

CONCEIVABLE

Pilot:
"The Way"

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FADE IN:

EXT. AUSTIN, TEXAS - MORNING

Guitar licks of Lenny Kravitz's *Are You Gonna Go My Way* blast as we meet a jogging **NORA FOX** (mid-30's, brunette, Olivia Munn-type) in a well-worn Guns & Roses *Use Your Illusion* tee, her phone on an armband, ear buds in.

Around her, WE SEE Austin as the liberal enclave it is, nestled amongst conservative Texas. The CAMERA JOGS too, in a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

- Cranes mar a skyline in flux, with construction building higher as the city grows and changes...
- A retro-trailer park food court with strung Edison lights.
- A home in a manicured neighborhood with a lawn sign that reads "BEWARE: DOG BITES, OWNER SHOTS."
- The iconic street art mural by Daniel Johnston that reads "HI, HOW ARE YOU" over a bug-eyed bullfrog.
- The "BRAVE NEW BOOKS" bookstore, whose sign reads "ANTI-WAR, ANTI-STATE, PRO-MARKET."
- And a couple of white hairs on their porch rockers who got there before things got "weird."

EXT. INTERSECTION - A LITTLE LATER

Nora jogs to a red light and stops, enjoys her music. A WOMAN jogs up, continues an exaggerated jog in place, fingers on her pulse. Nora ROLLS HER EYES.

EXT. STREETS OF EAST AUSTIN - A LITTLE LATER

Now jogging through East Austin -- an eclectic and diverse mix of culture and housing -- Nora stops to tie her shoe.

MAN (O.S.)
You got a dollar?

Nora turns to find a HOMELESS MAN (50's), holding a cardboard sign with "IF ONLY..." scribbled on it, one leg of his pants shredded so the worn skin beneath is visible.

NORA
(RE: LEGGINGS) Sorry, no pockets.

MAN
Can I eat your pussy then?

Nora's caught off guard, but quickly smiles:

NORA
Do you have a dollar?

ESTABLISHING SHOT: EXT. NORA & SHAWN'S - A LITTLE LATER

This is Nora and Shawn's yellow, ranch-style home. Hardly modern, it's a homey looking fixer upper that's still somewhere in between fixed and up.

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Decor is eclectic, thrift shop chic -- a wall of books on one side, a statement wall covered in frames on the other:

- Frames of Nora from vacations in a variety of locations, all with the same guy -- her husband, **SHAWN ALLEN** (mid-30's, biracial, Jessie Williams-type.)
- Family photo of Nora and Shawn with Nora's large family.
- Photo of Nora and Shawn with his MOTHER (late 50's, black.)
- Photo of Nora and Shawn with his FATHER (late 50's, white.)
- Prints of old school video game art.
- Framed Silk-screened gig posters for bands you've never heard of, all with similar styles, all signed by by Nora.

Sam & Dave play on the speakers, Shawn lays on the couch reading Leonard Nimoy's memoir, "*I Am Spock.*"

On the floor, a sea of clean shoes (classic Chucks, shell toe Adidas, Gazelles, and Puma suedes,) toothbrush and baby wipes nearby. Soccer on the muted TV -- MLS soccer, not futbol.

Nora enters from her jog and takes in the mess.

NORA
Sole cleansing Sunday?

SHAWN
We all worship at our own altar.

She turns off the music. Shawn mocks outrage and pulls her in for a kiss.

NORA
Stop! I stink!

SHAWN
Yeah you do.

He kisses her again, she doesn't stop him. WE HEAR a BABY CRY in the distance. They collectively sigh.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Make it stop!

She gets up and goes O.S., leaving behind a visibly frustrated Shawn adjusting his junk.

The CRYING continues and grows louder as Nora returns, carrying her cell, where the CRYING comes from. It stops.

NORA
Megan must've set it so we won't be late for the Baby-Q.

SHAWN
Your sister's a bitch.

NORA
Because she's calling her baby shower a Baby-Q or because she made it co-ed?

SHAWN
Yes. And because that crying baby made me lose my boner.

NORA
We're just lucky this baby can be quieted with the push of a button.

SHAWN
Don't I know it.

NORA
I'm gonna shower. (A BEAT) You coming?
We'll see if we can find that boner.

He jumps off the sofa and follows after her. As they go --

NORA (CONT'D)
When did we start saying *boner*?

INT/EXT. MEGAN & DANTE'S - LATER THAT DAY

Shawn and Nora walk through a Pottery Barn-esque house and out into a Pottery Barn-esque backyard, where PEOPLE mingle. This is how the monied set BBQ. Yacht Rock plays at a prudent level. Shawn and Nora stop and take it all in. WE HOP from one guy with a popped collar to another.

SHAWN
Did you know the dress code was WASP casual?

WE LAND on a MAN WITH A POPPED COLLAR refilling a chip bowl. Shawn and Nora approach DANTE ZORRA (late 30's, Mexican and Megan's husband.) He pours Pace Picante into a bowl. Shawn turns the popped collar down and bops him upside the head.

NORA
Et tu, Dante?

DANTE

Smack Megan -- she's the one who keeps popping my collar.

NORA

Or you could grow a pair. She inside?

Off Dante's nod, Nora heads back into the house.

SHAWN

Dude, what kind of self-respecting Mexican uses supermarket salsa?

DANTE

Like these *gabachos* know the difference.

INT. MEGAN & DANTE'S - BABY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

WE SEE two matching cribs and gliders in a sea of blues and greens. Letters on the wall spell "MYLES & MORGAN."

Nora enters to find **MEGAN ZORRA** (34, brunette like Nora, but J Crew to Nora's vintage) with a pump on each breast, loudly filling bottles. Nora snaps a pic. Megan rolls her eyes. Nora peeks in one crib to find both babies asleep (6 wks.)

NORA

You do have two cribs.

MEGAN

(RE: WOMB) They spent nine months sharing the same studio apartment. They cry less like this.

NORA

Ew, you're going to have creepy *Shining* babies, aren't you?

Nora picks one up and cradles him. She reaches for a bottle --

MEGAN

No, that isn't for them. It's strictly "pump and dump." I'm already two margaritas in.

NORA

And the "Baby-Q" is young!

MEGAN

But you're not.

NORA

(ROLLS HER EYES) That didn't take long.

MEGAN

You're taking too long.

NORA

(TO BABY) Your mom is very pushy. Good luck with that.

MEGAN

Have kids already and I'll stop.

NORA

Just cause kids fit into your timetable, doesn't mean they work for me and Shawn.

MEGAN

We're supposed to be doing this together!

NORA

You're the only one in the group with kids. So if that's what you wanted, you should've waited for the rest of us.

MEGAN

You're thirty-five, Nora. As your sister, and a doctor, I can tell you, you can't wait forever.

NORA

You're an orthopedic surgeon, Meg. Stick to knees, not uteruses. (THEN) Uteri?

MEGAN

Whatever, you only get the one. And I paid enough attention in med school to know it has a limited number of eggs.

NORA

And I have a limited amount of patience for this conversation.

MEGAN

I know, I know. I'm sorry, but morning to night for me is babies! This is why I have to get back to work...

Nora looks out the window to the backyard where SHE SEES Shawn holding an adorable 3 year old girl in pigtails who's laughing at whatever he's saying, which makes him smile.

Nora looks down at the baby in her arms, then back out the window at Shawn... she takes one hand and holds it in front of her face, obscuring the child in Shawn's arms, so SHE SEES just a smiling Shawn.

She moves the hand away -- smiling Shawn and child. Nora does this a few times, back and forth... Shawn alone. Shawn with child. Shawn alone. Shawn --

EXT. MEGAN & DANTE'S - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

-- still smiles at the laughing child he holds, SARAH ZORRA (3, Dante and Megan's oldest,) as Dante mans the BBQ.

Then, out of nowhere, she sneezes in his face. He gags, visibly nauseated, as he puts her down. Dante grabs the dish towel draped over his shoulder and tosses it to Shawn with a "been there" smirk. As Shawn wipes off his face and hands --

SHAWN

How's the little Petri dish handling the new additions?

DANTE

Sarah? She's great. She's got a majority now. It's Megan and I who are outnumbered.

Dante seasons the chicken breasts with blackening spices.

SHAWN

Easy there. I don't like 'em too black.

DANTE

Sounds like what Nora's dad said at your wedding.

SHAWN

That fucking guy.

DANTE

He called the twins Cheech and Chong yesterday. Chong's not even Mexican!

SHAWN

No, that fucking guy.

He points to **JEREMY MILLER** (mid-30's, Adam Brody Jewish, weighs a buck fifty soaking wet) who peacocks his way over in a "#BLACKLIVESMATTER" tee. People notice.

JEREMY

My dudes! What's up?

DANTE

(RE: SHIRT) Jeremy, you know I'm with you, but Megan will kill me if you start something in front of her colleagues.

JEREMY
I didn't say anything.

DANTE
That shirt says enough.

SHAWN
Does it though?

DANTE
Et tu, Shawn?

A smug Jeremy shrugs and pops a piece of tri-tip from the BBQ into his mouth. Feeling bad, Shawn comes to Dante's rescue.

SHAWN
Jeremy, what would your very vegan wife say if she saw you eating beef?

DANTE
(CATCHING ON) Maybe I should go ask her.

JEREMY
I have a sweatshirt in the car. Well played. (THEN, BLATANTLY LOUD) I agree, Dante, the electoral college is a joke.

As Jeremy sulks off, Dante gives Shawn a grateful look.

EXT. MEGAN & DANTE'S - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Nora approaches the bar and gives herself a generous pour of whiskey, when **ECHO MILLER** (mid-30's, not an artificial bone in her organic body, she sprouted from the earth) approaches excitedly.

ECHO
There you are!

NORA
Drink?

ECHO
No thanks. Actually, that's --

NORA
(TAKES BIG SIP) Don't mind if I do. Heads up, Mommy Megan's in rare form and --

ECHO
(BLURTS) I'm pregnant. (OFF NORA'S SHOCK) It's early, so don't tell anyone yet -- I mean anyone -- but I had to tell you.

NORA

I... I thought we were waiting -- I mean, you just started a new business. Is this the right time for that?

ECHO

Is there ever a right time? It was a total surprise. We weren't trying.

NORA

But aren't you on the pill?

ECHO

I went off.

NORA

Then you were trying.

ECHO

We weren't.

NORA

So you were using a condom?

ECHO

No.

NORA

No pill, no condom -- you were trying.

ECHO

When you put it like that...

NORA

There's no other way to put it!

ECHO

Why are you so mad?

NORA

I'm not! (ADJUSTS HER TONE) If this is what you want, I'm really happy for you.

They hug, Nora obviously affected.

EXT. MEGAN & DANTE'S - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The party is over, everyone gone but our core group: Nora, Shawn, Megan, Dante, Echo, and Jeremy.

MEGAN

I know you guys love my work friends, so I'm glad you came to the Baby-Q anyway.
(MORE)

MEGAN (CONT'D)

(OFF THEIR GROANS) What the fuck was I supposed to call it?

NORA

There's not another cute name for a "mom's going back to work" slash "dad's staying home with the kids" party?

DANTE

You left out "because mom makes more money" party.

MEGAN

Honey, everybody knows that.

JEREMY

Speaking of fat pockets, I've got two dollars burning a hole in mine, Nora. Heard that was market competitive for some cunnilingus.

MEGAN

Nora, that neighborhood is not safe.

SHAWN

(DEFENSIVE) It's not not safe.

MEGAN

A homeless man almost raped your wife!

SHAWN

A homeless man we're familiar with politely asking to go down on my wife is not rape.

NORA

It's Confetti Leg, not an escaped convict.

ECHO

Oh, I haven't seen him in like forever!

NORA

He's alive and kicking.

JEREMY

More like alive and licking!

There's a collective groan. Dante throws a chip at Jeremy.

MEGAN

Downtown was fun when we were all at UT, but you can't raise a family there.

Nora catches Echo and Jeremy sharing a look.

INT. SHAWN'S CAR - DRUG STORE PARKING LOT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Shawn pulls up to the entrance.

SHAWN
You know what we need, right?

NORA
(SACCHARINE) Just each other.

SHAWN
And Q-tips. And flossers.

Nora gets out --

INT. DRUG STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Nora heads for the counter, Q-tips and flossers in hand. On her way, something O.S. catches her eye and she slows...

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

CLOSE ON Shawn, sleeping on his side away from Nora, when his cell alarm goes off. It's the Beastie Boys *Mark on the Bus*.

BEASTIE BOYS (VIA CELL)
Good morning! Time to get up and go to work!

He rolls on his back, rubs his eyes and sings along:

SHAWN
(LOUDLY) *I ride on the bus, into the city everyday. I sit on the seat and I dream myself away. I dream I'm on an island with that foxy lady too, but when I awaken, I must be mistaken --*

When he turns to sing at Nora -- functioning as her wake-up call -- he's shocked to find her not in bed. He looks over to see a light under the closed bathroom door.

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Shawn enters to find Nora in her kimono robe, standing in front of the mirror, straight-ironing her hair, which is now streaked with PURPLE highlights. Shawn stops short.

SHAWN
Who are you?

NORA
Because of the hair?

SHAWN

Because you got out of bed before the alarm. But let's talk about the hair.

NORA

(SHRUGS IT OFF) Just felt like a change.

SHAWN

I dig change. But does the carpet match the drapes?

INT/EXT. NORA & SHAWN'S - KITCHEN/BACKYARD - LATER

Dressed for the day, Nora walks through the kitchen and out the sliding glass door...

...then walks the 100 feet from her patio doors across the yard, past **TEN PAINT SWATCHES** of varying colors painted on the yellow house's back wall, to her **SHED-QUARTERS** --

INT. THE SHED-QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

-- a storage container converted to a modern office space. Nora enters, flips on the lights, revealing a giant "Work Wall." On it are idea boards, proofs and color palettes for current projects. A gig poster for a local band, a mock-up for a SXSW event, a minimalist design for a screening of *Dazed and Confused* for Austin Film Society, and new labels for Echo's business ("ECHO'S MARMALADES AND MARINADES").

WE SEE Nora's morning in a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

- Nora flips on the coffee maker.
- Nora pushes some buttons on her phone and Gary Clark Jr. plays on her Beats pill speaker (which plays throughout.)
- Nora stirs paint colors in a cup as she wakes up her computer, feeling the music.
- Nora pours sugar in her coffee.
- She clicks a document on her computer and a graphic of the design she's working on fills the screen: a poster for Gary Clark Jr.'s upcoming show at The Hole in the Wall bar. The design is of a graffiti'd bathroom stall wall with a glory hole. Through the glory hole sticks the long neck of an Epiphone Casino guitar.
- Nora sets up the first layer of the design on her manual silk screen press, taking out the mixing stick and pouring the paint color on the press.
- Nora stops to survey the finished first layer, she absentmindedly grabs the mixing stick and stirs her coffee with it, only realizing as she brings it to her mouth -- yuck. As she reels back to let an obscenity fly, we CUT TO:

INT. DIXON DESIGNS - DIX'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

RICHARD "DIX" DIXON (50-something founding partner. Think white-haired Bradley Whitford, well-dressed with matching Nike's, only with Dr. Scholls inside) walks at his treadmill desk. Shawn and Jeremy sit in chairs opposite him.

JEREMY

...and the team's finishing up an app called Kin Countdown that clocks the days, hours, and minutes 'til your in-laws next visit. Working on GPS based notifications on the closest Happy Hours to wherever you are with them.

SHAWN

Echo's parents still in town?

JEREMY

Feels like they never leave.

DIX

That's how I feel about my kids. Keep at it, Miller. Whatcha got, Allen?

SHAWN

My team's almost done with the Germ Warfare game where we anthropomorphized diseases. You choose one as your avatar then fight other diseases for body supremacy.

DIX

Like Mortal Kombat for hypochondriacs. Fantastic.

SHAWN

Animatix for Herpes, Sickle Cell and Tay-Sachs ready by weeks end.

DIX

Beautiful! Okay, get out of here. (THE GUYS STAND) Actually, stay. Sit. (THEY SIT) So, both your names came up in a conversation about partnership.

The guys high five.

DIX (CONT'D)

High fives? You know only one of you gets partner, right? I wanna see some toxic masculinity in here!

JEREMY

Game of horse in the parking lot?

SHAWN

Chinese finger cuffs?

DIX

(VISIBLY DISAPPOINTED) You two should
leave before I change my mind.

EXT. STREETS OF EAST AUSTIN - DUSK

Nora drives. She comes to a stop at the light on the corner where the same homeless man, Confetti Leg, sits. Now his cardboard sign has the ONLY from before struck out and a new ONLY written before the IF: "ONLY IF ~~ONLY~~..."

When they lock eyes, he gives her the international hand signal for cunnilingus. Nora rolls her eyes and drives on.

EXT. NONDESCRIPT BUILDING - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Nora exits her car and approaches the building where **KATIE MALONE** (35, chicly dressed with a no bull-shit demeanor) waits, scrolling through emails on her phone. Katie looks up with shock at Nora's purple streaks.

KATIE

(HUGGING NORA) Love the hair.

NORA

Just felt like a change.

Katie smiles like a longtime friend who knows when you're not telling the whole truth. Nora notices.

NORA (CONT'D)

What?!

INT. NONDESCRIPT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Nora and Katie wait at a counter. Nora hands Katie a piece of fancy card stock from her purse with a photo of a malnourished black child on it that reads: "IN HONOR OF THE BIRTH OF OUR TWINS, MEGAN AND DANTE ZORRA HAVE SPONSORED AN AFRICAN CHILD IN YOUR NAME FOR A YEAR."

KATIE

What. The fuck. Is that?!

NORA

Megan's party favor. That's your child.

KATIE

That's why I skipped the barbecue.

NORA

Baby-Q.

KATIE

Even worse. But there's nothing worse than being the single girl at those things.

NORA

Uh, I raise you being the married girl without kids at those things.

KATIE

But you're not alone in that. Echo and Jeremy don't have kids either.

Nora looks off, biting her tongue. Katie doesn't notice.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You don't know how it feels to be odd-man-out. You've never been "You-can-come-too-Katie."

NORA

I call bullshit. You're always invited.

KATIE

I know, but invited isn't the same as included. It's not your fault, but you guys are in a different place in your lives than me.

NORA

You think you can only be friends with people in the same place in life as you?

KATIE

(SHRUGS) It's how friendships start, isn't it? Look, from my experience, if you don't eventually change with your friends, you have to change your friends.

On that, a MALE EMPLOYEE returns with TWO TRAYS with safety glasses, ear protectors, a box of bullets, and a 9mm handgun. WE SEE a BANNER over his head that reads "SINGLES SHOOTING NIGHT! TAKE AIM AT LOVE! SPONSORED BY SHOOTERSONLY.COM" Katie puts on her best smile:

KATIE (CONT'D)

Hi there.

EXT. COMMUNITY SOCCER FIELD - SIMULTANEOUS

In matching jerseys, Shawn laces up his cleats as Dante pulls on a knee brace. A soccer ball rolls up to Dante. TWO MEXICAN GUYS whistle for the ball.

MEXICAN GUY 1
Pásamela, señora.

They smirk and high five. Dante throws the ball back.

SHAWN
Señora?

DANTE
So that's been happening. They heard I'm a stay-at-home, so now I'm *senora*.

SHAWN
Creative.

DANTE
Whatever. They're comfortable with what they can identify with. I get it. The other day I was watching porn and --

SHAWN
How did we get from stay-at-home dad to porn so quick?

DANTE
When your wife has given birth to twins you'll see the connection. (THEN) So I'm watching these two girls and in walks this black guy...

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - LANES - LATER

CLOSE ON a bullseye... being bombarded with bullets. WIDEN TO REVEAL we're at the lanes where PEOPLE SHOOT, but behind them are cocktail tables where PEOPLE WITH NAME TAGS (and ear protectors) mingle. Safety goggles and ear protectors on (off one ear to hear,) Katie loads their bullets into a magazine. Nora returns brandishing a pen. With GUNFIRE from other lanes, they shout:

NORA
There's a table out front with some doctor offering discounts on lasik.

KATIE
But you have perfect vision.

NORA

But he gave me a pen.

KATIE

Last month's giveaway would've been useless to you too. Fertility clinic offering twenty percent off sperm.

NORA

Well yeah. Who wants discount sperm?

KATIE

It's not discount sperm, it's a discount on sperm -- but what does it matter? You have quality sperm at the ready.

NORA

Ew. (THEN) Wait, did you take them up on it? You'd have a baby alone?

KATIE

Who knows? I took their card. (OFF NORA'S LOOK) What? I don't think the zombie apocalypse is coming and I still have a bag prepped in my closet. Plus, you and Shawn will be indoctrinated into the kid cult eventually and I gotta be ready to pull the trigger.

She faces her target and empties her clip. BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! -- As Katie retracts her target, she sighs.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Okay... it's time to settle.

NORA

I thought you pre-paid.

KATIE

That's not what I meant. (GRABBING HER BAG) Thanks for wingwoman-ing.

She hugs Nora and walks over to a NOT EXACTLY UNATTRACTIVE MAN who eyes her from another lane. Nora watches as Katie puts on her best fake smile and the introductions begin...

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Nora enters to the sounds of LOUD FEMALE MOANING. Intrigued mixed with confused, WE FOLLOW HER INTO --

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- where she finds Shawn on the couch, replacing the laces in his sneakers and watching porn on TV. She clears her throat, but Shawn doesn't turn.

SHAWN

Hey babe.

NORA

Um... why are you watching porn and changing the laces on your shoes?

SHAWN

I had to do something with my hands.

NORA

And that's what you chose?

SHAWN

This isn't sexual porn. It's academic porn.

NORA

Is he digging for her graphing calculator up there?

SHAWN

I'm trying to find out what kind of guy I'm into and it's Dante's fault.

NORA

Sooo many questions...

SHAWN

Dante can only bust his piñata when there's Latin guys in his porn. It helps him... complete the fantasy. He was curious if I lean white or black. Or bi. (OFF HER WIDE EYES) Biracial.

NORA

What did you decide?

Shawn's about to reply when WE HEAR A MAN CUM LOUDLY.

SHAWN

That I'm glad you're home.

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - LIVING ROOM - A LONG ENOUGH TIME LATER

Nora and Shawn lay there post coital...

NORA

I thought it was academic, not sexual.

SHAWN

I don't want to think about porn anymore. How was kiss kiss bang bang? (OFF HER LOOK) Katie's gun loving dating thing.

NORA

It was... fine. How was your day?

SHAWN

(REMEMBERING) Oh, shit! I forgot to tell you. I was too consumed with Dante's dick theory... You're looking at the next partner at Dixon Designs -- maybe, well, probably.

She yelps excitedly and congratulates him between kisses. They kiss and talk and talk and kiss:

SHAWN (CONT'D)

You know what that means...

NORA

A way nicer vacation this year?

SHAWN

No, we can go full Rockwell and shit. Start a family or whatever.

She instantly pushes him away with an ugh. Off her look:

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Didn't we always say "partner then parent"?

NORA

I thought that was just the party line to get people to back off when they got too nosy. Is that why we never talk about having kids?

SHAWN

I thought that was the plan. If you didn't, why did you never bring it up?

NORA

This week... what the fuck, man! I got Megan up my ass, Katie stockpiling sperm for the apocalypse, Echo getting pregnant behind my back --

SHAWN

Echo and Jeremy are pregnant?!

He stares at Nora and shakes his head knowingly as he thinks.

NORA

What?

SHAWN

She told you at the Baby-Q, right? Purple hair's making a lot of sense...

NORA

You want to have this conversation now?

SHAWN

Seeing as I thought we'd had it already and we hadn't, I'd say it's about time. Do you want a baby, Nora?

NORA

Do you?

SHAWN

Do I get a choice?

NORA

Of course you do!

SHAWN

So if I suddenly tell you I don't want kids and you say you do, where does that leave us?

NORA

I don't know. Is that what you're saying?

SHAWN

No. Maybe. If you say you don't want one, I'd be okay with that. But if you say you do want one, I'd want you to have one.

NORA

This isn't us deciding on a new car for me. I won't be driving it alone.

SHAWN

I know that. We'd share driving duties.

NORA

Do you know any couples who really end up sharing driving duties fifty-fifty?

SHAWN

Then we'll have a second car.

NORA

Now you want two cars?!

SHAWN

I don't know. One is fine. I could Lyft if I have to. What are we saying here?!

NORA

I don't know.

SHAWN

Don't you think we'd be happy without kids?

NORA

I don't know.

SHAWN

Do you think we'd be happy with kids?

NORA

I don't know.

SHAWN

Bullshit. You're the most opinionated person I know. It's one of the things I love and hate most about you. There's no way you don't have an opinion here. You're either afraid of what I'm going to think, or what your family's going to think, or what the world is going to think, but you know. So spit it out, woman. Don't go coward on me now.

She lets out a heavy sigh and closes her eyes. Shawn brings her back to the moment with a loud snap of his fingers, that causes us to --

SPLIT SCREEN TO: two identical frames of Nora, side by side, giving two completely different answers.

MOM NORA

I want kids.

DINK NORA

I don't want kids.

WE STAY SPLIT SCREEN as both Nora's continue their arguments. While MOM NORA continues, DINK NORA (Dual Income No Kids) shakes her head and gathers her thoughts. And when Mom Nora finishes, she smiles with relief as DINK Nora speaks:

MOM NORA

I do. I'm terrified of what it'll mean for our lives and do to our relationship but I do want one. And I've let "partner then parent" be the excuse to not face that fear, but the annoying assholes are right. There will never be a right time and we're not getting any younger, so let's fucking do it. Literally and figuratively.

DINK NORA (CONT'D)

I don't. I'm terrified we'll regret it because that's what the annoying assholes are going to drum into my head, but I love our lives and our relationship as it is and I don't think it's selfish not to want to share it with another person. I think it's honest. So let's not fucking do it. Not literally. We should still fuck.

Both sides CUT TO two identical SHAWNS:

DAD SHAWN

I think I'd be happy in that car.

DINK SHAWN

I think I'd be happy in that car.

WE STAY SPLIT SCREEN as both Nora's enter frame and embrace their Shawn. The guys escort their Noras to the kitchen. WE FOLLOW...

RESET/STILL IN SPLIT SCREEN: INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

On the left, our future parents; on the right, our DINKS. From the fridge, DAD SHAWN takes out champagne, while DINK SHAWN grabs a bottle of tequila.

END SPLIT SCREEN, WIDEN ON our FUTURE MOM and DAD:

DAD SHAWN

It's a celebration, bitches!

Nora grabs two champagne flutes as Shawn pops the cork.

MOM NORA

I can't believe we're really doing this.

He pours and they raise their glasses.

DAD SHAWN

(A NOD TO NORA) Mommy.

MOM NORA

(A NOD TO SHAWN) Daddy.

Then both shake their heads, grossed out by the sound of it.

DAD SHAWN

Let's not be those people.

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the sofa, DINK NORA and DINK SHAWN raise shots of tequila.

DINK NORA
It's a celebration, bitches!

They take the shot. She starts pouring the next one as Shawn furrows his brow thoughtfully:

DINK SHAWN
What do you want to do with the estimated three hundred and four thousand, four hundred and eighty dollars we just saved? (OFF HER LOOK) Oh, like you haven't looked it up.

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - KITCHEN - LATER

Future MOM NORA and DAD SHAWN lean on the counter, tablet in front of them, flutes in hand, sipping champagne and shopping on Amazon. WE SEE them adding books to their cart.

DAD SHAWN
Don't forget "What to Expect When You're Expecting."

MOM NORA
(IGNORING THAT) Are we Dr. Spock people?

DAD SHAWN
If we want to live long and prosper we are.

MOM NORA
Already with the dad jokes.

Nora groans at that joke as she walks out of frame...

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - LIVING ROOM - LATER

...DINK NORA enters frame holding up the tablet with a website for an airstream trailer on it.

DINK SHAWN
But you already have the shed-quarters.

DINK NORA
But it doesn't move. Without kids, we can go where we want, whenever we want.

DINK SHAWN
I'll drink to that.

They down more shots of tequila as we --

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - KITCHEN - LATER

MOM NORA
To us and seeing where this
takes us.

DINK NORA
To us and seeing where this
takes us.

DAD SHAWN
I love you.

DINK SHAWN
I love you.

MOM NORA
I love you, too.

DINK NORA
I love you, too.

On both sides, they move in to kiss. As their lips touch:

END SPLIT SCREEN/SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Future MOM NORA and DAD SHAWN sleep, spooning. Nora wakes, a little pale, slides away from Shawn and grabs her phone as she heads into:

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nora enters and turns on the light --

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- CLOSE ON Nora's face as she closes her eyes against the light. But as WE WIDEN, REVEAL this is DINK NORA. She and DINK SHAWN slept on the sofa, in their clothes, Nora's makeup smeared. WE SEE beer bottles, an empty tequila bottle, snacks all over the place, etc...

Nora looks around, a little confused, then is immediately seized by nausea. She runs O.S. and --

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - BATHROOM / 1/2 BATH - MOMENTS LATER

-- WE SPLIT SCREEN as both Nora's dive for the toilet. After they throw up, they sit on floor, leaning against the walls, effectively staring at each other, as if they're trying to understand what the other is thinking.

They each grab their phones and open a period tracker app. A calendar pops up on their screens that clearly shows our Noras are **CONSIDERABLY LATE**, as a number of days have **RED EXCLAMATION MARKS** on them. Both Noras might already be pregnant!

MOM NORA
(EYES LIGHTING UP) Oh --

DINK NORA
(NOT HAPPY) Fuck.

Off their faces...

INT. THE SHED-QUARTERS - LATER THAT MORNING

DINK NORA sits at her silk screen press, staring at the Gary Clark Jr. poster. It's further along, but still not done and she isn't doing much now. She stares into space, mind going a mile a minute. Snapping out of it with a sighs, Nora grabs her phone. She scrolls through her contacts to 'D' where doctors are listed...

INT. DIXON DESIGNS - BULLPEN - THAT DAY

DAD/DINK SHAWN (there isn't a difference between the Shawn's at this point) and Jeremy sit at the head of a cubicle city. Their cubes, twice the size of the rest. Nameplates on their respective walls say "CREATIVE DIRECTOR: SHAWN ALLEN" and "CREATIVE DIRECTOR: JEREMY MILLER."

Jeremy whispers into the phone, but Shawn clearly hears.

JEREMY
...if your culture supported female
circumcision wouldn't you want your
daughter to have one? -- I'm not saying I
think -- Fine, it was a tasteless
comparison, but you get where I -- Echo?

It's obvious she hung up. Jeremy sighs and hangs up too, then turns to face Shawn, who smiles at him.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
What are the odds that something my wife
swore she wasn't telling anyone was told
to your wife and then to you?

SHAWN
Mazel tov?

JEREMY
I could barely see the damn thing on the
sonogram and now we're already fighting
about snipping it! And thank you.

SHAWN
I have always wondered if sex would be
better with foreskin.

JEREMY
This isn't about sex. It's about sharing
an identity with my son!
(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

What do I say when he and I are in the shower some day and he turns to me with those big brown eyes and a hopefully not too Semitic nose and asks "why does your peenie get a hat and mine doesn't?"

SHAWN

Although I disapprove of any and all use of the word peenie, I get where you're coming from.

JEREMY

I just want my son's *shvantz* to look the same as mine. Is that too much to ask?!

At that exact moment, HAILEY (29 with a permanent flirty smile for Shawn) arrives. She eyes Jeremy with distaste as she hands Shawn a piece of paper with an animated germ on it.

HAILEY

Congratulations! You've got Sickle cell!

JEREMY

Racist.

SHAWN

Thanks, Hailey. Never thought I'd be this excited to have it.

HAILEY

You want excitement? Wait til you end the day with herpes.

INT. OB/GYN'S OFFICE - CONSULTATION ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

A pensive DINK NORA sits in silence. Opposite her, on the other side of an impressive desk is her **DOCTOR** (50's, woman).

DOCTOR

I take it this wasn't a planned pregnancy? (OFF HER LOOK) Well, the Lord works in mysterious ways.

DINK NORA

That's one way to look at it.

DOCTOR

We need to start you on a regimen of prenatal vitamins and set you up with --

DINK NORA

Hold up. I think you're putting the cart before the horse here. A baby is not in the cards for me.

DOCTOR

No, you are most definitely pregnant.

DINK NORA

You misunderstand. This isn't denial.
It's a decision.

DOCTOR

How 'bout we schedule an ultrasound and
set you up with a counselor to talk
through your options so you can make an
informed decision.

DINK NORA

Do you send a counselor to talk through
options with people who want kids to make
sure they're making an informed decision?
(OFF THE DOCTOR'S SILENCE) No. You
probably just say --

INT. OB/GYN'S OFFICE - CONSULTATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The same doc sits in the same place opposite a smiling MOM
NORA, and this time, a shocked DAD SHAWN.

DOCTOR

Congratulations!

Shawn stands, hands on his head, in disbelief.

MOM NORA

Where you goin'?

Down. Shawn faints O.S. Nora looks up at the doctor.

DOCTOR

Happens more than you'd think. (RE:
SHAWN) Oh, he's a bleeder.

EXT. AUSTIN STREET - LATER THAT DAY

A pensive DINK Nora walks with Katie, coffee in hands.

KATIE

...then I'm off to the Bay Area to file
some paperwork on an acquisition and
clock enough hours for mama to pay off
her student loans before she retires.
Wanna come with mama?

DINK NORA

I'm pregnant. (OFF KATIE'S SILENCE) Nice
pregnant pause.

KATIE

Waiting to base my reaction off yours.
(NORA ROLLS HER EYES) That tells me all I
need to know. And Shawn's feeling...?

DINK NORA

The same. In the master of fun timing, we
literally just decided that kids are
something we don't think we want. Like
ever.

KATIE

Ever ever?

DINK NORA

Ever ever. So we were definitely on the
same page about... not having this baby.

KATIE

Are you sure?

DINK NORA

Not you too. My doctor practically called
a priest.

KATIE

No no no no no, you have your abortion. I
just think you have to seriously consider
the never kids thing. You don't worry
you'll feel alienated when everyone
starts having kids?

DINK NORA

No why?

KATIE

I felt alienated when y'all started
getting married.

DINK NORA

And you think that's a good reason to
have kids?

KATIE

No, but isn't that why most people do it?

DINK NORA

I'll worry about most people after I take
care of this person. (OFF KATIE'S SMIRK)
I meant me!

KATIE

Sure you did. Want me to take you?

DINK NORA
I'm thinking Shawn will want to go.

KATIE
I'm used to being the third wheel with
you two.

DINK NORA
Not this time, lady. Though technically,
you'd be the fourth. (THEN) We'll figure
it out. We've got time.

KATIE
Not too much time. This may be Austin,
but it's still Texas.

The two walk PAST the neon sign for Magnolia Café, a kitschy
restaurant with more neon that reads "Sorry We're Open."
Conversation continues as they walk O.S. WE STAY ON THE CAFÉ.

INT. MAGNOLIA CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The place is decorated comfortable, self-described as looking
"like your favorite aunt's giant kitchen." MOM NORA and ECHO
sit in a booth. Echo wears an ear to ear grin that looks
almost painful, then, loudly:

ECHO
Oh. My. Goddess!

MOM NORA
Oh my volume.

ECHO
I just knew this was gonna happen! I was
having my leaves read last week and she
told me I wasn't going to go through this
pregnancy alone and I was like... Nora!

MOM NORA
Not Jeremy?

ECHO
She stressed feminine vibe.

MOM NORA
Again, not Jeremy?

ECHO
This is going to be you and me, all the
way. Parenting classes, prenatal yoga,
we'll go shopping for a doula together --

MOM NORA

Wow, you've already planned so much since I told you two minutes ago.

ECHO

I'm just so glad you're not going to be left out. I set up lunch with Megan for Sunday after our announcement dinner --

MOM NORA

Without me?

ECHO

It was to talk pregnancy and baby stuff so why would I -- but now you totally can come too!

MOM NORA

You wouldn't have included me if I wasn't pregnant?

ECHO

I don't know -- maybe not? But who cares?! You are!

MOM NORA

I'm not sure I can match this energy, but I am psyched to be doing this with you.

ECHO

(GASPS) We can move together, too!

MOM NORA

Move? We're not moving.

ECHO

You heard Megan. Do you want Confetti Leg asking your kid for lunch money on the way to school?

MOM NORA

Baby steps, Echo, baby steps...

INT. SUPERMARKET - THAT NIGHT

MOM NORA and DAD SHAWN (with a LARGE GAUZE PAD TAPED over his left eyebrow) walk the beauty aisle. They stand in front of the hair dyes. Nora eyes the purple but shakes her head.

MOM NORA

I know they say now you can dye your hair while "with child," but why risk it, right?

(MORE)

MOM NORA (CONT'D)

So we're gonna have to say bye bye purple
cause there is no way I'm being that girl
with bad roots. (GRABS A BOX OF HENNA)
Echo says henna is all natural --

DAD SHAWN

Do you know how to do black hair?

MOM NORA

I was thinking my natural brown. Easier.

DAD SHAWN

Not what I meant.

She notices his eyes are on the black hair products.

MOM NORA

Really? Already? I'll watch a YouTube
video, Shawn.

DAD SHAWN

Are there YouTube videos to tell you what
to say when your kid turns to you and
asks why their hair does one thing and
yours does another?

MOM NORA

(THINKS) Probably.

DAD SHAWN

Fine, but the hair's just a metaphor for
the problems our kid has coming. You've
never been the odd man out. You don't
know how alienating it is growing up
biracial.

MOM NORA

Besides limiting your porn options.

DAD SHAWN

I'm serious, Nora. Did you ever think
about the first time I saw my dad's
peenie and it was white and mine wasn't?

MOM NORA

I can tell you unequivocally I have never
thought about that.

DAD SHAWN

You should, Nora. You should.

Nora gives him a pitying head tilt and shops on. Her calm
only riles him up faster. He catches up and stands in front
of the cart, stopping her.

DAD SHAWN (CONT'D)

You better pop your white bubble, Nora, and face that this isn't going to be as easy as raising a normal kid.

MOM NORA

Shawn, no kid is easy to raise. Or "normal". What if our kid is LGBT? Are you preparing for that possibility?

He doesn't have an answer for that one.

MOM NORA (CONT'D)

I'm not worried because I'm white. I'm not worried because we're going to love this kid no matter what. (OFF HIS LOOK) What?

DAD SHAWN

Now I'm even more worried. I hadn't thought about biracial and LGBT. Fuck.

MOM NORA

Breathe, Shawn. We don't have to have all the answers today. It's unrealistic to think we can prepare for every apocalyptic event on the horizon, so "let go let god" -- I know, I don't believe in god... but it's a metaphor.

DAD SHAWN

Great. You give our kid metaphors when they come home from school crying cause they're not white enough for the white kids and not black enough for the black kids and their hair's not on point!

She kisses him on the cheek and walks off. He calls after:

DAD SHAWN (CONT'D)

Love isn't enough, Nora! Shit's about to change, just like that --

On "that", he SNAPS his fingers, and WE CUT TO:

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - CAR - ANOTHER DAY

DINK SHAWN (our unbandaged Shawn) drives as DINK NORA (still with purple hair) sits, eyes closed, in the passenger seat.

DINK SHAWN

So I guess this makes us even. (NORA OPENS HER EYES) You took care of me when I had my appendix out.

(MORE)

DINK SHAWN (CONT'D)

Now I'm taking care of you. We both had something removed.

She eyes him like he's nuts.

DINK SHAWN (CONT'D)

I read this article about using humor to diffuse tension -- sorry.

They pull into the driveway and get out of the car. As they approach the door, Shawn stops her as turns her to face him:

DINK SHAWN (CONT'D)

It would be patronizing to say we're in this together. We're not. Men -- we win at sex, we win at pregnancy, we even pretty much win at child-rearing. I know I'm a winner and you're a loser.

Nora looks completely confused.

DINK SHAWN (CONT'D)

What I'm saying is, I know this is harder on you than me. I don't know my role here, but I'm here. I'll always be. So thank you... for... not having our baby.

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DINK SHAWN opens the door to reveal a picnic set up on the living room floor, complete with a dish of Texas-style BBQ ribs with a sign that reads "NOT-A-BABY-Q" and flowers everywhere. A fluffy new robe and slippers on the sofa with a bow. DINK NORA is floored. They step inside.

DINK NORA

When did you do this?

DINK SHAWN

While you were doing what you were doing.

Nora sees his TABLET hooked up to the TV by a basket with movie theater popcorn and candy.

DINK NORA

Hmm... *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, *Dirty Dancing*, and -- *Obvious Child*?

DINK SHAWN

Please. (HOLDING UP TABLET) *The Good Son*, *Problem Child*, and *Children of the Corn*.

Nora kisses Shawn square on the mouth and smiles:

DINK NORA

I'm going to go shower, then we'll do
(RE: EVERYTHING) all of this.

Nora heads down and disappears into their master. Shawn's shoulders relax as the tension leaves his body. Almost immediately, Nora returns. As does Shawn's tension.

DINK SHAWN

Everything okay? Are you all right? Do you need something?

DINK NORA

I need you to chill by the time I come out. (OFF HIS CONFUSED LOOK) You're being so sweet and attentive, but stop. Look, I think because I (POINTS TO UTERUS) feel bad, you think I (POINTS TO HEART) feel bad. But I'm fine. You were there when we decided to never have kids, right?

DINK SHAWN

Yeah.

DINK NORA

Then release your sphincter, dear.

DINK SHAWN

As long as you're sure you're good.

DINK NORA

As long as Motrin and pantyliners exist, I'm good.

She kisses him and heads back down the hall:

DINK NORA (CONT'D)

Now cue up *Fast Times*. And let's get this Not-A-Baby-Q started!

EXT. STREETS OF EAST AUSTIN - LATER THAT DAY

MOM NORA (back to brown hair) drives. She comes to a stop at the light on the corner where Confetti Leg sits. His cardboard sign now has everything crossed out, the remaining ellipses circled ("~~ONLY IF ONLY~~...") As Nora notices he doesn't have his usual mischievous grin, the light turns green. A HONK wakes her up. She drives... and flips a bitch.

EXT. STREETS OF AUSTIN - A BLOCK DOWN - MOMENTS LATER

MOM NORA sits on the ground next to Confetti Leg, both happily munching on tacos. REVEAL they sit opposite a taco truck. She watches him eat with a smile...

MOM NORA

So... how's my taco taste?

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - THAT NIGHT

DINK NORA and DINK SHAWN sit at a table with Megan and Dante, Echo and Jeremy, and Katie. They're all talking together about whatever. The group is laughing and having a great time. There's a partially eaten cake on the table that reads "WE'RE PREGNANT AND IT'S A--" the last word is missing, but the inside cake color is blue.

WE FOLLOW Nora as she gets up and heads over to the jukebox and selects a song. The opening strains of Austin band Fastball's "The Way" begins to play. Nora smiles as she walks back to the table.

She takes her seat and looks up to find the landscape has changed. Echo has taken Dante's seat and she and Megan are deep in discussion:

MEGAN

...You want to talk breast pain, wait till he tries to bite your nipples off.

ECHO

I can't wait.

Nora cringes a little and looks to where Dante has filled in Echo's seat and chats with Jeremy and DINK Shawn:

JEREMY

...should concede partner to me. I've got responsibilities, man. Echo gets a baby bump, Jeremy needs a salary bump.

DINK SHAWN

Oh #JeremysLifeMatters? In that case, my being named partner will be my gift to you. So you can be home more.

DANTE

That doesn't sound like as good a gift for Echo.

Nora turns to Katie, only to find her seat empty. Looking around, she sees Katie, cleavage on display, at the bar, laughing too hard at something the KINDA CUTE BARTENDER says.

Our DINK sighs and sits back, clocking the changes Katie predicated already happening. Alienation, party of one.

INT. NORA & SHAWN'S - BEDROOM/MASTER BATH - THAT NIGHT

The strains of her jukebox pick continue to play throughout the following:

DINK NORA (the purple one) enters the bathroom and approaches the sink. As she arrives, WE SPLIT SCREEN with AN IDENTICAL FRAME of MOM NORA (hair henna'd brown) in the exact same place. As MOM Nora reaches for a multi-vitamin medicine bottle and extracts a pill, DINK Nora reaches for her own medicine bottle and pulls out a joint. As Mom Nora swallows her pill, DINK Nora takes a drag. WE FOLLOW BOTH Nora's as they leave the bathroom and get into their side of the bed.

STILL SPLIT SCREEN: WIDEN to reveal BOTH SHAWNS (DAD SHAWN still has a healing cut on his head) already in bed. DINK SHAWN still reads Nimoy's "*I Am Spock.*" DAD SHAWN reads Dr. Spock's "*Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care.*"

The pile of books on his bedside table include "*Dude You're Gonna Be a Dad!*", "*I'm Chocolate, You're Vanilla,*" and "*Breeding Between the Lines.*"

The side-by-side movements remain the same: as DINK Nora passes DINK Shawn the joint, MOM Nora offers DAD Shawn a pump of hand lotion. He takes it as DINK Shawn takes a puff.

The identical ballet ends as MOM Nora and DINK Shawn lean in to their respective spouses and give them a kiss:

MOM NORA
'Night, babe.

DINK SHAWN
'Night, babe.

They they turn over, shut out their lights and close their eyes. WE SLOWLY ZOOM IN ON DAD Shawn and DINK Nora. THE ZOOM STOPS when it's single shots of DAD Shawn and DINK Nora, making it almost appear like they SHARE THE SAME BED -- both stare at the ceiling, wide awake, minds abuzz...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT