

ABBY'S

"Pilot"

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SECOND REV. NETWORK DRAFT  
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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. BACKYARD BAR - NIGHT (N1)

(ABBY, BETH, CUSTOMER, FRED, JAMES, ROSIE)

WE OPEN ON: A BACKYARD IN THE SOUTH PARK NEIGHBORHOOD OF SAN DIEGO. THE YARD'S NOT HUGE, BUT THERE'S ENOUGH SPACE FOR A FEW BENCHES AND CHAIRS, A BOCCIE BALL COURT, A GRILL AND A MAKESHIFT BAR PUSHED UP AGAINST THE HOUSE. ABOUT TWENTY PEOPLE ARE DRINKING AND HANGING OUT.

[NOTE: THE SET IS ACTUALLY OUTSIDE, IN THE OPEN AIR.]

AT THE BAR, ABBY (LATE 30'S, NO-NONSENSE, SLIGHT BUT STRONG) POPS OPEN A BEER AND SERVES IT TO ONE HER REGULARS, FRED (MID-60S, CRUSTY, WEARS SHORTS NO MATTER HOW COLD IT GETS).

ABBY

Three bucks.

FRED

Hold on. I have a proposition for you.

ABBY SIGHS. THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME FRED HAS HAD A "PROPOSITION" FOR HER.

ABBY

Fine. Quickly.

FRED

I think you should sponsor me. Let me explain: I'm here every night, on my stool, for five hours. Haven't missed a day in three years.

ABBY

Yes, you're the Cal Ripken of doing nothing.

FRED

I believe being here, on my stool,  
creates a festive drinking atmosphere  
that in turn drives your profits. And  
I should be compensated for that.

ABBY

So: you drink for free. And in return,  
I get...?

FRED

(RE: HIMSELF) Authenticity.

ABBY

(THINKS, THEN) Okay.

FRED

(SURPRISED) Seriously?

ABBY

No, it makes sense. But I'll need you  
to do a few things. First, put  
together a business plan: I want  
expenditures, projected revenue,  
potential risks. Then, I need you to  
take a physical. Can't have my cash  
cow dying on me mid-contract. Let's  
see, what else--?

FRED SIGHS. IT'S WAY MORE WORK THAN HE'S WILLING TO DO.

FRED

I'll just pay for the beer.

ABBY

Great. Three bucks.

BETH (LATE 40S, HARRIED MOM) ENTERS, CARRYING A DARTBOARD.  
SHE SITS DOWN NEXT TO FRED.

FRED

Whatcha got there, Beth?

BETH

Dartboard. I bought it for my boys but  
five minutes in they were just  
throwing darts at each others' faces.  
Laughing and screaming, blood  
everywhere. I think they might be  
legitimate psychos. (REALIZING) And I  
might be a terrible mom. Oh well.

ANOTHER REGULAR, JAMES (35, A LARGE, GENTLE SCAREDY-CAT)  
CHIMES IN.

JAMES

Abby, can we keep it? I don't know how  
the scoring works but I'm willing to  
waste a lot of time on the internet  
figuring it out. I've got a dentist  
appointment tomorrow but besides that,  
nothing else. For months.

ABBY LOOKS AT THE DARTBOARD, CONSIDERING IT.

ABBY

I want to hear pros and cons. Go.

THE REGULARS HUDDLE UP, RAPID-FIRING PROS AND CONS.

FRED

Pro: it's darts. It's fun. Case  
closed.

ROSIE (ABBY'S TWENTY-SOMETHING BAR MANAGER, A BIT OF A  
HOTHEAD) DRIFTS OVER AND WEIGHS IN.

ROSIE

Con: guys are going to be like,  
mansplaining the rules and stuff. And  
then I might strangle them.

ABBY

(NODDING) Big con.

JAMES

Pro: you don't have to be athletic to  
be good at it. I'm saying that because  
I'm not athletic. I'm big, so people  
think I am. But I'm not. Like at all.

FRED

Pro: it's something to do. I love  
dominoes, but James and I have played  
over five thousand games in three  
years. The tiles are worn down to  
nothing. They look like potato chips.

WE HEAR: MURMURS OF "THAT IS A GOOD POINT."

ABBY

Con: darts feels kind of... British?

WE HEAR: MURMURS OF "THAT'S BAD" AND "ENGLAND IS OVERRATED."

FRED

Hold on. Is darts British?

A BEAT. ABBY TILTS HER CHIN UP AT FRED, SMILING. SHE'S CLEARLY HAVING FUN.

ABBY

Are you fact-checking me Fred?

FRED

No, I mean, I'm just not sure that darts is British. That's all.

ABBY GETS UP IN FRED'S FACE (PLAYFULLY).

ABBY

Fred. You're either fact-checking me or you're just... talking, my man.

ROSIE

Is this an official challenge Fred?

(THEN, EXCITED, TO EVERYONE) Guys, we might have a challenge.

THERE'S A BEAT. FRED DOESN'T WANT TO BACK DOWN. THE OTHER REGULARS GOOD-NATUREDLY EGG HIM ON.

BETH

C'mon, Fred. Do it. Don't let her psyche you out.

FRED

(TRYING TO BE BRAVE) Fine. Challenge.

BETH

(LAUGHING) You idiot.

ROSIE

To the books!

ON CUE, OUR REGULARS AND SOME ASSORTED CUSTOMERS SHIFT OVER TO A SMALL SHELF NEXT TO THE BAR. THE SHELF CONTAINS A BATTERED, INCOMPLETE SET OF THE WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA.

ABBY

Should be volume five -- the one that's burnt on the corner and smells like chili. (THEN, SMILING TO FRED) Are you enjoying this? I'm really enjoying this.

FRED

(LOSING CONFIDENCE) I'm enjoying this.

JAMES FLIPS THROUGH THE PAGES. WE ANGLE ON: BETH, FINISHING HER BEER AND (SINCE NO ONE'S WATCHING) QUIETLY HELPING HERSELF TO FRED'S BEER.

JAMES

Okay... (READING) "Darts... created in 1896 by a... Lancashire carpenter..."

ABBY

(RELISHING IT) And where is Lancashire, James?

JAMES

(SIGHS) Lancashire... L...

HE GOES BACK TO THE SHELF TO SEARCH FOR THE VOLUME.

ABBY

No no. James. That was rhetorical. Lancashire is obviously in England.

(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

It's one of the most English words a  
person can say. I'm right.

WE ANGLE ON: A CUSTOMER CHECKING HIS PHONE.

CUSTOMER

This says a game similar to darts was  
invented ten years earlier in Spain.

EVERYONE TURNS AND LOOKS -- A CHILL GOES THROUGH THE AIR.  
ABBY LOOKS FURIOUS. THE CUSTOMER IS CONFUSED.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

... What? What did I do?

ABBY CALMLY STORMS OVER AND SNATCHES HIS PHONE.

ABBY

No phones.

THE CUSTOMER ROLLS HIS EYES AND LAUGHS.

CUSTOMER

Right. But I thought--

ABBY

This isn't a bar where people are  
buried in their phones. This is a bar  
where people either enjoy each other's  
company, or stare silently off into  
space, like Skip.

WE ANGLE ON: SKIP, AN OLD MAN IN A MARINE CORPS BASEBALL HAT,  
SIPPING WHISKEY AND STARING OFF INTO SPACE.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I love you Skip. You're my rock.



SKIP DOESN'T REACT IN ANY WAY.

CUSTOMER

Fine, sorry. It won't happen again.

ABBY

(SENSITIVE) I know it won't. Because  
I'm gonna dropkick your phone into the  
yard next door.

A FEW OF THE CUSTOMERS START CHANTING: "KICK IT, KICK IT!"

CUSTOMER

Seriously--?

ABBY

(CALLING OFF) Rosie, will you please  
read the relevant statute?

ROSIE GRABS A WORN SHEAF OF PAPER OFF THE BAR, READS:

ROSIE

"Rule 4, Paragraph B: Use of a cell  
phone is strictly prohibited at Abby's  
bar. If a violation occurs, the phone  
in question will be subject to a  
dropkick into Mrs. Shack's backyard."

ABBY

I'm sorry, I'm bound by the rules.

CUSTOMER

Didn't you write the rules?

ABBY

A lot of 'em. Yeah.

ABBY DROPKICKS THE CUSTOMER'S PHONE OVER THE SIDE FENCE.  
PEOPLE CLAP. ABBY BOWS DEEPLY.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thank you.

THEN, TO THE DISGRUNTLED CUSTOMER, SOTTO:

ABBY (CONT'D)

Go get your phone. Next drink's on me.

THE CUSTOMER TRUDGES OFF AFTER HIS PHONE. ABBY TURNS BACK TO  
THE APPLAUSE. SHE BOWS AGAIN AND SMILES, TOTALLY IN HER  
ELEMENT.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Thank you. I really don't take any  
pleasure in it. It's just something  
that has to be done-- fine, I take a  
little pleasure in it.

MORE APPLAUSE, AS WE...

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BACKYARD BAR - NIGHT

(ABBY, BETH, BILL, CUSTOMER #2, FRED, JAMES, ROSIE)

ABBY REACHES INTO A COOLER AND PULLS OUT A COLORFUL-LOOKING  
"LIME-A-RITA" IN A CAN. SHE PUTS IT DOWN IN FRONT OF FRED.

ABBY

In accordance with Rule 7, the  
punishment for losing a challenge, I  
present you with one disgusting sugary  
lime-flavored not-beer.

FRED

(CLEARLY LYING) I actually... don't  
mind these that much.

FRED LOOKS AT IT, MISERABLE. BETH PATS HIM ON THE BACK.

BETH

Remember: don't sip. Chug. It's less  
painful that way.

JAMES

So, can we keep the dartboard?

ABBY

I'm alright with it, as long as you  
can figure out where to put it. (THEN,  
TO ROSIE, RE: FRED) No more drinks  
until he finishes it.

FRED LIFTS THE "LIME-A-RITA, PUTS IT BACK DOWN IMMEDIATELY.

FRED

Ugh, the smell! Why would people do  
this to alcohol??

ABBY CROSSES OFF INTO HER HOUSE. JAMES, RE: DARTBOARD:

JAMES

So, where do we put it?

BETH

How about the back fence?

FRED

Too low. Needs to be at eye level.  
What if we ask Skip to move--?

JAMES

I'm not asking Skip to do anything.  
He's unpredictable-- he might yell.  
And I don't like confrontation.

ROSIE

... You're the bouncer.

JAMES

Irrelevant.

WE ANGLE ON: BILL (CAUTIOUS, LATE-30S, WEARS HIS KEYS CLIPPED  
TO HIS BELT) AS HE ENTERS AND MAKES HIS WAY OVER TO THE BAR.

BILL

Excuse me. Where can I find Abby?

FRED

(CHUCKLING) Buddy. You can't just  
waltz in here and ask for Abby.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

Drinking here is a coveted honor. You gotta work your way up the ladder.

BETH

There's a vetting process for new people. First three weeks you're on the back benches. You keep your voice down. You drink what Abby tells you.

WE ANGLE ON: A FEW EAGER-LOOKING CUSTOMERS HUDDLED ON THE BACK BENCHES SIPPING DRINKS. A FEW LOOK LOW-KEY SCARED.

BILL

Actually--

ROSIE

Too loud. Half that. Eyes down.

JAMES

After three weeks, if you're chill, you move to the random chairs section.

WE ANGLE ON: A ASSORTMENT OF CHAIRS SET UP AT ODD ANGLES.

FRED

And then you're allowed to use the grill and jukebox.

BETH

You stick it out at the chairs for three-to-six months, then you're a full-fledged member and you can sit at the bar. It's a bit of a process--

FRED

(EXPLAINING) This is a carefully  
cultivated community.

BETH

Right. But once you're in, you're  
family. You'll never drink alone again.

SHE PATS BILL ON THE SHOULDER.

JAMES

(POINTING TO HEATER) And you get to  
sit close to the space heater.

BETH

Very true.

FRED

That's also big.

\*

\* \*

A BEAT. BILL BLINKS AT THEM.

BILL

Okay. I have no idea what any of you  
are talking about. What... is this?  
Who are all these people?

FRED

(AS TO A CHILD) This is Abby's. This  
is where we all go. At night. To drink  
and hang out. Because we like it. Who  
are you?

BILL

I'm Bill. I'm Abby's landlord.

ABBY COMES OUT OF HER HOUSE.

ABBY

No, you're not. My landlord is an old lady who moved to Phoenix six months ago. (THEN) James, kick him out.

JAMES, SCARED, PRETENDS NOT TO HEAR HER.

BILL

Yeah, so, your former landlord, Alice, passed away and she left me this house. I'm her nephew, Bill. (THEN) Is this a bar? In my aunt's backyard?

ABBY STARES AT BILL FOR A BEAT.

ABBY

What? No! (THEN) These are all just... my friends.

OUR REGULARS AD LIB "WE'RE FRIENDS" AND "WE'RE GOOD FRIENDS."

ABBY (CONT'D)

We just like to hang out like this. All together... in a group.

BILL

With a cash register?

ABBY

I like old cash registers. As do many other people.

BILL

What people?

JAMES

People... on the internet.

ROSIE

Yeah, old cash registers is like the third-most-popular thing to collect. It goes stamps, baseball cards, and vintage cash registers. So stop doubting us.

A CUSTOMER WALKS UP, OBLIVIOUS TO WHAT'S GOING ON.

CUSTOMER #2

Could I get a beer please?

ABBY

(PLAYING IT UP) Sure man! Here you go.

THE CUSTOMER TRIES TO PUT A FEW BUCKS ON THE BAR.

ABBY (CONT'D)

What? Why are you giving me money, there, friend? Mi casa es su casa!

BETH

Yeah. Weird move, trying to give her money for a beer in a social, non-business situation. Who does that?

THE CUSTOMER STANDS VERY STILL, NOT SURE WHAT'S GOING ON.

CUSTOMER #2

Is this a trick or a test? I don't want to go back to the benches, I'm really enjoying the random chairs.



FRED

(MENACING) Just drink the beer, man.

THE CUSTOMER SHOOTS A LOOK AT ABBY THEN VERY SLOWLY RAISES THE BEER TO HIS LIPS. HE TAKES A SMALL SIP AND WALKS AWAY.

ABBY

(TO BILL) See?! It's just people  
casually hanging out!

BILL

No. This is a bar. On my property. And  
it's super illegal-- You have to shut  
this down, like, now.

BEFORE ABBY CAN RESPOND, THE CUSTOMER RETURNS.

CUSTOMER #2

Okay, I think this actually is a test  
so I'm just going to give you back the  
beer and go enjoy my chair and  
everything is cool and I'm cool and  
you're cool. Please don't make me  
leave. Thank you. My name is Michael.

AS HE SLOWLY BACKS AWAY, WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. BACKYARD BAR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)  
(ABBY, BACK BENCHER, BETH, BILL, FRED)

ABBY IS WITH BILL AND THE REGULARS AT THE BAR, AS BEFORE.

ABBY

Okay. Fine. It's a bar. I have a bar.

BILL

An illegal bar.

ABBY

(COCKY) I'm, uh, pretty sure it's in a  
legal gray area.

BILL

It's not. It's definitely illegal.

ABBY

Okay. You weren't expecting this. I  
get it. But before you rush to  
judgment, can I at least show you  
around? It's great. Not scary at all.

BILL

(CONFUSED) Show me around? (LOOKING  
AROUND) It's a... small rectangle. I  
can see everything.

ABBY

Just bear with me.

BILL

(CONSIDERS) Fine. Five minutes.

BILL FOLLOWS ABBY AWAY FROM THE BAR AND OVER TO THE JUKEBOX.

ABBY

Okay, see, right there. When I moved in, there was this creepy fountain thing over there, so I junked it and brought in this cool vintage jukebox.

BILL

My uncle carved that fountain from a single piece of stone. It commemorated the World War II battle where he lost his best friend.

A BEAT. ABBY TRIES TO BLOW PAST IT, CHEERFULLY:

ABBY

Now it's a jukebox! What kind of music do you like?!

BILL

Umm, I don't know... I like jazz.

ABBY CLOSES HER EYES, TRYING TO STAY CALM.

ABBY

Jazz?

BILL

(NEEDLING HER) Yeah, you're not a fan?

ABBY

No, Bill. I am not a jazz fan. Because I believe saxophones are a crime against humanity, on par with ethnic cleansing. (OFF HIS LOOK) But let's keep moving!

THEY MOVE FARTHER DOWN TO THE BACK BENCHES.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Look: neighborhood people, just hanging out and having a good time. Before I opened this place, we had nowhere to go. We were all scattered to the wind: homeless. (PLAYING IT UP) This isn't just a bar, Bill. It's a community center. People can drink anywhere, but here, we're creating something... together.

BILL

I was told you make people sit here until you decide you don't hate them.

ABBY

I-- no. People choose to sit here until we figure out how to incorporate them into our... community.

BILL

(NOT BUYING IT) Uh-huh. How come none  
of them are looking you in the eye?

ABBY

Who knows? People are mysterious.

BILL APPROACHES ONE OF THE BACK-BENCHERS.

BILL

Hi. My name's Bill. This is my  
property. And I am officially giving  
you permission to sit or stand  
wherever you want.

THE BACK-BENCHER GLANCES AT ABBY, THEN BACK TO BILL.

BACK BENCHER

(SCARED) I'm good. I like it here.

BILL

Listen to me. She's not in charge of  
you. I own all of this. You can sit  
anywhere... even at the bar.

THE BACK-BENCHER AGAIN LOOKS AT ABBY.

BACK BENCHER

Nah. Here's fine.

BILL

This is insane. (RE: ABBY) She's not  
an emperor!

AS BILL CONTINUES TO ARGUE WITH THE BACK BENCHER, FRED AND BETH PULL ABBY ASIDE.

BETH

I don't think this is working.

ABBY

He's a jazz fan, Beth! How am I supposed to convince a jazz fan of anything? His brain is warped!

FRED

BETH

It's true.

We all agree it's bad.

FRED

Okay, here's what's going to happen. I'm going to turn on the charm, make him feel like he's part of the group... get him invested, you know?

ABBY

Yeah, yeah, that could work. Get in there. Do your thing, man.

FRED CALLS OVER TO BILL.

FRED

Hey, Bill, can I buy you a beer?

BILL

No thanks, I'm fine.

FRED TURNS BACK TO ABBY AND BETH.

FRED

Well, that was my big gun. The man clearly can't be reasoned with.

ABBY

(FLATLY) Well, it's not your fault,  
Fred. You did everything you could.

BETH

Abby, he just lost his aunt. He's  
grieving. Why don't you show some  
compassion, get him talking about her,  
make a connection.

ABBY

Okay. (THEN) But... jazz.

BETH

We know. It's awful but you have to  
push through.

ABBY CROSSES AWAY. FRED SHAKES HIS HEAD, BAFFLED, RE: BILL.

FRED

He just said "no." To a beer.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - BOCCE BALL COURT (SAME TIME)  
(JAMES, ROSIE)

ROSIE IS WITH JAMES. HE'S TRYING TO PLACE THE DARTBOARD.

ROSIE

Why are you even worried about this  
right now? (RE: BILL) There are sort  
of bigger things happening.

JAMES

This is how I can contribute. It's like those mugs: keep calm and carry on. I really want one of those mugs, where do you think I could get one?

ROSIE

Anywhere. They're at every store.

JAMES

They're not at my Ralph's. I asked. Are they at your Ralph's? I thought we went to the same Ralph's.

ROSIE

(IMPATIENT) How about over there?

JAMES

Not enough room. Standard distance is seven feet, nine and one quarter inch.

ROSIE

(GETTING IRRITATED) What about here, so it's a "T" with the bocce court?

JAMES

But what about when people play darts and bocce at the same time? Wouldn't they be throwing darts at people?

FURIOUS, ROSIE GRABS A DART AND HOLDS IT AGAINST JAMES' NECK.



ROSIE

I came up with like a billion ideas -  
this is your problem now!

SHE STORMS OFF. JAMES CALLS AFTER HER:

JAMES

You need one of those mugs that they  
don't sell at Ralph's!

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - RANDOM CHAIRS SECTION (SAME TIME)  
(ABBY, BILL, FRED)

ABBY APPROACHES BILL, WHO IS INSPECTING A BROKEN SPRINKLER.

BILL

This is really sharp. Someone could  
hurt themselves.

ABBY

People wear shoes, it's fine.

BILL

Almost everybody in this yard is  
wearing flip-flops. (THEN, COUNTING)  
And I see three people with no shoes  
on at all.

ABBY

Bill, listen, I haven't had a chance  
to tell you how sorry I am about your  
aunt. She was a... very special lady.

BILL

Really? How well did you know her?

ABBY

Very well. (SEARCHING) For one thing,  
I'll never forget her address: 4000  
Civic Center Drive, Suite 303.

BILL

That's her accountant's office. That's  
where you sent your rent checks.

ABBY NODS, SYMPATHETIC.

ABBY

It must be hard for you to talk about.  
(RE: BAR) All of us are really hurting  
too. (TO THE HEAVENS) Arrrrgghh!

BILL

You met her once, didn't you?

ABBY

Yes. (THEN) But I always respected  
her, because she let me do my own  
thing. It takes a very secure person  
to be that kind of landlord.

BILL

No, it takes a very old person, who  
can't leave her house and thus has no  
idea what's happening on her property,  
to be that kind of landlord.

ABBY LEVELS HER GAZE AT BILL, DROPPING THE ACT.

ABBY

Come on, man, it's taken me years to build this up from nothing. And I finally have it exactly the way I want. It's my livelihood. Nobody is bleeding. Nothing is on fire. What's your problem?

BILL

What's my problem? Do you understand that I am responsible for all of this in... the eyes of the law.

ABBY

"The eyes of the law--?"

BILL

I regret saying that but yes! I'm not a risk taker. Last night I couldn't sleep at all-- I was awake for hours because I was worried that no one had been cutting the grass here and it was long enough to be a code violation.

ABBY

You were up worrying about grass?

BILL

(STAMMERING) Also other stuff. World events, et cetera.

ABBY

What's your deal? Are you married, do you have a family? Why are you dressed like you're here to fix my laptop?

BILL

It's none of your business but I'm not married... anymore. I don't have kids--

ABBY

So, that's what the harassment is about? You're like a divorced guy and you have a lot of time on your hands?

BILL

I'm not harassing you. I just don't want to get sued or put in jail because you're selling mai tais on my property.

FRED APPROACHES AND AWKWARDLY INTERJECTS.

FRED

Umm, Abby would never make anyone a mai tai. She hates them. Just putting that out there. In case it helps.

BILL

No. That... doesn't help at all.

HE TAKES OUT HIS CELL PHONE AND POINTS IT AT THE SPRINKLER.

BILL (CONT'D)

I don't want to argue anymore. I'm  
just going to document everything and  
get out of here--

BEFORE SHE CAN STOP HERSELF, ABBY INSTINCTIVELY GRABS HIS  
PHONE AND PUNTS IT INTO THE NEIGHBOR'S YARD. THEY STARE AT  
EACH OTHER FOR A LONG BEAT.

BILL (CONT'D)

Why did you do that? Why would anyone  
do that?

ABBY

(AFTER A BEAT) I'll go get your phone.  
SHE TRUDGES OFF. BILL LOOKS AT FRED, CONFUSED:

BILL

Why is no one else reacting to what  
just happened?!

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD BAR - (MOMENTS LATER)  
(BETH, BILL, FRED, JAMES, ROSIE)

BILL SITS DOWN AT THE BAR TO WAIT FOR ABBY. BETH TAPS HIM ON  
THE SHOULDER.

BETH

You're on my stool.

BILL

(MOVING OVER A STOOL) Oh, sorry.

BETH

It's fine. I like to sit here because  
I can see my kids' windows.

(MORE)

BETH (CONT'D)

And if I tilt my head I can see if my  
husband is watching internet porn.

BILL

That's... convenient.

BETH

Yeah, it's a good mom hack. I get to  
hang out and unwind, but if I hear  
screaming or smell something burning I  
can get home pretty quick.

BILL LOOKS DOWN THE BAR AT FRED, JAMES AND ROSIE.

BILL

So are you guys, like, regulars here?

FRED

Yep. I'm Fred. Good to meet you. (THEY  
SHAKE HANDS) I've known Abby since she  
was a kid. Used to work with her dad.  
Was one of her first customers. The  
place has come a long way since then.

THEY ALL LOOK AROUND THE BAR: IT'S NOT SUPER FANCY.

FRED (CONT'D)

(EXPLAINING) Now we have the twinkly  
lights.

THE OTHER REGULARS AD LIB, "RIGHT" AND "YEAH, I FORGOT."

BILL

(RE: BAR) Why did she do this?

BETH

Well, she was a Staff Sergeant in the Army. Afghanistan. Two tours.

ROSIE

After she got out she did some waitress jobs but she was tired of having people tell her what to do so she started this.

FRED

She knows about bars. She grew up in bars. Her dad is a degenerate alcoholic.

BETH

He's sexy though.

FRED

He's a borderline criminal.

ROSIE

But charming. You'd like him.

JAMES

Do not loan him your bike though.

BILL

Okay. I won't loan him my bike.

JAMES

Good. That's very important.

FRED

Look, Bill. This bar is all Abby has.

ROSIE

She rolled a keg of Sculpin fifteen blocks last year when her truck broke down. Stupid, really. The beer was all foam. But still. She cares about us.

BETH

Yeah. When I was in bed with the flu last year she took my boys to see one of those horrible, gory Saw movies. (THEN) So inappropriate, but so sweet.

FRED

She's tough, but she's a good person.

BILL

She kicked my phone.

ROSIE

Right. So, you're not allowed to look at your phone at the bar. Abby thinks they're the death of civilization.

FRED

They're against the rules.

BILL

There are rules?

BETH

She's ex-military, man. Of course there are rules.



ROSIE

One hundred and sixty-two so far, not counting sub-rules and appendices.

(THEN, PROUD) I memorized them. I'm kind of like the bar expert.

ROSIE HANDS BILL THE BEER-STAINED, CHEETO-DUSTED SHEAF OF PAPER: THE BAR RULES. HE STARTS FLIPPING THROUGH IT.

BILL

Wow, this is... extensive. Why do you guys put up with all this--?

FRED

"Put up with" it? (RE: RULES) We came up with a lot of the stuff in there. I suggested number sixty-four myself--

BILL

(READING) "All tacos are group tacos."

FRED BEAMS. THE REGULARS ALL NOD.

ROSIE

Solid rule, Fred.

FRED

Here's what it comes down to, Bill: Abby's our captain, but we're the crew. We all have a stake in this place; we all contribute.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

The rules are about maintaining that sense of community: making sure that a new person is... one of us.

JAMES

They keep the peace. They protect what we love about the bar. They're a vision of a better world.

BILL

(READING) "All political disagreements will be settled by arm wrestling?"

JAMES

Exactly. You get it.

BILL NODS, STARTING TO UNDERSTAND.

FRED

Now, will you please let me buy you a beer? I never offer to buy beer for anyone and it's borderline insulting that you won't let me.

BILL

Okay. Fine. One beer.

FRED

Thank God. It was freaking me out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD BAR - (LATER)  
(ABBY, BACK BENCHER #2, BETH, BILL, FRED, JAMES, ROSIE)

ABBY ENTERS HER YARD TO FIND BILL DRINKING AND LAUGHING WITH FRED AND JAMES. BETH PULLS HER ASIDE.

BETH

Okay. Bill's two beers in and I think he's starting to have an okay time.

WE ANGLE ON: JAMES, MID-STORY WITH BILL:

JAMES

I can't figure out what to call a thirty-five-year-old female human. "Lady" feels weird. "Girl" doesn't really work. "Woman" sounds disrespectful somehow.

BILL LAUGHS. JAMES LAUGHS ALONG WITH HIM. THEN, SERIOUSLY:

JAMES (CONT'D)

It's actually driving me crazy. I really need help figuring it out.

BACK ON: BETH AND ABBY.

BETH

This is your chance. Beg him.

RELUCTANTLY, ABBY WALKS UP TO BILL AND HANDS HIM HIS PHONE.

ABBY

Here you go. Sorry about that.

BILL

I was about to reflexively say, "It's fine." But I'm not going to. Because it was a very weird thing to do.

ABBY

Bill, cards on the table, I would appreciate it if you let me keep the bar open. I know it seems unusual, but this is what people are doing now. DIY... Gig economy... Are you buying any of this?

BILL

Not really.

JAMES

I'm finding it very convincing.

ABBY

Look, I love the bar. I don't want to lose it. Please.

BILL TAKES A BEAT, THEN:

BILL

I think there's probably a way to make it work. I'm an engineer -- I believe there's a way to make everything work.

BETH

(SOTTO, TO FRED) Easy with the engineer brags, buddy.

FRED

Seriously.

BILL

But I will need you to make some  
common-sense changes.

ABBY

(WARY) What kind of changes?

BILL

First of all, it seems like people on  
the back benches should be able to use  
the jukebox. I mean, this is America.

ONE OF THE BACK BENCHER'S CALLS OVER:

BACK BENCHER #2

Don't drag us into this. We're fine.

BILL

Also, some basic stuff: get a liquor  
license, get business insurance, have  
an evacuation plan in case there's a  
emergency or something--

ABBY

Insurance? For what?

BILL

I don't know. How about the guy that's  
playing bocce with a dart in his leg?

WE ANGLE ON: THE COMBINATION DARTBOARD/BOCCE BALL COURT TO  
SEE ROSIE TRYING TO TEND TO A CUSTOMER WHO HAS A DART IN HIS  
THIGH. THE GUY IS JUMPING AROUND IN PAIN.

ROSIE

Stand still. Stop being a baby--

THE CUSTOMER BUMPS INTO THE GRILL AND HIS CARGO SHORTS CATCH ON FIRE. ROSIE ROLLS HER EYES AND GOES TO GET THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER WHILE THE CUSTOMER TRIES TO SMOTHER HIS OWN SHORTS. JAMES RUNS OUT OF THE YARD SCREAMING:

JAMES

We're all going to die!

ROSIE, BORED ALMOST, RETURNS WITH THE EXTINGUISHER AND SPRAYS THE CUSTOMER UNTIL HE'S NO LONGER ON FIRE.

ROSIE

(TO CUSTOMER) See? You're okay. Calm down. (LOSING IT) I said calm down!

AFTER A BEAT, BILL TURNS TO ABBY.

BILL

Yeah, I think I'm going to have to insist on the insurance thing. And you gotta lose the grill, obviously.

ABBY

I'm not doing it.

THE REGULARS REACT: DISAPPOINTED BUT NOT SURPRISED.

BILL

Seriously? I'm trying to meet you halfway here. I haven't drank the Kool-Aid. I'm not under this spell that makes people sit on benches for months because it says so on a beer-stained piece of paper. I'm just trying to mitigate some of the risk--

ABBY

We can't just "lose" the grill, man.  
It's one of the best things about the  
bar. It draws people in; they stand  
around, they cook, they talk... they  
interact--

BILL

They catch on fire.

ABBY

Sometimes! But they're always fine!

ANGLE ON: THE CUSTOMER WHO CAUGHT ON FIRE. HIS SHORTS ARE  
BURNT AND SHREDDED. HE GIVES BILL AND ABBY A THUMBS UP.

ABBY (CONT'D)

I'm not going to let you ruin the bar.  
I love this place too much to watch it  
morph into some impersonal, cookie-  
cutter chain restaurant. I'd rather  
see it die than make it shitty.

ABBY TURNS AND HEADS TOWARDS HER HOUSE, PISSED. SHE GRABS A  
BOTTLE OF TEQUILA OFF THE BAR ON HER WAY INSIDE.

ABBY (CONT'D)

If anyone needs me, I'll be getting  
drunk in my house, where you can't go.  
So I hope you don't need me!

SHE SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BACKYARD BAR - (LATER)  
(BETH, BILL, FRED, JAMES)

THE REGULARS SIT AT THE BAR, PLOTTING THEIR NEXT MOVE.

JAMES

It's such a bummer. This could have  
been "the night we got the dartboard."  
Not anymore. (THEN) Not anymore.

BETH

Stop being melodramatic. We just have  
to go inside and talk to Abby--

JAMES

Go inside? The house? That's against  
rules 8, 36, 135...

FRED

Remember when Rodney went inside  
Abby's house to use the bathroom?  
Abby chewed him out for like a half  
hour... and then he died.

BETH

Like a month later, in a windsurfing  
accident--

FRED

But still. It's a big risk.



BETH

I don't care. If we don't do something, Abby's pride is gonna get the bar shut down forever, and then where will we be? At home?! (SHUDDERS, THEN) James, make sure Mister Fancy Engineer doesn't leave.

AS FRED, BETH AND JAMES ARE EXITING:

FRED

Such an intense brag, out of nowhere!

BETH

I know, whatever.

WHEN THEY'RE GONE, JAMES SIDLES OVER TO BILL, WHO IS DEFIANTLY TAKING PICTURES OF ALL THE HAZARDS WITH HIS PHONE.

JAMES

So, uhh, where do you work?

BILL

I work at Qualcomm.

JAMES

That's cool. I'm a security guard at a warehouse.

BILL

Do you... enjoy that?

JAMES

Not really. I'm terrified of  
criminals. (THEN) You like darts?

CUT TO:

INT. ABBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - (SAME TIME)  
(ABBY, BETH, FRED, ROSIE)

FRED, BETH AND ROSIE CREEP INTO ABBY'S KITCHEN. THEY FIND HER  
AT A SMALL TABLE DRINKING TEQUILA OUT OF A COFFEE MUG.

BETH

(DELICATELY) Heyyyy...

ABBY

(SWIG OF TEQUILA) Hey.

THEY SIT DOWN AT THE TABLE WITH HER.

ROSIE

How you doing?

ABBY

I don't know. It hasn't sunk in yet. I  
guess I'll have to get another job at  
a sports bar... where all the guys  
keep their sunglasses on the back of  
their... (CAN BARELY SAY IT) necks.

FRED

Just... put the sunglasses in your  
pocket. Easy.

ABBY

(FRAGILE) I know. There are so many  
better options for where to put  
them...

SHE REACHES FOR THE BOTTLE AND POURS HERSELF MORE.

FRED

Abby, we can't let you do this.

ABBY

Don't worry about me--

FRED

I'm not. I'm worried about me. I need  
this bar. I've painstakingly budgeted  
out my savings for the next twenty-  
five years. If I have to pay more than  
three dollars a beer I'm going to go  
broke before I'm seventy-five.

BETH

You're not seventy-five yet? Were you  
in the sun a lot? Is that why you (SHE  
POINTS TO HIS FACE) look like that?

FRED

(IGNORING HER) And then I'm going to  
have to sell my boat and live in my  
car... which is a classic, but still.

ROSIE

It's not a classic. It's just old.

FRED

Excuse me. It's a 1978 Mercedes-Benz  
300d. The diesels are very in demand.

ROSIE

FRED (CONT'D)

It can't go up hills.

This is not what we're here  
to talk about!

BETH

Abs, I need the bar too. If this goes  
away, it means I have to spend more  
time with my family. And, I love them  
dearly, but that's a nonstarter.

ROSIE

And I'm not here legally. I don't know  
if I can find another job that'll pay  
me under the table like you do. My  
family back home needs the money.

THEY ALL CONSIDER THE SEVERITY OF ROSIE'S SITUATION.

BETH

It's scary stuff we're up against,  
Abby. The scariest is probably me,  
having to spend more time with my  
husband and kids. But it's all scary.

ABBY

I'm sorry, but the whole point of this  
place was that it was ours. If it  
becomes his, then it's not worth it.

(MORE)

ABBY (CONT'D)

Now leave me alone, please, so I can  
black out and forget this is  
happening.

THEY ALL NOD AND START TO FILE OUT. FRED DOUBLES BACK.

FRED

Last thing I'll say. Look out the  
window. Dude is out there trying to  
figure out where to put the dartboard.

ABBY LOOKS. WE SEE: BILL, HOLDING UP THE DARTBOARD IN VARIOUS  
LOCATIONS, TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT WITH JAMES.

ABBY

So?

FRED

So... he's invested. He's one of us.  
He might not know it yet, but I do. I  
think we can trust him not to ruin the  
joint. We should at least try.

THIS LANDS ON ABBY. FRED CONTINUES:

FRED (CONT'D)

Also, I'm right in the middle of a  
game of dominoes with James. If you  
shut down, what are we gonna do? You  
know how hard it is to move a game of  
dominoes? It's impossible, Sarge. The  
tiles go everywhere.

ABBY NODS AND STANDS UP. SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE HAS TO DO.

ABBY

I've asked you not to call me "Sarge."

FRED

Respectfully, I'm going to keep doing  
it. Because it's fun.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - RANDOM CHAIRS SECTION - (SAME TIME)  
(ABBY, BETH, BILL, FRED, JAMES)

JAMES AND BILL ARE TRYING TO PLACE THE DARTBOARD.

BILL

Obviously, "where this dartboard goes"  
doesn't matter, in the grand scheme.

JAMES

Yeah. That's been established.

BILL

But now it's kind of annoying me.  
There has to be a way to make it work.  
(LOOKING AROUND) Front of the bar is  
out because of, you know, peoples'  
heads and eyes and stuff.

JAMES

That stuff's important.

BILL

Right. And Skip's got his area pretty  
locked down. Moving him feels  
unpatriotic or something.

JAMES

Also, he kicks.

BILL LOOKS AT SKIP, WHO LOOKS RIGHT BACK AT BILL, SCARY.

BILL

JAMES (CONT'D)

Let's leave Skip where he is. Don't look at him.

ABBY ENTERS, TRAILED BY FRED, BETH AND ROSIE.

ABBY

Okay.

BILL

Okay what?

ABBY

I'm willing to try some of your...

ideas.

BILL

Just to be clear, they're not really "ideas," more "basic things every responsible business owner does." And what do you mean by "some?"

ABBY

I'll work on the insurance thing.

FRED

I used to be an actuary. Tons of ways to game the system. (THEN REALIZING, TO BILL) But, you know, still be legal. (THEN, TO ABBY) But sneaky. (THEN, TO BILL) Above board though.

BILL

And an emergency plan--?

ABBY

No offense, but that's stupid. We're outside. The emergency plan is: we're outside.

BETH

I have earthquake kits in my garage and that's only like fifty feet away. I got food, water... Although, my boys might have eaten the granola bars. They always find the granola bars...

BILL

Fine. What about the grill?

ABBY

I'm trying to work with you, but I can only go so far. The grill is the where people gather, it's important--

BILL

Then we don't have a deal.

ABBY

(LOSING PATIENCE) Bill, you can't move a game of dominoes!

BILL

What?



ABBY

The dominoes-- you can't. If you try to move them mid-game, the whole thing gets all scrambled and ruined. You lose the tiles. (THEN, EXPLAINING) I need the people at this bar. And they need the bar the way it is. If they go away, I lose them. Please, man.

JAMES

(TEARING UP) Abby, that was so beautiful--

ABBY

(SNAPPING) James, stop crying. I never said any of that. You imagined it. (TO GROUP, MENACING) You all imagined it.

BILL SIGHS, GIVING IN.

BILL

Okay, fine. We'll make it work. (THEN) I do have one more condition though.

ABBY

(SUSPICIOUS) What?

BILL

(SMILING) I want you to make me a maitai... as a show of good faith. If we're going to be working together, I need to know you can compromise.

ABBY

(CLENCHED JAW) Fine.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD BAR - (MOMENTS LATER)  
(ABBY, BETH, BILL, FRED)

ABBY'S BEHIND THE BAR, TAKING DEEP BREATHS, TRYING TO PSYCHE HERSELF UP INTO MAKING BILL THE DREADED MAI TAI.

FRED

(SOTTO TO BETH) Twenty says she bails.

BETH

You're on. She's gonna pull through.

ABBY SHOUTS OVER AT THEM:

ABBY

Guys! Just let me make the drink.

FRED

(CAUGHT) Haha, you got this! We all believe in you.

EVERYONE WATCHES WITH BATED BREATH AS ABBY SLOWLY AND METHODICALLY MAKES THE DRINK. IT'S TENSE. SHE MIXES THE RUMS, ADDS THE CURACAO, ORANGE JUICE AND GRENADINE.

BILL

Don't forget the pineapple juice.

ABBY

(SWALLOWING RAGE) I'm not going to forget the goddamn pineapple juice.

BILL

(CASUAL) Okay, cool. Just wanted to make sure.

ABBY DUMPS IN THE PINEAPPLE JUICE. THEN, WITH A QUIVERING HAND, SHE GRABS A MARASCHINO CHERRY AND PLUNKS IT ON TOP OF THE DRINK. THE REGULARS SIGH, RELIEVED. SHE DID IT.

BILL (CONT'D)

(AFTER A BEAT) Could I get a straw--?

ABBY

You have got to be kidding--!

BILL

I am! It's fine. No straw.

BILL TAKES A SIP AND IMMEDIATELY PUTS IT BACK ON THE BAR.

BILL (CONT'D)

Yeah, I don't really like mai tais.

ABBY

Then why did you make me--?

ABBY SMILES IN SPITE OF HERSELF; MAYBE SHE LIKES GETTING SHIT FOR A CHANGE...

BILL

I didn't really think you'd do it!

Just to compromise all your integrity

like that, must be super humbling...

THEY CONTINUE TO ARGUE AS WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

FADE IN:

EXT. BACKYARD BAR - (LATER)  
(ABBY, BETH, BILL, FRED, JAMES)

BILL POUNDS A NAIL INTO A TREE.

JAMES

Smart. Moving the Philip Rivers  
jersey. Thinking outside the box.

BILL

I knew we could figure it out.  
Dartboard goes here, and the jersey  
goes on the gate.

WE ANGLE ON: FRED, HANGING UP A BURNT SAN DIEGO CHARGERS  
FOOTBALL JERSEY ON THE GATE.

FRED

A warning to interlopers: like how  
Romans used to put severed heads at  
the gates of Rome. (THEN EMOTIONAL,  
RE: CHARGERS) I still can't believe  
they're gone.

BETH ROLLS HER EYES.

BETH

They moved an hour up the 5.

FRED

(INTENSE) They're dead to us.

ABBY WALKS UP, LOOKS AT THE DARTBOARD, THEN ADMITS:

ABBY

I guess it works.

BILL

Thanks. And I've been thinking: you know what might be a fun new rule? Jazz Tuesdays. (OFF HER LOOK) Don't worry, there's a ton of jazz that doesn't have saxophone in it. Trumpet. Piano. Jazz vibraphone. I think you could really get into some jazz vibraphone--

ABBY WALKS AWAY WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING. SHE'S JUST IN THIS NOW. BILL CALLS AFTER HER.

BILL (CONT'D)

I'll send you some songs. What's your email?

AS WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT