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48 HOURS TIL MONDAY

“Pilot”

Written by
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ACT ONE

EXT. IKEA - ESTABLISHING - FRIDAY, 6:02 PM

Chyron: IKEA, Friday, 6:02 PM

A cell phone rings as the camera pans across the expansive parking lot, landing on CHARLIE BISHOP, 40, an energetic, over committed yet blindly confident father, in a work suit, struggling to lift an enormous, heavy, box, onto the roof of his mid-sized sedan. His phone stops ringing and he's relieved. It starts ringing again. It's his wife, Kelly. They love each other but her timing could not be worse right now. He answers, struggling to keep the box from crashing down.

CHARLIE

What up! Can I call you right back?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. COPY SHOP - SIMULTANEOUS

KELLY BISHOP, 40, a warm, excitable, beauty, (in the vein of Amy Adams) approaches the counter while talking to Charlie.

KELLY

Of course! Just hold on one second-

Kelly hands a receipt to the COPY GIRL behind the counter. Charlie overhears her conversation, dying in pain.

CHARLIE

Kelly?

KELLY

(to copy girl, friendly)
Hi, I'm picking up carnival mailers for Lincoln
Elementary. Wait, can I just say, you have the cutest dimple. I just want to put my finger in it. I won't but--

Kelly?

Kelly!

KELLY (CONT'D)

(to Charlie)

Call me back! Just quickly, you got out of work on time? Ikea has the bed for Elizabeth? All good?

The Copy Shop girl puts a box on the counter. Kelly grabs it. The Copy Shop girl indicates there's still more.

CHARLIE

All good! Call you right back.

KELLY

Go! Go! Just remember to text me a picture before you buy it to make sure it's the right one

CHARLIE

Already bought it! Gotta hop.

KELLY

(a little worried)

Oh. Okay. And you're sure it's the right one?

Kelly eyes the growing number of boxes on the counter warily.

CHARLIE

I am sure.

KELLY

The Flurnburg?

CHARLIE

I, uh, actually upgraded to the Flurnborg. Thing is pimped out! Built in bookshelves... that's the only difference. But it's nice.

KELLY

And it's not too much for you to assemble with Elizabeth?

CHARLIE

(grunting from weight)

Babe, when have I ever taken on more than I can handle?

Kelly's look says, "always," but says nothing, bemused.

KELLY

Okay, well, please ask someone to help you put it on your car. The last thing I need is for you to get hurt this weekend--

CHARLIE

(sing songy, hanging up)

I love you, goodbye.

Charlie confidently gives one final push but his legs are shot and he slowly sinks out of frame under the box's weight.

EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - FRIDAY, 6:37 PM

A small, Spanish bungalow with a giant tree sitting dangerously close to the root-cracked driveway. Charlie struggles to push the box up the walkway. His phone dings and he sees dreaded red "!" of an urgent work email. He angrily mutters to himself, and checks it.

MAC (O.S.)
Daddy's home!

Charlie looks up just as, MAC, 5, feral, naked, holding a beer, launches off the front porch, towards Charlie. Charlie deftly catches Mac and the beer while not dropping the box.

CHARLIE
Mac attack! Naked with a beer. Why?

MAC
I'M YOU! DRINK IT!

GEORGE, 7, perfect, ignored middle child, appears.

GEORGE
Daddy! What's in the box? Is it for me because I got hundreds on all my tests? Is it? Daddy? Is it?--

Before Charlie can respond, ELIZABETH, 9, angelic looking, appears, excitedly pushing something towards Charlie's face.

ELIZABETH
Daddy, look at this dead bird! You can see its blood!

CHARLIE
(re: bird, recoiling)
Ah! What are you doing with that?
Where are your grandparents?

Just then, LOUISE MCGILL, 64 and DOUG MCGILL 65, approach the house drinking Slurpees. Louise tosses a cigarette, busted.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You left the kids alone to go to the minimart?!

DOUG
(long beat, then)
No?

LOUISE
Relax! We never would have gone if we knew you'd get home before us.

ELIZABETH
George, Birdy wants to kiss you.

GEORGE
Elizabeth, stop! I'll get rabies!

The kids start fighting. Mac pounds on the box.

CHARLIE
Guys! C'mon! No fighting in public!

Charlie struggles to separate his kids while not letting the box tip over. The mayhem is cut off by a loud car honk. It's Kelly in her minivan, filled with the boxes from the copy shop, smiling broadly. Everyone freezes.

KELLY
You're home! Thank god!

Kelly swings into the driveway and...

CHARLIE
Let the weekend begin!

...distracted by Charlie, her minivan hits the tree that hugs the driveway. CRASH! Charlie abandons the Flurnborg box as everyone runs to her. Kelly's more frustrated than injured.

KELLY
I'm okay, I'm okay!

Charlie's phone starts to ding with more work emails. Behind him the box tips over. He turns and helplessly watches it explode on the ground. Over his shoulder the airbag deploys and hits Kelly in the face. Off Charlie's stunned look.

TITLE CARD: 48 HOURS TIL MONDAY. The 48 flips to 47:59:59...47:59:58...47:59:57 and the countdown's begun.

END COLD OPEN

EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - LATER

Charlie pops the dented fender back into place as Kelly, who has tissue in her nose, attacks the tree.

KELLY
I'm done! I'm done! I. Am. Done!
With this stupid tree!

CHARLIE
Kel, check it out. I just totally
popped your fender back on!
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 Kids come check this out!

KELLY
 Thank you, but if that tree is
 still here Monday morning I am
 going to blow my brains out.

CHARLIE
 Kids, stay inside!

KELLY
 (re: tree)
 You promised me you'd take it down
 when we moved in.

Charlie puts his hand on Kelly's butt.

CHARLIE
 Just like I promised to never let
 the fire go out...

KELLY
 We moved in eight years ago. I've
 hit this tree three times.

CHARLIE
 I thought maybe you wanted to knock
 it over with your giant space car.

KELLY
 Look, I know you're at work all
 week and I love that you just want
 weekends to be Family bonding time--

CHARLIE
 (correcting)
 "48 Hour Funtaculars." This weekend
 is "The Poseidan Bedventure: a
 father's journey into the mind of
 his weird daughter."

KELLY
 Right. But, I can't keep worrying
 about this tree. I have a million
 carnival mailers to "tri-fold".
 Candace says the lice spray we use
 causes breast buds! Mac still can't
 read! My parents are never gonna
 move out because my Dad's back
 isn't getting any better!!

As Kelly spins, Charlie wraps her in a hug.

CHARLIE

Yes, yes, but... at least I popped your fender back on. I don't feel we properly celebrated that.

The fender crashes to the ground.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Okay, so, I'm going to build the bed and deal with the tree this weekend. For you. And my constant desire to make you happy and see you naked.

He waggles his eyebrows suggestively. Kelly kisses him.

KELLY

Thank you! Happy Friday!

CHARLIE

Happy Friday. Just, I didn't get a firm answer on my--

Charlie waggles his eyebrows again. Kelly waggles her eyebrows in response. The moment is interrupted by a loud crash from inside the house. They turn to the front door.

KELLY

Let's do this bitch.

They take a deep breath and enter the mayhem together.

INT. DOUG AND LOUISE'S ROOM - LATER

This was Elizabeth's room before Doug and Louise moved in. Which means it's a girl's room full of pill bottles. Doug grunts out back exercises in his underpants on the pink rug. Louise enters in a bathrobe, with wet hair. She notices Doug.

LOUISE

Ah, the golden years.

They chuckle. She lights a cigarette by the open window.

DOUG

Get dressed, we're going to the minimart.

LOUISE

Again? You have to either stop eating yogurt or learn to poop in your son-in-law's house.

DOUG

I can't! I'm not comfortable here.
No one talks to me unless they need
me to do something for them.

LOUISE

How is that any different than when
we had our own house?

DOUG

It's not. I just knew where the
hiding spots were.

LOUISE

Try the bathroom.

Charlie knocks and enters. Louise waves the smoke away like a
busted teen. Doug covers his naked chest self consciously.

CHARLIE

Doug, you're a gardener, right?

LOUISE

Oh, he loves it! Please ask him
about it. The minimart is so far.

DOUG

I do! The thing I miss most about
my old house is getting my hands
dirty and communing with nature!

CHARLIE

Perfect! Could you look into
chopping down the tree out front?

DOUG

You want to kill a 300 year old
oak?! Chumash Indian children swung
from its branches.

LOUISE

Oh, just kill the damn thing,
Squanto.

CHARLIE

I'd do it. But you saw Elizabeth
and the dead bird. She's been
acting like a L'il sociopath
lately.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

WHAT?! ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT ME?!

Charlie shuts the door.

CHARLIE

She throws up this Wall of Doom whenever Kelly or I ask her what's wrong. I'm hoping that if we spend the day assembling her new bed together she'll open up.

DOUG

Well, you don't have to worry about the tree. The city prohibits taking down an oak... and now we know why.

CHARLIE

Wait, nothing can be done about it? This should go over well.
(yelling to Kelly)
Hey, Kel, your dad says the tree can't come down. City law. Sorry.

KELLY

NOOOO!

Charlie exits then turns back to Doug, remembering something.

CHARLIE

Oh, Doug. If I don't get to it, could you look at the sprinklers? Water's hitting the fence and it's starting to rot. You the man!

Charlie exits. Doug stares at Louise.

LOUISE

Alright, alright, I'll get dressed.

INT. GEORGE AND ELIZABETH'S ROOM - LATER

George is perched like an angel in the immaculately made top bunk of his immaculately clean room. Charlie tucks him in.

CHARLIE

Don't stay up late reading, K?

George closes his library hardcover of Game of Thrones.

GEORGE

I just finished it. Meh.

CHARLIE

Well, you're still going to explain it to me in the morning.

Charlie kisses George. The camera then follows him down below his loft bed, where Elizabeth sleeps in a sleeping bag on a bare mattress on the floor. It feels like the descent into a messy Hell. In its center sits Elizabeth, ominously lit by the screen of the iPad. Charlie looks at her hopefully.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What are you watching? Something funny? Taylor Swift video?

She tips the screen so he can see.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, Saw IV. So the iPad is getting taken away forever. You know this isn't allowed! How did you even find it?

(getting absorbed in it)

The quality is amazing.

ELIZABETH

I downloaded it from a bit torrent site. It's so easy. I can show you tomorrow during our special time!

CHARLIE

(considers, then)

No, we're not downloading horror movies during our special time, okay.

(taking a shot)

Why do you even like this stuff? Horror movies, dead birds, blood, your mom and I are concerned.

Confronted directly, Elizabeth's Wall of Doom goes up.

ELIZABETH

Well, that's stupid! People change! I'm growing up! Why do you like beer? Are you an alcoholic like Justin Beiber!

CHARLIE

No. Maybe by Sunday. Depends if I can get to the store.

GEORGE

Dad, why do I have to share my room with such a weirdo?

ELIZABETH

WHY DO I HAVE TO SHARE A ROOM WITH A SACK OF--

Charlie covers her mouth with his hand and shakes his head.

CHARLIE

Yeah, see the attitude and swearing kind of kill my desire to spend any special time with you. Which is a real shame, because I was hoping to build a bed with you tomorrow. Good plan? Are you licking my hand?

Elizabeth's tongue squeezes through his fingers. She cackles wildly. Charlie kisses her cheek then licks it. Payback.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Take that!

GEORGE

No fair! Lick me! Lick me!

Charlie dutifully licks George's face. Mac yells from his room down the hall.

MAC (O.S.)

LICK ME TOO!

Charlie sighs and exits to Mac's room.

EXT. GEORGE AND ELIZABETH'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kelly waits for Charlie, grinning wickedly.

CHARLIE

What?
(realizing)
Are we doing it?

Doug pushes past covering his ears. Louise follows.

DOUG

Lalalalalala--

Doug disappears into his room. Louise stops.

LOUISE

(sotto to Kelly)
Remember, don't say 'no' to your husband unless you have diarrhea.

KELLY

Mom!

DOUG (O.S.)

LALALALALA!

Louise exits to her room. Charlie and Kelly are alone at last! Both their phones immediately ding with emails.

CHARLIE

Whoa, double ding. An invite to a fancy party?... Nope, more work.

Kelly pushes Charlie's phone down, grinning. He likes it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Yes, you take what you want, girl.

KELLY

Candace Ellis poisoned her tree!!

INT. CHARLIE AND KELLY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Charlie sits on the bed. Kelly paces, energized.

KELLY

You told me it was protected so I texted Candace because they used to have an oak tree but don't anymore and she texted back that Craig poisoned it!! Isn't that great?!

CHARLIE

It's... fantastic. That condescending, know-it-all, breaking the law? I'm going to lord it over him until he punches me, then... lawsuit! Cha-ching!

KELLY

You're poisoning our tree tomorrow!

CHARLIE

I'm building the bed with Dr. Frankenstein tomorrow.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

(beyond excited)

I don't want to build the bed anymore. I want to poison the tree!

Reveal Elizabeth standing in the door. Charlie winces.

CHARLIE

What? No? What? Tree? Go back to bed. Or should I say "go back to floor." Where you sleep until tomorrow when we build your bed.

ELIZABETH

Ugh, I just stained the deck. I'm not the Karate Kid!

CHARLIE
 (sudden longing)
 Oh, but you could be--

ELIZABETH
 I want to poison the tree for my
 special time! Can I? Mom?

KELLY
 I dunno, can she?

Charlie's eyes go wide with betrayal. Kelly's oblivious.

ELIZABETH
 Yesyesyesyesyesyes--

CHARLIE
 Elizabeth, give us a moment, K?

ELIZABETH
 No.

Charlie shuts the door in her face.

CHARLIE
 See, this is why I don't like
 adding stuff to my weekend plans. I
 have it all carefully planned out:
 a breakfast of treats, family bike
 ride, build a bed, (waggles
 eyebrows)... Doing just one
 unplanned thing: crap sandwich.

KELLY
 Yes, and doing a hundred unplanned
 things at all times is my life.

CHARLIE
 That's a big sandwich.

KELLY
 Look, I'm not pleased my little
 girl wants to murder a tree with
 you. But this is something you can
 do to make my life easier. And we
 agreed when I stopped working that
 on weekends you come home and--

CHARLIE
 Rock your world.

KELLY
 (tongue in cheek, but...)
 Be my slave. It's a mother's right.

CHARLIE
 (making excuse)
 Sure, but should we even be
 poisoning it? I mean, Chumash
 Indian children swung--

KELLY
 --I will so make it worth your
 while.

CHARLIE
 (without missing a beat)
 Sounds good. When?

KELLY
 Sunday morning. Before church.

CHARLIE
 Sunday morning. During church.

KELLY
 No. We got caught last time.

CHARLIE
 Not at church. Your parents take
 the kids. We stay here.

Kelly nods and extends a hand. Charlie shakes it. Kelly opens
 the door. Elizabeth is there as they left her, excited.

ELIZABETH
 Can I poison the tree?!

CHARLIE
 You bet. I've traded reason for
 pleasure. What could go wrong?

KELLY
 It will be fine, you act like you
 live in a psych ward.

MAC (O.S.)
 HELLO, NOBODY LICKED ME!!!

Off Charlie's look.

CHYRON: 42:34:01...42:34:00... Hours Til Monday.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

KELLY (O.S.)
Okay, Mac, are you ready?

INT. LIVING ROOM - SATURDAY MORNING

Kelly, in PJs and pony tail, sits on the couch, surrounded by mailers, and shows a stack of sight-word flash cards to Mac.

MAC
Ready, woman.

Kelly holds up a flash card to Mac. It reads, "Here."

MAC (CONT'D)
The.

Kelly forces an encouraging smile and holds up: "Was."

MAC (CONT'D)
If.

Another smile, another card: "We."

MAC (CONT'D)
Five.

Louise plops between them with her book. Mac runs off.

LOUISE
Perfect! Take that boy to the park.

KELLY
Mom, no, he has to learn these!
We're not good enough at sports to
be illiterate.

LOUISE
Weekends are for fun. I never
studied with you and you became a
news producer. Local news, and you
quit, but still.

KELLY
I quit because I never saw my
babies. And women like Candace made
being a full time mom look so easy.
(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)

Ponytail swinging at pick up, making snacks that look like animals. But my old job was 50 hours a week. This is all hours a week! I'm constantly crazed, my "co-workers" don't listen, and no janitor magically cleans the bathroom at night.

LOUISE

Which is why on Saturday we unwind and take a bath. Which you know is mom code for day drinking, right?

KELLY

Yes, you told me on my wedding night. It clarified much of my youth. But, I'm fine, now. I just had to vent. I'm relaxed.

There's a knock on the door. Kelly looks out the window and jumps.

KELLY (CONT'D)

(frantic whisper)

Oh god! It's Candace! Hide!

Kelly pulls Mac down out of sight. Louise follows suit. Charlie and Elizabeth enter, unknowingly.

CHARLIE

Jeffry Dahmer and I are going to buy poison--

ELIZABETH

Who?

Kelly frantically waves and points to the door.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Shh! Get down! Hide!

Charlie and Elizabeth do what she says and duck down. CANDACE ELLIS, late 30s, African American, the super mom Kelly described above, and her son EUGENE, 11, confident dork, peer through the window.

CANDACE

Knock knock! Kel? Are you home?

CHARLIE

(whispering)

Why are we hiding from Candace?

KELLY

Because our house looks like a bomb went off and I was supposed to have finished folding these mailers last weekend! We're not home!

ELIZABETH

Eugene is here!

CHARLIE

(amused)

Wait, *Eugene* Eugene? Since when do you like, "The Spaz"?

ELIZABETH

(Annoyed, yelling)

DAD!

Everyone looks at Elizabeth, annoyed she blew their cover!

INT. LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Candace looks around as Kelly self consciously tidies.

CANDACE

I'm so glad you're home! I was going to call, but then I was like, "Gene and I just spent all morning making a billion zucchini muffins, why don't we get off our lazy butts and bike over."

KELLY

Totally. Why call when you can bike? Basically our family motto.

CANDACE

Well, anyway, we came to invite Charlie over so Craig can teach him how to poison the tree.

CHARLIE

Oh, really, wow. A Saturday listening to Craig explain something to me, thank you, but--

CANDACE

--But, on the way I was like, well he wants to be with his family.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I do. Am I the last true family man? Maybe?

CANDACE

--So why not just invite all of you swimming? Your parents too. I'm sure you put them to work all week!

DOUG

Thank you!

ELIZABETH

Daddy, I want to go! We can poison the tree later. Please.

CHARLIE

Elizabeth, no, we have--

LOUISE

We'd love to! It's so important to have fun on weekends.

The kids cheer. Charlie and Kelly stare daggers at Louise.

EXT. ELLIS' HOUSE - FRONT YARD - A LITTLE LATER

The Ellises live in a moderately nicer, two-story home. Charlie sighs and watches Elizabeth run inside with Eugene. He then forces a smile and waves to DR. CRAIG ELLIS, 40s, African American, serious, infuriatingly better than you. He approaches wiping car grease from his hand.

CHARLIE

(pushing)

Yes! There he is! The doctor is in! You changing oil? That Lexus probably wants some 0W-20, right?

CRAIG

Yes, but, I'm actually restoring a 1983 Camaro with my boys. We're going to sell it and give the money to Lupus charities.

CHARLIE

(I tried)

Cool.

(changing course)

George, you see Cameron?

George sprints to CAMERON ELLIS, 7, his best friend, wraps him in a huge hug and makes silly faces, nose-to-nose. Charlie gets self conscious of the hug as Craig watches them.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Nothing like that boyhood best
friend, right? Mine became a drug
addict up in the Sierra Nevadas...

CRAIG
The boys call that, "huggies."

CHARLIE
Huggies. Fun. Okay, Georgie, that's
good. This is a quick trip. Super
quick.

CRAIG
No, no. Let them hug. As fathers we
can't take the easy path and shame
our young men for showing affection
towards one another.

Charlie rolls his eyes, but holds his tongue.

CHARLIE
Yeah, no, totally. I just thought
maybe you were uncomfortable.

CRAIG
No. They give me hope for everyone.
(beat)
That's kissies.

CHARLIE
Love it.

Charlie's phone dings. He checks it.

CRAIG
I've found turning mine off on
weekends lets me be more present.

Charlie fumes. This guy sucks so hard.

INT. ELLIS' BATHROOM - LATER

Louise pulls Doug into a hallway bathroom and shuts the door.

DOUG
I don't need to change! I'm wearing
a bathing suit as underpants.

LOUISE
You're not going swimming. I'm
tired of going to the minimart.
(MORE)

LOUISE (CONT'D)
 You can learn "to go" in places
 you're not comfortable in right
 now!

Louise tries to exit, but the door's warped. They're trapped.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
 It's warped. It won't open.

INT. ELLIS' BACK YARD - LATER

Mac, George and Elizabeth attack the impressive spread of
 "snacks that look like animals" Candace has put out in this
 tidy backyard with a kidney shaped pool.

KELLY
 Kids, kids! Manners, please.

MAC
 We're starving, woman! No one made
 us breakfast! Jeez!

Kelly grimaces. Candace waves it off.

CANDACE
 Oh! Did you hear room 18 has lice?
 Again. And they still haven't found
 out who it was last time.

KELLY
 (nervous)
 Really. That's crazy.

CANDACE
 Right? Oh, before I forget--

Candace turns to pick some papers off a counter. Kelly
 quickly scans Mac's hair. Candace hands Kelly the papers.

CANDACE (CONT'D)
 I put together some study materials
 for Mac. I know he's been
 struggling a little bit.

Kelly looks at the papers, then at her kids desecrating the
 chip bowl as Candace's kids calmly take healthier options.

KELLY
 Candace, I don't get it. We both
 have three kids, stopped working--

CANDACE

Oh! I just started back part time at my old job. Just to keep busy.

KELLY

Exactly! You make everything look so easy while I run around like a chicken with my head cut off? How?

CANDACE

Oh, have I not told you my secret?

Candace looks around, and pulls a small, tinfoil wrapped piece of chocolate out of her purse. Kelly opens it.

KELLY

Chocolate?

CANDACE

Not just "chocolate." That's the good stuff.

KELLY

The good stuff?

CANDACE

No. The gooooood stuff.

KELLY

Like that fancy chocolate that tastes like dirt?

Candace looks at her like, "you're going to make me say it?"

KELLY (CONT'D)

Wait. Oh. Oh my god!
(getting it)
The gooooood stuff.

CANDACE

One tiny piece tunes out the nonsense: Which minivan is safest? Harvard only has a 5% admission rate! Why am I sometimes attracted to Asian women?
(deep breath)

You stop worrying and start doing.

She offers the chocolate to Kelly, who's tempted but...

KELLY

Oh, I dunno. At least with wine I know my limit. Eight.

CANDACE

Oh well. More for me.

Candace pops a piece in her mouth and looks orgasmic.

INT. ELLIS GARAGE - LATER

Charlie zones out, watching the clock as Craig slowly walks him through the tree poisoning process with a syringe.

CRAIG

And finally you inject the poison, slowly, slowly, slowly... ever so slowly, into the tree. Now, do you want to repeat all that back.

CHARLIE

Huh? What? Nope! Got it. Thanks!

Charlie grabs the box of poison and materials and bolts.

INT. ELLIS LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Elizabeth and Eugene giggle and lick the organs of a plastic medical model torso. Rack focus to Charlie, staring, worried, "WTF?" Craig is behind him, unconcerned.

CHARLIE

Okay, Elizabeth, let's go kill the tree.

(to self)

...and have a chat!

ELIZABETH

We just got here!

CRAIG

Wait, Elizabeth can't help you. Oh, no, no, no. The chemicals are far too dangerous for a child.

CHARLIE

(covering)

Yeah, no, I'm going to use gloves, masks, garbage bag ponchos, I'm like the king of safety.

CRAIG

And I'm like a doctor. It's too dangerous.

CHARLIE

(beat)

Dude, I'm kidding! "I kid, I kid."
But never with my "kids" safety.
I'm doing it by myself.

CRAIG

Oh good! Because I was like, this
idiot's crazy!

Charlie forces a smile, stoically taking this on the chin.

ELIZABETH

Dad, you promised I could kill it!

CHARLIE

I know. But we still have the bed
and, let's be honest, wanting to
kill a tree is weird.

ELIZABETH

(stung and embarrassed)

I'm not weird!

CHARLIE

I didn't say you were--

Elizabeth storms out. Charlie follows, "here we go..."

INT. ELLIS LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Candace and Kelly listen to George play and sing Imagine
Dragon's "Radioactive," on the piano.

KELLY

(amazed)

George, that's beautiful. How did
you learn it?

GEORGE

I taught myself. Is that okay?

CANDACE

(lamenting)

Typical perfect second child,
drowned out by the squeaky wheels.

KELLY

(sheepish)

Oh, Georgie's not drowned out--

As Kelly goes to hug George, Elizabeth runs in followed by
Charlie who makes a desperate "lets wrap this up" signal.

ELIZABETH

Ugh! No one wants to hear this dumb song, George.

George effortlessly changes to Maple Leaf Rag. Charlie hugs and tickles Elizabeth, who struggles not to laugh.

KELLY

What's going on?

CHARLIE

(self conscious)

It's all good. Just loving Elizabeth up.

(to Elizabeth)

See, you can't be mad when you're laughing. Think of a monkey picking its butt. Classic, still gets me.

ELIZABETH

(fighting it)

Dad! Stop! What's your problem?

Elizabeth finally laughs then... FARTS. Loudly. The room goes silent. Then, George and Eugene laugh. Elizabeth's mortified.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Ugh! I hate you! F---!

EXT. ELLIS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A loud "BLEEP" covers Elizabeth's word. A flock of startled birds flies out of a tree.

RETURN TO SCENE

The shocked silence over Elizabeth's swear is broken as Doug and Louise burst out of the bathroom and break a vase. Mac runs in naked, laughing hysterically, holding a cigarette.

MAC

I'M GRAMMY!

CHARLIE

Hey, thank you, guys. This was great. But we're going to go.

Kelly, horrified, takes the chocolate from Candace.

CHYRON: 25:52:34... 25:52:33 Hours Til Monday.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly talks to Elizabeth as Charlie looks for soap.

ELIZABETH

You're washing my mouth out with soap!? You always say you're gonna do it but you never actually do!

KELLY

Well, today's the day! I don't know what's going on with you, but it stops now! We are taking the soap and washing it away until I find my nice little daughter in there!

CHARLIE

(hushed sidebar)

Hey, we're out of soap. Did you not get to the store this week?

KELLY

Did you not get to the store this week?

CHARLIE

Fair enough. What about Soft soap?

(reading)

Kiwi spice? Will that taste too good? It smells like Heaven.

Charlie sneaks a little taste and immediately gags.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Oh God! That's awful! I'm dying!
Who would do this to a child?

INT. GEORGE AND ELIZABETH'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Charlie rubs ice on his tongue. Kelly hands Elizabeth a quart of plain yogurt. "Doug's Yogurt. Mitts off" is written on it.

KELLY

Eat this. It's all we have that's gross but wont kill you.

DOUG (O.S.)

That's my yogurt!

LOUISE (O.S.)
It's fine! You can have it!

CHARLIE
You can come out when you finish it
or turn 30. Whichever takes longer.

Elizabeth starts to protest. Charlie shuts the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CHARLIE
(defeated)
So, now what? She's grounded. Which
we had to do, but we're not getting
her to open up about jack.

KELLY
Maybe tomorrow, right when she
wakes up and is groggy? That's how
you got her to admit she threw your
phone away.

CHARLIE
I guess. Well, at least the boys
have soccer. Imma go unload my
anger on some parents I don't know.

KELLY
Oh! And you still get to kill the
tree tonight. I often feel like I
want to kill something!

They kiss. Charlie heads out with Mac and George. George's
uniform perfectly pressed, Mac wears a cleat and a flip flop.

INT. MAC'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kelly runs flash cards with Mac. She holds up: "See."

MAC
Cow. No...

Kelly sits up with hope mouthing the word.

MAC (CONT'D)
Can.

Kelly smiles wearily and kisses him goodnight.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Kelly eyes the mailers, the flash cards, and Doug doing back exercises. She looks at the chocolate, deliberating.

LOUISE

As your mom, I can't let you do that... without trying it first.

Louise takes it and pops a big piece her mouth.

KELLY

Mom!

LOUISE

Please, I lived on diet pills from '82 to '85. You're a worrier like your father. But, that's a good thing. I never worried about anything and now I have no money and live in my granddaughter's bedroom.

KELLY

Yeah, but so does dad.

DOUG (O.S.)

You think I had a say in anything ever?

They laugh. Kelly takes the chocolate.

KELLY

Knowing me, it won't even work.

EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - NIGHT - TREE

Kelly, very stoned, hugs and caresses Louise's face.

KELLY

Mom, I love you.

LOUISE

Oh, I love you too, sweetie.

KELLY

And you're right. I just need to chill. Mac will learn to read and dad's gonna find a job when his back's better. And you'll be able to afford your own house again.

LOUISE
 Okay, okay, not everyone in town
 needs to know my business--

KELLY
 (proclaiming)
 I LOVE MY HOMELESS MOM!
 (then, ala PSI)
 Opa, Kelly style!

Kelly laughs and dances like PSI. Widen to Reveal Charlie and Doug in trash bags for protection from the poison.

CHARLIE
 Just a quick reminder that we are
 committing a criminal act, so
 quiet's appreciated. Doug would you
 mind holding the flashlight?

Charlie takes the flashlight from Kelly and hands it to Doug. Doug, annoyed, shines it in Charlie's face. Charlie grimaces.

DOUG
 (not sorry)
 Oops. Sorry.

KELLY
 WAIT!

CHARLIE
 What? What is it?
 ("Police?")
 Po-po?

Kelly grabs the flashlight and frantically shines it on Charlie's head. She's looking for something. She finds it.

KELLY
 F---!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Another flock of birds is startled from a tree.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Everyone's there. Kelly's now paranoid.

KELLY
 Okay, we all have lice. The Lice
 Whisperer is on her way over.
 She'll be in my house.
 (MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)

Which means, I have to clean! So take your buggy heads outside and kill that tree.

CHARLIE

Craig says it's too dangerous for kids to be near.

DOUG

It will be fine. I'll help.

(haunted)

I've done it before. I was young, she was a barren avocado tree--

ELIZABETH

Can I help too? Or do I have to go back to my room?

Kelly lovingly pulls Elizabeth to her.

KELLY

She's done her time right?

CHARLIE

I dunno, we always try and punish her but then cave--

Kelly looks in Elizabeth's hair.

KELLY

Oh god! They're everywhere. Go! Go! We might have to move!

Elizabeth smiles and tentatively takes Charlie's hand, remorseful. It's a tender moment. Charlie melts.

CHARLIE

We're still gonna build the bed and have a little chat tomorrow, K?

ELIZABETH

Okay. But I also have a huge science report I didn't tell you about and I haven't started.

Off Charlie's look.

EXT. BISHOP HOUSE

The family stands back for safety reasons. Charlie and Doug are at the tree.

DOUG
Can we at least say a few words?

CHARLIE
Yes. Good idea.
(pomp and circumstance)
Dumb tree, by killing you tonight I
am snatching this weekend from the
jaws of madness that so greedily
devour even my simplest of plans --

DOUG
--I was thinking more kind words,
for the tree, who provided beauty--

CHARLIE
(starting chant)
Kill the tree, kill the tree...

The family picks up the chant. Charlie raises the syringe.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
With this, I send you to Hell!

Charlie's phone dings with an email. He grimaces, but decides not to check it. Just then, the Lice Whisperer's car whips into the driveway and hits him. His family yells.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I'm OK. I just think everything's
broken.

The syringe lands in his shoulder. The family yells louder.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SUNDAY EARLY EVENING

We hear the clicking stopwatch from "60 Minutes."

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Well, 60 Minutes is on. The weekend
is officially over. Another 48
hours of family time successfully
flushed down the toilet.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SUNDAY EARLY EVENING

Charlie lies in bed, bandaged. Kelly holds his hand.

KELLY
You know you're a great father
right?

CHARLIE

I wish I was. But it's impossible
to be the dad I want to be.

As if on cue, Charlie's phone dings. He gestures, "case in
point!"

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Worse, my dad always worked. Each
weekend he'd say we'd do something,
but something would come up and it
was two days of me watching TV
alone.

KELLY

That sounds like... a dream.

CHARLIE

Yeah, now it does! Back then it
sucked. And I promised myself when
I grew up and married Markie Post--

KELLY

-- You'd be the dad who makes
weekends count. And you do. In
every possible way. No one expects
perfection. I mean, I can't speak
for Markie Post, but I never
pictured myself as the mom who
would get high and maybe...
(not easy to admit)
...imagine her family has lice.

Charlie digests this, realizing all that it means.

CHARLIE

We don't have lice?

KELLY

("forgive me?")
You married a crazy person.

CHARLIE

("If you forgive me.")
Well, at least we have each other.

They kiss... and kiss... and Elizabeth charges into the room.

ELIZABETH

Guys! An old woman just pooped
herself to death in the E.R.!
(seeing her father)
Oh, Daddy! Are you okay? Can I see?
(MORE)

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Like under the bandages? Is it
gross? Can I touch it?

Elizabeth grabs his bandaged arm. Charlie winces.

CHARLIE
(annoyed)
Elizabeth...
(has a thought)
Yes. You can see.

KELLY
What?

Charlie starts to unwrap his arm, then stops.

CHARLIE
But, first you have to tell us
what's going with you. No Wall of
Doom. No swearing. Just talk.

ELIZABETH
(debating)
How gross is your arm?

CHARLIE
The nurse puked.

ELIZABETH
(beat, then admitting)
Fine. I want to be a doctor.

CHARLIE
(great, but confused)
Okay.

ELIZABETH
Like Eugene's dad. Who has a pool.

CHARLIE
(less great)
Okay.

ELIZABETH
He says medicine needs more smart
kids like me and Eugene. But you
see a lot of gross, scary stuff, so
Eugene and I are training by
looking at as much gross and scary
stuff as possible.

KELLY
Wait, that's why you've been acting
crazy? Why wouldn't you tell us?

ELIZABETH

(starting to cry)

Because Daddy hates Dr. Ellis, and you both call Eugene "a spaz" and I thought if I told you, you'd hate me too!!!

CHARLIE

What? That's ridiculous.

KELLY

We could never hate you.

Charlie hugs Elizabeth, which causes him considerable pain. Mac bursts in naked, wearing Doug's glasses and cackling.

MAC

I'M GRAMPS!!!

KELLY

Where the... are my parents?!

LOUISE

We're here, we're here. George wanted a nurse to show him how to make his bed better.

Charlie and Kelly share a look, "We don't deserve him."

LOUISE (CONT'D)

Oh, and check this out.

Louise holds the flashcard "when" to Mac, still in glasses.

MAC

When.

Kelly can't believe it. Card: "Have"

MAC (CONT'D)

Have.

DOUG

He's not "slow." He needs glasses.

Kelly scoops Mac into her arms, overjoyed.

KELLY

Oh my god! My baby isn't illiterate. He's just blind!
(then, worried)
Wait, is that worse?

LOUISE

It's fine. Relax, take a bath, everything figures itself out.

MAC
 (through glasses)
 MOM! YOU'RE SO UGLY!

Mac cackles. Kelly laughs and hugs and kisses him.

CHARLIE
 (to Doug and Louise)
 Guys, I can't believe you figured
 that out. Seriously, thank god
 you're around.

LOUISE
 (to Doug, hushed)
 Happy? They appreciate our
 presence. You're walking to the
 minimart by yourself from now on.

Doug Grimaces.

INT. BISHOP KITCHEN - MONDAY MORNING

Charlie, dressed for work, taps away on his laptop at the kitchen island. Kelly enters and drapes her arms around him.

CHARLIE
 Hold on, I need to finish this work
 so I can go to work and be allowed
 to do more work next weekend.

KELLY
 Are you sure you're okay to go in?
 I was kinda hoping you'd take a
 sick day for once. I'll make it
 worth your while--

Charlie slams his computer shut and pulls Kelly to the bedroom. As he passes a window he notices George outside drilling 3-pointers by himself. Charlie's face falls.

EXT. BISHOP HOUSE - BACK YARD - A LITTLE LATER

Charlie and George are in the middle of an intense game of one-on-one. George is beaming: finally, some attention!

CHARLIE
 When did you get better than me?

GEORGE
 I was born better than you, fool!

George legit steals the ball and buries a shot.

CHARLIE
Foul! Charging!

Charlie throws himself against the rotting fence, which immediately collapses into the neighbor's yard. Everyone runs outside. Charlie looks at them dazed, puzzled by life.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
I will deal with that next weekend.

END OF PILOT