

The Quinn-Tuplets

"Pilot"

Written by

Mike Kelley
and
Chris Kelley

NETWORK DRAFT
01/18/2010

**"THE QUINN-TUPLETS"
PILOT**

FADE IN:

INT. CADILLAC LIMOUSINE - DAY

A 16 MM FILM CAMERA FLUTTERS TO LIFE in the backseat of a traveling LIMOUSINE to reveal an arresting, vibrant young woman, REBECCA QUINN, peering out her window with nervous anticipation. Winter's last gasp has left the city thick with wet, gray snow, and the weather seems to fit well with Rebecca's pensive mood. A period correct CHYRON assigns the date and place: BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS APRIL 17, 1979.

DRIVER

Quite a crowd up ahead, Ms. Quinn.

Rebecca leans forward to see what the DRIVER sees: A CIRCUS of TV REPORTERS staked out by the entrance to MASS GENERAL HOSPITAL where sign-wielding, God-invoking PROTESTORS face off against a chorus of unified FEMINISTS, all awaiting Rebecca's imminent arrival.

OUR CAMERA catches the Driver's concerned look in the mirror.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I'll take you in through the parking garage.

REBECCA

No. Pull up to the curb.

DRIVER'S VOICE

(dubiously)

Yes, ma'am.

Rebecca dons a pair of WHITE LACQUER FOSTER GRANTS, pulls her winter collar close as another CHYRON appears under her flushed, determined face: REBECCA QUINN, AGE 26. The limo squeezes between the squad cars and news vans while uniformed cops keep the frenzied horde at bay. They roll to a stop and Rebecca steels herself, reaches for the door handle--

MAN'S VOICE

Wait, don't open the door.

REBECCA

(turning to camera)

Why, what's the matter?

WE POP OUT OF THE DE-SATURATED DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE into a MODERN VISUAL FRAME, revealing the man behind the documentary camera: Handsome, young Italian-American director MICHAEL ADATTO (27), squeezed into the limousine alongside his ragtag film crew.

MICHAEL

Camera's about to roll out.

As the Camera Assistant hands Michael a new film mag, Rebecca surveys the excited crowd outside with growing trepidation.

REBECCA

God, look at all these people.
(is this a terrible mistake?)
Michael?...

She looks to Michael, but he doesn't engage: a condition he insisted upon when she agreed to let him film her story. Rebecca bites her lip, looks off as Michael snaps the fresh film into his camera.

MICHAEL

All set.

REBECCA

(needing to connect)
Stay close?

He's not an asshole, he's an artist. Screw the condition.

MICHAEL

All the way.

His sincere promise gives Rebecca the last shot of courage she needs. She smiles confidently; and as Michael raises camera to shoulder, HER FACE FILLS HIS FRAME and we--

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE - DAY

REBECCA, who we now see is HUGELY PREGNANT, steps out of the limousine. MICHAEL and his FILM CREW scramble out behind her as THE CROWD swarms Rebecca, erupting in shouts of support and threats of damnation. A YOUNG COP with a thick Boston accent puffs up, shielding her protectively from the throng.

COP

Awright, everybody take three steps
back and clear a path--

And as law enforcement forces the crush of liberal supporters and conservative protestors back, we--

POP OUT TO A WIDER PERSPECTIVE. FROM OUR NEW VANTAGE we see the chaotic scope of the media event. Out of the din rises one voice.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S. PRE-LAP)
Boston's very own firebrand Rebecca
Quinn has just arrived for her
scheduled delivery of America's first
test tube quintuplets...

WE PAN ACROSS the dozen or so correspondents until we land on an eager FEMALE TV REPORTER, staked out near the hospital entrance.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)
(to her camera, holding a mic)
Love her or hate her, the unwed and
unapologetic feminist has been a
lightning rod for social activists ever
since undergoing the revolutionary
fertility procedure eight months ago.
Ms. Quinn's life is now the subject of
a PBS documentary by equally-
controversial young filmmaker, Michael
Adatto, who gained instant notoriety on
the heels of his first film in support
of Southern Abortion doctors...

Behind the reporter, Rebecca and her police escort push their way towards the entrance. The reporter takes the opportunity to dive in for a sound byte, shouts out her question on the run.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)
Rebecca, your critics say you're
already exploiting the fatherless
children you're about to give birth
to, to further a feminist agenda.
What's your response to them?

The reporter thrusts the microphone to Rebecca's lips. Rebecca remains stalwart as we **POP BACK INTO MICHAEL'S 16MM DOCUMENTARY FRAME.**

REBECCA
My critics are the last thing on my
mind today. Excuse me--

The reporter is nearly run over by Michael and his film crew as Rebecca is swept through the frenzied crowd toward the hospital. As the automatic doors open and Rebecca and her entourage disappear into the building, **OUR FRAME BEGINS TO WIDEN**, SLOWLY REVEALING the scene we've been watching is actually playing out on a **MODERN 50" FLATSCREEN TELEVISION.**

THE CAMERA pulls back from the monitor and we find ourselves--

INT. QUINN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

In a well-appointed New England bedroom. A modern-day CHYRON tells us where and when: **BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS, AUTUMN 2010.**

THE CAMERA drifts past an antique vanity table and a rich mahogany dresser above which we see **A MOUNTED FAMILY PORTRAIT CIRCA 1996, OF A STYLISH REBECCA CENTERED ON A FORMAL COUCH, SURROUNDED BY HER TEENAGE QUINTUPLETS.** Three boys. Two girls. Rebecca, sporting Sharon Stone's "Basic Instinct" up-do and shoulder pads, exudes maternal pride and confidence. Her children, for their part, seem posed and uncomfortable in Izod sweaters and knit skirts.

THE CAMERA CONTINUES across the bedroom along the sturdy knotted floorboards, beyond the hand-crafted Persian rug to the master bed where Rebecca, now 30 years older and alarmingly frail, lies, head propped up with expensive DOWN PILLOWS. A plastic breathing tube is inserted in her nostrils, and a fine silk scarf is fashioned above her brow. But even without the telltale chemo-attire it's obvious that Rebecca is on the losing end of a long, brutal war with cancer. Sitting beside her, holding her hand (and the remote) is the still robust, now 56-year-old Michael Adatto. A home NURSE makes an adjustment to Rebecca's oxygen as Michael CLICKS THE TV OFF, smiles lovingly at Rebecca.

MICHAEL

You were one brave woman. Still are.

Rebecca turns her head away, pained.

REBECCA

I want to see the children...

Michael looks at the broken woman lying next to him, such a contradiction to the vivid beauty ON THE TV SCREEN. It's difficult for him to keep his emotions in check.

MICHAEL

Sure. What are you in the mood for, sixth birthday? First Communion?... How about that trip to D.C. for Clinton's inauguration?

Rebecca turns to Michael, looks directly into his eyes.

REBECCA

No, Michael. I want to SEE my children.

Michael knows exactly what she's telling him, just isn't sure how to respond. He looks to the Nurse, who offers no help. Michael kisses Rebecca's hand, then LOOKS FURTIVELY AT CAMERA, BREAKING THE FOURTH WALL.

MICHAEL

Uh, let's cut for a minute.

WE POP OUT TO A WIDE FRAME to REVEAL who Michael is addressing: A SMALL CAMERA CREW that's been shooting the very real scene we just witnessed. Michael leans into Rebecca, privately.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Rebecca, the quints... they don't want to be involved. Remember?--

If Rebecca does remember, she doesn't want to. Michael can see how exhausted she is, knows that time is short. He looks over to the Nurse who's expression says "it's now or never." Michael manages an affirming smile, adjusts Rebecca's blanket.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'll call them...
(to his crew)
Take a break guys.

Michael exits. The crew starts shutting down the lights and equipment, until they hear Rebecca's calm, quiet voice--

REBECCA

Turn the camera back on...

Everybody stops, they thought Rebecca had drifted to sleep.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I need a few minutes alone.

The Camera Operator hesitates, doesn't want to cross his director. Rebecca doesn't have the time or energy to argue.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Please.

The Camera Operator flips a switch and the red record light FLASHES ON. As the crew shuffles uncomfortably into the hallway, Rebecca, weak but determined, hoists herself to a sitting position. The Nurse stays behind, helps prop her up.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Thank you. Shut the door behind you.

Reluctantly the Nurse exits, shutting the door. When she's gone REBECCA REMOVES the OXYGEN TUBES from her nose and we--

JUMP INTO THE CLOSE UP VIDEO FRAME of Rebecca, who straightens her bandana, swallows hard, LOOKS DIRECTLY INTO OUR EYES, summoning her final reserves of strength.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

My dear children. When I began this journey I never imagined it would come to an end with me staring at a camera lens rather than your beautiful faces. But here I am... staring. And there you are, somewhere... watching. Together, I hope. Angry, I'm certain...

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN HOUSE - BASEMENT - MICHAEL'S EDIT BAY - DAY

Michael opens the door to his private edit bay and emotional sanctuary. A state of the art editing console and three large monitors rest dormant along the back wall. Guarding both sides of the equipment are custom-crafted oak shelves displaying all the recordings ever broadcast of Rebecca and the Quinn-tuplets, and many more that only Michael knows about. Inset in the center of these perfect archives are expertly-crafted glass trophy cases, each lined with AWARD CERTIFICATES, ENGRAVED STATUETTES, and MOUNTED MAGAZINE COVERS proudly chronicling the SEVENTEEN-SEASON run of the landmark series from its controversial beginning through its historic red-letter days.

Michael FLICKS a switch and the shrine to his efforts illuminates with warm, reverent spotlights. Untold thousands of hours were spent here in the dark, carefully crafting his life's work... Michael pauses to consider what he and Rebecca created. All the while, REBECCA'S VOICE-OVER continues...

REBECCA (V.O.)

I want you to know that when we started this project, I believed what we were doing was important work...

Michael stops to consider THE COVER OF LIFE MAGAZINE, October 1978: A photo of Rebecca and a scientist holding a glass beaker. THE CAPTION READS: "**TEST TUBE BABY BOOM.**" Next we see THE NEW YORKER, March 1979: An artist's rendering of an overly pregnant young Rebecca squeezed between two angry mobs, one pro Rebecca, one con, brandishing signs like: "**PANDORA'S BOX!**" the other: "**PANDORA'S PREROGATIVE!**"

REBECCA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To show the world that a single woman devoted to raising her children in a transparent, modern environment could forge a new honesty in parenting. To broaden minds and help generations of broken families from repeating the mistakes of their mothers and fathers...

Next on the wall is a BOSTON GLOBE SUNDAY MAGAZINE COVER of a purpose driven Rebecca lying on a hospital gurney receiving a sonogram. Next to her, a computer image shows five tiny fetuses, making their media debut. The caption reads: "**HERE COMES THE NEIGHBORHOOD...**" Next is A 1990 TV GUIDE COVER titled "**THE QUINN-TUPLETS: THE REAL LIFE DRAMA BEHIND TV'S NUMBER ONE FAMILY...**" MICHAEL opens a drawer, pulls out a worn piece of paper. The names of the Quints are hand written, followed by several different pen colors sketching out various phone numbers where they could be reached over the years: **PATRICK, JOE, MARTIN, RACHEL, MIRIAM...**

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I was idealistic... arrogant, perhaps. Had I known the choices I was making would ultimately tear this family apart... well, I would have made very different choices.

Michael picks up the land line, considers a beat, then DIALS the first name on the list: Patrick.

SMASH TO:

EXT. RUNDOWN SIDE OF ROXBURY, MASS. - DAY

A BRONZE POLICE TAG peeks out of the Kevlar of a BULLET PROOF VEST. It reads **OFFICER PATRICK QUINN**. WIDEN to reveal an intense, adrenaline pumped, 31-YEAR-OLD PATRICK QUINN, gun drawn, flanking the door of an inner city crack house. A CHYRON READS: **PATRICK QUINN, PRESENT DAY 158 CRESTON AVE, ROXBURY, MASS.** Pat's SENIOR PARTNER stands across from him, gun raised, silently counting down from 5...4...3...2... AT ONE, A BATTERING RAM and a dozen more uniformed cops BUST IN the door and we fly into--

INT. SKETCHY HOUSE - DAY

A BUSTLING METH LAB... Bad guys are thrown to the ground as we stay on Patrick, face beading with sweat and aggression.

PATRICK QUINN

Against the wall! Hands up! Do it, now!

Patrick points his gun wildly from one perp to the next as Boston's finest take down their suspects. IN THE CHAOS of the bust, Patrick makes his way to a table piled high with SMALL BAGGIES of Crystal Meth. Discreetly, Patrick snags a several bags, stuffs them into his pants pocket. He catches eyes with A TEENAGE DRUG DEALER, up against the wall, hands raised, legs spread, doing as told.

DRUG DEALER
(shakes his head)
Crack-ass cop...

PATRICK
Eyes forward!

Patrick beelines to the suspect, gun drawn, shoves THE KID'S FACE HARD AGAINST THE WALL, starts cuffing him...

DRUG DEALER
Take it easy, man. I won't say a word-- You take care a me now, I take care a you whenever you need a fix... Whatta ya say?

Patrick pauses a beat, then presses the talk button on the radio clipped to his uniform--

PATRICK
1 - Bravo 19, we're 10-97 on location with suspects in custody... One's a little banged up, may be a juvie. Gonna need medical assistance.

RADIO DISPATCH (THROUGH SPEAKER)
Roger that. Paramedics on route.

With that Patrick CRACKS the side of the kid's head open with his gun. The impact nearly knocks him unconscious. As blood trickles down his ear and neck, Patrick shoves the wounded youth into a chair. Looks at him, serious as fuck.

PATRICK
Don't move, don't speak. Got it?

The kid nods, terrified and injured as Pat goes back to the meth table, returns the baggies he swiped, unnoticed... Patrick's shoulder radio pipes up again.

RADIO DISPATCH
1 - Bravo 19 you there? Guy named Michael Adatto's looking for you, left a number, says it's urgent...
(Patrick says nothing)
Quinn, ya copy? A Michael Adatt--

PATRICK

I heard you...

RADIO DISPATCH

Need the number?

PATRICK

Nah. I know where to find him...

ON PATRICK, we PRE-LAP the sounds of tractors, rivets and heavy construction machinery hard at work--

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

CU ON 31-YEAR-OLD JOSEPH QUINN'S HANDSOME FACE, head tilted back, staring up AT CAMERA. In contrast to the dark Irish eyes of his brother Patrick, Joe's eyes are light, warm, and reflective. We pull back to see Joe standing at a construction site wearing an orange safety vest and hard hat. A CHYRON READS: JOSEPH QUINN, PRESENT DAY TRINITY CITY CENTER, BACK BAY, MASS. Above Joseph, an enormous steel girder dangles from a giant crane, slowly rising up the skeleton of a half-built high rise office building.

JOSEPH QUINN

Watch your torque, John, wind's gusting at fifteen.

Sitting in the crane cab, we see the man at the controls, JOHN CURTIS (MID-30s) solid, confident, affable.

JOHN

Done this before, boss...

Joe glances to John, doesn't appreciate being talked back to, especially since Joe's younger than most of the men working for him. Eight stories up three seasoned welders, precariously balanced in the open scaffold, reach for the massive girder as it rises to meet them. After a few tense, unsuccessful attempts, they manage to hook the line, pull it towards them.

JOSEPH

Easy now, slide it in slow and safe.

WORKER (O.S.)

That's what your wife said!

Some guys nearby chuckle at the anonymous jokester, but Joe stays focused. Up above, the men pull the girder to its destination, unhook the crane line. One gives the thumbs up to John down below. John returns the gesture, pulls a lever and the cable retracts. Joe exhales.

John glances at him with a wry grin that says: "What'd I tell ya, no problem." A nearly imperceptible grin appears in the corner of Joe's mouth.

CORPORATE MANAGER (O.S.)

Quinn!

Joe turns to see HIS BOSS approaching, wearing a suit. Fuck.

JOSEPH

What's up?

CORPORATE MANAGER

Your costs.

JOSEPH

Shoulda said, 'what's new.' We're almost back on schedule, we'll make deadline.

The suit looks up at the naked structure, then at Joe.

CORPORATE MANAGER

Yeah, you will. But you'll have to do it with fewer men.

JOSEPH

What are you talking about?

CORPORATE MANAGER

Gotta stop the bleeding somewhere. Half these guys gotta go. Today.

JOSEPH

Half?!

CORPORATE MANAGER

Either you do it or we will. Your choice.

On that, the suit walks back the way he came. Joe looks around at his team with the terrible knowledge that many of these guys will be going home jobless tonight.

JOHN (O.S.)

How bad?

Joe turns to see John behind him: "Bad." Joe's CELL PHONE RINGS. He answers, absently.

JOE

This is Joe...

The voice on the other end only adds to Joe's aggravation.

JOSEPH

Not a good time, Michael, what do you want?...

But as Joe listens to what Michael has to say, his expression morphs from prickling irritation to serious concern. He glances to John, who instinctively remains close by as we hear...

WOMAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)

Football powerhouse Waypole High school
has gone 0 for 4 so far this season...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

A CHYRON READS: RACHEL QUINN, PRESENT DAY WAYPOLE HIGH SCHOOL, WAYPOLE, MASS.

WOMAN'S VOICE

... after losing its top five
offensive linemen to pre-season
drug testing.

We pan the football field where the Waypole Flyers run defensive drills, TILT UP to the empty bleachers where bright, bottle-blonde 31-YEAR-OLD RACHEL QUINN sits next to a Thor-sized teenager, holding a microphone to her pretty red lips.

RACHEL QUINN

This is Rachel Quinn with varsity
tight end Shawn Doyle, who's dreams
of a state championship were dashed
in the steroid scandal.

(to the boy)

Shawn, it's rumored that coaches set
"size gain" mandates for summer
break, encouraging players to do
"whatever it takes" to get big, or
risk losing their spot on the team.

(Shawn shrugs, 'yeah')

Isn't that just code for juicing?

Shawn grins dumbly, distracted by A COUPLE OF GOOF-OFF TEENS WHO'VE APPEARED BEHIND RACHEL making obscene gestures and stupid faces. Shawn flashes a three fingered "brah" sign at his dopey pals as Rachel heaves a heavy, irritated sigh, looks to her camera man.

RACHEL

Cut.

Rachel puts down her mic, inches closer to the dim-witted jock, leaning her firm body close to his, and in a soft, low voice...

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Look, Shawn, I'm giving you a chance to tell your side of the story. But to do that you have to actually tell your side of the story.

(lips an inch from his ear)

Now who would you rather pay attention to... Me? Or your idiot virgin friends down there?.

Shawn swallows hard, looks at her stupidly: "you"...

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Good. Let's try this again.

Rachel scoots back to her original position. But Shawn's friends start making even lewder gestures and he starts laughing all over again. Exasperated, Rachel whips out her phone, dials.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Hey, you still in the van?... Yeah, I know. How 'bout a little crowd control? And maybe some cue cards...

RACHEL'S CALL WAITING BEEPS. She looks at the display, curiously.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Hold on.

(clicks over)

I can't talk right now, Michael, I'm on assignment... Why, what's the matter?

AND AS RACHEL receives heavy news about her mother from Michael, we PRE-LAP the sound of a GIRL SOFTLY SOBBING...

CUT TO:

INT. CATHOLIC COLLEGE PREP SCHOOL - HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

31-YEAR-OLD MARTIN QUINN, vital, dashing, dramatic, sits in a high-backed oak chair in the Headmaster's office of a strict Catholic Boys school. Seated next to Martin is a pretty young Nun, sobbing softly. Behind a desk in front of Martin sits a very displeased MONSIGNOR/HEADMASTER. A CHYRON READS: MARTIN QUINN, PRESENT DAY IMMACULATE HEART COLLEGE PREP, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

MARTIN

Technically I didn't break any rules; I'm just the theater teacher.

(pointing to the nun)

She's the one who took vows, I'm barely even Catholic--

MONSIGNOR

Fornicating on school property is a clear violation of the morality clause.

(beat, re: the nun)

No matter who you do it with.

MARTIN

So what, you're firing me?

MONSIGNOR

(wishes he could, but hands him a list instead)

Transferring. You may choose from one of our sister schools in exchange for your silence.

MARTIN

(reads the list)

These are all out of state.

MONSIGNOR

Yes.

The Monsignor's desk phone rings. He answers, quietly. Marty sinks into his chair, defeated. Looks to Sister Mary...

MARTIN

I can't believe you confessed.

What's the matter with you? Do you realize pilot season's coming up?

Sister Mary's sobbing escalates. Marty can't help but feel badly for her, yanks a Kleenex out of an ornate wooden box, hands it to her. Looks back to the Monsignor, who lays the phone receiver on his desk as he stands, solemnly.

MONSIGNOR

For you...

(Off Marty, "what now")

A family matter.

The look on the Monsignor's face is no longer stern and chastising, but sympathetic as he helps Sister Mary to her feet, escorts her out of the office, shuts the door behind him. Worried now, Martin picks up the receiver...

MARTIN

Hello?...

And OFF Martin's concern and confusion, WE PRE-LAP THE VOICE OF A YOUNG GIRL, thick with a Louisiana accent...

YOUNG GIRL
I need an abortion.

SMASH TO:

INT. CURTAINED EXAM ROOM - DAY

31-YEAR-OLD DR. MIRIAM QUINN, stands with a medical chart, looking down at camera. Out of all the quints, Miriam bares the most striking resemblance to her mother, both physically and politically. She wears a white lab coat, stethoscope, and a brass lapel tag bearing her name. CHYRON: MIRIAM QUINN, PRESENT DAY NATIONAL FREE HEALTH FAIR, BATON ROUGE, LA.

MIRIAM
I see. Is your mother or father
here with you today?

CAMERA CUTS AWAY to the patient Miriam's addressing: A YOUNG GIRL, barely in her teens, staring up at Miriam with haunted eyes.

PREGNANT TEEN
Don't know 'em, live with my nanna.

Miriam straps an armband on the girl, takes her blood pressure.

MIRIAM
Okay, what about the baby's father?

PREGNANT TEEN
You gonna help me or not?

The child staring cold at Miriam does not have a unique story. The bleak repetition is beginning to take its toll on her.

MIRIAM
Yes. I'm going to help you. But
first we need to find out for
certain if you're pregnant.

PREGNANT TEEN
I am.

MIRIAM
How do you know?

PREGNANT TEEN
Ain't my first.

The matter of fact delivery of this hits Miriam hard. She needs a break.

MIRIAM

Wait here for me, okay?

Miriam manages a comforting smile as she pulls the curtain back and steps into... A CONVERTED WAREHOUSE, teeming with INDIGENT PATIENTS and VOLUNTEER HEALTH CARE WORKERS, all scrambling in and out of a giant maze of makeshift exam rooms. It's overwhelming, and Miriam's emotions are beginning to get the better of her until THE CELL PHONE IN HER COAT POCKET STARTS VIBRATING, snapping her back from the brink. She looks at the one-word caller ID-- **HOME**. Relief washes over her and she answers quickly, having no idea how badly she needed to hear the voice on the other end.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

Mom?...

But the voice doesn't belong to her mother.

MICHAEL (THROUGH PHONE)

It's Michael, Miriam.

INT. QUINN HOUSE - MICHAEL'S BASEMENT EDIT BAY - INTERCUT

Michael leans against his editing console, still holding the piece of paper with all the Quints' numbers. The final name on the list is Miriam's. He shuts it back in its drawer.

MIRIAM

(slowly, fearfully)

Is she okay?...

MICHAEL

No. She's asking for you. All of you...

MIRIAM

(beat, the deal breaker)

Are you still filming?

Michael's silence is her answer.

MICHAEL

If you want to see her you should book a flight tonight. I'm so sorry, Mimi...

Miriam hangs up the phone and HER WORLD GOES SILENT, even as the madness of the health fair whirls around her. We leave her, trapped in the quiet despair of her own heart and mind.

BACK WITH MICHAEL, he returns the phone to its cradle. PRESSES A BUTTON ON THE CONSOLE...

RAW DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE FROM THE 1980 PREMIER EPISODE POPS UP on the monitor. WE SEE PREGNANT REBECCA lying on a hospital gurney in a patient's gown. A mix of worry and purpose dances across her face as she listens to the instructions of an OFF SCREEN ANESTHESIOLOGIST who's inserting a needle into her hand.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST (O.S.)

Once the line is in place I'm going to ask you to count back from ten. And when you wake up, you'll have a whole new family waiting to meet you...

Rebecca nods silently, wondering what she's gotten herself into. As the Doctor prepares the anesthesia, Rebecca looks to MICHAEL, behind camera, for strength...

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

Okay, you can start counting now...

Young Rebecca takes a deep breath, looks directly at us and starts counting...

YOUNG REBECCA

Ten... nine... eight... seven...

Her eyes begin to flutter, her voice turns drowsy... CLOSE UP ON REBECCA'S YOUNG FACE as her eyes close and we...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. QUINN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Present day Rebecca lying still on her bed, head tilted peacefully to the side, eyes shut. There's A PERSISTENT KNOCKING ON THE DOOR-- THE NURSE CALLING from the hall.

NURSE (O.S.)

Ms. Quinn may I come in?... Can you hear me?... Ms. Quinn?

WE STAY FRAMED AND FOCUSED ON REBECCA'S FACE AS THE BEDROOM DOOR opens in the background. The Nurse moves swiftly to Rebecca's side, starts checking vitals as the film crew rushes in, SHOVING THE VIDEO CAMERA AND TRIPOD OUT out of the way. One of the female crew starts to cry.

INT. QUINN HOUSE - MICHAEL'S BASEMENT EDIT BAY

Michael continues to watch the old footage, lost in reverie. ON THE MONITOR, we see YOUNG REBECCA, healthy and vibrant, being wheeled towards the hospital exit in the traditional way.

She holds a baby wrapped in pink in her arms; the remaining quintuplets are pushed in double strollers. She introduces them all to camera, pointing them out in order...

REBECCA

The first one there is Patrick, then
we have Joseph, Rachel, Martin...
(proudly showing off the
baby in her arms)
... And this is Miriam. The
"Quinn-Tuplets."

As the hospital workers break out into applause, WE HEAR A CALM, SYMPATHETIC MALE VOICE OFF SCREEN. "Michael..." The voice barely registers with present day Michael, who's fixated on the monitor. "Michael." This time the voice is firmer. Michael turns to see his camera operator standing in the edit bay door, emotional...

MICHAEL

What?... What's happened?

The man just shakes his head silently. It takes a moment for the painful reality of what he's not saying to sink in. But when it does, Michael rushes out, his camera man and friend follows after him. OUR CAMERA stays in the edit bay, focuses in on the MONITOR... WHERE young Rebecca arrives at the hospital exit. Outside the glass doors we see that the media and opposing groups of well wishers and detractors have gathered once again for a first look at Rebecca and her five newborns. Rebecca takes a deep breath, looks just off camera to Michael, for strength.

REBECCA

Do I look okay?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

(from behind camera)
Glowing.

With Michael's support, her strength and confidence surge forth. And with a spirited smile, Rebecca looks directly to camera.

REBECCA

Okay. Here we go...

And as young Rebecca rises out of the wheelchair, strides towards the waiting public full of hope and purpose, we...

SMASH TO OPENING CREDITS:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK: A CUTE and CATCHY 80's era TV TUNE, as we open on:

INT./EXT. VARIOUS SCENES - DAY

REBECCA and the QUINN-TUPLETS (ages 1 to 7) living life in and around the Quinn house: Playing tag in the back yard; trimming the Christmas tree; a formal Easter egg hunt; a piano recital; driveway basketball; skinned knees; first communion; temper tantrums, hugs and tears... The CAMERA PULLS OUT TO REVEAL this is all playing out on a monitor in Michael's editing bay.

INT. QUINN HOUSE - MICHAEL'S BASEMENT EDIT BAY - DAY

Michael sits in the dark, transfixed by the opening sequence to the 1987 season of "**THE QUINN TUPLETS.**" Doesn't look like he's slept in days. Each of the charming Quinn vignettes freezes in a little box and floats to the corners of the screen to join a growing COLLAGE OF QUINN FAMILY MOMENTS, concluding with an "Eight is Enough" style human pyramid that collapses in a Quinn-tastic pile of love and laughter, the logo for the show blazoned across the wholesome image. FROM THE CONSOLE SPEAKERS WE HEAR the roaring *applause* of a STUDIO AUDIENCE, and reveal that Michael is actually watching FOOTAGE FROM A PHIL DONAHUE-STYLE MID-90'S TALK SHOW...

INT. AFTERNOON TALK SHOW - 1996 - DAY

The audience applauds wildly as the intro to the QUINN-TUPLETS finishes, and our host, BRAD EVERETT addresses camera. CHYRON ON THE MONITOR: **THE BRAD EVERETT SHOW, SEPTEMBER 6, 1996.**

BRAD

That of course, was the opening to audience favorite, season *seven* of The Quinn-Tuplets... and here we are on the eve of season *seventeen*, which we've just learned will mark the end of the run. The end of an era, really. Hard to believe...

Brad looks to his right where the Quints, all **AGE 17**, looking very mid-90's and extremely uncomfortable, are lined up on the couch. To Brad's left, staged notably apart from her children, sits **41-year-old** Rebecca. He addresses her first.

BRAD (CONT'D)

So what happened? Ratings are still strong, your fans obviously still love you...

REBECCA

You know, I never really thought about the show in terms of ratings or fans... I always considered what we were doing to be an open-ended social experiment.

BRAD

Okay, so why stop now?

No one really wants to answer. Beat. The tension is thick.

REBECCA

The children came to that decision on their own. They're tired of living in a glass house. I can respect that.

The kids roll their eyes; clearly there's more to the story.

BRAD

We'll certainly talk more about that-- but after seventeen years, it can't be easy to see this all come to an end.

The Quints don't answer. Again, Rebecca picks up the slack.

REBECCA

It isn't. It's been my life's work...
(beat; a decision)
But: when one door closes, others open.

BRAD

That mean you have a solo project in the works?

REBECCA

Project, yes. Solo, no.

The kids all squirm, know what's coming...

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I'm pregnant again.

The audience reacts: Shock, awe, awkward smattering of applause.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Dad?...

THE IMAGE OF REBECCA FREEZES and Michael turns away from the monitor to see his daughter SOPHIE (14) pretty, whip-smart, rebellious, has entered the room. No purple hair or black nails, but she could go that way if life gets any more complicated. She's carrying her bookbag, heading to school.

SOPHIE

Father Flaherty called, asking if we want an *open* or *closed* casket.

MICHAEL

What did you tell him?

SOPHIE

(stifling her anger)

I didn't tell him anything. I need help with this stuff. There are like a thousand reporters outside, and you haven't left this stupid room in 24 hours.

MICHAEL

You're upset...

SOPHIE

Yeah, Dad. Mom died. She died and you didn't even call me. Someone twittered my Lacrosse coach and they pulled me out of practice.

MICHAEL

I should have come for you-- there's no excuse.

SOPHIE

Sure there is.

(gestures to the memorabilia)

You were busy calling *them*.

MICHAEL

She asked for them.

SOPHIE

But not me.

Fuck. Michael's so not good at this. Sophie gives up.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'll tell Father Flaherty: *OPEN*.

I'm sure that's what she'd have

wanted. I'm late for school--

MICHAEL

Sophie--

But Sophie just turns heel and exits. Michael watches her go, then turns back to THE MONITOR, where Rebecca's frozen image seems to be smiling directly at him. He stares, lost in grief, touches her face on screen, and we... CUT TO:

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - DAY

Marty steps to the curb, surprised to find a small crowd of PAPARAZZI waiting. A guy with a TMZ style camera calls out.

TMZ PAPARAZZO

Marty! Over here, Marty! Is it true your mother didn't tell any of the Quints she was dying?

MARTIN

(dumbstruck)

Hunh? Where'd you hear that?

TMZ PAPARAZZO

What ever happened to that acting career of yours?

WE SEE MARTY THROUGH THE TMZ GUY'S VIDEO FRAME. MARTY'S CORNERED, OFF GUARD, THE WAY THEY LIKE IT... FROM BEHIND MARTY, RACHEL QUINN MARCHES UP, GETS IN THE TMZ GUY'S GRILL.

RACHEL

Back off, jerk--
(pulling Marty away)
Walk.

The Cameras snap and flash as Marty and Rachel move off--

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Sorry about the welcome wagon. They've been coming out of the woodwork.

MARTIN

Really?...

Marty looks back; the PAPS continue to dog them. Marty has always thrived on public attention, this is no exception...

RACHEL

Yeah, we're the Partridge Family all over again.

MARTIN

Except our mother's dead.

RACHEL

Except that.

The pain of saying it hits them both. Rachel throws her arms around her brother's neck, whispers:

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm so happy to see you...

SUDDENLY WE'RE BACK INSIDE THE TMZ GUY'S VIDEO FRAME-- A SHAKY, CLOSE UP SHOT OF MARTY AND RACHEL, MID-HUG.

TMZ PAPARAZZO (O.S.)
Looking good, Rachel. When's the
last time you saw Rebecca?

RACHEL QUINN
I said... BACK OFF--

RACHEL SHOVES HER HAND INTO THE CAMERA LENS. AND WITH A PUSH, THE GUY TUMBLES BACKWARDS, THE IMAGE GOES WITH HIM.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUINN HOUSE - DAY

A BIG, IMPOSING "QUEEN ANN" OF STONE AND WOOD resting on an acre of lush lawn and mature oak trees. The property was built with industrialist money, sensible proportions, and understated opulence. It never looks more beautiful or welcoming than it does in the golden light of early autumn. But on this particular fall day, A SLEW OF MOBILE NEWS VANS, REPORTERS, AND PAPARAZZI are camped out on the street, buzzing like a plague of locusts. A taxi pulls up, the locusts swarm...

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Miriam sits in the backseat, clutching her carry-on as the frenzy of reporters try to get the first images of a Quinn-Tuplet arriving home for the funeral. In an eerie repeat of the opening sequence with a much bolder Rebecca, A UNIFORMED COP KEEPS THE HORDE from getting inside... OFF MIRIAM, out of practice, frightened by the aggression of the NEW MEDIA...

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Miriam enters the foyer, luggage in hand, shaken. Shuts the door to the outside world and steps into the stillness of the main room. Many memories, public and private, wash over her. She calls out softly, almost reverent.

MIRIAM
Hello?... Anyone home?

After a beat, a harried sounding WOMAN answers from the kitchen.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Miriam? In the kitchen, please...

A chill races up Miriam's spine; the voice is unmistakable: it belongs to her mother.

REBECCA (O.S.)
Quickly, I need your help.

Miriam slowly follows the ghost of her mother's voice into the house and WE SHIFT INTO MIRIAM'S POV AS THE SPACE MAGICALLY TRANSFORMS TO THE WAY IT LOOKED 14 YEARS AGO, LITTERED WITH FOOTBALLS, HOCKEY STICKS, SCHOOL BOOKS, KID'S CLOTHES, LAUNDRY BASKETS... Miriam rounds the corner towards the kitchen, and...

INT. QUINN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

WE SEE WHAT MIRIAM SEES: The hanging copper pots, the solid, plentiful oak cabinets, the mud room, back screened porch, and adjoining back staircase-- and leaning on the counter, **41-year-old Rebecca**, 9 months pregnant, dumping onions into a Cuisinart while **42-year-old Michael** and his FILM CREW document the scene with two cameras. Michael operates one of them, staying in constant motion.

REBECCA
Grab an apron, I need you to finish the lasagna.

Michael whip-pans to Miriam, but when we jump into-- **HIS DOCUMENTARY POV**, it's **TEENAGE MIRIAM** standing in the doorway, knapsack slung over her shoulder. She dumps her bag, annoyed.

TEEN MIRIAM
Why me?

REBECCA
Because you're the responsible one. And because no one else is home.

Miriam gestures to Michael and his crew, petulantly: "*They are.*"

REBECCA (CONT'D)
They don't count.

Suddenly light-headed, Rebecca balances herself on the counter.

TEEN MIRIAM
Mom, are you okay?

REBECCA
Michael, I can't wait any longer. I think I'm in labor.

MICHAEL

Are you sure? We've waited all season for this scene, the others will be home any minute--

REBECCA

Fine. Stay. Get your scene. Miriam, forget the lasagna, you're driving me to the hospital--

Rebecca snatches the car keys off the counter, tosses them to TEEN MIRIAM, who catches them in one hand, exhilarated-- OFF the excitement, we hear A SOOTHING ADULT MALE VOICE call out--

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mimi?

And just like that, we JUMP out of Miriam's vivid flashback to find **31-year-old Miriam** STANDING IN THE NOW EMPTY KITCHEN, reliving her past. SHE TURNS TO THE VOICE. It belongs to **31-year-old Joseph**, who's coming down the back kitchen stairs. In his hands is a large box of PHOTOGRAPHS.

MIRIAM

Joe...

The box is between them, so they half-hug a little awkwardly.

JOE

Hey, hi--oops. Welcome home.

MIRIAM

It's good to be here... I think.
(re: the box)
What's all this?

JOE

Pictures. For the funeral.

MIRIAM

(looking around)
Is someone smoking?

ON CUE, **31-year-old-Patrick** enters from the BACK SCREENED PORCH, looking haggard, maybe a little high...

PATRICK

Still legal, Doc, last I checked.

MIRIAM

Oh my God, Paddy...

Miriam RUSHES to Patrick, throws her arms around him. There is an undeniably special bond between these two. She pulls back.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

You look like hell.

PATRICK

You look like mom.

Miriam smiles briefly, then starts to cry. Bury's her head into Pat's shoulder. He's instantly uncomfortable, looks to Joe: "Little help?" But before Joe can make a move the moment is broken by VOICES FROM THE FRONT ROOM:

MARTIN/RACHEL (O.S.)

Bobby? Cindy? Greg? Marcia?...

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Rachel and Marty in the main room.

MARTIN

Who am I forgetting?

RACHEL

Jan and Peter. None of whom were in the Partridge family.

ON THAT, Miriam, Joe, and Patrick round the corner from the kitchen, via the dining room. They all stand frozen a beat, looking at one another. These siblings share a history that no amount of television or magazine coverage could convey. A kinetic energy fills the room, bounces between them and off the walls. They all feel it. The famous QUINN-TUPLETS, reunited. All at once, they go to greet each other. Rachel kisses Patrick on the cheek. Miriam hugs Marty: "Hi handsome." Then Rachel. "God, when did you get so... blonde?" Rachel laughs, squeezes Joe's muscular arm. "You been working out?" She likes to tease him. Joe and Marty shake hands, Joe's not really the hugging-type.

JOSEPH

Been a long time. Glad you could make it.

MARTIN

'Course I made it...

RACHEL

I don't know if you guys noticed, but the media circus is back in town.

They all go to the window; the news frenzy outside is escalating...

MIRIAM

And we're the main event... all over again. It took ten minutes to make it from my cab to the front door.

MARTIN

Home sweet home, huh?

FROM OUTSIDE WE SEE THE KIDS, FRAMED IN THE FRONT WINDOW...
As Miriam closes the sheer blinds...

PATRICK

Don't worry, Police Chief's keeping a team posted round the clock. No one with a microphone gets past the sidewalk. Sorry, Rache.

RACHEL

I cover sports, smart ass. Mom's story belongs to someone else.

JOSEPH

Always has...

They all look at each other.

MARTY

So, where is Herr Direktor?

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN HOUSE - EDITING ROOM - NIGHT

Michael sits in the dark, staring at the three TV monitors. Each displays a different image of **REBECCA, FROM HER BRAZEN YOUTH, TO HER FINAL MONTHS**. He toggles image after image, until he lands on **A BLACK AND WHITE OF REBECCA in her 30s**, sitting in an Adirondack chair on the dock of a Cape Cod beach house, knees pulled up in a white robe, gazing across the water as the sun sets gently over Buzzard's bay... Michael breathes in heavily and begins to type. Slowly, the letters appear in **WHITE FONT** under the lovely photograph:

REBECCA QUINN-ADATTO 1955-2010

"AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE"

He looks at the words, angrily, deletes the entry and retypes:

"AN INCOMPLETE LIFE"

Of course, that only makes him feel worse. He hits another button and the whole caption disappears.

Michael rubs his bleary eyes, overwhelmed with love and loss, HE HEARS SOMETHING DRIFTING from the CEILING VENT: The sound of VOICES AND LAUGHTER-- and Michael knows instantly: THE QUINTS ARE HOME.

INT. QUINN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

PICK UP ON Patrick carrying five glasses of JAMESON'S to the big sofa where the quints are gathered. The sibling camaraderie is strong when it's just the five of them, alone. They laugh and joke as they pore through the box of portraits and snap shots from all the years.

RACHEL

Ughh, look at mom's hair! No wonder she kept that hidden in a box.

ANGLE: **AN INSTAMATIC PHOTO** of Rebecca in a disco dress, age 22, with a pronounced "Farrah Flip." Rachel passes it to Miriam...

MIRIAM

Who had time for all that blow drying?

PATRICK

(arriving with drinks)
Marty?

MARTY

(swig 'o his drink)
You really want to start, Pat?

JOE

(the picture)
Keep it or toss it?

ALL

Keep it.

They laugh good-naturedly as Rachel puts the photo in a picture pile set aside for the funeral. Patrick sets one of the whiskeys down in front of Joe. Joe declines.

JOE

I'm good.

PATRICK

More for me.

Patrick downs Joe's glass in one shot. Marty holds up a school photo of **Sophie, age 6, missing two front teeth.**

MARTIN

Look how cute Sophie was... mighta
been about the last time I saw her.

MIRIAM

I wonder how she's taking all this.

Miriam, protective of Sophie, puts the pic in the keeper pile.

RACHEL

Guys remember this?

JOE

Little hard to forget.

Rachel's holding up the **FRAMED FAMILY PORTRAIT OF THE FIVE
QUINTS (AGE 17) arranged with Rebecca on this very sofa.**

AS THE CAMERA PUSHES IN, the border clears frame and the
portrait suddenly COMES TO LIFE, and we're...

INT. QUINN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - WINTER 1995 - DAY

It is the day the portrait was shot back in 1995. A
PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER HAS SET UP HIS GEAR ACROSS FROM THE
SOFA: LIGHTS, BACKING, and a 35mm still camera on a TRIPOD.
As he snaps away, we widen to see that VIDEO TAPING this
QUINN family tradition is Michael and his ever-present FILM
CREW. MICHAEL CAN'T STOP HIMSELF FROM back-seat directing
THE PHOTOGRAPHER. It's driving the guy nuts.

MICHAEL

Might wanna tighten your aperture,
buddy, lotta light in here...

The photographer glares at Michael as Michael comes around to
the couch with his notes for the family...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Joseph, uncross your leg... Put your
shoulders back, Miriam. Patrick, would
a smile kill you?

TEEN PATRICK

Would not telling everyone what to
do for five seconds kill you?

Patrick smiles obnoxiously. SNAP! FLASH! Everyone's over it.

TEEN MIRIAM

I gotta go, I have to study.

TEEN RACHEL

Me too, except for the studying.

REBECCA

Hold on, I want to take one with Michael.

TEEN PATRICK

So it's a crew shot now? Thought this was a family portrait...

REBECCA

It is...

The temperature in the room drops. The Quints look at their mother... Silence. She beckons Michael to take her right hand. He does. She stands, turns to face the kids, extends her LEFT HAND. And then we see what they hadn't noticed until now: a simple, sparkling DIAMOND RING on her finger.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Michael's asked me to marry him.

ON the Quintuplets shock and disbelief, WE HEAR...

MICHAEL (O.S.)

That portrait was your mother's favorite.

And we pop out of the flashback to--

INT. QUINN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - (PRESENT)

The ADULT Quints sit on the sofa, as before, looking at the family portrait from that fateful day. They turn to see MICHAEL-- standing in the archway to the living room. The man before them a shell of the confident, domineering director from their memories. No one budges.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Welcome home, kids.

And off this tableau of Michael and the Quints, together in one room for the first time in a decade, facing off across an ocean of carpet we--

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. QUINN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Michael is dressing for the funeral, lifts his jacket off the bed. Takes a moment to look at the spot where Rebecca died, trying to imagine her back to life. He puts on his jacket, suddenly realizes his shirt has no buttons at the cuffs...

INT. QUINN HOUSE - SOPHIE'S ROOM - SAME

Sophie sits on her bed wearing a black dress, looking at Google results on her laptop: "Quint Mother to Wed Film Maker in Series Finale!" "Final 'Quinn-Tuplets' episode beats 'Friends'..." "Quinn Mother Dies Alone, Estranged Kids Nowhere to be Found..."

Another CLICK and we see: the **VIDEO FOOTAGE** that the TMZ Paparazzo shot of Rachel picking Marty up at Logan airport. As Rachel shoves the camera lens...

A **KNOCK** on the door, Sophie quickly closes the screen and Michael pokes his head in.

MICHAEL

Time to get ready, honey.

SOPHIE

I am ready.

Beat. He comes in, tries to stay as light as he can.

MICHAEL

Then maybe you could help me...
Your mother always dressed me for
these kinds of things. Any idea
where she kept my cuff links?

SOPHIE

Why don't you check your tapes, I'm
sure there's video of it somewhere...

MICHAEL

(beat, sits on her bed)
Honey, I know these past few months
have been difficult. Especially with
all the filming-- but none of that
had anything to do with you. Or how
much your mother and I love you.

SOPHIE

Then why are we talking about it?

MICHAEL

(beat, new tack)

Let's you and me take a separate car to the service today. Just the two of us. Let the Quints go ahead.

SOPHIE

What about your camera crew?

MICHAEL

No cameras today.

SOPHIE

I thought the funeral was supposed to be the big finale to your movie.

MICHAEL

This isn't how anyone wanted your mother's story to end, Sophie. Least of all, me. When she got sick it seemed like a good idea to document it; she was always strongest in front of the camera. I didn't think anything could touch her so long as I was filming.

SOPHIE

Guess you were wrong.

Yeah. Looks like. Michael smiles sadly, nods. As he heads for the door, Sophie can see this man is in terrible pain...

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Dad...

(he turns)

I think Mom kept your cuff-links with her jewelry in the dresser.

And OFF Michael, a grateful smile...

INT. JOE QUINN'S HOUSE - DAY

Joe's buttoning his cuffs. His wife ELIZABETH (30, Italian/American, suburban/sexy) puts on her black dress and comes to him to get zipped. As he zips...

ELIZABETH

I'm going to drop the food at your mother's house first, then meet you over at the church.

(calling out)

Stella! Anthony! Five minutes...

JOE

I can take the kids.

ELIZABETH

Aren't you riding with the others?

JOE

Not with all the cameras.

ELIZABETH

Right. The five of you would be mobbed. What's it been, ten years since you were all together?

JOE

On camera? Fourteen...

JOE'S I-PHONE RINGS. He declines the call. As she fastens her GOLD CRUCIFIX, Beth notices Joe's added discomfort...

ELIZABETH

Who was that?

JOE

Work.

ELIZABETH

God, don't they know what day this is?

But Joe has clammed up. The necklace is done, Beth turns and looks into her husband's eyes.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

How are you doing, babe?

JOE

Fine.

ELIZABETH

Really? It's okay, you know, if you're not. This day of all days you can be... *not fine*.

(he nods, tries to smile)

It's just... when you get locked up like this, and I can't reach you... Sometimes I worry, maybe I don't know how anymore...

JOE

It's not you, okay? You're perfect.

He smiles best he can, kisses her forehead, lets go of her gently; but Elizabeth is tired of feeling shut out.

ELIZABETH

Well, at least you get to spend time with your brothers and sisters. If anyone can understand what's going on in that head of yours, it's gotta be them.

With that, she grabs her purse and goes out the door-- leaving Joe in a world of his own. "TINK" he's got a message: he checks his phone, wonders if he should respond...

CUT TO:

EXT. SAINT SEBASTIAN'S CHURCH - DAY

The media is now camped out in front of the imposing gothic church. Helicopters circle, news vans aim dishes to the sky; reporters do stand-ups covering "**The lonely death of Rebecca Quinn**", "...**the first time the Quints have been seen together since the cancellation...**" and "**Will the show resume?**" etc.

A BLACK TOWN CAR pulls up, the throng presses closer. One of BOSTON'S FINEST approaches, leans towards the backseat window, which opens to reveal Marty, with Rachel and Miriam.

FUNERAL COP

Yaw gonna have a wicked hard time gettin' through here.

One emphatic, tear-streaked FAN screams for Marty, thrusts a pen and an 8x10 publicity photo of Marty as a teenager on the rear window as she screams: "**Marty!!!!**"

FUNERAL COP (CONT'D)

(calling up to the driver)

Follow the cones into the lot, there's a private entrance by the rectory.

MIRIAM

Thank you officer...

AS MARTY ROLLS UP THE WINDOW AND THE CAR INCHES FORWARD, HE SPOTS THE TMZ JERK FROM THE AIRPORT, GRINNING, POINTING HIS VIDEO CAMERA RIGHT AT HIM.

MARTIN

Stop the car.

MIRIAM

What are you doing?

MARTIN

I'm not using the back door for my own mother's funeral. I can handle these bozos.

Martin grabs the door handle. Rachel stops him.

RACHEL

Marty, wait... We should do this together.

They look at Miriam: "Well?" Miriam shakes her head.

MIRIAM

I'm not here for *them*, I'm here for mom. I don't want any part of it.

Marty nods, but opens the door anyway. THE CACOPHONY OF NOISE from fans and reporters pours in as Marty and Rachel push out the door and into the crowd. As the car drives off, Miriam looks back, watches the teeming crowd swallow Marty and Rachel whole...

INT. SAINT SEBASTIAN'S CHURCH - DAY

CLOSE UP ON REBECCA'S LIFELESS, WAXEN FACE. She looks peaceful, a wig mimics the hair she wore in life, but... she's clearly gone. Pull back to reveal that we're at the altar at the front of the empty church. The crowd remains outside; this moment is for family only. Rebecca's OPEN COFFIN is surrounded by flowers and some of the pictures and personal items from the house-- including the family portrait from 1996, and Sophie's toothless school picture. But more notably, the cavernous church is lined with large VIDEO MONITORS. THREE ON EACH SIDE, TWO UP FRONT.

Joseph and Elizabeth stand before the coffin with their KIDS (STELLA - 8, ANTHONY - 5), who kneel, saying Hail Marys. Joe's face is unreadable, but the grief is deep. Joe's son is too young to understand, but his daughter, Stella, is crying softly. As she sniffles back her tears, Joe puts a warm, fatherly hand on her shoulder, guides his family over to their seats.

Next up, RACHEL AND MARTY. As they approach Rebecca's casket, Rachel grabs for her brother's hand. All at once the reality hits her. This is not a "Quinn-tuplets" reunion tour, this is their mother's funeral, and nothing will ever be the same.

RACHEL

Marty...

As Marty squeezes his sister's hand tight, CUT OVER TO:

THE PEW designated for family, where Miriam watches the grim proceeding. Sitting next to Miriam is Sophie, staring ahead at her dead mother. Miriam turns to see...

IN THE BACK OF THE CHURCH, Michael, attaching wires and SOUND-CHECKING checking the video equipment.

At the back, by the doors, a large sign reads: "NO CAMERAS - NO PRESS..." Miriam looks at Michael, then back to Sophie, wanting to help...

MIRIAM

Do you want me to take you up?

SOPHIE

No.

But as Rachel and Marty step away from the casket and take their seats with the family, Sophie stands and steps out of the pew alone. Sophie approaches her mother's casket by herself. As Miriam watches, feeling useless...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Excuse me, Miriam?

Miriam turns to see a woman sitting down behind her. She's pretty and petite. Her name is DEBORAH QUINN.

DEBORAH

I'm so sorry about your mother.
What an incredible woman.

MIRIAM

Thank you...

Miriam, more than a little distracted, clearly does not recognize this person. Deborah kindly introduces herself.

DEBORAH

I'm Deborah. Patrick's wife.

MIRIAM

Oh, God, of course. How embarrassing.
I can't believe I missed your wedding.

DEBORAH

You were busy saving lives; excuses
don't get much better than that.

MIRIAM

Where is Patrick? He hasn't been
picking up his phone.

DEBORAH

He'll do that...

Deborah looks at Miriam. All at once she realizes--

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

He didn't say anything, did he?

(off Miriam's confusion)

Patrick and I separated. He moved
out six weeks ago.

OFF MIRIAM, we... MOVE OVER TO--

SOPHIE, alone in front of the casket, looking at her mother lying there, lifeless. A HAND touches her shoulder. She looks up, it's Michael. They stand together a moment until a sweet-faced, sparkle-eyed FATHER FLAHERTY approaches. He's seen this family through thick and thin, and never judged a single moment. He speaks with gentle kindness...

FATHER FLAHERTY

It's time to open the doors. Take
your seats whenever you're ready.

Michael looks down at his daughter. Sophie's expression is blank, though storms are clearly gathering behind her eyes.

SOPHIE

It doesn't even look like her.

MICHAEL

No...

SOPHIE

We should close it.

Michael smiles down at his daughter, steps up to the altar. Takes one last look at Rebecca. Starts to close the coffin.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Wait.

Sophie steps to her father's side, takes the toothless photo of herself at age six, places it inside her mother's casket. AND OFF the face of Rebecca, as Michael closes the lid--

TIME CUT TO:

INT. SAINT SEBASTIAN'S CHURCH - DAY

The pews are packed, guests line the walls. The very definition of "standing room only." Notably absent are the cameras and reporters-- MICHAEL STANDS AT THE PODIUM, clearly not comfortable, but doing his best.

MICHAEL

I've been worried for a while now what I'd say if this moment ever came... words have never been my strong suit. Rebecca, on the other hand, she always had something to say...

(some light laughter)

My job was to make sure everyone heard her.

Michael clicks a remote and all the TV screens come to life: Over black we hear the soaring, up beat strains of "**ANSWERS & QUESTIONS**" (Earlimart) and see what Michael had been editing together in the dark so tirelessly:

The tribute begins with the applause of the hospital employees and footage of **Rebecca preparing to introduce her quintuplets to the world: "How do I look?... "Okay, here we go..."** And as we launch into a series of quick images of Rebecca over the years:

8mm, color, home movie of baby Rebecca playing with a garden hose in the back yard, 1958...

Mommy Rebecca bathing the quintuplet babies, laughing...

Political Rebecca giving a speech at an ERA rally... WE PRE-LAP--

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)

Rebecca, you consider yourself a feminist...

REBECCA (O.C.)

Yes.

THE NEXT IMAGE IS THE INTERVIEW IN PROGRESS, A SIT DOWN, BARBARA WALTERS-STYLE couch-piece from the early '80s...

INTERVIEWER

An agitator.

REBECCA

To some.

INTERVIEWER

A mother?

REBECCA

Above all else.

INTERVIEWER

Does it bother you that so many people have such conflicting opinions about you?

REBECCA

I don't expect people to understand me entirely, how could they? Half the time I have trouble understanding myself...

Light laughter from the mesmerized congregation fills the church, as the moving montage continues to the lyrics: "*I'm wide awake and watching you...*", and we--

CUT TO:

EXT. SAINT SEBASTIAN'S CHURCH - SIDE YARD - SAME

The music plays under ("...I know the answers, I know the questions, always thought that you did too...")

We find Patrick, staring up at a statue of SAINT SEBASTIAN, the tragic young teenager dying of multiple arrow wounds. He pulls out a packet of white powder, toasts the suffering martyr, sprinkles some on his thumb, and snorts a quick bump.

WOMAN'S VOICE

You run, but you don't run far.

Patrick turns. Standing at the door to the rectory is **41-year-old Rebecca**. She's beautiful, wearing a wedding dress, holding a bouquet of flowers.

WHEN THE CAMERA TURNS AROUND, we see Rebecca is addressing **TEENAGE PATRICK**, dressed awkwardly in a suit, smoking a cigarette.

A CAMERA CREW IS THERE, filming-- but Michael is not directing this particular vignette. It's so natural for Rebecca and young Patrick to be on camera they barely notice the crew anymore. Even on Rebecca's wedding day.

TEEN PATRICK

Guess there's no escaping you, is there?

REBECCA

This is where I hid when my father wanted me to make confession.

Rebecca walks over to Patrick, looks up at SAINT SEBASTIAN.

PATRICK

What did you ever have to confess?

REBECCA

Oh, you'd be surprised.

She takes his cigarette from him. Takes a puff, hands it back.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

We're not so different, you know.
Both willful, determined... maybe a
little damaged. The difference is
you keep your feelings locked up,
and I... don't.

PATRICK

Why are you marrying him?

REBECCA

(simply)

Because he loves me.

(beat, then)

I won't force you to come inside,
Patrick. God knows no one could
ever tell me what to do. But
nothing would mean more to me than
having all of you up at the altar
with me today. Besides...

(looks up at the statue)

No one likes a martyr. Trust me.

Teen Patrick follows her eyes up to St. Sebastian's. But when he looks back for her, she's gone.

REVERSE ANGLE TO SEE PRESENT DAY PATRICK, standing in the courtyard alone, in the shadow of St. Sebastian...

INT. SAINT SEBASTIAN'S CHURCH - DAY

The video tribute is winding down with quick cuts of Rebecca SMILING, LAUGHING, ROLLING HER EYES: CHARISMA, BEAUTY, IRREVERENCE AND HUMANITY-- it's easy to see how his woman captivated a nation of TV viewers. It ends with:

REBECCA QUINN-ADATTO 1955 TO 2010

"AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE"

Everyone is moved. Elizabeth squeezes Joseph's hand, Miriam offers a tissue to Sophie, but she has her own.

ANGLE ON TWO NETWORK EXECs (a man and a woman) sitting among the congregation. They give Michael a smile and a thumbs up. He acknowledges them with an awkward nod as he takes his seat. FATHER FLAHERTY replaces Michael at the podium.

FATHER FLAHERTY

At this time, I'd like to ask the Quinn children if they have anything they'd like to say...

The Quints look at each other, anyone?

MIRIAM

(whisper)
Sophie?

Sophie shakes her head "no."

FATHER FLAHERTY

Marty?

THE SIDE DOOR OPENS, and in steps PATRICK. On the sight of his brother, Marty smiles, stands.

MARTY

Sure, I'll say something.
(to the Quints)
For all of us.

The Quints look at him, the wild card, the actor. But he's sincere and, despite his ego, he's full of heart and their looks say, "Go to it." Marty pats Patrick's shoulder as he passes on his way to the pulpit.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Say what you will about our mother-- believe me, we've had plenty to say ourselves... but that's because, as you just saw, our mother was no ordinary woman. Everyone who watched our show brought their own sets of judgments about her, and us... but she never let that bother her--

He stops. Something isn't right. Something in the crowd. A bomb? A gun? A ghost? He scans the rows, the Quints pick up on it and look around, too. Then he sees it. In a middle pew, the TMZ PAPAARAZZO from the airport is surreptitiously holding his video camera, TAPING.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Excuse me. No cameras. Have a little respect.

TMZ PAPARAZZO

No cameras on the "Quinn-tuplets",
really?

The room turns, aghast. No one more so than MICHAEL. Elizabeth looks to Joe: "Do something." Joe stands up...

JOE

Turn it off, buddy, you're in a church.

TMZ PAPARAZZO

(swings the camera to Joe)
Thought your mom renounced the
faith. Season eight, right? Or
was that just a ratings stunt?--

The crowd moans, the Quints hide their heads.

MICHAEL

How the hell'd that guy get in here?...

FATHER FLAHERTY

Get that man out of my church!

No one heeds the call quicker than: PATRICK-- half cop, half tortured saint, HE COMES FLYING ACROSS THREE ROWS OF PEWS, and lands on the jerk like a squall. They both go tumbling into the main aisle and Patrick commences to BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF HIM. Marty and Joe LEAP INTO BATTLE as the TMZ Guy lands a punch. The undertakers rush to save the pap's life, the altar boys smirk, the congregation is appalled, Father Flaherty rolls his eyes and the "LEGIT" PRESS, having heard the commotion, breaks through the back doors, cameras rolling. MIRIAM TAKES SOPHIE, HUSTLES HER OUT THE SIDE DOOR.

Amid the chaos, the TMZ CAMERA skitters across the floor and comes to rest literally at *Michael's feet*. He considers it, glances at the EXECs who are enthralled with the scene, exchanging a "this could sell" glance. Michael raises his foot and: CRUNCH, CRUSHES THE CAMERA UNDER HIS HEEL.

From the chaos we pull up to a tableau of growing mayhem at the foot of Rebecca's coffin and, as the musical strains of "**Questions & Answers**" swells ("...A family tradition, to teach you a lesson...") we...

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. QUINN HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

The house is packed full of MOURNERS. Everyone is buzzing about the thrilling spectacle that took place at church. Who could blame them. **"How did that dirt bag get into the service?" "They're like roaches, they can get anywhere." "Rebecca would have been appalled." "Rebecca would have loved it..."** WE LAND ON A PAIR OF BLOODY KNUCKLES as Miriam wraps Patrick's hands, while her brother downs a whiskey. Father Flaherty toasts him with a shot of his own.

FATHER FLAHERTY

Can't count how many times I
benched you for fightin' back in
the day, Paddy, never thought I'd
be pattin' you on the back for it.

MIRIAM

Don't encourage him, Father. Those
guys are just as happy filing
lawsuits as they are selling videos.

FATHER FLAHERTY

No jury in the state's gonna side
against a boy defending his mother.
Not at her very funeral.
(Pat's empty glass)
Buy you another whiskey?

PATRICK

Thanks, Father.

As Father Flaherty moves off...

MIRIAM

You've been down this road before.
You know better.

PATRICK

Want me to say I'm sorry? I'm not.

MIRIAM

How can you still be so angry all
the time? Tell me what's going on.

PATRICK

The guy had it coming, he's lucky I
didn't kill him.

MIRIAM

I'm not talking about that.

Beat. Does she know about the drugs? Patrick looks away.

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell anyone you and Deborah separated?

PATRICK

(darkly)

It's temporary.

MIRIAM

You're slipping again, aren't you?
(he can't make eye contact)
Talk to me, Patrick.

PATRICK

What is this, mom dies and suddenly that makes you my sister again? I haven't seen you in five years, half the time I don't even know where you are in this world, and now you want to talk?--

(stands, unwraps his hands)

Quit trying to fix everybody. I'm not one of your homeless patients.

With that, Patrick storms out to the back screened porch, blows right past Father Flaherty, who arrives with two glasses of whiskey. Before he can ask, Miriam grabs one of the glasses, DOWNS THE SHOT, slams the empty glass on the counter.

MIRIAM

Thanks.

And as Miriam heads in the opposite direction, up the back stairs, OFF Father Flaherty...

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

PICK UP ON Joe's wife, Elizabeth, holding a pan of baked ziti high above her head as she navigates the crowd.

ELIZABETH

Hot ziti, coming through... S'cuse me--

She arrives at husband Joe, standing quietly out of the way.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Honey could you move the empty?

Joe picks up the empty. Elizabeth places the hot dish down.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
You get enough to eat?

JOE
Yeah. Thanks for doing all this...

ELIZABETH
(handing him another plate)
It's in my blood. People die,
Italian's cook.

Joe glances around the roomful of Irish Catholics, drinks in hand.

JOE
And the Irish drink...

ELIZABETH
Except for you. Always in control...

Elizabeth NOTES MICHAEL, cornered in the other room, looking so very lost in a sea of well wishers.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Poor Michael. I know you have your
issues, but you gotta feel for him
on a day like today. I don't know
what I'd do if I lost you.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I'm not on the list-- I'm just here to
leave flowers. I work with her son--

AT THE door we see JOHN CURTIS, the crane operator from the construction site in a stand off with a UNIFORMED COP, who's bouncing at the door. John's carrying a flower arrangement. At the sight of him, Joe's face falls off his skull.

ELIZABETH
Joe, do you know that man?

JOE
Yeah... he works for me.

ELIZABETH
(calling to the door cop)
Excuse me, hey! He's okay, we know him.
(to Joe)
What's his name?

JOE

John.

ELIZABETH

Over here, John.

John looks to see Joe standing with his wife. This is not at all what he had planned. As he arrives with the flowers...

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Joe's wife, Beth.

JOHN

John Curtis. Nice to meet you...

(to Joe, sincerely)

Sorry, boss, didn't mean to make all this trouble... the guys from the job wanted to make sure this got to your family, I drew the short stick.

ELIZABETH

Well, that's very thoughtful. It's a beautiful arrangement. Isn't it, Joe?

Joe nods, takes the flowers.

JOHN

There's a card, everyone signed...
Everyone you didn't fire, at least.

John's attempt at humor doesn't exactly fly.

JOE

I'll put it with the others...

JOHN

Guess we'll see you on Monday, then.

Joe nods coolly, heads to a table where all the flowers and cards are being collected. Elizabeth looks to John, apologetic.

ELIZABETH

It's been a hard day, you understand.

(John watches Joe, nods)

Why don't you stay and have some ziti,
I just pulled it out of the oven.

JOHN

No, no. I better go. Thank you.

ELIZABETH

(a genuine smile)

Some other time, then.

John smiles kindly and nods, throws one more look to Joe, and heads out the way he came.

INT. QUINN HOUSE - DEN - DAY

Rachel and Marty sit across from each other in the bay window, polishing off a bottle of pinot.

MARTIN

You know you're the only Quinn-Tuplet who still has a TV career?

RACHEL

Unless you count season one of "K9 Cop."

MARTIN

That was four years ago, I did 12 episodes and they fired me.

RACHEL

Like my career is so glamorous.
Know what my station manager calls me?
(off Marty: "what?")
The "skirt in the dirt."

MARTIN

Can't you sue for that?

RACHEL

Not if I ever want the anchor job.
And I did actually go to journalism school, not that it matters.
(beat, such is life)
I can't believe you had sex with a nun.

MARTIN

I can't believe she confessed... Would you ever have sex with a Priest?

RACHEL

Only if it would further my career.
So what are you gonna do now?

MARTIN

I don't know... Probably go to hell.

On that, a misty eyed BLONDE approaches Marty, star struck.

BLONDE

Marty?

Marty turns. This girl is ridiculously hot.

MARTIN

Hi... (do I know you?)

BLONDE

I'm Jessie, I won the fan-site lottery to your mom's service.

MARTIN

Oh...kay... congratulations.

BLONDE

My favorite was when your mom caught you with that Playboy--

MARTIN

And made me read it cover to cover... (she giggles: "yeah")

RACHEL

I'm... way... too... sober for this. Excuse me.

Rachel gets up with the empty wine bottle, squeezes past Jessie, gives Martin a "You gotta be kidding me" face...

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN HOUSE - SOPHIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sophie sits on her bed staring at her laptop. She's not typing or doing anything. ANGLE ON THE screen and we see a VIDEO WINDOW displaying her face, live:

SOPHIE

So this is my first ever video blog and... if you knew who my family is... or was... let's just say the irony is pretty thick.

(almost gives up, then)

My mother died and the funeral was today and my house is full of freaks.

(beat)

And the worst part? This time tomorrow, it'll just be me again.

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN and MIRIAM flies in. Sophie quickly toggles away from her blog as Miriam shuts the door behind her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Most people knock.

Miriam nearly jumps out of her skin.

MIRIAM

Oh God, Sophie, I'm sorry... This used to be my room.

SOPHIE

Yeah, I know, I've seen the show. And look, you're all back in the headlines...

Sophie spins the computer to show Miriam. NOW ON THE SCREEN is video of an ambulance taking the TMZ guy out of the church in a stretcher, the Police holding back Patrick, still loaded for bear... OVER THE VIDEO, in sensational tabloid voice over we hear: "The 'Quinn Tuplets,' are back and in rare form! Rebecca Quinn's five famous children and has-been film-maker Michael Adatto proved that even at a funeral, they still know how to put on a good show." Sophie shuts the computer.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

At least it doesn't mention me.

Miriam sits on the edge of the bed.

MIRIAM

You're a lucky girl.

SOPHIE

(incredulous)
Are you high?

MIRIAM

You have a father who loves you, a roof over your head... and at least one big sister who would really like to get to know you better. Spend one day with me at work, you'd be surprised how good you really have it.

SOPHIE

Fine, take me with you.

MIRIAM

I can't...

SOPHIE

(beat, means this...)
Okay, then stay. Poor people are everywhere, why not just help the ones right here?

MIRIAM

Sophie, it's not that easy...

SOPHIE

Right, I forgot. Nothing's easy when it comes to you guys.

MIRIAM

No. And I wouldn't wish it on anyone.

SOPHIE

I'd rather be one of you than... an after thought. Do you have any idea what it's like to be the other Quinn kid? I'm barely even an asterisk in this family.

MIRIAM

That isn't true--

SOPHIE

Can you leave please?
(Miriam stays put)
This isn't your room any more, get out!

MIRIAM looks at Sophie, so much like her at that age, so full of questions and loneliness... Still, Miriam heads to the door, shuts Sophie inside. And as Sophie's tears begin to pour...

INT. QUINN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael stands in the corner of the room listening to people's conversations-- "**She was incredible...**" "**I couldn't stand her at first...**" "**Really? She was like a sister to me, of course we never met...**" Looking around at all these people who felt they knew Rebecca, Michael feels more alone than ever. He shuts his eyes and breathes in, trying to get a sense of her somehow...

MAN'S VOICE

That was a beautiful tribute you put together, Michael.

Michael opens his eyes to see the MALE AND FEMALE EXECUTIVES from the funeral, the ones who gave him the "thumbs up."

MALE EXECUTIVE

Rebecca was one of a kind, we count ourselves lucky to have worked with her.
(looking around)
You know, I don't think we've set foot in this place since the show wrapped. Everything looks exactly the same.

MICHAEL

Nothing's the same.

MALE EXECUTIVE

I only meant... Look, Kitzy and I
have our own production company now.

HE HANDS MICHAEL HIS CARD, Michael absently takes it.

MALE EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

I understand you'd been filming
Rebecca's battle with cancer.

MICHAEL

We called you. You weren't interested.

MALE EXECUTIVE

At the time the market was saturated;
you know with Michael and Farrah...

MICHAEL

At the time, we thought Rebecca was
going to beat her disease...
Doesn't matter anyway, I've decided
not to finish the film.

MALE EXECUTIVE

Too bad. We were hoping we could
help you find a distributor. After
what happened at the church, we
think there still might be an
audience for the Quinn-Tuplets.

MICHAEL

The film was about Rebecca, not them.

MALE EXECUTIVE

They're all intertwined, aren't they?
(a look to Kitzy, then...)
Were you with her when she passed?

MICHAEL

(pained)
No... she was alone.

MALE EXECUTIVE

So, then... you don't have it on film.

MICHAEL

(the clouds descend)
Get out of my house.

MALE EXECUTIVE

I'm sorry, that was... insensitive.
You need time to process. Why
don't you give us a call when--

MICHAEL

(grabs his lapel)

I swear to God, open your mouth one more time, I'll put my fist through the back of your head.

He's not fucking around. The two executives exchange raised eyebrows, and "time-to-go" faces. As they hustle out, Michael becomes aware of the nearby guests, who are looking at him like he's a crazy man. Head down, upset and embarrassed, he starts pushing his way through the crowd, "Excuse me, excuse me..."

INT. QUINN HOUSE - SCREENED IN PORCH - DAY

PATRICK alone on the back porch as the party starts to wind down inside. He's staring at his bag of white powder. Debating.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I'm leaving.

Patrick looks over to see his wife has stepped onto the porch.

DEBORAH

Just wanted you to know... Take care of yourself.

PATRICK

Deb, wait... Take me with you. You gotta let me come home.

DEBORAH

Patrick--

PATRICK

Whatever you want me to do, I'll do it this time. I swear, I just... I need to come home.

Deborah looks at Patrick, his blood shot, glassy eyes. She's been here before. Knows she has to be stronger than he is.

DEBORAH

No. Not like this. I'm sorry.

With that, Deborah turns to go, leaving her broken husband, alone with his little bag of powder and all those demons...

INT. QUINN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

THE DOOR FLIES OPEN and Michael tears into the room. Tucked in the corner, he notices-- THE VIDEO EQUIPMENT from the day Rebecca died, packed up.

He pulls out the video camera and hits PLAYBACK. ON THE CAMERA MONITOR ALL WE SEE IS STATIC, at first. But when Michael presses the REVIEW BUTTON, the image we see is REBECCA, in her final moments as the nurse and crew rush to her bedside... Michael sits on the bed with the camera, bewildered by what he's watching. HOLDS DOWN THE REVIEW BUTTON UNTIL he gets to the part where REBECCA'S FAREWELL RECORDING BEGINS. And as she starts to speak, WE POP OUT TO MICHAEL'S FACE AS HE HEARS HER FINAL WORDS:

REBECCA
My dear children...

AND as MICHAEL WATCHES, overwhelmed with LOVE AND LOSS...

INT. QUINN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The party is over, just family now. Joe puts left overs in Tupperware containers as Elizabeth dumps an armful of dirty dishes in the sink, runs the water.

ELIZABETH
Joe, why don't you wrangle the kids, they've got to be exhausted. I'm exhausted.

Miriam steps up to the sink.

MIRIAM
That's because you do too much. Let me get these.

Rachel sits at the kitchen table.

RACHEL
How about we all forget the dishes and just sit for a minute...

Good idea. Joe sits at the table. So does Miriam. Just then, MARTY COMES DOWN THE BACKSTAIRS, escorting the hot Blonde contest winner. Clearly they've just had sex. Jessie waves to everyone. If she could be embarrassed, she would be. As he points Jessie to the door...

MARTIN
I'll call you.

RACHEL
(Marty pulls up a chair)
You really are going to hell.

MIRIAM
Did Patrick go home?

PATRICK (O.S.)

This is home, remember?

They turn to see Patrick enter with a bottle of JAMESON'S. As Patrick starts to pour out glasses, Joe declines, rises.

JOE

None for me.

PATRICK

Oh for hell's sake, have a drink with your brothers and sisters for once.

ELIZABETH

He's right, Joe. Why don't you stay a while and catch up. I'll get the kids home.

JOE

You sure?

ELIZABETH

It'd be good for you.

With a quick kiss, Elizabeth exits. Joe pours five glasses of whiskey. They hold them up. Beat, what else to say?

PATRICK

To Mom.

Just at that moment, MICHAEL enters from the living room, HE'S HOLDING THE VIDEO CAMERA.

MIRIAM

Michael, what's wrong?

PATRICK

(suspicious)

What are you doing with that camera, Michael?

MICHAEL

I found something you all need to see.

And OFF THE KIDS...

INT. QUINN HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

THE QUINTS are arranged on a couch facing A HUGE PLASMA SCREEN. As we PAN THE ROOM, we find Michael standing along the wall holding the VIDEO RECORDER, WHICH IS NOW PATCHED INTO THE TV RECEIVER. WE HEAR REBECCA AS THE kids listen in disbelief to this literal voice from the grave.

REBECCA (O.S.)

... Had I known the choices I was making would ultimately tear this family apart... well, I would have made very different choices. For that and so much more I take full responsibility.

WE COME AROUND TO SEE THE TELEVISION, WHERE, ON SCREEN, Rebecca coughs. Her voice is weakening.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I want so badly to finish what I've started... but I'm just too tired now... Michael knows what's in my heart, he'll answer your questions. For now, I love and miss all of you more than you can imagine.

As Rebecca lays her head down, Michael HITS STOP ON THE CAMERA. The room is silent. Joe's head is in his hand. Rachel cries. Patrick jumps up, ready to punch a wall.

PATRICK

Are you serious with that? What the hell did you show us that for?

MICHAEL

She made it for you. I didn't even know it existed until just now.

MIRIAM

What did Mom mean, you know what's in her heart?

MICHAEL

The last thing she said to me was 'I want to see my children.' I think she died feeling incomplete.

MIRIAM

That was her choice. When she was diagnosed, I offered to come home--

RACHEL

We all did.

MICHAEL

But not on her terms.

JOE

You mean not on camera.

MARTIN

(getting it)

You want us to finish this movie
for you, don't you?

MICHAEL

(beat)

Not for me, for her.

PATRICK

Man, you are so full of it, even
now-- Go to hell Michael, and say
'Hi' to mom while you're there.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Dad? What's going on?

They all turn to see Sophie standing in the archway. Patrick
is red faced, too upset to even apologize. As he storms out
of the room...

MIRIAM

Patrick!

AND as Miriam goes after her tortured brother. OFF this
tense and terrible family reunion...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. QUINN HOUSE - ATTIC - (FLASHBACK - 1997) - NIGHT

HAND-HELD, SHAKY VIDEO of the Quints attic: Their secret club house. Ratty old couches and card tables, books, clothes, and a few contemporary touches by the Quints: A small rabbit-ear TV, a poster of Sinead O'Connor, a lava lamp, etc.

THE TEENAGE QUINTS are here. Pat smokes Marlboros out the dormer window, his back to us-- Rachel sits at a child's vanity mirror, searching for split ends, Joey rifles through an old steamer trunk filled with "QUINN-TUPLETS" memorabilia. Lunch boxes, backpacks, etc... Miriam turns to camera--

TEEN MIRIAM

Marty, what do you think you're doing?

TEEN RACHEL

(blah, to Marty in the mirror)

If Michael finds out you took that, he'd kill you.

WE PULL OUT to see Marty operating Michael's camera...

TEEN MARTY

If Michael finds out we had a meeting off-camera he'd kill all of us.

CATCH Patrick in the window stubbing out his cigarette, glaring at Marty. Suddenly teenage Joey steps into frame, filling it with broad shoulders, sober and serious.

TEEN JOE

This meeting isn't about him. Or mom. It's about us. Marty, turn the camera off.

TEEN PATRICK

Yeah, Marty. Turn. The camera. Off--

PATRICK YANKS THE CAMERA out of Marty's hands, throws it to the floor, starts STOMPING IT to smithereens, out of control--

TEEN MIRIAM

Patrick STOP!

Miriam touches his arm. He stops. Everyone looks at Pat: Jesus...

TEEN MIRIAM (CONT'D)

This decision affects all of us.
Whatever we do, we do it together.

Beat. Patrick leans against the stairs, compliant. The teenage siblings gather close around the shattered video camera.

TEEN MIRIAM (CONT'D)

All in favor of ending the show,
raise your hands...

Slowly Joe, Pat, Miriam and finally, Rachel raise their hands. Marty remains the lone hold out.

TEEN MIRIAM (CONT'D)

Marty? Are you with us...?

But when we come around OFF teen Miriam--

INT. QUINN HOUSE - ATTIC - (PRESENT) - NIGHT

It's **31-year-old Marty** that she's talking to, standing exactly where he was fourteen years ago. The place is a little more cluttered, a little dustier, but the scene is identical, only the Quints are all grown up...

MARTIN

I don't see why you're freaking out, Patrick. It's not like it's another series. It's one, single retrospective about Mom.

PATRICK

Of course you want to do it.
You've always been his pet monkey.

MIRIAM

Stop it, both of you.

PATRICK

If we let him put us on tape, it will start the whole freakin' nightmare all over again.

JOE

Or maybe it'll set us all free.

PATRICK

Don't be an idiot.

MARTY

(pointed, to Patrick)
Nothing says you have to do it, Pat.

Beat.

MIRIAM

No. If we do it, we **all** do it. We were always strongest when it was us against...

PATRICK

Him. He's just using us. And so is she. The same way they always did.

RACHEL

I want to do it. I want us all to do it.

MIRIAM

Let's take a vote...

And off this very complicated history, repeating itself...

INT. QUINN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael places his cufflinks back in the dresser along with Rebecca's jewelry. On the floor is the box of photos and memorabilia. There's a knock on the door and Miriam steps in.

MIRIAM

One more time. Interviews only, no cameras in our lives.

MICHAEL

That's all I was thinking.

MIRIAM

And we get final cut.

He swallows hard.

MICHAEL

Okay.

MIRIAM

Good night, Michael.

MICHAEL

Good night.

With that, Miriam turns and shuts the door. Michael stands still for a beat, then reaches into the box of photos. Pulls out the family portrait from 1996... And as he gently hangs it back on the wall, right where Rebecca kept it...

INT. QUINN HOUSE - THE BOY'S ROOM - NIGHT

There are two twin beds on either side of a dormer window. Marty lies on top of one of them, still in his dress pants, wearing a tee shirt. Rachel lies on top of the other, holding a VINTAGE PLAYBOY, reading aloud from it.

RACHEL

"Name: Victoria; Vicky or Val to family and friends. Bust: Bigger than a bread box. Hips: They like to shake. Waist: "What a waste it is to lose one's mind..."

(looks over to Marty)

If I had to read this cover to cover I would definitely lose my mind.

MARTIN

Try doing it on camera at fifteen.

Rachel laughs, puts the magazine down. Leans on one arm...

RACHEL

You think you'll ever move back home?

MARTIN

That would mean finally admitting I'm a complete and total failure in LA.

RACHEL

Still pretty big in Boston, just ask Jessie... Besides, word on the street is the TV business might be picking up around here.

Marty looks over at his sister and smiles. Didn't realize how much he missed her. That goes double for Rachel. And off brother and sister, reconnecting...

INT. QUINN HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Miriam comes down the back staircase holding blankets and a pillow on her way to the back porch... she runs into Sophie, dressed for bed, getting herself a glass of water.

SOPHIE

You don't have to sleep down here.

MIRIAM

These aren't for me...

SOPHIE

Good. Cuz, if you felt like sleeping in your old room it's okay. There's room for both of us.

MIRIAM

(smiles)

Okay... I'll see you up there.

As Sophie heads up the back stairs, Miriam smiles, continues on to--

INT. QUINN HOUSE - SCREENED IN PORCH - NIGHT

Patrick lies asleep on the porch sofa as Miriam comes out the kitchen door, lays the blanket on him. He stirs, still a little drunk...

MIRIAM

Sure you don't wanna come inside?

PATRICK

Nah, I like it out here... with the rest of the wild animals...

(as she tucks the pillow under his head)

You know we're making a big mistake, don't you?

MIRIAM

How do you know for sure?

PATRICK

We're Quinn's. It's what we do.

Miriam can't help but smile as Patrick turns his head, drifts back to sleep.

EXT. MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - FRONT WALK - NIGHT

Joe walks up the path through the yard in front of a modest, well kept two story home. When he gets to the front door he pauses. He's holding his keys, but instead of turning the lock, he presses the doorbell. A beat, the door opens, and we see JOHN ON THE OTHER SIDE. He's not entirely surprised to see him.

JOE

Can I come in?

John opens the door, and Joe steps inside. When the door is shut behind him, Joe's walls come crashing down.

And as he folds into the safety of the arms of the one person who truly knows him, emotionally spent, holding on for dear life...

INT. QUINN HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael lays in the bed he shared with Rebecca, staring up at the ceiling... unable to sleep, unable to cry. He turns to face her side of the bed, cold and empty. OFF Michael, wide awake--

INT. QUINN HOUSE - MICHAEL'S BASEMENT EDIT BAY - NIGHT

THE CAMERA PANS THE walls of video tapes and "Quinn-tuplet" memorabilia as we hear Rebecca's familiar voice...

REBECCA (O.S.)

... I want so badly to finish what
I've started... but I'm just too
tired now...

AND AS WE COME AROUND to the edit bay, we find Michael, seated in the dark, staring at the monitor...

REBECCA (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

But Michael knows what's in my heart.

But rather than let the video play out, Michael zips the tape back... **"Michael knows what's in my heart."** And again, and again. And as he continues to play back Rebecca's assertion, we see that in his other hand, Michael holds the BUSINESS CARD the TV EXEC gave him. As he taps it repetitively on the console, we leave Michael alone with Rebecca, contemplating what comes next...

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT