

OUR HOUSE

"Pilot"

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ACT ONE

INT. BRENNAN HOUSE - MORNING

A RECENTLY-RENOVATED MIDDLE-CLASS SUBURBAN HOME IN ROCKLAND COUNTY, NY, AN HOUR NORTH OF MANHATTAN. OPEN FLOOR PLAN, WOOD FLOORS, MOVING BOXES AROUND. SHAWN (LATE 30S, KIND-HEARTED, OPEN-MINDED, AFRICAN AMERICAN) PACKS LUNCHES. HANNAH (14, TYPE-A, ANGSTY) AND DYLAN (10, UPBEAT, SILLY) EAT BREAKFAST. BRIDGET BRENNAN (LATE 30S, AFFABLE, HILARIOUS, IRISH-AMERICAN I.E. DON'T MESS WITH HER FAMILY OR WATCH OUT) ENTERS HOLDING THEIR SUPER CUTE TWIN BOYS, NATE AND AL (BOTH 6 MONTHS OLD).

BRIDGET

Bus is almost here. Let's get moving.

HANNAH AND DYLAN DON'T MOVE. BRIDGET MOVES THE TWINS MOUTHS, PRETENDS THEY'RE TALKING IN HIGH-PITCHED "BABY" VOICES.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

"Listen to Mom, guys. She's the coolest. And we're not saying that cause she's our only food source."

(CHANTING) "Mommy! Mommy!"

HANNAH AND DYLAN GET UP, GRAB THEIR BAGS, ETC.

SHAWN

Hold up. We gotta do morning circle.

HANNAH

Do we have to do it every day?

SHAWN

Yes! It's how we check in as a family and announce to the neighbors: "We are from California."

THEY FORM A CIRCLE, HOLD HANDS. IT LOOKS KINDA NICE.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I wish everyone a chill day. Dylan?

DYLAN

I wish for a ham sandwich for lunch.

SHAWN

Just made it, it's in your lunch box.

DYLAN

Yes! Wish granted!

BRIDGET

I wish your grandparents a safe flight  
on their way to visit us. Hannah?

HANNAH

I wish we still lived in California.

HANNAH LOOKS OFF, SAD. BRIDGET IS CONCERNED.

SHAWN

Okay! Great circle, guys.

BRIDGET

Love you! (AS TWINS) "Love you too!"

HANNAH AND DYLAN HUG THEIR PARENTS GOODBYE, LEAVE FOR SCHOOL.

SHAWN

(RE: HANNAH) She'll be fine. We just  
need to give her some time.

BRIDGET

I know. I just hate seeing her so sad.

SHAWN

Me too. But remember what you said to  
me after the twins were born?

BRIDGET

"I need drugs?"

SHAWN

After that.

BRIDGET

"Get a vasectomy?"

SHAWN

After that. You said "we can't afford to raise 4 kids in LA. So we should buy my parent's house, move back east, and live a slower paced life."

BRIDGET

I had postpartum insanity. It's like postpartum depression but instead of crying, you make crazy life choices.

SHAWN

I love living here. We've got a side yard. In LA, our side yard was a pot dispensary. And it's more affordable.

BRIDGET

Which still blows my mind. Who moves to New York to *save money*?

SHAWN

Us. The kids go to public school, I see patients from home and there's no good restaurants in town so we're saving crazy on Postmates.

BRIDGET

Sometimes I hate how sensible you are.

SHAWN

Nah, you love it.

BRIDGET

(SHE DOES) You don't know. (THEN)

Thanks for watching the twins. I don't really feel like schlepping out to JFK, but could use a break from these milk monsters. (A JOKE) So could my nipples, am I right?

SHAWN

Hey-oh!

SHAWN DOES A FAKE RIM-SHOT USING BRIDGET'S NIPPLES AS CYMBALS. BRIDGET LAUGHS. THEY GET A KICK OUT OF EACH OTHER. SHAWN OPENS THE FRIDGE. IT'S STOCKED WITH A TON OF WINE.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Whoa. Think we got enough wine?

BRIDGET

I know. I told the guy at the store we were having a party. "My parents have anxiety and Sauvignon Blanc is their Xanax" felt like too much sharing.

SHAWN

Probably a good call. I was thinking. Should we sleep in the guest room this week and let your parents sleep in the master?

BRIDGET

Why would we do that?

SHAWN

I don't know. It's their first time  
visiting since they sold us the house.  
It's going to be a lot for them.

BRIDGET

They're so psyched. It's a bummer they  
got evacuated for the hurricane, but  
that's the deal living in Florida.  
Hurricanes, Jimmy Buffet tours, new  
types of meth. Gotta hit Florida.

SHAWN

You think they're gonna like what we  
did with the renovation?

BRIDGET

Of course they will. It's objectively  
way better. They're just so happy the  
house is staying in the family.

BRIDGET POINTS TO A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO ON THE WALL OF A  
SUPER WHITE IRISH-AMERICAN FAMILY, FROM THE 1930S.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

My grandfather, Papa Johnny, built  
this house in 1937. My mom grew up  
here, then she and my dad raised me,  
Marty, and Clara here too. Now it's  
our turn.

BRIDGET POINTS TO A RECENT PHOTO OF SHAWN, BRIDGET AND KIDS  
IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE. (NOTE: THESE FAMILY PHOTOS, SHOWING  
HOW MUCH THINGS HAVE CHANGED AND STAYED THE SAME OVER THE  
YEARS, WILL FIGURE PROMINENTLY INTO SHOW'S CREDIT SEQUENCE.)  
SHAWN LOOKS BETWEEN THE PHOTOS, NOTING THE DIFFERENCES.

SHAWN

I feel like Papa Johnny's staring at me, like "What are you doing in my house?"

BRIDGET LOOKS. IT DOES SEEM LIKE PAPA JOHNNY'S STARING BACK. SHAWN NODS LIKE, "SEE?" BRIDGET SHRUGS, MOVES OFF.

BRIDGET

Look, I know it wasn't always great when my parents visited us in LA. But they're not California people. Whenever we offered them something to eat they'd ask: "Is there weed in this?" in a joking way, but also not in a joking way. On some level, me moving so far away felt to them like a rejection of how they raised me.

SHAWN

(A KNOWING LOOK) Because it was?

BRIDGET

No. I love my parents. What's that look? What are you trying to say?

SHAWN

Just, there's a *small* chance they might drive you crazy, like they always do. Like, you know your mom's going to give Dylan a ton of candy, even though we ask her not to.

BRIDGET

Yeah, probably. I do wish they were more open emotionally or capable of having a real conversation. That's why I love all the stuff you've introduced to us, like morning circle. My parents never would have done that.

SHAWN

If you're not worried, I'm not either.

BRIDGET

Buying this house is saying to my parents "you raised me right." This time it'll be different.

SHAWN HUGS BRIDGET, KISSES HER. HE PULLS AWAY, WEIRDED OUT.

SHAWN

Sorry. I feel like they're watching us.

BRIDGET

The twins? Who cares?

SHAWN

Not the twins. (WHISPERS) Papa Johnny.

BRIDGET

I'm gonna take down that photo.

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM - JFK - LATER THAT DAY

BRIDGET WAITS FOR HER PARENTS. MARTY (42, BRIDGET'S OLDER BROTHER, RECENTLY-DIVORCED, DEALING IN HIS OWN WAY) WALKS IN.

BRIDGET

Marty, what are you doing here?



MARTY

Picking up Mom and Dad.

BRIDGET

That's what I'm doing. I texted you.

MARTY

I never got a text. Stupid Android!

BRIDGET

I thought you were ignoring me.

MARTY

Bridge. I'm 42, divorced, I spend a lot of time alone. If I don't text back, come look for me.

THEY NOTICE THEIR YOUNGER SISTER CLARA (LATE 20S, SMART, PRETTY, FIERCE, ADOPTED, ORIGINALLY FROM CAMBODIA) WALK IN.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Clara? You didn't get her text either?

CLARA

Oh, I got the text.

BRIDGET

Then why didn't you text back?

CLARA

I wanna say I forgot, cause I know you'd accept that excuse from me. But the truth is, I didn't text back on purpose cause I don't like your attitude since you moved back, Bridge.

BRIDGET

What did I do?

CLARA

Just your whole thing. You act like  
Mom and Dad's house is your house now.

BRIDGET

It is my house. Shawn and I bought it.

CLARA

Just stop, you're embarrassing  
yourself. It's still all our house and  
the fact you don't get that is weird.

BRIDGET

Yeah, I'm the one being weird.

MARTY

You know what's weird? Running into  
your ex-wife at Target and meeting her  
new boyfriend, *Tomás*. ("NO BIG DEAL")  
Ah, what are you gonna do?

BRIDGET AND CLARA MAKE SAD FACES, RUB MARTY'S BACK, USED TO  
THIS, CONTINUE THEIR DISCUSSION.

BRIDGET

Hey, are you guys coming over for  
dinner on Friday night?

MARTY

Yeah. We're coming over tonight too.  
Mom invited us.

BRIDGET

To dinner... at my house?

CLARA

Our house, Bridget. OUR HOUSE.  
Dinner's a perfect example. Who sits  
at the head of the table?

BRIDGET

... Me and Shawn?

CLARA

So Mom and Dad don't sit at the head  
of the table in their *own house*?

BRIDGET

It's not their house!

MARTY

Guys, stop. Mom and dad could see us.

BRIDGET

So? You always walk on egg shells  
around them, Marty.

MARTY

Yeah, cause I'm terrified of them and  
desperate for their approval.

CLARA

But they're so nice!

BRIDGET

They're nice to you. They pay for your  
grad school, cell phone...

MARTY

She's got a point, Clara. You get  
showered with money *and* affection.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

I can't remember the last time Dad hugged me. If he slipped me a twenty, maybe it wouldn't sting so bad.

CLARA

(SHRUGS) I genuinely like them. Maybe it's because I'm adopted. There's probably a couple in Cambodia that would drive me up the freaking wall.

BRIDGET

I don't want to fight. I'm excited for you guys to finally come see the place! I want us to be close again.

CLARA

(FINALLY) I want that too.

MARTY

Bring it in for a siblings hug!

THEY HUG. RORY AND LAURA (THEIR PARENTS, LATE 60S) WALK OUT.

LAURA

Yoo-hoo!

BRIDGET, MARTY AND CLARA GREET THEIR PARENTS, SMILING.

BRIDGET

Hi, guys! So good to see you!

MARTY

How was the flight, Pops!

MARTY GOES TO HUG RORY, BUT RORY HANDS HIM HIS BAG.

RORY

There's my princess!

CLARA

(HUGS THEM) Daddy! Mommy!

MARTY LOOKS ON, USED TO IT, BUT A LITTLE JEALOUS.

RORY

All three of you came to pick us up?

LAURA

(SUDDENLY NERVOUS) Oh no. Who died?

BRIDGET

No one died, Mom. It's fine.

RORY

Did you all drive together?

BRIDGET

No, we drove our own cars.

LAURA

(QUICKLY) I'll go with Clara.

RORY

I'll go with Bridget.

MARTY

(SMILING) And I'll get the bags!

EXT./INT. BRIDGET'S HOUSE - DAY

ON THE FRONT PORCH, RORY AND LAURA MAKE FACES AT THE TWINS,  
DOTING/LOVING GRANDPARENTS.

LAURA

Look at these two little lumps!

RORY

Tucka-tucka-tucka. Tucka-tucka-tucka.

BRIDGET

Come on in! I can't wait for you to see what we did with the place.

LAURA

Us too! So exciting.

EVERYONE MOVES INSIDE, TAKE IN THE RENOVATION, EYES WIDE.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Wow. You really changed *everything*.

BRIDGET

You don't like it?

LAURA

I don't. Not in a bad way.

RORY

You took down all the walls.

SHAWN

It's an open floor plan!

RORY

But without walls, how do you hide?

SHAWN

We don't want to hide from each other.

RORY

(DEADPAN) Give it time.

BRIDGET IS HURT. SHAWN PICKS UP RORY AND LAURA'S BAGS.

RORY (CONT'D)

C'mon, Shawn. I can carry my own bags.

(THEN) Marty, take our bags upstairs.

BRIDGET

We thought you'd be more comfortable downstairs in the guest room.

MARTY

We don't have a guest room.

BRIDGET

We do now! We converted the garage.

CLARA

Mom and Dad can't sleep in *the garage*.

That's where Dad killed the raccoon.

RORY LOOKS OFF, PAINED BY THE MEMORY.

RORY

I don't like to talk about that. I did what I had to do. It was me or him.

SHAWN

Bridge and I can take the guest room, if you'd be more comfortable.

LAURA

Don't be silly, Shawn. The guest room's fine. I mean, we *are* guests.

LAURA SMILES, BUT WE CAN TELL SHE'S VERY UNCOMFORTABLE.

SHAWN

So what happened with the raccoon?

RORY

I don't like to talk about it! But, sufficed to say, it involved a shovel and his head.

INT. BRENNAN HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

RORY, CLARA AND MARTY WATCH HURRICANE COVERAGE ON TV, THEIR FEET ON THE COFFEE TABLE. BRIDGET WALKS PAST.

BRIDGET

(RE: TV) Holy crap, is this live?

ON TV: A REPORTER, IN RAIN GEAR, GETS PELTED WITH INTENSE RAIN AND WIND. IN THE BACKGROUND, AN RV FLIES PAST.

MARTY

Yep. They just upgraded it to a category four. I'm glad you got out of there okay, Pops.

MARTY PUTS HIS ARM AROUND RORY. RORY LOOKS AT MARTY'S ARM, CONFUSED, AND MARTY TAKES IT BACK, LIKE IT WAS A JOKE.

CLARA

Bridge, you got anything to snack on?

BRIDGET

Yep. In the kitchen.

CLARA

Can you get it for me? It is your house, after all.

CLARA SMILES KNOWINGLY AT BRIDGET, WHO SMILES BACK.

BRIDGET

Coming right up. (CASUALLY) Hey, you guys mind taking your shoes off?

RORY

Just now? Or all the time?

BRIDGET

Well, while you're in the house, yeah.



RORY

What about fun? Is that outlawed too?

CLARA AND MARTY LAUGH AT RORY'S JOKE.

RORY (CONT'D)

Ah, it's good to be home!

BRIDGET

(LAUGHING) All I did was ask you to  
take your shoes off. But I see how  
it's funny and worth razzing me about.

INT. BRENNAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BRIDGET FINDS LAURA STANDING AWKWARDLY IN THE KITCHEN, UNSURE  
WHAT TO DO. LAURA STARTS CLEANING THE COUNTER, STOPS, SIGHS.

BRIDGET

You okay, mom? You want to sit?

LAURA

I'm fine. I sat on the plane. So I  
hear Hannah's having a hard time at  
school, the poor thing.

BRIDGET

(AS CLARA ENTERS) Who told you that?

LAURA

Clara.

BRIDGET

I didn't tell Clara.

CLARA

(AS MARTY ENTERS) Marty told me.

BRIDGET

Marty? Why did you tell Clara?

MARTY

I tell Clara everything.

BRIDGET

You do? Since when?

CLARA

Things changed when you moved to LA.

Marty's not your little bitch anymore.

(THEN) He belongs to me now.

CLARA SHOOTS MARTY A LOOK "JUST KIDDING" WHICH HE ACCEPTS.

BRIDGET

It's just so weird how information gets shared in this family. It's like a dysfunctional adult game of telephone. And Hannah's fine, really.

LAURA

Who wouldn't like our Hannah?

RORY

(FROM OTHER ROOM) Jerks!

SHAWN ENTERS THROUGH THE BACKDOOR WITH HANNAH AND DYLAN, HOME FROM SCHOOL. THEY RUN UP TO RORY AND LAURA, HUG THEM.

HANNAH/DYLAN

GRANDMA! GRANDPA!

LAURA

How are you, my cutie patooties?

LAURA GOES TO HAND DYLAN A GIANT BAG OF CANDY, BUT BRIDGET INTERCEPTS THE BAG AND HIDES IT BEFORE DYLAN NOTICES.

RORY

How was school, champ?

DYLAN

Great! I made a friend. He can make a farting noise with his armpit. He said he'd teach me. And Grandma and Grandpa are here. Best day ever!

DYLAN RUNS UPSTAIRS, FIRED UP.

HANNAH

I had a good day too. There's this dance at my school on Friday night. I wasn't gonna go cause I don't know anyone, but this boy Lee asked me so I'm gonna go.

HANNAH RUNS UPSTAIRS, HAPPY. BRIDGET AND SHAWN ARE HAPPY TOO.

BRIDGET

She was smiling! Did you see it? I forgot what her teeth look like.

SHAWN

What did I say? Just give her time.

LAURA

But who's this Lee? Right, Rory?

RORY

Right. Where does Lee live? Who are Lee's parents? Is his name really Lee?

LAURA

We don't know. We know nothing.

SHAWN

Maybe he's a cool kid.

LAURA

Or he's a predator. It reminds me of that show. Rory, what's it called?

RORY

*Blue Bloods?*

LAURA

Not *Blue Bloods*. I know *Blue Bloods*. I LOVE *Blue Bloods*. I mean that news show. "What's Wrong With America."

BRIDGET

You guys watch that? It only exists to make old people afraid of stuff.

LAURA

Well, it worked. They did a story on this girl, just like Hannah, the new girl at school, she meets this boy.

RORY

Named Lee.

BRIDGET

No way his name was Lee.

RORY

Pretty sure it was Lee.

LAURA

Anyway, that girl *died*.

BRIDGET IS ABOUT TO RESPOND, SHAWN CALMLY STEPS IN.

SHAWN

Rory, Laura? Thank you for voicing your concerns. Bridget and I really value your input.

RORY

(SKEPTICAL) You do?

SHAWN

Yes! But studies show micro-managed kids grow up to be anxious adults.

RORY

Where'd you learn that? In *California*?

SHAWN

Yes, at UCLA, where I got my PHD in psychology. Bridget and I are trying to help Hannah make her own decisions.

LAURA

And that's *wonderful*, Shawn. But she can't make decisions if she's *dead*.

BRIDGET SHOOTS A LOOK AT SHAWN, FRUSTRATED BY HER PARENTS.  
O.S. A HORN HONKS. CLARA LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW, EXCITED.

CLARA

Bo just pulled up in his jeep. Marty, your son's a goddamn legend.

THEY ALL GO TO THE WINDOW, WATCH BO.

CLARA (CONT'D)

My friend Kara teaches at Bo's school and she says all the women there are crazy about him.

BRIDGET

I think you mean girls.

CLARA

No, she was talking about *the*  
*teachers*.

BO (MARTY'S SUPER-COOL ATHLETIC SON, 17) ENTERS.

BO

Yo guys! I've got lax practice, but  
had to say what up to the squad. (HUGS  
LAURA) Wow. Grandma, you look hot.

MARTY

Don't call your grandma hot.

BO

Wouldn't say if it wasn't true, Dad.  
Grandpa knows what I'm talking about.

RORY

Yeah, I do! Hey Bo, up top!

BO AND RORY HIGH-FIVE EACH OTHER. IT'S THEIR THING.

BO

Sick high-five! Sounded great, felt  
even better.

LAURA

Bo, do you know a Lee at your school?

BRIDGET

We don't have to bring Bo into this.  
(EXPLAINING, TO BO) Lee invited Hannah  
to the dance. No big deal, right?

BO

I know Lee. He's a junior.

LAURA

A junior. Two years older than Hannah.

RORY

Basically a man.

BO

Lee's crew, those guys like to have fun, if you know what I'm saying.

BRIDGET

No. What are you saying?

BO

Just they like to mix it up, is all. I gotta bounce. Be good to each other!

BO EXITS, FLASHING A PEACE SIGN. EVERYONE WATCHES HIM GO.

CLARA

A goddamn legend.

INT. BRENNAN HOUSE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

ALONE ON HER LAPTOP, BRIDGET SCROLLS THROUGH HER FACEBOOK. DYLAN TRIES TO SNEAK PAST, EATING A GIANT LOLLIPOP.

BRIDGET

Dylan? Is that a lollipop? Who gave that to you? I know you hear me!

DYLAN RUNS OUT. BRIDGET GOES TO CLOSE HER COMPUTER, STOPS, SEARCHES LEE'S NAME. CHECKS OUT LEE'S FB/INSTAGRAM/ETC.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

What am I doing? This is crazy.

RORY WALKS IN, LEANS BEHIND BRIDGET'S COMPUTER.

RORY

You scoping out that Lee kid? Nice.

BRIDGET

No, it's wrong. I'm closing it.

RORY

(POINTING) What about that photo? Look at what Lee's drinking.

BRIDGET

Cranberry juice? So?

RORY

No one drinks Cranberry juice without alcohol unless they have a urinary tract infection. And guys don't get those. Face it. Lee's a booze hound.

MARTY AND CLARA ENTER. RORY POINTS TO THE PHOTO.

RORY (CONT'D)

Clara, what's this kid drinking?

CLARA

(NO HESITATION) Vodka tonic splash of cran. I was a bartender at Applebee's, I can spot a VT splash of C anywhere.

MARTY

Look, he's wearing a wristband! They don't give those out at juice parties. But they do at GIN and juice parties!

RORY, MARTY AND CLARA LEAN OVER BRIDGET, GRAB HER MOUSE, EXCITED. BRIDGET CLOSSES HER COMPUTER. EVERYONE GOES "AWWW."



BRIDGET

So that's over. Love you!

BRIDGET LEAVES. RORY OPENS BRIDGET'S COMPUTER.

RORY

What's Bridget's password?

INT. BRENNAN HOUSE - SHAWN'S HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

BRIDGET SITS IN FRONT OF SHAWN, WHO IS DISAPPOINTED.

SHAWN

We do not creep on a minor's  
Instagram, you know that.

BRIDGET

I wasn't creeping! (THEN) Okay, I was.  
But only because my parents made me  
crazy, like they always do.

SHAWN

I thought this time was gonna be  
different.

BRIDGET

Well, apparently not, Shawn!

SHAWN

Okay, first, breathe. And don't blame  
your parents for everything. You need  
to take some responsibility too.

BRIDGET TRIES, SHAKES HER HEAD, NO DICE.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

And if that doesn't work, remember  
they're leaving next week.

BRIDGET

That's it! They're leaving! Thank you!

BRIDGET ENTERS THE WAITING ROOM. SHAWN'S NEXT PATIENT WAITS.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

You're in for a treat. He's good!

INT. BRENNAN HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

LAURA, MARTY, CLARA, HANNAH AND DYLAN WATCH HURRICANE COVERAGE ON TV. BRIDGET LOOKS FOR BOARD GAMES, AMPED UP.

BRIDGET

Pictionary? Scategories? Cards Against  
Humanity, this is gonna get crazy!

MARTY

Pretty fired up about game night?

BRIDGET

We need to savor this family time.  
Before we know it, Mom and Dad will be  
back in Florida. (TO OTHERS) Who's up  
for a board game? Mom?

LAURA

I'm not in the mood. Not in a bad way.

BRIDGET

I'll open a bottle of wine.

LAURA

A game sounds fun! Where's your  
father? Rory!

RORY WALKS OUT, HOLDING HIS PHONE, LOOKING A BIT DAZED.

LAURA (CONT'D)

What's wrong? Who died?

RORY

Our condo. It got hit by the  
hurricane. There's a lot of damage.

EVERYONE IS SHOCKED, SAD FOR THEM.

BRIDGET

I'm so sorry, guys. That's awful.

LAURA

Rory. What are we going to do?

RORY

I don't know.

DYLAN AND HANNAH HUG RORY AND LAURA.

HANNAH

I know! You can stay with us.

DYLAN

Yeah, you can sleep in my room!

LAURA

You're so sweet. But we don't want to  
be a burden.

LAURA AND RORY TURN TO BRIDGET, STARE SADLY AT HER. SO DO  
HANNAH AND DYLAN, WITH PLEADING EYES. BRIDGET SHARES A LOOK  
WITH SHAWN, WHO STARES BACK LIKE "SAY SOMETHING."

BRIDGET

Not at all! Whatever you need.

BRIDGET POURS A GLASS OF WINE TO THE BRIM, CHUGS IT DOWN, AS  
EVERYONE WATCHES. BRIDGET SMILES, HOLDS UP THE BOTTLE.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Wine, anyone?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BRIDGET AND SHAWN'S BEDROOM - MORNING - LATER THAT WEEK

SHAWN DOES AN INTENSE AB WORKOUT. BRIDGET PUMPS BREAST MILK.

SHAWN

I'm worried about your parents. They insist they're not upset about the condo but your dad's reorganizing our closets and your Mom sighs, like this.

SHAWN LOOKS OFF IN THE DISTANCE, SIGHS DRAMATICALLY.

BRIDGET

Yeah, that's what they do when something's bothering them, but they don't want to talk about it.

SHAWN

Avoiding emotionally stressful situations by focusing on the trivial. A textbook case of displacement.

BRIDGET

We call it "stuffing it down." Like a trash compactor, but for your feelings.

SHAWN

What if the trash compactor's full?

BRIDGET

You stuff it down some more, over and over, until you're dead. At least that's how we were taught to do it.

SHAWN

I feel so bad for them.

BRIDGET

I do too. But is it wrong a teeny part of me feels worse for us? (OFF HIS LOOK) Okay, it's wrong. But they may never leave. Which means Marty and Clara won't leave either.

SHAWN

You wanted to be closer to them.

BRIDGET

By miles, not feet. It's like we have eight kids now. I hate that hurricane.

SHAWN

Maybe you hate how *uncertain* things are. Doesn't mean bad. Just uncertain.

BRIDGET

Maybe you're right. I'm over-reacting and everything will be fine.

THE BEDROOM DOOR BUSTS OPEN. RORY IS THERE, HOLDING A BROOM.

RORY

Bridge! Where's the dustpan?

BRIDGET

Get out, Dad! I'm pumping.

RORY

Pumping? What are you pumping?

BRIDGET

Milk!

RORY

Oh, I thought you meant gas.

BRIDGET

How would I pump gas in my bedroom?

RORY

I don't know, that's why I asked.

BRIDGET SLAMS THE DOOR WITH HER FOOT.

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

WHERE'S THE DUSTPAN?!

BRIDGET

BY THE BASEMENT STAIRS!

RORY (O.S.)

I LOOKED THERE!

SHAWN STARTS LAUGHING, GETS UP TO HELP RORY.

INT. BRENNAN HOUSE - THAT MORNING

BRIDGET WALKS DOWNSTAIRS. CLARA AND MARTY LAY ON THE COUCH IN COMFY PANTS, WATCH TV WITH DYLAN, WHO EATS CEREAL. SEEING BRIDGET, DYLAN GETS UP AND RACES OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

BRIDGET

Who gave Dylan Frosted Flakes?

CLARA

You check with Tony the Tiger?

(LAUGHING) That was a good one.

MARTY

No. A grrrrreat one!

MARTY AND CLARA LAUGH. BRIDGET NOTICES THEIR COMFY PANTS.

BRIDGET

Are you wearing comfy pants? Do you  
guys live here now?

MARTY

I don't want to be in my apartment all  
by myself when everyone's over here.  
Bo's staying with his Mom this week,  
in the home I no longer live in but  
still pay the mortgage on. (WAVING HIS  
HAND) Ahh! What are you gonna do?

CLARA MAKES A SAD FACE, RUBS MARTY'S BACK. BRIDGET WALKS OFF,  
FINDS LAURA READING *PEOPLE* WHILE NATE AND AL WATCH HER IPAD.

BRIDGET

Mom, what are you doing?

LAURA

(FLIPPING PAGE) Watching the twins.

BRIDGET

(TRYING) Thanks so much.

BRIDGET CLOSSES THE IPAD, TURNS TO LAURA, SINCERELY WORRIED.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

How you doing, Mom?

LAURA LOOKS OFF, SIGHS DRAMATICALLY, CLEARLY UPSET.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Cause if you want to talk. About the  
condo, whatever, I'm here, okay?

LAURA

Thanks. It's just...

LAURA SIGHS DRAMATICALLY AGAIN. BRIDGET WALKS INTO...

INT. BRENNAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

BRIDGET FINDS CEREAL BOXES, POTS/PANS, TUPPERWARE EVERYWHERE.  
RORY POPS OUT OF THE PANTRY, HOLDING A TRASH BAG.

RORY

Hey! Just reorganizing a bit, this  
kitchen was a disaster.

BRIDGET

(LOOKING AT MESS) Thanks so much.

RORY

How's your mother doing? She's taking  
this condo thing pretty hard.

BRIDGET

It seems like it's affecting you too.

RORY

Nah, I'm fine! So I did some more  
digging on Lee.

BRIDGET

The dance is *tonight*, let it go. And I  
told you to stay off his Instagram.

RORY

I know, so I checked the Instagram of  
every other kid in the juice photo.  
This was no innocent party. They  
weren't handing out goodie bags, each  
guest left with a beer buzz and HPV.

BRIDGET

You couldn't have figured that out on  
your own. Did Marty help you?



RORY

No. (THEN) Dylan did.

BRIDGET

Involving your grandson, nice. Let me guess, you paid him in Frosted Flakes.

RORY

No! It was regular Corn Flakes I put a lot of sugar on. (LOWERS HIS HEAD) But there's more.

BRIDGET

Dad? What did you do?

RORY

Dylan and I were surfing the web, spying, bonding, classic grandfather grandson stuff. I say: "I wish I could just talk to Lee." And Dylan goes: "You can." Next thing you know I have a fake Facebook account for Simone, a 16 year old girl from two towns over, and I'm sliding right into Lee's DMs.

BRIDGET

You catfished Lee?

RORY

No! I just made up a fake online persona to lure him into a dialogue.

BRIDGET

That's what catfishing is! Don't you see how creepy this is?

RORY

No, *Lee's* creepy. Ten texts in, he's asking Simone to the Homecoming dance.

BRIDGET

That little punk ass.

RORY

Is this a bad time to ask where your trash bags are? Not the Costco ones, I need Heftys. I'll look in the garage.

RORY HEADS OUT THE BACK DOOR, AS BRIDGET SHAKES HER HEAD.

INT. BRENNAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

BRIDGET PLOPS ON THE COUCH NEXT TO MARTY AND BRIDGET.

BRIDGET

So Dad just told me he catfished Hannah's date. Do you believe that?

CLARA

(A BEAT) Yeah. Dad's nuts.

MARTY

Remember when he was convinced our neighbor was spying on Clara so he planted that tree to block her window?

CLARA

Oh yeah. Pervy Pete. Whatever happened to him?

MARTY

I think he moved to Thailand.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE BEAT, AS THEY CONSIDER THE IMPLICATIONS.

CLARA

Dad made a good call planting that tree. He find any dirt on Lee?

BRIDGET

Get this. Lee asked Dad to the dance.

MARTY

No way. Lee's into old guys?

BRIDGET

No, Dad was pretending to be "Simone."

CLARA

That little punk ass. You gotta tell Hannah. She can't go with this guy.

BRIDGET

I know. But if I over-step my bounds

I'm no better than Mom and Dad, right?

INT. BRENNAN HOUSE - HANNAH'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

BRIDGET KNOCKS, ENTERS. HANNAH IS TRYING ON A DRESS FOR THE DANCE THAT NIGHT. BRIDGET MELTS.

HANNAH

Is it too much?

BRIDGET

No. Honey, you look beautiful.

HANNAH DOES HER HAIR IN THE MIRROR, AS BRIDGET HELPS HER.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Is Lee picking you up for the dance?

HANNAH

People don't really do that anymore.  
We're meeting at the school.

BRIDGET

I was hoping we could meet him first.  
We know nothing about him. (LEADING)  
What do you know about him?

HANNAH

Mom? What are you doing?

BRIDGET

Nothing. I have no agenda. (THEN) Does  
Lee have an agenda?

HANNAH

Why's everyone asking me about Lee?

BRIDGET

Who is?

HANNAH

You. Grandma. Grandpa. Earlier Dylan  
asked me if Lee had mentioned a girl  
named "Simone." What's going on?

BRIDGET

We just care about you, sweetheart.

HANNAH

No, you're acting weird! I finally  
have something to look forward to, you  
want to ruin that too?

BRIDGET

What else did I ruin?

HANNAH

Everything! I was happy in California.

I had friends and a life and you  
messed it up by making us move here!

HANNAH STORMS INTO HER CLOSET, CLOSES THE DOOR.

BRIDGET

Hannah, come out of the closet.

HANNAH

No! And I'm not going to the dance.

Congrats, Mom. You win.

INT. BRENNAN HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

MARTY, CLARA, RORY AND LAURA WATCH HURRICANE COVERAGE ON TV.  
BRIDGET MAKES DINNER, IN A BAD MOOD. DYLAN OPENS THE FRIDGE,  
SQUIRTS KETCHUP IN HIS MOUTH.

BRIDGET

Get out, you sugar junkie!

BRIDGET MARCHES OVER, TURNS OFF THE TV. EVERYONE REACTS.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

No TV when the kids are home.

RORY

Hannah's in her closet. (OUT WINDOW)  
And Dylan's doing a ton of pull-ups on  
the jungle gym. Wow, look at him go.

BRIDGET

That's cause he's strung out on sugar.

And everyone has their shoes on!

MARTY

We can go to my place, if you guys  
want. My TV's not as big but the only  
shoe rules are: there are no rules.

NO ONE RESPONDS. MARTY LAUGHS, PRETENDING HE DOESN'T CARE.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Or let's stay here. That works too!

CLARA

Let's do what Bridget says, guys.

CLARA WALKS TO THE ENTRYWAY, TAKES OFF HER SHOES. IN HER  
SOCKS, CLARA WALKS BACK TO THE COUCH.

CLARA (CONT'D)

It's her house now, her rules and we  
just need to get in -- WHOA!

CLARA SLIPS ON THE WOOD FLOOR AND WIPES OUT!

LAURA

CLARA!!!

LAURA RUSHES TO CLARA, CRADLES HER HEAD, GLARES AT BRIDGET.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Are your precious wood floors more  
important than your baby sister? Don't  
answer that. You already have.

SHAWN WALKS DOWNSTAIRS, POINTS TO BRIDGET AND RORY.

SHAWN

(UPSET) Bridget? Rory? A word.

BRIDGET

(SOTTO, TO RORY) Oh no. Shawn's mad.

RORY

Shawn doesn't get mad. That's why I've never fully trusted him.

BRIDGET

It rarely happens. But when it does.  
(MIMES AN EXPLOSION) Ka-boom.

SHAWN

Why isn't Hannah going to the dance?

BRIDGET

You want to tell him, Dad?

RORY

(SCARED) Maybe you take this one.

BRIDGET

Dad *catfished* Lee. He pretended to be "Simone" and flirted with him online.

SHAWN

I can't believe you, Rory.

BRIDGET

(AT RORY) Yeah!

SHAWN

Don't "yeah" him! You're to blame too.

RORY

(AT BRIDGET) Yeah!

SHAWN

Stop "Yeah-ing!" Both of you!

LAURA

Catfish? I've been married to your father for forty five years. I have never once seen him eat catfish.

BRIDGET

Great point, Mom. I'm sorry, Shawn.  
It's my fault. I should have known not to take parenting advice from THEM.

BRIDGET MOTIONS TO RORY AND LAURA. EVERYONE IS LIKE "WHOA."

RORY

What the hell does that mean?

LAURA

She thinks we're bad parents. (TO CLARA AND MARTY) Do you agree?

CLARA

No way. You're the best, Mommy.

MARTY

Pfft. She's crazy.

MARTY MOUTHS TO BRIDGET: "SORRY!" SHAWN POINTS TO THE TABLE.

SHAWN

Let's sit and eat.

EVERYONE STARTS ARGUING AT SAME TIME. SHAWN SILENCES THEM WITH AN ARM MOTION, BREATHES IN AND OUT, ANGRY.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

(THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH) Sit. Eat.

EVERYONE MOVES TO THE TABLE, SET FOR FAMILY DINNER. EVERYONE GOES TO THEIR "REGULAR SEATS." RORY MOVES TOWARDS THE HEAD. SHAWN DOES TOO. RORY AND SHAWN LOCK EYES FROM ACROSS THE TABLE, MOVE SLOWLY TOWARD THE HEAD, DIVE INTO THE SEAT AT THE SAME TIME, TRY TO WEDGE THEIR WAY IN, NEITHER GIVING AN INCH.



RORY

Get out of my seat!

SHAWN

Get out of MY seat!

RORY

It looks out on the side yard!

SHAWN

(STRAINING) My. Side. Yard.

THEY CONTINUE TO WEDGE THEMSELVES INTO THE SEAT WHEN THE ARMS OF THE CHAIR BREAK. SHAWN AND RORY FALL TO THE FLOOR!

BRIDGET

Shawn!

LAURA

Rory!

CLARA

Dad!

MARTY

Shawn! Dad! (OFF EVERYONE'S LOOK) I  
love them both, don't make me choose!

SHAWN HELPS RORY TO HIS FEET, FEELING AWFUL.

SHAWN

I'm so sorry, Rory. Are you okay?

RORY

I'm fine. Really.

LAURA

Well, I'm not. To be treated like  
this, in our own house.

BRIDGET

It's not your house! But you still act like it is! I thought this time would be different. But it never changes.

SHAWN

(TO BRIDGET) We should talk privately.

BRIDGET

Where? It doesn't matter where we go, they'll be there!

RORY

Cause you got rid of the walls!

BRIDGET

You want walls, check into a hotel!

LAURA

That's what we'll do. I've never been this disrespected. Not in a bad way. No. IN A BAD WAY. A very bad way.

EVERYONE GOES "OOH." THIS IS AS MAD AS LAURA GETS.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Rory, get our bags. From the GUEST ROOM.

LAURA WALKS DRAMATICALLY OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

RORY

My pleasure. Marty, get our bags.

RORY FOLLOWS LAURA OUT. CLARA PUTS ON HER SHOES, DEFIANTLY STOMPS AROUND, WALKS OUT. SHAWN AND BRIDGET SHARE A SAD LOOK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. BRENNAN'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

BRIDGET CLEANS UP THE BROKEN CHAIR. SHAWN COMES DOWNSTAIRS.

SHAWN

Good news. Hannah's moved from her closet to her bed. So, progress.

BRIDGET

I'm sorry about earlier.

SHAWN

You're not the one who needs to apologize.

BRIDGET

You have nothing to be sorry about.

SHAWN

I know. It's your family's fault. All of it. They're the worst.

BRIDGET STOPS, NOT EXPECTING THIS FROM SHAWN.

BRIDGET

That's a bit severe, don't you think?

SHAWN

No way! For all these years you've been complaining about what a boozed-up, dumpster fire your family is and now I finally get it. Screw them!

BRIDGET

Screw you! That's my family you're talking about.

SHAWN

I thought you hated them.

BRIDGET

I don't HATE them. I moved back here because I missed them and want us to be a family again! I love them!

SHAWN GRINS, CROSSES HIS ARMS. BRIDGET NODS, "YOU GOT ME."

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I see what you did there. Well played.

SHAWN

Thanks, I do this for a living.

SHAWN SITS DOWN NEXT TO BRIDGET, SOFTENING.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Your parents get under my skin too, but they're going through a hard time. How can you be empathetic to everyone except your own parents?

BRIDGET

I don't really see them as people. It's like that book, *The Giving Tree*. I just see two alcoholic tree stumps.

SHAWN

What do you want from them?

BRIDGET

I want them to recognize what an amazing parent I am and apologize for *everything*. (THEN) Oh God.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I sound CRAZY. I was so mean to them!  
What do I do?

SHAWN

Your parents feel like a burden right  
now, like they have no value. So you  
need to give them what YOU want.  
Recognize what's amazing about them  
and apologize for everything.

BRIDGET

(PAINED) Can't we just move again?

SHAWN GETS UP, GRABS HIS COAT, ETC.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I hear Michigan is nice!

INT. MARTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BRIDGET AND SHAWN PUSH THE SLEEPING TWINS IN A STROLLER. THEY  
KNOCK. MARTY OPENS THE DOOR, HOLDING A CHEESE TRAY.

MARTY

Crashing my housewarming party, huh?  
Come in, I guess. (OFFERING) Cheese?

BRIDGET AND SHAWN PUSH THE STROLLER INTO MARTY'S SMALL ONE  
BEDROOM APARTMENT. LAURA AND RORY SIT ON THE COUCH WITH  
CLARA, NOT LOOKING AT BRIDGET. THE VIBE IS SUPER AWKWARD.

RORY

This isn't your seat, is it Shawn?  
Don't want to get body-slammed again.

SHAWN

Again, Rory, I'm so sorry.

RORY

Don't apologize. I didn't know you had  
that in you. I liked it. We all did.

THE OTHER BRENNANS NOD, AGREEING WITH RORY.

SHAWN

Bridget has something to say to you.

SHAWN TURNS TO BRIDGET, WHO LOOKS NERVOUS.

BRIDGET

(SOFTLY) I'm sorry.

CLARA

What's that? We couldn't hear you.

BRIDGET

I'm sorry! I act like you're crazy,  
and I'm perfect. But I'm crazy too.

CLARA

Yeah, we know.

BRIDGET

Okay, that's not helpful!

SHAWN

I suggest we use our inside voices.

MARTY

Does that foster trust, or something?

SHAWN

No. The twins are sleeping and if they  
wake up, it's gonna stink.

EVERYONE NODS GETTING IT. BRIDGET RESUMES, SPEAKS QUIETLY.

BRIDGET

I had this dumb idea I'd move back home and everything was magically going to be different. But I don't want everything to be different. I mean, some things, sure. But I LIKE our family. Sorry I didn't say that before. (THEN) Mom? Say something.

LAURA LOOKS OFF, AN ODD SMILE ON HER FACE.

LAURA

It's just so weird being back in that house.

EVERYONE STOPS, SURPRISED TO HEAR LAURA TAKE THE FLOOR.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I thought I'd be fine. But when I saw how you changed everything, it made me so sad. Like all our time there meant nothing. Like it was all gone and we'd never get it back. Maybe that's why I stuck my nose in Hannah's business. I was so uncomfortable, I did what I always do. I fix stuff. I keep busy. I try. I know I'm not the best mother in the world, but I try.

EVERYONE NODS AT THIS, AGREENING. SHAWN TRIES TO GET BRIDGET'S ATTENTION, WHISPERS, UNDER HIS BREATH.

SHAWN

Tell her she's a good mother.

BRIDGET

What? I can't hear you. What are you saying?

RORY

He wants you to tell her she's a good mother.

LAURA

You don't have to say that just to make me feel better.

BRIDGET

I know. It's true, Mom. Shawn and I didn't move back here just to save money. I wanted our kids to have the childhood I had. To grow up in that house. To be part of this family. Cause I love being in this family. And that's all cause of you and Dad.

LAURA AND RORY SHARE A LOOK, GENUINELY TOUCHED.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I shouldn't have said it's my house now because it's not. It's all our house. It always will be.

EVERYONE NODS AT THIS, APPRECIATING THIS, CLARA ESPECIALLY.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Mom, Dad. Come stay with us. It's not a condo in Florida, but we'd love to have you, for as long as you want.



RORY

Are you kidding? We hate Florida!  
There's so many old people there. We  
want to be with you guys.

BRIDGET

So you'll stay?

RORY LOOKS TO LAURA WHO NODS, SMILING.

RORY

The Brennans are back, baby!

EVERYONE CHEERS! BRIDGET HUGS RORY AND LAURA, CLARA AND AND MARTY. RORY GIVES MARTY A QUICK HUG AND PAT ON THE BACK THAT MEANS SO MUCH TO MARTY, BUT PLAYS IT OFF LIKE IT'S NO BIG DEAL. DURING THIS, THE TWINS STIR. EVERYONE FREEZES, QUIETS. THE TWINS GO BACK TO SLEEP AND EVERYONE SIGHS, RELIEVED.

SHAWN

We should get these little guys home.  
Rory, Laura, you coming with us?

LAURA

Yeah. I want to see Hannah. I still  
feel bad she's not going to the dance.

CLARA

(TO MARTY) I know who can take her.

MARTY

Me? No, that's weird. Oh! Bo!

EVERYONE GOES "OH! BO!" AND THE TWINS WAKE UP, CRYING. MARTY SPREADS HIS ARMS, SMILING WIDE.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Ah, what are you gonna do?

INT. BRENNAN HOUSE - NIGHT

BRIDGET, SHAWN, RORY, LAURA ENTER. HANNAH IS DRESSED UP.

HANNAH

I decided to go to the dance. Bo said

I could tag along with his friends.

BO AND FRIENDS COME THROUGH THE BACKDOOR WITH A CASE OF BEER.  
BO TRIES TO PLAY IT OFF, WALKS UP TO RORY, SMILING.

BO

Grandpa! Up top!

RORY

Not gonna work this time, Bo. Keep

Hannah safe tonight. Ah, okay!

RORY AND BO HIGH FIVE. HANNAH HUGS EVERYONE, GETS TO BRIDGET.

HANNAH

Sorry I said you ruin everything. Did  
you ever blame Grandma for stuff?

BRIDGET

Are you kidding? I did that today.

BRIDGET HUGS HANNAH, WHO LEAVES WITH BO AND FRIENDS.

SHAWN

Who's hungry? We never ate dinner so I  
picked up a pizza on the way home.

SHAWN TOSSES THE PIZZA ONTO THE TABLE. RORY AND SHAWN EYE THE  
HEAD SEAT, LIKE BEFORE. THEY INCH CLOSER, EYES WIDE, WHEN  
DYLAN RUNS DOWNSTAIRS IN HIS PAJAMAS.

DYLAN

Yay, pizza!

DYLAN SITS AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE, EATS A SLICE. THE  
TENSION BROKEN. EVERYONE SITS, WITH DYLAN AT THE HEAD.

SHAWN

Rory, you want a beer? (REALIZING) Bo took the beer, didn't he?

LAURA

Oh, dear God. And Hannah is with them.

THEY JUMP INTO ACTION, TAKE OUT THEIR PHONES, TEXTING.

BRIDGET

Mom, text Marty. Dad, text Bo. I'm texting Hannah. (AS SHE TYPES) "Hope you're having fun. Love you. If you drink I will kill you." Seem good?

DYLAN

What's wrong, guys? There's no school tomorrow, Grandma and Grandpa are here, and we're eating PIZZA.

DYLAN PUTS HIS PAJAMA-COVERED FEET ONTO THE TABLE, HAPPY.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Life is good!

EVERYONE NODS, AGREEING AT DYLAN'S WISDOM. LIFE IS PRETTY GOOD. BRIDGET PUTS HER FEET UP ON THE TABLE. THEN SHAWN. RORY AND LAURA DO TOO. THEY'RE WEARING SOCKS. BRIDGET SMILES.

BRIDGET

You took off your shoes! You guys.

END OF ACT THREE

TAGINT. BRENNAN HOUSE - MORNING

RORY AND LAURA SIP COFFEE, READ THE PAPER. BRIDGET'S CONTRACTOR VIC PUTS UP A WALL IN THE LIVING ROOM.

BRIDGET

So Vic, I need a wall here, and here.

VIC

Walls where the walls were, got it.

HANNAH AND DYLAN COME DOWNSTAIRS FOR SCHOOL.

SHAWN

Morning circle time! Rory, Laura. Want to join us?

BRIDGET

They're not into this kinda thing.

LAURA

You go ahead. It's a family thing.

SHAWN

Exactly. Get in here.

RORY AND LAURA JOIN THE CIRCLE. BRIDGET IS SURPRISED.

RORY

So we just hold hands? That's it?

SHAWN

Dylan, why don't you kick us off?

DYLAN

I wish for world peace AND to be the goalie for the Rec league soccer team.

RORY

No way. You're a goal scorer. Right forward is where you belong.

LAURA

Is Coach Zayak still running the Rec league? I'll put in a good word.

BRIDGET

Guys. Dylan can do it on his own.

SHAWN

When it comes to sports we don't focus on "winning" and "losing." We just want him to have fun.

RORY

That's the kind of thing losers say.  
(TO DYLAN) We need to start training.  
By the time I'm done with you, you're going to be making the other kids cry.

AS RORY AND LAURA CONTINUE TO SCHEME ON HOW TO HELP DYLAN,  
BRIDGET TURNS TO VIC, THE CONTRACTOR, WHO RE-BUILDS THE WALL.

BRIDGET

How's that wall coming, Vic?

BRIDGET SMILES. SHAWN STARTS TO LAUGH, AND WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW