?

DONNA
I'm sorry boys, but even I have needs.

JAKE
(DISGUSTED)
Okay! Nobody wants to hear about your
needs!

DONNA
I can't believe you two are being so
immature.

TIM
Sorry Mom, but there's nothing worse
than the thought of you 'doing it.'

DONNA
Too bad. I'm tired of taking care of
all my needs manually.

TIM AND JAKE BOTH CRINGE AT THE THOUGHT.

JAKE
Turns out there is something worse.

THE DOORBELL RINGS. JAKE ROLLS INTO THE LIVING ROOM. TIM
FOLLOWS. JAKE OPENS THE DOOR TO REVEAL TWO COPS - AN OLDER
WHITE OFFICER AND A YOUNG LATINO OFFICER.

 OLDER COP
Tim MacElroy?

 TIM
I'm Tim.

THE OLDER COP HOLDS UP A SLIP OF PAPER.

 OLDER COP
You write this I.O.U.?

 TIM
Um, yeah. Where'd you find that?

 WHITE COP
On a dead homeless guy.

 LATINO COP
He O.D.ed. You wouldn't know how he
got a hold of all that crack would
you?

DONNA COMES OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

 DONNA
What's going on?

 JAKE
Tim killed a homeless guy! Classic!

THE COPS STEP IN TOWARD TIM.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE EINT. JAKE'S HOUSE DINING ROOM - LATER (DAY 2)

TIM AND DONNA SIT AT THE DINING ROOM TABLE WITH THE TWO COPS. DOWN STAGE FROM THEM, JAKE SITS IN THE LIVING ROOM, WATCHING THE GAME ON TV.

DONNA
He didn't buy the man any drugs. He
just gave him some money.

LATINO COP
For drugs.

TIM
No!

WHITE COP
You just gave a street junkie a
hundred dollars for no reason?

JAKE
My point.

TIM
I only gave him ninety-three fifty and
I didn't know he was a junkie.

WHITE COP
What are you an idiot?

WITHOUT TURNING AROUND, JAKE OFFERS THE COP A HIGH-FIVE.

JAKE
Nicely played, friend.

THE COP LEAVES HIM HANGING.

DONNA

Hey, my son saw a person in need and
he tried to help him out because he's
a good boy.

JAKE

And I'm sure the guy would thank him
if he weren't so darn dead.

KARL RUNS IN THE FRONT DOOR, WEARING A CHEESE-HEAD.

KARL

Oh. Hey. You guys know there's a cop
car in your driveway?

TIM MOTIONS TOWARD THE OBVIOUS POLICE OFFICERS WITH A "NO
DUH!" EXPRESSION.

JAKE

Tim killed a homeless guy.

TIM

I did not! (FEELING GUILTY AND
REACHING) You want to blame someone,
blame your Republicans. They screw
the poor every chance they get.

JAKE

Classic liberal. Kill a homeless guy -
blame the government.

TIM

Jake, the Democrats have been trying
to raise the minimum wage for years
but your boys just won't have it.

JAKE

I pay my yard boy less than minimum wage and Paco works his sack off.

DONNA

Yard boy, Jake? Paco is fifty.

JAKE

And you won't see him out shaking down people for loose change. You know why? (TO LATINO COP) Because your people work hard and have some self-respect. That's why you'll never catch me running down the beaners.

LATINO COP

Sir, that is wildly offensive. I am not a beaner. I'm Puerto Rican.

JAKE

Look, all I'm saying is you people are all cut from the same tortilla (pronounced tor-til-ah) and I mean that in the best possible way.

DOORBELL RINGS. DONNA CROSSES TO ANSWER IT. IT'S COLETTE.

COLETTE

Hey, I brought the traditional Twinkies and Schlitz. (ENTERS AND SEES THE COPS) What's going on?

JAKE

Tim killed a homeless guy.

COLETTE

What!?

TIM

Well, remember I gave that homeless gentleman a hundred dollars?

JAKE, DONNA AND KARL

Ninety-three fifty.

TIM

Anyway he used it... um... for some crack. Bad crack. I guess all crack is bad, right? Anyhoo. Turns out he overdosed and... Oh, God. What did I do? I feel sick.

COLETTE

Tim, you couldn't have known.

TIM

He was standing out in front of the Food King and he just looked so...

JAKE

Wait. The guy by the Food King? That's your homeless guy? Riley?

LATINO COP

Yes Sir. His name was Riley Knutson.

JAKE

Well, Duh! Of course Riley O.D.ed. The guy's a hard-core addict.

TIM SIGHS AND SLUMPS.

WHITE COP
Sir, we're going to go ahead and
assume that if you were a drug dealer,
someone would have shot you by now.

TIM
Thanks.

WHITE COP
So, we'll be on our way.

JAKE
Thanks officers. You guys - Heroes.

THE COPS EXIT AND JAKE CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.

TIM
How did you know his name was Riley?

JAKE
I go by the Food King almost every
day. You pass a guy enough times, you
have a conversation once in a while.
Not a bad guy, all things considered.
Had a hell of a head for baseball
stats and in the winter he could piss
a perfect snoopy in the snow.

KARL
That guy? I've seen him do that. He
had talent.

JAKE
You bet. But he was a junkie. (TO
TIM) What'd you think he was gonna do,
dumbass? Open up an IRA? Put a down
payment on a condo!?

TIM STORMS OFF INTO THE KITCHEN.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Diversify his portfolio!?

COLETTE SHAKES HER HEAD AT JAKE AND GOES INTO THE KITCHEN.

DONNA'S CELL PHONE RINGS TO THE TUNE OF "BACK IN BLACK" BY
AC/DC. SHE ANSWERS IN AN UNCHARACTERISTICALLY SWEET VOICE.

DONNA
Hey Al... No, you just make a left by
the Taco-Rama - where that boy with
his pants on backwards gave you a
hug... Okay, see you soon, hon.
(HANGS UP) Al's on his way!

WHAP! DONNA GIVES JAKE AN UNPROVOKED SMACK UPSIDE THE HEAD.

JAKE
What the hell!?

DONNA
I swear to all that is holy - you
embarrass me and I'll make you wish
you never came out of that coma! It's
embarrassing enough that your brother
killed a homeless guy!

TIM (O.S.)

I did not!

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE KITCHEN

TIM SULKS AT THE KITCHEN TABLE, COLETTE JOINS HIM. SHE SLIDES A TWINKIE OVER TO CHEER HIM UP. TIM REMAINS STOIC.

TIM

(RE: TWINKIES) Twinkie the Kid. Why would they use an outlaw for a mascot? They're endorsing violence.

COLETTE

You're right. Snack cake on snack cake violence must end. (THEN) Look, Tim, you can't hold yourself responsible for this man's choices.

TIM

I know, but... Jake actually gave the guy his time, his attention. All I gave him was blind charity.

COLETTE

Well, if you want to spend some quality time with someone less fortunate than yourself, there are a lot of candidates out there, Tim.

TIM NODS, COMING TO LIFE. HE POINTS AT COLETTE AS IF TO SAY, "YOU'RE A SMART ONE!" HE STANDS, GRABS HIS COAT AND RUSHES OUT THE BACK DOOR BEHIND HER. COLETTE PICKS UP THE TWINKIE. AFTER A BEAT, THE BACK DOOR REOPENS. WITHOUT TURNING AROUND, SHE TOSSES IT OVER HER SHOULDER. TIM CATCHES THE TWINKIE AND AGAIN CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE FEXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - EVENING (DAY 2)

TIM WALKS DOWN THE STREET. HE LIGHTS UP WHEN HE SEES A HOMELESS GUY CLIMBING OUT OF A DUMPSTER. BARRY IS NOT YOUR AVERAGE SIT-COM BUM. THIS GUY IS A SURLY, FILTHY MESS! HIS FACIAL TICKS AND DOWNWARD GAZE LET YOU KNOW THAT ALL IS NOT WELL. TIM SMILES AT HIM. BARRY SNEERS BACK SUSPICIOUSLY.

TIM
Hey! How's it going?

BARRY
Sensational. Now what do you say you
give me a buck?

TIM
I'm sorry. I can't give you any money
but... What's your name?

BARRY
What's it to you?

TIM
Just making conversation.

BARRY
Great. Conversation. Nice weather
we're having. Nice day to give me a
buck.

TIM
Where you from?

BARRY
I'm from give-me-a-bucksville!

ANOTHER HOMELESS MAN STEPS UP.

HOMELESS GUY #2
(to Barry)
What's this guy want?

BARRY
I don't know. I think he's out
toolin' for anus.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREESCENE GINT. JAKE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM (NIGHT 2)

PAN ACROSS COLETTE, KARL, DONNA AND JAKE - ALL WEARING PACKERS GEAR AND ALL CRINGING AT A BAD PLAY. THE SHOT ARRIVES ON AL - WEARING A VIKINGS SWEATSHIRT AND CHEERING FOR THE SAME PLAY. JAKE STARES DAGGERS AT AL.

DONNA GETS UP AND WHEELS JAKE HARD THROUGH THE KITCHEN DOOR.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE KITCHEN

DONNA

You stop giving him the hairy eyeball!

JAKE

I am not giving him the hairy eyeball!

DONNA

You are so giving him the hairy
eyeball! Cut it out!

SHE GIVES JAKE A SMACK IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM

TIM COMES IN THE FRONT DOOR WITH HOMELESS BARRY.

TIM

Everyone!? I'd like you all to meet
Barry. I've invited Barry over to
watch the game with us.

DONNA COMES BACK FROM THE KITCHEN. EVERYONE IS STUNNED.

BARRY

My stuff.

TIM

Don't worry. You're stuff'll be okay
outside.

BARRY
No, no, no. My stuff stays with me!

BARRY REACHES OUT THE DOOR AND DRAGS IN A SHOPPING CART FILLED WITH EMPTY BOTTLES AND CRUSHED CANS. IT BARELY FITS THROUGH THE DOOR AND DOES SOME LIGHT DAMAGE ON THE WAY. A CAN CRUSHER IS MOUNTED TO THE FRONT OF THE CART.

KARL
Come in and take a load off, brotha.

DONNA
You look like you could use a drink.

DONNA POURS HIM A STIFF ONE. BARRY CAUTIOUSLY PULLS HIS CART OVER TO THE COUCH AND TAKES A SEAT NEXT TO KARL. COLETTE OFFERS HIM A PLATE OF CARROT AND CELERY STICKS.

COLETTE
Carrot stick?

BARRY TAKES ONE AND PUTS IT IN HIS MOUTH.

BARRY
These organic?

COLETTE
Oh. Um, no I don't think so.

BARRY REMOVES THE CARROT FROM HIS MOUTH AND PUTS IT BACK.

KARL IS JUST POLISHING OFF A BEER WHEN HE NOTICES BARRY IS STARING AT HIM. HE HANDS BARRY HIS EMPTY BEER CAN. BARRY PUTS IT IN THE CAN CRUSHER.

JAKE WHEELS OUT OF THE KITCHEN TO WATCH THIS HAPPEN. HE IS DUMBFOUNDED.

JAKE
You gotta be sh(**CRUSH!**)ing me.

TIM
Jake! This is Barry.

JAKE
Yeah, I know Barry.

BARRY
Oh, hey Jake. This your place?

TIM
(ONE-UPPED AGAIN)
You know him too?

JAKE
Sure, I know him from the VA hospital.
Doesn't mean I want his germ-ridden
stank ass on my couch.

BARRY STANDS.

TIM
No. Barry, sit. You're here as my
guest and my friend.

BARRY REMAINS STANDING UNTIL TIM GIVES HIM A BUCK.

JAKE
Friend? You don't even know this guy.

TIM
Actually Jake, I've been getting to
know old Barry here and I've learned
quite a lot. He used to be in the
Coast Guard, he's a Sagittarius, he's
a big advocate of recycling, I gather,
and his favorite food is beans.

JAKE
So you two are good buddies?

BARRY LOOKS AT TIM FOR THE ANSWER. TIM COVERS HIS HAND WITH THE SLEEVE OF HIS COAT BEFORE PATTING BARRY'S SHOULDER.

TIM

Um... Sure.

JAKE

Did Barry mention he's a big-time
Republican?

TIM GIVES BARRY A SURPRISED, "SAY IT AIN'T SO LOOK." BARRY FOLDS HIS ARMS AND NODS IN PROUD DEFIANCE.

TIM

Okay. Well, I didn't invite Barry
over to discuss politics. I just...
(LOSING IT) How can you be a
Republican!? You're a bum for
Chrissake!

JAKE

Don't you mean Homeless American?

BARRY

When my ship comes in, I don't want no
liberal tax-man picking my pocket.

TIM

Your ship? You still think there's a
ship!?

BARRY

Hey, man! This is America - the land
of opportunity.

TIM
You're right. I'm sorry. Your dreams
are as valid as anyone's.

BARRY
Straight up. So where's the crapper?

KARL
Right through there, my man.

BARRY HEADS INTO THE BATHROOM.

JAKE
Tim! I want that nut-job out of my
house - A.S.A.F.P!

DONNA
Oh, Jake, don't have a hernibird. So
the guy watches the rest of the game
with us. What's the harm?

JAKE
Mom! Tim only brought this one over
to make himself feel better about
knocking off the last one!

TIM
You should feel good about this, Jake.
I'm following your example.

JAKE
You want to follow my example? Here's
what you do - nothing.

TIM
Nothing?

JAKE

Nothing. You can't coddle these people. You give 'em a little cash here, a little hospitality there and pretty soon everybody wants to be homeless. "Hey! It's a homeless jamboree! No need to get a job! Everything's freeeeeeee!"

DONNA

Well, that was just a cavalcade of nonsense.

JAKE

I'm just telling it like it is.

COLETTE

Jake, homelessness is an enormous problem. Ignoring it won't solve anything.

TIM

Exactly!

COLETTE

But it can't be solved with little feel-good gestures either, Tim. If you really want to make a difference, I volunteer down at the Willy Street Shelter on Wednesday nights. We can always use extra hands.

TIM
Hmm. Wednesdays are tough. But I
might be able to put that together at
some point.

IN THE BACKGROUND BARRY COMES OUT OF THE BATHROOM AND MOVES
TOWARD THE DOOR. NOBODY SEEMS TO NOTICE.

JAKE
Ha! You are such a hypocrite!

TIM
Me!? I don't see you rolling up to
volunteer!

JAKE
That's because I don't give a crap!
Sue me but I think people oughtta earn
their own way.

TIM
Oh, like your big settlement?

JAKE
That jet-ski company was negligent and
you know it!

TIM
How!? 'Cause there was no warning
sticker that said, "Do not crash into
other drunk idiots intentionally!?"

AL STANDS UP.

AL
Okay, boys. That's enough.

JAKE

Whoa! You are pushing your luck over
there, Tarkenton!

DONNA SMACKS JAKE IN THE HEAD. THE ROOM ERUPTS INTO A FIVE-
WAY ARGUMENT. EVERYONE IS SHOUTING UNTIL THEY HEAR BARRY
FORCING HIS CART OUT THE FRONT DOOR. EVERYONE GOES QUIET.

TIM

Hey, Barr. Where you going?

BARRY

Well... You folks seem to got a lotta
ideas about people like me and I guess
I would too. Thing is, I just ain't
never been able to abide by
everybody's rules. Lord knows I've
tried but something in here (POINTS TO
HIS HEAD) just won't let me fit in. I
don't expect you to understand my
ways. But I'm just a man trying to
live his life with a little dignity.

EVERYONE IS SHAMED SILENT.

DONNA

Barry, I think we'd all really like it
if you'd stay and watch the rest of
the game with us.

BARRY AND THE OTHERS LOOK TO JAKE FOR HIS ANSWER.

JAKE

Fine. He can stay.

KARL COMES OUT OF THE BATHROOM.

KARL
Um... I think somebody pooped in the
sink.

EVERYONE CRINGES. BARRY RAISES HIS HAND.

BARRY
Yeah. Sorry. See what I'm saying?

JAKE
That's it!

JAKE ROLLS UP TO BARRY.

DONNA
Jakey, no!

TIM
Leave him alone, Jake.

JAKE TAKES OUT HIS WALLET AND HANDS BARRY A HUNDRED DOLLAR
BILL.

JAKE
Here you go, Barry! Spend this on a
whole lot of whatever it is you like
best.

BARRY SMILES BIG, GRABS HIS CART AND PUSHES IT OUT THE DOOR.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATER (DAY 2)

JAKE WHEELS UP TO THE OPEN BATHROOM DOOR.

JAKE

Hey Al, appreciate you helping me out
on this one.

AL (O.S.)

Piece 'o cake, Jake. These old sinks
are a snap to change out.

TIM COMES OUT OF THE BATHROOM CARRYING THE OLD SINK. HE'S
WEARING RUBBER GLOVES. HE TRIES TO RUN OUTSIDE BUT JAKE IS
BLOCKING THE WAY.

JAKE

Hey Tim, listen...

TIM

Um, I need to get this outside.

TIM IS WINCING, AND TRYING TO GET BY. HE DOESN'T SEE DONNA
STANDING IN THE KITCHEN DOORWAY. HER ARMS ARE FOLDED AS SHE
NODS SILENT INSTRUCTIONS TO JAKE.

JAKE

Look, first off - It ain't like I
twisted your arm to move back from New
York. (OFF DONNA'S GLARE) But, it was
still cool that you did.

TIM

Jake. Please.

JAKE

Anyway you were a big help when I got
home from the hospital.

TIM
Dude, seriously. It was no sweat!
Just get out the way!

JAKE
And I like having my little brother
around even though you can be kind of
a little bitch sometimes. So, I just
wanted to say, thank you.

TIM CALMS - HE DIDN'T EXPECT THIS. HE'S MOVED.

TIM
Wow. You're welcome, Jake.

JAKE
Great. Now what do you say you get
that bum-turd out of my house.

JAKE CLEARS THE WAY AND TIM RUNS OUTSIDE. DONNA PUTS HER
COAT ON AND CROSSES TOWARD THE DOOR. SHE STOPS TO PAT JAKE
ON THE BACK.

DONNA
You're a good boy, Jakey.

JAKE
You're just determined to turn me
queer, aren't you Mom?

DONNA
(CALLING BACK TO AL) Al, hon! I'm
going out to warm up the car.

AL (O.S.)
Thanks! Be right there!

AL COMES OUT OF THE BATHROOM, CLEANING HIS HANDS WITH A RAG.

JAKE
Listen, Al, we got off on the wrong
foot. You seem like a solid guy more
or less and I gotta say - for a
plumber - not a lot of butt crack.

AL
Well, I charge extra for that.

JAKE AND AL SHARE A LAUGH. OUTSIDE, DONNA HONKS THE HORN.
AL HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

JAKE
So, what do I owe, you?

AL
Please. It's on the house. I'm
always happy to help you out, or take
care of your mom's needs.

JAKE
Needs? What's that supposed to mean?

AL
Oh, I just mean that working on your
mom's back door was my pleasure.

JAKE
That's it! Get the f*** out of my
house you sick son of a bitch!

THE CAR HORN BLASTS OVER THE SWEAR. JAKE RUSHES AL OUT.

JAKE (CONT'D)
THE VIKINGS SUCK!!!

THE END