

CHUNK & BEAN

"PILOT"

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Based on *Chunk* By Brian Donovan

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COLD OPEN

INT. DAWSON HOUSE - CONNIE'S OFFICE - MORNING

CONNIE DAWSON (40's, stern but fair - mostly) in her home office. Tissues, covered candy bowl. We hear some O.S. SNIFFLING. She offers an unseen patient a tissue.

CONNIE

Kids can be tough, I know.

ANGLE ON: CHRISTY (same age, but much less together), who has been crying. But no worries, Connie's a pro.

CHRISTY

Normal kids can be tough. But Ian? He's-- Is there a positive therapy term for "I just need a month alone with a box or two of Reisling"?

CONNIE

Look, adolescents act out.

CHRISTY

Ian stole my credit card and ordered a Phillipino bride.

CONNIE

Well, it'll be an interesting Christmas! My point is: everybody struggles. Candidly, my husband and I are both therapists and even we struggle.

CHUNK (14, mischievous and meaty. OK, he's fat) strolls past the window. Connie looks up, over her patient's shoulder.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

But we've found the best way to build a happy child is to set boundaries.

In the middle distance, Chunk walks slowly into view. He leans against a tree and stares evenly at Connie.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Children want rules. They crave rules. Rules make them feel safe.

Chunk reaches into his pocket and pulls out a "fun-sized" Almond Joy. He slowly unwraps it. Connie stiffens slightly.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Sure they're gonna push back. See what you're made of. Especially if they're bright, independent, and... perhaps have a bit of a weight problem.

Chunk, eyes locked on Connie, slowly eats the Almond Joy.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

But I've learned that by setting reasonable limits and maintaining an open dialogue, we can work as a team...

Chunk reaches into his pocket and pulls out five more mini Almond Joys. He raises an eyebrow at Connie, who tenses.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

...to reach our goals.

Chunk devours the Almond Joys like he's in a hot dog eating competition.

CHRISTY

That's a great philosophy.

CONNIE

It holds my family together.

Chunk chews, a chocolate smile spreading across his face. Connie watches with the intensity of a submarine captain.

CHRISTY

Doctor, you're an inspiration.

CONNIE

I'm just here to help.

Christy takes the cover off the candy dish and peers in.

CHRISTY

Oh. Looks like you're out of candy.

Chunk lets a handful of wrappers loose in the wind.

CONNIE

No idea how that happened.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. DAWSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER THAT MORNING

Connie lays out breakfast as she stares out the window.
STUART (40's, Andy Daly-type) enters and gives her a kiss.

CONNIE
You're in a good mood.

STUART
Why shouldn't I be? Denise is a junior. Brian's a freshman. We got them both to high school, Honey!

CONNIE
That's a pretty low bar, Stuart.

STUART
Still, I'm proud of them. More importantly, I'm proud of us. Hug.

Stuart uses the hug to turn her body away from the window.

CONNIE
We're turning. Why are we turning?

STUART
Because you're staring at the new neighbors again.

CONNIE
I'm observing them because I'm concerned. I mean, I'm trying to build a healthy, structured environment for us, then this wild card family moves in next door.

ANGLE ON: JIM ROGERSON (40s, a buff Joe Manganiello-type) unloading LUMBER with his son, BEAN (14, really, really short. *Kevin Hart* short).

STUART (O.C.)
They're a wild card? Because you know the Talbots on the other side rent out their hot tub on Craig's List.

CONNIE
Totally different. We share a driveway with these people. Share a driveway, share everything. And I'm worried about his parenting.

STUART

You haven't even met them. How concerned can you be from staring out the window?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROGERSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - FLASHBACK

Quick cuts of Jim and Bean's very buddy-buddy relationship.

- Playing basketball, Jim pretends to play defense but is a mile away from Bean. Bean shoots: airball.

JIM

Woulda gone in if I hadn't fouled you. Take two from the line, buddy!

- Jim and Bean sit on the stoop in their pajamas. They each devour a thick slice of chocolate cake.

JIM (CONT'D)

Muffins are for people who don't have the balls to eat cake for breakfast.

- Bean driving the pick-up truck. Jim down by the street guiding Bean as he backs it up.

JIM (CONT'D)

Little more gas! Don't be shy!

Bean jumps the curb and knocks over their MAILBOX.

JIM (CONT'D)

Great! Was gonna replace it anyway!

BACK ON CONNIE AND STUART

CONNIE

He's a "pal-ent." See, I combined the words "pal" and--

STUART

Yeah, I know how you got there.

CONNIE

You know my motto: rules are just a parent's way of hugging you closer.

STUART

No idea why Disneyland hasn't put that on their sweatshirts.

Chunk enters, sarcastic as always.

CHUNK

Happy Monday. What's for breakfast?

Chunk reaches for a MUFFIN. Connie gently takes the plate.

CONNIE

Sweetheart, you already had your breakfast.

CHUNK

Me? No. I was out speed-walking in the yard, as per our agreement.

CONNIE

Don't play games. You ate all my candy, and you wanted me to see it.

CHUNK

OK, I did. But that's because you tried to pass off carob as chocolate in the pudding last night. So that voided dessert.

STUART

Brian, carob and chocolate are basically the same thing.

CHUNK

Don't embarrass yourself, Dad.
(then, to Connie)
It was clever of you to buy Almond Joys, knowing my mild allergy to coconut. But it was foolish to think it would stop me.

He lifts his shirt, REVEALING a mild rash.

CHUNK (CONT'D)

There may be a rash on my chest, but there was a party in my mouth.

CONNIE

Honey, I love you. I just don't want this year to be a struggle.

CHUNK

Hey, I'll tap out right now for a couple-- three of those muffins.

DENISE (17, a beautiful teenage storm cloud) bops in and clocks a defiant Chunk, shirt still held aloft.

DENISE

Oh great. What's all this?

CHUNK

Justice, Denise. I'm teaching Mom a lesson.

DENISE

OK, I know I'm supposed to drive you since I've got a car now--

CHUNK

Barely. Mom's 15 year-old Subaru.

DENISE

It's transportation, which is more than you have. And I'm not driving you anywhere if you're going to keep being weird. Got it, Chunk?

CHUNK

Hey, I'm not "Chunk" anymore. From now on, I'm Brian. Sturdy, but interesting. And totally normal.

(to Stuart)

Part of my master plan. I'm re-branding.

STUART

I love it. Run toward it, son.

CONNIE

Speaking of running, why don't you run the trash cans to the curb?

(off Chunk's sigh)

Remember: a journey of a thousand miles starts with a single step.

Connie zips his HOODIE up. He exits. Connie turns to Denise.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Try and be nice to him.

DENISE

No thanks. Is Hot Dad outside yet?

Denise crosses to the window and reaches for the binoculars.

CONNIE

OK, first of all, he's a father, so he can't be hot.

STUART

Thanks a lot.

CONNIE

Secondly, we're keeping our distance. That family's a mess.

INT. ROGERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jim and Bean smile and whistle, making breakfast in perfect synchronicity. Bean stretches for a cabinet, out of reach.

JIM

Surprise, buddy! Made a little alley-oop for you last night.

Jim pulls out the lowest DRAWER, now a solid BLOCK. Bean, smiles and hops up, now able to grab the glasses.

BEAN

It's great. But you build stuff all day. You should relax at night. Go out. Have a beer, meet some people.

JIM

You're the only people I need.
(then, noticing)
Oh God. They're watching us again.

Jim glances out the window, catches Stuart, Denise and Connie checking them out. Bean shudders.

BEAN

I feel like a black kid in Spencer Gifts.

JIM

At least the mother isn't working that poor boy like a Clydesdale.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DAWSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - FLASHBACK

Quick cuts of Connie drilling Chunk.

- Chunk on a treadmill, Connie cranks up the speed.
- Chunk doing step aerobics. When Connie turns, he just stomps his foot to make it sound like he's working out.
- Connie frisks him, finds snacks hidden all over him.

BACK ON JIM AND BEAN

JIM

I mean, ease up on him for Pete's sake. Just be friends with your kid. OK, chore time. Airplane to the garage?

BEAN

Dad, I'm 14. I can walk now.

JIM

Why walk when you can fly?

Jim lifts him up over his head. Bean reluctantly extends his hands and makes a VROOM sound. Jim "flies" him to the garage.

EXT. DAWSON HOUSE - THE STREET - LATER

Chunk wheels a GARBAGE CAN to the curb as Bean does the same.

BEAN

Hi! You must be--

CHUNK

Yeah, neighbor kid. You just moved in.

BEAN

Right! From Ohio. I'm Ed, my dad's--

CHUNK

--Jim. He's a contractor. You guys have an awesome cable package. I've been watching through your window.

BEAN

You're kidding, right?

CHUNK

You fell asleep last night during *The Departed*. FYI, Damon dies in the end.

BEAN

Oh, I was gonna finish that.

CHUNK

Saved you the trouble. Anyway, gotta head inside, put some ointment on my justice rash. Maybe I'll see you around sometime--

Chunk turns, but stops short, staring at Bean's garbage.

CHUNK (CONT'D)

Holy stromboli. What's this? Cocoa Puffs? Ice cream? Where does your dad shop? Heaven?

BEAN

No, I think... the Piggly Wiggly?

CHUNK

(suddenly super chummy)
Do you need someone to show you around? Be pals? Trade lunches? I know we're accelerating this a bit, but it feels natural.

BEAN

Yeah... that'd be great. I don't really know anyone, pretty much just hang out with my dad.

CHUNK

(rooting through trash)
Yeah, cool. Whatever.
(finding a granola bar)
Whoa, you left a man behind here. Wrapper intact. You mind?

INT. DAWSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Connie, glued to the binoculars, stands next to Stuart.

CONNIE

Honey, he's eating garbage again!
I'm going in.

EXT. ROGERSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Connie bounds outside towards the boys.

CONNIE

Brian, we've talked about this.

Chunk throws the granola bar at Bean.

CHUNK

I was holding it for him. It's his.

CONNIE

Sorry my son is a raccoon. I'm Connie, lovely meeting you.

BEAN

Hi. I'm--

CHUNK

Ed. He invited me over after school
for a movie and a snack.

CONNIE

He did?

BEAN

I did?

Jim exits the garage, lumber on his shoulder.

BEAN

Dad! Come meet the neighbors.

Jim takes a beat, drops the lumber and crosses to them.

JIM

Hi, I'm Jim. See, Ed? I told you
she wasn't welded to the window.

Connie laughs awkwardly. Chunk loves it.

CHUNK

Came to play. I like this guy.

CONNIE

(to Jim)

Yes, well, new neighbors. You can't
be too careful. I'm Dr. Connie
Dawson, this is Brian. Please
excuse us. We have to go. It's his
first day of high school.

JIM

Hey, that's great. Same here.

CONNIE

Oh, you have another child?

Connie stoops down to Bean's level.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Hey, little fella. You got a big
brother or sister around here?

BEAN

No. It's my first day of high
school, too. I'm just very short.

CHUNK

Yeah, you are. But it's
proportional. You're not a midget.

(MORE)

CHUNK (CONT'D)

Can we still say "midget"? What do we call the guy on *Game of Thrones*?

JIM

Ed'll sprout up, just like me. High school was when I really took off.

BEAN

Dad, you took off at birth.

(to Chunk)

He had abs in the womb. Hey, wanna see something cool?

Chunk shrugs and they run off. Connie calls after them:

CONNIE

Brian, don't wander off. I'd like to do a weigh-in before we go.

JIM

Meh, let 'em enjoy their freedom.

INT. DAWSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Stuart and Denise are at the window watching Connie and Jim.

STUART

I don't like her body language. This could go sideways, fast.

DENISE

Leave her alone. Mom prefers to ruin things by herself. And have you seen my sunscreen? I've got soccer and it's not in the car.

STUART

No. And speaking of the car: please be careful. Your mom has killed herself keeping it nice for you.

DENISE

I'll try not to spill my beer. Kidding! I love that piece of crap.

EXT. ROGERSON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Bean climbs the big TREE whose branches reach over both sides of the driveway. Chunk watches from the ground.

BEAN

Check it out, my dad and I are going to build a treehouse up here.

CHUNK

Cool. So you can hide out and eat.
(off Bean's look)
Or... not. Who would do that?

EXT. ROGERSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Connie looks up at Bean in the tree, worrying.

CONNIE

Should he be all the way up there?

JIM

Eh, boys will be boys.

CONNIE

Right. About that. This may seem a bit much, but since we're living next to each other, I have some thoughts about how you and your son can best interact with Brian. And our family in general.

Connie pulls out a LONG LIST and hands it to Jim.

INT. DAWSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

STUART

Oh god. The list! She broke out the list. OK, damage control. Think! I need a peace offering...

EXT. ROGERSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

JIM

(reading list)
No noise during study hours,
caution when backing out. You want me to buy carrots for your son?

CONNIE

Brian likes to shake down the neighbors for food, then hide and feast. So please lock your shed.

JIM

Lock my shed?

CONNIE

I know it seems crazy, but we have a limited window to influence our kids. If they have challenges, we need to help guide their choices.

JIM

Cool. Can I borrow your helicopter?

CONNIE

I'm not a helicopter parent. And your son is now over the driveway.

JIM

It looks like fun. Ed, go higher!

Stuart appears with a PLATE OF EGGS, BACON and HALF A MUFFIN.

STUART

Hi! Stuart Dawson. Here's a "welcome to the block" gift.

JIM

Thanks. Is this... your breakfast?

STUART

Not anymore. Connie? Sweetheart? Shouldn't we all head inside?

CONNIE

Not now. We've got a safety issue.

JIM

Oh, c'mon. You worry too much--

CRACK! The BRANCH SNAPS. Bean rides it all the way down to Denise's Subaru, BUSTING AND SPIDER-WEBBING the back window.

BEAN

I'm fine! The car broke my fall!

Connie's in shock. Denise bursts out the door, screaming.

DENISE

What did you do to my terrible car?!

JIM

I'll pay for that. And I should probably return your breakfast.

CHUNK

Agreed. Give it here.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. JIM'S PICK-UP TRUCK - LATER

Jim drives his truck, filled with dude stuff. Chunk in the passenger seat, Bean smooshed between.

CHUNK

Thanks for giving me a ride. My sister was going to drive me but you crushed her dream.

JIM

Again, we're so sorry about the car.

CHUNK

Are you kidding? Made my year. Hey! Donuts! May I?

Chunk grabs a sleeve of MINI-DONUTS off the dashboard.

JIM

Sure-- Wait. Are those on the list?

CHUNK

Do we really care, Jim? We're here in a truck, let's do what men do.

Chunk pops a donut in his mouth, drops the rest in his BAG.

CHUNK (CONT'D)

So, Bean, first day of high school. How are you gonna play it?

JIM

Play it? He's gonna nail it. Ed's a superstar.

CHUNK

Sure he is, Jim. But kids can be cruel. Case in point, in middle school they called me "Chunk." Perhaps because I'm a little husky. Don't say I'm not.

BEAN

Wasn't gonna.

CHUNK

Nice one. Anyway, this year will be different. I'm gonna shake the Etch-a-Sketch. Change the conversation.

(MORE)

CHUNK (CONT'D)

It all starts with getting people to call me my real name. Then, sky's the limit. What's your goal?

BEAN

Uh... just get people to like me. Especially girls. Older girls.

CHUNK

Wow. Optimistic. Suicidal, but optimistic.

Chunk notices an open bag of TOOTSIE ROLLS on the dashboard.

CHUNK (CONT'D)

Can I get one or two of these? Sugar's good brain food.

BEAN

Isn't your mom gonna freak?

CHUNK

(grabbing a handful)

Hope so. Anyway, follow my lead. Start slow and stay low. Don't get labeled, because labels stick. I mean, if today goes wrong, there's really no point in coming back.

JIM

C'mon! You guys will do great. Take it from me, high school's a breeze.

CHUNK

For you, the guy who just stepped out of a firefighter calendar.

Jim pulls the truck up in front of the HIGH SCHOOL.

JIM

OK, the adventure begins! Remember: eyes up, head high, because...

BEAN

You'll never find a rainbow if you're looking down!

Jim and Bean high five. While they're distracted, Chunk slips a FLASHLIGHT from the floor of the truck into his bag. Jim clocks it, but says nothing. As the boys walk up to school...

CHUNK

Your dad's really upbeat. Is he a day drinker?

INT. DAWSON HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Stuart walks a COUPLE out from his office to the front door.

WIFE

Thanks, Dr. Dawson. You know, when we leave here I don't even mind that his mother is still alive.

STUART

Wow, that's progress! Next week!

Connie enters. As the couple leaves:

CONNIE

I talked to the insurance company about the damage to the car. Apparently, when a tiny tween falls from the sky, it's an act of God.

STUART

I'm sensing some anger.

CONNIE

Honey, I sat on that car like an egg for 15 years so Denise would have a safe vehicle to drive, and now these people--

STUART

Why don't you let me handle this?

CONNIE

No. I'm gonna handle this because if he listened to me to begin with--

SUSAN, a patient of Connie's, enters the front door.

SUSAN

Am I early?

STUART

My wife will be right with you.
(sotto to Connie)
I got it. Damage control is my jam.

Stuart looks around, grabs a MUFFIN, and exits.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

As they walk the halls, Chunk spells it out for Bean.

CHUNK

In the old days, identifying a threat was easy. Varsity jacket? Cheerleader? Those were nature's warning signs to duck and cover. But cool kids have evolved. Gays, nerds, foreign exchange students: all huge now. This bi cos-player just transferred here from Brazil. Future prom king.

BEAN

Great. That bodes well for me and the ladies.

CHUNK

Not really. You're still tiny and I'm still fat and cool hasn't evolved that far. Remember: today is make-or-break. If things go bad, employ countermeasures.

BEAN

Got it. What are countermeasures?

They see Denise. Bean waves. She SLAMS her locker and MARCHES toward them.

CHUNK

Did you just wave? People haven't waved since Truman.

BEAN

It's your sister! I've got an apology gift for her.

CHUNK

Dude, she's gonna kick your ass. She loved hating that car.

BEAN

Trust me. Apologies are my jam.

EXT. ROGERSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

Jim wrestles with the branch that sticks out of the back window of the Subaru. Stuart approaches.

JIM

Hey. Just trying to clean up a bit.

STUART

Lemme give you a hand.

JIM

Really? I figured you and Connie were done talking to me.

STUART

Look, she wants to make this perfect world for our kids and her patients, and when things don't go according to plan, she kinda gets-- well, you saw. Anyway, this looks like a two-man job. Ready? Heave!

Jim lifts easily. Stuart heaves but it doesn't budge.

INT. DAWSON HOUSE - CONNIE'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Connie sits with Susan, who's facing the window.

SUSAN

Who's to say how many dating apps is too many? I think six is fine.

CONNIE

Yes, Susan, but you're married.

Susan suddenly looks past Connie, staring out the window.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Susan?

Connie turns to see Jim. Shirtless. Sawing the log.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

OK, I'll be right back.

EXT. DAWSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Connie beelines to Jim, whose bare chest glistens in the sun.

CONNIE

Excuse me. Could you do that later?

JIM

Am I making noise? Because technically it's not study time.

Stuart rounds the corner, also SHIRTLESS but not as fit.

STUART

Hey, Hon! We're just breaking down this branch. You get back to work.

CONNIE

I can't. Because you're distracting my patient.

STUART

Oh. Do you need us to put our shirts back on?

CONNIE

You can do whatever you want.

ANGLE ON HOUSE: Through the window, Susan waves at Jim.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

(to Jim)

You gotta cover up. Now.

JIM

I'm trying to make things right.

CONNIE

Well, you're not. You're *Magic Mike*-ing all over my patient.

All of sudden, Susan approaches, putting on lipstick.

SUSAN

Dr. Dawson? I'm gonna go.

(eyeing Jim)

Sir, do you have a card? Because I could use... whatever it is you do.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bean smiles up at Denise who is holding a COUPON.

DENISE

"Good for one free backrub?!" After destroying my car? Are you serious?

BEAN

As a heart attack. I keep a few of these in my pocket for emergencies.

DENISE

You took my freedom so, by law, I could choke you out right now. But this pathetic attempt at seduction is actually... kind of adorable.

Denise smiles, Chunk can't believe it. Then JARED (18, definitely popular) and a couple other COOL KIDS appear.

CHUNK

(sotto to Bean)

Oh god. Cool kids. Pretend you're invisible. I've got your back.

JARED

Hey, Denise. Whoa! I forgot your fat brother goes here now. He looks like Jonah Hill ate Jonah Hill.

DENISE

Jared, c'mon...

JARED

(re: Chunk)

Hey. Nice shirt. Where did you get it? The Goodyear Blimp Store?

CHUNK

Solid zinger, J-man. Not sure there are blimp stores *per se* but--

JARED

Listen, when it's hot outside, do you sweat gravy?

The kids laugh. Chunk sighs then turns to Bean.

CHUNK

I didn't plan on this, but Jared's really locked in on the fat stuff. Time for countermeasures.

BEAN

What?

CHUNK

(back to Jared)

Sure, I'm a little hefty, but fat kids are a dime a dozen. Check out this freak. He's circus short!

Chunk points to Bean who is stunned by Chunk's betrayal.

JARED

Ha! He *is* super tiny!

CHUNK

Right? I can lose weight but this kid's gonna be a Smurf forever!

The popular kids laugh at Bean. Chunk joins in.

BEAN

Yeah. You're right. I am tiny. So tiny you guys should call me Bean.

CHUNK

Bean. Yeah. Hilarious!
(sotto to Bean)
What are you doing?

Bean glares at Chunk, hurt but resolved.

BEAN

(sotto to Chunk)
Countermeasures.
(then to Jared)
And you can call my hefty friend
"Chunk." We're Chunk and Bean!

Chunk is mortified. All the cool kids burst out laughing.

JARED

Chunk and Bean! Classic! We'll see you around, Chunk and Bean!

All the popular kids but Denise exit. Chunk turns on Bean.

CHUNK

What did you do to me?! Now I'm "Chunk" for the next four years!

DENISE

Don't over-react. You'll be fine. In college.

Denise walks away. Chunk glares at Bean.

BEAN

You started it. We were supposed to be friends and you sold me out.

CHUNK

Well, it's over for me. So now I'm gonna make sure it's over for you.

Chunk snaps a picture of Bean and walks off. Still on Bean...

KID (O.S.)

What up, Chunk?!

CHUNK (O.S.)

Really?! Already?!

EXT. DAWSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

Jim, now in a shirt, listens to Connie as Stuart looks on.

CONNIE

Look, I'm just trying to set reasonable boundaries here.

JIM

Speaking of boundaries, I saw Brian snag a flashlight out of my truck.

STUART

"Snag"? Do you mean steal?

CONNIE

Brian would never steal. Nothing he couldn't eat, anyway.

JIM

Look, I'm sorry but I saw what I saw.

CONNIE

You're very observant. So why don't you observe me driving the car your son damaged to the body shop.

JIM

You know, I could fix that myself--

CONNIE

We don't need your help fixing anything!

Connie jumps in the car and BACKS UP. Unable to see through the cracked back window she CRASHES into the GARAGE. She seethes and drives off. Stuart looks at the garage, then Jim.

STUART

Actually, I could use your help fixing that.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

Bean at his LOCKER. He opens it. The shelf is too high. He jumps. Repeatedly. Kids stare at him. This is hell.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PRACTICE FIELD - LATER

Chunk, also alone, walks past some ATHLETES. He reaches into his pocket for the a Tootsie Roll but finds a FIT BIT.

CHUNK

That's why she zipped up my hoodie!
She chipped me so she could count
my steps. OK, Connie. That's how
you want to play? Then count away.

He clips it to the JERSEY of a passing CROSS COUNTRY RUNNER.

INT. DAWSON HOUSE - GARAGE - LATER

Stuart and Jim work on the broken garage door from inside.

STUART

I feel really handy right now. Do
you feel this handy all the time?

Jim spots a PHOTO in a BOX. It's Connie and an OBESE Stuart.

JIM

Wow. This you? You were a real...

STUART

Porker? Yeah. But Connie fixed me.
She's relentless. Not always easy
on our marriage but marriage isn't
easy. Of course, I'm sure you know
that.

This lands on Jim. He looks away... then hammers a nail.

STUART (CONT'D)

Is it just me or does this feel
harder with our shirts on?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - LATER THAT DAY

Bean scans the cafeteria. He spots Chunk alone, glaring.
Suddenly, a voice from the popular section calls out:

JARED

Hey, little man! Come sit with us!

Bean warily heads to Jared's table. Everyone's buzzing.

JARED (CONT'D)

Sorry about earlier. We were dicks.

BEAN

It's cool. First days are rough.

JARED

Wise words, Wonderboy.

BEAN
...Wonderboy?

Bean notices KIDS snapping pictures of him, pointing.

JARED
So what's it like being a child
prodigy?

BEAN
Child prodigy?

POPULAR KID 1
Can you really speak Mandarin? I
hear it's the new Spanish.

HOT CHICK
You're so cute! I can't believe
you're only eight!

BEAN
Eight? What are you talking about?!

Other students swarm the table. Bean is completely baffled.

JARED
Selfie! Say: "Hashtag WonderBoy!"

Bean smiles instinctively. CLICK! Jared shows Bean his phone.

JARED (CONT'D)
Dude! You've totally gone viral!

Bean grabs the phone, and sees endless **#WonderBoy** posts, ALL
with the photo Chunk took of Bean earlier. Bean reads aloud:

BEAN
"Congrats to 8 year-old child
prodigy, Ed Rogerson. Calculus
today, puberty tomorrow!"

Livid, Bean drops the phone and steams over to Chunk.

BEAN (CONT'D)
You did this. Take it down.

CHUNK
Sorry. The internet is forever. But
hey, you can always move again.

Bean TACKLES Chunk. A crowd SWARMS, yelling, "Fight!"

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Chunk and Bean sit in a guidance counselor's office.

CHUNK

You're suspending me?! But he hit first!

On SARAH DIAMOND (30, Aubrey Plaza in last year's Old Navy). Her nameplate reads: MS. SARAH DIAMOND - GUIDANCE COUNSELOR.

SARAH DIAMOND

Yeah, after you spread a malicious rumor online. And these days we take cyber bullying very seriously.

CHUNK

Well, the hobbit had it coming.

BEAN

What? You started it, you fat jerk!

Chunk picks up a WASTE PAPER BASKET and WHIPS it at Bean, knocking him out of his chair. Sarah grabs her PHONE.

SARAH DIAMOND

OK, I was gonna let you tell your parents yourself, but now I'm busting out the emergency contacts!

INT. BODY SHOP - LATER

Connie waits in a garage. She checks her phone's FIT BIT APP.

CONNIE

Wow, Brian's really got his steps up. Is he running?

Outside, the CROSS COUNTRY TEAM -- including the guy Chunk clipped his Fit Bit to earlier -- RUNS BY THE WINDOW.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

Gonna get some extra carob in his pudding tonight.

A MECHANIC in a greasy apron approaches.

MECHANIC

So... the window's an easy fix. But whatever you backed into sprung the frame. That's 5 or 6 grand, easy.

CONNIE

What?!

Connie seethes as her phone rings. She answers it angrily.

CONNIE (CONT'D)

What?!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Sarah has moved the boys to opposite sides of the room.

SARAH DIAMOND

Look, guys, we've all got problems. I gotta work at Chili's on the weekend. Please don't visit. But we are what we make of our challenges.

CHUNK

You get that off a mug somewhere?

SARAH DIAMOND

Alright, you want the real? You two walked into this school as misfits and after that fight you are now total outcasts. My advice? Band together. It's your only choice.

CHUNK

Nope. I've got another choice.

BEAN

I bet it involves pancakes.

Chunk LUNGES FOR BEAN, but Sarah points, freezing him.

SARAH DIAMOND

Hey, no hitting off a good burn.

A door BANGS open in the hall, hard enough to make the pictures on the wall shake. Their eyes turn to the noise.

SARAH DIAMOND (CONT'D)

What was that?

CHUNK

(dead man walking)
My ride is here.

INT. DAWSON HOUSE - GARAGE - LATER

Jim and Stuart sip beers admiring the garage. Connie enters.

STUART

Hey, Hon! Jim and I fixed the garage! Or is it "Jim and me"? This is my second beer.

JIM

Yep, we did it together.

CONNIE

Great. That totally makes up for your kid getting our kid suspended.

Bean and Chunk enter, heads hung low.

STUART

What?

JIM

Suspended?

CONNIE (CONT'D)

And I had to pick them both up because you don't answer your cell phone.

JIM

I turned it off because I assumed you had a rule about appropriate ringer volume.

STUART

It's a guideline and it's vibrate.
(to Connie)
Why did they get suspended?

BEAN

I kind of attacked your son. But I had a good reason.

JIM

Of course you did.

CONNIE

That's right, defend him! Because you're just a permissive pal-ent who's tornadoed all over my car, my patient, and now my kid. But no more. It stops now!

Connie storms out.

JIM

Did she say, "pal-ent"?

STUART
It's a combination of "pal" and
"parent."

JIM
Cool. I like it.

They all follow Connie outside.

EXT. DAWSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Connie tromps to Jim's truck and hauls out WOOD, TOOLS, etc.

STUART
Connie, what are you doing?

CONNIE
I've tried verbal boundaries. I've
tried written boundaries. So now
I'm making an actual boundary. I'm
building a fence!

Connie drags the assorted stuff into the driveway.

STUART
Honey, that's a terrible fence.

CHUNK
Yeah, that's just a hose on the
ground.

JIM
I can build you a real fence if you
want. Seriously. At cost.

Connie throws the hose down and up in Jim's face.

CONNIE
(struggling for words)
No! God! You--!

STUART
Guys, we've got a lot of
misdirected feelings here. Let's
focus our anger where it belongs.
On our children.

CHUNK
Thanks, Dad.

CONNIE
Good point, Stuart. Brian, go to
your room.

(MORE)

CONNIE (CONT'D)

We need to understand what's behind all this acting out. So no screen time 'til we have a long talk.

BEAN

You're going to talk about this?

JIM

Of course they are. That's their fix for everything. Us? We don't focus on the bad stuff. C'mon, Bean. We're going to a movie.

CHUNK

Mom? I think they're on to something. Let's all go to a movie.

CONNIE

I said: go to your room, Chunk!

Everything stops. It hits Chunk like a freight train. And he runs into the house.

INT. DAWSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Connie and Stuart sit in the kitchen. She's defeated.

CONNIE

Oh god, what did I do? It just slipped out. I'm the worst mom in the world.

STUART

Not the world.
(then)
That came out wrong.

INT. DAWSON HOUSE - CHUNK'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chunk gathers the items he stole earlier: sunscreen, donuts, Jim's flashlight. He puts them in a PILLOWCASE and exits.

INT. ROGERSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bean looks across the yard to Connie and Stuart talking. Jim, behind him, scrolling through his phone.

JIM

Bunch of good movies playing.

BEAN

Yeah, we don't have to go to a movie. We could stay in, talk...

JIM

No need. I'm sure whatever you did, you did for a good reason, right?

BEAN

Well, yeah. I mean, I think so--

JIM

Great! So, now we get a few days to hang together. Let me just lock up my tools and we can hit the road.

Jim exits out the back. Off Bean's disappointment...

INT. DAWSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Stuart comforts Connie. She leans on him like a rock.

CONNIE

High school is vicious to misfits, Stuart. I'm just trying to help him grow up happy. But why does he have to fight me on everything?

STUART

He's gonna be OK. I'm certain of it. We'll get him there. Together.

EXT. ROGERSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC UP: Something like Ben Lee's "Everything Is OK."

Chunk, pillowcase in hand, sneaks into Jim's toolshed.

INT. ROGERSON TOOLSHED - CONTINUOUS

Chunk turns on Jim's flashlight and sees Jim. Chunk SHRIEKS.

JIM

I'm guessing this is yours?

REVEAL: Jim holding an open SUITCASE full of SUPPLIES.

CHUNK

No. No. Never seen that. Probably belongs to a hobo or a drifter.

JIM

So a hobo packed hardboiled eggs,
kid's underwear and 30 shirts with
the name "Brian" sewn into them?

CHUNK

Hobos love eggs.

JIM

It's a go-bag. You're running away.

EXT. ROGERSON HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Bean closes his front door and looks to his backyard, seeing a light on in the toolshed. Dad hard at work. Again. He looks over to the light at the Dawsons' house and heads toward it.

INT. ROGERSON'S TOOLSHED - MOMENTS LATER

CHUNK

Look, I planned it out. If today sucked, then I promised myself I would leave. And today mega-sucked.

JIM

Every cloud has a silver lining.

CHUNK

What silver lining?! I wanted to be "Brian." Because *Brian* can be prom king, *Brian* can be class president, *Brian* can have a girlfriend. But Chunk never can. And now everyone sees me as Chunk. Even my mom.

JIM

Your mom loves you.

CHUNK

I embarrass her! She sees me as a failure. Her failure.

JIM

Brian, she loves you. If you've got a problem, it's that she loves you too much.

EXT. DAWSON HOUSE - FRONT STOOP - CONTINUOUS

Bean knocks on the Dawsons' door. Stuart and Connie open it.

BEAN

Hey. I know this is weird but can I talk to you guys for a second?

CONNIE

Of course. What can we do for you?

BEAN

It's not for me. It's for my dad.

INT. ROGERSON'S TOOLSHED - LATER

CHUNK

I know I'm fat. And I'm trying to fix it. But her not trusting me, riding me the way she does with the diets and the running, it just makes me want to push back harder.

JIM

Brian, I know you're mad at your mom and she's not perfect. But trust me: you don't want to lose her. Not even for a second.

Chunk stands there, clearly emotional. Jim hands him an egg.

JIM (CONT'D)

Hobo egg?

INT. DAWSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bean sits with Stuart and Connie.

BEAN

My dad's been kinda lost lately. It started when my mom died. She was his favorite person. Mine too.

CONNIE

Oh, Ed. I'm so sorry.

BEAN

The reason he's so easy-going is I think he's afraid to feel the pain. He just wants me to be happy, and he can't stand to look at the sad.

STUART

You know, you're incredibly perceptive for an 8 year-old.

CONNIE

No, honey. He's just really short.

STUART

No, I saw this thing on Instagram.

INT. ROGERSON'S TOOL SHED - LATER

Jim and Chunk eat Hobo eggs.

JIM

Give it 72 hours. If you still
wanna go, call me first.

CHUNK

Why? So you can talk me out of it?

JIM

No talk. Figured we'd just do this.

Jim fires up a BAND SAW and expertly cuts a piece of wood.

CHUNK

Awesome. Shouldn't we be wearing
goggles?

JIM

Nah.

The saw NOISILY RIPS through the wood. Chunk pumps his fist.

INT. DAWSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

BEAN

My dad could really use a friend.

CONNIE

We'll reach out to him. I promise.
And if you ever want to talk...

BEAN

I really want to talk.

STUART

Our door's always open. We'll do it
at cost. Kidding.

Bean hugs Stuart and Connie, as Jim and Chunk enter.

CONNIE

There you are, Brian.

CHUNK
Really leaning into the "Brian" of
it all, huh, Mom?

STUART
Where were you?

CHUNK
I was, uh...

JIM
He was helping me. Oh, and Connie,
I found my flashlight. You were
right, it was in my truck.

Denise enters in her soccer uniform, annoyed.

DENISE
Are we eating? I only set aside 42
minutes for you people.

STUART
Yes we are. How about pizza?

The room looks to Connie for confirmation. A beat. She nods.

CONNIE
And ice cream.

Chunk gives Connie a hug. It makes her year.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
OK, this doesn't happen often, so
I'm taking a picture.

She takes out her phone and sees "Brian's Steps" rising.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Wait. How are you still running?

Brian smirks. Busted. ANGLE ON: Bean and Denise at the table.

BEAN
Bet you're worn out from soccer.
Wanna cash in on that massage?

Denise walks away, LAUGHING. Chunk sits down next to Bean.

CHUNK
You have no shame. I respect that.

Bean smiles as we...

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. ROGERSON HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LATER

Jim, Stuart, Chunk, and Bean stand on the balcony of a beautifully-built tree house (the one Bean dreamed of).

JIM

Connie, come on. It's 100% safe.

REVEAL Connie standing inside the tree house.

CONNIE

No. I trust the house because Jim built it. But Stuart, you built the balcony and no offense...

STUART

You think I'm incompetent.

CONNIE

Just with tools, sweetheart.

CHUNK

If it holds me it'll hold anything.

BEAN

Me too. Been bulking up lately.

Chunk laughs and rolls his eyes. Connie steps out tentatively. Then...

CONNIE

OK. This feels sturdy. Maybe I was wrong--

THE TREE HOUSE behind Connie, other than the balcony, falls ONTO THE SUBARU. Connie's incredulous. Denise RUNS outside.

DENISE

Seriously?! SERIOUSLY?!

STUART

Jim, when you asked me to bolt the house to the tree, I'm guessing you meant before we came up here?

CHUNK

It's funny, because normally the Subaru is a very safe car.

END OF PILOT

*