WINKLERS

"Pilot"

story by

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SECOND DRAFT
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(no character descriptions)

TEASER

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - DAY

The main set: a large family room with a KITCHEN AREA upstage and a slightly sunken LIVING/DINING AREA downstage. Stairs and doors lead to other parts of the house and grounds.

The room is currently undergoing a massive re-model. Construction equipment, CONSTRUCTION WORKERS, and construction NOISE are everywhere.

TITA WINKLER enters, leading and holding up a frail-looking ELDERLY PERSON.

TITA

Good morning, boys. Such hammering.

WHITSON

Good morning, Mrs. Winkler.

TITA

Tita. Here, Whitson, it's all

arranged, everyone gets a flu shot.

TITA starts to make the rounds, handing out slips of paper to all the workers, the ELDERLY PERSON has trouble keeping up.

TITA (CONT'D)

And I don't want you boys going to the

drug store. That's what Henry does, he

has no idea who he is. Listen, Paco,

please let my husband feel involved

but don't give him anything sharp. We

might have some of those tools from

when the kids were little that say

Fisher Price on them.

A workman, HECTOR enters carrying the front of a 4x6 beam.

HECTOR
(to person carrying the back)

Sir? You don't need to be doing that!

We see the guy carrying the back: it's HENRY WINKLER. He's got his pastel cable-knit sweater sleeves rolled up and he's wearing a hard hat.

HENRY

It's my pleasure, Hector. On a scale of one to ten, you fellahs are a twenty-five. Anyone for iced tea?

TITA

Sweetheart, put down the wood.

HENRY

I'm helping.

TITA

Henry! I need you to die in our bed when you're a hundred. I am not going to a funeral Sunday because a two ton beam fell on your head! You want to help, help find a hotel for us while they redo the family room.

HENRY

Why would we leave? This is fantastic. I'm going to make some sandwiches for everybody. Who likes turkey meat loaf?

TITA

Would you stop? Go relax! Nobody needs you to make sandwiches-- That's what we have a chef for!

And TITA turns to the ELDERLY PERSON and says:

TITA (CONT'D)

Chef, are you up to making a few sandwiches for everybody?

CHEF

The twisty on that bread bag is going to kill me.

TITA

Never mind. Sit down, honey.

TITA and HENRY guide CHEF gently into a chair...

HENRY

Chef loves my turkey loaf sandwich, right Chef? I got this.

CHEF

Not too much ketchup. You always drown it. You're terrible.

EMILY WINKLER enters wearing a fluffy, pink negligée and robe ensemble. This morning, she is a less than happy princess.

EMILY

My head. Like they're banging inside my head.

HENRY

Look at this angel. How are you, my Sleeping Beauty?

EMILY looks like she wants to kill everyone.

TITA

She's so gorgeous when she wakes up. I used to have that. Come here, baby.

HENRY and TITA help EMILY to a downstage chair with the same care they used for CHEF.

HENRY

I’m making turkey meatloaf sandwiches and I can make you anything you like.

EMILY

I like to sleep. (to the WORKERS) I haven’t been able to sleep since construction started. It’s Saturday, Daddy. Look at my eyes.

HENRY

I see the most spectacular windows to a soul of pure love and happiness.

EMILY

Yeah, I meant the circles under them.

TITA

Attention everyone! Hello? Listen, our daughter works very hard all week so could we all just settle down and have some quiet time for a bit? Thank you.

THE WORKMEN shrug and start to sit down...

HENRY

Here’s some jasmine tea, Emily.

As, HENRY and TITA flutter about serving EMILY, she enjoys her breakfast in peace. HENRY distributes tea to the WORKMEN.

Construction foreman JACK CONNERSenters. He’s a tough, working class guy, currently covered in dirt, and he’s pissed off.

JACK

Why don't I hear working?

THE WORKMEN jump up, terrified. Jack approaches PACO, the biggest guy, who continues blissfully sipping his tea.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to PACO) What the hell is going on?

PACO DROPS THE DEADBOLT/DOORKNOB ASSEMBLY HE WAS HOLDING IN HIS OTHER HAND-- IT COMES APART.

PACO

Very sorry, Jack. Sorry, I'm sorry.

JACK

Want to hear something funny? Big Lou just took on three more jobs because I told him this job was done two weeks ago. Isn't that funny?

PACO

I don't know what to say.

JACK

You don't have to say anything. Can I get you a cookie with your tea?

PACO PUTS THE TEA DOWN.

PACO

I'm sorry. The lady needs more quiet.

JACK

Which lady?

PACO

The pink one. She frightens all the people.

WITH THE SPEED AND DEFTNESS OF A SUPERHERO, JACK PUTS THE DOORKNOB ASSEMBLY BACK TOGETHER AND HANDS IT BACK TO PACO.

JACK

We're quiet when I say we're quiet.

HENRY

Excuse me. You're Jack Conners, the foreman, aren't you?

JACK

Uh-huh.

HENRY

We haven't formally met, yet. I'm Henry. You and the men are doing such a wonderful job, and if there's anything I can do to make your life easier--

JACK

Yeah. Stay outta the way and don't get killed.

TITA

Thank you. Tell him stick to acting.

JACK

Also, the guys are tellin' me they're findin' Easter eggs filled with candy and money around the house.

HENRY

Yes. I swear I get more fun out of it than they do.

JACK

Yeah. Listen... this is a work site not a fairyland. And if-- is that a hammer on your belt, Mr. Winkler?

HENRY

Jack, please don't call me that. I feel an immediate connection to you, you feel it? Please. Call me Henry.

JACK

Give me the hammer.

HENRY hands over the hammer.

HENRY

I have to say, I've never met anyone with such authority and yet with such a kindness underneath. That comes through. I'm making you an omelette.

HENRY crosses up to the kitchen and starts cooking.

JACK crosses down to EMILY, who is having a croissant.

JACK

Excuse me.

EMILY looks at him, returns to her pastry.

JACK (CONT'D)

We need to work in this area so we're gonna have to ask you to move.

EMILY

I'm not sure I like your tone. Or your outfit or your... fragrance choice.

JACK is taken aback. Nobody speaks to him this way. The WORKERS all notice, and react.

JACK

Um, listen, (leaning in, quiet) I work for a guy named Big Lou so I don't really give a crap what you like.

EMILY

I'm guessing you're the gorilla who's been making my life hell all week.

JACK

I guess I must be. Are you the spoiled thirty year old who still lives with her parents?

The WORKERS react.

EMILY

I'm twenty-eight! And you don't know anything about me. I work just as hard as you. I'm a pre-school teacher.

JACK

Ooh. I'm imagining the horrific onsite injuries from finger painting. Can we wrap this up now, honey?

EMILY

HONEY!?

EMILY stands up to go toe to toe with JACK. She's somewhat tinier.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm nobody's honey!

JACK

We might've hit on the problem.

EMILY

You have no idea what a problem is--

JACK

Yeah, yeah. The Princess act might work here in the Magic Kingdom, but the minute you step outside and get a fuzzball in your hair, what's gonna happen? Now, you want to move and let the real people do their real jobs?

EMILY, maybe for the first time ever, is speechless.

HENRY now crosses down to JACK. What's he going to do? He then hugs JACK tightly. JACK recoils. He's not used to hugs. Especially from a guy.

HENRY turns and smiles to TITA:

HENRY

He could be the one.

OPENING CREDITS

CREDIT SEQUENCE SHOWS JACK AT A CONSTRUCTION WORKSITE, DOING HIS JOB, TALKING TO HIS FELLOW WORKERS, SHARING A BEER AFTER WORK, DRIVING HIS PICK-UP, CONTRASTED WITH THE BEVERLY HILLS LIFE OF THE WINKLERS. THEN, JACK MEETING EMILY-- THE TWO WORLDS MEETING-- THE WINKLERS DANCING AROUND JACK TO OUR THEME SONG, CULMINATING IN HENRY GIVING HIM A WELCOMING HUG-- AND GETTING A BAD LOOK IN RETURN. JACK WALKS AWAY, HENRY LAUGHS. HE LOVES THIS GUY.

ACT ONE

SIXTEEN MONTHS LATER

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

The construction is complete. The place gleams.

CHYRON: SIXTEEN MONTHS LATER

In the kitchen area, CHEF stands at the open oven door as smoke comes from a burnt roast. He's on the phone:

CHEF

Yes, where's my order? Bring it around

the back, you know the code.

As the front door opens, CHEF shuts the oven door, and retreats behind the fridge.

EMILY enters, using her own key. Like a kid returning home from school, she hollers out:

EMILY

We're here! Mr. and Mrs. Conners!

JACK, follows her in, dressed like a civilian, carrying flowers behind his wife.

JACK

We have to do this tonight? Let's just

go back to our apartment. I'll let you

teach me how to be romantic.

EMILY lovingly straightens his clothes out.

EMILY

Look how cute you are with a clean

shirt.

JACK

You're cute without one.

EMILY giggles.

CHEF

Uch.

He exits out back door.

EMILY

I have something to help you make it through the night.

She hands him a plastic water bottle.

JACK

If your father starts huggin' me I'm gonna need more than water.

EMILY

Why don't you take a sip?

He does. It's not water. She smiles at him.

JACK

I love you.

He kisses her.

EMILY

That's only because I'm the best thing that ever happened to you. Mm. you smell so good, what is that?

JACK

Dry wall and insulation.

EMILY

It kills me. Oh- hold on --

She dabs some of her rouge under JACK'S nostrils.

JACK

What--

EMILY

A little rouge to sell the cold you've had since the wedding.

JACK

Don't tell the guys you put make up on me. They're still not over the scarf you made me.

He picks something tiny out of her hair and shows her.

EMILY

(melting) Fuzzball.

TITA (O.S.)

Hellooo!!

JACK tries to grab a quick drink before the Winklers arrive, but TITA sails in behind him and deftly removes the "water" from his hand. She pours it down the drain.

TITA (CONT'D)

We just installed a reverse osmosis with electrolytes filter -- you can't drink from plastic- the leeching that goes on...

She pours new water into a crystal glass and hands it to JACK.

TITA (CONT'D)

You'll love it.

JACK looks mournfully at the glass while Tita pulls out a LINT ROLLER and tidies his clothes.

TITA (CONT'D)

I know, I have a problem.

TITA takes the flowers just as...

HENRY comes down the stairs in a robe.

HENRY

Hi kids! I'd hug you but I'm still a little wet.

TITA

Why are you in your robe?

HENRY

You won't believe it-- I was saying hi to all the koi in the pond and saw little Moishe struggling.

JACK

So... you went in the pond?

HENRY

I had to. He looked so anxious tonight. But good news, I think he's fine. We're going to the vet tomorrow.

JACK

(to himself) He's a mental case.

HENRY

Let's eat!

TITA

You're crazy! You could've drowned and caught pneumonia! He's so darling.

Behind them, CHEF has returned from the back door and is secretly dumping food onto plates from take out containers.

CHEF

Hey. We're doing buffet style.

Chinese.

TITA

Sensational. Jack, have you had Chef's

Chinese food? I swear he could open a

restaurant.

As the WINKLERS return to the kitchen and take food, TITA makes a plate for CHEF.

TITA (CONT'D)

Here, Chef, you've done enough, sit,

enjoy.

The family takes food and proceeds to the table. JONAH WINKLER wanders through in a bathrobe, ignoring everything on his way to the refrigerator, where he pulls out his own food and sits down contentedly to eat.

HENRY

Jonah!

JONAH

Hey. I'm so wiped.

TITA

My handsome boy, I didn't know you

were here today!

EMILY

You went in the pond too?

JONAH

No. Was in the big tub upstairs. I'm

DJ'ing next Thursday and gotta get

loose. (to JACK) Hey, bro.

EMILY

(to JACK) See, he comes when ever he wants. (to JONAH) Even though he doesn't live here.

JONAH

And you haven't lived here for four months. Is it killin' ya?

EMILY

You wish. We're very happy where we are.

JONAH

I believe you. Hm. Was in the big tub a couple of hours. I'm pruning.

HENRY

Me too!

JONAH

Cool robe, Pops.

HENRY

Back at you, my boy.

They hug and shake each other's waists, their little ritual.

TITA

(to JACK AND EMILY) Aren't my boys delicious?

JACK nods, as if he has many times.

HENRY

(to JONAH) Do you know my world lights up when you visit?

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

And Emily, and my son-in-law? All here with my beautiful bride? And today, I got the news that another one of my dreams has come true. I heard today. I'm going to be on Broadway.

EMILY

You got it?

TITA

He got it! I knew already, I bought a cake. (showing cake with inscription) Look: "He's Just a BROADWAY BABY!"

JONAH

Pops!

JACK

That's great, Henry.

HENRY

Thank you. That means the world to me coming from you, Jack. Really.

JACK

Okay.

HENRY

I want to tell you all about it, but I just want to enjoy this moment. All of you. Look at you. Look at this place. Family dinner. Does it get any better than this?

EMILY

Well, it could, actually...

JACK

Easy.

EMILY

We wanted to come for dinner tonight because we have a little announcement too.

JACK

Which is really no big deal.

EMILY

Well, it's kind of--

JACK

-- a thing that happens in most families, everywhere, every day.

EMILY

Okay, but still--

JACK

Still. Still is good. Let's try to remain still... and not overreact... in a gigantic fashion.

TITA

Stop interrupting or I'm gonna kill you. What is it, sweetheart?

EMILY

I'm nine weeks pregnant.

HENRY stands.

JACK

I have a cold.

TITA

(crying) Oh my god!

JONAH

Whoa. Sis. I didn't know we were

pullin' the goalie.

TITA hugs EMILY. HENRY walks towards JACK.

JACK

Somebody help me.

HENRY seems perfectly calm. He walks toward his son-in-law. JACK relaxes a little: maybe they're going to shake hands?

HENRY

I'll take your cold. Give me your

cold.

Henry wraps his arms around Jack and KISSES him on the lips.

HENRY (CONT'D)

We are having a child together.

JACK

We are not having a child together.

HENRY
(not letting go)

We are having a child together.

JACK

She's the one having a baby! Henry. I

think your robe is opening.

CHEF

I’m happy for you Emily. You know...

kids are very loud.

TITA

Of course I already knew she was

pregnant. I got two more cakes:

She did: One of the cakes says, “It’s a Boy!”, the other says, “It’s a Girl!”

JONAH

No hermaphrodite cake?

EMILY

Could you let me have my baby moment

please?

HENRY

Whoever, or whatever, this baby is,

this will be the world’s greatest

baby. More sex organs, more

opportunities.

TITA

Who wants to come upstairs and go

through my pre-approved list of baby

nurses?

EMILY

I’m so excited. I want a French one.

TITA and EMILY happily race upstairs. JONAH walks after them.

JONAH

Hey, can I take the kid to the dog

park to meet ladies?

(MORE)

JONAH (CONT'D)

They work better than dogs and I can

give it back after.

CHEF crosses up to the kitchen and JACK now finds himself in his nightmare scenario: alone with HENRY. A few moments.

JACK

Think there’s a game on. You mind?

He takes his plate into the family area clicks on the remote and stands next to the couch.

HENRY

Great! (sits on couch) C’mon, sit.

Sit! It’s okay, sit on the couch, Dad!

JACK reluctantly joins HENRY on the couch. A moment.

HENRY (CONT’D)

What game is this?

JACK

This is football.

HENRY

I knew that. What teams?

JACK

Seattle, Cleveland.

HENRY

Great. Both great towns. I’ve played

in both. Seattle was a musical. I was

Captain Hook.

JACK clicks off the TV. He knows he won’t get to watch anything.

HENRY (CONT'D)

And Cleveland was a musical too.

(beat) What's your favorite musical?

JACK gives him a look.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Everybody has a favorite. I'm gonna guess yours. (thinking, then) "My Fair Lady". (off JACK's stare) I just thought, because look, you're kind of a Henry Higgins. Maybe in reverse, but yes. You took a girl who was a very certain kind of way and she has just... blossomed with you. You did that, Professor.

JACK

The guy knocks her up in that musical?

HENRY

No, no. Well, probably eventually. Only so many elocution lessons you can have. But I mean, you two come from such unlikely backgrounds and yet were meant for each other. They say opposites attract, but I think when two, loving, luminous souls connect, they know they belong together. I saw right away with you two.

JACK

You're not thinkin' of singing *now* are you?

BEAT. HENRY smiles at JACK.

HENRY

(SINGS) "I COULD'VE DANCED ALL NIGHT..."

JACK

(getting up) I left something in the truck.

HENRY

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Please, sit, this is good. We're talking, we never get to talk.

JACK

(sitting reluctantly, beat) So, this show in New York is a musical too?

HENRY

Actually, its a great play with a great part. I'm cast a little against type. I'm going to be an ex-adult-film-star.

BEAT.

JACK

Wow.

HENRY

I know. I told Tita I'll need to practice.

JACK

I've really got something in the truck.

HENRY

Oh my god.

JACK

What?

HENRY

I just had the greatest idea. You two are going to have a baby. We're going to be in New York for a year with this show. You would be doing me such a favor if you two lived here in the house while we're gone. You're the handiest handyman in the world. And you could oversee everything here- the staff, the fish, Chef-

CHEF

I hate those fish.

HENRY

What do you say, Jack? For me. Please.

JACK

Thank you. No.

HENRY

But it’s--

JACK

Henry. You know I love Emily, I never thought anyone would make me feel like that... she’s got all the fancy moulding on the outside but on the inside... the bones are good.

HENRY

You’re a poet.

JACK

Alright. But, look, I spent a year getting her out of this environment, this lifestyle, and I’ve actually managed to convince her she can exist in the real world like a normal person without... enablers.

HENRY

But I want *you* to enjoy this. You built it.

JACK

And I’m proud of the work. But it’s not my house. The way I was brought up, I don’t take anything. From anyone.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

My father always said, 'The only true happiness is earned.' And he made sure it was one of the last things he said to me before he died. I live by that.

A moment. HENRY wells up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh no.

HENRY

C'mere.

He's gotta hug JACK. JACK winces-- he can't get used to this.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I understand.

JACK

Could you go back to singing?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TINY APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small studio. There's barely room for a bed, nightstand, and a kitchenette.

EMILY

You idiot! How could you turn that down?

JACK

You agreed that we would live off our own paychecks and stop taking handouts. It was in the vows.

EMILY

The vows never said: one room dump! I can't anymore-- there's a pot-head across the way-- you can get a contact high from the window. And my father has now made us a beautiful offer.

JACK

Yeah, we're there for a year and then we'll never want to leave. Don't you see, he softens us till we're mush and then we're with him for life. He's the devil!

EMILY

He is the most positive, sweetest man in the world.

JACK

The devil is smart. He doesn't come to earth with horns and a tail like you expect. He wears cable knit sweaters in lotsa colors and looks like Henry Winkler.

EMILY

Listen you baboon, one year of rent-free life allows us to save up the money we need to launch your own construction business.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

You won’t have to work for Big Jerky Lou anymore or deal with clients who call you baboon.

JACK sits her down on the bed, the bed caves in a little.

JACK

Em, I told your dad, my family makes it on our own. There’s never been a Conners born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

EMILY

I give up. You decide. It’s completely up to you. Here are our options: our <u>family</u> in a <u>home</u>, or, me pregnant in this freakin’ hovel with no air conditioning in the summer.

Jack considers this. She takes his hand.

EMILY (CONT’D)

We’re drowning, Jack. We could get above water for a minute. That can’t be bad for our baby. For *our* family. It’s not a silver spoon, its just a chance.

Jack wants to keep fighting this but... he sighs. She’s right and he knows it.

JACK

Alright. (beat) We'll do it. (beat) Thank you for letting this be my decision.

EMILY

I knew you'd make the right one. (kiss) I already booked the movers for tomorrow.

A moment. JACK opens the window and breathes deeply.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JACK

Seein' if that contact high is still available.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

CHYRON: A FEW WEEKS LATER

A few weeks have passed. EMILY is happily settled in, she's with CHEF in the kitchen.

EMILY

I got a text from mom at intermission last night-- "Dad's getting huge laughs!" -- They must have partied all night, which means Dad had half a drink and threw up. What's for dinner?

CHEF

Again you're asking me? I thought when they went to New York I'd have this place to myself.

The front door opens and JACK is home from a hard day's work.

JACK

Hey.

EMILY

Wow, are you gorgeous. Cocktail? Chef is planning a fabulous meal for us.

JACK

Hi. (kiss) Nothing, thanks, I'm good.

JACK goes over to a new addition to the house, an old folding chair in the corner, and sits in it.

EMILY

Come on. I just want you to be able to enjoy this, to feel like your house.

JACK

This is how I enjoy it. (pulls tacos out of his pocket and eats) Got some tacos from the roach coach. Here, got one for you, no menudo.

EMILY

This is the world's saddest rebellion.

JACK

I'm sorry- I'm just-- I'm never gonna be comfortable here.

JONAH floats through, in bathrobe and head towel.

JONAH

Relax, man, it's all free.

JACK

Hey, Jonah. How you doing?

JONAH

Workin' on a new app. Helps DJ's know when to switch songs.

JACK

Like when the song is over?

Long pause from JONAH. He then reaches for his phone and starts typing. Puts the phone back.

JONAH

Thanks. (quietly) Hey, you know Pop's not around so you can drop the whole "I'm not comfortable here" shtick.

JACK

What?

JONAH

I'm just sayin', y'know, I'm actually, like, the first born male guy.

EMILY

(pulling JACK) And they dropped him many, many times. Here, sit, comfy sofa, yes? Cold beer, yes? Loving, caring, extra hot wife, yes?

JACK

Yes.

EMILY

Just relax. Mmmmmm. Now tell me, how could I help you be more comfortable here, baby?

JACK

Hm. You really wanna know?

EMILY

(whispers) I really wanna know.

JACK

Ok. Here. (pulls out a notepad, cheap reading glasses) First--

EMILY

You made a list?

JACK

I don't want a chef.

EMILY

Shh. He's paid for.

JACK

He can stay and live the good life.

EMILY

But-

CHEF

Listen to your husband!

JACK

Next, how many jars of mayonnaise did you buy yesterday?

EMILY

Twelve.

JACK SHOWS HER THE LIST. SHE READS:

EMILY (CONT'D)

"Twelve jars of mayonnaise is not normal". What if something happens?

JACK

You want me to feel comfortable?

EMILY

Okay, I'll take back a couple. Let's put the list away for now- just know that I hear you and I am trying.

JACK

That's the sexiest thing you've ever said.

EMILY

Really. Might be in the mood later for a little "Contractor and The Lady With a Light Out"?

They snuggle. Feeling a little more comfortable, JACK reaches for a handful of snacks off a bowl on the coffee table and pops them in his mouth.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Sweetie? That's potpourri.

JACK stops crunching on it. The DOORBELL RINGS.

JACK

Been eatin' this all week.

EMILY

I'll get it. You spit that out.

JACK

It’s okay, if this is my home, I can get the door.

JACK answers the door.

A sad HENRY, TITA and all their luggage are there.

HENRY

We didn’t want to just barge in.

JACK

What? What’s going on?

TITA

The show closed opening night.

Off JACK’s reaction, we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT- CONTINUOUS

EMILY

It closed in one night? I thought you were getting huge laughs.

TITA

Not a comedy.

JACK

But-- But---

TITA

That condescending ass from the Times. (cradling HENRY) He hurt my baby. I'll get even.

THEY enter slowly. HENRY's still in shock.

HENRY

I bombed. I've never bombed. I ran around the stage. I was half naked. I jumped on the bed. I used to have people cheering just by doin' this --

(thumbs up gesture)

Aaaay. But last night, there was no aaay. I bombed.

EMILY

(hugging) I'm sorry, Daddy.

HENRY

I had this monologue in the second act.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

Maybe the best thing I've ever done, I only got to do it once. And only for the twenty people who came back for Act Two.

TITA

I am completely devastated.

JACK

Me too. (voice getting high) I mean, where do we go? Our apartment's been rented.

EMILY

Jack--

JACK

Where do we go?! I- I-- is this what a heart attack feels like?

JACK, LIGHT-HEADED, HAS TO TAKE A KNEE.

HENRY

You can stay here.

JACK

Aha! (looks at EMILY, makes "horns" on his head) Was there ever a play?

TITA

What the hell has happened here? It looks like a fire sale!

EMILY

What're you talking about?

TITA crosses to the folding chair.

TITA

Why is this up from the basement?

EMILY

Jack likes that chair.

TITA

I don't understand.

EMILY

He thinks he doesn't deserve to live here so he sits in that chair.

TITA

(to JACK) What is wrong with you? It doesn't go with anything!

JACK

I'm sorry.

HENRY

I understand, Jack. I want to sit in Jack's chair.

He does, depressed.

TITA

No! Get up, Henry, get up! You are not that chair!

JONAH wanders in wearing a towel.

JONAH

Hey, you're home. The tub is free.

EMILY

(to TITA) He's been here like the whole time!

JONAH

This has been a difficult few weeks for me.

EMILY

You've been sleeping in the master bedroom!

TITA

Stop fighting you two! How about an ounce of respect for us and what we have gone through! I don't know who's worse, the New York theatrical community, or my own children!

CHEF

Quiet!

Everyone stops.

CHEF (CONT'D)

I made pizza.

CHEF CROSSES IN WITH A LARGE PIZZA ON A TRAY, IT HAS THE LITTLE TAKE-OUT "TABLE" IN THE CENTER. He sets it down, and heads back to the kitchen.

TITA

Thank god for you, Chef. Look, at this, you could put Gennaro's out of business.

JACK

(holding "table") I think he might be keepin' 'em *in* business.

TITA

Eat some pizza Henry. You'll feel better.

HENRY

I have no appetite.

TITA

Oh my god. (beat) Jack, come over here.

She pulls Jack aside.

TITA (CONT'D)

Ask him to do his monologue.

JACK

What?

TITA

He looks up to you. And he loves talking theater with you.

JACK

But why would he want to-- and why would I ask?

TITA

Maybe because you're not a selfish monster. I'm telling you, it won't mean anything from me-- look: Henry, I have a great idea. We'd all love to hear your monologue from the play, why don't you do it for us?

HENRY

Oh, no. I couldn't. Jack wouldn't want to hear that.

TITA looks at JACK. JACK looks at EMILY. She looks back at him as if to say, "You have to". JONAH SITS ON THE SOFA, ready for the show.

JACK

I do.

TITA

You do what?

JACK

I do... want to hear Henry's monologue from his play where he was an old porn star.

HENRY

(getting up) Adult films. That's what those in the business call them. (touches JACK's face) This is for you. Sit. Please.

Everyone does. HENRY takes stage.

HENRY (CONT'D)

They called me "Tomcat". (beat) And I had my pick o'the litter. It was a glorious time, before the internet, or home video even, when it took a little effort to see an exotic tale, and when everything I had to offer was on the big screen and therefore, bigger.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

In a world of specialists, I was considered special. Because I really could play any character, any attitude, any emotion. What my characters all had in common? Some call it "stamina". Whatever it was, I knew that being "Tomcat" was my moment in the sun. I knew while it was happening. I also knew it wouldn't last. How could it? How many sequels would my audience care to see me in of, "My Favorite Dentist"? So I savored those years. I was always grateful. And I still am. Not many have had what, and who, I've been blessed to have had. I'm a lucky man. And now, in the autumn of my years, I get to spread a little more love around, though maybe without... taking off my pants.

A moment.

TITA

That Times critic should get hit by a bus.

EMILY

You were wonderful, Daddy!

JONAH

Pops the Tomcat.

He and HENRY shake each other's waists, happy.

HENRY

I gotta tell you, I feel great. What a tonic. And of course the words have such a new relevance for me. I mean, look, the play is dead, maybe my career for now, but I'm still so lucky. I'm back with my family, having dinner like always. I get to be here for your whole pregnancy with you, the birth. Thank you for having me do that speech, Jack. How did you know?

He hugs JACK.

JACK

Okay. Okay!

JACK breaks away.

JACK (CONT'D)

I can't. I can't. (taking EMILY aside) You know there are plenty of excellent, cheap motels.

TITA

What do you mean, a motel? You see the man's heart has been broken, why don't you just hit it with one of your shovels?

HENRY

A motel?

TITA

Nobody's going to a motel. I want to talk about our baby shower!(noticing) This potpourri bowl was full.

JACK

Baby shower? Listen, you guys have a big life, big parties, it's great, but--

EMILY

You don't have to do this now.

TITA

Here, we can do this now-- a little something for our grandchild-to-be. Henry.

HENRY

Oh! Right! (Pulls out a package from his pocket) For your son, or daughter, or... anyway, to us, a new Winkler.

JACK reacts.

EMILY

Conners, too.

HENRY

Of course! Of course!

Open it, Jack.

JACK opens the small package: it is a tiny silver spoon.

HE stares at the spoon. EMILY tries to head off the explosion:

EMILY

This is the Winkler family spoon. It's a tradition. My grandfather smuggled this out of Poland.

JACK

(pointing to spoon) They had a Tiffany's in Poland?

EMILY

I think it says, "Tiffutchka".

JACK

I don't belong here, okay? What the hell you want me to say? I'm sorry everybody, I'm sorry Henry. But tomorrow morning, my wife and I'll be looking for a place to live, first thing.

HENRY

Of course you belong here.

JACK

No, Henry, I don't. I pay my way. And I don't have the ability to see the good in every situation, in every person, in every fish. Life isn't like that for most people!

AND JACK EXITS, UPSTAIRS. A moment of shock. CHEF sidles up next to JONAH and whispers to him:

CHEF

Oh, he is goin' for that Fonzie money.

As CHEF and JONAH nod together in agreement...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM IN THE BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE- NIGHT

It's 3 in the morning. JACK is asleep next to EMILY.

HENRY, tiptoes into the room, wearing a full nightshirt and sweater, and stands over JACK. He starts tapping him gently on the shoulder. JACK wakes up, startled.

JACK

What-- what the hell. Henry.

HENRY

Hi, Jack. Did I wake you?

JACK

Yeah- you- what. What is it?

HENRY

Could you come with me a minute?

JACK

No. You should get out- I'm sleeping here naked. Next to your daughter. And you-- this is not right.

HENRY

I'm sorry, Jack. I wouldn't ask if it wasn't important. Please.

JACK wraps a sheet around himself.

JACK

Let's go. Somebody better be dead.

They head out down the hall...

INT. HENRY AND TITA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

... into Henry and Tita's bedroom. HENRY flicks on the light revealing TITA, unconscious, lying in a crime-scene-like outline of pill bottles and magazines.

JACK

Jesus! She *is* dead?

HENRY

Who, Tita? No. She can't get to sleep so she takes a little something, reads half a page about some singer's dog and: Out for nine hours. Tita, I'm being kidnapped! See, no worries. She is beautiful.

BEEP! Something makes a beeping sound.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Okay! You hear that? What is that?

BEEP

JACK

It's your smoke alarm. The batteries are probably dying.

HENRY

My god. How do you know that?

JACK

I live on earth, Henry.

HENRY

Well, they're dying. What can we do?

JACK

You can change them.

BEEP

HENRY looks at JACK, helpless.

JACK (CONT'D)

This is why you woke me up?

HENRY

Oh no, not at all. I just haven't heard that sound, what if there was a fire or a carbon monoxide poisoning or the fish pond filter stopped?

JACK

You have an alarm for that?

HENRY

Well, the fish can't tell us, Jack.

BEEP

HENRY (CONT'D)

Where is it coming from?

JACK

It's right there, over your bed.

BEEP

JACK (CONT'D)

You got batteries?

HENRY

I do!

HENRY opens his nightstand and pulls out several baggies filled with many sizes of batteries.

JACK

Four of those.

HENRY

I can do that.

As HENRY removes four AA batteries, Jack gets on the bed and tries to reach over TITA, but he can't reach.

JACK

The alarm is right there...

HENRY

Here. Let's move her.

JACK

Oh, I don't want to--

BEEP

HENRY

Come on, you could throw her off a

bridge she wouldn't feel it.

HENRY takes her feet, and starts to drag her over to the other side of the bed.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Here, give me a hand?

And JACK reluctantly helps move the unconscious TITA, pill bottles and magazines spilling on the floor. In trying to rescue them, JACK AND HENRY DROP TITA ON THE FLOOR.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it.

BEEP

JACK starts to try and lift her and his sheet is starting to slip down, over TITA'S face.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Oops, watch yourself.

JACK

Oh, jeez. (holding TITA with one hand,

tucking himself in with the other)

What is my life?

HENRY

There. Is that good?

JACK

I wouldn't say good, just give me the batteries.

BEEP

JACK reaches up, unscrews the alarm casing.

HENRY

This is great. I played a bomb defuser in a Lifetime movie once.

JACK pulls the alarm away from the ceiling and opens it.

HENRY (CONT'D)

It's the red one. Cut the red one.

JACK puts the new batteries in.

HENRY (CONT'D)

When I did it, there was a countdown.

JACK keeps working.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You're getting close... but...

JACK puts the alarm back on the ceiling.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Three -- two -- one -- half of one --

JACK is done. He gets off the bed.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You did it! And so fast. You're just terrific-- a genius with these things. Thank you.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

I know I woke you, and I'm sorry but you really helped me out. (beat) I know you think what you do and who you are is no big deal. But to me, to all of us, you're a wonderful gift.

A moment.

JACK

Listen, it's weird for me when you talk that way 'cause...

HENRY

I'm sorry. Does it bother you?

JACK

Kinda. (a moment) My father never said stuff like that.

A moment.

HENRY

Well, you deserve to hear it.

JACK

Yeah, thanks. (beat) And, I wanted to say, uh, about the play you did, I'm sure there'll be other ones. You're really good.

HENRY

Thank you, Jack. (beat) My father never told me that.

JACK looks at HENRY then looks down. He then starts to move TITA and HENRY joins him to lift her back to her spot.

JACK tries to arrange the pill bottles and magazines around her the way they were.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Perfect. And no more beeping.

(a moment)

Please don't leave. I stink at fixing.

JACK smiles at HENRY for the first time.

JACK

Let me think about it.

HENRY is touched. He can't resist coming in for a hug...

JACK (CONT'D)

No.

JACK exits. A beat. HENRY climbs back into bed. Then:

TITA

Told you the smoke alarm thing would work.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOUSE - DAY

The baby shower is insanely over the top. There's a petting zoo. And a choir. The GUESTS include not only THE WOMEN OF TITA'S CIRCLE, but all of the WORKMEN from the first scene. EMILY wears a "queen" costume and sits on a throne surrounded by gifts. HENRY and TITA wear "cupid" costumes. JONAH wears an "angel" costume and is followed everywhere by a troop of Emily's friends. Even CHEF - directing caterers and not cooking, of course - wears a big chef's hat and a giant gold medallion.

HENRY

And now let's bring out the man who

got through, and is responsible for

this baby, Jack Conners!

Two WORKERS hold a large sheet of colored cellophane which JACK breaks through for his reluctant entrance. He wears a t-shirt with a cartoon sperm on it. He waves without looking, then stands, dejected, next to his wife. EMILY looks at her husband sympathetically as TITA pulls out her lint roller and rolls it over JACK's costume.

END OF PILOT