

DISTEFANO

"Pilot"

Written by

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COLD OPEN:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - MORNING

CHRIS DISTEFANO (29, CHARMING, CHARISMATIC, A BIT OF A PLAYER) IS ASLEEP IN BED, PEACEFUL, ANGELIC. IN VOICE-OVER, WE HEAR **NARRATOR CHRIS TELLING US HIS STORY.**

CHYRON: SATURDAY MORNING

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

That's me. Chris Distefano. 29 years
old. Single.

THE BEDSIDE CLOCK SAYS "11:15 A.M." HE GENTLY WAKES UP, A SMILE ALREADY ON HIS FACE.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

Look at me, waking up smiling like a
jerk. Man, Saturday mornings when
you're single are the *best*. You don't
know they're the best, of course. You
just think this is what Saturday
mornings are like. Yeah, keep smiling,
dummy. You'll find out soon enough.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

CHRIS AND HIS WING-MAN/COUSIN, **DONNIE**, (30-ISH, ALWAYS A BIT CONFUSED) ARE ON THE PROWL AT A LOCAL DIVE BAR.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

Only thing better than Saturday
mornings when you're single? Saturday
nights. This story begins on one in
particular. I was out with my cousin
Donnie, the amateur meteorologist.

DONNIE

Yo Chris, did it rain by you last night? It rained crazy hard by me.

CHRIS

I live in Bushwick, Brooklyn, Donnie. You live in Ridgewood, Queens. They're *right next to each other*. So what do you think: Did it rain by me?

DONNIE

You're forgetting about micro-climates.

CHRIS

You know, some cultures believe rain is actually God crying from having to listen to dumb conversations.

CHRIS'S EYE IS DRAWN TO A FACE IN THE CROWD THAT SEEMS TO STAND OUT FROM THE REST: THIS IS **IZZY** (PUERTO RICAN, INDEPENDENT, WITTY, WISE BEYOND HER YEARS), OUT WITH HER FRIENDS FOR THE NIGHT. CHRIS IS THUNDER-STRUCK.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Whoa. Donnie, see that girl? I got this weird feeling about her. My heart's pounding, I'm dizzy. It's like that time we rode El Diablo at Great Adventure.

DONNIE

You must really be feeling something. You peed your pants on that ride.

CHRIS

What part of "We shall never speak of
this again" didn't you understand,
Donnie?!

IZZY COMES UP TO THE BAR FOR A DRINK, NEXT TO CHRIS.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hi.

IZZY

Hi.

A BEAT AS CHRIS IS AT A TOTAL LOSS FOR WHAT TO SAY.

CHRIS

So...did it rain by you last night?

CHRIS HATES HIMSELF WITH A WHITE-HOT PASSION RIGHT NOW.
EAVESDROPPING, DONNIE STIFLES A LAUGH.

IZZY

Yes, I live around the corner, that's
how rain works.

CHRIS

Cool. Cool. I'm Chris.

IZZY

Izzy. So what's your story, Chris?

CHRIS

Hey, I'm just some idiot at a bar. But
if you give me a chance, I promise
I'll make you smile.

IZZY

(laughs)

Really? That's your pick-up line?

CHRIS

You're smiling.

IZZY

Out of pity.

CHRIS

Oh, I'll take pity. I'm half-Irish. We get girls at the beach by getting so sunburned we throw up and they take care of us. Can I buy you a drink? Hey, Tommy, what's the absolute best drink you got back there?

BARTENDER

Glen McKenna 30-year. Ninety five dollars a shot!

CHRIS

Ninety-five-- This bar sells a ninety-five dollar *glass* of scotch? You haven't had soap in the men's room since '09, but sure, let's drink what the bad guys in *Titanic* drank. OK, I guess...one of those for the lady. And a water for me. Tap water.

IZZY SMILES, LETTING CHRIS TWIST ON THE HOOK A BEAT. FINALLY:

IZZY

On second thought, I'm really more in the mood for a two-dollar, piss-warm light beer.

CHRIS

Two piss-warm light beers, please.
(then, to Izzy)

Thanks, that was cool. Tell me about
yourself. Who are you, what do you do,
what's your deepest darkest fantasy?

IZZY

Let's see. Who I am is a divorced
single mother of a five year old boy.
What I do is... divorced single mother
of a five year old boy. Slash social
worker at a homeless shelter. That's
what I do to relax. And my deepest
darkest fantasy is to get home before
eleven since that's when the sitter
has to leave. Turned on yet, Chris?

CHRIS

(grasping)

Single mom. That's hot.

IZZY

No. It's not. My life is not hot. Real
talk, Mama gets hard up sometimes. The
other day, I got turned on by that
little guy who's been on Sesame Street
forever.

CHRIS

That old guy Bob, with the sweaters?

IZZY

No, Cookie monster. Something about that eager, toothless mouth...But do I ever wish my life was different? Not even for a second. My son is my everything. This bar is full of girls looking for the same thing you're looking for. My life is a whole other ride. My life's more like...you ever ride El Diablo at Great Adventure?

CHRIS
(blown away)

Um...yeah. Wait, you rode El Diablo?

IZZY

Hell yeah, I love El Diablo!

CHRIS

I love El Diablo! I mean it's intense--

IZZY

Yeah, this is kind of embarrassing,
but when I rode it, I totally--

IZZY (CONT'D)	CHRIS
--thought I was gonna pee my	(overlapping)
pants.	--peed my pants.

CHRIS
(quickly, covering)

*Thought I was gonna pee my pants. We
said the same thing.*

SHE LAUGHS. THERE IS AN UNDENIABLE CONNECTION HERE. STILL:

IZZY

Well, thanks for the beer, Chris. Good
luck being an idiot at a bar.

CHRIS

(laughs)

You're welcome. Good luck being a mom.

A very hot mom, for the record.

IZZY LAUGHS AND CROSSES AWAY. CHRIS JOINS DONNIE, TALKING TO
SOME PERFECTLY NICE GIRLS. CHRIS JOINS THEM FOR A MOMENT. BUT
THEN... HE LOOKS BACK AT IZZY, THINKS ABOUT WHAT SHE SAID.
IZZY LOOKS AT HIM. AND IN THAT MOMENT... HE MAKES A DECISION.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

CHRIS SLEEPS, PEACEFUL AND ANGELIC. SAME SHOT AS BEFORE.

CHYRON #1: SATURDAY MORNING

CHYRON #2 (AFTER A BEAT): ...ONE YEAR LATER.

SUDDENLY, NINO JR., IZZY'S SON (6, LOVES HIS MOM, LOVES TO
TORMENT CHRIS), RUNS IN AND POUNCES ONTO THE BED, SCREAMING.
CHRIS WAKES WITH A START. IT'S 6:03 A.M. NINO CLIMBS OVER
CHRIS, STEPPING RIGHT ON CHRIS'S GROIN.

CHRIS

OWWWWW!

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

And that's how Saturday mornings start
now: Waking up at the crack o' groin.

NINO CLIMBS OVER CHRIS TO THE BED'S OTHER OCCUPANT: IZZY.

CHRIS

Nino, every single morning, you step
on m'boys. Every single morning. Can
we do something about that?

NINO JR.

Yeah, I got an idea: Move out!

IZZY

Be nice, Nino. Chris can you check on--

CHRIS

Already on it.

CHRIS GETS UP AND WE TRACK HIM ACROSS THE ROOM TO...A CRIB.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking: Chris,
this all sounds insane -- do you ever
wish your life was different?

CHRIS LOOKS DOWN INTO THE CRIB. REVEAL A 3-MONTH OLD BABY,
SASHA, AWAKE. HER FACE LIGHTS UP AT THE SIGHT OF HER DAD.

CHRIS

Morning, Sasha.

HE PICKS HER UP, AND KISSES HER, HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

Not even for a second.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. CHRIS AND IZZY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

A WARM, WELCOMING, NOT-TOO-FANCY BROOKLYN APARTMENT. CHRIS, DRESSED UP, HOLDS HIS BELOVED BABY SASHA IN HIS ARMS.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

So that's how I came to be raising a 3-month-old, and a six year old, with a woman I've only known for a year. In fact, exactly a year. Tonight's our one-year anniversary.

IZZY ENTERS, GORGEOUS IN A RED DRESS. CHRIS IS SPEECHLESS.

CHRIS
(to the baby)

Sasha, I don't know how to tell you this, but your mom is freakin' hot.
(then, concerned)

Please don't turn out that hot.

IZZY

Well, she's got a big strong daddy to chase away the bad boys.

CHRIS

Yeah, Big Strong Daddy threw his back out changing her diaper and had to lie down with the princess from *Frozen* under his lumbar spine, so...

IZZY

Big Strong Mama will help chase them. So, where is this big night out taking us?

CHRIS

I told you, it's a surprise.

IZZY

Oh, one of your surprises!
(to the baby)

Daddy is full of surprises.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK

CHRIS AND IZZY SIT ACROSS FROM IZZY'S DOCTOR.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

She's not kidding. See, Izzy and I
were really careful the night we
hooked up. So when the doctor said:

DOCTOR

You're pregnant.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

It was a bit of a surprise.

AFTER A SPEECHLESS BEAT, IZZY TURNS TO CHRIS, AND UNLOADS ON
HIM IN **SPANISH** THROUGH THE REST OF THE SCENE

CHRIS

I don't-- I don't speak Spanish--

DOCTOR

She says you're a moron who doesn't
know how to properly put on a condom.

CHRIS

Thank you doctor. That's very helpful.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

So the doctor checked my sperm count.

INSERT: SLIDE OF MILLIONS OF SPERM SWIMMING.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

Turns out I've got like ten times the swimmers of a normal man. And they can break into anything. You've heard of Ocean's Eleven? This is Distefano's Three Hundred Million. The doctor asked me if I grew up near Chernobyl. No big deal.

INT. CHRIS'S BACHELOR PAD - LATER THAT NIGHT

CHRIS AND IZZY SIT ON THE COUCH, CALMER BUT CONTEMPLATIVE.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

Anyway, I'm a good Catholic boy -- more or less. So later that night...

CHRIS

Look, I know this is all insane, but...Izzy...will you marry me?

A BEAT. SHE LOOKS AT HIM, KINDLY, SWEETLY.

IZZY

No.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

Of course she said no. She's not gonna marry some guy she barely knows!

SERIES OF PHOTOS: IZZY AND CHRIS MOVE IN TOGETHER; SET UP THE BABY ROOM; ARRIVE HOME FROM THE HOSPITAL WITH BABY SASHA.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

But we moved in together, had a baby,
and pretty much haven't gone outside
since. Until tonight.

INT. CHRIS AND IZZY'S BEDROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

IZZY PUTS ON JEWELRY. CHRIS LOOKS AT HER, PLAYFUL.

CHRIS

Who said there's a plan tonight? Maybe
we'll just be spontaneous.

IZZY

You're a parent now. Spontaneity?
That's gone. Right along with lazy
Sundays exploring an art museum.
(blank stare from Chris)
Staying up late with a 500-page novel.
(blank stare from Chris)
Or taking a dump in private.

CHRIS

Okay, I miss that one a lot.

IZZY

Now, it's our first night away from
the baby. Mama needs details: Where
are we going, who's babysitting?

CHRIS

It's a *surprise*. But I will give you
one spoiler: That dress is making me
think tonight ends with us having--

NINO JR. RUNS THROUGH THE ROOM, PLAYING A GAME ON AN IPAD.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(catching himself)

Special grown-up lie-down time. Hey,
Nino. Every time.

IZZY

Sorry, baby. I know it's been a minute
since you got special grown-up lie-
downed. But men don't understand what
having a baby does to a woman's body.
There's still a thing happening where,
when I sneeze, for a split second my
lady parts shoot to the outside.

CHRIS

Wow. That image actually settled me
down, I'm good now.

IZZY
(laughs, then)

Are you really?

ON HIS FACE, WE SEE CHRIS IS ACTUALLY SUPER PENT UP.

CUT TO:

A MICROSCOPE SLIDE OF LOTS OF SPERM, MOVING SUPER FAST.

BACK TO:

INT. CHRIS AND IZZY'S BEDROOM - BACK TO SCENE

CHRIS SHAKES IT OFF AS IZZY EXITS. NINO RE-ENTERS AND STARTS
JUMPING ON THE BED WHILE USING HIS IPAD.

CHRIS

Nino, let's not jump on the bed with
the iPad, buddy, okay?
(he keeps jumping)
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hello?

(he keeps jumping)

Nino, get down right now or I'm taking

away your iPad for the whole day.

(nothing)

I really value these talks we have.

CHRIS TAKES THE IPAD OUT OF NINO'S HANDS.

NINO JR.

MOM! YOUR BOYFRIEND TOOK AWAY MY IPAD!

IZZY ENTERS, STARTS PUTTING ON MAKE-UP IN THE MIRROR.

IZZY

Chris is right, baby. Take the hit.

AS SHE TURNS AWAY, CHRIS SMILES AT NINO: I WON.

NINO JR.

Keep smiling. Day's not over.

NINO EXITS. CHRIS TURNS TO IZZY, BROACHING A DELICATE TOPIC.

CHRIS

You know, in that situation,

"boyfriend" doesn't have the same

authoritative ring as say, "Step-dad."

IZZY

Again with this? Chris: I love you,

but I don't want to get married.

Marriage is a beautiful, wonderful

idea...that doesn't work. My parents

got married: my dad cheated. Your

parents got married: your dad cheated.

Me and Nino got married: he cheated.

(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

People say "A diamond is forever," but
in my experience, "A diamond is freak
out and pork a waitress."

CHRIS

We'd break the curse. We'd do it
right.

IZZY

Everyone thinks that. Just like
everyone who goes to Crystal Lake
thinks they're gonna have a nice
weekend in the woods. But they *all* get
murdered by a guy in a hockey mask
with a machete. *That's* marriage.

CHRIS

You're a real romantic, you know that?
I just wanna feel like we're in this.
Together. You're Super Mom, and I'm
Still-Getting-Baby-Poop-On-My-Shirt-
Collar Dad. This may sound dumb, but
sometimes I worry you don't need me.

IZZY

I don't need you.

CHRIS

I know, I'm being ridicu-- Wait, what?

IZZY

I don't need you. What? I love you.
But I don't *need* you.

(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

I spent the past 5 years proving I
don't "need" a man. And I'm proud of
that. Come on, you don't want some
girl who *needs* you, do you?
(mocking)

*"Oh Chris! I need you so bad! I'm so
small and frail and I'm pinned under
my shelf of collectible porcelain
unicorns! Rescue me, Chris!"* If I ever
become that girl, you have my
permission to pork a waitress.

CHRIS

Just to be clear, would the waitress
need me? It's nice to be needed.

SFX: DING DONG!

CHRIS (CONT'D)

That's our sitter.

INT. CHRIS AND IZZY'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CHRIS OPENS IT. IT'S HIS MOTHER, HELEN (50'S, IRISH CATHOLIC,
PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE, LOVES TROUBLE). IZZY REACTS: OH SHIT.

CHRIS

Hey, Mom!

HELEN

Happy anniversary! What a nice thing,
you two lasting a whole year!

IZZY

Awww, that was the weirdest way you
could've possibly said that.

HELEN

No, I just mean we're all waiting for the wedding. Waiting and waiting.

IZZY

No pressure! Who's "we"? Who are all these people waiting for the wedding?

HELEN

Well, me. My entire family. And, obviously, God.

IZZY

Are you saying you've spoken to God about our relationship status?

HELEN

(dead serious)

Extensively.

(then, excited, re: baby)

Ooh, can I hold my little angel?

IZZY

(holding baby, stalling)

Oh. Sure. Yup. Totally.

CHRIS

(awkward beat, then)

Izzy? Wanna give her the baby?

IZZY

Right. Yes. OK...Grandma

Helen...here...she comes...

AFTER A LONG BEAT OF NOT QUITE BEING ABLE TO GIVE HELEN THE BABY...IZZY VERRRRRY RELUCTANTLY HANDS OVER SASHA, WHO, THE MOMENT HELEN TAKES HER, BEGINS **CRYING**. (THIS CLEARLY HAPPENS *ALL THE TIME* WHEN HELEN HOLDS HER).

HELEN

Oh. Wet diaper?

IZZY

Just changed her.

HELEN

Is she hungry?

IZZY

Just fed her.

HELEN

Needs a nap?

IZZY

(kinda enjoying this)

Just woke up from one.

HELEN

Huh. I wonder what's upsetting her.

She's usually so happy with me.

IZZY

That's an interesting interpretation.

CHRIS

(cutting this off)

Well, big night, we gotta go!

CHRIS TRIES TO QUICKLY USHER IZZY OUT, BUT SHE'S STARING AT THE BABY CRYING IN HER MOTHER-IN-LAW'S ARMS. AGONY.

IZZY

Gotta hit the bathroom first.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

IN HUSHED TONES, IZZY MAKES A SECRET PHONE CALL:

IZZY
(in Spanish, subtitled)

Mom? Can you come over right now but
act like you're just dropping by? A
cold front just blew in...

INT. CHRIS AND IZZY'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

SFX: KNOCK KNOCK. IZZY OPENS THE DOOR TO REVEAL HER MOM,
LAYLA (50'S, SUPER-MOM/GRANDMA; DOESN'T SUFFER FOOLS).

IZZY
Wow, Mom! What a surprise!

LAYLA
Hi, everyone! I was in the area, so I
thought I'd come say hi. May I?

LAYLA TAKES THE BABY FROM AN IRKED HELEN. SASHA *IMMEDIATELY*
STOPS CRYING. (IT'S ALMOST MAGICAL.) **FREEZE FRAME.**

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)
That's Layla. Raised 5 kids on her
own, ran a day-care center for 10
years. She's The Baby Whisperer. I'll
never forget the first day I met her.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LAYLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

BIG FAMILY PARTY, MANY KIDS. LAYLA EXPERTLY HOLDS TWO BABIES.
CHYRON: TEN MONTHS AGO. A NERVOUS CHRIS AND IZZY ENTER AND
APPROACH LAYLA, WHO PASSES OFF THE BABIES TO A COUSIN. CHRIS
IS WEARING A TIE FOR MAYBE THE THIRD TIME IN HIS LIFE.

CHRIS
So good to meet you, Mrs. Alvarez.
CHRIS OFFERS HIS HAND FOR A HAND-SHAKE. LAYLA FROWNS.

LAYLA

No. You're family now. Come here.

LAYLA OPENS HER ARMS. CHRIS GOES TO HUG HER, BUT AWKWARDLY
KEEPS HIS BODY BACK SO IT'S NOWHERE NEAR HERS. IT'S ALL ARMS.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

Was that supposed to be a hug?

CHRIS

I'm half-Irish. We don't touch people.

LAYLA

Except when you're knocking up my
daughter.

CHRIS

Well, yeah, except then.

LAYLA

Get in here! This family *hugs*!

LAYLA BRINGS CHRIS IN FOR A BIG WARM HUG.

LAYLA (CONT'D)

I want you to know, I love my daughter
more than anything. And I already
watched her get hurt once. So...

SUDDENLY, HER EXPRESSION TURNS VERY SERIOUS AS SHE **WHISPERS**
SOMETHING IN SPANISH INTO HIS EAR. IT'S OMINOUS.

CHRIS

I don't speak Spanish, but I feel
like you just threatened bodily harm
if I ever disrespect your daughter.

LAYLA

Whaaaat?! That's crazy! We're family!

SHE AGAIN LEANS IN AND WHISPERS EVEN MORE *OMINOUS SPANISH*.

CHRIS

OK, whatever you're saying, I'm legit
terrified and I agree. Gracias.

BACK TO:

INT. CHRIS AND IZZY'S APARTMENT - BACK TO PRESENT

AS THEY WERE. LAYLA TURNS TO CHRIS WITH A COMMANDING LOOK.

LAYLA

Hi, Chris. Are you behaving?

CHRIS

Um, yes, ma'am.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

I'm honestly still terrified of her.

HELEN JEALOUSLY WATCHES THE NOW-HAPPY BABY IN LAYLA'S ARMS.

HELEN

Watch, you're not supporting her neck.

LAYLA

Sorry, what's that, Helen? I couldn't
hear you over the sound of the baby
not crying anymore.
(then, "getting idea")

Hey wait, since I'm here now, should I
stay and help with the kids?

IZZY

Great idea, Mom! Chris, should we go?

CHRIS

Izz, can I talk to you for a sec?

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A SKEPTICAL CHRIS STARES AT IZZY, WHO PLAYS INNOCENT.

CHRIS

What the hell was that?

IZZY

What was what?

CHRIS

"Wow, Mom! What a surprise!" Admit it:
You brought in a ringer.

IZZY

OK, but I had to! She scares the baby.
Your mother gives off a hypocritical,
I'm-judging-you-even-though-my-life's-
hardly-perfect vibe, and the baby
picks up on that.

CHRIS

Really? Our three month old picks up
on hypocrisy? That's pretty advanced.

IZZY

Our girl's smart. Plus, she knows a
human popsicle when she sees one.

CHRIS

My mom's not that cold.

IZZY

If someone put their tongue on that
woman, it would stick.

CHRIS

No one's putting their tongue on my mother.

IZZY

Yeah, that's part of her problem.

CHRIS

(beat, then nods)

OK, good burn, that was a solid burn.

CHRIS FIST-BUMPS IZZY, WHO LAUGHS AND SOFTENS.

IZZY

I want her to like me, Chris, I really do. I love her son. I gave her a grand-daughter. I left my job to raise said grand-daughter. What more can I do?

CHRIS

Simple. Build a time machine, marry me before getting pregnant, in a Catholic service, at the Vatican, with the Pope as officiant. Also, be a virgin.

IZZY

I may need some help on that. I'll ask your mom for God's cell number.

CHRIS LAUGHS AS IZZY CROSSES OUT. NINO JR. ENTERS.

NINO JR.

I want my iPad back, butt.

CHRIS

Did you just call me a "butt?" Not gonna happen, Nino.

NINO JR.

Really? Because it'd be a real shame
if my Mom saw this.

HE HOLDS UP A **DIAMOND RING** IN A BOX.

CHRIS

Where did you find that?

NINO JR.

Um, where you *hid it*? Duh. You know
she doesn't want to get married right?

CHRIS

It's complicated, Nino! Now gimme the--

NINO JR.

Ipad. Now.

A MOMENT OF STALEMATE, UNTIL FINALLY CHRIS RELENTS.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

NINO PLAYS ON HIS IPAD, HOPPING ON THE BED.

CHRIS

All right, gimme the ring!

NINO JR.

Right after I get a banana split.

ANOTHER STALEMATE. FINALLY:

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

NINO DOWNS A BANANA SPLIT. CHRIS WATCHES ON, FRUSTRATED.

CHRIS

OK, are we good now?

NINO JR.

Almost. Slap yourself in the face.

CHRIS

Have you ever heard of "honor," Nino?

NINO JR.

No, that doesn't *ring* a bell, Chris.

CHRIS SIGHS. THEN SLAPS HIMSELF IN THE FACE. NINO LAUGHS.

NINO JR. (CONT'D)

So great! But not as great as the
dance you're about to do for me.

CHRIS SIGHS. THEN DOES A WEIRD LITTLE DANCE. NINO LAUGHS.

NINO JR. (CONT'D)

Oh, Chris. This has been fun. Which
makes this next part even harder...

CHRIS

What do you mean?

AS IZZY CROSSES IN, NINO JR. TURNS TO HER, "INNOCENT."

NINO JR.

Hey Mom? What's this I found in
Chris's sock drawer?

IZZY LOOKS AT THE RING, AND THEN AT CHRIS. SHE LOOKS UPSET.

NINO JR. (CONT'D)

If anyone needs me, I'll be jumping on
the bed.

IPAD IN HAND, NINO JR. CROSSES OFF. AFTER A BEAT:

CHRIS

I think Nino's gonna be President some
day.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

IZZY AND CHRIS ENTER, CHRIS HOLDING THE RING. IZZY'S UPSET.
IZZY SETS THE RING BOX DOWN ON THE COUNTER.

IZZY
(re: ring)

I hope that's not for me.

CHRIS

What? Oh no, don't worry, it's for
some other girl I got pregnant.

IZZY

I'm serious. Get that thing out of my
house.

CHRIS

This "thing?" Um, this isn't the ninja
sword we didn't even *discuss* letting
me keep. It's a *diamond*. *For you*. I
know. What a dick.

IZZY

Getting divorced when you have a kid
sucks. I can't do it again. I've told
you that, over and over. But what, you
thought I'd forget all that pain if I
got mesmerized by a shiny ring?

CHRIS
(beat)

It *is* pretty shiny. Look.

CHRIS FEEBLY TRIES TO CATCH THE LIGHT WITH THE RING.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

OK, not great lighting in here, but in
the shop, it was all twinkle-y--

IZZY

How much did this ring cost?
(off his silence)

Chris, our life is on a budget. How
much of our money went into this ring
I explicitly said I do not want?

CHRIS

Five thousand dollars.

IZZY
(overlapping)

TAKE IT BACK!

CHRIS

OK. Fine. You don't want an awesome
ring that symbolizes my eternal love
for you? I'll take it back on Monday.

CHRIS TOSSES THE RING ONTO THE NEARBY COUNTER IN THE
DIRECTION OF THE RING-BOX.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

Now, I've been playing basketball
since I was four years old. High
school ball. College ball. Never in my
twenty-six years of the sport...

IN SLOW-MOTION, THE RING LANDS ON THE COUNTER, BOUNCES OFF
THE WALL, RICOCHETS OFF THE MIRROR CABINET, REBOUNDS OFF THE
TOOTH-BRUSH HOLDER, DINGS OFF THE FAUCET, INTO THE SINK...AND
DOWN THE DRAIN. A MIRACULOUS, 5-SURFACE BANK SHOT. GONE.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

...have I made a shot like that.

A BEAT AS THEY STARE AT THE DRAIN. CHRIS FINALLY SPEAKS:

CHRIS

So, big night, we should get going--

IZZY

Are you crazy? Call a plumber!

CHRIS
(realizing)

I can take the sink apart and get it!
See, this is why you *do* need me: It's
good to have a man around the house.

IZZY

Um, that *man* literally just threw five
thousand dollars down the drain! We're
not going out till you get that ring.

CHRIS

Done. Five minutes, tops. I'll snake
the drain out, too, it's kinda slow.

IZZY EXITS. CHRIS TAKES A LONG LOOK AT THE SINK. BEAT:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Yeah, no idea how to do *any* of that.

CHRIS QUICKLY DIALS HIS PHONE.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

Whenever I get into a jam, there's
someone I can always count on...

CHRIS

Hey, what are you doing right now?

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

CHRIS OPENS THE DOOR TO REVEAL **TONY DISTEFANO** (50'S,
CHARISMATIC, AN EX-BAD-BOY BUT DEVOTED GRANDPA).

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

My dad.

TONY

Hey everybody! I was in the area, so I
just dropped in unexpectedly!

FREEZE FRAME ON TONY.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

My parents split up when I was one,
but my dad was always there for me.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - FLASHBACK

TITLE: 1992

YOUNGER TONY AND **5-YEAR-OLD CHRIS** WALK DOWN THE STREET. TONY
AND CHRIS STOP AT "*OFF THE TRACK BETTING*" (AN OTB-TYPE PLACE
FOR GAMBLING ADDICTS TO BET ON HORSES REMOTELY). A FEW
DEADBEAT GAMBLERS SMOKE OUT FRONT.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

On weekends, he would always take me
someplace... educational.

TONY

Chrissy, today we're gonna go watch some horsies run around in a circle, and if the one Daddy picks comes in first? You get ice cream, I get ice cream, and the nice fellas who came by Daddy's house last night with the Louisville Sluggers? They get a *lot* of ice cream. But if *Mommy* asks, where did I bring you today?

YOUNG CHRIS

The zoo.

TONY

Right, because what are you not?

YOUNG CHRIS

A rat.

TONY

That's my boy! No rats in this family! Well, except my cousin Richie.

YOUNG CHRIS

I've never met cousin Richie.

TONY

You're not gonna, kid.

TONY AND CHRIS ENTER THE OTB.

BACK TO:

INT. CHRIS AND IZZY'S APARTMENT - BACK TO PRESENT

AS THEY WERE. IZZY WATCHES ON, NOT BUYING ANY OF IT.

TONY

Hi Layla, Izzy. Nice to see you,
Helen. Very nice.

TONY SMILES AT HIS EX, WHO SIGHS. LAYLA SMILES ON, AMUSED.

CHRIS

Dad, I'm working on the sink. Wanna
chat as I finish that up, by myself?

TONY

Sure, I'll watch from the sidelines.
Proud of you for being so handy, son.

AS THEY CROSS OUT, IZZY LEANS IN TO CHRIS, AMUSED.

IZZY

Hey, Mr. Manly Sink Man? Who brought
in a ringer now. A literal *ring*-er.
Ooh, nailed that!

CHRIS

No idea what you're talking about. He
just stopped by, I'm almost done.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CHRIS STANDS BY AN INTACT SINK AND AN UNUSED TOOLBOX.

CHRIS

I couldn't even get started. I tried
to take apart the curvy pipe thingy
and look at my pinky nail. It stings.

TONY

Don't worry, I got this.
(as he grabs a wrench)

So what, you're gonna propose tonight?

CHRIS

It's complicated. Izzy's been down
that aisle before, ya know?

TONY

Yeah, with a guy who's dumber than
this wrench. But you, you're a doctor!

CHRIS

For the millionth time, Dad, I'm not a
doctor. I'm a physical therapist.

TONY

Close enough. So get this, my doc
thinks I might have diabetrees.

FREEZE-FRAME.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)Q

As my Dad's gotten older, he's started
adding extra "R's" to words. He has no
idea he's doing it.

UN-FREEZE.

TONY

Gimme a second opinion: Is he right?

CHRIS

How would I know? I don't have like, a
good calf stretch that lowers your
blood-sugar levels. Trust your doctor!

TONY

Fine, I'll just Google my symptoms,
see what comes up.

CHRIS

Yeah Dad, Google has a lot of good
scientific information.

INT. CHRIS AND IZZY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

HELEN JEALOUSLY WATCHES LAYLA SINGING TO THE BABY.

LAYLA

*Qué linda manita la que tengo yo /
Qué linda, qué bella / Que Dios me la
dió.*

THE BABY FALLS BLISSFULLY ASLEEP. HELEN STARTS TO SING:

HELEN

Oh Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes ar--

THE BABY BEGINS WAILING AT THE EXACT *INSTANT* HELEN STARTS
SINGING (WHATEVER YOU'RE PICTURING, A BIT SOONER THAN THAT.)
LAYLA STIFLES A LAUGH AS IZZY POKES HER HEAD IN.

IZZY

Mom, can I talk to you a sec?

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

IZZY IS TELLING LAYLA ABOUT THE NIGHT, ASKING FOR ADVICE.

IZZY

...and so then I said, I don't want to
get married, period.

LAYLA

Wait, you called him a "period?"

IZZY

No like, "And that's final." But like
a period, this question is monthly and
annoying. He just won't listen.

LAYLA

That's just like a man. They want to own you, brand you, like *cattle*. Then, once you're trapped in their pen, they wanna go lasso *new* cattle. Younger and hotter, with perkier udders. Men think they're cowboys, but they're just selfish, lying children who destroy everything they touch.

IZZY

OK, gettin' a little intense, Ma.

LAYLA

No, I like Chris, he's nice, but there's a one hundred percent chance he'll cheat on you and ruin your life.

IZZY

Chris is a good guy. I trust him. And FYI, my udders are still plenty perky!

LAYLA HUGS IZZY SUPER TIGHTLY. IZZY LOOKS A BIT SUFFOCATED.

LAYLA

And when it all spirals to Hell, move in with me. You'll always have *me*.

IZZY

(beat, from within the hug)

This feels healthy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

TONY, A BIT SOAKED FROM THE SINK HE CLEARLY HASN'T FIXED, WANDERS IN, TWIRLING A WRENCH. HELEN JUGGLES A FUSSY BABY.

TONY

So, Helen. Seein' anybody these days?

HELEN

Not really your business, is it, Tony?

TONY

Guess not. FYI, I'm not seein' anyone.
Still single. After you, I never could
seem to find that special someone...

HELEN

And isn't she a lucky woman?

TONY

Ha, see, I like that. You were always
funny. We had some laughs, didn't we?

HELEN

Not "laughs," so much as "long
sleepless nights in bed alone,
wondering if you'd been shot."

EXASPERATED, CHRIS ENTERS FROM THE BATHROOM.

CHRIS

Dad, kind of on a clock in here!

TONY

Nice to see you, Helen. Very nice.

TONY TWIRLS HIS WRENCH, DROPS IT, PICKS IT UP, AND TRIES TO
LOOK COOL AS HE EXITS. CHRIS IS ABOUT TO FOLLOW BUT THERE'S A
KNOCK AT THE DOOR. CHRIS OPENS IT AND THERE'S NINO SR. (A
LOVABLE SCREW-UP WHO FANCIES HIMSELF CHRIS'S NEMESIS).

CHRIS

Nino, what are you doing here?

NINO SR.

We need to talk, guy. In private.

CHRIS SIGHS AS NINO LEADS HIM OUT INTO THE HALL.

NARRATOR CHRIS (V.O.)

Nino Senior: Loving dad, bit of a
doof. Even though he and Izzy divorced
years ago, he thinks he's my nemesis.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

CHRIS AND NINO STEP OUT IN THE HALLWAY TO TALK PRIVATELY.

NINO SR.

So...my son tells me you wanna marry
my wife.

CHRIS

Ex-wife, Nino. She doesn't love you
anymore. One sign of that - and
granted, it's subtle -- is that she
divorced you a half decade ago.

NINO SR.

Oh yeah? Then how come she's still
sending me sexy pics?

NINO HOLDS UP A PHOTO OF IZZY (WE DON'T SEE IT).

NINO SR. (CONT'D)

That's right. She sent that to me not
too long ago. Not too long at all.
(then, whispering)

I'm in your head, bro.

CHRIS SIGHS. THIS KIND OF THING OBVIOUSLY HAPPENS A LOT.

CHRIS

How come the date on this "sexy photo"
of Izzy in a modest bathing suit at
the beach says "July 5th, 2011."

WE SEE AN INNOCUOUS PHOTO OF IZZY IN A NOT-VERY-REVEALING
BATHING SUIT AT THE BEACH. SURE ENOUGH, THE TIME-STAMPED DATE
IN THE UPPER RIGHT CORNER READS, "JULY 5TH, 2011."

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Buddy, this is from six years ago. You
gotta crop out the date next time.

NINO SR.

Got me on a technicality. But listen
up, Macklemore, and listen good.
(then, caving)

Please don't do this, Chrissy. Don't
marry Izzy. Marry some other girl. The
fact that I was once married to a girl
like Izzy... that's all I got.

CHRIS

Actually, you're in luck. She's not
interested in marrying me.

NINO SR.

Oh thank God. Great news. If you had
been to our wedding, you'd understand.
It was beautiful. Best day of my life.
We had a string quartet. We released
doves, Chris. *Doves.*

NINO EXITS AS WE HOLD ON CHRIS: THIS GOT UNDER HIS SKIN.

INT. CHRIS AND IZZY'S BEDROOM

IZZY, SOFTER, IS FINISHING GETTING READY. CHRIS ENTERS, HOT.

IZZY

Hey. Listen, I don't care whether you
can take apart a sink. Let's just
forget all that and go have a nice--

CHRIS
(blurting)

It's not fair that *Nino* got to marry
you and nobody else does! Doves?! You
released doves with that clown?!

IZZY

Whoa. First off, they were *pigeons*.
Nino tried to convince me they were
Guatemalan Mourning Doves. No. They
were pigeons he and his buddies caught
because he blew the dove money at the
strip club. And then the pigeons
proceeded to crap all over our priest.
Which brings me back to my previous
point: I don't want to get married.

CHRIS

Well, I do. With doves. A freakin' ton
of legit, white doves, and a string
quintet, and my mom will want to sing,
that'll be an argument--

IZZY

Do you know what happens to people
when they get married? They stop
listening to each other. Look at us!
It's already happening! No matter how
many times I say it you don't listen:
I don't want to get married.

CHRIS

So we're just dating? Keepin' it
casual, changing diapers? Super chill?

IZZY

You being jealous of another man's
pigeons isn't a good enough reason to
get married!

CHRIS

And you being scared of getting hurt
again isn't a good enough reason to
not get married.

IZZY

Against all odds, we are doing *just*
fine. Why mess with that?

CHRIS

See, I have this crazy notion we could
be better than "just fine."

IZZY

(getting upset)

We're just two people who hooked up
one night!

(MORE)

IZZY (CONT'D)

We had *no idea* what we were getting into! We're totally different, our families are totally different.

Honestly: Would we even be together today if it weren't for Sasha?
(off Chris's silence)

That's why it makes sense to just leave things as they are.
(then, calmer)

Look, it's our anniversary. And we have Earth's most precious natural resource: Babysitting. Can we please just go to dinner?

CHRIS

No. Forget it, I'm not going.

IZZY

Seriously?

CHRIS

Why should I celebrate our first anniversary when I don't know if there's gonna be a second? Or a third or a tenth or a fiftieth?

TONY ENTERS, PROUDLY HOLDING THE RING.

TONY

I got it! No, *Chrissy* got it. I watched him work. Nice job, son.
(then excited, offering ring)

So...is this the big moment?

CHRIS AND IZZY SHARE A TENSE LOOK. IZZY CROSSES OUT.

INT. CHRIS AND IZZY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

HELEN AGAIN TRIES TO SING AN IRISH LULLABY TO THE UPSET BABY.

HELEN

*And I will rest in peace until you
come to me...*

THE BABY IS CRYING, HARD. HELEN SIGHS, CHECKS THAT LAYLA IS OUT OF EARSHOT IN THE KITCHEN, AND BEGINS QUIETLY SINGING LAYLA'S SPANISH LULLABY TO THE BABY...

HELEN (CONT'D)

*Qué linda manita la que tengo yo /
Qué linda, qué bella...*

AND A MIRACLE HAPPENS...SASHA FALLS ASLEEP IN HELEN'S ARMS.

HELEN (CONT'D)
(whispers, proud)

Layla, look! I did it! She's--

BEFORE LAYLA CAN TURN AROUND, IZZY STOMPS THROUGH...

IZZY
(super fast, not stopping)

Going-out-need-a-minute-alone-good-
luck-call-me-if-anyone-dies!

AND QUICKLY OUT THE DOOR, WHICH SLAMS BEHIND HER. THE BABY WAKES UP, LOOKS AT GRANDMA HELEN...AND BURSTS INTO TEARS.

LAYLA

Baby's still crying, huh?

HELEN

No, she was...for a second...
(starts to cry, too)

My grand-daughter hates me!

LAYLA TAKES THE BABY, PUTS HER ON A PLAY MAT, AND OPENS HER NURTURING ARMS FOR HELEN, WHO IS RELUCTANT FOR A BEAT...AND THEN HUGS LAYLA. IRISH-STYLE. ALL ARMS, BODY AWAY FROM BODY.

LAYLA
(re: lame hug)

So this is where he gets it.
(then)

Get in here. This family *hugs*.

LAYLA SQUEEZES HELEN CLOSE. HELEN IS TAKEN ABACK...BUT THEN LEANS INTO IT. IT'S KINDA NICE.

INT. BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

A STRICKEN CHRIS SITS ON THE BED WITH HIS DAD.

CHRIS

I can't do it, Dad. I thought I could,
but I can't. Maybe she's right. Maybe
we're too different. Maybe we should
just break up and be co-parents. Like
you and mom. You guys made that work.
I mean, I turned out okay, right?

TONY
(smiles gently, then:)

No. You didn't. You're a dummy.

CHRIS

What?

TONY

I'm gonna let you in on a little
secret. It's about me and your mom.

CHRIS

You're still in love with her.

TONY

I know I may seem like a ladies man--

CHRIS

You're still in love with her.

TONY

--never getting tied down to anybody--

CHRIS

You're still in love with her.

TONY

Good as I am at hiding it, deep down--

CHRIS

Dad. You're still in love with Mom.

I've known my whole life.

TONY

You could tell? Boy, you should work for the Feds, you're good. Anyway, I never wanted to get divorced. But she made me choose: quit gambling or move out. Now, I have a disease called gambling addiction, so that's what I chose. And I've regretted it every day since. I look at you, and I see myself thirty years ago. You have found a woman who is wise, who is kind, who's got a very nice figure, no disrespect, who's a little bit crazy, but come on, we like that, right?

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

And all she's asking is that you *don't* put a ring on her finger? And you can't even do that? Like I said, you're a dummy.

CHRIS

Dad, it's a complicated situation.

TONY

No, it's not. When it's a girl who challenges you to be better, to evolve? You shut up and do it. Finding a girl like that? That's not "a complicated situation." That's destiny. No: that's serendripity.

CHRIS

(about to correct him)

No, Dad, you're adding an-
(beat, smiles)

You know what? It's serendripitous I got you as a dad.

TONY

(smiles, touched, then:)

Love makes no sense. I mean, not one bit. And sometimes it feels like a total long-shot. But buddy, it's the only bet that ever pays off.

TONY PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HIS SON.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

IZZY SITS ALONE, FEELING LOST. AFTER A BEAT, SHE LOOKS UP TO SEE CHRIS APPROACHING. THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN BASICALLY THE SAME SPOTS AS THE NIGHT THEY MET A YEAR AGO.

CHRIS

Hi, I'm Chris.

IZZY LOOKS AT HIM, UNSURE WHAT TO SAY. THEN:

IZZY

Izzy.
(beat)

What's your story, Chris?

CHRIS

Hey, I'm just some idiot at a bar. But
if you give me a chance, I promise
I'll make you smile.

IZZY
(can't help but smile)

Really? That's your pick-up line?

CHRIS

You're smiling.

IZZY

Out of pity. Aren't you gonna buy me a
drink?

THE BARTENDER APPROACHES, SETS DOWN A DRINK.

BARTENDER

Glen McKenna 30-year for the lady.

IZZY SMILES, IMPRESSED.

CHRIS

And to answer your question...no. We wouldn't be together today if it weren't for Sasha. We've got nothing in common. Our blended family doesn't blend. It's nothing but red flags as far as the eyes can see.

IZZY IS TAKEN ABACK BY THIS HONESTY. BUT CHRIS CONTINUES:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

So thank God for Sasha. Because without her, I'd be without you, living a life that makes sense but means nothing. I'd just be some idiot at a bar. You made me better.

IZZY
(beat, then)

You made me smile.

CHRIS

If you let me, I'll make it my life's mission to keep doing that. With or without a ring.

IZZY'S EYES WELL UP WITH TEARS. SHE KISSES HIM.

IZZY

Happy anniversary, Chris.

CHRIS

Happy anniversary, Izzy.

IZZY TAKES A SIP, WOW, GIVES IT TO CHRIS. HE SIPS: AMAZING.

IZZY

Juuust a bit better than the piss-warm
light beers you bought me last year.

CHRIS
(to bartender)

Two more Glen McKennas, good sir!

IZZY

Two kids, one paycheck.

CHRIS

Two piss-warm light beers, good sir!

IZZY

I'm sorry we missed the big night out
you planned, baby.

CHRIS

Well, it's getting late, but...there
is one part we didn't miss.

IZZY

Special grown-up lie down time?

CHRIS
(too excited, blurts)

Wait, that's back on the menu?!

QUICK CUT TO:

MICROSCOPE SLIDE OF MANY SPERM, MOVING SUPER FAST.

BACK TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT - BACK TO SCENE

IZZY CALMLY PUTS HER HAND ON CHRIS'S SHOULDER.

IZZY

Finish your thought, baby.

CHRIS

Sorry. See, I've been searching for the right words to describe this past year -- the fastest, craziest, best year of my life. The right words to describe how you make me feel. But I'm no good with words. Then, it hit me...

EXT. GREAT ADVENTURE - NIGHT

IZZY AND CHRIS ON THE "*EL DIABLO*" COASTER. THEY'RE THE ONLY RIDERS ON IT (CHRIS HAS ARRANGED THIS). IZZY IS AMAZED.

IZZY

El Diablo! Chris, you're insane!

CHRIS

This is how you make me feel, baby.

IZZY

Like peeing your pants?

CHRIS

Occasionally.

CHRIS SMILES. THE COASTER STARTS. IZZY GRABS CHRIS'S ARM.

IZZY

This is gonna be scary. Can I hold onto you?

CHRIS

Always.

THEY KISS, AND THEY'RE OFF ON THE GREATEST OF ADVENTURES. TOGETHER.

END OF ACT TWO.

TAG

EXT. GREAT ADVENTURE - NIGHT

THE ROLLER COASTER PULLS TO A STOP, WITH A VERY DISHEVELED-LOOKING CHRIS AND IZZY. THEY SIGH AND SMILE AT EACH OTHER.

IZZY

Wow...who knew?

IZZY NOTICES HER UNBUTTONED SHIRT, BUTTONS IT UP.

CHRIS

Special grown-up lie down time...on a
roller-coaster.

IZZY

Kind of the best thing ever?

CHRIS

Um, hell yes.

IZZY

Think the dude who runs the ride saw
that?

CHRIS

Don't know how he could've missed it.

IZZY

(long beat, then)

Wanna go again?

CHRIS

Yup.

CHRIS SIGNALS TO THE OFF-SCREEN CONTROL PANEL GUY. THEY KISS
AS THE ROLLER COASTER PULLS OUT FOR ANOTHER RIDE.

END OF SHOW.