

LATE BLOOMERS

"Pilot"

written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

A window opens swiftly. CLIFF CASEY (65), a gruff looking, mischievous old man, stands at the window and gestures inside the house.

CLIFF

Shhhh, we gotta keep it down.

Cliff pulls his paramour, ETHEL (82) into a passionate kiss. She is scantily clad, a little buzzed, and barefoot. She struggles to climb through the window.

ETHEL

I've got it now, Cliffy! Gimme a push on the fanny!

The Paramour is halfway inside. Cliff reaches to hoist her up but moves his hands to her behind.

ETHEL (CONT'D)

Cliff! Not like that you dog! Save it for later...

Cliff gives a self-pleased chuckle and braces himself to push; many grunts are involved. One, two, three! Cliff shoves her through the window but knocks over a vase.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

CRASH! RYAN CASEY (35), a typical suburban dad and his wife LINDSAY (33), shoot up out of bed and look around. Lindsay's rollers fall out of her hair.

LINDSAY

I think someone's in the house.

Ryan lifts a baseball bat from under the sheets.

RYAN

...Get behind me, honey.

Ryan creeps down the stairs back-to-back with Lindsay, who's armed with pepper spray. They're ready to fight.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

There are shadows by the window. The couple quickly round the corner and shout out a war cry.

LINDSAY/RYAN  
 AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Oh, it's just Cliff. He stands over the shattered glass with a dustpan. Beside him, Ethel chucks a cigarette butt into a house plant.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
 DAD!? Who the hell is this??

ETHEL  
 Hey baby, I'm Ethel. Got a light?

Ryan drops the baseball bat and turns to Cliff, who looks like a deer in headlights.

CLIFF  
 Hah. Well... we're all adults, right?

RYAN  
 Dad, it's two in the morning.

LINDSAY  
 Oh honey, I think it's sweet!

CLIFF  
 Let's just talk about this tomorrow.  
 (beat)  
 Maybe a little bit of privacy, eh, son?

RYAN  
 A little privacy? You snuck a woman into our house to have  
 (whispering)  
 sex!

ETHEL  
 On the first date? Cliff you scoundrel....

Cliff's eyes go wide.

CLIFF  
 (turning to Ryan)  
 Look son, it's been a long time since your mother passed-

RYAN  
 DAD.

CLIFF

And I- Well... you know!

RYAN

Wait, where did Ethel go?

Ethel leans over the lit stove and lights a cigarette, holding it in her mouth.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Ethel, can you please smoke that outside. Lindsay, back me up a little?

Lindsay has her head in the fridge.

LINDSAY

Ethel, do you have any allergies?  
I'll whip something up for ya.

ETHEL

(from the stove)  
Shellfish.

Smoke begins to plume. Ethel lights a third cigarette and the smoke alarm goes off.

TJ CASEY (4) and NAT CASEY (6) appear holding hands by the doorframe, terrified. Ethel offers the kids a drag from the four lit cigarettes she grips Wolverine style.

NAT

Dad... I think I'm having a nightmare again.

RYAN

(thousand-yard stare)  
Me too, sweetie. Me too

The sprinklers kick in and leave everyone drenched in water. Ethel tries to relight her cigarettes. Cliff stands alone, water pouring down on him, as chaos reigns in the background.

END OF COLD OPEN