

NOW, HERE, THIS.

PILOT

written by

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[ACT ONE]

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL — THE RECENT PAST

On a large, modern projection screen at the front of the room are images of antiquities, and standing in front of the screen is graduate student ELIZABETH ("BETH") CAFFERTY (early 30s). Her outfit is comfortable but professional, her shoes are sensible, and her hair is in a smart bun. She is entirely in her element, a room full of attentive undergraduates.

BETH

Collecting the property of indigenous peoples is both immoral and illegal. In fact, his methodology is entirely unprofessional, bordering on criminal. He is a a terrible representative of the discipline and not -- I repeat not -- a role model for the serious archaeologist.

(beat)

Any questions?

She points to a member of the unseen audience.

BETH (CONT'D)

Yes.

OLDER WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Is this real, dear?

BETH

(confused)

Real?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ANTIQUE STORE/SALES COUNTER — PRESENT DAY

An OLDER WOMAN CUSTOMER (whose voice we've already heard) places a hideous, faded rag doll on the counter between her and Beth.

OLDER WOMAN CUSTOMER

Is it real?

Beth in the present is not put-together, not energetic, not happy.

BETH

It's a real object with mass and structural rigidity.

Beth picks up the doll, sniffs it, and winces.

BETH (CONT'D)

It's real polyester, probably stuffed with asbestos.

(off older woman's expression)

And it's a real bargain at just--

Beth looks at the price sticker on the doll's foot. She can't do it.

BETH (CONT'D)

Forty dollars? Forty dollars?! Who would pay forty dollars for this? Would you pay forty dollars for this? It was a reward for mailing in box tops from twenty cartons of unfiltered cigarettes.

OLDER WOMAN CUSTOMER

So how much?

BETH

You really want to buy it?

OLDER WOMAN CUSTOMER

Can I have it for free?

BETH

Well, no.
(beat)
Ten dollars.

OLDER WOMAN CUSTOMER

(turning the tables)
Seems steep. It's made of polyester, you say?

BETH

(running out of steam already)
Five dollars.

OLDER WOMAN CUSTOMER

(emboldened)
Throw in a bag of donuts?

BETH

The donuts alone are worth five dollars. They're homemade. With real ingredients. By my dad, Elbridge Township's own Pat Cafferty.

OLDER WOMAN CUSTOMER

(unimpressed)

Throw in one donut?

BETH

(done)

Deal.

Beth extracts and bags a single donut from under the glass-domed plate on the counter, then hands the bag to the customer, who takes it, with her doll, and walks away.

BETH (CONT'D)

(calling after her)

No refunds. If you're not completely satisfied with your... thing, give it to someone who's wronged you in this or a past life.

Beth turns around to pour herself a fresh mug of coffee from one of two commercial urns behind her, where there are also burlap sacks of coffee beans labeled CAFFERTY COFFEES.

EXT. ANTIQUES STORE/FRONT DOOR – MORNING, EARLY SEPTEMBER

Beth sits on a wooden bench. PATRICK "PAT" CAFFERTY (mid-60s), approaches. He wears khakis and a polo with CAFFERTY COFFEES embroidered on the breast. His close-cropped hair is fully gray, but he is a strong man in good health. He is a respected businessman whose word is as good as his signature on a written contract. He is a caring father. Most recently, he is a widower. When he reaches Beth:

PAT

G'morning, Shortcake.

BETH

Morning, Dad.

He joins her on the bench.

PAT

How's the coffee?

BETH
Like the very nectar of bright-eyed Athena herself.

PAT
And the donut?

BETH
Yummy.

PAT
And my baby girl?

BETH
(without preface)
I'm thinking of changing the name of the store.
(off her father's reaction)
Wait. Wait until you hear my ideas.

Beth slowly, dramatically arcs her hand in front of them as if to evoke a theater marquee:

BETH (CONT'D)
"Crap."
(beat)
Or, "Crap!" ...with an exclamation point.

Pat is mildly amused despite himself, but only mildly.

BETH (CONT'D)
(encouraged)
"The Crap?"
(beat)
"Banana Crap-public."
(beat)
"Craps Fifth Avenue."

PAT
(relenting and playing along)
"Crap in the Box."

BETH
Oh! "Ye Olde Crappe Shoppe" --
both words with two pees and an e.

PAT
I figured.

BETH
"Hashtag Crap."

PAT

I don't know what that means.

BETH

(inspired)

"ALL CRAPS" -- in all caps.

(beat)

"Bad Trash and Beyond."

(beat)

"One Man's Trash"....

PAT

You're the third woman to run this place, Shortcake.

BETH

I know. Three generations of Appalachian Mountain gals... bravely braving a wilderness of refuse and folderol.

PAT

It's all of five thousand square feet.

BETH

It's the volume, though. And the density.

PAT

I've got to get to the office. Shareholders meeting tonight. Seven p.m. sharp.

Pat squeezes Beth's leg, then stands to leave. We watch as Pat walks to the near edge of the sizeable dirt parking lot that surrounds the antiques store... to a compact, newer-construction office, only the size of a small house. On the glass outer doors are the logotype of the family business, CAFFERTY COFFEES.

BETH (O.S.)

(calling after him)

Could I at least call it "Les Frantiques"? Add a little je ne sais crap?

(beat)

Non?

As Pat enters the CAFFERTY COFFEES offices, an old car drives, in no danger whatsoever of getting a speeding ticket, into the parking lot from the paved road beyond. Beth, again sitting in solitude with her coffee, watches the car pull in... then park inexplicably far from the entrance, even though the lot is virtually empty.

Eventually, the car door opens and an old man gets out. This is STANLEY FARLOW. He carries a well-worn leather tool bag and makes his way painfully slowly toward Beth. When he finally arrives:

STANLEY
(unhurriedly)
What's the difference between a piano and a fish?

BETH
(perplexed, but game)
What is the difference?

STANLEY
(laughing already)
You can't tuna fish!

When his chuckles begin to die down:

BETH
Why was the archaeologist sad?

STANLEY
Why?

BETH
(thoughtfully)
Her career was in ruins.

STANLEY
(not laughing)
Stanley Farlow. Piano tuner.

BETH
Ah. Beth Cafferty. Sad archaeologist. Thanks for coming.
(beat)
You'll probably need a piano to get started.

STANLEY
(cheerful again)
It couldn't hurt.

BETH
There's coffee and donuts, too.

Beth leads Stanley inside. We remain outside, but we pull out from the bench near the door to see the faded placard on the front of the building: FRANTIQUES. Around the outside of the store building are items that would never fit through the doors: gas station signs; entire restaurant booths; an Easter Island head.

Pulling out further, we see behind the one-story structure the majestic green mountains of the Berkshires and a sun rising in a blue sky on what looks to be a perfectly pleasant day.

[BEGIN TITLES]

NOW, HERE, THIS.

[END OF TITLES]

After a long tranquil moment, Beth returns to the bench out front and sits again; we join her once more. Then we hear some slow, repeated, deliberate PLINK... PLINK... PLINKs of the highest note, the last key, of an old, out-of-tune piano inside.

INT. FRANTIQUES - CONTINUOUS

The regular PLINKING continues. In fact, it will continue all day. We'll hear it when we need to, but we understand that it's more or less consistent and incessant.

As we view the interior of the store from above, we see that it is a large, rectangular space -- almost none of it not filled with "antiques" -- on tables, on shelves, or just on the floor, probably none of them more than fifty years old... though occasionally we might glimpse something truly valuable, if we look carefully. Passing an entire section of clocks -- dozens of them in various styles and vintages -- we learn that it's just about 10 a.m. There are no customers in the store.

Stanley is tuning the piano on a loft in one of the back corners. In the opposite corner, at floor level, we find Beth hanging signs she's clearly made herself using markers and colored construction paper. One already hanging reads "Certified Rare Antique Plates!" Beth is hanging (near some metal pots and pans) another that reads "Collectible Real Ancient Pottery!" when there is a pause in the PLINKING. Beth notices... but when it resumes, she makes a decision.

EXT. FRANTIQUES/FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The PLINKING can still be heard, muted, even as BETH turns the sign in the door so that the "BE RIGHT BACK" side faces out, then closes the door and locks it.

INT. CAFFERTY COFFEES/PARTNERS' OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

In the nerve center of Cafferty Coffees is a sturdy, wooden two-sided partners' desk, and at that desk sits MEGAN CAFFERTY (mid-30s), Beth's older sister. She wears a business suit. She is on the phone. Beth drops into Pat's chair opposite Megan.

MEGAN
 (patiently)
 Because it's not the right time
 for that, Eva.
 (pause)
 Because we can't afford a second
 one, Eva.
 (beat)
 Because they have live-in help,
 Eva.

Beth finds a piece of company stationery and writes on it "Where's Dad?" before sliding it toward Megan. Megan reads the note then writes "Service call" on it and passes it back.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 Because they have two incomes,
 Eva.
 (beat)
 Because Sarah isn't a high-
 functioning alcoholic, Eva.
 (beat)
 Because, Eva, it's not the right
 time for that.

Beth rises from the desk and mouths to Megan that she'll talk to her later, then leaves.

EXT. FRANTIQUES/FRONT DOOR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Beth returns, surprised to find a small line of people waiting to be let in. There's a farmer, an obviously tourist couple, and... is that Lara Croft? Beth unlocks the door and props it open, then heads back to the sales counter in the middle of the store floor.

INT. FRANTIQUES/SALES COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

Beth plops herself down onto the stool behind the counter.

[BEGIN FLASHBACK]

**INT. UNIVERSITY/TENURED PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - THE
PREVIOUS SPRING**

Beth sits across from DR. LUCAS BRODY (early 60s), her academic adviser. Beth is crying softly.

BETH
(attempting to compose
herself)
I'm sorry.

DR. BRODY
For crying?

BETH
For crying... out loud.

DR. BRODY
For crying out loud...? Beth, you
just lost your mom.
(beat)
Besides, I've seen you cry before.
I graded your paper on "Nebraska
Man."

Beth laughs through her tears.

DR. BRODY (CONT'D)
When's the service?

BETH
Tuesday. I should be back on
Thursday.

DR. BRODY
You most certainly should not.
Beth, the inhabitants of Mohenjo-
daro aren't going anywhere. If
they do, we're all in trouble. Go
home. Be with your family. Grieve.
Grieve now.

BETH
Our proposal...?

DR. BRODY
...is in fine shape. And I can
work on it without you. For a
while. I am a... what's the word I
want?

BETH
(sniffling)
Scholar?

DR. BRODY

Not to mention a gentleman.

(beat)

Take whatever time you need, Beth.

Take care of your dad. Take care

of yourself. And keep in touch.

(beat)

Or don't. For a while.

[END OF FLASHBACK]

INT. FRANTIQUES/SALES COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

PLINK. PLINK. PLINK. Beth is no longer on the stool behind the counter. We find her...

INT. FRANTIQUES/WEAPONS SECTION - CONTINUOUS

PLINK. PLINK. PLINK. Beth is aiming a BB rifle at the piano tuner. A YOUNG BOY CUSTOMER is watching her, looking from her to Stanley and back. Beth lowers the rifle, notices the boy, hands him the weapon, sighs, and walks away.

[END OF ACT ONE]

[ACT TWO]

INT. FRANTIQUES/SALES COUNTER - EARLY AFTERNOON

A flashily-dressed MALE CUSTOMER is at the counter, his back toward us. We hear the CH-CHING of the cash register and the drawer close. The man collects his three statuettes: an Emmy; a Grammy; and an Oscar. As he leaves...

BETH
Take care, Tony.

Beth bends down to find a cloth to wipe the counter. When she resurfaces, CLEM EDMONDS (mid-30s), a handsome, unpretentious single father, and his daughter SAMANTHA "SAM" EDMONDS (16), adorable and clever, are standing there.

BETH
Oh, hey, guys.

SAM
Hi!

CLEM
(shyly)
Hey.
(beat)
Your brother awake yet?

BETH
Is it noon?
(beat)
I haven't seen him today.

CLEM
Oh.

BETH
(to Sam)
Wanna play store?

SAM
Sure.

Beth gestures for Sam to come around; Sam walks out of view.

BETH
(to Clem)
Rack 'em. I'll be right there.

Clem walks away, then Beth steps out of sight. Sam reappears behind the counter and immediately reaches for a donut.

BETH (O.S.)
 (calling back)
 Don't eat them all.

INT. FRANTIQUES/REC ROOM – CONTINUOUS

In the back of the store is a room decorated like a cozy parlor, and in the center of the room is a full-size pool table, and on the table is a rack of balls ready to be broken. Clem is single-mindedly chalking a cue stick. Beth enters with two mugs of coffee. She hands one to Clem.

BETH
 Busy day?

CLEM
 Busy enough. You?

BETH
 Nonstop adventure.

Clem chuckles but doesn't make eye contact. There's something... well, there's something, but Beth doesn't know if it's what she thinks it might be, and she's not sure she wants it to be... but she's not sure she doesn't, either.

CLEM
 What's with the "plink, plink, plink"?

BETH
 Piano's getting some attention. I figure I'm more likely to unload it if someone can hear it at its best. Even if they'll have to retune it after they move it.

CLEM
 Makes sense.

BETH
 Clem?

CLEM
 Yeah?

BETH
 I've been back in town for a month now. Every weekday afternoon you come in to play pool with my brother. And every time you come in, you bring Sam. Who I love, of course. You know that.

CLEM

I know.

BETH

But it's September now. And Sam's sixteen...

Beth gives Clem a chance to see what she's getting at, but when he doesn't:

BETH (CONT'D)

Shouldn't she be in school?

CLEM

She is in school.

Beth makes a show of looking around. Frantiques is very much not a school. She looks at Clem quizzically.

CLEM (CONT'D)

She's homeschooled.

BETH

(still confused)

And this is... economics? For failures?

CLEM

(not kidding)

Science.

BETH

Science?

CLEM

(quietly)

Archaeology.

BETH

Explain?

CLEM

Sam and I designed a curriculum for her. We put you down as her science teacher. You've mentioned more than once in the past month how much you miss teaching.

(beat)

We... we thought you might enjoy teaching Sam.

Beth is about to protest...

BETH
 Actually... I would. I really
would.

Beth walks over to Clem, who still avoids eye contact. Beth punches him on the shoulder.

BETH (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

Beth leaves Clem alone in the rec room, still chalking his cue. They're not going to shoot pool after all. He cocks his head and smiles slightly when he hears:

BETH (O.S.)
 (calling across the store)
 Sam! Playtime's over! Time to
 learn something useful!

[BEGIN MONTAGE]

We hear the strains of a familiar melody, played on a now-familiar out-of-tune piano. We're treated to a reprieve from the monotonous PLINKING in favor of a nondiegetic rendition of John Williams's iconic RAIDERS MARCH for the duration of the montage... for which Beth wears a fedora and Sam carries a bullwhip!

INT. FRANTIQUES/TOYS SECTIONS

The area is cordoned off with rope, and Beth is showing Sam how to setup a grid of string lines on the floor.

INT. FRANTIQUES/DECORATIVE CONTAINERS SECTION

Beth gesticulates animatedly around a unique vase... until Sam picks it up, turns it upside down, and puts it on her own head, revealing that it's actually a unique hat.

INT. FRANTIQUES/BOOKS SECTION

Beth and Sam navigate gingerly through stacks of bound volumes arranged like ancient pillars and other ruins.

INT. FRANTIQUES/KITCHENWARES SECTION

Beth and Sam recreate the moment when Indiana Jones swaps a bag of sand for the golden idol in the Peruvian temple -- only Beth is weighing a donut in her hand, considering a second donut on a 1950s mechanical scale... while Sam watches like Satipo,

licking her lips in anticipation.

INT. FRANTIQUES/TRUNKS SECTION

Beth and Sam avert their eyes as they lift the heavy lid of a large, dusty, ornate trunk....

[END OF MONTAGE]

The music is replaced by a measure of PLINKING once more, and the montage/homage ends with the arrival of ADAM CAFFERTY (late 30s), a man with a career in the music biz, after a fashion. His own fashion is decidedly 1990s grunge. He's wearing a canvas backpack, and there's something heavy in it.

ADAM

Fortune and glory, Doctor
Cafferty?

BETH

I'm not a doctor yet.
(beat)
Clem's been waiting for you.

ADAM

(nodding toward Sam)
I figured. Short Round, go show
your dad where the colored balls
are supposed to go?

SAM

(insulted)
I'm not short.
(beat)
Or round.

Sam leaves Beth and Adam to talk. Adam swings his backpack off and onto the floor. He kneels down to extract a head from it! It's clearly not an actual human head, even though we can see it only from behind. It's very white, and Adam needs both hands to lift it to show it to Beth, who goggles at it.

ADAM

Worth anything?

BETH

(cagily)
Where did you get this?

ADAM

Bassist's been cleaning out his
uncle's attic.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

He knows we have this place,
figured he'd make an easy twenty
bucks.

BETH

He wants me to try to sell it for
twenty dollars?

ADAM

No, I already bought it from him.
I want you to try to sell it for
fifty.

(beat)

Actually, I want you to buy it
from me for thirty-five.

BETH

(growing distracted)

Put it down. Carefully.

Adam does as Beth says. We still can't see the face. Beth
crouches down and moves close to the head, very cautiously.

BETH (CONT'D)

Fine.

ADAM

(incredulous)

Fine... you want it? You'll pay
me?

BETH

(still staring at the head)

Take the money from the register.

ADAM

Yup.

Before she can change her mind, Adam leaves Beth, still nose-
to-nose with the large, heavy, white head on the floor of the
store.

[BEGIN FLASHBACK]

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL — THE PREVIOUS YEAR

Beth is lecturing, standing before her projection screen, on
which is a clear, if old, photograph of a male Roman bust --
with a busted nose.

BETH

(grandiloquently)

The bust known as "Fractus Nasus" was last gazed upon in 1934, in a storage room of the Daniel Chester French Museum of Fine Arts. A janitor mistook the bust for the head of a mannequin. And since it appeared to be damaged, and in the worst possible way for a mannequin head, our uncultured custodian tossed the priceless artifact into the trash.

(beat)

Or it was stolen. We don't know for sure. But it hasn't been seen in a long time....

[END OF FLASHBACK]

INT. FRANTIQUES/TRUNKS SECTION - CONTINUOUS

Now, finally, we're face-to-face with the bust Adam brought Beth. It is the face from the old flashback photograph. It is Fractus Nasus.

BETH (O.S.)

(yelling)

Sam, get vinyl gloves!

SAM (O.S.)

(yelling back)

From where?

BETH (O.S.)

Near the vinyl scarves!

(beat)

Where the vinyl things are!

[END OF ACT TWO]

[ACT THREE]

[BEGIN FLASHBACK]

INT. UNIVERSITY/TENURED PROFESSOR'S OFFICE - LATE LAST SPRING

Beth sits at Dr. Brody's desk, using his computer.

BETH
Aaand... proposal submitted!

We hear a champagne cork pop off screen, then ANGLE ON Dr. Brody pouring the cheap stuff into mismatched mugs. He hands one to Beth as she comes out from behind the desk.

DR. BRODY
To our mummies!

Beth, about to clink mugs with him, flinches.

DR. BRODY (CONT'D)
Oh... oh, Beth, I'm sorry. That was--

BETH
No. No, it's okay.

Beth touches her mug to his.

BETH (CONT'D)
To our mummies.

[END OF FLASHBACK]

EXT. PAT CAFFERTY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Beth pulls her car into the driveway of her father's house, the house she grew up in, where she's now living, again, for a while. Distracted and tired, she opens her door before turning off the headlights, prompting the car to DING DING DING warningly at her... which triggers a violent reaction in Beth. She punches the steering wheel, causing the horn to honk, which frightens her. Beth takes a breath, closes her car door, switches off her headlights, and opens the door again. She starts to get out... only to discover that she hasn't removed her seatbelt, which pulls her back abruptly into her seat.

INT. PAT CAFFERTY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

The Cafferty home is decorated warmly. Apparently, some of the "nicer" *objets d'art* found their way here from the store.

Beth enters. Megan and Adam are already seated on couches enjoying preprandial cocktails. Without stopping to greet her siblings, Beth pours herself a double from the sideboard then takes a seat. Adam and Megan trade a look.

ADAM

Everything okay, Beth?

Beth holds up a finger while she tosses back her entire drink.

BETH

Not really.

(beat)

I was having a better-than-average day. For a few minutes. In fact, I might even have gotten a little...

(goofy with exhaustion)

ahead at work today.

She winks theatrically at Adam.

BETH

(soberly)

But then I lost it.

MEGAN

You lost what?

BETH

The head.

ADAM

The head? The head? The head I brought you? You lost it?

BETH

I might have sold it. I didn't mean to. I'm very tired. But it also might have been stolen. I... I don't know.

(beat)

How are you doing, Meg?

MEGAN

I'm fine. Why wouldn't I be fine?

INT. PAT CAFFERTY'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Beth, Megan, Adam, and Pat sit at the family table. There are chairs for six. Pat sits at the head of the table, and there is a place setting for the absent mother at the other end. Adam and Beth sit on one side of the table; Megan sits on the other, appropriately at Pat's right hand.

PAT
(with solemnity)
Let us bow our heads.

All four do so.

PAT (CONT'D)
Lord, thank you for this food.
Thank you for this water. Now our
monthly meeting will please come
to order.

CAFFERTY KIDS
Amen.

As the family tucks in, they discuss business matters.

PAT
Old business?

MEGAN
It's pumpkin spice season again--

PAT
That's new business.

MEGAN
No, it's old business, because we
still don't offer a pumpkin spice
roast, and that makes us an old
business.

Beth and Adam smirk, stealing glances as Pat.

PAT
Cafferty Coffees offers the only
two varieties of coffee that
matter.

ADAM & BETH
(imitating their father)
"Regular and decaf."

PAT

No one needs more than one flavor of coffee any more than people need two kinds of lettuce. Or apple. Or... bean.

MEGAN

You are literally eating a five bean salad right now. There are five different kinds of beans in your bowl.

PAT

(unfazed)

Any other old business? Beth, how's the store?

BETH

Same. Slow. Suffocating.

ADAM

Need help...

Adam produces a pair of drumsticks from somewhere.

ADAM (CONT'D)

...drumming up customers?

BETH

Do you just carry those around?

ADAM

Of course. You never know.

MEGAN

(re: Frantiques)

What about having a "fire sale"?

BETH

I was thinking about having a fire.

ADAM

Ooh. Collect the insurance money.

PAT

(seriously)

Wouldn't work.

ADAM

Oh, right, right.

PAT

Okay, new business.

MEGAN

I have a resolution to propose.

PAT

Let's hear it.

MEGAN

A moratorium on dating.

ADAM

What? All of us...?

MEGAN

Just Dad.

Adam looks to Beth. Is Megan nuts?

PAT

Is that a joke? You're not the funny one, Meg.

MEGAN

You're the majority shareholder of the largest going concern in the area. And now that you're single--

PAT

I am not single.

MEGAN

In the eyes of the gold-digging community, you are. You're a hot commodity, Dad. A big-ticket item. In demand--

PAT

I am not getting remarried.

MEGAN

In that case, you don't want to lead anyone on--

PAT

I'm not dating.

MEGAN

Will you put that in writing?

PAT

Resolution rejected. Please pass me five peas.

INT. PAT CAFFERTY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - AFTER DINNER

Beth is washing dishes at the sink, handing them to Adam to dry.

BETH

Dad's never going to retire. He says he will -- he says he wants to -- but he won't, because he doesn't. He loves working. And with Mom gone, and if he doesn't date, all he'd have to live for is his kids.

ADAM

And we're no great shakes.

BETH

No joke.

(beat)

Is your band playing tonight?

ADAM

At Rat-a-Tat-Tats at eleven. You gonna come? You gonna dance? Do the "funky grad student"?

BETH

I'll be asleep by nine-thirty. It's been a long day.

ADAM

Clem's got a crush on you.

BETH

No, he doesn't! But Sam's got a crush on you.

ADAM

No, she doesn't!

BETH

Where's Sam's mom? Where's... Genevieve? Gwendolyn?

ADAM

Melissa. She left. She just up and left them two years ago.

BETH

That's terrible.

(beat)

Megan's marriage is in trouble.

ADAM
Megan, our sister, Megan?

BETH
I heard her arguing with Eva today. Sounded bad. Bad.

ADAM
Do lesbians even get divorced? I don't think I've ever heard of it. But they must, right?

BETH
Why not? They're just like everyone else.

ADAM
So her relationship is on the rocks and she's not going to be taking over the family business any time soon. Maybe we should be nicer to her?

BETH
Not talk about her behind her back, you mean?

ADAM
No, I was thinking we could send her flowers. But nothing too expensive.

After a moment of quiet:

BETH
Plastic flowers?

ADAM
(quickly)
Do you have any?

BETH
(sad)
So many. So, so many.

INT. PAT CAFFERTY'S HOUSE/FOYER - LATE EVENING

Beth and Pat are seeing Adam and Megan off.

PAT
Good night, kids. Safe home.

ADAM
Good night, Dad. 'night, Beth.

MEGAN
See you tomorrow, Dad. Think about
what I said.

PAT
Which part?

MEGAN
All of it.

PAT
No.

When Adam and Megan have gone, Pat himself gets ready to go
out.

PAT
Going to Mulcahy's. It's "Irish
Night."
(beat)
Wanna join me, Shortcake?

BETH
No, thanks. You have fun.

PAT
Okay. Don't wait up.

BETH
Okay. Don't get married.

Pat leaves, shaking his head.

[BEGIN FLASHBACK]

INT. RESTAURANT — AN EARLY SUMMER BOSTON EVENING

Beth is having dessert with NEIL FULLER (early 30s), her fellow
graduate student and boyfriend. He wears a dress shirt with the
sleeves rolled up.

NEIL
Why does your family need a second
business? Without your mom...
(beat)
Well, why not close up the
antiques shop?

BETH
That store was my mom's world,
Neil. Apart from her husband and
kids.

NEIL

I know that, sweetheart. I'm not trying to be insensitive. I just mean that... now that she's gone, rather than ask you to come back and run the place, why doesn't your dad just....

BETH

He can't just. He and mom borrowed a not-insignificant amount of money last year for the coffee business. The inventory of the antiques store is the collateral on the loan.

NEIL

(thinking)

So... why not let the bank foreclose on the loan? Repossess the antiques. Sell them and pay off the loan with the proceeds. Isn't that how it works?

BETH

Yes.

(beat)

But.

(beat)

We'd be responsible for the shortfall. Cafferty Coffees would be, I mean. The difference between the balance of the loan and what the bank could auction off all the antiques for. Which would be... a lot.

NEIL

But why? Why a lot? The bank agreed to accept the inventory as collateral, so the bank must have been satisfied that it was worth enough. The bank hired an appraiser, no?

BETH

(hesitant)

The bank asked... the local antiques expert for an appraisal, yes. For her appraisal.

NEIL

(realizing)

Your mom provided her own appraisal? Your mom told the bank what her inventory was worth... and the bank just took her word for it?

BETH

And my mom had a tendency to... overvalue... things. She grew up in that store. It was her parents' store first. Fran was her mom. Frantiques was her second home. Antiques were her... I don't know. But she was surrounded by them, and she thought every one of them was a treasure. She regularly paid twice as much as she should have for something new that came in -- something old, I mean, but new to the store. She figured she could sell it for four times what it was probably really worth.

NEIL

So... your mom overvalued her inventory, the collateral on the loan to Cafferty Coffees... threefold?

(beat)

Beth, that's... bad.

BETH

I've made a deal with my dad: I'll work at the store for a year. One year. Or until he can sell it. Or until we run out of antiques. Whichever comes first.

NEIL

(realistically)

So, a year.

BETH

But no more.

NEIL

But why you? Why not Megan or Adam?

BETH

Megan's preparing to take over the coffee business. And Adam...

(MORE)

BETH (CONT'D)

Adam's a 38-year-old professional roadie. For a local band. A local cover band. Adam can't....

NEIL

So you're putting your Ph.D. on hold for a year. And you're putting us on hold for a year.

BETH

You can visit. It's just the other side of the state.

NEIL

Literally the opposite side.

BETH

But of the state, Neil. Not the world. It's a hundred and fifty miles.

NEIL

It's a three-hour drive. Remember, we've taken that drive together, more than once.

BETH

So you already know the way!

NEIL

I know how to get there.

(beat)

I don't know how to get us where I want us to be.

Neil has been holding a velvet ring box in his hand under the table the whole time, but now he puts it back into his pocket.

[END OF FLASHBACK]

INT. PAT CAFFERTY'S HOUSE/BETH'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

Beth's childhood bedroom looks as it did when she was seventeen. Specifically, most of the wall decorations are posters of, yes, the dashing Indiana Jones. Beth is in bed, still in her clothes, lying on top of the covers, with most of the lights off. She is looking at photos on her phone. Mainly photos of her mom. Then she gets notification of a new email.

She reads it, then puts her phone down on her night table. We get to read the mail as Beth leaves the room. In a moment, we hear the sounds of water running, electric toothbrush, etc.

[ON BETH'S PHONE SCREEN]

"TO: Elizabeth Cafferty"
 "FROM: Liana Theodoratou"
 "RE: 'Fractus Nasus'"

"Ms. Cafferty:"

"Thank you for contacting me about the missing bust. If you have indeed obtained it, the Museum would of course be interested in recovering it. Moreover, there has been a longstanding offer of a substantial monetary reward to anyone with credible information leading to the location of the lost piece."

[END OF EMAIL]

Now the email is replaced on Beth's phone screen with an incoming call. The ringer is off but the phone vibrates, as we see:

[ON BETH'S PHONE SCREEN]

"Doc Brody / Home"

[BACK TO SCENE]

Beth returns to her bedroom just in time to hear the voicemail alert. She picks up her phone and plays her new message.

DR. BRODY (V.O.)

Beth, it's Dr. Brody. Lucas...
 Brody. I'm sorry to be calling so
 late, but I thought you'd want to
 know as soon as possible. Our
 proposal has been accepted. Our
 expedition will be funded.

(beat)

But it would need to be underway
 earlier than we expected.

(beat)

This Spring. April.

(beat)

I know that presents a problem for
 you. Let's talk when you can. I
 hope everything's going well out
 there... in the country.

Beth puts her phone down and turns toward the nearest poster of Indiana Jones.

BETH

Crap.

[END OF ACT THREE]

[TAG]

INT. FRANTIQUES - EARLIER EVENING

PLINK. PLINK. PLINK.

We pass by the clocks -- which all read 6:00 p.m. -- on our way to the sales counter, where a motionless Beth has her head down and her hands on her head.

PLINK. PLINK. PLINK... then silence. Sudden, blissful, merciful silence.

Beth stirs, lifting her head and removing antique metal thimbles from her ears. Can it be?!

STANLEY calls out something from the far corner of the store, but we can't make it out. Neither can Beth.

BETH
(yelling)
What's that?

Stanley calls back, but still we can't understand him. Beth gets out from behind the counter and we follow her to where Stanley is climbing, with his bag of tools, down the built-in wooden ladder from the loft where the piano sits.

BETH
(eager)
Did you say you're done?

Stanley finally reaches the bottom of the ladder, steps onto the floor, and answers Beth:

STANLEY
(anciently)
I said, "That's one."

Beth watches Stanley shuffle off, waving. She is completely and utterly emotionally drained.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
See you tomorrow.

[END OF TAG]

[END OF PILOT]