# THE FAMILY PICKLE

Written by
Benjamin Goldsmith
Andrew Cottrell

1 DARK GREEN 1

BAGPIPES blare off screen.

CROSS FADE Title Card: “THE FAMILY PICKLE”

HARD CUT TO:

2 EXT. CEMETARY - DAY 2

A BAGPIPERS fingers switch keys, adjusting the sound.

In the distance a family surrounds a GRAVESITE.

3 EXT. GRAVESITE - SAME 3

People are sitting around a gravesite in FOLDING CHAIRS. LUKE DUGAN(36) impatiently taps his foot as the Bagpipes end. A LARGE EISEL with GRANDMA DUGANS PORTRAIT draped with FLOWERS is behind him while an URN rests in front of him on a PODIUM.

NARRATOR (LUKE V.O.)
When Grandma died-

The Bagpipes begin again.

LUKE
(to the Bagpiper)
Do you mind- It sounded like you finished so I started-

The Bagpipes end again.

BAGPIPER
(shouting to Luke)
You don’t want me bagpipin’?

LUKE
No, unfortunately not, anymore.

BAGPIPER
(quietly to himself)
No one ever wants to hear me bagpipin’ on me bagpipes.

The bagpiper slinks away upset with his life choices.

Luke begins the eulogy again.

LUKE
When Grandma died, I mean it was good, she was so old.
(MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)
You know, she worked her whole life until the dementia started like seven years ago.

Luke's sister ELLA DUGAN(27), who's studying to be a rabbi, sits with a YAMULKE and a TALIT. She nods her head in self satisfaction.

LUKE (CONT'D)
What a woman. A pilot, a believer of multiple faiths-

ELLA
(under her breath)
Shalom.

LUKE
-a beloved wife and mother-

HOWARD DUGAN(66) jet white hair, big energetic grin, nods in comfort while seated respectfully. TRISH DUGAN(66) sits next to him, crying underneath her GLASSES, NICO DUGAN(35) takes a big bite of a GREEN APPLE.

LUKE (CONT'D)
- grandmother and friend.

UNCLE TOM(44) handsome and athletic, a forever bachelor basques in the available rays.

UNCLE RON(43), leans into frame, wearing SUNGLASSES that almost blend into his mutton chops which almost blend into his mustache. He wipes a tear from under his glasses with one hand, he has a bite of a POWER BAR.

AUNT MARGARET(41), barely managing, sits with their five children in tow, rubbing the Pinot Grigio out of her eyes.

Behind her is UNCLE ROD(54) wearing CHEAPO SUNGLASSES, leans into frame checking if he's cool with his brothers. His wife AUNT CHANTAL(45) also wearing CHEAPO SUNNIES nods solemnly.

They hold hands.

UNCLE PETE(40) and his wife AUNT DEDE(38), wears a LARGE BLACK HAT, both work on their phones.

INSERT Uncle Pete's CELL PHONE playing BILLIARDS.

LUKE (CONT'D)
And what's funny is grandma couldn't even play tennis.
(MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)
But she loved finding ways to keep the family together, after gramps got back from prison, he began construction on the tennis ball courts, in her honor.

WHIP PAN over to a slouched GRANDPA DUGAN(88)in a WHEELCHAIR he springs to life.

GRANDPA
(singing)
*What a wonderful world.*

LUKE
But then when he got dementia, you all just wanted to make Pickleball courts instead.

UNCLE TOM
(projecting)
Keep it moving nephew.

LUKE
Anyway, losing Grandma has been really tough for the family. She was one of my closest friends and-

Luke gets pierced on the cheek with a righteous spitball. His father, Howard is standing half-up with straw in hand, laughing.

HOWARD
Let's go, we got Taco's at two.

Luke holds back, breathes, and wipes it off his cheek.

LUKE
And now she can rest. You're all absolutely insane people you know that? Where's the decorum? Huh?!

Everybody starts revealing their straws, staring at Luke, stalking him like prey. Like hunters they load their ammo.

Luke's face is covered with spit-wads.

4 EXT. GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S HOUSE - FRONT OF BUILDING 4

There is a FOR SALE sign in the yard with the face of an overeager realtor RICKY BOLERO(38) and his sister EMERALD BOLERO(34).

5 EXT. GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S HOUSE 5

We fly over the house into the backyard patio and courts area, when a PICKLE BALL spins high in the air for a moment hanging in front of the camera then falling.

It lands next to the line and spin bounces into play.

JET(13), Luke's nephew, attempts to hit the WHIFFLE BALL but misses it.

Luke hold a BEER watching from the back porch with Tom.

UNCLE TOM
Brutal.

ELLA
(taunting)
Eat my crack-line Jet!

Ella does a physical taunt.

LUKE
This is ridiculous.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Oh, (To Ella) Is that what a rabbi would do?

As Jet leaves the court.

ELLA
Probably not.

LUKE
He's thirteen.

Jet, disappointed in Luke, and a bit defeated.

JET
Time is a construct!

Ella, confident searches the gaggle of people.

ELLA
Who's ready to eat crack?

Howard runs in with his paddle.

HOWARD
I am! Let's go Lukey-

Howard spanks Luke with his paddle.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
(back-pedaling)
I want to get a game in before the Taco cart leaves. Who wants to play with Ella?

Howard lands in his spot on the court.

LUKE
You know what, can we just pause with the Pickleball for one second. Grandma <u>just</u> died.

HOWARD
The funeral was an hour ago, Luke! It’s go time, let’s go!

ELLA
Yeah get over it Luke, and the tournament is next week so you better practice bro.

LUKE
We’re still doing the tournament?

HOWARD
(To Ella) Let’s go my sweet little convert. Get one of your dumb uncles.

AUNT CHANTAL
You could be a dumb uncle!

UNCLE ROD
Ooh, I can be a dumb uncle!

Luke shakes his head and walks into the house.

6 INT. GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 6

Luke walks through the patio where there is a TACO CART, then in through the SLIDING DOORS that are open. Then into the FAMILY ROOM where some family and friends are sitting with PLATES eating SNACKS. The TWINS run past, one with a fork over his head chasing the other, Luke grabs the fork from his hand effortlessly and casually, puts it in the SINK in the KITCHEN where TRISHA(60), his mother is making a SAUCE in a BIG POT on the STOVE.

Luke takes the WOODEN SPACHULA and tastes the sauce, Trisha is on the phone, whips him with her COOKING TOWEL shooing him away from her sauce.

Luke gives her a thumbs up as he enters the hallway.

7 INT. GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S HOUSE - GRANDMA'S HALLWAY 7

Luke is on the way to the bathroom. Nico runs out of the room bumping Luke holding onto THE DUGAN FAMILY CUP.

NICO
I found it, it was under the Karem table the whole time!

Luke walks to the bathroom. He freezes. He turns into.

8 INT. GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S HOUSE - GRANDMA'S OFFICE 8

He walks in and catches the glimmer of a photo on her desk.

Luke walks to the desk and picks up a PICTURE of him and his her in her PILOT OUTFIT.

He turns on the DESK LAMP and studies the details, missing one of his closest friends, someone he always looked up to.

As he looks at the photo, he can see BLUEPRINTS beneath it.

Luke puts the photo down and picks up the blue-prints.

He can make out what are plans for the house and the backyard. Big blue photo prints of four tennis courts and a large sign that says, "The Dugan Family Tennis Foundation".

His mother Trisha walks in from behind him.

TRISHA
Can you help me set the table?

LUKE
Sure, yea.

Luke puts down the plans. Walking out of the office.

9 INT. GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S HOUSE - GRANDMA'S HALLWAY 9

LUKE
Did Grandma ever tell you about what she wanted to do with this place?

10 INT. GRANDMA AND GRANPA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM 10

They walk through the living room.

TRISHA
I thought she wanted to build those tennis courts, right?

11 INT. KITCHEN - SAME 11

They grab silverware from the drawers.

TRISHA
What's on your mind sweetie?

LUKE
I'm just, it's like. Ma, am I a loser?

Trisha hesitates a beat too long.

LUKE (CONT'D)
-Oh gosh dangit.

TRISHA
You're not a loser. You'll find someone.

LUKE
Ma, that's not even what I was talking about. I'm almost forty, I live at home, how-can-even-meet-someone-if-I'm-living-at-home that's a loser.

She tries consoling him.

TRISHA
You know you can move in here if you want?

LUKE
Mom! I'm serious.

TRISHA
Me too, there's an open room.

Luke is not consoled. She softens.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
Look, I can see how society at large might see a single guy in his late thirties, living at home as a loser, but what do they know, Luke? They don't have what we got. Someday you'll realize what we got it special.

LUKE
Ya, but how am I going to start a family of my own if I'm always here-

Voices are heard. Immediately a stampede of everyone comes to the dining table.

TRISHA
(announcing)
We're washing hands! We are washing our hands before we sit down.

Nico walks into the kitchen. Grabs a GREEN APPLE takes a bite.

TRISHA (CONT'D)
(to Nico)
We're about to have dinner Nico.

Nico takes another large bite.

NICO
I want an apple!

TRISHA
Let's go! All of you, you're all animals. Oh, you smell. Oh, ya that's you Tom.

Tom flashes an extraordinary smile.

12 INT. DINING ROOM - LATER 12

Howard sits. Trisha walks up behind him, kisses the back of his head while whispering something to him.

At the kids table, Jet is mid-speech to the TWINS. Luke is sitting halfway in a FAMILY STOOL he pulled up to the kids table where he listens intently to Jet.

JET
- it's really about having a diversified portfolio.
(MORE)

JET (CONT'D)
That way when one investment is not doing well, there are others that are-

LUKE
(chewing)
- I heard it's a buyers market right now.

A hurtful pause.

JET
It's never a buyers market.

LUKE
Oh, ok. So it's a sellers market then.

Jet isn't impressed.

An eruption at the adult table.

Uncle Ron shoots up out of his seat, pointing at Uncle Tom.

UNCLE RON
That's a load of horse crap Tom and you know it! I'll bury your ass right now!

Uncle Tom shoots up out of his seat.

UNCLE TOM
I'll demo you my-boi! Let's go my-guy! Let's run one my-kid!

HOWARD
Hey cut it out! We're having dinner. We'll play after! Knock it off.

They simmer down back into their seats.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
Listen we've got an important decision to make tonight, all of us are here for once so we've got to decide the fate of this property. Grandma's house.

NICO
Grandpa's still alive you know.

The camera whip pans to Grandpa who is slouched in his chair at the table. He bursts to life.

GRANDPA
It was me, Babe Ruth, and schoolboy Hoyt on the heist.

HOWARD
Yeah but he doesn't own any of this. Look, Grandma left it up to the family. It's gotta be unanimous. It could be like a pickleball house, somebody's gotta run it though.

Howard looks for his son Luke. Who's at the kids table.

UNCLE TOM
What like an actual pickleball destination? I thought we were selling the house, Howie?

Uncle Ron looks to his wife Margaret, who nods in approval.

UNCLE RON
Ya, it's a sellers market Howe. We'll be making a quarter mil each!

Uncle Tom shuffles a deck of UNO CARDS while chewing.

UNCLE TOM
Actually, Pete and I will be making a quarter mil as the will Trustees, the rest of you guys will be making in the ballpark of two-ten.

UNCLE RON
Trustee!?

UNCLE ROD
You schlep!

NICO
Luka!

Nico throws his apple core, it ricochets into a TRASH CAN.

Everyone chirps in and starts saying how they feel.

HOWARD
Attention Dugans! Family vote, who wants to sell the property?

Half the Dugans raise their hands; Uncle Tom, Uncle Ron, Uncle Pete, Aunt Dede, Ella.

All the kids raise their hands at once but Jet tells them to lower them.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
Who wants to keep it?

The other half raise their hands; Luke, Trisha, Uncle Rod, Aunt Chantal, Aunt Margaret, Nico, and all the kids.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
Well we're split. Ha!

Uncle Ron shuffles the Uno cards. He deals to Uncle Tom and himself while he speaks, they organize their cards.

UNCLE RON
Since this could be the last Dugan family tournament, the shirts, we've already printed this years shirts is what I'm trying to say. What am I trying to say?

Uncle Tom puts down an Uno Reverse card.

UNCLE TOM
(To Uncle Ron) Reverse.

UNCLE RON
I'm all backwards. We made shirts. (To Uncle Tom) Draw four, snatch.

MARGARET
I'll go grab the shirts.

Margaret gets up and leaves the dining room.

HOWARD
Look look, why don't we just play for it?

UNCLE RON
In the tournament? Play for the property?

UNCLE TOM
Play for the property.

HOWARD
Yea, since we're divided let the winners of the tournament decide. Boom, easy.

Luke stands up from the kids table.

LUKE
Dad you're joking right? We're not going to let this come down to a game of pickleball. Is that what Grandma would want?

There's silence.

ELLA
Just sell the place! We can find another place to play pickleball.

UNCLE PETE
Yea, we'll just put pickleball courts at our houses, boom easy, done, I did it.

Aunt Dede turns to Uncle Pete.

AUNT DEDE
I don't want these people coming over to our house.

UNCLE PETE
Right. (Re-announcing) Never mind what I just said.

UNCLE ROD
And why is Uncle Pete getting an extra thirty k? He doesn't need it?

Everyone begins shouting something different.

LUKE
Hey! Can we just do the right thing and honor Grandma's wishes. She clearly wanted us all to stay together.

Luke gets blasted by a spitball. He looks towards his Dad who's beside himself with laughter.

Margaret walks back in with the box of shirts, goes behind each person passing out this years "Dugan Family Pickleball Tournament Shirt 2025".

MARGARET
It was really Howards design, we just had a surplus of this color so we just went for it.

Howard inspects his shirt in mid-air.

HOWARD
Lehet’s go! Now these are great.

Howard turns it around and it’s got a TARGET at the CENTER OF THE BACK with large text that reads “HIT EM WHERE IT HURTS”.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
Now I finally have something to aim at other than Ron’s mutton chops.

Uncle Ron looks up from his game.

Margaret gets to Luke with the box.

MARGARET
What size Lukey? Medium or Large?

HOWARD
You got an extra small in there for him?!

LUKE
I don’t want a shirt this year. Thanks so much.

UNCLE RON
Take a shirt Lukey, come on he’s just joshin’ around Marge. You joshin’ Lukey?

UNCLE TOM
You’re not joshin again are you Lukey?

LUKE
I’m not joshin’! I’m tired of al the joshin’! In fact, the rest of you guys need to stop Joshin’ around! And I’m over it! I am not playing in this years tournament.

Everything gets completely quiet.

ELLA
Somebody’s getting emotional.

Everyone chants “E-MO” like they’ve done it a thousand times.

LUKE
Yea so what?! I’m emotional. I should be emotional. You should all be emotional! Grandma died, and all anybody care’s about is the money you’re gonna get from her death?

Nico is coloring with BIG BLACK SHARPEE on a new green apple.

Trisha notices this. She gets furious and bangs the table.

TRISHA
Nico! What are you doing with the apples?

NICO
I’m being creative.

TRISHA
You’re either wasting food and it’s pissing me off, or your pissing me off and it’s wasting food.

NICO
People do it all the time on social media.

TRISHA
Well they’re idiots. Are you an idiot?

NICO
No.

TRISHA
Ok, then cut it woulda.

NICO
Ok.

Nico tosses the apple away. It’s caught midair by Ricky.

RICKY
Who’s tossin’ apples?

ECU. Ricky takes a bite. The sharpee gets on his upper lip creating a hyperbolically evil mustache.

RICKY (CONT'D)
The door was open, hope you don’t mind I let myself in.

Ricky notices Luke.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Luke Dugan? Is that the Fridgeman himself?

Ricky takes off his sunglasses.

ELLA
Let's just go Ricky.

Ella stands up from the table.

RICKY
What's up Fridgeman? It's been forever. I didn't know Ella was your lil-sis.

LUKE
(not buying it)
You didn't huh?

UNCLE TOM
Fridgeman, brutal!

UNCLE RON
Bruttle.

UNCLE ROD
Stings a little too tho. (Fire on nipple sizzle).

AUNT CHANTAL
Ooh, honey, not at the dinner table.

AUNT MARGARET
You're the guy from the sign! I've seen you.

Uncle Ron wonders why she is flirting all of a sudden.

UNCLE RON
(under his breath)
Are you fucking serious right now?

RICKY
Most successful real-estate agent in all the San Gabriel valley.

LUKE
Yeah, I bet.

RICKY
Shoot, you know what, we gotta get going. (To Ella) You ready superstar?

ELLA
Sure am.

Ella grabs her PURSE and COAT.

RICKY
Nice meeting everyone-

HOWARD
-Hey you know Ricky, you ever play pickleball?

RICKY
Ya, once or twice, not gonna lie, I can sorta, figure things out. (He winks at Ella).

LUKE
Gross.

HOWARD
We have a family tournament coming up next week and Fridgeman here is gonna sit this one out, meaning I'll need a partner. You in?

RICKY
Diga-mé, ha-ha! I'll be there. You know Fridgeman if you need any hair pro-tips, collect medical leave go on vacay to Turkey, they do nice work. I'll refer you. What can I say, I like to be helpful.

Ricky puts his arm around Ella. On their way out the front.

ELLA
(like it's hot)
You got a hair transplant?

RICKY
Ya, I'll tell you all about it.

ELLA
It looks so good.

RICKY
I know! Tug it, no don't tug.

Extreme close up: Luke's eyes and nose. The camera almost locks onto his face as he turns around, walks through the dining room and slides out to the backyard. Sensory overload.

CONTINUOUS

13 EXT. GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - COURTS 13

Luke walks all the way to to the courts. He wants to scream, but can't, so he starts angrily fighting the air keeping quiet, transferring his rage into movements.

Something watches him from the bushes.

SANG V.O.
I've seen this before.

Luke stops. He turns his head towards the bushes.

LUKE
Who's there?

SANG V.O.
This angry dancing.

LUKE
I'm not angry. And I wasn't dancing.

A whiffle ball is thrown at Luke's back. Luke turns around.

SANG(68) appears from behind Luke in the opposite direction smoking a CHUBBY CIGAR. He tosses a WHIFFLE BALL at Luke from his FANNY PACK as smoke envelopes his face.

SANG
No. You were doing everything but that.

LUKE
Sang? Why can't they take anything seriously?

SANG
Can you?

LUKE
I do. All the time. It's them.

SANG
What if it's you?

Sang throws another ball at Luke. He instinctively strikes it down backhand from the sky.

LUKE
My father doesn't feel anything. Everything's a joke to him.

SANG
You feel like a joke to him.

LUKE
Are you asking?

SANG
I'm not ass-king. I'm Sang.

LUKE
Huh.

Sang throws a hard one at Luke, he strikes it down.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Sang, stop throwing these balls at me?

SANG
Life won't stop throwing balls at you, Luke. The choice is, will you be hit or hit back?

LUKE
What are you saying? I have a choice?

SANG
Yes, I'm Sang! And yes, you do.

A pause. Cut wide. It feels over.

LUKE
You've been gone for like, two years, did you <u>just</u> get back?

SANG
I don't want to talk about it.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "DAY OF THE 8th ANNUAL DUGAN TOURNAMENT"

14 EXT. GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S HOUSE - DAY 14

Parking looks like a chaos in the front. Otherwise it's a beautiful day.

15 EXT. GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S HOUSE - BACKYARD 15

The courts look freshly dewed. Sprinklers go off on the lawn.

Trisha, Chantal, Margaret, Nico, and Uncle Ron, are all serving guests food wearing the annual Dugan shirt, cooking aprons, gloves, and tongs, they're serving pancakes.

People fill the BLEACHERS and CHAIRS, some with food plates.

INSERT: The 8th Dugan Pickleball Tournament Board

On the side of one of the courts, is an announcer table. Two announcers sit at the table with MICROPHONES and HEADPHONES, they pick up papers that are in front of them, reading aloud.

ANNOUNCER ONE
(reading from a paper)
Uh, welcome to the 8th annual Dugan Family Pickleball Tournament. It's a stunning day here in the San Gabriel valley, I'm, your name, Jeff, with my friend her name, Penny, here to bring you live coverage of this years Dugan Cup.

ANNOUNCER TWO
(reading from a paper)
Thanks Jeff, I couldn't agree with you more. The birds are chirping, it's a swell day for pickleball. We've got pancakes being served, dink contests for the kids, it's a real treat to be here.

ANNOUNCER ONE
(still reading from paper)
It sure is. The face-painter is here until 2:00pm. She was expensive. Please use her. Lets check in with a few of this years contenders.

CROSS FADE:

16 INT. PHOTOGRAPHY ROOM 16

A CLAM PEARL ART DECO wall is set up. Members of the family take their family portrait and share a bit about themself.

SMASH CUT:

17 EXT. GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S HOUSE - TOURNAMENT COURT 17

A ball is hit. The tournament is on.

ANNOUNCER ONE
You know, I just want everyone here to know, we were just hired to film the tournament, I feel like we we were somehow cajoled into announcing this, I know absolutely nothing about this sport Peggy.

Howard and Ricky serve to Margaret and Trish.

Aunt Dede serves to LORI(65) and THOMAS(65).

ANNOUNCER TWO
Couldn't agree with you more Jeff. And this years tournament has even higher stakes, as the winner of this years tournament will not just win the Dugan Family Cup, the winner gets to decide the fate of the Dugan family property, once and for all.

Margaret and Trish lose, Margaret throws a tantrum.

ANNOUNCER ONE
Wow. Unbelievable stakes. Is this what white people do? They just bet houses willy nilly?

Sang and Nico defeat Jet and Ella. Jet curses Ella.

ANNOUNCER TWO
They sure do Jeff, (reading) now the rules of the game are simple. For those at home that don't know, the game is first to eleven, gotta win by two.

Uncle Ron and Uncle Tom defeat Uncle Rod and Aunt Chantal.

ANNOUNCER TWO (CONT'D)
Oh here are some rules, underhand serves only on a forty four foot by twenty foot wide court. Fresh carne asada pancakes, what a day for pickleball.

Sang and Nico serve to Uncle Ron and Uncle Tom.

ANNOUNCER ONE
Did you say Carne Asada pancakes?

ANNONCER TWO
Thats right. Full of protein, they're "Dugan delicious".

Penny takes a bite of a carne asada pancake.

ANNOUNCER ONE
Tell us some more of the rules if you can Penny.

Uncle Tom and Uncle Ron defeat Sang and Nico.

ANNOUNCER TWO
When it comes to style of shot, nobody has a better "dink" shot than Howard the Hurricane Dugan. I don't know what that means, he wrote that about himself I think.

Howard and Ricky defeat Uncle Pete and Aunt Dede.

ANNOUNCER ONE
We have on the championship court, playing for the whole carne asada pancake, will it be brother duo Tom and Ron, or Howard and newcomer Ricky Bolero?

Howard and Ricky defeat Uncle Tom and Uncle Ron.

ANNOUNCER TWO
Your 2025 Dugan Family Pickleball tournament winners are Howard and Ricky.

RICKY
Diga-mé!

The announcers run up to the winners, Howard and Ricky, and in interview style ask-

ANNONCER ONE
Well gentleman! What will it be? Sell the property or keep the property?

HOWARD
Keep.

RICKY
Sell.

ANNONCER ONE
Uh oh! In a wild turn of events, we've got a split decision. The two winners are disputing what to do with the estate.

ANNOUNCER TWO
The only way to settle this is a one-on-one match for the property?

ANNOUNCER 1
It's a shame the Dugan's didn't make a rule that you had to be a family member to get a say in the decision of the house.

ANNOUNCER 2
I'll say! He's the realtor. The stakes are really high and really personal for everyone!

HOWARD
Let's go Ricky-Baby, the sun won't set itself.

RICKY
You know I beat old men.

HOWARD
Give me your best shot.

Everyone goes back to their seats for the final match.

RICKY
(whispers to himself)
Diga-mé!

He serves! Point to Ricky.

Ricky paces the court, sticking his tongue out, mad-eyed.

Howard is breathing deeply, his vision is fuzzy.

Howard serves. The ball goes back and forth as announced.

ANNOUNCER ONE
Ricky charges up. Slaps the ball back.

ANNOUNCER TWO
Howard responds with a backhand dink.

ANNOUNCER ONE
It bounces in the kitchen.

Ricky salivates, lunges towards the ball and dinks it high and back.

Howard runs back, extends, and winces in terrible pain.

HOWARD
(shrieks)
Ahhhh!

Howard crumbles to the floor.

ANNOUNCER ONE
Oof, if you can't handle the heat,
stay out of the kitchen.

Luke's best friend IAN(36) stands in the bleachers.

IAN
Look everyone, he's hurt!

Everyone begins reacting.

LUKE
Dad, dad!

Luke hops over the net and gets to his Dad's side.

In the bleachers sits Emerald, next to her is Uncle Tom. She looks at him in his FIGS, puzzled and shocked.

EMERALD
Can't you help? Aren't you doctor
or nurse or PCP or something?

Uncle Tom, beaming a confident smile.

UNCLE TOM
What? No, I'm not. I just look
really good in these things.

On the court.

LUKE
Dad!

HOWARD
Aw Luke. What happened?

LUKE
You fell Pop.

HOWARD
Listen, my ankle is shot to hell
one christmas away from kwanza.

LUKE
I don't know what that means.

HOWARD
Play for me. Beat this chump. Do it for Grandma.

LUKE
Ok Dad.

HOWARD
Focus on your dink. It's our family's best shot. The Dugan Dink. Always has been. My little bastard boy. My little Dugan-dinker.

LUKE
Dad, am I bastard?

HOWARD
No, sometimes I think what if?

A tender moment somehow.

LUKE
Can you guys get him off the court?

The Uncles gather around their brother and lift him off the court taking him to the bleachers to sit and watch.

Now it's just Luke and Ricky. It's quiet.

ANNOUNCER TWO
It's all tied up here Jeff. Let's see what Luke's response will be to Ricky's dominant performance.

ANNOUNCER ONE
I'm all the way bought in now Peggy!

On the court. Ricky preps his serve.

RICKY
You wanna know something?

LUKE
Yea what's that?

RICKY
(apologetically)
That day I locked you in that fridge at school.

LUKE
Yea, what about that.

RICKY
That was so funny, the way you finally got out- 'I'm so cold'!

Ricky serves it.

LUKE
I almost lost my fingers.

Luke hits it back.

RICKY
Ya, I was really immature and insecure at that time. I think I still might be.

Ricky volleys.

HOWARD
(to himself)
Stop talking Luke. Focus.

UNCLE ROD
Crunch his ass nephew!

AUNT CHANTAL
Crunch him Lukey baby!

AUNT DEDE
I believe in you Luke!

Luke hits the ball back.

LUKE
(to Ricky)
Are you trying to apologize?

HOWARD
(shouting)
Stay focused Luke! I am your father!

Ricky volleys it back.

LUKE
Yeah, I know who you are.

The ball bounces twice. He got distracted.

ANNOUNCER ONE
The score is twelve to twelve. It's all tied up.

ANNOUNCER TWO
Yeah, you gotta win by two. We said that already right? That's clear.

Luke serves it high to himself, hits the ball. It spins into the kitchen, Ricky misses it.

UNCLE RON
Fakkin' brutal serve kid!

UNCLE TOM
Brutal!

Luke has the serve again. He hits is hard. Ricky volley's.

HOWARD
Peg him son! Hit em where it hurts!

Everyone in the family starts yelling at him. Filling his head with their insults of encouragement.

UNCLE RON
Demolish this guy!

UNCLE TOM
Ace-in-da-hole!

AUNT MARGARET
Sweet-smoked-honey-hamhocks Ricky!

Uncle Ron looks over at her.

ELLA
I want Latin-Jewish babies Ricky-baby!

TRISHA
I love you Lukey!

UNCLE ROD
Give him the Rodney-Pummel!

AUNT CHANTAL
The Rodney-Pummel the Rodney Pummel!

AUNT DEDE
Why do I suddenly care so much?!

Luke is about to serve when he's had it!

LUKE
Everything is backwards with this family!
(MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)
When something is important you treat it like a game, and when something is a game, look at you, you all lose your minds, dumping out it's contents full of everything you never wanna talk about.

Cut to the announcers

ANNOUNCER ONE
This is definitely some white person drama.

ANNOUNCER TWO
Looks like someone's getting a little emotional.

EVERYONE CHANTS
Emooo!!!

LUKE
How can I convince you all that we need this place. This place is what's gonna keep us all together. Isn't that what we really want? It's what I want. I don't want us to play for it, I want us to make a decision, as a family. And that's how I feel.

Howard weakly stands up from the bleacher and accidentally knocks Nico off the bleacher.

HOWARD
(to Nico)
Sorry Nico.

Nico from out of frame puts his thumb up into frame.

NICO O.S.
I'm good.

HOWARD
Luke, you're right. We'll do what you think is best, but you still gotta win first.

LUKE
I love you too, dad!

HOWARD
I'm very uncomfortable with public displays of affection son! I love you too!

LUKE
I know. Thanks Dad.

Luke serves to Ricky. Ricky hits it to the back right corner.

Slow motion: Luke's White Vans shoe raises off the ground and we see his toe peaking out from beneath. Luke volleys.

Ricky goes for a peg shot, Luke dodges, and without effort he dinks a shot just over the net. Ricky responds, too late, and the ball bounces twice.

ANNOUNCER ONE & TWO
Luke wins!

Luke holds the whiffle ball, his family swarms him. People rush up to him from the bleachers.

Nico hands him the Dugan Family Cup.

His Uncles rush around him and lift him on their shoulders.

Emerald walks up to Luke's celebration.

Luke turns his head and see's her. Slow motion begins.

KC and JOJO'S "Tell me It's Real" plays for four seconds.

EMERALD
- Nice win!

LUKE
What?

EMERALD
(to Luke)
- I said nice win! I like nothing more than watching my brother lose. I liked what you said too.

LUKE
You're, Ricky's sister?

While hoisted, his eyes firmly on Emerald.

EMERALD
(flirting)
Ya! My name is Emerald!

Luke might be falling in love instantaneously when he notices Grandpa in his wheelchair behind her, slouched, he points.

LUKE
Gramps!

Whip pan to Grandpa in his wheelchair. He’s dead. All four Uncles holding up Luke say at once.

ALL FOUR UNCLES
Brutal.

18 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY 18

Another beautiful day at the graveyard. Everyone is dressed slightly differently.

CU on Luke’s foot, in a NEW ADULT SHOE, planted.

Luke’s face is covered in spit wads.

LUKE
And I’m proud to announce, we were able to officially create the “Dugan Family Pickle Ball Foundation”.

Everyone cheers! Luke nods at the Bagpiper.

The Bagpiper begins playing now on cue.

We drone back, then slight up-back, then go higher.

19 EXT/INT. GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S HOUSE - NEW SIGNAGE 19

There is a NEW SIGN that reads “The Dugan Family Pickleball Foundation Est. 2025”.

We drone up and over the house.

LUKE V.O.
After Gramps died, I got some certificates and everything just started happening. Sang stayed on as the our on site coach. He only coaches women though. Which, whatever.

Camera drones down to Howard and Trish serving pancakes with Aunt Chantal and Uncle Rod.

LUKE V.O.
Ma and Pa keep the pancakes coming every Sunday morning cooking for whoever shows up and wants to play.

Rabbi Ella Dugan is on a court teaching a FEW KIDS about “In vs Out”.

NARRATOR
Ella got the JCC students to come and we reached out to a few local schools so we’ve officially become an after school Pickleball camp.

Uncle Tom, relaxes, tanning with an ICED-TEA and his sunnies.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Don’t worry we’ve got plenty of qualified councillors.

Uncle Pete and Uncle Ron are on the sideline of a court calling a match.

Jet returns a remarkable shot, defeating his opponents.

UNCLE ROD
Brutal shot kid.

UNCLE RON
Brutal!

LUKE V.O.
-and even Ricky has stayed around as our official Pickleball Pro.

Ricky is working one-on-one with a SINGLE MOM on her golf.

LUKE V.O. (CONT'D)
Yeah, the Mom’s love him.

She is absolutely loving it.

Camera whip-pans over to an ANGRY DAD(40) fuming.

LUKE V.O. (CONT'D)
While the Dad’s hate him.

Ricky gives a thumbs up to the Angry Dad.

ANGRY DAD
That’s golf!

The camera now pans over to Luke standing looking out at everyone in the backyard, playing, practicing, or teaching.

LUKE V.O.
As for me-

Luke scans the backyard and see's all his family together.

LUKE V.O. (CONT'D)
-I moved in here, met a girl, and found the best possible job I could ever have. Taking care of this place and these pickleball obsessed lunatics. My family.

20 EXT. GRANDMA AND GRANDPA'S HOUSE - FRONT OF HOUSE 20

Out front, pushing past the sign that says, "The Dugan Family Pickle Ball Foundation".

LUKE V.O.
If Grandma wanted anything in life, it wasn't really a tennis court or pickleball courts. It was just something that would help keep us all together. So here's to you Grandma and to you Gramps, thanks for keeping us together.

Two urns of Grandma and Grandpa sit in the windowsill.

CUT TO BLACK

21 ROLL CREDITS 21

During credits there is an LINE-DANCE to "A Bar Song" on the pickleball courts.

Big group photo, which will be the image for the film with text "The Family Pickle".

Interstitials from the on camera interviews.

Bloopers.