

BOSS

by

Tony Lord & David Cohen

April 20th, 2009

FADE IN:

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - BATHROOM - MORNING

HARVEY HUTCHINSON, 44, confident, full of ambition, and in his underwear, grooms himself for work while listening to a motivational PODCAST through headphones.

DONALD TRUMP (PODCAST)
You want to reach the top of the ladder, my friend? Then grab your balls and take no prisoners. It's kill or be killed...

Harvey poses in the mirror like a gunslinger. He quick draws one hand like a pistol, grabs his balls with the other, then pulls the imaginary trigger.

HARVEY
Bam!

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - MORNING

Harvey's dressed for success and lookin' sharp. He approaches his SON'S BEDROOM, sniffs the air and stops. He holds his nose to block the smell and enters without a knock.

INT. HUTCH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A disaster area. Dirty clothes and fast food wrappers litter the floor. FHM girls and NASCAR posters cover the walls.

Harvey spots the source of the stink in the corner. A MOLDY, BUG INFESTED, BURRITO SUPREME.

HARVEY
Hutch! I told you to clean this room and not to leave food-

He YANKS back the blanket. But Hutch's bed is empty.

Harvey looks over to see the family dog, RACHAEL RAY, a portly pug, scarfing down the moldy burrito remains.

HARVEY
Rachael Ray, NO! That's disgusting.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Harvey comes down the stairs. His blossoming daughter, NICOLE HUTCHINSON, 14, sits on the couch, working on her laptop.

HARVEY
Morning, Nic.

NICOLE
Hey.

He notices her t-shirt: *A billiard rack with "NICE" in the middle.*

HARVEY
You leave the house in that shirt,
you're grounded for life.

NICOLE
Why? It just means I'm good at
shooting pool.

He gives her a knowing look.

NICOLE
Are you going to help me with my
video project for school like you
keep promising?

HARVEY
You need to get the VHS tapes
transferred to your computer like I
told you.

She points to her laptop.

NICOLE
Done. A week ago. Like I told you
yesterday.

HARVEY
Good. We'll work on it Saturday.

NICOLE
Yeah, right. And I'm banging the
Jonas Brothers.

HARVEY
Watch your mouth.

From the kitchen comes MARILYN HUTCHINSON, 42, attentive mom and real estate agent. She hands Harvey a cup of coffee.

MARILYN
Breakfast?

HARVEY
Running late. Where's Hutch?

MARILYN
Sleeping?

HARVEY
He's not in his room. And I've told
him a dozen times not to leave food
in there, it smells like Tijuana.

Nicole comments on the transferred video on her computer.

NICOLE
Nice hair in the 80's, Mom. You
look John Mayer.

MARILYN
Everyone's hair was bad in the
80's, Nic.
(to Harvey)
Dinner?

HARVEY
Working late. Don't wait.

MARILYN
Remember our talk about balance?

HARVEY
That's why I have you.

He gives her a quick kiss and is out the door.

EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME - BACKYARD - MORNING

Harvey spots a MILLER BEER CAN on the lawn...and then
another, and another. The trail of cans lead to the POOL
where Harvey sees...

HUTCH HUTCHINSON, 21, a soon-to-be college junior disguised
as a shaggy mess of a slacker, is PASSED OUT ON A RAFT in his
clothes from the night before.

Harvey grabs the pool skimmer and FLIPS THE RAFT, DUMPING
HUTCH INTO THE WATER.

HUTCH
WHAT THE HELL?

HARVEY
Good morning, sunshine.

HUTCH
That was not cool, Dad.

HARVEY
Neither are the maggots living in
your room.

He tosses an empty Miller can at Hutch.

HARVEY
Or you bringing the competition
into my home.

HUTCH
They were out of Hibrau.

HARVEY
You shouldn't be drinking anyway.

HUTCH
I'm 21.

HARVEY
Then start acting like it.

Harvey glances over at his prized ROSE BUSHES.

HARVEY
My babies look dry. Tell me you're
sticking to the watering schedule?

HUTCH
C'mon. Can you stop harassing me
about everything?

HARVEY
I'm the boss. Someday you'll have a
kid then you'll be the boss. Until
then I need you to pick up lawn
bags and a new rake at the hardware
store.

HUTCH
I don't have any cash.

HARVEY
Shocker.

Harvey takes out his wallet and hands Hutch his Am-Ex card.

HARVEY

Let's get on it. And don't use the card for anything else, got me?

Harvey gives him a condescending grin, then heads off.

INT./EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - ESTABLISHING SHOTS

The hustle and bustle of a mid-size brewery in action. FACTORY WORKERS and EXECES showing up to work. - BREWMASTERS tasting their mixture. - Bottles filled and capped on the assembly line. - A FORKLIFT DRIVER hauls cases of Hibrau.

EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Harvey parks his Lincoln Navigator in the huge lot.

As he walks through the rows, he stops to admire the high-end European sedans in the "RESERVED EXECUTIVE PARKING" section.

Near the main building, Harvey stops at a statue of OLD-JONES, a guy from the 1880's. He's sporting a top hat and tails and holding up a bottle of Hibrau. A plaque reads: "HIBRAU LAGER - MILWAUKEE'S LOYAL FRIEND SINCE 1883".

HARVEY

(grabbing his balls)

You and me, Jonesy. We take no prisoners.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - MARKETING DEPT. - MORNING

Harvey zigzags through a maze of cubicles. Promotional displays and test market products are scattered everywhere.

Outside his modest office, he's greeted by his assistant, JANIS, 50.

JANIS

Morning, Mr. Hutchinson.

HARVEY

Good morning, Janis. Third quarter sales report?

She hands it to him. He flips to the last page.

HARVEY

Ouch. Shit is going to hit the fan.

(beat)

(MORE)

HARVEY (CONT'D)
 But like The Donald says,
 "Sometimes by losing a battle you
 find a new way to win the war."

JANIS
 Staff meeting's in ten minutes.

HARVEY
 Bring it on.

He tucks the sales report under his arm and heads off.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CEO, ARTHUR BRACKEN, 64, a tough as nails silver fox, paces around the conference table that includes Harvey and the rest of the marketing department. They are listening to Senior V.P. of Sales, ELMER WINTHORPE, 60.

Winthorpe points to a MOCK-UP AD of Old-Jones, wearing his top-hat, in front of a fire with a cat curled up on his lap.

WINTHORPE
 And then Old-Jones says, "What do you think, Pussy? Shall we crack open another Hibrau? And then the cat says, "One loyal friend deserves another."

Bracken rubs his temples. Frustrated.

BRACKEN
 The cat talks?

WINTHORPE
 He says, "One loyal friend deserves another."

BRACKEN
 Has Old-Jones gone senile? Is that why he talks to a cat?

WINTHORPE
 I'm sorry, Arthur?

BRACKEN
 Old-Jones, the iconic symbol of the Hibrau Brewing company, is having a conversation with a cat, so I'm assuming he's developed Alzheimer's.

WINTHORPE

Um, no, the uh...

BRACKEN

Shut up, Winthorpe! And we're wondering why sales are off twenty percent? Does anyone here have any good ideas, for God's sake?

(beat)

HELLO? SOMEONE? ANYONE?

Harvey confidently stands up.

HARVEY

The cat meows.

Bracken stares at Harvey for a long beat.

HARVEY

Pussy knows what it wants, Arthur.

BRACKEN

I like it! Good work Hutchinson.
Make it happen.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

As the meeting breaks up, Harvey files out. His go-with-the-flow buddy, PHIL DAVIS, 40's, comes over.

PHIL

Gutsy move, Harv.

HARVEY

You want to get to the top?
Sometimes you grab your nut sack.

PHIL

Interesting concept.

KEITH PITTMAN, 38, your typical back stabbing co-worker, slaps Harvey on the shoulder.

PITTMAN

Smooth move, Hutchinson. Better grease up the next kayak to Kenosha.

HARVEY

Pittman, if you're going to make an insult, it helps if people have a clue as to what you're talking about.

PITTMAN

Well just remember what happened to the last guy that a took steamer on one of Winthorpe's ideas.

HARVEY

You think I'm worried about-

Winthorpe beelines over. He's not happy.

WINTHORPE

MY OFFICE, ONE HOUR.

HARVEY

Yes, sir.

Pittman smirks as Harvey fights to keep his composure.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - HUTCH'S ROOM - DAY

Rachael Ray is perched on Hutch's lap as he and his buddies down cans of BUDWEISER and play NASCAR '09 on PlayStation.

There's Hutch's better half and BFF, TEDDY O'Neil, 21. The book smart, 5 foot 3, RILEY FORD, 21. And GREG WARBURTON, 22, he can rebuild an engine and kick your ass at the same time.

HUTCH

See that, Ted-O? That was Jeff Gordon dusting your redneck Dale Earnhardt ass. Riley, hold on to your scrote-bag 'cause here I come.

Hutch's fingers dance expertly over his controller as his *Jeff Gordon car* motors past Riley's *Jimmi Johnson car*.

RILEY

Bitch!

WARBURTON

Sick move, Hutch. Guess there is an upside to you playing this thing twelve hours a day.

HUTCH

Jealousy is a very ugly quality, Warburton. But I will admit, if I could major in NASCAR '09, I'd contemplate going back to school.

TEDDY

You tell Harv yet that you're taking the year off?

HUTCH
Waiting for the right moment.

TEDDY
He's going to flip his shit.

HUTCH
Might. But I've got my life to
think about, right?
(quick taps controller)
Later, Warburton.

Hutch leaves Warburton's *Kyle Bush* in his wake and TAKES THE CHECKERED FLAG. Rachael Ray BARKS her congrats.

HUTCH
Chicken dinner, ladies!

Riley tosses a victory Budweiser to Hutch. He toasts virtual Jeff Gordon on the TV.

HUTCH
Hells bells, Wonder Boy.

He swigs the beer then gives Rachael Ray her share.

RILEY
That was the last one. Beer run?

INT. WINTHORPE'S OFFICE - DAY

Harvey sits across from Winthorpe in his plush corner office.

WINTHORPE
Hutchinson, who plucked you from
the warehouse at twenty-five?

HARVEY
You did, Elmer.

WINTHORPE
And who gave you your first
promotion, your last promotion and
every damn promotion in between?

HARVEY
You, Elmer.

WINTHORPE
AND YOU STAB ME IN THE BACK!

HARVEY
I was just-

WINTHORPE

Do you know what Bracken said to me after the meeting? That my ideas were antiquated.

Winthorpe points to a decades old logo of Old-Jones.

WINTHORPE

I created Old-Jones in '72...

Winthorpe SHOVES a recent bottle of Hibrau in Harvey's face. Same exact logo.

WINTHORPE

And the top-hatted son of a bitch is still selling beer today! That's not a coincidence, that's staying power, Hutchinson. Something you clearly don't have anymore!

HARVEY

Elmer-

WINTHORPE

WE'RE DONE. GET OUT OF MY FACE!

Fuming pissed, Winthorpe spins his chair, turning his back. Harvey gets up and shuffles out.

WINTHORPE

Agggh!

Harvey turns back.

HARVEY

Sir?

No answer. Harvey closes the door behind him.

INT. WARBURTON'S JEEP WRANGLER - DAY

Hutch and crew cruise in Warburton's ridiculously jacked up Bronco.

HUTCH

You really should consider joining me, Ted-O. A year off from school could be the experience of a lifetime. No classes, sleeping 'till noon, then getting lit the rest of the day.

TEDDY

Uh, we've been doing that all summer.

HUTCH

Yeah, but how cool would it be to do it in colder weather? Just tell your pops you need to "find yourself" or something.

WARBURTON

He's right, Teddy. You're wasting your time with that shit.

RILEY

What, getting an education so he doesn't end up at Auto Zone?

WARBURTON

Funny one, little man. Least I make bank. Lot of good that diploma's done you.

RILEY

I'm still weighing my employment opportunities.

WARBURTON

Bet they weigh less then you.

HUTCH

Warburton, 7-11 on your left.

INT. 7-11 - DAY

Hutch and Teddy hit the beer fridge. Hutch scans right past the Hibrau and grabs a 12 pack of COORS LIGHT.

HUTCH

I'm feeling like the cold refreshment of the Rockies. Cool?

TEDDY

Lock and load the Silver Bullets, baby. Grab two.

He dumps two 12's in Teddy's arms.

HUTCH

I'm cashed out and you're up.

Teddy searches his pockets. He pulls out a crumpled coupon.

TEDDY

All I got is a 1/2 off on a
Domino's two topping.

Hutch contemplates. Then pulls out Harvey's gold Am-EX.

HUTCH

The things I sacrifice for us. Meet
you outside.

INT. 7-11 - COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

A kind-of-cute CASHIER, 21, rings up the beer.

CASHIER

Hey, I remember you from High
School. Hutch Hutchinson, right?

HUTCH

In the flesh.

Hutch hands over Harvey's credit card.

CASHIER

Wow, Gold Card. You must be doing
well?

HUTCH

Some of us are just destined for
greatness.

She looks at the name on card.

CASHIER

Yeah, right. Still using Daddy's
card are we?

HUTCH

Uh, Hutch is short for Harvey...in
Dubai. I'm half Dubai...a-nin.

CASHIER

Nice try.

Hutch GRABS an assortment of crappy counter items including
lighters, key chains, calling cards and chick magazines.

HUTCH

Would I buy all these personal
gifts for you, including fifty of
those Lucky 7 lotto scratchers, if
this wasn't my card?

CASHIER

Seriously? You're going to buy me all this stuff?

HUTCH

If you give me your phone number, foxy lady, this is all yours.

CASHIER

You're cute. Make it a hundred lotto scratchers and you got a deal.

HUTCH

Done.

EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - DAY

Out by the Old-Jones statue, Harvey vents to Phil.

PHIL

He's not going to fire you, Harv. You know how Winthorpe gets.

HARVEY

He was practically foaming at the mouth. Ungrateful S.O.B. is lucky I saved his ass in that meeting.

Harvey looks up at Old-Jones. Has a moment.

HARVEY

You know what? I'm done being bullied. I'm marching into Winthorpe's office, tell him he can go to hell and-

Harvey and Phil JUMP BACK as an AMBULANCE screeches to a halt right in front of them. PARAMEDICS rush out and thunder into the building.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - OFFICES - DAY

The elevator doors open. Harvey and Phil step out to see the Paramedics at work as employees crowd around WINTHORPE'S OFFICE. Harvey moves in closer.

HARVEY

Oh my God!

The Paramedics lift a rigor stiff WINTHORPE off his chair and place him on a the gurney. Pittman steps up next to Harvey.

PITTMAN

Looks like Elmer bought the farm...but you ran away with all the pigs.

HARVEY

What?

SARGENT HEINRICK, a Nazi-like Hibrau security guard approaches Harvey.

SGT. HEINRICK

Mr. Hutchinson, it appears that you were the last one to see Mr. Winthorpe alive. His last words to you were probably his last words on earth.

As they wheel Winthorpe past Harvey, he observes the FROZEN ANGRY GRIMACE on Winthorpe's face.

HARVEY

He said, uh, "Good job".

Sargent Heinrick makes some notes and follows the paramedics. Mr. Bracken comes over to Harvey.

HARVEY

Elmer Winthorpe, he was a good man, Arthur. This is a real tragedy.

BRACKEN

(leans in, whispers)

It's a good thing he bit the dust, otherwise he'd be out of a job.

Harvey shivers at Bracken's coldness.

BRACKEN

I'm not saying anything, Hutchinson, but Elmer's shoes need to be filled and I've got an idea of who's going to be doing the filling.

Harvey smiles, quickly getting over the loss.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harvey rants like a hyper puppy as the family eats dinner. Hutch sneaks Rachael Ray spaghetti under the table.

HARVEY
Of course I'm upset that
Winthorpe's dead. But it was his
time. And now it's mine.

MARILYN
You're a monster, Harv.

NICOLE
Agreed.

HARVEY
You guys won't be saying that after
I become a Vice President. It's
going to change everything.

HUTCH
That's what that Cheney dude said.

Hutch drops Rachael Ray a handful of pasta. She INHALES it.

HARVEY
Hutch, are you feeding the dog from
the table?

HUTCH
What? No.

HARVEY
We'll be able to get into the Fair
Oaks Country Club. Go on great
vacations with the other execs.

NICOLE
I'd rather become a hooker.

Harvey's on a roll. Doesn't even hear her.

MARILYN
Nicole, enough.

HARVEY
And guess who'll be watching Bucks
games from the company floor seats?

HUTCH
Jack Nicholson?

HARVEY
Bracken already bumped me to the
top of the list for tickets.

Hutch slyly palms a huge meatball, tosses it to Rachael Ray.

MARILYN

You haven't even been offered the job, Harvey.

HARVEY

Arthur practically guaranteed it. We just need a little time. Out of respect for Winthorpe.

HUTCH

Aren't you the saint.

Rachael Ray RIPS a gas bomb. Harvey glares at Hutch.

HUTCH

I'm not feeding her!

HARVEY

I've waited a long time for this promotion and fate has finally arrived.

Harvey's feeling good. Hutch takes the opportunity.

HUTCH

Speaking of fate, I, uh, have a small announcement.

NICOLE

We already know, you're gay.

HUTCH

Funny one.

(beat)

So, I've decided to take things in a new direction with school.

Harvey sports a big grin.

HARVEY

You've decided on a major! That's great, Hutch. Business or marketing?

HUTCH

Well, neither.

(beat)

I'm, uh, taking a year off from school.

NICOLE

Ouch. Didn't see that one coming.

HARVEY

Excuse me?

HUTCH

Before you go psycho, just listen.
This plan helps out all of us.

Marilyn puts her hand on Harvey's to calm him down.

HARVEY

Go ahead.

HUTCH

Okay. Since I have yet to clearly define my career path, it makes smart business sense, especially in these tough economic times, to evaluate the various opportunities out there. So why not take a year off, really research this thing, and "find myself"? Then bang! I'm back in school, heading toward a career and a life filled with huge financial rewards and tons of emotional stability. To top things off, you guys won't have to worry about cash if things get really bad. 'Ol Hutch here will unselfishly be able to provide for the whole family and we'll live happily ever after.

(like Barack Obama)

Yes, we can.

Silence. They all stare at him. He smiles back.

NICOLE

Call me when the shit storm blows over.

Nicole gets up and leaves.

HARVEY

That's it? That's your plan?

HUTCH

Well I might travel a little in between the research. You know what they say, "All work and no play"-

HARVEY

ARE YOU INSANE? Do you know how hard I work so you can go to college? A luxury I never had!

MARILYN

Hutch, this might not be the right decision.

HUTCH

I'm just not sure if school's my thing right now.

HARVEY

I'll tell you one thing, mister, it's going to look really bad that a Vice President's son is a college drop out!

Hutch is put off by Harvey's comment.

MARILYN

Harvey, calm down. That's not the issue here.

HUTCH

I've made up my mind. I'm not going back.

HARVEY

Okay smart guy, what are you going to do for money? Because you're not free loading around this house like you've done all summer.

HUTCH

I already told you, I'll be doing research.

HARVEY

If you're not going to school, then you're getting a job! Then you'll see how lucky you are to be in college. Tomorrow morning you are out pounding the pavement. No more free rides here, pal.

Harvey storms away from the table, but STOPS as Rachael Ray blocks his path, staring up at him.

HARVEY

Go on! Move it, girl.

Rachael Ray convulses...then PUKES SPAGHETTI on Harvey's shoe.

HARVEY

HUUUUTCH!

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - HUTCH'S ROOM - MORNING

Harvey enters and BANGS on his briefcase like a drum.

HARVEY
OKAY, MR. FIND YOURSELF GUY, TIME
TO GET A JOB...

But Hutch isn't there. On top of it, the bed is made. Harvey shrugs. Maybe he's getting through to him.

INT. HARVEY'S CAR - MORNING

Harvey drives to work, listening to more motivational crap.

DONALD TRUMP (V.O.)
*Now say it! Nothing will stand in
my way of success. I will get what
I want.*

HARVEY
Nothing will stand in my way of
success! I will get what I want.

SUDDENLY, in the rearview mirror, A HALF NAKED GIRL pops up from the back seat. It's the CASHIER from 7-11.

CASHIER
Where am I?

HARVEY
WWWAAAAAAAAAAA!

Harvey SWERVES out of traffic and pulls the car to the curb.

HARVEY
WHO ARE YOU?

CASHIER
The last thing I remember is we
were smoking this killer weed.

HARVEY
WHO'S WE?

Harvey sees HUTCH PASSED OUT in the back in a sea of junk food wrappers and slurpee cups. Harvey smacks him awake. Hutch looks up.

HUTCH
Shit.

EXT. 7-11 - LATER

Cashier hurries out of the car, fumbling with her clothes.
Hutch leans out the window.

HUTCH
I'll hit you later, cool?

CASHIER
Screw you, loser. I knew you were
full of crap!

Harvey looks at Hutch and shakes his head.

HUTCH
Look Dad, I-

HARVEY
Not a word. Not one word!

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - DAY

Harvey drags Hutch over to OSCAR, 50's, brewery foreman.

HARVEY
Hey Oscar, How's it goin'?

OSCAR
Harvey!

HARVEY
You remember my son, Hutch?

OSCAR
Sure. Sure. You were bussing tables
at your dad's BBQ last summer.

HUTCH
That's me. Jack of all trades...and
slave labor.

OSCAR
Tell me Harv, how are things in
white-collar world?

HARVEY
I'm still the same guy, just
wearing a different uniform.

Hutch rolls his eyes.

OSCAR

Speaking of uniforms, baseball starts in a week. This is our year.

HARVEY

Gonna crush those wimps from Pabst! So Oscar, Hutch here is looking for a job and I thought this would be a great place for him to start. He'll work hard and you can pay him minimum wage. What do you say?

OSCAR

Of course. If he's anything like his old man he'll be running the place in no time.

HUTCH

I'm nothing like him.

OSCAR

I always tell the boys in the warehouse, if you think this is the end of the road, just look at Harvey Hutchinson. He's proof that there's no limit to your dreams.

HARVEY

You speak the truth, my friend.
(walking off)
Put the kid to work.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - EXECUTIVE FLOOR - DAY

Harvey passes Winthorpe's old corner office. He peeks INSIDE to see painters and carpet guys changing it up.

HARVEY

(like a mad scientist)
Soon you will be mine, all mine.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - DAY

Hutch is drenched with sweat and miserable as he lifts cases of beer off the assembly line and onto a pallet. Musclehead co-worker, Jake, 30's, works effortlessly alongside Hutch.

JAKE

Told ya this is an awesome workout,
Hutchinson. FEEL THE BURN!

Hutch can hardly breath. He stops and leans over.

HUTCH
Uh, huh. I need a sec.

JAKE
Well, hurry up. I gotta get to a
veterinarian.

HUTCH
A veterinarian?

Jake flexes his arms.

JAKE
Yeah, my pythons are sick!

Jake sticks his bicep in Hutch's face.

JAKE
Feel these bastards!

HUTCH
(creeped out)
Seriously, I'm good.

JAKE
See how thick the vein is? That's
from hauling kegs, amigo. Go on,
stroke that puppy.

Jake doesn't move his arm. Hutch awkwardly touches it.

HUTCH
I'm not real comfortable with this.

VOICE (O.S.)
Yo Jake, that your new girlfriend?

They turn around to see, ANGELA, 20's, smokin' hot blue
collar chick, sitting in the driver's seat of a forklift.

Jake quickly pushes Hutch away. Turns psycho.

JAKE
GET THE HELL AWAY FROM ME BEFORE I
MONKEY HUMP YOUR SKULL!

HUTCH
(terrified)
I wasn't...he told me to...

JAKE
TOUCH ME AGAIN AND I'LL RIP OFF
YOUR ELBOWS!

Hutch is about to piss his pants as Jake stares him down like a raging bull.

ANGELA
Give the kid a break, Jake. I don't
thinks he's your type.

JAKE
I AM NOT INTO DUDES!

ANGELA
Come on, we're getting backed up.

Angela forks the pallet and steers toward the docks.

Jake eases up, puts his hand on Hutch's shoulder.

JAKE
Sorry about that, Hutchinson.
Didn't want her to think I was into
weird shit. Thanks for covering.

HUTCH
(weakly)
No problem. You're hurting my
shoulder.

Jake lets go. Hutch strains to get a final peek at Angela.

JAKE
I gotta stop mixing the roids with
the Red Bull. Gets me a tad zippy.

HUTCH
Never would have known.

JAKE
OKAY, YOU READY FOR A TRICEP PARTY?

He throws Hutch a stack of cases. Hutch drops to his knees.

JAKE
HELL YA, BABY! WOOO!

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DUGOUT - EVENING

Practice has finished. Harvey and Phil take off their cleats.

HARVEY
(like an announcer)
Batting third and playing short
stop, Vice President of Sales,
Haaaarveeey Huuuthcinson.

He makes crowd cheering noises.

PHIL
Promotion's looking good, huh?

HARVEY
I'd say any day now.

Harvey pulls a MERCEDES BENZ BROCHURE out of his gym bag.

HARVEY
Check this out. The Mercedes S-600.
This baby screams success.

PHIL
Nice.

HARVEY
Even nicer with 20" rims and a gun
metal metallic paint job. That's
how a V.P. rolls, my friend.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - BACKYARD - DUSK

Hutch is sprawled out on a lounge chair, exhausted from work.
Harvey comes through the gate carrying a garden hose.

HARVEY
Hey pal, how's it goin' in the real
world? Are you finding yourself?

HUTCH
(groans)
I can't feel my arms.

HARVEY
Not too late to register for
classes.

HUTCH
Forget it. You'll never break me.

HARVEY
I like your energy. Use it to clean
out the garage this weekend.

He tosses the hose on top of Hutch.

HARVEY
Roses look hungry. Make them happy.

Hutch grumbles as Harvey walks off with a whistle.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nicole's working on her video project. Her laptop is hooked up to the TV which shows A YOUNGER HARVEY DANCING UP A STORM AT A PARTY, circa 1983.

Harvey enters with his head in the Mercedes brochure.

NICOLE

Dad, are you gonna help me with this or what?

HARVEY

What's that?

He's completely focused on the brochure.

NICOLE

Taking me to get a boob job.

HARVEY

A little later, honey.

NICOLE

You're not even listening! I need help with my project.

Harvey looks up from the brochure. See's himself on the TV.

HARVEY

Hey, I remember that!

He does a Michael Jackson move from Thriller. Not bad.

HARVEY

Your old man could tear up the dance floor!

NICOLE

Oh-my-God. Don't ever do that in front of me again.

He goes back to the brochure and heads out.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marilyn does the dishes while Harvey places some of his freshly clipped roses in a vase.

MARILYN

Hutch has been at the garage for hours.

HARVEY

Good. The new Benz'll need a clean home.

MARILYN

You're being a little hard on him.

HARVEY

All for his own good, Mare.
Eventually he'll realize that his
butt should be back in school.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - GARAGE - SAME

The place is a mess. Hutch and Teddy sport improvised hockey gear with bike helmets, gardening knee pads and golf clubs.

Hutch maneuvers an empty beer can toward Teddy.

HUTCH

Five seconds left in the period.
Hutchinson shoots...He scores!

The can RICOCHETS past Teddy and SMASHES through a window.

TEDDY

Oh, shit.

HUTCH

Shit, my ass. The USA just won the
gold medal!

Hutch moves a stack of boxes to hide the broken window then goes to the fridge and grabs a couple cans of Harvey's Hibrau. They crack 'em open and guzzle.

HUTCH

You'd think as your buzz heightens,
this Hibrau piss water wouldn't
continue to taste like my ass.

TEDDY

Speaking of ass, there's going to
be a ton of it next week at
Fogelman's barbecue.

HUTCH

Great. I have to work. I'm telling
you, Ted-O, this job is ruining my
life.

TEDDY

Then quit.

HUTCH

Can't. Harv will make me go back to school.

(reading Hibrau can)

"Milwaukee's loyal friend", my ass!
I HATE YOU!

TEDDY

Why don't you just get fired?

Hutch thinks for a moment. Grins.

HUTCH

Show me the money.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - GARAGE - LATER

A buzzed Hutch and Teddy are deep into a twelve pack as Hutch pounds away on his laptop.

HUTCH

(Reading as he types)

"...and furthermore, Hibrau tastes like watered down near beer and the marketing has no appeal to anyone under fifty. No hot chicks in the ads, sponsorship at sporting events or cool dudes in movies chugging it. Just some lame old top-hat dude on the brink of death. The bottom line is that Hibrau sucks and everything associated with it makes me think of my great grandfather. And he's dead."

TEDDY

That's awesome! It'll get you canned for sure. Maybe even sued.

HUTCH

And here's the thing, I'm just telling the truth. Jerry Maguire's got nothing on me. I'm sending it. Company wide.

On his computer, Hutch selects the e-mail folder, "all@hibrau.com", and hits send.

INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Janis intercepts Harvey as he heads to his office.

JANIS

Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Bracken just called an emergency meeting in the brewery. The entire company.

HARVEY

Meeting? About what?

JANIS

Might have something to do with your great grandfather. The one who's dead.

HARVEY

What are you talking about?

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - DAY

The place is filling up with execs, office staff and brewery workers. Harvey enters.

CO-WORKER

Wow. Ballsy move, Harv.

HARVEY

Huh?

Another co-worker gives him the thumbs-up.

HARVEY

What?

From the FRONT of the brewery Bracken WAVES Hutch's email.

BRACKEN

Hutchinson, come up here now!

Harvey points to himself, "Me?"

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - MOMENTS LATER

Up at that front Harvey scans Hutch's email. Shocked.

BRACKEN

I had high hopes for you, Hutchinson. I knew you had that something, but this-

HARVEY

Arthur, I swear, I did not write this email.

BRACKEN

No?

HARVEY

I've worked for this company for 25 years. I respect what we represent. I would never say these things.

BRACKEN

I'm puzzled, Hutchinson. The email came from H. Hutchinson?

HARVEY

(leans in, whispers)
That's my son, Hutch. He's been working in the warehouse. I apologize-

BRACKEN

Well then, it seems that things have taken an interesting turn.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - LATER

Bracken reads Hutch's email out loud to the entire company. Harvey stands off to the side, cringing with every word.

BRACKEN

"...and the marketing has no appeal to anyone under fifty. No hot chicks in the ads, sponsorship at sporting events or cool dudes in movies chugging it. Just some lame old top-hat dude on the brink of death."

HARVEY

(sotto)
I am so screwed.

BRACKEN

"The bottom line is that Hibrau sucks and everything associated with it makes me think of my great grandfather. And he's dead."
(he scans the crowd)
Where is Hutch Hutchinson?

IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM

Hutch hides his grin, ready to face the firing squad and get the hell out of there.

HUTCH
Right here, sir. I'm Hutch
Hutchinson.

BRACKEN
Come up here, son.

HUTCH
(sotto)
It's party time.

The crowd parts as Hutch struts up to Bracken. He passes Harvey who shoots him daggers.

HARVEY
(mouthing)
You are dead, mister.

Hutch makes his way next to Bracken.

BRACKEN
You wrote this?

HUTCH
Yes, sir.

BRACKEN
And you think you know how to run
this company better than me?

HUTCH
No, sir. It's just that me and my
boys drink a lot of beer and these
are just some ideas of how to-

BRACKEN
It's brilliant! The everyman's
perspective. Real beer drinkers!

Hutch is baffled, as is Harvey.

BRACKEN
It's about time someone has the
guts to address why this company is
in the toilet! Desperate times call
for desperate measures. It's time
to take a fresh approach and turn
things around.

He puts his hand on Hutch's shoulder. Looks out to the crowd.

BRACKEN
THE NEW VICE PRESIDENT OF SALES,
HUTCH HUTCHINSON!

Hutch looks at him, "What the fuck?"

The crowd CHEERS. Except for Harvey who looks like he just got run over by a truck.

EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - DAY

Harvey exits the building gasping for air.

HARVEY

This is not happening.

He stomps into the parking lot, paces.

HARVEY

Definitely not happening. I'm dreaming or hallucinating or in a coma.

A worker passes him.

WORKER

Did ya here about the kid they made a Vice President? Pretty cool, huh?

Harvey just grumbles and walks on. He KICKS and PUNCHES at nothing but air, let's out a few screams.

He stop at the "RESERVED - EXECUTIVE PARKING" sign and POUNDS ON IT, SLAPS IT, TRIES TO BEND IT. He's in a total meltdown. He grabs the light post the sign is attached to and VIOLENTLY SHAKES IT.

HARVEY

WHY-IS-THIS-HAPPENING-TO-ME-

CREAK. Harvey looks up to see that the LIGHT FIXTURE snap loose from the light housing. It dangles by a wire and then...FREE-FALLS...CRASHING THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OF THE BENTLEY COUP THAT SITS BELOW IT.

HARVEY

Crap!

Something catches Harvey's eye at the front of the Bentley.

HARVEY

Oh, no. God, no.

He creeps to the front of the car. Scans the placard.

CLOSE ON - "RESERVED FOR ARTHUR BRACKEN CEO"

HARVEY
(takes a breath)
Okay Harvey, calm down. Not a big deal-

CLUNK...The LIGHT HOUSING falls and PIERCES through the Bentley's hood.

HARVEY
Holy shit!

Harvey sprints off toward the main building.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM

Hutch sits awkwardly on one side of the table, Bracken and the very corporate CAROL FOSTER, 40, sit on the other.

BRACKEN
Hutch, this is our CFO, Carol Foster.

CAROL
Real pleasure, Hutch. I hear terrific, terrific things.

HUTCH
Uh, about what?

Bracken and Carol share a laugh. Hutch awkwardly smiles, not really sure what's going on.

HUTCH
Look guys, I didn't mean to cause any trouble. How 'bout we chalk it up to a big misunderstanding and call it day and I'll be on my way?

BRACKEN
Just hear us out, Hutch. Carol?

CAROL
We're looking at a three year deal. First year at 350k with a 15 percent bump each year. Built in performance bonuses based on sales and market share. Sound good?

HUTCH
I'll be honest. I'm lost here.

Bracken shifts in his chair. Clears his throat.

BRACKEN

We're willing to play hard ball with you, Hutch. How 'bout we start you at 400k for the first year and a very generous expense account?

HUTCH

You're screwing with me, right?

CAROL

Plus full medical and dental and two weeks vacation.

HUTCH

As in, "All expenses paid"?

BRACKEN

Fine. Make it four weeks and we'll throw in President's Day.

Hutch is starting to grasp the situation.

HUTCH

What about St. Patrick's Day and Halloween?

BRACKEN

You got it.

HUTCH

And those wicked Bucks tickets?

BRACKEN

You'll get priority dates for the company Bucks and Brewers seats.

HUTCH

Now you're talking. How 'bout a car?

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - MARKETING DEPT. - DAY

Harvey heads back to his office nervous and shaken.

JANIS

They want to see you down the hall.

HARVEY

Who does?

JANIS

Some executive assistant called,
said it was important. Something
about Hutch.

HARVEY

Did they mention anything about a
car in the parking lot?

JANIS

Huh?

HARVEY

Nothing. I'll be back.

INT. HUTCH'S OFFICE - DAY

Harvey enters Winthorpe's remodeled office to see Hutch
sitting behind a new, very expensive, desk.

HUTCH

Pretty sweet set up, huh Harv? I'm
starting to like this real world
thing.

Harvey fumes.

HARVEY

This isn't right, Hutch.

HUTCH

Not right, Harv? Are you kidding?
This chair is Italian leather. And
check out the killer view.

HARVEY

Stop calling me Harv.

HUTCH

I think "Dad" is gonna sound a
little creepy around the office.

HARVEY

I'm still your father!

Hutch puts his feet up on the desk.

HUTCH

And now I'm your boss.

HARVEY

You can't even wipe your own ass.
You really think you can pull off
this charade?

HUTCH

It's what ol' Bracken thinks that
matters.

ANGELA, the hot chick from the warehouse, enters with a
putter, golf balls, a jumbo bag of Doritos and a Slurpee.

HUTCH

You've met my new assistant,
Angela?

ANGELA

(to Harvey)

Hey. You used to work in the
warehouse like a 100 years ago,
right?

Harvey looks at her blankly.

ANGELA

Here's the stuff you wanted, Hutch.

Hutch takes the items. He purposely drops the bag of Doritos.

HUTCH

Oops.

As she bends down to grab the bag, Hutch sneaks a peak of her
rack. She catches him.

ANGELA

Do that again, I'll break your arm.

HUTCH

Such a kidder. Thanks, Ange.

(beat)

Hey, what about the stuffed grizzly
bear head and the Pop-A-Shot?

ANGELA

Got it ordered.

HUTCH

Perfect. You're the best assistant
I've ever had.

Hutch grabs the putter and tears open the bag of Doritos.

HUTCH

Now if you'll excuse me, Harv, I've got work to do.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harvey paces while bitching to Marilyn on the couch. Nicole flips through the TV channels, bored.

HARVEY

I'm telling you, Mare, this whole thing is insane! It's like a bad episode of the Twilight Zone.

MARILYN

I don't understand what you're upset about. A promotion is a good thing.

NICOLE

He's Dad's boss.

HARVEY

You keep out of this, Nicole!

MARILYN

Calm down, Harvey.

HARVEY

Calm down? I've worked at Hibrau for twenty-five years. Hutch has been there for two weeks. Do you have any idea how embarrassing this is for me?

The doorbell RINGS. Harvey opens it to reveal a DELIVERY GUY with a bunch of packages.

DELIVERY GUY

Hutchinson residence?

HARVEY

Yes?

DELIVERY GUY

I got a package here for a Marilyn Hutchinson.

HARVEY

From who?

Delivery Guy looks at his notes.

DELIVERY GUY

"Dear Mom, you rock the house.
Love, Hutch."

Marilyn comes over. She opens the box to find a set of
DIAMOND EARRINGS staring back at her. Harvey's floored.

MARILYN

These are beautiful!

DELIVERY GUY

And this Wii console is for Nicole
Hutchinson.

NICOLE

No way!

HARVEY

We can't accept this stuff.

NICOLE

Maybe you can't, but I can!

Nicole takes the pen from Delivery Guy and signs.

Harvey is pissed, but feels left out.

HARVEY

Are there, uh, any other gifts for
other family members?

DELIVERY GUY

Oh, yeah. Almost forgot.

He reaches down to a cooler and pulls out a FAT STEAK.

DELIVERY GUY

This is for Rachael Ray Hutchinson.

Rachael Ray BARKS. She runs over and grabs the steak.

DELIVERY GUY

Have a good one.

Harvey slams the door. Fumes.

HARVEY

If that kid thinks he can-

NICOLE

Look! There he is.

HARVEY

There who is?

Nicole points to the television.

NICOLE

Hutch!

CLOSE ON - TELEVISION

The Milwaukee Bucks play the Chicago Bulls. HUTCH SITS COURT SIDE IN THE COMPANY SEATS with Teddy, Warburton and Riley.

Harvey stares at the television in disbelief.

HARVEY

No...

CLOSE ON - TELEVISION

A BUCKS PLAYER falls onto Hutch's lap while trying to retrieve a loose ball. Hutch helps him up and the player gives him a chest bump. The crowd loves it.

HARVEY

He got the company seats. I've been waiting two years.

MARILYN

Look Harv, he's waving at us!

NICOLE

Awesome.

Marilyn and Nicole wave back at the TV.

MARILYN

Hi, Honey! Love the earrings!

Hutch looks right into the camera and gives a wink, almost as if he's rubbing it in Harvey's face.

INT. MILWAUKEE BUCKS ARENA - SAME

Hutch tosses the ball to the ref and sits back down.

HUTCH

C'mon, Bucko's, let's get back in this game!

RILEY

Hutch, this might be the sickest night of my life.

TEDDY

I still don't get it. How do you go from warehouse bitch-boy to a six figure Vice President? Especially after the email you wrote.

HUTCH

The world's a strange place, Ted-O. As they say, good karma pays off.

Teddy looks at him curiously.

HUTCH

Not necessarily my karma. I think I intercepted someone else's shit.

TEDDY

Dude, whatever works. I could get used to living like a rock star.

Warburton points over at a CHEERLEADER looking their way.

WARBURTON

Check out the cheer chick with the explosive rack. I think she's into our stuff.

They guys look over. She gives them a little WAVE.

RILEY

Damn. He's not kidding!

WARBURTON

Hide your boner, little man. Let's play it cool.

EXT. MILWAUKEE BUCKS ARENA - NIGHT

Hutch and the guys hang at the employee entrance as the Waving Cheerleader exits.

Hutch steps up, hands her his new BUSINESS CARD.

HUTCH

Hey there. Hutch Hutchinson, Vice President, Hibrau Brewery. You girls were fantastic tonight.

JACKIE

Thanks. I'm Jackie.

HUTCH

Pleasure is mine, Jackie. My VIP's and I were wondering if you and a few of your colleagues would like to go to a private party this evening?

Jackie grabs two OTHER CHEERLEADERS as they exit.

JACKIE

You guys wanna party with these rich dudes?

TIFFANY

Yeah!

AMANDA

For sure!

Riley and Teddy share an "Is this really happening?" look.

HUTCH

Alright then. Let's roll.

Teddy whispers to Hutch.

TEDDY

If you ever lose this job, I swear I will kill you.

EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - NIGHT

Hutch and the group are at the front entrance. Hutch swipes his key card, unlocking the door.

HUTCH

Alright, party people, let's do this thing!

Hutch holds the door as they file inside. Teddy hangs back.

TEDDY

This is probably not the best idea, Hutch, you're going to get your ass fired for real.

HUTCH

The beauty of that Ted-0, is that I honestly don't care. I mean, Bracken's going to wake up tomorrow morning and realize that he made a huge mistake. So, whatever.

EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - NIGHT

Hutch leads them through the dark brewery.

He finds a panel of switches on the wall and flips them, lighting up a row of GIANT BEER KETTLES.

HUTCH

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the first stop on my bucket list tour.

SMASH CUT:

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - MOMENTS LATER

A naked Hutch CANNON BALLS into a giant kettle of beer.

TEDDY

INCOMING!

He lands with a HUGE SPLASH then swims over to the group as they wade around in the beer.

RILEY

Nice Form, high level of difficulty. I'll give you an eight and half.

AMANDA

Nine!

Warburton grabs Amanda.

WARBURTON

I'll give you nine.

Jackie moves in close on Hutch, gives him some make out.

JACKIE

And I say it was a 10.

HUTCH

I had a dream like this once.

Jackie fondles Hutch below the beer's surface.

JACKIE

Was this in your dream, baby?

HUTCH

Yup. How did you know?

Hutch winks over at Riley and gestures toward Tiffany. Riley tries to keep his cool, looks her in the eye.

RILEY
(stutters)
I had the same dream.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - HUTCH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Music is blasting. The barely clad cheerleaders dance drunkenly around the office with Riley and Warburton. Hutch and Teddy lounge on the couch, smoking a joint.

TEDDY
I swear, I feel like Willy Wonka.

HUTCH
I'm Willy Wonka. You're Charlie.

Amanda dances over and grabs the joint. She stumbles back and puts her FOOT THROUGH THE COFFEE TABLE.

AMANDA
WOOOO HOOOO!

She cracks up and dances back to the girls.

HUTCH
Enjoy it while it lasts, Charlie.

TEDDY
And you need to make it last forever. Why the hell should you know less about running a stupid beer company than the next guy?

HUTCH
Well, as old Harv says, I'm a life wasting, PlayStation addicted, college drop out that can't wipe my own ass.

TEDDY
Look at that Mark Cuban dude. You think he's got a clue?

Jackie mishandles the joint from Amanda and drops it.

TEDDY
Hey, watch the carpet!

JACKIE
Oopsy!

TEDDY

What if this Bracken guy wakes up tomorrow and is still into your ass? Then what? Poof! All this is, see ya!

Hutch looks around the giant plush office, taking in the expensive furniture, the large plasma, the killer view...The cheerleader PUKING into the large planter in the corner.

Hutch grabs the remote and turns off the music.

HUTCH

All right, party's over! Let's clean this place up.

TEDDY

That's what I'm talking about.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - MORNING

Hutch strolls in a little hung over. He does a double take at Angela in her cubicle. She's transformed out of her blue collar wear into a sexy business suit with her hair up.

HUTCH

Wow! You look awesome.

ANGELA

Thanks, Hutchinson. You might want to consider it yourself. Dress the part, you know?

HUTCH

Good point. I knew I hired you for a reason. This whole executive thing is going to take a little getting used to.

ANGELA

Just go with your gut. If we can make it in the warehouse, we sure as hell can make it in here.

HUTCH

Right on.

ANGELA

How about some coffee for that hang over?

HUTCH

It's that obvious? A little Red Bull wouldn't hurt either'.

ANGELA

Right away, sir.

HUTCH

Sir. I like the sound of that.

ANGELA

Yeah? Enjoy it, Hutchinson, 'cause it's the last time I'll ever say it.

She turns to her computer.

ANGELA

Now I've got to figure out how to use this thing.

INT. HUTCH'S OFFICE - DAY

Hutch powers through a Red Bull and coffee as he goes through the weekly sales report, not really making any sense of it.

INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Harvey looks worn. He reads a memo from security.

HARVEY

(sotto)

"If anyone has information regarding the vandalism of a black Bentley Coup in the executive parking lot..." Crap.

Hutch walks in unannounced.

HUTCH

Let's watch the language, Harv. Bad example.

HARVEY

Very funny. Surprised to see you in so early. It's only 11:00.

HUTCH

Been here since eight. Already went through the sales report.

HARVEY

Like you even understand it.

HUTCH

Well, what I gather is you marketing boys have been doing a crappy job, therefore sales are down.

HARVEY

Okay, that does it. You're grounded!

HUTCH

Yeah? Well you better work on getting those numbers up!

HARVEY

And you better figure out how to get to work. I'm pulling your car privileges. That includes your mom's car as well. Better get those tires filled on your bike.

HUTCH

Fine with me!

Hutch gives him a nasty look and storms out for the office.

EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME - DAY

Harvey tends to his rose bushes at the front of the house.

A BRAND SPANKING NEW MERCEDES S-600 with custom rims and a gun metal metallic paint job rolls down the street. The Benz vibrates from the BUMPING subwoofer.

Harvey looks at the car with envy. Could have been his.

To his surprise the Benz pulls in his driveway. The doors open and TEDDY, WARBURTON AND RILEY ROLL OUT.

TEDDY

Hey, Mr. H. What's shakin'?

Riley holds up a bucket of KFC.

RILEY

Drum stick, Mr. H?

HARVEY

(shocked)
WHOSE CAR IS THIS?

WARBURTON

Hutch's. Dope, right? Wish I had a company car.

IN SLOW MOTION - Hutch smoothly slips out the driver's door in his new five hundred dollar suit. He lowers his designer shades and looks at Harvey.

HUTCH

Like the new ride?

HARVEY

YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!

HUTCH

You do a good job with them rose bushes and I'll let you take her for her spin.

(holds out his wrist)

Rooooolex.

Harvey looks at the gleaming gold watch and snarls. He grabs a rake and shoves it at Hutch.

HARVEY

Here I'm the boss. Now get this lawn cleaned up!

Harvey heads toward the house.

HARVEY

(sotto)

AAARRRGGGGHHHHH.

EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Hutch has changed out of his fancy suit as he and the guys grub on chicken while raking the leaves. Rachael Ray tears into the empty bucket, looking for scraps.

WARBURTON

Let me get this straight. You can get any food you want whenever you want it and the company puts up the cash?

HUTCH

Yup. It's called an expense account.

WARBURTON

We don't get expense accounts at Auto Zone.

HUTCH

The theory is you're always working or something like that.

TEDDY

So dude, let me ask you this. If you can get whatever you want for free, why the hell are we sucking off the Colonel?

Hutch tosses down the rake.

HUTCH

Good point, Ted-O. Time to step up this dinner party.

RILEY

(re: piles of leaves)
What about all this?

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harvey sits on the couch stewing. Nicole's computer is hooked up to the TV.

ON THE TV - HOME MOVIES

-- The family in happier, more understanding times. Harvey and Marilyn throwing toddler Hutch back and forth.

-- Twenty-something Harvey working his warehouse job at Hibrau. Little Hutch watching Dad load beer.

HARVEY

When did it happen?

-- Harvey and Marilyn kissing. little Hutch and baby Nicole jumping on them in mid smooch.

HARVEY

When did he become the kid from the Omen?

-- Eight year old Hutch up at bat. The pitcher throws a curve ball and Hutch desperately swings, but misses. Hutch flips off the pitcher.

HARVEY

Little bastard never could hit a curve ball.

Harvey looks up as a LANDSCAPER motors past the window on a lawn mower. A GARDNER with a leaf blower follows.

EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Harvey runs outside. Five WORKERS are mowing and trimming.

HARVEY

Excuse me! Can I help you with something?

The Leaf Blower Guy looks up.

LEAF BLOWER

Sure amigo, grab one of those bags.

HARVEY

I meant what are you doing here?

LEAF BLOWER

Cleaning the lawn.

Harvey's getting frustrated.

HARVEY

I want to speak to your boss.

LEAF BLOWER

Mr. Hutch? He not here.

HARVEY

Mr. Hutch?

Leaf Blower Guy hands Harvey HUTCH'S BUSINESS CARD.

LEAF BLOWER

Mr. Hutch hire us to take care of the lawn. He pay us double.

Harvey starts to boil.

HARVEY

WHERE IS HE?

Harvey hears a GRINDING NOISE. He looks over to see HIS ROSE BUSHES BEING TORN APART BY AN ELECTRIC TRIMMER.

HARVEY

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

CUT TO:

INT. BROWN DEER CHOPHOUSE - EVENING

Hutch and the boys, looking way out of place, roll into the fancy restaurant. They make their way through the crowded entrance and approach the tuxedoed MAITRE D' for a table.

HUTCH
Hey, buddy.

Maitre D' gives them the once over.

MAITRE D'
(major attitude)
Beat it, kid. Were not hiring.

HUTCH
Excuse me?

MAITRE D'
Dishwasher positions are filled.
Now you and your cell mates scamper
back to where you came from.

Warburton clenches his fist. Hutch holds him back.

HUTCH
That's too bad. Maybe there's
another position available? Dish
washing for me is just a stepping
stone to my ultimate goal.

MAITRE D'
And what may I ask would that be?

HUTCH
Having your job.

Maitre D' chuckles.

HUTCH
Do you think if I work hard enough
someday I could be up here like
you, lookin' sharp and being in
charge?

MAITRE D'
Highly doubtful.

Maitre D' starts to walk away. Hutch stops him and points over to some YOUNG LOOKING GIRLS up at the bar.

HUTCH

See, if I had your job, I'd make sure that punks like me wouldn't come in here and spot those two underage honey's at the bar. Because punks like me might call the cops and have your liquor license pulled. How bad would that suck? But the flip side is that then there would be a job opening. Yours.

Hutch whips out a business card and flicks it at him.

HUTCH

So if you want to keep your job I suggest you lose the attitude and get us a table.

Maitre D' scans the card.

HUTCH

And if you'd like me to replace those Hibrau beer taps with Old Milwaukee, I can make that happen as well.

Maitre D' fumbles, grabs a stack of menus.

MAITRE D'

Yes, sir. Right away.

INT. BROWN DEER CHOPHOUSE - LATER

The guys sit at the best booth in the house. The table is overflowing with steaks, sides, and a variety of booze.

RILEY

Honestly Hutch, you are the man. That was brilliant.

WARBURTON

I still wish you had let me pummel that dude.

The WAITER comes over.

WAITER

How are we doing over here, Mr. Hutchinson?

HUTCH

Pretty damn good, my friend. Bring us another round of steaks. And throw in a couple of those jumbo lobsters.

WAITER

Right away, Mr. Hutchinson.

The waiter scurries off.

TEDDY

So what kind of stuff do they have you doing over at Hibrau?

HUTCH

I basically try to figure out ways to sell more beer.

WARBURTON

Like a bartender?

HUTCH

Sort of, but on a much bigger scale.

WARBURTON

Sounds complicated.

HUTCH

Not really. At first I had no clue what was going on. But then I realized no one else there has a clue either, so I just go with my gut.

WARBURTON

Just keep doing whatever it is that you do.

Warburton picks up his glass.

WARBURTON

Titties!

The guys pick up their glasses. Toast.

GUYS

Titties!

INT. HUTCH'S OFFICE - DAY

Hutch is getting into this job thing. He reviews a spread sheet on the computer then makes some adjustments.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Hutch gives a power point presentation. The other execs nod to each other, "makes sense". Harvey is miserable.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - DAY

Hutch sizes up an ad campaign. He pins an FHM centerfold over an Old-Jones ad. He steps back to admire it.

HUTCH

That's how to sell beer!

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - DAY

A BREW MASTER hands Hutch a sample. He sips it, then dumps it out and passionately tells the brew master what's missing.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY- DAY

Hutch hangs with his former warehouse co-workers, snacking on pizza and taste-testing the different Hibrau brews. They're all laughing it up and having a blast.

JAKE

This is awesome, Hutchinson. WOO
HOO! WHO'S UP FOR SOME CRUNCHES?

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - DAY

Outside of Hutch's office, Bracken shows Hutch the new sales report. Numbers are up. He pats Hutch on the back and heads off. Hutch turns to Angela. They enthusiastically high five.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - EVENING

Harvey and Phil, in their Hibrau baseball uniforms, walk toward the diamond.

PHIL

In all honesty, Harv, the kid's
doing a good job.

HARVEY

He doesn't even know what he's doing.

PHIL

That could be the secret. Maybe we over think things, you know?

HARVEY

Bullshit. It's all luck.

PHIL

I don't know. People really seem to like him.

They approach the DUGOUT. The PLAYERS, a mixture of Hibrau employees, are huddled around Hutch as he tells a story. They don't notice Harvey behind them.

HUTCH

...So the gardeners I hired accidently demolished Harv's rose bushes and he's crying about it like a little girl.

(mimicking Harvey)

*The bad men cut my pretty flowers!
What am I going to do? I need to
change my tampon!*

The players crack up. Hutch is the man.

HUTCH

I thought he was going to lose his shit right then and there.

Hutch looks up and sees Harvey.

HUTCH

Speak of the she devil. Hey Harv, big ball game today.

HARVEY

(beyond pissed)

Why are you wearing a uniform?

HUTCH

Thought you boys could use some help.

HARVEY

We're fine, thank you.

The team captain, Jake from the warehouse, calls out...

JAKE
Yo, Hutch! You cool with playing
short stop?

HARVEY
That's my position-

HUTCH
(to Jake)
They don't call me Lil' Jeter for
nothing!

Hutch dashes out to the field.

HARVEY
Wait! They don't call him that!

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - LATER

BRACKEN and other employees are in the stands. The Hibrau team is on the field with Hutch at short stop. The PABST BLUE RIBBON TEAM is up to bat.

HUTCH
HEY BATTER, BATTER. WUCH YOU GOT,
BATTER?

Over by the dugout Harvey fumes.

HARVEY
(sotto)
Lil' shit took my position.

A LINE DRIVE rockets toward Hutch. HE SNATCHES IT from the air for the out.

JAKE
AWESOME PLAY, LIL' JETER!

Harvey kicks the dirt.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - SCOREBOARD - LATER

It's the bottom of the 9th. Hibrau is down 4-1.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DUGOUT

Harvey pouts, having still not gotten into the game.

JAKE

Hey, Lil' Jeter, you're up. Let's knock some wood! You're our last chance.

Hutch grabs a bat and heads for the plate. The bases are loaded.

Harvey watches from the dugout steps. The Pabst pitcher throws a fast ball and Hutch FOULS it off. It WHIZZES toward Harvey's head. He HITS THE DECK, almost getting nailed.

UMPIRE

FOUL BALL!

Hutch grins over at Harvey.

The Pabst Pitcher sets, then throws another heater.

UMPIRE

STRIKE TWO!

HARVEY.

(sotto)

Now strike him out.

BRACKEN shouts from the stands.

BRACKEN

Don't disappoint me, Hutch!

Something dawns on Harvey. He gauges Bracken's expectations. Looks at Hutch ratcheting back the bat. The Pabst Pitcher is about to wind up for the pitch when...

HARVEY

(shouts)

THE KID CAN'T HIT A CURVE!!!

TIME STOPS. Everyone looks at Harvey. Now he's done it. He shrinks back into the dugout.

Pabst Pitcher looks over at his coach. He shrugs, "Why not?"

Hutch glares at Harvey, then steadies himself at the plate.

The PITCHER unleashes a perfect curve ball that winds right down the middle of the plate...CRACK!

HUTCH

Suck on that...

The ball rockets past the outfield. GRAND SLAM! Harvey is stunned.

The HIBRAU SIDE goes crazy. The team explodes from the dugout to welcome Hutch as he rounds the bases.

Bracken comes from the stands, slaps Harvey on the shoulder.

BRACKEN

Nice reverse psychology there,
Hutchinson. Had me worried for a
minute. Your boy sure can hit the
curve ball!

Harvey smiles weakly as Hutch plants his foot on home plate. His teammates swarm over, congratulating him.

Hutch struts over to Harvey.

HUTCH

How would you know if I could or
couldn't hit a curve ball, Harv?
You haven't seen me play since I
was eight years old.

Harvey's got nothing to come back with. Hutch disappears into the dugout with the team.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A disgruntled Harvey and the rest of the marketing department sit around the conference table. Hutch sits next to Bracken.

BRACKEN

Before we get down to business, I
want to congratulate the Chuggers
on kicking the piss out of those
pussies from Pabst. And especially
our boy, Lil' Jeter.

HUTCH

It was nothing, sir.

BRACKEN

Don't be modest, son. You're a
hero.

HUTCH

Well, I have always said, just cook
me up a curve ball and I'll blast
it out of the kitchen.

The room claps. Harvey bites his tongue.

BRACKEN

As you all know, the last quarter was solid. Sales have been creeping back up and efficiency is at an all time high.

Bracken winks at Hutch who shrugs modestly.

BRACKEN

But we need to keep pushing. What do you marketing boys have for me?

Phil stands. He holds up a cardboard display of Old-Jones holding a cat in one hand and a frothy beer mug in the other. It reads, "Two friends are better than one".

PHIL

These are going in beer aisles across the country.

Harvey presents a mock up of the HIBRAU MOBILE BAR TRUCK, a custom semi that converts into a bar. "*Hibrau, your friend at the MILWAUKEE COUNTY FALL FESTIVAL*", is painted on the side.

HARVEY

We've got the new mobile set-up ready for this years Fall Festival. We'll be doing promotional giveaways and event sponsorships.

BRACKEN

Looks good, Hutchinson. Pittman?

PITTMAN

I've put together a new radio jingle for that younger demographic we've been discussing. It's gonna knock your sandals off.

Pittman opens the door. In walks a group of HARD-CORE RAPPERS, dressed like N.W.A.

PITTMAN

Hit it, guys.

The FAT RAPPER starts to human beat box. But instead of freestyling, the other Rappers huddle together and harmonize like a white-bread BARBERSHOP QUARTET.

RAPPERS

"When you're near the end and you need a friend, reach for the blend that will put you on the mend. It's Hibrau, yes Hibrau."

FAT RAPPER
"Hibrau Lager. Milwaukee's loyal
friend since 1883."

It's so ridiculous it almost makes sense.

BRACKEN
What do you think, Hutch?

HUTCH
You want to know the truth, sir?

BRACKEN
Give it to me, son.

HUTCH
We're not thinking outside the box.
This is the same old stuff,
recycled. If we want to get the
younger demo we have to compete
with the big boys. We're gonna need
to get in the ring with them.

HARVEY
Arthur, we've done extensive market
research and-

BRACKEN
Tell me more, Hutch.

Harvey sits back, defeated.

HUTCH
Look at Miller or Bud. You go to a
Brewers, Bucks or Packers game,
they're plastered everywhere. They
sponsor concerts, wet t-shirt
contests, TV shows and movies.
They're so planted in my brain that
I buy the stuff without even
thinking about it and so do all my
friends.

HARVEY
Our budgets are nowhere close to
what they have.

HUTCH
Then maybe we need to start small.
See how it goes. Mix it up a little
and try something new.

Bracken likes the sound of all this.

BRACKEN

I'll give you people two weeks to come up with new marketing ideas. Impress me with something fresh and unique and we'll implement it.

Hutch gives Harvey the thumbs up. He returns it with a scowl.

BRACKEN

Next order of business.

Bracken waves to someone outside of the glass walled conference room. Sargent Heinrich, the Nazi-like security guard, enters carrying a hard-shelled briefcase.

BRACKEN

Sargent Heinrich is going to give you an update on my Bentley. I will not rest until this scum of the earth is brought to justice.

Heinrick walks around the table, white gloving the backs of the chairs.

SGT. HEINRICK

Thank you, Mr. Bracken. We have some new evidence that I would like to share with you.

He pops open the briefcase and extracts a video tape. He pops the tape into a VCR at the front of the room. A grainy black and white image of the parking lot appears.

Harvey sweats it up.

SGT. HEINRICK

We have security camera footage from the day of the incident. Initially it was deemed useless due to the angle of the lens. But I consulted with a forensic crime lab and through the use of infrared video overlay simulation, we may be able to identify the culprit.

Harvey speaks up.

HARVEY

Maybe it was an accident.

SGT. HEINRICK

There are no accidents.

He pops out the tape and puts it in the briefcase.

SGT. HEINRICK

The process will take several weeks and we expect positive results. I'm taking the tape over there this afternoon.

BRACKEN

Good work, Sargent Heinrick. We'll catch this son of a bitch. And when we do, I'll chop off his balls and toss them into the malt brewer!

UNDER THE TABLE - Harvey crosses his legs.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - HALLWAY

Harvey discreetly follows HEINRICK, briefcase in hand.

Harvey hangs back as Heinrick enters the security office.

MOMENTS LATER -

Heinrick exits the security office without the briefcase. Goes down the hall to the bathroom.

Harvey walks with determination to the office. He looks around. Goes inside.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Monitors fill the walls. Each one displays a different angle of Bracken's CAR.

HARVEY

Paranoid much?

Harvey spots the METAL BRIEFCASE on the file cabinet.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

There you are.

He GRABS IT and ZAAAAAP! 250,000 VOLTS rip through Harvey.

He spins spasmodically and FLIPS out an OPEN WINDOW.

The briefcase flies out of his hand, landing back on the file cabinet.

A few moments later, HEINRICK enters. He pulls out his key chain and disables the security shock on the case. BEEP BEEP. He picks it up and exits the office.

INT. HEINRICK'S CAR - DAY

Heinrick gets into his car. Puts the briefcase on the passenger seat and blazes out of the parking lot...

IN THE REARVIEW - Harvey stumbles out of the bushes. He drops to the pavement in defeat.

EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME - EVENING

Harvey's in the driveway unloading some kind of ANIMAL COSTUME out of his car.

He's STARTLED by the sound of a custom car horn that BLASTS to the tune of Chamillionaire's "RIDIN' DIRTY".

He turns to see HUTCH IN THE BENZ waving for him to move so he can pull into the driveway. Harvey does so reluctantly.

Hutch pulls in and hops out. He hits a button on the alarm remote and the Benz lowers to the ground and the doors automatically close.

HUTCH

Pretty sweet, huh? Warburton tricked it out. Internet, satellite, the whole nine.

HARVEY

I'm glad to see you're wasting your undeserved salary on important things.

HUTCH

(re: animal costume)
What'cha got there, Harv?

Harvey blocks Hutch's view of the trunk.

HARVEY

Nothing.

HUTCH

Let me see.

HARVEY

No!

Hutch steals a peak at the GIANT ANIMAL COSTUME HEAD sitting in the back seat.

HUTCH

Looks like someone's going with the
"kooky mascot" for their marketing
presentation.

Hutch tries to dance around Harvey to get a better look.

HARVEY

Hutch! Stop it!

Hutch backs off.

HUTCH

Okay, okay, chill. You're gonna
have a heart attack, Harv.

HARVEY

Stop calling me Harv!

HUTCH

I'm out.

Hutch hits the remote. The alarm conformation beeps to the
tune of Akon's "SMACK THAT".

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM

Nicole sits in front of the TV, working on her video project.
Harvey passes through.

HARVEY

Don't ever look up to your brother,
Nicole. He's a bad seed. A bad, bad
seed.

NICOLE

Yeah, right. He's gonna buy me Rock
Band for the Wii.

HARVEY

Are materialistic things really
that important to you?

NICOLE

Look who's talking. At least Hutch
keeps his word.

(re: video)

Are you ever going to help me with
this thing?

HARVEY

Once I finish up this presentation for work. I'm under a lot of pressure right now.

NICOLE

Blah, blah, blah. How 'bout coming up with a new story?

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - KITCHEN

Marilyn's prepping dinner. Harvey enters.

HARVEY

We better watch out, Mare, that girl's headed down the same path as her brother.

MARILYN

Wouldn't that be great? Two Vice-Presidents in the same family.

HARVEY

That's not what I meant.

MARILYN

Lighten up, Harv.

He looks over to the stove.

HARVEY

I'm not gonna make it to dinner tonight. I'm on a big deadline for work and Phil's coming over. Could be an all nighter.

MARILYN

I'm actually making this for Hutch. He's having dinner-

HARVEY

Stop. I don't want to hear it. I know it'll just upset me.

MARILYN

Harvey...

He heads off.

HARVEY

I'll be out in the garage. Send Phil back.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - A giant blue badger head.

Phil inspects the head. Harvey is dressed in the rest of the costume.

PHIL
I'm telling you, it looks like a
giant rat head.

HARVEY
Will you stop. Trust me on this,
Phil. Spudz McKenzie, the Budweiser
frogs, they sell product.

PHIL
The Hibrau Badgers?

HARVEY
Badgers are from Wisconsin, they're
funny and the demographic we're
going after loves 'em.

PHIL
Why blue?

HARVEY
Why not?

PHIL
I don't know. It seems kind of
ridiculous.

He grabs the badger head from Phil and puts it on.

HARVEY
Check this out.

Harvey heads over to the refrigerator, but has a hard time navigating all the clutter. He mutters to himself, but can barely be understood through the giant foam head.

HARVEY
(muffled)
I've told that kid a thousand times
to clean this garage.

PHIL
What's that, Harv?

HARVEY
Nothing.

He gets to the fridge and pulls out a six-pack of Hibrau.
Holds it up.

HARVEY

"Hibrau Lager, for the badger in
all of us."

Phil stares at him for a long moment.

PHIL

I don't get it.

HARVEY

Forget the copy. The badger is
funny, right?

PHIL

You're not selling me here.

HARVEY

You need to think outside the box.
Come on, put yours on and we'll get
a second opinion from Marilyn.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - Hutch sits at the feast-filled dining room table
telling a story.

HUTCH

And then my buddy Warburton says,
"You really want it, officer? Then
come pull it out of my ass."

REVEAL - BRACKEN sits at the other end of the table. He
almost chokes on his drink, then bursts out laughing.

BRACKEN

Son, that could be one of the
greatest stories I've ever heard!

HUTCH

I got a ton of 'em, sir.

Bracken leans back with a full belly.

BRACKEN

That meatloaf was superb. And those
potatoes, out of this world.

HUTCH

That Marilyn, she can cook.

BRACKEN

I've got to tell you, Hutch, you've brought a new spark to this company.

HUTCH

I do what I do, sir. Another brandy, Mr. Bracken?

BRACKEN

Don't mind if I do. And it's high time you call me Arthur.

Hutch fills Bracken's glass then raises his.

HUTCH

Cheers to you, Arthur.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - KITCHEN - SAME

Harvey and Phil, both dressed in the badger costumes, enter through the screen door.

PHIL

I feel like an idiot in this thing.

HARVEY

Will you stop?

Harvey pushes through the swinging door AND SEES BRACKEN SITTING AT THE DINING ROOM TABLE.

He backs into the kitchen, KNOCKING INTO PHIL. They both CRASH TO THE FLOOR.

PHIL

Hey! What the hell-

Harvey puts his hand over the mouth of Phil's badger head.

HARVEY

Shhhh! Oh my God. Bracken.

PHIL

What about him?

HARVEY

He's sitting at my dining room table.

PHIL

You're kidding me?

HARVEY
 Hutch, that little brown nose.
 (beat)
 Come on. We can't let Bracken see
 us like this.

They turn to sneak out the screen door, but Hutch and Bracken are now STANDING OUT BY THE POOL. Bracken offers Hutch a cigar and lights it.

HARVEY
 Crap! We're going to have go
 through the front and around.

They push through the kitchen and into...

THE LIVING ROOM

Where RACHAEL RAY POPS UP from the couch. She GROWLS at them.

HARVEY
 Quiet, Rachael Ray! It's me, your
 master.

She BARKS. Her eyes go bug-eyed, freaking out.

HARVEY
 Phil, grab me some scraps from the
 table.

Harvey reaches his hand back, keeping his eyes on Rachael Ray as Phil hands him the ENTIRE MEATLOAF.

HARVEY
 (realizing)
 I said scraps, not the whole-

Too late. Rachael Ray rushes Harvey and SNATCHES the meatloaf.

HARVEY
 What part of "scraps" didn't you
 understand?

PHIL
 That dog is psycho.

Rachael Ray guards the meatloaf. She becomes more aggressive, BARKING at Harvey and Phil.

HARVEY
 Give me that bottle of Brandy.

PHIL
I'm thinking this is not the right
time for drinks.

HARVEY
Just hand me the bottle, please.

Phil hands it to him. Harvey pours a few drops in his palm
and holds it out to Rachael Ray.

HARVEY
Come here, girl.

Rachael Ray calms down. She comes over to Harvey and laps up
the Brandy from his palm.

HARVEY
That's it, Rachael Ray. Good dog-

Rachael Ray LUNGES at Harvey's other hand and grabs the
brandy bottle. She darts up the stairs with it in her mouth.

HARVEY
That takes care of that.

PHIL
Impressive.

Harvey and Phil continue to the front door.

As Harvey reaches for the handle, the door opens and NICOLE
ENTERS. She SCREAMS, having no idea it's Harvey and Phil.

They struggle to take off their badger heads.

NICOLE
YOU SICK PERVERTS, GET OUT OF MY
HOUSE!

Nicole reaches into her pack back...

HARVEY
(mumbling through costume)
Calm down! It's me-

...and WHIPS OUT A CAN OF PEPPER SPRAY, SPRAYING THEM THROUGH
THE OPENINGS IN THE BADGER HEADS.

PHIL
AAHHH! MY EYES!

HARVEY
OOWWWW! Stop-

Nicole dodges past them. She PUSHES them out the door and SLAMS it SHUT.

EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME - CONTINUOUS

Harvey and Phil TUMBLE onto the front lawn, ROLLING AROUND, BLINDED. They finally get the badger heads off.

PHIL

It burns!

Harvey grabs the garden hose. He DOUSES Phil's face, then his own. They lay back, exhausted.

PHIL

I told you this was a bad idea!

From the other side of the fence they hear...

BRACKEN (O.S.)

I'm hoping the boys in marketing are going to knock our socks off next week with the new ideas.

HUTCH (O.S.)

I've been on top of them, Arthur.

HARVEY

Hide!

Harvey and Phil SCRAMBLE INTO THE BUSHES as Bracken and Hutch come through the side gate.

HUTCH

Speaking of ideas, Arthur, are you familiar with NASCAR?

BRACKEN

The car racing?

HUTCH

Fastest growing sport in the world, and the perfect opportunity to nail the younger demographic. I'm thinking it's where we should be.

BRACKEN

Interesting. I like it.

IN THE BUSHES

Harvey and Phil listen.

HARVEY
Are you kidding me?

HUTCH (O.S.)
As fate would have it, they're racing here this weekend at the Speedway. The Milwaukee 500. I'd like to do a little research.

BRACKEN (O.S.)
You have my blessing. Whatever you need.

HUTCH (O.S.)
Thank you, Arthur.

RACHAEL RAY, with blood shot eyes, STUMBLES out of the house. She has the empty brandy bottle in her mouth.

Rachael Ray sniffs the air, locking onto a scent. She drops the brandy bottle and RUNS TOWARD THE BUSHES.

HARVEY watches as Rachael Ray beelines for the bushes. She stumbles, face-plants, then gets up and darts toward them.

HARVEY
Crap.

Rachael Ray reaches the bushes. She bares her teeth and begins BARKING WITH A SLUR.

HARVEY
Rachael Ray, shoo. Get away.

HUTCH notices Rachael Ray barking drunkenly at the bushes.

HUTCH
What is it, Rachael Ray?

Rachael Ray is going NUTS, FOAMING AT THE MOUTH.

BRACKEN
Might be a rabbit in there.

Rachael Ray DIVES INTO THE BUSHES and...

ATTACKS Harvey and Phil. BITING, CLAWING, SCRATCHING. They put the badger heads back on for protection.

Rachael Ray mounts Harvey's face. She looks Harvey in his badger eyes...AND PUKES INTO THEM.

HARVEY
UUUUGGGGHHHHHHHHH!

Rachael Ray leaps onto Phil.

PHIL
HEEEEEELP!

They SPRING FROM THE BUSHES in a panic, REVEALING THEMSELVES.

BRACKEN
What in God's name!?

Hutch contains his laughter, knowing it's Harvey and Phil.

HUTCH
There's been reported robberies in
the neighborhood, sir. Media's
coined them the "Rat Bandits".

BRACKEN
Not on my watch!

Bracken grabs the rake off the lawn and BEATS ON THE BADGERS
as Rachael Ray continues her attack.

BRACKEN
(with each beat of the
rake)
NOBODY-STEALS-FROM-MY-EMPLOYEES.

Harvey and Phil FLAIL under Bracken's beating. As they try to
run away...

Bracken throws the rake at them and it gets caught up in
Phil's feet, tripping him. Harvey helps him up and they take
off down the street.

BRACKEN
Don't think you'll be having a
problem with them anymore.

HUTCH
Thank you, sir. You're a hero to
the neighborhood.

Rachael Ray looks up at them...HICCUPS.

HUTCH
That's a good girl!

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LATER

Hutch is kicked back watching TV. Harvey enters, battered and
bruised from the badger ordeal.

HUTCH

Hey Harv, you don't look so good.
What happened to you?

HARVEY

Real funny, isn't it?

HUTCH

Well you gotta admit it's kind of
funny. But no worries, I didn't
blow your cover and I convinced Mom
not to call the cops.

HARVEY

Yeah? Well now my badger
presentation's blown.

HUTCH

Look at it as me saving you from
embarrassment.

HARVEY

You think you know it all, don't
you?

Harvey turns off the TV.

HUTCH

I was sort of watching that.

HARVEY

Well you're not watching it
anymore. I want the garage cleaned
out, and take out the garbage then
straighten up your room!

HUTCH

Harv, let's take it down a notch.

HARVEY

I'M NOT HARV. I'M YOUR FATHER. AND
AROUND HERE I'M STILL THE BOSS! YOU
GOT ME?

HUTCH

What's your problem?

HARVEY

What's my problem? I'll tell you
what my problem is. You have a job
you don't deserve and you think
this is all one big joke.

HUTCH

Wow. And jealousy rears its ugly head.

HARVEY

Jealous? Because you do nothing, make six figures and that nut job Bracken thinks you're the second coming?

HUTCH

Did you ever think that maybe I'm good at what I'm doing and I'm actually making a difference? Or is it all just a big coincidence that Hibrau is kicking ass?

HARVEY

I'm going to go with coincidence.

HUTCH

This is the guy in the rat suit talking? Real creative stuff, pops.

HARVEY

We're done with this conversation.

HUTCH

Maybe I'm not done.

HARVEY

My house, my rules. You don't like it? Too bad. Now get that room cleaned before I ground you for a year.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - MORNING

Harvey exits his bedroom dressed for work. He hears a VACUUM coming from Hutch's room.

HARVEY

(sotto)

Damn right I'm in charge. This is my house.

He walks by Hutch's bedroom and sees a MAID, vigorously cleaning with the vacuum. HE BOILS.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Marilyn and Nicole make breakfast. Harvey rushes in.

HARVEY
Who the hell is that cleaning
Hutch's bedroom?

MARILYN
That's Ester. Hutch hired her.

Harvey drops his head into his hands.

HARVEY
WHERE IS HE?

MARILYN
Hutch moved out, Harvey.

HARVEY
What do you mean he moved out?

MARILYN
He said he wanted to try living on
his own, by his rules.

HARVEY
Oh he did, did he? That's what he
said?

NICOLE
His exact words were, "Dad is
acting like an a-hole. I'm outta
here."

MARILYN
Nicole!

NICOLE
Well, that's what he said.

HARVEY
Thinks he can one up me, does he?
WHERE DID HE GO?

INT. HUTCH'S DOWNTOWN LOFT - DAY

Teddy takes in the spacious, upscale loft.

TEDDY
Unbelievable. This place is sick!

Hutch directs a Best Buy delivery guy.

HUTCH

The 65 inch goes in the master and
let's hang the 110 inch bad boy
over the fire place.

BEST BUY GUY

No problem.

Another delivery guy enters with a full size SLURPEE MACHINE.

HUTCH

You can hook that sucker up behind
the bar.

DELIVERY GUY

Done.

HUTCH

Ever have a beer slurpee, Ted-0?

TEDDY

Pure genius.

An AIR HORN blasts from the street below.

HUTCH

Our ride is here.

Teddy goes to the window, looks out. His eyes light up.

TEDDY

No way.

EXT. HUTCH'S LOFT - DAY

Hutch greets a teamster driver, CARMINE, as he jumps out of
the cab of the HIBRAU MOBILE BAR TRUCK. The side of the truck
been repainted: "*Hibrau, The number one choice of real NASCAR
fans.*"

HARVEY

Hey, Carmine!

CARMINE

Yo boss, we ready to roll?

HUTCH

Ready to go to the races, Ted-0?

Teddy looks at him with disbelief.

TEDDY

If you tell me we're going to the Milwaukee 500, I'm gonna crap my pants. If you tell me where going to the Milwaukee 500 in that truck, I'm gonna crap your pants.

HUTCH

Then we'll stop for diapers on the way. Bracken let me pull it from the Milwaukee Fall Festival.

TEDDY

Sick!

Teddy looks at Hutch. Hugs him. Hard.

HUTCH

Let's move her out, Carmine.

CARMINE

You're the boss, boss.

EXT. MILWAUKEE SPEEDWAY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

FIFTY-THOUSAND RABID RACE FANS fill the grandstands around the speedway.

EXT. MILWAUKEE SPEEDWAY - INFIELD - SAME

Filled with hundreds of RV's, corporate tents and concessions.

The Hibrau truck, which is now converted into a bar, is set up right behind pit row. Best seats in the house.

Warburton and Riley help Carmine serve free beer to a SMALL CROWD as Hutch and Teddy sit in lounge chairs checking out the teams prepping for the race.

TEDDY

Dude, if I die right here, today, I'm good with it.

HUTCH

Check it out, there's Tony Stewart. And over there, Dale Earnhardt Jr.

Hutch spots his idol, the squeaky clean NASCAR darling, JEFF GORDON.

HUTCH

Yo, Gordo! Today's your day!

JEFF GORDON looks over to Hutch and gives him the thumbs up.

TEDDY

Did you see that? Wonder Boy just gave you props.

HUTCH

That's my main man right there.

Hutch calls over to the beer truck.

HUTCH

Riley! How we doin'?

Riley is surrounded by HOT CHICKS as he serves them beer.

RILEY

This doesn't suck!

Warburton tosses out Hibrau t-shirts between pours.

HOT CHICK

Like, how do I get one of those shirts?

WARBURTON

You take the one you have on, off.

She does. Then shakes her tits and gives a little giggle.

Warburton gives Riley a wink.

RILEY

Give me some of those shirts!

He hands him a stack.

WARBURTON

Remember, Hutch said we don't give these to fat chicks. Got it?

Hutch gets up from the lounge chair.

HUTCH

Remember, people! This is all compliments from your friends over at Hibrau! "The number one choice of real NASCAR fans."

Hutch raises his beer cup.

HUTCH
Hibrau rocks! Hibrau rocks!

The crowd joins in.

CROWD
HIBRAU ROCKS! HIBRAU ROCKS!

EXT. MILWAUKEE MILE SPEEDWAY - INFIELD - LATER

The Hibrau party has swelled to a thousand plus. This is the place to be. Hutch and his boys sit on top of the truck with a group of hot girls all sporting Hibrau tank tops.

They whoop it up for Jeff Gordon, who's in the lead, heading for the checkered flag.

HUTCH
Bring it, Gordo! Bring it!

TEDDY
He's got it!

Gordon crosses the finish line. Winner.

WARBURTON
Okay ladies, shirts up for Mr. Gordon!

The girls LIFT THEIR TANK TOPS, saluting Jeff Gordon.

EXT. MILWAUKEE MILE SPEEDWAY - WINNER'S CIRCLE

Jeff Gordon and his team are up on the podium celebrating their victory. Jeff chugs the ceremonial bottle of milk.

REVEAL - Hutch has somehow worked his way into the middle of the celebration. He holds up a Hibrau beer can in victory and grabs Jeff's arm and raises it.

HUTCH
Jeff Gordon, a true champion!

Everyone goes nuts. Jeff goes with it then leans over to Hutch.

JEFF GORDON
I don't know who you are, kid, but I like your style.

HUTCH

I'm just an impressionable young
lad who looks up to you as role
model, Mr. Gordon.

Hutch grins, presents him with a business card.

HUTCH

Hutch Hutchinson, Vice President,
Hibrau Brewing Company. Me and the
boys would like to invite you to my
little house warming party tonight.
It'll be off the hook. Guaranteed.

He hands Jeff the can of Hibrau.

HUTCH

Address is written on the can. Hope
you can make it.

Hutch fist bumps Jeff and takes off, leaving him dumbfounded.
Jeff looks at the can.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hey Jeff, over here!

Jeff turns to the Photographer.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hold up the can!

Jeff does so awkwardly. The camera goes SNAP, SNAP.

Photographer turns to Hutch who tosses him a Hibrau t-shirt.

EXT. HUTCH'S LOFT - NIGHT

The Hibrau truck is parked in front. We FOLLOW the beer tap
lines that run out of the truck and up the side of the
building and into...

INT. HUTCH'S LOFT - NIGHT

...the BAR in Hutch's loft where Carmine mixes Hibrau
Slurpees. The party from the raceway is now packed into
Hutch's place.

DUDES are partying, GIRLS are going wild and a LIVE BAND
rocks the house.

In the middle of the make-shift dance floor Hutch grinds it out with a HOTTIE. Teddy, Warburton and Riley egg on Hutch into some dirty dancing.

TEDDY

Tear it up, dude! Own that ass!

Hutch actually has some moves. He spins, krumps, etc., as the onlookers cheer him on.

The song ends and the place erupts.

RILEY

Hutch, you are the king!

HUTCH

His majesty needs a refill on ye
'ol Hibrau.

As they head over to the bar...

JEFF GORDON and his PIT CREW enter through the front door.

HUTCH

Gordo! Wow! Glad you could make it.

Jeff Gordon looks around.

JEFF GORDON

Great set up.

HUTCH

Thanks. This is Teddy, Riley and Warburton.

WARBURTON

Frickin' awesome!

JEFF GORDON

Nice to meet you guys. This is my pit crew.

They exchange hellos.

HUTCH

Welcome, guys. Make yourself at home. How 'bout some cold refreshing Hibrau?

JEFF GORDON

I'm not much of drinker. You have any milk?

Hutch leads him to the bar.

HUTCH
C'mon. One beer won't kill ya.

INT. HUTCH'S LOFT - LATER

Hutch is working the party. He passes a group of girls.

HUTCH
Having a good time, ladies?
Remember, "Girls who drink Hibrau
are prettier than girls who don't."

They look at him like he makes sense.

GIRLS
Hell yeah! Awesome!

He strolls over to the BAR where Jeff Gordon is POUNDING
BEERS with his pit crew.

HUTCH
Not much of a drinker, huh, Gordo?

Jeff Gordon has transformed from goody, goody Jekyll to party
monster Hyde.

JEFF GORDON
Wooo! This party is insane! YEAH!

HUTCH
There ya go. That's the Hibrau
spirit-

Jeff Gordon GRABS a bowl of peanuts off the bar, dumps it in
his mouth like he's slurping soup.

HUTCH
Looks like someone's a little
hungry.

JEFF GORDON
Hungry like the wolf, bitch!

Jeff Gordon leans into Hutch. Whispers...

JEFF GORDON
Let's get it on.

Hutch is a little creeped, not sure what he means.

JEFF GORDON
Chicks, brother. Wonder Boy needs
some tail!

HUTCH
Oh. Not a problem.

Hutch WHISTLES over to a BLONDE on the couch. Gestures for her to come over. She does.

HUTCH
Katie, this is Jeff-

Jeff Gordon GRABS HER. BLASTS his tongue into her mouth.

JEFF GORDON
WONDER BOY LIKEY!

Katie SLAPS him.

KATIE
What the hell, dude?

Jeff Gordon grabs his cheek. Stunned.

JEFF GORDON
Wonder Boy likey, a lot.

Katie storms off.

HUTCH
Uh, Gordo, you're like red-lining here. Maybe down shift a gear or two?

Jeff Gordon's focus is across the room where Teddy, Riley and Warburton play NASCAR '09 on the 110 inch plasma.

JEFF GORDON
You race?

HUTCH
Do I race? I'm like unbeatable.

JEFF GORDON
Then maybe you should stop acting like a little pussy and get ready to take an ass beating.

HUTCH
You don't want to go there, Gordo.

Jeff Gordon drains his beer then stares down Hutch.

JEFF GORDON
My picture's on the God damn game box.

HUTCH
Let's do this.

INT. HUTCH'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

The entire party gathers around Hutch and Jeff Gordon as they get ready to duel it out in NASCAR '09.

Hutch does warm-up taps on his controller. Jeff Gordon gets stretched out by his pit crew.

Riley holds up a Hibrau t-shirt as a starting flag.

RILEY
Racer's on your mark...Set...Go!

Hutch and Jeff Gordon hit their controllers, taking off in their virtual cars to the CHEERS of the crowd.

The go neck and neck through the first lap.

JEFF GORDON
Looks like someone's played this before.

HUTCH
I can race this mother in my sleep.

As they come around the turn Jeff Gordon pulls into the lead.

JEFF GORDON
Oh, yeah? Don't forget who consulted on this thing.

Hutch quick taps his controller and tries to go inside. Jeff Gordon blocks him.

JEFF GORDON
Rookie move, bitch.

Hutch executes a series of COMPLICATED TAPS and his CAR ROARS to the outside, edging past Jeff Gordon.

JEFF GORDON
What the hell? I've never seen that move!

HUTCH
Special unlocking code from Japan.
Very hard to obtain. And even harder to execute.

Jeff Gordon's CREW CHIEF steps up.

CREW CHIEF
Tires are low, J.G., pull her in!

Jeff Gordon's steers the car into the pit. He hands the controller to the Crew Chief.

His Pit Crew crowds around the controller, inputting repairs.

Hutch calls out to Warburton...

HUTCH
HOW'S MY FUEL?

WARBURTON
We've got an eighth of a tank. Hold her for another lap!

Jeff Gordon slams down a beer.

JEFF GORDON
(to his crew)
LET'S GO! LET'S GO!

Teddy watches Gordon's pit crew. Notices something.

TEDDY
Hey! They're using illegal cheats to increase horsepower!

CREW CHIEF
No we're not!

Crew Chief PUSHES Teddy. He falls into Warburton.

WARBURTON
NOT COOL, CHIEF!

Warburton PUSHES Crew Chief back, harder. He FALLS into Jeff Gordon who spills his beer all over himself.

Hutch stands up, still focused on the racing.

HUTCH
Everybody chill out! Okay?

Jeff Gordon is drenched with beer...and really pissed. He winds up and throws a PUNCH at Warburton...but MISSES and CONNECTS with Riley's face.

RILEY
SHIT! JEFF GORDON JUST BROKE MY FRIGGIN' NOSE!

Hutch drops his controller and TACKLES Jeff Gordon. IT TURNS INTO AN ALL OUT BRAWL.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

It's the big day for the new ideas. Bracken and Hutch, with a cut above his eye from the Jeff Gordon fight, listen as Pittman and his team, dressed in WEASEL costumes, finish up their marketing presentation.

PITTMAN

...Weayaya The Weasel will be the new face of Hibrau. He's fun, mischievous and most importantly, loves Hibrau beer.

BRACKEN

Weayaya?

PITTMAN

It's Native American. Sioux. It means, "The Setting Sun."

Everyone is confused.

HUTCH

I actually kind of like it. Has some great subliminal messages.

BRACKEN

If you like it, Hutch, I like it. Well done, Pittman.

ACROSS THE ROOM Harvey and Phil wait their turn.

PHIL

Maybe we should have stuck with the Badger thing.

HARVEY

Little S.O.B did that on purpose.
(confident)
Don't worry, we're going to blow everyone out of the water.

BRACKEN

Okay, who's next?

Harvey and Phil gather up their stack of presentation boards.

HARVEY

Today we're going to present to you the next generation in Hibrau marketing. Although our budget is limited, Phil and I have been able to secure a sponsorship deal that will put the Hibrau name in front of millions of potential new customers in an arena that up 'till now has only been accessible to the big boys at Miller and Budweiser.

Harvey holds up a poster board showing a pack of NASCAR cars racing around track. He gives Hutch an "I gotcha now" smirk.

HARVEY

These "supercharged billboards" race each week at tracks around the country and are amongst the highest rated events in sports television.

Phil hands him another poster board.

HARVEY

Through savvy negotiations, we have secured a deal with NASCAR superstar, Mark Martin!

Harvey turns over the poster board that shows the Mark Martin racing car.

EXECUTIVE

Uh, his car has a big tiger on it and says "Frosted Flakes".

HARVEY

Phil, next board please.

Phil displays a board with a close up of the front quarter panel of the Kellogg's car filled with a bunch of TINY DECALS including a Hibrau.

HARVEY

(pointing to the picture)
See, here we are, to the left of the Beef Jerky sticker, above the Ritz Crackers and between the Winston Lights and Purina Cat Chow.

Harvey looks proudly toward Bracken.

HARVEY

This is where we want to be, sir.

BRACKEN

Hutch, we discussed this. You still feel strongly about it?

HARVEY

(whispers to Phil)

Let's see the little S.O.B. get out of this one.

HUTCH

I do, sir. 100%.

BRACKEN

Good work, gentlemen-

HUTCH

And I don't want to step on any toes but as coincidence would have it, I had the opportunity to put together a little NASCAR deal as well.

Hutch walks over to the door and opens it.

In walks a black-eyed JEFF GORDON, DRESSED IN A LEATHER HIBRAU RACING SUIT. He's accompanied by a bruised up Teddy, Riley and Warburton sporting "*Hibrau Racing Team*" swag.

JEFF GORDON

"Hibrau, the number one choice of real NASCAR fans."

The jaws in the room are all on the floor. Harvey's nut sack is there as well.

HUTCH

Through creative deal making and, more importantly, some kind of freakish brotherly bond born out of barbaric male-bonding, my man Gordo here has agreed to become part of the Hibrau family.

Hutch presents a mini scale model of the new HIBRAU RACING CAR. The room APPLAUDS. Harvey is a mess.

JEFF GORDON

It's an honor to be part of this exciting opportunity. Racing cars and working with guys like Hutch is what life is all about.

Hutch gives him a hug.

HUTCH

Thanks, Gordo. Sorry again about the shiner.

JEFF GORDON

It's all good, brother.

BRACKEN

Bravo!

Hutch acknowledges Teddy, Riley and Warburton.

HUTCH

My guys here know the world of NASCAR better than anyone I know. With your approval, Arthur, I'd like them to head up the team.

BRACKEN

Brilliant!

HUTCH

And we can incorporate Weayaya The Weasel into the marketing.

BRACKEN

I love it! All of it!

The room gives a standing ovation as the guys pass out the mini-model Hibrau racing cars. Harvey is melting down.

INT. HARVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Harvey has a crazed look in his eye as he stares at the mini-model Hibrau car on his desk.

HARVEY

(talking to the car)

You think you're so great, don't you?

He gently pushes the car around the desk like a ten year-old.

HARVEY

All shiny and fast...and full of great ideas...VROOM, VROOM.

(being the voice of the car)

Look at me, I'm perfect!

Harvey moves the car around a paperweight then over a stack of post-it notes.

HARVEY

I can do anything I want.

He guides the car toward his stapler.

HARVEY

Oh, look. There's a giant stapler
in the middle of the track...No
problem, I'll just go over
it....Here I go over the stapler
because I'm the greatest...

With his other hand he picks up the stapler AND SMASHES THE
MODEL CAR INTO A 100 PIECES.

HARVEY

LOOK AT YOU NOW! NOT SO PERFECT,
ARE WE?

There's a KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Harvey snaps back to reality.

HARVEY

Just a sec.

He quickly cleans up the destroyed car. Gathers himself.

HARVEY

Okay, come in.

The door opens and in marches Sargent Heinrick from security.

SGT. HEINRICK

Guten tag, Mr. Hutchinson.

Heinrick looks down at his note pad.

SGT. HEINRICK

Hutchinson. You related to Hutch
Hutchinson, the genius man-child?

HARVEY

(annoyed)

Yes. Kind of busy here.

SGT. HEINRICK

As you know, we are in the thick of
our ongoing investigation to expose
this worthless excuse for a human
being that exterminated Mr.
Bracken's Bentley.

HARVEY

As I said, I'm busy. What do you
want from me?

Heinrick scans his notes.

SGT. HEINRICK

I have an eye witness claiming they saw you exit the building quote, "In a frenzy", the day of the incident.

HARVEY

I've worked at Hibrau for twenty-five years. Everyday feels like a frenzy. Now, if you'll excuse me, Sargent, I've got work to do.

Heinrick gives him a long stare then turns for the door.

He sees something on the floor and bends down to grab it. It's a WHEEL from the Hibrau model car. He turns to Harvey.

SGT. HEINRICK

I've got my eye on you, Hutchinson.

He pockets the wheel and is out the door. Harvey slams his head down on the desk.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - DAY

Winter has come. The snow falls on a huge Christmas tree in front of the main building.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - EXECUTIVE FLOOR - MORNING

Holiday decorations are everywhere. Angela's at her desk working Hutch's calls.

ANGELA

Happy holidays, Hutch Hutchinson's office...Please hold...Hutch Hutchinson's office...

INT. HUTCH'S OFFICE - DAY

Hutch, stressed out, stands behind his desk juggling calls, reviewing reports, etc.

Teddy and Riley are kicked back on the couch. Warburton is putting golf balls.

HUTCH
 (into phone)
 That's not gonna fly. The holidays
 are around the corner. Get on it!

He disconnects then yells out to Angela.

HUTCH
 Angela, I need the year-end
 employee review schedule!

ANGELA (O.S.)
 Coming!

Hutch rubs his temples.

TEDDY
 Dude, you need to chill.

HUTCH
 Chill? I need to chill? I don't
 have time to chill, or sleep or
 anything. Holiday sales are flat,
 this crappy weather has
 distribution way behind and I've
 got employee year-end reviews
 coming out of my ass.

TEDDY
 Like I said, you need to chill.

Angela comes in with the folder.

ANGELA
 Here you go.

The guys check out her ass as she leaves.

HUTCH
 You guys are pigs.

WARBURTON
 And?

HUTCH
 And are we on track with the NASCAR
 stuff?

RILEY
 Yup.

HUTCH
 Yup? What the hell is yup?

TEDDY

It means yes. Seriously Hutch,
you're going to have a heart
attack.

He plops on the couch between 'em.

HUTCH

I know. I'm really stressed. The
only thing that used to stress me
out was running out of weed.

Warburton puts his arm around him.

WARBURTON

It's all good, guy. Take a breath.

He does.

HUTCH

You guys coming to the company
Christmas party next week?

RILEY

Yup.

WARBURTON

Yup.

TEDDY

Yup.

HUTCH

Smart ass punks. Get out of my
office.

They file out.

TEDDY

Remember who loves you, Hutch.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - HUTCH'S OFFICE - DAY

Hutch is all business as he gives Harvey his year-end review.
Harvey looks worn, beaten down, the life sucked out of him.

HUTCH

Not a terribly productive fourth
quarter. What's going on, Harv?

Harvey just stares off.

HUTCH
Hello? Anybody home?

HARVEY
Huh? Did you say something?

HUTCH
I've put you on the Winter Brew campaign and you've given me very little. Your lack of effort is hurting sales.

HARVEY
(lifeless)
I'll get on it.

HUTCH
What happened to your enthusiasm?
Your love for this company?

HARVEY
Whatever. I'll work on it.

HUTCH
Harvey, you need to pull it together.

HARVEY
I heard you. Can you please stop harassing me about everything.

HUTCH
Bracken is riding my ass like nobody's business. Now get your act together or there's going to be consequences.

HARVEY
Consequences?

HUTCH
For starters, I'm holding your year-end bonus until things improve.

Harvey stares at Hutch, "Are you joking?"

HUTCH
Now get out there and get to work. There's still a few hours before the Christmas party. Make the most of them.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - BREWERY - DAY

The company Christmas party in full swing. Employees eat, drink and be merry.

Harvey and Phil stand by the punch bowl that sits at the end of a long buffet table. Harvey is fuming.

HARVEY

Can you believe it? My own flesh
and blood gives me a bad year-end
review!

PHIL

Well, my review went great.

Harvey shoots him a look then chugs his punch.

PHIL

At least we got a nice bonus.

HARVEY

You got a bonus?

PHIL

(back peddling)
I can't remember.

Harvey chugs another glass of punch. He spots Hutch and Teddy across the room laughing it up with a couple of secretaries.

HARVEY

That little bastard.

ACROSS THE ROOM

HUTCH

(to a secretary)
Ask Teddy here. I've always had
this freaky business sense.

TEDDY

Dude, the only business sense you
had was getting out of the way when
you puked all over yourself.

Hutch elbows him.

TEDDY

Ow!

HUTCH

He's just kidding around. Right,
Teddy?

TEDDY

No.

Hutch SMASHES his heel down on Teddy's toe.

TEDDY

Yes!

HUTCH

Will you ladies excuse us?

Hutch pulls Teddy aside.

HUTCH

What are you doing?

TEDDY

Um, getting wasted at a Christmas party and trying to bag that red headed chick.

HUTCH

You can't say that kind of stuff around the employees. I need to maintain an authoritative persona.

TEDDY

Did you just say, "authoritative persona", or was that some other asshole?

HUTCH

I told you, I'm under a lot of pressure.

(beat)

I'm sorry, okay?

TEDDY

Just lighten up and have fun. Can you still do that?

AT THE FRONT OF THE ROOM

The band stops playing and Bracken takes the mike.

BRACKEN

Welcome everybody to the annual Hibrau holiday party!

Everyone claps.

BRACKEN

Every year we have a talent competition, and this year is no exception. So whoever has on their dancing shoes and wants to win some fantastic prizes, waltz yourself out to the dance floor!

Teddy grabs Hutch. Raises his arm.

TEDDY

Hutch is in!

The crowd cheers.

HUTCH

What the hell are you doing?

TEDDY

Dude, you said you could still have fun. So here you go.

HUTCH

No, I'm not doing it.

CROWD

HUTCH! HUTCH! HUTCH!

Hutch reluctantly gives in.

HUTCH

Okay, okay. I'm in.

HARVEY, who continues to pound the punch, lights up.

HARVEY

Phil, hold my jacket.

PHIL

What are you doing?

HARVEY

He stole my promotion, took my position at short stop and held my bonus, but he ain't takin' this one. Opportunity knocks, Phil. Hutch is finally going down!

Harvey chugs the rest of his drink and stumbles to the dance floor. He gets right up in Hutch's face.

HARVEY

YOU'RE GOING DOWN, MR. I CAN HIT A CURVE BALL. BOOO YAAAAA!

That was weird.

Hutch grabs Harvey. Pulls him in so no one can hear.

HUTCH

Did you hear the man? He said dance contest. You're going to embarrass yourself. Take a seat-

HARVEY

OH, LOOK, EVERYONE. MR. BIG TIME VICE PRESIDENT IS SCARED HE'S GOING TO LOSE!

HUTCH

Stop it, will you?

Harvey clucks around like a chicken. Hutch has had enough.

HUTCH

Fine. Let's do this.

The MUSIC starts. They walk in a circle sizing each other up.

Harvey eases in to an 80's dance grove then transitions into Michael Jackson's THRILLER. Hutch is completely surprised at Harvey's dancing ability.

HARVEY

That's right. Your old man here has got some moves!

Harvey stops on a dime and SPANKS HIS ASS AT HUTCH. The crowd loves it.

Hutch signals the band to up the beat. He moves out to the middle of the floor and busts out a sick B-boy routine.

Harvey and Hutch battle back and forth: BREAKIN', SALSA, RIVER DANCE, MACARENA, HAVA NAGILA. The crowd cheers them on.

Harvey motions for the crowd to back up to give him room. He winks over to the band and they start playing, "YOU SHOULD BE DANCING", by the Bee Gee's.

Harvey pulls off a perfect, move-by-move dance sequence of the famous Travolta solo dance scene from "SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER". It's amazing.

BRACKEN

Ladies and Gentleman, we have a winner!

The crowd goes nuts. Hutch goes to shake Harvey's hand.

HUTCH
Good win. Really impressed-

Harvey pulls his hand away. Flails around like a mad man.
Trash talking.

HARVEY
I TOOK YOU DOWN, LOSER. I AM THE
MAN. WOO HOO.

HUTCH
Easy, Harv.

HARVEY
EASY LIKE SUNDAY MORNING. THAT'S
HOW I BEAT YOU, MR. VICE PRESIDENT!

Harvey continues to bounce around and trash talk...

HARVEY
I AM THE MAN-

BUT HE LOSES CONTROL AND BUSTS A MOVE INTO THE BUFFET TABLE,
taking out the table legs. Like a row of dominos, one-by-one
the trays full of food CRASH to the floor, ending with a
smashing punch bowl finale, drenching Harvey.

The room is silent. Bracken walks over to Harvey and hands
him his prize.

BRACKEN
Congratulations on the win.

Harvey looks at the prize. It's a *HIBRAU RACING TEAM* t-shirt.
A few CLAPS from the crowd then everyone goes back to
drinking and mingling.

Harvey crawls off through the buffet slop, already forgotten.

EXT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - EVENING

Harvey braces himself from the frigid cold and shuffles
toward the snow filled parking lot, a broken man.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - EXECUTIVE FLOOR - MORNING

It's early in the morning and Angela is the first one in. She
makes her way to her desk.

She flips the page on her calender to the NEW YEAR then heads
into Hutch's office.

INT. HUTCH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Angela enters and flips the lights on. HUTCH IS FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR. She rushes over to him.

ANGELA
Hutch! Are you okay?

He wakes up.

HUTCH
Huh? Yeah. Hey, Angela. I must have fallen asleep. I haven't been home in two days.

ANGELA
What are you doing here?

HUTCH
Sales were way off over Christmas and Bracken blew his load. I've been working all week. How was Chicago?

ANGELA
It was fine. Got to see the family and eat like a pig.

HUTCH
Cool.

ANGELA
How was your Christmas?

HUTCH
I spent it at Taco Bell.

ANGELA
What?

HUTCH
I got in another fight with my dad.

ANGELA
You need to work things out with him, Hutch.

HUTCH
I can't deal with it right now. I have too much work to do.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM

Bracken rants around the room like a rabid dog. Hutch keys in on Harvey who looks like a shell of his former self.

BRACKEN

It was our worst holiday season in years. I don't want to hear excuses! If you're not performing, you're gone. That goes for all of you!

Harvey just stares off into space. Hutch knows it's only a matter of time until Harvey gets the axe.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The meeting has broken up. Harvey passes Hutch as he exits the room.

HUTCH

Hey.

But Harvey's in another world. He walks past without a word.

HUTCH

Good to see you, too.

INT. RACING GARAGE - DAY

Hutch inspects the paint job on the new Hibrau racing car with Teddy, Warburton and Riley. He's really stressed.

HUTCH

The hood logo is not big enough. I told you guys, quarter panel to quarter panel.

TEDDY

It's just a mock up. We'll adjust it.

HUTCH

And the green color is not right. It looks like frickin' Lucky Charms. What the hell, guys?

RILEY

We can change it. Season doesn't start for a few more weeks. We have plenty of time.

HUTCH
That your lame excuse?

WARBURTON
Calm down, man.

HUTCH
Don't "man" me! This is not acceptable! It's going to be my ass if this isn't right.

TEDDY
You better remember who you're talking to, Hutch. We're not your little patsies at the office.

HUTCH
What you guys are is complete screw ups! I hand you the dream job of a lifetime and you can't even get the simple stuff straight.

He stares at Teddy waiting for a response.

TEDDY
Hutch, go screw yourself, you douche bag.

Teddy turns and walks out. Warburton follows.

HUTCH
That's real mature.

He turns to Riley.

HUTCH
Those numb nuts don't realize what a good thing they have.

RILEY
Neither do you, Hutch.

Riley heads out the door.

HUTCH
Screw you guys! You're dead weight anyway!

Hutch gathers himself. He takes a deep breath trying to calm down. He looks over at the car.

HUTCH
It's the wrong shade of green.

He SCREAMS then punches the air.

INT. HUTCH'S LOFT - NIGHT

Hutch is on the couch reviewing sales reports. There's a KNOCK at the door.

HUTCH
WHAT?

Annoyed, he goes to open the door.

HUTCH
(surprised)
Mom?

Marilyn balances a stack of Tupperware.

MARILYN
I hope you're hungry. I brought
leftovers.

HUTCH
You didn't have to do that.

She looks around at the fast food wrappers, pizza boxes and empty Red Bull cans scattered around the loft.

MARILYN
Yes, I did. Now invite me in before
I drop the Tupperware.

Hutch grabs the stack and leads her over to the couch. She notices the paperwork.

MARILYN
Looks like they have you working
pretty hard.

HUTCH
You wouldn't believe it.
(beat)
But I got it handled.

MARILYN
You sound like your dad.

HUTCH
Funny one.

MARILYN
I'm not joking, Hutch.

Hutch takes a moment. Then...

HUTCH
How's he doing?

MARILYN
I think he misses you.

HUTCH
Yeah, misses telling me what to do.

MARILYN
He really does, Hutch. And deep
down inside, he's incredibly proud
of you.

HUTCH
He's got a funny way of showing it.

MARILYN
He's going through a weird time
right now.
(beat)
I'm not telling you what to do, but
despite his faults, your dad has
always been there for you. Make an
effort, okay?

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - MARKETING DEPT. - DAY

Hutch gathers himself then KNOCKS on Harvey's office door.

PHIL (O.S.)
He's not here, Hutch.

Hutch turns to see Phil behind him.

HUTCH
Hey, Phil. Is my dad at lunch?

PHIL
He didn't come in. Took a sick day.

HUTCH
A sick day? I don't think he's ever
taken a sick day. Is he sick?

Phil leans in.

PHIL
Between you and me, I think he's
just sick of coming in.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Marilyn serves Harvey some lunch.

MARILYN

Okay, Harv. I've got to go show a house. You going to be okay?

HARVEY

I'm fine.
(beat)
Are things going well?

MARILYN

Is what going well?

HARVEY

Your career. Is your career going well?

She looks at him curiously.

MARILYN

It's going great. Thanks for asking.

HARVEY

Where's the showing?

MARILYN

Over on Maple. Three bedroom craftsman.

HARVEY

Knock 'em dead.

MARILYN

Thanks, Harvey.

She gives him a kiss and heads out.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - DAY

Harvey enters the living room where Nicole is working on her video project.

NICOLE

Hey dad, how come there's hardly any video from the last few years?
(MORE)

NICOLE (CONT'D)

There's tons of footage from when you and Mom first got married and when we were little kids, but it's pretty thin after that. Why did you stop filming stuff?

This hits Harvey hard. He doesn't know what to say.

NICOLE

It's cool, Dad. I'll make it work.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - NIGHT

Harvey comes upstairs to call it a night. He stops in front of Hutch's old bedroom, then goes in.

INT. HUTCH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachael Ray lays on the bed, totally depressed.

Harvey looks around the sterilized room. The energy of Hutch has been cleaned away. Harvey has a moment. Then...

Begins MESSING UP THE room. Unmaking the bed, tossing PlayStation games and magazines. He opens the drawers and unloads socks and underwear onto the floor.

He looks around, grins.

HARVEY

That's better.

Rachael Ray BARKS in agreement.

Harvey turns to walk out. Marilyn stands in the doorway.

MARILYN

Quit being a stubborn ass and go talk to him.

INT. HUTCH'S LOFT - NIGHT

A KNOCK on the door. Hutch opens it, revealing Harvey.

HARVEY

(uncomfortable)
Hey, Hutch.

HUTCH
(more uncomfortable)
I thought you were the pizza guy.
Come on in.

Harvey enters the loft.

HARVEY
Wow. Nice place.

HUTCH
It's fine. I'm not really here that
much.

HARVEY
Long hours at work, huh?

HUTCH
Like 24-7.

They head over to the couch. Harvey notices a pile of
crumpled up paper on the coffee table.

HARVEY
What are you working on?

HUTCH
Bracken's riding my ass for new
product ideas. He doesn't let up.

HARVEY
Got anything?

HUTCH
Not yet. Unless neon colored beer
sounds like a good idea?

HARVEY
I've heard better.
(beat)
Do you have a minute to talk?

HUTCH
Sure.

They sit. Hutch tears a Red Bull out of a case on the floor.

HUTCH
Drink?

Harvey waves it off. Hutch opens one for himself.

HUTCH

You sure? Drink this stuff and you can stay up for a week.

HARVEY

You have any beer?

HUTCH

(sarcastic)

Do I have any beer?

Hutch goes to the fridge and grabs a six pack of Hibrau. He heads back to the couch and hands a beer to Harvey.

HARVEY

Join me?

Hutch is suspicious.

HUTCH

This feels like some kind of set-up. Thought I couldn't drink in front of you?

HARVEY

That's when you were just a dumb ass kid. Open one for yourself, will ya?

Hutch opens one. Harvey holds up his can.

HARVEY

A toast. To my son...and boss, Hutch Hutchinson, who's not only smart and a hard worker, but has proven that there's not just one path to success. I'm really proud of you and I'm sorry it's taken me so long to tell you.

(beat)

More importantly, I want you to know that having you in my life and spending time with the family is more important than any promotion.

Hutch is touched. Holds up his can.

HUTCH

I'll drink to that.

(beat)

And to Harvey Hutchinson. One hell of an S.O.B. who taught me everything I know.

(MORE)

HUTCH (CONT'D)

And even though he's made my life hell for the past twenty years, I wouldn't trade him for a million stock options.

(beat)

And I'm sorry if I give you too much of your own medicine.

HARVEY

Fair enough. I'll drink to that.

They clink cans. Hutch chugs his beer then crushes the can against his head.

Harvey looks at Hutch like he's nuts. Then Harvey chugs his beer and crushes the can like Hutch. They both crack up.

INT. HUTCH'S LOFT - LATER

Empty beer cans litter the coffee table. Hutch and Harvey are pretty buzzed. They laugh it up and tell stories, bonding.

HARVEY

Yeah. Well when I was a senior in High School I got caught with a girl in the locker room.

HUTCH

Big deal.

HARVEY

She was my Spanish teacher.

HUTCH

Nice!

HARVEY

Don't tell your mother.

HUTCH

Well, once Teddy and I broke into a house and stole their new Sony plasma. We pawned it to get tickets for a Bucks game.

HARVEY

HUTCH, ARE YOU INSANE!

HUTCH

What? You said I could tell you anything.

HARVEY
 THAT TV WAS FROM OUR LIVING ROOM!

HUTCH
 Oops. We were pretty messed up that night. Sorry.

Harvey lets it go. They share a laugh.

HARVEY
 Okay. If I tell you this next thing you have to swear you will never tell anybody.

HUTCH
 (crosses himself)
 On the hot Asian weather chick from CNN.

HARVEY
 I was the one who busted up Bracken's Bentley.

HUTCH
 SHUT UP! YOU DID NOT.

HARVEY
 Oh yes, I did. The day you got the promotion. It was sort of an accident.

Hutch toasts him.

HUTCH
 You, my pops, are the king of kings!

Harvey grabs for his beer but MISTAKENLY PICKS UP A RED BULL AND TAKES A BIG SWIG. He perks up.

HARVEY
 Whoa! What's in this stuff?

HUTCH
 I don't know. All sorts of crap.
 (reading the can)
 "Red Bull vitalizes the body and mind."

Harvey chugs some more as a light bulb flickers in his head.

HARVEY
 You know what would be an interesting idea?

HUTCH
 Taking this father son bonding
 thing to the next level and calling
 over some hookers?

HARVEY
 No. Check this out.

Harvey holds up a can of Hibrau and a can of Red Bull

HARVEY
 (with a grin)
 Hibrau energy beer.

HUTCH
 Genius!

HARVEY
 Bet that stuff would sell, huh?

HUTCH
 Like naked pictures of Vanessa
 Hudgens.

Hutch grabs a note pad off the coffee table. They start to
 riff on the idea.

MONTAGE - HARVEY AND HUTCH WORK ON THE ENERGY BEER IDEA

-- Late night in Harvey's office, they work on the concept.
 Harvey's got his motivation back.

-- Harvey and Hutch taste energy beer samples with the Brew
 Master.

-- Harvey shows Hutch a mock up of the energy beer can. He
 loves it.

-- Hutch has reconciled with his boys. Consults with them on
 the energy beer concept.

-- Hutch and Harvey play PlayStation in Hutch's loft,
 finalizing ideas and laughing it up. Father and son are at
 peace.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - DAY

Harvey and Hutch practice the energy beer presentation to
 Marilyn and Nicole.

HARVEY
And that, ladies and gentleman, is
the all new Hibrau Energy Beer.

Hutch holds up the mock up can.

HUTCH
"Hibrau Energy Beer -- Have a
blast!".

Marilyn and Nicole love it. They APPLAUD.

HARVEY
Thank you, thank you!

Harvey grabs something from under the table. It's a BRAND NEW
VIDEO CAMERA. He hands it to Nicole.

HARVEY
How about we go through it again
and you can film it. Maybe use the
footage for your project.

NICOLE
Awesome. Thanks, Dad.

She fires up the camera and they go again.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - DAY

Harvey and Hutch stand outside the conference room.

HARVEY
You ready to do this?

HUTCH
It's on.

HARVEY
Like Donkey Kong.

HUTCH
What?

HARVEY
Just go with it.

They bump fists.

INT. HIBRAU BREWING CO. - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Hutch and Harvey give their presentation to Bracken and the Execs.

HUTCH

It's a revolutionary new product that could double Hibrau's market share within six months. This man next to me, Harvey Hutchinson, is the brain child behind this incredible idea. Harvey.

HARVEY

Thank you, Hutch. What I'm about to present here combines-

THE DOOR OPENS and IN WALKS SARGENT HEINRICK. He carries a file folder.

BRACKEN

Sargent Heinrick, we're in the middle of a meeting.

SGT. HEINRICK

I've solved it, sir. We found the scum that exterminated your Bentley, sir.

He opens the file folder and tosses out GRAINY PHOTOS OF HARVEY AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.

HARVEY

(sotto)

Crap.

Bracken looks at the photos then to Harvey.

BRACKEN

An inside job. I'm disappointed in you, Hutchinson.

HARVEY

Mr. Bracken, it was an accident.

BRACKEN

Sargent Heinrick, arrest this man!

HARVEY

But-

Sargent Heinrick pulls out the cuffs.

HARVEY

Sir, please let me explain?

BRACKEN

Make it quick.

HARVEY

I've worked at Hibrau for twenty-five years and I've put my heart and soul into this place. Sometimes at the cost of my own family. The day I accidently wrecked your car was a very emotional time for me. I know I should have come forward earlier, but I didn't, and that was a mistake. I truly apologize, sir.

Bracken contemplates...

BRACKEN

Arrest him, Sargent Heinrick, and he's fired. Get this man out of my face.

Heinrick approaches Harvey.

HARVEY

I'll leave on my own, thank you.
(to Bracken)
And for the record, I quit!

Harvey walks to the door with his head held high.

BRACKEN

Hutch, can we get on with it?
What's this great idea?

Hutch looks over to Harvey, then back to Bracken.

HUTCH

Well Mr. Bracken, the great idea is that...you can go fuck yourself.

Harvey can't believe what Hutch just did. But he loves it.

BRACKEN

How dare you! You'll never work in this business as long as I live!

HUTCH

Let's hope that won't be too long.

Hutch walks over to Harvey who stands at the door.

HUTCH
How 'bout we get the hell out of
this dump, "Dad"?

HARVEY
That sounds like a great idea,
"Son".

As they head out the door they both turn around and FLIP OFF
BRACKEN.

FADE OUT.

INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The whole family is gathered around the television, eating
pizza and watching Nicole's completed video project.

(INSERT VIDEO) - HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We see Hutch and Harvey practicing the presentation the day
Harvey gave Nicole the camera.

NICOLE (V.O.)
...then my dad and my brother come
up with this amazing idea for the
company they work at.

(VIDEO) - EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME - DAY

Hutch and Harvey are in the DRIVEWAY the day of the Hibrau
presentation. Marilyn wishes them good luck.

Harvey's about to get into the passenger seat of Hutch's
Benz. Hutch whistles to him, then tosses Harvey the keys.

(VIDEO) - INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - DAY

Hutch and Harvey arrive home after getting fired.

MARILYN
How'd it go?

HARVEY
Not quite as planned. We got fired.

MARILYN
What? Oh, no-

HUTCH

It was awesome! And we took the bus home.

Harvey grabs Marilyn. Plants her with a passionate kiss.

HARVEY

Let's celebrate. Dinner wherever you guys want!

Marilyn looks over at Nicole who's filming and shrugs.

NICOLE (O.S.)

I think they've gone insane.

MARILYN

I kind of like it.

She grabs Harvey and kisses him back.

(VIDEO) - INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - GARAGE - DAY

Hutch and Harvey are working intently.

NICOLE (V.O.)

Both Dad and Hutch are out of work but they're like really stoked and acting weird, working on some secret project.

(VIDEO) - INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - GARAGE - NIGHT

Harvey and Hutch take a break from working and play hockey with golf clubs. Harvey scores a goal on Hutch and lifts his club in the air.

NICOLE (V.O.)

But they were having fun and acting like idiots as well.

(VIDEO) - INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - GARAGE - DAY

The garage has been transformed into a real work space. Hutch and Harvey address their STAFF which includes Teddy, Warburton, Riley, Angela and Phil.

HARVEY

Thanks to all of your hard work, Hutch and I are proud to present...

Hutch reaches into a box and pulls out a can of...

HUTCH
Hutchinson Energy Beer!

Everyone applauds. Hutch breaks open the box and passes out the cans. He hands one to Harvey.

Nicole ZOOMS IN ON THE CANS as Hutch and Harvey toast.

She ZOOMS OUT to revel that we are now in...

(VIDEO) - INT. HUTCHINSON BREWERY - DAY

Hutch and Harvey stand together in the small brewery.

HARVEY/HUTCH
Cheers!

The staff has gotten larger. They all raise their cans.

STAFF
Cheers!

NICOLE (V.O.)
It was pretty amazing what they
pulled off.

Hutch turns to Harvey.

HUTCH
Okay, so you sure you can handle
this on your own?

HARVEY
Very funny.

Hutch scoops up his book bag.

HUTCH
I'll be back after my marketing
exam.

HARVEY
Pass it or you're fired.

HUTCH
That's the old Harv I love.

Hutch and Teddy take off as Harvey celebrates with the staff.

(VIDEO)- EXT. HUTCHINSON HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Harvey, Marilyn, Hutch and Rachael Ray hang out.

NICOLE (V.O.)

Things were going great for the Hutchinsons. In addition to the brewery, Dad was at peace, Hutch was in school, Mom had her family back and I finally finished this project.

Nicole joins the family in front of the camera. Wrangles them to pose for a final shot.

NICOLE (V.O.)

And that is the story of the Hutchinsons. It's not all pretty, but it's all true.

BACK TO SCENE - INT. HUTCHINSON HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The family applauds. Rachael Ray BARKS her support...Then SNATCHES the pizza box and dashes toward the stairs.

The Hutchinson's laugh it up as they scramble after her.

FADE OUT.

THE END