

**THE MAYOR OF HAPPENSTANCE - TV PILOT**  
By Cindy Yantis

INT. OLD MODEL VOLVO - NIGHT

Steamed windows. Heavy breathing. In the back seat, JOY PEACOCK RYDELL, early 40's, middle-aged cute, and NICK, 40's, construction-worker hot, go at it.

Half clothed, Joy is on top. Conservative black dress cast aside. Sloppy, sweaty kisses. Seriously sexy.

JOY (V.O.)  
What am I doing?

Joy screams in neurotic climax.

Post coital exhaustion.

NICK  
I'm Nick.

JOY  
I'm a mother of two.

Nick shrugs. Pulls up his pants.

NICK  
Can I call you Mom?

JOY  
Oh, you're funny too.

NICK  
You'd be--

JOY  
This can't happen again. I mean it shouldn't have happened the first time.

NICK  
Hey, you came on to me.

JOY  
Oh, please. I'm a mother of two.

NICK  
So you say. You need to not walk around with those eyes, then.

Nick takes one more look at Joy in her compromising position. She blushes under his gaze.

NICK (CONT'D)  
What're you doing tomorrow?

JOY  
I'll be sober tomorrow.

He starts to put his shirt on, covering impeccable abs.

She attacks him for one more round.

JOY (V.O.)  
This can't ever happen again.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STANCE, CALIFORNIA - AERIAL VIEW - MORNING

A small Central Coast wine town framed by vineyards and rolling hills, that special combination of lush green and desert.

The town itself is a quaint farm town on the precipice of becoming nouveau riche.

At city limit, on roadside sign:

SIGN: WELCOME TO STANCE, POPULATION 907

BAKER JONES, 70's, the quintessential town handyman, paints over the sign so it reads "910".

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Wine-tasting rooms, antique stores, diners, five-star restaurants and the local hardware store line Main Street.

Signs of the upcoming MAYORAL ELECTION abound.

And, on the outskirts of town --

EXT. PEACOCK WINERY - CONTINUOUS

Small rows of vines line the property. Building compound includes barrel rooms and distillery, and separated by a privacy fence, the main family home and a charming guest house.

A live PEACOCK walks across the driveway, amongst a stack of empty moving boxes.

## INT. PEACOCK FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

A family on a busy morning. Joy consults the paper. Powering down oatmeal are WINNIE, her eldest daughter, 16, a bit too smoldering for her own good, and second daughter, SAMANTHA, 11, known as SMOOCH, everything about her says smart.

They're accompanied by SOPHIE PEACOCK, a well-preserved ladies-who-lunch 70's, and MARNIE PEACOCK, late 30's, Birkenstock Bohemian.

Joy tears out an entry form from the paper.

JOY

Winnie, I want you to stop by Heirloom Antiques and enter us in this drawing.

Joy fills in her name and address and hands it to Winnie.

WINNIE

Where are we going to put a grand piano?

JOY

I want Smooch to continue with her lessons.

SMOOCH

Oh mom!

JOY

Just because we had to leave ours in Pasadena...

## QUICK FLASHBACK

## EXT. PASADENA HOUSE - DAY

Quaint, polished house on charming street. Grass slightly overgrown. Joy drives away from house with girls in the old Volvo. Pulls a U-Haul trailer. Glimpse of grand piano stuck in the middle of the front door.

"BANK OWNED" sign in front yard.

## BACK TO SCENE

SMOOCH

Do I have to, Mom?

SOPHIE

I think it would be great to hear you play in this house. Grandpa would have liked that.

They all look to the URN of ashes on the mantel.

WINNIE

That's right, you wouldn't want to disappoint Grandpa, Smooch.

SMOOCH

Shut up!

Smooch can't take her eyes from the urn of her favorite person in the world. A photograph of DERMOT PEACOCK, then late 60's, eyes twinkling, sits next to it.

JOY

That's enough, Winnie. Go get your things, Girls. You don't want to be late on your first day of school.

More news that hits like a ton of bricks. The girls meander off.

MARNIE

So, where were you last night?

Joy drops a dish in the sink.

JOY

I don't know what you mean. Same place you were.

MARNIE

No, we were in the middle of a conversation and the next thing I knew you disappeared.

Joy overreacts.

JOY

It was a crowded bar, Marnie. I was mingling.

MARNIE

Not that crowded.

Joy grabs her keys.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Joy's car is double parked in front of HEIRLOOM ANTIQUES. Joy and Smooch wait inside, both in their own business.

A small group of TEENAGE BOYS gather in front of the store and look in the window. They punch each other, rooster-cocking for what's inside.

INT. HEIRLOOM ANTIQUES - CONTINUOUS

The store is stuffed with antiques and knickknacks, the main attraction being the baby grand piano in question. Three CUSTOMERS vie for the attention of SALLY STARNER, 50's, and BUZZ MICKLES, 50's, the lovable yet cantankerous owners.

At the center of the hubbub is Winnie, who is ripe and flirtacious with the boys through the window. Sally sees her.

SALLY

Say, aren't you Derm and Sophie's granddaughter?

WINNIE

Uh-huh. Winnie.

SALLY

Well, you're gorgeous. Just like your mother.

WINNIE

I look like my dad.

SALLY

What can I do you for?

WINNIE

Mom wants to register.

SALLY

Really? She does?

She catches eyes with Buzz.

WINNIE

Yeah, she wants the "lessons to continue."

She makes air quotation marks.

SALLY

Well, I think that's great.  
Perfect, actually. Don't you, Buzz?

BUZZ

Perfect.

CUSTOMER 1

What?

SALLY

Derm's daughter wants to register.

CUSTOMER 1

Makes sense.

CUSTOMER 2

I love that. A chip off the old  
block.

WINNIE

Okaaay. Weird. Where do I put  
this?

Holds up the entry form. Looks back over her shoulder at the  
cute boys.

SALLY

I'll take it, Honey. You run along  
to school.

Winnie drops it on the counter and leaves. Sally gets  
distracted with a customer, but not before she deposits Joy's  
registration.

On the counter are two BOXES. One for the piano giveaway.  
The other for OPEN ELECTION ENTRY: "Mayoral Candidates: Enter  
Here. Open Election FRIDAY sponsored by Heirloom Antiques,  
Olive Pitt Bar & Grill & Toole Hardware."

Sally drops Joy's entry form in the Mayoral Candidate box.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

A particular hunk, JAMES SANCHEZ, 19, rushes to open Winnie's  
car door. She rewards him with a coy smile.

The other boys hoot.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Winnie settles herself while James slowly closes the door.

JOY  
Come on, Winnie. Hurry up.

WINNIE  
Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god.  
He's so hot.

SMOOCH  
I'm telling Dar! I'm telling Dar  
you like someone else.

WINNIE  
What? I just said he's hot. So?

Joy drives off.

JOY  
Dar? I thought you broke up with  
him.

WINNIE  
I did.  
Not convincingly.

JOY  
Winifred. He's much too old for  
you and bad news.

WINNIE  
Whatever Mom. I said we broke up.

JOY  
Did you get the entry form in?

WINNIE  
Yeah.

JOY  
Yes.

WINNIE  
Yessss. They seemed pretty happy  
that you wanted it.

JOY  
Really? That's sweet. I love  
Sally and Buzz. You should hear  
Buzz play the piano. If we win,  
Smooch, we'll have to get him to  
teach you.