

SCHITT'S CREEK SPEC

"WAR OF THE ROSES"

Written by

Jason Gallaher

Jngallaher@gmail.com

COLD OPEN

INT. CAFE TROPICAL - MORNING

JOHN, MOIRA, DAVID and ALEXIS sit together at a booth.

JOHN

Well, this is a nice surprise.  
Eating together as a family.

MOIRA

You're right, John. We've all been  
so assiduous in our various  
endeavors we let spending time as a  
familial unit fall by the wayside.  
I pledge henceforth to not let our  
occupations break the ligature I  
have with my offspring.

DAVID

Great.

ALEXIS

So, Mom, since you brought it up, I  
have the best opportunity for us  
to, um, strengthen that ligament,  
or whatever.

MOIRA

Marvelous! What do you suggest?

ALEXIS

Well, as you know, since the  
success of Singles Week I've been  
just swamped with offers to run  
more PR campaigns.

JOHN

That's my girl.

ALEXIS

I got an offer that I think is  
perfect for the company. It's a  
print ad that will run all over the  
county. I want you to star in it!

JOHN

That's lovely!

DAVID

And unexpected.

MOIRA

Alexis, I'm honored! You know, I must admit I had worried about our lack of commonalities in the past, but it appears we've turned a new leaf. You know what I always say.

DAVID

Every person needs a preventative face lift by the time they're fifty?

MOIRA

Don't be preposterous, David. Although I do stand by that sage advice. I always say that nothing can bring two spirits closer together than bonding over the camera. Alexis, darling, I accept!

JOHN

That's great news. What's the ad for?

ALEXIS

It's, um. It's for a... a center. A center for like, the extremely mature.

DAVID

You mean an old folks home.

ALEXIS

Ew, David, no. It's so much more vibrant and youthful than that.

MOIRA

Oh, thank heavens. My heart nearly dropped out of my chest cavity and right onto this lovely caprese salad.

DAVID

So who's the client?

ALEXIS

The Elmdale Elderly Center. Not "old folks home." You really shouldn't be so ageist, David, it's not a cute look.

JOHN

Isn't this exciting, Moira? Getting to star in your own campaign?

MOIRA

You know I'm just now recalling a previous engagement with the Town Council that I think will prohibit me from --

ALEXIS

Mom, please! I've searched for talent for this all week and it's really hard to find people of a certain age in this town who aren't missing at least half their teeth.

DAVID

Who's the ageist one now?

MOIRA

Alexis, I'm sorry. While I do appreciate you went with a straight offer, I regretfully have to decline. I'm not el- I'm not el- I'm not --

DAVID

Elderly.

MOIRA

Mmm, yes, that.

ALEXIS

Mom!

JOHN

Moira, honey, weren't you the one who just said how you want to spend more time with your kids? You wouldn't back out on your daughter now when she's found this perfect opportunity to be together.

MOIRA

Et tu, Brute?

ALEXIS

I promise it will be super fun and I'll make sure every shot is totally flattering.

MOIRA

All right, fine. But I'm only doing this because of my absolutely capacious heart.

ALEXIS

Yay!

MOIRA

And I insist on having final approval of all images using my likeness.

ALEXIS

Absolutely.

JOHN

Look at that. Mother and daughter Rose working together.

(to David)

Maybe we should find something to work on, son, what do you think?

DAVID

Would you look at the time. I've got to get to work, and I want to be sure we don't keep our extremely mature family members from any pressing engagements. Like a nice mid-day nap? Or a denture fitting?

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. MOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

John puts out a display of fresh lemonade. STEVIE sits at the computer. ROLAND enters.

ROLAND  
Whatcha got there, Johnny?

JOHN  
Some kids from the elementary  
school were selling lemonade for a  
fundraiser. It's surprisingly good.

Roland grabs a cup and downs it.

ROLAND  
You're not kidding!

Roland grabs another cup and downs it too.

JOHN  
I bought the whole batch as a  
welcome refreshment for customers.

ROLAND  
Oh, I see. Trying to butter up the  
voters, huh?

JOHN  
Voters? What voters?

Stevie snaps to attention.

STEVIE  
Roland, don't.

ROLAND  
For the Best Business Award.

STEVIE  
(exasperated)  
Great.

ROLAND  
(to John)  
You've never heard of it?

JOHN  
No.

ROLAND

No wonder you never win. All this time I was feeling sorry for you, ya big loser.

JOHN

Roland, what's the award?

ROLAND

Each year City Council comes together and votes for the business we think best serves the community.

JOHN

Moira's never mentioned it.

ROLAND

She did have a mishap with one of her wigs the other day. Maybe she missed the announcement. We vote tonight.

JOHN

Stevie, you knew about this?

STEVIE

Yeah. But the cafe wins every year so I didn't want you to get all intense about it.

ROLAND

It's just that the cafe really knows how to make a mean chicken fried steak. No hard feelings, right, Stevie?

Stevie just stares at Roland.

JOHN

That award is ours. The business that best serves the community, huh? I'll give discounted Stay-Cation rates to locals. And we've got to make sure this place is in tip top shape. Roland, why don't you --

ROLAND

Actually, I think I better sit this week out from work, Johnny. Now that I work here I don't want to be accused of being biased a biased voter. Wouldn't want people to call it a rigged election, would we?

Roland exits.

JOHN

I guess we'll be a little short staffed this week, Stevie. We've got a lot to do to win that award.

STEVIE

You're right. It looks like we're going to run out of that delicious lemonade pretty quick. I'll just go grab some more. For the award.

Stevie exits.

INT. ELMDALE ELDERLY CENTER - DINING ROOM - DAY

Alexis sits at a table set for a meal while EDWARD, early 80s, snoozes in his wheelchair next to her. A camera on a tripod and two studio lights face the table set up. Moira enters wearing a wig that is way too similar to David Bowie circa Ziggy Stardust.

MOIRA

Oh, good. Everyone is on set and ready. Nothing worse than having to wait for a laggard co-star.

ALEXIS

You're an hour and a half late!

Alexis gets up and rushes toward Moira.

MOIRA

What are you talking about. I'm right on time.

ALEXIS

Your call time was noon. It's one thirty.

MOIRA

Don't blame me. With the notable dotage of my colleague I assumed it would take a tad bit longer for him to be set ready. It's not uncommon. We in the business call it Geriatric Standard Time.

ALEXIS

Edward was here thirty minutes early.

MOIRA

And where is the photographer?

ALEXIS

That would be me.

MOIRA

Come again?

ALEXIS

Just because I have a lot of client offers coming in doesn't necessarily mean they're big dollar clients just yet. But if my escape from Scientology Sea Org taught me anything it's that I can fend for myself. So let's get started.

Alexis points at Moira's head and frowns.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

What's going on with your hair?

Moira lovingly pats her wig.

MOIRA

(re: the wig)

I thought Anastasia here conveyed the convivial yet coquettish vibe you described for the shoot.

ALEXIS

Mmmm, no. Just like I told Britney when she shaved her head, it doesn't look good. Take it off.

MOIRA

If you would just give it a cha --

ALEXIS

I had a lot of practice snatching wigs that season I guest starred on the Real Housewives. Don't make me show you!

MOIRA

No need for threats, darling.

Moira slowly removes her Ziggy Stardust wig. Underneath is a new wig: a purple pixie cut.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

I thought you might be a bit too green to the business to appreciate my artistic vision, so I brought options.

ALEXIS

Mom!

Alexis moves to snatch that wig too.

MOIRA

All right, Alexis, I'll acquiesce. But if you receive harsh criticism for your direction, don't come sobbing to me.

Moira removes the second wig while Alexis pushes Moira into the chair next to Edward. Alexis gently nudges Edward awake.

ALEXIS

Edward?

Edward groggily wakes up.

EDWARD

Mmm? What?

ALEXIS

We're ready to get started. The other talent finally arrived.

Moira extends her hand.

MOIRA

Moira Rose, it's an absolute pleasure to make your acquaintance.

Edward turns to her, a bit of drool on his chin.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Oh dear. You appear to be salivating.

Edward grabs a hanky from his pocket.

EDWARD

Pardon me. It's one of the downsides of dentures. I can't seem to keep my own spit in my mouth these days. It's like a faucet!

Edward laughs so hard he makes himself cough.

MOIRA

Charming.

ALEXIS

You okay, Edward? Can I get you  
some water?

Edward nods through his cough. He gains his breath and tries to clear his throat. With one final cough, his dentures fall out.

EDWARD

(to Moira)

Whoopsie daisy! Could you grab  
those?

Edward points to his dentures on the floor. Moira clutches her pearls.

MOIRA

I couldn't possibly.

ALEXIS

You really couldn't be less helpful  
if you tried. I'll do it.

Alexis takes a napkin from the table and gingerly picks up the dentures.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

It's not the first time I've had to  
pick up fake teeth from the floor.  
Lil Wayne's grillz used to pop out  
all the time.

Alexis hands the dentures back to Edward. He wipes them off on his pants and pops them back into his mouth.

EDWARD

There. Good as new.

ALEXIS

Fantastic. Let's get started!

Alexis moves behind the camera and inspects Moira and Edward.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

I'm thinking Edward needs to be a  
little closer to you, Mom.

MOIRA

I'm sorry, dear, I couldn't hear  
you over the screaming in my head.

ALEXIS

I said Edward needs to be closer to you. Would you mind?

MOIRA

Mind what?

ALEXIS

If you could just move him a couple inches closer to your chair.

MOIRA

Oh. It's quite unorthodox to ask the talent to do physical labor, Alexis, but seeing as this appears to be a more scantily funded project than I was led to believe, I'm happy to help.

ALEXIS

Great. Thanks.

Moira gets up and pushes Edward's wheelchair closer to her seat. Upon movement, Edward farts. Now Moira is the one who is in a coughing fit.

EDWARD

You'll have to excuse me again. Once you hit your eighties they should give you a gas mask.

Moira finally catches her breath.

MOIRA

Alexis? A word.

Moira walks up to Alexis and pulls her out of earshot of Edward.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Are you certain Edward has the panache you were looking for to accurately convey the spirit of this campaign? I had thought you wanted to portray one's golden years as vibrant and seductive and full of life. Our dear Edward here appears... anything but.

ALEXIS

Edward is our only option. All the other residents didn't want to miss Jello happy hour.

MOIRA  
I see. The allure of gelatin.

EDWARD  
What's the hold up?

Edward pats the chair next to him.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
(to Moira)  
Come over here, young lady.

MOIRA  
Oh, Edward, you're a regular  
Casanova.  
(to Alexis)  
I hope now you'll never doubt the  
sacrifices I make for you.

INT. ROSE APOTHECARY - DAY

David and PATRICK stand behind the register. TWO KIDS enter, one carrying two jugs of lemonade, the other carrying cups.

KID 1  
Hey mister, want to buy any  
lemonade?

KID 2  
We're raising money for the  
homeless.

DAVID  
Sorry, we don't allow outside food  
or drink in the store.

The kids exit, disgruntled that they didn't make a sale.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Kids are the worst.

PATRICK  
A little harsh.

DAVID  
You can't give in to their cute  
faces. First it's a cup of  
lemonade, next thing you know we're  
hosting a charity gala for five  
hundred.

Stevie enters.

STEVIE

Hey. Do you mind if I crash here for a bit?

DAVID

Why, what's going on?

STEVIE

Your dad is being so intense today about winning the dumb Best Business Award that nobody cares about.

DAVID

Come again?

STEVIE

You know how your dad gets. He's going all out for it: giving free lemonade, doling out discounts.

DAVID

Oh, he is, is he?

PATRICK

Why are you talking like a cartoon villain?

DAVID

He's not the only Rose who has a business in this town.

STEVIE

You're going to go for the award?

DAVID

That's precisely what I'm going to do.

STEVIE

What is it with your family?

(to Patrick)

Get out while you still can.

Stevie exits in a hurry. David reaches into his pocket and grabs his wallet. He hands cash to Patrick.

DAVID

Go find those adorable kids and bring the rest of that lemonade here. Let everyone you see know we're offering thirty percent off the entire store.

PATRICK

Why do I have the feeling this is  
not going to end well?

INT. ELMDALE ELDERLY CENTER - DINING ROOM - DAY

Moira and Edward are posed and ready for the camera. Alexis  
stands behind the camera.

ALEXIS

Okay, here we go. Action!

Alexis starts taking pictures. Moira looks like she wants to  
be as far away from Edward as possible.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

Don't forget to smile. We're very  
excited to be here at the Elmdale  
Elderly Center, remember?

Moira grimaces, trying to smile but it's just not working.  
Edward is making sucking noises and clicking his tongue.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

Edward? What's that you're doing  
with your tongue?

EDWARD

If I don't push my dentures up with  
my tongue when I smile those  
slippery suckers fall out!

Moira pops up from her seat.

ALEXIS

What are you doing? Sit down.

MOIRA

I'm sure you remember that we  
agreed I have first right of  
refusal on all pictures taken  
today. It's important in my role as  
executive producer that I see the  
direction we're taking with these  
portraits and provide any necessary  
notes.

ALEXIS

Executive producer?

MOIRA

Let's have a look.

Moira pushes her way in front of the camera and clicks through the pictures.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Oh. Oh my. I see.

Moira slowly backs away from the camera.

ALEXIS

I know. But it's just a start, so if you'd sit down we can get some good --

MOIRA

These are marvelous!

ALEXIS

They are?

MOIRA

Look at me! Compared to our decrepit darling, Edward, I look so spirited and young and with a certain je ne sais quoi.

EDWARD

How do I look?

MOIRA

Absolutely dashing, Eddie. I'm simply shook to my core at your innate abilities to bring out the best in both of us.

ALEXIS

I'm glad you like them.

MOIRA

Like them? I adore them! Now, let's keep this ball rolling, shall we?

Moira cozies up next to Edward as close as she can get.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

All right, Ms. DeMille. I'm ready for my close up.

INT. CAFE TROPICAL - DAY

TWYLA works behind the counter. John enters carrying a stack of flyers. Various patrons, including Roland, eat.

JOHN  
Good afternoon, Twyla.

TWYLA  
Hi, Mr. Rose. What can I get you?

JOHN  
Actually I was wondering if I might  
be able to leave these flyers here.

TWYLA  
You bet.

JOHN  
Don't you want to know what's on  
them?

TWYLA  
Oh. Sure.

JOHN  
I'm advertising a Stay-Cation  
special at the motel for locals.

TWYLA  
That's nice.

JOHN  
You should come and stay. You work  
so hard, I think some time for  
yourself is long overdue.

TWYLA  
There's an idea! But it's just me  
here at the cafe. I couldn't take  
off.

JOHN  
What's a couple days of closing the  
place so that you could get a  
little R & R? I'm sure everyone  
would understand.

TWYLA  
I don't think so, Mr. Rose.

JOHN  
Just something to consider. I'll  
leave these here then.

John puts some flyers on the counter.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And I'll just hand a few of these out to your customers if you don't mind.

TWYLA

Go right ahead.

John hands a flyer to the nearest customer.

JOHN

Stop on by Rosebud Motel for special Stay-Cation rates, including a free lemonade!

David enters, his own stack of flyers in his hands.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(re: David's flyers)

What have you got there?

David snatches a flyer from John.

DAVID

I could ask the same thing of you! This is so sad, Dad, pandering to the public.

(to Twyla)

You know he's trying to steal votes away from you.

JOHN

Oh, please.

TWYLA

Votes? For what?

DAVID

For the Best Business award.

TWYLA

Oh yeah. I forgot about that.

John grabs one of David's flyers.

JOHN

And what are these? Thirty percent off at Rose Apothecary, huh?

DAVID

Those are actually a, um...

JOHN

Seems a little like the pot calling  
the kettle black, don't you think?

DAVID

You know what? Fine. But now that I  
look at these, I realize there's  
been a misprint.

(yelling so all can hear)

Schitt's Creek residents get *fifty*  
percent off at Rose Apothecary. And  
the motel has bedbugs.

David exits. Roland shoots up and picks at his clothes like  
they're diseased.

ROLAND

This is just great! I work there.  
Now I have to burn all my clothes!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ROSE APOTHECARY - DAY

David and Patrick watch John as he paces in front of the apothecary. Two jugs of lemonade and some cups sit near the register. A CUSTOMER browses merchandise.

DAVID

How long do you think he's going to do that?

PATRICK

He looks pretty upset.

DAVID

I can't imagine why.

PATRICK

Really? The David I know can get a little... hotheaded when he feels strongly about something.

DAVID

I don't know what you're talking about.

PATRICK

You didn't say something that might have set him off?

DAVID

Fine. I may have said something about bedbugs at the motel.

PATRICK

David!

DAVID

I know! I got carried away.

PATRICK

You should go apologize. Is one silly award really worth all this?

DAVID

Okay, okay.

David walks toward the front of the store.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You know sometimes you're really no fun.

PATRICK

I know.

EXT. ROSE APOTHECARY - CONTINUOUS

David approaches John.

DAVID

Dad.

John keeps pacing.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Dad.

John still paces.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Dad, come on. Are you trying to get all your steps in for the day or something? Please just talk to me.

JOHN

How could you? I had to spend an hour at the cafe explaining we don't have bedbugs. Then I had to get Roland to take down his tweet telling people not to stay at the motel. Who knows what kind of reach that has.

DAVID

I highly doubt he has any followers.

JOHN

This is serious! This goes way beyond the award. It affects my business! What if I told people that...

The customer -- carrying a Rose Apothecary shopping bag -- walks out of the store.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...you test all your products on animals.

The customer stops, shocked.

CUSTOMER

(to David)

You're a monster!

DAVID

No, that's not true. It was a hypothetical!

CUSTOMER

You're not going to get away with this! I'm activating the PETA phone tree. Consider yourself shutdown!

The customer runs away. David turns to John.

JOHN

I think I've made my point here. I'll just be leaving then.

John dashes out before David can stop him.

INT. ELMDALE ELDERLY CENTER - DINING ROOM - DAY

Edward snores in his wheelchair while Moira and Alexis click through pictures on Alexis's laptop, her camera and lights all packed away. Alexis looks super pleased, but Moira seems unsure. Moira looks fantastic in the pictures: She's having a great time, heavily interacting with Edward.

ALEXIS

These are looking great! I think the client will be very happy.

MOIRA

Hmm. I have my doubts.

ALEXIS

No, they're fantastic. The Elderly Center is going to love these. You look so matronly and mobile.

MOIRA

Matronly? I don't know what I ever did to you to make you use such offensive language.

ALEXIS

I've never seen you look this happy in real life, like... ever.

MOIRA

I distinctly recall you mentioning sexiness, and to be frank, nothing about these pictures displays sensual desire.

(MORE)

MOIRA (CONT'D)

A woman still possesses a voracious and quite vocal womanhood, even in her twilight years.

Alexis plugs her ears.

ALEXIS

La la la la la! I'm going to pretend like I never heard any of that.

Alexis slams the laptop shut.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

I think we're done here.

MOIRA

Don't you really want to make your campaign stand out? I suggest we move this shoot to the boudoir. We can take a handful of intense yet tasteful portraits of a couple that may have lost their juvenescence but has not lost their sexuality.

ALEXIS

I'm scarred enough having to be in a bedroom directly next to you and Dad at the motel. I do not need to see you simulate sex, and then take pictures of it.

MOIRA

My lovemaking scenes on "Sunrise Bay" were some of the highest rated episodes of the entire series. A few mildly suggestive photos of Edward and I in the throws of passion could really get your little PR company a large following. Not to mention my star might shine a tad brighter.

ALEXIS

I don't think "throws of passion" is really the look the client's going for.

MOIRA

But just imagine the crowds that would be clamoring to apply for a homestead in this pavilion of elders.

ALEXIS

No, Mom. I may have told Paris and Kim to take a stab at some sexy photos, but it's not going to work here. Trust me.

MOIRA

You suggest we go with your gut?

ALEXIS

Um, ew, I don't have a gut, but my instincts are spot on. So let's go with them on this one, 'kay?

(to Edward)

Thanks, Edward!

Edward keeps dozing in his chair.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

He looks nice and cozy. Why don't we just head home?

Alexis exits. Moira looks dejected then -- GASP! -- has a moment of inspiration.

MOIRA

(calling after Alexis)

I'll meet you at the motel, dear.  
Nature is telephoning!

Moira pauses, waiting to see if Alexis comes back. When she doesn't, Moira approaches Edward and nudges him awake.

EDWARD

Where'd everybody go? Are we done?

MOIRA

Not quite, my sweet Eddie. There's one more pose left to strike.

EXT. ROSE APOTHECARY - DAY

PETA protesters -- including the customer from before -- march outside the apothecary wearing shirts, handing out flyers and carrying signs that all read "SCHITT'S CREEK FIGHTS FOR ANIMAL RIGHTS"; "TIME TO CLOSE, DAVID ROSE". One of the protesters wears a cat mask. Protesters chant the two slogans over and over.

INT. ROSE APOTHECARY - CONTINUOUS

David and Patrick stand and watch the protesters. Two jugs of lemonade still sit near the register. Patrick sips a cup of it.

PATRICK

Who knew there were so many PETA members in Schitt's Creek?

DAVID

There's no way we're going to win the Best Business Award now, not to mention stay in business at all. They're blocking customers from getting in!

PATRICK

Why don't you just go talk to them?

DAVID

I once tried to explain to PETA that it's not animal cruelty if you inherited the mink coat you wear to New York Fashion Week. But do you know what happened?

Patrick shakes his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

They wrestled me to the ground and shaved off my left eyebrow to quote "see how I liked it without my own fur." There's no way I'm going out there!

PATRICK

That's fine. I can do it.

Patrick sets down his lemonade and walks out the front door.

EXT. ROSE APOTHECARY - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK

Hey guys-

CUSTOMER

Murderer!

PROTESTER IN CAT MASK

Cat torturer!

Customer throws fake blood on Patrick. Patrick runs back into the apothecary. The protester in a cat mask follows.

INT. ROSE APOTHECARY - CONTINUOUS

DAVID

(to protester)

Don't douse me with fake blood! I'm deathly allergic to red dye forty. One strawberry Pop Tart makes me erupt in hives, I can only imagine what that stuff would do!

PROTESTER IN CAT MASK

Why should I spare you when you go after innocent kitties?

Protester pulls off his cat mask to REVEAL Roland.

ROLAND

Animals are people too!

DAVID

We don't test any of our products on animals!

PATRICK

(re: the fake blood)

Why does this stuff sting?

Nobody pays attention to Patrick.

ROLAND

Well, why didn't you just say that?

DAVID

We tried.

Patrick gets increasingly worried and frantic.

PATRICK

Seriously, it really stings.

David points at the protesters.

DAVID

You're one of them. Can't you just tell them to go home?

ROLAND

Oh no, I have no idea who they are. I just joined in the fun.

A news van pulls up. A reporter and cameraman approach the protesters.

DAVID

What am I going to do?

Patrick grabs one of the jugs of lemonade displayed near the register and dumps it on himself to wash off the fake blood on his arms.

PATRICK

Ooooh, that feels so good.

David snatches the jug of lemonade out of Patrick's hands and grabs the other jug off the counter.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Hey!

DAVID

Grab some cups. It's time to fix this!

INT. ELMDALE ELDERLY CENTER - EDWARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Moira wheels Edward -- who continues to nap in his chair -- into his studio-style apartment. A bed takes up much of the space.

MOIRA

Here we are.

She gets him right up next to the bed and gently nudges him.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Edward?

He doesn't respond.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Eddie, darling?

He snores.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

This is a fine predicament.

Moira tries multiple ways to get Edward from his chair and into the bed: tugging his arms, lifting his legs, attempting to tip the wheelchair so he will slide out. Finally, she lifts his legs just enough so that they rest on the bed. Moira, now on top of the bed, grabs hold of his arms.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

On the count of three then. One,  
two, three.

Moira throws herself backward and hoists Edward onto the mattress. Moira now has to rearrange Edward's body so that his head rests on his pillow.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

You can do this, Moira. Remember  
your party years with Mick Jagger?

Moira tugs and pulls and finally gets him arranged just right.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

There. Now to try my hand at...  
what do the kids call them? Self  
portrait-ies?

Moira pulls her phone out of her pocket and arranges herself so she's under the sheets next to Edward and propped up on her elbow.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

I must say Moira, you do look  
fantastic. Just one press of the  
button and...

Moira tries to click the photo button, but just as she's about to, Edward rolls over. His arm flies and smacks the phone out of Moira's hand, and his upper body is now folded over Moira.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Whether or not you wanted throws of  
passion, Alexis, it seems Edward  
cannot be denied.

Moira struggles with her free hand to get her phone. It's almost out of reach, but then... she snags it!

MOIRA (CONT'D)

There!

Moira opens the phone and fixes her hair, positioning Edward's head so that it looks like he's kissing her neck.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Once more.

Moira smiles and CLICK, takes the picture. She inspects the photo.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
 Youthful, tasteful, sensual.  
 Perfect. Wait until Alexis sees  
 this.

The door to Edward's apartment opens and ESTHER, 80s,  
 Edward's wife, walks in.

ESTHER  
 Who are you?

Edward snaps awake.

EDWARD  
 What's that?

ESTHER  
 Edward, what's going on? Who's this  
 woman?

Edward rolls over and takes a beat to realize he's in bed  
 with Moira.

EDWARD  
 She's my wife.

ESTHER  
 I'm your wife!

MOIRA  
 He means his studio spouse. Just  
 playing a part for the day, nothing  
 to worry about.

ESTHER  
 I thought the pictures were in the  
 dining room. Why are you in bed?

EDWARD  
 Yeah, how did we end up here?

MOIRA  
 I can see how this looks rather...  
 incriminating. But I thought it  
 would be a good idea -- for the  
 campaign mind you -- to show the  
 sensuality of the Elderly Center's  
 members. I think we can both agree  
 that your Eddie here is a fine  
 specimen of masculinity, so I took  
 it upon myself to climb into the  
 boudoir with your husband --

ESTHER  
The boudoir?

MOIRA  
To climb into bed, yes.

ESTHER  
Edward, how could you?

MOIRA  
I best let the two of you  
contemplate the ramifications this  
hilarious predicament will have on  
your marriage.

Moira climbs out of the bed.

MOIRA (CONT'D)  
(to Esther)  
Lovely to meet you!

Moira hurries out of the apartment.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

John stands behind the desk on the phone, while David leans against the front, listening to the conversation. John's welcome display of lemonade still sits on the counter.

JOHN

Uh huh... Okay... Good for them.  
Thanks for letting us know,  
Roland... Yes, I guess you could  
say that means I'm still a loser.  
But only when it comes to this  
award... Okay... Bye... I gotta go.  
I'm hanging up now, Roland!

John hangs up the phone.

DAVID

What did he say?

JOHN

We didn't get the award.

DAVID

(smiling)

I'm -- I'm so sorry. I know it must  
sting to be beaten by your own son,  
but --

JOHN

We as in both of us. You didn't win  
either.

DAVID

Who did?

John points to the lemonade jug on the counter.

JOHN

The kids' lemonade stand.  
Apparently they completely sold out  
of their first five batches in one  
day. Roland said he's never seen a  
business take off like that in  
decades.

DAVID

Kids are the worst.

Moira enters.

MOIRA

I've been accosted by salacious remarks all across the township. Bedbugs in the motel? Animal cruelty at the hands of my own son? Please tell me the rumors aren't true. The animals, while regrettable, I can accept, but the bedbugs? John, don't send us into an even deeper circle of hell than the one in which we already reside.

JOHN

No, Moira, none of it's true.

MOIRA

Then which of you won the coveted Best Business Award.

JOHN

You knew about that?

MOIRA

Of course I did.

DAVID

So then you voted?

MOIRA

Unfortunately I was unable to attend. But one of the fine Rose establishments won the accolade, no doubt.

John and David shake their heads.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Oh, dear.

DAVID

I think I've had enough drama for one day. I'm going to give myself a nice papaya aloe mask -- which was not tested on animals, by the way -- and go to bed.

David gets up and opens the door to leave. Alexis storms in.

ALEXIS

There you are, mother.

DAVID

On second thought maybe I haven't had quite enough drama yet.

MOIRA

Hello, Alexis. Still on a high from our fantastic shoot today, I see.

ALEXIS

No, I'm not on a high. Do you know who else isn't on a high right now?

Moira plays dumb and shrugs her shoulders.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

Edward! I just got off the phone with his wife saying that she found the woman from my shoot in bed with her husband!

JOHN

Moira!

MOIRA

I was playing a part, John. An aging woman still in touch with her sexuality. I was completely detached from it, but I must say, the pictures convey a certain raw animal attraction that I'm quite pleased with.

ALEXIS

Edward certainly wasn't pleased with it! He was this close to suing me for sexual harassment!

MOIRA

Sexual harassment, don't be absurd. He threw himself on me!

ALEXIS

Really? He wasn't asleep?

MOIRA

That is neither here nor there.

ALEXIS

Now I have to re-shoot all the pictures! Thank goodness Edward's wife volunteered because she doesn't want "that harlot" rubbing up against her husband again.

MOIRA

It's a harsh reality of the entertainment industry, being recast, but as long as I still receive my day rate.

ALEXIS

You're getting nothing! Since you decided to go all Harvey Weinstein on Edward, you're just going to have to take one for the team.

JOHN

Alexis is right.

DAVID

That's a first.

MOIRA

John! Slaving away all day with no compensation is unacceptable. Without payment I've been reduced to nothing more than a... than a...

DAVID

Than an intern.

JOHN

Alexis is right that we're a team. You did say at breakfast you want to be closer to your children.

MOIRA

I do have a slight memory of saying something to that effect.

JOHN

Then do this for your daughter.

DAVID

Oh, because you're just the pinnacle of parenting, is that it?

JOHN

I'm sorry, David. For everything.

John hugs David.

DAVID

I'm sorry, too.

MOIRA  
 (to Alexis)  
 Perhaps I was a tad misguided in my  
 attempts to steer your campaign.

ALEXIS  
 Thanks.

Moira pauses, looking at Alexis expectantly.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
 What?

MOIRA  
 Don't you have something you want  
 to apologize for as well?

ALEXIS  
 Um, no. I was the one cleaning up  
 your mess the whole night.

MOIRA  
 I seem to recall the use of a  
 rather vulgar word. Does "matronly"  
 ring any bells?

DAVID  
 (sarcastically)  
 Alexis, how could you?

ALEXIS  
 Please, that's the least offensive  
 thing I could call you after what  
 you did today.

John gets in between Moira and Alexis.

JOHN  
 Let's just all agree that we're a  
 family. While we will always  
 support each other's endeavors, we  
 don't have to get tangled up in  
 business. All right?

STEVIE (O.S.)  
 Finally! Cheers to that!

REVEAL to see Stevie sitting on the steps leading down to the  
 lobby. She wears one of the "TIME TO CLOSE, DAVID ROSE"  
 shirts and has a jug of lemonade by her side. She takes a  
 swig from her cup.

END OF SHOW