

UNTITLED KELSEY GRAMMAR PROJECT

Pilot

"A Really Little Bed"

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COLD OPENINGINT. NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

(Hank, Tilly, Maids, Movers)

A SPACIOUS BEDROOM WITH SKYLINE VIEWS. THE ROOM IS EMPTY SAVE FOR A BARE KING-SIZE BED. TILLY PRYOR, 40'S, ENTERS FROM A WALK-IN CLOSET WITH A FEW LAST ITEMS TO PACK. AFTER TWENTY YEARS OF LIVING WITH THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE, TILLY IS A WOMAN WHO IS USUALLY WELL PUT TOGETHER. BUT NOT TODAY. HANK PRYOR ENTERS FROM THE HALL WITH TWO GLASSES OF WINE. HANK CARRIES HIMSELF WITH THE CONFIDENCE OF A BORN LEADER, SOMEONE USED TO BEING ON TOP. EVEN WHEN HE'S NOT. LIKE NOW.

HANK

Hey, Til. I thought you might want a glass of wine.

TILLY

Oh, I'm not really in the mood.

HE HANDS HER THE WINE AND SHE STARTS TO DRINK IT. HANK TRIES TO GAUGE HER MOOD.

HANK

So... how you doing?

TILLY

How am I doing? On the day we have to move out of our home of seventeen years? The apartment we brought our babies home from the hospital to?

BEAT.

HANK

This is a fun little Chardonnay, isn't it? (THEN) Look, I know this is hard. And I'm sorry.

TILLY

(SIGHS) I'm not mad anymore, Hank.  
I'm just kinda sad, and scared.

HANK

(CROSSING) Oh, Tilly, come here.

TILLY

...And still a little mad.

HANK STOPS.

HANK

I know my stepping down from the  
company, us losing so much our savings  
seems like the end of the world. But  
you know what I like to say: it's  
never "I'm Hank Pryor. Damn it."  
It's "I'm Hank Pryor damnit!" I'm  
gonna get us back on top. Maybe not  
today, maybe -- (OFF HER WORRIED LOOK)  
today. Maybe today.

TILLY SMILES A LITTLE, DESPITE HERSELF.

HANK (CONT'D)

There's the smile. Nope, I saw it.

HANK OFFERS ANOTHER HUG AND THIS TIME SHE ACCEPTS.

TILLY

You know, in a way I'm looking forward  
to moving back to Virginia. I mean,  
it's been great here. This apartment,  
the money --

HANK

(FONDLY) ...the money...

TILLY

Mm. But deep down we're still from  
River Bend. It's a fresh start.

HANK

Amen.

THEY CLINK GLASSES AND DRINK. A CONTEMPLATIVE MOMENT.

TILLY

God, I love wine.

HANK

You know what I'm looking forward to?  
Actually getting to be around you and  
the kids. I'm no longer a slave to  
that damn company. Working six, seven  
days a week. A lot of good it ended  
up doing me.

TILLY

But now we get you full time. I think  
we're lucky.

HANK

We're blessed. If you and I weren't  
us, I'd wish we were.

TILLY

Yeah, there's a part of me that's  
actually kind of excited.

HANK SLIDES HIS HAND DOWN HER BACK A LITTLE.

TILLY (CONT'D)

Not that part.

HANK

It has been quite awhile. (RE: BED)

What do you say? One more bounce on  
the ol' gal for the road?

TILLY

Hank, no, shh.

HANK

Oh, the children can't hear us.

A MAID HURRIES OUT OF THE WALK IN CLOSET AND EXITS.

HANK (CONT'D)

Sorry, Maria... (TO TILLY) At least I  
didn't mention the time you broke the  
headboard and my pinky toe in one fell  
swoop.

TILLY SIGHS. ANOTHER MAID RUNS OUT OF THE CLOSET AND EXITS.

HANK (CONT'D)

It's like a damn clown car! (CALLING)  
Anyone else before I bring up our  
accidental sex show for the building's  
window washers?

ANOTHER MAID RUNS OUT. TILLY STARES AT HIM ACROSS THE BED  
LIKE "THANKS, HANK" AS TWO MOVERS ENTER FROM THE HALL.

HANK (CONT'D)

Is that another smile? Hm? Huh? No.

THE MOVERS LIFT THE MATTRESS OFF THE BOX SPRING AND FLIP IT  
ON IT'S SIDE, BLOCKING TILLY'S VIEW OF HANK.

WHEN THEY CARRY THE MATTRESS AWAY, HANK IS NO LONGER THERE. HE IS STROLLING WITH THE MOVERS, USING THE UPTURNED MATTRESS AS COVER.

HANK (CONT'D)

Keep moving, boys.

HANK WALKS OUT WITH THE MOVERS AND THE MATTRESS, AND WE:

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

A MONTAGE, UNDER A THEME SONG ENTITLED "MOVIN' ON DOWN":

WASHINGTON POST: A PHOTO OF A BEAMING YOUNG HANK AND THE HEADLINE "WUNDERKIND MAKES WAVES IN TELECOM BIZ"...

FORBES COVER: HANK, UNDER THE HEADLINE "PRYOR ON FIRE"...

HANK'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY: "YOU CAN'T BLINK"...

IN STYLE: HANK AND TILLY POSING IN THEIR APARTMENT, "CONTEMPORARY COOL IN NYC"...

NYT: "PRYOR DOWNGRADES EARNINGS REPORT; STOCK SLIDES"...

TIME COVER: "THE SMILING FACES OF CORPORATE GREED" OVER A CANDID PHOTO OF HANK AND TILLY IN A HOT TUB, AS TILLY POURS CHAMPAGNE INTO THE WATER...

DRUDGE REPORT: A PHOTO OF A DEFENSIVE HANK AT A CONGRESSIONAL HEARING AND THE HEADLINE "SENATE IRE AT PRYOR"...

CNN.COM: A PHOTO OF HANK AND THE HEADLINE "PRYOR OUT"...

AND FINALLY, A FAMILY PORTRAIT, WITH HANK ITS CENTER.

TITLE CARD: PRYORS

FADE OUT.

SCENE A

INT. HANK AND TILLY'S LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING  
(Hank, Tilly, Maddie, Henry)

HANK AND TILLY ENTER AN EMPTY HOUSE. AN OLD TRADITIONAL WITH HARDWOOD FLOORS, BIG WINDOWS AND CHARACTER TO SPARE, THE PLACE IS NOT HUGE, BUT IT'S CERTAINLY COMFORTABLE. WITH A LITTLE LOVE THIS COULD BE SOMEPLACE SPECIAL. THEY WANDER AROUND, TAKING IT ALL IN. NOT LOOKING WHERE THEY'RE GOING, THEY ALMOST WALK INTO EACH OTHER -- THEY BOTH MOVE THIS WAY AND THAT, TRYING TO GET OUT OF EACH OTHER'S WAY.

HANK

Shall we dance?

HE SPINS HER AROUND GRACEFULLY. THEY STAY ARM IN ARM.

TILLY

I know the last few months have been tough for you, Hank.

HANK

No tougher than for you.

TILLY

(GETS CLOSE) That's why we have to make sure we "christen" the house tonight. I bought a little nightie... very little... almost... imaginary.

HANK LOOKS AT TILLY A MOMENT.

HANK

I like you a great deal.

A CLOSE MOMENT BETWEEN THEM.

TILLY

Oh, my brother's gonna come by today.

HANK CONSIDERS THIS.

HANK

Nope, still feeling good.

FROM OUTSIDE...

HENRY (O.S.)

Die, Jedi scum!

TILLY

Remember, happy smiles for the kids.

HANK AND TILLY PUT ON BIG SMILES. HENRY, AN IMAGINATIVE, GOOFY, 10 YEAR OLD WITH WAY TOO MUCH ENERGY IN HIS LITTLE BODY, STAGGERS IN HOLDING A STICK TO HIS BELLY AS IF HE'S BEEN RUN THROUGH WITH A SWORD. HE CROSSES TO HANK.

HENRY

("DYING") Help... me...

HANK

(AWKWARDLY PATS HIS HEAD) Okay...

TILLY INDICATES HE SHOULD PULL THE SWORD OUT. HANK DOES.

HENRY

Thanks, that was close, this house is old, you think people have died here?

HANK

What? No! Absolutely not.

HENRY

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

TILLY

But maybe, Henry. Your father doesn't know that for sure.

HENRY

Cool, so this place could be haunted.



HENRY PONDERES THIS A BEAT, THEN GETS THE HEEBIE JEEBIES.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(DELIGHTED) I just freaked myself out!

HE TAKES HIS STICK-SWORD FROM HANK, PUTS IT IN A BELT LOOP AND RUNS OUT THE BACK DOOR TO EXPLORE.

HANK

You realize that boy is in charge of carrying on the Pryor name?

TILLY

Try coming to one of his parent teacher conferences. They refer to Henry as "hyper-imaginative."

HANK

If that means "odd little duck" I'm with 'em.

TILLY

Oh, stop. You need to learn to embrace his creativity.

HANK

Okay. (POINTS OUT BACK WINDOW) His hand's caught in a bird feeder.

TILLY EXITS OUT THE BACK. MADDIE, 15, ENTERS IN THE FRONT DOOR, ON HER CELL. HANK PUTS ON HIS SMILE. MADDIE IS SMART BUT UNMOTIVATED, AND, LIKE MANY TEENAGERS, NOT A FAN OF HER PARENTS - ESPECIALLY DAD. SHE LOOKS AROUND, IGNORING HANK.

MADDIE

(ON PHONE) God, you guys, it's worse on the inside... It's like all wood and old. Here, hold on...

SHE HOLDS OUT HER CELL, TAKES A PHOTO, EXPERTLY PRESSES A FEW BUTTONS, THEN PUTS THE PHONE BACK TO HER EAR.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

See?... Yeah, it's like pilgrims  
should live here or something...

TILLY RETURNS WITH A BIRD FEEDER. HANK GIVES TILLY A LOOK LIKE: "LOOK! IT'S DELIGHTFUL MADDIE!"

TILLY

(SOTTO) Let me handle her, okay?

MADDIE

I have to call you back. (HANGS UP,  
THEN) Mom... why does god hate us?

TILLY

Oh, Maddie, he doesn't.

MADDIE

Then why did he do this to us? (BARELY  
SOTTO) Is it 'cause of dad?

TILLY

No! No, no, no... (LOOKS AT HANK,  
WHO'S STILL DOING HIS SMILE) ...No.

HANK

Madelyn, give it a chance and I think  
you'll soon be saying the same thing  
as your mother and I: "Yes we can!"

MADDIE

You can't use his thing. Yes we can --  
that's Obama's thing!

HANK

Oh, he owns those words now, does he?

TILLY

Hank. (TO MADDIE) Your father's just trying to say we're being optimistic.

MADDIE

By stealing Obama's thing!

HANK

My high school baseball team had the same slogan through our run to the state championship. Yes we can! Ultimately we couldn't. But not because of me -- I pitched brilliantly and hit .500 for the series!

MADDIE

Wow, can I have your autograph?

TILLY

Okay...

HANK

You don't want me to say "yes we can"? Fine. I'll do the President one better. I say "Yes we will!"

MADDIE

Oh, yeah, you're better than him.

HANK

I'm not saying I'm better than him.

MADDIE

Good, 'cause you're not!

HANK

I could have been president, you know!

MADDIE

Yeah, right!

HANK

This is America, young lady! A rich white man has just as much chance of being President as anyone else!

BUT MADDIE'S ALREADY STORMED OFF. HANK TURNS TO TILLY.

HANK (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?

TILLY

That was the longest conversation you've had with her in... ever.

HANK

Can you blame me?

TILLY

Hank, now that you're going to be around more you have to learn how to actually talk to her. She's fifteen, she's got a lot of stuff going on.

HANK

What kind of stuff-- no, no, I don't want to know.

TILLY

Here's my little secret for dealing with Maddie. Before I say anything to her -- anything -- "I like apples... yellow is a color," first I ask myself not how Maddie's going to react, but how Moody's going to react. Moody Maddie. Trust me. The life you save might be your own.

HANK

But what kind of message are we sending her? That life will tip-toe around her? 'Cause it won't, Til. No one ever tip-toed around me when I was taking the Pryor Corporation from a garage here in River Bend to three floors of a Manhattan skyscraper.

TILLY

We all can't be as strong as you Hank.

HANK

(SIGHS) I know.

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE BINT. HANK AND TILLY'S LIVING ROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER

(Hank, Tilly, Maddie, Henry, Grady, Kyle, Movers)

HANK ENTERS THE LIVING ROOM, REVEALING THE CHAOS AND CLUTTER OF A MOVING DAY IN FULL SWING. FURNITURE IS SCATTERED HERE AND THERE. MOVERS COME AND GO. HANK NOTICES MADDIE SPRAWLED ON A CHAIR, TEXTING. HE STARTS TO SAY SOMETHING, THEN STOPS, CONSIDERING HIS WORDS CAREFULLY. SHE NOTICES HIM.

MADDIE

What?

HANK

I... just wanted to say... hello.

How... is the cell reception here?

MADDIE

Terrible. 'Cause you guys moved us a thousand miles from civilization.

SHE GETS UP AND CROSSES AWAY.

HANK

(CALLS AFTER HER) We're a half hour from DC... just FYI. Capital of the free world. Where Obama lives...

BUT SHE'S GONE. HANK SIGHS, FRUSTRATED, THEN NOTICES THE MOVERS HEADED FOR THE BACK HALL, LUGGING A BIG, HEAVY COUCH.

HANK (CONT'D)

Oh, hey, where are you taking that?

MOVER

Ms. Pryor told us she wanted it in the back room.

HANK

Oh, well, she and I hadn't discussed what to do with that room yet. I was thinking of making it my office. Actually, I hesitate to call it an office. It's more of a study.

MOVER

(STRUGGLES WITH COUCH'S WEIGHT) I see.

HANK

Let's call it an office slash study.

MOVER

Okay.

HANK

So why don't we just pop that into the garage for now.

THE MOVERS START TO LUG THE COUCH OUT. HENRY ENTERS FAST -- TRYING TO SLIDE IN HIS SOCKS. HE FALLS, THEN BOUNCES UP.

HENRY

I'm okay -- ow -- Ms. Orth said Tubman might be crowded 'cause it's public.

HANK

I don't understand any of the things you just said. Who is Ms. Orth?

HENRY

My teacher back in New York.

HANK

Oh. Right. And Tubman is...?

HENRY

My new school.

HANK

Of course. (THEN) It probably will  
have more students. That is true.

HANK STANDS THERE, NOT SURE WHAT ELSE TO SAY TO THE BOY.

HANK (CONT'D)

But it is an old building. I bet  
there'll be ghosts there, too. Hm?  
More ghosts? Of naughty kids who  
didn't listen to their teachers?

HENRY

(HORRIFIED) Dead kids?

HANK

Oh -- no, I was joking. (CHUCKLES) You  
don't have to tell your mother I said  
that. (THEN) Here's gum for you.

HE HANDS HENRY GUM. HENRY JUST STARES AT HIM.

HANK (CONT'D)

Alright, well, go... enjoy that gum.

HENRY WANDERS OFF, SPOOKED. TILLY ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN, A  
LITTLE FRAZZLED FROM A THOUSAND MOVING DETAILS. SHE NOTICES  
THE MOVERS LUGGING THE COUCH BACK OUTSIDE.

TILLY

Wait, whoa, guys, what are you doing?

That goes in the back room.

THE MOVERS JUST STOP AND STAND THERE WITH THE COUCH, ANNOYED.



HANK

Actually, I didn't think we knew what we're doing with that room yet.

TILLY

We do. It's gonna be the family room.

HANK

Family room? What room is this?

TILLY

This is the living room.

HANK

Do we really need a living room and a family room? Seems a bit silly --  
(OFF HER LOOK) not silly, not silly.  
It's just, I was thinking that room could be my office slash study.

TILLY

Oh. Well, sorry slash no.

FROM OUTSIDE...

GRADY (O.S.)

Kyle! Don't touch the squirrel!

TILLY

HANK

Oh no.

Your brother.

TILLY

We can talk about the family room later.

HANK

Yes. We can. Office slash study.

GRADY FUNK, ENTERS, CARRYING HIS SON, KYLE, 5, OVER HIS SHOULDER. GRADY'S AN OUT-GOING BUILDING CONTRACTOR. WHEN HIS SISTER LEFT RIVER BEND WITH HANK FOR THE RICHES AND GLAMOUR OF NYC, GRADY REMAINED AND DID A MAN'S WORK.

GRADY

There they are! Hank! Matilda!

TILLY AND HANK PUT ON SMILES AND GREET HIM.

GRADY (CONT'D)

Luckily it's my weekend with Kyle so you get us both. Kyle, this is your aunt and uncle.

HANK AWKWARDLY PICKS KYLE UP UNDER HIS ARMPITS.

HANK

How are you, young man?

KYLE

Improper touching! Improper touching!

HANK DROPS KYLE LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES. THE KID RUNS OFF.

GRADY

Sorry. He really took his preschool's stranger danger talk to heart.

TILLY

We're not strangers.

GRADY

No? How many times has Kyle seen you guys? Once, maybe?

TILLY

Well, Grady, we extended an open invitation to visit us in New York. Didn't we, Hank?

HANK

Was I in charge of that?

GRADY

Doesn't matter now. You're back. Back in the Bend. Here, I brought you a house warming. (PULLS OUT SIX PACK) I was gonna bring champagne, then I remembered that Time magazine cover -- you know, the one that called you the smiling faces of corporate greed --

TILLY

We know the one.

GRADY

Yeah, and I was like "whoa, Grady, you don't want to remind 'em of that."

HANK

Good thinking.

GRADY

(OFFERING BEER) So, what do you say we get this party started.

TILLY

No party, there's no party.

GRADY

Oh, come on, you never said no to a free pop growing up, sis.

TILLY

That was a long time ago, Grady.

GRADY

Eh, you act like Tilly Pryor, but not that deep down you're still Matilda Funk. (POKING HER) Huh? Huh? Huh?

TILLY

Okay... okay... (THEN, TWISTING HIS FINGER) okay!

GRADY

Ah -- ow! There's Matilda!

HANK

Grady, if you have stuff to do today, we don't want to keep you.

TILLY

We really don't.

GRADY

I'm good. I just gotta check on one of my crews on a kitchen remodel job -- ohh, Hank. Oh, I didn't mean to bring up work in front of you! Shoot!

HANK

It's okay. I'm actually looking forward to figuring out what's next for me. I never say "I'm Hank Pryor. Damn it." It's --

HANK (CONT'D)

TILLY

I'm Hank Pryor damnit!

(HANK IMITATION) I'm Hank Pryor damnit!

HANK GIVES TILLY A LOOK LIKE "WHAT WAS THAT?"

GRADY

That's the spirit. Listen, if there's anything I can do in your time of need and failure, you let me know. I want to be with you in your darkest hour.

HANK

Something tells me if it's our darkest hour, you'll be around.

GRADY NODS: "PROBABLY." MADDIE CROSSES BY, TEXTING.

GRADY

Hey, there she is!

MADDIE

(NO CLUE) Hey?

TILLY

Maddie, you remember Uncle Grady.

MADDIE

Hey. (TO TILLY) Dad told Henry there are dead ghost kids at his school.

TILLY

GRADY

Hank?

Seems like a mean thing to  
say.

HANK

I was trying to embrace his, whatever,  
his hyper creativity.

MADDIE

By scaring the crap out of him.

HANK

Hey, Moody, look -- Maddie...

MADDIE

What?

HANK

What?

MADDIE

You called me Moody.

HANK

TILLY

No I didn't.

No he didn't.

GRADY

I think you did.

MADDIE

Moody Maddie? Is that like what you  
call me behind my back?

HANK

No, I -- I just -- your mom...

TILLY CRINGES. MADDIE LOOKS AT HER.

MADDIE

You think I'm moody? Am I too moody  
for you? You don't like all my moods?

TILLY

No, sweetie, I love all your moods.

MADDIE

So you do think I have moods.

TILLY

Well, yes, of course, but I just --

MADDIE

(DRAMATICALLY UPSET) Fine! I'll just  
have one mood! Then you can't call me  
Moody anymore! This is my only mood!

MADDIE STORMS OUT. TILLY LOOKS AT HANK.

HANK

Problem solved. (THEN) I'm sorry, but  
you shouldn't have put that ridiculous  
Moody Maddie thing in my head!

TILLY

It's not ridiculous!

HANK

You know, at the Pryor Corporation --

GRADY, WHO'S NOW SITTING ON THE "FAMILY ROOM" COUCH WATCHING  
THEM, CRACKS OPEN A BEER. HANK AND TILLY LOOK AT HIM.

GRADY

Sorry, sorry. Keep going.

TILLY

Don't sit there, Grady. The movers are taking that couch into the back.

HANK

No, don't sit there because the movers are taking that couch into the garage.

TILLY

Hank, we don't have room for you to have an office. I'm sorry, it's called downsizing.

HANK

No, we don't have room for a family room and a living room. Sorry, Til, it's called downsizing.

MOVER

(CALLING) Excuse me.

THE MOVERS ARE ON THE STAIRS WITH THE MATTRESS.

MOVER (CONT'D)

We're not gonna be able to get this thing past the turn in the stairs.

TILLY

What do you mean?

MOVER

You gotta get a smaller bed.

MOVER #2

It's called downsizing.

THE OTHER MOVER CHUCKLES AT THIS.



GRADY

Hey, don't you laugh at them. You know who these people are? They were on the cover of Time! (REACHES INTO POCKET) I've got a copy right here --

HANK

(STOPPING HIM) Grady!

GRADY

Don't worry, Matilda. I can bring over Kyle's old bed for you tonight. And what the hell, I'll take that King-size jobber off your hands.

HANK

What would we do without you, Grady?

GRADY

Sleep on the floor. (CHUCKLES, THEN TO MOVERS) Alright boys, let's get that sucker up on top of my truck!

GRADY EXITS. TILLY AND HANK GLARE AT EACH OTHER, ANNOYED. HENRY WANDERS IN. THEY DON'T WANT TO ARGUE IN FRONT OF HIM. FRUSTRATED, TILLY GRABS A CAN OF BEER. SHE POPS IT OPEN AND TAKES A LONG PULL. IT IS GOOD. HANK TAKES A BEER AS WELL. HE POPS HIS OPEN AND TAKES A DRINK. THEY LOOK AROUND AT THEIR NEW HOUSE AND NEW LIVES, THEN DRINK AGAIN.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREESCENE CINT. HANK AND TILLY'S BEDROOM - LATE THAT NIGHT

(Hank, Tilly)

A JUMBLE OF BOXES, FURNITURE AND A LITTLE DOUBLE BED, ON LOAN FROM GRADY. TILLY, IN PAJAMAS, IS ROOTING THROUGH A BOX OF CLOTHING. SHE COMES ACROSS THE SEXY LITTLE NIGHTIE, SCOFFS AND STUFFS IT BACK IN, THEN PULLS OUT A BULKY SWEATSHIRT. HANK ENTERS. THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER ACROSS THE TINY BED.

HANK CROSSES, HEAD DOWN. TILLY CROSSES THE OTHER WAY. AS EARLIER, THEY ALMOST WALK INTO EACH OTHER, THEN MOVE THIS WAY AND THAT, MIRRORING EACH OTHER AND TRYING TO GET PAST. THIS TIME NEITHER THINKS IT'S CUTE. FINALLY HANK JUST TAKES TILLY'S ARM AND "GENTLY" PULLS HER PAST HIM.

THEY CLIMB INTO THEIR SIDES OF THE LITTLE BED AND TRY TO GET SETTLED: THEY LIE ON THEIR BACKS, BUT THEIR SIDES TOUCH AND THAT'S NO GOOD. SO THEY SHIFT ONTO THEIR SIDES, FACING EACH OTHER, NOSE TO NOSE. NO. THEY FLIP OVER, FACING AWAY FROM ONE ANOTHER. NOW THEIR BUTTS ARE TOUCHING. TILLY FLIPS BACK ONTO HER OTHER SIDE AND HANK TURNS ONTO HIS BACK. THEY SHIMMY AWAY FROM ONE ANOTHER UNTIL THEY'RE AS FAR APART AS POSSIBLE. WHICH ISN'T VERY FAR. THEY LIE STILL IN THE DARK, EYES CLOSED. A LONG, STILL MOMENT, THEN:

HANK

You're breathing on me.

TILLY

What?

HANK

Your breath. It's all over me.

TILLY

You know I sleep on my right side.

Turn over if my breathing is so awful.

HANK

I need to sleep on my back. You know

I have back problems.

TILLY

Well this is how I sleep, Hank.

HANK

Well this is how I sleep.

TILLY

Then get use to my breath.

THEY CLOSE THEIR EYES AND LIE STILL. A BEAT. TILLY EVER SO SLIGHTLY INCREASES HER EXHALATIONS HIS WAY. HANK TRIES TO IGNORE IT, BUT FINALLY:

HANK

Fine!

HE FLIPS ONTO HIS SIDE, TURNING AWAY FROM HER. HE WRIGGLES AROUND, MAKING HIMSELF AS COMFORTABLE AS HE CAN.

TILLY

I know you're purposely pushing your butt into me.

HANK

You want me to sleep on my side, this is how I sleep on my side!

TILLY

Fine! It doesn't bother me!

HE CONTINUES TO WIGGLE HIS BUTT INTO HER.

HANK

Good! I hope you like it, 'cause this is how it's going to be. All night.

TILLY

Good!

HANK

Yeah? You like it? You ready? All night? 'Cause this is it! You like it? Huh? You like it?

TILLY

...Yes.

HANK STOPS, SURPRISED.

HANK

What?

TILLY

I... like it.

HANK TURNS OVER AND LOOKS AT HER. THEY'RE FACE TO FACE. CLOSE. SO CLOSE. THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER, THEN START TO KISS PASSIONATELY.

TILLY (CONT'D)

Oh, Hank --

HANK

Tilly --

TILLY

It's like we're poor now and all we have is our bodies!

THEY CONTINUE TO KISS AND TOUCH AND MOAN IN PASSION.

TILLY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry about today...

HANK

Me too...

TILLY

Everything was just so stressful...

HANK

It was a stressful day... but now it's  
the night...

TILLY

We're gonna be okay, aren't we?

HANK

We're gonna be great... sooo great...  
Lemme help you there...

HANK HELPS HER TAKE OFF HER SWEATSHIRT. THEY CONTINUE TO  
KISS AND CUDDLE AND JUST ENJOY BEING CLOSE...

TILLY

Hey, you can have that back room for  
your office...

HANK

Really? Aw, Tilly, thanks...

HE PULLS HER EVEN CLOSER. VERY NICE.

HANK (CONT'D)

Probably for the best... Then I can  
stay out of your and the kids' way.

TILLY

What do you mean?

HANK

You know, I'll get myself set up back  
there and just focus on my next  
business... get us back to normal...

TILLY IS GIVEN PAUSE. UNAWARE, HANK CONTINUES TO CUDDLE.

TILLY

Back to normal?

HANK

Back to the way it was... (FUMBLES  
UNDER COVERS) Do your PJ's have like a  
drawstring or something...

TILLY

You want to go back to the way it was.

HANK REALIZES HIS CUDDLING ISN'T BEING RECIPROCATED. A BEAT.

HANK

Enough words...

HANK TRIES TO GO IN FOR KISS. SHE BACKS AWAY.

TILLY

Back to the way it was before what?  
Before you actually had to be around  
your family?

HANK

What? No! No, no, no, no -- you're  
putting words in my mouth.

TILLY

What words should be in your mouth?

HE TRIES TO PUT SPACE BETWEEN THEM BUT THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO.

HANK

Boy, this is a small bed. (THEN) I  
just, you're so damn good with the  
kids, Tilly, and, quite frankly I felt  
bad intruding on that today.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

So yes, maybe I should just focus on the business side of things so I can get you back to the life you so richly deserve. And I'll get you there, Til. I make you that promise. Like I always say, I'm Hank Pryor...

TILLY IS NOW ALMOST ON TOP OF HIM, GLARING AT HIM.

HANK (CONT'D)

...damnit.

TILLY

I think you like the idea of being around me and kids more than actually being around me and the kids.

HANK

(GASPS) How dare you! I will not dignify that with a -- I don't even -- that is so... (SMALLER) how dare you.

TILLY

One day trying to be a dad and you're ready to climb out a window.

HANK

Trying to be a -- I am their dad!

TILLY

Yeah? Who's Maddie's best friend?

HANK OPENS AND THEN CLOSES HIS MOUTH. HE HAS NO IDEA.

TILLY (CONT'D)

What's Henry's favorite movie?

HANK

(NO IDEA, SIGHS) Terms of Endearment.

TILLY

Look -- you're not the only one  
freaking out here! I liked the idea  
of you being around more than actually  
having you around today, too! You're  
a pain in the ass!

HANK

Yes! And I just want to ease your  
pain!

TILLY

By being around as little as possible?

HANK

Whatever it takes!

TILLY

Hey, did you ever think maybe I'll be  
the one to get a job.

HANK

Well now you're just lashing out.

TILLY

That's so crazy? I can do stuff Hank.  
Before I met you I kicked ass. I  
played sports in high school too, you  
know. But we won our championship!

HANK

(MUTTERING) Field hockey.



TILLY

What?

HANK

Nothing.

TILLY

Hank, I want you to be a big success again. I do. But it can't be instead of this. You have to be an actual part of this family -- it can't just be all about you anymore.

HANK

It's not all about me!

HENRY OPENS THEIR DOOR AND POKES HIS HEAD IN.

HENRY

Mom...?

HANK

Not now, Henry. (OFF TILLY'S LOOK)

What can I do for you? My son?

HENRY

A few minutes ago I was in my bed and

I heard some moaning and creaking...

HANK AND TILLY FREEZE, EMBARRASSED.

HENRY (CONT'D)

...This place is definitely haunted.

THEY ARE RELIEVED.

HANK

Listen, Henry, whatever moaning sounds you heard, I've got a feeling you won't be hearing 'em again tonight.

HENRY

But now my brain won't stop thinking about ghosts.

HANK NODS TO HIMSELF, WAITING FOR TILLY TO TAKE OVER. AFTER A BEAT, HE REALIZES TILLY IS LOOKING AT HIM. EVEN THEN IT TAKES ANOTHER BEAT TO REALIZE WHAT SHE WANTS HIM TO DO.

HANK

Me? Okay... (CLIMBS OUT OF BED) Let's go back to your room, Henry.

HENRY

What's happening?

HANK

Let's you and I go talk about ghosts and... what have you.

HENRY

Why? Is mom sick or something?

HANK

Off we go, boy.

CUT TO:

SCENE DINT. HENRY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

(Hank, Tilly, Maddie, Henry)

HENRY'S ROOM IS ALSO MOSTLY STILL IN BOXES. THEY ENTER.  
HENRY CLIMBS INTO BED. HANK REMAINS STANDING.

HANK

So. Ghosts. Okay. Henry, I know you like to "use your imagination." And that's to be celebrated. To an extent. But when that imagination becomes more of a liability than an asset, perhaps it's time to pull back on the reins a bit. With me so far?

HENRY SHRUGS "I DUNNO."

HANK (CONT'D)

Good. Now let's look at this logically. Okay. In reality, there are no such thing as ghosts.

HENRY

I know, but tell my brain.

HANK

I'm going to. Now, Franklin Roosevelt once said, "The only thing we have to fear, is fear itself." (BLANK STARE)  
You've heard of Roosevelt, right?  
FDR? Famous? Old guy?

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

(BLANK STARE) It's like we just lit  
those tuition checks on fire.

MADDIE ENTERS.

MADDIE

What are you doing?

HANK

I'm talking to your brother. He can't  
sleep. Now if you'll excuse us...

MADDIE

You're not helping.

HANK

Oh, I'm not, am I?

MADDIE

Do you understand anything he's  
saying, Henry?

HENRY

Yeah, he's talking about an old guy  
who was into fear -- ohh, is he like a  
ghost, a vengeful ghost like the  
Legend of Bloody Carl Pruitt?

HANK JUST STARES AT THE BOY. BEHIND HIM, MADDIE SMILES.

HANK

I can feel your satisfaction on the  
back of my head. (TURNS TO HER) I  
imagine you can do better?

MADDIE

Well, yeah. Henry and I have spent tons of nights together. You always work late, and sometimes when Mom would be off at her charity stuff, Henry would need somebody around.

HANK

That's why you kids had Maria-Elena.

MADDIE

Yeah, but late at night you can only hear about her dad being killed by a machete bandit so many times before you bum out.

HANK IS AGHAST. HE LOOKS AT HENRY. HENRY NODS.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

So I'd just hang with him. And we'd do whatever. He's my little brother.

HANK LOOKS BETWEEN MADDIE AND HENRY AS IF NOTICING FOR THE FIRST TIME HOW MUCH THEY LOOK ALIKE. A MOMENT AS HIS DEFENSIVENESS MOSTLY FALLS AWAY.

HANK

What would you suggest I try?

MADDIE

If it was me I'd probably -- forget it. You'll just say it's dumb.

HANK

No. No, I won't. What is it?

MADDIE TAKES AN EMBARRASSED BEAT.

MADDIE

Well, sometimes I sing to him.

HANK

Really?

MADDIE

Yeah. Quietly. He likes it.

HANK

(TURNS TO HENRY) She sings to you?

BEHIND HANK, MADDIE EXCITEDLY SIGNALS HENRY: "YES! SAY YES!"

HENRY

Yes.

SURPRISED, HANK LOOKS BACK AT MADDIE. SHE SHRUGS: "WHAT CAN I TELL YA?" HANK TURNS TO HENRY.

HANK

You don't want that now though, right?

I mean, me, singing?

BEHIND HANK, SHE AGAIN SIGNALS "YES! SAY YES!"

HENRY

Yes.

HANK

You sure you don't just want some warm milk or something? (CHUCKLES, THEN, TO MADDIE) I don't know what to sing.

MADDIE

(SOTTO) It doesn't matter. It's the singing, not the song.

HANK NODS AT THIS WISDOM, THEN TURNS BACK TO HENRY. HE TAKES A LONG MOMENT TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO SING. THIS IS PAINFULLY AWKWARD FOR HIM. BUT FINALLY, QUIETLY:

HANK

Ground control to Major Tom... Ground  
control to Major Tom... Take your  
protein pills and put your helmet on.

THE KIDS BURST OUT LAUGHING. HANK IS CONFUSED, THEN MAD.

HANK (CONT'D)

Oh! Oh! Oh! Okay! Yeah! Ha ha!

MADDIE

You're singing to Henry! He's ten!

HANK

And he might not see eleven!

MADDIE AND HENRY CONTINUE TO LAUGH.

HANK (CONT'D)

You're both awful, awful children!

TILLY ENTERS.

TILLY

What's going on?

HANK

You have given me awful children!

MADDIE

I got Dad to sing Henry a lullaby!

TILLY

(BURSTS OUT LAUGHING) He's ten!

HENRY STARTS TO IMITATE HANK'S SINGING. MADDIE CROSSES TO HENRY IN BED AND JOINS IN. THEY DON'T KNOW THE WORDS, THEY'RE JUST IMITATING HANK'S EMOTIONAL DELIVERY.

HANK

(TO TILLY) Nice. Very nice. This is what you want me to be a part of?

TILLY

(ASIDE) Hey, you made Moody happy.

HANK

Well I'm glad to be the family clown! Why don't you hit me with a shovel, really get her going? Let me tell you something -- at the Pryor Corporation I would never --

TILLY

(INTERRUPTING) Hank, Hank -- this is the Pryor Corporation now.

HANK TAKES A MOMENT TO PONDER THIS. HE IS OUT OF SORTS.

TILLY (CONT'D)

It's okay. You tried. Go have a beer.

TILLY TURNS HIM FOR THE DOOR. HANK SHRUGS HER OFF.

HANK

No! I'm putting the boy to bed! You want me to be a dad? I'll be a dad! I'll conquer this problem like I've conquered everything else in my life!

MADDIE

We're a problem that needs to be conquered?



HANK

No, I -- conquered with love. Just --  
out! Get out! Everybody out!

HENRY GETS OUT OF BED.

HANK (CONT'D)

Not you!

TILLY AND MADDIE HEAD FOR THE DOOR.

TILLY

Hank, listen, if Henry keeps acting up  
you could try burping him.

MADDIE

Or counting his piggies.

HANK

Don't you two make a helluva team.

TILLY AND MADDIE ENTER THE HALL. HANK GOES TO SHUT THE DOOR.

HANK (CONT'D)

Oh, Maddie, by the way. Your mother  
didn't vote for Obama.

MADDIE LOOKS AT TILLY, SHOCKED. TILLY CRINGES. HANK CLOSES  
THE DOOR ON THEM. HE ALLOWS HIMSELF A LITTLE SMILE.

HENRY

This was fun, I liked this.

HANK

Yeah? The ghost thing a joke too?

HENRY

No. I mean, I know the house is not,  
like, really haunted haunted, like  
(SCARY GHOST) "grahh" it's just...  
different, everything's different and  
when I try to go to sleep I can't stop  
thinking about it and thinking about  
it and I'm like shut up head.

HANK TAKES A LONG MOMENT, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO SAY.

HANK

It's scary having everything change,  
huh? Having to start over. Not  
knowing if you can do things they way  
you did them before.

HENRY NODS.

HANK (CONT'D)

I guess I'm a little scared too. Can  
you believe that? Even at my age?

HENRY

Wow. You're old.

HANK

I'm not old. But I'm not twenty-five.

HENRY

You're not twenty five times two.

HANK

I know how old I am.

A BEAT AS HENRY JUST LOOKS UP AT HANK. BUT HANK DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY NEXT. FINALLY:

HANK (CONT'D)

If you want, I could just lie down  
with you for awhile.

HENRY SCOOTs OVER TO MAKE ROOM. HANK CLIMBS INTO THE REALLY LITTLE BED AND AWKWARDLY FOLDS HIMSELF IN NEXT TO HENRY.

HANK (CONT'D)

Ow... lemme... watch your knee...

HANK IS FINALLY ABLE TO SETTLE.

HANK (CONT'D)

Okay. Good night, Henry.

A QUIET MOMENT.

HENRY

Dad?

HANK

Hm?

HENRY

If you never work again, maybe Mom can  
get a job.

HANK

Sleep now, boy.

THEY BOTH CLOSE THEIR EYES, AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

TAG

INT. HANK AND TILLY'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING  
(Hank, Tilly, Grady, Kyle)

TILLY'S UNPACKING. HANK HOBBLER IN, HOLDING HIS STIFF BACK FROM A VERY LONG NIGHT ON A VERY LITTLE BED.

TILLY

Aww, sweetie. It's very nice what you did.

HANK GROANS "YEAH, YEAH." SHE GIVES HIM A PECK ON THE CHEEK.

HANK

I just need to get a few hours sleep and then have some surgery.

HANK CRAWLS INTO BED JUST AS GRADY ENTERS WEARING A TOOL BELT, FOLLOWED BY KYLE, WHO HAS A TOOL BELT OF HIS OWN.

GRADY

Morning, sleepy head.

HANK GROANS: "OH GOD."

TILLY

Grady and Kyle are checking the house. Seeing what work needs to be done.

GRADY

Yeah, the place has good bones, but it's gonna need a couple weeks work. Lucky for you guys, you got me.

HANK

How do you figure?

GRADY

I'm only going to charge you a flat fee for my company's services.

HANK

Thanks, but I think I can handle whatever has to be done around here.

GRADY, TILLY AND EVEN KYLE LAUGH AT THIS.

GRADY

Still got your sense of humor despite everything. That's good. Hold on to that. (THEN) Alright, my lil' apprentice and I just have a few more things to check out. Hop on, bud.

KYLE STEPS ONTO GRADY'S FOOT AND HOLDS ON. THEY EXIT.

HANK

(MUTTERING) Lil' apprentice...

TILLY

Hey, you can complain about Grady...

HANK

I appreciate that.

TILLY

...but he's a great dad. Kyle is his whole life. (OFF HIS EYE ROLL) See, Hank -- this is exactly what I was talking about.

HANK WEARILY CONSIDERS WHAT TO SAY.

HANK

Could I get a few hours of sleep  
before we do this? Right now I don't  
stand a chance.

TILLY

I'll give you two hours.

HANK

Thanks.

HANK CRAWLS INTO BED AS TILLY EXITS. HANK SETTLES. A MOMENT OF PEACE, THEN -- CRASH! -- A LEG PUNCHES THROUGH THE CEILING. HANK JUMPS, TILLY RUNS BACK IN. THEY WATCH AS THE LEG ATTEMPTS TO GO BACK UP BUT IS STUCK.

HANK (CONT'D)

(CALLING) Grady?

GRADY (O.S.)

I'm in the attic!

HANK

(CALLING) Oh. (THEN) Listen, when  
you're finished up there, we've got a  
hole in the ceiling we need you to  
look at.

GRADY (O.S.)

You got it, Hank!

GRADY TRIES TO PULL HIS LEG THROUGH AGAIN TO NO AVAIL. A BEAT, THEN A LITTLE LEG PUNCHES THROUGH THE CEILING.

HANK

(TO TILLY) You're right. They do  
everything together.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW