

Thirty-Six
by
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According to Wikipedia, "the average human being shares his or her birthday with roughly 18 million other human beings in the world."

This obviously is not an exact figure nor science, and assumes there is equal probability of the average person being born on any day of the year (not counting February 29th).

There is no evidence that sharing the same birthday creates any type of personality or behavioral link between the 18 million people who share the same date of birth.

If there is... Wikipedia hasn't discovered it yet.

EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

A quaint, 70's style house in suburban Pittsburgh.

A sign indicates that the house has recently been "sold."

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING (PITTSBURGH)

We take in the bedroom first. It doesn't take long.
Four white walls. New carpet. A few MOVING BOXES.

A bare mattress rests on the floor, dead center.

WOMAN (O.S.)

You promise you like your gift?

MAN (O.S.)

The towel? It's absolutely terrible.

The man's skinny, bare legs enter frame. He sits on the edge of the mattress.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Suit's on?

MAN (O.S.)

Yes, Ma'am.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(confirming)

Your birthday suit?

MAN (O.S.)

Only one I've got.

REVEAL a buck naked man named JACK (36), sitting on the mattress. His man-parts are covered by a small TOWEL.

It's a vintage, dish-towel sized, PITTSBURGH STEELERS TERRIBLE TOWEL, an iconic piece of football memorabilia.

In steps his lovely wife, REBECCA (30's). She's outrageously pregnant.

She wears a BRA on the outside of her outdated maternity gear, and carries a CUPCAKE with LIT CANDLE.

REBECCA

I had to put the lingerie on top of my clothes.

JACK

I see that.

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REBECCA
It wasn't a great moment for me.

JACK
Tradition is tradition.

She nods.

REBECCA
I'm gonna spare us both the seductive
birthday dance this year.

JACK
Sorry, Baby, but it's my birthday and I'd
very much like to see the dance.

She SHRUGS.

REBECCA
Your funeral.

She starts walking to him seductively, but she can barely
move, so it's just kind of slow and sad. Jack starts to
laugh...

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I will gag you dead with that towel.

He stifles the laugh. She arrives at the bed.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Your suit still fits, I see.

JACK
Getting a little tight in the middle.

REBECCA
I'll have it taken in.

Jack smiles. She hands him the cupcake and falls onto
the bed, exhausted. From lying position she musters a
sad:

REBECCA (CONT'D)
*Happy 36th Birthday to you/Happy 36th
Birthday to you/I have triplets inside of
me/I am Shamu.*

Jack blows out the candle and lies back, face to face.

JACK
(adoring)
Do you know how much I love you?

REBECCA
 (smile)
 You've made it pretty clear.

Jack leans to her stomach, talks to his unborn children:

JACK
 Hey, Fearsome Threesome! Do you three
 know how much I love your mother!? Do
 you even have any idea!?

Rebecca responds with bad ventriloquy as "the babies."

REBECCA
 (baby voice)
 We know, now shut up and let your fatass
 wife go to sleep.

JACK
 Oh no. Birthday tradition is birthday
 tradition.
 (still to babies)
 Close your eyes in there, Kids. Daddy is
 about to do some terrible things to Mommy.

REBECCA
 Oh, there is no way in hell.

Jack, determined, tries kissing her neck.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 (amused)
 How the hell can you possibly want me
 right now?

JACK
 In any state, my wife, you arouse me.

He kisses her neck more.

REBECCA
 I bet I can make that go away.

JACK
 Nothing you can say can--

REBECCA
 My water just broke.

Jack freezes. A beat, then...

JACK
 Yep.

He jumps and starts scrambling about like a crazy person.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUPLEX - MEANWHILE (LOS ANGELES)

One of those cute LA Duplex's that cost a fortune because you can walk to the Grove (though you never do).

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A refrigerator opens. It is filled with junk food.

Dead center sits a SHEET BIRTHDAY CAKE. The writing on the cake reads:

"36 is just a number. Happy Birthday, Kate!"

On the front of the box hangs a POST-IT NOTE. It reads:

"Do not fucking dare eat this cake before your party, Kate. Love, Kate."

REVEAL a pretty but very overweight WOMAN staring into the fridge.

This is KATE (36).

Kate stares longingly at the cake. We see that she's placed POST-IT'S over all the other food in the fridge.

Notes say things like:

"Throw this crap out" and "250 calories per spoon-full."

She removes the cake post-it, only to reveal another:

"Seriously, what is wrong with you?"

Kate SIGHS, closes the fridge.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kate stares at a SCALE on her bathroom floor.

She takes off her shoes. Her outer clothing. She thinks.

She takes off her UNDERWEAR. Her WATCH. A NECKLACE.

FROM BEHIND we see an overweight woman, naked.

Kate places the tip of one foot on the very bottom edge of the scale. She presses down gently. Carefully.

The scale reads **34 lbs.**

This makes Kate happy. She considers leaving it at that.

No, she can't.

She adds the second foot to the very, very bottom of the scale... trying to weigh as little as possible.

The unevenly distributed weight on the bottom edge of the scale causes it to upend.

Kate screams and goes flying.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - MEANWHILE (NEW YORK CITY)

A trim, sharply dressed black man - RANDALL (36) - works at a standing desk. The desk has a treadmill built in.

The window behind him has unending views of NYC.

PHOTOS of his young family adorn his desk - a pretty WOMAN and two YOUNG GIRLS (6 and 8).

ON HIS COMPUTER: there's an EMAIL open:

The subject reads "**GOOD NEWS.**"

The text reads, simply, "**FOUND HIM.**"

Randall stops the treadmill. Leans in close. He clicks on AN ATTACHMENT. It opens, revealing:

A PHOTOGRAPH of a 70-ish year old BLACK MAN, with STATS:

Name: WILLIAM HILL

Age: 73

Home address: 2644 Lincoln Dr., Apt 4C, Philadelphia, PA

Randall is frozen, staring at the photo.

VOICE (O.S.)

Got a sec, Boss?

Randall quickly starts shutting down the email.

RANDALL
 Yeah, just, hold on, I'm...
 (then)
 What's up?

His office has filled with CO-WORKERS. There's a cake bearing a giant "36" candle.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
 Oh, no, please don--

They start SINGING.

Randall contemplates jumping out the 45th story window.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS BACHELOR PAD - MEANWHILE

The kind of glass-walled house you admire and judge disdainfully all at the same time.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

We OPEN on a framed POSTER, advertising a TV show called "THE MAN-NY." The poster shows a ridiculously handsome and chiseled MAN-NY (36), shirtless and holding a BABY.

It reads: *"Mondays: Where Handsome Happens."*

We PAN DOWN, revealing the same shirtless "Man-ny" sitting against the headboard of his bed. This is KEVIN.

He's drinking and bored. Which is weird because...

In front of Kevin stand two scantily dressed BOMBSHELL MODELS. We hear a party going on in the background.

They take in his massive bedroom, suitably impressed.

MODEL #1
 We love your show.

KEVIN
 Thank you.

MODEL #2
 I binge-watch with my mom whenever I visit her.

KEVIN
 That's incredibly revealing, thank you. TV Calling - For educational purposes only

MODEL #1
The baby in the show is super cute.

KEVIN
They're actually triplets.

They look at him, confused.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(explaining)
The baby. You can't shoot with a baby
for a lot of hours, so we use triplets.

MODEL #1
That's so awesome.

KEVIN
Thanks.

MODEL #2
Do you want to dance?

KEVIN
No. You guys go ahead.

He sits there, drinking, as the girls turn on the most obvious song ever - "Blurred Lines." They dance provocatively. Kevin barely pays attention.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(almost to himself)
It's my birthday today.

MODEL #1
(dancing)
That's what the party's for, right?

KEVIN
This is the pre-party. The real party is
at my sister's.
(then)
I'm thirty-six today.

MODEL #1
You don't look thirty-six.

KEVIN
Yeah, thanks. How old are you-- no,
don't answer that.

A beat.

MODEL #2

(stripping, provocative)

And what do you want for your birthday,
Kevin?

Kevin thinks.

KEVIN

I don't know. It's a fair question. I'd like to get off the show, I guess. I hate those babies. I mean, one of them's cool. The other two kind of suck. You know when you can tell a baby's gonna just turn out to be a douche. That's how I feel about those two babies. Not the first one, that one's okay. I wish that baby was allowed to work more.

The girls stop dancing for a beat, trying to figure out what he's talking about. They give up, resume dancing.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Thirty-six. Wow. I wanted to change the world. Now, I'm the Man-ny.

(then)

You know when it all went bad for me? Second grade. 1986, they were sending the Challenger into space, do you remember The Challenger - don't answer that. Christa McAuliffe. She was a teacher. She was going to be the first teacher in space. It was a huge deal. First teacher in space. She was going to change the world - don't know how, but you felt that. At least in second grade, you felt that. Middle of the day in school, they bring a TV into class, we're all watching the launch. Whole class of eight-year-olds just watching. Then BOOM! Thing just explodes. Little pieces of sweet Christa McAuliffe are raining all over Florida. Our teacher shut that TV off like it was on fire, she literally wheeled it out of the room. Kids were hysterical. It was awful.

(then)

I wonder if that was the moment I decided that changing the world just leads to you blowing up into pieces all over Florida. Maybe that's how I wound up as the Man-ny.

He shakes his head, snaps out of it.

The girls are just standing there, confused. "Blurred Lines" continues in the backdrop, now even more awkward.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Sorry, I--

He stops short, as if sensing something's wrong.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Did you just feel that?

They look at him. A beat, then the PHONE RINGS.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(knowing)

Guys, I'm sorry, that's my sister, something's wrong. Give me a second?

He answers the phone.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Kate?

INT. KATE'S BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Kate (our overweight scale-faller) lies on the bathroom floor, covered by a bathrobe.

Kevin ENTERS, lays a TUB of ICE CREAM against her ankle.

KEVIN

You didn't have ice.

KATE

Well this is a low point.

If you haven't figured it out yet, Kevin and Kate are twins.

Kevin opens the ice cream. Hands Kate a spoon, takes one himself. They ice her ankle with the tub as they simultaneously eat from it.

KATE (CONT'D)

Do you think it's broken?

KEVIN

Nah. You just banged it up pretty good.

A beat. They eat in silence.

KATE
We're thirty-six. Officially late thirties.

KEVIN
I know.

KATE
How did I get here? How the hell did I get here?

KEVIN
Do you remember third grade, the Challenger explo--

KATE
You've gotta stop with the Challenger explosion.

KEVIN
Yeah.

Another beat.

KATE
You're the only good thing in my life, Kev.

KEVIN
I'm not that great.

KATE
I know. That makes it worse.

Kevin nods. They eat. Kate looks at him.

KATE (CONT'D)
Say something to make me feel better.

Kevin thinks, then:

KEVIN
You have a good job?

KATE
I'm your personal assistant. I am my twin brother's personal assistant.

KEVIN
I couldn't do what I do if it wasn't for you.

KATE

You're the star of the worst show in the history of television, Kevin.

KEVIN

Yeah, but the day-to-day stuff--

KATE

You nail models and rotate personal chefs.

KEVIN

Yeah, but... wow, this is a depressing conversation.

Kate continues eating ice cream.

KATE

I had this whole dream life I envisioned for myself. I wanted a real career. I wanted to marry a man like Dad. I wanted to be a mom like Mom. Look at me, Kevin. I ate my dream life away.

KEVIN

What are you looking for here, Sis? Give me the magic phrase that will make you feel better and I'll say it.

KATE

Tell me to stop feeling sorry for myself. Tell me to wake the hell up. Tell me to lose the fucking weight.

KEVIN

Stop feeling sorry for yourself. Wake the hell up.

(beat)

What was the last one?

KATE

Lose the fucking weight.

Kevin nods. He looks at her, serious.

KEVIN

Now say it again.

Kate nods, realizes:

KATE

I'm going to lose this fucking weight.

Kevin smiles. Kate looks at her brother, fondly.

KATE (CONT'D)

You are so much smarter than you look.

KEVIN

Bane of my existence.

(then)

Want me to cancel the party?

KATE

Can we still eat the cake?

KEVIN

I guess.

KATE

Okay, but after that, I'm losing the
fucking weight.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAYS LATER

We're back with Jack and Rebecca, our pregnant couple
from Pittsburgh.

They're in a hospital room now, the type of "delivery"
room that has looked exactly the same for what feels like
centuries.

Rebecca lies on a bed. She's in the very, very early
stages of labor. Things are relatively calm and - for
the moment - they are alone.

Jack wanders around the small delivery room, snooping.

JACK

You realize the kids and I will have the
same birthday?

REBECCA

I know.

JACK

Six weeks early is pretty early.

REBECCA

I know.

This hangs there. Jack picks up a METAL TOOL.

JACK

Seriously, what on Earth could this thing
possibly be for?

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VOICE (O.S.)

It's for rectal examinations. And that one's from the dirty pile.

Before them stands an OLD DOCTOR (70's).

DOCTOR

Just kidding. We don't keep dirty piles of things around here, I'm not a line cook. But it is for rectal exams. Happy to demonstrate later on you, Sir. But for now, please put it down.

He closes the door.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm Dr. Katowski, but you can call me Doc or Doctor K which is what most people choose to do because it's folksy.

Rebecca smiles. She likes him.

REBECCA

Do you work with Dr. Schneider?

Doctor K sits down next to Rebecca.

DOCTOR K

Take a breath for me, Dear? A deep breath. There you go. Are you relaxed? Now repeat after me: "No matter what this old man says..."

REBECCA

(hesitant)

No matter what this old man says.

DOCTOR K

"I am going to remain calm, collected, and composed."

REBECCA

(more hesitant)

"I am going to remain calm, collected, and composed."

Doctor K smiles.

DOCTOR K

Fantastic!

(then)

Dr. Schneider's appendix burst an hour ago. He just went into surgery. Stay with me, deep breath.

(MORE)

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

In between screams of agony, Schneider filled me in on everything involving your case. I know about the triplets, I know it's a high-risk pregnancy.

JACK

This is a bad joke, right?

DOCTOR K

It's not, unfortunately. I'll get right to your first concern - I'm seventy-three years old. I don't run wind sprints as fast as I used to, but my faculties are otherwise completely in tact. There are days I wish they weren't, because then I would retire and spend the rest of my days doing something more glamorous than pulling eight pound objects from women's vaginas. But until then, I keep coming here every day.

(then)

I am aware that I am a complete stranger and this is the biggest moment of your life. But I am the best of the best and I swear on the life of my own children and grandchildren that I am up for the task.

He stops, smiles.

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

Now, which one of you is pregnant?

They stare at him in silence.

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

Now *that* was a bad joke.

(then)

Would you lie back for me, Dear?

Rebecca and Jack share a concerned look.

With no other choice, Rebecca lies back.

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

A MULTI-CAMERA sitcom sound stage, the AUDIENCE is full.

KEVIN (our sitcom star) is handed a baby by a gruff FEMALE STAGE MANAGER.

STAGE MANAGER

Here you go.

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KEVIN
 (re: baby)
 Which one?

STAGE MANAGER
 Baby 2.

KEVIN
 Dammit. We can't use Baby 3 for this?

STAGE MANAGER
 Baby 3 is on break. You want Baby 1?

KEVIN
 No, Baby 1 is the worst.

STAGE MANAGER
 (nod)
 Yeah. Baby 1 is a douche.

Kevin takes the baby. Out in front, a WARM-UP GUY talks to the audience.

WARM-UP GUY
 Now, remember where we left off, Guys!
 Our favorite Man-ny is babysitting, and
 the baby has been crying steadily for
 three hours. And remember, when
 something tickles that funny bone what do
 you do?

A HUGE GUFFAW!!!! Kevin watches, disgusted.

WARM-UP GUY (CONT'D)
 I think we're ready. Director John, you
 handsome bastard, take it away.

DIRECTOR JOHN (not handsome) calls out:

DIRECTOR JOHN
 Dim the lights. Cue the baby crying.

Speakers BLARE in a clearly fake BABY CRYING.

DIRECTOR JOHN (CONT'D)
 And... action.

ON STAGE

Kevin tries comforting/rocking the "crying" baby.

KEVIN
 Okay, come on, Kid, you think you might
 stop crying sometime this century?

An EXPLOSION OF AUDIENCE LAUGHTER rocks the stage. Kevin is momentarily confused. Was that even a joke?

He tries to stay in the scene.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(to baby)

How can I help? What would Mommy do?
Would she breast-feed? Would that make
you stop crying? You want to breast-feed?

Holding the baby with one arm, Kevin removes his T-shirt. The audience begins HOOTING and WHISTLING.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(to baby)

C'mon, kid, work with me. Take my boob
and shut up.

Kevin presses the baby to his chest. The audience is ROLLING. Kevin can't take it, breaks character.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, can we cut for a second?

The warm-up guy steps back in front of the audience.

WARM-UP GUY

Little technical difficulty gang, who
wants a T-shirt!?

The crowd goes ape-shit.

BACK ON STAGE

A SHOWRUNNER named CASEY (40's), approaches Kevin. Casey is wearing a ball-cap and ill-fitting jeans. In any other universe, he'd be a schlub. Here he's the boss.

And a zillionaire.

CASEY

(already annoyed)

What's up?

KEVIN

I know we talked about this, and I know
I'm being a pain in the ass, but now that
you see it... don't you think this a
little ridiculous, taking my shirt off to
breast-feed?

CASEY

I agree.

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KEVIN

You do?

CASEY

That you're being a pain in the ass. Can we please shoot?

Kevin smiles politely, tries again.

KEVIN

I'm just trying to understand... does my character actually think the baby will breast-feed from a man? Are we saying the Man-ny is mentally retarded, because if so I'll start doing a voice.

CASEY

He's being funny.

KEVIN

For who? He's alone in a house with a crying baby.

CASEY

They laughed at the joke, Kevin.

KEVIN

They laugh at anything! They've been instructed to laugh.

He steps out to the audience, COMMANDS:

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Everyone laugh on "Hitler!"
(then)
Hitler!

He cues the crowd, and they EXPLODE in laughter.

CASEY

Kevin, I know you care. I know you care about this character.

KEVIN

Thank yo--

CASEY

I also know you're a thirty-something actor who's biggest previous role was a three episode arc on "Nashville." You're making thirty thousand dollars an episode. Say the line, or find another job.

(MORE) TV Calling - For educational purposes only

CASEY (CONT'D)

Because trust me when I tell you that I will have you replaced with Ryan Phillippe, or Ryan Gosling, or Ryan Reynolds, or any handsome Ryan by the time you get to your car. And believe me: my ratings will go up.

Casey walks off.

KEVIN

(calling after)

Ryan Gosling would never do this crap.

CASEY

(calling back)

No, he wouldn't, Kevin. Remember that.

Kevin thinks, SIGHS, turns to the stage manager:

KEVIN

Give me the baby.

STAGE MANAGER

They pulled Baby 2. It's Baby 1 now.

Kevin looks down at the baby.

Baby 1 makes a face at him.

EXT. SUBURBAN SOCCER FIELD - DAY (NEW JERSEY)

Randall (our slick treadmill-desk NYC guy) wears a BASEBALL CAP and TRACK GEAR.

In front of him, a group of SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRLS run up and down a soccer field, en masse, chasing the ball.

Randall focuses on one little GIRL (ANNIE, 6), currently sitting in the middle of the field braiding another GIRL'S HAIR.

RANDALL

C'mon, Annie! Go get the ball, Hon!

Annie turns, beaming, WAVES at her father.

ANNIE

Hi Daddy!

The flock of girls run right past her. She continues with the task at hand.

A sophisticated BLACK WOMAN (30's), stands back to back with Randall. This is Randall's wife, BETH.

BETH
(not looking)
How's she doing?

RANDALL
I think she's saving it for the second half.
(then)
How's about her?

Beth is simultaneously watching 8-YEAR-OLD BOYS play on the adjacent field.

On that field, a TOMBOY GIRL (8) is dominating. She ELBOWS A BOY in a stomach, dribbles past him.

BETH
Four boys crying and counting.

RANDALL
That's our little bull dyke.

She smiles.

RANDALL (CONT'D)
Switch?

BETH
Switch.

The rotate, still back to back, now watching the other game.

BETH (CONT'D)
(re: sitting daughter)
Is that--?

RANDALL
A French braid, yes.

Beth nods.

BETH
(re: French braid)
Over, under, back through, Baby! Stay focused.

Randall LAUGHS. They sit in contented silence, watching their two very different little girls play soccer.

Beth reaches back, takes Randall's hand. TV Calling - For educational purposes only

This is a solid couple. A rock solid family.

BETH (CONT'D)

I love this.

RANDALL

Can we freeze them like this? Just freeze time, freeze everything?

BETH

I feel like that guy who invented the Tesla has to be able to figure it out.

RANDALL

Yeah.

A long beat, then:

RANDALL (CONT'D)

I found him. My father.

Beth whips around. They're finally face to face.

BETH

When?

RANDALL

Last week.

BETH

Last week!? And you didn't tell me?

RANDALL

Don't be mad.

BETH

I'm mad.

RANDALL

Damn.

BETH

Yeah. Damn.

A beat. Randall confesses.

RANDALL

I hired a guy. It cost about \$1500. I paid for it on the Amex, you're going to see it. The personal Amex, not the business Amex--

BETH

I don't care about the Amex. TV Calling - For educational purposes only

RANDALL

I know.

A beat.

BETH

So...

RANDALL

Elon Musk.

BETH

Huh?

RANDALL

I couldn't think of the guy's name who invented the Tesla. It was driving me crazy.

BETH

Randall.

Randall SIGHS.

RANDALL

I was turning thirty-six and I just figured that if I didn't do it now...

(then)

He's seventy-two years old and lives in Philadelphia. I got his picture and an address.

BETH

So are you going to--

RANDALL

No.

BETH

Why not?

RANDALL

She was a crack addict who died during childbirth. He was the guy who left me at a fire station a few weeks later, probably because he couldn't think of anything more cliché.

(then)

I already have parents. Good ones.

BETH

So why did you find him?

RANDALL

I don't know, Beth. I really don't know.

That hangs there.

On the BOYS FIELD, Tess is standing over a fallen goalkeeper, war-dancing over him like she's Ray Lewis.

Randall watches her, thinks.

EXT. LOS ANGELES DUPLEX - EVENING

Kate (heavysset twin) EXITS, carrying a LOAD of junk food. She heads to a curbside GARBAGE CAN and dumps it.

She looks into the garbage can.

KATE'S POV

A bin full of chips, carbs, and trans-fats. It looks relatively untouched and, to Kate, still appetizing.

BACK TO KATE

Contemplating.

She turns, spots a woman SCOOPING her dog's recent shit into a bag. Kate approaches her.

KATE

You mind?

She takes the bag of dogshit from the woman and empties it into the garbage, on top of the junk food.

Mission accomplished, she gets in her car and drives off.

INT. MEETING ROOM - EVENING

A standard looking SUPPORT GROUP MEETING. In this case... a WEIGHT WATCHERS MEETING.

Most of the people in the semi-circle range from slightly overweight to obese.

Kate falls somewhere in the middle.

A heavy and slightly messianic GROUP LEADER named TANYA runs the meeting:

TANYA

...and so, when I lost the weight, I said to myself: "Tanya, you have done what you set out to do. Now you have to help lead others, so they can get skinny like you."

The room CLAPS.

Kate tilts her head, looks at Tanya's chubby CANKLES. She ain't exactly skinny.

Kate's eye catches that of a HEAVYSET MAN across from her (TOBY, 40's).

He raises an amused brow at Kate.

TANYA (CONT'D)

Now who wants to share?

We meet the rest of the group in quick SNAPSHOTS:

- We meet a FAT COUPLE - MARSHA AND PAUL:

MARSHA

Every time I'm going on a diet, he sabotages me.

PAUL

(exhausted)

I don't sabotage you, Marsha.

MARSHA

Than why'd you order the creme brulee the other night, huh?

PAUL

I wanted dessert!

A beat.

MARSHA

YOU'RE A BALD ASSHOLE, PAUL!

PAUL

Jesus, Marsha!

Kate and Toby share a look of bemused horror. This is nuts.

- Next we meet the NOT-REALLY-FAT RICH GIRL:

NOT-REALLY-FAT RICH GIRL

Look, I know I don't have the same issues as everyone here. I recognize that.

(MORE)

NOT-REALLY-FAT RICH GIRL
 But you guys don't know what it's like
 looking like me and carrying around that
 extra seven pounds in my midsection.

Toby mimes BLOWING HIS BRAINS OUT. Kate smiles.

- A HEAVY WOMAN rattles on and on:

HEAVY WOMAN
 ...and then there was my mom, who never
 let us eat pizza. So now, of course, if
 I see pizza, I just have to eat the whole
 pizza. I don't know, if this doesn't
 work I might just get the surgery.
 Staple my stomach and--

A LAUGH accidentally escapes from Toby. Everyone turns.

TOBY
 I'm so sorry.
 (then)
 I was just picturing that stapler.

Everyone stares at him.

TOBY (CONT'D)
 Totally inappropriate, so sorry.
 (then, to woman)
 I'm way fatter than you if it means
 anything.
 (then)
 My therapist says I use humor to deflect.

Tanya turns her focus on Toby.

TANYA
 And what is your issue with food, Sir?

TOBY
 Well, mainly that I eat too much of it.

TANYA
 And why do you think that is?

TOBY
 Um, I'm not sure. It's like... sometimes
 I think, "I'm hungry." That happens a
 lot. Then I eat. Then I feel less
 hungry?
 (then)
 Does anyone else have that?

Everyone just stares at him. TV Calling - For educational purposes only

But Kate smiles. If it's possible to fall in love at first sarcasm, it's just happened.

INT. MEETING ROOM - LATER

The support group has lined up in front of a SCALE. Kate looks terrified. This is her nightmare.

TOBY (O.S.)

Hi.

She turns.

TOBY (CONT'D)

They hate me.

KATE

You kind of crossed the line.

TOBY

You smiled.

KATE

I live across the line.

He smiles.

TOBY

Toby.

KATE

Kate.

TOBY

Want to be fat friends?

KATE

Sure.

(then)

But I'm going to lose the weight.

TOBY

I'm probably not.

KATE

Okay.

(then)

But I can't fall for a fat person right now.

TOBY

Okay.

(then)

I guess I'll lose the weight then.

They turn back forward and prepare to weigh in.

But now they're both smiling.

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - LATER

Rebecca is "in labor." It's not top-of-lungs-screaming labor yet, but it's definitely more intense.

Jack coaches her through a contraction.

JACK

Deep breath, Bec. There you go. There you go. Almost over...

It settles. He wipes the sweat from her forehead.

REBECCA

Baby, I'm sorry for everything I say in the next two hours. I mean none of it.

JACK

You'll mean some of it.

REBECCA

Very little of it.

JACK

Fair enough.

They smile, in rhythm. Jack wipes her forehead.

DOCTOR K (O.S.)

I'm almost glad Schneider's appendix burst. I like you two.

They look up. Doctor K is standing behind them.

He pulls up a CHAIR.

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

Because I'm new here, I thought we might have a little conversation now. Before things get more intense.

He sits beside the bed.

REBECCA

I'd like that. You said you have grandchil--

DOCTOR K

Not that kind of conversation.

Rebecca goes quiet.

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

I know Dr. Schneider talked to you about the positioning of the babies, and how complicated this delivery might get. It will be best for the babies if they come out the old fashioned way, but I'll be prepared to go in if necessary. What I need to know is this: if things get complicated--

JACK

I'm sorry, no. We are not having this conversation.

REBECCA

Jack--

JACK

We are not having this conversation because it's not going to happen. We are walking out of this hospital with three healthy babies and one healthy wife. I have three cribs at our new home that we bought specifically for our three children to grow up in. My mother has already knitted three Fearsome Threesome onesies. Three of them. And she's a slow, no-talent knitter. It's also my birthday today, by the way, which tends to be a pretty good day in our house, a day where I get pretty lucky. So I need everyone in this room to believe me when I say that only good things are happening today. Actually, no, I don't want you to just believe it. I want you to know it.

(to Rebecca)

Do you know it, Baby?

REBECCA

My God, I love you.

(then)

Yes, I know it.

Jack turns to Doctor K.

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JACK
Do you know it?

Doctor K thinks.

DOCTOR K
I know I like you. So let's start there
and get you what you want.

Jack and Rebecca share a smile. Doctor K looks concerned.

INT. RANDALL'S OFFICE (NYC) - DAY

Randall stares at the PHOTOS of his two GIRLS on his desk.

Then he turns his attention to the computer...

...and that singular PHOTO of his BIOLOGICAL FATHER.

Randall hits a button on his office phone.

RANDALL
(into phone)
Hey, clear my afternoon?

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
But you--

RANDALL
(already standing)
Thanks.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - LATER

Randall drives his black Mercedes AMG 63 against traffic,
out of New York City.

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - LATER

He heads from Northern Jersey through Southern Jersey and
onto...

EXT. DELAWARE TURNPIKE - LATER

Which gets you into Pennsylvania, and eventually onto I-76
and into...

EXT. PHILADELPHIA - LATER

A city where driving just a few city blocks can land you in a completely different economic stratosphere:

- Rittenhouse Square is where the money is.
- Then there are all the upscale universities, which for some reason border...
- West Philadelphia. One of the grittiest and grimeiest inner cities in America.

And it is on the GRITTIEST BLOCK OF ALL, that Randall (using his GPS) parks his car, takes in the unkempt apartment, and heads to the front door.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

KNOCK, KNOCK. Randall bangs on the door.

VOICE (O.S.)

Comin'.

ON RANDALL

Breathing hard, he's not composed. Not himself. He KNOCKS again, louder.

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

I said I was coming.

The door opens.

Before Randall stands his biological father, WILLIAM HILL (72). The same man from the picture.

But in person, William is even older. More beaten up. He's seen better days.

WILLIAM

Can I help yo--

Randall launches in.

RANDALL

My name is Randall Peasing. I am your biological son. Thirty-six years ago you left me -- no, hold on, let me say this - thirty-six years ago you left me at the front door of a fire station. Don't worry, I am not here because I want anything from you. Don't need a hug, don't need any money.

(MORE)

RANDALL (CONT'D)

I was raised by two incredible parents, I have a lights out family of my own, and that car you see parked out front of your house cost 104,000 dollars and I bought it for cash. I bought it for cash because I felt like it, and because I can do shit like that. Yeah, you see, I turned out pretty alright, which might surprise a lot of folks considering the fact that thirty-six years ago my life started with you leaving me on a fire station doorstep with nothing but a ratty blanket and a crap-filled diaper. I came here today so I could look you in the eye, say that to you, and then get back in my fancy-ass car and finally prove to myself, and to you, and to my family who loves me, that I didn't need a fucking thing from you, even after I knew who you were.

A beat, then:

WILLIAM

Would you like to come in?

RANDALL

Okay.

They head inside.

INT. WILLIAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

We take in the apartment. There's a beaten armchair, which sits in front of an outdated television.

There's a noticeable lack of life and photographs in this place.

IN THE SMALL KITCHEN

William places a cup of instant coffee in front of Randall.

WILLIAM

Take milk?

RANDALL

No.

WILLIAM

Good. Don't have any.

They sit there in silence.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You look like me, I think. Like I used to look. You think?

Randall SHRUGS, indifferent and forcing his "pissed."

RANDALL

So is there something you want to say to me, cause otherwise I really need to get going?

William looks confused.

WILLIAM

You want me to say something?

RANDALL

I told you I don't want anything from you.

WILLIAM

But you're here.

RANDALL

Just to tell you that.

WILLIAM

Well, I've been told.

A longer beat.

RANDALL

You know what, if you're just going to sit here making excuses--

WILLIAM

Didn't make any excuses.

RANDALL

Because there's nothing you can say--

WILLIAM

Didn't say anything for just that reason.

Another long beat.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Seems to me you want me to try and make amends so you can say "screw you" and storm outta here.

RANDALL
That's ridiculous.

WILLIAM
Okay.

A beat. William thinks.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I'd like to say I remember your mom, but I barely do. Lived on the streets then. Crack, heroin. I remember her dying. Remember there was a baby. I'd like to say I remember leaving you at a fire station, but I don't. Not an excuse. In fact, it probably tells you something about me that I don't remember. I do like fire stations though, so that sounds like something I'd do if I had to do something, you know? Anyway, I don't know if that's what you're looking for, but either way, you can be sure this life of mine has been punishment enough for the things I've done.

RANDALL
If you think I'm going to forgive you--

WILLIAM
I don't.

RANDALL
You were right, I did just want to say screw you and storm out of here.

WILLIAM
Go 'head.

RANDALL
Screw you.

WILLIAM
Yep.

Randall turns, storms out. A moment passes, he re-enters.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
You want to meet your grandchildren?

RANDALL
I'll get my coat.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - EVENING

We can hear a BUZZING CROWD out beyond the curtain, but we're backstage now.

ON KEVIN:

He sits in a chair backstage, rehearsing quietly. He looks very serious.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey Kid.

Kevin looks up. TED DANSON (Ted Danson!) stands behind him.

KEVIN

Oh, hi Ted. Thanks again for doing this.

TED DANSON

Oh, no need for thanks, trust me: they're paying me an absolute fortune.

(then)

Great scene for you by the way.

KEVIN

Right? I've been asking for a dramatic monologue for a year now, and he finally gave me one.

(then)

When the prick tries, he can really write.

Ted smiles.

TED DANSON

Well, I'll see you out on the field.
Break a leg, Kid.

Ted Danson EXITS. We hear the crowd GO NUTS.

Kevin takes a deep breath, steadies himself, and heads out...

ON STAGE

Kevin ENTERS to applause, sits down on the set's couch.

WARM-UP GUY

(to crowd)

Now remember where we left off everyone: the Manny's dad has shown up for an unexpected visit. But now Daddy is leaving and the Manny is P to the O'd.

(MORE)

WARM-UP GUY (CONT'D)

Things are about to get realz up in here... Handsome John, you handsome bastard, take it away!

DIRECTOR JOHN

Okay, everyone settle, quiet please. And... ACTION.

Ted Danson steps into the room, PULLING A SUITCASE.

TED DANSON

Guess I'll get going.

Kevin sits there, sulking in silence.

TED DANSON (CONT'D)

Okay, well, lovely seeing you as always. Let me know if you get that big promotion to babysitter. Or is babysitter actually a demotion from nanny?

KEVIN

Good one.

TED DANSON

Oh for God's sake, I'm trying to make light of the situation.

KEVIN

That's what you do. My lightweight Dad.

TED DANSON

I'm sorry?

KEVIN

That'd be a first. You being sorry.

TED DANSON

Son--

KEVIN

No, don't son me. Just go.
(intense)
Get the hell out of here.

Suddenly, you can hear a pin drop. Casey (showrunner) stands up behind the monitors, intrigued.

Kevin laughs to himself.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

"Son," you called me? What a joke. I see that pretty clearly now. You know why?

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(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Because this stupid job - my babysitting job you get such pleasure mocking? I look at that little girl and I'd do anything for her - trains, bullets, I'd jump in front of any of them for her. And she's not even mine. And for you to just walk in and out of my life like you have the past thirty years.

(then)

I'll never understand it. I'll never understand you.

(then)

I'm too old to be hurt by you anymore. I'm too tired. Just get the hell out of here.

They stand there in silence until... Ted SIGHS, and EXITS.

A long beat of silence as the camera PUSHES IN tight on Kevin until...

DIRECTOR JOHN

And CUT!

And slowly... the crowd goes ape-shit, recognizing they've just seen something special.

Kevin takes a sheepish bow. Casey approaches.

CASEY

Good stuff, Kevin. Really, really great, man. Now let's just take a quick whack at the alt pass--

KEVIN

What? Really?

CASEY

Kevin, we talked about this. I liked it too - hell, I wrote it - but we need to have the lighter option.

KEVIN

I just don't see why I'd be cracking jokes during a confrontation with my estranged father.

CASEY

Kevin.

Kevin shuts his mouth. He looks to Ted Danson who shrugs.

TED DANSON

I'm just here for the overpaid guest star gig.

Ted heads to his mark. Casey waves a finger in the air at the director ("let's run it again").

Kevin looks out...

AT THE CROWD

TOURISTS abound. PIZZA and T-SHIRTS are being handed out to keep them in their seats. The T-shirts feature a picture of the shirtless Manny.

KEVIN

(announcing)

Okay everyone, we're gonna do the same scene again, but funny this time.

The crowd LAUGHS. Kevin looks over at Casey, back behind the monitors with WRITERS. They're all eating, laughing, could care less.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Because that's what you all want from this asinine show, right? You want to laugh? To laugh at the idiot Manny?

Some LAUGHS. Some chatter. Slowly, people realize this isn't a "bit" and start filming Kevin on their iPhones.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

That guy over there? The fatass in the baseball cap he uses to cover his bald spot? He doesn't think you'll reach for any fruit unless it's hanging so low you can step on it. And you know what, he's probably right. It's not his fault this show is this bad. It's not the network's fault for putting it on. It's your fault. It's your fault for demanding so little of us that we allow ourselves to settle. Shame on you for watching this thing. Shame on you for laughing at this crap. Shame on all of you.

He rips off his mic, turns to Casey.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Ryan Gosling may not do this crap, but neither will I. I quit.

(then)

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Great working with you, Ted. Loved you
in "Damages."

Kevin storms off and the place goes absolutely bat-shit.

It's clear that he will be the top story on TMZ in about
three minutes.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca is SCREAMING. Doctor K stands in "delivery
position."

Jack stands beside his wife, holding her hand.

DOCTOR K
Okay, Rebecca, one more big push. There
you go... and PUSHHHH!

Rebecca SCREAMS. And with that...

Doctor K holds a WET NEWBORN BABY, prods it. The baby
CRIES. He hands it to a NURSE.

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)
Okay, first male is out, looking good.

JACK
You hear that, Bec!? A boy!
(then)
Baby?

But Rebecca doesn't look right. Monitors start BEEPING.

NURSE
(concerned)
Doctor?

DOCTOR K
(calmly)
Yes, I know.
(then)
Rebecca, how we doing, Kiddo?

REBECCA
I'm not... I can't... something's not
right.

DOCTOR K
Oxygen for her, please?

Doctor K examines Rebecca, glances up at beeping monitors.

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

Rebecca, you've done great. But let's get you a little rest now and see if I can't take it from here, okay?

He nods at a Nurse, who puts a new GAS MASK on Rebecca.

REBECCA

(weak, fighting)

No.

JACK

No, what's happening--

DOCTOR K

I have to go in for the other two.

JACK

But--

DOCTOR K

Your wife is in distress, Jack. I'm sorry to be curt, this is why I wanted to have this conversation earlier, but now you need to trust me and get the hell out of my way.

JACK

No, wait--

DOCTOR K

Get him out of the room.

Doctor K blows past him.

Jack looks over at his newborn baby being tended to by nurses as he's pulled away.

He looks to his struggling wife. His two other children still inside of her.

His world spins on every axis possible.

INT. RANDALL'S HOUSE - LATER

Randall walks in the front door.

RANDALL

Hello!? Guys?

His DAUGHTERS run in to hug him. Beth follows, distracted.

BETH
 Babe, I need help getting Annie into the
 bath before bedt--

She stops short. WILLIAM has entered quietly behind
 Randall.

Everyone just stares at the poorly dressed stranger.

William, for his part, just looks kind of lost. He takes
 in the gigantic foyer, overwhelmed by the McMansion.

RANDALL
 Guys, this is your... William.
 (then, again)
 This is William. He's my... we work.
 Together.
 (then)
 At work.

Awkward silence. William takes off his hat, shakes
 Beth's hand.

WILLIAM
 William Hill.

BETH
 Hi.
 (then)
 Oh, Beth. Sorry. I'm Beth.

William kneels down towards the kids. Takes in his
 grandchildren for the first time.

WILLIAM
 Hello.

ANNIE/TESS
 Hi/Hey.

ANNIE
 You have a hole in your pants.

BETH
 Annie!

WILLIAM
 (waving it off)
 No, it's okay. I do.

Silence.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Isn't that what the kids do? To be cool?
Put holes in their pants?

TESS

Not like that.

WILLIAM

Well, darn. I thought I was being cool.
What if I do this?

He makes a "cool guy" pose. The girls CRACK UP.

ANNIE/TESS

Nooooo!

As this continues in the BACKGROUND...

Beth sidles up next to Randall. They speak quietly.

RANDALL

I should have called. I didn't know how
to say it out loud.

BETH

So...

RANDALL

(falling apart)

I have no explanation, Baby. Everything
I want to say or do around him, I do the
opposite. It's like a bad sitcom. It's
like an episode of "What's Happening."

(then)

He left me at a fire station. And I
brought him to our home.

And with that, Randall starts LAUGHING. Hard. Beth
looks at him, confused.

BETH

Oh God, you're cracking up.

RANDALL

(now really laughing)

I'm letting him near my children and I
have no idea why!

Now he's near hysterics. And now everyone in the room is
looking at him.

ANNIE

Daddy? What's happening?

RANDALL
 (to Beth)
 "WHAT'S HAPPENING!"

This sets off a new spasm of complete hysterics. Our normally stoic hero is literally doubled over.

His family just stares at him.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Randall's LAUGHTER transitions into new LAUGHTER...

Our heavysset heroes, Kate and Toby, are laughing over a dinner at a nice restaurant.

Toby wears a sport jacket. Kate is in a dress.

This is a date. And it's clearly gone well.

KATE
 (laughing)
 You're not serious! Sally Field!?

TOBY
 I have a thing for her. Sue me.

KATE
 She's like sixty!

TOBY
 Sixty's the new sexy.

KATE
 Uch.

TOBY
 When she turns seventy that's really gonna get me off. Sally's so gonna peak in her seventies.

Kate cracks up. A WAITER approaches.

WAITER
 Can I interest you in dessert?

KATE
 No.

TOBY
 Yes.

KATE
 (not playing)
 No.

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TOBY

He asked if he could "interest" us in dessert. I'm just saying he can. I am beyond interested in dessert. I am fascinated by dessert. Dessert is my life's work.

She smiles, raises a brow. But off her look...

TOBY (CONT'D)

(sad)

Just the check.

Kate NODS in approval.

EXT. KATE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Toby walks Kate to her front door. She fixes her dress, awkwardly.

KATE

Well, I had a very nice time tonight, Toby. Thank you.

TOBY

So that's it?

KATE

What do you mean?

TOBY

I mean you're not gonna invite me in for a nightcap or a blowjob or anything?

KATE

Cute.

TOBY

I am, thank you. Wait till I'm down to three chins.

KATE

Okay, enough.

TOBY

I'm serious, when I have three chins I look like a fat Channing Tatum.

She stops smiling.

KATE

You don't always have to do that, you know? The jokes.

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KATE

No, you don't. I'm thirty-six years old.
And this...?

She motions at herself.

KATE (CONT'D)

It's not a very pretty picture.

She's starting to get emotional. This is really intense for her.

Toby steps closer to her. He takes her hands.

She's so nervous she's practically shaking. He's about to kiss her when...

KEVIN (O.S.)

Hey.

They jump. Kevin walks into the room. He's disheveled and drunk (drinking from a bottle of wine).

KATE

Kevin! What the hell!?

KEVIN

You weren't answering your phone.

KATE

I was on a date!

KEVIN

A date!!!? Awesome! With who!?

KATE

Prince Harry, Kevin! Who the hell do you think?

She motions at Toby.

KEVIN

Wait, is this the funny fat guy from fat class?

TOBY

Yes. Toby, and Weight Watchers, but yes.
(then)
Holy crap aren't you the Manny?

KEVIN

I am. I was.

(then, to Kate)
Have you not checked your phone?

KATE

No!

KEVIN

Twitter? Facebook? Nothing?

KATE

No!

(then)

Why?

MOMENTS LATER:

Kate, Kevin, and Toby now sit in front of Kevin's computer, watching video of Kevin's now national meltdown.

TOBY

Jesus. I kind of feel bad for Ted Danson.

They all nod.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - LATER

Jack sits in a chair by himself, spinning.

Doctor K steps into frame. Jack STANDS, terrified.

DOCTOR K

Rebecca's vitals are good. She'll be asleep for a little while, but she's doing fine and we are monitoring her closely.

Jack nods, relieved.

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

(steady)

We lost the third baby, Jack. I'm very sorry. The second child is a girl, very strong. The third child was a boy, but the umbilical cord was cutting off his oxygen and he was stillborn. There's nothing anyone could have done.

Jack stares ahead blankly.

JACK

I'm sorry, I'm not processing anything. My wife?

DOCTOR K

(calm, once again)

Is fine. She'll be awake soon. You have two beautiful healthy children, Jack. A boy and a girl. But we did lose the third child.

Jack sits down, overwhelmed and not sure what to do with any of this.

Then he stands.

JACK

I need to be with my wife.

DOCTOR K

You will be. She needs to sleep now, but soon.

(then)

C'mon, sit.

Jack hesitates, then sits. Doctor K sits next to him.

They sit in silence for a long beat.

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

Okay if I keep you company for a second?

Jack nods, blankly. A long beat of silence.

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

Okay if I try and say something meaningful?

Jack nods again, blankly.

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

I lost my wife last year. Cancer. It's why I still work so much, at my age. Trying to pass the time, I guess.

Jack stares off into the distance. Doctor K looks at him, checking on him, and continues.

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

We were married fifty-three years. Five children, eleven grandkids. But we lost our very first child during the delivery. I was just twenty-two. It's why I went into pediatrics, truth be told. Wanted to do my part to prevent the same thing from happening to others, when I could. To help people get through it, when I couldn't.

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(MORE)

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

I've spent five decades delivering babies. More babies than I can count. But all these years later not a single day goes by I don't think of the child I lost.

This sits there.

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

I'm an old man now. I always say that when you stop recognizing your reflection in the mirror, that's when it's time to start reflecting.

Jack smiles just a little.

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

I like to think that because of the child I lost, because of the path he sent me on, I've saved countless other babies. I like to think that maybe one day you'll be an old man like me, talking a younger man's ear off, explaining to him how you took the sourest lemon life has to offer, and turned it into something resembling lemonade. If you can do that, you'll still be bringing home three children from this hospital, just maybe not the way you planned.

Doctor K shrugs.

DOCTOR K (CONT'D)

Don't know if that's meaningful or senile, but felt it should be said. Your wife will be asleep for a while. Go see your babies. They're excited to meet their father.

(then)

I think they may have gotten a good one.

Doctor K STANDS. Jack looks up at him.

JACK

Maybe you'll come over for something resembling lemonade one day.

DOCTOR K

I'd like that very much.

He pats Jack on the shoulder and leaves him, lost in thought.

INT. RANDALL'S HOME OFFICE - LATER

It's late. William stands in Randall's elegant study, looking at FRAMED FAMILY PHOTOS.

Randall ENTERS.

RANDALL

Sorry, just had to put the girls down.

William picks up a picture.

WILLIAM

These people, they're--

RANDALL

My parents. My adopted... my parents. My father passed away few years back. My mom still lives in the house I grew up in.

WILLIAM

You were with them your whole life?

RANDALL

From the start.

(then)

A fireman found me. He took me to the hospital and they were there. They said it felt meant to be. Just one of those lucky breaks, I guess.

William shakes his head, sadly.

WILLIAM

A fire station. What a thing to have done.

William puts down the photo. Silence.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I should get going. It was kind of you... to be kind to me.

RANDALL

The girls enjoyed meeting you. Maybe we can have you by once in a--

WILLIAM

Oh, I don't think that's necessary.

RANDALL

No pressure, I just--

WILLIAM

It's just that I'm dying is all.
Probably best for everyone if this is a
one-time thing.

Randall looks up, surprised.

RANDALL

You're sick?

WILLIAM

Dying, not sick. Sick was months ago.
I'm toward the end, fortunately.

Silence.

RANDALL

I don't know what to say.

WILLIAM

Nothing to be said. I only tell you now
so you know where I've gone, when I'm
gone.

(then)

It was a kindness you've shown me,
letting me see them. Your dad must have
been very proud of you.

And with that, William starts putting on his tattered
coat.

To his complete surprise, Randall's heart breaks.

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kate, Toby, and Kevin sit on the couch. They are
drinking wine (Kevin is chugging from the bottle).

KATE

I cannot believe I am drinking these
calories.

KEVIN

I just torpedoed my career, Sis. You can
spare a hundred calories for me.

KATE

Hundred fifty.

TOBY

Hundred fifty.

Kate and Toby share a smile.

TOBY
 (then, confused)
 So you two are twins?

KATE
 Schwarzenegger and DeVito, in the flesh.

KEVIN
 Oh my God, what have I done!? I'm an
 unemployable thirty-five year old actor.

KATE
 We turned thirty-six, Kev.

KEVIN
 Oh God, that's right! Late thirties!
 How did I get here!?
 (then, to Toby)
 Do you remember--

KATE
 Do not tell him about Christa McAuliffe,
 Kevin.

KEVIN
 She was gonna be the first teacher in--

KATE
 Kevin!

Kevin chugs more wine.

KEVIN
 What am I going to do, Sis?

KATE
 Broadway?

KEVIN
 Can't sing.

KATE
 Porn?

KEVIN
 Yeah, maybe.

Kate shares a concerned look with Toby. She puts down
 her drink.

KATE

Kevin: do you remember what Dad would
always say when something crappy happened
to us?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

We are in the room with all the newborn babies who need
extra monitoring.

TIGHT ON JACK

On the other side of the windowed glass, looking in.

He focuses on TWO LITTLE ONES, a BOY and a GIRL.

KATE (V.O.)

Whenever we'd get down, whenever we felt
like life wasn't going our way?

A MAN (40's) steps up beside Jack.

MAN

Which one's yours?

JACK

Those two.

MAN

Congrats! Twins, wow.

Jack flinches on "twins."

JACK

(covering)

Thanks.

(then)

Which one's yours?

MAN

None of 'em, actually. Strangest damn
thing. Someone left a poor little baby
at my station. I didn't know what to do
so I brought him here.

Huh?

We REVERSE to the other side of the window and see that
the man is in a FIREMAN outfit.

WTF?

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As the fireman points out a little African-American baby to Jack...

We take in other visitors walking through the hospital.

It's the first time in Jack's story that we've been anywhere outside an unfurnished bedroom or standard issue hospital room.

And from the wardrobes, and from the outdated phones and technology, we suddenly realize that our main story - Jack and Rebecca's story - has been taking place on Jack's birthday... but in 1979.

We realize that the two babies Jack is looking at are Kevin and Kate. That the baby the fireman has found is the one that William Hill long ago abandoned - Randall.

INT. KATE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

As Kate finishes...

KATE

C'mon, Kev, you remember. What was that thing he always said? About the lemons? There's no lemon so sour...

Kevin smiles.

KEVIN

...you can't make something resembling lemonade.

And as Doctor K's original words to Jack land...

We FLASH around our various stories...

- Randall and Beth set up William with TOWELS in a guest bedroom.

- Toby helps Kate cover a passed out Kevin with a blanket. And when they're close, before she can resist, Toby leans in and plants a big kiss on her lips.

TOBY

Good. Now that's out of the way.

- And finally...

- Jack sits next to Rebecca in her hospital room, as she slowly wakes up.

He talks to her. She cries. ^{TV Calling - For educational purposes only} They hold each other.

Doctor K watches them from the doorway, leaves them be.

And finally...

INT. BEDROOM - WEEKS LATER

We are back where we first started, in Jack and Rebecca's still unfurnished new bedroom.

In front of that single bare mattress rest THREE BASSINETS.

Jack and Rebecca stand in front of them, holding hands, looking at their new family.

Each bassinet holds a month old BABY: two white, one black. Kevin, Kate, and Randall.

They all wear poorly-knitted onesies which read:

"The Fearsome Threesome."

THE END.

A quick note to the reader: The time-twist here will be unnoticeable in execution. Yes, it's a narrative trick, but every setting in Jack and Rebecca's story has been carefully constructed so that - when shot - you won't notice that we're not in present day: the unfurnished new bedroom in the quaint 70's style house, Rebecca's bad maternity wear, the timeless standard issue hospital room (and doctor/nurse uniforms), even the Terrible Towel that seemed vintage but was actually current back then. Because of where the scenes take place, the 1979 of it all won't be hard to disguise, but will hold up to scrutiny in second viewing.

In series, we will follow the lives of these identically aged people... with fun coming from the fact that one of the stories happens to be the story of the parents of our other main characters.

Thank you for listening.

Love,

M Night Fogelman

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