

Washed Up

Season 1 Pilot - Daddy's Home

By: Steven Oppenheim

**INT. BATHROOM STALL AT THE SHRINE AUDITORIUM IN LOS ANGELES -
1998 ACADEMY AWARDS CEREMONY**

KEN JACKSON, mid-30s, stands in a pristine, brightly lit bathroom stall at the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles during the Academy Awards. From the waist up, he's dressed in a sharp black tuxedo jacket over an untucked white button-up shirt. His top button is undone, and his black bow tie hangs loose around his neck. His slicked-back dark hair is perfectly styled, and his clean-shaven face shows no sign of disarray, except for the dark sunglasses hiding his bloodshot eyes.

In one hand KEN holds a small dark vile filled with cocaine. In the other hand he holds a small spoon.

He reaches the spoon into the vile, scoops a small amount of cocaine, puts the spoon to his right nostril, and loudly **SNORTS**.

From the waist down, KEN'S tuxedo pants are draped around his ankles, covering his shoes, but exposing his black dress socks pulled up to mid-shin, while a well-dressed, attractive WOMAN gives him a blow job.

BEAT

He screws the lid on the vile and then puts it and the spoon in his jacket pocket.

He closes his eyes and orgasms.

BEAT

The woman stands up and faces KEN.

She gently wipes the corners of her mouth, then softly kisses his cheek, pulls away, winks at KEN, and slowly exits the stall.

The **CLIP CLOP** of her heels echo throughout the bathroom as she leaves.

The bathroom door **CREAKS** as it opens and then softly closes.

KEN stands motionless, his pants still at his ankles, his shin high dress socks still exposed, and his long dress shirt covering his privates.

KEN takes a deep breath and loudly **EXHALES**.

KEN

Well, that was amazing.

He pulls up his pants. The **CLINK CLANK** of his belt buckle echoes throughout the bathroom as he tucks his shirt into his pants.

He buttons his pants, zips up, and fixes his belt.

KEN walks over to the bathroom sink.

He removes his sunglasses, and puts them in his jacket pocket. His blood shot blue eyes glare into the mirror. He checks his nostrils for any remanence of cocaine.

He turns on the water, washes his hands, and gently puts water on his face with hopes of removing the unmistakable drug induced pale complexion.

He reaches for paper towels, dries his hands and his face.

KEN takes a step back. Still looking in the mirror, he fixes his bow-tie, then removes his sunglasses from his jacket pocket and puts them on.

Reaching into his inner jacket, he pulls out a small flask, unscrews the lid, and takes a slow, steady swig, the burn of the alcohol grounding him for a moment.

He screws the lid back on the flask, then puts it back in his inner jacket pocket.

The door **CREAKS** open.

MAN (O.S.)

Mr. Jackson, they're about to start.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

RACHEL JACKSON (KEN's wife), mid-30's, along with their two young children, **BRIAN JACKSON** (KEN's eight year old son) and **GRACIE JACKSON** (KEN's six year old daughter) anxiously sit on the couch in their lavish Livingroom as they watch KEN win the very coveted Academy Award.

OSCAR PRESENTER (O.S.)

And the Oscar goes to...

The presenter is heard opening an envelope.

OSCAR PRESENTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ken Jackson!

The crowd **ERUPTS IN APPLAUSE.**

RACHEL and the kids scream and cheer. BRIAN and GRACIE leap onto the couch, their laughter filling the room. Meanwhile, RACHEL leans back in her seat, her eyes welling up with tears of joy.

RACHEL

(mutters to herself)
I can't believe he won.

She reaches for the remote and turns the volume up on the large TV.

GRACIE

Go, Daddy!

KEN, visibly inebriated, is shown stumbling up the steps to accept his award. The crowd reacts in surprise.

RACHEL

(disappointed)
Oh no.

On live TV, KEN stumbles towards the Oscar presenter, a strikingly beautiful, tall, and slender brunette in a black sequin gown. He accepts his award, kisses her on her cheek, lingering a little too long, then staggers up to the microphone.

Unsteady on his feet and slurring his words, KEN struggles to deliver his acceptance speech.

KEN

Wow. I can't-I can't believe I actually won... this shiny... thing.

He briefly gazes at the statue.

KEN (CONT'D)

Uh... I want to thank so many people, but I can't remember their names. Or, why I'm holding this thing.

The crowd chuckles nervously.

KEN (CONT'D)

This movie meant a lot to me. Masculinity, what it means, what it looks like, what it smells like if... if... ah, fuck it. I don't know.

An audible gasp ripples through the crowd.

Trying to shield BRIAN and GRACIE from the unfolding disaster, RACHEL fumbles for the remote, her hands shaking uncontrollably. It slips from her grip, **clattering** to the floor, the batteries popping out and rolling under the couch.

KEN (CONT'D)
I saw Heather Graham's boobs during filming. That was—was, wow. Life-changing.

The audience goes quiet.

KEN turns to the presenter and grins, gesturing towards her.

KEN (CONT'D)
They kind of look like... yours.

Another audible gasp is heard from the crowd.

KEN (CONT'D)
(to the presenter)
I want to kiss you. Come here.

He lurches toward the presenter.

He places a hand on her back and yanks her in awkwardly, pulling her in close.

Before she can react, he leans in and forcefully tries to kiss her, the shocking moment unfolding before the eyes of millions around the globe.

RACHEL frantically searches for the batteries under the couch.

RACHEL
(panicked, yells)
Why aren't they going to commercial?!

The crowd murmurs with a growing wave of anger and disappointment, their disapproval shown on their faces as the camera pans the patrons.

RACHEL finally jams the batteries into the remote and turns the TV off.

Their mouths open and faces frozen in shock.

EXT. BRIAN'S POOL - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

An older KEN JACKSON, early 60s, wearing a brightly colored bathing suit, is in and out of consciousness while drifting motionless on a neon-green raft in the shimmering afternoon sun. His dark sunglasses shield his eyes, and his hair is a mess. Shirtless and relaxed, he clutches a red cup filled with a drink that teeters dangerously close to spilling into the pool. The pool water sparkles around him, but he remains oblivious, lost in his quiet, sun-soaked stupor.

KEN shifts to one side, lifts a cheek, and farts. He lets out a soft, sluggish chuckle--half-laugh, half-breath.

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sunlight floods the sleek, high-rise office, streaming through floor-to-ceiling windows that frame the sprawling Los Angeles skyline. The city hums beyond the glass, but inside, the sound of **tapping** keys and a scattered **click** from the mouse.

At a massive oak desk, an adult BRIAN JACKSON, mid 30s, slick back hair, clean shaven, types on his laptop with precision, his Rolex catching the light with every keystroke. His custom-tailored suit fits flawlessly, a testament to his success. On his laptop screen, a video call is already underway.

SCOTT EASTWOOD lounges in what looks like a Malibu beach house, and his agent, **ALEX BRUNNER**, sits in a sleek office setting. Both appear on Brian's laptop in separate frames.

BRIAN leans in, scanning a contract displayed on his screen. His sharp eyes flick between SCOTT's face and the fine print, his fingers poised over the keyboard.

Across the office, **DYLAN BLOOM** (mid-30s), in a designer suit, lines up a putt on a practice green. Dirty blonde hair styled perfectly, designer socks peeking from his tailored trousers. He focuses intently on the ball.

DYLAN putts, watching the ball roll smoothly. It curves just left of the cup and stops. He groans quietly, leans the putter against the wall, then turns toward Brian, finally noticing the screen.

DYLAN leans in way too close to BRIAN, practically resting his chin on his shoulder to get a look at the screen.

DYLAN

(excited, squinting)

Wait a second, is that Scotty Eastwood?

SCOTT smiles on screen.

SCOTT

In the flesh. Great to see you,
Dylan.

DYLAN

Damn, you get more annoyingly
handsome every time I see you.
Brian, double-check that likeness
clause before they turn him into a
bobblehead and start selling him at
gas stations

BRIAN

Already on it.

BRIAN gently shoves DYLAN back with one hand, still focused
on the screen.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Can you not breathe directly in my
ear?

They all laugh.

DYLAN casually strides over to a sleek leather chair across
from BRIAN, slouches into it, and crosses his legs as he's
settles in, exposing his designer socks.

He pulls out his phone from the inner pocket of his jacket
and absentmindedly flicks through emails as BRIAN continues
speaking with SCOTT and ALEX.

BRIAN, using his mouse, **clicks**, highlights, then delete.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(calm, assured)

Scott, the studio's pushing for a
broader likeness clause. If we
don't rein that in, they'll have
the right to slap your face on
everything from lunchboxes to adult
diapers.

DYLAN

(looking at his phone,
mock serious)

I'd buy that lunchbox. The diapers,
not so much.

SCOTT

(chuckles)

Yeah, not looking to be the next face of senior incontinence. What's the alternative? I don't want to end up in litigation over my own face.

BRIAN types a few keystrokes, adjusting the clause.

BRIAN

Then stop being so damn handsome.

They laugh.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Lets narrow the scope, limit usage to promotional material tied strictly to the film. Any merch beyond that, you're entitled to a cut.

SCOTT nods, considering.

SCOTT

(grinning)

You really do love screwing with studio lawyers, huh?

BRIAN

(smirks)

It's the only reason I get up in the morning, Scott.

SCOTT laughs, satisfied.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm also going to add in a limit to promotional commitments. This way you aren't required to attend press junkets until the end of time.

SCOTT

Remind me to buy you a drink when this is all over.

BRIAN

(chuckles, mock serious)

Top shelf only.

ALEX

I like your style, Brian. Send it over. Let's lock it in.

BRIAN uses his mouse, **clicks**, highlights, hits a final key, then emails the contract.

BRIAN

Done. Updated contract is sent.
Scott, you owe me a drink. Alex,
always good speaking with you.
We'll speak again soon.

SCOTT and ALEX wave good-bye, BRIAN ends the call, the screens fade to black.

BRIAN exhales softly.

Leaving his laptop open, he slowly stands, adjusts his cuffs, and smooths his suit.

DYLAN

You're going to invite me when you
guys grab a drink, right?

BRIAN

Absolutely not.

BRIAN walks over and grabs a putter leaning against the wall, then walks over to his putting mat.

DYLAN

(mock offended)

Wow. No hesitation. And you call me
your friend.

BRIAN

You don't even drink.

DYLAN

So? I'm great company. I set the
vibe.

BRIAN

Exactly why you aren't invited.

A sharp **KNOCK**.

Enter **TINA MARKLEY** mid-20s, polished and poised, her sharp blonde hair perfectly in place, BRIAN's executive assistant.

TINA

Tom Baldwin and his associate are
waiting for you and Dylan in the
conference room.

BRIAN
(lining up his putt)
They're early.

TINA
You're late.

DYLAN, still scrolling his phone.

DYLAN
(Looking at his phone)
Technically, we're in the building.
Doesn't count.

BRIAN steadies the putter. TINA waits, arms folded.

TINA
Brian.

He takes the shot. A clean, smooth, satisfying **clack**. The ball rolls, and sinks.

BRIAN looks up at TINA, smirks, leans the putter against the wall, and grabs his phone.

BRIAN
Fine. Let's go put Tom Baldwin in his place.

DYLAN puts his phone in his inner jacket pocket, stands, then straightens his cuffs, tie, and his jacket.

DYLAN
Put him in his place? You mean piss him off.

Brian grins.

BRIAN
If he deserves it, sure.

TINA turns and marches out.

BRIAN and DYLAN exchange a look, then follow.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN (CONT'D)
And he definitely deserves it. That dweebs been a pain in my ass since the DiCaprio lawsuit.

DYLAN suddenly halts mid-stride, lost in thought. BRIAN slows, stopping beside him.

DYLAN

Oh yeah. Your first intellectual property case. Wasn't that the-
(imitating Tom with a nasally, condescending tone)
"Better luck next time, kid."

DYLAN exaggerates a wink.

BRIAN

That's the one.

DYLAN

Yeah. Fuck that guy.

INT. LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

At a large conference table sits **TOM BALDWIN** (mid-50s), polished, no-nonsense, thinning gray hair, wearing an expensive but understated suit. A veteran entertainment lawyer, sits at one end, next to him his junior associate, **WILLIAM STERN**, (mid 20's) tall and visibly uneasy, fidgets ever so slightly, clearly eager to prove himself, but still insecure.

TOM checks his watch. Then his phone. No messages. His patience is hanging by a thread.

The door swings open.

BRIAN and DYLAN stride in, cool, calm.

BRIAN and DYLAN flash large, sarcastic smiles.

BRIAN

(grinning, spreading his arms)

Wow. Tom Baldwin. Always an honor to bask in your glorious presence.

DYLAN gestures at the table, nodding like he's impressed.

DYLAN

Real power move making us walk in last. Love it. Psychological warfare at its finest.

TOM exhales sharply, already over it. He glances at his notes, then back up, barely hiding his frustration.

TOM
(unamused)
Brian, Dylan, this is my junior
associate, William Sterm.

DYLAN and BRIAN instantly lunge forward to shake WILLIAM's hand with the sarcastic enthusiasm.

While shaking WILLIAM's hand, DYLAN lowers his voice to almost a whisper.

DYLAN
Hey, blink twice if you're being
held here against your will.

DYLAN, still shaking WILLIAM's hand, locks eyes with him, waiting. WILLIAM, overwhelmed and confused, glances at TOM, unsure if he's allowed to have a personality.

TOM loudly clearing his throat and points to empty chairs intended for BRIAN and DYLAN.

TOM
(serious and annoyed)
Can we start, please?

BRIAN finally takes a seat.

DYLAN sits next to BRIAN.

TOM slowly picks up his pen, exhaling through his nose.

BRIAN clasps his hands together, leaning in with a confident smirk.

BRIAN
(smooth, assuring)
Now. Since we're all here... let's
talk money.

BEAT

BRIAN (CONT'D)
All joking aside, Tom, this meeting
shouldn't take that long.

TOM and WILLIAM sit poised at the sleek conference table, adjusting their notes and straightening their posture.

They're here for business, ready to hammer out a deal for BRIAN's client, a former supporting actor from an award-winning series, now stepping into the spotlight as the lead of a highly anticipated new show.

TOM

(clears his throat)

The studio and I reviewed the proposal, and after speaking last week, we're looking forward to solidifying this deal as soon as possible.

BRIAN nods, motioning for him to continue.

TOM (CONT'D)

The studio does have concerns about the compensation per episode and the incentive structure. We'd like to discuss some adjustments.

BRIAN

Adjustments? What's the issue? The studio doesn't think the compensation is fair?

TOM pauses, trying to choose his words.

TOM

The studio feels that the standard \$50,000 per episode, as stated in the original proposal, is fair for this type of role with this level of talent.

BRIAN furrows his brow.

BRIAN

(calm, assertive)

I'm confused. Last week we agreed that \$50,000 was a starting point, not the final number. Given the critical acclaim and accolades of her last series, \$150,000 per episode is not just fair, it's standard.

TOM glances down at his notes.

TOM

(deadpan, unimpressed)

The series won the awards. Not your client.

BRIAN leans forward, his voice raised, sharp but controlled.

BRIAN

Tom. You and I both know this industry doesn't work like that.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

A show's success comes from everyone, the writers, the crew, the actors. Even the guy holding the boom mic plays a role

TOM

No one's debating that 'City Lights' was a fantastic series. But the studio believes that, until this new show proves itself, \$50,000 is more than fair for a lead role in an unproven series.

BRIAN leans back in his chair.

BRIAN

Unproven? Didn't they ask for her by name?

DYLAN raises a finger and answers.

DYLAN

(deadpan)

They did.

BRIAN gestures to DYLAN.

BRIAN

The only way you're going to get myself or my client to agree on anything close to \$50,000 is by adding in performance incentives for views and other streaming metrics.

TOM

Understandable. This is a conversation we've had with the studio executives.

BRIAN

Well, we appreciate the conversation about the incentives, but without coming to the table to discuss these incentives, we're back to square one. What exactly do these 'performance incentives' look like?

TOM looks down and flips a page in his notes, then back to BRIAN.

TOM

The studio feels the only way they're open to performance incentives is if the show remains top five in streaming minutes for three consecutive weeks. Which, let's be honest, even the shows with top tier talent don't receive performance incentives until well after the first season.

BRIAN glances to DYLAN.

DYLAN casually mimes jerking off.

BRIAN nods, looking back at Tom.

BRIAN

(calm, but annoyed)

Tom, if I didn't think that my client would be able to carry a show, I wouldn't be in this position. \$135,000 per episode. Plus, back-end profit-sharing *when* the show is renewed, syndicated, or sold to another platform.

TOM scoffs, shaking his head.

TOM

(condescending)

No. The studio can counter with \$75,000 per episode and a \$250,000 bonus *if* the show stays in the Top five for four consecutive weeks. But first-season back-end incentives? Not happening.

BRIAN sighs, clenching his jaw.

BRIAN

(calm, but firm)

Alright. \$135,000 per episode, and just to compromise with the studio, we lower the bonus to \$150,000, but we need 2% profit sharing on second-season renewal.

TOM

That's rare.

BRIAN

Back-end incentives are rare for unproven and fairly new actors, which Charlotte McKee definitely is not.

WILLIAM subtly leans in, discreetly pointing at a specific note in TOM's paperwork, drawing his attention to it.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Tom, listen, I know you have to adhere to what the studio heads are whispering in your ear, but just last week we had a verbal agreement to second season incentives, streaming incentives, and IP incentives. All of the sudden we're having to go back and forth on negotiating terms that were seemingly already set in stone?

TOM

(raising his voice slightly)

Brian, first of all, in this business, nothing is set in stone-

BRIAN interrupts.

BRIAN

(calm, but assertive)

Which is why I do my job. I've dealt with studio heads and spoiled actors robbing people and holding the golden carrot of fame and fortune in front of desperate people my entire life.

TOM

(agitated)

Yes, Brian, we all know who your father is.

BRIAN

(rolls his eyes)

Unfortunately.

TOM

We can offer 1% profit share *if* the series gets a second-season renewal and international licensing. We have to compromise and allow the studio some flexibility.

BRIAN

(slightly raising his voice)

Flexibility? Come on, Tom. You and I both know that's code for they'll kill the second season if it doesn't benefit them. 2%, and we need image approval over major promotional campaigns using her likeness.

TOM

I'm sorry, Brian. Like you, I'm just doing my job. The studio isn't comfortable with back-end incentives for the first season.

BRIAN leans back in his chair.

BRIAN

Then it looks like we have a problem. We aren't budging. The studio asked for Charlotte by name. And if this clause stays, we walk. How's that for flexibility?

TOM refers to his notes, turning the pages.

BEAT

TOM

We can offer a 1% profit share *if* the series gets a second-season renewal *and* is licensed internationally. We can agree to image approval, provided it doesn't delay marketing.

BRIAN leans forward.

BRIAN

That's a start, but we need 2%, especially if my client is a key factor in the show's success. Also, we need language clarifying his approval rights over major publicity campaigns using his image.

TOM

As for back-end, we'll go up to 1.5%, but that's our ceiling for now.

BRIAN leans back in his chair.

BRIAN

Fair enough. If we can agree on \$135,000 per episode, \$150,000 bonus with top 5 metrics, 1.5% back-end, and image approval, I think we're close.

TOM

(dry, unamused)

Great. I'll take this back to the studio, but I think we're in a good place.

BRIAN grins, and slowly stands.

BRIAN

That's what I like to hear. I look forward to reading the revised contract and getting this thing going.

DYLAN nods, then stands.

DYLAN

(to Tom, smirking)

You know the way out, right?

BRIAN and DYLAN begin to exit the conference room.

TOM

I think we know the way.

INT. BRIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The door swings open as BRIAN and DYLAN stride in.

BRIAN steps into his office, spins to face DYLAN, and casually walks backward. He spreads his arms wide, a proud smirk—the universal "Look what I did!"

DYLAN golf claps to show support to his business partner.

DYLAN

Congratulations. That was a hell of a deal you just pulled off.

BRIAN sarcastically takes a bow.

BRIAN

And with that...

BRIAN walks behind his desk, scrolls with his mouse, slowly shuts his laptop, then looks to DYLAN standing in front of his desk.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm going home early.

DYLAN peaks at his Rolex on his left wrist, hidden within his tailored sleeve.

DYLAN
3:30. Strong effort. Maybe I can
get in a quick 9 at Rancho Park.

BRIAN unplugs his laptop and his mouse, then picks up his Von Baer briefcase sitting next to his desk. The gold plated buckles **CLINK CLANK** as he handles the bag, catching the sunlight and flickering around the room. He opens the leather flap and secures his laptop, then closes the flap and secures the buckles.

BRIAN
I haven't swung a golf club in
months.

DYLAN walks over to BRIAN and extends his hand for a handshake.

They both smile, and shake hands.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

With his briefcase in hand, BRIAN and DYLAN step out of BRIAN'S office and into the sleek, bustling lobby. At her desk sits TINA typing effortlessly. She is the picture of efficiency.

As BRIAN heads toward her, DYLAN veers off toward his own office.

BRIAN
(to Tina)
I'm leaving for the day. Just
forward all of my calls to my
voicemail.

TINA
I will, but guess who called...
again.

BRIAN
Jordan?

TINA

Yep.

Brian takes a deep breath and slowly walks away, his head down, shoulders slumped, looking like a kid who just got sent to bed without dessert.

BRIAN

Shit.

TINA smirks.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(yells as he walks passed
TINA)

I'll call her from the car.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - AFTERNOON

Brian steps out of the elevator into a sleek, dimly lit parking garage lined with high-end cars. The heels of his custom dress shoes **CLIP CLOP**, echoing throughout the parking garage.

He strides toward his brand-new black BMW, pulling the key fob from his pocket and unlocking his car, the parking lights flicker twice.

INT. BRIAN'S BMW - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

Sliding in, he puts his brief case on the passenger seat next to him, he closes his door, starts the engine, fastens his seatbelt, loosens his tie, undoes his top button, then taps his steering wheel controls to call JORDAN.

The phone rings through the car's speakers as he pulls out of the garage, heading home. After three rings, JORDAN answers.

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - AFTERNOON

JORDAN NOVAK, BRIAN'S on-again, off-again girlfriend, early 30's, an attractive light-skinned Black woman with bright eyes sits at a restaurant patio, enjoying the beautiful day.

JORDAN

About time you called me back.

INT. BRIAN'S BMW - AFTERNOON

BRIAN
Hey babe, sorry. Crazy day.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Your days are always crazy.

BRIAN
Story of my life.

JORDAN (V.O.)
What are you doing?

BRIAN
I am leaving the office and heading home.

JORDAN (V.O.)
Taking an early day?

BRIAN
I am. I deserve it.

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - AFTERNOON

JORDAN
Wow. I don't think I've ever known you to leave the office early without having to go to a meeting.

BRIAN (V.O.)
It was a big day today. We negotiated a big contract.

JORDAN
No surprises there.

BEAT

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Everything OK?

INT. BRIAN'S BMW - AFTERNOON

BRIAN
Yes, I'm just in my own head.

JORDAN (V.O.)
If you say so. Are we still on for tonight?

BRIAN

Of course. I'll head home, go for a run, take a shower, and call you when I'm on my way.

JORDAN (V.O.)

You say of course like something doesn't come up and you have to cancel half the time.

BRIAN

Jordan, stop. You know how busy I get.

JORDAN (V.O.)

I know. I don't want to fight. I'll see you tonight.

BRIAN

I'll call you when I'm on my way.

JORDAN (V.O.)

Okay. I love you.

BRIAN

I love you, too.

Brian hangs up the phone.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(grumbling to himself)

Just let me breathe, woman.

He drives on. The soft **HUM** of the BMW engine fills the cabin.

BRIAN removes his cell phone from his inner jacket pocket, then glances at the phone, paranoia creeping in.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(concerned, eyes-widening)

Jordan? Are you still there?

INT. BRIAN'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - LATER

The sunlight is illuminating the living room, casting warm rays through the sliding glass door and filling the space with a golden glow.

The sound of keys turning in a lock breaks the silence as the front door clicks open.

BRIAN steps inside. With his tie loosened and top button undone, his sleek, leather briefcase dangles from his hand, the polished gold plated buckles catching the light as he enters, his expression a mix of exhaustion and focus.

He enters the living room, closes the door behind him, locks it, sets his briefcase down next to a desk by the door, and then tosses his keys onto the desk.

He walks towards his bedroom at the back of the house.

BRIAN rushes back into the living room and abruptly looks out of the sliding glass door.

BRIAN is shocked at who is floating in his pool.

BRIAN

Dad?!

He quickly opens the door but doesn't step outside.

EXT. BRIAN'S POOL - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN

Dad?!

Startled, KEN flinches on the raft, flailing wildly while trying to stay balanced on the raft and careful not to spill his drink. In the chaos, he tumbles off the raft and plunges into the pool with an unceremonious splash, but maintaining his hand above the water, he saves his drink.

He quickly emerges from the pool, his sunglasses have fallen off and remain floating around him, and with his free hand he instinctively rubs his eyes, blinking as the water drips from his face.

The bright sun causes KEN to squint one eye tightly and shields the other with his free hand to block the harsh rays.

KEN

When did you get home?

BRIAN quickly walks over to the edge of the pool.

BRIAN yells out in an **ANGRY GROWL**.

BRIAN

What the fuck are you doing here?

KEN stammers nervously, his eyes darting around as he searches for his sunglasses, occasionally glancing up at BRIAN with a mix of hesitation and urgency.

KEN

Uh... I... Uh...

BRIAN

Spit it out! What are you doing in my pool? What are you doing in my house?

KEN finds his sunglasses and quickly puts them on.

KEN

Okay, I know you're mad. But, I need you to calm down and let me explain.

BEAT

BRIAN throws up his arms, physically expressing his aggravation.

BRIAN

Well? I'm waiting.

KEN

Look, I had nowhere else to go... I'm homeless.

BRIAN

And how does that concern me?

KEN

Can I get out of the pool so we can talk about this?

BRIAN responds in an **ANGRY GROWL**.

BRIAN

You can get out of my pool, but I'm not speaking to you. I'm going to go change and when I come out of my bedroom you better be out of my-

BRIAN is interrupted by the **CLIP CLOP OF HEELS ON WOODEN STAIRS**. It is a woman, **ISABELLE** (KEN's girlfriend).

ISABELLE is inebriated, slowly staggering down the stairs of the pool house and **GIGGLING**.

She's ditzy, late 40's with shoulder-length brown hair, wearing large sunglasses, a one-piece bathing suit, and high heels.

When she gets to the last step she trips, but quickly stumbles to her feet.

She fixes her sunglasses, her attention drawn to the ground for the gum that fell out of her mouth.

ISABELLE
Where did my gum go?

She looks up and noticed BRIAN.

ISABELLE **GASPS**

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
Uh oh. Kenny, are we in trouble?

ISABELLE tries to hold back her laughter.

With his eyebrows raised in confusion, BRIAN stares at ISABELLE.

BRIAN
Who the fuck are you and why are you in my pool house?

KEN is still in the pool, looking down in embarrassment and scratching his head.

KEN
(whispers to himself)
Shit.

BRIAN looks at KEN, and then at ISABELLE before walking towards the sliding glass door.

As he approaches the sliding glass door of his house he turns to KEN.

BRIAN
Get out of my pool, get out of my house, and take your whore with you.

ISABELLE
Hey! I'm not a whore!

BRIAN turns around and then opens the sliding glass door.

He enters his house, turns around, and looks back at his Dad in disgust sliding the door shut.

KEN is still in the pool. ISABELLE stares at BRIAN with her sunglasses on the tip of her nose.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
Well, he was rude.

KEN quickly looks over at ISABELLE

KEN
You couldn't wait five minutes?

ISABELLE is confused.

ISABELLE
That is your kid, right?

KEN lets out a **LOUD SIGH** and starts to get out of the pool.
The float continues floating around the pool

INT. BRIAN'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

BRIAN enters his bedroom, shuts the door, and locks it with a sharp **CLICK**.

He removes his cell phone from the inner jacket pocket and texts JORDAN, his fingers flying on the screen.

BRIAN
(texts)
So, my dad's here? I'll call you in a bit.

BEAT

BRIAN'S phone **DINGS**. JORDAN responds.

JORDAN
(texts)
Wow.

Brian exhales hard, tossing the phone onto the bed, then aggressively takes off his suit jacket and slings it on the bed. He completely loosens his tie, untucks and unbuttons his dress shirt, throwing them onto his bed as well. He then removes his Rolex and places it on his dresser.

KEN knocks on his door.

BRIAN **GROANS** before answering.

BRIAN
What?

KEN (O.S.)
Brian, can we please talk about this? I'm not the same person I was when we last saw each other.

BRIAN
That was six years ago!

KEN (O.S.)
Brian. Please?

BRIAN changes into shorts and a Harvard Law t-shirt.

He walks over to the door, takes a **BREATH**, and then unlocks and opens the door.

KEN is standing in front of him with a Hawaiian shirt and a towel wrapped around his waist. A subtle drip of water falls to the hardwood floor.

KEN (CONT'D)
Brian, listen. Let me try and make this right.

BRIAN recognizes the shirt KEN is wearing.

BRIAN
I have a shirt just like that.
Wait. Is that mine?

KEN
(Looking down at his shirt)
This old thing?

BRIAN
You're dripping water on my floor.

BRIAN walks past KEN down the hall.

KEN follows.

INT. BRIAN'S HALLWAY - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN
My entire life you've had this innate ability to convince me you've changed.

BRIAN stops and turns around to face KEN.

KEN
I know you hate me, but you have to believe me. I want to make things right. I want to fix my mistakes.

BRIAN

When I was six I went with you to the set of "Highest Challenge." Remember that?

KEN

Brian.

BRIAN

Do you?

KEN

How do you remember that?

BRIAN

I was traumatized!

KEN

I told you I was sorry for that.

BRIAN

You made me sit outside of your dressing room while you had sex with some girl from craft services! I remember crying my eyes out repeatedly saying "I want my Mommy!"

KEN

(small shrug)

In my defense, she did make a killer mac and cheese.

BRIAN stares at KEN, unamused.

BEAT

KEN (CONT'D)

Brian, I was sick.

BRIAN

Was?

KEN cracks a smile and shrugs in an attempt to ease the tension.

KEN

I was an addict.

BRIAN does a sarcastic jerking off gesture.

BRIAN

Please.

KEN

Okay, it isn't funny, but yes. I was addicted to women, alcohol, and, drugs.

BRIAN

(Without remorse)

Wow. So is this where I'm supposed to feel bad? Is that how this is supposed to go?

BRIAN turns around and walks towards the living room.

KEN follows.

INT. BRIAN'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN sits on a chair close to the front door with running shoes underneath.

KEN

Brian, please?

BRIAN puts his shoes on.

BEAT

BRIAN looks up at KEN then leans back in his chair.

BRIAN

Do you remember when you took Gracie and me with you to the Long Horn?

KEN'S face twists with confusion.

KEN

The Long Horn? No.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE LONG HORN BAR - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK

The Long Horn is dimly lit with old neon signs on the back wall behind the bar. A long horn head mounted on the wall watches over several patrons that are scattered about.

KEN, mid 30's, rushes a very young BRIAN and GRACIE (his younger daughter, and BRIAN'S younger sister) into the bar, ushering them into a booth.

KEN grabs GRACIE'S arm as she stumbles into the booth.

GRACIE

Ouch! Daddy, you're hurting me.

KEN

I'm sorry baby girl, but Daddy has to meet with a famous director.

BRIAN

Where's Mommy?

KEN

Mommy, is, uh... busy.

BRIAN and GRACIE shuffle into the booth.

KEN (CONT'D)

Come on, hurry, hurry, hurry.

BRIAN and GRACIE get comfortable in the booth.

BRAN

Can we get something to eat?

KEN

Sure. Just give me a few minutes, Okay?

BRIAN AND GRACIE

Okay.

KEN saunters up to a scantily clad WOMAN, early 30's, at the bar.

BRIAN and GRACIE stare at their dad as he starts making out with the WOMAN at the bar.

CLOSE-UP: The wall clock shows 1:15

CLOSE-UP: The wall clock transitions to show 2:40

KEN and the WOMAN walk arm-in-arm over to the table, where BRIAN and GRACIE are asleep, heads on the table, drooling.

KEN

Come on, let's go.

BRIAN and GRACIE are startled awake, then slowly stagger out of the booth.

They walk in front of KEN as they exit the bar.

EXT. THE LONGHORN PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

KEN helps BRIAN and GRACIE get into the backseat of his 1985 brown Cadillac El Dorado. The WOMAN gets into the passenger seat and closes the door.

KEN
(to BRIAN and GRACIE)
Come on. Why are you so slow?

BRIAN
Daddy, who is this lady?

KEN
Oh, that's just... Daddy's friend.
We're going to be nice and take her home.

Once BRIAN and GRACIE are in the car, KEN quickly **SLAMS** the door, and then jumps into the driver's seat, **SLAMS** the door, starts the car, and then speeds out of the parking lot.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

KEN rolls into the WOMAN'S driveway and slams on his brakes causing everyone in the car to lunge forward.

KEN puts the car in park, cracks the windows, and then turns to speak to BRIAN and GRACIE in the backseat.

KEN
I have to go inside for just a minute to... use the phone. Don't go anywhere.

GRACIE
Daddy, I have to go potty.

KEN pauses.

KEN
We'll go potty when we get home.
I'll be right back.

GRACIE
Okay, Daddy.

KEN looks over at the WOMAN. They smile at each other, **LAUGH**, and then rush out of the car, **SLAMMING** the doors behind them. KEN left the keys in the ignition, the windows cracked, and music plays on the radio.

KEN jokingly smacks the WOMAN'S butt as they **LAUGH** and run to the front door of the house. Once at the door, they are quick to rush inside.

A few minutes pass, and a new song plays on the radio as BRIAN and GRACIE grow antsy in the car. Their patience running thin.

GRACIE (CONT'D)
(fidgeting)
I have to go potty.

BRIAN
I'll get Daddy.

BRIAN reaches for the door handle and opens the car door.

He struggles getting out of the car, and then hesitantly walks up to the front door.

Once he reaches the front door his finger shakes as he rings the doorbell.

After about a minute, KEN swings the door open while struggling to put on his shirt.

BRIAN looks up to KEN.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Are you done using the phone?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRIAN'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - END FLASHBACK

KEN smirks, reminiscing.

KEN
Oh yeah. That was a great time.

BEAT

BRIAN stands, unamused.

KEN (CONT'D)
Oh, come on, Brian. I left the windows cracked, didn't I?

KEN watches BRIAN's emotionless face.

KEN (CONT'D)
No? Not funny? Alright.

KEN's smirk fades.

BRIAN

Exactly. You failed us so many times. You failed to show up for almost anything important and you even left us with complete strangers. When you did show up and made an effort to be present in our lives it was just to get attention from people who recognized you.

BEAT

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You didn't even show up to my graduation from *Harvard*!

KEN

I was filming a movie in New York!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HARVARD YARD AT TERCENTENARY THEATRE - DAY/BAR BATHROOM STALL - SPLIT SCREEN - FLASHBACK

LEFT: BRIAN, early 20's, walks across a stage to ACCEPT his degree from Harvard.

Right: KEN, early 40's, does cocaine with a WOMAN in a dimly lit, dirty bathroom stall at a bar.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRIAN'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - END FLASHBACK

BRIAN

That's beside the point! You always left Mom to pick up the pieces. And yet, we always forgave you because you were a big movie star. Not anymore!

KEN attempts to change the direction of the conversation.

KEN

How is your Mom, by the way?

BRIAN

She still doesn't want anything to do with you. You know, the usual.

KEN nods, takes a deep breath, then sighs.

KEN

Headstrong. That's why I fell in love with her.

BEAT

BRIAN

(unamused)

I went through years of therapy because of you. You have no idea the amount of trauma you forced me to endure.

KEN

I know, Brian. I was a shitty father, a terrible husband, a questionable friend. But, you have to admit, I was an excellent party guest, if that counts for anything.

BRIAN

(shaking his head)

It doesn't.

KEN

(serious)

Look, I know I was wrong. I'm trying to apologize.

BRIAN

Yeah? So, then what's your excuse for being drunk, passed out in my pool on a weekday, with some ditzy nit-wit stumbling out of my pool house?

KEN glances over to the backyard.

BRIAN follows his glance.

KEN

That's Isabelle. We met like, ten years ago at a party. She's good people. She's a ditz, but she means well.

They both watch ISABELLE, sitting in a lawn chair, frustrated, carefully picking gum out of her hair, muttering to herself.

KEN looks back at BRIAN who is tying his shoes.

BRIAN finishes tying his shoes, and then looks up at KEN.

BRIAN

Then go bother her family. Why are you bothering me? Better yet, why don't you call Jeff?

KEN

Bridges?

BRIAN

Yeah. Weren't you two best friends at one point?

KEN

We were, but after The Big Lebowski we lost touch. Something about, not wanting to be around chaos.

KEN chuckles.

BRIAN stays stoic.

BRIAN

Oh, I remember the Oscars. Vividly.

KEN looks at the floor in embarrassment, rubbing the back of his neck.

KEN

Here's the thing. I don't have anyone else to turn to. Isabelle had a falling out with her kids and...

KEN trails off. He's said too much.

BEAT

BRIAN

And...?

BRIAN stands up.

KEN looks up at him, slowly stepping back.

KEN

We didn't have anywhere to go and I knew that you had a spare key to the pool house, so we've... kind of been staying here.

BRIAN slowly walks towards KEN and responds.

BRIAN

You knew that I had a... wait,
you've been living in my pool
house?

KEN smirks, trying to downplay the situation.

KEN

It hasn't been that long.

BRIAN

How long?

BEAT

KEN

(quietly)
Two weeks.

BRIAN

(explodes)
TWO WEEKS?!

BEAT

BRIAN (CONT'D)

How the hell have you been able to
hide in my pool house for two
weeks?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRIAN'S POOL HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The TV **BLARES** loudly in the pool house, filling the cluttered space with the noise of an old movie starring KEN. A single lamp dimly illuminates the small space. The room is a mess with clothes scattered across the floor, and opened food containers with half-eaten remnants are everywhere. An Oscar statue lies forgotten on the coffee table. Next to it, ISABELLE **SNORTS** lines of coke as KEN drunkenly recites lines from his old film, his voice drowned out by the TV's familiar dialogue.

Suddenly, a car pulls into the driveway and the headlights illuminate the space through the blinds.

KEN

(panicked, clumsy)
Shit. Brian's home.

KEN quickly turns off the lamp and the TV in the pool house.

Once everything is turned off he peeks through the blinds. He sees BRIAN park his car and immediately go inside the main house. ISABELLE loudly **SNORTS** a line of cocaine.

KEN looks over at ISABELLE, angry at her inability to be quiet.

KEN (CONT'D)

SHH!!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRIAN'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON - END FLASHBACK

BRIAN rushes to the sliding glass door with KEN behind him.

He opens the sliding glass door and continues rushing to the pool house as KEN follows.

KEN

Brian, wait. Where are you going?

EXT. BRIAN'S BACKYARD - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN reaches to the pool house and walks up the stairs to the door, but KEN doesn't follow.

KEN waits at the bottom of the stairs.

BRIAN gets to the door, but hesitates to open it. He slowly turns the knob, and then opens the door to the pool house.

INT. BRIAN'S POOL HOUSE - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN takes a step inside.

The pool house is a chaotic mess. Clothes are strewn across the floor, empty food wrappers and half-eaten pizza slices clutter the surfaces, and open boxes of leftovers sit forgotten. An Oscar statue lies discarded on its side on a coffee table that is littered with drug paraphernalia including marijuana, and a mirror with remnants of cocaine, and signs of a life gone off the rails. The scene paints a picture of decadence and disarray, a sharp contrast to any sense of order or redemption.

BRIAN slowly walks around in disbelief.

He notices the cocaine.

BRIAN
(muttering to himself)
You're homeless but you can afford
blow?

KEN slowly walks up the steps. Each heavy step heard in the pool house. He eventually stops at the door.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I can't believe you broke into my
pool house. I can't believe you've
been living here.

BRIAN turns around as KEN stands in the doorway.

BRIAN points to the coke and drug paraphernalia on the table.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You do know I'm an attorney, right?

KEN
The coke is Isabelle's.

BRIAN **SCOFFS** in disbelief.

BRIAN
How long were you planning on
hiding from me?

KEN
I was going to tell you. I just
needed a few days to figure out
what to do.

BRIAN
Get out. Get your stuff. Clean up
this disgusting mess, and take...
Griselda Blanco, or whatever her
name is, with you.

KEN
(confused)
Who?

BRIAN
Griselda Blanco. The Godmother of
Coke? It doesn't matter.

BRIAN takes a **LOUD BREATH** before finishing his thought.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm going for a run. You two better
be out by the time I get back.

BRIAN rushes past KEN and exits the pool house.

BRIAN (O.S) (CONT'D)
And leave the key!

KEN stands in place and looks around the pool house.

KEN loudly **SIGHS**.

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

BRIAN jogs down the sidewalk when his phone **RINGS**.

He slows to a walk and takes his phone out of his pocket.

The name on the phone says GRACIE.

BRIAN, out of breath, answers the phone.

BRIAN
Hello?

GRACIE (V.O.)
Hey.

BRIAN
What's up?

GRACIE (V.O.)
So, I heard you have a visitor.

BRIAN
News travels fast.

GRACIE (V.O.)
What are you going to do?

BRIAN
I told him to get out. The man
leaves a path of destruction
wherever he goes. He has single
handedly destroyed our lives.

INT. GRACIE'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Adult GRACIE, mid-30's, tall, thin, brown hair, leans against the island in her kitchen, holding her cell phone to her ear as she speaks to BRIAN.

Her kids can be heard playing in the background.

Her husband, **EVAN LYONS**, mid-30's, tall, styled brown hair, wearing a suit, kisses her on the cheek as he leaves the house.

EVAN

Bye. I have to go. I'll call you later. I love you.

BRIAN'S muffled conversation is heard as GRACIE briefly takes the phone away from her ear to speak to EVAN.

GRACIE

(to EVAN)

Bye. I love you, too. Good luck.

She puts the phone back to her ear.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

(to BRIAN)

I think I turned out okay. I thought you were going to therapy? Isn't it helping?

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

BRIAN

I stopped going. Doesn't matter. Dad is still Dad.

GRACIE (V.O.)

So, you aren't even going to give him a chance? He's a train wreck, but maybe he *is* trying to do better. Maybe this is the wakeup call he needs.

BRIAN

Define "better." He's homeless. He's been living in my pool house for the past two weeks. I came home to him drunk and passed out in my pool.

GRACIE (V.O.)

I know. He called me a few weeks ago and he made it *sound* like he's trying to be a better person.

BRIAN

How long have you been speaking to him?

GRACIE (V.O.)

We don't speak that often, but I never really stopped speaking to him. Look, he told me he was going to try and stay with you. I told him it wasn't a good idea, but as much as I love him and want to help, I also didn't want him coming here. I'm already raising three kids and I don't have the time or the patience to raise another one. Plus, Evan is so busy with work and his schedule is so sporadic. He has showings all the time now and rarely home.

BRIAN is speechless.

BEAT

GRACIE (V.O.)

You're the best person to handle him. No kids. You're a successful lawyer with a big house and enough space for all of you.

BRIAN

Why am I being punished for being successful?

GRACIE (V.O.)

That's not what I meant, and you know that.

BRIAN

Gracie, the man is incapable of feeling any sense of empathy. He was "America's Dad" for years. Only to abandon his real kids and family. Then, he had the balls to tell me that "family comes first" when I couldn't make it to my nephews birthday party?

INT. GRACIE'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

GRACIE, phone wedged between her shoulder and ear, expertly juggles dinner duty.

GRACIE

I know. But, that was six years ago, and he's our Dad. And, it seems like he's trying.

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

BRIAN

Why do you continue to stick up for him?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

KEN, late 30's, stands at a closed bedroom door. Inside, RACHEL (his wife) sits in silence. She has learned of KEN'S most recent affair while he was supposed to be watching the kids.

A young BRIAN and GRACIE stand behind KEN as he tries to apologize to RACHEL

With a light **thud**, KEN leans his forehead against the door.

KEN

(pleading)

Come on, Rachel. Let me explain. Please?

RACHEL (O.S.)

(angry, yet calm)

You had an affair while you were supposed to be watching our kids. I have nothing to say to you. Please leave.

KEN

(chuckles nervously)

Okay, but let's be fair, I didn't leave you. I came back. That counts for something, right?

RACHEL (O.S.)

KEN. GET. OUT!

KEN winces, then turns to BRIAN and GRACIE

KEN

(to Brian)

Did you have to tell her? You couldn't just... not?

BRIAN

(shrugs)

I was scared. I didn't know where you went and it was dark out. It felt like forever.

KEN

Oh, come on. It wasn't forever.

KEN sighs, then points at GRACIE.

KEN (CONT'D)

This is why Gracie's my favorite.

BRIAN

Hey! That's not fair!

GRACIE

(proud)

I didn't tattletale.

KEN groans, then storms passed the kids.

GRACIE looks at BRIAN, grins, sarcastically shrugs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON - END FLASHBACK

BRIAN

How am I supposed to help him? I'm not a shrink.

GRACIE (V.O.)

No, but lay some ground rules. Help him get on his feet. He may be washed up, but he still has some credibility.

INT. GRACIE'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

With the phone still wedged between her shoulder and ear, she holds one plate at a time with one hand, with the other scoops food onto three plates.

She lowers the phone, BRIAN's voice now a distant, half-audible ramble.

GRACIE

(yells to her kids)

Boys! Food's ready! Come get it before it gets cold!

Three young boys, a whirlwind of energy, burst into the kitchen like a stampede, grab their plates at lightning speed, and vanish just as quickly, one nearly colliding with a chair on his way out.

Unfazed by the chaos, she puts the phone back to her ear.

EXT. SIDEWALK - AFTERNOON

BRIAN

I've spent my entire professional career attempting to take down idiots like him. Idiots that think because they're famous and have money they can just do whatever they want and take advantage of whoever they want.

GRACIE (V.O.)

And you should be proud of everything you've accomplished. I don't have the time or the patience to deal with this. Just do this for me. Please?

BRIAN puts the phone by his side and lets out a **LOUD AGGRESSIVE SIGH**. He clenches his jaw, staring down at the pavement.

He exhales sharply and puts the phone back to his ear.

BRIAN

(firm)

No. He isn't staying with me.

BEAT

GRACIE (V.O.)

(calm, sincere,
disappointed)

Okay. If you can look Dad in the eyes and tell him you can't help, then there's nothing else I can do.

BEAT

BRIAN hangs up and puts the phone back in his pocket.

He stands there, his hands on his hips. He pauses, looking around for a few seconds as he gathers his thoughts.

BRIAN turns around and starts running back home.

INT. GRACIE'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

GRACIE lets out a dramatic SIGH, tossing her phone onto the kitchen island. She starts walking toward the living room.

GRACIE
(to her kids)
Hey! You little gremlins, no eating
on the couch! This isn't a zoo!

The door bell rings.

INT. GRACIE'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The front door creaks open slightly.

RACHEL peeks her head inside—her hair pulled into a ponytail,
her face free of makeup. Natural, effortless.

RACHEL
Hello? Anybody home?

GRACIE enters the living room from the kitchen.

The kids, sprawled on the floor eating at the coffee table,
perk up, looking at the door.

GRACIE'S KIDS
Grandma!

RACHEL's face lights up as she steps inside and closes the
door. The kids abandon their food, rushing to her, clinging
to her legs.

RACHEL lets out a warm chuckle as she bends down, kissing
their heads.

GRACIE and RACHEL embrace in a hug with the kids still
clutched to Rachel's leg.

GRACIE
Hi, mommy.

RACHEL
Hi, my baby.

They release from their hug.

GRACIE
(to the kids)
Alright. Let Grandma breathe. You
guys go finish your food.

The kids groan but shuffle back to the coffee table, their
eyes glued to the TV.

RACHEL
(to Gracie, sarcastic)
Okay, bye.

They both laugh.

GRACIE
What are you doing here?

RACHEL
I was just coming up the hill and
figured I'd stop in.

GRACIE
Come into the kitchen. Let's chat.

INT. GRACIE'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

RACHEL and GRACIE enter the kitchen. The room is quiet,
except for the faint **hum** of the refrigerator.

They settle at the kitchen table, nestled in a nook by the
window.

GRACIE
Can I ask you a question about Dad?

RACHEL scoffs. Leaning back in her chair.

RACHEL
Oh god. What is it?

GRACIE hesitates, searches for the right words.

GRACIE
What... happened? Like, with him.
Why is he the way he is?

RACHEL raises her eyebrows.

RACHEL
Wow. Uh... I don't even know where
to begin.

BEAT

GRACIE
I mean, I know about addiction and
being a serial cheater, but like,
how? Why?

RACHEL

Well, we met in eighty...six? On the set of *No Man's Land*.

GRACIE

(smiles)

Brad Pitts first movie.

RACHEL smiles.

RACHEL

Yes, Brad Pitts first movie. A non-speaking role.

BEAT

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I remember my agent saying very adamantly, do not talk to Charlie or Ken. That of course made me curious.

INT. NO MAN'S LAND MOVIE SET - NIGHT CLUB SCENE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The lighting crew meticulously adjusts the set, ensuring the perfect lighting and ambiance. Other members of the film crew are diligently doing their job. Organized chaos ensues.

CHARLIE SHEEN, KEN JACKSON, and DANTIZA KINGLSEY are standing together joking, laughing, and enjoying the moment.

RACHEL (V.O.)

By this point Charlie and Ken were really good friends, and they were known as being a little wild. Even for the '80s.

RACHEL, a young, desperate actress, walks by the group, being escorted by a member of the film crew, directed where to stand.

She accidentally bumps into KEN, who immediately looks at her.

They lock eyes.

YOUNG RACHEL

(embarrassed)

Excuse me. I'm so sorry.

KEN
(sarcastic, flirty)
You should be.

Before RACHEL can respond she is pulled and placed on her mark.

KEN's eyes remain fixated on her. Watching her.

RACHEL periodically glances up to notice KEN watching. She lightly bites her bottom lip, and can't help but smile, blushing uncontrollably.

RACHEL (V.O.)
(sincere)
It was so easy to fall for him. Too easy.

INT. GRACIE'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON - END FLASHBACK

Lost in the memory, a smile appears on RACHEL's face as she reminisces.

GRACIE
Yeah, yeah, yeah. I know how you two met. When did you start to notice him... slipping? Like, when did it become obvious he had a problem?

RACHEL playfully slaps GRACIE's arm.

RACHEL
I was getting to that!

They both chuckle.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Everyone knew he was a bit of a party animal back then. I mean, he hung out with Charlie freaking Sheen.

GRACIE
(imitates Charlie Sheen)
Winning!

They both laugh.

RACHEL
Um... I would say probably when you were around three. Maybe four?
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I don't remember. But, it was a
slow build up.

RACHEL pauses, thinking of her next words.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I remember when he was auditioning
for Jack Vincennes in L.A.
Confidential. We read lines
together constantly. He wanted that
role so bad. But, obviously it went
to Kevin Spacey. Your dad did *not*
take it well.

GRACIE
(sympathetic)
Aww... poor daddy.

RACHEL
I would say that's when things
started to get out of control. He
started drinking, like, a lot. Most
nights, he'd stumble in around
four, five in the morning. Smelling
like whiskey and cigarettes.
Mornings, he'd pop aspirin like
candy before heading to set, always
trying to hide his hangover behind
those damn sunglasses.

GRACIE scoffs, shaking her, her attention fixated on RACHEL.

GRACIE
I remember thinking maybe he was
tired from working so much. I had
no idea. I thought he just liked
wearing sunglasses all the time.

RACHEL
Because he was always hung over.

RACHEL hesitates, her expression becoming serious.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
But I think the real wake-up call
was when we were living in the
house in Sherman Oaks. I caught
him, on his off day, doing lines of
coke on the kitchen counter... while
you and Brian were watching
cartoons in the living room.

BEAT

GRACIE
(surprised, concerned)
Shit.

RACHEL
That's when he agreed to go to
rehab. The first time, anyway.

EXT. FRONT OF BRIAN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON - MOMENTS LATER

BRIAN jogs up the street. As he nears his house, he slows to a stop, spotting KEN and ISABELLE awkwardly shuffling out of the backyard through the side gate, bags slung over their shoulders. They're mid-argument, tripping over each other, both too stubborn to let the other go first.

BRIAN, hands on his hips, catching his breath, doesn't break stride, doesn't acknowledge them. He walks straight past, straight up the driveway, and straight to his front door, like they don't even exist.

KEN and ISABELLE freeze, watching him.

BRIAN reaches the door, yanks it open, steps inside, **SLAMS** it shut.

The silence hangs.

KEN
(flatly)
Well. I guess he's serious.

He adjusts his bag, looking at ISABELLE, who still hasn't moved.

KEN (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
Grab your bags. Let's go.

ISABELLE
(concerned)
Where are we going, Kenny?

KEN sighs, rolling his eyes as he picks up his things.

KEN
(sarcastic)
Oh, I booked us a suite at the
Beverly Hills Hotel. Champagne on
arrival, caviar turn, down service,
the works.

ISABELLE
(perks up)
Wait, really?!

KEN shoots her an incredulous look.

KEN
Of course not. Pick up your bags
and move your ass.

ISABELLE glares at him, muttering under her breath as she hoists her bag up.

EXT. SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

The BMW glides down the Strip, neon lights reflecting off its polished exterior. The deep, throaty growl of the engine cuts through the noise of the city. Pedestrians slow, eyes following the sleek car as it passes, some raising their phones, just in case there's a celeb in the front seat.

INT. BRIAN'S BMW - NIGHT

The soft glow of the dashboard, the low **hum** of the engine fills the space within the car. BRIAN, effortlessly polished in a tailored suit, steers with one hand, his focus on the road. JORDAN, radiant in a sleek cocktail dress, watches the city blur past, the streetlights casting brief flickers of light.

The low murmur of the radio plays.

BEAT

JORDAN reaches for the volume knob, lowering the music.

JORDAN
Can you do me a huge favor tonight?

BRIAN flicks a glance at her, then back to the road.

BRIAN
Of course.

She hesitates, then shifts in her seat, turning toward him.

JORDAN

(sweet, sincere)

I know you don't exactly respect the fact that my parents own restaurants, and you definitely don't think they've contributed to LA culture--

BRIAN

(quickly)

What? Why would you think that? Are you already picking a fight?

JORDAN

(defensive)

No! You've said that before.

BRIAN

Maybe when we were fighting. I respect your parents. The restaurant industry is difficult, and they own several well known spots around LA. What's not to respect about that? I mean, Dexter's? Come on!

BRIAN smirks but keeps his eyes ahead.

JORDAN

(sighs)

Just... act excited for them, okay? There's gonna be some big names there tonight. My dad said Brad Pitt confirmed.

BRIAN lets out a breath, somewhere between amused and resigned.

BRIAN

Oh, well in that case, let me pull over and practice my happy dance.

JORDAN smacks his arm playfully.

JORDAN

I'm serious, Brian.

BRIAN

Fine. I'll play nice.

JORDAN

Thank you.

She leans back, satisfied.

BEAT

BRIAN's focus remains on the road ahead.

BRIAN
If it were Ryan Gosling, then I
might be more excited.

JORDAN chuckles.

EXT. STOPLIGHT - NIGHT

The car slows to a stop at a red light at the intersection of Sunset and Clark--next to the Whiskey a Go Go.

A crowd rushes across the cross walk.

INT. BRIAN'S BMW - NIGHT

BRIAN recognizes KEN and ISABELLE, carrying their belongings, cross the intersection in front of them.

BRIAN's mouth falls slightly open in shock as he watches his father-homeless, burdened with luggage-pass directly in front of his car.

JORDAN notices the look on his face.

JORDAN
Uh... what's the matter with you?

Still staring, BRIAN barely processes her words.

BRIAN
See the couple in front of us? The
ones with the bags?

JORDAN turns her attention to the crosswalk, eyes narrowing as she takes in the disheveled pair.

JORDAN
Yeah... Do you know them?

BEAT

BRIAN swallows hard, his voice low.

BRIAN
That's my father. And his
girlfriend.

JORDAN's expression shifts from curiosity to concern. They watch in silence as KEN and ISABELLE reach the sidewalk and turn left, heading in the same direction as BRIAN and JORDAN.

BRIAN grips the wheel tighter.

The light turns green.

Instead of accelerating, BRIAN hesitates for a second longer, then drives forward, passing them without stopping.

JORDAN watches him, disapproval evident in her gaze.

JORDAN

Why did you kick your dad out?

BRIAN exhales sharply, his attention remaining on the road ahead.

BRIAN

Because he's... Ken. You know the stories. He screws up, he charms his way out of it, and then he screws up again. It's a cycle. I'm not getting dragged into it.

JORDAN tilts her head, unconvinced.

JORDAN

So you're just gonna let him live on the street? Your own father?

BRIAN

He's not a helpless old man, Jordan. He's resourceful. Trust me, he'll find a way to survive. He always does.

JORDAN studies him for a moment, then sighs, shaking her head.

JORDAN

Brian... if my dad lost everything, I wouldn't even think twice. Family is family.

BRIAN doesn't respond. His jaw tightens, his grip firm on the steering wheel.

EXT. JORDAN'S FAMILY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The sleek, newly opened restaurant gleams under bright marquee lights. A line of paparazzi waits outside, cameras flashing as high-end cars pull up.

BRIAN and JORDAN step out. Immediately, a barrage of camera flashes lights up their faces. BRIAN straightens his jacket. JORDAN, ever poised, flashes a dazzling smile.

BRIAN hands his keys to the valet. The valet gives BRIAN his ticket, and the BMW disappears behind them.

They walk inside, the noise of the press fading behind them.

INT. JORDAN'S FAMILY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant oozes luxury--marble floors, gold accents, dim lighting curated for ambiance. The low hum of conversation fills the space, punctuated by the clinking of expensive glassware.

BRIAN and JORDAN take in the scene.

At a prime table near the center, BRAD PITT sits, effortlessly cool, chatting with another A-lister. Other celebrities are scattered throughout, a who's-who of Hollywood royalty.

JORDAN nudges BRIAN.

JORDAN

Told you my dad knows how to pull a crowd.

BRIAN nods absently, but his mind is elsewhere.

They are immediately taken to their reserved table.

They sit, waiting for their server, in silence.

BRIAN's mind completely absent from the moment.

JORDAN watches him, concern growing.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Brian.

He blinks, snapping back.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You're thinking about him, aren't you?

BRIAN exhales, rubbing his face.

BRIAN
I need to go.

JORDAN frowns, but before she can protest, BRIAN stands, tossing a few bills on the table.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I just-I have to.

He walks off before she can argue.

EXT. STREETS OF L.A. - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

BRIAN drives aimlessly, scanning the streets. The glitz of Hollywood fades into the grittier parts of town.

INT. BRIAN'S BMW - NIGHT

Within his jacket pocket, his phone **DINGS**.

Then another.

And another.

The screen lights up with JORDAN's name, her texts received one after the other.

JORDAN: Brian, seriously?

JORDAN: You left me at dinner?

JORDAN: My parents are asking about you. I told you, this was a huge deal for my family, and you just blew me off?

JORDAN: You walked out like I was nothing.

JORDAN: Wow.

BRIAN removes the phone from his inner jacket pocket, but before he can respond, he finally spots them.

KEN and ISABELLE sit outside a run-down convenience store, sharing a beer and a cheeseburger.

BRIAN pulls up, rolls down his window.

EXT. CONVENIENT STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

KEN squints, shielding his eyes from the headlights.

KEN
Oh, look who it is. Our knight in shining-

BRIAN interrupts.

BRIAN

Get in.

KEN raises an eyebrow.

KEN

What's that now?

BRIAN

You can stay in the pool house.
Both of you. But this is not
permanent.

ISABELLE beams, nudging KEN.

ISABELLE

(mouth full of food)

See? I told you he had a heart.

KEN smirks, grabbing his bags.

KEN

I don't know, I was starting to
enjoy the street life. Got some
fresh air, met some colorful
characters-

BRIAN

Dad.

KEN throws up his hands in mock surrender.

KEN

Alright, alright. You drive. But I
call shotgun, and I pick the radio
station.

INT. BRIAN'S BMW - NIGHT

As KEN and ISABELLE pile into the car, throwing their bags in the backseat.

KEN settles into the passenger seat, adjusting with a sigh, while ISABELLE slouches in the back.

BRIAN's phone **DINGS** again. He doesn't check it.

Instead, he shifts the car into drive and pulls away.

BEAT

The silence stretches between them.

Finally, BRIAN breaks it.

BRIAN
(steady, controlled)
You have one month to get back on
your feet.

KEN turns his head slightly, watching BRIAN.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You are not to disturb me at any
point. No drama, no bullshit.

BRIAN glances at KEN, making sure he understands. Quick to
focus his attention back to the road.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
And as soon as you're back on your
feet—you're out of my house. No
parties, and no—

KEN interrupts.

KEN
(sincere)
Brian, whatever you want. I can't
thank you enough.

The sudden gratitude catches BRIAN off guard. He steals a
glance at his father, then refocuses on the road.

His eyes widen as it hits him—he needs to call JORDAN.

He grabs his phone and dials her number just as they come to
a stop at a red light.

The call goes straight to voicemail, echoing through the
speakers. Frustrated, BRIAN switches to handset mode and
presses the phone to his ear.

BRIAN
(into phone, low, sincere)
Hey... it's me.

He hesitates, choosing his words carefully.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You were right. I couldn't leave
him out there. I found them, and
we're heading back to my place now.

He sighs, closing his eyes briefly before opening them back to the road.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

If you wanna come over, you're welcome. But if you're upset, I get it. Just... call me when you can.

He ends the call and pockets the phone, staring ahead as the city lights blur past.

KEN, uncharacteristically quiet, watches his son for a moment. Then, he leans back, staring out the window.

The car **hums** along the dark streets. KEN stares out the window, lost in thought. ISABELLE is in the back, half-listening.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(to Ken)

How did this even happen? How did you end up with nowhere to go?

KEN lets out a short laugh, shaking his head.

KEN

Oh, you mean how did America's Dad go from primetime sitcom star to homeless wanderer? Well, it's a tale as old as time.

BRIAN

(sarcastic)

I can't wait to hear this one.

KEN rubs his face, then sighs.

KEN

I was renting a room just outside downtown. Tiny place, nothing special, but it was a roof over my head. The landlord lived next door—real hawk-eyed type. Always watching. More often than not, she'd catch me breaking into my own room 'cause I forgot where I parked my car and lost my keys.

ISABELLE

(muttering)

It happened a lot.

BRIAN's face twists with confusion.

KEN

Three, maybe four times a week. Eventually, the other tenants and even the neighbors started complaining. One day, my landlord stops me and says, "Ken, one more screw-up and you're out."

BRIAN shakes his head, already frustrated.

BRIAN

And you screwed up.

KEN

(smirks)

Oh, did I ever.

He shifts in his seat, glancing over at BRIAN.

KEN (CONT'D)

(calm, excited)

One night, I was driving home, completely hammered.

BRIAN groans.

BRIAN

(disappointed)

Of course.

KEN

Wait, it gets better. So I meet up with Isabelle at a bar, she's looking like a real knockout, we couldn't keep our hands off each other. We're driving home, and while she's... ahem... giving me a hands-free favor, I take the turn into the driveway too wide and-BAM!- headfirst into the telephone pole in the front yard.

ISABELLE snorts, shaking her head.

ISABELLE

The airbags didn't even go off. Just sat there, dazed, pants around his ankles.

BRIAN looks mortified.

BRIAN

Jesus Christ.

KEN

Yeah, that was the landlord's last straw. She kicked me out that night. Cops were called and everything. Been bouncing around ever since.

A heavy silence fills the car.

BRIAN

You really don't have any shame, do you?

KEN

(smirking)

Brian, shame is a luxury for people who can afford rent.

BRIAN

Wow. That's almost transcendental- if it wasn't just a fancy way of saying you're a fuck up.

ISABELLE cackles from the backseat. KEN grins, shrugging.

EXT. STREETS OF L.A. - NIGHT

Brian's BMW rolls through the streets, taillights fading as it disappears into the night.

EXT. BRIAN'S FRONT PORCH - MORNING

A police cruiser rolls up, tires crunching against the pavement. **OFFICERS MARTIN** (stern, no-nonsense) and **REED** (younger, more observant, impressionable) step out, making their way up the driveway, to the front path, and ultimately the front door.

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A loud **knock** rattles the door.

EXT. BRIAN'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN opens the door, blinking in surprise.

BRIAN

(surprised)

Afternoon, officers. Can I help you?

OFFICER MARTIN

Sorry to bother you, sir. We got a call about a burglary in progress in your pool house.

BRIAN stiffens.

OFFICER REED

Your neighbor says they know it wasn't you. Any idea who might be back there?

BRIAN forces a casual laugh.

BRIAN

A burglary? That's... uh... news to me.

OFFICER MARTIN gives him a look, unconvinced.

OFFICER MARTIN

Mind if we take a look? I want to make sure everyone is 100% safe before we leave.

BRIAN hesitates, his mind racing. Then it hits him--the coke. Right there on the table.

His eye widen.

BRIAN

(quickly)

You know, I think I might know what's going on. Why don't I just go check with you?

He steps out, closing the door behind him, leading the officers toward the backyard from the side yard--his heart pounding.

EXT. SIDE YARD - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN walks ahead of the officers, leading them along the narrow side yard. He forces a calm demeanor, but his pace is just a little too fast, his posture a little too stiff.

OFFICER MARTIN

(relaxed, but watching)

In a hurry?

BRIAN
(nervous laugh)
Nope, just... uh... figured we'd
clear this up quick.

They reach the wooden gate leading to the backyard. BRIAN unlatches it and swings it open, stepping through first.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN leads the officers toward the pool house, obviously nervous. As they near the stairs, he suddenly **STOMPS** his foot against the ground, loud enough to echo off the walls.

BRIAN
(casual, nervous)
Dad?

The officers eye him, confused, but BRIAN just keeps walking.

EXT. POOL HOUSE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

They reach the wooden steps to the pool house. BRIAN deliberately stomps his foot, **THUD**. He deliberately drags his foot, making the wood **CREAK** under his weight.

BRIAN
(louder)
Dad, you up?

Another intentionally heavy step. Another loud **creak**.

OFFICER MARTIN
(frowning)
You alright there?

BRIAN forces a chuckle, taking another exaggerated **stomp** up the next step.

BRIAN
Yeah, these stairs, man-real noisy.
Should probably get that fixed.

He reaches the top, now fully in front of the door. He clears his throat, then knocks.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Please, don't fuck this up.

BEAT

The door swings open.

KEN stands there, freshly changed, hair a mess but the room behind him--spotless.

INT. POOL HOUSE - MORNING

BRIAN reluctantly peaks his head through the entrance.

No cocaine. No beer bottles. Just a suspiciously clean space.

BRIAN
(stunned)
Dad.

EXT. POOL HOUSE STAIRS - MORNING

KEN
(grinning)
Morning, officers. Hope my boy here
wasn't making too much of a racket.

OFFICER REED nudges OFFICER MARTIN, eyes widening as he recognizes KEN.

OFFICER REED
(under his breath)
Holy shit. That's Ken Jackson.

KEN catches the reaction and grins.

KEN
You a fan?

OFFICER REED
(awkwardly)
I mean... yeah, I used to watch-

KEN
(interrupting, acting
betrayed)
Used to? Wow. Just rip my heart
out, why don't ya?

BRIAN grimaces, embarrassed.

KEN (CONT'D)
(grinning)
Well, I'm happy to have a fan in
the house. Come on in.

INT. POOL HOUSE - MORNING

Still wary, BRIAN hesitates before leading the officers inside. As they step into the pool house, he looks around in surprise-the place is spotless. Dishes stacked neatly. Blankets and clothes folded. The table set. The Oscar statue upright and on display on the coffee table, with KEN's sunglasses folded neatly next to it. Almost like KEN had been expecting company.

KEN closes the door behind them.

KEN

So, what can I do for you this morning?

OFFICERS MARTIN AND REED face KEN. OFFICER MARTIN stands stoic.

OFFICER REED, practically buzzing, turns to KEN.

OFFICER REED

Mr. Jackson, I just gotta say, my family and I watched 'All in the Family Room' every Friday night. I used to recite your catchphrase all the time-

KEN

(grinning, launching into it)

"What could possibly go wrong?"

OFFICER REED laughs, starstruck. KEN revels in the sudden spotlight.

OFFICER MARTIN, unimpressed, clears his throat.

OFFICER MARTIN

(sarcastic)

Hate to interrupt the fan club meeting, but we got a call about a burglary in progress. Just needed to confirm everything's okay.

KEN spreads his arms wide.

KEN

Officer, I'm just Hollywood's forgotten gem living in his son's pool house.

OFFICER MARTIN
(deadpan)
Yeah... that checks out.

He turns to BRIAN.

OFFICER MARTIN (CONT'D)
We'll let you all get back to your
day.

OFFICER REED
(excited, to KEN)
Could I maybe get a-

OFFICER MARTIN
(cutting him off)
Nope.

KEN chuckles as the officers and BRIAN turn to leave. BRIAN, still in shock, trails behind them. As they step outside, he turns his head back toward KEN, eyes wide in disbelief.

BRIAN
(nervous chuckle,
bewildered but calm)
I'll just, uh... see you guys out.

KEN walks over to the doorway and watches as BRIAN walks the officers to the street. Once they're gone, he exhales, pressing the door shut with a quiet **click**.

He turns to find ISABELLE, still standing in the living area, sipping her coffee, amusement written all over her face.

ISABELLE
(smirking)
Well... that could've been a
disaster. They obviously don't know
about your warrant.

She takes another slow sip.

KEN lets out a deep breath, puffing his cheeks before exhaling. Without a word, he brushes past ISABELLE, heading straight for the bathroom.

INT. POOL HOUSE BATHROOM - MORNING

KEN twists the faucet on, cupping his hands under the stream before splashing water onto his face. He exhales, long and relieved, dragging his hands down from his forehead to his chin.

He grips the edges of the sink, head sinking between his shoulders.

BEAT

He lifts his gaze to the mirror, staring at his reflection. The water drips into the sink, each droplet echoing in the silence.

EXT. POOL HOUSE STAIRS - MORNING

BRIAN sprints up the stairs two at a time.

Reaching the top, he doesn't bother knocking--he bursts inside, closing the door behind him.

INT. POOL HOUSE BATHROOM

KEN, unfazed, grabs a towel, patting his face dry. He casually places it back on the rack before stepping out.

INT. POOL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN stands in the middle of the room, hands on his hips, catching his breath.

KEN
(frowning)
What's wrong with you?

BEAT

BRIAN
(stammering)
I-I can't believe you cleaned up. I was sure we were about to go to jail.

KEN
(smirks)
Jail? For what?

BRIAN gestures wildly at the coffee table.

BRIAN
Uh, hello? The cocaine?

KEN scoffs, waving a hand dismissively.

KEN

Oh, that? That's long gone.

He smirks as if the near-disaster was nothing. BRIAN just stares, still trying to process how his dad managed to clean so quickly and pull it off.

KEN (CONT'D)

(doing his best Joe Pesci
from Goodfellas
impression)

You worry too much.

BRIAN

(doing his best Joe Pesci
from Goodfellas
impression)

What am I a clown? I amuse you? I
make you laugh?

They both laugh.

BRIAN takes a deep breath.

BEAT

KEN's smirk fades, his expression turning
uncharacteristically serious.

KEN

(quietly)

Brian, listen... there's something I
need to tell you.

BRIAN, sensing the shift, straightens up, his own tone laced
with sarcasm.

BRIAN

Oh, this is gonna be great.

KEN hesitates for half a second.

KEN

I have a warrant out for my arrest.

BRIAN standing stoic and emotionless.

BRIAN

(flat)

You're kidding.

KEN shrugs, trying to downplay it.

KEN

It's really not that big of a deal.
I just... skipped a court date.

BRIAN

(confused)
For what?

KEN

...A hit and run.

BRIAN lets out a sharp, humorless laugh, running a hand down his face.

BRIAN

A hit and run. You're telling me
I've been harboring a fugitive?

KEN, ever the performer, raises his hands like he's trying to calm a rowdy audience.

KEN

Okay, let's not throw around words
like fugitive. It makes it sound
way worse than it is.

BRIAN

A hit and run, Dad. What part of
that isn't bad?

BEAT

KEN stands speechless.

BRIAN scoffs, then turns around and storms out, slamming the door behind him.

KEN and ISABELLE remain still.

ISABELLE watches the door, then takes a slow sip of her coffee.

ISABELLE

(smug)
So, we staying put, or do you wanna
run... again?

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE