

PRIVATE LIFE

Written by  
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**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

RACHEL BIEGLER, early forties, lies half-naked on her side, surrounded by sheets and pillows. Her head rests on an arm as she stares into space, thinking. Rachel's underpants are the kind you'd find in a twelve-pack: moss green cotton bikinis with lots of little flowers. The elastic waistband is separating in one spot.

MAN (O.S.)  
Are you ready?

RACHEL  
Uh-huh. Yeah.

Rachel fluffs up a pillow and plants her face in it.

(muffled)  
I'm ready.

MAN (O.S.)  
Alrightie...

Like a sun rising over a mountain, RICHARD GRIMES, mid-forties, in boxers and a faded T-shirt, appears above the curve of Rachel's hip. He sits up on his knees behind her and after a considered pause, pulls Rachel's underwear down.

RICHARD  
Just breathe, okay?  
(a beat)  
Are you breathing?

RACHEL  
(muffled and annoyed)  
Yes! Go!

RICHARD  
Okay.

Richard lays one hand on her haunch and with the other raises a SYRINGE with a LARGE NEEDLE. He nervously takes aim --

One... two... three.

-- and spears the needle into his wife's flesh.

RACHEL  
Owww! Fuck! Richard!

RICHARD  
What?!

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
That fucking hurts!

RICHARD  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

Richard's hand trembles as he pulls the plunger back to check for blood. There is none, so he pushes the plunger down.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Almost done. Almost done. Almost done. Done.

Richard pulls out the needle; Rachel looks at her hip.

RACHEL  
I think you hit a nerve.

Still holding the syringe, Richard uses his teeth to open a SMALL FOIL ENVELOPE, causing him to slur --

RICHARD  
Uhm shorry, honey. I did ekshactly what the nursh told me to do.

He spits out the torn-off strip, removes an ALCOHOL PAD and presses it over the injection site just as TWO RESCUE DOGS, ENO and LAZLO, click into the room and hop up on the bed.

RACHEL  
(pointing)  
Wasn't it supposed to be more like here?

RICHARD  
Nope. *Upper outer quadrant.*

RACHEL  
Then why did it hurt like that? Nobody on the message boards said it's supposed to hurt like that.

RICHARD  
I don't know, Rache. It's a bigger needle. Maybe you have a lower pain threshold than most people. I don't know. I'm not a doctor. Remember?

Rachel watches Richard as he climbs off the bed and drops the used syringe in a PLASTIC WATER BOTTLE that already contains a dozen others. This new, larger one, lands with a dull CLUNK.

RACHEL  
Are you mad at me?

RICHARD  
No. I'm not mad. I'm just... Whatever. I don't know. Tired.

Richard picks up something from a nearby bureau and offers it to Rachel: It's A BAG OF FROZEN PEAS.

Husband and wife regard each other for an odd moment, then Rachel takes the peas, places them on her aching ass and Richard leaves.

CUT TO BLACK.

UNDER BLACK, A CARD --

**36 HOURS LATER**

**INT. LARGE CLINIC WAITING ROOM - DAY**

A big, bright modern space with large windows. At 7:15 A.M. it's already packed with (mostly white) women in their late 30s and early 40s. Some are accompanied by husbands. Some are alone. There are several Hasidic couples. One lesbian couple.

Among this crowd are Rachel and Richard.

SUPERIMPOSE --

**THE RETRIEVAL**

Richard does the crossword puzzle while Rachel sits with an unread magazine on her lap, furtively observing her fellow patients, including --

A TENSE WOMAN, dressed for work, tapping her Blackberry.

Rachel's eyes float down to the woman's HANDSOME LEATHER PUMPS with gold buckles, then Rachel examines her own shoes: OLD SAUCONYS in dingy yellow.

DING! The elevator arrives and Rachel watches as a SINGLE WOMAN steps out, wheeling a CRYOGENIC TANK. The woman scans the room for an empty seat. There are none, so she just stands there, stranded with her tank of frozen sperm.

With the SWOOSH of a door, a NURSE emerges and everyone looks up expectantly.

NURSE

Rachel?

Rachel rises, holding her coat, scarf and purse in an awkward heap as the magazine drops to the floor.

**INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY**

A WEDDING BAND, WATCH and NECKLACE are placed one at a time on a Formica surface next to CELLOPHANE WRAPPED HOSPITAL GARMENTS.

WIDER shows Rachel in her underwear and socks as she unscrews an earring. We notice a CHAIN OF PURPLE INJECTION BRUISES above her panty line as she looks around the sterile room, wondering how she ended up here.

**INT. LOCKER AREA - DAY**

Rachel stuffs her parka, purse and clothes into a tiny locker.

ADMITTING NURSE (PRE-LAP)  
These are your consent forms.

**INT. ADMINISTRATIVE AREA - DAY**

Richard stands at a desk as an ADMITTING NURSE presents him with various documents.

ADMITTING NURSE  
Both partners signatures are required on the second page. This is our policy regarding embryo storage. The fee schedule is on the back. You both need to initial each paragraph then sign here.

She fastens the documents onto a clipboard and hands it to him. As Richard turns to go --

And this is for you.

She disappears behind the desk and reappears with a PLASTIC BAG containing A SPECIMEN CUP.

Instructions are inside.

Richard takes the cup and smiles awkwardly.

RACHEL (O.S.)  
There you are!

Richard turns to see Rachel approaching in a HOSPITAL GOWN, PAPER SHOWER CAP and her locker key dangling from her wrist. She seems anxious.

RICHARD  
What's wrong?

RACHEL  
Nothing. It's fucking freezing in here.

Richard puts an arm around her and rubs her shoulders.

RICHARD  
Shhh. Relax. Don't obsess.

RACHEL  
I'm not obsessing. I'm cold.

He guides her into --

**INT. THE GOWNED WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

-- and they sit down among several other couples.

RICHARD  
(handing her the clipboard)  
You need to sign these.

As Rachel begins examining the papers, she mumbles to herself.

RACHEL  
Oh, my god. What are we doing? Are we really doing this? Are we insane?

RICHARD  
We're not insane. We're normal.

Richard folds back the papers and points out a signature line.

RACHEL  
(signing)  
This is not normal. This is the opposite of normal. I'm not sure if it's even ethical. Remember what Marty said? "Having a baby is an immoral act."

RICHARD  
Marty's an idiot.

RACHEL  
"Overpopulation, climate change..."

Richard notices a nearby couple giving them looks.

...the rise of neo-fascism --"

RICHARD  
Did you take your Valium?

RACHEL  
Yes. Why?

NURSE #2 (O.S.)  
Ms. Biegler?

Rachel turns to see a nurse standing a few feet away. Rachel signals that she'll be right there, then turns back to Richard.

RACHEL  
Okay, I guess we're doing this.

RICHARD  
Don't be scared, okay? You're gonna do great. All we need is one good egg, right?

Moved by her husband's optimism, Rachel smiles and nods.

RACHEL

You, too honey. Don't be scared.  
You're gonna do great.

Richard smiles feebly and raises his specimen cup. Rachel chortles quietly.

I love you.

RICHARD

I love you, too.

They kiss. As Richard watches his wife being led off to surgery, we hear the incongruent SOUND of GRUNTING and MOANING.

CUT TO:

A NAKED WOMAN ON ALL FOURS with giant fake breasts being drilled from behind by a STEROID-ENHANCED MAN. He grunts; she moans. Wider reveals that we are watching the action on a wall-mounted VIDEO MONITOR in --

**INT. "COLLECTION" ROOM - DAY**

Richard sits with his pants around his ankles and the empty SPECIMEN CUP in his hand, staring at the screen with a look of profound despair.

Unable to bear another moment, he aims the remote and presses STOP, but the horror show continues. Richard tries another button, but the moaning and grunting just get LOUDER.

Desperate, he shakes the remote and TWO BATTERIES fall out, rolling across the floor.

With his pants still around his ankles, Richard stands and shuffles to the monitor. A LARGE SHEET OF SANITARY PAPER is stuck to his ass and CRINKLES loudly.

CLICK, he switches off the MONITOR. Silence at last. Then --

ANESTHESIOLOGIST (PRE-LAP)

My eight year old came to work one day...

**INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY**

The ANESTHESIOLOGIST hovers over the camera.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

...to see what I do. You know,  
"Take Your Daughter to Work Day."

REVERSE, Rachel is looking up from a surgical table as the

anesthesiologist rambles on, injecting her with a sedative.

She said it was the most boring job  
in the world. All I do all day is  
put people to sleep.

Rachel smiles politely as her eyes drift shut and we --

FADE TO BLACK.

UNDER BLACK, HUSHED VOICES speaking in a foreign tongue.  
Hebrew?

**INT. RECOVERY AREA - DAY**

WE OPEN OUR EYES TO SEE --

A BLURRY HASIDIC MAN in a dark suit standing next to his  
wife's bed, talking to her. He wears a hat; she wears a wig.

ANGLE ON BLEARY-EYED RACHEL --

observing her exotic neighbors as she wakes up.

Rachel gets up on her elbows and looks around to find that  
all the women in the surrounding beds have been joined by  
their husbands or partners. She calls to a passing NURSE.

RACHEL  
(groggy, weak)  
Excuse me...(louder) Ma'am? Nurse?

The nurse finally hears Rachel and goes to her.

Where's my husband?

NURSE  
Your birth partner hasn't joined you?

Rachel shakes her head. The nurse refers to her paperwork.

RACHEL  
He's my husband.

NURSE  
Excuse me?

RACHEL  
My birth partner... he's...  
my husband.  
Not that that matters, it's  
just...

NURSE (CONT'D)  
(mispronouncing as  
"Grimes")  
Mr. Grimes?

RACHEL  
(correcting "Grimes")  
Grimes. Yes. Richard Grimes.



Rachel notices a flicker of concern on the nurse's face as she reads something on the clipboard.

NURSE  
 You'll need to speak to a Doctor.  
 (walking away)  
 Let me go find someone.

RACHEL  
 Is something wrong?

NURSE  
 It'll be just a moment.

RACHEL  
 (mounting panic)  
 Why can't you just tell me? Hello!

The nurse disappears.

Fuck!

Rachel's eyes land on her Hasidic neighbors who regard her with flat stares. She smiles, but their faces remain expressionless.

FEMALE DOCTOR (O.S.)  
 There wasn't any sperm.

Rachel turns to discover a FEMALE DOCTOR at the foot of her bed.

RACHEL  
 (puzzled)  
 Excuse me...

FEMALE DOCTOR  
 Your husband didn't have any sperm.

Pause.

RACHEL  
 Wait. You mean, like... he  
 couldn't... do it?

FEMALE DOCTOR  
 No. He produced. And there was  
 semen, but no sperm.  
 (off Rachel's bewilderment)  
 Dr. Dordick will have to give you  
 the details.

The doctor leaves and Rachel discovers Richard across the room looking at her with a defeated smile.

**LATER --**

DR. DORDICK (60s), silver-haired and handsome in his scrubs, stands at Rachel's bed side and speaks to our beleaguered couple while drawing a diagram of the male reproductive system on a file folder.

DORDICK

Think of it like a soda machine. Either one of you ever work in a movie theater? The seltzer comes from one place.

(pointing with his pen)

The syrup comes from someplace else. Together they make Mountain Dew or Diet Coke or what have you. But if the pipe gets... clogged...

(draws an X)

...you don't get Mountain Dew. You just get... seltzer. Richard is probably blocked.

RACHEL

Mentally? Like psychosomatic?

RICHARD

No. Not mentally. Physically. Like what he's just been talking about with the soda machine.

RACHEL

Right. Sorry.

DORDICK

I just got off the phone with a buddy of mine. A urologist. Joel Fisher. He's an expert on this. He's writing a book about it.

Dordick pulls out a XEROXED ARTICLE from New York Magazine and hands it to Richard. The title is: **Male Menopause**

RICHARD

Oh, my god. That's so depressing.

DORDICK

Don't be depressed, Rich. Based on everything that I told him, he's confident that you've got sperm in there. The trick is getting it out. Now, there's a procedure for it. And Fisher is definitely the man for the job. It's called...

(pronounced "tessy")

TESE. Testicular sperm extraction.

Dordick hands Richard an information sheet on the procedure.

RICHARD  
(under his breath)  
Oh, my god.

DORDICK  
It's not as bad as it sounds.

RACHEL  
You know he only has one testicle,  
right?

Richard looks at Rachel, incredulous.

What? He needs to know.

RICHARD  
I realize that.  
(sighs, then to Dordick.)  
I only have one testicle.

DORDICK  
I saw the note in your file and I  
filled Fisher in. He doesn't  
anticipate a problem.  
(pointing with his pen)  
What he'll do is avoid the *vas  
deferens* and go right to the source  
by doing a testicular biopsy.

RACHEL  
Like for cancer?

RICHARD  
No, Rachel. Not cancer. I don't  
have cancer. I have blocked sperm!

RACHEL  
Sorry. He said biopsy.

DORDICK  
The thing is if we do TESSE, we'll  
have to follow up, with ICSE  
(pronounced "Icksy")  
Intra-Cytoplasmic Sperm Injection.  
(handing Richard another sheet)  
It's an additional expense, but  
there's no way around it.  
The good news is Fisher is  
available and happens to be in the  
city today. The bad news is...  
he'll need a check for ten thousand  
dollars. I know it's short notice.

RICHARD  
Not a problem.

RACHEL  
It's not?

Richard shakes his head. Dordick prepares to leave.

DORDICK  
Take a minute to talk things over  
and once you're ready, I'll give  
Fisher a call while Moira helps  
Richard get suited up and we'll be  
off to the races.

**INT. CLINIC CORRIDOR - DAY**

Richard and Rachel walk down the hall following MOIRA.  
Rachel pushes her IV pole.

RACHEL  
(hushed, but intense)  
Richard. We don't have ten  
thousand dollars.

RICHARD  
I'm gonna call Charlie.

Rachel slows to a halt. Richard stops, too.

RACHEL  
We said we weren't going to tell  
anybody.

RICHARD  
I know... But what're we supposed to  
do, Rache? Eleven of your eggs are  
sitting in there waiting to be  
inseminated and we don't have anything  
to inseminate them with.

Rachel watches with envy as ANOTHER COUPLE, finished with  
their procedure, walk arm-in-arm toward the exit.

If I don't call him we're screwed.  
The cycle will be a bust, we'll  
have blown through a big chunk our  
baby budget and you'll have gone  
through all this for nothing.

**INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - HALLWAY - DAY**

Richard, now wearing a parka over a HOSPITAL GOWN, paces  
back and forth on the sidewalk, talking on his cellphone.

Rachel stands in the vestibule watching him through the glass door. After a few moments, Richard hangs up and heads inside, looking upbeat.

RICHARD  
He's on his way with a check.

RACHEL  
He is?

RICHARD  
Yep.

They walk to the elevator.

RACHEL  
Did Cynthia say anything?

RICHARD  
What? No. Of course not.

RACHEL  
She's so judgmental.

RICHARD  
No, she's not.

The elevator arrives. Rachel's Hasidic neighbors exit, and our couple steps in.

RACHEL  
Yes, she is, Richard. She was even weird when we were doing IUIs.

RICHARD  
You're being paranoid.

The doors close.

**INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - DAY**

CYNTHIA (50s) with messy morning hair stares at someone off-screen with her jaw dropped wide open.

CYNTHIA  
They're doing it again?!

Reverse shows CHARLIE (50s) at the sink as he turns off the faucet and drags a towel over his wet face.

CHARLIE  
No. This is something totally different. New doctor. Very high tech with... egg harvesting... and hatching. And something called "Icksee." Have you seen my pants?

Charlie slips past Cynthia, enters the adjoining bedroom and starts sifting through strewn clothes.

CYNTHIA

I thought they were done with all that and they were trying to adopt.

CHARLIE

Yeah. They are. They're still doing that. But after that thing with that girl, they're trying a "by any means necessary" approach. Doing both at once.

CYNTHIA

Oh, my god. They're like compulsive gamblers!

Charlie finds his pants, steps into them.

CHARLIE

Anyway, it's really technical and hard to keep track of. But there's a problem with Richard's sperm and he needs to borrow ten thousand dollars.

Charlie zips his pants and exits. Cynthia runs after him into --

THE HALLWAY --

CYNTHIA

You're not going to give it to him?

CHARLIE

Of course I am. He'll pay me back.

Charlie arrives at the STAIRS and heads down. Cynthia follows.

CYNTHIA

Charlie, if you love Richard and Rachel, do not give them the money. They don't need money. They need help. Giving them money is just... enabling them.

Charlie shoots her a skeptical look as he enters --

THE LIVING ROOM.

Cynthia is a few steps behind him.

CHARLIE

To what?

CYNTHIA

To pursue this... *fantasy* of fertility when it's pretty clear that it's consuming them -- emotionally and economically. They're strung out. Their marriage is a wreck. They're always fighting. They're like fertility junkies.

CHARLIE

That's nuts.

CYNTHIA

Honey. They've been doing this for years. They need to stop. They need to move on. They need an intervention.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mom?

Cynthia and Charlie turn to see their daughter, CHARLOTTE (17) holding A PHONE.

CHARLOTTE

Sadie's on the phone. She doesn't sound good.

Charlotte looks back and forth between her parents, neither of whom responds so she drops the phone on the couch and leaves. Cynthia and Charlie look at each other. Then, OUT OF THE RECEIVER, a faint voice --

SADIE (ON PHONE)

Mom?

CYNTHIA

(picking up)  
Hi, honey.

CHARLIE

I need to get going.

He pulls on a sweater. Cynthia follows him as he makes his way to the front door where he grabs his coat and exits.

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - UPSTATE NY - CONTINUOUS**

SADIE BARRETT (25) stands outside a dormitory, shivering and smoking as she talks on her cellphone. She's wearing a thick oversized sweater and pajama bottoms.

CYNTHIA (ON PHONE)

(to Charlie)  
I really want you to think about what you're doing.

SADIE  
 Mom? What's going on?

**EXT. CONNECTICUT HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Cynthia watches from the doorway as Charlie crunches across the gravel driveway and -- VEEP! VEEP! -- unlocks their Mercedes Station Wagon.

CYNTHIA  
 Nothing. We're just. Charlie's  
 going into the city and --

Before he gets in the car, Charlie calls out to Cynthia.

CHARLIE  
 I'll pick up some stuff from Russ  
 and Daughter's. You want salmon?

CYNTHIA  
 (covering the phone)  
 Charlotte! You want salmon?

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)  
 What?

CYNTHIA  
 (louder)  
 Dad's going into Manhattan. You  
 want Russ and Daughters?

**EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - CONTINUOUS**

Sadie struggles to hear, but she can only make out MUFFLED SOUNDS. Several students trudge by with backpacks. INTERCUT.

SADIE  
 Mom?

CYNTHIA  
 (to Charlie)  
 A bialy. An everything bagel. And  
 a quarter pound of Wild Nova.  
 (to Sadie)  
 Sorry, honey. Is everything okay?

SADIE  
 Uhh... not really.

CYNTHIA  
 What's wrong?

Sadie takes a deep drag on her cigarette.

Are you smoking?



SADIE  
 (mouth full of smoke)  
 No. I quit. I told you.  
 (exhales away from phone)  
 I just have a cold. And I'm  
 standing outside and it's freezing.

She drops her cigarette and steps on it.

CYNTHIA  
 Where?

SADIE  
 Tivoli. School.

CYNTHIA  
 Right. Okay. I was just checking.  
 You sound funny.

A pause as Sadie summons her courage.

SADIE  
 I need to get out of here.

CYNTHIA  
 For the Holidays?

SADIE  
 No. Before the holidays. And after.  
 (tense pause)  
 I need to leave here for a while.

CYNTHIA  
 You just got back there!

SADIE  
 I know. I don't think it was such  
 a good idea.

CYNTHIA  
 What do you mean? It was a great  
 idea. You'll finally graduate.

SADIE  
 I'm not doing well.

CYNTHIA  
 Are you failing?

SADIE  
 No. God, mom. Emotionally, not  
 academically. You are so  
 achievement oriented.

CYNTHIA

Finishing college at 25 isn't exactly an achievement, Sadie. It's damage control.

Sadie's eyes well up. Cynthia grimaces, regretting her choice of words.

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that.

SADIE

It's what you think.

CYNTHIA

No, it's not. I just... want you to find something that you love doing that gives you a sense of purpose and meaning to your life.

SADIE

I found it. Remember?

Cynthia tries to think of what Sadie is referring to.

Writing...

CYNTHIA

Of course. Yes. And you're really good at it, honey. But if you want to be a writer-writer, a professional, you have to be very driven and disciplined. And if it's giving you this much trouble in college, what's going to happen in the real world when you need to pay your rent at the same time?

Sadie shakes her head.

SADIE

I'm not failing, Mom. I did a lot of good work at the beginning of the semester that I'm really proud of. It's just... I'm a little stuck right now and I'm not gonna to be ready to hand in my portfolio in Writing Workshop which counts for like eighty percent of our grade. But the good news is my professor really believes in me and she's willing to give me an incomplete which is great because...

Sadie trails off.

CYNTHIA

Sadie? What?

SADIE

Nothing. I guess I'm waiting for you to tell me that in "real life" there's no such thing as an incomplete.

Pause.

CYNTHIA

Honey, why don't you just come home, and we can talk about this in person.

SADIE

I can't come home, mom.

CYNTHIA

Why not?

SADIE

(hesitant)

Because... I want to be in the city.

CYNTHIA

Oh, god, Sadie, how're you going to do that?

SADIE

I'll work. I'll waitress. It's not gonna cost you a penny. I promise. Uncle Richard and Aunt Rachel said I could stay at their place whenever I want.

CYNTHIA

Honey, Richard and Rachel have a lot on their plate. Trust me. They're not in a position to take care of anyone but themselves right now.

**INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY**

Richard and Rachel, the last remaining patients, lie in adjacent beds. He clutches an ice pack to his crotch, she a heating pad against her lower abdomen.

MELANCHOLY LOW-FI PIANO MUSIC FADES IN as the CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS AWAY from our reproductively challenged couple.

GIRL (PRE-LAP)

(singing)

*Nobody wants a broken toy....*

The song transports us to --

**INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

A GIRL (10), holding a DOC McSTUFFINS' KARAOKE MICROPHONE sings a song from the show while her YOUNGER SISTER does a strange interpretive dance.

A REVERSE shows Richard and Rachel watching with polite ambivalence. They sit with other MIDDLE-AGED DINNER GUESTS who form a captive, but charmed, audience.

The song ends. The guests applaud. The children beam. CAROLINE (45), the hostess (and mother of the girls), tries to move things along --

CAROLINE

Okay, you guys. Say good night to everyone.

GIRLS

Good night!

A chorus of "Good night!" from the table as a BABY-SITTER herds the kids off to bed.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

The remaining guests lounge with wine and dessert. We drift through the room, catching bits of conversation. We hear a party-goer, DAVID, talk about *alternate side parking rules*. In a corner, we find Richard talking to Caroline's husband BRAD. Rachel is nearby.

RICHARD

It's just party people drinking themselves sick on the weekends. I can barely walk the dogs at night. I just don't want to find myself at fifty sitting at a block association meeting trying to prevent a new bar from opening.

RACHEL

Honey, we're not going to turn fifty on East 6th Street.

RICHARD

I'm forty-seven!

**INT. DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Caroline removes a bottle of wine from the fridge as Rachel enters, carrying dishes. We hear voices from the other room.

RACHEL

You guys seem great.

CAROLINE

Me and Brad? We haven't spoken in two days.

RACHEL

What?

CAROLINE

For the last forty-eight hours we have not uttered a word to each other.

Just then, Brad enters the kitchen with some dessert plates.

That's how we fight. Right, honey?  
No words.

Brad looks at Rachel, shrugs in agreement, deposits dishes on the counter and leaves.

When's your book coming out?

RACHEL

April.

CAROLINE

(opening the wine)

That's exciting. I haven't written jack-shit since Talia was born.

POP! The cork comes out and Caroline begins to pour.

You have got to try this. I'm obsessed. I drank it all summer.

RACHEL

No, thanks.

CAROLINE

Really? It's Prosecco. You're not a Prosecco person?

RACHEL

No. I am. I love it. It's just, I can't... I'm cycling.

CAROLINE

Oh, my god. Soul Cycle? My sister does that and her ass is like two little coconuts. Do you love it?

RACHEL

Oh, no. Not that kind of cycling.  
(hesitant)  
It's... IVF.

CAROLINE  
 (covers her mouth)  
 Oh, my god. I am so sorry. What  
 an idiot.

She hugs Rachel.

RACHEL  
 It's okay.

CAROLINE  
 No, it's not. I'm such a dope.  
 Wow. I didn't know you guys were  
 back to doing that. I thought you  
 we're trying to adopt.

RACHEL  
 No. Yeah. We are. We just figured,  
 while we're waiting, we might as well  
 give this a shot. Ha! That's a good  
 one, right? Giving IVF a shot. It's  
 our first time, actually. We did lots  
 of IUIs before, but we never brought  
 out the big guns.

CAROLINE  
 It'll really increase your chances,  
 though, right?

RACHEL  
 Yeah. I don't know. Our numbers  
 aren't so great.

CAROLINE  
 You should talk to my cousin, Erin.  
 She did IVF to get her kids and her  
 doctors told her she shouldn't even  
 bother. Her chances were like one  
 percent or something. And she got  
 pregnant twice. In her forties.  
 With only one ovary.

Rachel, rapt, mouths "wow."

I'm sure she'd love to talk to you  
 about it. And her kids are amazing.

Caroline pulls a photo of Erin and her two kids off the  
 fridge and hands it to Rachel.

CUT TO:

**A MONITOR**  
 displaying an enlarged microscopic image of what appears  
 to be TWO CIRCLES OF SUDSY SPITTLE.

SUPERIMPOSE --

**THE TRANSFER**

A WIDER ANGLE reveals that we are in --

**INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY**

Rachel, her feet in stirrups, lies on a table, tipped so her head is lower than her pelvis. LAB TECHNICIANS and NURSES stand at various stations around the room. Dordick, in surgical scrubs, points to one of the spittle circles.

DORDICK

That's a double-A embryo, right there. See the tightly packed cells.... That puppy is raring to go. We'll transfer both, but I'm putting my money on this guy.

(turning to Rachel)

You ready?

RACHEL

(not sure)

Uh-huh.

DORDICK

(a smile, then to the room--)

Alrightie. Here we go, guys. It's show time.

LIGHTS dim. A GIANT SURGICAL LAMP GOES ON. Dordick sits on a stool with wheels and rolls in between Rachel's legs.

Your job is to just relax and breathe, okay?

Rachel nods, not relaxed at all. Dordick holds out his hand and a nurse supplies him with a SPECULUM.

DORDICK (CONT'D)

This might feel a little cold... Just relax... That's it.

MELLOW GUITAR MUSIC begins to play.

Do you like *The Eagles*?

Rachel has no idea what he's talking about until the vocals begin:

EAGLES

*Every night... I'm lyin' in bed...  
Holdin' you close in my dreams...*

Dordick smiles and raises his eyebrows. Rachel politely smiles back and nods.

Dordick holds out a hand and an embryologist gives him a CATHETER. With one eye on Rachel's cervix and the other on the ultrasound monitor, he speaks softly --

DR. DORDICK  
 Alright. Let's get pregnant, shall we?

Rachel smiles weakly and watches Dordick mouth the lyrics as he guides the catheter deep into her body.

EAGLES  
*Oh, oh, oh, oh, sweet darlin'  
 you get the best of my love...*

**EXT. CONCEPTIONS - DAY**

Rachel holds the collar of her coat closed as she and Richard stand on blustery First Avenue, searching for a cab. Spotting one, Richard raises his arm and a PIECE OF PAPER he's holding is snatched from his hand by the wind.

RACHEL  
 Oh, my god! Richard.

Richard chases the paper down the sidewalk, awkwardly crouching as he goes. Pedestrians step out of the way and give him looks. Rachel watches with a hand over her mouth.

**INT. CAB - DAY (MOVING)**

Richard smooths the paper against his thigh and rubs it, trying to remove the dirt and creases. For the first time we see that it's a BLACK & WHITE IMAGE of their embryos.

The cab hits a large pot hole, making a jarring dip and bump.

RACHEL  
 Ugh.  
 (to the driver)  
 Excuse me? Sir?

The PAKISTANI CAB DRIVER conversing in Urdu on his headset doesn't respond.

RICHARD  
 (quietly to Rachel)  
 It's okay.

RACHEL  
 No, it's not. I'm trying to  
 implant.

Rachel unbuckles her seat-belt and sticks her head through the opening in the Plexiglass divider.

Sir.



Startled, the driver yanks out his earbuds.

Hi. I'm sorry, but I just had a  
medical procedure. Gynecological.

The driver looks terrified.

So if you would slow down and take  
it easy on the bumps, I'd  
appreciate it.

As soon as Rachel retracts her head from the opening, the  
cabdriver slides the window shut. WHACK!

CUT TO:

BATHROOM TILE being mercilessly scrubbed.

SUMPERIMPOSE --

**THE HOME STUDY**

WIDER reveals we are in--

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Rachel is on all fours in the bathtub, scrubbing the tile.

Meanwhile, the dogs follow Richard as he enters the  
bedroom with an armful of fertility medication. He kicks  
the lid off a WICKER HAMPER and dumps everything inside.

RACHEL (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
How are we doing?

RICHARD  
Good!

Richard spots the WATER BOTTLE filled with used syringes  
and tosses it into the hamper.

As of now, no IVF materials are in  
sight.

BACK IN THE BATHROOM --

RACHEL  
Great!

RICHARD (O.S.)  
Do you think we should take down  
the Lisa Yuskavage?

RACHEL  
What? No!

Richard has wandered into --

THE LIVING ROOM, where he stares at something off-screen.

RICHARD

I'm just looking at it from Beth's perspective. We're used to it, but... If you and I sit next to each other on the couch and Beth sits across from us...

Richard takes a seat in the only chair opposite the couch.

It's like right in her face.

RACHEL

(entering with a sponge)  
What is?

RICHARD

The vagina.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals a SEXUALLY EXPLICIT LITHOGRAPH of a nude woman with her legs splayed open.

I think we should at least move it.  
So it's not so... central.

RACHEL

(thinks for a moment, then --)  
No. Uh-uh. If our social worker is so uptight that she would actually deny us a child because we have a... *vagina* on our wall, well then... just... screw everything...

Rachel marches back to the kitchen and gets down on all fours.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I mean, just fuck it!  
(shaking Ajax on the floor)

I am so sick of these people judging us and telling us what to do all the time. Between the doctors and the social workers and the support groups, it's just like, shut the fuck up already and shove it up your fucking asses!

**LATER, IN THE LIVING ROOM --**

A civilized tableau: Rachel and Richard, nicely dressed and flanked by their dogs, sit on the couch across from BETH (50), a compact social worker. While Rachel pours tea, Beth reviews their file.

BETH

Before Kyra went on maternity leave she walked me through everything, so I'm pretty up-to-date. But nothing can replace talking face-to-face.

(receiving her tea)

Mmm, thank you.

As Beth takes a sip, her eyes land on the lithograph and the VAGINA. She seems hypnotized by it. Richard gives Rachel an "I told you so" look.

RACHEL

She's a good friend of ours. Not the woman in the picture. The artist who made it. She's our friend. It was a wedding present.

BETH

(back to business)

So, it looks like you came to adoption after some fertility treatments.

Nervous "Uh-huhs and "Yeahs" before an uncomfortable pause.

RICHARD

It wasn't for us. Didn't feel right.

Beth nods sympathetically as she writes something down.

RACHEL

Plus Richard only has one testicle, so...

Richard shoots his wife a look. Beth moves things along.

BETH

I see that you were matched with a birthmother last winter. Would you mind telling me a little bit about that?

Richard and Rachel check in with each other. Richard nods.

RACHEL

Okay. Um. We'd been officially waiting for a couple of months and we weren't getting any calls, which was totally depressing. Kyra told us about Parent Portraits...

Beth nods knowingly.

...so we decided to give it a try.

(MORE)

About a week after our page went up, we got a call...

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

A RINGING PHONE sits on a desk in their home office. Taped to it is a handmade label: BABY PHONE/INCOMING CALLS ONLY.

Rachel stumbles into the dark room, stubbing her toe en route -- "Oww, Fuck!"

RACHEL

Hello. Yes. Uh-huh. That's us.

She turns on a lamp. With the handset wedged between her shoulder and ear, she pushes aside paperwork to reveal TWO PAGES of what appears to be a play taped to the desk. A heading reads: PHONE SCRIPT.

No, not at all. "We're happy you called. It's the perfect time."

Richard, in boxers, drifts into the room, squinting and scratching his head. Rachel looks at him, holds up a finger.

Yep. New York City. Uh-huh.  
Well, it's got its pros and cons.  
But we love it.

Rachel scrawls on a notepad and shows it to Richard:

***TIFFANY 19***

Richard nods.

RACHEL

What about you?... Uh-huh. Oh, wow. Birthplace of Bill Clinton! No. But we've always wanted to...

She hastily writes something else for Richard:

***Little Rock, Ark -- 13 Weeks Pregnant***

Richard draws a deep breath and sighs as he watches his wife sink deeper and deeper into the call.

RICHARD (V.O.)

It was like a match made in heaven.

CUT TO:

**A SKYPE SESSION - NIGHT**

TIFFANY is on a computer screen, having an animated conversation with Rachel and Richard.

The voices are barely audible and the pixillated image is beautiful and strange, like a digital dream.

RICHARD (V.O.)  
We talked to her almost every night  
for a month...

**ANOTHER SKYPE SESSION --**

Tiffany gets up, adjusts her computer, then lifts her sweatshirt to reveal a BIG RED HEART drawn with lipstick on her barely showing belly.

Richard and Rachel smile in awe. Tiffany pops her head back into frame. Everybody laughs.

RICHARD (V.O.)  
We fell in love with her...

**INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY**

A key is inserted in a mailbox that says Biegler/Grimes. Among the mail is an ENVELOPE decorated with HEART STICKERS and a PURPLE UNICORN STAMP.

RICHARD (V.O.)  
She was so young. It was like we  
were her parents.

Richard opens the envelope and pulls out SEVERAL SONOGRAMS along with a PHOTO of Tiffany which looks like it was taken at JC Penny's.

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Richard puts the photo and sonograms on the refrigerator with a MAGNET IN THE SHAPE OF ARKANSAS.

BETH (V.O.)  
So you arranged to meet her?

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - PRESENT**

RICHARD  
Yep. Two days before Christmas.  
It was amazing we could get tickets.

**EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY - FLASHBACK**

A rental car whizzes by a sign that says:

**WELCOME TO LITTLE ROCK**

**INT./EXT. RENTAL CAR - DAY (MOVING)**

Richard drives. Rachel holds a beat-up manila folder in her lap and watches the landscape roll past. Richard spots something --

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- A CRACKER BARREL.

RICHARD  
Thar' she blows.

**EXT. CRACKER BARREL - CONTINUOUS**

Richard turns into the parking lot, finds a spot and shuts off the engine. They stare at the restaurant.

RICHARD  
We're early. You want to go in or wait here?

RACHEL  
Go in.  
(opening the door)  
I need to use the bathroom.

Richard and Rachel walk toward the restaurant straightening their clothing, which is dressier and more conservative than usual. Richard reaches for Rachel's hand, then notices something and stops.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
What?

RICHARD  
On your neck. What is that?

Rachel nervously fingers her necklace, and we see a TINY GOLD CROSS.

RACHEL  
Jewelry.

RICHARD  
I know that. Why are you wearing it?

RACHEL  
(shrugging)  
I like it.

RICHARD  
You're Jewish.

RACHEL  
No I'm not, my mother's Irish Catholic.

RICHARD  
Your father's Solomon Biegler.

RACHEL  
Okay. So, I want Tiffany to like us.

RICHARD  
By lying to her?

RACHEL  
I'm not lying. It's just... a piece of jewelry. She can interpret it any way she wants.

RICHARD  
Rache, we don't have to pretend we're something we're not. She knows who we are. She thinks we're cool. She's not suddenly expecting Christians to show up. It's not like we ever said anything in our Parent Profile about being religious, so we don't need to start now.

(off Rachel's look)  
What?

RACHEL  
I updated our page.

Richard stares at his wife, baffled.

It felt stale. It needed refreshing. So, I updated a few things.

RICHARD  
You mean like our sudden belief that Jesus Christ is our savior?

RACHEL  
Will you stop making me feel shitty about this? Jesus. Everyone in our group does it. They say they go to church on Sunday even if where they really go is just to... brunch or... pilates or whatever because they know that most of these girls with unwanted pregnancies aren't really Sunday-brunch-pilates-people because if they were... they wouldn't be in this... stupid situation in the first place because they would have already taken care of it by now by having had an abortion...

(voice catching)

(MORE)

...just like we did... nine years ago when we weren't ready.

Rachel's breathing is shallow and jittery as she holds back tears.

RICHARD

We weren't ready, Rache. We were in graduate school. In enormous debt. We had just met. We didn't even like each other yet.

Rachel lets out a little snort-laugh. Richard laughs a little, too. They fall silent a moment.

RACHEL

Do you ever think that that's why now we can't --

RICHARD

No. I don't. Ever.

A moment. Then Richard holds out a hand. Rachel takes it, and they resume walking toward the restaurant.

FROM BEHIND, as they walk away --

RACHEL

It's just a piece of jewelry.

RICHARD

I know.

RACHEL

I think it's pretty. It looks good with my blouse.

RICHARD

Yeah. It does.

**INT. CRACKER BARREL - DAY**

A WAITRESS arrives at the booth and places MEATLOAF in front of Richard and ICED TEA in front of Rachel.

RICHARD

Mmm. That looks great. Thank you.

WAITRESS

(to Rachel)

Are you sure there's nothing else I can get for you?

RACHEL

No, thank you.



As the waitress leaves, Richard takes a bite of meatloaf. Rachel takes a sip of her tea, looks out the window and sighs.

RICHARD  
Honey, relax, okay? She's just  
late. Have some mashed potatoes.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. CRACKER BARREL - DUSK**

We PAN across a PURPLE AND LAVENDER SUNSET and arrive at a WINDOW through which Rachel and Richard can be seen sitting in the same booth -- hours later.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
After all that, it was just like...  
Poof!

**A SKYPE SESSION --**

with Tiffany, which quickly dissolves into ANOTHER SESSION and then ANOTHER...

RACHEL (V.O.)  
She never showed up and we never  
heard from her again.

Tiffany's image FREEZES and we DISSOLVE TO --

**INT./EXT. RENTAL CAR - HIGHWAY - NIGHT (MOVING)**

Richard and Rachel drive in silence. They pass signs for the Clinton National Airport.

RICHARD (V.O.)  
We'd been warned about this stuff.  
But she'd never asked us for money  
or anything, so...

**INT. CLINTON NATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT**

CLOSE ON an "I miss Bill" REFRIGERATOR MAGNET. A Clinton KEY CHAIN. An "I Heart Little Rock" MUG.

WIDER--our couple float aimlessly through A GIFT SHOP. Richard looks at RUBBER HALLOWEEN MASKS of Bill and Hillary. Rachel stands in front of a POSTCARD CAROUSEL looking at a picture of a young Hillary and Bill cradling newborn Chelsea.

A BOARDING ANNOUNCEMENT can be heard.

**LATER--**

Richard and Rachel pull rolling bags as they head toward a gate. Richard carries a shopping bag. As they walk into the distance, we hear THE SOUND OF A PLANE TAKING OFF.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The SONOGRAMS on the refrigerator are being removed.

Richard and Rachel, still in the same clothes from the trip, examine the flimsy print-outs.

RICHARD (V.O.)  
 When we got home, we realized...  
 there was no name or date on any of  
 the sonograms.

SLOWLY PUSH IN ON the PHOTO OF TIFFANY held up by magnets.

RICHARD (V.O.)  
 Kyra said sometimes the girls just  
 want the attention... and there  
 isn't a baby at all.

The photo is plucked off the fridge. HOLD on empty space.

We still don't know if she was real  
 or not.

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - PRESENT**

Beth looks at the sonograms.

BETH  
 It's much easier when it involves  
 money. At least that makes some  
 kind of sense. But the emotional  
 scams...  
 (shaking her head)  
 After something like that, a lot of  
 people give up -- or they throw  
 themselves back on the fertility  
 treadmill. It's a real testament  
 to your strength as a couple that  
 you stuck with it and renewed your  
 commitment to adoption.

Rachel and Richard smile stiffly and nod. The SOUND OF  
 THUNDER and HEAVY RAIN carries us to --

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - ANOTHER DAY (RAINING)**

Rachel opens a KITCHEN CABINET, revealing an array of  
 FERTILITY MEDICATION. She plucks a bottle from the shelf and  
 pops a pill into her mouth. Without swallowing, she  
 retrieves one bottle after another, in quick succession,  
 filling her mouth with pills. Finally, with a big swig of  
 water, she knocks back all the pills in her mouth.

From another shelf, she removes a GREEN BAG, stuffs several pills into PILL POCKETS and feeds one each to Eno and Lazlo who circle around her, panting.

**IN THE BEDROOM -- HIGH ANGLE**

Rachel sits on her bed surrounded by paper working on a BOUND MANUSCRIPT filled with copy-editing marks and Post-its. She pauses and lays the manuscript on the bed so we can see the title page: **WOMEN'S STUDIES by Rachel Biegler**. Rachel stares into space for a moment, looking uneasy, then begins feeling her breasts. She presses them to see if they are sore. They are!

**INT. "THE PICKLE GUY" OFFICES - DAY (RAIN)**

Richard and his only employee, SAM (30), are in the middle of receiving a delivery of PICKLE GUY PRODUCTS. Sam is alone in the storage room when a message arrives on Richard's phone. Sam picks it up.

SAM

Rich. Text from Rachel.

Through the doorway, we see Richard out in the hall helping TWO UPS GUYS unload dollies.

RICHARD

What does it say?

Sam opens the message and blushes.

SAM

It's kind of personal.

Sam holds up the phone so Richard can see --

A SELFIE OF RACHEL'S BREASTS, spilling from her bra with the caption: *"Do these look bigger to you?"*

Richard cracks a tiny smile.

CUT TO BLACK.

**THE TEST**

**EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY**

Rachel emerges from a subway station, hurries down a street and arrives at a door with a bronze plaque: LAWRENCE DORDICK, MD.

**INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY**

A NURSE wearing DEVIL HORNS draws Rachel's blood.

**INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

On her way out, Rachel passes the desk where FOUR WOMEN work at various stations.

A JACK-O-LANTERN sits on the ledge along with a GOLDFISH BOWL FILLED WITH LOLLIPOPS. Rachel lingers, then takes a lollipop, pops it in her mouth and smiles at a receptionist, who smiles back.

As Rachel pulls on her coat, she discovers that she's standing in front of a wall covered in CHEERFUL CARDS and BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENTS. She begins reading the notes of appreciation and looking at the photos of babies and beaming children.

RECEPTIONIST #1 (O.S.)  
We're rooting for you.

Rachel turns to find one of the receptionists looking at her with obvious empathy.

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Rachel showers, letting the water pelt her face. In the distance, a PHONE RINGS.

Richard enters the apartment with the dogs on leashes. Hearing the phone --

RICHARD  
Rache?!

Richard drops the leashes and answers.

Hello? Sure, hold on. Rache!

He hurries into the bathroom.

Rache. It's Dordick.

Rachel SHUTS OFF the water, pulls open the curtain and looks at her husband. Richard hands her a towel. She wraps herself in it and sits down on the side of the tub. Richard joins her. They look at each other, prepare themselves, then Richard pushes the SPEAKER button.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Okay. We're both on.

DORDICK (ON PHONE)  
Hi, Rachel.

RACHEL  
(tentative)  
Hi.

Excruciating silence.

DORDICK (ON PHONE)  
It's not good news, guys.

HOLD on our couple as the words sink in.

**INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - DAY**

A WIRE MOBILE IN THE SHAPE OF A PREGNANT WOMAN dangles in front of a window. Caught in the stream of air coming from a nearby vent, the wire woman twists and turns, occasionally striking the window like a fly trying to escape. TAP. TAP. TAP.

WIDE -- Rachel and Richard sit among other couples in a cramped seating area. The room is hushed except for the sound of the TAPPING.

**INT. DORDICK'S INNER OFFICE - DAY**

Consulting his notes --

DORDICK  
You could give it another go. This was your first IVF. Rachel responded well. It only takes one good egg. On the other hand, the two of you have been at it for quite some time and if money is a factor -- that combined with Rachel's age makes me think... sure, you could try again, but your best chance of success is with a donor egg.

Rachel and Richard are stunned.

It's a big leap, I know. It takes some getting used to. And I don't want to diminish the loss of a genetic link for Rachel, but there are a lot of positives to consider. Rachel would carry the child. Control the pre-natal environment. Give birth, breast-feed. And, of course, there would be Richard's genetic contribution.

(pause)

It's a lot to wrap your head around. Give it some time.

Dordick takes out a brochure and slides it across the desk.

(MORE)

Meanwhile, take a look at our program. See what you think and we can talk next week.

The couple looks at THE SHINY BROCHURE where ethnically diverse young women with good teeth smile up at them. Below the image, it says:

*Sometimes it takes three to make a family...*

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

The door to Dordick's office is thrown open and Rachel hurls herself out. Richard follows -- brochure in hand, pulling on his coat -- and tries to catch up.

RACHEL

He's out of his fucking mind! There's no way in hell I'm doing that.

RICHARD

We should at least just think about it.

Rachel stops and turns to face him.

I'm not saying we would do it. We can just... explore the idea. See how we feel. Make a list of all the pros and cons --

RACHEL

Are you serious?

RICHARD

(tentative)  
We've come this far.

Rachel, flabbergasted, stares at her husband.

What?

RACHEL

We talked about this. We swore we would never do it.

RICHARD

No. You swore you would never do it. I kept my mouth shut because I didn't want to pressure you into something that you're going to have to live with for the rest of your life.

RACHEL

Wait. So all this time that I've been going along assuming that we feel the same way about this, you've been having secret fantasies about egg donation?

RICHARD

It's not a secret fantasy.

RACHEL

It is to me. I didn't know about it. I thought we decided together, as a couple that we would definitely draw the line at... science fiction!

RICHARD

It's not science fiction, Rache. It's pretty primitive, actually. They do it with farm animals all the time.

Rachel's jaw drops.

RACHEL

Well, I'm not a goat, okay?

RICHARD

Bad example. Sorry.

RACHEL

Oh, my god. You're really freaking me out, right now. You're so gung-ho.

RICHARD

I am not gung-ho. I'm... pragmatic. If we do another IVF with your eggs, we have, what? -- a four percent chance of getting pregnant? With a donor egg, we'd be going from four to like sixty-five percent. The gambler in me wants to put my money on the better odds.

Rachel's eyes widen.

RACHEL

Oh, my god, you're Guy Woodhouse.

RICHARD

What?

RACHEL

The husband in *Rosemary's Baby*. John Cassavetes. That's you.

RICHARD

Yeah, Rachel. That's me. Standing by while you're being raped by a satanic demon. I'm just suggesting we listen to our doctor and look into all the options. We're already signed up for adoption, what's the big deal?

RACHEL

Well, for one, I'm not putting someone else's body parts into my uterus!

A NANNY warily approaches with a double-wide stroller. Unable to pass, she gives them looks. Richard leads Rachel a few steps to the side, smiling politely.

RICHARD

(hushed)

I know it's more complicated for you.

RACHEL

Isn't it more complicated for you, too?

RICHARD

Yes, of course, it is... But you heard him. There are lots of positives.

(stroking her cheek)

You'd get to carry the baby.

Rachel swats his hand away.

RACHEL

Oh, woop-de-do! What does that make me? The bellhop?!

RICHARD

(weak, barely audible)

No.

Richard, utterly at sea, watches his wife walk away until she whips around and hisses:

RACHEL

Well, why don't you just go screw a younger woman, then?

RICHARD

What're you talking about?

RACHEL

Oh, look. There's one now.

She points to a thirty-ish woman walking on the other side of the street.



Go fuck her!

RICHARD

I don't want to fuck her!

The woman in question glances over, picking up her pace. Rachel marches away again. Richard goes after her.

Look, we're doing just about everything we can short of kidnapping to start a family. I don't know why this is so off limits.

Rachel staggers to a halt and looks at her husband.

RACHEL

Easy for you to say. You...  
(voice catching)  
You'll have your... *genetic contribution*. Me, I'll just be...

A spasm of shallow breaths overtake her.

RICHARD

(soft)  
What?

RACHEL

...lllll... left out...

Rachel erupts into tears. Richard watches her for a moment, then goes to hug her but is met with Rachel's wrath as she starts pounding on his chest.

Keeping his face out of the line of fire, he opens his coat and manages to wrap Rachel inside even as she continues to pound. Finally exhausted, her body goes limp and she allows herself to be comforted.

They stand on the sidewalk -- pressed together under the coat -- as pedestrians walk around them. Leaves fall from the trees. We see a TRICK-OR-TREATER or two.

**EXT. AVENUE A - DUSK (SLOW MOTION)**

More trick-or-treaters: BLOODIED GHOULS and FACE-PAINTED BUTTERFLIES. Parents are dressed up, too. A BANNER reads NEIGHBORHOOD SCHOOL HALLOWEEN PARADE. A motley MARCHING BAND of aging punk rock parents plays MUSIC as it leads the procession.

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

The distant marching band can be heard as Richard and Rachel nap with their dogs. A loud, unpleasant BUZZZZ wakes them, and Richard gets up to go to the door.

RICHARD'S POV THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE --

A GRIM REAPER (10) and a BALLERINA (7) wait in the hall.

RACHEL (O.S.)  
(groggy)  
Who is it?

RICHARD  
(whispering)  
The kids from the third floor.

RACHEL  
What do they want?

RICHARD  
(is she kidding?)  
Candy. It's Halloween.

RACHEL  
(whispering)  
Oh, shit. Right. Just don't answer it.

There is a sudden KNOCK and Rachel and Richard stand there, frozen. Muffled voices can be heard through the door.

BALLERINA GIRL (O.S.)  
Someone's there. I heard them.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

GRIM REAPER  
Maybe, but they're not answering.

BALLERINA  
But it's a holiday.

GRIM REAPER  
It's not that kind of holiday. Not everybody celebrates Halloween. Especially people that don't have kids.

The boy walks down the hall while his sister lingers.

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Richard and Rachel stand there, listening.

BALLERINA (O.S.)  
They did it last year.

FADE OUT.

**INT. RICHARD AND RACHEL'S APARTMENT - ANOTHER NIGHT**

A COMPUTER SCREEN where little HEAD-SHOTS of young women scroll past, accompanied by ID NUMBERS and short descriptions:

--24 year-old (Italian; Irish) 5'6", brown eyes, fair skin.  
--22 year-old (Russian born) 5'4", hazel eyes, brown hair.  
--26 year-old (Brazilian born; US citizen) brown hair, brown eyes.

RACHEL (V.O.)  
Jesus. It's like eBay for ova.

WIDER reveals Rachel stretched out on the living room couch with her laptop open, calling into another room.

There's one that got a full athletic scholarship in golf.

She gets up and walks to --

THE BEDROOM -- where Richard lounges with a book.

Have you ever even heard of that?  
College golf?

RICHARD  
I thought you were working on your edit.

Rachel joins him on the bed and turns her laptop so he can see.

RACHEL  
What d'you think? Do you want her to have your baby?

Richard ignores the computer.

RICHARD  
She's not having my baby. You are.

RACHEL  
Okay. Fine. But what d'you think?

Richard puts his book down and gives the laptop his full attention.

RICHARD  
I think she's fine.

RACHEL  
That's all you have to say?

RICHARD  
I'm not gonna make a big deal about it.  
It's just an egg. It's one cell.

Richard resumes reading.

RACHEL  
(mumbling to herself)  
One cell that contains half the  
chromosomes of our child-to-be.

RICHARD  
I don't see it that way.

Rachel laughs and shakes her head.

RACHEL  
Oh, my god, you are so in denial  
it's crazy.

RICHARD  
Don't knock denial. It comes in  
very handy. You should try it  
sometime. Without it, you end up  
like this guy.

He holds up his book, *THE STRUGGLE*, so Rachel can see the intense face of the Norwegian author on the cover. Rachel snort-laughs, then returns to looking at her screen.

RACHEL  
Listen to this. *Double major in  
philosophy and political science at  
an East Coast Ivy League  
University. Entered at 16.*

RICHARD  
Too intimidating.

RACHEL  
Yeah. Your sperm might be very shy  
around her eggs.

Richard gives up trying to read and scoots closer to the screen. Richard grimaces at something.

RICHARD  
Favorite book: "The Fountainhead."

RACHEL  
Oh... see that asterisk? That  
means she's reserved.  
(MORE)

There's probably a waiting list.  
It's the Ivy League thing.

Richard points to an attractive young woman with brown hair.

RICHARD  
Click on her. She's cute.

Rachel clicks the thumbnail and a page opens with a longer description and additional photos.

RACHEL  
She has a BA. Majored in  
journalism and cinema studies. No  
wonder she's selling her eggs. She  
can't get a job. I like her nose.

RICHARD  
I like your nose.

Richard kisses Rachel's cheek, then buries his face in the crook of her neck.

Mmm. This is kind of kinky.

Rachel giggles and squirms, then notices something out of the corner of her eye.

RACHEL  
Oh, my god. Richard.

She points and Richard leans in to look at ANOTHER YOUNG WOMAN, this one with auburn hair.

RICHARD  
Wait. Is that... Fiona? From Mogador?

Rachel nods, almost imperceptibly.

Whoa.

**INT. CAFÉ MOGADOR - DAY**

The real-life FIONA glides through the restaurant. She talks easily with some customers, writing their order on a pad. The camera lingers.

Rachel and Richard sit at a table with their menus and coffee, watching.

RICHARD  
I don't know. This is weird.

RACHEL  
Think of it like an exercise.  
There's no right or wrong answers.

RICHARD

Alright. Fine.

(surreptitiously looking)

Well. She's beautiful. That's obvious. And she's always nice, which is good. Any time we come in. No matter how crowded. She's got a great laugh and an amazing body. In the summer when she wears those thin cotton dresses with her hair all piled up...

RACHEL

You're not supposed to think about how hot she is, Richard. You're not going to have sex with her.

Rachel sighs, looks away and shakes her head.

RICHARD

What? You said there were no wrong answers. It's very confusing. I've never done this before.

RACHEL

Neither have I. But just... stop thinking about fucking her, okay. Think about her like she's your daughter. Not your girlfriend.

RICHARD

Okay.

RACHEL

God.

RICHARD

What?

RACHEL

(eyes pooling)

Nothing.

He reaches across the table and lays his hand on her forearm.

RICHARD

I'm sorry. I love you.

She takes her arm back and gazes down at the table.

You're the one who wanted to do this.

RACHEL

Oh, do you think I enjoy this?  
Looking for another woman's egg to  
mix with my husband's sperm so I  
can inject it into my uterus so we  
can have a baby?

Richard notices A COUPLE at a nearby table look over.

At least Fiona is a flesh and blood  
person we actually know, instead of  
some random thumbnail photo.

(an exhale, then--)

Maybe we should just ask her.

Rachel raises her arm to flag Fiona. Richard yanks it down,  
clanking the cutlery and water glasses in the process.

RICHARD

Are you crazy? We can't ask her.

RACHEL

She put her picture up on a website.

RICHARD

That doesn't mean she wants customers  
inquiring about her ovaries during  
the brunch rush-

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hi, guys.

Rachel and Richard turn to find Fiona looking down at them  
with a warm smile, pen and pad in hand.

What can I get you?

**EXT. MOGADOR - DAY**

The couple make their way through the cluster of customers  
on the sidewalk.

RACHEL

(pulling on her coat)

Oh, god. It's like The Handmaid's  
Tale. It would be different if I  
had like... a younger sister or  
cousin or something.

Richard's cell RINGS. As they walk, he digs through the  
pockets of the coat slung over his arm.

Even a family friend.

(MORE)

Someone in our lives who we had a real connection with -- so I wasn't just preying on the ovarian reserves of random young women...

Rachel, realizing that Richard is no longer walking beside her, turns to find him staring at his phone.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

What?

Richard shows her the phone: SADIE BENNET. Rachel realizes what he must be thinking and they lock eyes -- each silently turning over the same idea.

The RINGING PHONE goes SILENT.

CUT TO:

**INT. SUBARU - DAY**

SADIE, in profile, looking out the passenger seat window.

RICHARD (O.S.)

It really sucks what you've been going through.

SADIE

Yeah. It does. Thanks.

Another ANGLE shows Richard, behind the wheel.

RICHARD

(puzzled)  
Thanks?

SADIE

For confirming that my life sucks right now. It really means a lot to me.

RICHARD

You're welcome.

SADIE

I know you're technically just my step uncle and aunt, but I feel closer to you guys than everyone else in the family. You guys get it. Everyone else is on me all the time to get my shit together. Like I'm some sort of drop-out or something.

Pause.



RICHARD

You did just drop out of Bard,  
didn't you?

SADIE

No. I was granted permission by  
the Dean's Office to finish my  
degree requirements *in absentia*.  
That's a thing.

RICHARD

It's Latin, right? For dropped out?

Sadie playfully swipes at Richard.

SADIE

Shut up.

RICHARD

Hey, watch it. I'm driving.

She looks out the window and shakes her head --

SADIE

God. Even you, Uncle Cool.

RICHARD

Hey. You came up with that name, not  
me. The idea that anyone would refer  
to me as "cool" is just evidence of  
how utterly uncool our family is.

Sadie laughs.

**EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY**

Richard's old Subaru whizzes by.

**OMITTED**

**INT./EXT. CAR - DUSK**

Richard drives, listening to Duke Ellington. Sadie is  
asleep. The MANHATTAN SKYLINE appears and Richard taps her.  
She opens her eyes and groggily, but in awe, takes in the  
sparkling view.

**INT./EXT. CAR - EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT**

Through the window: Avenue A is crawling with young people  
out for a good time.

As the car pulls up to his apartment building, Richard is  
distressed to find FRESH GRAFFITI, a DRUNK passed out and a  
SHADY GUY smoking in front of the neighboring LIQUOR STORE.

SADIE  
I thought everything was supposed  
to be all gentrified now.

RICHARD  
Yeah, well, I guess they forgot  
about our corner.

SADIE  
It's so... *Serpico*.

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Richard holds the door open for Sadie who teeters in wearing a massive backpack. The two dogs rush toward her.

SADIE  
Oh, my god!

Sadie kneels down to greet them. Rachel emerges from an adjoining room, smiling.

RACHEL  
Hi, Sade.

Sadie jumps up and throws her arms around Rachel, but her enthusiasm, combined with her unwieldy backpack, knock them off balance. They topple over, sending the dogs into a fit of barking.

**INT. SUPPER - NIGHT**

Richard, Rachel and Sadie sit at a booth in a crowded Italian restaurant.

RACHEL  
So, how do you plan on finishing?

Sadie tears bread and dips it in olive oil. Her chin is shiny.

SADIE  
Online.

RACHEL  
Really? Why online?

SADIE

(between bites)

Because that way I don't have to talk to any deluded college students who think the real world actually gives a shit about their stupid short fiction -- which isn't even really "fiction" in the first place, just thinly veiled autobiographical crap about their entitled upbringings.

(waiter brings plates)

Mmm. Thanks. And I won't have to listen to what a big deal it is that they're being published in some random literary magazine that no one has ever even heard of... like *Tin House* or whatever.

Pause.

RACHEL

Wait. *Tin House*?

SADIE

Uh-huh.

RACHEL

*Tin House* is a really well-regarded literary magazine.

RICHARD

They published something of yours, right?

RACHEL

Once. Yeah.

(to Sadie)

Everybody at your school is getting published in *Tin House*?

SADIE

Not everybody. I just mean, in general, it's like everyone is so self-promoting and convinced of their own artistic promise and I'm like, hey, my uncle is an award-winning theater genius and my aunt is a real-life playwright and author who gets her stories published in well-known periodicals that normal people have actually heard of like *The New Yorker*, for instance.

(MORE)

And they're over 40 and still have to live in a rent stabilized apartment on Avenue A with like drunks and graffiti in front. So don't talk to me about the sacrifices you're making to be an artist, okay?

Rachel and Richard stare at Sadie with stiff smiles.

CUT TO:

**A SERIES OF PHOTOS.**

-- RICHARD AND RACHEL, ten years younger, stand among company members in front of a run-down building with a hand-painted sign that says "La Rata Theater."

-- RICHARD DIRECTS A REHEARSAL in a beat-up work space with exposed brick and scaffolding.

-- A PRODUCTION STILL from a gritty looking theater piece. Bare stage. Shirtless men.

-- ANOTHER PRODUCTION PHOTO IN BLACK & WHITE. A man and woman in a bed on a dramatically lit stage.

A WIDE SHOT reveals we are back in --

**INT. RICHARD AND RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Sadie, wearing an over-sized Pickle Guy t-shirt, is looking at the photos on a wall of bookshelves in the living room.

Richard sits on the floor trying to blow up an air mattress without the aid of a pump.

SADIE

Don't you ever miss it? You guys were so great.

Removing his mouth from the valve --

RICHARD

Tell that to the N.E.A.

Richard resumes blowing as Rachel drifts in with sheets and pillows.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Oh, I meant to tell you. I walked by our old space on Walker Street the other day. You know what it is now? A Citibank. Just try doing Growtowski in front of an ATM.

Rachel laughs. Sadie reads from a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.

SADIE

*This was the year that a small downtown theater collective reminded us of the singular power of theater to astonish. In "Tray," a story set among cafeteria workers in a suburban high school, La Rata and it's director, Richard Grimes created a political comedy that deftly examines the racial and socioeconomic divide that plague our nation.*

RICHARD

Who wrote that?

SADIE

Jonathan Gilmore. The Village Voice.

RICHARD

See. That's how sad we are. We're from a time when the Village Voice was considered relevant.

**LATER, IN THE BATHROOM --**

As Rachel brushes her teeth, she notices Sadie's TOILETRY BAG. After a quick glance at the door, she begins to dig through the contents: "Wet 'n' Wild Lip Gloss," Pink disposable razors. Deep Cleaning Pore Strips. Rachel abruptly stops rifling and stares dumbstruck when she comes across a package of "Plan B" morning-after pills. Just then, Sadie walks in, startling Rachel who swings around and knocks the bag to the floor. The toiletries spill out and roll around.

RACHEL

(mouth full of toothpaste)  
Oh, shit. Sorry. I got it.

SADIE

That's okay. I can do it.

Rachel frantically shoves the toiletries into the bag, spits out her toothpaste, and rushes out, leaving Sadie bewildered.

**LATER --**

Rachel and Richard lie in bed flanked by their dogs. Richard is asleep, but not Rachel.

RACHEL

(whispering)  
Honey? Honey, are you awake?

No response. She softly pokes his shoulder.

Richard?

RICHARD  
Huh? What?

RACHEL  
Do you think we should do it?

RICHARD  
Do what?

RACHEL  
Ask Sadie.

She heaves a big sigh and stares up at the ceiling.

She's so young.

Richard looks blearily at his worried wife.

RICHARD  
That's the point, isn't it?

**EXT. EAST VILLAGE - DAY**

A SERIES of SHOTS: Rooftops in the early morning. On the last one, we tilt down to find Sadie smoking on a fire escape with bare legs, unlaced sneakers and a big down jacket.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

Rachel is at the counter grinding coffee beans and making cappuccinos on their semi-professional machine. As espresso oozes, she looks out the window at Sadie on the fire escape.

Rachel studies her, then turns to Richard, already sitting at the table with his own coffee. They look at each other, then Richard nods. She turns back to the window, knocks on it and holds up A MUG printed with the word "Yaddo."

Sadie smiles, stubs out her cigarette and climbs back into the kitchen to find her cappuccino sitting on the table along with toast, jam and a newspaper.

SADIE  
Wow. How Instagrammable. Thank you.  
(tasting her coffee)  
Mmm. Yum.

Rachel picks up her own mug as does Richard, and there's a long pause as everyone sips silently. Then --

SADIE (CONT'D)  
Oh, my god. Look at us. We're  
like an ad for assholes.

Sadie laughs and wipes her mouth with the back of her hand. Rachel and Richard smile vaguely.

RICHARD

You mean, we're assholes? Or we're part of an ad that's targeted to assholes?

SADIE

No. It's just, you know. That whole--  
 (sing-songy pizzicato delivery)  
 People. With cappuccinos. In their lofts. With their laptops and their dogs. With messy hair.  
 (regular voice)  
 That whole fantasy... It's not your fault. You guys are authentic and real. You've just been co-opted by the cultural mechanisms that create desirability.

Richard and Rachel smile and nod vaguely.

I took a Media and Consumer Society course. It was pretty life-altering.

Another pause as everyone sips. Then Rachel throws Richard a glance, and he takes his cue.

RICHARD

Uh, Sadie, --  
 (clears his throat)  
 -- there's something that we want to, um...

Richard hesitates, then gets the ball rolling, so to speak.

You know I only have one testicle, right?

Taken aback, Sadie looks at her uncle, then Rachel, then back to Richard.

SADIE

Uh, yeah, actually. I do.

RACHEL

You do?

SADIE

Charlie mentioned it once.

RICHARD

He did?

SADIE

Not to me, personally. But to my mom. I overheard it. A couple of Thanksgivings ago. I can't remember. Whenever you guys were going through all that fertility stuff.

RACHEL

We're still going through all that fertility stuff.

SADIE

I thought my mom said you guys were trying to adopt.

RICHARD

Yeah. We are. But... recently we decided that it might be a good idea to try everything all at once because... Well, we're not getting any younger...

RACHEL

That's for sure.

Rachel and Richard laugh lamely. Sadie smiles, not sure why.

RICHARD

And we just had a failed IVF.

SADIE

Wait. What?! Oh, my god. You guys. I'm so sorry.

RACHEL

Thanks.

SADIE

That must suck.

Rachel and Richard smile sadly.

It's not over, is it? I mean, you're going to keep trying, right?

RICHARD

(a quick glance at Rachel)  
Well, now the doctor is suggesting a different approach altogether, so...

SADIE

Oh, my god. My mom said that you guys had a lot going on, but I had no idea.

(MORE)



This is a really bad time for me to  
be crashing here, isn't it?

RICHARD  
Not at all. It's great.

SADIE  
Really? Because I have friends in  
Bushwick...

RICHARD  
No way.

RACHEL  
No. We're really glad you're  
here.

SADIE  
You're sure?

RACHEL  
Yeah.

Rachel reaches for Sadie's hand and squeezes it.

SADIE  
Me, too.  
(choking up)  
I love you guys.

Sadie puts down her coffee and reaches for Richard's hand  
so all three of them are holding hands. An awkward pause.  
Then --

RACHEL  
I'm gonna pop in some more toast.

RICHARD  
Good idea.

Rachel lets go and pulls a loaf of bread out of the fridge.  
Sadie spots the Magazine Section and pulls it out of the pile.

SADIE  
Ooooo.  
(turning to the last page)  
Does anybody mind if I get  
started on the crossword?

As Sadie finds a pen and pulls the cap off with her teeth,  
Rachel catches Richard's eye. He nods and composes himself.

RICHARD  
Actually... we wanted to ask you  
about your eggs.

SADIE  
Scrambled is good. But however  
you guys do them is fine with me.

Richard and Rachel stare at an oblivious Sadie, who chomps on toast as she fills in a word.

**INT. PICKLE GUY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

Richard, along with Eno and Lazlo, escort Sadie down an industrial hallway. They arrive at the PICKLE GUY OFFICES just as the door opens. Sam is preparing to roll out a dolly stacked with BOXES OF PICKLES and BALES OF HAY.

RICHARD

Oh, hey.

SAM

Hey.

(suddenly self-conscious)

Or did you mean, "hay?"

(gesturing to the bales)

With an A?

RICHARD

No. Just, "hey" as in hello.

Sam, this is my niece, Sadie.

Sadie, Sam.

They exchange hellos.

Sadie is going to help out around here for a while. I thought you could show her the ropes.

Sam finds Sadie very attractive, but maintains his composure.

SAM

Yeah. Okay. Cool.

**EXT. PICKLE GUY OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

Sadie kneels inside the back of a VAN as Sam hands her boxes.

SAM

I like to be as prepared as possible the night before The Farmer's Market because we set up at 5:00 am. And at that hour I'm utterly impaired and not in a position to make any kind of business decision. I am definitely not a morning person. What about you?

SADIE

What?

SAM

Are you a morning person?

SADIE

I guess so. I like the morning.  
The before-ness of it all. It  
feels optimistic. Fresh. Optimism  
doesn't come that naturally to me,  
so I need to grab whatever positive  
free vibes I can get.

Sadie laughs at herself. Sam just stares at her, entranced. After several seconds, Sadie gestures for a box. Sam snaps out of it and hands her one. As she slides the box deeper into the van, he can't help but notice Sadie's thong underwear peeking out over the top of her jeans. Sadie turns back for another box and catches Sam looking.

Oh, my god. I'm totally whale-tailing, aren't I? Sorry.

Sam continues to stare as she good-naturedly hitches up her pants.

**EXT. STREET CORNER / FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT**

Richard emerges with BAGS OF TAKE-OUT and joins Rachel, Sadie and the dogs out front. They begin walking when Sadie looks up at something and then stops.

SADIE

Oh, my god. What does that even mean?

THEIR POV -- A GIANT SIGN on top of a building advertising new high-rise apartments. It says: **LIVE LIKE A ROCKEFELLER PARTY LIKE A ROCK STAR**

SADIE (CONT'D)

It's like an open invitation to assholes.

Sadie snaps a picture with her cellphone.

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Rachel, Richard and Sadie eat with chopsticks.

SADIE

Oh, my god, my esophagus is on fucking fire! I love this.

Rachel and Richard smile and nod in agreement. Then Richard gets down to business.

RICHARD

Sadie... Rachel and I have been looking for an egg donor. Do you know what that is?

Sadie looks up from her food, a little thrown.

SADIE

Uh, yeah. I do. They advertise at school. I know somebody who did it, actually. A film major. They paid her like ten thousand dollars. That's how she financed her senior thesis. It was the entire budget of her short film. She called her company "Ovum Productions."

Sadie lets out small propulsive laugh, then regrets it.

It was funny at the time... not so much now...

RICHARD

No. It is...

RACHEL

Yeah. It's funny.

Pause.

RICHARD

We wanted to ask you about your eggs, actually.

RACHEL

In your ovaries.

SADIE

(tentative)

Oh. Okay. What about them?

Richard looks at Rachel, then back to Sadie.

RICHARD

Uh. Well... We were wondering... if you might... consider... donating some.

RACHEL

To us.

RICHARD

Just like your friend.

RACHEL

Except not.

RICHARD

Yeah. Right. Because... you know us, so it would be different.

SADIE

(softly to herself)

Wow.

RICHARD

Yeah.

Pause.

SADIE

What does it involve, exactly?

RACHEL

Well. Technically, you'd be going through pretty much what I just went through with IVF. Minus the transfer.

SADIE

What's the transfer?

RICHARD

It's when they put the fertilized eggs back into your uterus.

RACHEL

My. Uterus. In this case.

RICHARD

Right. Yeah. It wouldn't be yours because... it would be Rachel's... so... your uterus wouldn't be involved in this instance. You'd be done right after the retrieval.

RACHEL

You'd have to be screened by the clinic, first.

RICHARD

They'd give you a bunch of blood tests. A psychiatric evaluation.

SADIE

(nervous laugh)

Uh-oh...

RACHEL

No, it's not like that. They just want to make sure you're able to handle the whole thing. Psychologically.

SADIE  
 Right, so I don't go all --  
 (widening her eyes)  
 -- Mary Beth Whitehead on you.

Sadie wiggles her fingers and does a crazy laugh, then immediately regrets it.

RACHEL  
 Who?

SADIE  
 Uh, nothing. Forget it.

RICHARD  
 Who is that, again?

SADIE  
 Just something we read about in a  
 Medical Ethics class.  
 (off their puzzled look)  
 The surrogate in the Baby M. case.  
 In the eighties.

RICHARD  
 She refused to give up the baby or  
 something, right?

SADIE  
 Yeah. Sorry. Creepy reference.  
 Totally inappropriate.

RICHARD  
 Okay. So... What else?

RACHEL  
 The drugs.

RICHARD  
 Right, of course. The stimulating  
 hormones. How could I forget. You  
 give yourself injections to increase  
 your egg count for the cycle.

RACHEL  
 It's a lot of shots.

Rachel lifts up her shirt, exposing her fading bruises.

SADIE  
 Oh, my god.

RACHEL  
 It looks a lot worse than it is.  
 But the drugs can make you feel  
 pretty crazy mood-wise.  
 (MORE)

My shrink had a funny name for it.  
(to Richard)  
What did she call it, again?

RICHARD  
Emotionally incontinent.

SADIE  
(laughing)  
Oh, my god. Gross.

RICHARD  
But because it's not you who's  
trying to have the baby --  
(nervous glance to Rachel)  
-- directly. It'll be way less  
fraught. Emotionally.  
(to Rachel)  
Don't you think?

RACHEL  
Definitely.

RICHARD  
And, of course, we'd pay you.

SADIE  
What?! No, way! I'm not taking  
money from you guys.

RICHARD  
No. We insist. We want to pay you  
exactly what you'd get if you did  
it at any of the university  
clinics. Eight thousand dollars,  
just like your friend. It's not a  
lot of money, considering, but it's  
the standard rate and it's all we  
can afford.

A pause as Sadie sits there, thinking.

RACHEL  
You don't have to tell us anything  
now.

Richard pulls out the donor brochure, gives it to Sadie.

RICHARD  
It's just an overview.

Sadie stares at the women on the brochure's cover, then  
opens it.

It's a lot to absorb. Take your  
time and think it over.

Sadie reads a bit, then closes the brochure.

SADIE

Okay.

RICHARD

Good.

(rubbing his hands  
together)

All right, who needs more beer?

RACHEL

(raising her hand)

I do.

SADIE

No. I mean, *okay*. Yes. I'll do it.

(off their confused look)

The egg thing. I'll do it.

RICHARD

Oh, no. You don't have to  
give us an answer now.

RACHEL

You really need to take some  
time to think about it. It's  
a big decision.

SADIE

Why? I'm totally cool with it.

Rachel and Richard are clearly freaked out by the speed of Sadie's decision.

Really. It's not like I'm doing  
anything else right now. I don't  
even have a job. And what could be  
more rewarding than helping two  
people I love start a family?

(voice breaking)

You guys have always been such role  
models for me. You're so supportive  
and non-judgmental. You're going to  
be such amazing parents. Way better  
than mine.

RACHEL

That's not true. You have great  
parents.

Sadie rolls her eyes.

RICHARD

We'll need to talk to them about  
it, too, you know. It has to all  
be out in the open. Totally  
transparent.



SADIE  
I don't see a problem with that.

RACHEL  
You don't?

SADIE  
Nah. My mom is all about me  
finding a purpose and doing  
something "real" with my life.

Sadie picks up the brochure and waves it around.

Welp. It doesn't get more real  
than this, right?

CUT TO:

**EXT. LOVELY HIGHWAY - DAY (VARIABLE FPS)**

Sadie's head sticks out of the SUN ROOF of the Subaru as it speeds along. Her hair whips around as she films the sky with her CELLPHONE CAMERA. THROUGH SADIE'S CAMERA: SUN, TREE TOPS, SKY rush by.

**INT./EXT. SUBARU - DAY**

Rachel rides shotgun. Sadie stands in the back between the dogs. Spirits are high as they listen to music.

**EXT. A ROAD-SIDE STOP - DAY**

The DOGS run through PILES OF LEAVES as Richard throws a ball with his CHUCK-IT device. THROUGH SADIE'S CAMERA: the threesome runaround being chased by Eno and Lazlo. The women bury Richard in LEAVES.

**INT./EXT. SUBARU - DAY**

WOOSH! The car is back on the road, going even faster.

**INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Charlotte sits on her bed with her laptop, surrounded by homework. At the sound of a car arriving, she gets up and goes to --

THE WINDOW, where she sees the Subaru pulling up out front.

CHARLOTTE  
They're here!

Charlotte dashes out of the room, but the CAMERA remains at the window as the car doors open and the dogs leap out.

**EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

Charlotte runs to greet Sadie, jumping up on her for a piggy-back ride.

Cynthia and Charlie step out to welcome their guests, Charlie gives Richard a hug.

Meanwhile, Sadie drags an OVER-STUFFED LAUNDRY BAG from the car.

CYNTHIA

You brought laundry?

**EXT. BACKYARD - DAY**

A FLURRY OF LEAVES soars into the air, accompanied by a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE. Charlie is demonstrating his new gas-powered LEAF-BLOWER to Richard.

At an opportune moment, Richard slips something into Charlie's shirt pocket. Charlie pulls it out and unfolds it. It's a check for \$5,000.

RICHARD

I'll get you the rest before the end of the year.

Charlie looks into his brother's eyes. Richard smiles sadly and they hug, leaves swirling around them.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Tears stream down Rachel and Cynthia's faces. Are they having a heart-to-heart? Nope, they're just chopping onions.

**INT. DINING ROOM - DAY**

Sadie stares at an AUTUMNAL CENTERPIECE on the table.

SADIE

God, I hate gourds.

She removes the centerpiece, shakes open a table cloth and lets it float down onto the table. Nearby, Charlotte pulls dishes out of a cabinet. She yells into the kitchen --

CHARLOTTE

Mom, how many?

CYNTHIA (O.S.)

How many what?

CHARLOTTE

People. Are eating?

**EXT./INT. HOUSE - DAY**

Cars pull up as more guests arrive with foil-covered plates. There are hugs and kisses. We catch bits and pieces of conversations. Some people carry wine glasses as they drift about. Kids run around. A teenager plays piano.

**INT. DINING ROOM - LATER**

The table is crowded with family and friends. Charlie clinks his glass with a knife. Everyone quiets as Cynthia stands.

CYNTHIA

Charlie and I decided that we wanted to do Thanksgiving right for a change. So before we dig in we'd like to go around the table and invite everyone to talk about what they are thankful for this year.

There are a few groans from the guests.

C'mon. Please. I'm going to start.

(raising her wine glass)

I'm thankful for Richard and Rachel --

Sadie hoots and raises her glass; she's already had a few. Our couple is surprised by the attention.

--for taking such good care of our daughter Sadie, and giving her a great home-base in Manhattan, where she has the love and support she needs in order to begin her new life there.

(addressing them directly)

I know it has been a tough time for you guys. And the fact that you are taking care of someone else's child when you're struggling to have one of your own is just more evidence of your incredible generosity. I hope some day we can repay you for all that you've done.

CHARLIE

Here, here.

Everyone toasts Rachel and Richard, who blush humbly. Rachel blinks to hold back tears.

SADIE

Can I be next?

CYNTHIA

Sure, honey. Go ahead.

Cynthia sits down and Sadie stands up.

SADIE

Okay. That was beautiful and it's the perfect prologue for what I wanted to say. I'm also thankful to Rachel and Richard for all they've done for me over the years. From letting me intern at their theater company...

RICHARD

Free labor is more like it...

SADIE

...to employing me at the Pickle Guy offices. And most recently, letting me crash at their place until I get my act together. I'm especially thankful to you, Rachel, for reading all my lame attempts at play-writing and short fiction.

Rachel flicks her hand and shakes her head.

And for taking me seriously as an artist when I have such a hard time doing it myself. And finally, this seems like the perfect occasion to share some exciting news. I'm going rogue here, I haven't cleared this with Rachel and Richard, but I can't let this moment go to waste.

Rachel and Richard's smiles dissolve as it dawns on them what Sadie is preparing to say.

Cynthia's jaw drops open as she comes to a different conclusion. She catches Rachel's eye and mouths to her: "Are you pregnant?" Rachel shakes her head.

Richard speaks up, but not with enough force to stop this runaway train.

RICHARD

Uh, Sadie, I'm not sure this is...

SADIE

(misunderstanding, smiling)

No, it's okay.

(back to the group)

See, the thing I'm most thankful for this year is the opportunity to help Richard and Rachel...

SADIE (CONT'D)  
 -- make their dreams come  
 true...

RICHARD  
 No... Sadie... really, don't.

SADIE  
 (waving him off)  
 By offering just a tiny bit of  
 myself, I get to give these guys  
 the greatest gift they could have  
 asked for. The gift of life. An  
 oocyte.

Silence as Sadie beams proudly. Many of the guests look  
 around, unclear about what has just been said. Rachel and  
 Richard stare down at the table, dreading what's coming.

CYNTHIA  
 I don't understand. What's an  
 oocyte?

CHARLOTTE  
 Isn't it like an egg?

SADIE  
 That's right. I've decided to be  
 Richard and Rachel's egg donor.

Cynthia's face darkens. There are uncomprehending murmurs  
 among the guests.

And if all goes well, next year  
 we'll be giving thanks for the  
 newest member of our family...  
 (raising her glass)  
 Richard and Rachel's baby.

The murmurs stop. Everyone at the table stares at Sadie  
 until an ELDERLY WOMAN begins to applaud. Cynthia shoots  
 the woman a look, but other guests are already joining in --  
 the whole table is now toasting and cheering.

Richard and Rachel sit in shock as they get their backs  
 slapped by nearby guests and others congratulate them.

Cynthia grabs Sadie by the elbow and pulls her into the kitchen.  
 Meanwhile, UNCLE BOB (65) taps his glass with his spoon.

UNCLE BOB  
 It's my turn, now, right?

As Uncle Bob stands, we hear voices coming from the kitchen.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
 Over my dead body! Do you hear me?

SADIE  
This has nothing to do with your  
body. It's my body --

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

SADIE  
-- and I can do whatever I  
want with it.

CYNTHIA  
This isn't giving blood or  
checking the organ donation  
box on your goddamn driver's  
license.

**INT. DINING ROOM - SAME TIME**

Richard and Rachel sit uncomfortably among the guests who can't  
help but overhear the argument as Uncle Bob finishes his toast.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
You'll be living with this the rest  
of your life. Our whole family  
will be affected by it.

SADIE (O.S.)  
I've given it a lot of thought.

CYNTHIA (O.S.)  
Oh, have you?

SADIE (O.S.)  
Yes, I have. I want to help them.  
It means a lot to me.

**INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME**

As the women argue, Cynthia removes items from the oven.

CYNTHIA  
Well, now it's fun. You get to be the  
center of attention. But what about  
after the baby is born? What then?

SADIE  
I don't know. I'll be Aunt Sadie.  
Or cousin Sadie or whatever they  
want me to be. Look, mom. What if  
you had kidney disease? And I was  
your friend and I had two kidneys.  
A person only needs one kidney,  
right? So I've got an extra one.  
Of course, I'd give it to you.

CYNTHIA  
Honey, kidney disease kills people.  
Rachel wants to have a baby. She's  
not dying.

SADIE  
How do you know?!

Charlie enters carrying the turkey platter, followed by Richard and Rachel.

RICHARD  
I'm sorry, Cynthia. We were planning to talk to you about this.

CYNTHIA  
Oh, that's nice. And how are you planning on paying for it, Kickstarter?!

SADIE  
Jesus, mom!

CHARLIE  
(to Cynthia)  
Honey, why don't we go upstairs and you can take half of something.

CYNTHIA  
Who's side are you on?

CHARLIE  
Nobodys.

RACHEL  
We're not going through with it without your support.

CYNTHIA  
Well, you don't have it.

Cynthia locates an ELECTRIC KNIFE and begins carving turkey.

CHARLIE  
(to Richard and Rachel)  
Maybe it's best if you guys just grab some food and go. We can talk about this later.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
(to Sadie)  
Where are you going?

Sadie has opened the basement door and is heading downstairs.

SADIE (O.S.)  
I'm getting my laundry.

Cynthia hands Charlie the knife and heads after her daughter.

**INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Sadie marches to the dryer with Cynthia right behind her.

SADIE  
God. You are so anti-Aunt Rachel.

CYNTHIA  
I'm not anti anybody.

Sadie opens the dryer and begins yanking out laundry and stuffing it into a bag.

SADIE

Oh, c'mon, mom. On some level you're threatened by her. Is it because she'll have a book and a baby and you'll have nothing once Charlotte's gone?

Cynthia stands there blinking.

CYNTHIA

That's what you think I'm worried about? I'm worried about you. You could be squandering your future fertility for all you know. My god, you should be freezing your eggs, not selling them.

SADIE

That's absurd. Tons of girls do it and they're fine. Anyway, I'm not having kids.

CYNTHIA

You don't know that now.

SADIE

Yes I do. I don't want kids. I want a career.

CYNTHIA

You can have both.  
(off Sadie's amused look)  
What?

SADIE

Do you know how many times you've told me that women make sacrifices when they have kids? That you had to drop out of school when you had me.

(beat)

Look, every month I get my period and flush an egg down the toilet. Why not give some to Richard and Rachel instead? What could be more meaningful than giving two people I love who are desperate to start a family the gift of life?

CYNTHIA

Oh, my god. They've brain-washed you.



SADIE  
 (storming up the stairs)  
 Why do you feel so cheated by life,  
 mom?

**INT./EXT. SUBARU - NIGHT**

Richard and Rachel are buckling their seat-belts. Through the window, they see Sadie hurrying toward the car with Cynthia right behind her.

RICHARD  
 Maybe we should've gone with an  
 anonymous donor.

In the background, some dinner guests roam the lawn like Thanksgiving refugees.

Sadie throws her laundry in the hatchback and SLAMS it shut. Cynthia stops some distance away and shouts at Richard and Rachel.

CYNTHIA  
 I know you want a child, but this  
 is my child we're talking about.

SADIE  
 I am not a child!

Sadie climbs in the backseat with the dogs. Richard turns on the headlights and starts the engine.

CYNTHIA  
 If she was your daughter would  
 you want her to do this?

Before Rachel or Richard can respond, Charlie arrives with some foil covered plates that he hands to Richard through the window. Then he puts his arm around Cynthia and waves, smiling falsely...

CHARLIE  
 Thanks for coming, guys. Good  
 night!

Richard backs out just as Charlotte joins her parents. Through the windshield, from Rachel's POV, the shell-shocked family recedes from view.

**INT./EXT. SUBARU - COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT (MOVING)**

Our trio rides in gloomy silence, lost in thought. The only sound is the HYPNOTIC THUD of tires on road seams. Dordick's voice intrudes while the camera visits each of them.

DORDICK (PRE-LAP)

Third-party reproduction is usually an arrangement among anonymous or unrelated individuals, but some couples prefer to involve a family member or a trusted friend, which is fine.

POINT OF VIEW traveling forward, mist in the headlights.

DORDICK (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

As long as the people involved are mature consenting adults, it shouldn't be a problem...

**INT. DORDICK'S WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Our threesome sit side-by-side on a couch. Unlike the well-heeled medical consumers surrounding them, they look like anxious kids waiting outside the principals office.

**INT. DORDICK'S OFFICE - DAY**

Rachel, Richard and Sadie sit opposite Dordick.

DORDICK

Now that's not to say that this kind of collaboration doesn't bring up some intense feelings for everyone, including the extended family. Of course it does. This is uncharted territory for most people. But we're getting ahead of ourselves. We don't even know if Sadie's an appropriate candidate for egg donation.

Dordick's speech continues over --

A MONTAGE, following Sadie through her screening process --

**INT. DORDICK'S - VARIOUS ROOMS - DAY**

Sadie, in a gown, is weighed by a NURSE; she has her blood pressure measured, her blood drawn.

DORDICK (V.O.)

My advice is get the process started and use the time to try and wrap your head around what this arrangement will mean for you and your family.

**IN THE BATHROOM --**

Sadie pees on the toilet. She pulls a cup from between her legs, screws on the lid and places it on a shelf in front of a SMALL METAL DOOR. The door opens, startling Sadie, and a woman's hand snatches the cup.

**IN AN EXAM ROOM --**

Sadie has her feet in stirrups as Dordick performs a sonogram.

DR. DORDICK (V.O.)

Then, after the lab results and the reports come back and Sadie's completed her psychological evaluation, you can sit down and make a fully informed decision...

**IN ANOTHER ROOM --**

CLOSE ON A BOOKLET with a dull blue cover: **Standard Multiform Psychiatric Evaluation**. A hand opens the booklet to uncover a TRUE OR FALSE TEST.

WIDER shows Sadie taking the test, filling in bubbles on an answer sheet.

CLOSE on one of the true or false statements:

I am sure I get a raw deal from life.

Sadie thinks, then fills in the bubble marked "False."

CLOSE on another statement:

I am very seldom troubled by constipation.

Sadie looks at the question, disconcerted, then answers.

PAN DOWN PAST THREE MORE STATEMENTS:

Evil spirits possess me at times.

I would like to be a singer.

No one seems to understand me.

Sadie flips through the booklet and finds HUNDREDS of similar statements, including the FINAL ONE:

At times I feel like smashing things.

-END MONTAGE-

**INT. RACQUETBALL COURT - DAY**

Charlie in sports-goggles SMASHES the ball against the wall. Richard returns it, and we watch the brothers play a vigorous game of racquetball.

SADIE (PRE-LAP)  
I call him Uncle Richard but  
actually he's my stepfather  
Charlie's brother.

**INT. PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - DAY**

Sadie talks to a FEMALE PSYCHOLOGIST, who takes notes.

SADIE  
So we're not really related...  
which is probably better for  
something like this...

An uncomfortable pause as the psychologist stops writing and looks over the top of her glasses at Sadie.

PSYCHOLOGIST  
Because otherwise it would be  
incest.

A moment as Sadie puts this together.

SADIE  
Yeah. Right. There's that. So...

**INT. RACQUETBALL COURT - DAY**

Charlie and Richard guzzle water.

CHARLIE  
For the record, I don't have a  
problem with the whole donor thing.

Richard looks at Charlie, surprised.

That's not to say I don't think it's a  
little weird -- it is. But, hey... I'm  
a periodontist -- I graft freeze-dried  
cadaver bone into the mouths of living  
people every day. I can handle weird.  
Cynthia is different. She's much  
more... sensitive. Especially these  
days. She's been having a really tough  
time -- hormonally.

**INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Cynthia stands at a MAGNIFYING MIRROR, moving her finger across her jaw, feeling something. She leans in and lifts her chin.

IN THE MIRROR, her magnified chin sprouts ONE BRISTLY HAIR.

Cynthia locates some TWEEZERS and tries to grab the offending hair. Her first attempt fails, so she tries again, pulling her lips into her mouth. GOT IT!

She holds the tweezers up to examine the wiry whisker, then notices a PIN-SIZED DROP OF BLOOD on her chin. She grabs some toilet paper and dabs at it.

**INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Charlie reads in bed as Cynthia rubs lotion on her legs.

CHARLIE  
(eyes on his book)  
I saw Richard today.

CYNTHIA  
Uh-huh.

CHARLIE  
He's good.

CYNTHIA  
Good.

CHARLIE  
He says Sadie's doing a great job  
at the Pickle Guy offices. Maybe  
you should give her a call.  
(hesitant)  
...they're screening her.

CYNTHIA  
(looking up)  
Who's screening her?

CHARLIE  
The clinic. For the egg donation.

Cynthia stares at her husband, then returns to moisturizing.

Maybe you want to talk to her about  
it.

CYNTHIA  
She doesn't need my permission.

CHARLIE

That's true. She doesn't. She's hell-bent on the idea no matter what anyone says. Richard and Rachel, on the other hand, aren't going to go ahead without your support, and this cold war isn't good for anybody.

(pause)

Honey, what if Richard and Rachel were gay?

CYNTHIA

Oh, please!

CHARLIE

I'm serious. What would you say if they were a gay male couple who wanted to start a family and Sadie wanted to help them?

CYNTHIA

I'd say... mazel tov, now go get some girl off the internet and leave us out of it. Sadie doesn't realize what it is she's doing. She's just... throwing her genetic material around like it's... popcorn. Auctioning off family property like it's no big deal.

CHARLIE

(almost to himself)

They are our family.

CYNTHIA

What?

CHARLIE

Richard and Rachel are our family.

The words hang there. Then, Charlie notices something on his wife's face. He reaches over to remove it and Cynthia rears back.

CYNTHIA

What!

CHARLIE

You've got something on your chin.

Cynthia turns away and grabs at her chin to discover an errant piece of toilet paper.

CYNTHIA

It's nothing. It's just...

CHARLIE  
It's bleeding.

She touches her chin with the back of her hand and sees a little red smear.

CYNTHIA  
It's just... a thing. A pimple.  
It's fine. My god.

Charlie watches his high-strung wife grab tissues and press them against her chin.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)  
I got into Berkeley.

The couple turn to see their daughter holding a letter.

CYNTHIA  
What?

CHARLOTTE  
My early decision letter came. I  
got in.

Charlie jumps out of bed and gives Charlotte a congratulatory hug. Cynthia's eyes well up.

CHARLIE  
That's great, honey. We are so  
proud of you. Isn't it great, Cyn?

Cynthia is caught in a swirl of confused emotions, but she manages a smile.

CYNTHIA  
Yes. It is. It's great, honey.  
I'm so happy for you...

Charlotte smiles, then notices something.

CHARLOTTE  
What happened to your face, mom?

CYNTHIA  
Oh. It's... fine. It's just...

-- but it's not fine. The damn breaks, and Cynthia bursts into sobs.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
...no--thing...

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S LOBBY - DAY**

Rachel opens their mailbox and finds a thick envelope from "Conceptions." She pauses for a moment, then tears it open.

RACHEL (ON PHONE, PRE-LAP)  
*Sadie Barrett has applied to become  
 a donor in the Conceptions Oocyte  
 Donor Program.*

**INT. PICKLE GUY PRODUCTION FACILITY - DAY**

Richard's cellphone is on speaker-mode as he and Sadie listen.

RACHEL (ON PHONE)  
*The purpose of this evaluation is  
 to assess her appropriateness as a  
 donor and to gain insight into her  
 psychological and emotional well-  
 being...*

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Rachel paces and reads into her phone. INTERCUT.

*Psychological testing indicates that  
 all clinical scales are within normal  
 limits.... no significant evidence of  
 psychopathology.*

Sadie does a fist pump and hoots. Richard gives a thumbs up.

*Okay, here's the good part: Ms. Barrett  
 presented as a bright, sophisticated  
 and charismatic young woman --*

Sadie beams and curtsies.

*-- who appears comfortable with her  
 decision to donate. She is mature  
 and intelligent and it is likely  
 that she will comply with the  
 medical demands of the donation...  
 In conclusion, Ms. Barrett is  
 approved as a candidate for oocyte  
 donation.*

Richard raises his hand. Sadie gives him a high-five.

**INT. IL BUCCO ALIMENTARI - DAY**

Cynthia, stunned, sits across from her daughter.

CYNTHIA  
 You passed?



SADIE

Why are you so surprised?

CYNTHIA

I'm not. I'm just... I thought they might have some reservations about someone with a... mental health history.

SADIE

I don't have a mental health history... dad does.

CYNTHIA

It is genetic, you know.

SADIE

Okay. Fine. I have some depression and anxiety. Maybe a little OCD, but the normal amount that everybody has.

A WAITER arrives.

WAITER

Can I take your order?

SADIE

I'll have the kale salad with a Zoloft to start and a side of Klonopin.

Unfazed, the waiter just stares at Sadie who smiles and hands him her menu. Cynthia shakes her head, amused, then hands over her own menu.

CYNTHIA

The risotto, please.

The waiter leaves.

SADIE

Oh, and, by the way, I talked to Dad and he's fine with it.

CYNTHIA

He is?

SADIE

Totally. He said he thought it was a wonderful thing to do for two people I love. He's proud of me.

Cynthia's throat tightens.

CYNTHIA

Well, he always has been a big believer in spreading genetic material around without putting much thought into the consequences.

Sadie looks away and sighs.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

She lays her hand on her daughter's and looks her in the eye.

You know, I love you, right?

Sadie nods, but not right away.

And even though I don't agree with you, at all -- I respect you. And if this... *project* is something you feel that you have to do, then... you should do it.

SADIE

So you're cool with it?

CYNTHIA

No, I'm not cool with... anything. Ever. But I see how much this means to you and I don't want to stand in your way. I want to... to support you... no matter what.

SADIE

You do?

Cynthia nods. Mother and daughter smile at each other, tears brimming in their eyes. Then --

CYNTHIA

It doesn't mean I'm happy about it.

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY**

A BIG BOX is sliced open to reveal a CORNUCOPIA OF FERTILITY MEDICATION AND SUPPLIES: vials, syringes, needles, a red plastic sharps container...

WIDER -- Our trio stands over the box, admiring the contents.

SADIE

Whoa. Christmas.

LATER -- Sadie watches, fascinated, as Richard prepares a pair of identical injections. It's an exacting process. Rachel, nearby, chomps on an apple.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
 (examining a vial)  
 What does this stuff do?

RACHEL  
 Shuts down our reproductive systems  
 so they can synch up our cycles.

SADIE  
 Yikes. Any risk of like,  
 triggering menopause?

RACHEL  
 Technically, it is menopause.  
 Chemically induced, but it's  
 temporary so...

RICHARD  
 (holding a syringe)  
 Okay, I'm going to do Rachel first.

Rachel lifts the bottom of her shirt and unbuttons her jeans to expose her lower abdomen. Richard wipes the area with alcohol, pinches the skin and aims.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 Ready?

RACHEL  
 Yep.

RICHARD  
 One, two, three --

He confidently jabs the needle in. Sadie watches, mouth agape.

RACHEL  
 See. Subcutaneous. No biggie.

RICHARD  
 (turning to Sadie)  
 Okay. Your turn.

Sadie eagerly starts undoing her belt.

SADIE  
 Oh, my god. This is so glamorous.  
 We're like "Drugstore Cowboy."

**A FUN MONTAGE -- (LIKE DRUGSTORE COWBOY)**

SUPER-8 style glimpses of Richard, Rachel and Sadie as they film each other at 16fps using Sadie's app on her phone. The montage sketches a portrait of our trio's life together and also serves as a little homage to the East Village. They vamp for the camera. They cook. They bike.

They swing on playground swings, play with the dogs in Tompkins Square Park, and work (along with Sam) at Pickle Guy.

**INT. DORDICK'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

An abrupt cut to the HUSH of the waiting room. Rachel reads a magazine. Above her, the WIRE MATERNITY MOBILE TAPS.

SADIE (O.S.)

All done.

Rachel looks up to find Sadie putting on her coat.

**EXT. DORDICK'S OFFICE - DAY**

As they exit, Sadie pulls two lollipops from her pocket and offers one to Rachel, who takes it.

SADIE

He wants me to start stimming.

Rachel slows to a stop, takes the lollipop from her mouth, and looks at Sadie.

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY**

The FRONT DOOR bursts open. The dogs rush in, Richard behind them. THE REFRIGERATOR opens. The vegetable drawer slides out. Inside are BOXES OF MEDICATION. One marked FOLLITROPIN is lifted out, before the drawer is kicked shut.

QUICK SHOTS: Richard scrubs his hands, Sadie unzips her pants, Rachel swabs Sadie's belly, Richard assembles the CARTRIDGE, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. (see instruction video)

Richard holds a syringe, poised to inject Sadie's belly.

RACHEL

Okay. Warning. This stuff can really make you crazy and all-over-the-place.

SADIE

*Emotionally incontinent.* I remember. Don't worry. I can handle it.

Richard looks at Rachel, who gives him a nod.

RICHARD

One, two, three...

He injects her as the CAMERA QUICKLY PUSHES IN toward Sadie.

SADIE

Ouch. Shit, it stings.

**NOW IN THE BEDROOM,**

and high on hormones, Sadie spins around in a VINTAGE DRESS.

I love it!

Rachel sits cross-legged, sorting a pile of clothes.

Are you sure you don't want it?  
It's in perfect condition.

RACHEL

No. It's better for you. I can't wear that anymore.

SADIE

Oh, no... You're not going to start... *draping* are you?

Rachel gives Sadie a puzzled look.

Oh, god. My mom went on this jag and got rid of everything in her closet that's even remotely form fitting.

Sadie pulls off the dress and is completely unself-conscious in her bra and thong underwear. Rachel can't help but admire her young and beautiful body.

And now it's just like... cowl necks and tunics and draw strings and shawls. That whole Eileen Fisher thing.

She finds her discarded t-shirt and pulls it on.

It's like she doesn't even have a body anymore. She's just drowning inside of all this fabric and erased all sexuality from her being. It's like she's been spayed.

(examining her arms)

Can I use some of your lotion? My skin is so dry. I'm molting.

RACHEL

Yeah. Sure. Whatever's in there.

Sadie leaves. Rachel looks down at herself. She is wearing a large loose cashmere sweater-thing with kimono sleeves. She quickly pulls it off and tosses it in the pile on her bed, only to discover AN EILEEN FISHER LABEL staring back at her.

SADIE (O.S.)

Oh, my god. My boobs are so big from those drugs. I look like a porn star.

Sadie re-enters, rubbing lotion on her face and neck. Rachel quickly buries the Eileen Fisher item.

You're going to be such a great mom.

RACHEL

I am?

SADIE

(sitting on the bed)

Uh-huh. Totally. I wish you were my mom.

RACHEL

That's crazy.

SADIE

No. It's not.

(lays her head on Rachel's lap)

I think of you like that sometimes. Like you're my art mom. And Richard is my art dad. And I'm your art daughter. And now it's going to be so intense because a little part of me mixed with a little part of him will be growing inside of you.

(a pause, then--)

Do you think Sam's attractive?

RACHEL

What?

SADIE

Sam, who works at Pickle Guy?

RACHEL

I don't know. I never thought about it.

SADIE

I think he's attractive in a kind of fucked-up-character-in-a-Sam-Shepard-play way. Broken, but hot.

(pause, then --)

Do you think our baby will grow up to be a writer?

RACHEL

Yours and Sam's?

SADIE  
No. Yours and mine.

Sadie's weird choice of words hangs in the air. A RING TONE breaks the silence, and Rachel locates her phone.

RACHEL  
Shit. It's my editor.

She climbs off the bed and answers. Sadie lays among the clothes, daydreaming about having an editor of her own one day.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Hi. Liz.

LIZ (THROUGH THE PHONE)  
Have you seen it?

RACHEL  
Seen what?

LIZ (THROUGH THE PHONE)  
The email I just sent you.

**RACHEL WALKS INTO HER OFFICE...**

and goes to the COMPUTER. Without sitting, she CLICKS THE MOUSE and scrolls through her In-Box, then stops.

RACHEL  
Got it.

Rachel DOUBLE CLICKS and looks at the screen. Her expression changes. She is crestfallen.

LIZ (O.S.)  
Are you there?

Silence. Then, Rachel walks away from the computer and we finally see WHAT IS ON SCREEN --

IT'S A MOCK-UP OF A BOOK JACKET: a young woman stands in a field, holding a wildflower as she gazes out over the horizon. Swirly lavender and pink letters read:

**Women's Studies**  
**A Novel**  
**Rachel Biegler**

**EXT. MIDTOWN STREET - DAY**

Rachel hurries alongside her editor, Liz, who is in a rush.

LIZ  
It's the book jacket. Not the  
book. It's a sales tool.

RACHEL  
It's pink.

LIZ  
I knew you were going to say that.

RACHEL  
Well, that's because it is, Liz.

LIZ  
It's also green.

RACHEL  
When do I talk to somebody about  
this?

LIZ  
That's what we're doing now, isn't it?

RACHEL  
My contract says I get to consult  
on the cover. Don't I get to talk  
to marketing directly?

They slow down and then stop in front of a building.

LIZ  
Yes, of course, you can do that, but as  
your editor and friend, I don't advise  
it. It's just not worth it. I've been  
through this a hundred times. They'll  
pretend to "consult" and maybe they'll  
tweak the font to placate you. But  
they won't really change it. And then  
you'll become known as "a difficult  
author." Or, more likely -- because  
you're a woman -- just a fucking bitch.  
If I thought this cover was going to  
kill your book, I'd tell you. They're  
casting a wider net. They want people  
to buy it. That's a good thing.

Liz hugs Rachel goodbye and disappears into the building.  
Rachel stands there, looking lost.

**INT. RICHARD AND RACHEL'S APARTMENT - DAY**

The dogs eat their breakfast. Richard drinks the last of his  
coffee and puts dishes in the sink. Rachel yells from off-screen.



RACHEL (O.S.)

It totally misrepresents the book.  
Then it's like -- oh, I just don't  
understand the business side of  
things -- which I don't --

As Rachel and Richard rush about, preparing for the day,  
Sadie sits on her inflatable bed with a cup of tea, watching  
them go in and out of view.

Rachel heads into the bathroom to wash up.

-- but I do understand that if a guy  
wrote it, it wouldn't be packaged like  
a fucking cupcake. I am so sick of  
this shit. It's the same thing with  
this whole fertility nightmare. I  
just feel so betrayed.

RICHARD

By what?

RACHEL

The bullshit I was fed in college.  
Feminist ideology. The lie that I  
could have a career, then kids. Well,  
obviously, that hasn't panned out.  
(spits toothpaste)  
I should send them the bills for all  
our IUIs and IVFs.

RICHARD

You can't blame second-wave  
feminism for your ambivalence about  
having a kid.

RACHEL

(emerging)  
I'm not ambivalent.

RICHARD

Now you're not, because you realize  
the boat is leaving the dock.  
But before... You kept changing the  
deadline, remember? "We'll start as  
soon as I finish the play... Right  
after I get this story published...  
Once I'm done with the book... "

Rachel joins Richard in the foyer. He's pulling on his boots.

RACHEL

Are you blaming me?

RICHARD

I'm not blaming you. I'm just saying that we need to take some responsibility for the situation.

RACHEL

A lot of women have babies at forty-one. I thought I could, too.

RICHARD

Okay, but I don't think it's Gloria Steinem's fault that we can't get pregnant.

RACHEL

Whose fault is it, then?

Richard is at a loss.

Oh, I guess it's mine. I was too busy writing my stupid book.

She lifts her manuscript and drops it so it lands with a thud.

RICHARD

I didn't say that.

RACHEL

All the doctors ever talk about is my advanced maternal age. My old eggs. And then we're in the middle of an IVF and -- what a surprise! -- your sperm is like... on a sabbatical.

RICHARD

Whoa, whoa. What's that supposed to mean?

RACHEL

Nothing. Let's just drop it.

RICHARD

All I'm saying is we can't blame Doctor Dordick or Bella Abzug or anybody else for our fuck-up.

RACHEL

You mean my fuck up.

RICHARD

Why do I feel like I'm in a Wendy Wasserstein play?

RACHEL

(pulling on her coat)

I don't know, but it's our anniversary today and I have to go get a... dildo-cam shoved up my twat by Dr. Dordick, so can we not talk about this anymore and just... repress it. Or suppress it. Or whichever one is appropriate in this instance, so we can just keep this train on track...

A tense pause. Then --

SADIE

It's *suppress*...

Richard and Rachel turn to Sadie.

...when you consciously forget something that's suppression. Repression is unconscious.

CUT TO:

**DARKNESS, A MURKY UNDULATING LANDSCAPE**

as if we've been plunged into the unconscious mind itself. Wider reveals that we are --

**INT. DORDICK'S OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - DAY**

Rachel, a paper sheet over her lap, is looking at an ultrasound image of her uterus on a MONITOR as Dordick maneuvers a wand between her legs.

**EXT. EAST VILLAGE - DAY**

Sadie holds a grocery bag and buys flowers from a deli.

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

A SERIES OF SHOTS of Sadie alone in the apartment. She chops vegetables. Whisks dressing. Drags the air bed out of the living room. Opens a drop-leaf table. Hangs a paper lantern.

LATER -- Rachel and Richard enter their dark apartment. We FOLLOW THEM as they travel through the foyer and into --

THE LIVING ROOM, where they discover a beautifully set table with flowers and candles. Sadie pops up from behind the couch with a homemade sign that says "Happy Anniversary!"

SADIE

Surprise!

The dogs bark with excitement.

A CAST IRON PAN as steaks SIZZLE. Sadie stabs the steaks and puts them on a dish.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
 (calling out)  
 Did you ever read "Innocence" by  
 Harold Brodkey?

RICHARD (O.S.)  
 Uh, I don't think so. No.

RACHEL (O.S.)  
 Me, either.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Sadie as she carries the steaks into the living room, where Rachel and Richard sit at the table.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
 Wait. Is that the Harvard  
 cunnilingus one?

Sadie sets the steaks on the table and begins serving.

SADIE  
 Yeah. That one.

RACHEL  
 It's all about a guy going down on  
 a girl, isn't it?

SADIE  
 It's pretty life-altering.

Everyone begins eating.

I read it in a Contemporary Short  
 Fiction class. Then, as an assignment,  
 I wrote a kind of tongue-in-cheek  
 response to it called, "Experience."

RICHARD  
 No pun intended.

Sadie gives Richard a puzzled look, so he explains, his mouth full of steak.

... "tongue-in-cheek response" to a  
 story about cunnilingus...

Sadie laughs. Rachel rolls her eyes.

What? Someone had to say it.

SADIE

(sawing at her steak)

I kept writing and re-writing and it grew into this forty-five-page-long... thing. Anyway, it's still a work-in-progress, but I was wondering... if you guys were interested... I'd love to hear your thoughts about it.

RICHARD & RACHEL

Yeah. We'd love to read it. Sure.

SADIE

(between bites)

Oh, my god. That would be so great. But it has to be top secret because my mom's been asking to see my writing all semester and, oh, my god, the thought of her reading about me "choking on cock," even in a fictional piece, is horrifying. But it's fine for you guys because you know how life is. You get it.

Several beats of eating, then --

RICHARD

I wouldn't be so sure of that...

**LATER, IN THE OFFICE --**

A PRINTER spits out pages. Sadie removes a small pile, taps the bottom against the desk to straighten the pages and begins searching for something.

She opens a drawer, rifles around, then closes it. She moves some papers around and by chance uncovers --

What looks like two pages from a play. On closer inspection, Sadie realizes the pages are taped to the desk and pauses to read this curious document:

**US: Hi, I'm Rachel. My husband Richard and I placed the ad.**

**HER: I hope I'm not disturbing...**

**US: No! We're happy you called.**

RACHEL (O.S.)

Did you find it?

Startled, Sadie whips around and looks blankly at Rachel.

The stapler. That desk is a mess.

Rachel goes to the desk, and begins to search. Sadie feels slightly guilty.

SADIE

I saw those pages and I thought you were working on a new play.

RACHEL

(amused)

Oh, no. That's definitely not a new play. That's our cheat sheet. For when a birth mother calls. But it's been pretty quiet on that front.

Rachel retrieves the stapler and hands it to Sadie.

SADIE

So... pregnant girls just call you out of the blue?

RACHEL

They see our ad online or wherever and look at our pictures and read about us and if they're interested they call.

Rachel pulls the computer keyboard closer and opens a website. We see RACHEL AND RICHARD'S PARENT PROFILE with a photo of them amid a cheerful, cheesy template.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Would you give your unborn child to these people?

(pause)

Oh, I guess you sort of are...

**LATER --**

As Sadie stands in the foyer, pulling on her coat and scarf, she looks into the living room and sees Richard on the couch, leafing through her story.

SADIE

Oh, my god. You don't have to look at that tonight.

RICHARD

Hey. It's our anniversary. I can at least read about fellatio.

RACHEL

Shut up!

Rachel playfully throws a pillow and then pounces on him in a burst of affection.

SADIE

Bye, guys.

RICHARD  
Where are you going?

SADIE  
(hesitating, then --)  
To meet Sam.

Richard and Rachel are surprised, but act nonchalant.

RICHARD  
Oh. Cool.

RACHEL  
Yeah. Cool.

RICHARD  
Welp. Have a good time.

RACHEL  
Yeah. Have fun.  
(unable to suppress it)  
But don't have sex.

Sadie and Richard look at Rachel.

I mean, you know. Not right now.

SADIE  
I'm not planning on having sex with Sam.

RACHEL  
I know. It's just. You know, if  
it comes up. You're extremely  
fertile at the moment...

SADIE  
We're just going to the movies.

RICHARD  
(trying to deflect)  
What're you guys seeing?

SADIE  
Something at the Anthology Film Archives.  
A documentary about some music guy.

**INT. ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES - NIGHT**

Sam and Sadie eat popcorn and watch PHIL SPECTOR (with insane hair) on trial for murder. Sam turns to look at Sadie. Sadie senses his gaze and enjoys the attention, but keeps her eyes on the screen.

**EXT. ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES - NIGHT**

Sadie and Sam stand on the sidewalk. It's bitter cold.

SADIE  
That was fun. Thanks.  
(a pause, then --)  
Maybe fun isn't the right word.

Sam laughs.

SAM  
Yeah. Definitely not a good date  
movie.

SADIE  
There should be a warning: "Do not  
bring a date to this movie. Total  
vibe kill." Emphasis on kill.

They laugh.

SAM  
Oh, well. I guess I blew it, then.

SADIE  
What?

SAM  
Our date.

SADIE  
What? No. Wait. This isn't  
really...

She points her finger back and forth between Sam and herself.

SAM  
I thought so.

SADIE  
Oh.

SAM  
But I don't think it counts unless  
both parties agree. So it's up to  
you... Are we on a date?

They stare at one another. There are definitely sparks.

SADIE  
Good question.

They stare some more. Then, almost imperceptibly, Sam leans  
in. Sadie hesitates, then swallows.

I'm thirsty.

SAM  
Me, too. Wanna get a drink?



Sadie nods. A pause. Then Sadie and Sam simultaneously move toward each other and KISS.

WIDE shows the young romantics kissing beneath the marquee that reads "The Agony and the Ecstasy of Phil Spector."

**EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY**

Thunder and RAIN as Sadie rushes down the street, wearing the same clothes as the night before.

**INT. DORDICK'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Sadie enters, wet and breathless, and finds Rachel and Richard sitting in the packed waiting room. As Sadie unbuttons her coat, Rachel looks at her flatly -- she's not happy.

SADIE

Do not freak out. We didn't do anything. I swear. Just cuddled and kissed. Nothing vaginal.

At the word "vaginal," Richard springs up.

RICHARD

I'm gonna wait in the car.  
(to Sadie)  
Take my seat. I'll see you guys after.

He weirdly salutes all the ladies in the room and leaves. Sadie sits, and Rachel resumes reading a magazine. Sadie sighs and reaches for a magazine of her own.

SADIE

The trains were such a mess.

RACHEL

(eyes on her magazine)  
You missed the appointment.

SADIE

Didn't you get my text?

RACHEL

Texting isn't being here on time.

SADIE

Okay. I'm sorry. But I just told you, the trains were messed up.

RACHEL

You know we're really grateful for what you're doing, but this isn't... *content* for some Tweet or some thing to post on Facebook.

SADIE

I know. I would never do that.  
What're you talking about. I don't  
even have Twitter.

Rachel gets up and walks away.

Where are you going?

RACHEL

To tell them that you're here.

While Rachel speaks with the receptionist, Sadie glances  
around nervously. Rachel returns and resumes reading.

SADIE

What'd they say?

RACHEL

They might be able to squeeze you  
in in a half hour.

SADIE

Oh. Okay. Cool. So there's not a  
problem, then.

Sadie picks out a different magazine and flips through it.

RACHEL

I'm going to wait in the car, too.

Rachel slaps her magazine shut, stands up and goes.

**INT./EXT. SUBARU - UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY (RAINING)**

Rachel and Richard sit in the car, listening to a podcast.  
Richard dozes reclined in the driver's seat. Rachel spots  
Sadie emerging from Dordick's office, she nudges Richard.

RACHEL

Honey.

Richard comes to and sees Sadie. Sadie seems disoriented,  
so Rachel steps out and waves to her.

Over here!

As Sadie approaches, Rachel holds TWO LARGE GREEN BEVERAGES.

Look what I got!

Sadie smiles and is heading for the rear door when Rachel  
beats her to it.

SADIE

I can sit in the back.

RACHEL

No. It's fine. You sit up front.

They climb in, and Rachel hands Sadie one of the drinks.

It's a Green Goddess with a shot  
of wheat grass.

Richard takes a closer look at Sadie and notices she looks blotchy and weepy.

RICHARD

Are you okay?

Sadie nods yes and sucks on her straw for a long moment. Then, unable to contain her emotions, she begins to cry.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

RACHEL

Oh, god, honey. I'm sorry I got so mad... I think I overreacted.

Sadie shakes her head.

That's not it?

She shakes her head again. Finally she manages to speak through her tears --

SADIE

The doctor yelled at me and said my eggs weren't developing on schedule.

RACHEL

What?

RICHARD

Dordick yelled at you?

SADIE

Dr. Russell.

RACHEL

Who's Dr. Russel?

SADIE

I think that was his name. He said I didn't have enough follicles. That I was a "low responder." That someone my age should have way more. And they're not growing at the right rate or something. He said he's had forty-one-year-olds produce more eggs than me.

Sadie begins to sob. Rachel and Richard watch helplessly until -- CLICK! Richard opens the car door and climbs out.

RACHEL  
Honey, what are you doing?

**INT. DORDICK'S OFFICE - DAY**

Richard approaches the reception desk, soaking wet.

RICHARD  
I need to talk to Dr. Russell.

RECEPTIONIST  
I'm sorry, Mr. Grimes. He's with patients all morning. But I can get a message to him if you'd like.

RICHARD  
Yeah. Okay. Tell him that my niece is not a fucking farm animal!

The receptionist looks warily at Richard. So do the other women working behind the desk.

Write it down. Please. Our donor...

Richard grabs a pile of EGG DONATION brochures and flaps them around angrily.

...who is giving us *the gift of life* is being treated like a piece of shit!

RECEPTIONIST  
Please keep your voice down, Mr. Grimes.

DR. RUSSELL emerges from a room behind the desk.

DOCTOR RUSSELL  
Is there a problem?

RECEPTIONIST  
Dr. Russell, this is Richard Grimes --

RICHARD  
Oh, hey. Doctor Perdue. How are you?

Richard places his COAT on the reception desk and reaches over to shake the doctor's hand.

DOCTOR RUSSELL  
I'm sorry --

RICHARD

Are you? Sorry? Really? Because my niece is out there, crying in my car, feeling like some kind of failed factory farm animal because you told her she wasn't producing enough goddamn eggs!

DOCTOR RUSSELL

Should I call security?

RICHARD

Should you? I don't know. You tell me!

Richard, preparing to make a dramatic exit, grabs his coat from the desk and accidentally pulls down the plexiglass display rack, sending the brochures flying. The staff and waiting patients stare.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(embarrassed)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Okay.

(kneeling)

I'll clean this up.

**EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - DUSK**

Our couple watch their dogs race around in the dog run.

**INT. RICHARD AND RACHEL'S APT - NIGHT**

Richard and Rachel enter with the dogs. As they pass the living room, they see Sadie on the air bed, writing in her journal. The muffled PARTY sounds filter down from the apartment upstairs.

RACHEL

Are those guys keeping you up?

SADIE

(shaking her head)

I've been living in a dorm.

Rachel and Richard smile at her joke.

RICHARD

You know you can call it quits any time you want...

Sadie nods.

And don't worry about the stupid numbers, okay? All it takes is one good egg. That's what they're always telling us anyway.

**INT. PICKLE GUY OFFICE BUILDING - BATHROOM AREA - DAY**

Sam stands at the SLOP SINK filling an electric teapot.  
Sadie enters, holding her purse.

SADIE

Hey.

SAM

Hey. How's it going?

SADIE

Good. How are you?

SAM

Good.

Sadie points awkwardly toward the unisex stalls.

SADIE

I need to --

Sam steps out of the way. Sadie enters a stall and shuts the door. Sam stands there for a moment, nervously holding the full tea kettle.

SAM

Sadie?

SADIE (O.S.)

Huh.

SAM

Are you freaking out?

SADIE (O.S.)

Uh. No. Not really. Should I be?

SAM

I was just wondering. Because that happens with people sometimes. They get... intimate with someone and then, you know, they spaz.

SADIE (O.S.)

I'm not spazzing. Are you?

SAM

No.

SADIE (O.S.)

Cool.

SAM

Cool. What about Richard? Was he freaked out?

SADIE (O.S.)  
 Nope. He was cool with it. I  
 wouldn't worry about it, Sam.

SAM  
 I'm not... worried. I'm just,  
 concerned.

SADIE (O.S.)  
 (amused)  
 Well, there's nothing to be  
 concerned about. Everyone involved  
 is pretty evolved.

SAM  
 You just seem kind of distant.

SADIE (O.S.)  
 I'm in the bathroom.

SAM  
 I mean the other morning. You left  
 before I woke up.

SADIE (O.S.)  
 Oh, yeah. Sorry. I was late for  
 something. I'm not trying to be  
 coy or anything...

As Sam listens, he realizes he can see --

A SLIVER OF SADIE through the edge of the stall door. She  
 places a syringe between her teeth and wipes her belly with an  
 alcohol swab.

SADIE (CONT'D)  
 (slurring)  
 It's just, there's a lot of personal  
 shit I'm dealing with at the moment.

Sam's eyes widen and his jaw drops open as she expertly  
 injects herself.

**INT. RICHARD AND RACHEL'S APT - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Just like Rachel did when we first met her, Sadie lies on her  
 side, surrounded by sheets and pillows. She reads from a  
 drug information sheet.

SADIE  
 "Human Chorionic Gonadotropin."  
 Jesus. Could it sound more sci-fi.

Rachel swabs Sadie's haunch.

RACHEL  
 They call it the trigger shot. It makes you ovulate. Then 36 hours later, the retrieval and... *finito*.

Richard appears with a large intramuscular needle.

RICHARD  
 Okay. You ready?

SADIE  
 Yep.

RICHARD  
 Alrightie.

He places one hand on Sadie, takes aim --

One... two... three.

-- and spears the needle into her. He pulls the plunger back to check for blood. Then he pushes the plunger down.

Almost done. Almost done. Almost done. Done.

Richard pulls the needle out. Rachel presses a swab against the injection site and hands Sadie a bag of frozen peas.

**LATER --**

All three of them are lying in the bed, staring at the ceiling. After a few seconds of silence --

RICHARD  
 I guess it's stating the obvious, but we couldn't have done this without you.

Sadie smiles.

SADIE  
 Oh, my god. You know what we never even talked about?

RACHEL  
 What?

SADIE  
 The whole birthing thing. Are you guys going to do it like at home with a doula without drugs? Natural childbirth.

Richard and Rachel contemplate the question. Then --



RICHARD

Nothing about this has been natural so far, so I don't see why we would all of a sudden wanna start...

FADE TO BLACK.

ANESTHESIOLOGIST (PRE-LAP)

You're going to feel a prick.

**INT. CLINIC - OPERATING ROOM - DAY**

Sadie, with drooping eyelids, lies on the table as the ANESTHESIOLOGIST injects her with a sedative. It's the same guy who administered Rachel's anesthesia, and he gives Sadie the exact same spiel about his daughter visiting his job.

**INT. CLINIC - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY**

Rachel and Richard stand beside Sadie's bed as she wakes up.

RACHEL

Hi.

SADIE

Hi.

RICHARD

Hi.

SADIE

Did they get a lot?

RACHEL

Twenty-four eggs.

Sadie tries to absorb this tally. Rachel smiles warmly.

You did great.

Sadie seems relieved. They all blink back tears.

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - DAY**

**IN THE OFFICE** -- Rachel presses a phone against her ear as she scribbles on a pad.

**LATER, IN THE BEDROOM --**

Sadie is camped out in Rachel and Richard's bed. She's pale and buried under the blankets. Rachel excitedly reads from her notes.

RACHEL  
They did ICSI on fifteen. Six  
fertilized. And they're watching  
two more.

SADIE  
(weak and wan)  
Is that good?  
(off Rachel's nod)  
I'm so happy.

**THE NEXT MORNING --**

Rachel and Richard drink the last of their coffee and place  
dishes in the sink.

**MEANWHILE, IN THE BATHROOM --**

Sadie stands on a scale in her sleeping shirt and calls into  
the other room --

SADIE  
Did you gain a lot of weight after?  
I swear I've put on like twelve  
pounds in three days.

**IN THE FOYER -- CONTINUOUS**

Richard and Rachel are pulling on their coats.

RACHEL  
Sometimes it takes a while for your  
body to re-adjust after all the  
hormones. I wouldn't worry about  
it. Coffee's on the table. And  
scrambled eggs and strawberries.

SADIE (O.S.)  
Thanks.

RICHARD  
Feel better.

SADIE (O.S.)  
I will.

RACHEL  
(as they leave)  
See you later.

**INT. OUTER HALLWAY - DAY**

Waiting for the elevator.

RICHARD

How is she gaining weight? She hasn't eaten anything in two days.

RACHEL

It's water retention. It's totally normal.

**INT. PICKLE GUY OFFICES - DAY**

Richard rolls his bike in, leans it against a wall. Sam is already there, working on a computer.

SAM

Sadie's not coming in?

RICHARD

Nah. She's not feeling too good.

SAM

That's too bad.

Richard sifts through mail as Sam works up his courage.

I need to tell you something, Rich. I was thinking I should talk to Sadie about it first, but then I thought I should just tell you as soon as possible.

RICHARD

(apprehensive)  
Okay.

SAM

I think Sadie's in trouble. Yesterday in the bathroom. She was in the stall. And I was at the sink. And we were talking, you know, through the door. But then I realized I could see her through an opening.

Richard just stares at Sam, waiting for him to make his point

She was shooting up.

RICHARD

What?

SAM

It's crazy. I never would have suspected it. She shoots it in her gut. To hide the marks, I guess.

Richard starts laughing.

(MORE)

What the fuck, Rich? It's not funny.

RICHARD

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It's not what you think. She's fine.

SAM

What do you mean? Fine? She's got a fucking monkey on her back, man.

This makes Richard laugh more. Sam stares at him, horrified.

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - ALL - NIGHT**

Rachel enters with a groceries and mail. She puts the bag down, pulls off her coat and glances into the kitchen to discover that the coffee and breakfast she made Sadie are exactly where she left them.

Rachel makes her way down the hall and looks into the bedroom where Sadie sleeps with the TV on. Rachel observes Sadie for a moment, then shuts off the TV.

**LATER--**

Richard and Rachel sleep on the inflatable mattress. The sound of WHIMPERING wakes Richard. When he goes to investigate, he finds Sadie in the bathroom, sitting on the side of the tub, holding her stomach and crying.

**INT. CAB - NIGHT (MOVING)**

Sadie, frail and unwell, sits in the backseat between Richard and Rachel. Richard stares straight ahead, very upset, while Rachel nervously watches Sadie.

**INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT**

Sadie talks to an E.R. Doctor who palpates her abdomen.

SADIE

Oww.

E.R. DOCTOR

Sorry. Okay. What about here?

SADIE

Oww.

E.R. DOCTOR

When did the pain begin?

SADIE

It started a few days ago after the retrieval.

RICHARD  
We're in the middle of an IVF.

E.R. DOCTOR  
You're trying to get pregnant?

SADIE  
No.

RACHEL  
I am.

The CAMERA PANS to find Rachel slouched in a chair, hand raised. The doctor is thoroughly confused.

ER DOCTOR  
(re: Richard and Rachel)  
I thought you two were her parents.

RACHEL  
Prospective parents.

SADIE  
She's my aunt. He's my uncle. I'm  
just the donor.

The doctor tries to make sense of this arrangement.

RICHARD  
It's complicated.

ER DOCTOR  
I can see that.  
(back to business)  
Were there any difficulties with  
the retrieval?

RICHARD  
No.

SADIE  
Actually... yeah... Well, sort of.

This comes as a surprise to Richard and Rachel, who are about to interrupt when the doctor raises a hand to stop them.

E.R. DOCTOR  
What happened?

SADIE  
Um, well... I wasn't... I mean, I  
didn't have enough follicles.  
(hesitating, then --)  
So I upped the dose of the  
Follitropin.

DOCTOR  
By how much?

Sadie holds her thumb and forefinger a quarter inch apart.

RICHARD  
Oh, god. That doctor is an idiot.

SADIE  
It wasn't him. He didn't tell me  
to do it.  
(off their confusion)  
I did it myself.

RACHEL  
What?

SADIE  
I increased the dosage on my own.

Rachel and Richard stare at Sadie in disbelief.

I really wanted this to work out  
for you guys. You've spent so much  
money. And I know how much it  
means to you and...  
(starting to cry)  
I didn't want to disappoint you.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Richard is on the phone, pacing, with Rachel standing nearby.

RICHARD  
Ovarian hyperstimulation syndrome.  
They did an ultrasound and said her  
left ovary was enlarged... They  
want to keep her overnight.

Richard listens, then reluctantly answers a question --

About the size of a grapefruit.

Richard shuts his eyes and listens then hangs up and turns  
to Rachel.

They're on their way.

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Cynthia and Charlie exit an elevator and stop at a nurses'  
station to ask for directions.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Cynthia and Charlie warily enter the room --

CHARLIE

Knock. Knock.

Richard and Rachel both stand. As soon as Cynthia sees Sadie, her face crumples.

SADIE

It's okay, mom. I'm fine. They're just observing.

Rachel offers Cynthia the chair next to Sadie's bed, and the two women wordlessly brush past each other.

It wasn't their fault. It was me.  
I was the idiot.

**INT. VENDING MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT**

Rachel, Richard, Charlie and Cynthia sit at a table, lit by the glow of the snack machines that line the wall. There is a terrible drawn-out silence. Finally, Cynthia stands --

CYNTHIA

I'm gonna go back to the room.

**INT. RICHARD AND RACHEL'S - FOYER - NIGHT**

Richard and Rachel enter their apartment. The dogs greet them.

**EXT. EAST VILLAGE - NIGHT**

Richard walks the dogs, looks up at his apartment, catches a glimpse of Rachel's figure in the window and stares at her.

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

LATER, IN THE BATHROOM -- Rachel tears open a foil package of ESTROGEN PATCHES and applies one to her stomach.

RACHEL (CALLING)

Don't forget we need to do my progesterone.

**IN THE LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

Richard is squeezing the air out of the inflatable bed. He's heard Rachel but doesn't answer.

RACHEL (O.S.)

Richard?

RICHARD

Yeah. Okay.

**IN THE BEDROOM -- LATER**

Rachel lies on her side, arranging herself on the bed.  
Richard shambles in with a syringe and a bag of frozen peas.

RACHEL  
Dordick said my lining looks  
beautiful. He said most women  
would kill for a lining like mine.  
Isn't that great?

Richard kneels behind Rachel preparing to give her the injection.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
(dully)  
Yeah. It's great.

RACHEL  
Are you even listening?

RICHARD  
Yeah. I am. But I'm a little  
preoccupied. Didn't we do this  
side last night?

She swivels around so her head is at the foot of the bed and  
her feet are at the top.

RACHEL  
Anyway, I'm trying to talk to you  
about something important.

RICHARD  
What?

RACHEL  
My endometrium.

RICHARD  
(swabbing her)  
What about it?

RACHEL  
Its thickness effects implantation.  
And today when I went for my  
ultrasound, mine measured eight point  
two millimeters. Ideally, you want  
anywhere from eight to ten on the day  
of the transfer, so I'm already there.

RICHARD  
(detached)  
That's great, honey.

Richard stabs the needle into Rachel's haunch. She barely  
flinches. He presses the plunger, then pulls it out.



RACHEL

I know all this stuff with Sadie is upsetting and I want to be sympathetic, but the transfer is in two days and my acupuncturist said I need to create a really warm welcoming non-negative environment so the embryo will attach. She told me to eat warm food. No salads. Soups and stews. And she told me to laugh, Richard. I'm supposed to laugh. But I'm not laughing.

(starting to cry)

If you were an embryo, would you want to attach to a negative, cold environment? No. You'd want it to be warm and funny and positive.

Rachel is sobbing; Richard stays nearby, but seems very far away.

**INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY**

Dordick is once again between Rachel's legs as he transfers the embryos. A different EAGLES SONG plays; he mouths the words.

**EXT. CONCEPTIONS CLINIC - DAY**

Rachel holds the collar of her coat; Richard tries to flag a cab.

**INT. CAB - DAY**

They ride in the back looking out opposite windows.

**INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

The PHOTO OF THE NEW EMBRYOS is stuck on the refrigerator with a magnet.

**EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY**

Rachel emerges from a subway station and walks down a busy street toward Dordick's office.

**INT. DORDICK'S OFFICE - DAY**

Rachel has her blood drawn. She grabs a lollipop, walks past the wall covered in birth announcements and exits, but instead of following, WE STAY BEHIND as the CAMERA pans to --

**THE WAITING ROOM,**

filled with anxious women and painfully silent, except for the WIRE MOBILE tapping against the window.

DORDICK (PRE-LAP, ON PHONE)  
 Discontinue the progesterone, the  
 estrogen patches, the Estrace as  
 well as the supplements.

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - DUSK**

As Dordick continues, the CAMERA moves through the seemingly empty apartment --

DORDICK (ON PHONE)  
 Barbara will call you early next  
 week to schedule a meeting to talk  
 about next steps.

-- and finally arrives on Richard and Rachel who are seen in SILHOUETTE. Richard mumbles something into the phone, then they hang up and just stand there, staring into space. After a while, Richard wanders off.

RACHEL  
 Where are you going?

RICHARD (O.S.)  
 To walk the dogs.

**IN THE BEDROOM -- LATER (NIGHT)**

They lie in bed -- Richard on his back, eyes open; Rachel curled up, facing the wall. We hear a party going on in the apartment above them.

RACHEL  
 I'm so sad.  
 (no response)  
 Richard?

RICHARD  
 Don't those people ever fucking  
 stop partying?

Richard stands up on the bed and BANGS the ceiling with a book. It works! The music is lowered.

RACHEL  
 Did you hear me?

RICHARD  
 I did. And I know that  
 intellectually I'm supposed to...  
 do something for you, right now --  
 comfort you or whatever, but I'm  
 sorry. I can't, right now. I just  
 don't have it in me.

RACHEL  
(very low, shaky)  
Okay.

A long, painful silence.

RICHARD  
You're going to hate me for saying  
this, you'll think it's hideous  
sacrilege, but I'm actually sort of  
glad the cycle didn't work  
because... at least now it's over.

Rachel turns to him, aghast.

I know it's a harsh, but that's how I  
honestly feel. Relieved. I don't  
think I even want to have a kid  
anymore. I just want my life back. I  
mean, look at us. We're a mess. It's  
like we're not even in a relationship,  
let alone a marriage. I'm not your  
husband, I'm just some... guy who  
injects hormones into your ass every  
night. We don't even have sex.

RACHEL  
Wait, is that what this is about? Sex?

RICHARD  
No. Yeah. Well, maybe. I don't know.  
What d'you think? Do you think we're  
ever going to have sex again?

RACHEL  
Are you actually asking me that right  
now or are you being theoretical?

RICHARD  
No. I'm not. I'm actually asking  
you -- do you think we will ever  
have sex again?

RACHEL  
I don't know, Richard.

RICHARD  
You don't know?

RACHEL  
No. I mean, yes. Of course, we  
will. At some point.

RICHARD  
At what point will that be, exactly?

RACHEL

I don't know. Why are you so fixated on this?

RICHARD

I'm not. I'm just pointing out that while we've been so obsessed with this... project we've had sex maybe one time in eleven months and you had to get trashed on a bottle rosé before you would even consider it. Jesus, Doctor Dordick is more intimate with your vagina than I am.

RACHEL

Oh, my god. Do you want sex right now? Is that it?

Before Richard can respond, Rachel opens a drawer and takes out a CANDLE clearly reserved for romance, then removes a VIBRATOR from a draw-string bag.

Because we just had a failed IVF and I don't know about you, but generally that makes me feel pretty shitty and dead and despondent and doesn't put me in a particularly erotic frame of mind. But if you're dead set on it, I'm sure we can manage something. But I can't guarantee that it's going to be a hell of a lot of fun.

She twists the bottom of the vibrator and it makes a loud buzzing sound.

Hey, batteries still work. It's our lucky day!

She throws the vibrator onto the bed. It bounces, just missing Richard. Rachel crumples in a heap and begins to cry. The vibrator continues to buzz as we...

FADE OUT

**INT./EXT. SUBARU - UPSTATE NY - DAY**

Bare branches against the winter sky drift past. Rachel looks out the passenger window. Richard stares ahead at the road. There is a very long silence.

SADIE (OS)

I'm sorry, you guys.

Sadie is in back with the dogs.

RICHARD

We're the ones who should be sorry.  
For two people who want to be  
parents, we didn't do a very good  
job of taking care of you.

SADIE

(almost to herself)  
I'm supposed to be able to do that  
myself, aren't I?

A long beat of driving.

You guys are gonna try again though,  
right? You're not giving up?

Richard and Rachel don't answer, and Sadie's question lingers  
in the air.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

The Subaru whizzes past and the camera whip pans to a highway  
sign that says: SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEXT 2 EXITS.

**INT./EXT. SUBARU - SARATOGA SPRINGS - DAY**

RACHEL

Slow down. It's easy to miss...  
That's it! Right there.

Richard slows and signals. Out her window, Sadie sees TWO  
STONE GATEPOSTS flanking the entrance to a LONG, WOODED ROAD.  
On one of the posts is a sign that says YADDO.

SADIE

It looks like an insane asylum.

RACHEL

(almost to herself)  
Well, it is filled with crazy  
artists...

Richard turns and drives through the gateposts. The snow  
covered woods sparkle like a winter wonderland.

**EXT. MANSION - DAY**

The SUBARU parks outside a STONE AND MARBLE MANSION that  
looks like a castle. Our trio and the dogs emerge, all  
slightly disoriented.

**INT. MANSION - DAY**

Rachel and Richard accompany Sadie as she receives a tour from  
JONATHAN, a male resident who leads them through the ornate  
downstairs rooms, which appear both grand and gaudy.

Someone PLAYS PIANO, and the music drifts through the mansion. The tour pauses in front of TWO FULL-LENGTH OIL PORTRAITS of Katrina and Spencer Trask, the Wall Street baron and his wife who founded Yaddo.

JONATHAN

That's them. Our patron saints.  
Spencer and Katrina Trask.

(beat)

They had awful luck with children.

SADIE

They couldn't have them?

JONATHAN

No. They had four, but all of them died young. After the children were gone, they decided to turn their estate into a place for artists to come and work.

(to Sadie)

That's why you're here.

LATER -- Jonathan leads everyone up a sweeping set of stairs and down a passageway toward a door with inlaid stained glass.

**INT. KATRINA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The group drifts in and looks around the beautiful, light-filled space. Through the windows is a view of a TERRACED LAWN and a FOUNTAIN.

JONATHAN

This was Katrina's room.

Among the antique furnishings is a CHAISE LOUNGE.

Look, you've even got your own fainting couch.

SADIE

Wait. This is my room?

Jonathan smiles and nods.

RACHEL

Wow. I've been here three times and I never got this room.

Sadie can barely contain her excitement, she sashays around, then fake faints onto the chaise lounge.

**EXT. MANSION - DAY**

At the Subaru, Sadie straps on her giant backpack.

RICHARD  
So we'll get you in a month, right?

SADIE  
(hesitant)  
Actually, you don't need to.

Rachel and Richard look at her, confused. Sadie fesses up.

Sam said he could do it.

Richard and Rachel are happy for Sadie, but a little hurt. Sadie blushes.

He's always wanted to see Saratoga Springs and... I thought it would save you guys the trip.  
(to Rachel)  
Thanks, for whatever strings you had to pull to get me in here.

RACHEL  
I didn't pull any strings.

SADIE  
You didn't put in a good word for me?  
I thought that's why I got accepted.

Rachel smiles and shakes her head, no. Sadie beams.

**INT. KATRINA'S ROOM - DAY**

Sadie pulls out her laptop and some notebooks, arranging them on the desk. She sits down, self-conscious but intoxicated by the extravagant writing space. After a moment, she hears BARKING.

**EXT. LAWN - CONTINUOUS**

Richard throws a ball for Eno and Lazlo, then joins Rachel to watch the dogs jump and play. It's cold. We see their breath.

SADIE (O.S.)  
Hey!

Richard and Rachel look up to see Sadie, not unlike a princess in a castle, leaning out one of her windows. She waves and they wave back. The three of them wave for a long time, then lower their arms and just look at each other, unsure what's next.

**NINE MONTHS LATER**

**INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DUSK**

A CHILD'S FINGER presses a DOORBELL - BZZZZZ! The apartment door swings open to reveal Richard. He's wearing a RUBBER MASK but it's pushed up so you can see his face.

At the door are the same TWO KIDS from the earlier Halloween Scene: a GIRL (now 8) and BOY (now 11)

KIDS  
Trick or treat!

RICHARD  
You guys look great... what are you?

The girl wears a strange outfit with a PLASTIC SEE-THROUGH BUBBLE UMBRELLA, LEG WARMERS, BIG RUBBER BOOTS and a BATHING SUIT under a DOWN VEST. The boy wears an Edvard Munch Scream Mask.

GIRL  
Climate Change.

Richard nods, impressed.

BOY  
I'm The Scream. Who are you?

Richard pulls down his mask. It's Nixon. Richard does the standard impersonation, hunching over and making "peace" signs. The kids don't have a clue.

RICHARD  
Richard Nixon.  
(pushing the mask up)  
He was a president from when I was a kid. I wanted to wear my Bill Clinton, but I couldn't find it. I guess he's before your time, too.

The children linger, then Richard remembers why they came --

Oh, yeah.

He grabs a BOWL filled with CANDY. The KIDS take some, drop it in their bags and say "Thank you." As they walk away --

Sorry about the environment!

The kids stop and look back. The girl nods in appreciation before she and her brother continue on their way.

**INT. RACHEL AND RICHARD'S APARTMENT - DUSK**

Richard closes the door and turns to find Rachel wearing a HILLARY CLINTON MASK.

RICHARD  
Hey. Where'd you find it?



RACHEL  
 (muffled)  
 Linen closet.

Rachel has also found Richard's Bill Clinton mask, which she holds out. For an odd moment, Nixon and Hillary stand there in silence, looking at each other. The familiar SOUND of A MARCHING BAND filters into the apartment

**EXT. AVENUE A - DUSK**

THE NEIGHBORHOOD HALLOWEEN PARADE is in full swing: POLICEMEN hold traffic as costumed children march into TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK lead by the BAND OF PUNK PARENTS.

An ORANGE CRAYOLA CRAYON DAD walks beside a BLOODIED MOM dressed up as Carrie. Children run around.

Richard and Rachel, now both in their Clinton masks, walk with the revelers. Richard's cellphone rings and he pushes his mask up to look at the caller ID.

RICHARD  
 It's the 800 number.

They look at each other, paralyzed for a moment.

Answer it.

RACHEL  
 Why me?

Richard, flummoxed, doesn't respond, so Rachel pushes her mask up and answers it.

Hello? Uh-huh. Yeah. That's us.  
 (from their script)  
 "No. We're happy you called. It's the perfect time." We're just... out for Halloween.

Rachel presses a finger into her ear to block out the parade and steps away from the crowd. Richard watches her, and we hear pieces of her conversation.

Yep. New York City. Uh-huh. Well, it's got it's pros and cons, but... What about you?... Oh, wow.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

A rental car whizzes past and the CAMERA WHIP PANS to a SIGN:

Welcome to Virginia  
 Virginia is for Lovers

**INT./EXT. RENTAL CAR - DAY**

Richard drives. Rachel cradles a folder in her lap.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- an APPLEBEE'S comes into view.

RICHARD

Land, ho!

**EXT. APPLEBEE'S PARKING LOT - DAY**

Richard pulls in and parks.

**INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY**

Richard and Rachel stare at the restaurant, then trade "here we go again" looks and climb out.

**INT. APPLEBEE'S - DAY**

A WAITRESS leads Richard and Rachel to a LARGE BOOTH where they sit down facing each other. The waitress hands them menus and begins to clear two of the four place settings.

RICHARD

Actually... we're expecting someone.

WAITRESS

I'll grab another menu.

The waitress leaves. They sit for a moment without speaking, then Richard gets up and joins Rachel on her side of the booth.

RICHARD

That's better.

Richard moves his water glass and place-mat over to his new seat. He takes Rachel's hand and kisses it. She glances over and smiles nervously. They turn their attention toward the front door and sit there like that for a very long time, holding hands and waiting.

THE END