

# ***TWANG***

"Pilot"

written by

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REVISED WRITERS DRAFT 2.0

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ACT ONE

A

EXT. BARN - DAY  
(COOPER, GATLIN)

A COW FACES THE CAMERA. WIDEN TO REVEAL GATLIN, 15, STANDING BEHIND IT, WEARING A LONG, RUBBER GLOVE. COOPER, 17, STANDS BY, IMPATIENTLY. A.J., 12, AND ANNIE, 9, LOOK ON, TERRIFIED.

COOPER

Do it, Gatlin! Do it!

GATLIN

I don't want to!!!

COOPER

Pappy said the cow has a blockage in his lower intestine and his stomach could explode! The vet is stuck in traffic, now stop being such a baby and stick your hand in his butt!

EVERYTHING FREEZES. WE ROCKET IN ON GATLIN, WHO ADDRESSES THE CAMERA:

GATLIN

I know what you're thinking. How did a person like me end up in a place like this? I'm Gatlin. I'm fifteen years old. My Mom is Emma Montgomery, the country star.

(MORE)

GATLIN (CONT'D)

When we're not touring, we live in an awesome house in the Hollywood Hills. So how did I get here? It started a week ago.

CUT TO:

B

INT. TWANG - MORNING (ONE WEEK AGO)

(A.J., ANNIE, JACK, EMMA, COOPER, GATLIN, PAPPY)

A LARGE, SEEMINGLY-ABANDONED COUNTRY RESTAURANT.  
THE FRONT DOOR CREAKS OPEN AND A SHAFT OF LIGHT  
CUTS THROUGH THE DUST.

GATLIN AND COOPER ENTER, FOLLOWED BY A.J. AND ANNIE.  
GATLIN WEARS A TAILORED JACKET OVER TRENDY CLOTHES.

GATLIN

Whoa, this place is a mess. I can't  
believe Mom grew up here.

COOPER

There's more dust than restaurant.  
They should call it a dustaurant.

(NUDGES ANNIE) Get it?

ANNIE

(FLAT) Yes.

GATLIN

Well I better not get any dust on my  
jacket. This is an original Fanucci.

COOPER

That's Italian for snooty.

A.J.

Quiet. Did you guys hear that?

GATLIN/COOPER/ANNIE

No.

SFX: MYSTERIOUS THUMP

GATLIN/COOPER/ANNIE (CONT'D)

Yes.

ANNIE

Whatever it is, it's big. Maybe a  
hundred pounds.

SUDDENLY A BIG DOG MOVES THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND  
JUMPS ON A.J..

A.J.

Kettle Corn, is that you?

THE LIGHTS CLICK ON AND WE GET A BETTER LOOK AT  
THE RESTAURANT. IT'S LARGE AND COLORFUL. THERE'S  
A DINING AREA WITH BOOTHS AND TABLES, A RAISED  
PERFORMANCE AREA, A GAME AREA, AND A COUNTER THAT  
OPENS TO A LARGE KITCHEN AND PANTRY.

PAPPY

Kids!

THE KIDS LOOK UP AND ARE EXCITED TO SEE THEIR  
GRANDPA, PAPPY MONTGOMERY.

PAPPY (CONT'D)

I was planning a big welcome, but I  
didn't expect you 'til Tuesday.

A.J.

It's Tuesday.

PAPPY

Oh. Then... (CLEARS THROAT) Welcome!  
Hope you're looking forward to a week  
of Twang.

COOPER/A.J./ANNIE

We are! / You know it! / Yay!

GATLIN

A week?! I thought it was supposed to be two nights.

PAPPY

I talked your folks into staying all week, so you could help me fix up the place. You probably can't tell, but it's fallen into a teeny bit of disrepair.

BEHIND THEM, A BEAM COLLAPSES, CRUSHING A TABLE AND SENDING UP A CLOUD OF DUST.

GATLIN

We hadn't noticed.

COOPER

We'll be psyched to help, grandpa! I don't like to brag, but I'm pretty amazing at fixing things.

ANNIE

What about our microwave that you "fixed?" Now it can cook a turkey in eight seconds.

COOPER

No one's gonna be complaining next Thanksgiving.

A.J.

Hey, Pappy, do you have a nail gun? I've always wanted to use a nail gun.

GATLIN

There is nothing scarier than the  
thought of A.J. with a nail gun.

ANNIE

What about zombies?

GATLIN

Okay, zombies.

ANNIE

And witches.

GATLIN

Okay, zombies and witches, then A.J.  
with a nail gun.

A.J.

I promise, I'll be careful.

COOPER

And the rest of us can get used to  
walking around with nails in our head.

PAPPY

You kids must be hungry. You like  
cookies?

BIG YESES ALL AROUND.

PAPPY (CONT'D)

Kettle corn, fetch us some cookies.

THE DOG HAPPILY RUNS OFF TO GET COOKIES.

THE FRONT DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN AND JACK BAXTER AND  
EMMA MONTGOMERY ENTER, PUSHING A TODDLER IN A  
CARRIAGE.

JACK

Whoa, they should call this place a  
dustaurant.

JACK SMILES AT EMMA, WHO SMILES POLITELY.

EMMA

(FLAT) Good one.

PAPPY

There she is!

EMMA

(BRIGHTENS) Hi, Dad!

PAPPY GIVES EMMA AND JACK BIG HUGS, THEN CROUCHES  
DOWN TO SHAKE HANDS WITH PATSY, 3.

PAPPY

And last but not least, Patsy Cline  
Baxter. Something tells me you're  
going to be as famous as your Mom.

GATLIN TURNS, FEELING SLIGHTED.

GATLIN

I'm going to be famous.

PAPPY

Oh yeah?

GATLIN

I'm going to have a hit album and a  
hit book and a reality show and my  
own fragrance.

COOPER

"Insipid," By Gatlin.

COOPER LAUGHS. GATLIN PUNCHES HIM IN THE ARM.



JACK

Place looks great, Pappy. This new?

JACK POINTS TO THE BEAM THAT JUST COLLAPSED.

PAPPY

You came at the right time. This old joint could use a whole lotta work.

JACK

Well, "a whole lotta work" is my middle name. Actually it's Francis.

A.J. HAS WANDERED OVER TO THE JUKEBOX.

COOPER

Check it out, half of the songs on this jukebox are Mom's.

PAPPY

Of course, she's my favorite musician. But don't try to play any of 'em or that thing will explode.

A.J.

(EYES LIGHTING UP) It will?

A.J. EXCITEDLY PRESSES A BUTTON AND THE SIDES EXPLODE. OUT OF THIS EXPLOSION COMES A SHORT, UPBEAT CREDIT SEQUENCE.

CUT TO:

C

INT. TWANG - MORNING

(A.J., ANNIE, COOPER, GATLIN, GRANDPA, PAPPY)

COOPER IS ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES IN FRONT OF THE JUKEBOX WITH A SCREWDRIVER. A.J. AND ANNIE SIT NEARBY. THE PANTRY WALL REVOLVES AND GATLIN AMBLES OUT, AGAIN DRESSED IN TRENDY CLOTHES.

GATLIN

Hey.

COOPER

Morning. How'd you sleep?

GATLIN

Crummy. There were all these sounds.  
Crickets. Owls. Wind chimes.

COOPER

You usually sleep through police  
helicopters. And bullhorns telling  
people to keep their hands where they  
can see them.

ANNIE

And then gunshots.

GATLIN

I find those sounds relaxing. (THEN)  
Wow, it's hot.

A.J.

Want me to turn on the air conditioning?

GATLIN

Yes.

A.J.

Too bad. There isn't any.

GATLIN SIGHS AND PULLS UP A CHAIR.

GATLIN

What are you guys doing?

COOPER

We thought we'd get a jump on fixing  
the jukebox.

HE MAKES ONE LAST TURN OF THE SCREWDRIVER.

COOPER (CONT'D)

There we go, good as... new.

COOPER NODS TO A.J. TO PLUG IT IN. HE DOES AND...  
THE TOP BLOWS OFF.

A.J.

Perfect.

GATLIN

We can't really be staying here for a  
week, can we?

COOPER

Of course, why not?

GATLIN

I've got stuff going on at home. I'm  
doing a video for my hit song. It's  
called, "this is a hit song."

ANNIE

I've heard it. It's not so much a  
song as it is a drum machine and you  
saying, "hit song" a million times.

GATLIN

That's all you need. Drum beats, an easy hook, backup dancers...

COOPER

Now you've got backup dancers?

GATLIN

Uh-huh. The Vendetti Sisters, from school. I've been trying to call them but I can't get a clear signal.

A.J.

If you want a good signal, all you have to do is climb to the top of the pole outside.

GATLIN

How high is it?

A.J.

Not too high. Maybe twice as high as it would take to kill you if you fell.

PAPPY

Flapjacks!

THE KIDS TURN TO FIND PAPPY PUTTING OUT BREAKFAST. THEY HEAD OVER AND SIT AT THE COUNTER.

GRANDPA

Did you kids milk the cows yet?

COOPER

You were serious about that? I don't know how to get milk from a cow. I barely know how to get milk from a store.

GATLIN

It's true. We just write what we want on the refrigerator and someone gets it. I have no idea who.

PAPPY

Well, things aren't quite so magical here. I put a list of chores for you in the barn.

THE KIDS DIG INTO THE FLAPJACKS.

A.J.

These are great pancakes, grandpa. I love the raisins you put in them.

PAPPY

I didn't put in any raisins.

IN UNISON, GATLIN, COOPER AND ANNIE ALL SPIT OUT SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE RAISINS. A.J. SHRUGS AND KEEPS EATING.

PAPPY (CONT'D)

By the way, Gatlin, you're not gonna want to wear those fancy clothes for your chores.

GATLIN

These are all I have. I always wear designer clothes.

PAPPY

I'm sure there's something that'll fit you in the barn.

ON GATLIN'S CONCERNED REACTION, WE...

CUT TO:

D

INT. BARN - LATER

(A.J., ANNIE, COOPER, GATLIN, LISA, LESLIE)

A TWO-LEVEL BARN BRIMMING WITH BALES OF HAY. COOPER AND ANNIE ARE THERE. GATLIN STEPS IN, WEARING OVERSIZED OVERALLS.

GATLIN

Nobody. Say. Anything. If anyone back home saw me wearing this, I'd be a laughing stock.

FLASH! COOPER TAKES A PICTURE ON HIS PHONE.

GATLIN (CONT'D)

Hey!!!

COOPER

Don't worry, I can't send it to anyone unless I climb that wobbly phone pole out back.

COOPER STARTS TO LOOK OVER THE LIST OF CHORES AS ANNIE APPROACHES A COW.

ANNIE

Hello, cow. I'm Annie. I'm from Los Angeles. That's two thousand and fifty miles from here.

GATLIN

But it might as well be a million. We might as well be on the moon.

ANNIE

She's just kidding, cow, everyone knows the moon is two hundred and thirty thousand miles from Earth.

SUDDENLY COOPER IS HIT IN THE HEAD WITH A CAN.

COOPER

Hey!

COOPER LOOKS AROUND, BUT DOESN'T SEE ANYONE.

GATLIN

What do you think, Cooper? You think we can convince Mom and Dad to let us go home?

COOPER

Are we talking about a different Mom and Dad? They don't change their minds.

GATLIN

Unless... we trick them. All we need is a plan.

ANNIE

Could this plan involve playing dress-up or having tea with an imaginary unicorn?

GATLIN

We could tell them A.J. shaved his head and threatened to hold his breath for a week.

COOPER

He already did that once when he wanted  
new sneakers. And it didn't work  
then either.

ANOTHER CAN HITS COOPER IN THE HEAD.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Ow! A.J.!!!

A.J. LAUGHS, REVEALING HIS LOCATION IN THE HAY  
LOFT.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Get down from there. You don't know  
if it can hold you.

A.J.

Of course it can hold me. See?

A.J. JUMPS A LITTLE. SUDDENLY THE PLANKS BELOW  
HIM GIVE WAY AND HE FALLS INTO A PILE OF HAY BELOW.

A.J. (CONT'D)

Whoa, that was fun! Except...

GATLIN

Except what?

A.J.

Except I think I landed on a pitchfork.

COOPER

Hey Gatlin, what would you rather do,  
help clean buckets or feed the geese?

GATLIN

Is there a third choice that involves  
getting my nails done?



COOPER

'Fraid not.

GATLIN SIGHS AND PICKS UP A SACK OF BIRD FEED.  
SHE CROSSES OUT AND AROUND THE BARN.

GATLIN

Here, geese! Anybody hungry? I'm  
Gatlin, I'll be your waitress today.  
Today's special is dry, gross bird  
feed, served in a dirty sack.

SUDDENLY A GAGGLE OF GEESE CHARGE AT HER, GOBBLING  
THE FEED.

GATLIN (CONT'D)

Okay, slow down. Plenty for everyone.  
That's my ankle. Today's special is  
not my ankle!

GATLIN SCREAMS AND DROPS THE BAG. OUT OF  
FRUSTRATION, SHE STARTS TO CLIMB THE TELEPHONE  
POLE.

RESET TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE POLE - MOMENTS LATER

GATLIN HOLDS ON TIGHTLY, TERRIFIED, AS SHE DIALS  
HER PHONE.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE VENDETTI SISTERS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LISA AND LESLIE VENDETTI, BOTH 15, ANSWER THE PHONE  
AND PUT IT ON SPEAKER. LISA IS PERPETUALLY BORED,  
LESLIE IS SWEETLY DUMB.

LISA/LESLIE

Hello./Helloo.

GATLIN

Hey!

LISA

Gatlin! What are you doing?

GATLIN

You don't want to know. I'm up a pole.

LESLIE

What's that, an expression?

GATLIN

No, I'm literally up a pole. Hey, I've got bad news. I need to push the video back a week.

LESLIE

What's that, like seven days?

GATLIN

Uh-huh.

LISA

That's cool.

GATLIN

No, it's not cool. Nothing about this vacation is cool. I have to do chores, and feed geese, and later I'm learning how to make meatloaf.

LESLIE

What's that, like a meatball?

GATLIN

Yeah, it's a big meatball.

LISA

I wish I was up a pole. I'm so bored here.

GATLIN

Ow! I just leaned against a nail.

LISA

I wish I leaned against a nail. I'm so bored.

GATLIN

Okay, I gotta go.

LISA/LESLIE

Bye./Byeeeeee!

LESLIE HANGS UP, BUT ISN'T SURE SHE DID IT RIGHT.

LESLIE

You still there, Gatlin?

GATLIN

Yes.

LESLIE TRIES TO HANG UP AGAIN.

LESLIE

Why do they make phones so complicated?

I mean, they can put a man on the sun, right?

RESET TO:

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

ANNIE IS NOW READING TO THE COW.

ANNIE

"...and the fairy princess said to the magical rabbit, "I will trade you all the carrots in my bag for a rainbow made of wishes."

A.J.

Annie, you're gonna put that cow to sleep.

ANNIE

How do you know?

A.J.

Because you're putting me to sleep.  
And I'm sitting on a pitchfork.

CUT TO:

E

INT. TWANG - LATER

(A.J., ANNIE, COOPER, GATLIN, PAPPY)

GATLIN, COOPER, A.J. AND ANNIE ARE LINED UP IN THE KITCHEN, WEARING APRONS. PAPPY STANDS BEFORE THEM.

PAPPY

Okay, kids, lesson number one:  
meatloaf, which is tonight's special.  
But first... Kopelman, OUT!

KOPELMAN, A BEARDED KITCHEN WORKER IN A HAIRNET, REACTS AND EXITS.

PAPPY (CONT'D)

Annie, go to that big bowl and crack  
thirty-six eggs.

ANNIE

Roger.

PAPPY

A.J., get one of the big knives and--

COOPER

Uh, Pappy, you think that's a good  
idea? A.J., knives...?

PAPPY

He'll be fine. A.J., go cut a dozen  
onions into tiny little cubes.

A.J.

On it.

PAPPY

Gatlin, you're going to take ten pounds  
of raw meat and --

GATLIN

I'm gonna stop you right there,  
grandpa. I take care of my hands,  
okay? I moisturize, I keep my cuticles  
trimmed... and I'm not going to jam  
my hands into raw meat. In fact, I  
don't want to go anywhere near raw--

BEFORE SHE CAN FINISH HER SENTENCE, A.J. STUFFS A  
FISTFUL OF RAW MEAT DOWN THE BACK OF HER OVERALLS.  
GATLIN SCREAMS! SHE PICKS UP A BAG OF FLOUR AND  
FIRES IT AT A.J. AS HE RUNS AWAY. IT EXPLODES ON  
HIS BACK.

ANNIE THROWS AN EGG AT COOPER, WHO SCRAMBLES TO  
PICK UP SOMETHING TO THROW BACK. PAPPY'S EYES GO  
WIDE.

PAPPY

STOP!

THE KIDS FREEZE.

PAPPY (CONT'D)

There will be no food fighting in my  
kitchen! ...unless I'm a part of it!

PAPPY WHIPS A TOMATO AT COOPER, WHICH EXPLODES IN  
A BRIGHT RED SPLOTCH ON HIS APRON.

COOPER

I've been shot! I've been shot!

Medic!

A.J.

Coming!

A.J. LEAPS ONTO A ROLLING CART AND SLIDES ACROSS  
THE ROOM ON A ROLLING CART AND CRASHES INTO A WALL.

PAPPY

Oh no you don't!

PAPPY THROWS A HEAD OF LETTUCE AT A.J. AS HE ROLLS  
BY. ANNIE STARTS PELTING PAPPY WITH EGGS. COOPER  
PICKS UP A CAKE AND HURLS IT ACROSS THE ROOM...

WHERE IT HITS KOPELMAN AS HE ENTERS TO SEE WHAT  
THE COMMOTION IS.

AS THE MASSIVE FOOD FIGHT CONTINUES TO ESCALATE,  
WE...

CUT TO:

H

EXT. TWANG - FRONT PORCH - SAME TIME  
(JACK, EMMA)

JACK IS SITTING ON THE PORCH, CASUALLY STRUMMING HIS GUITAR. EMMA COMES OUT AND JOINS HIM.

EMMA

Patsy Cline just went down for a nap.

JACK

That girl can fall asleep faster than me at a foreign movie.

EMMA

It's the wind chimes. They're soothing.

JACK

(SMILES, THEN) This is nice. Slowing down. Not worrying about rushing off to here or there.

EMMA

Yeah. Sometimes I worry that our kids are growing up too fast. Not taking the time to appreciate... well, this.

JACK

It's hard when it's only a week.

EMMA

Yeah, it is.

A BEAT. JACK AND EMMA EXCHANGE A LOOK. AND WE...

CUT TO:



J

INT. TWANG - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER  
(A.J., JACK, EMMA, GATLIN, PAPPY)

THE KITCHEN IS A DISASTER. FLOUR IN THE AIR, FOOD EVERYWHERE. JACK AND EMMA ENTER AND ARE SHOCKED.

JACK

What's going on here?!

A.J.

(QUICKLY, BY HABIT) It wasn't me!

EMMA

Well, if you're done not making dinner,  
we'd like to talk to you.

PAPPY

You kids go on ahead, I'll straighten  
up.

GATLIN, COOPER, A.J. AND ANNIE FOLLOW THEIR PARENTS  
OUT TO...

RESET TO:

INT. TWANG - CONTINUOUS

JACK AND EMMA PULL UP CHAIRS.

JACK

You kids may want to sit down, too,  
because we've got some news for you.

GATLIN

(HOPEFUL) We're going home? Is that  
the news? We're cutting the trip  
short and going home??

EMMA

Uh... no. In fact, the opposite.

JACK

Your Mom and I have decided that we're  
going to spend the entire summer here.

ON GATLIN'S SHOCK, WE...

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

K

INT. TWANG - NIGHT

(A.J., ANNIE, COOPER, GATLIN, PAPPY)

THE RESTAURANT IS MORE VIBRANT THAN WE'VE SEEN IT YET, FILLED WITH COLORFUL LOCALS. AT ANY POINT, THERE IS ALWAYS MORE KIDS AND TEENS THEN GROWN-UPS. A.J., WEARING ROLLER-SKATES, BRINGS A PLATE OF FOOD TO A TABLE FULL OF JOCKS.

A.J.

Here's your burger. Hopefully it won't give you a stomachache.

JOCK

Why would it give me a stomachache?

A.J.

The refrigerator's broken. But don't worry, we've been keeping the meat outside in the shade, by the spiders.

THE JOCK REACTS.

A.J. (CONT'D)

Just kidding.

A.J. SNATCHES A FRENCH FRY OFF THE JOCK'S PLATE AND SKATES INTO...

RESET TO:

INT. PANTRY - CONTINUOUS

GATLIN AND ANNIE ARE THERE. PAPPY IS WORKING THE KITCHEN, CALLING ORDERS TO TEENAGE KITCHEN HELP AND KOPELMAN, WHO STIRS A POT OF GUMBO.

PAPPY

Kopelman, keep stirring. You slow down and I'll shoot you in the foot.  
(THEN) Gatlin, fried chicken's almost up. That goes to table ten.

GATLIN

(MOANS) I already brought chicken to table ten.

PAPPY

Well, they ordered more.

GATLIN

Can't we make a rule that there's no seconds? My feet are tired.

PAPPY

It's good for your feet to be tired. You know who had tired feet? Mark Twain. I taught him how to type.

ANNIE

Didn't Mark Twain die in 1910?

PAPPY

Yes he did. Right out there by the window after I served him a cup of my famous gumbo.

COOPER ENTERS.

COOPER

Hey Grandpa, some lady named Beulah wants to date you.

PAPPY

Tell me something I don't know.

COOPER LAUGHS AND TURNS TO GATLIN, A.J. AND ANNIE.

COOPER

How's it going?

GATLIN

How do you think it's going? I say  
we drive Grandpa's tractor backwards  
to L.A.. Who's with me?

ANNIE

I don't know if I want to leave.  
People are friendly here.

COOPER

And the air smells like air.

A.J.

Plus, it's fun playing with Kettle  
Corn. The only pet we have at home  
is a doggy robot that vacuums the  
carpet.

GATLIN

What's wrong with you guys?! I don't  
care about any of that stuff! I want  
to go home! I HATE IT HERE!!!!

OUT OF FRUSTRATION, GATLIN STORMS OFF. AND WE...

CUT TO:

M

EXT. TELEPHONE POLE - MOMENTS LATER  
(GATLIN, LISA, LESLIE)

GATLIN IS CLUTCHING THE TOP OF THE POLE, DIALING  
HER PHONE.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THE VENDETTI SISTERS HOUSE - SAME TIME

THE VENDETTI SISTERS CLICK ON THE SPEAKER ON THEIR  
PHONE.

LISA/LESLIE

Hello./Helloo.

GATLIN

Hey.

LISA

Gatlin! What's going on?

GATLIN

I'll tell you what's not going on.  
My video. My parents decided, without  
a vote, to spend the entire summer in  
Foot-Scratch, Tennessee.

LESLIE

Gross!

LISA

What a bummer.

GATLIN

I know. I was hoping we'd be famous  
before school starts in the Fall.

LESLIE

I heard if you're famous you don't  
have to do homework or wait in line  
at the cafeteria.

LISA

We're so bummed, Gatlin.

GATLIN

Yeah, me, too. Okay, I better hang  
up before I fall off the pole.

LESLIE

What's that, an expression?

GATLIN

Never mind. Talk to you later.

LISA

Bye.

LESLIE HANGS UP THE PHONE. CLICK.

LESLIE

I'm glad we're not doing it. That  
song is so dumb.

LISA

And boring.

GATLIN, STILL ON THE PHONE, REACTS.

GATLIN

Hey, I'm still on the line.

LISA

I'm bored just remembering how boring  
it is.

GATLIN

Guys, I can hear you!

LESLIE

She just thinks she can be famous  
because her Mom is.

GATLIN'S JAW DROPS. THESE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE HER  
FRIENDS.

LISA

Leslie, you hung up, right?

LESLIE

Of course I hung up. See?

LESLIE HANGS UP AGAIN. THIS TIME ACTUALLY ENDING  
THE CALL. GATLIN TAKES THIS IN, THEN, DEFEATED,  
THROWS HER PHONE INTO THE NIGHT. OFF-CAMERA, WE  
HEAR A MOO.

GATLIN

Sorry, cow.

AND WE...

CUT TO:



P

INT. TWANG - MOMENTS LATER  
(COOPER)

GATLIN STORMS THROUGH, KNOCKING INTO COOPER, WHO  
HOLDS A HUGE TRAY WITH ONE HAND. COOPER SPINS  
AROUND AND GRACEFULLY REGAINS HIS BALANCE.

COOPER

Whoaaaa... Phew!

A MOMENT LATER A.J. WHIZZES BY ON ROLLER-SKATES.  
COOPER AGAIN ALMOST LOSES HIS BALANCE, BUT REGAINS  
IT.

COOPER (CONT'D)

That was close.

THEN COOPER SNEEZES AND DROPS THE ENTIRE TRAY OF  
FOOD.

CUT TO:

R

INT. GATLIN & ANNIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER  
(A.J., ANNIE, JACK, EMMA, GATLIN, PAPPY)

GATLIN IS LYING ON HER BED, LISTENING TO THE WIND CHIMES OUTSIDE SOFTLY SWAYING IN THE BREEZE. IT'S SOOTHING. EMMA ENTERS.

EMMA

Saw you barrel through the restaurant.

You okay?

GATLIN

No.

EMMA SITS ON THE EDGE OF THE BED.

EMMA

Gatlin, can you believe that I once lied exactly where you're lying, listened to those same wind chimes, and felt the same things you're feeling.

GATLIN

How do you know what I'm feeling?

EMMA

Because we're people. We all have the same insecurities and questions. You're trying to figure out where you fit in this world.

GATLIN

(RELUCTANTLY) My friends think my music is a joke.

EMMA

(A BEAT) Sweetie, let me show you something.

EMMA GOES THE WALL AND CROUCHES DOWN, OPENING A SECRET COMPARTMENT BEHIND A BASEBOARD. SHE PULLS OUT SEVERAL NOTEBOOKS.

EMMA (CONT'D)

This is where I hid my secrets when I was your age. These were my journals. I probably spent a thousand hours writing down my feelings. And those became my songs.

GATLIN

Mom, that's not what music is anymore.

EMMA

Sure it is. Drum-machines, twerking and auto-tuning are fads, but music -- real music -- doesn't change. It's about expressing feelings. Some that are yours alone, and some that are universal. (OPENING ONE OF THE NOTEBOOKS) Hey, look, this one's empty. Why don't you take it?

EMMA SMILES AT GATLIN, WHO HUGS HER. AND WE...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

T

TWANG -- NIGHT

CHYRON: ONE WEEK LATER

THE RESTAURANT IS PACKED AND MAGICAL, WITH TWINKLY LIGHTS GLOWING. THE BAXTER FAMILY IS SERVING MEALS AND CHATTING WITH CUSTOMERS. A.J. SKATES THROUGH, LOSES CONTROL AND CRASHES INTO THE JUKEBOX, WHICH SUDDENLY STARTS WORKING.

SFX: COUNTRY MUSIC PLAYS

A.J.

Hey, that's more like it.

EMMA CROSSES INTO THE KITCHEN, WHERE JACK AND PAPPY ARE BUSILY PLATING MEALS.

EMMA

Honey, Pop, could you come out here a minute? The kids have a little surprise.

PAPPY

Is it a bottle of ketchup? Because table nineteen could use one.

EMMA

It's not a bottle of ketchup.

EMMA LEADS THEM OUT TO THE RESTAURANT. PAPPY SURVEYS ALL THE HAPPY CUSTOMERS PROUDLY.

JACK

I don't see any surprise.

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS ON THE PERFORMANCE AREA TURN UP TO REVEAL GATLIN, COOPER, A.J. AND ANNIE. A.J. IS ON DRUMS, ANNIE HOLDS A VIOLIN.

GATLIN

(INTO MIC) Hi, everybody. Thanks for coming out to the best family restaurant in Tennessee. This is a song I wrote.

JACK

Uh-oh, if she uses curse words, I'm pulling the fire alarm.

PAPPY

We don't have a fire alarm.

JACK

What happens if there's a fire?

PAPPY

I run in a circle and yell, "fire."

EMMA

Don't worry, I don't think she'll be using any curse words.

GATLIN NODS TO COOPER, WHO STARTS TO PLAY GUITAR.  
A.J. TAPS THE DRUMS.

AND THEN GATLIN SINGS. THE CROWD IMMEDIATELY GOES SILENT. GATLIN'S VOICE IS FULL AND BEAUTIFUL AND COMMANDING. IT IS HER MOTHER'S VOICE.

GATLIN

(SINGS) *I look out my window at a  
sky full of stars // the sound of  
wind chimes and a distant guitar. //  
I wonder what's out there, and where  
I will go // but wherever it is, I  
always know // that home is forever.  
// Home is who I am.*

ANNIE STARTS TO PLAY VIOLIN.

ANNIE

(INTO MIC) Two lessons a week since  
I was six, everyone.

GATLIN

(SINGS) *It's easy to get caught in  
the current // Easy to move too fast.  
// But life isn't a race, it isn't a  
game. // It's not about speed and  
it's not about fame. // Life is home,  
and home is who I am.*

ANNIE PLAYS ANOTHER BEAT OF CLASSICAL VIOLIN, THEN  
LAUNCHES INTO A RAUCOUS FIDDLE RIFF. A.J. AND  
COOPER PICK UP THE TEMPO.

CUSTOMERS, YOUNG AND OLD, GET UP FROM THEIR TABLES  
AND START TO DANCE. IT'S A JOYOUS MOMENT.

PAPPY

(NUDGES EMMA) Get on up there and  
sing.

EMMA

Thanks, pop, but this their moment.

JACK AND EMMA LOOK ON PROUDLY. AND AS THE TOWN  
CONTINUES TO DANCE AND CELEBRATE, WE...

FADE OUT.

(TAG) ACT THREE

V

INT. TWANG - ANOTHER DAY (DAY 3)  
(JACK, EMMA, COOPER, GATLIN)

JACK AND ANNIE ARE PLAYING FOOSBALL AS THE REST OF THE FAMILY SITS NEARBY. EMMA DOES NEEDLE-POINT. A.J. FEEDS POTATO CHIPS TO KETTLE CORN AS GATLIN STRUMS A GUITAR AND SINGS.

GATLIN

(SINGS) *Kettle corn likes eating  
chips, he eats 'em every day...*

EMMA

Honey, you don't have to sing about everything.

GATLIN

(SINGS) *They make him fart but that's  
okay--*

EMMA

Honey.

COOPER ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN.

COOPER

Fixed it.

JACK

Fixed what?

COOPER

The oven.



BEHIND HIM, THE OVEN EXPLODES. SMOKE BILLOWS OUT.

JACK

Good job, son, I taught you well.

GATLIN

Mom, Dad, it's gonna take a little getting used to, but I'm glad we're spending the summer here.

EMMA

I'm glad, sweetie. We are, too.

GATLIN

I'm even getting used to doing the chores.

AND WE...

SMASH CUT TO:

X

EXT. BARN - DAY  
(COOPER, GATLIN)

WE RETURN TO THE ACTION OF THE COLD OPEN. GATLIN STANDS BESIDE THE COW WITH LONG, RUBBER GLOVES ON, AS A.J. AND ANNIE LOOK ON, SCREAMING.

COOPER

Do it, Gatlin, do it!

GATLIN SCREWS UP HER COURAGE AND TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

GATLIN

Okay, here I go!

GATLIN DRAWS HER ARM BACK AND IS ABOUT TO REACH INTO THE COW.

COOPER

STOP! Are you crazy?!

GATLIN

What? You said there was a blockage and the vet can't get here on time.

COOPER

I made that up.

GATLIN

Which part?

COOPER

All of it. Cows have four stomachs. How could they all explode? It doesn't make sense.

GATLIN

You know what else doesn't make sense?

You just standing there when I'm about  
to pound you to a pulp. In five.

Four. Three. Two...

COOPER MAKES A BREAK FOR IT. GATLIN LAUGHS AND  
PATS THE COW ON THE HEAD.

GATLIN (CONT'D)

(TO THE COW) You ever see a human  
run that fast?

AND WE...

FADE OUT.