

**Blake of the Ozarks**

"Memorial Day"  
(Pilot)

written by

David Olson

314.277.9448

Los Angeles, CA

COLD OPEN

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

The lights of a pristine YACHT twinkle on the calm surface of the water. There's the soft buzz of conversation and clinking glassware from a fancy party happening on board.

A BANNER reads, 'Fundraiser for a Better Lake of the Ozarks'.

A MOTOR BOAT ominously idles towards the yacht.

EXT. YACHT - NIGHT

A tuxedo-ed party-goer, BRADLEY, 30s, tops off his flute with champagne as he chats up a beautiful woman.

BRADLEY

The Lake of the Ozarks is one of the largest man-made bodies of water in the world! It's an engineering marvel that deserves so much more than the reputation it's been saddled with by the local yahoos. People like us, we see luxury hotels and spas. But these people? They see... bait shops and outhouses. They just don't understand--

MASKED MAN (O.S.)

They understand how to crash a fancy party, that's for dang sure.

Bradley turns mid-sip to see a MASKED MAN standing on his yacht. The man is barefoot, wearing Bermuda shorts, a pirate t-shirt and a stocking over his head. FOUR OTHER MASKED MEN jump over the side of the boat behind him.

BRADLEY

What's going on here?

The Masked Man grabs the flute from Bradley and takes a sip.

MASKED MAN

What's going on is that your beer's gone a little sour there, Bradley.

The Masked Man tosses the flute onto the deck.

BRADLEY

How do you know my name?

MASKED MAN

I know more than you think I do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRADLEY

If it's money you want, take it and go.  
(removing his watch)  
This watch alone is worth ten thousa--

MASKED MAN

Woah! Easy, Brad, I don't want your gosh dang wristwatch. I got a perty sweet water resistant Timex myself.  
(eyeing Bradley)  
You heard'a Timex, Brad?

BRADLEY

Wait a minute. I know you. You're Clint Redgrove. I went to high school with you.

MASKED MAN

To be percise, you went to Freshman and two-thirds of Sophomore year with me. High school wasn't exactly my fort.

BRADLEY

You mean your *forte*.

CLINT

Tomato, potato, Brad--

The Masked Man - CLINT REDGROVE, 30s - removes the stocking.

CLINT (CONT'D)

--Tomato, potato.

BRADLEY

What do you want, Clint.

CLINT

Tell me, Bradley, where'd you purchase these fine alcoholic beverages that you and your lovely guests are imbibin' this evening?

Bradley's not sure what he's getting at.

BRADLEY

We brought it with us. From St. Louis.

CLINT

Wooh! St. Louie, eh? The big city!

BRADLEY

That's right. After high school I got the hell out of here as fast as I could.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLINT

Well, Brad, perhaps in your time away  
you've forgotten that in Benton County,  
we have a strict policy on alcohol sales.

Bradley was not aware--

CLINT (CONT'D)

Only alcohol purchased within county  
lines at licensed retailers is allowed to  
be consumed on the lake, and as of last  
week, only Thorton General Stores carry  
such a license. I believe that puts you  
in violation of said legal regulations,  
and here-as-such, I'm levying a tax.

(turning to his comrades)

Alright, boys, take it all!

Clint's men get to work hauling cases of booze off of the  
yacht. Bradley isn't scared anymore, just annoyed.

BRADLEY

Peter *Thorton* runs this charity, you  
idiot. I'm calling the cops.

Bradley pulls his cell phone out of his pocket.

CLINT

My guess is that out here in the middle  
of the lake, you're gonna have trouble  
gettin' proper cellular service.

Clint strolls over to the bar and cracks open a CAN OF BEER.

BRADLEY

Fine, we'll just radio the water patrol--

CLINT

Gol-ley! Never thought I'd be hangin' out  
on a 540 Sports Coupe Luxury Liner.  
That's fifty-four feet of fiberglass  
powered by three engines and a guy making  
ten bucks an hour asleep at the wheel.

Sure enough, the BOAT CAPTAIN is passed out at the wheel.

CLINT (CONT'D)

The engineers made sure to give you 18  
cupholders, two water heaters and even--

(with a wink)

--a little extra space in the bedroom.  
Which is why it seems odd that they'd  
leave the communications equipment so  
very vulnerable to incapacitation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Clint pulls a SCREWDRIVER out of his shorts and casually flips it in his hand.

CLINT (CONT'D)  
Somethin' an idiot might do if you ask me.

Clint takes a pull from his beer.

BRADLEY  
(smug)  
You know, it was a real shame to hear that your father passed--

This strikes a nerve in Clint.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
--since he was a living example of the sort of trash that we're trying to clean up around here.

Clint manages to keep his cool as he surveys the banner.

CLINT  
(struggling)  
"Fund-raiser for a bet-ter Lake of the Ozarks." Huh. Now how do you think you can create a 'better' Lake of the Ozarks when you don't even understand it in the first place?

BRADLEY  
Just what don't I understand, Clint?

Clint gets inches away from Bradley's face.

CLINT  
That your people, Brad, are *yacht* people. My people? We're boat people. And here on the Lake of the Ozarks, boat people rule.

Clint crushes the beer can, drops it on the deck, and hops overboard. A moment later the motor boat sputters to life.

Bradley and his guests watch Clint and his band of pirates speed off into the night.

BRADLEY  
Seriously. What an idiot.

**END COLD OPEN**

ACT ONE

EXT. LAKE OF THE OZARKS, MISSOURI - ROAD - DAY

A shiny black BMW drives down a tree-lined Ozarks road.

EXT. THE COFFEY HUT - DAY

The BMW pulls into the gravel drive of a shack-like coffee shop beside a single THORTON FUEL PUMP.

A woman in a black pantsuit steps out of the car, her black heel landing squarely in a puddle. Frustrated, she shakes it off. She sticks the gas nozzle into the side of the car.

INT. THE COFFEY HUT - DAY

The woman in the pantsuit walks through the door. An OLD TIMER in a flannel shirt takes a break from his newspaper to inspect the stranger.

ROBERTA (O.S.)  
Well if it isn't Blake Redgrove.

The woman in the suit - BLAKE REDGROVE, early 30s - smiles.

BLAKE  
Roberta.

ROBERTA, a large, gregarious woman of 50 stands behind the counter. Blake strolls up, hands in her pockets.

ROBERTA  
What can I get the prodigal daughter upon her return?

BLAKE  
I've been driving for four hours straight. I sure could go for an iced almond milk latte if you got it.

ROBERTA  
You bet.

Roberta pours hot coffee over a glass of ice, dumps heavy cream into it and drops a handful of almonds on top. She slides it over to Blake. Blake stares at it for a beat.

BLAKE  
(being polite)  
Just the way I like it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBERTA

So how are things in the big city? Heard you're a lawyer now.

BLAKE

Well, the world of the law is a complicated one. A lot of different... categories... of law. And lawyering.

Roberta cocks her head. Blake takes a sip from her 'latte'.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Actually that's not bad--

ROBERTA

I sure as heck was sorry to hear about your daddy. The Skipper was a good man.

BLAKE

Well, you know what they say.

ROBERTA

No. What do they say?

Blake's not sure what they say.

BLAKE

At least he died doing what he loved.

That's not what they say.

ROBERTA

Drowning?

BLAKE

Yes. I mean, well, no, I meant fishing. But, technically, yes, you're right.

ROBERTA

The Tymes had a real nice obituary.

Roberta slides THE OZARK TYMES across the counter. On the front page is a photo of a familiar yacht, with the headline: **BOOZE BANDITS STRIKE YACHT**. But Blake turns to the obits: **BOOBA 'SKIPPER' REDGROVE REMEBERANCE SET FOR MEMORIAL DAY**.

BLAKE

(reading the paper)

"Booba-" I think he meant 'Bubba' -  
"Skipper Redgrove's first love was to be on the water. His second love was to fish.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLAKE (CONT'D)

His fourth love was his wife, Joanna," -  
skipped one there - "and last but not least  
was his kids, Clinton Grouper and  
Danielle Blake Redgrove."

ROBERTA

Last but not least, I'm sure he meant.

BLAKE

No, I don't think that one was a typo.

ROBERTA

Mmm, mmm. Either way, he will be missed.

BLAKE

(far from devastated)  
Yep. I'm, you know, devastated.  
(re: the coffee and paper)  
How much do I owe you?

ROBERTA

Coffee and the paper are on the house. I  
insist. I'd give you the gas for free,  
too, but that belongs to Mr. Thorton.

Blake hands Roberta some cash.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Come to think of it, it'd probably belong  
to you if you were still together with  
his boy!

BLAKE

Peter.

ROBERTA

Peter! That's right. You two were quite  
the high school sweethearts. Fun to  
reminisce, ain't it?

Nope. But Blake forces a smile.

BLAKE

I'll see you later, Roberta.

ROBERTA

Sure! Down at the marina! For the  
Skipper's memorial!

BLAKE

It's not at the church?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

ROBERTA

Oh, heavens, no. Pastor Bill had a, well,  
*change of spirit* I s'pose you could say.

BLAKE

Again?

ROBERTA

Now he's convinced that a snappin' turtle  
he found in a storm drain is a prophet a'  
God. You ask me, after he spent last  
summer insistin' that a baby raccoon was  
the reincarnation of the Bless'ed Virgin,  
Bill just lost all credibility.

The Old Timer - PASTOR BILL - slams his mug on the table.

BILL

Praise be to his holy shell!

ROBERTA

Oh, pipe down, Bill!

BLAKE

Thanks for the coffee.

Blake heads for the door, paper under her arm and coffee in  
hand. She gives Pastor Bill a nod on the way out.

**EXT. THE COFFEY HUT - DAY**

Blake replaces the pump handle, hops over the puddle and  
climbs into the BMW. She backs right over a rock, POPPING HER  
REAR DRIVER'S SIDE TIRE. She hits the brakes and steps out.

BLAKE

Son of a--

Blake pantomimes having the slightest clue as to what to do.

ROBERTA (O.S.)

Step aside, honey. I got this.

Roberta strolls towards the car with a tire iron over her  
shoulder. Blake steps aside as Roberta takes a knee.

BLAKE

I think maybe if you use a fens...a  
fenster rod... or a jack...wrench.

ROBERTA

Just watch those heels, big city.

Blake takes a step back and lets Roberta work.

**EXT. REDGROVE MARINA - DAY**

A SIGN marks the entrance to a quaint marina: **Redgrove Marina, Est. 1962.**

Blake's BMW pulls into the lot, AN OVERSIZED TRUCK TIRE replacing the flat, noticeably wider than the other three.

Blake steps out of the car and once again... into a puddle.

BLAKE

Oh, come on.

She shakes it off again as she takes a look up at the Marina - the childhood home for which she clearly has mixed feelings.

Blake walks up to the 'house' side of the boat house with a duffel bag over her shoulder. She holds up her fist as if to knock on the door, but then goes right for the knob. Sure enough, it's unlocked.

**INT. REDGROVE MARINA - BLAKE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

The door to Blake's room creaks open. The dim lighting, wood paneled walls and mildewed carpet make this about the least comfortable bedroom one could imagine. No wonder she left.

Blake tosses her bag onto the bed, releasing a plume of dust.

On her way out, she gives a POSTER OF DOWNTOWN ST. LOUIS on the wall a double-take: The Gateway Arch rising behind a few skyscrapers invokes the promise a not-so-far-away city.

**INT. REDGROVE MARINA - BAIT SHOP - DAY**

A BELL jingles as Blake enters the bait shop. A frizzy-haired WOMAN of 60 stocks fishing lures on the wall.

WOMAN

Sorry, closed early for Memorial Day--

BLAKE

Hi, Mom.

JOANNA REDGROVE turns around. Her makeup is thick, with a bit more lipstick on her teeth than her lips. She's been crying.

JOANNA

Blake!

She gives her daughter a hug. Hard to tell who needs it more.

INT. REDGROVE MARINA - SKIPPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Joanna leads Blake into her father's office - a shrine to the life of a man who lived for the lake.

JOANNA

I was afraid you wouldn't make it, what with how busy you are in St. Louis.

BLAKE

Well, you know what they say--

Blake scans the PHOTOS of her father with his prized catches on the wall.

JOANNA

What do they say?

In the photo: The Skipper holds up a LARGEMOUTH BASS. A sliver of a YOUNG BLAKE can be seen at the edge of the frame.

BLAKE

Your Father only dies once.

JOANNA

Who says that?

BLAKE

Yeah, I don't know--

JOANNA

Well, I s'pose it's the truth. I just...  
I just miss your daddy so much!

Blake gives her mom a comforting hand to the shoulder.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Since you're here, I can give you this--

Joanna picks up a CAN O' WORMS from the clutter on the desk and hands it to Blake. Blake takes it, reluctantly.

BLAKE

Mom, you know I don't fish.

JOANNA

No! It's not actually a Can O' Worms.

BLAKE

Oh. That's a relief.

JOANNA

It's your daddy's ashes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blake YELPS, nearly dropping the can.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

He wanted his ashes to be spread across  
the lake that he loved so dearly.

Blake tries to pass the Can O' Worms back to her mother.

BLAKE

Why can't you do it?

She pushes it right back.

JOANNA

He insisted that it be one of his  
children. So I'm goin' to need you to  
take care of it at the memorial today.

BLAKE

No way. I don't go out on the water--

JOANNA

On account of your sea sickness? Well,  
fine. But you know how your brother gets  
with this sorta thing. With him it has to  
involve topless women and explosives.

BLAKE

Where is Clint, anyway?

**EXT. REDGROVE MARINA - DOCK - DAY**

Blake strolls to the end of the dock with the Can O' Worms in  
hand. A shirtless Clint hangs upside down off of the edge of  
his boat, strapping what looks like a rocket to its hull.

BLAKE

Permission to come aboard?

Clint leans up and sees his sister.

CLINT

Permission granted.

Blake stays on the dock.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Oh that's right, I nearly done forgot.  
You don't like boats. Never have.

BLAKE

Then again I've never seen one outfitted  
with Roman candles before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLINT

Figured daddy's memorial needed a little kick in the pants. Went to The Firework Emporium, up in Belleville? Snagged 'bout two dozen Saturn Missiles, handful a Terrorist Chasers and a buttload of Patriot Defenders. No big deal.

Clint punctuates his inventory with a prideful sniff.

BLAKE

Thought you might need this.

Blake hands the Can O' Worms to Clint. He tosses it aside.

CLINT

Didn't think you'd make it, what with how 'busy' you are in St. Louis. What are you tellin' momma you do these days? Provincial Attorney Major?

BLAKE

That's not a thing. But I finished law school, and that's all mom needs to know--

Blake pulls the newspaper out of her suit jacket.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Speaking of fake jobs, I read the obituary you wrote for dad. Almost error free! How is the print media business?

CLINT

Honestly I'm pro'bly gonna quit soon. It's all politics. The liberal media tryin' to silence truth sayers. But you know me, Blake. I refuse to be silenced.

BLAKE

Still sounds pretty conservative to me.  
(reading)  
'Woman No Longer in Charge of Tourism Board'. And hey! You spelled 'in' with an 'I' and an 'N'. That's an improvement.

CLINT

You know who replaced that woman, don't you? None other than Mr. Peter Thorton.

Blake takes a renewed interest in the article.

BLAKE

Peter's in town?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLINT

He's part of this 'Better Lake of the Ozarks' nonsense. He can start by high-tailin' it back to New York City--

BLAKE

(scanning the article)  
Kansas City, but close--

CLINT

You still got a thang for him, don't you? I'm a keen observer of the world, Blake. Can't nobody hide nothin' from me--

BLAKE

You have mustard on your shoulder.

Clint gives his shoulder a lick. *So I do.*

BLAKE (CONT'D)

It says here that Peter is trying "to bring sophisticated culture to the Lake while preserving its sense of tradition."  
(a beat)  
Sense spelled with a 'C'.

CLINT

Yeah, well, you can ask him all about it yourself.

BLAKE

I can't, actually. I haven't spoken to Peter since we broke up.

CLINT

Well, best get ready to break the ice 'cause him and his daddy are gonna be at the memorial, front 'n center.

BLAKE

Peter's coming here? *Today?*

CLINT

Shoot, they're probably headed over on that big-ass yacht as we speak.  
(off of Blake's face)  
What's the matter, little sister?  
Butterflies got'cher tongue?

Blake stares at the water, her sea sickness kicking in. Indeed, butterflies have got her tongue.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

INT. THORTON MANSION - BOARDROOM - DAY

RUSH THORTON, 60s, adjusts his CUFFLINKS: an 'R' and a 'T'.

RUSH

Rush Thornton's Secrets to Success.  
Chapter One.

A TAPE RECORDER runs on the long, polished oak table that fills the room.

RUSH (CONT'D)

There are three principles one must follow to succeed in business. First, you don't need a great product. You just need to have the only product--

Rush straightens his bolo tie--

RUSH (CONT'D)

Second, once you start to earn a little bit of money, you must use that money to get the rest of the money--

Rush stares out a large floor-to-ceiling window that overlooks the bustling boat traffic on the lake.

RUSH (CONT'D)

And third, you don't need a big market. You just need total control of the market you have. By any means necessary.

Rush puts on a VISOR with the THORTON LOGO on the brim.

RUSH (CONT'D)

That's it. The three secrets to success.

Rush grins a sinister grin. But it fades when he realizes he's out of things to say. He looks around the room.

RUSH (CONT'D)

Um. Chapter Two. Furnishing a boardroom--

PETER THORTON, 30s, knocks on the door and enters.

PETER

Sorry, Dad. I didn't mean to interrupt while you were working on your book.

Rush clicks the tape recorder 'off'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSH

Don't apologize, Peter. It's a sign of weakness.

PETER

Right. Sorry. I mean! Not 'sorry'. Just... I can't wait to read it. I'll take any help I can get to revitalize the local tourism industry.

RUSH

Or steer an expansion of Thorton Enterprises into Kansas City--

PETER

Dad, we've talked about this. I want to be here, at the lake. I want to do a fraction of what people like you and Skipper Redgrove have done to make it a better place.

Rush clenches his jaw.

RUSH

Skipper Redgrove, huh?

PETER

Gosh, he probably did more for the local tourism industry than anyone. His fishing excursions were legendary, he practically reinvented tubing as we know it--

RUSH

Yet he refused to see the full potential of the lake.

Rush turns back to his window. Peter lets it go.

PETER

Anyway. The yacht's fueled up. Whenever you're ready.

RUSH

I'll be right there.

Peter leaves. Rush empties his lungs as he studies the world. He picks up the tape recorder and clicks it 'on'.

RUSH (CONT'D)

(into tape recorder)

When selecting your boardroom's decor you'll want to choose furniture that compliments the existing space--



**EXT. REDGROVE MARINA - DAY**

A festive mood fills the air as dozens of sun-kissed memorial attendees swap stories and chug beers. The CASES OF BOOZE Clint stole from the yacht are open, free for the taking.

Blake has shed her suit jacket, but in a blouse and heels she still sticks out like a sore thumb amongst the shorts-and-flip-flops crowd - guys like CARLOS, 40s.

CARLOS

Sure is a shame about your Father, Blake.

Carlos hands Blake a beer in a Redgrove Marina COOZIE.

BLAKE

Well, you know what they say.

Carlos waits for it.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

That our existence is one long march towards the yawning abyss?

CARLOS

I prefer to think of it as one big cheeseburger in paradise, myself.

(moving on)

So, how's life in the big city?

BLAKE

Couldn't be better. I work at a huge law firm now--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. LAW FIRM - LOBBY - COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Men and women in expensive suits hurry through a steely corporate lobby. Blake works the lobby coffee shop as a barista. She hands an ANGRY LAWYER a drink.

ANGRY LAWYER

I said an *iced* almond milk latte!

The Angry Lawyer tosses the *hot* latte in Blake's face.

**EXT. REDGROVE MARINA - CONTINUOUS**

BLAKE

I just picked up a sweet new BMW--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY**

A SALESMAN watches Blake's hand tremble as she signs a lease.

SALESMAN  
You're sure you can afford this?

BLAKE  
Maybe I forgot to mention it, but I recently graduated from law school.

The Salesman scoffs.

SALESMAN  
Yeah, me too.

JANITOR (O.S.)  
Me too.

Blake turns to see the JANITOR pushing a mop on the showroom floor... right past the sweet new BMW.

**EXT. REDGROVE MARINA - CONTINUOUS**

BLAKE  
I'm seeing a really great guy--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Blake picks apart a dinner roll across from a GORGEOUS GUY.

BLAKE  
I wouldn't say I'm *living* in my car. I'm just "in between" apartments. But at least it's a BMW, right?

GORGEOUS GUY  
I guess so...

BLAKE  
Besides, I'm one to believe that the only thing that truly matters in life is--

GORGEOUS GUY  
Family?

BLAKE  
(mouth full of dinner roll)  
--carbs.

GORGEOUS GUY  
Oh. I'm actually Paleo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

Is that the one where you just eat steak?  
Because I could get on board--

The Gorgeous Guy swipes on his phone.

GORGEOUS GUY

Yeah, you know what? I just matched with  
the hostess over there, so I'm gonna go.

The Gorgeous Guy gets up and heads straight for the HOSTESS.

Blake stares daggers at him -- then pockets a few dinner  
rolls before slinking away.

**EXT. REDGROVE MARINA - CONTINUOUS**

BLAKE

--and next year I'm running for  
Provincial Attorney Major.

Blake hides behind another sip of her beer.

CARLOS

Wow. Good for you. It's just too bad  
you're not hanging around longer. I was  
hoping you could help me with my bar.

BLAKE

(overly eager)  
Why, are you hiring? Because I make a  
pretty solid rum and coke--

CARLOS

No, with the legal stuff! I'm opening up  
a Margaritaville in Party Cove! I was, at  
least. Before Rush Thorton got involved.

BLAKE

What do you mean? What happened?

CARLOS

Bank approved the loan, paperwork was  
squared away, but then the land...  
Thorton Enterprises sent me a letter  
claiming something called 'eminent  
domain'? Told me the land was *theirs*.

This doesn't sit right with Blake.

BLAKE

Only a government can claim eminent  
domain--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOS

Rush owns City Hall. Literally. He renamed the place Thorton City Hall.

BLAKE

Still, they would need to buy you out.

CARLOS

Believe me, they tried. Offered me half what I paid for it. Plus a case of light beer per week from the Thorton General Store that Rush wants to build there.

BLAKE

You didn't accept it, did you?

CARLOS

Hell no! Do I look like a man who drinks light beer to you?

Blake squints. *Good point.*

A HORN SOUNDS. Blake turns to see a yacht idling into the harbor - the name: **DAM CRUSHER**. Peter stands on its bow, his hair caressed by the breeze. Rush is at the wheel.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil.

Peter finishes tying a knot and jumps onto the dock. He spots Blake and smiles at her.

As Peter walks towards her, the world seems to slow down so as to appreciate his perfection, accent his attractiveness...

...until he's hit in the face with a BOTTLE ROCKET.

PETER

OW! Jesus!

BLAKE

Peter!

Blake rushes over to him. He's cupping his face.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Peter, are you okay?

PETER

Yes. Yes, I'm fine--

Clint pops up behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLINT

Hoo-wee, Pete! Lucky for you that one was a dud, otherwise you might be lookin' like Cindy Cyclops right about now.

BLAKE

Cindy *Masterson* had a degenerative ocular disease. She wasn't hit in the face with a bottle rocket by the town idiot.

PETER

Blake, I'm fine! Really. Thankfully I can still say that it's nice to see you.

BLAKE

Yeah. It's nice to see you, too.

CLINT

Well, gosh, I'll take that as my cue to finish hookin' up the subwoofers.

(aside to Blake)

How's that for an ice breaker?

Clint slaps Blake on the back and leaves. Blake and Peter share an awkward beat alone.

BLAKE

So, you're back!

PETER

So are you!

BLAKE

Yep! I mean, yeah, well, my dad's dead.

**ON THE FAR END OF THE DOCK**

Joanna stares across the water. Rush comes up from behind.

RUSH

The lady in mourning.

Joanna knew this was coming.

JOANNA

Don't bother, Rush. I ain't sellin' you the marina.

RUSH

I'm not here as a man of business. I'm here as a man paying his respects to a beloved member of the Ozarks community.

Joanna turns around, hands on her hips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOANNA

You ain't here as a 'man' at all. So don't try to pull your finely spun wool over these eyes.

RUSH

(adjusting his bolo tie)  
Very well, Joanna. I gave you a chance. If you don't want to sell me the marina, I'll have to take it by force.

JOANNA

We're the biggest marina on the lake. We've got a legacy in The Skipper. And we've got the support of our friends.

RUSH

Being the biggest marina simply means it's the most costly. And with a thirty-four percent drop in revenues last year, I'd say the water your sitting in is getting rather hot.

JOANNA

How'd you know our numbers--

RUSH

The legacy you speak of is, regretfully, resting in an urn aboard a jet ski covered with explosives--

Joanna eyes the Can O' Worms on Clint's jet ski--

RUSH (CONT'D)

And your friends can be bought and sold with a few six packs of light beer.  
(letting that sink in)  
I'll give you a week to reconsider.

Joanna storms off down the dock.

**AT THE OTHER END OF THE DOCK**

Blake and Peter chit-chat.

BLAKE

Of course I've considered starting my own firm, but like every lawyer, I struggle with that eternal debate: copyright law or civil litigation--?

This is the point at which most people's eyes have glazed over, but Peter seems genuinely interested.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PETER

If it's not too much to ask, I would love for you to look over some contracts I'm working on to partner small businesses with recreational parks. The legal jargon is like reading Greek and most of the lawyers here can barely read English.

BLAKE

I'd love to, but, um, I'm headed back up to St. Louis first thing in the morning--

Joanna tugs Blake by the shoulder.

JOANNA

Hello Peter. Excuse us for one moment.

BLAKE

Mom? What's going on?

Blake holds up a finger to Peter. *I'll be right back.* Joanna drags Blake towards the Bait Shop as another bottle rocket zips over Peter's head.

**INT. REDGROVE MARINA - BAIT SHOP - DAY**

Joanna shuffles behind the counter.

BLAKE

Where's the fire, Mom? Besides in the harbor ten minutes from now.

JOANNA

Blake, there's somethin' I need to show you. As you know, your daddy loved you--

BLAKE

Honestly? No, I didn't know that.

JOANNA

Oh, please, don't start--

BLAKE

We had a party every year to remember the day he caught George the Largemouth Bass!

Blake points to GEORGE THE LARGEMOUTH BASS, a mounted fish that's gathering cobwebs near the corner of the shop.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Dad didn't remember *my* birthday once, ever. Why do you think I started going by my middle name? Hearing him say how much he "loved the lake" was as close as--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blake fights back the tears.

JOANNA

Look. Maybe he didn't express it so good  
but he did love you. I have proof.

Joanna opens a TACKLE BOX and pulls out SKIPPER'S WILL. She hands it to Blake.

BLAKE

Dad's will?

JOANNA

Your daddy left you the marina, Blake.

Blake reads the will, stunned.

BLAKE

Why me? Why not you? Or Clint?

OUT THE WINDOW Clint jumps a jet ski outfitted with sparklers through the air.

CLINT

*Love you daddy!*

O.S., the jet ski lands in the water with a CRASH.

JOANNA

Bubba had some concerns about leaving his  
legacy in the hands of Clint.

(a beat)

And me, well, look at me. I'm too old.  
Blake, whether you like it or not,  
whether you know it or not, this place is  
your heritage. It's your *home*.

Blake doesn't want to accept it.

BLAKE

I just have too much going for me back in  
St. Louis--

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. LAW FIRM - LOBBY - COFFEE SHOP - DAY**

Blake the barista, her apron covered in coffee.

ANGRY LAWYER

Now it's too *cold!*

The Angry Lawyer tosses an iced coffee in Blake's face.



**INT. REDGROVE MARINA - CONTINUOUS**

Joanna doesn't believe Blake for a second.

JOANNA

Blake, I'm your momma. You can't lie to me. I know things haven't turned out the way you thought they would. But this here's a chance to do something *great*.

Blake stares at George the Fish--

JOANNA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If this marina is going to stay in the family, the only way for that to happen is for you take things over.

And George the Fish seems to be staring right back.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

It's the right thing to do.

BLAKE

Sorry, Mom. I just don't think I can.

A SIREN WAILS. Blake and Joanna turn their heads.

**EXT. REDGROVE MARINA - DOCK - DAY**

Blake and Joanna run down the dock. The crowd is murmuring, everyone trying to get a glimpse of what's happening.

A MISSOURI WATER PATROL BOAT idles towards the dock. SHERIFF WILCOX wields a megaphone. Standing next to him is Bradley.

SHERIFF

(through megaphone)

This is Sheriff Wilcox of the Missouri Water Patrol!

**ON CLINT'S BOAT**

Clint is in the process of lighting fuses when he spots the Sheriff. Too late. The fuses ignite.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

(through megaphone)

I have a warrant for the arrest of Clinton Redgrove!

THE FIREWORKS GO OFF IN A SPECTACULAR FASHION.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

I hope you got a permit for those fireworks, Clint!

CLINT

C'mon, Sheriff! It's my dang daddy's memorial for snappin' turtle's sake!

BRADLEY

You should've thought of that before you stole half a dozen cases of liquor from my yacht last night, you idio--

A BOTTLE ROCKET hits Bradley in the face, knocking him into the water.

CLINT

Hope that watch doesn't weight you down, Brad!

Sheriff Wilcox boards Clint's boat.

SHERIFF

I'm placin' you under arrest and impounding your boat as evidence--

Clint squirms his way free from the Sheriff, just long enough to grab the Can O' Worms.

CLINT

Blake! My sister! My blood! Honor our Father! Spread his ashes! You can do it!

Clint throws the Can O' Worms from the boat to the dock.

#### **ON THE EDGE OF THE DOCK**

Blake catches the Can O' Worms... barely.

The crowd watches as the Sheriff puts plastic-tie handcuffs on Clint and carries him to the patrol boat.

Fireworks explode everywhere. It's a disaster, albeit a colorful one. The crowd's attention turns to Blake.

PETER

You can do it, Blake. We believe in you!

Blake stares down at the Can O' Worms in her hands, and once again, her world starts to spin...

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

EXT. REDGROVE MARINA - DOCK - DAY

Blake stands on the end of the dock holding the Can O' Worms.

PETER  
Blake, are you okay?

Peter puts a hand on Blake's shoulder.

BLAKE  
I'm fine. Just a little dizzy.

PETER  
You can do this. You can spread your  
father's ashes. We can use my yacht.

The crowd gets behind her.

CARLOS  
You can do it, Blake!

ROBERTA  
Spread them ashes, Blake!

PASTOR BILL  
Praise be to his holy shell!

Blake sees her mother standing just behind Bill.

JOANNA  
Do it for the Skipper, sweetheart.

Blake takes a deep breath.

BLAKE  
No. This is for me.

Blake kicks off her heels... but hesitates to board.

PETER  
I've got you, Blake!

Peter holds out his hand. She takes it and steps on the boat.

PETER (CONT'D)  
You alright?

Blake finds her sea legs and stands up straight.

BLAKE  
Just don't go too fast--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Peter pushes the throttle. The yacht lurches forward with a growl. Blake clutches a guard rail.

Peter pulls the yacht through a clear patch of water.

Blake inches her way to the back of the yacht. She stands over the water, steadies herself and opens the Can O' Worms.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Well, daddy, you know what they say.

(not sure what they say)

I wish... I wish we could've been closer.

But I hope that wherever you are, the fishin's good.

Blake dumps the ashes into the water.

**ON THE DOCK**

The crowd cheers. Joanna wipes away a tear.

JOANNA

Bye, Skip.

**ON RUSH**

Rush removes his hat and presses it to his chest.

**ON THE BOAT**

Blake watches the ashes bob on the surface of the water.

A SCHOOL OF FISH suddenly appears, swimming through the ashes. Blake furrows her brow. *How about that.*

CLINT (O.S.)

Hey!

Blake spins around to see Clint, still handcuffed, treading water by the yacht. He's barely keeping his head above water.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Way to go, sister!

SHERIFF (O.S.)

(through megaphone)

Dang it, Clint! Get back here--

Peter gives Blake a squeeze on the shoulder.

PETER

Your dad would be proud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLAKE

Yeah. I think you're right.

The Missouri Water Patrol boat has turned around. Sheriff Wilcox leans over the side with a FISHING NET, preparing to scoop up Clint. Blake watches on, not particularly surprised.

**EXT. REDGROVE MARINA - DOCK - SUNSET**

Blake and Peter sit on the edge of the dock. Blake cracks open two cans of beer and hands one to Peter.

BLAKE

I never fished myself, but I always liked to see what he brought home. Those big old fish that he'd dragged out of the water. Fought with and won.

**INT. REDGROVE MARINA - SKIPPER'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY**

Blake clears the mountain of papers from the desk, straightens the smiling photo of Skipper on the wall.

BLAKE (V.O.)

*But I remember this one time when he'd been out on the water all day. He was so sunburned, like a roasted tomato.*

Blake stands on a chair to mount George the Largemouth Bass above the doorframe.

She stands behind the desk to admire her handywork - and George stares right back.

**EXT. REDGROVE MARINA - DOCK - SUNSET**

BLAKE

His tackle box was empty. Hadn't caught a thing. And he could see I was so disappointed.

Blake takes a swig of beer.

**INT. REDGROVE MARINA - SKIPPER'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY**

Blake makes room on the bookshelf - already full of Sportsman's Guides and ancient Outdoor magazines - for a few stacks of heavy legal textbooks.

BLAKE (V.O.)

*But my dad, he leaned in and he looked at me, the skin already peeling on his forehead, and he said, "Listen, girl-son. It's not just about catching the fish."*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Someone appears in the doorway. Blake looks up to see who it is. Carlos smiles, holds up a binder of paperwork. Blake invites him to have a seat.

**EXT. REDGROVE MARINA - DOCK - SUNSET**

Blake is caught up in the memory.

BLAKE

"It's about getting out on the water,  
casting your line, and givin' it  
everything you got."

**EXT. REDGROVE MARINA - ENTRANCE - THE NEXT DAY**

There's a freshly painted addition to the sign marking the entrance to the marina:

*Redgrove Marina, Est. 1962. + Blake Redgrove Law, Est. 2016.*

**EXT. REDGROVE MARINA - DOCK - SUNSET**

Blake inhales the lakeshore breeze. Peter can't take his eyes off of her. A romantic beat. Until--

Blake takes a sip of her beer... which turns into a chug. She crushes the empty can in her hands and burps.

Peter is... impressed?

PETER

So you still think you'll head back to  
St. Louis right away?

Blake looks down into the water below just as a familiar SCHOOL OF FISH flashes across the surface.

BLAKE

Actually? I think I might stay for a bit.

Blake and Peter swing their legs, their bare feet splashing in the water, as they enjoy what's left of the sunset.

**INT. BENTON COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT**

The inmates of the Benton County jail are all pretty tame. Mostly a drunk tank.

A guard, FRANK, 20s, leans against the outside of a cell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

So she's all, "The waterpark don't count as givin' the boy a bath!" And I'm all, listen Annabelle. It's called a wa-ter park. What do you think goes in a bath?

A beat. Clint shakes his head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Water!

Clint raises an eyebrow. Ah.

CLINT

Now, Frank, as a former pool cleaner and part-time aspiring waterpark designer, I know a thing or two about the conditions of said water in the waterparks. You said this was Hurricane Haven?

FRANK

Wet Willy's Water Wilderness.

CLINT

Hmm. Now that could be an issue. See because I was once brought in by Wet Willy himself as a, let's call it a consultant? And he simply didn't meet my standards of excellence when it came to sanitary conditions. Or water slide slipperiness, for that matter.

FRANK

Hm. Maybe I should go home and give Frankie Junior a bath after all.

CLINT

Probably wouldn't hurt--

The door at the end of the corridor opens with a METALLIC CLANK. A MAN walks down the hallway in the shadows.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Someone here?

Frank swallows hard as the mysterious figure approaches.

FRANK

Excuse me, but you need to sign in--

Rush steps out of the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I--I didn't see it was you, Mr. Thorton.  
(to Clint)  
I'll tell Annabelle you said hello.

Frank scurries off. Rush waits for the door to SLAM shut.

RUSH

Your antics nearly ruined everything.

CLINT

You pay my bail yet?

RUSH

I *paid* you to break up that fundraiser  
and not get caught.

CLINT

Thing is, I'm startin' to get antsy in  
here. And when I get ansty, I just start  
talkin' about anything that comes to  
mind, like say, I don't know, you.

Rush shifts.

CLINT (CONT'D)

And your plans to monopolize the supplies  
of the whole Lake of the Ozarks. Gas,  
food, liquor, all under the control of  
Thorton General Stores. Sounds like  
dangerous information for a distinguished  
member of the local newspaper--

RUSH

I bought the newspaper this morning.  
You're fired.

That puts Clint in his place.

CLINT

If you're not payin' my bail, why are you  
here?

RUSH

Your sister and my son were getting  
reacquainted at your father's memorial.

CLINT

I s'pose they were. What of it?

RUSH

Put an end to it.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

CLINT

Why would I do that?

RUSH

Because if you convince Peter to give up his pointless campaign to improve this god forsaken place and move back to Kansas City, I won't tear down your marina.

Clint has no choice but to consider the offer. The door at the end of the hall opens again with another METALIC CLANK.

RUSH (CONT'D)

I'll expect an update next week.

Rush strolls to the opposite end of the corridor. Clint watches through the bars as Rush vanishes into the darkness--

BLAKE (O.S.)

What's the matter?

Clint jumps, startled to see Blake standing next to Frank.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

You got cats in your stomach?

CLINT

You paid my bail?

BLAKE

Charges were dropped.

Frank fumbles with his keys as he unlocks the cell door.

FRANK

Your sister here explained to the Sheriff that in your apprehension, the officers violated state ordinance forty-two dash--  
(checking with Blake)  
Two?

Blake holds up three fingers.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Right, dash *three*. So on behalf of the Benton County Sherrif's Department, well, sorry for all the fuss, buddy.

Frank slides the cell door open.

CLINT

Aw, shucks, don't sweat it, Frank. Say, y'all still hiring?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FRANK

You betcha'.

CLINT

Then I shall drop off my resume on Monday.

**EXT. BENTON COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT**

Blake and Clint cross the parking lot towards her BMW.

CLINT

So what exactly is state ordinance one-forty-two dash three?

BLAKE

"Any fishing on the lake which results in the capture of a species under two pounds or over twenty pounds must be returned to the water."

(beat)

Sheriff Wilcox used a state licensed commercial fishing net to pull you out of the water. Technically, you qualify as 'catch and release'.

CLINT

My sister the lawyer.

Blake and Clint climb in the car and it rolls off the lot... the one oversized truck tire still in tact.

**END OF ACT THREE**

TAG

EXT. REDGROVE MARINA - DOCK - DAY

A barefoot Blake walks to the end of the dock carrying a FISHING ROD and her father's TACKLE BOX.

CLINT (O.S.)  
Heard you'll be stickin' around for a spell?

Clint naps in a row boat as it rocks gently beside the dock.

BLAKE  
Thought I'd give the lake another shot.

Blake fumbles with the rod as she tries to bait her hook.

CLINT  
You need help there, sister?

BLAKE  
Nope. I got it. I grew up in a boat house, I think I know how to bait a hook.

CLINT  
Alright. Pretend like I'm not here.

BLAKE  
I've been trying to do that for thirty two years, but so far no luck.

Blake swings the rod back and attempts to cast the line. Nothing. Clint snickers.

CLINT  
Watch out, fish! Blake Redgrove's back in town! Sound the alarm!

BLAKE  
Shut up. I'm just... my casting motion is rusty. It's all in the wrist--

CLINT  
Sure! All in the wrist. Not in the soul, not in the heart. All in the wrist. You keep tellin' yourself that, sister.

Blake tries again. She fails again.

CLINT (CONT'D)  
Swim for your lives! Blake's on the dock!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

You won't be laughing when I reel in the biggest bass you've ever seen.

Blake finally manages to get the line into the water.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

There! See? I'm a natural.

CLINT

Hey, why don't you try tellin' the fish about one of your wild n' crazy law school classes. Just get 'em to jump right out the water and kill 'emselves.

Blake's line bobs... she's got something...

BLAKE

Hey... Hey! Check it out! I got a bite!

Clint sits up in the boat...

Blake cranks the reel...

...and pulls up the empty Can O' Worms, caked in mud.

Blake frowns. Clint smirks.

CLINT

YUM-MEE! You gonna deep fry that? Or just sautee it in a pan with a little butter?

BLAKE

Shut up, Clint.

Clint tilts his hat over his eyes and goes back to napping.

But Blake tries casting her line one more time.

**END OF EPISODE**