

SINGLE PARENTS

TELEPLAY by

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STORY by

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INT. FIRST GRADE CLASSROOM. MORNING.

A cute public school on the east side of LA. It's first day chaos as parents settle their kids in, unpacking backpacks, giving goodbye hugs, etc.

Among them is WILL COOPER, (30s, big heart, terrible sweatshirt) and his daughter, SOPHIE (7-8) at her desk.

WILL

So you're the only new kid. Big deal. You're gonna crush first grade, Soph!

SOPHIE

Thanks, Dad.

WILL

And just in case you do get nervous, I got you this.
(hands her a necklace)
A magical amulet. Nothing bad can happen when you got this guy on.
(wizard voice)
Careful. Ooo. Don't let the magic out...

He hands her a necklace. Sophie looks at it, doubtful.

SOPHIE

Did you make this out of post-its?

WILL

(wizard voice)
... No.

The "amulet" is definitely made out of folded post-its. She gently hands it back to him.

SOPHIE

Dad? It's going to be way worse for me if I'm wearing Post-It's around my neck. You understand that, right? I'm good on my own.

WILL

(surprised, scared)
You're good on your own?

SOPHIE

Yeah, Dad. See you at pick up.

He nods, kisses her, and exits frame.

WILL (O.S.)
(quietly singing Moana)
*I've been staring at the edge of
the water...*

Sophie turns to see Will crouching behind her chair.

SOPHIE
Are you whisper-singing Moana?!

WILL
It calms you down!
(off her look)
My mistake. You got this.

Will turns to find a RANDOM ANXIOUS KID behind him.

RANDOM ANXIOUS KID
I'll take some Moana if you're
giving it out.

ACROSS THE ROOM:

GRAHAM (7-8) keeps his arms around his mom as she organizes his stuff. This is ANGIE (mid 30s), high tops, no make up.

GRAHAM
What if I miss you?

ANGIE
It's six hours, buddy. You'll live.

GRAHAM
Can I have your scarf?

ANGIE
No, Graham. We're not doing the
scarf thing.

GRAHAM
Please. Please. It helps when I
have something of yours to sniff.

ANGIE
Dude, I want you to have fun this
year. I don't want you at your desk
during recess smelling my stuff.
(he looks desperate)
Fine. But this is the last time.

She hands him her scarf. He buries his face in it.

GRAHAM
Hmmm. Like coconuts and safety...

ACROSS THE ROOM:

POPPY (40s), maxi dress, turquoise ring, in touch with her sexuality, settles in RORY (7-8, budding stylist, maybe gay.) *

RORY

I don't know, Mom. I'm rethinking
the purple thing.

Rory's dressed in purple pants, shirt, and shoes. It's a lot.

POPPY

Rory, what's the one thing you
always have to be?

RORY

Myself.

POPPY

So love purple. And be yourself.

Rory turns to a passing KID and announces with flair:

RORY

Today I am A GRAPE!

The kid gives Rory a weird look and walks a little faster...

ACROSS THE ROOM:

DOUGLAS (60s, rich, retired, not-not racist) stands over his twins, EMMA and AMY (8).

EMMA

(looking in her backpack)
I don't see my lunchbox in here.

DOUGLAS

Ah, knew I forgot something.
(digs in his wallet)
Take twenty bucks. Get a burger
from the grill.

AMY

Dad, this isn't a country club.
There's no grill.

Douglas sighs and gives a GIRL at the next desk the twenty.

DOUGLAS

Here, sweetheart, buy yourself some
crap with a rainbow on it. My kid's
taking your lunch.

He swipes the lunch off her desk and hands it to his girls.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
See? We solved it.

EMMA
Dad, you can't call girls
"sweetheart."

AMY
It's not empowering.

DOUGLAS
I'll tell you what's empowering.
Fending for yourself. Kids today
are treated like adorable little
morons. Which is why I made sure
you both knew CPR and how to cook
beans by the time you were four.
Now hit me with the family motto.

EMMA
No weakness!

AMY

Make Dad a martini!

Douglas nods, satisfied.

IN YET ANOTHER CORNER OF THE ROOM:

An adorable BABY, JACK, in a stroller, is being spoon-fed by
his dad, MIGGY (20, in way over his head with this baby).
REVERSE TO REVEAL, MIGGY holds the spoon mid-air, asleep.

MISS LEE (O.S.)
Sir?

MISS LEE, the teacher, stands over him. Miggy startles awake--

MIGGY
I'm up! What? Who are you?

MISS LEE
I'm...the teacher. Who are you?

Poppy sidles in, Angie and Douglas behind her.

POPPY
He's my neighbor. He's a new
parent, and he needs support, so he
goes where I go.

MIGGY
I was in high school a year ago and
now I'm taking care of a baby.
(MORE)

MIGGY (CONT'D)

Some days it feels like I just ate
some bad weed, know what I mean?

*

MISS LEE

No. I don't know.

MIGGY

(half to himself)
I had friends, I had a life.
Sometimes I spent the whole day
just trying to throw a tennis ball
into a boot...

MISS LEE

Unfortunately, you can't be--

DOUGLAS

He goes where she goes.

Douglas quietly hands the teacher a twenty dollar bill and
winks at her. The teacher rolls her eyes.

MISS LEE

I can't accept tips.

DOUGLAS

(quote hands)
"Sure." "Okay." "I dropped it on
the floor."

The BELL RINGS. Douglas turns to the others.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

That sound. All summer I've been
waiting for that sound. Finally I'm
free.

WILL (O.S.)

'Scuse me? Quick announcement?

Will's at the front of the room, clanging a triangle. He now
wears the Post-It necklace.

WILL (CONT'D)

Wanted to intro myself. I'm Will,
and I have the honor of being your
Room Parent.

Will makes prayer hands and bows his head.

ANGIE

Ohhh no.

POPPY

Ooo, this is bad.

DOUGLAS

Is he wearing a necklace made of garbage?

WILL

Sophie and I are new, but all you need to know is a) we're pumped about first grade, b) we're suckers for a good ball pit, and c) both of us are suuuper on the fence about Frozen 2. It just feels like we did it? With the first one? Anyway, thanks for welcoming us, look forward to getting to know you. And I'm single.

(that was awkward)

I like to get that out of the way, but I never know how to work it in. Now I feel like I have to keep talking so that's not what I end with. Anyway, the first Frozen was dope, but you know, what happens now...?

As Will continues, Poppy, Miggy, Douglas and Angie whisper.

MIGGY

This guy's a disaster.

POPPY

Come on. We have to be nice. He's single. We're single.

ANGIE

I've never been *that* single. Oh man, he's still talking.

BACK ON WILL -- who's nervous-blabbing.

WILL

... So if you're ever in the Sudan, and need a human rights lawyer, call my ex, Mia, because that's where she is. But I'm saving the world here at home by starting a little hot lunch option I call...

(Oprah-style sing-song)

Taaaa-co Tuesday, y'all...

ANGLE ON: The group watching this...

MIGGY

The day I turn into that guy, just come up while I'm sleeping and smother me with a pillow. I promise to go limp and welcome death.

ANGLE ON: WILL.

WILL

...“But Will, what if my kid only likes quesadillas?” Read my lips: There. Will. Be. A. Quesadilla. Option. I'm also gonna go hard on the book drive, so get ready...

ANGLE ON: The gang, watching, horrified.

DOUGLAS

I'm having an urge to run. It's primal. My body senses a threat.

WILL

...Now how do you fit into this? Five words: One hundred percent parent participation!

DOUGLAS

There it is, that's the threat.

WILL

I'll be outside with a sign up sheet. Do not try to avoid me because I will find you and circle you like a shark. *Out for blood!*

ANGIE

You were right. We should've run. We should've left the kids and run.

SMASH TO MAIN TITLES.

EXT. SCHOOL. PICNIC TABLES. MOMENTS LATER.

Poppy, Angie, Douglas and Miggy have a quick huddle.

ANGIE

Okay, let's figure out babysitting for the week. I need help Thursday because, kill me, the other paralegals at work wanna do rock n' roll karaoke for Canadian Laura.

MIGGY

Thursday I'm open. I mean, I'm driving a Lyft, I'll have the baby in the backseat, and I gotta write my sneaker blog at red lights... but I'm mostly open.

DOUGLAS

You do so much, and also nothing.

POPPY

You still need me to take the girls tomorrow, Douglas?

DOUGLAS

Yes. It's yacht night. All us retired dermatologists go out on Dr. Jim's boat, and get drunk enough on scotch that at some point, we start burning off each other's moles. High point of my year.

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POPPY

Ugh. It's always you and the same group of old white guys. You should come to one of my energy circles. Angie came and had the time of her life.

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ANGIE

Yeah. I napped for forty five minutes, someone gave me free tea and told me I was frickin' glowing. Sorry, but I need help with something. I found this in Graham's backpack.

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She tosses a LETTER on the table. Poppy picks it up.

POPPY

A love letter. Awww. And twist, it's not to you.

MIGGY

(looking over her shoulder)
It's to someone named "Zoe." That's the kid with bunny ears, right?

ANGIE

Yeah, she's worn bunny ears for six months straight. What kind of sicko is that into Easter?

MIGGY

(reading the letter)

"Zoe, I want to hug you and give you all my gum." Ooo.

DOUGLAS

Destroy that letter.

MIGGY

Yeah. I sent a letter like this to Zara, and a year later she handed me our baby, went to college and I watched my youth go up in smoke.

(sweet, to his baby)

Did you just poop? You did, didn't you?

ANGLE ON Will, across the playground, hugging another parent.

ANGIE

Oh god. There's the new guy. Something kinda sweet and sad about him. Like a dog in one of those plastic cones who's still trying to lick his privates.

DOUGLAS

That guy is what's wrong with dads today! Ugh. All heart. Fathers in my day drank too much and made you wonder if you were inherently unlovable. And guess what? You worked harder!

POPPY

Maybe I'll sleep with him. Can't hurt.

Will jogs up.

WILL

Hey, parents. Circling back to see where your heads are vis a vis committees, and wanted to take a temp on potlucks in general--

DOUGLAS

Look. What's your name? Lyle or something?

WILL

Close. Will.

DOUGLAS

I'll say it to you plain: we're not doing anything you want us to do.

ANGIE

Yeah. We're single parents. We don't volunteer, so much as we try to survive until a time in the day that feels appropriate to open wine.

POPPY

I think of it as a plane crash. We're the only ones left alive, we're stranded in a snow drift, and eventually we're going to eat each other. Which, if I can get in the right mind frame, is kind of sweet.

WILL

Yeah... Unfortunately, no wiggle room on the participation thing. There's a new sheriff in town, and the book drive's gonna hang at dawn!

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Angie studies him a minute.

ANGIE

You're deep in, aren't you?

WILL

Deep in what?

ANGIE

The black hole. The vortex. That place where you're so wrapped up in your kid, you've lost touch with adult life and the person you used to be.

(deep breath)

I know because I've been there.

EXT. STREET. FLASHBACK.

Angie strides down the street, loudly singing. People stare.

ANGIE

The wheels on the bus go round and round! Round and round...

BACK TO PRESENT.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I had no idea I was singing out loud until some random toddlers joined in with me.

MIGGY

I once went to the zoo by myself. Didn't even have the kid. Just missed the flamingos.

DOUGLAS

What's wrong with you people? Take off your pussyhats and grow a pair.

POPPY

Oh, that's interesting, coming from the man who called me drunk from a bathtub to tell me how much fun he was having playing rubber ducky.

*

DOUGLAS

(darkly)
We all have regrets.

WILL

Huh. I mean, I haven't spent a ton of time around adults since Sophie was born. But I don't know if I'm in a vortex-

ANGIE

Tell me, Will. When was the last time you were up past ten?

WILL

Oh geez. Nine is normally when the snooze monster hits--

POPPY

What about your pants? Any of them not elastic?

WILL

Mmm, not quite out of maternity shorts...

MIGGY

I'm gonna go hard at the elephant in the room. When was the last time you had sex?

(off Will's hesitation)

Dude, I'm a twenty year old man and with a pacifier in each pocket. No judgment.

WILL

Okay. It's been five years.

Everybody goes nuts. Douglas does a weird backbend. Poppy full-on cries. As Angie mouths a quiet Hail Mary, Miggy goes into a soulful rendition of "This Little Light of Mine."

MIGGY

*This little light of mine! I'm
gonna let it shine!*

WILL

Okay! I get it. I need to get out more.

POPPY

What you need is a date.
(holds up her phone)
I made you a Tinder account.

WILL

What? How? I've been standing here the whole time!
(looking at Poppy's phone)
My profile pic is me holding a baby polar bear. How did you do that?

ANGIE

Look, one date's not gonna fix you, but it's a start. A first step out of the vortex. But if we help you, we're off the hook for volunteering.

WILL

Wait. I can't go on a date. I need to buy new shorts. Nice ones!

POPPY

Oh honey. When I first found out about my husband and his *three* secret bank accounts, all I wanted to do was get under a blanket, fire up a bowl of brain-melting chronic, and wake up sometime after menopause. But I didn't. I got up. I joined my women's collective, which you're all invited to, we meet Thursdays, and clothing is optional--

*

ANGIE

Yeah, I keep meaning to come, Pops!
(mouths to the others)
Never.

POPPY

Point is, I took charge. I now have several relationships with men I've met on the internet, I can count twelve erogenous zones in my top half alone, and I wouldn't go back to my old life for anything. Will, this is that moment. Either I'm gonna swipe right, or you're going under the blanket.

WILL

I don't know. Blankets are comfy.

MIGGY

But they won't have sex with you!

POPPY

What's it gonna be, Will?!

Will looks at them...thinks...the moment builds...

WILL

I AM VERY SCARED! THIS IS MAKING ME
WANT TO START A NEW HOT LUNCH
OPTION! PIZZA OR WE COULD DO SUBS--

POPPY

Stay focused, Will! Live in this
moment with me! Am I swiping?!

ANGIE

You can do it!

MIGGY

He's not ready!

DOUGLAS

I have no investment either way!

WILL

(primal howl)
Swipe leffffffffffttt!

POPPY

Swipe right. It's swipe right.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. POPPY'S WINE AND CHEESE. THE NEXT AFTERNOON.

Poppy's store/cafe is charmingly messy with comfy chairs and haphazard crates. Poppy pulls bottles of scotch for Douglas.

DOUGLAS

How does anyone find anything in your store? I just need three bottles of MacCallan.

POPPY

Sorry. Rory and I had a spontaneous dance party here and the place kind of got trashed. He's making it a weekly thing. You should come to the next one!

DOUGLAS

(deeply sarcastic)

Sure. I never miss an opportunity to spontaneously start dancing.

POPPY

Oh c'mon. You always take yourself so seriously. Loosen up. Have fun. Show me what you can do with those hips...

DOUGLAS

My *what*?

POPPY

(touching his hips)

These. Shake those things!

DOUGLAS

Why would I move my hips? I'm not at the doctor! And what do you mean I don't have fun? I have fun! After the boat, we'll probably hit a strip joint and eat nachos off a lady's butt.

POPPY

Ugh. You are why we march, Douglas.

DOUGLAS

Oh, please. Let me enjoy myself on my day off. Right now Angie's doing pick up, piling them all into that godforsaken minivan...

EXT. SCHOOL. DRIVEWAY. SAME TIME.

Angie counts the kids as they pile into a 1994 Astro Van.

ANGIE

We got Emma, we got Amy, we got
Rory, we got Graham--

GRAHAM

I missed you so much today, mom.

Graham, wearing her scarf, wraps his arms around her.

ANGIE

Buddy, you know the rule. No
sniffing me in public--

Will spots Angie and heads over.

WILL

Hey! Tonight's the night. Date
night. Am I having a touch of
anxiety? Yes. Did I have a
digestive episode after breakfast?
Sure. But is that gonna stop me? No-

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ANGIE

Will? Just because we introduced
you to internet dating doesn't mean
we're friends now. We don't have
time for new friends. I've been
preparing patent applications for
lawyers who think I'm an idiot all
morning, and now I have to babysit
four kids just so I can have
Saturday night off to put on noise-
canceling headphones, do nail
decals and stare at a wall for two
hours.

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WILL

Oh. Got it. I was just gonna offer
to take the kids today and babysit--

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*

ANGIE

We'll be there in fifteen minutes.

*

EXT. SUPREME STORE. SAME TIME.

Miggy, strapped with a baby bjorn, stands in line for a pair
of sneakers with his high school friends, DIEGO and TY.

DIEGO

These sneakers are going to be so
dope. Max had them at that party
last night--

TY

We didn't text you, because we
figured you were doing... the whole
baby thing.

MIGGY

Don't worry about Jack! It's like
not even that different being a
dad. Sometimes I forget he's here.

Baby Jack starts crying VERY LOUDLY. Diego makes a face at Ty, as other kids in line stare at Miggy. Suddenly, he gets a text from Angie: "[SIREN] FREE BABYSITTING! WILL JUST VOLUNTEERED TO BABYSIT THIS AFTERNOON. COME TO THIS ADDRESS."

MIGGY (CONT'D)

Hey. Will you guys save my spot?

EXT./INT. WILL'S HOUSE. A LITTLE LATER. (D2)

Sophie opens the door to find Angie, Miggy, and the kids, who run inside. We're on Angie and Miggy, so we can't see inside.

MIGGY

Hey, tell your dad that Jack just
needs one bottle in an hour--

ANGIE

And we'll all be here in a few
hours to pick up the kids--

She stops short as she sees inside.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Good God...

It's like walking into a super chaotic Pottery Barn Kids. Kid *
gear is everywhere. Chalkboard walls. Foam alphabet "carpet."
Every drawing Sophie's ever made is somewhere on the walls.
It would be surprising to learn an adult man lives here too.

MIGGY

Every chair is a beanbag. There's
no chair that isn't a beanbag. All
chairs currently have beans--

ANGIE

We can't send this guy on a date.
No woman deserves to go on a date
with... *this*.

Will comes out, carrying a piece of paper. *

WILL

Dudes! You stayed! Awesome. I'm
going need your help on some Room
Parent stuff. Check out my snack
sign up sheet. Any thoughts before
I laminate? I'm laminating in 10-9-
8- *

ANGIE

Will. Sit down.

Will sits on a large bean bag. He sinks down deep.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

What are you gonna wear tonight on
your date?

WILL

...This?

Angie sighs. Will looks down at his outfit: Rams shirt,
basketball shorts, socks, flip flops. Will, suddenly doubting
himself-- *

WILL (CONT'D)

Wait. I have these shorts in teal.
Are people still into teal? *

MIGGY

Man, people were never into teal. *

WILL

Oh God. Maybe I'm not ready. Maybe
I should put the brakes on, look
into where we, as a country, are
with teal, and jump back in later.
After the dust settles. I mean, you
guys can help me with this guac
option I'm adding to taco Tuesday,
that's gonna be nuts-- *

ANGIE

Will, no. You don't get to hide
from this by burying your head in
Room Parent stuff. Now. Let's focus
on getting you ready for this date. *

MIGGY

We gotta get him ready now? I'm busy--

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ANGIE

Miggy, you can take a couple hours off from waiting in line for what are basically just white sneakers. Will, We're going to your closet. Put down the sign up sheet.

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WILL

Okay.

*
*

Will "puts down" the sheet, hiding his hand behind his back.

*

ANGIE

Show me your hand.

*
*

Will guiltily reveals he's still holding the sign up sheet. Angie takes it.

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*

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You'll get this back when I feel like you've earned it.

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INT. WILL'S BEDROOM. LATER.

Miggy's doing the drawers, occasionally rocking his baby in his car seat. Angie's in the closet. Will keeps secretly grabbing things off the "throw-away pile."

WILL

It's so great that you guys support each other like this--

ANGIE

Oh God. It's like, where clothes should be, there's just garbage.

WILL

That's not garbage. That's a green light saber and I'm keeping it--

Angie shrugs and tosses it in a garbage bag.

WILL (CONT'D)

Do you guys ever look at each other and say "It takes a village"?

MIGGY

We do not.

ANGIE

We're not best friends. We babysit for each other because otherwise we would all be dead. It's that simple.

Jack starts crying.

MIGGY

Yup. Here we go. If you want me, I'll be walking around bouncing this fool for the next hour.

ANGIE

Good luck, kiddo.

Miggy heads out with the baby, as Angie holds up multiple pairs of ear muffs.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

No one over eight owns ear muffs. What happened? Who hurt you?? Where are the trash bags?

WILL

Wait. You're not gonna throw out my-

Angie lunges to the bags, dumping a whole drawer inside.

ANGIE

--everything. We are going to throw away your "everything."

WILL

Wait! That's...that's actually my passport. It's expired. I don't even know why I'm even keeping it--

Angie examines Will's passport and are surprised to find it is FILLED WITH STAMPS.

ANGIE

You've been everywhere! Look at that scary stamp -- oh, that's just Canada.

WILL

I used to be a producer at the Weather Channel. I covered international weather incidents. You know the guy you see on TV, standing in the storm with his windbreaker blowing off?

ANGIE

That was you?

WILL

No, but I was always *near* that guy. Just off to the side. Anyway, when Sophie came along, I told them I couldn't travel anymore. With Sophie's mom's overseas, I wanted her to have someone at home. Fortunately, weather people are super cool -- not to mention hilarious -- so they let me start doing local coverage. I actually haven't gotten on a plane since!

ANGIE

And you miss it.

WILL

I'll admit, I miss chasing that windbreaker, 'cause sometimes it'd fly off, and we'd have to go after it -- god, get us weather people chasing a windbreaker -- you can't believe the antics! But, you know, honestly? Taking care of Sophie is so much better than anything I was doing before.

(looking at his passport)

Can't believe I let it expire. First time in my life I haven't had a passport! Man, why am I hanging on to this thing? I don't need it!

Will tosses it into the trash, as he hears Jack crying.

WILL (CONT'D)

Houston, we have a problem. That's what I say whenever I hear a baby crying. Never gets old. Excuse me.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. A LITTLE LATER.

Miggy is walking around, bouncing the baby.

MIGGY

(to the baby)

Dude. Chill. Seriously.

(baby voice)

Aw, you can't chill when your tummy's this cute!!

Miggy kisses the baby's tummy, but pulls up when he sees Will is there.

MIGGY (CONT'D)
(back to cool guy)
Hey man, what up?

WILL
Can I try?

Miggy shrugs: go ahead. Will grabs a blanket and the baby.

WILL (CONT'D)
This is a swaddle I call "The
Sleepy Burrito."
(demonstrates with baby)
Take the tortilla. Fill it with
beans. Tuck tuck. *Hot sauce!*

The baby immediately calms down. Miggy is stunned.

MIGGY
What. The. Eff. Did. You. Just. Do.

WILL
Cool, right? Wanna try?

Miggy hesitates, then pulls back.

MIGGY
I don't know. What if I learn your
"burrito swaddle," next thing I
know, I haven't had sex in five
years, I'm wearing shower shoes and
my friends have forgotten about me?

WILL
Miggy, you have new friends, now.
People who get what you're going
through. *I* get what you're going
through. And these shoes are anti-
fungal. Single dad fist bump?

MIGGY
I'm gonna pretend you never said
"single dad fist bump." K?

Rory walks up.

RORY
Hi. Angie said I'm giving you a
make-over, so I guess I'm giving
you a make-over.
(MORE)

RORY (CONT'D)
(sighs, taking him in)
This is my Everest.

EXT. WILL'S DRIVEWAY. LATER.

Douglas and Poppy walk up the house from separate cars.

POPPY
Angie said he needed help.

DOUGLAS
Yeah, no. Let's just pick up the
kids and get outta here.

EMMA Hey dad! AMY What's up, Dad?

DOUGLAS
Ladies.

POPPY
Hey girls, you ready to come over
to my house for a sleepover-- whoa,
what are you doing?

Emma and Amy are inflating one of Will's tires.

EMMA
Will's rear tires need air.

AMY
He's got a date tonight.
(to Emma)
Ugh, I really want to shampoo
these floor mats.

EMMA
And do some detailing on the rims.

Poppy and Douglas look at each other.

POPPY
They look like they've been doing
this for years.

DOUGLAS
People think toddlers can't buff
and wax, but they're the perfect
height. *

AMY
(calling from the car)
Poppy -- come look at these lug
nuts! They're all stripped! *

POPPY

If I'm going to look at lug nuts,
can we at least be listening to
Taylor Swift?

*
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*
*

The girls cheer, as Poppy joins them. As Douglas takes it in,
liking the way they look together, Will appears next to him.

*

WILL

Hey Doug! Welcome! Does anyone ever
call you Doug?

DOUGLAS

No. Listen, I'm too old to be
"friends"--

WILL

Angie told me. You guys are mostly
babysitting buddies.

DOUGLAS

Well, we definitely don't say
"babysitting buddies" because we're
not twelve year olds hanging out
together in a clubhouse. But, no, we
don't cry on each other's shoulders--

WILL

Everyone needs *someone's* shoulder
to cry on, right?

DOUGLAS

I haven't cried since 2010 when my
wife died.

WILL

(emotional)
Ohhh man--

DOUGLAS

I can see you want to hug me, so
I'm going to stop you right there.
I was 54, and I married a 26 year
old exotic dancer who wanted kids.
I said, "Sure" thinking I was gonna
change one diaper, and then get
dementia before they hit their
teens. Instead she dropped dead and
left me with two baby girls. The
point is: I'm too old for this.

POPPY (O.S.)
 (singing Taylor)
*Big reputation, oo, you and me
 would be a big conversation--*

ANGLE ON: Poppy, Emma, and Amy cleaning the car and singing Taylor Swift. Poppy notices Douglas watching, and runs up, smiling and laughing. *

POPPY (CONT'D) *

How do you do it? How does someone *

like you raise such strong, amazing *

girls? *

DOUGLAS *

(beaming with pride) *

Maybe you don't know everything *

about me. *

POPPY *

Oo, mysterious. *

EMMA *

Daddy! Sing with us!! *

DOUGLAS *

No, girls. Daddy's not a gay. *

WILL *

Ohh! Not great! *

POPPY *

Yeah, and then you go and say *

something like that. Now I'm going *

to have to send you a lot of *

articles. *

DOUGLAS *

They better be from the *Wall Street* *

Journal! *

She runs off with the girls as they sing and dance together. *

Will clocks the way Douglas looks at her. *

WILL *

So... You should date Poppy. *

DOUGLAS *

What? No! What? We don't date each *

other in this group, and anyway, *

I'm not her type. I don't sing or *

dance or wear jewelry on my feet. *

WILL

Dude. If I can go on a date, you
can sing. Or dance. Or whatever.
Just put yourself out there. You
never know what could happen.

*
*
*
*

DOUGLAS

Oh god. I'm gonna walk away before
you hug me.

*
*
*

Douglas walks away, flustered.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

I like your vibe.

REVEAL Graham has been standing nearby the whole time.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Not scared to put yourself out
there. That's exactly how I want to
play it with Zoe. Just come clean
about my feelings.

WILL

Zoe...The girl with bunny ears?!

GRAHAM

Yeah. My mom says telling people
you love them only ends up hurting
you in the end... but I think
that's 'cause my dad's kind of an S-
head, excuse my french.

*

Before Will can ask what he means, Miggy appears at the front
door, looking grim.

MIGGY

All adults inside. Now.

INT. WILL'S BEDROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Will walks in to find Angie and Miggy looking at him, stern.
Poppy and Douglas follow in behind Will. Miggy holds up a
mermaid-shaped DIAPER BAG.

POPPY

Oh sweet Jesus. What is *that*?

WILL

(mortified/terrible liar)
Huh. Whose is that?

MIGGY

Your wallet's in here! You used this TODAY!

WILL

Fine! I don't know how else to carry snacks! They don't tell dads what to do about snacks!

DOUGLAS

You have to burn that. It's the only option.

WILL

What? There are a million other options besides that one!

DOUGLAS

A man can't have sex when this diaper bag exists in the world. It'll mock you from afar.

WILL

No! I'm not burning it. Look, I know I'm a dork. I'm in the vortex. I should have gotten rid of that bag a long time ago, but I can't. I bought it the day my ex left. I was so scared that I couldn't do this on my own and buying this dumb bag made me feel like I was up for it. Committed. And yeah, at some point, I over-committed. Now I'm weird. And the mermaid's name is Cynthia.

ANGIE

But you did it, Will. Now it's time to let "Cynthia" go. Put her back in the sea. Go on, Cynthia. Swim away now.

Will almost hands the bag to Angie, but then--

WILL

I can't. Maybe that makes me sentimental and mushy, but Sophie changed me. She smiles, and I'm mush. That's who I am now. And I'm okay with that. Best part of being a parent is finally not caring what people think and letting your mush out.

This lands on Angie, Douglas, Poppy, and Miggy. A beat.

ANGIE

I've been there. The entire coach cabin on a flight had to watch when Graham learned to sing the alphabet song.... I need to find those people and apologize.

WILL

(getting emotional)

I cried when Sophie lost a tooth. I was in public. At a mall. It was loud, and it was ugly. Do I still have that tooth? Yes, I do.

Miggy visibly cringes.

ANGIE

But only married parents get to let their mush out whenever they want. We have to go on dates. So, tonight, when you're with this woman, think to yourself: "I'm gonna cover my mush."

(off Will)

Are you crying?

WILL

Yeah. I was just thinking about Sophie's tooth again. Man, did the Tooth Fairy go nuts that night.

Rory enters with Emma, Amy, Graham and Sophie. Rory puts a hat on Will's head, takes a step back.

RORY

Do I wish we had time for a haircut? Sure. Am I ultimately okay with where we landed? I think so.

INT. WILL'S CAR. NIGHT.

Will pulls up to a house with Sophie in the backseat.

WILL

You're sure you're okay at Nana's?

SOPHIE

Yes!

WILL

Okay. Call if you need me.

SOPHIE

I'm not gonna call.

She kisses him on the cheek. As she exits--

WILL

Can I call if *I* need you? Forget it. That's weird. Pretend I didn't say that. Bye, honey!

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Will sits at a table, whispering into his phone.

WILL

I don't know. She's mostly ignoring me and looking at her phone.

His date, HEATHER, is oblivious, texting. INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SUPREME STORE. NIGHT.

Miggy is back in line with his friends, wearing his baby bjorn, talking to Will on the phone.

MIGGY (ON PHONE)

Yeah man, that's normal. That's what people do now.

WILL

I'm gonna try to talk to her.
(lowers phone, to Heather)
Have you ever been in an international weather incident?

Miggy cringes. Heather puts her phone down.

HEATHER

Should we just go back to my place?

As Will blinks at her...

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE. EVENING.

Angie makes dinner while Graham fiddles with her phone.

GRAHAM

Dang, girl, I just love you.

ANGIE

I know, bud. You told me five minutes ago.

GRAHAM

Nah, I was reading over an email to Zoe. Think it's good. Send.

ANGIE

Wait. You sent?!

GRAHAM

You gotta put yourself out there.
Will gets it...

*

Angie stares at him, confused, but putting it together...

INT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. (D2)

Heather and Will enter, mid make-out.

WILL

This is happening! This is
happening right now!

HEATHER

Take your pants off.

Will tries to take his pants off, but they're tight, and he
has to do some weird thrusting movements to get them off.
Heather thinks he's doing a sexy dance, and she's into it...

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Oo, dancing! I like that! Keep
doing that!

Heather grabs him, pushes him to the ground and jumps on top
of him. They keep kissing, as Will whispers in her ear:

WILL

I love you.

Heather sits up. Stares at him. Completely freaked out.

HEATHER

You... what?

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. HEATHER'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Heather steps over Will, picking up clothes, etc.

WILL

I'm sorry. I just -- I'm a dad, I say I love you every fifteen minutes. One just slipped out.

As Heather escorts Will to the door--

HEATHER

I go on four Tinder dates a week. I know when someone's fun-weird, and when someone's weird-weird. You're the second kind. Bye!

She gently pushes Will onto the porch and shuts the door.

WILL

See, I think I'm fun-weird--

EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS. (D2)

Will stands for a beat, and then --

WILL

Oh god, my keys.
(knocks on her door)
Excuse me? I left my keys in there!

He BANGS HARDER, and then glimpses Heather through a window.

WILL (CONT'D)

Hey! I left my keys in there and I don't love you!

Freaked, she PULLS THE CURTAINS. Will's phone rings, he answers --

WILL (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Oh Angie, thank God it's you--

INT. ANGIE'S CAR. SAME TIME.

Angie drives with Graham in the backseat with headphones on. She whisper-screams into her phone--

ANGIE

"Put yourself out there?!" Are you nuts? He's gonna get hurt!
(MORE)

*

ANGIE (CONT'D)

It's my whole job to make sure that little weirdo doesn't get hurt, and because of you I'm failing at my job! Wait, why are you answering? You're supposed to be on a date--

WILL

Yeah. Well. I didn't cover my mush! I let it all out! There's mush all over this lady's house, and I'm locked out and my keys are inside!

ANGIE

Calm down. It can't be that bad--

WILL

We were french kissing, and I said, "I love you!"

ANGIE

Okay. That's not great.

WILL

Yeah, I can't do this. I can't be a person! I can only be a dad! But my kid doesn't even need me anymore. She rejected my amulet!
(banging on the window)
I'm normal! I'm a normal man who believes in love! And you're not gonna take that away from me,
Heather!

*

ANGIE

Yeah, this is rock bottom.

BWOOP! A SIREN sounds. TWO COPS stand in front of Will.

COP (O.S.)

Sir, put your hands in the air.

ANGIE

Okay, *this* is rock bottom.

INT. POPPY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Poppy, Emma, Amy, and Rory are in the midst of a crazy dance party, when her phone rings. She takes a break to answer.

*

POPPY (ON PHONE)

Douglas? Why aren't you on your old white man party boat?

(after a moment, to kids)

Guys? We gotta go. Will needs us.

*

*

*

*

*

EXT. SUPREME STORE. SAME TIME. *

Miggy is looking at the same text from Angie.

MIGGY

Oh man, gotta go. This dad I know --
he's on his first date in a while.
He's got a mermaid diaper bag--
(then, hearing himself)
You know what? It's not important.
I'll see you guys later.

*
*

DIEGO

You want us to hold your spot?

MIGGY

Nah. I'm good.

*
*

EXT. HEATHER'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Will's still in front of the cops, getting more upset. *

WILL

Oh god, this is a disaster. Just
don't put me in solitary. I
wouldn't do well in the hole--

*
*
*

COP

Sir, no one's taking you to
Alcatraz. Just get in the car--

*
*
*

Just then, a bunch of CARS pull up. Poppy, Douglas, and their
kids step out of one. Angie and Graham in the other. Miggy
and his baby in the other.

COP #2

What is this? What's going on? Do
you know these people?

WILL

(surprised to see them)
Yeah, I do-- they're my--

ANGIE

Don't say it--

WILL

(touched)
They're my *village*.

MIGGY

Now I actively want you to go to
jail.

*
*

POPPY

Officer, let him go. He's not dangerous. Look at his shoes. He's wearing Keds.

COP #2

His Keds are not the issue, ma'am.

RORY

But they are an issue.

DOUGLAS

He didn't hurt anyone. How about we forget about this, officers?

Douglas winks and tries to give the cop a twenty dollar bill.

COP

Just get in the car--

MIGGY

FIVE YEARS!

(everyone turns to him)

He hasn't had sex in five years. Think about that. Really feel it in your bones.

COP #2

(sotto, to other cop)

Tell me you're never gonna let that happen to me.

COP

No way, man. We got a code.

ON WILL - his phone rings. All eyes on him as he answers.

WILL

Sophie? Yes. Yes, of course!
Dad's here. Dad's always here.

(then, singing Moana)

*I've been standing at the edge of
the water...*

Everyone, including the cops, stares at Will as he makes his way through the song. Heather then emerges, takes it in.

HEATHER

Oh my God. I let this man touch my boobs.

DOUGLAS

Hey. He's doing the best he can!

*

In a show of solidarity, Douglas steps up to Will, sings:

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)
*If I could be the perfect
 daughter...*

Douglas's singing voice is AMAZING. Like, some real Pavarotti
 shit. ON POPPY, stunned--

POPPY
 Oh my god. Douglas! You're singing! *

EMMA
 Yeah he is. Like a real gay. *

Inspired, Poppy, Angie and Miggy join in, also singing until--

COP #2
 Stop! I have a four year old. I
 can't listen to this anymore! Go
 home!
 (before Will can celebrate)
 But, sir. Do some work on yourself.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE. LATER. *

Our group and the kids hang out, drinking wine, etc. Miggy,
 carrying his baby, goes up to Will. *

MIGGY
 Hey. I'm ready. Teach me the
 burrito thing.

WILL
 Okay. Take the tortilla. Fill it
 with beans.

MIGGY
 (tearful, fills with beans)
 I was cool once.

WILL
 I know, buddy. Tuck tuck. Now take
 it home. *Hot sauce!*

MIGGY
 I'm not saying it like that. WILL (CONT'D)
 Come on. It's fun. *Hot sauce!*

MIGGY
Hot sauce!
 (hates himself)
 You're right. I had fun. Saying
 "hot sauce" was fun. Oh my god.

Will nods, getting it, as the doorbell rings. He looks up to see Graham facing... Zoe, in her bunny ears. Angie rushes up. *

ANGIE

Hey, you weird bunny girl, leave him alone! Don't stomp all over his weird little heart!

GRAHAM

No, Mom. She liked the email.

ZOE

It rocked me to my core. *

Graham slowly takes GUM out of his mouth and hands it to Zoe.

ANGIE

Oh no, I have to do something--

Will holds up a finger and stops her. Zoe takes the gum, puts it in her mouth, and chews, staring at Graham adoringly. *

ANGIE (CONT'D) *

How did that... work? *

WILL *

Sometimes mush works. If it's the right person. Unfortunately, if it's the wrong person, you might end up in jail... *

ANGIE *

Hey! You touched a boob tonight! You put yourself out there! That's not nothing. *

WILL *

Yeah, I put myself waaay out there. I sexy-danced! I had a *night*! Hey. Come with me. I got an idea. *

EXT. WILL'S BACKYARD. MOMENTS LATER.

CLOSE ON WILL-- *

WILL

I'm gonna eat in restaurants that don't give out crayons! I'm gonna go on more bad dates! And I'm gonna start using bad words again, like about body parts! *

(then)

Wait, are we okay for them to be doing this? *

REVEAL Emma and Amy are stoking the open flame on the grill.
Will holds his diaper bag surrounded by the group.

EMMA

Worry about yourself, princess.

WILL

Okay. Here I go.
(tossing in the bag)
I AM OUT OF THE VORTEX!

The bag bursts into flames! Everyone CHEERS as Will takes the *
SIGN UP SHEET out of his back pocket. *

WILL (CONT'D)

So here's snack sign up. I'll just *
pass this around... *

Douglas starts to sing *Moana*, drowning him out...

END OF ACT THREE.

TAG:

CLOSE ON WILL, smiling like crazy. *FLASH!!* We PULL OUT TO
REVEAL: A BORED PHOTOGRAPHER is taking their picture.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Can't smile in a passport photo.

WILL

Well, I can't help it if I'm happy.
My daughter and I are gonna travel
together. You believe that?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Yes. *

WILL

You know what? Sophie, get in here.

Sophie jumps into the photo with Will.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Now this isn't a passport photo.
Now it's just a picture.

WILL

I'm good with that.

FLASH. On Sophie and Will, who are both wearing amulets... *

END OF EPISODE. *