

o r d i n a r y j o e

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INT. SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY - CARRIER DOME - DAY

The massive indoor arena is filled with thousands of GRADUATING SENIORS, wearing excited faces and creatively adorned caps and gowns. PARENTS beam with tear-rimmed eyes.

JENNY BANKS (22), class valedictorian with the gold cords and medals to underscore her bad-assery, stands confidently at the podium. A banner reads "**CLASS OF 2010**" --

JENNY

...It is my honor to introduce our 2010 commencement speaker, who walked across this very stage six short years ago... The youngest mayor in the history of Syracuse and a role model to us all... please join me in welcoming Robert William Kelley.

BOBBY KELLEY takes the podium to polite applause. Only 27, but already has that Beto/Buttigieg charm on lockdown.

BOBBY

...Just Bobby. Please. I've actually dreamed of this moment all my life, getting in front of a packed Carrier Dome... but in the dream I was in a basketball uniform and shooting a game winning three pointer. Jim Boeheim made sure that never happened.

The crowd laughs, everyone including legendary coach JIM BOEHEIM himself. Well, everyone except for...

JOE KIMBROUGH (22), radiates thoughtfulness, an art-school sensitivity, and an incredible awkwardness as he makes his way down the rows of already seated graduates, entering late and mortified that he's making a bit of a scene.

JOE

(quietly)
Is this the K's?

ANNOYED 'P' STUDENT

Powell. You're way up there, dude.

Joe continues wandering as the speech continues...

BOBBY

So I remember how scared I was sitting where you're sitting now. How there were so many paths laid out before me, and how paralyzed I felt. Which path was I supposed to take?

Joe approaches several more rows, getting annoyed head shakes--

JOE
K's? K's? K's?

AMY
...Yeah, Kim.

JOE
Thank God. Kimbrough. I'm there.

Joe slides into the empty seat beside AMY KIM (22), a welcoming smile in stark contrast to everyone else.

JOE (CONT'D)
(self-deprecating)
...So I majored in punctuality. You?

AMY
At the moment, I think I majored in anxiety. Minored in freaking out.

A shared smile as we go... BACK ON STAGE:

BOBBY
...I remember wishing that real life had a list of prerequisite courses, like college, spelling out which way to go--

Amy looks at Bobby Kelley, impressed.

AMY
...This guy's good.
(notices Joe's distress)
You okay?

JOE
I mean... I have no idea what I'm going to do with my life and I'm wearing an orange dress, so...

AMY
What makes someone late for their own graduation? Not judging, just curious.

JOE
My Uncle Frank wanted to give me something. Turned into a whole thing--

AMY
What is it?

Joe opens the small box he's been carrying to reveal an old, NYPD badge, its surface scratched and frayed at the edges.

JOE

Told him he could have just given it to me after. But Uncle Frank... he insisted my dad had to be with me. *'When I walk across.'*

AMY

Was your dad...?

JOE

...North Tower.

Amy puts a hand on Joe's arm, a sweet and gentle yet powerful gesture for two people who were strangers moments ago.

AMY

Seems like a sweet gift.

JOE

Yeah, seems like. But it's also a box full of guilt. He's a cop, too. And my granddad. So he kind of wants me in the family business. But I majored in music. Dreams of being a recording artist and all that. My Uncle thinks it's ridiculous. Maybe he's right...

AMY

...If it's any consolation, my life's a mess, too. Poli-sci major, dreams of running for office one day.... I was supposed to move to DC with my boyfriend, had a job lined up as a Congressional aide... but it turns out we have different definitions of the word monogamy...

JOE

So you're not going to move to DC?

AMY

We were supposed to get an apartment together.

JOE

Get your own apartment.

AMY

Honestly, I don't know if I can even be in the same city with him.

JOE

Don't let some idiot guy ruin your dreams.

AMY

Don't let your Uncle ruin yours.

JOE

Okay, deal.

AMY

Really?

(off his look)

...Deal.

Joe smiles. Amy smiles back. They shake on it. A true connection. BACK ON STAGE:

BOBBY

...And after you throw those caps in the air, the decisions you make - big life decisions like which job interview to take, whether to swipe left or right... or just little decisions about whether or not to take a moment to be kind, whether or not to push yourself harder - they all add up, one by one, to determine the person you will ultimately become.

As Joe and Amy share a look, each seemingly having made their first big life decision... WE SLAM CUT TO:

CAPS ARE TOSSED INTO THE AIR

Joe and Amy share nervous, excited looks...

AMY

Well... good luck with your Uncle.

JOE

Thanks. And good luck with DC...

AMY

Amy.

JOE

Joe. Bye, Amy.

AMY

Bye, Joe.

A surprisingly weighty moment as they tear themselves away from each other and head off in their separate directions...

EXT. SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY - SHAW QUADRANGLE - DAY

Joe wanders through the crowd of GRADUATES and FAMILIES, finally spotting his UNCLE FRANK (late 40s) and his mother GWEN (early 40s). Joe hesitates. Then hears...

JENNY (O.S.)

Don't go over there.

He turns to see Jenny, class valedictorian, as she leans in and bumps his shoulder. They are obviously close.

JOE

I have to. You were great up there by the way.

JENNY

Stop changing the subject, I'm serious.

JOE

My family's taking me to dinner.

JENNY

Blow it off.

JOE

They drove all the way up--

JENNY

A few hours in the car doesn't buy Uncle Frank the right to tell you grad school's a waste of money. It's freaking Julliard! You're like my super hero for getting in there!

JOE

Settle down.

JENNY

My parents just told me they're letting me use their place in the Hamptons all weekend. Graduation blowout... and you are coming.

JOE

I don't know if I can, I might be taking the police exam on Monday.

JENNY

You are not doing that.

JOE

I don't know...

JENNY

Joe. That's insane. *You're an artist.*

Suddenly, they both hear a chant... "JEN-NY! JEN-NY! JEN-NY!"

JOE

Go. Give the people what they want.

JENNY

Please come to The Hamptons? I really want to talk...

JOE

I've gotta do the dinner. I'll text you after.

She reaches out and touches Joe's face affectionately, then heads off towards her group of chanting friends. As Joe watches Jenny walk away, he's joined by his friend ERIC PAYNE (22) who silently puts an arm around his shoulder...

ERIC

Please tell me that you're going to the Hamptons with Jenny Banks.

(off Joe's hesitation)

This isn't even a decision!

JOE

It's complicated.

ERIC

It's *simple*. Jenny is objectively the hottest girl I've ever seen. The smartest girl here, as tangibly measured by our university. And I'm pretty sure her family is rich, based on the Hamptons of it all.

JOE

You're ridiculous. She's my best friend.

ERIC

I thought *I* was.

JOE

No, Eric. You're like, a distant second.

ERIC

Deeply offended. Seriously, if a girl like that even glanced my direction--

JOE

There's a first for everything.

(then)

Jenny's going to end up with some amazing guy from her world and they'll be smart and rich and beautiful and happy together.

Just then, Amy walks by with her family. Amy spots Joe and gives an excited wave. Joe waves back, pleased, like the two of them share some kind of secret. Eric notices, stunned...

ERIC

...Who the hell is that?

JOE

I don't know. Just met her.

ERIC

You don't *know*?

JOE

We sat together in the thing. Her name's Amy.

ERIC

Are you kidding me right now? I saw that giggly wave.

JOE

It wasn't *giggly*, what does that even mean?

ERIC

Did you ask her out?

JOE

What? No--

ERIC

Why not? You've got some kind of magic mojo working right now and you need to take advantage--

JOE

Didn't really seem appropriate, we were graduating.

ERIC

So go right now. Walk over there and ask her out--

JOE

With her parents standing right there?

ERIC

Joe. This is important. As your second best friend, I'm telling you, you can't live your life like this. Letting opportunities walk right by. Letting life just happen to you. You're gonna look back one day and regret all the things you *should* have done. The chances you missed. And Amy might be one of them. Her or Jenny. I'm serious.

JOE

You're so passionate, you go do it.

ERIC

Okay. I'm not afraid to live.

JOE

Dude, I was joking--

ERIC

You're passing. She's fair game--

JOE

Stop. Don't be an ass--

ERIC

So go talk to her. Get her phone number. Last chance or I'm going...

Joe looks over at Amy, but he hesitates. Then he catches sight of Jenny with her friends, waving to him. His eyes finally land on his mother and Uncle Frank, waving him over... *A triple fork in the road.*

ERIC (CONT'D)

(starts to go)

Fine. I'm going.

JOE

No, no- Eric wait!

Joe reaches out to grab Eric... but suddenly, without warning we... **CUT TO BLACK. SILENCE.**

After a beat, a SONG STARTS TO PLAY.

A TITLE CARD APPEARS: **TEN YEARS LATER.** And we come up on...

JOE'S FACE. Eyes closed as he plays an acoustic guitar. He's now 32, his hair is tousled and he has a casual beard.

He begins to sing - quiet and soulful, a genuine friendliness in his voice - a smile on his face - giving off a very Ed Sheeran/Roger Hodgson vibe...

JOE (CONT'D)
 (singing)
The roads all diverged...

And suddenly we hear a crowd CHEER. Reveal we are:

EXT. JONES BEACH SEASIDE AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT

And 15,000 adoring fans sing every word right along with Joe--

JOE
 (singing)
*Every which way. But only one
 traveler. Only one gaze. No second
 guessing. Don't get a few tries.
 Have to play this one forward.
 Wherever it lies--*

Joe is lost in the music. Until suddenly CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!
Hailstones begin to fall from the sky, pelting the audience.

JOE (CONT'D)
 (talks into mic)
 Some kind of weather event intruding
 here. What do you think, should we
 sing and dance our way through it?

The crowd ROARS. Nobody is going anywhere, they just seem to embrace the poetry of the moment. As the tiny hailstones pile up on the stage, Joe looks to the side stage and locks eyes with his wife...

AMY KIM! She wears fashionable clothes, expensive jewelry. Success fits her well. As Amy takes out her phone and starts filming - mouthing the words "This. Is. Incredible."

And as Joe resumes singing, suddenly we... **CUT TO BLACK AGAIN.**

The song echoes quietly. Suddenly, somebody whistles a similar tune. Slightly off. And we come up on...

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

JOE, also 32, but now clean-shaven, and with a less stylish haircut. He's wearing green hospital scrubs and whistling as he speed walks through the ER, past the patients in the waiting area and out the door. He places a FaceTime call...

EXT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - AMBULANCE BAY - NIGHT

The face of a 9-year-old boy, CHRISTOPHER, appears on Joe's phone. He shares Joe's kind, curious eyes...

JOE

Hey, buddy... Just wanted to say
goodnight. Why aren't you in bed?

CHRISTOPHER

Me and mom are binging 90 Day Fiance.

JOE

Just don't let her keep you up too
late, she's not the one who has to
wake you up in the morning.

CHRISTOPHER

Want to say goodnight to her?

Suddenly the view on the phone swings and we catch sight of Joe's wife... JENNY BANKS. The decade has been rough on her.

JOE

(perfunctory)
Goodnight.

JENNY

(a bit cold)
Night. And don't forget our
appointment tomorrow.

CHRISTOPHER

(reappears on phone)
That's it?

JOE

Love you, bud. I gotta go--

Suddenly, it starts to HAIL. An ambulance drives into the bay, SIRENS ON... And as Joe stares out at the hailstorm, fascinated, we... **CUT TO BLACK ONCE MORE. Then SMASH CUT TO:**

EXT. BROOKLYN - QUEENSBRIDGE PARK - NIGHT

JOE, also 32, but now in a police uniform. He looks a bit street-hardened, has a tight haircut and a neatly trimmed mustache. Joe whistles quietly as he walks around the perimeter of a political rally, keeping his eyes on the CROWD of a several hundred.

A BANNER reading "Kelley for Congress" flutters above the stage as the Queensboro Bridge looms behind it.

Joe's phone RINGS. The caller says ERIC. Joe sighs, then...

COP JOE
 (picks up phone)
 I'm working.

ERIC (V.O.)
 Guess who RSVP'd.

COP JOE
 Dude, I'm working.

INT. ERIC'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Eric, now 32, wearing a NY ISLANDERS Barzal jersey puts Chinese take-out on the table as he talks. INTERCUT:

ERIC
 Jenny. Banks. She's fully coming to the reunion.

COP JOE
 I'm hanging up now.

ERIC
 What're you, taking down a drug ring? Give me two minutes--

COP JOE
 Crowd control at a political rally. It's actually the guy who spoke at our graduation--

ERIC
 I don't even remember who spoke at our graduation... other than Jenny Banks. Because she was valedictorian. And your girlfriend--

COP JOE
 She wasn't my girlfriend.

ERIC
 Friends with benefits, whatever you were. She's coming, which means you're coming.

COP JOE
 You're worse than my mom.

ERIC
 People are pairing up, Joe. And Mallory only wants to go out with other couples. Thinks you as third wheel is getting... weird. Come on, you *must* be curious. Nobody's heard from Jenny in ten years.

Cop Joe spots a guy near the back of the crowd in an ARMY JACKET giving off serious Travis Bickle vibes. As the man's hand goes inside his jacket, it suddenly begins to HAIL.

COP JOE

Eric, I gotta go. For real.

As Cop Joe hangs up and moves towards the suspicious guy...

EXT. JONES BEACH SEASIDE AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT

Music Joe still plays the same song, but stops singing the lyrics and talks into the microphone...

MUSIC JOE

I'm not sure if this will work, but
I feel like if you all light up your
phones, it might do something magical.

In an instant, there's a sea of glowing iPhone lights. They sparkle and dazzle off the falling hailstones. It's surreal.

MUSIC JOE (CONT'D)

I was right.

The crowd ROARS.

MUSIC JOE (CONT'D)

This place is special to me. It's
where my dad brought me to my very
first concert.

More ROARS of a approval. As the music continues...

MUSIC JOE (CONT'D)

He was a great dad. And I hope I can
be a great dad someday, too.

Joe turns to the side stage, beaming at his wife Amy...

MUSIC JOE (CONT'D)

I wrote this song for the most amazing
woman in the world. My wife Amy.
She's here tonight. Maybe you all
can help me serenade her?

Amy blushes, embarrassed but exhilarated. We might notice a "Bobby Kelley for Congress" pin on her blazer.

AMY

You're crazy!

And as Joe launches back into the lyrics, the entire audience singing with deep feeling...

MUSIC JOE/AUDIENCE
*Which way do I go, which path do I
 take...*

EXT. BROOKLYN - QUEENSBRIDGE PARK - NIGHT

The song continues over as **Cop Joe** (mustache) makes his way closer to the sketchy guy in the back... Suddenly, he sees the guy pull a gun out of his jacket--

COP JOE
 Drop it!

Surprised, the gunman turns his weapon towards Joe... but Joe is faster and FIRES two quick shots first! People SCREAM and scatter. Panic.

Joe runs through the chaos and towards the gunman, tackling him to the ground. Joe manages to disarm the guy, cuffing him... And as Joe rolls the guy over, he recoils a bit as he sees blood spreading across the guy's shirt. As Joe radios for help...

MUSIC JOE (V.O.)
*I cannot see clear, still decisions
 to make...*

INT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Nurse Joe eats alone, interrupted by DR. BRENT BANKS...

BANKS
 Shooting victim incoming. Finish
 that.

Joe takes a final bite and he's on the move...

MUSIC JOE (V.O.)
*Am I on the right road - yellow leaves
 obscuring my view...*

EXT. JONES BEACH SEASIDE AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT

Music Joe finishes the song with a surprising amount of emotion, surprising even for him...

MUSIC JOE/AUDIENCE
*But I know it's okay if it leads me
 to you. I will never regret if it
 brings me to you. I want only that
 road that will bring me to you.*

Joe walks off stage. As he embraces Amy, we CUT TO BLACK...

END OF TEASER

ACT ONEINT. LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The double-doors to the ambulance bay burst open as two EMT's push a gurney carrying the GUNMAN from the Bobby Kelley rally into the E.R.

Cop Joe, his uniform now splattered with blood, runs alongside, a troubled look on his face. As an E.R. NURSE races over to help...

E.R. NURSE
How many injured?

COP JOE
Just him.

SMASH CUT TO:

LENOX HILL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - PARALLEL TIME

The same double doors burst open, to the same emergency room, and the same two EMT's wheel in the gurney...

Only this time, it's a WOUNDED BOBBY KELLEY who's laying on the gurney, and a different NYPD COP named MARQUIS (who we'll meet again later) running alongside.

Nurse Joe, the on-duty E.R. Nurse, is now the nurse who races over to help.

NURSE JOE
(to NYPD officer)
How many injured?

MARQUIS
Just him. Shooter disappeared into the crowd.

NURSE JOE
(to EMT)
What do we got?

EMT
Thirty-seven year old male, single GSW above the clavicle, through and through, bleeding's under control. We stabilized him--

Nurse Joe immediately applies hemostatic gauze to the wound when suddenly alarms *start blaring!* Joe scans Bobby's vitals: *BP dropping, heart rate dropping, body temp dropping--*

NURSE JOE
 No you didn't. Vitals are tanking,
 he's going into shock.
 (to the EMT)
 Any other entry wounds?

EMT
 Just the one --

NURSE JOE
 Doesn't make sense.
 (then)
 You check his groin, under his arms...
 easy to forget --

EMT
 Yeah... *sure*.

That's not good enough. So Nurse Joe hops on top of the still moving gurney, straddling Bobby Kelley, palpating his chest, his extremities, searching for --

NURSE JOE
 --Second entry wound, right armpit;
 bullet must've nicked the axillary
 artery--

EMT
Christ, sorry. Can you clamp it?

NURSE JOE
 If I can reach it--

Nurse Joe shoves a gloved finger into the wound, blood spurting out as he searches for the bleeder. *Bobby Kelley groans in pain*.

NURSE JOE (CONT'D)
 Hang in there --

Nurse Joe uses his fingers to literally clamp the artery shut. Bobby Kelley screams in pain. The EMT gives him a look--

NURSE JOE (CONT'D)
 Pain never killed anyone.

EMT
 BP's coming back up.

NURSE JOE
 You're gonna be okay.

Nurse Joe allows himself a small smile as the EMT's continue to push the gurney into the Operating Room, where the Head

of Surgery, Doctor Brent Banks (late 50's, who we'll later learn is Jenny's Dad) and a trauma team are waiting...

SMASH CUT TO:

LENNOX HILL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - PARALLEL TIME

The EMT's race the gurney carrying the injured Gunman towards the O.R., where a trauma team is waiting.

Cop Joe (mustache) takes a step back and watches as the gurney is wheeled into surgery. Joe just stands there, frozen, his emotions swirling.

Suddenly, the O.R. doors swing back open, snapping Joe out of his daze. The EMT emerges, noticing Joe's ashen face.

EMT
Hey, buddy. You alright?

COP JOE
No, yeah. I'm fine.

Clearly he's not, but the EMT decides to move on...

EMT
So when we cut off the guy's jacket in the bus, this fell out--

The EMT hands Cop Joe the shooter's cellphone.

COP JOE
Thank you. Any wallet, ID--?

EMT
That was it.

The EMT starts to move off, but --

COP JOE
Hey.
(the EMT turns)
Think he'll survive?

The EMT shrugs. OFF Joe...

INT. NYPD POLICE PRECINCT - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Cop Joe takes off his bloodstained shirt. He's still in a daze. He reaches into his locker and takes out... *his late father's police badge that was gifted to him at graduation.*

He sits on the bench, turning his father's badge over and over his hands. Emotion growing... After a few beats, a hand lands on his shoulder...

Cop Joe looks up to see his Uncle Frank (10-years older than when we last saw him) wearing a rumpled suit, and an NYPD badge clipped to his belt. NYPD Detective, first-grade.

COP JOE
EMT's found this on the shooter.

Cop Joe holds out the Gunman's cellphone, which is now in an evidence bag. His hands are clearly shaking. Uncle Frank sits beside him and puts a comforting arm on Joe's shoulder.

UNCLE FRANK
Hey. *You did the right thing.* Your dad would be proud.

Cop Joe nods. As Uncle Frank pulls him in for a tight hug...

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY

START ON **Music Joe**, holding Amy's hand nervously as a FERTILITY DOCTOR applies some gel to Amy's belly. A ghostly image appears on the ultrasound screen. After a beat...

FERTILITY DOCTOR
Well look at that. A gestational sac. Congratulations, guys--

Music Joe and Amy share a smile, her eyes watering. The doctor continues to glide the ultrasound wand over Amy's mid-section.

FERTILITY DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Actually... There's a second sac.

MUSIC JOE
Is that...*good?*

FERTILITY DOCTOR
Well, you might need a bigger car.
(off their looks)
You're having twins.

MUSIC JOE
Are you sure, because last time--

FERTILITY DOCTOR
Joe, I'm sure. And I'm thrilled. I know how long you've been trying.

Amy uses her sleeve to wipe away some tears.

AMY
I thought maybe I was... *broken.*

MUSIC JOE
We're going to have a baby, baby.

Amy smiles through her tears.

AMY

Two babies.

MUSIC JOE

I love you so much!

The doctor hands them a print-out of the scan. It's just a small, black dot, but it means everything to them.

FERTILITY DOCTOR

I'll see you in two-weeks, okay?
Should hear a couple of heartbeats
by then.

The doctor heads out, Joe kisses Amy, bursting with joy. OFF this happy family...

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Nurse Joe and his wife Jenny sit on a couch across from their COUPLES THERAPIST (50's). They're in mid-session. And neither one of them looks happy.

THERAPIST

...Have you considered changing your schedule so you and Jenny could spend more time together?

NURSE JOE

Love to, but I can't. I work the nightshift so I can help Chris during the day, while Jenny works--

JENNY

That's an excuse. My dad offered to pay for help --

NURSE JOE

I can't take his hand-outs.

JENNY

It's not a hand-out! It's for his grandson--

NURSE JOE

Look, the way I was raised... it's just how I feel.

JENNY

This is so... *This just isn't working.*
I think maybe it's time...

But Jenny stops herself and averts her gaze.

THERAPIST

Jenny, continue that thought. How do you feel? Right now --

Jenny sighs, this is clearly very hard for her to say...

JENNY

I feel like... I'm sorry Joe, but...
I feel like...*we need some time apart--*

This hits Nurse Joe like a freight train.

NURSE JOE

Wait... You want to... *get separated?*

JENNY

No... I just... I don't like that word. But we do need time apart--

NURSE JOE

That's called getting *separated*.
Sorry you don't like the word.

JENNY

Call it whatever you want, I just --

NURSE JOE

Have you thought about what this would do to Chris?

JENNY

That's *all I've thought about*. I'm worried about what *staying together* is doing Chris. Look what happened last night. All he wanted on that phone call was to hear us say we love each other. He told me after. And we just... don't say it... anymore. Did you know he can't fall asleep at night? Joe... I'm unhappy... and you're unhappy... and that's turned us into terrible parents.

As Joe tries to wrap his mind around this...

NURSE JOE

Wow... I don't... know what to say.

JENNY

We need to try this. *For our family.*

As Joe tries to wrap his mind around this...

NURSE JOE
I don't... I mean... *How do we tell Christopher?*

EXT. PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

Cop Joe plays basketball with his best friend Eric. As Joe dribbles past him for an easy lay-up, we see A *Bobby Kelley for Congress!* billboard looming above them...

COP JOE
That's game.

Eric is bent over, hands on knees, exhausted.

ERIC
Thank god. I might puke. You need to find a new friend--

COP JOE
Seriously? When we were in college you could go all day.

ERIC
When we were in college I wasn't fat.

COP JOE
Yes you were.

Eric sits down on a bench and chugs from his water bottle. Cop Joe smiles. Then shoots a free-throw. *Swish.*

Eric motions to the Bobby Kelley billboard above them.

ERIC
So you're kind of a hero, you'll be the big celebrity at the reunion. Jenny's gonna be impressed--

COP JOE
I'm not going. Don't wanna look back.

ERIC
It'll be fun. See which guys are going bald... Which girls improved with age. Maybe have a few drinks. *And a one night stand.*

COP JOE
Seriously?

ERIC
Oh come on, I need you there.
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

And I am serious. We can only afford to pay the band I hired for two hours. I need you to fill in --

COP JOE

I'm a cop. Not a performer.

ERIC

You're actually kind of both. I've seen you at the bar--

COP JOE

Playing at a bar for my cop friends doesn't count as "performing"--

ERIC

It definitely counts.

(then)

You ever wonder what your life would be like? If you'd stuck with the music? You really are that good...

COP JOE

Honestly? Think about it every day --

Cop Joe takes another shot. It bounces off the rim. CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN - QUEENSBRIDGE PARK - DAY

Music Joe plays a few chords of an original song on his acoustic. Reveal he's standing on a nearly empty stage as WORKERS hang a "Kelley for Congress" banner behind him. It's a sound check for a political rally that will take place sometime soon. Amy approaches and Music Joe stops playing...

AMY

Sounds great. Bobby just showed up. Okay if he comes up to say hi?

MUSIC JOE

Does he know?

AMY

About...?

MUSIC JOE

Being pregnant--

AMY

Joe. No. The last thing he needs to think about right now is that his campaign manager might need maternity leave right when the election happens--

MUSIC JOE
Just need to know who we're telling.

AMY
Nobody, okay? Including your mom. At least until we're out of the first trimester.

BOBBY (O.S.)
There he is!

They both turn to see Bobby Kelley approaching...

MUSIC JOE
Hey, Bobby. Sorry I wasn't available to do this last night--

BOBBY
Are you kidding? I'll shift any of my rallies a few days if you'll come play at them.

Amy smiles. Suddenly, Bobby drops his water bottle...

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Whoa. A little intimidated around rock stars. Can you tell? See you at the rally. And seriously, thank you--

Bobby snatches up the water bottle and heads off. Amy smiles at Music Joe, then playfully strums his guitar. OFF Joe...

INT. DINER - DAY

Cop Joe, still in his sweats from basketball, walks in and heads over to a booth where Uncle Frank is already seated.

UNCLE FRANK
There he is. Got news. The shooter's out of surgery--

COP JOE
So he's gonna be okay?

UNCLE FRANK
Touch and go. He's in ICU.

COP JOE
You got a motive yet?

UNCLE FRANK
Yeah, guy's a looney-tune.
(slides phone over)
Look at the pictures.
(MORE)

UNCLE FRANK (CONT'D)

He was stalking Bobby Kelley for months. Hundreds of pictures like that.

(then)

Why don't you take these over to Bobby Kelley in person, ask him if he ever saw the guy taking them. And if anyone else hung out with him--

COP JOE

You think it's an alt-right group or something? Not just a lone shooter?

UNCLE FRANK

Not really. But we gotta run it down.

Cop Joe continues flipping through the pictures.

UNCLE FRANK (CONT'D)

Who knows? Maybe Bobby Kelley will want to give you a medal or something. Could turn into a big deal for you.

Joe suddenly stops on one of the pictures, and his expression changes. *Like he's just seen a ghost.* SLOWLY PUSH IN ON JOE...

COP JOE

Yeah, maybe. Maybe it could.

REVEAL the picture Joe stopped on: a photo of Bobby Kelley walking down a quiet, NYC sidewalk, with...

AMY KIM, the woman Joe sat next to at graduation 10 years ago! She wears her hair pulled back, a decidedly different look than Music Joe's wife.

As Cop Joe pinch-zooms, Amy's face filling the frame...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. GWEN KIMBROUGH'S COBBLE HILL DUPLEX - DAY

Music Joe enters his mother GWEN's stunning Brooklyn duplex, flowers in hand...

GWEN
What are these for?

MUSIC JOE
Read the card --

Gwen looks at Music Joe suspiciously. Then she pulls the card out of the bouquet... reads it... and suddenly gasps--

MUSIC JOE (CONT'D)
Are you happy? *Grandma*? I can't tell.

Gwen's eyes tear up. She punches Music Joe playfully.

MUSIC JOE (CONT'D)
I'm not supposed to tell you, cause Amy's superstitious--

GWEN
Tell me what?

MUSIC JOE
Thank you... We don't know yet, boy or girl... but there's two... so could be one of each. But, um...
(serious)
I wanted to check with you... if it's okay if I name the baby after dad... or if that would be... I don't know... too weird for you.

GWEN
Are you kidding? He'd be so honored...

Gwen embraces her son. He tries to hold emotions in check--

MUSIC JOE
Good. Christopher, then. Or Christina, I guess. Depending. Either way, Chris.

As Music Joe looks over at a picture of his late father, wearing his dress NYPD uniform, hanging on the wall...

INT. BOBBY KELLEY'S CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

Cop Joe sits across from a perfectly healthy Bobby Kelley as the aspiring congressman scans through the pictures on the gunman's recovered phone.

COP JOE

This woman is in a lot of the photos, too. Is she working today?

BOBBY

Amy Kim. She was my assistant, but quit a couple weeks ago.

(then)

Did my Chief of Staff talk to you about the *Times* article yet? They're doing a piece about the shooting, and want to interview the hero cop who saved my life.

Bobby smiles, but Cop Joe demurs.

COP JOE

I'm good.

BOBBY

I can make you famous--

COP JOE

Not my thing. So why'd she quit?

BOBBY

(surprised)

Who? Amy? I don't remember the specifics. There's a ton of turnover in political campaigns.

COP JOE

You have her contact info?

Bobby Kelley leans back, assessing Cop Joe for a beat.

BOBBY

You really think she'd know more than me about the shooting?

COP JOE

Just covering my bases. Maybe she watched the crowds more intently, not distracted with making big speeches and all that. Like I said, she's in a lot of the photos. Maybe she remembers our guy, maybe remembers if he had any friends with him.

BOBBY

Friends?

COP JOE

He's most likely just a loner.

(MORE)

COP JOE (CONT'D)
 But if he *is* part of a group, I'd
 think you oughtta know that.

BOBBY
 ...I'll have my new assistant get
 you her number.

EXT. BOBBY KELLEY'S CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Cop Joe gets back in his car. He takes out his phone,
 hesitates, then finally dials... After a few RINGS...

COP JOE
 (into phone)
 Yeah, hi. Miss Kim? This is Officer
 Kimbrough. *Joe Kimbrough*. NYPD--

Cop Joe, hopeful she remembers him. But we can tell by his
 face that she doesn't seem to--

COP JOE (CONT'D)
 I'm calling about the shooting at
 Bobby Kelley's rally last night?
 (beat)
 I know you weren't there, but I still
 think you might be able to help us...
 (beat)
 Today no good? Any openings tomorrow?
 Around lunch? Sure, I can come by
 there. Great. See you at one.

Cop Joe hangs up. And for the first time, we see him smile.

INT. MUSIC JOE'S GREENWICH STREET PENTHOUSE - DAY

Music Joe sits by the floor-to-ceiling window with a view of
 the Hudson, strumming his acoustic guitar. Writing his ideas
 down on paper. Trying a new progression. Suddenly, Amy enters,
 wrapping up a call, moving full speed...

MUSIC JOE
 Hey, what are you doing home?

AMY
 Trying to manage a crisis... Concert's
 off. Entire rally is off. The whole
 campaign might be off--

Amy collapses onto the couch. Music Joe approaches...

MUSIC JOE
 Slow down... What's going on? What
 crisis-- ?

AMY

(gathers herself)

Remember when Bobby dropped his water bottle? Apparently that's been happening a lot.

MUSIC JOE

I don't understand -- *what has?*

AMY

He's been having these... hand tremors. At first he thought it was just stress. Then they moved to his jaw. And anyway, he finally went to the doctor and... his neurologist says early-onset Parkinson's.

MUSIC JOE

Whoa--

AMY

Yeah. So he just tells me this morning. And that he's leaning towards ending the campaign. I'm sorry, I've got a million phone calls to make, we have to figure out our messaging, get out ahead before--

MUSIC JOE

Hey.

AMY

What?

MUSIC JOE

Stop for a second, okay? You take care of you.

Music Joe puts a loving hand on Amy's belly.

AMY

...Yeah.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Cop Joe sits at the bar with his Uncle Frank, nursing a beer.

UNCLE FRANK

Do me a favor. Guy offers to put you on the New York Times, you say 'yes'. If you're serious about making detective one day, some good publicity wouldn't hurt.

MARQUIS approaches (*the same NYPD cop who brought the injured Bobby Kelley into the E.R. in the Nurse Joe world.*)

MARQUIS
You gonna play tonight?

Marquis motions over towards a piano, set up on a tiny stage.

COP JOE
You gonna buy my drinks?

MARQUIS
I'll start a collection. Everybody'll
throw in for the big hero--

Cop Joe gets up and heads to the piano.

UNCLE FRANK
Oh, twist his arm --

Cop Joe sits at the piano. And as he begins to play Billy Joel's *Piano Man*, it becomes clear that the musical talent hasn't left him--

COP JOE
(singing)
"Oh, la la la, di di da... La la, di
da da... da dum --"

About a dozen off-duty cops begin to gather. For Joe, it's as good as playing a sports stadium -- *this surrogate family is his life.*

COP JOE (CONT'D)
(singing)
"And the waitress is practicing
politics, as the businessmen slowly
get stoned --"

Uncle Frank takes a seat next to Cop Joe and begins to sing along. Soon, all the cops in the joint are joining in, the place festive... as Cop Joe belts out the final verse...

COP JOE (CONT'D)
(singing)
"Yes they're sharing a drink they
call loneliness, but it's better
than drinking alone."

Marquis brings over a couple of fresh mugs of beer just as Joe finishes the song with a flourish --

COP JOE (CONT'D)

"Sing us a song you're the piano man, sing us a song tonight. Well we're all in the mood for a melody, and you got us feeling alright--"

Marquis hands a beer to Joe, then raises his for a toast --

MARQUIS

To loneliness!

COP JOE

Loneliness.

OFF Cop Joe...

INT. NURSE JOE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Nurse Joe enters just as Jenny is getting ready to leave for work, their usual morning "fly-by" routine.

JENNY

Hey.

NURSE JOE

Hey. I just got a reminder on my phone that we're supposed to have dinner with my college buddy Eric tonight, but--

JENNY

Oh, right --

NURSE JOE

-- I'll cancel.

JENNY

Let's just do it.

(off his look)

We can be civil. Eric was your best friend, right? And they're flying in for the weekend... It'll be fine.

NURSE JOE

You sure?

Jenny nods. Then, speaking quietly...

JENNY

Listen, I... I need you to talk to Christopher. *Today.*

(off his look)

He wouldn't go to sleep again last night, he was all upset. He asked me if we're getting a divorce.

NURSE JOE
...What did you tell him?

JENNY
I said we weren't.

Nurse Joe takes that in, unsure what it means...

NURSE JOE
...Because you're thinking... we
definitely aren't? Or...?

JENNY
I don't know, Joe. I'm figuring it
out. We both are.

NURSE JOE
How did he even know to ask--? We
never fight in front of him.

JENNY
Kids see everything. Just... talk to
him. *Please.*

Nurse Joe nods. Jenny nods back, grateful...

INT. NURSE JOE'S APARTMENT - CHRISTOPHER'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nurse Joe enters to find Chris in bed, wide awake. A power
wheelchair sits nearby, plugged into the wall and charging.
[Note: we'll see various homemade DIY assistance devices
that Nurse Joe has made for his special needs son.]

NURSE JOE
Hey. You need the bathroom?

CHRIS
Went like an hour ago.

NURSE JOE
Didn't sleep much?

CHRIS
I don't know.

Nurse Joe lifts his son out of bed and carries him to his
wheelchair. As Chris turns it on and begins to drive towards
his bathroom, Nurse Joe steps in front of him...

NURSE JOE
Can we talk for a sec? ...I hear
you're upset about me and mom?

CHRIS
...I guess.

Nurse Joe kneels down in front of Chris, takes his hand.

NURSE JOE

Listen. Your mom and I... we've been having some disagreements. That's true. But that doesn't mean we don't love each other.

CHRIS

Then why don't you ever say it?

NURSE JOE

What?

CHRIS

I love you. You tell me every day but you never tell her. And she never tells you.

NURSE JOE

You're right. And I don't know. Don't really have a good answer, other than we should. Tell each other.

(off Chris' look)

...Here's the thing. Sometimes, when adults aren't getting along, they need time away from each other. Like, when two kids are fighting at school and the teacher gives them a time-out. And after some time, they become friends again. So your mom and I, we decided that I'm going to take a time out. I'll be sleeping somewhere else for awhile. But I want you to know... *you're the most important thing in the entire world to me.* And I promise I'll still come over every single day, and I'm gonna walk you to school like I always do, and meet you after, okay? You're the best thing that's ever happened to me. And I'm going to make sure you're okay.

Chris nods, but he's shaken. Nurse Joe embraces his son...
REVEAL Jenny watching from the doorway, her heart breaking...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. DINER - DAY

Cop Joe sits in a booth alone, eagerly watching the door for Amy's arrival.

WAITRESS (O.S.)
Freshen you up?

Cop Joe puts his hand over his cup. As the WAITRESS saunters off, Cop Joe checks the time. Five minutes after one. Suddenly, out the window he sees Amy (hair pulled back) coming up the sidewalk on the other side of the street. She wears hip, but clearly less expensive clothes than the Amy in the Music Joe world.

Cop Joe sits up straighter in his seat, anticipating this re-introduction after all these years.

Could Amy be the one that got away?

Cop Joe looks back out the window and sees the light turn so the pedestrians can cross... but Amy stays on the opposite side of the street.

Joe realizes she is talking on the phone. The conversation looks rather animated. Suddenly...

A BLACK TOWN CAR

Pulls up to the curb in front of Amy and congressional candidate Bobby Kelley gets out. Amy hangs up her phone and Bobby Kelley hangs up his - clearly they were talking to one another.

Cop Joe cannot hear the conversation through the window, but it looks like an argument. Amy upset. Bobby pleading. Amy softening. Bobby coaxing. Finally...

Bobby seemingly convinces Amy of... *something*... and they both climb into the Town Car and drive off.

Well if Amy *is* the one that got away, she just got away again.

Frustrated, Cop Joe puts a \$10 bill on the table and walks out of the restaurant...

INT. GWEN KIMBROUGH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cop Joe KNOCKS as he enters his mother's apartment (decidedly lower rent than her place in Music Joe's world) to find his mother GWEN and Uncle Frank cooking together in the kitchen.

Joe heads in and grabs plates from the cupboard to set the table, clearly a practiced routine. But his mother intercepts him and hugs him deeply.

COP JOE

Ma, I'm fine.

GWEN

I don't like guns. And I don't like shooting. I'm just glad you're okay, okay?

COP JOE

I was never in danger, I promise.

GWEN

Your father promised the same thing.

Joe locks eyes with Uncle Frank. A silent moment between them as Uncle Frank's eyes plead with Joe not to respond to that. Joe finishes the hug, kisses his mother on the forehead and goes to set the table.

INT. GWEN KIMBROUGH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

LATER. Cop Joe, Uncle Frank, and Gwen are now eating dinner.

UNCLE FRANK

What do you mean 'she didn't show'?

COP JOE

I don't think the lady's hiding anything, I'm sure she just got busy or something--

UNCLE FRANK

You'll follow up?

He nods. Suddenly, there's a KNOCK at the door.

GWEN

(calls out)

It's open!

COP JOE

You don't even see who it is?

GWEN

What, I got two cops here.

The door opens to reveal Cop Joe's best friend Eric, carrying a small box of baked goods...

ERIC

Hey, I just happened to be in the neighborhood.

COP JOE

And you just happened to have tiramisu?

ERIC

Mallory's got her girls-night, so that leaves me unfed. And everybody knows Friday night is lasagna night at Gwen Kimbrough's house--

GWEN

Get a plate, I'm not getting up.

As Eric heads into the kitchen to get a plate...

ERIC

Did Joe tell you about our ten year reunion tomorrow night?

GWEN

No he did not. *Joe?*

COP JOE

Nothing to tell, ma. I'm not going. If I liked to live in the past, I'd just go on facebook.

GWEN

Maybe Jenny will be there, you guys were so good together in college.

Eric takes a seat, this whole thing going exactly as planned.

ERIC

Jenny is going to be there. I'm one of the organizers, I have the RSVPs.

GWEN

Joe--

COP JOE

What?

GWEN

I haven't thought about Jenny in so long, what's she doing?

COP JOE

Probably married with kids so leave me alone.

GWEN

Well that would make sense. Because that's what people do when they're already in their 30s.

COP JOE

Uncle Frank, a little help?

UNCLE FRANK

I was married and had your cousin Sara when I was 28. Sorry.

ERIC

Jenny only RSVP'd for one. Just saying--

GWEN

Joe! You definitely should go.

(to Eric)

Is it too late to RSVP? Put him down as coming.

ERIC

I'm happy to.

COP JOE

Guys, stop it. It was ten years ago. Jenny's a different person now. And I'm... *just a cop*. Do I want to fall in love? Yes. Do I need you all reminding me I have no love life every five seconds? No. Now can we just eat? Please?

A moment of silent tension. Broken when Eric reaches across the table and serves himself some lasagna. As they all resume eating...

GWEN

I fell in love with 'just a cop'--

(then)

Just saying.

Cop Joe shares a look with Uncle Frank, who shakes his head, a bit disappointed...

INT. RIVOLI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Nurse Joe (clean shaven) approaches the hostess stand with his wife Jenny, the tension between them is palpable.

NURSE JOE

So what are the rules here? We tell them we're getting separated? We pretend everything's fine?

JENNY

Our private life is private.

As they reach the BLONDE HOSTESS...

NURSE JOE

Hi, Joe and Jenny Kimbrough. We're supposed to meet our friends--

BLONDE HOSTESS

They're already seated. Follow me?

WITH Nurse Joe and Jenny as they follow the Hostess into the dining area. We then PAN BACK to the hostess stand, where - impossibly - the BLONDE HOSTESS is still standing there. She looks up as the door opens and...

Music Joe (beard) and Amy (fashionable) walk in together. The Hostess beams - a celebrity in her midst.

MUSIC JOE

Hi, we're meeting a friend. Eric Payne.

BLONDE HOSTESS

(star-struck)

He's uh... yeah. Payne. With the high chair. I didn't know... I mean. He's already at the table. This way?

Music Joe and Amy follow her into...

THE DINING ROOM

Where Eric sits waiting, beside his 8-month-old toddler SHIANA in a high chair. Eric stands to greet them. Handshakes and hugs. Music Joe turns to the baby...

MUSIC JOE

Hey, you. How beautiful are you?

BLONDE HOSTESS

(interrupts)

I'm sorry. I just have to tell you, I was at the Jones Beach show. In the hail? It was the most amazing experience of my life--

MUSIC JOE

Oh, thank you.

BLONDE HOSTESS

Can I get a selfie? I'm not supposed to do this, I'm mortified at myself, I'm sorry.

MUSIC JOE

It's fine.

The Blonde Hostess curls herself up against Music Joe and snaps a selfie as Amy looks on awkwardly. The Blonde Hostess heads off, beaming, slightly embarrassed. Music Joe finally sits as Eric looks up at him with deep admiration...

ERIC

Wow. Rough life.

SMASH CUT TO:

DINING ROOM - PARALLEL TIME

As Nurse Joe and Jenny sit across from Eric and as we PAN across the table, REVEAL that Eric's wife is... AMY KIM! In this world, Amy wears conservative business attire, has her hair pulled back, and has very little make-up.

NURSE JOE

Hey, guys. Sorry we're late--

ERIC

No worries. We've just been sitting here drinking.

AMY

Actually, Eric's been drinking --

ERIC

I'm celebrating!
(off their looks)
Amy just passed her real estate exam.
So if you guys are in the market for
a new place in Virginia--

JENNY

Congratulations, that's so exciting.

AMY

Thank you.

NURSE JOE

Didn't you want to go into politics
or something?

AMY

Yeah. Wow, good memory --

NURSE JOE

What happened?

AMY

Life kind of happened, I guess --

ERIC
Hey, are you still playing music?

Nurse Joe's about to answer, but Jenny jumps in.

JENNY
Joe's very involved with our son--

AMY
I think that's great.

ERIC
Me, too... I just thought you always loved music.

AMY
How old is he now? Your son?

JENNY
He just turned nine --

AMY
Wow. How great is it? Being parents?

ERIC
Amy, come on. What are you doing?

AMY
What-- ?

ERIC
Just... *let it go.*

AMY
Let what go?

ERIC
I know what you're doing, I'm not an idiot.
(off her look)
Can we just order? I'm starving--

Eric angrily grabs the menu as Amy averts her gaze, the tension between them palpable. Nurse Joe and Jenny exchange a look. *What's going on?*

MUSIC JOE'S TABLE - PARALLEL TIME

Eric pleads with Music Joe (beard), Amy growing increasingly uncomfortable at the man's desperation...

ERIC
...Maybe just three songs. Two. Come on you have to at least do *The Road to You*. It'll make everyone so happy--

MUSIC JOE

I don't want to be... 'Rock Star Joe' at the reunion. I just want to be... Ordinary Joe. Enjoy the night with my wife. Meeting her old college friends. Her meeting mine.

Eric's toddler fusses. Music Joe turns to the baby...

MUSIC JOE (CONT'D)

Can I hold her?

ERIC

She'll be fine, but --

Music Joe scoops the baby out of her high chair, calming her... Amy watches him, future dad. Eric sulks...

ERIC (CONT'D)

...I'm the worst event organizer on the planet. The one guy who *actually* has a friend who is a successful recording artist, who's going to be there anyway, but still can't lock him down as a musical guest.

The server arrives with the food.

AMY

I'm gonna go to the ladies real quick.

As she heads off, Eric offers to take the baby back but Music Joe shakes him off. Then...

ERIC

...Do you want me to beg? I'll do... I'll do whatever.

MUSIC JOE

What is this? What's going on here?

ERIC

...Remember Jenny Banks?

MUSIC JOE

Course I remember Jenny, she was my best friend. What about her?

ERIC

I called her. As one of the organizers. She wasn't sure if she was going to come, but I convinced her by promising her you were playing.

MUSIC JOE

So this is about... me helping you
get laid?

ERIC

I looked her up. Jenny's a successful
lawyer now. Just like she always
said she would be. *And she's single.*

MUSIC JOE

Dude.

ERIC

You don't know what it's like out
there. Trying to meet a woman when
you're a divorced guy with a kid.
You don't know. Because you're
literally living the dream. You have
everything. And the only reason you
do... is because I convinced you to
get Amy's phone number 10 years ago.

MUSIC JOE

Wow, you're taking credit... *for my
whole life?*

(off Eric's shrug)

...One song.

ERIC

Really?

MUSIC JOE

Road to You. That's it. And Amy's
probably going to be pissed at me.

ERIC

I'm sure I can't afford your day
rate, but I *can* pay --

MUSIC JOE

(to the baby)

Tell your daddy he is *not* paying me.

ERIC

It's not from me, there's a whole
reunion fund--

MUSIC JOE

You can get the check for dinner
then. That's it.

AMY (O.S.)

(grave)

Joe?

Music Joe and the baby both look up. His face falls when he sees that his wife Amy has returned from the restroom with a solemn look on her face and her hand on her stomach.

AMY (CONT'D)

We have to go. Now.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Music Joe sits in the waiting room. He anxiously taps his foot and checks his iPhone, averting the glances coming his way. *This wait is killing him.* Finally, a NURSE comes out--

FERTILITY NURSE

Mister Kimbrough?

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

Music Joe enters to find Amy sitting on an exam table, still wearing a green patient gown. She just looks at him and shakes her head. Music Joe deflates.

AMY

...I'm sorry.

MUSIC JOE

Come here.

Music Joe embraces her. Tight.

AMY

I *am* broken.

MUSIC JOE

...You're not. You're perfect.

As he pulls her into his chest and kisses her on top of her head. OFF Music Joe, his eyes welling up...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Cop Joe KNOCKS on an apartment door...

COP JOE
(calls out)
Officer Kimbrough, NYPD. We were
supposed to meet up yesterday --?

After a beat, the door opens, revealing AMY KIM (hip, grungy thrift shop clothing). It's unclear if she recognizes him from 10 years earlier.

AMY
Oh, god. I'm so sorry, I didn't mean
to stand you up. I got into this
whole stupid thing with my ex and
got sidetracked --

Cop Joe hides his reaction to the fact that she's referring to Bobby Kelley as her ex.

COP JOE
No worries. Now a good time?

She nods, then opens the door wider, and he heads into...

INT. AMY KIM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Moments later. Cop Joe sits at her kitchen table in the modest studio apartment.

AMY
...I'm still so surprised the police
want to talk to me.

COP JOE
There were some pictures recovered
from the shooter's phone.

He shows her one of the surveillance pics of her and Bobby. Amy reacts, uncomfortable.

AMY
Oh. That's... *unsettling*.

COP JOE
I can imagine. Scroll through, you'll
see all the different places he was
taking pictures.
(she shakes her head)
Does this guy look familiar?

Cop Joe shows her a picture of the shooter. Amy shrugs. As Cop Joe writes something in his notes, Amy studies his face, seemingly recognizing him from somewhere...

AMY

I'm sorry, this is weird, but... is it possible we've met before...?

Cop Joe cocks his head, "thinking", then --

COP JOE

I don't... Wait, did you... go to Syracuse?

AMY

Yeah! I graduated in 2010.

COP JOE

Me, too. Wow, small world. This is so...

AMY

I must've seen you around. I'm Amy.

COP JOE

I know. Kim, right?
(off her look)
I cheated. It says in my notes here.

AMY

Of course. Duh.

COP JOE

I'm Joe. Kimbrough.

Cop Joe looks for a glimmer of a recognition from Amy. *Does she remember sitting next to him at graduation?* But she doesn't seem to.

AMY

Well... I'm sorry I don't recognize the creepy guy --

COP JOE

It's alright. We already got him. Just wanted to make sure he wasn't working with anyone else, but I think we're probably in the clear.

Cop Joe reluctantly closes his notebook.

COP JOE (CONT'D)

Thanks for your time... I'll leave you alone now...

AMY

Hey, um... any chance you're going to the reunion?

COP JOE

Oh, I don't know. Maybe. You-- ?

AMY

I don't know. Not too psyched about meeting everyone's spouse and answering a million questions about, "*Why aren't you married yet?*"

COP JOE

Yeah. I can relate. Okay, well... it was nice to meet you... *Again*, I guess.

AMY

You too...

They share a smile, a tenuous, sweet connection re-established after all these years...

INT. NURSE JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nurse Joe is trying to find something to wear to the reunion, made harder by the fact that some of his clothes are already packed in moving boxes. As his wife Jenny enters --

NURSE JOE

I found an apartment.

(she doesn't respond)

One of the maternity nurses is going to Seattle for a year and needs to sublet. It's only a few blocks away... but it won't be available until next month.

JENNY

I'm glad it's nearby. For Christopher.

NURSE JOE

Okay. Good.

They continue to get ready in silence. Nurse Joe rifles through his closet, getting frustrated --

NURSE JOE (CONT'D)

Damn it.

(off Jenny)

I packed my ties in one of these stupid boxes.

Nurse Joe sits down onto the bed.

JENNY

So you're going to throw a tantrum?

NURSE JOE

I'm just... Not really in the mood to be social with a bunch of people from our distant past. '*Oh my God, you guys got married!*' What am I supposed to tell them?

JENNY

You say yes, we did. Then move on.

NURSE JOE

Okay, then my friends from the music department ask me about Julliard--

JENNY

And you tell them you went to nursing school instead--

NURSE JOE

How will that even make sense to anyone?

JENNY

Because we were becoming parents.

NURSE JOE

But it doesn't even make sense to me--
(off her look)

I'm sorry but... I thought I was going to be a musician... or a cop. And now I'm a nurse. It was never even on my list--

JENNY

So what? My "ten-year plan" was to be partner in a big, fancy law firm. And I'm scraping by as a *paralegal* who worries every day if I can keep up with our son's medical bills --

NURSE JOE

At least you're working in your chosen field.

JENNY

Really? You could've chosen to do whatever you wanted, Joe --

NURSE JOE

How is that realistic? I needed to support us.

(MORE)

NURSE JOE (CONT'D)

Your dad said 'become a nurse, I'll hire you' -- so I became a nurse. *I didn't get to choose*, I didn't choose any of this --

Jenny is completely stunned, she finally says quietly...

JENNY

So you feel *trapped*? Like I pulled you into some life you never wanted?

NURSE JOE

I'm not saying that -- I love being a father. I love our son --

JENNY

-- You just don't love your life. If we didn't have Chris, if I never got pregnant, you would be a musician or a cop and you'd probably be in a functional marriage... and you'd be happier.

Nurse Joe stares at himself in the mirror, hesitating just long enough for Jenny to know the answer. She leaves the room, devastated. OFF Nurse Joe, staring in the mirror...

INT. MUSIC JOE'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Music Joe smiles big as he opens a jewelry box to reveal a stunning diamond necklace. Amy beams...

AMY

Joe, what did you do?

MUSIC JOE

For tonight. You deserve it.

Joe drapes the diamond necklace around her.

AMY

Maybe I can wear it when I'm sworn in...

MUSIC JOE

What?

AMY

Bobby stopped by while you were out. He's officially dropping out of the race and... *he asked me to take his place on the ballot*. He said I was the most qualified person he knew.

MUSIC JOE
What'd you tell him?

AMY
 I said yes. What do you mean? I kinda
 hoped you'd be more excited.

MUSIC JOE
 No, I am. It's just... does that
 mean we're gonna stop *trying*?

AMY
 I hadn't really thought about that--

MUSIC JOE
 Maybe you should.

AMY
 Joe... it's always been my dream to
 run for office. You know that.

MUSIC JOE
 It's always been dream to be a dad--

AMY
 I know... I just... I'm not even
 sure I *can* have a baby.

MUSIC JOE
 Of course you can--

AMY
And what if I can't? Are you gonna
 be okay with that?

*Finally forced to confront the question he's been avoiding,
 Music Joe hesitates a beat too long. Amy heads off...*

MUSIC JOE
 Where are you going? We have to get
 ready for the reunion --

AMY
 Go without me.

With that, she leaves. OFF Music Joe, emotions swirling...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEINT. SKY ROOM - NIGHT

START ON a banner which reads: *Welcome Class of 2010!* WIDEN to reveal the Sky Room, an indoor/outdoor club with incredible NYC skyline views. The place is PACKED. Music plays...

Nurse Joe (clean shaven) enters with his wife Jenny. He takes it all in. Looks at her. But she doesn't look back. Instead heading towards the name tag table. And as Nurse Joe follows, we suddenly SPLIT SCREEN to see...

Music Joe (beard) as he enters alone, a baseball hat pulled low. People immediately notice. Cellphones come out, flashes going off. Music Joe forces a smile as he heads towards the name tag table - and we SPLIT SCREEN again to see...

Cop Joe (mustache) arrives, also alone, to exactly zero fanfare. Nobody notices. He scans the crowd eagerly for any sign of Amy. Doesn't see her. Disappointed, he heads towards--

THE NAME TAG TABLE

BACK TO FULL SCREEN as **Nurse Joe** scoops up his name tag...

NURSE JOE

(to Jenny)

I don't see yours.

JENNY

It's under my maiden name.

Jenny scoops it and shows him. Jenny Banks. The NAME TAG LADY explains...

NAME TAG LADY

It was a huge debate. But in the end we thought it would be clearest if everyone could just be *who they were*.

Suddenly, they both hear a chant... "JEN-NY! JEN-NY! JEN-NY!"

NURSE JOE

Go. Give the people what they want.

Nurse Joe watches as Jenny heads off towards her large group of friends...

THE NAME TAG TABLE - PARALLEL TIME

Music Joe approaches the same NAME TAG LADY whose eyes suddenly light up at the sight of him...

NAME TAG LADY

Oh, wow. You came. Please, it's not like you need a name tag. But here. I'm Lauren--

MUSIC JOE

Hi, Lauren. Joe.

Suddenly, an amped Eric arrives and puts an arm around Music Joe, pulling him away...

ERIC

Jenny's here. But I haven't talked to her yet. I figure you go up and play, like now, get it out of the way, and I'll go over to her and be like, '*Can you believe our boy, Joe?*' Is that cool? We got everything set up the way your manager requested--
(after thought)
Hey, is Amy okay? That seemed bad the other night--

MUSIC JOE

Yeah, she's fine. Migraine. She's not coming...

BACK AT THE NAME TAG TABLE - PARALLEL TIME

Cop Joe affixes his name tag to his shirt. Scans the other name tags until he sees the one that says - AMY KIM. He picks it up, shows it to the Name tag Lady--

COP JOE

Hey if the name tag is here, does that mean the person is definitely coming?

NAME TAG LADY

Just means they RSVP'd.

COP JOE

Thanks.

As Cop Joe puts Amy's name tag back down and moves off into the crowd...

A SMALL STAGE - PARALLEL TIME

Music Joe tunes an acoustic guitar. People begin to gather eagerly.

MUSIC JOE

(into mic)
Bust 'em up, rough 'em up, go S.U.!

The crowd roars back, *Go 'Cuse!* Music Joe smiles as he begins to strum the opening chords of one of his early hits.

MUSIC JOE (CONT'D)

So you guys have probably only heard this song on the piano, but little known fact, I actually wrote it on guitar my junior year on The Kissing Bench.

(the crowd cheers)

Now who wants to take a trip back to those days, when life was filled with... *endless possibilities?*

The crowd is totally with him. Music Joe looks out and sees his old friend Jenny. Music Joe smiles, then he sees his friend Eric approaching her.

Music Joe starts to play... As the crowd CHEERS--

DESERTED PIANO - PARALLEL TIME

Cop Joe wanders over to a deserted piano and stares down at it, drink in his hand. He hits a few keys, and we hear a hint of *the same tune Music Joe is playing...*

But here, nobody pays attention. Cop Joe still manages a small smile... He looks back towards the entrance...

ERIC (O.S.)

Dude, you came!

Cop Joe turns back to see Eric approaching.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Jenny will be here, don't worry. You'll have plenty of time to rekindle the old magic --

COP JOE

Will you please stop--

Suddenly, Cop Joe reacts to something he sees. REVEAL Amy Kim (hair pulled back) entering...

COP JOE (CONT'D)

I'll catch up with you later.

As Cop Joe tears himself away and heads towards Amy...

AT AN OTHERWISE EMPTY TABLE - PARALLEL TIME

Nurse Joe watches his wife Jenny mingle, happy and popular like she used to be. He takes a big pull from his beer, considers walking over to her, but decides not to...

EXT. SKY ROOM - BALCONY - NIGHT

Nurse Joe walks along the railing, where to his surprise, he runs into Eric's wife Amy... who is also alone...

AMY

Hey.

NURSE JOE

Hey. Why aren't you inside?

AMY

Eric's in there flirting with some girls from his econ class. It's embarrassing and I couldn't watch. Why aren't you?

Nurse Joe shrugs. Takes a sip of his beer.

NURSE JOE

Jenny and I are kind of... better *apart* from each other right now.

AMY

You seemed okay at dinner--

NURSE JOE

She'll be happy to hear you bought the charade.

AMY

Oh. Sorry. Well... Eric and I are having issues, too... obviously. I guess we're not quite as good at charades.

They share a small smile, then --

NURSE JOE

What's going on?

AMY

Four unsuccessful rounds of IVF basically wiped us out. Financially. *Emotionally... and we sort of... lost* who we were...

NURSE JOE

Sorry.

AMY

It happens. People grow apart.

NURSE JOE

Maybe you can... grow back together?

AMY

I don't think we can ever get it back.

These words seem to land with Joe. *Change him somehow...*

NURSE JOE

You know, I'm sorry but... I think I'm gonna head back inside now. I should go talk to my wife.

AMY

...Good luck.

As Nurse Joe heads back inside...

AT THE NAME TAG TABLE - PARALLEL TIME

Cop Joe catches up to Amy as she puts on her name tag...

COP JOE

Hey. You came.

AMY

You, too. You here alone or... ?

COP JOE

Just me. You come by yourself?

AMY

Yeah. I mean, the guy I was seeing, even if we were still together... there's no way he'd come to something like this.

COP JOE

Sounds like a jerk.

AMY

Actually, yeah. He kinda is. And he's married, so...

COP JOE

Oh, so he's a *real* jerk.

AMY

I'm an idiot. But I ended it. I have sort of a bad track record with relationships. My ex-husband--

COP JOE

You were married?

AMY

Long time ago.

COP JOE
Another jerk?

AMY
I tried to convince myself he was
the love of my life... rationalized
away all of his faults... but when
we found out I couldn't get pregnant--

Joe softens, vulnerable...

COP JOE
Can I tell you something? Before I
feel like... just another jerk? I
sort of... lied to you earlier.

AMY
You did? About what?

COP JOE
I knew who you were, when I came
over to interview you? We sat next
to each other... at our graduation.

AMY
That was you!

COP JOE
You remember?

AMY
I thought it was but then... I don't
know... I should have said--

They share a look, a connection --

COP JOE
No, I should have said... I just...
didn't think you'd remember.

AMY
I *totally* do. I've thought about
that moment. Over the years... I've
thought about *you*!

COP JOE
Me, too--

AMY
...Would it be totally crazy if I...
asked you to dance?

Cop Joe smiles, puts down his drink. As he takes Amy's hand
and leads her out to the dance floor...

AT THE BAR - PARALLEL TIME

Nurse Joe enters from the balcony and spots his wife Jenny talking with friends. He takes a pull from his beer, then walks right through the crowd and approaches Jenny.

NURSE JOE
Crazy idea. Let's dance.

JENNY
What? Why?

NURSE JOE
It's what we would have done. Ten years ago. And we would have had fun--

Jenny considers. Nurse Joe offers up his hand...

She finally takes it, and they head out to the dance floor...

ON THE SMALL STAGE - PARALLEL TIME

Music Joe finishes up his song and the crowd *explodes!*

MUSIC JOE
(into mic)
Thank you, Class of 2010! Now if it's okay I'm gonna come down there and hang out with you guys, so good old recorded music will have to do.

Music Joe hops off the stage and spots Eric standing with Jenny. It looks like a promising, friendly chat. He heads towards them.

Jenny smiles, applauds Music Joe as he approaches, then steps away from Eric and bumps Joe's shoulder like they used to do in college...

JENNY
Hey, Superstar!

MUSIC JOE
Jenny! I can't believe it's been ten years--

JENNY
And somehow you look... *younger.*

MUSIC JOE
Tons of plastic surgery.

JENNY
So cliché.

They share a big smile. Jenny embraces Music Joe. Perhaps a beat too long... Eric shifts uncomfortably. Then gives Music Joe a look... *can you please leave?*

MUSIC JOE

Really good to see you, Jenny. You two should talk, I've gotta get home anyway... Eric, you'll fill me in?

Music Joe starts to move away, but Jenny grabs him...

JENNY

Wait! I came all the way here to see you. I was hoping we could catch up?

Joe looks over to Eric, who simply shrugs, defeated, and walks off.

MUSIC JOE

Sure, yeah. Let's grab a drink--

They share a smile and head off to the bar...

ON THE DANCE FLOOR - PARALLEL TIME

Cop Joe and Amy dance to a slow song. It's oddly intimate for two strangers.

COP JOE

Do you remember what we talked about? The day we met at graduation?

AMY

Yeah, we made a deal... and I didn't stick to it.

COP JOE

I didn't either.

AMY

Some days I wish I had. The jerk that I married? He's the same one I was complaining about that day. So... would have saved me a whole lot of time.

COP JOE

The day we met? I told my friend Eric about you, right after. He told me to go over and ask you out.

AMY

Why didn't you?

COP JOE
I don't know. I wish I had.

AMY
I wish you had, too... *Maybe it's
not too late.*

COP JOE
Yeah? You want to go out some time?

AMY
Maybe now? I'm already dressed...

Joe smiles. As they clasp hands and head for the exit...

FURTHER DOWN THE DANCE FLOOR - PARALLEL TIME

Nurse Joe slow-dances with his wife Jenny. It's still a bit cool between the two. Nurse Joe looks over and sees Amy sitting next to her husband Eric... both look unhappy.

NURSE JOE
...I hate this.

JENNY
What--?

NURSE JOE
The whole point of these things is to bring back memories... but the memories I have... *we were best friends.*

Jenny looks up at him, surprised... touched.

JENNY
...*I miss that.*

NURSE JOE
Do you think we can get it back?

JENNY
I don't know.

NURSE JOE
Will you try? With me? I promise I'll do anything to fix us. To fix our family.

Nurse Joe looks at his wife, and in their eyes we see a flicker of what once was. He pulls her in closer, and she tenderly lays her head on his shoulder...

AT THE BAR - PARALLEL TIME

Music Joe shares a drink with his old friend Jenny...

JENNY

Is your wife here? I want to meet her. You guys look so cute together in all the magazines--

MUSIC JOE

We're sort of, uh... fighting right now... to be honest. We're having... trouble getting pregnant. And it's pretty much the whole focus of our lives right now.

JENNY

Oh. Magazines don't show that part.

MUSIC JOE

Tell me about you... or which magazine I can get that will tell me about you--

JENNY

Well, I'm sure you already read *The New England Bar Review*.

MUSIC JOE

Monthly subscriber.

They share a smile...

JENNY

I just made partner at my law firm--

MUSIC JOE

That's great, you hit your ten year plan.

JENNY

A year late, actually. Was supposed to make partner at 30.

MUSIC JOE

Loser. Where did you go wrong?

JENNY

Swore I'd never tell you. But I think it's finally time --

MUSIC JOE

...Tell me what?

JENNY

Well... Remember when I wanted you to come to my parents' house in the Hamptons? After graduation? So we could talk?

MUSIC JOE

...Yeah?

JENNY

Well you didn't come.

MUSIC JOE

I was... I met Amy that weekend.

JENNY

Yeah, well... the thing I was going to tell you was... *I was pregnant.*

Music Joe reacts, stunned.

JENNY (CONT'D)

I know I said we weren't exclusive at the time, but... I kind of was. So it was yours.

MUSIC JOE

Oh my god...

JENNY

I'm sorry I left you out of it, but when you didn't show... I decided that weekend what I was going to do. We were kids. And I didn't want to... change the course of your life so...

MUSIC JOE

You... *I mean... what did you do?*

JENNY

I had the baby. That's why the ten year plan is off by one year. But... I put him up for adoption.

MUSIC JOE

Him? I have a son? I'm... a dad?

JENNY

Sort of. As much as I'm a mom. I got to hold him for 24 hours after he was born. Haven't seen him since.

MUSIC JOE

I want to meet him--

JENNY

It was a closed adoption. I don't know anything about the family he ended up with.

MUSIC JOE

But I *have to* meet him.

JENNY

Joe. I don't think it's even possible.

(then)

Please don't be mad at me. I thought it was the right decision at the time. And other than this moment right now, I try to never look back.

Joe can barely process - this is exactly his dream come true, but it's supposed to be with his wife Amy.

OFF Music Joe, his world rocked to its core...

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT

Cop Joe and Amy head out of the building, but Joe suddenly stops as he spots something ahead. Like he's seen a ghost.

COP JOE

Oh my god...

REVEAL Joe's old college friend JENNY, who is standing at the valet next to her mini-van, just arriving.

JENNY

Hey, Joe.

COP JOE

Hey.

(then)

Amy, this is Jenny. Jenny was my best friend all through college --

AMY

Hi.

COP JOE

-- Until she kind of vanished on me.

JENNY

I know. I'm sorry.

COP JOE

What happened to you-- ?

JENNY

You know... *life happened.*

And then the valet opens the door to Jenny's minivan. A ramp automatically extends out, and Jenny's 9-year-old son CHRISTOPHER (the same child we've seen in the Nurse Joe story) rolls down the ramp in his power wheelchair.

JENNY (CONT'D)

This is my son. Christopher.

Cop Joe kneels down, shaking Chris' hand... *And having no idea that this is also his son...*

COP JOE

Hey, I'm Joe.

CHRISTOPHER

Nice to meet you.

Jenny watches, a mixture of emotion as Cop Joe shakes hands with briefly with Christopher...

JENNY

-- I'm sorry, were you guys just leaving?

COP JOE

Yeah... We were just... Can I get your number so we could --?

JENNY

-- Of course. I'd love to catch up.

Cop Joe hands Jenny his phone and she puts her number in. He smiles, pockets it, and then heads off with Amy.

Jenny watches as Joe and Amy walk off into the night, their hands coming together in what looks like it could be the start of a beautiful friendship.

CHRISTOPHER

Who was that?

JENNY

(hesitates, then)

That... *that's just Joe.*

As Jenny coaxes Christopher to follow her inside, Cop Joe walking off with Amy, oblivious to exactly how radically his life is about to change...

END OF SHOW