# GAFFIGAN

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2nd Revised Network Draft
January 3rd, 2013

GAFFIGAN PILOT

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. GAFFIGAN APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

This is a normal apartment in a normal five-story walk-up in the not-so-normal Bowery neighborhood of Manhattan. What distinguishes this two-bedroom apartment is it's home to five children under the age of eight, all of whom are currently in various stages of undress. Coats and shoes are being removed by DORENA, a timid, barely English-speaking Hispanic woman of about sixty, and by JEANNIE GAFFIGAN, early forties, a woman possessing a seemingly unlimited storehouse of energy, patience, and good humor. The room is filled with happy chatter. The front door opens, and into this picture of messy domestic bliss steps JIM GAFFIGAN, luggage in hand.

JIM
Hey, everybody. Daddy's home!

Everyone's surprised to see him. The children swarm around him and he greets them warmly. Jeannie smiles.

JEANNIE
I thought you weren't gonna be home until around noon.

JIM
I know, but I missed my family so much, I got up at five this morning and took an early flight. So now I have a whole day to spend with my kids having a super great Daddy day!

The children cheer.

INT. GAFFIGAN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SIX MINUTES LATER

Jeannie opens the bedroom door and finds Jim in bed under the covers. The kids can be heard playing in the living room.

JEANNIE
What are you doing?

JIM
Just taking a nap. Could you close that door? A little loud.

JEANNIE
Didn't you say something about a super great Daddy day like six minutes ago?

JIM
Yeah, that's totally happening. I just want to rest up so I can give the kids my best.

She closes the door and steps into the room. Jim lifts an Eskimo Pie into view and takes a bite.

JEANNIE
You're eating an Eskimo Pie in bed.

JIM
It gets so hot under these covers.

JEANNIE
Jim, those are for the kids.

JIM
Do we really want them eating this kind of stuff? Is that good parenting? I sure don't think so.
(savoring as he eats)
I like how the chocolate's so crunchy.

JEANNIE
You gotta get up. I have this huge presentation at work tomorrow, and there's a bunch of kid stuff that needs to be taken care of -

JIM
(sexy beast)
Why don't I give you a huge presentation?

JEANNIE
Jim -

JIM
Things go well, you might even get a bite of my Eskimo Pie. You know, a small bite.

JEANNIE
Jim, we have a three-month-old son out there.
(MORE)

JEANNIE (CONT'D)
That means I haven't been pregnant for three months - which would be the longest I haven't been pregnant in the last nine years. You get me pregnant again, I'll be raising six kids alone because you'll be dead because I killed you.

JIM
And yet, so great is the power of my sperm, I will impregnate you from the grave.

Jim pulls Jeannie closer as she laughs. Dorena enters, pulling on her coat and catching them in the act.

DORENA
I go now, Miss Jeannie?

JEANNIE
Dorena's son's coming back from Afghanistan today. She wants to be home when he gets there - so we're on our own. I need to work on my presentation, I have all these kid-related errands to run - so you have to get up and watch the kids.

DORENA
He stay? He watch kids? Oh, no. I stay.

She starts pulling off her coat.

JEANNIE
What about your son?

DORENA
I see him later.

JEANNIE
It's okay, Dorena. You should go.

DORENA
(sotto, to Jeannie)
No let mister stay with the babies. *Muerto!*

JIM
I'm right here.

JEANNIE
Come on, I'll walk you out.

Jeannie puts an arm around her and steers her away.

DORENA
He stay in the bed, babies come in, get in the bed with him - he *gordo*. He roll over - they die!

JIM
Thanks for the good thoughts, Dorena. Much appreciated.

INT. GAFFIGAN APARTMENT - BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jim stands at the sink patting his face with a towel. Jeannie stands in the doorway. During the following, several of the kids pass through the bathroom chasing each other and giggling.

JEANNIE
Are you going to shave?

JIM
I wasn't planning to - unless one of these errands involves an appearance on *Entertainment Tonight*. Not to mention it's Columbus Day. You know I don't shave on the major holidays.

JEANNIE
Okay, listen. You need to drop off a copy of Siobhan's birth certificate at St. Anne's.

JIM
Can't we email that?

JEANNIE
It's a Catholic church. They won't have email for another four hundred years. Then you have to go buy a dozen cupcakes at the vegan bakery for the bake sale at James's school tomorrow. And they have to be dropped off at school.

JIM
That's an extra trip. Couldn't I just bring them back here and take them to school with James in the morning?

JEANNIE
No - because that means we'd have cupcakes in the house overnight.

JIM
(nodding)
And the kids would eat them. Yeah.

JEANNIE
(a beat)
Really? The denial runs <u>that</u> deep?

JIM
You have no idea.

JEANNIE
Dorena took the four oldest kids to the park earlier, and she thinks Elizabeth's favorite toy might have been accidentally thrown away in the garbage.

JIM
Mr. Donkey?

JEANNIE
She says he might be in the trash can near the entrance to the park.

JIM
Now I know why you wanted me to shave. You're asking me to dig around in a trash can in a park in Lower Manhattan? Couldn't I just buy some used needles and infect myself at home?

JEANNIE
It's Mr. Donkey, Jim. Mr. Donkey.

JIM
Fine. What else, Miss Daisy?

JEANNIE
This is the most important thing. You need to drop off Mary's application at St. Bridget's School.

JIM
Isn't that on the Upper East Side?

JEANNIE
Yeah.

JIM
That school is so traditional and so stuffy and so far uptown. Isn't there a school in the neighborhood? Or how about home schooling? Have we considered that?

JEANNIE
St. Bridget's is the best Catholic girl's school in Manhattan. Are you gonna shower?

JIM
I did shower.
(a beat)
Yesterday.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE APARTMENT - BOWERY - LATER

Jim hurries out of his building and a tall, brightly dressed Puerto Rican lady calls to him from a few doors down.

ARLEN
Jim Gaffigan! Wait up, amigo!
(as he struggles to move quickly in his heels)
Dear God, why didn't I wear flats today?

The woman comes closer, revealing herself to be a tall, very brightly dressed Puerto Rican male. This is ARLEN, late twenties, the neighborhood drag queen, and one of Jim's good friends. Jim's as subdued as Arlen is larger than life - perhaps that's the attraction.

JIM
How's it going, Arlen? I like the dress.

ARLEN
A little retro, I know. I was going for sort of a Julianne Moore in *Far from Heaven* look.

JIM
Well, you lost me. Can we catch up later? I have a bunch of kid stuff to do -

ARLEN
Kid stuff? Oh, my god. Is Jeannie sick?

JIM
She's fine. I really have to -

ARLEN
I only have one question.

JIM
Arlen, I can't lend you any money.

ARLEN
See how well we know each other? I think that's a beautiful thing, Jim Gaffigan! We should celebrate that.
(down to business)
I need between eighty and a hundred and ten dollars. Cash would be best.

JIM
Is this is for a new dress?

ARLEN
Well, that was hurtful. Excuse me while I remove your dagger from my breast. The money is not for me, Jim Gaffigan! It's for your new baby - little Sean! Three months he's been with us, and his Auntie Arlen hasn't bought him a present yet. That's not right.

JIM
Arlen, buying him a present - even with my money - that's a lovely gesture. But it's really not necessary -

ARLEN
It is <u>totally</u> necessary. Maybe you forget, but I'm babysitting for you and Jeannie this Friday night. If I show up without a gift, that baby will know. He'll look at me with his little baby eyes - those pure, clear, angel eyes that only those newly born possess - and he'll look deep into my soul - and he'll think to himself, "Maybe my parents don't love me so much, because why would they ever leave me in the hands of someone so cheap?"

JIM
That seems like a big thought for a three-month-old. Come on, Arlen, you're family. You don't have to buy him anything.

ARLEN
I don't have to - I want to. Could I please can I borrow the money? Don't make me beg, Jim Gaffigan. I have my dignity.

Jim looks Arlen up and down, taking in his wig, earrings, dress and heels.

JIM
No, I get that. But it's really not a good time.

INT. VEGAN BAKERY - TEN MINUTES LATER

Jim points out some cupcakes inside the glass counter case.

JIM
What flavor are those? The sort of purple ones?

CLERK
Kale, parsley and beet.

JIM
Do you have something a little less like the inside of a rabbit's lower intestine? Vanilla? I'll take anything close to vanilla. Vanilla turnip?

The clerk motions to the purple cupcakes.

CLERK
These are pretty tasty.

JIM
Okay. Give me a dozen.

Arlen appears next to Jim.

ARLEN
Is now a good time?

The clerk offers a tray with many little white cups on it.

CLERK
Would you like a sample while you wait? These are hemp and avocado.

JIM
So they're a combination of something you can make a shirt out of - and dip. I think I'll pass.

CLERK
(motioning to Arlen)
How about your wife?

JIM
(a beat, evenly)
No, we're good. Thank you.

EXT. PARK - IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Arlen holds the box of cupcakes. Jim's completely focused on digging around in the trash, so he doesn't see Arlen pop open the box and remove one of the cupcakes for a taste.

ARLEN
(with pride)
That's the highest form of flattery for the transvestite person, Jim Gaffigan. I wasn't passing for a woman at that bakery. I <u>was</u> a woman. I was <u>your</u> woman, Jim Gaffigan. And your woman needs a hundred and ten dollars.

Jim sees Arlen taking a bite of cupcake.

JIM
What are you doing? Those are for the school!

Arlen spits the mouthful into the trash, then drops the rest of the cupcake into the can after it.

ARLEN
They're hideous!

JIM
They're kale! What did you expect?

Jim digs the damaged cupcake out of the trash.

JUST OUTSIDE THE FENCE

A distinctive-looking African-American woman with big curly hair, JANELLE, is walking her little dog. She eyes the two men with disdain.

INSIDE THE PARK

Jim inspects the damaged cupcake.

ARLEN
I only took a little bite. Put it back in the box.

JIM
Arlen, I'm not giving this to some unsuspecting kid. It's been in a city garbage can. It's disgusting.

Jim eyes the cupcake for a beat, looking very much like he'd like to take a bite.

ARLEN
You want to take a bite, don't you?

JIM
I can't help myself. Anything in the shape of a cupcake - I'm powerless. If heroin was available in cupcake form, I'd have been dead years ago. And thinner.

JANELLE
Excuse me. This is a park. There are children here. If you want to pick through the garbage for food, there are cans on every corner.

JIM
Listen, I can explain. I'm looking for my daughter's donkey.
(a beat)
That probably didn't help.

Jim ducks his head down, embarrassed, and resumes his search for the toy. Arlen gets all up in Janelle's grill. During the following, Jim finds the toy in the trash.

ARLEN
Excuse me? You think we're homeless? I happen to be a greeter at a very high-end boutique, and this man - this is Jim Gaffigan! Jim Gaffigan, the very famous comedian. He used to be on television all the time.
(MORE)

ARLEN (CONT'D)
That was a while ago - I don't know what happened there - but he's my friend and a known person!

Jim hurries over to Arlen and stuffs some bills in his hand. Janelle sees the money and reacts with disgust.

JIM
Just go.

ARLEN
I love you.

Arlen pulls Jim close, gives him a kiss and hurries off.

INT. WHOLE PLANET SCHOOL - LOWER EAST SIDE - LATER

Jim stands in a classroom with EVE, an earthy-crunchy woman of about twenty-five. The walls are plastered with very colorful student artwork. Eve eyes the cupcakes.

EVE
Thanks for dropping these off. Is Jeannie sick?

JIM
She's fine. Why does everyone - ?

EVE
They're nut free? And gluten free?

JIM
Nuts, gluten, joy - none of that stuff.

EVE
And they're vegan, right?

JIM
(the comedian)
Yes. They tried to sell me the red velvet pork chop flavor, but I told them no way.

Eve stares at Jim blankly. Jim looks to make a hasty retreat.

JIM (CONT'D)
Well, I should be -

EVE
Oh, let me give you James's artwork.
(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)
This was an interesting project. I asked the children to draw something they were proud of.

JIM
What did my son draw?

EVE
Let's see -

She takes one of the drawings down and hands it to Jim.

EVE (CONT'D)
Here you go.

JIM
(studying it, confused)
He's proud of - what is this? A little house in the middle of a field of brown wheat?

EVE
It's your penis.

JIM
My penis? My son is proud of my penis? I'm barely proud of it.

EVE
This is quite normal. At a young age, children model themselves after a parent as a means of self-identification - and that extends to body image. You should be proud. James actually inspired some of the other children.
(pointing to another drawing)
Molly Chan drew her vagina.

Jim starts to look, but quickly averts his eyes.

JIM
I'd look - but I'm starting to worry this is all part of a sting.

EVE
You're not comfortable with the human body.

JIM
Not my body. I mean -
(motioning to himself)
Look.

EVE
Take this home and display it with pride as you would any of your child's artwork. Look at it. Why shouldn't you put that up on the refrigerator?

JIM
I don't know. The babysitter might think we're telling her to buy more hot dogs.

EVE
You feed your children hot dogs?

JIM
Of course not.

He folds the drawing up and tucks it quickly into his breast pocket. An Asian mother and daughter enter carrying a plate of cookies.

EVE
Hello, Mrs. Chan. Hi, Molly.

JIM
I gotta get out of here.

He exits quickly.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Jim looks around the empty church tentatively, the folded birth certificate in his hand. An African priest in his early thirties passes by. This is FATHER NICHOLAS. His skin is very dark and he's thrilled to be living in the States.

JIM
Hi. I'm looking for Father Thomas?

FATHER NICHOLAS
Father Thomas is away today. May I assist?

JIM
I just wanted to drop this off. My daughter's birth certificate for Catechism class.

FATHER NICHOLAS
You could have emailed this, you know.

JIM
I'll pass that along.

FATHER NICHOLAS
What is the name?

JIM
Gaffigan.

FATHER NICHOLAS
You are Jeannie's husband? I thought she was a widow. I see her alone with all those children every Sunday - it's so very sad.

JIM
(defensive)
I've been to church.

FATHER NICHOLAS
(cheerfully)
No, no, no. I came here from Africa three months ago and I would remember you because you are so fat! I am Father Nicholas Ngungumbane from Nkalanje in Zimbabwe.
(chuckling)
I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Gaffigan.

JIM
Is something funny?

FATHER NICHOLAS
No, it's just - look at us - we are exact opposites. As black as I am, you are white. You are beyond white. You are almost translucent! If you go to Nkalanje, the sun kills you in three minutes!
(a sudden outburst of unbridled joy)
I love New York! I love the United States! I love it with my total and complete heart!

JIM
Well - gotta run.

FATHER NICHOLAS
I'll see you on Sunday.

JIM
(confused)
Sunday?
(a beat)
Oh, yeah - yeah.

He exits.

INT. ST. BRIDGET'S SCHOOL LOBBY - UPPER EAST SIDE - LATER

Jim approaches the front desk with the folded application form in hand. A SECURITY GUARD works filling out a log. He barely glances up as Jim approaches.

SECURITY GUARD
Deliveries around the side on 74th.

JIM
I'm not making a delivery.

The guard takes a quick look up.

SECURITY GUARD
AA meeting's next door.

JIM
I just wanted to drop this form off at the admissions office.

SECURITY GUARD
Why didn't you email it?

JIM
Yeah, why didn't I? That office is which way - ?

SECURITY GUARD
Leave it here. I'll make sure they get it.

JIM
Thank you.

Jim hands him the form.

SECURITY GUARD
You're a comic, right?

JIM
Yeah.

SECURITY GUARD
You're kinda funny.

JIM
Thank you.

SECURITY GUARD
I saw you once.

JIM
Great.

SECURITY GUARD
You called my girlfriend a fat whore.

JIM
What? No. I wouldn't - I would never - I don't do that. You have me confused with someone else.

SECURITY GUARD
It was you. Yeah. We were at the Gotham Comedy Club. We were heckling like you're supposed to -

JIM
You're actually not supposed to -

SECURITY GUARD
- and you couldn't handle it so you called my girlfriend a fat, dumb whore.

JIM
I swear, I would <u>never</u> say anything like that.
(a beat)
I thought it was just <u>fat</u> whore.

SECURITY GUARD
It was her birthday, and her sister had just died ten years earlier.

JIM
Have you <u>seen</u> my act? I talk about bacon and donuts. I don't know how you get from bacon and donuts to fat, dumb whore. Unless I talked about a dumb whore who ate a lot of bacon and donuts and got fat. Could I just leave this?

The guard takes the form, eyeing Jim with distaste.

SECURITY GUARD
Can I get a picture?

JIM
Uhhh - sure.

The guard holds out his phone.

JIM (CONT'D)
Do you want to come out here, or -

The guard snaps a quick picture of Jim. Just Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)
Okay, great.

INT. GAFFIGAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jim sits on the couch eating an Eskimo Pie. Jeannie enters from the bedroom.

JEANNIE
You're back.
(seeing what he's eating)
Honey, didn't I tell you those were for the kids?

JIM
Oh - you mean <u>our</u> kids? I wish I'd known that. Where are they?

JEANNIE
The baby's sleeping - the rest are hooked into a movie in our bedroom. We had three Eskimo Pies, now we only have two.

JIM
Honey - why do you think I'm eating this one? The four oldest kids are having Eskimo Pies. It's easier to divide two of these things into four pieces than it is three. That's just simple math. We should explain this to the kids. Everything's a teachable moment, you know.

She's not buying it. A beat, then Jim attempts a rather obvious change of subject.

JIM (CONT'D)
(a little too interested)
Hey, how's your presentation going?

JEANNIE
Just stop. How did you do?

JIM
Great. Mr. Donkey's back - he's in the washing machine getting the syphilis cleaned off. I dropped off the birth certificate with Bishop Tutu -

JEANNIE
Who?

JIM
The new guy.

JEANNIE
Father Nicholas.

JIM
I dropped the cupcakes off with Abbie Hoffman's daughter, and I took the application to the faraway school uptown. All done.

JEANNIE
Wow. I'm impressed. I should lean on you more often.

JIM
No, don't do that. Today was a fluke, trust me.
(chuckles)
You're not gonna believe what happened at the hippie school. They asked all the kids to draw a picture of something they were proud of.

JEANNIE
(big smile)
What did James draw?

JIM
My penis.

JEANNIE
(no smile)
That's not funny, Jim.

JIM
Don't get mad at me. It's not like I posed for it.
(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)
The teacher gave it to us to hang on the refrigerator.

JEANNIE
Where is it?

JIM
In my coat pocket.

She goes to retrieve it.

JIM (CONT'D)
Yes, our son likes my penis. I guess he takes after you.

Jeannie takes the sheet of paper out of Jim's pocket and unfolds it. She's confused.

JEANNIE
Jim, this is the application form for St. Bridget's.

JIM
(a beat)
Is there anything else in the pocket?

JEANNIE
No.

JIM
(a long beat)
This could be bad.

Jeannie's reaction is much more certain. This <u>is</u> bad.

<u>FADE OUT</u>.

<u>END ACT ONE</u>

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GAFFIGAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim digs through his jacket and comes up empty.

JIM
Okay. Where's my penis?

JEANNIE
You see? This is why I'm so crazy about doing everything myself. We were desperate to get Mary into that school - so you go up there and drop off a picture of your penis!

JIM
First off it's not a picture. It's a drawing - an interpretation of my penis - and it's obvious he's never seen it, because he drew it way too small.

JEANNIE
You're not funny!
(a beat)
Did he put his name on it?

JIM
Well, not on it. That would be weird.

JEANNIE
Jim!

JIM
Yes. His name - our name - was in the lower left-hand corner. That he made nice and big. Of course.

Jeannie grabs the application form and her coat.

JIM (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

JEANNIE
I'm taking this up to the school.

JIM
Look, Jeannie - I'm sorry. I had a lot of different papers and forms -

JEANNIE
(not happy)
It's okay. I mean, obviously I can't put too much on your plate. As for St. Bridget's, we'll just have to do damage control when we're there tomorrow.

JIM
What's tomorrow?

JEANNIE
(evenly, annoyed)
Our interview at the school. First thing in the morning.

JIM
So why are you running all the way uptown now? We'll just bring the application with us tomorrow.

JEANNIE
The application was due today. Do you not know me? Do you not understand that I have to follow the rules and get everything done on time more than everyone else? And why is that? Because I have five children and people are waiting for me to fail. They're waiting for me to break down and admit I'm completely overwhelmed and in way over my head. Well, I'm not going to do that, Jim.

JIM
Why not? I do it every day. Some days I do it on the hour.

JEANNIE
Well, that's you. And this is me. And this is me leaving.

She starts for the door.

JIM
Honey?

JEANNIE
What?

JIM
If you're going to the Upper East Side, could you stop at H and H Bagels?

She fixes a murderous gaze on him, then she exits.

JIM (CONT'D)
Onion? No - Everything! Toasted, cream cheese! Love you!

INT. ST. BRIDGET'S SCHOOL LOBBY - THE NEXT MORNING

Jim and Jeannie head in for their interview. They're dressed far better than we've seen before. They're definitely uptown. Jim wears a tie and blazer, and he's actually showered. They look around nervously upon entering. Jeannie spots the guard and leans in close to Jim.

JEANNIE
Jim, see that guy? When I was here yesterday dropping off the form - I tried to get the drawing back. He said he'd never <u>seen</u> any drawing. I don't trust him.

She approaches the security desk, suddenly very friendly.

JEANNIE (CONT'D)
Hi, there! Good morning. We have a meeting with Mrs. Keveny.

The guard eyes Jim coldly.

SECURITY GUARD
Name?

JEANNIE
(a beat, low and garbled)
Gammigan.

SECURITY GUARD
(eyeing his list)
She's expecting a Gaffigan at nine.

JEANNIE
That's probably us. People get it wrong all the time.

SECURITY GUARD
Second floor. Two-sixteen.

Jeannie and Jim start for the stairs.

JEANNIE
(sotto)
Oh, he totally saw the drawing!

JIM
How do you know?

JEANNIE
Did you see the way he looked at you? He thinks we're total perverts.

JIM
He's probably just having a bad day.

The guard watches them go, then he turns and picks up the phone on his desk.

INT. ST. BRIDGET'S SCHOOL - ADMISSIONS OFFICE - LATER

Jim and Jeannie sit across from MRS. KEVENY, late sixties and conservatively dressed, the school's admissions officer. The office is all dark wood and very imposing. The Gaffigans try to be bright and personable, but they're clearly waiting for the penis drawing shoe to drop. Mrs. Keveny looks through their application.

MRS. KEVENY
Well, isn't this interesting? It says here you're a stand-up comedian, Mr. Gaffigan. I didn't know that.

JEANNIE
(trying way too hard)
Don't worry. A <u>lot</u> of people don't know it!

Jeannie laughs a little too loud. She's pushing, she knows it - and she can't stop herself.

MRS. KEVENY
I went to a comedy club with my husband once, but the language was so raw.

JEANNIE
Well, Jim doesn't work that way at all, Mrs. Keveny. His act is very clean. He's totally family friendly.

JIM
You could bring your mother to my show.

MRS. KEVENY
My mother's been dead for quite a few years.

During the following, Jeannie twists in her seat in mild agony as Jim digs a nice, deep hole.

JIM
(bailing madly)
Well, some of the crowds I play to - they're not exactly - I mean, she'd fit right in. Because they're dead. Crowds.
(quickly)
I'm sorry.

MRS. KEVENY
Being in this neighborhood, a lot of our fathers are investment bankers. It would be nice to have a parent with a career in the arts.

JEANNIE
We love the arts.

JIM
We really do. I'm always taking my kids to the Met.

MRS. KEVENY
What sort of paintings do you like?

JIM
(a beat)
I mostly like the older ones. You know - sad Europeans. They only painted the sad, ugly people back then. It's like, "Hey, you're hard on the eyes, can I do your portrait?"

MRS. KEVENY
Any specific artist?

JIM
No, I actually like them all equally. Mostly the ones close to the snack bar.

MRS. KEVENY
Mr. and Mrs. Gaffigan, I do have one question about your application.

JEANNIE
Did we miss something?

MRS. KEVENY
No. I'm a little confused by what you submitted along with it.

She unfolds a second piece of paper and studies it. Jim and Jeannie cannot see it. Jim jumps to fall on the grenade.

JIM
Please let me explain. That was my fault. You shouldn't have seen that.

JEANNIE
Nobody should have to see that. I mean, I'm forced to, but - our son James goes to a progressive school in the East Village.

JIM
Not a good school like this. Look, we don't have a lot of hang-ups when it comes to sex. We fully intend to have a very honest, very candid conversation about the topic with our children -

JEANNIE
We are Catholic - so we're probably gonna wait until they're about thirty, thirty-five.

MRS. KEVENY
I don't understand. Why did you drop off this birth certificate?

JIM
What?

MRS. KEVENY
I'm confused because it's not even Mary's. Siobhan is her sister, I'm assuming.

Jim and Jeannie breathe a huge sigh of relief. A hail of bullets has been dodged.

JIM
We're so sorry. With five children to look after -

JEANNIE
Five Catholic children.

JIM
- these little mix-ups are bound to happen. Not that we're overwhelmed. We're not.

JEANNIE
At least I'm not.

There's a knock at the door and a woman enters. This would be Janelle, the woman from the park the day before.

JANELLE
Mrs. Keveny, I'm so sorry to interrupt.
(to Jim and Jeannie)
Excuse me.

JIM
No problem.

Jim turns to say this, and he and Janelle make eye contact. She seems not to recognize him, but he recognizes her, turns away quickly, and puts his eyes on the floor. Janelle gives him another look, but she really seems not to make the connection from the park. It's hard to tell.

MRS. KEVENY
Janelle, this is Mr. and Mrs. -

JIM
(jumping in)
Just call us Jim and Jeannie. We're just plain folks.

JANELLE
Nice to meet you.
(to Mrs. Keveny)

Could I speak with you privately for a moment?

MRS. KEVENY
Certainly. Please excuse me, Mr. and Mrs. -

JIM
Jim and Jeannie!

JEANNIE
Of course!

Mrs. Keveny and Janelle exit. Jeannie pumps a fist as soon as the door closes, but Jim knows they're doomed now.

JEANNIE (CONT'D)
Yes! Victory snatched from the jaws of defeat! We're in!

JIM
Well, you never know.

JEANNIE
Jim - are you kidding? Yeah, maybe bringing up her dead mother was a bit of a misstep - but other than that - we have five kids, you're sort of a celebrity, they're looking for parents in the arts, not to mention we like art - they'd be crazy not to take us!

JIM
Honey, I'm just saying - you don't know. There might be stuff about us - or me - that they don't like.

JEANNIE
For example?

JIM
I don't know. Off the top of my head? Let's say they thought we liked to eat trash with drag queens. That sort of thing.

JEANNIE
What are you talking about?

JIM
Okay, I'm gonna explain this and hopefully you'll see how it's pretty much all your fault.

Mrs. Keveny returns.

MRS. KEVENY
I'm afraid, Mr. and Mrs. Gaffigan, we're going to have to end this interview.

Jim stands.

JIM
Look, I can explain about the park. I was trying to find my daughter's donkey - there were cupcakes - I'm powerless.

MRS. KEVENY
I really must ask you to excuse me. I've been called to an emergency budget meeting by the headmaster.

JEANNIE
Should we come back another time?

MRS. KEVENY
That won't be necessary. You're delightful people, and barring some unforeseen circumstance - I think I can safely welcome you to the St. Bridget's family.

EXT. ST. BRIDGET'S SCHOOL - SIDEWALK - LATER

Jim and Jeannie walk quickly away from the building. As soon as they hit the sidewalk, they gasp in relief.

JEANNIE
Unbelievable!

JIM
I <u>was</u> good, wasn't I?

JEANNIE
That was a <u>miracle</u>. It could have gone wrong <u>so</u> many ways -

HEAVYSET WOMAN (O.C.)
That's him.

Jim and Jeannie stop as a HEAVYSET WOMAN appears from behind the school's front gates. Her boyfriend the security guard falls in next to her.

HEAVYSET WOMAN (CONT'D)
Remember me, funny boy? I'm the person you called a fat, dumb, ugly bitch!

JEANNIE
Who is this? Why did you call her that?

JIM
I don't know - and I didn't! Can we talk about this someplace else?

HEAVYSET WOMAN
I'd like an apology, paleface.

JEANNIE
Don't talk to my husband that way.

HEAVYSET WOMAN
Oh, he can call me names, but he can't handle a dose of his own medicine?

SECURITY GUARD
Just like he couldn't handle the heckling.

HEAVYSET WOMAN
You think you're so funny -

The woman moves to push Jim. Jeannie jumps in and the two women get into a minor tussle. The men try to break it up, but Jeannie's a passionate defender of her man.

INT. ST. BRIDGET'S SCHOOL - ADMISSIONS OFFICE - AT THE SAME TIME

Mrs. Keveny and Janelle stand at the window looking down to the sidewalk. Mrs. Keveny stares, aghast.

MRS. KEVENY
They seemed like such a nice couple.

JANELLE
I didn't want to say anything before - but he eats garbage and has sex with transvestites.

Mrs. Keveny's eyes go even wider.

INT. GAFFIGAN APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Jim is on the couch watching an animated movie. His children are draped around him on all sides, all sleeping. It's a lovely tableau. Jeannie enters, sees them and smiles.

JEANNIE
Sweet.

JIM
Not as sweet as the way you jumped in and took down that crazy, fat, dumb, ugly bitch today.
(a beat)
Her words, not mine.

JEANNIE
I've been giving it some thought. I don't think Mary's getting into that school.

JIM
You never know.

JEANNIE
Really?

JIM
No, she's not getting in.

JEANNIE
I got a little angry yesterday, and I want to apologize. You tried to help out, and that's more than most fathers do. Well, more than some fathers do. Okay, more than <u>you</u> do.
(a beat)
You're a bad father. That's what I'm saying.

They both share a laugh.

JIM
I think we learned a valuable lesson. I shouldn't do anything. I should nap, stay out of the way, and let you be the competent one.

JEANNIE
I don't think that's gonna work - but nice try. I'll take the kids to bed.

JIM
No, leave them. I'll do it.

JEANNIE
You sure?

JIM
You know, going out of town and doing shows and getting laughs - that's great. But this - right here - I just want to enjoy this a little while longer. Go on. Go to bed.

JEANNIE
Thanks, sweetie.

She kisses him and exits. He gazes lovingly at his kids, then takes a quick glance to make sure Jeannie is gone. He switches the cartoon to a football game, then he lifts a partially eaten Eskimo Pie into view. He takes a bite and savors it. One of the kids stirs.

MARY
That's my Eskimo Pie, Daddy.

JIM
Shhhh. You're dreaming. Go back to sleep. Daddy loves you.

She settles back in as Jim continues enjoying his Eskimo Pie.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH - THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY

The Gaffigan family - Jim included - is scrubbed and lined up in a pew listening to Father Nicholas deliver his sermon.

FATHER NICHOLAS
Before I deliver today's homily, I want to thank all of you for making me feel so welcome. Many of you have invited me into your homes. Several of you have even given me lovely gifts. For example, my new friend Jim Gaffigan was most thoughtful.

Jim puffs up, pleased with himself - even though he has no idea what he's being thanked for.

ON THE ALTAR

Father Nicholas holds up the drawing of Jim's penis.

FATHER NICHOLAS (CONT'D)
The other day he gave me this beautiful drawing of a very tiny, small tower standing in the middle of a field of curly brown wheat. Why don't we pass this around so everyone can enjoy it?

Jeannie looks at Jim - but he's gone. The rear door of the church swings shut as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF TAG

END OF PILOT