

SHE'S THE FATHER

EXT. WOMEN'S CLINIC - DAY

Parking lot in front of a nondescript two-story office building with little signage. Several cars dot the parking area. An occasional woman enters or exits the front door.

A new model SUV idles at the rear of the lot, the driver inside.

A YOUNG WOMAN hops off a city bus, makes her way briskly towards the door, and glances around nervously.

SUSAN, plump, late 30s, on a mission, erupts from her car as soon as the Young Woman enters the lot. She strides toward the young woman, iPhone in hand.

The young woman doesn't meet her eyes and veers to the right, but Susan's a Mack Truck.

SUSAN

Stop. Wait up!

The young woman flinches and attempts to get around the other side of her, but Susan's oversize bag runs interference.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I just want to talk to you.

YOUNG WOMAN

Please, I just. . . I'll be late.

She backs up a little and makes a renewed attempt to pass Susan who takes full advantage of her greater height and girth.

SUSAN

I can help you.

The young woman shakes her head violently.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You obviously need help and I can do that. You have one and don't want it. I don't have one. And I want one . . .

Just then, two middle-aged nurses in scrubs burst out of the front door and rush towards Susan.

NURSE 1

Leave her alone.

The second nurse barges past Susan and grabs the young woman and pulls her toward the clinic door.

NURSE 2

It's okay, honey. She's just a little . . .

NURSE 1

(to Susan)

I warned you. This is the third time this week. You can't keep coming and tackling our clients before they get in the door.

Susan pulls herself up tall and glares.

SUSAN

Please. Like I'm going to do something to your clinic. All I want is to talk to this young lady.

NURSE 1

You show up one more time, I'm warning you . . .

She pushes Susan in the direction of her vehicle.

Susan takes the hint and strides back to her car, head high. She brushes her coat before opening the door and carefully arranges her bag on the seat next to her.

Hands on her hips, Nurse 1 watches Susan drive off before going back inside.

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)

That woman just won't take no for an answer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JANINE, a slim, no-nonsense 40-ish woman, hands Susan a wand of lip gloss. Susan looks at the color, shakes her head.

SUSAN

Get out of here.

JANINE

Text if you need me. And remember, that uterus has an expiration date.

She heads to the back door.

JANINE (CONT'D)

You're going to thank me one day that I made you sign up for Match.Com.

Susan shakes her fist at Janine, takes a deep breath, goes to the mirror, looks at herself. She paces, then returns to the mirror.

A KNOCK at the door. She slides over to the door, smiles broadly and opens it. Her face freezes.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. FOOTSTEPS down the hall.

SUSAN (O.S.)

You're the only person who's shown any interest in seeing what I've done. Finished it less than six months ago.

Susan flicks on the light. HAMILTON, slightly shorter, but equally pudgy, with a neatly pulled back pony tail, claps a hand on each cheek. His mouth wide in delight. He takes in the room.

HAMILTON

Oh. My. God.

Susan is half pleased at his delight.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Was it Ruthie Allen?

SUSAN

Ru--

HAMILTON

No? (beat) Don't tell me. I knew it. Nate Berkus.

Susan shakes her head.

SUSAN

Actually, I designed it myself.

HAMILTON

You didn't.

He moves around the room. Touches things. Susan follows him, puts things back in their places. He stops in front of a rack of dresses, pulls one out. He holds it up, looks at her.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

This is it. Definitely.

Hands on hips, Susan faces off.

SUSAN  
Something wrong with what I've got  
on?

HAMILTON  
Oh, sweetie, no. You look lovely.

He moves over to a full-length mirror and glances at the  
dress, which he holds in front of himself.

Susan pulls another dress out.

SUSAN  
I almost chose this one. The  
color's better.

She stands next to him in front of the mirror, holding that  
dress in front of her.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Maybe . . .

Hamilton nods his head slowly but insistently.

Susan looks around, then points to the door of the adjoining  
bathroom.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Okay. I'm convinced. That was my  
first choice anyhow.

Susan disappears into the bathroom and closes the door.  
Hamilton continues to eye the dress he holds in front of him.

SUSAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I may seem like the quintessential  
woman, not able to make up my mind.  
But I always try to make the dress  
fit the occasion.

Hamilton hangs the dress on a hook.

HAMILTON  
I guess I just know what I like  
when I see it.

He takes off his jacket, then slips his shoes off. He starts  
to unbutton his shirt.

SUSAN (O.S.)  
I do too. (She laughs) That's what  
happens when you have good taste.

RUSTLING sounds come from the bathroom.

Hamilton drops his shirt on a bench.

HAMILTON

I'm in the woman dressing business.  
I know all about that.

His pants fall to the floor. He pushes them aside.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Oops. I'm going to make us late. Oh  
yes. This is a better choice.

HAMILTON

Plenty of time.

SUSAN (O.S.)

I may need you to zip up the back  
of this.

A hand unzips the hanging dress.

A hand slowly pulls up a zipper.

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

I got it. Now my lipstick's wrong.

A hand unsheathes a tube of lipstick.

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

How long did you say you've been on  
the design team at Macy's?

Sounds of WATER RUSHING.

HAMILTON

Women's dresses.

SUSAN (O.S.)

What?

HAMILTON

Dresses. I've been in women's  
dresses for over ten years.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Done!

Susan erupts from the door, does a little twirl, bumping into  
a chair. Looks up, all smiles.

Hamilton, also smiley, twirls in his dress and faces her.

Susan stops breathing.

HAMILTON

I feel like I know so much more  
about a woman when I'm in her  
clothes.

Susan erupts into laughter. The joke's on her. She can't  
stop laughing. She wipes her cheeks and looks at him.

Stone faced, Hamilton holds out his arm.

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Our reservation is for eight. Shall  
we?

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Not busy. A sparse crowd, spill-overs from meeting rooms.

A solitary figure hunkers up to the bar. Susan is dressed to  
kill. Or was before the four rocks glasses in front of her.

Susan pushes the glasses around.

SUSAN

Would you like to meet my children?

She smiles broadly. To the BARTENDER, who pays no attention.  
The smile as fake as she can make it.

In the mirror, NICOLETTE appears, late 30s, tall, regal  
almost, but a little off. Susan doesn't notice.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

This is . . . shall we call her  
Jordan? We're all hoping she makes  
it into Harvard. She's got an  
almost perfect S.A.T.

Nicolette looks at Susan's reflection in the mirror. She  
slides onto the next stool. Susan doesn't look up.

Nicolette motions to the bartender. A quick smile. Two  
fingers. Points to her and Susan.

Susan slides a glass over.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Alyssa. Julliard for sure. She's  
been going to their summer dance  
camp for years. Legs up to here.

She pushes the remaining two together.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Who would have thought twins? Susan Junior and Nick Junior. Oh, and did I tell you they skipped a grade?

The bartender brings up two drinks.

NICOLETTE

Twenty years! They say the 10th reunion was a disaster.

Susan drinks. Talks to the glasses before her.

SUSAN

Oh are you married? (voice change)  
Do you see a ring on my finger?  
(voice change) How many kids? None?  
(beat) Oh, can't you?

Susan rolls her eyes. Nicolette joins the game.

NICOLETTE

And what did you do after U of I?  
We had such great hopes for you.

They both drink.

SUSAN

A millionaire before 40.  
Trademarked two new software packages. Does anybody ask about that? Or being named *Crain's* young businesswoman of the year?

NICOLETTE

Or the doctorate from Princeton or being the youngest Psychological Science Fellow. Anyone notice that?

Susan pushes the glasses away.

SUSAN

Nope. All they care about is why you and Nick didn't have babies!

She laughs as if she can't stop. But then does immediately.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I'm thinking we'll hook up again. Just this weekend. Before the uterus expires. So I'm here, hormones high, a fresh Brazilian, hot Victoria's Secret underwear.



NICOLETTE

Susan!

SUSAN

And I'm looking over the name tags at the registration table. I don't see his, so I ask if Nick is here.

She bursts into a fake laugh.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

They laugh at me. They laugh so hard tears spurt out of their eyes.

She picks up her glass and drains it.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

So. Nick's now "Nicolette."

She finally smiles at the woman beside her in the mirror. Her eyes sink to the name tag.

Susan's head swivels. She zones in on the name. "Nicolette Henderson."

Susan slides off her bar stool, eyes wide, mouth open.

NICOLETTE

Suzy.

Susan stumbles away from her slowly, mouth still agape, trips over a chair, falls flat on her face.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

Not quite the reaction I expected.

INT. HOTEL LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

It's fairly sumptuous. Susan, pale, shoes shed, legs under her, reclines on a comfy chair, ice pack to her head.

Nicolette leans into a mirror, inspects her face closely. Then reapplies makeup.

NICOLETTE

Sweetie, I know I should have called you. Or at least emailed.

SUSAN

You'd think.

NICOLETTE

You're all over the internet.

Nicolette continues her work, inspecting her jawline. Susan switches hands on the ice pack.

SUSAN

Well, Nick seems to have dropped off the face of the internet five years ago.

NICOLETTE

That's about right.

Nicolette pulls a lipstick out of her large bag.

SUSAN

Marc Jacobs?

Nicolette nods. She's too involved with her lips to talk.

Susan stands, a little wobbly, pushes herself into the sink area, and crowds out Nicolette, who moves over a little. Susan watches the meticulous work.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You're good.

Nicolette turns and smiles.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You could do mine any day. Is that Peach Sunset?

Nicolette starts applying her lipstick to Susan's mouth.

NICOLETTE

I was too . . . Well, I didn't know what to say.

Nicolette mimes a phone conversation while applying the makeup.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

Oh Suzy, by the way. I just had an orchietomy. And my dick's coming off next month. And the hormones are killing me, but I look great.

She blots. Then starts to refresh Susan's blush.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

And YOU do too, by the way.

Their eyes meet in the mirror. A moment.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

So we all know why I'm here. My official coming out. But why are you really here? Running for public office or something?

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

He's the kind of man who passes a mirror and can't help but look at himself. ROBERT MILLS has it all: grin that won't quit, hair that's never out of place, and crisp, unwrinkled suit and tie, tailored to his trim frame.

His name tag. "Robert Mills. Most likely to get elected to public office" has been crossed out to read "Congressman Robert Mills."

Two lumpy, overly made-up WOMEN amble past him.

WOMAN 1

Did you see her face? Oh my god.

WOMAN 2

And that would be just the time that my phone dies. I have got to get a new phone, I swear. If I'd gotten a video of that, it would have gone viral.

They laugh their way past Robert. He listens. Curious. He nods to another COUPLE who pass him.

Robert smiles again and continues walking, stopping as he passes the mirror. Just a little touch at the temple. In case the hair has moved. It hasn't.

Susan and Nicolette surround his reflection in the mirror. He looks back at them, surprised.

SUSAN

Well if it isn't my vice president. Who never actually did anything. Keeping up your record, are you?

Robert spins around, smiling. He's trying to be nice.

ROBERT

Well, miss 40 under 40 success story. By the way, who are you friends with at *Crain's*?

NICOLETTE

Wow.

Susan sticks her nose up in the air, not even looking at Robert.

SUSAN  
In my business, it's what you do,  
not who you know.

Robert notices Nicolette. Really notices her.

ROBERT  
Oh, and who's your friend?

He glances at her nametag.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Nicolette. (beat) French?

NICOLETTE  
Four years of it. I got straight  
A's. Haven't spoken a word since.

ROBERT  
Well, you could try me out.

Susan pulls one of his flyers from his hand and reads it. She grabs a pen from his other hand.

SUSAN  
Yeah. English wasn't your strong  
suit, was it?

She circles a few words, hands him back the flyer.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Or telling the truth.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Susan carefully rolls a joint and hands it to Nicolette with a flourish, who takes a hit.

Susan pages through a yearbook in mint condition. She points to a photo. Nicolette aims a flashlight beam at it.

NICOLETTE  
I was pretty good looking as a guy.

SUSAN  
Still humble.

Susan turns a page.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Look. Tiffany. I bet she still puts those little hearts next to her signature.

Nicolette points to the inscription over Susan's yearbook photo.

NICOLETTE

"Suzy girl. You and Nick are going to make beautiful babies."

They look at each other.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

Not with my swimmers all gone and your eggs about dried up.

SUSAN

My eggs are just fine, thank you. I made sure of that.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A police car pulls in, slowly parks next to Susan's car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

They take another hit. A man gets out of the police car next to them. A KNOCK on the window. They look up and spot the police car.

NICOLETTE

Oh my God. Oh my God.

SUSAN

Just, just, put the damn thing out. Let me do the talking.

Another KNOCK at the window.

Susan takes a deep breath and slowly starts to let the window down. She plasters on a big smile.

BILL, a clean cut, earnest guy, late 30s, ill-fitting sportcoat and tie, leans down, looks in and salutes her.

BILL

*Morituri te salutamus.*

Susan salutes him back.

SUSAN  
Mrs. Whitney's Latin class!

BILL  
Hey, it's the back row blabbers.  
That's what she used to call you.

SUSAN  
My God, if it isn't Billy Perkins,  
in the flesh.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

She pushes the door open, knocks him back. She gets out of the car.

BILL  
Bill. I'm Bill now.

Bill puts out his hand. She takes it, not sure what to do with it. He nods to Nicolette.

BILL (CONT'D)  
How it's hanging, Nick?

Nicolette glares at him.

BILL (CONT'D)  
You're still Nick to me.

He motions to the back seat.

BILL (CONT'D)  
I hope you're in the sharing mood.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Susan hands him a half-smoked joint and a paper cup. He inhales sharply.

SUSAN  
Nice car you got.

Bill exhales slowly and smiles.

BILL  
I'd love to have a car like this.

NICOLETTE  
Sweetie, I nearly had a heart  
attack.

SUSAN

Now that's a lofty profession. Law enforcement.

BILL

Oh, I'm not a cop.

SUSAN

I see. You steal cop cars and drive them around just to scare people.

BILL

It's a loaner.

Nicolette leans back and strokes his arm.

NICOLETTE

A loaner from the police department? Do tell.

Nicolette fingers the embroidered label stitched on the sleeve of his sports jacket and bursts into laughter. She points it out to Susan who laughs also. They can't stop.

Bill joins the laughter. He's not sure why.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Susan snips the stitches around the label on Bill's jacket and pulls it up from the sleeve.

SUSAN

There. (beat) Billy. (beat) I mean Bill. Or is it William?

All serious now, Bill takes the label from her.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I'm starving. Go scout us out some food.

Bill salutes and scampers across the lobby, all grins.

Nicolette and Susan let their laughter erupt.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

At least we know he bought a new jacket for the reunion.

They continue to laugh.

NICOLETTE

That could've been on his sleeve  
for years.

The sound of an '80s popular song starts up in the distance.

SUSAN

Remember when . . .

They look at each other, arms extended. About to dance. A  
confusion of arms. Which goes where? Who will lead?

They collapse into each other, laughing. The laughs die. They  
hold each other, sway slightly.

Susan and Nicolette barely dance. But Susan clearly leads.

Robert strides through the lobby. He halts, stares at the  
intimate scene. He shakes his head.

ROBERT

Lesbians! I should have known!

INT. PHOTO BOOTH - NIGHT

Susan laughs. She grabs the photo strips from Nicolette.

NICOLETTE

I didn't want to wear turtlenecks  
the rest of my life. Or scarves.

SUSAN

I love scarves.

NICOLETTE

You definitely have to hide an  
Adam's apple. Or get rid of it. I  
don't think the scar shows much.

SUSAN

Go get the new photos.

Nicolette slips out of the booth.

NICOLETTE (O.S.)

No weird faces next time.

A body slides onto the bench next to her. Susan tries out a  
number of faces.

SUSAN

How about this?



Susan looks over. It's Robert!

SUSAN (CONT'D)

What the . . . Who invited you?

ROBERT

I'm the one inviting you. I'd like you to be on the advisory board for my campaign. You wouldn't have to do much. Mostly just lend your name.

SUSAN

What about me strikes you as a neocon?

ROBERT

Labels.

He shakes his head.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

There's one I don't think you want connected to your name. Let me bottom line it for you.

SUSAN

Well, please do.

ROBERT

I know you got an abortion in high school--

Nicolette, photo strips in hand, pulls back the curtain.

NICOLETTE

What?

SUSAN

What?

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Think of it as a way to atone for the past. You can help save young girls from making that same mistake and having to live with it for the rest of their lives.

Susan punches him in the chest with her index finger.

SUSAN

Abortion? What the hell are you talking about?

Robert gently takes her hand away from his chest.

ROBERT  
February 1991. Outside the clinic  
over on Highland. I saw you sneak  
into the clinic.

Susan rolls her eyes and pushes him away from her.

SUSAN  
You saw me at a planned parenthood  
clinic when I was in high school,  
ergo I must have had an abortion.

ROBERT  
I just connect the dots.

SUSAN  
You must have flunked geometry.  
Your syllogism is terribly flawed.

ROBERT  
We should get a photo. Me and my  
new board member. Smile?

SUSAN  
Let me out. Now.

Susan awkwardly stumbles over him and out of the booth.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Susan bursts through the door, quickly scans the room and all  
the exits. No Nicolette.

Bill appears. Plates of food in hand. He beams.

BILL  
I scored some--

SUSAN  
Did you see her?

INT. ELEVATOR BANK - NIGHT

Susan races to the elevators, sees the just closing door,  
pounds on the up button, and presses on the elevator doors as  
if she could magically open them.

Suddenly the doors do open. Nicolette glares out at her.

NICOLETTE  
How could you?

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Susan shakes her head repeatedly and exhales loudly.

NICOLETTE

Tell the truth, Suzy. Tell me you never had an abortion.

Susan glares at Nicolette, her mouth pulled tight.

SUSAN

Obviously you never really knew me if you can listen to that crackpot and think that I would have ever gotten rid of a baby we made.

Nicolette says nothing. She does think that. Susan grits her teeth, looks at her feet.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

We used to plan what we'd name our kids.

Susan starts numbering out names on her fingers.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Erica Louise. Except, now that I think of it, Louise is terribly antiquated. And not yet to the state of being trendy. (beat) Anthony Weldon.

NICOLETTE

Aubrey Wilde.

Susan laughs.

SUSAN

That kid would have been gay for sure. Or at least have gotten beat up a lot.

Another heavy silence.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

That's the missing piece of my life. I want to be a mom, to hold my babies, to watch them grow up. Become stars.

She sniffles a little.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I wanted to do that with someone I knew and loved totally, who'd be a perfect dad. Someone handsome and athletic and loving and brilliant.

Awkward pause. Nicolette looks down. Susan takes her arm.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

That's why I came here, Nick. All these years, I couldn't stop thinking about you and the family we'd have. I came here because I knew you were coming and I have to have my ovaries out in two years and I want your baby so bad, Nick, and . . .

She looks up to a woman's face streaming with tears.

NICOLETTE

The clinic?

SUSAN

Where do you think I got the pill?

Nicolette, still streaming, nods.

NICOLETTE

And I'm no good now.

Susan sighs loudly and looks at the panel by the door. No floor has been selected. She punches five.

SUSAN

What time's this game tomorrow? I'm going because of you, by the way.

INT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - NIGHT

Susan and Nicolette climb stadium steps, hands full of hotdogs and nachos. The game's in full swing, fans CHEER.

Susan arrives at a series of empty seats. She counts out three and stops.

SUSAN

Here. Hold my hot dog.

She thrusts it into Nicolette's hands and takes off her jacket, knocking the heads of people in the row ahead.

Nicolette puts down the hotdogs carefully. Susan sits and stuffs the jacket in front of her, pushing against the person in the row before her, who is silent but aggravated.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Go team. (to Nicolette) Did I ever  
tell you how much I love football?

Susan eases her hot dog from Nicolette and unwraps it.

NICOLETTE  
I think it'd be better if we put  
the coat back here.

She plops the coat behind them, next to an open box of flyers. She picks one up and snorts.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)  
Of course. Shall we hide these?

Susan takes it from her hand.

SUSAN  
That man is everywhere.

She opens the Robert Mills campaign flyer, spreads it on her lap, and sets the hotdog down. A perfect table cloth.

NICOLETTE  
I'm serious, Suzy. You really had  
your hopes up, didn't you?

Nicolette unwraps her hot dog, about to take a bite when Susan jumps up, waves wildly, jams Nicolette's hot dog into her face.

SUSAN  
Up here, Bill! . . . Bill!  
(to Nicolette)  
He does have eyes, right?

Down twenty rows, Bill notices them and smiles. Holds up a tray of drinks.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Just don't spill that hot  
chocolate.

Nicolette wipes the mustard from the side of her face with a napkin.

She takes a big bite, then grabs a flyer and looks at it.

NICOLETTE

How did this guy make it to the state house? If he's so family oriented, why doesn't he have one?

Nicolette shakes her head.

She plunks her hot dog down, refolds a flyer and fashions it into a paper airplane. Susan rips it from her hand.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

You wouldn't.

Susan smiles. She would. She does.

SUSAN

Just helping him distribute his literature.

NICOLETTE

You know, I could be a congressman's wife.

Susan coughs.

Bill hustles up next to Susan and offers drinks.

BILL

Hey, you know who I saw down--

SUSAN

Robert Mills.

NICOLETTE

Robert Mills.

Bill's face falls. Susan points to the campaign literature behind them.

SUSAN

And Nicolette wants to marry him and have his babies.

Bill opens his mouth. Nothing comes out.

NICOLETTE

Hey Bill. How much you think we'll beat them by? Susan's betting one touchdown. I say two.

Bill shakes his head.

BILL

But you can't . . . Can you?

Susan makes another couple of airplanes and hands one to each of them.

A trio of paper airplanes fly over the stands. Heads turn. Susan is all eye-batting and innocent.

Nicolette jumps up and cheers. She's into the game.

NICOLETTE

Go. Go. No, go around. (beat)  
That's it!

Susan rolls her eyes.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

That guy runs like I used to.

Susan takes a gulp of hot chocolate and immediately spits it out, spraying Nicolette.

SUSAN

God. That's hot enough to burn off  
my highly developed taste buds.

She grabs campaign flyers and starts blotting Nicolette's clothing. Nicolette's still eying the field.

NICOLETTE

Who knows? Could be my kid.

BILL

They all could be yours.

Nicolette takes a long drink from a plastic cup.

NICOLETTE

Now I have to go potty.

SUSAN

What!

Nicolette reaches for her purse, opens it. Susan grabs her wrist.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

What were you up to when I was  
getting straight A's at Yale? Doing  
all the sorority girls at U of I?

Nicolette rolls her eyes and flounces off.

BILL

He was selling it.

Susan frowns and whirls around.

BILL (CONT'D)  
There was a sperm bank. He donated  
for three years.

SUSAN  
Didn't realize he was so  
benevolent.

Susan looks around. Something dawns on her. She jumps up just  
as the opposite team scores a goal.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Yay!

People around look at her. Steely eyed.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
What! I'm cheering!

She looks at Bill and then looks for Nicolette, who has  
gotten to the stairs.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Nick!

Nicolette turns, all innocent.

Susan indicates with her hand, come here, now. Nicolette acts  
like she doesn't understand. As she turns, Robert hops up the  
steps.

ROBERT  
It's the fair Nicolette.

NICOLETTE  
Senator.

ROBERT  
Well, that's a little precipitous.  
But I do like the sound of it.

NICOLETTE  
Oh, you'll win. You've got the  
looks. Who could say no to you?

Just then a paper airplane smashes into Nicolette's head. She  
turns around. Susan gesticulates wildly.

Robert opens the paper airplane. His campaign flyer.



INT. HOTEL WORKOUT ROOM - DAY

Susan works up a sweat, walking fast on a treadmill, plugged into her iPod. She pays no attention to the TV blaring on the other side of the room.

A groggy Nicolette peers in.

Susan notices and waves. Nicolette eases over to the treadmill and hands her a water. Susan hops over to the sides of the treadmill, snatches the water from her and takes a good long chug.

SUSAN

I feel like a desert.

Nicolette opens her own water bottle and drinks as well.

NICOLETTE

D'you always get up this early weekends?

Susan shrugs. She's back on the treadmill.

SUSAN

Early bird gets the sperm.

NICOLETTE

I know, I'm so lazy. What time--

SUSAN

Eight thirty.

Nicolette shakes her head, turns and leaves. Susan plugs her earbuds in again and adjusts the incline a little on the treadmill.

In the background, on TV, Congressman Robert Mills appears.

NEWSCASTER

Congressman Robert Mills, in his campaign for the US Senate, has pledged to eliminate all abortion clinics and to criminalise surrogacy. Congressman, how do you

. . .

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Plastic topped tables and naugahyde booths, duct tape covering the holes. Susan frowns and touches one tentatively. Nicolette scours through a menu.

NICOLETTE  
Suzy, they've got--

SUSAN  
French toast.

Nicolette stops. For a moment twenty years slide away. A WAITRESS appears, pad open. Susan smiles.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Coffee.  
(pointing to Nicolette)  
Coffee.  
(beat)  
French toast.

WAITRESS  
Just one French toast?

SUSAN  
Do I look like I need French toast?  
It's for him.

The waitress frowns. Puzzled.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Her.

The waitress returns with a pot and slops coffee into two upright mugs.

Nicolette pours cream in Susan's cup, then her own. They stir. In unison.

Susan takes her first drink of coffee, eyes closed. Nicolette pulls out her cell phone. She looks at Susan.

NICOLETTE  
Oh-oh. My phone's almost dead.

Susan hands Nicolette her phone and a piece of paper with the Great Lakes Sperm Bank phone number on it.

Nicolette punches in the number.

It RINGS. And RINGS. Seems like forever.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
The number you have dialed has been disconnected. Please make a note of it.

Nicolette, looks at the number again.

NICOLETTE  
Did I dial it right?

The waitress arrives with French toast and a pitcher of maple syrup. Nicolette drops the phone. She doctors her toast, cuts it with a fork and slowly raises it to her mouth.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)  
Mmmmm.

SUSAN  
Here. I'll do it.

She dials. It RINGS four times.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
The number you have dialed has been disconnected. Please make a note of it.

SUSAN  
Noted!

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Surrounded by a suitcase and a large tote bag, Susan signs her hotel bill. She turns and shakes her head at Bill.

SUSAN  
Great Lakes Sperm Bank appears to have swum away.

Bill's on his smartphone, smiling.

BILL  
Hey, hey. Look here! I found it.

Susan stops and glares at him.

SUSAN  
Detective Bill. Impressive.

BILL  
The bank's in bankruptcy.

SUSAN  
That explains it.

BILL  
All the bank's assets are--

SUSAN  
Frozen?

Bill laughs.

BILL  
You stole my punch line. It was  
funny, wasn't it?

Susan pulls his phone away from him and squints at the  
screen, enlarging the text.

SUSAN  
Under our noses.

In jeans and a leather jacket, Nicolette sashays up to them.

NICOLETTE  
Did I miss something?

BILL  
Your swimmers may still be on ice.  
They're closer than previously  
thought.

EXT. DALEY PLAZA - DAY

Nicolette pops out of an ice cream shop and hands Susan a  
cone.

NICOLETTE  
Thanks for agreeing to meet with  
me. I got your favorite.

Susan takes a bite. Her brow wrinkles.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)  
Oops. It's not your favorite.

SUSAN  
Bubble gum? (beat) Seventeen was a  
long time ago.

NICOLETTE  
Oh. Let's not talk numbers. I'm an  
active member of the age denier's  
club.

SUSAN  
Speaking of numbers, my lawyer said  
it could take years in court to get  
that sperm. And you know, my uterus  
isn't on that kind of schedule.

NICOLETTE  
You're not giving up?

They pass a crowd nearby. Close enough now to see and hear. They thread their way through people. At the front of the crowd are a couple of news teams.

On a small podium. Robert is surrounded by several workers.

SUSAN

How is he even running? I mean, I could beat the pants off him.

ROBERT

I'm happy to announce today that my company, A Future for America, is purchasing several abortion clinics. These clinics will, over the course of the next month, be transformed from abortion mills to centers where loving couples can adopt children born out of wedlock.

Susan drops her cone on the sidewalk. Nicolette stoops to pick it up.

SUSAN

Leave it. Pigeons love bubble gum ice cream.

She turns to leave.

ROBERT

The following clinics are in the process of making this important transition: the Southside Wellness Clinic on Western.

The crowd cheers weakly. Robert frowns at his aides nearby and they pick up the clapping.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The Evergreen Clinic in Hillside.

More clapping and cheers. Louder this time.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

In Skokie, the Midwest Fertility and Birth Clinic.

Cheers. Clapping.

Susan and Nicolette turn and look at each other.

NICOLETTE

Wait! That's where Bill said my sperm had ended up at.

Susan clenches Nicolette's arm and pulls her through the crowd. She makes a beeline for a nearby bar.

SUSAN  
Time for that drink. Now!

INT. SUSAN'S CAR - DAY

Susan drives slowly past the Skokie Midwest Fertility clinic. A small sign in the front.

Susan parks across the street. She looks at her watch.

NICOLETTE  
I can't go in like this.

Nicolette pulls the visor down and picks at her hair and checks out her makeup.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)  
Yes ma'm, I donated sperm 18 years ago. Just came back to check on it.  
( to Susan)  
Think that'll work?

SUSAN  
Scaredy cat.

NICOLETTE  
Maybe if I called . . .

EXT. SUSAN'S CAR - DAY

Nicolette paces, cell phone plastered to her ear.

NICOLETTE  
Uh-huh.

She paces more, listens more. Susan, in the car, opens the passenger window and eavesdrops.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)  
I understand.

More pacing.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)  
Uh-huh. (beat) I see. (beat) Well,  
I was hoping--

She stops. She's getting nowhere.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

So there's no way . . .

Evidently there isn't. Nicolette shoves her phone in her pocket. She pulls open the car door and just shakes her head.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

Evidently I have no claim to it after signing that form. So anything I donated . . .

Nicolette takes out a cigarette. Lights it. Offers Susan a drag. Susan crawls out of the car and takes it.

SUSAN

It's up for grabs?

NICOLETTE

Since my sparkling personality hasn't gotten us anywhere, what's the plan?

SUSAN

One of us goes in. Just a nice woman shopping for sperm.

Susan drops the cigarette to the pavement and crushes it.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Rock, paper, scissors. Best of three.

NICOLETTE

You think you can beat me?

SUSAN

Loser has to be the client. (beat)  
On three. One. Two. Three.

Susan displays a rock. Nicolette scissors.

NICOLETTE

Damn.

SUSAN

One. Two. Three.

It's Susan on top again. Paper over rock.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I win.

Nicolette pouts.

NICOLETTE

Wait. I can't. What if they require a physical exam?

Susan laughs.

SUSAN

That settles it! Let's just be a nice lesbian couple. You want to be the butch?

INT. CLINIC WAITING ROOM - DAY

A half-filled waiting room. Nicolette and Susan carry a clipboard up to the desk. Susan clears her throat.

SUSAN

Hearing aid working today?

The RECEPTIONIST, a meek, mousy middle-aged woman, takes the clipboard, scans it for details, then looks up at them with a dismissing smile.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Now can we look over the donor database?

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, I'm sorry. Clients have to be approved before exploring the database.

SUSAN

Is there a fee I'm, I mean, we're supposed to pay when we register?

The receptionist shakes her head no.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

What's the deal here? You told me earlier . . .

RECEPTIONIST

We've been purchased by another organization and policies are changing as we speak. Go figure.

The receptionist moves a large binder to a different location on her desk.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Right now, I'm not at liberty to let you see that database.



She leaves Susan and Nicolette at the desk.

Nicolette leans over the desk and turns the binder around. DONOR DATABASE on the cover jumps out. She hands it to Susan.

SUSAN

Ah. A little light reading while we wait. Beats PEOPLE magazine.

Susan pulls Nicolette over to the other side of the room.

The phone RINGS at the receptionist's desk. It keeps on ringing.

The DIRECTOR, a white coated-woman, frazzled, hair askew, rushes up to the desk and gets the phone.

DIRECTOR

Good afternoon.

A phone buzzes in her pocket.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

May I put you on hold?

She answers her cellphone.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

The congressman wants to meet when?

She looks at her watch and shakes her head and starts to wander down the hall, leaving the other phone still on hold.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

I wanted our attorney here as well.

Susan gets up, hugs the binder to her chest and looks around.

SUSAN

I'm going to the restroom.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Susan sits, and pages through the binder. She texts on her iPhone to Nicolette. "What years did you donate?"

The sound of water GUSHING from the sink. Two women's voices. Susan holds her breath.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

And I told him it was going to take more than a bunch of flowers from the Jewel to get me back.

ANOTHER WOMAN (O.S.)  
You go, girl.

Susan texts another message. "Found another U of I student donor. Not sure now."

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
Maybe a trip to Vegas.

Susan texts. "I may have found you!"

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The women's restroom door is slightly ajar. Susan looks out and peers up and down the hallway. No one there. She goes down the hall confidently, binder under her arm.

VOICES come from the waiting room area.

A text from Nicolette. "Never guess who's here."

The voices get closer to the hallway. Susan looks around. She opens the door to a room and dives in just as Robert, his entourage, and the Director, come down the hall.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Susan's eyes adjust to the darkness. She stumbles over a chair, feels around and finds a table.

The door handle turns. Susan freezes.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
We can meet in here.

Susan scrambles under the large table as the door opens. The director enters, flicks on the light.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
Anyone need any coffee? Water?

Robert strides to the table and plops his briefcase down.

ROBERT  
We're good.

He motions to the two men with him to sit.

Susan, under the table, scrunches up against the table leg furthest away from the men.

DIRECTOR

I would prefer if our counsel was here. We're not signing any papers until Monday and I didn't think you'd show up until then.

ROBERT

Scheduling conflict.

He motions her to sit. She does. Susan plasters herself against the table leg so as not to touch the Director.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

As you know, some procedures that you've offered in the past will no longer be part of our services. I need you to cancel appointments you have for these.

DIRECTOR

All appointments?

ROBERT

Any . . . Yes. All.

DIRECTOR

Abortions.

ROBERT

Yes, and . . .

DIRECTOR

And?

She moves her legs and nearly bumps into Susan's body.

ROBERT

The in vitro and the surrogacy programs will also be terminated.

DIRECTOR

But Congressman, we have people who are in process with procedures. Can we just phase it out?

Robert looks over to another man and puts his hand out. The man offers him a couple of papers.

ROBERT

Here are the services we will be discontinuing. As of the closing.

He hands her the papers and one slips and falls to the floor. He starts to reach down to get it but the Director scrambles to reach it first. Conking heads with him.

He grabs his head and one of his entourage jumps up to check him out. Susan, from under the table, pushes the paper towards the director's hand.

DIRECTOR

So sorry.

She rubs her head and reads over the paper.

Susan's phone PINGS. A message in. Everyone at the table checks their cell phone. No one has a message.

Susan scans her phone screen. Nicolette, of course. "Where are you?" Susan texts back.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

The frozen specimens.

She points to a line on the page.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

You intend to dispose of them?

ROBERT

Yes.

Susan GASPS.

Susan texts furiously. "OMG. You won't believe!"

Robert stands. His assistants follow suit. The director pops up quickly.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

We'll talk about personnel changes on Monday after the closing.

They make their way to the door.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Now could you go over your record system with my assistant?

INT. CLINIC BASEMENT - DAY

Nicolette creeps through a dark hallway, looks at each doorway, and tries door handles. She opens one. Just boxes and old files.

She opens another. More of the same.

She halts abruptly at a third door. A keypad on the door. The sign reads COLD STORAGE.

She does a happy dance and then takes a picture of the door and texts it.

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Photos of the interior of the clinic are organized on top of a table in a large office suite. Susan sits at the table, peering into her laptop.

A KNOCK on the door. Susan jumps up, runs to the door. Bill comes in, a roll of papers in hand. He offers them up.

BILL  
Blueprints!

He starts to unroll the blueprints on the table.

SUSAN  
Well. You must know somebody.

BILL  
I still live in the town, you know.

Susan looks at the blueprints, then methodically starts to line up the photos around the appropriate sides of the blue print.

SUSAN  
You're not going to tell me where  
you got these prints?

He's not.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
I think this is our most likely  
entrance here.

Bill leans over. He shakes his head no.

BILL  
Their frozen storage area is nearer  
the south side of the building. I'd  
say, go in there.

He points. Susan leans over, and finds a photo that corresponds.

SUSAN  
Surveillance lights are in that  
corner, as I recall.

BILL  
You know, we need to do a stakeout  
tonight. Buy some burgers and fries  
and hang out there for a few hours  
and see if there's any kind of  
security detail that comes around.  
You in?

Nicolette bursts in the door with bags of carry-out food in  
hand.

SUSAN  
Everything we need.

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Nicolette and Bill play pool.

NICOLETTE  
How about that red ball in that  
nice little pocket on the side.

She points.

Susan isn't paying attention. She's glued to the TV. She  
takes the remote from Nicolette and turns up the volume.

NEWSCASTER  
A local state congressman who is  
campaigning in the primary for the  
US Senate is making waves that are  
being felt as far away as  
Washington.

Nicolette takes a shot and succeeds. She jumps up and down.

NICOLETTE  
Goody. Goody.

Susan scowls at her.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)  
Oh great.

ON TELEVISION

A Newscaster interviews Robert on screen.

NEWSCASTER

So, is it safe to assume that there'll be no more abortions performed.

ROBERT

I respect the dignity of life. There'll be no more abortions. No more birth control to unmarried women. And the in vitro and surrogacy programs have been discontinued.

NEWSCASTER

And what is happening to the, umm, sperm specimens that are frozen here and were part of that program?

ROBERT

I'm giving the sperm samples a respectful burial.

Susan flicks it off. And stands up. She grabs both of their cues and starts to put them away.

NICOLETTE

Hey. The game's not over!

SUSAN

We can't wait till Thursday. They may be gone by then. We have to come up with something!

The three look at each other.

NICOLETTE

I have an idea.

EXT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

Nicolette walks briskly. Susan, coffee in hand, rushes to keep up with her, grabs her arm, spins her around.

SUSAN

Never? You never buy fair trade coffee? Enjoy sipping that coffee, thinking about all those workers making that possible for pennies.

NICOLETTE

I didn't say--

SUSAN

And I suppose you don't care about Monsanto and how more than 80 percent of what we eat has been genetically modified.

NICOLETTE

Wait.

SUSAN

Or the way bees are disappearing. You do know that, right? That the pesticides are killing them off.

Nicolette pulls her arm away and distances herself from Susan.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

And what else? Maybe you think climate change is just part of a natural cycle and that man has nothing to do with it.

Robert, watching from inside, eases out the door.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Why did I imagine we had something in common? Where was my head?

NICOLETTE

Dammit! All I said is I didn't think throwing the newspaper in the trash instead of carrying it around until I found a recycling bin was going to make the glaciers melt faster.

SUSAN

Don't swear at me. I've had it. This is over. Permanently.

Susan marches off. Nicolette deflates. She's ready to cry. Robert comes up behind her, touches her arm gently and leads her to the door.

INT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

Nicolette, crumpled tissues in front of her, sips from a water bottle. Robert motions to DEIRDRE, a quirky, short bouncy woman.



ROBERT

Why don't you hang out here for a while? I'm going to take a break in about an hour. Have you ever had lunch with a Congressman?

DEIRDRE

Yeah, bro?

ROBERT

DeeDee, what did I tell you?

DEIRDRE

I'll call you Congressman when you call me Deirdre.

ROBERT

(to Nicolette)

My little sister. She'll get you something to do, if you want to help out while you're waiting.

Nicolette nods.

DEIRDRE

We have some exciting fund-raising letters to stuff today.

She makes a face at Robert's departing back.

INT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Deirdre takes Nicolette on a tour of the office.

DEIRDRE

The room on the left is the mailroom. Or the femail room, if you so desire.

NICOLETTE

Guess that must be a busy place.

Belatedly, Nicolette smiles. She gets it.

DEIRDRE

So my bro says you're going to be around here a bit. I need to get to know you. I vett people. And I'm not just talking business here.

Nicolette smiles shyly. Almost blushing.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
You don't quite seem his type.

Nicolette pulls back. Deirdre turns and touches her arm.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
Oh, I meant that as a compliment.  
Really. Truly.

They continue to walk.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
I'm here every day. Maybe I'll see  
you some.

Nicolette passes a door and can't resist opening it. She  
does. In the corner is a small coffin.

NICOLETTE  
What's this room?

Deirdre closes it quickly.

DEIRDRE  
Off limits. Let me show you the  
lunch room. We have all the  
amenities.

She stops, reconsiders.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
Oh, what the hell.

She opens the door again, points.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
Look! That's going to be the final  
resting place for all those frozen  
sperm.

They continue down the hallway.

INT. CAMPAIGN LUNCH ROOM - DAY

Deirdre peeks in.

DEIRDRE  
Good. Love it when it's empty. I  
can take anything I want from the  
fridge.

She pulls Nicolette in.

NICOLETTE

I thought it was just a publicity stunt. He's really going to destroy all that?

DEIRDRE

Good photo op.

She points to the kitchen corner.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

It's got everything. A fridge. A microwave. Coffee pot. And even a brand new toaster/convection oven.

Nicolette stops and gasps.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

It's that good?

NICOLETTE

Oh my god, I forgot.

Deirdre looks at her.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

I was supposed to call my doctor by ten. A test result, you know.

DEIRDRE

Do it, girl.

Nicolette pulls her cellphone from her purse.

NICOLETTE

Oh, I always forget to charge it.

DEIRDRE

Want to use mine? Courtesy of the campaign, but it's in my name and I use it as much as I can. Eat up those minutes!

She offers it.

NICOLETTE

Oh, how sweet. I'll just . . .

Nicolette points to the hallway.

DEIRDRE

Go ahead. I know it's nearly lunchtime, but do you want half a Cinnabon?

Nicolette nods energetically.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
I'm just going to warm it up for a  
minute. Coffee too?

Deirdre turns. Nicolette flits out the door with a wave.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
Guess that's a yes.

INT. COFFIN COMPANY - DAY

Susan and Bill stroll past rows of coffins. A SALESMAN leads them.

BILL  
This one could work.

Susan shakes her head.

SUSAN  
That elaborate? Really?

SALESMAN  
Maybe you want to look over here  
where we have our medium-priced  
models. Still all very lovely.

Susan's phone DINGS. A message. She picks the phone up and peers at the screen.

SUSAN  
Deirdre Mills?

A message pops up on her screen. "IT'S KID SIZED" A photo of a small coffin accompanies it. Susan enlarges it.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Got to be smaller. These are too  
big.

Bill stops and looks.

BILL  
You think?

SALESMAN  
Oh. A child's?

Susan thrusts the phone photo at him.

SUSAN

Think you can scrape up one like  
this?

Bill looks over her shoulder as she shows the photo to the  
salesman.

SALESMAN

Hmmm. On the back wall.

He leads them through a maze of coffins.

SUSAN

(to Bill)

Deirdre Mills? Did Robert marry? I  
can't picture that.

BILL

Sister. She was behind us a few  
years.

SALESMAN

I just sold two of those earlier  
today.

The Salesman turns and looks.

SUSAN

Well, let's get the popular one.

SALESMAN

What funeral home will the service  
be at? We can arrange for next day  
delivery.

Bill steps up.

BILL

We have a vehicle. We'll take it  
now.

Susan pulls out her wallet and yanks out a debit card.

SUSAN

You take debit?

The Salesman's jaw drops open.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

We don't have all night.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Bill drives. Susan sits opposite and keeps her hand on the coffin, steadying it.

BILL

The exact same one. That was a great idea, Susan. We should fill it with something. So it has a little more heft to it.

SUSAN

Yeah. Those sperm are really heavy.

Bill shuts up.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

How did Deirdre get my number? Don't tell me Robert has it! God, I'll get Republican robocalls for life.

BILL

Maybe he's onto us.

SUSAN

Right. Like he's clairvoyant? Well, he does seem to think he has a special connection to upstairs.

EXT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - NIGHT

Campaign workers slowly unload a truck with boxes of campaign literature.

Susan and Bill sneak up. When no one's in sight, each streaks over and grabs a box.

BILL

Hey, I got bumper stickers.

SUSAN

I have the buttons.

BILL

These should be heavy enough.

EXT. TELEMUNDO NEWS VAN - DAY

Bill shoves the coffin into the back of the van and slams the doors shut.

BILL

My cousin just bought it and hasn't painted over it yet. This should get us in the cemetery early.

Susan sizes it up.

SUSAN

There's no . . . What's the thingee on the back?

She point to the top of the truck.

BILL

Antenna for the satellite feed. We'll just say we're taping for a special feature. If anyone asks.

Susan brushes off her suit. She holds a wireless mic with the number 18 on it.

SUSAN

(in Spanish, very poorly)  
Good morning, I'm Selena Ortiz coming to you from Telemundo News at the Northshore Cemetery.

BILL

You suck at Spanish.

SUSAN

French is much more civilized.  
(in French)  
Good morning ladies and gentlemen. Today we are about to witness the savage destruction of life.

Bill stares at her.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I'll try to stick to the script you wrote, but it was soooo boring.

BILL

Maybe you won't need it.

EXT. CEMETERY ENTRANCE - DAY

Dark-suited men stand on the road leading into the cemetery. As the van approaches, a GUARD waves them over.

GUARD

You guys must really think this is important. Two trucks.

He looks at a list. Susan smiles at him.

SUSAN

We're working on a feature piece.

He looks puzzled.

GUARD

What did you say your name was?

SUSAN

Ortiz.

He's satisfied.

GUARD

I never actually watch the station.

He waves them on. The van pulls up the cemetery road.

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - DAY

The Telemundo van is backed up to a hearse. Bill sets up a tripod and camera, then opens doors to the hearse and the van.

Susan peers around carefully. No one in sight. She nods to him.

They pull the coffin out of the truck and each of them starts in a different direction. The coffin lands with a THUD on the ground.

SUSAN

We were planning on putting it in the hearse, right? Not on my feet.

Bills starts to color pink.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Aren't you cute with a red face!

BILL

I can get it by myself. It's not that heavy.

SUSAN

Oh wait.



He freezes.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Just kidding. There's nobody.

Susan goes to the camera and points it as Bill struggles to get the coffin in the van.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
And that's the news for today folks.

BILL  
Oh, I'm going to be on TV?

SUSAN  
Don't you wish!

He does.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Wait. Twelve o'clock.

Bill looks at his watch.

Susan grabs the camera and tripod and shoves them in the van. A man appears from a small knoll in the distance and heads towards the hearse.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Let's get out of here.

INT. TELEMUNDO VAN - DAY

Bill drives away from the hearse. Susan pulls on a pair of rubber gloves.

BILL  
Wait till we get out of here.

SUSAN  
Wait for what? I want a picture of this. For posterity.

She adjusts her cellphone, and crawls into the back of the van.

Susan pries open the coffin lid.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Oh my god.

The body of a large dead cat rests on the padded interior. Susan slams it shut. On her thumb. She WAILS.

EXT. CEMETERY ENTRANCE - DAY

Susan paces back and forth holding her thumb with her other hand, near the van that's parked by the entrance. Bill follows her, his hand on her arm.

BILL

I think you're supposed to breathe.

Susan paces more, takes big gulps of air, then exhales it slowly. Her paces slows.

BILL (CONT'D)

You need some ice.

SUSAN

What do you do with a dead cat?

Bill smiles and points. A black hearse, followed by the campaign van, enters the cemetery.

BILL

Looks like the real one's coming up.

SUSAN

Hip hip hurray. Maybe there's a dog in this one.

EXT. CEMETERY PLOT - DAY

A small podium with a lectern next to an open grave. A crowd of people starts to form.

Robert strides up to two campaign workers to the side and whispers to them. Robert then backs away and rejoins his entourage.

ROBERT

Two minutes into my speech, you signal the guys in the hearse, okay?

He turns to go but then stops.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Who's on security? I want to make sure any activists are kept away from the front of the podium.

INT. TELEMUNDO VAN - DAY

Bill drives slowly.

BILL

Same as last time. We interview  
anyhow who comes towards the hearse  
and when it's clear, we'll do the  
switch.

SUSAN

Time to retool maybe. What if we  
get caught? I've never been  
arrested.

BILL

No. We have to do this.

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - DAY

In the distance, Susan accosts two men who aim for the  
hearse. Bill, with camera, arranges them, their backs to the  
hearse. He rolls tape, nods to Susan, and backs away.

Bill, opens the hearse and as the interview progresses, makes  
the exchange of coffins.

Success. He gets in the van and waits. A cemetery official  
comes up and motions him down the road. The van moves away  
and then disappears around a curve.

Three more news vans drive up, including a real Telemundo  
van. They park behind the hearse. Reporters, producers,  
camera men spill out of the vans and make their way toward  
the grave beyond the knoll.

Susan separates herself from the mob of media and gravitates  
towards the van and the hearse.

No one looking, Susan hops in the back of the real Telemundo  
van and slams the door.

A driver rushes back from the grave, hops into the driver's  
seat of the Telemundo van and drives away.

EXT. CEMETERY PLOT - DAY

A large group of supporters gather round the grave.

ROBERT

Today we are honoring both the lives of the countless young who never were allowed to be born. We are honoring life and the source of that life.

He looks around to an assistant and nods.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Today we are grieving the lives lost, terminated. And we are laying to rest those memories as well.

Two men carry a small coffin and place it on the suspension over the grave.

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - DAY

The van, Bill driving, parks again behind the hearse. He gets out and looks around. No sign of Susan.

He walks over towards the grave.

A REPORTER and a CAMERAMAN march back from the grave service to Bill's van. They open the back of the van.

CAMERAMAN

What the f--?

REPORTER

Shh. It's a cemetery.

The reporter looks into the van. A coffin. She gasps. The cameraman hoists his camera to his shoulder and starts to shoot.

The reporter hustles back to the grave.

INT. REAL TELEMUNDO NEWS VAN - DAY

It's cluttered. Susan crouches and struggles to not be thrown about during a rolling, rocky ride.

The driver parks and leaves the van.

Susan sits up and peeks out. They're on the other side of the grave now.

SUSAN

That idiot better not have locked this.

Susan tries the back door. He has.

She crawls over equipment, up to the front seat, and tumbles out of the driver's side onto the ground.

EXT. CEMETERY PLOT - DAY

Susan merges with the group. The Reporter runs over the knoll.

REPORTER

Stop. There's been a mistake!

An interruption. Robert's not pleased. But the Reporter has the crowd's attention.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

The coffin's in our news truck.

Bill slides up next to Susan.

BILL

Where did you go?

Susan pulls him away from the crowd.

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - DAY

Two identical coffins sit side by side near the road, near the hearse and a line of news vans.

Robert strides up and motions to the media.

ROBERT

Cameras off, guys.

They don't comply.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

We'll postpone the laying to rest  
of our . . .

An BYSTANDER pushes up to the front.

BYSTANDER

What's in them?

Susan and Bill edge over to the road.

ROBERT

Put both coffins in the hearse. I'm  
sorry, folks. We'll have to  
continue this another day.

Robert spies Susan. He pulls an aide aside and whispers to  
her, and points over to Nicolette.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

In my car.

INT. TELEMUNDO VAN - DAY

Bill and Susan watch as the hearse pulls away.

BILL

Shall we follow them?

SUSAN

Let's just spend all day driving  
slowly around the cemetery. It's  
not like those sperm are going to  
swim away.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Still in dark business dress, Susan and Bill nurse beers,  
riveted to the TV screen over the bar. A NEWS ANCHOR reports.

NEWS ANCHOR

But when two coffins showed up,  
there were some questions to be  
answered.

The scene on the TV changes to the cemetery, this time to a  
news reporter.

NEWS REPORTER

Police discovered one of the  
coffins contained the body of a  
cat, while another was filled with  
wadded up newspapers.

Susan turns away from the TV screen and hoists her glass.  
Bill complies.

SUSAN

To the coffin business.

Susan looks deep into her beer.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

One coffin had a cat. One coffin had paper. And ours had campaign literature. What was Robert planning on doing with the sperm?

BILL

Yeah, where are they now?

SUSAN

Who buries a cat in a real cemetery?

Bill laughs but Susan glares at him.

BILL

Some poor lady is too scared to fess up it was her cat.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Nicolette reaches over and snakes a french fry off of Robert's plate, dips it in catsup and slowly inserts it into her open mouth.

ROBERT

I can't believe you're a Patriots fan too. I've been one for years.

Under the table, he pulls his foot out of a shoe and starts to caress what he thinks is Nicolette's leg.

Nicolette reaches for another fry but Robert's hand clamps down on hers. He takes a fry, teasingly feeds it to her.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You understand the game. I've never known a woman who really got it.

NICOLETTE

I'm special.

He rubs his foot up her leg.

ROBERT

I'll say. You know, you're better off without Susan. What you need is a real man.

NICOLETTE

You volunteering?

ROBERT

Well, you sure need someone to keep you away from the likes of that B\_\_\_\_. I'm not going to say the rest of that word, but you know what I mean.

Roberts's phone RINGS. He takes it.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Uh-huh. . . Oh . . . Right. . . Ah, make it two. Well, three. There's Deirdre.

He stuffs the phone in his pocket.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I was thinking maybe . . .

Nicolette is all smiles.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I have this event this weekend in D.C. A dinner. Big deal. Deirdre's coming along because I'm trying to keep her out of trouble, but would you like to come too?

NICOLETTE

What kind of dinner?

ROBERT

Black tie. Just a bunch of lobbyists and congressmen and senators. Everyone's bringing someone. We'll take a private jet.

NICOLETTE

So I'm your plus one?

ROBERT

Love to see you in a little black dress.

NICOLETTE

Have to be black?

Nicolette jumps up.

Robert looks under the table. His foot is nicely curled around the table leg.



INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The DOCTOR looks over a spreadsheet on her computer, then glances at Susan across the desk.

DOCTOR

This needs to come out. I don't think you can wait. Every day that passes makes it that much more . . .

SUSAN

I was planning maybe another six months or a year?

The doctor shakes her head, grim.

DOCTOR

I knew we were hoping we could fertilize your eggs and then implant them. But, age. Not on your side right now.

SUSAN

When?

DOCTOR

I have an opening Tuesday.

The doctor peers back at the spreadsheet.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Hospital-gowned Susan reclines on a gurney, attached to an IV. Texting. Janine wears a lab coat. A stethoscope hangs from the pocket. She holds out her hand.

JANINE

They won't let you take that into the O.R.

SUSAN

There's time for one more email. These aren't race gurneys.

Janine grabs the phone and shuts it off.

JANINE

It'll wait. Hey, I thought your Nicolette would be here.

Susan shakes her head.

SUSAN

Nicolette's going up in the world.  
She's out in Washington being  
romanced by a congressman.

JANINE

No. Not Mills. Oh my God!

SUSAN

Yeah. What a sweet couple!

A NURSE appears.

NURSE

We ready?

SUSAN

We?

JANINE

I'll be here when you get out. I  
got somebody to cover for me, so  
even if there's a baby ready to  
pop, I'll be here.

The nurse starts to push the gurney.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Sorry. Sensitive subject. Just.  
Take deep breaths. Relax.

INT. K STREET MANSION FOYER - NIGHT

Robert, in tux, and Nicolette, purple and black cocktail  
dress, arm in arm in a small crowd of other partygoers.  
Deirdre trails behind.

ROBERT

Dee, why don't you see if you can  
rustle up a waiter. This lady needs  
some . . .

NICOLETTE

Champagne?

ROBERT

Champagne.

Deirdre leaves. Robert pulls Nicolette closer.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You are by far the most spectacular woman in the room. We look great together.

He inches closer. A kiss seems imminent.

A portly SENATOR taps him on the shoulder.

SENATOR

Congressman Mills! So glad to see you here. And your lady friend.

Robert turns and shakes hands with the Senator.

SENATOR (CONT'D)

My wife, Sheilah.

SHEILAH is gracious and pretty. In black. Robert takes both of her hands and greets her like an old friend.

ROBERT

I was hoping I'd meet you tonight. Your husband and I have been talking about . . .

SENATOR

Robert, I think George T. Stagg is in the next room calling our name. If it's okay with the ladies?

The men trudge off.

SHEILAH

I can't keep everybody's name straight. Is he a lobbyist? Or in the Senate?

NICOLETTE

He's in a bottle. Seventeen-year-old bourbon.

Deirdre slides up with two glasses of champagne. She hands one to Nicolette. Immediately Sheilah grabs the other, but Deirdre has a firm grasp on it and doesn't let go.

SHEILAH

Excuse me!

Deirdre makes a face at Nicolette and does her best deep South imitation.

DEIRDRE

Yes, ma'am.

She releases the glass suddenly and some champagne splashes on Nicolette's dress.

INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Nicolette pats her dress with a towel. Deirdre watches.

NICOLETTE

Thanks for the rescue. Even if it was a wet one.

DEIRDRE

Do I really look like a waitress?

Nicolette redoes her lipstick.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

I'm glad you came. I'd be dying by now if it was just me. Robert just dumps me in a corner. Sometimes for fun, I drop things in peoples' drinks.

Nicolette squats down and looks for any evidence of others in the restroom stalls. No visible legs.

NICOLETTE

Guess he's got to get to know these people if he's going to make it in Washington.

DEIRDRE

His fundraising is nonstop.

NICOLETTE

And I thought he was just here to show me off.

DEIRDRE

If it is fundraising.

Nicolette turns and looks at her.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

You know what he's doing, right? He's selling.

NICOLETTE

Well, there are lobbyists here. Quid pro quo.

DEIRDRE

No. I'm mean he's actually selling something.

Nicolette puts her lipstick away and goes for the door.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)

There at least four couples here who are childless. And want them.

Nicolette stops.

NICOLETTE

No.

Deirdre goes for the door.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

He wouldn't. Not. My. I mean, not those sperm.

DEIRDRE

All about family values. Right?

INT. ROBERT'S CAR - NIGHT

Nicolette strokes Robert's chest, where her head lays.

NICOLETTE

All I'm asking is that, can you just give a little in this, you know, situation?

Robert kisses the top of Nicolette's head and pats her hair.

ROBERT

If I start making allowances for one person, then where does it end?

NICOLETTE

Susan just really wants a child.

Robert eases Nicolette away from him.

ROBERT

Someone who's had an abortion should not have the opportunity--

Nicolette jerks upright.

NICOLETTE

Susan was just getting the pill  
when you saw her back in high  
school.

Robert kisses her suddenly. Then backs away, shakes his head.

ROBERT

I'm talking about a few years  
later. This one is verifiable.

INT. SUSAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Susan leans into a standing desk and works on a spreadsheet.  
She's on the speakerphone at the same time.

SUSAN

Robert's pulling stuff out of his  
ass. How on earth would he know  
that?

NICOLETTE (V.O.)

It is true? (Beat) Susan, Susan.  
Are you there?

Susan stops work on the spreadsheet, closes it and shuts down  
her computer.

INT. SUSAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Susan slumps over a large kitchen island, perched on a stool.  
She munches on pita and hummus while sipping red wine. Her  
iPad is open before her, an internet phone app at work.

SUSAN

How. Did. Robert. Know.

NICOLETTE (V.O.)

He said something about medical  
records, and access to them through  
the clinic.

Susan pours another glass.

SUSAN

That's a violation of my rights.

NICOLETTE (V.O.)

But on the bright side--

SUSAN

Huh! There is one?

NICOLETTE (V.O.)  
I asked Robert about you having access to frozen assets, shall we say? I think there's a way. Under the radar, of course.

SUSAN  
I'm all ears!

NICOLETTE  
It might involve a campaign donation of sorts.

SUSAN  
When hell freezes over!

EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK - DAY

Deirdre tosses bread crumbs to some pigeons. Susan walks up.

SUSAN  
You're one of them. The pigeon lovers.

DEIRDRE  
Hey. They're alive.

SUSAN  
So are rats. Cockroaches. And Republicans, I hear.

Deirdre shrugs.

DEIRDRE  
I'm not political. It's a job. Gets me out of the house.

SUSAN  
Bottom line it for me. If I write out a check--

DEIRDRE  
A campaign contribution.

She punctuates this with air quotes.

Susan imitates.

SUSAN  
If I do, what kind of "campaign contribution" does it need to be?

DEIRDRE  
They start at minimum of 50 K.

SUSAN  
Whoa. Fifty.

DEIRDRE  
Some are over a hundred.

Susan considers. She tosses some bread cubes to pigeons.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
You're feeding pigeons.

SUSAN  
Yeah. And making a contribution to  
a Tea Party Republican. Both I  
hate.

INT. CLINIC BASEMENT - NIGHT

Susan pulls out her cell phone and scans a note. Deirdre  
shines a flashlight on a vault with punch code.

SUSAN  
Twenty four. I mean punch two and  
four at the same time.

Deirdre complies.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Five. Then Eighteen. One and eight  
at the same time.

Deirdre does and looks up at Susan, who nods. Deirdre turns  
the handle.

DEIRDRE  
Voila!

She shines the light into a frozen compartment filled with  
cylinders.

SUSAN  
Now we're looking for H-1-9-9-8-2-  
9. Wow. He must have been busy.

Susan hands her gloves.

Deirdre ignores her, but focuses on the cylinders.



DEIRDRE  
H. H. H. Oh, here are the H's.  
What's next?

SUSAN  
One nine nine eight. Duh. 1998.

DEIRDRE  
Yes. Then what.

SUSAN  
Twenty nine.

Deirdre hands her the flashlight.

DEIRDRE  
Aim it over there. Wait. Is that a  
security camera?

Susan jumps back.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
Just kidding.

Deirdre pulls on the gloves.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
Lookie here! Looks like there are  
two.

She hoist the two cylinders out of their storage spaces.

Susan reaches for them but Deirdre pulls them away. She does  
a little happy dance.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
That's what I got the coolers for.

She unloads each into a small cooler.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
Janine said, it had to be dry ice.  
Not regular ice.

An alarm buzzer RINGS. Susan is in a tizzy.

SUSAN  
Oh no!

She turns around, but Deirdre is gone. And with her, one of  
the coolers. The door CLICKS shut. Susan tries the door.  
Definitely locked. She pounds on the door.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Deirdre!

She rustles through her pockets for her phone.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

No bars!

EXT. CLINIC - NIGHT

Three police cars, blinking blue lights, idle in the lot.

A handcuffed Susan leans on a police car. An OFFICER fills out a report. The cooler on the ground next to him.

SUSAN

I did not break in. I was with the owner's sister. She had the key and the security code.

OFFICER

Right. So where is she?

SUSAN

Like I wouldn't tell you if I knew!

The Officer opens the door and steers Susan into the car.

Bill runs up.

BILL

Ken. Hang on! She's okay.

The officer looks up.

KEN

Bill. My man. Who unchained you from the computer?

BILL

I was listening to the police scanner.

He looks at Susan.

BILL (CONT'D)

You all right?

Before she can answer, he turns back.

BILL (CONT'D)

Hey. She's a high school friend.

KEN

She went to New Trier! So, I'm supposed to just ignore things?

SUSAN

Call the congressman. That's what. I was here with his sister.

KEN

Congressman?

SUSAN

Really! You don't know who your Congressman is?

BILL

Mills. We all went to high school together.

KEN

Surprise, surprise. But, miss--

SUSAN

Susan. Sharrod.

KEN

Ah, Susan. I'm sorry, but the alarm went off and I'm obligated to take you in and figure this out.

The two other cops come out of the facility.

COP 1

Nobody else in the building. It's secure.

KEN

You tell me someone else was there but no one seems to be. I'm sure you're a nice lady, but your story doesn't quite fly.

SUSAN

Give me my cell phone. I can call the Congressman myself and he'll straighten it all out.

A black Escalade pulls up.

KEN

Speaking of the devil.

Robert hops out of the car and strides over to them.

ROBERT  
I got a message about a break-in.

KEN  
Congressman, we were just following  
up on an alarm. We discovered this  
woman in the basement vault.

Robert looks over to the car. Spies Susan.

ROBERT  
You!

He turns to Ken.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Arrest her. She's some kind of left-  
wing activist!

BILL SUSAN  
Robert! Oh, c'mon.

Nicolette appears at Robert's side.

NICOLETTE  
A moment, Robert?

She smiles sweetly. Coquettishly.

Robert nods to Ken, who focuses on Susan again.

KEN  
I'm sorry, ma'm.

SUSAN  
Ms.

KEN  
Mzzzzzzzzzz.

Nicolette pulls Robert to the side.

NICOLETTE  
Do you remember from high school  
the star football player Nick?

ROBERT  
Nick. Yes! He was, like,  
incredible. Didn't he date Susan?

NICOLETTE  
Well, Nick Henderson . . .

ROBERT  
Goodness sakes. Henderson? You're related! Are you a sister or a cousin or something?

NICOLETTE  
No. Not my cousin. Not my sister.

ROBERT  
Not? (beat) Then . . .

Nicolette whispers in his ear.

ON POLICE CAR

KEN  
Anything you say can be used against you.

SUSAN  
Yeah, and anything you say can get in the way of you ever getting a promotion.

KEN  
You have the right to consult with a lawyer and have that lawyer present during the interrogation.

SUSAN  
And when my lawyer gets through with you, you're going to wish you had never even seen me.

Robert stands tall. Mouth open.

ROBERT  
Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God!  
I've been dating a tranny?

Robert stomps over to Ken.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Thanks so much, Officer. I think there's been some misunderstanding.

KEN  
Sir?

ROBERT  
I think somehow the, uh, system. You know, the override didn't work.

He turns to Susan and pulls her close.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
She and I go way back. She's had a  
thing for me since high school.

He laughs. Susan's jaw drops.

He points to her handcuffs. Ken springs to action.

KEN  
Yes sir. Sorry. Just doing my duty.

He starts to unlock Susan.

ROBERT  
I really appreciate your rapid  
response. I support you guys.

Ken salutes.

He motions to the other officers. They get in the cars and  
drive away.

Robert grabs Susan's arm and pulls her and the cooler over to  
a small bridge. He motions to Nicolette to follow.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Nicolette.

He opens the cooler.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
You do the honors.

Nicolette shakes her head.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
Unless you want your friend going  
to jail.

Nicolette looks at Susan. Susan just shrugs her shoulders.

Nicolette reluctantly releases the cylinder into the fast-  
moving stream.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
There. That's the end of that. If I  
find out that you ever set foot on  
this property again, believe me,  
Susan, you will be so sorry.

He whirls around and glares at Nicolette.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

And you! You!

He marches off, climbs into his Escalade, and peels out of the parking lot.

Nicolette rushes back to the bridge and looks into the water. The cylinder is nowhere to be seen.

SUSAN

Easy come. Easy go.

NICOLETTE

Not funny.

INT. ROBERT'S CAR - DAY

Robert jams on the brakes. The car behind him SQUEALS to a stop. Deirdre is thrown forward into her seat belt.

ROBERT

You're what?

He glares at her.

DEIRDRE

Knocked up.

ROBERT

Yes. I heard that the first time.

He pulls over to the curb sharply.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

How could you do this to me! I didn't know you had any--

DEIRDRE

It was an immaculate conception.

Robert pounds on the steering wheel, accidentally making the horn BLARE. Surrounding cars give him a wide berth.

ROBERT

I don't appreciate you making fun of my religion.

DEIRDRE

Moi?

ROBERT

I pray for you every day.

DEIRDRE

Great. This conversation again.

ROBERT

When Mom and Dad died, I took you on as my responsibility.

Deirdre mouths the words as Robert continues.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I promised them and God that I would do my best to bring you up in the way of the Lord.

DEIRDRE

I know, I know. Heard it a million times.

ROBERT

This can't destroy everything. We have to do something.

DEIRDRE

We?

ROBERT

Can you imagine what impact this would have on my campaign?

DEIRDRE

It's always about Robert, isn't it?

ROBERT

Dee, I--

DEIRDRE

Dra. Dier dra.

ROBERT

I have to take care of this!

Deirdre looks over at Robert. A smirk on her face.

DEIRDRE

Take care of it! That's what my good old pro-life brother is telling me.

ROBERT

You realize what an impossible situation this puts me in. I can't show up on the campaign trail with an unwed sister obviously pregnant.



Deirdre laughs.

DEIRDRE  
How the mighty have fallen.

ROBERT  
How far along are you?

She holds up her hand, counts out six on her fingers, including her middle finger, extended most prominently.

DEIRDRE  
Six.

He goes white.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
Weeks, of course.

ROBERT  
You just found out that you were .  
. . .

DEIRDRE  
With child?

ROBERT  
First trimester. Have you been to a doctor yet? I can get you over to a friend of mine. He has an office in his house. No paperwork.

DEIRDRE  
Nope. No coat hangers.

ROBERT  
He's an OBGYN. It's all legit.

She laughs again. She shakes her head no. No.

Robert starts up the car.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
I can make an appointment with him later this week.

She pulls her phone out of her pocket. With exaggerated movements, she punches letters on her keyboard.

DEIRDRE  
Great tweet. Pro-life senatorial candidate forces sister to have abortion.

Robert pulls away from the curb. He rips the phone from her hands and throws it out the window.

ROBERT  
I'll have no more of that!

EXT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

Robert's car pulls into the parking lot. He gets out of the car, as does Deirdre. Immediately a reporter with microphone in hand accosts him.

REPORTER  
Congressman Mills, any comments on the rumored federal investigation of your campaign finances?

Robert stops and faces the reporter.

ROBERT  
It's highly likely that this rumor is the work of feminist activists who were enraged when we stopped having abortions performed.

Robert pushes past the reporter and cameraman with a pasted-on smile, and aims for the campaign office door.

INT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

Robert erupts into the room, his face now scarlet.

On the other side, a STAFFER enters the room.

ROBERT  
I never want to be blind sided like that again. Do you hear?

STAFFER  
Sir, your chief of staff warned you about unscheduled appearances.

Robert points his finger at the staffer.

ROBERT  
That's your job. Managing the crowd and the media. I need to be seen and heard.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

Robert pulls Deirdre into the room and pushes her down in a chair. His face is dark.

ROBERT  
Dee. What you've done here! I don't  
have time for this.

DEIRDRE  
I do. Six more months. And  
counting.

ROBERT  
Six months from now . . .

DEIRDRE  
Exactly. You'll have won the  
primary and be in the final leg of  
your regular campaign.

He paces and glares at her.

ROBERT  
Did you think this through?

DEIRDRE  
Yes. I think there's a woman or two  
out there who would really love to  
have this baby.

Robert stops pacing.

ROBERT  
Yes. This'll work. Adoption. Well,  
it is the best option. Write that  
down, Dee. Adoption. The best  
option. Maybe some campaign  
buttons. Bumper stickers.

He paces again. Rubs his hands. But it's different this time.  
His gait is lighter, faster.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
This'll work. We'll hide your  
pregnancy as long as possibly. You  
can wear baggy clothes. You can  
probably go to six or . . .

He pauses as he passes a mirror and straightens his tie and  
practices his smile.

She shakes her head no.

DEIRDRE

Five. Five months. In a pinch, no,  
five it is . . .

ROBERT

Okay five. So a few months from  
now, we'll do a press conference.  
No, I think an interview. Diane  
Sawyer would be great.

DEIRDRE

Is this the royal we?

Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT

I'll get my PR team on it right  
away. We'll plan a whole campaign.

DEIRDRE

We? We? All the way home.

ROBERT

We'll time it out right. The  
announcement in an interview and  
I'm there, a caring big brother.  
Tolerant, accepting. So proud of my  
little sister who has not given in  
to the temptation to take the easy  
way out. And we'll--

Deirdre gets up and grabs his arm.

DEIRDRE

Time out. You can have as many  
press conferences as you like. Or  
interviews. But you know I hate  
that. Under any circumstances.

Robert pats her hand.

ROBERT

You don't have to talk. Just be  
there.

DEIRDRE

I'll be fantastic on the campaign.  
I can see me right next to you,  
bro, when I'm eight months down!

She mimes lumbering around, very much pregnant. He ignores  
her and starts to pace again.

ROBERT

You won't have to talk, but we could introduce the family who has been aching for a child, who lovingly embraces this new life. Maybe just a photo or two. The interview will be with the new parents, waiting anxiously the arrival of this bundle of joy.

A slow smile dawns on Deirdre's face. It grows. Soon she grins.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You're on board.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Susan, computer open before her, sips a latte. Deirdre has a tea but doesn't drink it. She inspects some papers.

DEIRDRE

So, here it says that--

SUSAN

I got it from my lawyer. It's a fairly standard contract.

DEIRDRE

I thought we were going to have a slightly different situation.

Susan looks over at the papers.

SUSAN

It's just legalese. Too many words to say too little. You'd think they got paid by the word.

DEIRDRE

Can I add some things?

SUSAN

Why not! Let's kill another tree or two.

Deirdre starts making notes in the margin.

DEIRDRE

Visitation.

SUSAN

Are you going to have that much time when you're in school full time? You're certainly welcome to see the baby often. If you want. It's up to you.

DEIRDRE

I want.

SUSAN

Maybe you should have your lawyer look this over.

Deirdre looks up and laughs.

DEIRDRE

My brother is my lawyer.

SUSAN

He'd love to see this!

Susan takes out a check.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

This is for the second trimester.

Deirdre looks at the check. Pauses. Hands it back.

DEIRDRE

About the amount. I mean, it's starting not to be fun anymore. I've gotten over the vomiting, but I'm still tired, and my back aches a lot. Plus I can't have any booze or . . .

Susan recovers quickly.

SUSAN

I see. A bonus for having to put up with Robert and all his bullshit. Maybe another thousand a month?

DEIRDRE

Three.

Susan doesn't flinch. She nods and rummages for her phone.

SUSAN

You're on Chase right? Another three right now.

She works on her phone.

Deirdre looks at the final page.

DEIRDRE  
Hey, where's the space for  
Nicolette to sign?

SUSAN  
You thought the Congressman's  
girlfriend was part of this  
equation? Really?

DEIRDRE  
I thought that you and she were in  
this together.

SUSAN  
Another four a month?

Deirdre nods.

DEIRDRE  
K.

She signs.

Nicolette storms into the coffee shop. She's not happy.

NICOLETTE  
(to Deirdre)  
I got your text.

Nicolette glares at Susan.

EXT. LAKE FRONT TRAIL - DAY

Susan bikes aggressively. Nicolette keeps up with her, but  
drops back when an oncoming runner or biker seems too close.

NICOLETTE  
You weren't going to talk to me  
about it!

SUSAN  
You're the talker. Not me.

NICOLETTE  
I don't get it. After the break-in,  
suddenly I'm a nonperson.

SUSAN

Hey. You were off gallivanting with the congressman, riding in private jets to exclusive Washington parties.

NICOLETTE

We planned that!

SUSAN

Not to that extent. And then you threw out what you thought was the last bit of sperm. Now you want to claim part of this?

Nicolette snorts.

NICOLETTE

You know it was just for us.

SUSAN

I do? I know that?

Nicolette surges in front of her and forces Susan to stop.

NICOLETTE

So now it's your baby.

SUSAN

Well, usually, when a woman has her fertilized egg implanted in another woman's uterus, it means that it's her baby. (beat) I mean, I'm the momma.

NICOLETTE

Susan. I'm shocked. I thought we were doing this together. C'mon, sweetie.

As she talks, Nicolette moves closer to Susan, starts to stroke her arm. Susan pulls away.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

Don't you remember, how we used to dream of this? I don't care if it's a girl or boy. It's ours. As much mine as yours.

Susan leans away more. She falls and causes a pile up on the bike pathway.

Nicolette jumps off her bike and tries to pull the bikes off the path, out of the way of other cyclists.



NICOLETTE (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Sorry. Just had a little  
fall here.

She reaches down to help Susan up. Susan's having none of it,  
and falls once more on her way up.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Nicolette dangles her leg and looks big eyed at a young  
LAWYER behind a desk.

NICOLETTE  
Nothing I can do?

The lawyer shakes her head.

LAWYER  
The paper you signed says you have  
no claim to the sperm.

Lawyer points out a paper in her file.

NICOLETTE  
But I was so young.

LAWYER  
Over 18. Plus you accepted  
compensation on a regular basis.

Nicolette sits back shaking her head.

NICOLETTE  
There's got to be a way.

Lawyer is grim faced. No.

LAWYER  
You'd be looking at years of  
litigation. And hundred of  
thousands of dollars. Are you  
prepared for that?

Nicolette inhales sharply.

LAWYER (CONT'D)  
Even with that, I have no  
confidence we'd win. So, short of  
sweet talking your way around this  
with the mother . . .

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

It's a political rally complete with flag-waving supporters and a slew of news trucks. People mill around and then a wave of applause explodes.

Robert grips the lectern, smiling, acknowledging the applause.

ROBERT

There's a host of Americans that are willing to stand up and say it's wrong when they see innocent babies murdered every day.

More applause and whistles. He's revved up. No stopping him.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

As you know, in my own family, I've experienced the pain of a pregnancy that came without the benefit of marriage. I'm happy to say today, that Deirdre, my sister, has chosen to carry this baby.

Cheers. Not quite as many as before.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Oh, she could have gone the easy way. She could have slinked away and had an abortion. But she valued life. She didn't give in to this temptation. I'm also happy to say that she plans to give up this child to a loving family.

He looks around, searching the podium behind him and the front rows of the crowd. He scowls at his chief of staff, who shrugs his shoulders.

Louder cheers.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Even though this has been a difficult road, I am so proud of her. She chose Adoption. The Better Option.

A chant starts in the crowd, lead by Robert.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Adoption. The better Option.

The crowd is on board.

CROWD Adoption. The better option ROBERT Adoption. The Better option.  
It continues.

Robert raises his hand to quiet the crowd.

ROBERT (CONT'D)  
And I'm also happy to say, that  
she's interested in connecting with  
couples who are looking to adopt.  
Adoption. The better option.

The crowd again responds with this refrain, and continues.

CROWD  
Adoption. The better option

INT. CAR - DAY

Robert checks his phone and scowls. He turns to his DRIVER.

ROBERT  
She was supposed to be here. Why  
didn't you pick her up? I wanted  
her here today!

DRIVER  
She said she'd watch it on TV. And  
that you could too.

Robert glares at his chief of staff, with him in the back seat.

ROBERT  
You were supposed to have this  
under control. Find her. Now.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Robert works at his desk, going over a sheath of papers. A text DINGS on his phone.

He glances at it. It's Deirdre. "Not what we discussed. Out of your hands."

He goes back to work. A large screen TV on the wall plays noiselessly. He glances up just as Deirdre's face flashes on screen. And next to her, Susan's face!

He stands, grabs the remote and throws it at the TV.

INT. ROBERT'S KITCHEN - DAY

Robert hums and makes coffee. He looks at the four papers lining his kitchen island.

He picks one up and starts to read.

ROBERT

An underdog, Mills raced ahead in his last few weeks of campaigning for the primary with his pro-life focus. The narrow victory means Mills has an even steeper hill to climb in the November election.

The doorbell RINGS. He looks at his watch, then puts on his suit jacket and knots his tie.

EXT. ROBERT'S HOUSE - DAY

TWO MEN in suits stand at the door. One punches the doorbell.

The door is thrown open. Robert stands there, smiles.

ROBERT

Good morning, gentlemen.

MAN ONE

Robert Mills?

Robert nods. One man shoves an envelope into his hands.

MAN TWO

You've been served.

Robert rips it open and scans.

ROBERT

Subpoenas? What . . .

The men leave. Robert stands there, papers in hand.

INT. DEN - DAY

Susan sits at her desk that overflows with papers and fall flowers. There's a stack of resumes in front of her. She sorts them into three piles.

She shakes her head and then resorts them.

The buzzer RINGS.

Susan goes to an intercom. Presses the button.

SUSAN

Yes.

VOICE (V.O.)

I have an appointment. At two. The  
nanny position?

Susan furrows her brow. A familiar voice? She shakes it off  
and presses the door buzzer.

SUSAN

Kristen? You're a little early. But  
come on up.

Susan marches over to the door.

A KNOCK. Susan opens it. Her face goes blank and white.

Nicolette stands there.

NICOLETTE

I want to apply for the nanny  
position.

Susan just stares.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)

I don't have a lot of childcare  
experience but here's my resume.

Susan slams the door shut.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Nicolette collapses against the wall next to the door. She  
KNOCKS again.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Go away.

NICOLETTE

Don't be like that, Susan. I'm not  
demanding anything. I wouldn't even  
think of going to a lawyer. This  
isn't a threat.

INT. SUSAN'S CONDO ENTRANCE - DAY

Susan leans up against the door. A blockade to an attacking  
force.

NICOLETTE (O.C.)  
All I want, Susan . . . All I want  
is to know my child. Our child.

Susan's face saddens and softens.

NICOLETTE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Don't you remember? This is what we  
both wanted.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Nicolette slowly slides to the floor in front of the door.  
She's here for the long haul.

NICOLETTE  
And it sure didn't look like it was  
going to happen. Everything was  
against it. But it is happening,  
thanks to Deirdre. And maybe a  
special blessing from the Universe.

Nicolette absentmindedly starts to stroke the door.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)  
Remember when we'd make up names?  
Anthony Weldon. Erica Louise.

SUSAN (O.C.)  
(faintly)  
Aubrey Wilde.

Nicolette pauses. Smiles.

NICOLETTE  
Kids need two parents. So what if  
it is two moms instead of a mom and  
a dad? I can still teach the kid to  
play football.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

An SUV pulls into the driveway of a suburban home, a three  
story Victorian. It stops.

Susan hops out of the driver's side, opens the back door and  
unstraps a baby from a car seat.

SUSAN  
Upsey-daisy.

Susan brings the baby up into her arms.

Nicolette pops out of the passenger door, opens the other back door, repeating Susan's activity. She unstraps another baby from a car seat and picks up the baby.

Susan and Nicolette, with babies, go to the door.

NICOLETTE  
(into the intercom)  
Deirdre. Help us with the door?

Deirdre, apron on, opens the front door as Susan and Nicolette usher past her with their loads.

NICOLETTE (CONT'D)  
Maybe grab the groceries too?

Deirdre skips over to the SUV and opens the hatchback as Nicolette props open the front house door with her foot.

Deirdre gathers bags of groceries and comes back. She enters the house with Nicolette and the baby.

INT. SUSAN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Christmas is in full bloom. Christmas tree. Lights. Presents mounded under the tree.

Robert sits in a chair. His crossed legs reveal an electronic anklet.

Susan and Nicolette enter the room with trays.

SUSAN  
Anyone up for hot chocolate?

Two toddlers surround Susan and Nicolette.

NICOLETTE  
Here, Aubrey. You give this to your Uncle Robert.

The child complies, with help from Susan.

Deirdre pops out of the kitchen, followed by Bill with another tray.

DEIRDRE  
Hot toddies, for the adults.

The twins with their sippy cups converge on Robert who now has hot chocolate. They drink together.

Nicolette puts her arm around Susan and hugs her.

NICOLETTE

Merry Christmas, sweetie.

They kiss. Robert tries to not see.