

NEIGHBORS IN CHAOS

PILOT: “WELCOME TO THE WARD”

Written by [Johannes Sikoka]

FADE IN:

EXT. CHERRY HILL MCMANSION - DAY

The sun rises over Cherry Hill, New Jersey – a suburb so perfect it looks photo-shopped. White picket fences gleam. Lawns are golf-course green. A **MAILMAN** waves to a **JOGGER** in Lululemon. A **DOG WALKER** with six golden retrievers passes a **MOM** pushing a double stroller. Everyone smiles. Everyone waves. Everyone belongs.

At the center of it all: **THE HARRIS HOUSE** – a 5,000-square-foot McMansion with marble columns, a three-car garage, and a **FOR SALE** sign staked in the front yard. A **MOVING TRUCK** idles at the curb. **MOVERS** in matching uniforms unload boxes labeled "KITCHEN," "MASTER," "FLIP HOUSE."

LAUREN HARRIS (38, type-A perfectionist, yoga pants, ponytail, clipboard in hand) stands on the driveway like a general. She checks her watch – 7:02 AM. Right on schedule.

LAUREN

(to mover 1)

That box – "FLIP HOUSE." Not here. Philly rowhouse. 12th and Wharton. Got it?

Mover 1 nods, sweating. Lauren turns to **MARK HARRIS** (40, accountant, polo shirt, slightly rumpled), wrestling a **FLAT-SCREEN TV** from the garage.

LAUREN

(to Mark)

Babe, careful! That's the 75-inch. We need it for staging the flip.

MARK

(grunting)

Lauren, we don't need the money. The kids love their school. Why are we doing this?

Lauren doesn't answer. She's already on her phone, scrolling a ****ZILLOW LISTING**** for the Philly rowhouse: "3 bed, 1 bath, South Philly gem. Needs TLC. USD 150K." She smiles – profit eyes.

From the front door: ****SOPHIE HARRIS**** (10, sassy, iPad in hand) and ****TYLER HARRIS**** (8, gamer, headset around neck) emerge, dragging suitcases.

SOPHIE

(dramatic)

Mom, this is child abuse. Moving to Philly? Like, actual Philly? With crime and stuff?

TYLER

(excited)

Does it have good Wi-Fi? Can I stream Fortnite?

LAUREN

(cheerful)

Yes, Sophie, actual Philly. And yes, Tyler, fiber optic. Now help your dad.

The kids groan. Sophie films a ****TIKTOK****: "Day 1 of suburban exile. Send help." Tyler drops his suitcase – a ****NINTENDO SWITCH**** falls out. He scrambles.

Next door: ****MRS. KOWALSKI**** (60s, nosy neighbor, robe, coffee) watches from her porch.

MRS. KOWALSKI

(loud)

Lauren! You're really doing it? Flipping a house in Philly? My cousin lost a finger there!

LAUREN

(waving)

It's South Philly, Helen. Not the Wild West. We'll be fine!

A **LANDSCAPER** mows in perfect stripes. A **KID ON A HOVERBOARD** zooms by. A **YOGA CLASS** does downward dog on a lawn. Lauren's phone buzzes – **REALTOR TEXT**: "Philly house keys ready. Closing at noon." She grins.

INT. HARRIS KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Granite counters, stainless steel, a **SUB-ZERO FRIDGE** humming. Lauren packs the last of the **KEURIG PODS**. Mark enters with a **BOX** labeled "PHILLY TOOLS."

MARK

(quiet)

Lauren, talk to me. Why now? The market's hot. We could sell this place for 1.2 million. Retire early.

LAUREN

(packing)

Because I want more. For us. For the kids. One flip – 200K profit. Then another. Then we buy a beach house. College funds. Freedom.

She opens a **VISION BOARD** on the fridge: photos of **BALI VILLAS**, **PRIVATE SCHOOLS**, **YACHTS**. Mark sighs.

MARK

(soft)

Or we stay. Sophie has friends. Tyler's on the travel soccer team. This is home.

Lauren pauses. Looks at a **FAMILY PHOTO** – all smiling at Disney. She softens.

LAUREN

(gentle)

It's six months, Mark. Temporary. A project. Then
we're back. Better.

She kisses him. He nods – not convinced. The kids burst in.

SOPHIE

(holding phone)

Mom, the Philly house has rats. I Googled it.

TYLER

(excited)

Rats? Cool! Can we keep one?

Lauren laughs. The family heads out. The moving truck pulls away. The McMansion stands empty – perfect, sterile, waiting.

EXT. CHERRY HILL STREET - CONTINUOUS

The minivan idles. Lauren does a final walk-through. She locks the door. Sets the alarm. Waves to Mrs. Kowalski.

MRS. KOWALSKI

(calling)

Don't forget the block party next month! We'll miss
you!

LAUREN

(smiling)

We'll be back before you know it!

The minivan pulls out. The street waves goodbye. The camera lingers on the **FOR
SALE** sign. A **BIRD POOPS** on it. Foreshadowing.

CUT TO:**EXT. SOUTH PHILLY ROWHOUSE - DAY**

The minivan turns onto a narrow street in South Philly. Brick rowhouses line both sides. Italian flags hang from stoops. Eagles jerseys dry on clotheslines. A kid bounces a basketball off a fire hydrant. Old men play cards on crates. Music blasts from every window. The air smells of garlic and fresh bread.

The Harris minivan stops in front of number 1427. A three-story brick rowhouse with peeling paint and cracked steps. A Virgin Mary statue sits on the stoop. A cat sleeps on the windowsill. A dog barks next door. The moving truck blocks a hydrant. A traffic cop writes a ticket.

Lauren Harris steps out first. She wears sunglasses and holds a clipboard. She inhales. Cheesesteak fumes hit her. She coughs. Mark follows with a toolbox. Sophie films on her phone. Tyler wears headphones and plays on his Switch.

LAUREN

(to herself)

Character. I can work with character.

A loud whistle. Mrs. Lucia stands on her stoop next door. She wears a housedress and curlers. She eyes the minivan.

MRS. LUCIA

(yelling)

Ey. You the flippers. From Jersey.

LAUREN

(waving)

Hi. Lauren Harris. This is my family.

MRS. LUCIA

(interrupting)

You bring gravy. Sunday dinner at three.

DJ struts over from across the street. He wears an Eagles jersey and carries a boombox. Rap music plays. He turns it down.

DJ

(grinning)

Yo. New blood. I'm DJ. Block historian. You need anything. Cheesesteaks. A barber. I got you.

TYLER

(eyes wide)

You have weed.

LAUREN

(horrified)

Tyler. No. DJ. We're good.

Big Tony emerges from his basement shop. He wears a barber apron. Clippers buzz.

BIG TONY

(to Mark)

You need a fade. First one free. Neighbors discount.

Mark touches his hair. Sophie films. Mrs. Lucia waddles over with a casserole.

MRS. LUCIA

(to Lauren)

Eggplant parm. You eat meat. No. I make vegan next time. You too skinny.

A kid on a bike zooms by. He yells "Go Birds." A priest walks past with a rosary. A woman hangs laundry and sings.

EXT. ROWHOUSE STOOP - MOMENTS LATER

The family unloads. Lauren directs movers. Mark struggles with a couch. DJ helps. Big Tony holds the door. Mrs. Lucia supervises.

LAUREN

(to mover)

That goes upstairs. Master bedroom. Careful with the corners.

A crash. The couch scrapes the wall. Paint chips fall. Lauren winces.

MRS. LUCIA

(shaking head)

This house got soul. You can't scrape soul.

Sophie explores the stoop. She finds a chalk drawing of the Virgin Mary. Tyler discovers a basement window. Spiderwebs. He screams.

TYLER

(pointing)

Mom. There's a dungeon.

DJ

(laughing)

That's Tony's shop. He cuts hair. No dragons.

INT. ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hardwood floors are warped. Plaster walls are cracked. A fireplace is bricked over. A staircase creaks. Dust floats in sunlight. Lauren steps in. A cobweb hits her face. She shrieks.

LAUREN

(wiping face)

It's rustic. We'll gut it. Open concept. Shiplap. Profit.

Mrs. Lucia enters with the casserole.

DJ sets up his boombox. Music blasts. Big Tony starts sweeping. Mark opens a window. Flies swarm in.

MARK

(swatting)

Lauren. This is a mistake.

LAUREN

(determined)

No. This is an opportunity.

EXT. BLOCK - LATER

The block gathers. Kids play stickball. Old men argue over Eagles vs. Cowboys. A food truck sells water ice. Mrs. Lucia passes out cannoli.

DJ

(to Sophie)

You ever had water ice. Cherry. Lemon. Best in the city.

SOPHIE

(trying it)

It's frozen juice.

DJ

(mock offended)

It's art. Philly art.

Lauren takes photos for Instagram. Mark talks to Big Tony about taxes. Tyler plays with a local kid on the stoop.

EXT. ROWHOUSE STOOP - SUNSET

The sun sets over the skyline. Church bells ring. Mrs. Lucia lights a candle at the Virgin Mary statue. The family sits on the stoop. They are exhausted and covered in dust.

LAUREN

(soft)

It's not Cherry Hill.

MARK

(smiling)

No. It's not.

DJ starts a block dance party. Big Tony joins. Mrs. Lucia dances with a broom. The family watches. Then joins. Laughter. Chaos. Home.

MUSIC CUE: UPBEAT PHILLY JAZZ - CHAOTIC AND FUN

SMASH

TO TITLE CARD:

NEIGHBORS IN CHAOS

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is old South Philly. Hardwood floors are warped. Plaster walls are cracked. A bricked over fireplace has an Eagles blanket over it. A crucifix hangs above the door. Dust floats in sunlight through lace curtains. A staircase creaks. The air smells of mothballs and old wood.

The Harris family enters. Lauren has a clipboard. Mark carries a toolbox. Sophie films on her phone. Tyler wears headphones and holds a Nintendo Switch. Movers bring in boxes.

LAUREN

(to movers)

That box. Living room. Center. We need space.

A mover trips on a loose floorboard. Dust explodes. Lauren coughs. Sophie zooms in.

SOPHIE

(to camera)

Day one in the haunted house. Send help.

Mark opens a window. Flies come in. He swats. Mrs. Lucia enters with a casserole. DJ follows with a boombox. Big Tony has a shop vac. The room fills.

MRS. LUCIA

(sniffing)

Smells like my cousin Vinny. He died here. Heart attack. 1987. Good man.

LAUREN

(nervous)

That's nice.

DJ sets up the boombox. Music plays. Sophie dances. Tyler plugs in his Xbox. The cord is too short.

TYLER

(to DJ)

You have an extension cord.

DJ

(grinning)

I got everything. Wi-Fi password is GoBirds69.

Big Tony starts the shop vac. Dust clouds rise. Mrs. Lucia opens the casserole. Steam fills the room. Mark hangs a picture. It falls. Plaster crumbles.

MARK

(to Lauren)

This is a money pit.

LAUREN

(determined)

No. This is a gold mine. We will gut it. Open concept. Shiplap. Profit.

Lauren opens her flip binder. It shows Zillow comps and a timeline. Six months to two hundred thousand profit.

INT. ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The unpacking continues. Sophie finds a hidden panel behind the fireplace. She opens it. Old photos fall out. Weddings. Eagles games. Baptisms.

SOPHIE

(to camera)

Found a time capsule.

Mrs. Lucia looks at the photos. She tears up.

MRS. LUCIA

(soft)

That is my sister Rosa. Married here. 1962. Best wedding.

Lauren takes the photos. She sees staging potential.

LAUREN

(to Mark)

We keep these. Frame them. Preserved Philly charm.

Tyler finds a trap door under the rug. He lifts it. Basement stairs go down into darkness. A rat runs. He screams.

TYLER

(running)

Mom. There is a dungeon.

DJ

(laughing)

That's the shop for Tony. No monsters.

Big Tony goes down the stairs. Lights come on. A barber chair sits in the corner. Mirrors. Old calendars.

BIG TONY

(from below)

Bring the kid down. First cut free.

INT. ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The room changes. Boxes are opened. Furniture is placed. Lauren directs. Mark measures walls. Sophie live streams. Tyler comes back from the basement with a new haircut.

TYLER

(proud)

I look like a rapper.

DJ

(high five)

Welcome to the block.

Mrs. Lucia sets up a card table. Cannoli. Espresso. Neighbors come in. A priest. A mailman. Kids. The living room becomes a party.

MRS. LUCIA

(to Lauren)

You flip. But first. You eat. You live. You family.

Lauren looks at the photos. The food. The people. She smiles.

LAUREN

(soft)

Maybe just for today.

The room fills with laughter. Music. Food. Family.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROWHOUSE STOOP - LATER

The sun is low. The stoop is full of people. Folding chairs. A card table with food and drinks. Kids run around. Old men play bocce in the street. Music plays from a

radio.

The Harris family sits on the steps. Lauren holds a drink. Mark wipes his face. Sophie films with her phone. Tyler eats a pastry. Mrs. Lucia, DJ, Big Tony, and many neighbors are there.

MRS. LUCIA

(to Lauren)

You sit. You eat. You are family now.

LAUREN

(smiling)

We are here for six months. Then we sell.

People groan. A kid says no.

DJ

(raising a drink)

To the new people. May your house stay old and your hearts stay open.

Everyone drinks. Lauren sips. It is strong.

EXT. ROWHOUSE STOOP - CONTINUOUS

A priest walks by and blesses the house. A mailman brings cookies. A truck sells water ice. A band marches past with music and costumes. The kids dance.

SOPHIE

(filming)

This is fun.

TYLER

(eating)

These are good.

Big Tony sets up a chair on the sidewalk. He cuts hair for free. He talks to Mark.

BIG TONY

(to Mark)

Your turn. Free cut.

MARK

(nervous)

I have a barber in Jersey.

People laugh. Mrs. Lucia gives small cups of coffee.

MRS. LUCIA

(to Lauren)

You drink. You tell us why you leave Jersey.

LAUREN

(sipping)

We want more money. For college. For trips.

DJ stands up.

DJ

(talking fast)

Jersey has grass. We have soul. You sell this house.

You sell your life. Stay.

People clap. Lauren looks shy. Mark smiles.

EXT. ROWHOUSE STOOP - SUNSET

The sky is orange. Lights come on. Someone starts a small fire. People tell stories. Mrs. Lucia talks about an old football party. Big Tony shows pictures. DJ makes a song about the block.

MRS. LUCIA

(quiet)

This stoop. I raised kids here. Good times. Bad times.
You cannot buy that.

LAUREN

(soft)

I see.

A child gives Lauren a drawing. It says welcome. She smiles with tears.

SOPHIE

(to phone)

Maybe we stay.

Everyone cheers. They sing a song together. The family sings too.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT**ACT TWO****INT. ROWHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The kitchen is small. A light bulb hangs over a table. The fridge makes noise.

Cabinets are green. A statue sits on the counter. A pot is on the stove. The smell is good. It is late. The house is quiet.

Lauren sits at the table. She has a laptop. Numbers are on the screen. She types. Mark comes in with two drinks. He gives her one.

MARK

The neighbors are nice. The kids like it.

LAUREN

It is a flip. Six months. Then we sell.

Mark sits. He drinks.

MARK

Sophie has friends. Tyler got a haircut. You smiled.

Lauren looks at him.

LAUREN

We have a plan. This is step one.

A knock. Big Tony comes in. He has tools.

BIG TONY

I fix the cabinet.

Lauren opens the cabinet. The door is broken.

LAUREN

It is old. I wanted to keep it. Now it is trash.

BIG TONY

Not trash. History. I fix.

He works. Mark watches.

MARK

People pay for story.

Lauren closes the laptop. She looks at the pot.

INT. ROWHOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Mrs. Lucia comes in. She wears a robe. She stirs the pot. She gives Lauren a bowl.

MRS. LUCIA

Eat.

LAUREN

It is midnight.

MRS. LUCIA

In Philly. Midnight is dinner.

Lauren eats. She likes it.

LAUREN

This is good.

DJ comes in. He shows a video on his phone. Sophie is dancing.

DJ

Your girl is famous.

Sophie comes in. She is shy.

SOPHIE

Can we stay one more week.

Tyler runs in. He has a drawing.

TYLER

I made this.

Lauren looks at the drawing. It is the family with the neighbors.

INT. ROWHOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

The table is full. Big Tony fixes. Mrs. Lucia serves. DJ talks. The kids eat. Mark laughs. Lauren watches.

BIG TONY

You measure wrong.

Mark tries. It is wrong. They laugh.

MRS. LUCIA

Small house full.

LAUREN

I see.

The cabinet is fixed. Lauren puts plates in. It works.

LAUREN

Thank you.

Mrs. Lucia raises her spoon.

MRS. LUCIA

To family.

They cheer.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROWHOUSE STOOP - LATER

The night is warm and thick. The block is alive. String lights dangle from the railing like Christmas in July. A long folding table groans under the weight of Mrs. Lucia's meatballs, gravy, cannoli, and water ice. Yuengling bottles sweat in a cooler. A portable speaker hums Sinatra. Kids streak past with sparklers. Old men in lawn chairs argue over the Eagles. The air smells of garlic and distant rain.

The Harris family claims the top step. Lauren cradles a red Solo cup. Mark leans toward Big Tony, debating property taxes. Sophie live-streams on her phone. Tyler licks frosting from a cannoli. Mrs. Lucia circulates with a tray. DJ tweaks the playlist. Neighbors drift in and out like it's Sunday mass.

MRS. LUCIA

You eat more. You too skinny.

LAUREN

I'm on my third plate. I surrender.

A kid zips by, writing "GO BIRDS" in the air with a sparkler. Sophie pivots to capture it.

SOPHIE

(to phone)

This beats Jersey fireworks by a mile.

A low rumble of thunder rolls in from the west. The air thickens. Streetlights flicker. The first fat drop hits the table.

DJ

(looking up)

Storm's coming. Block party goes mobile.

Chairs scrape. Tupperware lids snap. Kids haul trays. Mrs. Lucia wraps cannoli in foil like precious relics.

MRS. LUCIA

(to the sky)

No waste. Not on my watch.

Rain starts — fat drops at first, then a downpour. Laughter erupts. People sprint. The family joins the relay. Water races down the curb. The Virgin Mary statue glistens under the streetlight.

MARK

(grabbing a cooler)

Inside. Now.

LAUREN

(standing in the rain)

One more second.

She tilts her face to the sky. Water streams down. She watches porch lights blink on up and down the block. Neighbors wave from doorways. She smiles — real, unguarded, alive.

BIG TONY

(from the doorway)

Move it, Jersey!

They pile in. The door slams. Rain drums the tin awning like applause. The stoop is empty — for now.

INT. ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is packed. Wet shoes squeak on hardwood. Food migrates to every flat surface. Music switches to a phone speaker. Kids spin in circles. Old men claim the couch. Candles wait on the mantel. The air is thick with garlic, sweat, and joy.

MRS. LUCIA

(clapping)

Storm party. Better than sunshine.

Lauren stands by the window, dripping. Mark drapes a towel over her shoulders. She doesn't move.

MARK

(soft)

You good?

LAUREN

(watching rain)

This feels like home.

Sophie twirls with a neighbor girl. Tyler deals cards to two old-timers. DJ scrolls for the perfect track.

DJ

(to Sophie)

You got Philly rhythm, kid.

The lights flicker once — twice — then die. Darkness. A collective gasp. Then laughter. Phone flashlights ignite like fireflies.

BIG TONY

(already moving)

Candles. On it.

He lights a dozen votives. The room glows amber. Shadows dance on cracked plaster. People pull closer. The storm is loud outside — but inside, it's louder.

INT. ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rain lashes the windows. Thunder cracks. Stories flow like gravy.

MRS. LUCIA

(to the kids)

This house stood through the '80 blizzard. Snow to the roof. We cooked on the radiator. House stayed. People stayed.

BIG TONY

(rolling up sleeve)

This scar? Fell off a roof in '92. Ice everywhere. Still finished the job.

DJ

(freestyle softly)

Storm come, storm go, but the block don't break...

Lauren sits on the floor, back against Mark's legs. Sophie curls beside her. Tyler dozes on the couch, cannoli sugar on his cheek.

LAUREN

(quiet, to Mark)

Maybe we stay.

The lights snap back on. Cheers. Music blasts. The room erupts in dance. The storm eases to a drizzle. The front door creaks open. Cool, clean air rushes in.

People spill back onto the stoop — wet steps, but full hearts. The rain has stopped. The air smells like ozone and garlic. The block is one.

MRS. LUCIA

(raising a beer)

Storm over. Party not.

They reclaim the steps. Someone passes Lauren a fresh Yuengling. She clinks bottles with Mrs. Lucia. Sophie films. Tyler wakes up. DJ spins one last track. The block sings — off-key, loud, perfect.

MUSIC CUE: PHILLY SOUL - "AIN'T NO STOPPIN' US NOW" - FULL BLOCK SING-ALONG

The camera pulls back. The rowhouse glows. The Virgin Mary statue drips. The Harris family is in the middle of it all — soaked, laughing, home.

FADE
OUT.

END OF ACT

ACT THREE

INT. ROWHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is quiet. Moonlight filters through lace curtains. A single lamp glows on the coffee table. The air smells of leftover gravy and candle wax. Boxes are stacked neatly in the corner. Labeled "KEEP", "SELL", "DONATE". A "FOR SALE" sign leans against the wall like a ghost.

Lauren sits on the floor, back against the couch. She holds a yellowed envelope. Old, creased, addressed in faded ink: "To the next family". Her fingers tremble as she opens it. Inside: a handwritten letter and a photo of a young couple in front of the rowhouse, 1952. The woman holds a baby. The man holds a hammer.

She unfolds the letter. Reads aloud. Voice soft, cracking.

LAUREN

(reading)

To whoever lives here next. This house is more than brick and plaster. It is birthdays. Baptisms. Funerals. It is the night my wife went into labor on the stoop. It is the day we buried my father in the backyard. Just for a minute, till the ambulance came. It is home. Not a flip. Not a profit. Home. Keep it alive. Salvatore and Rosa Moretti, 1952.

A tear falls on the paper. She wipes it away. Mark enters from the kitchen, holding two mugs of tea. He sees the letter. Sits beside her.

MARK

(soft)

You okay?

LAUREN

(still reading)

They knew. They knew someone like me would come.
With a clipboard. And a plan. And a profit margin.

She hands him the photo. He studies it. The couple's eyes. Hopeful, tired, proud.

MARK

They look like us.

Sophie creeps down the stairs in pajamas, phone flashlight on. She sees them. Sits on the bottom step.

SOPHIE

(whisper)

Can't sleep. Too quiet.

Tyler follows, dragging a blanket. He flops on the rug.

TYLER

I miss the rats.

Lauren laughs through tears. She pulls them close.

LAUREN

We found something. Behind the fireplace.

She shows them the letter. Sophie reads over her shoulder. Tyler traces the photo with a sticky finger.

SOPHIE

(soft)

They had a baby here?

TYLER

Can we name the next rat Salvatore?

A knock. The front door creaks open. Mrs. Lucia enters in a robe and slippers, holding a casserole dish. She sees the letter. Freezes.

MRS. LUCIA

(voice cracking)

Rosa. My sister.

She sits heavily on the couch. Lauren hands her the letter. Mrs. Lucia reads. Tears fall.

MRS. LUCIA

(to Lauren)

She wrote this when Sal died. Said, "The house needs a family. Not a buyer." I thought it was lost.

Big Tony appears in the doorway, toolbox in hand. DJ behind him with a six-pack. They see the scene. Enter quietly.

BIG TONY

(soft)

I was fixin' the loose step. Heard voices.

DJ

Brought beer. For the ghosts.

More neighbors trickle in: Old Man Frank with cookies, Little Maria with a drawing, Father Mike with a rosary. The living room fills. Silent, reverent.

Lauren stands. Holds the letter up.

LAUREN

We're not selling.

A beat. Then. Cheers. Mrs. Lucia hugs her. Big Tony claps Mark on the back. Sophie jumps. Tyler yells "YES!"

DJ

(grinning)

Block meeting. Now.

He pulls out his phone. Texts fly. Within minutes, the room is packed. Folding chairs. Card tables. Food appears. The "FOR SALE" sign is turned around. Someone writes "HOME" in Sharpie.

Mrs. Lucia stands on the coffee table. Wobbly, but fierce.

MRS. LUCIA

We sign a petition. We keep the Harrises. We keep the house. We keep the soul.

A clipboard circulates. Signatures. Hearts. A kid draws a stick-figure family on the petition. Sophie films.

SOPHIE

(to camera)

We're staying. Philly wins.

Big Tony opens his toolbox. Pulls out a small wooden plaque. Hand-carved: "THE HARRIS FAMILY - EST. 2025"

BIG TONY

For the stoop. Tomorrow. I hang it.

Mark takes it. Runs a thumb over the letters. Eyes wet.

MARK

Thank you.

DJ starts a chant: "Stay! Stay! Stay!" The room joins. Louder. Louder. The walls shake. Not from thunder, but from love.

Father Mike raises his rosary.

FATHER MIKE

Let us pray. For this house. For this family. For this block.

Heads bow. A moment of silence. Then. A CRACK. The fireplace panel falls open. A small metal box tumbles out. Everyone gasps.

Tyler dives for it. Opens it. Inside: a tiny silver key and a folded note. "For the garden gate. Plant something that grows."

TYLER

Cool! A treasure!

Lauren takes the key. Turns it over. Looks at Mark.

LAUREN

We plant tomatoes.

Mrs. Lucia nods. Tears and pride.

MRS. LUCIA

Every year. We eat. We remember.

DJ plugs in his speaker. "Sweet Caroline" starts. The room erupts. Old Man Frank grabs Sophie. Big Tony spins Mrs. Lucia. Father Mike does the twist. Lauren and Mark dance. Slow, close, real.

The camera pulls back through the window. The rowhouse glows. The Virgin Mary statue smiles. The "FOR SALE" sign lies on the ground. Covered in footprints.

MUSIC CUE: PHILLY SOUL - "SWEET CAROLINE" - FULL BLOCK SING-ALONG, JOYFUL FINALE

The block is one. The house is home. The storm is over. Inside and out.

MUSIC CUE: UPBEAT PHILLY BEAT - JOYFUL FINALE

"SWEET CAROLINE" (Neil Diamond) - FULL BLOCK SING-ALONG

Where it began, I can't begin to knowing
But then I know it's growing strong
Was in the spring, and spring became the summer
Who'd have believed you'd come along

Hands, touching hands
Reaching out, touching me, touching you

Sweet Caroline
Good times never seemed so good
I've been inclined
To believe they never would

But now I... look at the night
And it don't seem so lonely
We filled it up with only two
And when I hurt, hurting runs off my shoulders
How can I hurt when holding you

Warm, touching warm
Reaching out, touching me, touching you

**Sweet Caroline
Good times never seemed so good
I've been inclined
To believe they never would
Oh no no**

**Sweet Caroline
Good times never seemed so good
Sweet Caroline
I believe they never could
Sweet Caroline...**

The camera pulls back through the window. The rowhouse glows. The Virgin Mary statue smiles. The "FOR SALE" sign lies on the ground. Covered in footprints. The block is one. The house is home. The storm is over. Inside and out.

**FADE
OUT.**

END OF ACT

END OF PILOT