

BOTTOMS UP

PILOT

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"To alcohol! The cause of - and
solution to - all of life's problems."

- Homer Simpson

INT. MCGREGOR'S PUB - NIGHT

A traditional pub in every way: dark wood worn in all the right places, sawdust on the floor, laughter and conversation swirl amidst some crackling JAZZ MUSIC while a handful of tipsy CUSTOMERS mingle and drink.

DRUNK MAN

This government's ridiculous!

DRUNK WOMAN

The president's what's ridiculous!

DRUNK MAN

Trying to control the borders,
refusing basic rights to women, now
this? This?? Moronic is what he is!

DRUNK WOMAN

He won't last long. Not after this.

Taking it all in is AIDEN MCGREGOR (24), with greased hair, sharp vest and a nervous grin as he works the bar. You could call him handsome if not for his seemingly broken nose and matching black eyes.

AIDEN

(to no one in particular)

This is bad. This is really bad.

Aiden's sister, BREE MCGREGOR (22), shaggy brown hair tied up in a messy bun, a loose dress and maybe a little bit buzzed, lands at the bar with an empty tray.

BREE

This is the busiest we've been in
months!

AIDEN

It's not enough.

BREE

Well, now you're just being greedy.

AIDEN

All's I'm saying is if this is the
reward, it wasn't worth the risk.

BREE

It wasn't that risky.

AIDEN

Look at my face!

BREE

Alright, no need to get hysterical.

AIDEN

Oh, we're way past hysterical, Bree. Do you realize how many laws we've broken? Or how many people want to kill me? The answer to both is way more than it should be!

BREE

You need to relax. Have a drink or something. You're stressing me out.

KIERNAN (O.C.)

Aiden! There's a bunch'a fellas at the door wanting to get in!

KIERNAN O'CONNOR (30), with a thick Irish accent and arms dotted with crudely drawn tattoos, calls out from the front door -- sealed shut with multiple crooked planks of wood.

BREE

See? Maybe it was worth the risk after all, huh?

AIDEN

(Ignoring Bree)

Tell'em to come in 'round back.

KIERNAN

Did that, didn't I? They keep bloody knocking.

Now's when we notice: all the windows are boarded up too.

BREE

Maybe we should just let'em in through the front? Perhaps? Maybe that might help business? Possibly?

AIDEN

It'll also help us get busted.

BANG-BANG-BANG! Kiernan cups his hands to the door.

KIERNAN

Go 'round back, you daft langers!

CRASH! A loud whistle BLARES as the door's kicked in, allowing a stream of UNIFORMED OFFICERS into the pub.

OFFICER 1

Freeze! Nobody move!

DRUNK MAN
Scatter! It's the cops!

The drunken customers do their best to make for the exit, stumbling into each other and toppling tables as they move.

AIDEN
No-no-no-no-no! Bree, help me!

Aiden scrambles behind the bar, grabbing as many whiskey bottles as he can. Bree moves quick, knocking back a shot of booze before turning to make an escape -- without him.

BREE
Sorry, not worth the risk!

She vanishes into the chaos as Kiernan army-crawls along the messy floor, dodging a flurry of falling glassware when OFFICER 2 drags him back into the mess by his flailing leg.

KIERNAN
Oi! Get your ruddy hands off me! I don't even work here! I said OI!

Bree pushes aside the fleeing customers, aggressively trying to escape like some kind of George Costanza when she's snatched by OFFICERS 3 and 4.

BREE
Oh, hiya gents! Fancy a drink?

Aiden's frozen on the spot, his arms desperately clutching a few bottles of whiskey, watching as his life falls apart.

A pair of burly hands REACH IN and pull him over the bar top.

OFFICER 5
You're under arrest for violation of the National Prohibition Act!

We HOLD on Aiden's panic-stricken face as we see on screen:

January 17th, 1920 - THE DAWN OF PROHIBITION

EXT. MCGREGOR'S PUB - NEW YORK CITY - AFTERNOON

Aiden's on a short ladder, struggling to hammer a sheet of plywood over the first of his pub's three windows. His face is clean and unbeaten. Over this we see:

SUPER: TWO DAYS AGO

THWAP! He smacks his thumb with the hammer, dropping a row of nails from between his lips into a thin layer of snow.

AIDEN

Ow! Ain't that just dandy!

He takes a moment, letting out a heavy sigh. From across the street, Kiernan cheerfully trots over to join him.

KIERNAN

That wood might be bad for business, don't ya think?

AIDEN

Prohibition's bad for business. Hand me those nails, will ya?

KIERNAN

That don't start 'til midnight though, don't it?

AIDEN

What's the point? We haven't had a single customer in days.

KIERNAN

Oi! And what am I then?

AIDEN

I mean a customer who pays.

KIERNAN

Well, that's just rude, that is.

AIDEN

You gonna hand me those nails or what?

KIERNAN

No, I will not. Because it's past noon and I haven't had my morning whiskey yet. If you'll excuse me.

Kiernan heads inside. Aiden shakes his head, pissed, then climbs down, leaving the last two windows uncovered.

INT. MCGREGOR'S PUB - MORNING

Aiden enters to find Kiernan already behind the bar, pouring two glasses of fine Irish whiskey. The place looks deserted.

AIDEN

Drop the bottle, Kiernan. I can't afford to give away that booze.

KIERNAN

Well then today's your lucky day!

Kiernan pulls a crisp FIVE DOLLAR BILL from his pocket and slams it on the bar top with gusto.

AIDEN

Who'd you steal that from?

KIERNAN

Get this! I woke up at the docks this morning --

AIDEN

-Again?

KIERNAN

And some fellas there paid me to help load a bunch'a crates onto a truck! No questions asked.

AIDEN

What was in the crates?

KIERNAN

Didn't ask questions, did I? Pretty sure they was full of bottles though. Liquor, I imagine.

Kiernan drinks down his glass of whiskey with ease.

AIDEN

People're going crazy try'n to sell off all their booze before tomorrow, and these jamokes are busy bring'n more into the city?

KIERNAN

Gettin' it while it's good, I s'pose. What'll happen with all these leftovers? Oi! Let's throw a party! A proper Irish shin-dig!

Kiernan grabs another bottle from the shelf -- THIRTEEN of them is all that's left of McGregor's Irish Pub.

AIDEN

They ain't "leftovers," they're wasted. As good as dog water.

KIERNAN

How ya figure that?

AIDEN

You not paying attention? After tonight, I can't sell em, I can't drink em, I can't even carry em out to the trash.

KIERNAN

I thought only selling it's the illegal part, no?

AIDEN

It is. It all is. I don't know.

(then)

I just figured more people'd wanna get a few last drinks in before the ball drops.

KIERNAN

Like I said, ya still got time.

AIDEN

What I need is a miracle.

Just then, the door opens and in walks a group of eleven WOMEN -- like a damn miracle. Kiernan looks to the heavens.

KIERNAN

I need Lillian Gish!

He turns to the door with expectantly open arms -- no luck.

AIDEN

Welcome, ladies! Come in! You lot sure are a sight for sore eyes.

Some of the women look quite young while others appear to be old as dust. A real crow-of-a-woman, with the highest collar and tightest girdle, faces Aiden. This is FRANCES GORDON (49). She takes in her surroundings, displeased.

FRANCES

You don't get many women in this establishment, do you, Mister...

AIDEN

McGregor. Aiden McGregor. And yeah, we do actually. We've always allowed women in here. My dad used to say, "A drunk woman's dollar's twice as good as a sober man's!"

Aiden and Kiernan laugh. The women do not. Hiding amongst the scowling spinsters, Aiden notices a discreet smile on one of the younger women. Her name is GERALDINE (24), the vibrancy of her youth peeking out from beneath her Victorian attire.

FRANCES

Charming.

AIDEN

My sister even works here. Bree.
Her name is. It's Bree.
(to Kiernan)
Where is she, by the way?

KIERNAN

Probably powdering her knees for
another uptown cake-eater.

The women GASP, clutching onto their delicate sensibilities.

AIDEN

He's joking. Of course he's joking.

KIERNAN

Of course I am. She couldn't get
laid north of 23rd street.
(over further gasps)
And just saying, I think your lot
should be allowed to vote. Women,
that is. Just fair, isn't it?

FRANCES

Thank you for your... support.

KIERNAN

My pleasure.

Kiernan tries to charm her with a wink -- yeah right.

FRANCES

Must be devastating for business.
The passing of the 18th Amendment.

KIERNAN

What's that now?

FRANCES

The Volstead Act.

KIERNAN

What's she on about?

EVERYONE

Prohibition!

KIERNAN

Oh that. Why didn't you say so?

AIDEN

Yeah, well I'm sure it's gonna be devastating for a lot of folks. Whole thing's pretty senseless in my opinion.

The women slowly migrate towards the bar. Aiden notices, just for a brief second, Geraldine giving him a slight, suggestive nod. We stay with Aiden for a long moment -- something's off.

FRANCES

Senseless? Prohibiting men from drinking away their weekly pay in some dingy saloon while their wives and children are left alone and without provision? Senseless to put an end to the vehement drunkards abusing women and ruining lives?

AIDEN

Sounds bad when you say it like that.

Small beat. Geraldine catches his eye yet again and quickly looks away, almost apologetically -- what's she playing at?

KIERNAN

So I gather none of ya are thirsty for a drink then, eh?

FRANCES

Oh, we're thirsty... for JUSTICE!

As if on cue, all of the women reach deep into their dresses and pull out HATCHETS! You read that correctly, HATCHETS!

KIERNAN

Where the hell were those??

As one, the women YELL and RUN behind the bar, swinging their hatchets hard and fast. SMASH-SMASH-SMASHING every liquor bottle in sight. Geraldine hangs back.

AIDEN

What're you-- Noooooo!!!

Aiden rushes towards them as Kiernan dives away for safety.

KIERNAN

Don't kill me!

AIDEN

Stop! Stop it! Please stop!!

Frances raises her hatchet high and mighty above the very last bottle, bringing it down with a CRACK as it sinks into the wooden shelf, narrowly claiming Aiden's hand as he SNATCHES the bottle away.

AIDEN (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?!

Kiernan slowly gets to his feet, covered in glass and booze.

FRANCES

Lips that touch wine shall never touch mine!

AIDEN

We don't even serve wine!

FRANCES

Well, all the same. Still applies.

KIERNAN

I don't think anyone here's itching to kiss ya either, lassie.

FRANCES

The stroke of midnight shall make prohibition the law and with it --

AIDEN

Just get the hell out, will ya?!

The other women begin to file out. Geraldine turns to follow them, but Frances grabs her wrist, eyes narrowing.

GERALDINE

Please, Mother. Let's just go.

A stern beat as Geraldine faces her unrelenting mother. She shambles over to Aiden with conflicted purpose and whispers:

GERALDINE (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry about all this.

SMASH -- with the gentlest tap of her hatchet, she shatters the bottle clutched in Aiden's hands, spilling the last of his supply all over him and the floor. Then she leaves.

Looooong silence. Awkward. Devastating. Aiden hangs his head.

KIERNAN

Well that wasn't a miracle at all,
was it?

The door opens, and Bree enters, calling after the group of women outside.

BREE

What'd you say about my knees?
Yeah, keep walking, you grundy-face
bitches!

She lets the door close and takes in the wreckage of the pub.

BREE (CONT'D)

Whoa. What happened here?

AIDEN

Prohibition came early.

BREE

Shit, that's today? Ugh, I'm so
hung over.

AIDEN

Where've you been? You were
supposed to be here hours ago to
help me with the damn windows!

KIERNAN

And to stop those crazy hatchet
ladies from smashing up the pub!

AIDEN

Why didn't you stop them?

KIERNAN

They had hatchets!

BREE

Hatchet ladies? It's too early for
this. I need a drink.

KIERNAN

You and me both.

Bree moves behind the bar where it finally hits her.

BREE

What happened... Wait, did those
spinsters smash all our booze??

AIDEN

Now you're on the trolley!

BREE

What?! Well, let's go get them!

AIDEN

And do what? There's no point.
We're ruined. The U.S. government
has officially ruined our lives.

KIERNAN

(ala "Thanks Obama")
Thanks, Woodrow Wilson.

BREE

Screw that bunk! Let's go find
those tight-laced prudes and show
them a McGregor comeuppance!

KIERNAN

What's a McGregor comeuppance?

BREE

I don't know. Let's go throw horse
shit at them or something.

KIERNAN

I'm game for that.

AIDEN

Yeah, alright.

They grab their coats and head out to seek their revenge.