

THE GREENER SIDE
"Pilot"

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Made in Highland

COLD OPEN

INT. TEMP OFFICE - MORNING

Deep in middle America, in a room almost at capacity ramshackled temp office sits LOGAN MITCHELL, 20s, fit, and dressed in athlesisure wear.

A CLERK sits behind gliding glass doors. She's the kind of woman who never wants to be where she is, unless it's at home.

CLERK
MITCHELL!

Logan jumps up, overly enthusiastic.

LOGAN
Here. Here, I'm here. I'm sorry.

She runs up to the counter, smoothing her hair. Presentation is important to her.

CLERK
I can see that. We got you something. It'll require manual labor. Can you handle that?

She eyes her up and down.

LOGAN
Sure. Yes, Ma'am.

CLERK
You got closed toed shoes?

Logan nods, trying to keep down her enthusiasm.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Job will provide the rest. You been through this process before?

LOGAN
(nervously)
No. First time. You know, boyfriend dumps you, asks you to move out, and suddenly you realize your Journalism degree doesn't pull as much weight as you hoped.

CLERK
You ever done a job interview before?

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Logan stares blankly. She hasn't. The clerk is already over this conversation.

CLERK (CONT'D)
You drive?

Logan nods.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Hallelujah. Here's the address. Be there at 9:30 for your interview.

LOGAN
Thank you. Thank you so much. You have no idea.

She gathers the papers and her things and heads straight for the door. Just as it closes, she turns around and runs back to the clerk.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. What was the company called?

CLERK
Sunny Pastures.

The clerk shuts her glass sliding door. Logan jumps, then she turns around and smiles.

TITLE CARD: THE GREENER SIDE

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNY PASTURES MAIN OFFICE

PRUDENCE, 28, Black, and too cool for any school, sits with RUSSELL, 20, kind of an enthusiastic bummer, their ears pressed to a closed office door.

JEREMIAH, 30s, Hispanic, tall and handsome, with a laissez-faire and slightly douche attitude watches from his desk.

OWEN, early 30s, stands next to the door, eating an apple.

This is the team that makes up the best lawn manicurist business you'll find in small town America.

INT. KEITH'S OFFICE - MORNING

In his minimalist office sits the boss: KEITH HAYES, 50s, white, balding, but trying to hide it, across from Logan. Keith looks over her resume.

KEITH
Journalism, huh?

Logan nods, obviously nervous.

KEITH (CONT'D)
Did you really write a piece for
The New Yorker? Or is that made
up?

LOGAN
Yes, sir. I mean no, sir. It's not
made up. My boyfriend, or ex-
boyfriend, his dad was the editor
at the time.

He nods.

KEITH
I keep 'em in the toilet. People
like that fluff stuff in there.

Logan smiles, picking at her hands.

INT. SUNNY PASTURES MAIN OFFICE

JEREMIAH
(MORE)

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JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
Guys. Come on. It's not
that exciting.

RUSSELL
Keith has neglected to fill a
position for three years, and you
don't think this is exciting?

PRUDENCE
He's just cranky because he got
served today.

Prudence makes a mocking face at Jeremiah, who returns one.
They've been best friends for years, and it shows.

OWEN
Jury duty?

RUSSELL
Witness?

JEREMIAH
Divorce.

He holds up the papers.

INT. KEITH'S OFFICE

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I can do this job, Mr. Hayes.

KEITH
It's labor intensive.

LOGAN
Yes, I know.

KEITH
Long hours.

LOGAN
Fine.

KEITH
And you're going to get dirty.
Hell, after a week you'll probably
forget what having clean nails
feels like.

LOGAN
Set a weekly manicure appointment,
got it.

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Keith doesn't appreciate this.

KEITH
You got...

Logan cuts him off.

LOGAN
Close toed shoes?

She stands up and shows off her boots.

KEITH
Well, I see no reason not to hire
you. And I guess that's a good
enough reason for me.

Logan squeals with joy, but then tones it down when she sees
Keith's face.

INT. SUNNY PASTURES MAIN OFFICE

The doorknob begins to turn, Prudence and Russell scatter away,
while Owen stays standing by the door, leaning against the
wall.

PRUDENCE
Oh shit oh shit oh shit.

RUSSELL
Scatter. Scatter. Scatter.

Keith emerges, then Logan.

KEITH
Everyone, this is Logan.

Russell grimaces at her. Prudence offers a genuine smile.
Jeremiah smiles, then looks away quickly, something Logan
notices.

OWEN
Welcome, Lo-Gan.

He takes a loud bite of his apple, then walks past her to sit
as his desk across from Jeremiah.

LOGAN
(intimidated)
Hi...

Everyone stares at Keith, expecting more of an introduction.
Keith hates all of the attention.

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KEITH
 Alright. Take her along with you
 today. What it is that you all do.

PRUDENCE
 (singing)
 The power of voodoo.

Keith is used to ignoring her. He points at Jeremiah.

KEITH
 Jeremiah, show her the ropes.

Jeremiah nods.

OWEN
 You got it, Chief.

KEITH
 Owen...

He moves to go inside his office.

KEITH (CONT'D)
 Always a delight.

PRUDENCE
 (to Keith)
 Catch ya on the flip flop, K-stop.

Logan isn't sure where to go. Her natural confidence seems to have left her as she bumbles her way towards the back of the office. She finds an empty space next to Russell.

LOGAN
 Is this seat taken?

Russell lets out a deep sigh.

RUSSELL
 Do you smoke?

LOGAN
 What?

RUSSELL
 Do you smoke?

LOGAN
 No.

RUSSELL
 I mean pot is okay. But
 cigarettes.

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LOGAN
No. Neither. Either. I
don't smoke.

Russell is delighted by this news.

RUSSELL
Hi, I'm Russell. This dust riddled
desk is now yours.

He shakes her hand. She sits down, taking in the view from her
new seat. He leans over slowly.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Smoking kills, you know.

Logan doesn't offer a response, but she sees that he's
expecting one.

LOGAN
I know.

OWEN
We keep extra shirts in
the bathroom.

He points behind him.

OWEN (CONT'D)
You'll wanna scrub up before we
head out.

Logan nods, then goes to where he pointed, disappearing.

Russell nods and goes back to drawing, but gets distracted by
Owen's chewing. Owen takes a big bite of his apple.

RUSSELL
You know you can choke on apple
seeds right? And, they do contain
just enough cyanide to kill a
person.

OWEN
At least I'll have kept the
doctor away.

Russell is concerned, but gets back to work. Owen pulls his
trash can up and spits out the seeds.

CUT TO:
Jeremiah is sketching at his desk, and Prudence looks over
his shoulder.

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PRUDENCE
What's that?

She points.

JEREMIAH
Bamboo.

PRUDENCE
And that?

JEREMIAH
Rocks. It's literally rocks.

Prudence points at his computer, but Jeremiah has his head down.

PRUDENCE
What about that?

JEREMIAH
Okay, I don't think I like
this game.

He looks up and sees a dating site open on his computer. A blonde girl is staring seductively at him. It's not particularly revealing, but Jeremiah blushes.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
Jesus!

He jumps up, looks frantically for something to cover her up, grabs a post-it note and puts it over her face, then adds another one to cover her torso.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
Could you maybe window shop on
your own computer?

PRUDENCE
Abby and I are perfectly happy,
thank you very much. This...

She pulls off the post-its.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)
These are for you.

Jeremiah grimaces, but he's not *not* interested. Prudence sits on the edge of his desk.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)
Look, it's been two years.
(MORE)

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PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

One year of separation then a year of "I don't know" and "we can work it out". It's been a long time coming, Jeremiah. And, we both know that while you're going to grumble all day, you're going to sign these.

She slides a stack of papers towards him. Jeremiah sighs.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

Am I wrong?

Jeremiah gives in.

JEREMIAH

No. You're not wrong.

PRUDENCE

Girl Scout Cookies. Go home early. Dinner is ready.

JEREMIAH

What?

PRUDENCE

Oh, I'm sorry, I thought we were listing my favorite three word phrases, not elephants in the room.

(beat)

I *am* right.

She stands up.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

Besides, I hear gonads shrink and shrivel up to the size of an ancient raisin if left locked up in that post-divorce chastity belt for too long.

She flicks a rubber band at him.

JEREMIAH

God, woman.

PRUDENCE

What? I'm sure many women love shriveled raisins. But, your pool gets shallower every time you don't dive off the deep end.

He gently shoves her. She kisses the air next to his cheek.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)
I speak only with love.

Logan emerges from the bathroom in a Sunny Pastures t-shirt, she's by Owen's desk now.

Prudence and Jeremiah are finishing up the conversation we just heard, and we see them get up and head to the greenhouse that's connected to the back of the office.

Logan opens her mouth, but Owen holds up his hand, and swivels around in his chair.

OWEN
She's gay. In a happy
relationship. Chick's name is
Abbie. She's hot.

LOGAN
Okay...

OWEN
That's what you were going to ask,
wasn't it?

LOGAN
If Prudence was single?

Owen rolls his eyes, then turns back to his work.

OWEN
Nah. If Jeremiah was. I can
read minds.

Logan watches Jeremiah in the greenhouse.

LOGAN
I don't know what you heard or *who*
you heard it from, but I'm not
looking for a relationship. So, I
think I'll pass.

OWEN
The mind is everything. What we
think, we become. Buddha.

LOGAN
What does that mean?

OWEN
Everything you want it to,
hot cakes.

Jeremiah comes back in, Prudence trails behind him holding a clipboard. He has a sack of dirt over each shoulder, which Logan is impressed by.

JEREMIAH
5 minutes, ya'll. I want asses in
seats in 5 minutes.

INT. SUNNY PASTURES TRUCK

Owen drives, with Jeremiah in shotgun. Russell sits in-between Prudence and Logan in the back of the car.

PRUDENCE
Mr. and Mrs. Solahaskey. 1323
Birch St.

She reads off of the clipboard. Owen signals that he understands. Prudence, without sparing a breath, turns to Logan, who is visibly anxious.

PRUDENCE
You excited?

LOGAN
I'm not sure that's the word
I'd use.

RUSSELL
Piqued? Thrilled? In a tizzy?

LOGAN
Let's go with tizzy.

Prudence reaches over and grabs Logan's hand in a motherly way. Russell sits in-between their embrace, lost in his own world.

RUSSELL
God, I can't remember the last
time I was in a good tizzy.

PRUDENCE
(to Russell)
Aww. Russ, Russ. If you wanted me
to help find you a little
something to get your heart going,
you only had to ask! It's next on
my to-do list.
(to Logan)
You'll be good.

LOGAN
This just means, well I don't want
(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)

to...

Her nerves block her words. Russell snaps his fingers.

RUSSELL

Oklahoma City '98. Lots
of tizzies.

(Beat)

Wait, is a tizzy a good feeling or
a bad feeling?

PRUDENCE

Bad.

RUSSELL

Never mind.

The car pulls to a stop as they arrive at their destination.
The engine shuts off, and Logan gets more nervous.

Owen hops out and hits the top of the car, the entire group
files out like clockwork, and we see Jeremiah pull on a pair of
gloves. Logan takes a moment alone in the truck to catch her
breath.

EXT. THE SOLAHASKEY'S

A beautiful, white two-story house. Owen and Jeremiah go up to
talk to MR. SOLAHASKEY, who emerges from the front door.

Russell, Prudence, and Logan unload the truck.

PRUDENCE

So, Logan.

Logan turns around, nearly hitting Prudence with a bag
of manure.

LOGAN

Sorry!

Prudence waves it off.

PRUDENCE

Girl like you...

(gestures)

Can't be single, right? Am I
right? I'm right. I have a sense
of these things.

Logan is uncomfortable, but she wants to be a part of the gang.

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RUSSELL

Leave her alone, Pru. It's none of your business.

(To Logan)

She's scared off two temps already.

PRUDENCE

That's not true! They left for personal reasons.

RUSSELL

Besides who gives a hoot if she's got a guy, gal, or non-binary pal. Or even a Chicken of the Sea standing order with Amazon. It'll all end the same...

Russell seems like he's about to lose himself in his words, but he shrugs it off.

LOGAN

Recently single, but thanks for the faith, Russell.

He shrugs it off. Prudence is delighted by this news. She prides herself on being a matchmaker.

RUSSELL

I'm just being realistic.

(shrugging)

I'm sure you'll have at least a couple of years of bliss before the high percentage divorce rates comes crushing down on that twenty year honeymoon period.

He smiles to himself.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

It's a nice thought.

PRUDENCE

Divorce?

RUSSELL

No. Those 20 years.

He sighs and then keeps working. Logan throws Prudence a glance as if to say, "Umm, is he always like this?" Prudence nods back, knowingly.

CUT TO:

Owen and Jeremiah go over the plans of the yard.

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JEREMIAH
 Rock path, lighting fixtures,
 sprinkler system. Easy. Two days,
 tops.

Jeremiah reaches to roll up the papers, but Owen pulls them away.

OWEN
 You good to work?

JEREMIAH
 What? Yes. Of course I'm good
 to work.

He grabs the papers after another brief tousele.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
 Why wouldn't I be?

OWEN
 (shrugging)
 I would *assume* you'd be a bit
 emotional. It'd be normal, ya
 know. No judgement here.

Owen holds up his hands.

JEREMIAH
 I'm fine.

He's tired of people looking out for him, but he also doesn't even believe his own words. Neither does Owen. Logan watches the exchange, and Jeremiah notices.

Owen reaches to clap Jeremiah on the back, but Jeremiah dodges it, awkwardly, which Owen finds amusing. They meet the rest of the group by the sidewalk.

OWEN
 Alright. Business as usual.
 Jeremiah on dig duty, Prudence
 heavy lifting, Russell quality
 assurance.

He drags out each syllable of "quality assurance", in a way others would find rude, but from Owen is endearing.

OWEN (CONT'D)
 Logan, you're with me. We've got a
 sprinkler system to set up.

He starts to walk away, Logan trailing, then he turns around, holding up his hands to pray, Logan has to dodge his arms.

OWEN (CONT'D)

And Russ! Please. Please. Please.
Stick to the clipboard, dude.
Leave the heavy lifting to the
ones with the guns. We really
don't need another misplaced
manure fiasco like last week.

RUSSELL

Yeah.

OWEN

Think of it as probation. House
arrest with a really lenient
anklet. Two week sentence. Tops.
Tops!

Prudence mocks Russell slightly, but Russell shrugs it off.

RUSSELL

Scoliosis runs in my family
anyways, so I'm happy to sit this
one out.

Russell touches his shoulder to punctuate the point. He smiles
at Pru, un-sarcastically.

CUT TO:

Logan and Owen are by the truck, a tool box in the bed of the
truck is open. We see three pins: blue, red, and green. They
each have different sprinkler heads in them.

Owen points to the blue one.

OWEN

You got it?

Logan nods.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Nah, nah, I need to hear the words
from your mouth to be sure.

LOGAN

Use the small hose, lay it out in
a crazy 8. Get the blue spigots.
Put them on top. Make sure you
hear a
(disgusted)
penetrating pop.

OWEN

Crazy 8?

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LOGAN
It's a card game.

OWEN
What's crazy about an 8?

LOGAN
Nothing, it's just. Never mind.
Normal 8.

Owen wants to know more, but he has work to do.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(reassuring)
I got it.

OWEN
Hey, hey, no doubts here.

He starts to back away, watching her.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Slightly underwhelmed by your
progress so far, but definitely no
doubts.

Logan looks up, exasperated. She feels comfortable around Owen,
kind of like a dorky big brother.

LOGAN
Would you?

She motions for him to go away. Owen retreats.

She looks at the boxes for a moment, mumbling the instructions
to herself, but she's forgotten the color already. She shakes
her head and grabs the hose first.

CUT TO:

A sweaty and dirty Prudence is sitting in the shade taking a
break. Jeremiah is turning soil over in front of her, and
Russell is standing by with the clipboard.

Prudence pulls out a phone and starts scrolling through it.

RUSSELL
I don't get it. I thought when
people got divorced, they just
screamed at each other in front of
lawyers, and then signed stuff in
a court house.
(beat)
That's what my parents did.

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Jeremiah stops shoveling.

JEREMIAH

There wasn't much screaming. And,
no court house.

RUSSELL

But why'd that guy show up this
morning to give you paperwork?

JEREMIAH

You saw him?

RUSSELL

Yeah, tall, kind of curly hair,
brown corduroy suit, that he
somehow made look good, honestly
didn't think *that* was possible,
and he came up to you and said you
were served.

Jeremiah is impatient with Russell now, who has no idea he's
still rambling. Prudence is listening.

JEREMIAH

Yes, thank you! I remember the
guy, Russell. I just don't
remember *you*.

RUSSELL

Greenhouse duty.

Russell shrugs.

JEREMIAH

So what you found a ficus and hid
behind it to spy on me?

PRUDENCE

Guys, guys, GUYS!

They both turn to look at her.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

We all know what happened.
Jeremiah, super sorry about your
divorce. Really sucks. Russell,
Jeremiah doesn't want to talk
about his divorce. Because it
really sucks. What he wants to
talk about is Suzanne, this lovely
blonde he just *might* go out with
tonight.

Jeremiah's eyes grow wide in horror. He touches his pockets.

JEREMIAH
Where did you? How did you? I told
you my passcode for *emergencies*.

He reaches to grab his phone back, but Prudence keeps it away,
standing up.

PRUDENCE
Shriveled go-nads.

JEREMIAH
(mocking)
Not an *e-mer-gen-cy*.

PRUDENCE
Oh, I beg to differ, sir.

Jeremiah reaches for his phone again.

JEREMIAH
Can you just? Prudence. Would
you please?

She holds out her arm to keep him at bay, she's obviously
strong, but Jeremiah also doesn't want to hurt his best friend.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
You know what? Fine. Go ahead.
Have fun. What do I care? I don't
actually have to go out with any
of them.

Jeremiah walks away. Prudence glares at him, playfully. Russell
walks over and looks at Suzanne's profile.

RUSSELL
Damnnn.

PRUDENCE
Right?

RUSSELL
Quality assured.

He motions and makes a checkmark in the air with his finger.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOLAHASKEY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Logan goes to the truck, sweaty and tired and grabs a handful
of sprinkler heads. From the red box.

Logan is laying down the sprinkler systems, while the rest of
the group, except for Jeremiah are taking a lunch.

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Logan stands up, brushing hair away from her face. She notices Jeremiah standing next to her, then the rest of the group gathered around Prudence and Jeremiah's phone.

LOGAN
What are they doing?

JEREMIAH
Just trying to ruin my life. But,
I guess you could just call that
the usual.

Logan wants to know more, but decides not to ask.

LOGAN
Does this look okay?

Jeremiah looks around.

JEREMIAH
Looks fine to me.

Logan wants to keep talking to him, but he makes her anxious.

LOGAN
So, you come here often?

Jeremiah stops positioning rocks and looks up at her, in disbelief.

LOGAN
Sorry, I was just...

JEREMIAH
10 years in a couple of months.

He keeps laying down rocks.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
If that's what you were trying
to ask.

LOGAN
Yeah. Wow. A whole decade. Of
planting...things.

JEREMIAH
Yup. That's all we do here. Plant
trees and *things*.

LOGAN
I didn't mean it like that. It is
beautiful what you guys do. I saw
your website.

JEREMIAH

Yeah those are stock images.

Jeremiah brushes off his hands. Logan nods, unsure how to navigate the conversation.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

Why don't you go and turn those things on. Make sure it's hitting everything right.

LOGAN

Yeah. Sure.

She goes over to the hose. Jeremiah notices something is wrong. He tries to call after her, but she doesn't hear. He squats down and picks up one of the pieces.

JEREMIAH

Logan! Wait! These aren't the right...

By the side of the house, Logan is humming to herself, then she turns on the hose full blast.

We see a large spray of water blast out of 10 spigots around the yard, showering and kicking over the freshly planted succulents, and soaking Jeremiah to the bone.

Owen, Prudence, and Russell are safe in the shade.

Jeremiah is sitting on the ground, covered in dirt, soaked, as Prudence walks over. She squats in front of him and shows him his phone.

PRUDENCE

You matched.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Logan runs up to Jeremiah

LOGAN
(frantic)
I'm SO sorry. I don't even know why that happened. It must be their hose, the pressure. Are you okay? Did it get in your eyes? Oh my god, your clothes.

Owen looks at the hoses running through the chaotic yard.

OWEN
Wrong sprinkler heads.

He holds pulls one off.

OWEN
These are the red ones. Too big.

LOGAN
Shit.
(to Jeremiah)
Are you okay?

JEREMIAH
Yeah. I'm fine. I just want to dry off.

RUSSELL
At least it wasn't the high quality manure.

Jeremiah walks over to the truck pulling out towels.

LOGAN
(to Prudence)
Does he hate me now?

RUSSELL
Undoubtedly.

PRUDENCE
Hate is a strong word.

OWEN
I'd say dislike. Dislike might be the right word to choose.

Logan looks at Jeremiah as Prudence goes over to him.

PRUDENCE

Here.

She pulls out wet towels from the glove compartment.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

Stashed some after the great
seagull migration of 2010.

JEREMIAH

Thanks.

PRUDENCE

And, I wasn't kidding. You
did match.

She hands him the phone. She watches his face for a minute.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)

Owen's going to give you a ride
back. And hey...at least think
about it?

Jeremiah doesn't respond. Prudence claps him on the back, a
soft soggy clap.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNNY PASTURES OFFICE

Owen pulls into the parking lot.

INT. SUNNY PASTURES TRUCK

He turns off the ignition and then looks at Jeremiah.

OWEN

Now, I try really hard to stay out
of everyone's business.

JEREMIAH

New Year's Resolution?

OWEN

Now, now. Listen to my sage
advice, young padawan.

Jeremiah rolls his eyes, but listens. Owen doesn't do
this often.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Maybe consider the date.

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Jeremiah is frustrated, but lets Owen continue. He doesn't offer advice like this often.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Trust me. I've had many more half moons than you.

JEREMIAH
How many exactly?

OWEN
Jeremiah, that's rude.

He clears his throat and continues.

OWEN (CONT'D)
All I'm saying is I know what you're going through. Trust your gut on this one. But also, see that circle your ass is making on the seat.

Jeremiah lifts a cheek and sees a wet mark.

OWEN (CONT'D)
That's your comfort zone. Step out of it. You know, once you get all the shit out of your hair. Chicks don't dig that.

Jeremiah, slightly cheered up, gets out of the car, but he lingers by the door.

JEREMIAH
Divorce?

He points at Owen.

OWEN
Jeremiah, I'm flattered. And, honestly, can't say I didn't see this coming. But, before we have a date in court, let's have a real date.

JEREMIAH
Fine. Fine. I won't pry.

Jeremiah walks away. Owen sticks his head out of the window.

OWEN
No, MY LOVE.

INT. SUNNY PASTURES MAIN OFFICE

Jeremiah walks into an empty office and sets down his towel at his desk.

INT. SUNNY PASTURES KITCHEN

He washes his face in the sink, brushing his hair away.

INT. SUNNY PASTURES MAIN OFFICE

In a new Sunny Pastures shirt, Jeremiah sits down at his desk.

He opens his desk drawer and pulls out a photo that we don't see.

His phone buzzes and he pulls it out. A notification from the dating app is there. He opens it and finds a message from Suzanne that reads: Hey! Drinks tonight?

He considers for a moment.

He turns and takes the photo out of the frame and throws it away. Then, he texts her back.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOLAHASKEY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Owen, Russell, Prudence, and Logan are hard at work fixing Logan's mistake.

Mr. Solahaskey comes out and stands on his porch.

OWEN

Yo, Mr. S!

He waves.

MR. SOLAHASKEY

Now, I know ya'll are the best in the biz, but I can't say I'm not surprised.

Owen jogs up to meet him by the front porch.

We see Logan, who hasn't turned to face him yet, with an "oh, shit face."

OWEN (CONT'D)

Between you and me, this isn't how we usually do things.

(MORE)

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OWEN (CONT'D)
But, please blame me. I'm the
(gestures)
brains of the operation, if
you will.

MR.SOLAHASKEY
Do you have a revised estimate for
me? This is not what one full
day's work looks like.
(pointedly)
I'm assuming.

OWEN
You'll be getting a revised
estimate from me tonight. With the
extra's days work not included, of
course.

Mr. Solahaskey seems satisfied with this arrangement. Owen is pretty good at settling client disputes.

Logan approaches, gloomily from behind the two.

LOGAN
Mr. Solahaskey? I'm so sorry.
This is...

Owen immediately jumps into action, laughing awkwardly to cover Logan's words. Then, he grabs her shoulders, turns her around, and steers her away from the client.

OWEN
(to Mr. Solahaskey)
Thank you, sir! Always a pleasure.

We see Russell and Prudence watching in the background, in agony, at the whole situation.

MR. SOLAHASKEY
I'll see you tomorrow, then.

He goes back inside. Logan and Owen hear the loud lock go into place.

OWEN
You know, for a dude whose paying
buckets to be more green, he sure
is a dick.

LOGAN
You didn't have to do that.

OWEN

Lo-Gan, I want you to get used to thinking of me as your Papa Bear. I am ferocious, but also cuddly, I love berries and also sleep.

This grosses Logan out a bit.

OWEN (CONT'D)

But, I *never* hibernate. And, I *always* protect my young.

LOGAN

Are you even that much older than me?

Owen shrugs and walks past her. She follows until she's next to Prudence. The two women stand on the wet soil while Owen and Russell start to load up the truck.

LOGAN

Papa bear?

PRUDENCE

And the four Goldilocks.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. THE SOLAHASKEY'S - EVENING**

The gang is finishing up packing the truck. Logan lingers by the still open toolbox.

Logan looks back at the yard, that looks basically the same as it did when they got there, except for three circular rock outlines where the plants would have gone. At least it's mostly dry.

OWEN

Closing time, Logan. Load in! And would you mind?

He motions to turn a key, and points at the toolbox. Logan goes to do it, but then looks at the sprinkler heads.

She considers a moment, then grabs a couple handfuls of the *right* sprinkler heads and stuffs them in the pockets of her pants.

LOGAN

You guys go on. I can walk home. I live like a mile from here.
(quickly)
If that's okay. Do I need to come back to the office?

OWEN

You're good.

PRUDENCE

(concerned)
You sure? We can drop you off too.

LOGAN

No, no. That's okay. It's a nice night. I like the fresh air.

PRUDENCE

Okay. See you lay-tor, all-ee-ga-tor.

Logan shuts the door and waves. She starts to walk down the street, but when the truck is out of sight, she walks back to the Solahaskey's house.

She takes off her jacket and steps back into the mud.

CUT TO:

Made in Highland

INT./EXT. JEREMIAH'S CAR - NIGHT

Jeremiah drives down the street that leads to the Solahaskey's. He's in nice clothes, much more dapper than before. He has a motivational podcast on: DIVORCE FOR THE THRIVING MALE

PODCAST HOST
Now you say it.

JEREMIAH
I am young and thriving. I am attractive, and I deserve love.

PODCAST HOST
Doesn't that feel good?

JEREMIAH
(sarcastically)
So great.

PODCAST HOST
Now let's practice some positive breathing as you prepare for this brand new chapter of YOU.

The street look familiar as he drives toward the Solahaskey's house. He drives past, but notices a figure. He reverses back. He shuts off the podcast.

He rolls down his window.

JEREMIAH
Hey, Mitchell. That you?

Logan looks up. She has dirt and sweat all over her. The polo shirt is unrecognizable. He gets out of the car.

LOGAN
Hi. Yeah.

She notices how he looks.

LOGAN
Wow. Don't worry, I asked them if it was okay. They know I'm still out here.

JEREMIAH
What are you doing?

LOGAN
I just...I wanted to fix it.

She sees his clothes.

Made in Highland

LOGAN
What were you doing?

JEREMIAH
Heading downtown.

LOGAN
Yeah?

JEREMIAH
That was the plan.

He takes a moment to survey the yard.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Look. I *am* sorry about today. I
know I screwed up...a bit.

She laughs, and is a bit surprised when Jeremiah joins in.

JEREMIAH
Yeah. You could say that. But,
hey, first days aren't supposed to
go smoothly. Isn't it, like, the
one day you're supposed to screw
up?

Logan shrugs, then sits down on the stoop.

LOGAN
Can I be honest with you? This is
kind of my one shot. I don't know
what I'm going to do if this
doesn't work out for me. I *need* to
make this work.

She gestures in front of her.

JEREMIAH
Mm, the sprinklers?

LOGAN
(disgusted by the suggestion)
No not *that*. Well yes! That. Of
course that. But all of this. This
job. Working here.

JEREMIAH
(laughing)
I knew what you meant.

There's a pause as his laughter goes away, and he gets
serious again.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

You'll be fine. Trust me.
 (imitating the
 perky podcaster)
 You're young, thriving, and this
 is a brand-new, exciting chapter
 of your life!

LOGAN

(laughing)
 What?!

Jeremiah shrugs it off and stands up, taking off his coat. He puts his phone on top of it, and rolls up his sleeves.

He picks up a shovel.

LOGAN

What are you doing? You'll get
 your shirt dirty.

JEREMIAH

That's okay. I happen to be a
 proud owner of the modern
 convenience known as a laundry
 machine. Come on.

LOGAN

What about downtown?

JEREMIAH

It'll still be there.

He begins to help her in the yard, and she's touched.

We see his phone light up with messages from the dating app, but he doesn't notice.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNNY PASTURES OFFICE - NIGHT

Prudence and Owen are doing paperwork at their desks. Russel is searching around for something.

RUSSELL

How could you lose it?

PRUDENCE

It's a pen, Russ. It probably ran
 out of ink. And then you know, ran
 away.

RUSSELL
Ha. Ha. You just neglect things
people loan you?

PRUDENCE
When they're pens? Yes.

Russell goes through Jeremiah's pen cup.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)
Jesus, Russ. It's a pen.

RUSSELL
It's not just *any* pen. It's a
Micron 08.

Prudence stares blankly at him.

RUSSELL
It's for small lines and it's not
too sharp. Why am I even—

He sees the trash can.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Please tell me you didn't throw
it away.

He digs through the trash can. Then, Russell discovers the
photograph, and we see that it's Jeremiah and his now ex-wife's
wedding photo.

PRUDENCE
You see Russell, I live by a
strict code of conduct. I borrow
things, and I return them. But, if
they are no longer of use to the
original owner, why return it?
Some may call it stealing.
Thievery if you're British. But, I
call it a favor. A gift just for
me.

(beat)
So, I'll await my thanks.

Prudence waits patiently, still looking at her work.

PRUDENCE (CONT'D)
Russ?

She turns to see that he's looking at the photo. He shows it
to her.

RUSSELL

Guess he went on that date?

Prudence is shocked, yet excited. Owen smiles in the background, hoping it was his words that helped.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOLAHASKEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeremiah and Logan are sitting on the porch drinking a beer.

LOGAN

You always drive around with a six-pack in the trunk of your car?

JEREMIAH

You know. Funny thing happens when you find yourself single after 8 years. You suddenly realize that you don't know how to grocery shop. Pretty sure I've gone to the store six times this week and mysteriously, my fridge never gets full, but the beer. Well, that I have plenty of. Actual food? nope. Beer? Always. *That* at least I remember.

Logan points to his ring finger. He has his gloves off for once, and we can see the tan line of his wedding ring.

LOGAN

I thought you were married.

JEREMIAH

No. Not anymore.

Logan nods.

LOGAN

Sorry.

JEREMIAH

Don't be. We broke up awhile ago. It's just the gloves.

He looks at his hands.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

They keep me from getting any kind of tan. It's just preserved. Till death do us part. And all that...

Made in Highland

LOGAN
Maybe leave them off sometime.

Jeremiah shrugs.

JEREMIAH
Yeah. Maybe.

He considers trusting her for a moment.

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)
I signed the divorce papers today.
They're in my glove compartment.

LOGAN
Sorry.

JEREMIAH
Long time coming.

LOGAN
Doesn't make it suck less.

JEREMIAH
No. No, it does not.

She gets the sense that he isn't ready to let go of the ring tan line. While disappointed, she wants to be supportive.

LOGAN
Thanks.

He breaks his stare with his ring finger and looks at her.

JEREMIAH
For?

LOGAN
Helping.

He nods.

JEREMIAH
You want to do the honors?

LOGAN
(excited)
Okay!

She hands him her beer, and goes to flip a switch. A string of lights illuminates the freshly installed stone walk way. And the three patches that were empty before now have stones and a couple of succulents in them.

Then, she goes behind the house and turns on the water spigot. We see a small spray of water go over the plants.

Logan starts cheering and grabs Jeremiah, pulling him into a hug.

LOGAN
 (overjoyed)
 I can't believe it. I did it. Okay
 we did it. But, really it was me.
 I did it! I freaking did it!
 (calmly)
 I really did it.

JEREMIAH
 Well on behalf of all of us,
 welcome to Sunny Pastures.

They toast. She gives him a look of pure satisfaction. A light turns on in the house behind them.

MRS. SOLAHASKEY (O.S.)
 Hello, sorry to interrupt. But,
 it's almost 1 a.m. Could you get
 off our lawn now, please?

They look up and Mrs. Solahaskey is looking out of the second story window at them.

LOGAN
 Sorry!

JEREMIAH
 Sorry, ma'am.

They grab their things, laughing as they run away.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG**INT. SUNNY PASTURES MAIN OFFICE - NEXT DAY**

Jeremiah and Owen are sitting at their desks. Russell enters the office with a cup of coffee and sits down. Jeremiah and Owen are in the middle of a conversation.

JEREMIAH

I don't know, Owen. Do we have to do this right now?

OWEN

Uh. Yeah, dude. C'mon. I *need* the practice.

Jeremiah is reluctant, but Owen eggs him on.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Come on.

JEREMIAH

Fine. You did not go jet skiing naked on the same day you jumped from a plane. Also, apparently, naked. That's the lie. Can we stop playing now?

OWEN

Nope.
(Singing)
Wrong.

Jeremiah is interested now, intrigued but also in disbelief.

JEREMIAH

So you pranked your sister's coffee by adding laxatives or you've never eaten broccoli. How can one of those be the lie?

Jeremiah and Owen have a stare off. Russell watches. Owen, impatient, gives in.

OWEN

Laxative one. That's the lie.

JEREMIAH

Well, that's a relief. Kind of.

OWEN

I didn't put it in my sister's coffee.

Jeremiah lifts up his coffee to take a sip, but before he does, Owen stands up and picks up the plans on his desk.

JEREMIAH
Where are you going?

He takes a drink.

OWEN
I didn't put it in my
sister's coffee.

He looks at Jeremiah's cup and it all clicks.

Jeremiah spits out his coffee, it goes all over Owen's desk. Russell holds up his store bought coffee.

RUSSELL
Five dollars every morning, but at
least I'm safe.

JEREMIAH
Shit.

OWEN
(smiling)
Yes.

Jeremiah wipes off his tongue with a napkin, disgusted when Logan walks in. She sits down at her desk.

LOGAN
(to everyone)
Morning.

Owen and Russell nod towards her.

JEREMIAH
Hey.

LOGAN
Hi.

She sits down and pulls something out from her bag. Then, she considers for a moment how to approach Jeremiah.

LOGAN
(robotic voice)
Bling! You've got mail.

Logan throws a small, paper wrapped package onto his desk.

Jeremiah, intrigued, opens the gift, we see they are a pair of fingerless gloves.

Made in Highland

Jeremiah smiles. Maybe the new girl won't be so bad after all.

TAG

EXT./INT. CAR - DAY

Moira Rose speeds down the street, heading from the motel to town.

The familiar site of police lights shows up behind her.

MOIRA

Oh, what's this?

Irritated, she pulls the car over.

The police officer, CARL, 40s, pale, walks up to the car. Moira rolls down her window.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Good morning officer, is there a problem?

CARL

Do you know how fast you were going?

MOIRA

Hmm..

She looks at the speedometer. Clearly it doesn't say anything.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

No, I can't say that I do. (Beat)
Ah! What a fun little test. Will that be all?

Carl leans his hand against her car.

CARL

No, ma'am, that will not be all.
Where were you heading so fast?

MOIRA

To Jazzagals, of course! What kind of a question is that? Now, I'm running late, so if this fruitless interruption could be over and done with, I'd greatly appreciate it, and so would the rest of the town miscreants I'm sure are just waiting for you to drive by and pick them up!

CARL

Can I see your license and
(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)
registration, please?

MOIRA
(flustered)
I don't understand, Officer, I
just told you I was late.

CARL
Ma'am, it doesn't matter if you're
late. You cannot speed.

MOIRA
Alright, well thank you for the
reminder! We all must have one now
and again as our years go on and
on. Age does wear some thin! And
thank you for your service,
(leans in to read
his nametag)
Ca-ca-Crrrrril. Carol? Carol, we
all need people like you keeping
the hubbub of the rural riffraffs
at bay.

Carl begins to respond, but Moira interrupts him.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Well, I'm afraid I must bid you
adieu! Adieu!

She speeds off.
CUT TO:

INT. POLICE OFFICE
Moira gets her mugshot taken.

Opening Credits

ACT ONE

EXT. SCHITT'S CREEK MOTEL - DAY

Johnny, in jeans and holding two shovels, enters the main office.

INT. SCHITT'S CREEK MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

Stevie is sitting at the front desk.

JOHNNY

Stevie! Are you ready to get started?

STEVIE

Good morning, Mr. Rose...Are you really going to make me ask?

JOHNNY

Sorry?

STEVIE

(Deadpan)

Okay. Guess it's that kind of morning.

(chipper)

What's with the shovels, Mr. Rose? Did you finally decide to get a jump start on that family grave? Or perhaps there's another dead body I should be informed of?

JOHNNY

What? No, don't you remember?

Stevie shakes her head.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

The boxes, Stevie? Did you not check yours yesterday?

STEVIE

Box?

JOHNNY

Boxes. Honestly, Stevie, I don't know how you find your shoes in the morning. I swear you're almost as bad as Alexis. Don't you remember?

INT. ROSE MOTEL MAIN OFFICE - ONE WEEK AGO

Stevie is behind the counter, on the computer. Johnny enters, holding the mail in his hands. There's not a lot of it, but he sorts through it as if there is.

JOHNNY

You know, Stevie, I think it might be a good idea for us to get a bit more organized in here.

Stevie doesn't look up from the computer.

STEVIE

Mmm.

JOHNNY

Stevie. I'm being serious.

Still her eyes are focused.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Stevie, can you hand me that pen over there?

He points to one across from her, as she reaches she knocks over her coffee cup, spilling on her pants.

JOHNNY

Stevie!

STEVIE

What?! I didn't spill it on you, did I?

JOHNNY

This is exactly what I'm talking about. This could have been prevented.

He motions to the desk, which is complete chaos.

STEVIE

What?

She's padding off the coffee.

JOHNNY

Organization. Boxes. Order. One for you, one for me...Or, something like that.

STEVIE

That's a lot of O's, Mr. Rose.

(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)
(Off Johnny's look)
Sure, yeah. Okay.

INT. THE OFFICE - PRESENT

Stevie looks at a slip of paper from her box.

STEVIE
A garden?

Johnny holds up the shovels.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Mr. Rose, you want to
plant flowers? Here? *This* space is
one you think should
have...flowers?

He raises an eyebrow at her.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSE APOTHECARY - DAY

Patrick is behind the check out counter on his laptop when
David enters.

DAVID
Oh! Is today a school day?
I don't...

He shakes his head at the situation.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I don't remember homework being
assigned in yesterday's staff
meeting.

PATRICK
Well, you wouldn't, being the only
one to show up tardy.

DAVID
Okay. Well.

PATRICK
Here.

He turns the laptop around to show David that he has set up a
Yelp page.

DAVID
(grossed out)
Yelp?

Just then, Alexis walks in.

ALEXIS
EW! David what did you just say?

DAVID
(To Alexis)
What?! It's not my fault.

PATRICK
Alright, I'm sensing just a small hint of apprehension here. But, maybe that's just me. I've never been the most perceptive.

DAVID
Umm. Okay. I thought we were discussing things with each other first. What the hell is this?

PATRICK
Right, like how you discussed stocking those with me.

Patrick nods to the shelves behind David. Phallic candlesticks line the wall.

DAVID
Okay. Those are artisan crafted candlesticks from the rainforests of Guatemala. They were pretty hard to secure, so...

PATRICK
While I'm sure "candlestick" is what's immediately going to pop into people's heads when they walk through the door, you still didn't ask me about them.

DAVID
I didn't know they were a problem.

ALEXIS
(looking at the candlesticks)
Okay, David. I thought we talked about you making big purchases without consulting me.

David can't believe her. She turns back to the Yelp page.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
David. You can't.

David sighs, clearly irritated and frustrated.

DAVID

(disgusted)

Yelp is...Ugh! It's gross and really not something that fits the general aesthetic we've been working so hard to build. That **I've** been working so hard to build.

(Under his breath)

And, that you clearly just want to see burn.

PATRICK

You know, David, you shouldn't knock it until you try it. People are leaving tons of reviews. It's been pretty good for business. You should try that thing that *normal* people do.

DAVID

And, what's that?

PATRICK

Support, David. Support.

David begins to scroll on the page, but Patrick shuts the computer closed.

DAVID

Hey!

Alexis reaches for the computer, but Patrick moves away from her.

ALEXIS

Hey!

PATRICK

No!

PATRICK

No, no. If you can't support it, you don't get to read it. Either of you. And there are a lot of reviews, David. (Beat) A lot.

DAVID

Well, are they any good?

Patrick keeps the laptop against his chest and shakes his head, no.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Patrick, Yelp is where the Mom and Pop shops with long-since departed Moms and Pops go to die. Again.

PATRICK

Oh, I'm sure that's a bit of an exaggeration.

ALEXIS

No, he's right. I saw it happen all the time when I spent a semester at sea in New York. This cute little coffee shop on Broadway made *the best* chais until they started handing them out FOR. FREE. in exchange for a review...Basically closed the next day! Who the hell wants *free* chais? Wait, David!

Alexis hits David.

DAVID

What?

ALEXIS

Are you *trying* to pull a Dirty Chai?

DAVID

Oh my god.

He looks at Patrick, who is really just amused. He walks away from the Rose siblings, laptop under his arm.

CUT TO:

INT. THE JAIL

Moira is sitting, glamorously in her jail cell, half lying down on the bench inside.

MOIRA

Oh, what have you done? Carl, Carl, *Carl!* Why do you insist on playing this **adolescent** game of keeping me locked up? There are real criminals running rampant on the streets. Rampant! And you take a perfectly poised young woman, thriving in her prime, and lock her up. Cruelty! Cruelty, I tell you!

She sits up at the sound of keys jingling.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

(She gasps)

Finally, have you come to your

(MORE)

MOIRA (CONT'D)
senses, Officer? Have you come to
free me from these clutches of
felonious transgressions?

Carl is opening her jail cell.

CARL
Please, step back, Mrs. Rose

Moira is confused. Carl opens the cell door wider and lets in
RUTH, a young woman in her 20s, makeup all over her face.

MOIRA
You can't do this to me. Carl?
Please, Carl?

Moira looks petrified. She shimmies her way around the young
woman and reaches for Carl through the bars.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Do you know who **I** am? Sunrise Bay?
Ring any kind of bells underneath
that mop you call hair?

She turns her head, striking a pose. Nothing.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Please! Get me a new cell. I need
space. Room to roam if I am to
stay here!

He starts to leave, she reaches for him.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Carl! Carl! This is a tra-ves-ty!
This is simply inhumane!

Carl is gone. Moira turns to Ruth.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Well, hello dear.
(about her lipstick)
That's a lovely shade of red. What
do you call that? Maroon
Menagerie? Or perhaps something
simpler like...Heart Breaker?

The young woman fake lunges at Moira, who screams.

EXT. BEHIND THE MOTEL - DAY

Johnny and Stevie are digging, Johnny more fervently
than Stevie.

Roland sits in a fold out chair drinking a beer, spectating.

ROLAND

Oh, Johnny, looks like you missed a spot. Oh man, you don't wanna leave any grass spear unturned.

He opens another beer.

JOHNNY

You know, Roland, we don't pay you just to sit around and provide commentary when there's actual work to be done. You could pick up a shovel.

ROLAND

What? I am doing work! Quality Assurance is a real job, Johnny, look it up. Webster wrote all about it.

Stevie stops digging.

STEVIE

You know, Mr. Rose, I think we have some dirt leftover from the potted plants in the storage room.

JOHNNY

Yes, yes, we do, Stevie. Roland?

ROLAND

Hmm?

STEVIE

Could you go get them?

ROLAND

Now, guys, if I get up from this spot, how am I going to make sure this...plot of...well...soil is meeting Schitt expectations?

Stevie looks at Johnny exasperated.

STEVIE

Okay. Awesome. I don't know what I expected.

She moves away from their patch.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

(to Johnny)

So...Where are they?

JOHNNY

Where are what?

STEVIE

(motioning to the dug
up grass)

The flowers, Mr. Rose. Or did you prefer a deconstructed garden where the guests just have to visualize pretty colors and the sweet, sweet smell of Mother Earth helps them believe?

JOHNNY

No, no, a real garden, I just...only thought as far as the shovels...actually.

STEVIE

Right...Okay. Despite that clearly massive oversight, there is a garden store in Elmdale...If only we knew someone with a truck and nothing to do today who could pick some up...and assure quality or whatever?

She turns to Roland slowly.

JOHNNY

Yes! Roland?

ROLAND

Yeah, Johnny?

JOHNNY

(exasperated)

Could we possibly bother you to GO and pick up some flowers from the store?

Roland grunts and rolls his eyes.

EXT. ROLAND'S TRUCK

Roland's truck drives down the street off Elmdale, right past the police station.

INT. THE POLICE STATION

Moira and the young woman, Ruth, seem to actually have become friends.

MOIRA

Well you know, it was my brief winter solstice dalliance with a young Michael Douglas that taught me to always, *always* leave your windows unlocked. Frostbite be damned! I assure you, the reward will keep you much warmer than Bab Streisand's fur coat!

(whispering behind her hand)

To be honest, I've worn much better, but what Mikey wants, Mikey gets!

Carl comes around the corner.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

(to Ruth)

Oh, look, dear, here comes our knight in shining...what kind of material is that Officer, burlap?

CARL

Ruth, you're free to go.

RUTH

Thank you, Mrs. Rose. For everything.

Moira hugs her.

MOIRA

Well, my girl, if jail serves any purpose it is to learn from ones cellmate. Now, go forth in search of your own nighttime window stalker. Take care now. Bye, bye! God speed!

She exits the cell, giving Moira a wave, who has now walked up to the bars and is clutching onto them.

Another officer takes Ruth away.

MOIRA

(to Carl)

Now, Carl.

(MORE)

MOIRA (CONT'D)

I can't help but notice I am the only one left in this abominable excuse for a temporary home for the derelict members of our society. Don't you think they've gone through enough pain in their lives?

CARL

(amused)

Mrs. Rose, after two phone calls you have yet to make contact with someone who can come and pick you up. Now, I can't in good faith let you leave here until someone does.

MOIRA

Good faith? Carl, what does that mean?

CARL

You'll just have to sit your rump down and wait.

He starts to walk away. Moira is flabbergasted.

MOIRA

Oh! You don't want to leave me here, Carl! Carl, I'm going to lose it. CARLL!! AHHH!

ACT TWO

EXT. ROSE APOTHECARY

A customer enters.

INT. ROSE APOTHECARY

Alexis and David are in the corner by the soaps, pretending to restock while Patrick is with a customer and his laptop.

ALEXIS

David. I know that this is a whole new situation for you and you're still just a little new business owner baby, but you cannot let this to happen.

DAVID

Okay. I am trying to get rid of it. If you have any gold star ideas trapped behind that knock-off mascara, please feel free to contribute.

ALEXIS

Oh my gosh, David. It is not knock off.

DAVID

Okay. Well you didn't buy it here.

Alexis hits his arm.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ow!

ALEXIS

Don't be such a peach, David.
(Beat) I have an idea.

CUT TO:

Alexis walks up to Patrick, who has just finished helping a customer.

ALEXIS

Hey!

PATRICK

Alexis. What's up? Can I help you with something?

ALEXIS

Ew, no. *I* don't need help with things, like in general. *But*, I was talking to that cute little old lady over there.

She points to a middle aged woman.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

AND, she is totally in the market for some new skin care products! But, she had all these questions and stuff, so...

PATRICK

Okay, did she mention that to you, or are you just part one in a brilliant Rose siblings scheme to get me away from my laptop long enough to take down the page?

ALEXIS

(Laughing)

Oh, Patrick! No. No, no, no. I would never be a part of a scheme. I would be the scheme.

Patrick looks suspicious, but goes to help the customer. David peaks out from behind the curtain.

He opens the computer, types in a couple of attempts, while watching Alexis and Patrick. We see the screen, he's gotten into the laptop and onto the Yelp page, but he gets caught reading.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND SCHITT'S CREEK MOTEL

Johnny is sweating through his shirt when he hears a honk.

EXT. SCHITT'S CREEK MOTEL

Johnny comes around the side of the motel as Stevie comes out from the office.

Roland has pulled up in front of the motel in his truck.

JOHNNY

Roland...What's this?

ROLAND

Well, Johnny, I didn't think I'd have to spell it out for you, but okay... *this*...

(MORE)

Uprooted

Made in Highland

ROLAND (CONT'D)
(he points to the truck)
is everything you need to make a
traditional Schitt garden. Right
down to the kid relieving himself,
if you know what I mean.

Stevie looks astonished.

JOHNNY
I think Stevie and I were looking
for something a little
more...traditional.
(off Roland's look)
You know...Petunias, roses, maybe
a bird feeder.

We see the bed of the truck loaded completely full with little
statues, from kitschy deer and gnomes to miniature Greek
goddesses.

STEVIE
(to Johnny)
Wow. I mean, I think we should
honor the great Schitt tradition
of having Medusa's graveyard in
our backyard. Let's not just
dismiss it right away, Mr. Rose.

Missing the reference, Roland looks pleased.

JOHNNY
(to Stevie)
No.
(to Roland)
No. Absolutely not.

ROLAND
C'mon Johnny. How long have you
been here, three years? I think
it's finally time to give in and
turn yourself over to the way we
do things around here. It's not
all, fancy boogewah marble statues
of Greek gods showing off their
ding-dong.

STEVIE
(whispering)
Ding-dong...

Johnny, confused, begins to walk away.

JOHNNY
I hope you kept those
receipts, Roland.

ROLAND
(after Johnny)
I don't think they do refunds!

JOHNNY
(over shoulder)
Fix it, Roland!

Stevie follows Johnny.

ROLAND
(calling)
What about Johnny Jr., Johnny?!

He holds a little Greek boy statue.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
Come on!

ACT THREE

INT. ROSE APOTHECARY

Alexis is hovering around Patrick as he helps a guest. She waves over at David when Patrick is finishing. Patrick clearly notices.

Patrick walks up to the counter.

PATRICK

Ah, so I have fallen victim to the dreaded Rose siblings classic sabotage. How will I ever recover?

DAVID

Okay, first of all, the name of your first dog as your password.

PATRICK

Gumpy, may he rest in peace.

DAVID

Kinda an easy hack. Like have you ever thought about cyber security? And, second of all, I didn't delete it. And...

PATRICK

There's a third of all? Also, don't think I didn't notice you know his name. Touched, David. I'm touched.

David looks at Alexis and then at Patrick, with that classic half smile.

ALEXIS

Okay. Well, looks like I don't need to be here anymore.

David waves her away, but focuses on Patrick.

DAVID

Okay, bye.

ALEXIS

You're welcome, David!

His waving gets more frantic. She looks at her phone and leaves.

DAVID

Third and final of all, I don't
(MORE)

Uprooted

DAVID (CONT'D)

think I was 100 percent, totally and completely right when I told you to delete it.

PATRICK

Wait, wait, wait. Am I actually hearing *the* David Rose admit to being wrong?

DAVID

Well, okay, Mr. Exaggeration, not *wrong*... I think a solid 87% of fault is all I'm going to give myself here.

PATRICK

And why is that?

David looks back to the computer.

DAVID

Well, these aren't *all* bad. Some of them are actually kind of...sweet.

Patrick comes around the counter and looks at the computer with him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

But, I mean, there's no use getting all emotional over a couple of words someone typed from their mobile home in their spare time on a site that honestly...really needs to hire a new designer. Red? That's so 2008.

PATRICK

So, none of these reviews touched you? Not the one from Elmdale's up and coming DJ who also linked his SoundCloud? I mean, it's pretty awesome beat, not going to lie.

David shakes his head.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Not even the one about the sweet shop owners who are so clearly into each other? Pretty much hit the nail on the head with that one.

DAVID

Okay. Yes. Fine. Some of them are...nice.

PATRICK

Great! I'm glad we've agreed to keep it up.

He takes the computer and kisses David on the head.

DAVID

Wait, no, that wasn't what I was saying at all.

PATRICK

Not in so many words. But, that was pretty much the gist of it.

DAVID

So many..wor..No, Patrick, in no words. In none of the words that just came out of my mouth did I say that.

PATRICK

There was no need. This cute shop owner understands his cute shop owner.

Patrick goes to the back of the store.

DAVID

Ugh!

INT. JAIL

Moira is sitting on the floor of the jail, exhausted.

MOIRA

(mournfully singing)

Oh, what troubles I've seen.
Nobody knows but Je-sus.

Carl comes around the corner.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Oh, Carl. There you are. I was just about to do my rendition of the Cell Block Tango, would you like to be the Roxy to my Velma?

He opens his mouth, but then Alexis comes around the side.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Oh, Alexis! Sweetheart, you've come to rescue me! I knew, I just knew all those years ago that the fruit of my loins would come to me in my hour of need.

ALEXIS

Oh my God, Mom. Ew! Why are you on the floor? Do you know how gross that is?

(whispering)

You know there aren't, like, bathrooms here. So...

(she eyes the ground)

You know...

Moira dusts off her clothes.

MOIRA

Well, Alexis, it's not like I was given a choice between that and a Boca de Loba living room set! Just like the trooper I am, I made due with what I had!

CARL

You're free to go, Mrs. Rose.

He opens up the jail cell. Moira goes to thank Alexis, who moves away.

ALEXIS

Don't touch me.

MOIRA

Oh, Carl...

She approaches him.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

I am so sorry I must now take my leave. I know this great, big beautiful world has so much to offer you, but I, alas, can no longer be a part of the grand endeavor you will continue to step into as soon as I leave this carbuncle confinement chamber, called pr-ison.

Carl is used to her by now.

ALEXIS

Mom, let's go.

CARL

It was nice to get to know you,
too, Mrs. Rose.

MOIRA

(to Alexis)

Just a minute, dear.

(to Carl)

I do so hope you continue to grace
the inhabitants of Elmdale with
your servitude, Carl.

CARL

I promise, Mrs. Rose. I'll
be around.

MOIRA

Not, on the highway, I hope.

She laughs, but Carl doesn't. Alexis begins to usher her away.

MOIRA

(calling)

Good bye! Bye, now!

EXT. BEHIND THE MOTEL - NIGHT

Johnny and Stevie are sitting in the lawn chairs admiring their
work, although we don't see it yet.

MOIRA (O.S.)

JOHN! JOHNNY!!

She comes around the back.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Oh. My. God. There you are.

JOHNNY

Moira, where have you been all
day? You look

Moira impatiently waits a complete sentence, eyeing
Johnny carefully.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

...nice.

She doesn't.

STEVIE

Hi, Mrs. Rose. Did you fall here?

MOIRA

Oh, John, I don't know where you have been all day, but I have been all around today, going from wall to wall, stuck in a chamber of wrongdoing. Not that I did anything wrong, of course.

JOHNNY

(Distracted)

That's nice, Honey.

MOIRA

And what, pray tell, have you been doing with your 24 hours?

JOHNNY

Well, you're looking at it.

MOIRA

This? This is what kept you all day?

Then we see the garden. It is two rose hedges planted haphazardly in the middle of the green field with a gnome to the side.

JOHNNY

Well not just this...Stevie, would you do the honors?

Stevie nods, gets up and then plugs in a chord. The garden lights up. It's pitiful.

Johnny looks to Moira for approval.

She just screams.

END OF SHOW