

Chev & Bev

Pilot

Written by

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January 22, 2015

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COLD OPEN**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

CHEVY PETERSON, silver-haired and upbeat, settles in at a table with his coffee and a laptop. As he types:

CHEVY V.O.  
Memoirs of a Grandpa.

He nods at the sentence, proud.

CHEVY  
That's a good start.

He reaches for his coffee and fumbles it across the laptop, spilling coffee everywhere.

CHEVY (CONT'D)  
Son of a--

**INT. RV - DAY**

CHYRON: One week ago.

Chevy drives a luxury RV on a scenic road. He looks over at his beautiful wife of 30 years, BEVERLY, the sun behind her - backlit like an angel.

CHEVY V.O.  
I like to think my life started  
when I met Beverly. We were  
sixteen when our stars collided...

**EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - 1964**

Grainy film of a high school football player sprinting for the endzone.

ANNOUNCER  
Peterson is open! Ball is high!

The player looks into the air as he runs, then drifts off the field and SMASHES INTO A CHEERLEADER!

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Ohhh.

**LATER:**

The cheerleader is being carted off the field by medics. She gives the crowd a thumbs-up and they cheer.

CHEVY V.O.  
 I fell in love that night. I think  
 Bev might've, too, if her brain  
 hadn't been so badly bruised.

**A SERIES OF PHOTOS ARE PLACED INTO A BOX:**

- Chevy and Beverly as newlyweds.

CHEVY V.O.  
 We got married and had two  
 daughters.

- Chevy and Beverly holding a baby, looking thrilled.

CHEVY V.O. (CONT'D)  
 One on purpose, one from a Jackson  
 Browne concert.

- Chevy and Beverly holding another baby, looking  
 overwhelmed.

CHEVY V.O. (CONT'D)  
 Then I starting working six days a  
 week, and Bev had to go it alone.

- Beverly by herself with two little girls, one crying  
 and the other trying to punch her.

A lid is placed onto the box and we PULL BACK to see  
 current-aged CHEVY and BEVERLY standing outside a **STORAGE  
 UNIT** loaded with boxes, the glow of freedom on their  
 faces.

CHEVY V.O. (CONT'D)  
 But finally I retired, and Bev had  
 an amazing idea. Find each other  
 again, by losing everything else.

**EXT. RV LOT - SOON AFTER**

Chevy and Beverly stare up at a luxury RV with an RV  
 DEALER.

BEVERLY  
 (to RV Dealer)  
 The house, the furniture... We got  
 rid of it all. Chev and I are  
 just going to travel and be free.  
 No ties to any place or anyone.

RV DEALER  
 So, no grandkids?

CHEVY

Oh, no, we have three. Taylor,  
Hope and um--

BEVERLY

Elliot.

CHEVY

Right. I was pausing for effect.  
Because he's the best one.

BEVERLY

We love them *all* so much. This  
has a wine cooler?

RV DEALER

It has everything. The Newmar  
Dutch Star is a complete luxury  
coach. You're not just buying a  
lifestyle. You're buying class.

CHEVY

Can they airbrush our faces on it?

RV DEALER

Absolutely.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

CLASSIC ROCK BLASTS as the RV cruises down the freeway, a  
massive portrait of Chevy and Beverly airbrushed on the  
side.

CHEVY V.O.

And it worked.

Music continues over:

- Chevy and Beverly sit outside the RV, watching the sunset.
- Chevy toasts a glass of champagne with Beverly as he drives the RV along PCH.
- Chevy takes a DUI test next to the pulled-over RV.

**EXT. JOSHUA TREE NATIONAL PARK - NIGHT**

Chevy and Beverly cuddle under a blanket, looking up at  
the stars.

CHEVY V.O.

It was like we were sixteen again,  
and the world seemed right.

Beverly's CELLPHONE RINGS. She looks over at it, surprised.

CHEVY V.O. (CONT'D)  
 ...Until the world took our oldest daughter.

SLAM TO BLACK.

**BACK UP ON:**

**INT. RV - (BACK TO PRESENT)**

Chevy looks at Beverly as before, the sun behind her.

CHEVY V.O.  
 That was six months ago, and every day without Sarah has been difficult. But with time, you remember the sun still rises. Life goes on. Just not in the way it did before.

They approach the entrance to a gated community.

BEVERLY  
 Oh, this is it!

CHEVY  
 Anybody else excited?

They look to the back of the RV, where their GRANDKIDS sit. TAYLOR (14), nerdy-handsome, making a coin vanish and reappear in his fingers. HOPE (12), beautiful and smart and a little sullen. ELLIOT (4), ridiculously cute.

HOPE  
 I liked living in Chicago.

BEVERLY  
 Well... Calabasas is the Chicago of the west coast!

CHEVY  
 It's also Spanish for pumpkin.

ELLIOT  
 We're going to live in a pumpkin?!

TAYLOR  
 I can live anywhere. After all, *comfort...* is just a state of mind.

He holds out his hand dramatically. A wet cotton ball sits in it.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

That was supposed to light on fire.

HOPE

It didn't.

Chevy stops at the gates and punches a code into a call box. The gates swing open, revealing an upscale neighborhood. Chevy drives through slowly, soaking it up.

CHEVY

Here we go, guys. Just take it in. New house, new neighborhood. A fresh--

SKREAKKK! The RV jerks to a stop. The gates have closed on the middle of it, wedging it in the entrance.

CHEVY (CONT'D)

Dammit. Gotta--

He jams on the gas, smiling tightly.

BEVERLY

Maybe reverse?

CHEVY

No, no. Then the gate wins.

He revs harder, a little manic. Everybody else squirms.

CHEVY (CONT'D)

(yelling over engine)

Fresh start!

KERANG!! The RV lurches free! They're cruising smoothly again.

CHEVY (CONT'D)

See? This is going to be great!

Beverly nods and waves cheerfully at the neighbors, who have stopped walking their dogs and working in their gardens. They just stare at the passing RV in wide-eyed shock...

OUTSIDE: We see the RV is dragging the gate behind it, leaving a trail of sparks in its wake, as we SMASH TO:

OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE**EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY**

Chevy, Beverly and the kids help MOVERS carry the last of their boxes into their new house, a lovely two-story traditional. Beverly nuzzles up to Chevy, taking it in.

BEVERLY

We can do this, right? You're never too old to raise kids.

Chevy looks at her for a beat, smiling.

CHEVY

What? That's my bad ear.

A mover heads over, removing his gloves.

MOVER

Okay, that's all of it.

BEVERLY

Wonderful. Thank you guys so much. Here's a little extra--

She opens her wallet, but there's only a playing card. She takes it out, bewildered. Taylor passes by--

TAYLOR

Sorry. That was for a trick I was going to do later.

BEVERLY

Where's all my cash?

TAYLOR

Grandpa's water bottle.

Chevy, taking a sip of water, sees the cash floating inside and does a spit take.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

It's called street magic.

CHEVY

That's what it tasted like.

MAN (O.S.)

You must be the new neighbors!

They look to see ANDY and DEBBIE COKER, 40s, charging over from the neighboring house. Andy has his hand extended even though he's still twenty yards away.

DEBBIE  
Debbie and Andy Coker!

ANDY  
The Cokers!

They arrive and he vigorously shakes their hands.

BEVERLY  
Nice to meet you. Beverly,  
Chevy... Our grandson Taylor--

Taylor nods hello as he crosses by with a box.

DEBBIE  
Oh, about the same age as our Dawn!

She motions to a HOT 15 YEAR-OLD GIRL washing a car in their driveway. Taylor trips over his feet and almost goes down, but recovers and scurries towards the house.

Andy leans closer to them, dropping the volume:

ANDY  
The, um, realtor gave us a heads  
up on the situation... You know,  
so there wouldn't be any awkward,  
I mean-- obviously so, so...  
terrible. I can't even--  
(quietly)  
I think *when we die*--

DEBBIE  
Andy.

ANDY  
Welcome to Park Estates!

DEBBIE  
You're going to love it here!

CHEVY  
We already do.

BEVERLY  
Seems like heaven.

Andy puts a hand on her shoulder.

ANDY  
And that's where she is, now.

DEBBIE  
Oh my god.

ANDY  
--We're gonna come back.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Chevy, carrying a box; passes by Taylor, who's watching Dawn out the window. Chevy follows his look and nods.

CHEVY  
You'll be going to the same school  
as her. Just gotta make your  
move.

TAYLOR  
Yeah. I just need the right  
trick.

CHEVY  
(winces)  
But being single is nice, too.  
More time with your friends.

TAYLOR  
Maybe an illusion. Interlocking  
rings.

CHEVY  
Then again, who needs friends?

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

Beverly looks around the sprawling, empty kitchen. She takes a deep breath and looks skyward.

BEVERLY  
I'm not going to lie, Sarah, this  
is a little scary. But I promise  
we're going to do our best.

Chevy enters with the box.

CHEVY  
Where do you want the Crock Pot?

BEVERLY  
In 1982.

CHEVY  
We knew this would be an adjustment--

Elliot passes by, wearing a plastic Target bag for pants, and puts his wadded up jeans on the counter.

ELLIOT

I wet these. Sorry.

He crosses off.

BEVERLY

Was he wearing a Target bag?

CHEVY

A big adjustment, but look at the bright side: We get to correct all the mistakes we made the first time we raised kids! It's like we got a mulligan!

WOMAN (O.S.)

(calling out)

Mom? Dad?

They turn to see MOLLY, 26, enter the front door.

CHEVY

Hey, Mulligan!

(realizing)

Mollygan. Molly. "Molly Mulligan," remember when I used to call you that?

MOLLY

No.

CHEVY

Well, I meant to, Mully. Molly.

BEVERLY

So good to see you, sweetie.

They hug Molly, who squirms at the affection. Her boyfriend AMIR, 25, enters with a polite wave.

AMIR

Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson.

CHEVY

Amir! No med classes today?

MOLLY

He's skipping them. Because he doesn't have much drive. He also smokes pot. Probably hard for you guys to hear that.

BEVERLY

No! Not at all. We're just happy you've found someone.

CHEVY

Anyone.

BEVERLY

He means anyone that makes you happy.

AMIR

I don't make her happy.

CHEVY

Well, that's on Molly.

BEVERLY

Yes. She has some walls... but *behind* those walls, is...  
(searches)

CHEVY

Molly.

Molly sighs and hands them a small elephant-headed statue.

MOLLY

Here, we brought you this ugly thing.

AMIR

Lord Ganesha. Hindus believe he rids the home of evil spirits.

MOLLY

We had it at our apartment, but it was driving me crazy.

BEVERLY

How bout that?

She sets it on a shelf.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

We'll put it here by the basement. That's where we keep all our evil.

We see Elliot slowly turn to look at the basement door.

MOLLY

Are you sure you guys are ready for this? I mean, raising kids at your age, when you just want to take naps and eat hard candy...

BEVERLY

We're not a hundred.

CHEVY

Do you *have* any hard candy?

BEVERLY

Your Dad and I are in the prime of our life. We're still travelling, playing tennis with the Feldmans--  
(quietly)  
Making love...

MOLLY

MOM?!!

BEVERLY

I'm just *saying*... we can handle it. And the kids are adjusting well. They're having fun with us!

SMASH TO:

**INT. RV - MORNING**

Chevy bops along to Coltrane as he drives Hope in the RV. She just stares at him, bewildered.

CHEVY

(over music)  
I can't believe your brother wanted to take the bus!

HOPE

He thought that Dawn girl would be on it.  
(then)  
Is this a *song*, or is this guy practicing?

CHEVY

You know what Taylor needs? A tree house. Girls love those.

HOPE

You know he's not a Peanuts character, right?

CHEVY

I'm new at this. I was always on the road when your mom and Molly were growing up.

HOPE

Selling toilets, right?

CHEVY

Not just toilets. Auto-flush toilets.

HOPE

Those things scared me when I was little. Always flushed when I was on them.

CHEVY

Because you weren't sitting deep enough. That's not a design flaw, that's an ass-placement flaw.

She grabs her bookbag as he pulls up to the school.

HOPE

Right here is fine. I can--

CHEVY

No, no, I can get you closer.

She cringes as he pulls into the sea of SUVs and mini-vans circling the drop-off. The RV hisses to a stop.

CHEVY (CONT'D)

Okay, go make some friends!

Hope steps out to see every kid in the schoolyard is staring at the girl in the giant RV. She's mortified.

**EXT. TENNIS COURT - SAME TIME**

Elliot sits on a bench, watching Beverly wait for a serve. Across the net is BENNY and MARTHA FELDMAN, 60s.

BENNY

We need Chevy. It's no fun if Martha and I just dominate.

He bounces a ball to hit it, but whiffs. He tries again and whiffs.

BENNY (CONT'D)

F\*\*king thing is flat.

He tries to smack it over the fence, but it falls short and bounces back. He kicks it, losing his cool.

BEVERLY

He's probably just tied up in traffic. It's fine.

She hits a ball to them. As they volley:

MARTHA

Of course! Things are going to be different, now. We get that.

BEVERLY

What do you mean? Nothing is different. We're still retired. We'll still be driving down the coast and watching sunsets from the RV.

BENNY

When?

BEVERLY

I don't have a *calendar* in front of me, but we'll make it work. You can raise kids while enjoying the good life. You just have to make them part of the fun!

She hits the ball and it SMACKS INTO ELLIOT, knocking him off the bench.

**EXT. BACK YARD - CHEVY AND BEVERLY'S HOUSE - SAME TIME**

Chevy is on a ladder, nailing boards to an oak tree with a nail gun. Andy Coker watches from below.

ANDY

A tree house, huh? Nice. We had to chop down most of our trees.

CHEVY

Pine beetles?

ANDY

Nope, toilet-paper. Little tip, when the girl scouts come to your door selling cookies? BUY SOME.

Chevy holds a board against the tree with his pelvis while he fires the nail gun-- POP! He freezes.

CHEVY

Hey, Andy? Do you know where the hospital is?

ANDY

Sure, why?

CHEVY

I think I just nailed my nutsack to the tree.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER**

Beverly walks away from the club with Elliot, who slurps a smoothie.

BEVERLY  
Feeling better?

Elliot nods as Beverly's cellphone rings. She answers it.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)  
Chevy, where are you?  
(beat)  
What do you mean, the ER?

ELLIOT  
Does this have strawberries in it?

BEVERLY  
(to Elliot)  
What? Probably. Why?

ELLIOT  
I can't eat strawberries.

BEVERLY  
You said you wanted the berry blast!

ELLIOT  
I thought it would be avocados.

BEVERLY  
Avocados aren't berries!

Hives start forming on his face.

ELLIOT  
Here we go!

BEVERLY  
Agghhh!!  
(into phone)  
I'll meet you there!

She picks Elliot up and runs.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING**

Beverly, looking distraught, sits with Chevy and Elliot in an examination room. Chevy holds an ice pack on his crotch, while a DOCTOR checks out Elliot, who is back to normal.

DOCTOR

He looks fine, now. Not the first kid to be sent here by a smoothie.

BEVERLY

He thought avocados were berries.

DOCTOR

Avocados are berries.

ELLIOT

Boom.

DOCTOR

Just keep a close watch on his allergies. Anaphylaxis can be serious. Even life-threatening.

He gives her a stern look and crosses out. Beverly slumps on the edge of the bed, eyes welling up with tears.

BEVERLY

Molly was right. We're too old for this! We have no *clue* how to raise these kids!

ELLIOT

I think you guys are crushing it. How do I get this mailbox open?

They see he's trying to pry the lid off a sharps biohazard bin on the wall.

BEVERLY

Jesus!

She pulls him away, then loses it.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

(looking up)

I'm sorry, Sarah! I should have known about the strawberries!

ELLIOT

(looking up)

She also hit me with a tennis ball!

BEVERLY  
 (looking up)  
 I don't know what I'm doing!!

Chevy waddles over to comfort her.

CHEVY  
 It's okay. We'll get the hang of it.

BEVERLY  
 How? We weren't any good at it the first time! And now we can't get out of a chair without our bones creaking!

CHEVY  
 But you didn't have me the first time. And you do now. We're a team.

She snuffles, calming down a little. Chevy pulls her close.

CHEVY (CONT'D)  
 We're not old. We're steady. We never fight, we rarely disagree, and we never give up.

BEVERLY  
 You're right. We're like a trusty little tugboat. With a stitched-up scrotum. We can do this.

Chevy smiles and kisses her. Widen out to see Elliot staring.

ELLIOT  
 I have to pee.

CHEVY  
 Me, too. Let's see what hole it comes out of.

He takes Elliot and heads off. Beverly crosses into the hallway and finds Molly.

MOLLY  
 Amir picked up Hope and Taylor from school.

BEVERLY  
 You don't have to rub it in.

MOLLY  
 What?

BEVERLY  
 Sorry, I thought you were being  
 passive-aggressive.

MOLLY  
 I was. You guys are totally in  
 over your head.

BEVERLY  
 We're not! Your Dad and I are a  
tugboat and we're gonna kick ass at  
 this. Don't believe me? Come by  
 tomorrow night. I'm going to throw  
 a housewarming party! I'll invite  
 the Feldmans and the neighbors...  
 Make fun cocktails and wrap little  
 sausages in biscuit dough. You'll  
 see. We're a *lot* better at this  
 than you think.

**INT. BATHROOM - HOSPITAL - SAME TIME**

Chevy waits outside a stall door, Elliot's feet swinging  
 underneath.

ELLIOT (O.S.)  
 Pooping.

CHEVY  
 Have at it.  
 (beat)  
 You know I sold this hospital  
 those flushers.

ELLIOT (O.S.)  
 Yeah?

The toilet suddenly FLUSHES LOUDLY.

ELLIOT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Agghh!

CHEVY  
 You have to sit deeper!

Another beat.

ELLIOT (O.S.)  
 Okay, I'm done. Time to wipe.

CHEVY  
 Yup.

A beat.

ELLIOT (O.S.)  
I don't do that part.

CHEVY  
Oh. Got it.  
(pushes on the door)  
You have to unlock the door.

ELLIOT (O.S.)  
I can't reach it. I'm on the potty.

CHEVY  
Just lean forward.

He does and the toilet FLUSHES again.

ELLIOT (O.S.)  
Agghhh!

**INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - SAME TIME**

Taylor and Hope sit across from Amir.

HOPE  
Why did they need to come to the ER? Aren't you going to be a doctor?

AMIR  
Yes, but a terrible one. I don't do well with blood. The other interns call me "McScreamy."

He watches Taylor one-hand shuffle a deck of cards.

AMIR (CONT'D)  
You're good at that.

TAYLOR  
Thanks.

AMIR  
Who taught you?

Taylor doesn't answer. He just stops shuffling and stares quietly at his feet. Hope looks at him, knowing, and puts her head on his shoulder. Amir gets it.

AMIR (CONT'D)  
You know, I lost my mother when I was young, too. It leaves a hole in you that will never go away. But, you will find with time... it fills in with love from other places.

TAYLOR

How long does that take?

AMIR

Up to you. Because the love is already there. You just have to realize it doesn't always come in the most ideal form.

They look up to see: Chevy waddling along with the bag of ice on his crotch; Beverly pulling Elliot away from a crash cart, where he's trying to put defibrillator paddles on his ears like headphones; and Molly swatting away a balloon bouquet that is passing too close to her.

Taylor and Hope fight a smile.

**INT. RV - THE NEXT MORNING**

Chevy drives Hope to school, rocking out to Stan Kenton's jazz fusion, while Hope dreams of a world with no trumpet solos.

HOPE

Can I pick the music for the housewarming tonight?

CHEVY

No, but you can for my tree house-warming, which will need more of a Radio-Disney vibe.

HOPE

Why are you so obsessed with that tree house?

CHEVY

I just think it'll help Taylor.

He stops at a traffic light and Hope sits up.

HOPE

Hey, can we stop there?

Chevy looks out at a CAR LOT advertising a mini-van sale.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Please? First period is just study hall. Let's go see what this "regular car" rage is all about.

CHEVY

Sure, we can look, but good luck finding something more practical than this.

**EXT. RV - CONTINUOUS**

The RV pulls the into the lot, clipping an arch of helium balloons and sending them floating into the air.

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - SAME TIME**

Dawn Coker stands at her locker. We see Taylor down the hall, readying himself as he one-hand shuffles his deck of cards. He takes a breath and approaches.

TAYLOR

Hey. You're um, my--

DAWN

Neighbor! Yeah, hi! Dawn.

TAYLOR

I'm Tay--

He loses his grip on the cards and they go FLUTTERING INTO THE AIR, raining back down on him like a card-storm. He winces as the BELL RINGS.

DAWN

Gotta run-- I'll see ya!

She hurries off. Taylor wilts.

**EXT. CAR LOT - LATER**

Chevy checks out a mini-van with a CAR DEALER.

DEALER

Great warrantee. New tires--

CHEVY

No kitchen. Gonna be weird not getting a snack at stoplights.

DEALER

It has a cup holder.

Chevy notices Hope is staring at a nearby black Mercedes G-wagon and heads over to her.

CHEVY

Wow. That's a nice one.

HOPE  
It's my dream car.

CHEVY  
Well, maybe they'll make us a deal.  
Window says it's got 97,000 miles.

DEALER  
That's the price.

CHEVY  
In dollars?

DEALER  
Yes.

CHEVY  
Must get great mileage.

DEALER  
Not really.

CHEVY  
But it's reliable.

DEALER  
Nope. Couldn't even get it  
started yesterday.

Chevy nods, then turns back to Hope.

CHEVY  
How 'bout I just drop you off a  
block away from school?

HOPE  
Deal.

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT AFTERNOON**

Beverly hollows out pineapples, making them into cups,  
while Elliot watches. She holds one up to him.

BEVERLY  
Cool, right? I'm doing a  
"California Dreamin'" theme  
tonight. I want it to be really  
elegant and charming, so I can rub  
it in Molly's face.

ELLIOT  
Pineapples don't grow in  
California.

BEVERLY

You're very short for your age.

Beverly goes back to cutting and Elliot takes a stack of packing paper off the counter.

ELLIOT

Can I have these to draw on?

BEVERLY

Are you allergic to paper?

ELLIOT

No.

BEVERLY

They're all yours.

He takes the paper and hurries off, as she crosses outside with the pineapples:

**EXT. PATIO - CONTINUOUS**

She sets the pineapples down at an outdoor bar, which Taylor is sitting at, vacantly practicing card tricks.

She sits next to him and looks out at the tree house, which Chevy is building while wearing a rubber bucket with leg holes cut in it, to keep his crotch protected.

BEVERLY

Is that a *bucket*?

TAYLOR

Yup. He's putting in a phone line made out of a string and two tin cans.

BEVERLY

Yikes.

TAYLOR

He knows I have a cellphone, right?

BEVERLY

Yeah, but you'll get unlimited minutes on the string.

Taylor smirks, then fidgets with the cards for a beat.

TAYLOR

Grandma, you know about girls, don't you? Like... how to talk to them?

Beverly grins at him. He shrugs, embarrassed.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Mom used to give me advice on this stuff. She was good at it.

BEVERLY

I know she was. Who do you think taught her everything?

TAYLOR

Really?

BEVERLY

Yup. And here's the only thing you need to know: Go big. Girls want a guy that *stands out* from the rest. Whether he's a vampire, or has the same cancer as them-- they want that special guy nobody else has. Show her you're that guy. Go big.

Taylor takes this in.

TAYLOR

Yeah. I can do that. Thanks Grandma!

He kisses her on the cheek and runs off. Beverly watches him go, then looks up.

BEVERLY

See? We're getting the hang of it.

In the background, we see Chevy has nailed his bucket to the tree. He struggles to get free, but kicks the ladder away and is now just dangling there, legs flailing.

**EXT. PATIO - THAT NIGHT**

A lovely night, with lights strung above the patio. NEIGHBORS mingle as we find our group: Amir bobs to the music until Molly glares at him. Benny and Martha chat with Andy and Debbie, as Chevy and Beverly refill their pineapples with rum punch. Martha raises hers to toast--

MARTHA

To your wonderful new home!

CHEVY

Thank you!

AMIR

Safalta apke kadam choome!

MOLLY

That's terrorist for "bless this house."

ANDY

How 'bout bless these cocktails!  
Reminds me of Burning Man in '88,  
when we drank absinthe out of sheep  
skulls.

Debbie shoots him a look.

DEBBIE

But we don't talk about those days.

ANDY

No we do not! Found a cleaner  
life right here in Park Estates.  
Won't see my wife exchanging  
sexual favors for muffins here!

He laughs and downs his drink.

MOLLY

Wow. This just got *amazing*.

ANGLE ON: Taylor, Hope and Elliot, grazing at the food table, Elliot re-dipping a shrimp after every bite. Taylor notices Dawn getting dropped off next door in her cheerleader sweats. Hope follows his look and nods.

HOPE

Wow. She's hot.

TAYLOR

You think I have a chance?

HOPE

Maybe. Is the other side of her  
face really disfigured?

He shoots her a glare, then heads for Dawn, determined.

BACK ON OUR ADULTS: The rum is really setting in. Benny taps his pineapple with a knife. It makes a wet thumpy sound instead of the "toast" ring, but people get it.

BENNY

Okay, we were going to save this  
for later, but I can't wait!  
Beverly, Chevy... Martha and I  
have some news that I think will  
make this night even more special.

Chevy and Beverly exchange a curious smile.

BENNY (CONT'D)  
We'd like to buy your RV!

Beverly's smile fades.

MARTHA  
It's so hard to find one with all  
the options and since yours is  
just going to sit there now--

BEVERLY  
We appreciate the offer, but it's  
not for s--

CHEVY  
How much?

BEVERLY  
What?

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - COKER HOUSE**

Dawn hands Taylor a card she pulled out of his deck. He folds it up and takes out a lighter as he talks--

TAYLOR  
Now, I could just guess your card.  
But that's too easy, isn't it?  
Why go small when you can go BIG.

He lights the card and DROPS IT, igniting a flame-path that quickly spreads over the entire driveway, burning in the shape of a 2 of hearts. Taylor grins slyly.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Is that your card?

DAWN  
No.

His face drops.

**EXT. PATIO - SAME TIME**

Beverly is fuming at Chevy.

BEVERLY  
Sell the RV?! Are you drunk?

CHEVY  
No!

DEBBIE  
I'm drunk.

ANDY  
Hide the muffins!

DEBBIE  
It was a different time!!

MOLLY  
(looking in pineapple)  
What is *in* these?

CHEVY  
Bev, it's just an RV.

BEVERLY  
This isn't about the RV! You said we were a team! But once again, I'm all alone and you're off in la-la land building treehouses and shooting nails through your scrotum and I'm SCARED, Chevy! We're not young anymore! This life scares me, these people scare me, and Elliot's drinking ranch dip!!

Elliot lowers the bowl, a white mustache on his lip.

ELLIOT  
I thought it was mayonnaise.

Beverly moans. Chevy puts a hand on her shoulder.

CHEVY  
We *are* a team, honey. And I think if you took a moment and looked around-- you'd see we *fit in* here.

Andy's eyes go wide.

ANDY  
Is my DRIVEWAY ON FIRE?!

He sprints off with Debbie. Beverly sighs and looks at Molly, who doesn't say a word.

BEVERLY  
SHUT UP, MOLLY!

She storms off inside. Everybody else just stands there for a long beat. Finally, Benny turns back to Chevy.

BENNY  
So, the little guy tells me you've got demons in the basement?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING**

The kids eat breakfast across from Chevy, as Beverly clangs around noisily in the kitchen.

HOPE

Is Grandma still mad at you?

CHEVY

Nooo.

Beverly crosses by and drops a plate of burnt toast in front of him with a clatter.

CHEVY (CONT'D)

That looks good.

She ignores him and gives the kids a squeeze.

BEVERLY

You guys have a good day at school.

TAYLOR

Where are you going?

BEVERLY

Just going to have a little *Zen* time. You know, do some breathing, find that inner calm.

**EXT. TENNIS COURT - LATER**

Beverly knocks the shit out of a tennis ball.

BEVERLY

GyeaghhHHH!

It ricochets off the ball machine, which fires another. She smashes it again, grunting wildly, as a TEENAGER approaches outside the fence with his tennis bag.

TEENAGER

Excuse me, ma'am. I had the ball machine reserved for--

BEVERLY

You can WAIT!

He nods and slinks off as she continues to smack balls, then notices Molly and Amir wandering around the club.

**EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - MOMENTS LATER**

Beverly approaches Molly and Amir.

BEVERLY

What are you guys doing here?

AMIR

(nods at Molly)

I tricked her. Told her we were going to Starbucks, then drove her here.

MOLLY

Stupid kid locks.

AMIR

Molly has something to tell you.

Molly nods, softening a little.

MOLLY

I, um-- all the "you guys are in over your head" stuff--

(emotion is hard)

I-- wasn't saying that to make you feel bad. I was saying it because I wanted you to know... I'm here to help you guys. I just didn't want to say it *out loud* like that.

AMIR

It's hard for her to open up.

MOLLY

I'm working on it.

AMIR

I bought her an affection puppet, but she threw it off the balcony.

MOLLY

I don't need a puppet to teach me how to love!

AMIR

I'm going to go wait in the car.

He hurries off. Beverly smiles and sits next to her.

BEVERLY

I like him.

MOLLY

I do, too. You and Dad okay?

BEVERLY

We'll be fine. It's just that I waited *thirty years* to have him back, and we were so happy. The RV was an adventure we finally got to take together. Then we lost Sarah and suddenly we've got three kids to raise... I guess now I'm afraid of losing *us* again.

MOLLY

Did you tell him that?

BEVERLY

No. We're not good at conflict. Our last fight was in high school and we didn't even make up. "Surfer Girl" just came on the radio and we started doing it.

MOLLY

Mom. Seriously.

BEVERLY

What? I'm not talking about "now" sex. I'm talking about *young sex*, when our bodies were--

MOLLY

Goodbye.

She gets up and heads for the parking lot.

BEVERLY

(calling after)  
I love you, sweetie!

CUT TO:

**EXT. BACK YARD - CHEVY AND BEVERLY'S HOUSE - LATER**

Chevy stands at the base of the now-finished tree house with Taylor. It's crooked and pretty rickety-looking.

CHEVY

What do you think?

TAYLOR

I appreciate the effort, Grandpa, I really do... but it looks like it was designed by a ten year-old.

Chevy nods.

CHEVY

It was.

He takes a worn piece of paper out of his tool box and hands it to him. It's a crude drawing of a tree house.

CHEVY (CONT'D)

Your mom drew it when she was little. But I worked so much back then, I never got around to building it.

Taylor looks down at the drawing, then back up at the tree house, seeing it in a new light. He quietly climbs the ladder to go sit in it.

Chevy turns to leave and finds Beverly standing there.

BEVERLY

I had no idea.

CHEVY

Better late than never, right?

She nods, a little choked up.

BEVERLY

It's perfect.

CHEVY

I just want to *enjoy* it this time, Bev. Do all the things I missed out on. Not just with the kids, but with you.

She takes this in, as Elliot approaches.

ELLIOT

You guys ready for my secret project?

**EXT./INT. RV - MOMENTS LATER**

Elliot holds the door open for Chevy and Beverly.

ELLIOT

So you'll never miss another sunset.

Chevy and Beverly step in and gasp. Elliot has drawn sunsets on the packing paper and taped them over all the windows. It looks amazing; crayon beaches and oceans backlit from the sun outside the glass. Chevy puts his arm around Beverly as they look around, a lump in their throats.

CHEVY

Wow.

Beverly finally shakes her head.

BEVERLY

Doesn't feel the same anymore.

CHEVY

Well, it's crayon. And Elliot doesn't understand perspective--

BEVERLY

No. This RV doesn't feel the same. All this time I thought this was our adventure... But it's not our adventure anymore. We found a better one. And we're more alive out there than we'll ever be in here.

CHEVY

Those kids are pretty great, huh?

BEVERLY

Yeah. The little one is really growing on me.

CHEVY

Because you keep almost killing him.

She smiles and they pull each other close, as we CUT TO:

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY**

Chevy, Beverly and the kids wave goodbye to Benny and Martha, who drive away in the RV. Andy and Debbie also wave from their driveway, which still has the card scorched on it.

CHEVY (V.O.)

They say your golden years are when the fun really begins.

**INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Chevy types at his laptop.

CHEVY (V.O.)

If that's true, then our golden years are starting right now.

He pauses, then keeps typing.

CHEVY V.O.

But this isn't a memoir for anybody to buy. It's for you, Taylor, Hope and Elliot. Because we might not be around when you're grown up... and I want you to know just how happy you made us. And just how *great* of an adventure we had.

**EXT. SCHOOL DROP-OFF - DAY**

Middle-schoolers mill about as the sound of PUBLIC ENEMY'S "HARDER THAN YOU THINK" thumps the air. They all turn in slow-motion to see the MERCEDES G-WAGON PULL UP. Jaws drop as the back door opens and Hope steps out, cool as shit. Beverly and Chevy roll down the window, sunglasses on and nod to her. She beams back at them, then struts coolly past the sea of gawking students.

**EXT. CAR LOT - LATER**

The DEALER stands with a MANAGER, who looks at his watch.

MANAGER

It's been an hour.

The dealer shrugs, then sees the G-wagon pull in. Chevy and Beverly hop out and hand them the keys.

CHEVY

Not bad, but we really had our heart set on that sh\*tty mini-van.

**INT. COFFEE SHOP**

Chevy continues typing.

CHEVY V.O.

...And though our efforts won't always be conventional. Or sane. We're going to do everything we can to make these *your* golden years, too.

**INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY**

Taylor is in the tree house, when DAWN suddenly pokes her head in. He lights up.

DAWN

This is so neat!

She climbs in, looking around in awe.

DAWN (CONT'D)

It's like your own little world.  
A place where you can get away  
from it all.

TAYLOR

Yeah. You can use it, too. Come  
hang whenever you want!

DAWN

Thanks! I just might do that.

She smiles at him. A real connection.

CHEVY V.O.

Just remember... Nobody's perfect.

The wood CREAKS and Dawn FALLS THROUGH THE FLOOR.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG**EXT. DRIVEWAY - MORNING**

Chevy and Beverly stand next to a burgundy mini-van. Taylor, Hope and Elliot stare at it, indifferent.

TAYLOR

Yeah, I can live with this.

ELLIOT

Color is nice. Like old blood.

HOPE

It's not embarrassing. That's all that matters.

They hop in with their bookbags. Chevy smiles and shuts the sliding door, then gets in with Beverly.

CHEVY

Nothing wrong with normal, right?

He cranks it up and pulls down the driveway, as we ANGLE ON THE OTHER SIDE: A MASSIVE AIR-BRUSH PORTRAIT of Chevy, Beverly, Taylor, Hope and Elliot covers the entire side of the van. Neighbors stare at it as it passes by.

CHEVY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Who likes jazz?!

SAXOPHONE FUNK blasts from the radio and the kids moan, as the van cruises into the distance.

END OF SHOW