

STUPID RICH

"The House That Built Me"
(pilot)

Written by

Caton Berry

Address

TEASER

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

HILLARY THORNTON, an aspiring up and coming country singer, is getting ready to go onstage at the Grand Ole Opry. She is opening for Reba McEntire.

Backstage is a zoo. EMPLOYEES run between rooms. Costume racks are on the move. Everyone seems to have a clipboard and microphone.

RACHEL, Hillary's image obsessed mother, analyzes every little detail. She wants everything to be perfect.

RACHEL

You would think these people would be a little more accommodating.

HILLARY

It's fine, Mom.

RACHEL

What color curtains did you want?

HILLARY

Pink?

Rachel points to a dark-ish pink set of curtains.

RACHEL

Exactly. And what color are these?

HILLARY

Umm... Dark pink?

RACHEL

Rose! These are rose colored curtains!

HILLARY

They look pink.

RACHEL

You just don't understand.

HILLARY

Mom, I'm trying to focus here.

RACHEL

Ok. Ok. I'm sorry.

Hillary takes out her guitar. It's blue, and covered in sequins. She begins to strum it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I can't believe it! Opening for
Reba McEntire!

HILLARY
I know. It's crazy, right?

Hillary takes a deep breath, and begins her vocal warm ups.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
"Mommy made me mash my M&Ms."
"Mommy made me mash my M&Ms."

RACHEL
Well, they're filled with sugar!

HILLARY
No, Mom. It's a vocal warm up.

RACHEL
Gotcha.

MARTIN, the stage manager, enters, carrying a box full of five golden retriever puppies.

MARTIN
Here are those puppies you
requested, Mrs. Thornton.

Hillary looks confused.

HILLARY
Thanks, Martin, but I don't
remember asking for any...

RACHEL
Wonderful, Martin!

Rachel smiles and grabs the box from Martin. She counts the number of puppies, and frowns.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Umm, Martin, what did we ask for
again?

MARTIN
You... You requested a box of
puppies for Hillary, Ms. Thornton.

RACHEL

No. I requested a box of SIX puppies. You have only provided five.

MARTIN

Ma'am, it was the best I could do on short notice.

RACHEL

Five is an odd number! That's unlucky.

MARTIN

Well, I can take one of them away. Then you'll have four.

RACHEL

My daughter loves puppies. She needs them for support, and you want her to have less?

HILLARY

Five is fine, Martin! Thank you!

Martin closes the door as Rachel heads back with the box of puppies. She sets them down next to Hillary.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Mom, stop.

RACHEL

Hillary, if you never strive for more, you'll always settle for less.

HILLARY

But I have everything I need, plus five puppies!

She takes one of the puppies out of the box.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

This one is so cute.

RACHEL

What can I say, only the best! Now, let's hear a song.

HILLARY

A whole song? Right now?

RACHEL

Yes! Why not?

HILLARY

Okay. I've got one.

She puts down the puppy, and starts to sing.

Martin re- enters the room.

MARTIN

Five minutes to curtain, Ms.
Thornton.

HILLARY

Gotcha. Thanks Martin!

Martin exits. Hillary smiles at her mother.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Well, wish me luck.

RACHEL

You'll do great! Like they say,
"break an egg!"

INT. CONCERT STAGE - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

Hillary heads onstage, nervous for her first gig. She holds her guitar in her hand.

She gazes out into the crowd. Their blank stares are intimidating.

HILLARY

Umm... Hi... Everyone. How... How
are we all feeling tonight?

Light applause comes from the crowd.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Good. Good. Well, my name is
Hillary Thornton. This first song
I'm gonna sing... It's a classic.

Hillary pauses.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Following your dreams. If there's
something you desire, just go for
it. Don't let anyone tell you you
can't do something.

More audience members applaud.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
 Anyways, well... I hope you all
 enjoy this one.

She strums her guitar. She plays the opening guitar riff of
 "Jolene" by Dolly Parton. Several audience members smile.

Suddenly, as Hillary sings, her voice begins to crack.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
 "Jolene. Jolene. Jolene.
 JoLEEEENNEEE. I'm begging of
 YOUUUU, please don't take my
 MAAANNNN."

An AUDIENCE MEMBER begins to heckle.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
 I'm begging of YOU to please stop.

HILLARY
 Oh, um... I'm sorry about that.
 Let's try again.

Her voice cracks even worse. Several audience members laugh.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. It appears we may be
 having some technical difficulties.

Martin appears onstage and checks the microphone.

MARTIN
 Microphone is in solid condition.
 Ms. Thornton!

Martin exits.

HILLARY
 Thanks Martin. Well I...

She looks out at the audience.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
 Enjoy Reba, everyone!

She takes a bow and waves as she exits the stage.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
 Thank you, Cleveland!

AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S.)
This is Nashville.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. - NASHVILLE COUNTY FAIR STAGE - DAY - DAYS LATER

Hillary performs for a crowd of fair-goers. A much smaller crowd than the Opry.

HILLARY

Glad you guys are here! Remember,
for all shows at the fair this
year, you get in free with the
purchase of any corn dog!

She sings, and the crowd groans.

EXT. WATER PARK - DAYS LATER

Hillary performs onstage. The crowd is even smaller. Few guests even pay attention to her as they walk by.

HILLARY

Do I have any requests?

Hillary spots a BOY in the crowd eating a giant lollipop, holding his mother's hand.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Hey! You're a cutie! Any requests?

The boy licks his lollipop.

BOY

Ummm... Yes! Can you please get off
the stage?

Hillary looks shocked.

INT. NASHVILLE MALL - DAYS LATER

Hillary is performing in the food court. She sings by the Sbarro pizza stand. She is depressed as no one pays attention to her.

HILLARY

I'd like to thank Sbarro for giving
me this... amazing opportunity.

A stoned, teenage SBARRO EMPLOYEE puts a "Back In 20 Minutes" sign on the counter.

SBARO EMPLOYEE
I need a break.

Hillary sighs.

INT. CHET'S OFFICE - DAY - DAYS LATER

Hillary sits down for a meeting with CHET, her manager. Her blue sequined guitar lies next to her chair.

CHET
We're letting you go.

HILLARY
I... I don't know what to say.

CHET
Evidently, you don't know how to sing, either.

HILLARY
But I... I know I've got what it takes! Look!

She takes out her small, bedazzled calendar, and puts it on his desk.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
I write encouraging things to myself every morning! See?

She goes through the calendar.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
March 10th. "Believe in yourself."
April 3rd. "Walk tall with pride."
That's not easy when you're only five feet, you know!

Chet looks at the calendar, suspicious.

CHET
April 10th. "Eggs. Milk. Bread."

HILLARY
I also write my grocery list, sometimes.

He hands her back her calendar.

CHET
Hillary, this just isn't working out. I'm sorry, but you can't sing.

HILLARY

Then why did you hire me in the first place?

CHET

You're a pretty face. You just don't have the talent to match it. Maybe you can be a model or something.

Hillary stands up in protest.

HILLARY

YOU'RE DISGUSTING!

CHET

That's just business, Hillary.

HILLARY

Well then, it's a business I want no part of!

She picks up her guitar to leave.

CHET

I'm sorry, Hillary.

HILLARY

That's right you are! You're the sorriest person I ever met! Dirty man. You're like... one of those... I don't know. Those animals that roll around in the mud!

CHET

A pig?

HILLARY

Yes! A pig! Exactly! And all you're saying is a bunch of "oink, oink, oink."

CHET

Hillary, simply put. You're fired.

HILLARY

Yeah, well, so are you! You're a fired pig. A pig on fire! That makes you bacon!

She picks up her calendar, and looks at it.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

I need to go grocery shopping.

She exits.

INT. THORNTON HOME FRONT HALLWAY - MORNING - DAYS LATER

The Halloween season approaches. Rachel is an interior decorator, and the home has been completely overhauled to resemble the Addams Family mansion.

Rachel, dressed as Morticia Addams, uses her iPhone to broadcast to her Instagram followers.

RACHEL

Ahh, yes. The Halloween season is upon us, darlings. As you can see, this year, we're going with a tried and true classic. The Addams Family!

She shows the grand staircase, decked out with cobwebs and fake spiders on the railing.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Isn't it just marvelous? Perfect for Halloween. The whole aesthetic. I just love it.

Rachel laughs and smiles at the camera.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Now, several of you have asked me for tips on how to decorate your home for Halloween. If you check the link in my bio, you'll find my resources on how to decorate with a modest \$10,000 budget. I---

The doorbell rings to the tune of "The Addams Family Theme."

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Hold that thought, I'll be right back.

She turns off her phone.

EXT. THORNTON HOME FRONT PORCH - SECONDS LATER

Hillary, defeated, has returned home. She cries on the doorstep as she holds her guitar in one hand, suitcase in the other.

Rachel answers the door in a hurry. She doesn't see Hillary at first.

RACHEL

For the thousandth time, we are not interested! Please stop harassing us!

She is shocked to find Hillary standing there.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Sweetie? Why are you here? What's the matter?

HILLARY

Can I... Can I come in? Please?

RACHEL

I'm in the middle of shooting, Hillary.

HILLARY

Mom, just... Please. I need to talk to you. It's important.

RACHEL

Alright. Come on in.

Hillary enters. As Rachel closes the door, she spots a **GIRL SCOUT TROOP** approaching.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I KNEW IT! GO AWAY! MY FAMILY WANTS NO PART IN YOUR FREAKY RELIGION!

INT. RACHEL AND SCOTT'S BEDROOM - THAT SAME MOMENT

SCOTT, Rachel's husband and a devout Mormon, is getting dressed for the day.

He opens his closet full of white undergarments. Each looks exactly the same, and are labeled for each day of the week.

Scott pulls out his labeled "Tuesday" clothes, and gives them a questioning look.

SCOTT

Wait a minute.

He compares them to his Wednesday clothes, which again, look exactly the same.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Mixed up in the wash again.

STEPHEN, (early 20s), the youngest Thornton child, enters the room.

STEPHEN
Everything ok, Dad?

SCOTT
You have one chore. Just one. Do the laundry and organize the closets.

STEPHEN
That's two things, Dad.

SCOTT
Two very important things. You've got to be more careful, Steve.

STEPHEN
Come on. When am I ever not careful?

SCOTT
The mission trip to Utah?

STEPHEN
That could've happened to anyone! It was just a skiing accident!

SCOTT
You were drunk.

STEPHEN
So?

SCOTT
And you were naked.

STEPHEN
Ha ha. Yeah.

SCOTT
You made us look silly in front of the other Mormons! We can never go back to Utah now!

Rachel calls from downstairs.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Scott?

SCOTT
Yeah, Rach?

RACHEL (O.S.)
Come downstairs!

SCOTT
Whats wrong?

RACHEL (O.S.)
I've got a little surprise for you.

Scott nervously gulps.

INT. THORNTON HOME FAMILY ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Hillary is having a serious discussion with her family. None are happy that she returned home.

RACHEL
I don't understand. I thought your label really liked you?

HILLARY
Apparently, it was all just for my looks! Can you believe that?

SCOTT
What happened to that singing coach we hired you?

HILLARY
She committed suicide!

SCOTT
Well, do you at least remember what she taught you?

HILLARY
Yes! I'm always practicing.

RACHEL
So, what's your plan?

HILLARY
My plan?

SCOTT
Yes. Your plan. You've gotta find a job, Hill.

HILLARY
Well, I was hoping I could do what Stephen does! Help Mom run her Instagram?

RACHEL
No. You're better than that. You've got potential.

STEPHEN
Hey!

RACHEL
Oh, but you're so handsome, sweetie.

STEPHEN
Yeah. That's right. I am!

HILLARY
That isn't fair! I've worked my butt off for years! Steve lands literally ass backwards in the snow, and he gets the easiest job on the planet!

SCOTT
Exactly. We gave him the easiest job on the planet.

Hillary has had enough.

She leaves in a huff.

INT. PRAYER ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Hillary enters what used to be her old bedroom. She is mortified to discover it has been converted into a mock prayer room.

The Book of Mormon sits on a podium in the middle of the room.

HILLARY
What the hell is all this?

She glances around at all the Mormon decor, which includes signed portraits of Joseph Smith, Mitt Romney, and Donny Osmond.

Hillary sobs, and locks herself in the closet.

INT. CLOSET - SECONDS LATER

Hillary cries as she writes her thoughts down in her journal.

An idea pops into her head, and she begins writing a song in her journal. The song is "The House That Built Me" by Miranda Lambert (in this context it's an original song.)

HILLARY

"I know they say..." What do they say? Ummm. "I know they say, you can't go home again." Good good. But I... I just... "I just had to come back one last time."

Stephen suddenly opens the closet door.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Stephen? What are you doing here?

STEPHEN

I come here every Tuesday at two o'clock.

HILLARY

Why?

Stephen blushes.

STEPHEN

No reason. Say, were you just crying in here?

HILLARY

Umm... Well, kind of, yeah.

Stephen closes the door and sits by Hillary. He notices her journal.

STEPHEN

Were you just writing a song?

HILLARY

Maybe.

STEPHEN

Hey! Songwriting! Maybe you can do that?

He picks up her journal and reads her lyrics.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

You write all of these yourself?

HILLARY

Yeah. I do. I'd hate to be one of those people that uses ghost-writers.

STEPHEN

Oh, that doesn't happen. Ghosts
aren't real!

He hands her back her journal. He opens the closet door and
the two walk out.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Look, I love Mom and Dad, but they
kind of suck. Don't let them get
you down.

Hillary smiles at her brother.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - DAYS LATER

Hillary is preparing for her next performance. Perfume, makeup, and other beauty products lie all over the bathroom.

Hillary puts on pink lipstick, and gazes at herself in the mirror. She is dressed up as Elsa from the movie *Frozen*.

She takes a deep sigh.

HILLARY

Just "Let it go. Let it go."

Her stomach rumbles viciously.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Oh dear.

She heads for the toilet.

INT. THORNTON HOME FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Rachel once again shows off her decor to her Instagram followers. She is still dressed as Morticia.

Various fake bats, spiders, and ghosts are hanging from the ceiling.

RACHEL

Don't worry, they aren't real! I promise.

She pauses for a moment.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Now, some of you may recall that last year, our theme was "Dia de los Muertos." This was where we hung our cute little paper cut-outs. However, some viewers found our portrayal of the holiday to be "culturally insensitive." And to that I say, *lo siento, te amo, and yo quiero Taco Bell*.

The phone camera turns around. Scott has been filming this entire time, dressed up as Gomez Addams.

SCOTT

Si, mi amor.

He kisses her lovingly on the arm.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Aye dios mio.

RACHEL
Now, of course, it wouldn't be Halloween without an excellent selection of candy.

Rachel reveals a giant bowl of Mormon-ized candy, including Jolly Judgement Ranchers, Seminary Snickers, Community of Christ Crunch Bars, and Latter Crisp-ay Saints M&Ms.

She takes a bite out of the Crunch Bar.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Mmm. Mmm. Now that's what I call sweet salvation.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - MINUTES LATER

A toilet flushes, and Hillary exits the bathroom. A piece of toilet paper is stuck to her heels.

MR. NORRIS, the home owner, points to her.

MR. NORRIS
Umm... Hillary?

HILLARY
Mr. Norris! Please! I'm in character! Call me Elsa!

MR. NORRIS
Okay. Elsa, you're tracking in some snow.

HILLARY
What?

Hillary looks down and sees the toilet paper attached to her heel.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
Oh, Lord. I'm sorry.

INT. NORRIS BACKYARD - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Hillary is performing for a small birthday party full of **KIDS**. None of the children are paying attention. All are glued to their smart-phones.

HILLARY

You all look so beautiful today!
It's so nice to see all of your
bright...shiny...faces.

The children don't react. Hillary looks around the yard. Other children are playing on the fort, swinging, or playing pin the tail on the donkey.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Isn't it nice to have so many fun
things to do?

TIMMY, a young boy, is blindfolded at the pin the tail on the donkey station. His MOTHER is trying to guide him.

MOTHER

Just walk straight ahead of you,
Timmy. It's easy!

Hillary continues trying to entertain the crowd.

HILLARY

Alright, enough talking. How bout a
song?

Some of the children clap.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

This is a great song for when
you're feeling down in the dumps.
Sometimes, you just have to learn
to let things go.

Hillary strums her guitar, about to sing "Let It Go."

Before she gets one word out, Timmy accidentally stabs her in the butt with the fake donkey tail.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

FFFFUUUUUHHHHH.....!!!!!!

Several parents are in shock over the sudden cursing.

INT. THORNTON HOME FRONT HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Rachel stands on a ladder as she hangs cobwebs from the ceiling. Hillary suddenly enters, slamming the front door behind her.

Hillary is still in her Elsa getup.

RACHEL
How did it go?

HILLARY
How does it look?

RACHEL
Pain in the ass?

She takes the fake donkey tail out of her bag.

HILLARY
Took me an hour to remove this
thing.

RACHEL
WHAT HAPPENED?

HILLARY
Mom... This singing thing. It
just... I really don't think it's
for me.

RACHEL
Hill, you're going to be a star one
day. I just know it! You'll be on
magazines! Talk shows! SNL!

HILLARY
Maybe that's not what I want.

RACHEL
Well, what other options do you
have?

HILLARY
To be honest, I kinda wanna try
writing songs.

Rachel laughs at this.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
I'm serious! I don't care about
fame. So what if I'm a starving
artist?

RACHEL
I think those are just called
artists, Hill.

HILLARY

Mom, I can't keep doing this. I kinda think I need to start thinking about what I want. You know... For myself.

RACHEL

And if you keep at this, you will eventually want this. All for yourself!

HILLARY

No. I... I... I have to try something new. I can't keep doing the same thing over and over. I feel like I'm not getting anywhere. Like I can't go on. Like I'm... what's that word?

Rachel observes Hillary's Elsa costume.

RACHEL

Frozen?

HILLARY

Yes! That's it!

The house phone rings as Rachel is about to hang a spider on the cobweb.

RACHEL

Oh, crap. That's *Good Housekeeping*. Hillary, would you mind setting this up for me?

HILLARY

Sure.

Rachel hands Hillary the spider as she exits.

Hillary climbs the ladder and begins decorating the web.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

She's right. I'm frozen! I'm stuck, like a fly in a... I don't know. Whatever flies get stuck in.

INT. THORNTON HOME - NIGHT - DAYS LATER

It's Halloween. The home is covered in spooky decor everywhere, and a who's who of wealthy elite are in attendance.

Rachel and Scott wear their Morticia and Gomez costumes, respectively. Hillary is dressed up as Wednesday Addams, and feels miserable.

HILLARY

This sucks.

RACHEL

That's the spirit, honey!

Hillary glares at her mother.

HILLARY

I would rather stick my tongue in a blender than be here right now.

Stephen appears, dressed as Thing. For his costume, he wears camouflage covering nothing but his left hand.

Hillary glares at him from head to toe.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you supposed to be?

STEPHEN

What? I'm just a floating hand. Nothing more! You can't see me.

HILLARY

Stephen, for the last time, camouflage doesn't turn you invisible.

STEPHEN

Then why can't you see me?

HILLARY

I CAN SEE YOU. And that's the wrong hand.

STEPHEN

What do you mean?

HILLARY

You're right handed!

STEPHEN

So?

She hands Stephen a bowl of candy, and puts it in his left hand. He immediately drops it, and the glass shatters.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Oh.

Elsewhere at the party, Rachel and Scott talk to ANDY REYNOLDS, their friend who is also a record producer. He wears a ridiculous SpongeBob costume.

ANDY REYNOLDS

Would you ever consider doing this professionally?

RACHEL

Why? Do you know who's hiring?

ANDY REYNOLDS

Yes! I am! I'm hosting my record label's Christmas party.

An idea immediately clicks in Rachel and Scott's heads. They both eye each other.

SCOTT

What's the theme?

ANDY REYNOLDS

Well, several of my employees have young children, so this year we're wanting to do something a bit more family friendly.

He smiles awkwardly.

ANDY REYNOLDS (CONT'D)

Last year's "A Christmas Stripper Story" got us kicked out of our usual spot. If you thought just getting your TONGUE stuck to a pole was bad....

RACHEL

Okay. Okay. I got it. I'd love to help decorate! Is there any particular aesthetic you're looking for?

ANDY REYNOLDS

Frozen, like the movie. My kids love that one. I think they'd really like to see that.

Rachel and Scott again glance and smile at each other.

RACHEL

That sounds great! I think we know
someone who can be your Elsa!

Andy isn't sure what they are talking about.

ANDY REYNOLDS

If y'all insist. But, I'm not sure
they make princess costumes in
Scott's size.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. REYNOLDS HOME - NIGHT - DAYS LATER

Rachel has decked out Andy's entire house in *Frozen* themed decor.

His front staircase has been decorated to look like it's made of ice.

Fake snow is blowing everywhere from machines.

Popsicles are being handed out to all incoming party guests.

Even the family dog is wearing an Elsa costume.

INT. REYNOLDS BATHROOM - THAT SAME MOMENT

Hillary argues with her mom as she prepares to go perform.

HILLARY

This is the last time I'm doing something like this.

RACHEL

You're going to love this, I promise!

HILLARY

No, Mom. I'm done.

Rachel gives Hillary a stern look.

RACHEL

Listen, I've spent a lot of time decorating for this party. Mr. Reynolds? He knows everybody! He can get you that record deal.

HILLARY

I don't want a record deal. I've been writing songs. I'd like to see where that takes me.

RACHEL

Well, it won't take you out of the house, that's for sure.

HILLARY

You don't know that.

RACHEL

Hillary... Mr. Reynolds is in good company. He's worked with everyone! Aerosmith, Dolly Parton, not to mention both Donny AND Marie.

They hear the CROWD OF CHILDREN chanting "We want Elsa! We want Elsa!."

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Time to shine.

EXT. REYNOLDS BACKYARD - NIGHT

The stage is set for Hillary to go on.

She nervously grabs her guitar.

HILLARY

Hey there, everyone! Happy Holidays!

None of the kids are paying attention.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas! Happy Hanukkah!
Happy Kwanza!

RACHEL

Oh no. This is not gonna end well.

HILLARY

Now, how many of you know my name?

A YOUNG GIRL raises her hand.

YOUNG GIRL

I know you from somewhere.

HILLARY

Well, I'm sure you've seen *Frozen*, haven't you?

YOUNG GIRL

Didn't you sing at like the mall or something?

HILLARY

No! That wasn't me! I'm Elsa, the queen of Arendelle, and I've been locked away in my ice palace for way too long!

The young girl raises her hand again.

YOUNG GIRL
I've seen both movies. Didn't all
the snow melt in the second one?

HILLARY
MOVIES ARE MADE UP!

Hillary catches her breath.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
How about we sing a song, okay? You
all probably know this one.

She strums her guitar, and sings the opening lines to "Let It
Go." Her voice cracks again.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
"The sNOWWWW GLOOOWWWS WHITE ON THE
MOUNTAAAAINNNN TONIIIGHT."

All of the children join in chanting, saying things like
"Boo" and "You Suck."

Hillary briefly runs backstage. Rachel puts on a forced
smile.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
See, they hate this! They hate me!

RACHEL
No they don't, sweetie. Now, get on
back out there! The reindeer just
arrived.

HILLARY
I'm sorry, reindeer?

Hillary heads back onstage. A hired ZOOKEEPER escorts a
reindeer behind her.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
Okay, boys and girls. We have a bit
of a surprise. Say hello to Sven
the reindeer!

Many of the children clap, excited to see the animal.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
You know, Sven and I have really
gotten to be such good friends.
(MORE)

HILLARY (CONT'D)

In fact, I kinda like reindeers more than I like people. That reminds me of a song.

Hillary begins playing "Reindeers are Better Than People." The zookeeper guides the reindeer through the crowd. The kids are loving it.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Hey! They like this!

All of the kids pet the reindeer as he walks through the crowd. Suddenly, a BIG FAT BOY accidentally sits on the reindeer's hoof.

Startled, the reindeer begins kicking and screaming. People run everywhere. The reindeer also leaves an extensive amount of "droppings" in its trail.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Sweet Jesus.

INT. REYNOLDS BACK PORCH - NIGHT - AN HOUR LATER

Hillary fights back tears as she sits on the porch. The party is still in chaos.

Rachel approaches her, with a giant smile on her face.

RACHEL

That was... AMAZING?

HILLARY

What are you talking about? This whole evening has been a disaster!

RACHEL

Look!

Rachel shows Hillary her phone. A video of her disastrous performance, pooping reindeer and all, has gone viral.

HILLARY

Why are you showing me this?

RACHEL

Ten thousand hits in one hour!

HILLARY

TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE HAVE SEEN THIS?

RACHEL

Yes! You're blowing up!

HILLARY

So?

RACHEL

So? Hillary, this could be our calling! I mean YOUR calling!

HILLARY

No. It's not.

RACHEL

Yes! It is! You've become the "Disaster Princess!"

HILLARY

Oh wow. I'm so glad I've finally made a name for myself.

RACHEL

Hill, it's perfect. I plan the parties, do all the decorating, and you perform! We'll go viral every time!

HILLARY

To quote Alanis Morissette, isn't it ironic?

RACHEL

What do you mean.

HILLARY

Well, to me, it's ironic. All you care about is making us look good, but your plan for doing that makes ME look BAD.

RACHEL

I didn't mean that. Just.. Think about it, okay?

Rachel leaves.

Hillary takes out her guitar and plays more of her original song, "The House That Built Me."

HILLARY

"I thought if I could touch this place or feel it. The brokenness inside me might start healing."

Andy approaches.

HILLARY

"If I could just come in, I swear I'll leave. Won't take nothing but a memory, from the house that built me."

ANDY REYNOLDS

Excuse me, Hillary?

HILLARY

It's fine, Mr. Reynolds. You don't have to pay me.

ANDY REYNOLDS

I'm a record producer. I don't pay people who can't sing. Except Yoko Ono. But, you know, she kind of married into the business.

HILLARY

I guess so.

ANDY REYNOLDS

So, what song were you just singing? Not sure I've heard that one.

HILLARY

It's an original. "The House That Built Me." Kind of inspired by, I don't know... personal experience.

ANDY REYNOLDS

I like it.

HILLARY

Thanks.

ANDY REYNOLDS

Play a little more, will you?

HILLARY

Umm.. Okay, sure.

She continues playing.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

"You leave home, you move on and you do the best you can. I got lost in this whole world, and forgot who I am."

ANDY REYNOLDS

I'd like to offer you a job.

HILLARY

I'm sorry. What?

ANDY REYNOLDS

A job. I've got singers. You've got lyrics. Good lyrics too, mind you.

HILLARY

Yeah, but, I don't know. My Mom really wants me to be a "famous face" or something like that.

ANDY REYNOLDS

Who cares if they can't see your face? Have you ever seen *The Wizard of Oz*?

HILLARY

Of course! Who hasn't.

ANDY REYNOLDS

Yeah well, there's a line in that movie. "Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain." Well, that's stupid if you ask me. Sometimes it's the people you can't see who really pull all the strings.

HILLARY

Mr. Reynolds, I appreciate this, but it's all so sudden.

ANDY REYNOLDS

I understand. Give me a call by Monday. Let me know if you're interested.

Andy walks away.

Hillary is stunned.

HILLARY

Opportunity knocks, I guess.

She hears Rachel shouting from inside.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Oh my God! Donny Osmond just liked the video!

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. COLORFUL STAGE - DAY

A studio audience claps as the curtain rises. The stage resembles that of variety shows such as *The Brady Bunch Variety Hour* and *The Donny & Marie Show*.

Stephen and Hillary enter on roller skates, wearing big puffy shirts and cowboy hats. "Family Tradition" by Hank Williams Jr. begins to play.

STEPHEN

Hey there, gang. Welcome to tonight's show!

HILLARY

We've got a zip-zapping zinger of a lineup. Tonight's special guest is here to promote their brand new CD, "An Unlikely Mormon: The Conversion Story of Glenn Beck."

STEPHEN

Hillary, are you telling me that the one and only Glenn Beck is visiting our neck of the woods?

HILLARY

The one and only!

STEPHEN

Say, Hill, you don't look so good. Is something on your mind?

HILLARY

Well, Stephen, I really want to start writing my own songs, but Mom and Dad want me to try to be famous.

STEPHEN

Say, that reminds me of a little ditty.

They start duetting on "Family Tradition."

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

"Country music singers have always been a real close family."

HILLARY

"But lately, some of my kinfolks have disowned a few others and me. I guess it's because I kind of changed my direction."

BOTH

"Lord, I guess I went and broke their family tradition."

STEPHEN

I hear ya, Hill. Sometimes Mom and Dad can be a real pain in the patootie. Seriously, I have one drunken ski accident and they ask me...

Stephen continues to sing.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

"Why do you drink? Why do you roll smoke?"

HILLARY

And when I say I love writing songs, they ask "why must you live out the songs that you wrote?" So I just tell them "stop and think it over, try to put yourself in my unique position."

STEPHEN

"If I get stoned, and sing all night long, it's a..."

BOTH

"Family tradition!"