



**Untitled Carolla, Hench & Pollack Project**  
"Pilot"

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

The San Fernando Valley is still and quiet.

INT. ADAM'S "BEDROOM" - CONTINUOUS

This was clearly once a young Latina girl's room. PAN the pink walls; see pictures of the girl with her friends and family, Quinceañera Party from 2001, high school graduation, etc. The pictures tell a story of a girl who's grown up and gone on to something better. REVEAL Adam flopped out on the bed. Adam sleeps peacefully until a blast of rancho music rips through the heating vent near his head. The cacophony jerks Adam awake. He stares at the ceiling.

ADAM

Ozzie!

Nothing. Adam bangs on the vent.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Ozzie! Snoozebaro! El snooza!

INT. OZZIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

OZZIE, Adam's chubby 40-something Nicaraguan roommate, the dad from the photos in Adam's room, sleeps atop the sheets in his underwear, oblivious to the blaring racket inches from his face. His clock radio reads 6:31. Next to the clock is a wedding picture of young Ozzie smiling with his bride.

ADAM (O.S.)

Ozzie! Ozzie!

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Adam holds the pillow over his head.

ADAM (V.O.)

They say classical music makes you smarter. If that's true, there's gotta be music that makes you dumber. It has to work both ways, right? Listening to rancho music must make you dumber.

(MORE)

ADAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I'm convinced the accordion kills more  
 brain cells than huffing copier toner.  
 You show me a country that enjoys  
 rancho music, and I'll show you a  
 country with no space program.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Ozzie eats cereal, listening to "El Cucuy del la Manana"  
 on the radio. Empty variety pack-sized cereal boxes  
 litter the table. Adam enters, turns off the radio,  
 pours coffee.

ADAM  
 Morning, beautiful.

OZZIE  
 Big day today, Adam.

Adam sits, reaches into the cereal sleeve.

ADAM  
 Ozzie, why do we keep buying the variety  
 pack?

OZZIE  
 Is good.

ADAM  
 Why don't we just get one regular-sized  
 box of cereal we both like instead of 40  
 key-chain-sized boxes we don't like?

OZZIE  
 Is good.

ADAM  
 Half the flavors are good. We hate the  
 other half. The only way to make this  
 work is we're going to have to find a  
 family whose taste in breakfast cereal is  
exactly the opposite of ours. We need to  
 find a family that hates Apple Jacks and  
 loves Fiber One. Put an ad on Craig's  
 List. Let's make that happen.

OZZIE  
 Sonia always bought the variety pack.

Ozzie crosses himself, looks at a small our-lady-of-  
 Guadalupe shrine to Sonia, his deceased wife. Adam takes  
 an awkward, somber beat.

ADAM  
 Sorry, buddy. But it's been six years. I think Sonia would have wanted you to leave me some Frosted Mini-Wheats.

OZZIE  
 (nods)  
 Inspector come this morning.

ADAM  
 (enthusiastic)  
 We'll get the final on the kitchen and score *mucho dinero* from Suzie.

OZZIE  
 Don't forget Lucy birthday, Adam.

ADAM  
 Ozzie, the upside of divorce is no nagging. You shouldn't feel like you need to fill in that gap.

Adam decides on a cereal, pours it in a bowl.

OZZIE  
 Her present not ready.

ADAM  
 Don't worry about that, my furry friend. I just have to pick up the new distributor today, pop it in tonight and be a hero tomorrow morning.

Adam tilts the milk carton, gets just a few drops.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 Thanks, pal.

Ozzie, who has had several bowls, has milk in his mustache.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
 (rising)  
 I'll see if Judith's up.

OZZIE  
 (clueless)  
 Ask her if she have milk.

ADAM  
 (stares, then snaps)  
 Good idea.

Before exiting, Adam takes a quick, self-conscious stab at making himself more presentable, tucking his draw string into his sweats, as if that'll make a difference.

INT. JUDITH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Landlady JUDITH ARKOWITZ, an attractive woman in her 30s, opens the door for Adam.

ADAM  
Got milk?

JUDITH  
Got rent?

ADAM  
We just paid that, like, six weeks ago.

Judith smiles, shakes her head and waves him in.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Here's how my business works. We don't get paid in bits, we get paid in chunks. We're getting the final on the kitchen today and we're getting a nice chunk.

JUDITH  
Good, so tonight I can expect a bit of your chunk.

ADAM  
How is it you got divorced and got an apartment building and I got divorced and got Ozzie?

JUDITH  
I lost a building in the divorce. The state of California found it immaterial that I was a successful litigator and my ex was a part-time harmonica player in a blues band. He got my eight-unit on Laurel.

ADAM  
Is it nice? Ozzie and I might be looking to upgrade.

JUDITH  
Ha-ha. As a late fee, the least you can do is mount my mezuzah.

ADAM  
(ponders)  
You have a fat sister?

Judith picks up her mezuzah.

JUDITH  
No... well, yes... but the mezuzah is a  
scroll Jews put on their door frames.  
Since I quit my job, I've been getting  
back in touch with my spiritual roots.

She hands it to him. He eyeballs it.

ADAM  
What's it do?

JUDITH  
Not quite sure. I think it reminds us to  
feel guilty or something.

ADAM  
(re: mezuzah)  
You should Joogle it.

Judith crosses to the kitchen.

JUDITH  
I'm guessing your ex did most of the  
grocery shopping.

ADAM  
Yeah. And your ex did most of the  
mizzoozzoo mounting?

JUDITH  
The first six months are the worst. It  
gets easier.

ADAM  
Good to know. Three months ago I told  
Ozzie I'd need to stay with him for two  
weeks.

JUDITH  
(leaning into fridge)  
On the bright side, you guys will soon  
qualify for domestic partnership  
benefits.

ADAM  
(pumps fist)  
Things are looking up.

She hands him a half-gallon box of milk.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Soy? What's that from vegetarian cows?

JUDITH  
All cows are vegetarian.

ADAM  
I'm sure there are a few who haven't  
drank the Kool-Aid.

OZZIE  
(poking head in)  
We late!

JUDITH  
I'm ready!  
(off Adam's look)  
Ozzie said we could carpool.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Adam, Ozzie, and Judith walk to the truck.

ADAM  
You know why we can't carpool, Judith?  
You don't have a car. You need to put a  
car into the pool for it to be a car  
pool. This is a car puddle. The pool  
implies more than one vehicle. It's like  
saying, "I own a fleet of van."

She shares a smile and an eye-roll with Ozzie.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
I'm car pooling with two people who don't  
have cars. This is called "bumming a  
ride." And what kind of person owns an  
apartment building but not a car?

JUDITH  
Someone in a committed, long-term  
relationship with the environment.

Adam and Ozzie toss their tool belts in the truck bed.

ADAM  
Are you guys still dating? I thought the  
environment broke it off when he heard  
your A/C wall unit buzzing all night.

JUDITH  
What can I say, I run hot.

Adam nods, "she kinda does."

INT./EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Judith slides in between them on the bench seat.

JUDITH  
I've got my Chicano Studies midterm this morning.

ADAM  
(starting truck)  
You want to study a Chicano, you should watch Ozzie cook flap steak in his underpants.

They pull out.

OZZIE  
(to Judith)  
Manana es el cumpleaños de su hija. No quiere que se olvide.

*SUBTITLE: Tomorrow is his daughter's birthday. I don't want him to forget.*

JUDITH  
Adam, don't forget Lucy's birthday tomorrow.

ADAM  
(gestures to the back)  
Ozzie, you are this close to riding in the bed.

Adam's cell phone rings. He checks the number, answers.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Hold on, Suzie, let me get rid of this less-important call.

Adam hits his mute button. Judith rolls her eyes.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
(to Judith)  
Everyone likes to feel special.

Adam clicks back.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Hey, Suzie.

(getting earful)

Inspector Gregory? Where's Wayne? Well, stall the guy, I'll be there in a minute.

(hangs up)

Judith, I'm only gonna be able to slow down to shoulder roll speed when we hit campus so aim for grass.

EXT. JOB SITE - DAY - 10 MINUTES LATER

The truck pulls into the winding driveway of the very nice house Adam and Ozzie are remodeling.

OZZIE

Judith like you.

ADAM

Ozzie, I just got thrown off, I don't know if I'm ready to get back on that horse.

OZZIE

(confused)

Horse? She beautiful.

ADAM

Yeah, she's way out of my league.

They hop out. A member of Adam's crew, RAY, shirtless, six pack abs, sandals, sits on the porch holding a cigarette.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(clapping)

We'll get our certificate of completion, get our draw and tonight we're going out for surf, turf... and surf again!

OZZIE

(never quite getting it)

And steak?

ADAM

Yeah, why not? Surf, turf and steak.

They approach the porch.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Ray, why aren't you working?

RAY

I'm taking my cigarette break.

ADAM

Taking a break from what? You haven't started yet. It's like a guy in a coma announcing he's going to take a nap.

RAY

(best comeback he's got)

Why are you being a dick?

ADAM

What's up with the new inspector?

RAY

(enjoying Adam's dilemma)

I wouldn't go in there.

ADAM

(steeling himself)

I gotta get us paid. Gimme a drag off that.

RAY

You quit two years ago. I'm not going to be responsible for getting you started again.

ADAM

Just give me a drag.

Ray extends the cigarette towards Adam, then pulls it back and pool cues it up his nostril. He then holds it out again. Adam reacts, "I can't believe I work with this idiot."

INT. ENTRYWAY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Adam and Ozzie enter, they are intercepted by shiksa trophy wife Suzie Graham-Sussman, 30s, in a tennis dress and carrying a small, well-groomed shih-tzu. Adam surreptitiously exhales smoke out the side of his mouth.

SUZIE

You're late! Where'd you park the truck?

ADAM

In the driveway.

SUZIE

Oh, great. Your piece of crap is leaking motor oil on my tumbled sandstone pavers again.

ADAM

Actually, it's transmission fluid.

SUZIE

Ozzie, did you put the cardboard under the truck? I know you're used to dirt driveways, but you're not in Mexico anymore.

ADAM

(for the hundredth  
time)  
Nicaragua.

OZZIE

(for the hundredth  
time)  
Nicaragua.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

(whatever)

Go! Hurry! Andale!

Ozzie exits.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

(re: Dog)

Adam, Sushi and I are in a very bad mood.

She leads him toward the kitchen in a walk-and-talk.

ADAM

(scratching Sushi)

I hope he didn't catch your pre-menstrual dysphoric disorder.

SUZIE

It's a real condition! And no, Sushi is upset because there's a big scary man standing in our kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Burly city building INSPECTOR GREGORY, 50, thick small town Sheriff who pulled over a station wagon full of hippies, eyes Adam contemptuously and hands Suzie some paperwork.

GREGORY

I can't sign off on this until I see a breather in that countertop.

ADAM

Where's Wayne?

GREGORY

He's on paternity leave.

ADAM

Paternity? When did ma-ternity leave become pa-ternity leave? What the hell's this country coming to?

SUZIE

(to inspector)

This jackass promised he wouldn't have to drill a hole in my Brazilian granite!

ADAM

This jackass doesn't have to drill a hole in your Brazilian granite.

GREGORY

Yeah, you do. This dishwasher's not installed up to code. No vent.

The inspector starts to leave. Adam intercepts him.

ADAM

That's the beauty of it.

Adam shows the inspector the manual.

ADAM (CONT'D)

23B. Clearly marked: breather-less installation option. "Breather-less." No need to apologize, your signature on the certificate of completion will suffice.

GREGORY

(unmoved)

Doesn't meet the city code. I'm not signing off on this kitchen until I see a breather above that dishwasher.

SUZIE

It's ruined! It's ruined! The whole kitchen is ruined!

ADAM

(pleading)

Buddy, this thing's a Bosch. It's German. You don't think they're smarter than we are?

GREGORY

In Germany, you might not need a breather. In Hancock Park, the code says you need a breather.

ADAM

Okay, let's take a breather...  
 (waits for laugh that doesn't come)  
 C'mon, that code's been on the books since 1943. And since then, German engineers have shifted their focus from ethnic cleansing to safe, sanitary skillet cleansing and thus the breatherless dishwasher was born.

GREGORY

I don't write the code, I just enforce it.

The inspector exits.

ADAM

It's called progress! Good thing you're not in charge of inspecting cars.  
 (demonstrating)  
 You'd still be looking for the engine's hand crank!

SUZIE

I expect my rich dwarf husband to be worthless around the house, but you'd think a general contractor would know his ass from his elbow about the city building code!

ADAM

Calm down, I'll figure this out. But if I could just get a check today there's a gift I--

SUZIE

A check? I should be suing you!

Adam sighs.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

(yelling upstairs)  
 Burt get your fat ass off the elliptical and get down here! This is a disaster!

We hear a car start and through the window see a middle-aged man escaping in a BMW Seven Series.

Suzie runs out the front door shouting after him as shirtless Ray looks on.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Bert! Don't you run out on me, you god damned coward!

OZZIE

(to Adam)

In my country a woman would never speak to a man like that.

ADAM

No one has ever uttered this phrase, but... (WISTFUL) "Ahhhhh, Nicaragua."

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. TRUCK - DAY

Adam drives and thinks, Ozzie rides in silence.

ADAM (V.O.)

Fantastic. No check. My daughter's sweet sixteen is gonna be ruined by a hysterical housewife and the Sheriff from Porky's.

They drive under a razor-wire-protected freeway sign.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(to Ozzie)

They put razor wire on the freeway signs so vandals won't tag them. Hey, Mr. Mayor, you know what's more depressing than graffiti? Razor wire. They shoulda had this in Escape from New York. Gives your city that penal colony touch that the chamber of commerce is always striving for. Take that Seattle!

OZZIE

What we do now about Lucy present?

ADAM

We're going to see Mike. Mike's a good guy. Mike'll understand.

EXT. NAPA AUTO PARTS - A LITTLE LATER

We see Adam's truck pull in.

INT. NAPA AUTO PARTS - MOMENTS LATER

Adam and Ozzie are greeted at the counter by MIKE, 50s, a man with his name embroidered on his pocket.

ADAM

Is my distributor in?

MIKE

Came in yesterday.

Mike moves through some shelves in the back within earshot the whole time. Adam starts his pitch.

ADAM

Mike, you think your job sucks...

MIKE

I like it.

ADAM

Yeah, no, right. You don't have to deal with these city inspectors, they'll ruin your life. They don't care how thin you're spread, materials, subcontractors, I gotta front all that...

Mike returns, sets the box on the counter.

MIKE

\$189.56. Cash or credit.

ADAM

Let's talk about the essence of credit. One man looking another man in the eye, a firm handshake, an unspoken bond is formed...

MIKE

You're max-ed out, aren't you?

Adam reacts, "yes." Mike starts to take the part back.

ADAM

Mike! Mike!...

Ozzie spots one of Mike's coworkers, Fausto.

OZZIE

Hola, Faustos!

FAUSTOS

Ozzie! Como esta, ese?

OZZIE

Mi amigo necesita un distribuidor para el cumpleaños de su hija.

*My friend here needs this distributor for his little girl's birthday.*

FAUSTOS

Distribuidor? Eso tiene que ser el regalo mas peor jamas. Pobrecita.

*Distributor? That's got to be the worst birthday present ever. Poor girl.*

OZZIE

*Por favor.*

*Please.*

Faustos nods, smiling.

FAUSTOS

Oye, Mike! Es para el cumpleaños de su hijita.

*Hey Mike! It's for his little girl's birthday.*

MIKE

Distribuidor? Eso tiene que ser el regalo mas peor jamas!

*Distributor? That's got be the worst present ever.*

FAUSTOS

*A lo mejor es lesbiana.*

*Maybe she's a lesbian.*

They all laugh. Adam is left out.

ADAM

Am I the only guy in this city that doesn't speak Spanish?

Mike looks at Adam sympathetically.

MIKE

Si. Sorry, buddy. This part of the job does suck.

Mike pulls the distributor away.

EXT. SUZIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Adam and Ozzie pull up. Ozzie eats french fries out of a bag. Shirtless Ray is once again taking a smoke break, as Adam reacts annoyed.

ADAM

(to Ozzie)

I have to pick up Lucy then get to my gig. You and Joe Camel work on the deck. We gotta think of a way to get a check out of Suzie... today.

Ozzie exits. Adam drives off. Flicks on the radio. It's Spanish-language talk.

He hits a preset, more Spanish-language. His third try yields a blast of rancho music.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Ozzie!

EXT. DREAM HOUSE - DAY

Adam pulls up outside his old house, steps out of his truck. His ex-wife KATHY, 41, waters plants on the porch.

ADAM (V.O.)

I do miss her. Just look at her. So beautiful. The way she's put together. No bad side. Great looking from every angle. God, I miss her. Just look at those legs.

The camera pans down her legs and continues to the "legs" of the deck.

ADAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Best deck I ever built.

Kathy greets him as he comes up the steps.

KATHY

Hey.

ADAM

What's shaking?

KATHY

She's getting ready. Did you get her something? Sweet 16, it's a big one. Don't flake on this one.

ADAM

I've never forgotten her birthday.

KATHY

You mean, I never forgot to get her a present.

ADAM

But I did pay for them.

KATHY

That's not the important part. Putting some thought into it is what matters.

ADAM

Really? When Bill Gates puts a burn ward on a hospital, I should get just as much credit because I thought it was a good idea?

KATHY

It's her Sweet 16.

ADAM

I got a McDonald's gift certificate and a decorative popcorn tin on my 16th birthday.

Kathy laughs, a glint of why she married him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

How come women get every celebration? Turning 16 is a big deal and Valentine's is a big deal and the anniversary is a big deal. What's my big day? The only thing guys ever had was Bar Mitzvahs and you had to horn in on that. What do you guys have your eyes on next? Super Bowl Sunday? Prostate cancer?

Kathy shakes her head, a glint of why she divorced him.

KATHY

Did you get her something?

ADAM

I've been working on her 16th birthday present ever since she got her learner's permit. But... uh... is my jukebox still out in the garage?

KATHY

I gave it to the Salvation Army.

ADAM

What? That thing was worth like five hundred bucks!

KATHY

Yeah. That's the point. You give something of value to the Salvation Army. It's a charity not a dumpster.

Adam exhales, wondering where he's going to come up with the dough for the distributor.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Hey, when are you gonna fix the sink in the upstairs bathroom?

ADAM

I'm slammed. Between the re-mod, my Home Depot gig and laying out the Chatsworth plot, that doesn't leave a lot of time for doing free work on houses that I lost in a divorce.

KATHY

Guess I should have been happier when you were just emotionally unavailable.

ADAM

Exactly. You should have.

KATHY

Just don't let her down, okay?

ADAM

Why are you so prepared to be disappointed in me?

KATHY

(smiles, gentler than it sounds)

Seventeen years of practice?

ADAM

Just because I don't have feelings doesn't mean they can't be hurt.

Teen daughter LUCY, dressed in her TGIF-type waitress outfit, emerges.

LUCY

(leading him off porch)

C'mon, Dad, give me the keys.

ADAM

I dunno.

LUCY

I'll be 16 in less than 12 hours.

ADAM

So? Your mom's 41, I never let her drive.

LUCY

C'mon. I promise to honk at people who won't turn right on red.

ADAM  
That's my girl.

Adam flips her the keys.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - DAY

Lucy drives, hands at "ten and two." Adam rides.

LUCY  
Mom is driving me crazy. Ever since you moved out she's been treating me like I'm in fourth grade.

ADAM  
She's just looking out for you.

LUCY  
She should relax. I'm a dork. I don't do drugs. I don't drink. And I've barely gotten to third base.

ADAM  
(waving arms)  
Whoa! Whoa!

He turns on the radio - loud mariachi music - to drown out this new information, trying to shake the image of what he imagines third base might be in 2010.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
No! No! No!

LUCY  
(laughs, turns down radio)  
What?

ADAM  
Why are you even on base? You shouldn't be on any bases. When I was your age I was still bunting runners over.

LUCY  
(smiles at her squeamish old man)  
So when are you going to get your own place?

ADAM  
You can always come stay with me and Ozzie.

LUCY

But you won't let me sleep on the couch,  
so then you sleep on the couch, and I  
gotta sleep in the room with the Menudo  
posters on the ceiling. I'm talking about  
your own place, where I would have my own  
room.

ADAM

Hey, I've got a little time before I  
gotta be at Home Depot, take a left up  
here.

Lucy changes lanes.

ADAM (CONT'D)

C'mon, go.

LUCY

Dad, you can't go left on a red arrow.

ADAM

My bad. I forgot you're still learning.  
(looking around)  
So... put on your blinker... check for  
cops... and punch it.

Lucy dutifully breaks the law.

LUCY

My license is gonna be suspended before I  
even get it.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - ADAM AND LUCY

They stand beside the truck, looking at whatever Adam is  
describing.

ADAM

I'm gonna put your bedroom in that corner  
so you'll get the sunrise. And you'll  
have your own bathroom.

LUCY

When do you think it will be done?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

EXT. EMPTY DIRT LOT - CONTINUOUS

They look at a modest plot of land with nothing on it but discarded aluminum cans and fast food wrappers.

ADAM  
(estimating)  
Let's see, permits, foundation, framing,  
tin knockin' sheet rockin'... Wednesday?

EXT. HOME DEPOT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Adam, ties up his Home Depot apron as he preps for a demonstration. A dry erase board reads "Ask Mr. Fix-It 2:00." Judith passes by, pushing a cart.

ADAM  
Hey, I don't remember driving you here.

JUDITH  
Funny.

ADAM  
(peering into cart)  
Compact fluorescent bulbs?

JUDITH  
I'm converting my apartment. You should make the move.

ADAM  
Not a big fan of the twelve dollar light-bulb.

JUDITH  
They pay for themselves in seven years.

ADAM  
Seven years? I don't know if you're familiar with the Mayan calendar, but I think the joke's gonna be on you.

She laughs.

JUDITH  
(re: display)  
Excited for your big show?

ADAM

I'm not going to lie to you, it's a huge rush.

ANGLE ON a sparse crowd; a heavysset woman dozes and an old man with a stroke cane lowers himself into a chair.

JUDITH

You ever get nervous out there?

ADAM

Of course. I just threw up in the lounge. But the day you stop getting nervous is the day you hang up your smock.

(deep breath)

Show time.

INT. HOME DEPOT - LATER

MONTAGE of Adam doing a variety of expert demonstrations that show off his physical comedy and handy-man talents (e.g. Cocktail meets Benihana dry-wall) / The crowd builds and loves it as he plays off them. He's a rock star. / Judith laughs, impressed. Adam plays to her a bit.

ADAM

(finishing up; gravitas)

... I give you a fish, you eat for a day,  
I teach you how to sling mud, you can  
hang drywall for a lifetime.

The crowd applauds, the heavysset woman cheers, the old guy bangs his stroke cane as Adam bows with a look to Judith, who nods, smiles, exits. The heavysset woman approaches Adam.

HEAVYSET WOMAN

Is there anything you can't fix?

Adam clicks his phone back on.

ADAM

No, ma'am. Not on this planet anyway.

His phone buzzes, displaying "Suzie the Witch." As he ignores it, we see he has 11 missed calls. This brings him back to earth. He needs the money.

His gears turning, he has a Eureka! moment and runs off toward Plumbing.

EXT. - JOB SITE - DAY

Adam bounces out of the truck, a man with a plan, intercepting Suzie who is exiting her Range Rover.

ADAM

I called you back. Is your cell off?

SUZIE

I needed a deep tissue massage after this morning with the inspector.

ADAM

Well, sweetheart, I got your happy ending right here.

(Richard Dreyfuss in Close Encounters)

I don't know why I didn't see it before!  
It's so perfect! The genius of it!

He holds up a fat piece of rubber tubing with a chrome vented dome on the end.

SUZIE

That's ugly! I don't want that hideous chrome monstrosity anywhere near my beautiful Brazilian granite!

INT. HOUSE ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

They enter the house, still discussing.

ADAM

What if you only had to live with it for 24 hours?

SUZIE

You're retarded.

ADAM

Retarded... like a fox. I'm gonna pull out your soap dispenser...

SUZIE

I like my soap dispense--

ADAM

(cutting her off)

Tuh, tuh, tuh.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

We drop this into the hole, connect it to the dishwasher, we get the inspector to sign off, the second his ass hits his truck seat, we remove this, pop the soap dispenser back in and never have to violate your beloved Brazilian granite.

SUZIE

(softening, sort of)

I'm impressed. I know you think I'm a bitch, but I have to be the bad cop because Bert has no balls.

She grabs her checkbook and starts making out the check.

ADAM

(sotto)

Well, to be fair to Bert, you did cut them off.

SUZIE

(oblivious)

But I'm really a loving person. I know you need this money for your daughter's birthday. How old's she gonna be?

ADAM

Sixteen.

SUZIE

Great age. I have a 15-year-old stepdaughter. I adore her.

ADAM

How come I've never seen...

SUZIE

She's in Geneva. Boarding school.

ADAM

But aren't you supposed to have pictures...

SUZIE

She clashes with the drapes.

Suzie extends the check. Adam takes it between two fingers. They hear a disconcerting grinding sound. She pulls the check back, leaving Adam with a tiny corner of paper. They bolt for the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Adam and Suzie enter, see Ozzie on top of the counter with a drill equipped with a diamond hole saw bit.

Ozzie!!!!

ADAM

Nooooooooo!

SUZIE

Ozzie looks up with his goggles on. He lets go of the drill and it stays lodged in the counter like Excalibur. Adam and Suzie stand dumbstruck.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SUZIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

As we left them. Suzie is apoplectic.

ADAM

Ozzie, what are you punching a hole in the granite for?

OZZIE

The inspector say we need a breather.

ADAM

I was just going to pull out the soap dispenser!

OZZIE

That's a good idea.

ADAM

It was a good idea. Suzie, we'll fix this...

SUZIE

My Brazilian granite got destroyed by your Mexican idiot!

ADAM

Nicaraguan... idiot.

OZZIE

Nicaraguan.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

You need to fire his ignorant ass.

ADAM

You wouldn't know anything about it, but I'm very loyal to my crew.

Ray enters. Adam turns on him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Where the hell were you?!

RAY

Outside.

ADAM

Do you ever stop smoking?!

RAY

I was taking a leak.

SUZIE  
 (re: Ozzie)  
 I want him fired. Now.

ADAM  
 I'm not gonna do it.

SUZIE  
 (holding up check)  
 It's your choice. Your check or Ozzie.

Adam stares her down. Suzie slowly starts to rip the check, hesitates. Realizing he's not budging, she rips it in half.

SUZIE (CONT'D)  
 Now get out. All of you.

ADAM  
 (working class hero)  
 You know, we may not drive a fancy car or live in a mansion or have a seventy inch television set...  
 (sinking in)  
 Aw, man.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - DAY

Adam drives, Ozzie rides.

ADAM  
 This is officially the worst day of my life. What am I going to tell Lucy?

OZZIE  
 Hey, you try.

ADAM  
 When we get home I've got to toss a screw into Judy's mizzookah, then I'm taking a long nap.  
 (off Ozzie's look)  
 Don't ask.

INT. OZZIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Adam's nap on the couch is interrupted by the doorbell. He stirs groggily, gets up, opens the door. Judith stands there, her bag slung over her shoulder, looking like she just got home. She gestures across the hall.

JUDITH  
You got a sec?

Adam shrugs, "sure," follows.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They stand outside her door, assessing the mezuzah.

JUDITH  
I know I told you to put it on the right,  
but looking at it now...

Adam sags.

JUDITH (CONT'D)  
It's just that it feels like the  
spiritual energy will go into the hinges  
instead of entering the room.

Adam's look says "are you kidding me?" But his lips  
say...

ADAM  
Let me get my screw gun, I'll swap it to  
the other side.

JUDITH  
No. A mezuzah has to be on the right.

Adam nods, of course it does. He's stumped.

ADAM  
So should we just torch the building and  
collect the insurance?  
(laughing, preposterous)  
What do you want me to do, change the  
swing of the door so the hinges are on  
the other side?

JUDITH  
(brightens)  
That would work.  
(off his look)  
I'd be willing to pay you.

ADAM  
Nah...

JUDITH  
How 'bout \$189.56?

On the magic number, Adam shoots her a look. Judith reaches into her bag and hands Adam the distributor.

JUDITH (CONT'D)

A little angel whispered in my ear.

ADAM

A little round brown angel with a mustache?

She nods. He gives her a hug.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(reborn)

Ozzie, you beautiful bastard! Get out here! We've got to swap the strike side for the butt side and then we've got an all-night wrenching session in the carport!

(off Judith's look)

Wow, did that sound gay.

EXT. DREAM HOUSE - DAY

Adam raps on the front door. A light blue Toyota Prius sits in the driveway. Lucy and Kathy emerge.

ADAM

Happy birthday, Sweetie.

Adam flips Lucy the keys.

LUCY

A Prius!!!!

She hugs him and bolts for the car. Kathy is impressed.

KATHY

A Prius? I thought you were broke.

ADAM

Got it on E-Bay for 900 bucks.

KATHY

For a Prius?

Lucy turns the key and we hear the rumble of a V-8 engine.

ADAM

With a blown motor and burned-out battery pack.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

So I replaced it with a Chevy 350 with open headers. Now she's got a Prius that'll smoke a Camaro.

KATHY

And get nine miles to the gallon.

ADAM

Thirteen highway.

Adam smiles, waves and gives Lucy a thumbs up as she guns the engine. She starts to pull out as he runs to the car.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Hey! I need a ride home!

Adam's phone rings. A beat of silence. Then we hear a big sobby inhale.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. JOB SITE - SUZIE'S MEDIA ROOM - DAY

A tipsy Suzie sits crying in a quilted white linen bathrobe holding her dog and a wine glass. A half empty bottle of Chardonnay sits next to a half empty Haagen-Dazs container and a DVD of "You've Got Mail."

SUZIE

(staccato sobs)

My kitchen's a mess... I've worked with a lot of contractors and it usually ends like this... but you're the first one I've missed. You're really good... and I talked to my therapist, and he thinks we butt heads because we both care too much.

(choking up)

I like you, Adam... You fix things... Please... fix... my... things. Please come back.

ADAM

With Ozzie?

SUZIE

Yes. Bring Ozzie! Bring a thousand Mexicans!

Adam smiles, it's all coming together. As he hangs up we hear Suzie yelling at her husband.

SUZIE (CONT'D)

Burt, get your fat ass down here!

EXT. DIRT LOT - DAY

Adam and Ozzie, sweat on their brows, drive stakes.

ADAM

Can't think of a better way to spend a Sunday than foundation forming with the Oz Man.

OZZIE

Yeah, is good.

Ozzie fishes a couple of beers out of the cooler.

ADAM

I was kidding. Let me give you a tip: If I say something cheerful, I'm probably being sarcastic.

OZZIE

(not getting it, handing Adam a beer)

Yeah, I know. Is good.

ADAM

Alright, buddy, you win.  
(like Ozzie says it)  
Is good.

They clink beers. Lucy drives up in her loud, rumbling Prius. She steps out with "In-N-Out" bags. They exchange "Hello's". PULL BACK TO REVEAL the foundation footprint of the new house. As the three of them sit down to eat, Adam smiles to himself. We continue to pull back...

ADAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Is really good.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW