

WHAT TO EXPECT

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INT. BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

AMY (35), clearly pained yet keeping her cool in underwear and a torn up Bob Seger shirt she paid \$175 dollars for, stares at the ceiling, wide awake, next to a sleeping GRANT (37). Despite the drool, he is a pretty hot commodity, distinguished looking, with just the touches of silver fox starting to appear.

AMY
(whispering)
Babe.
(a little louder)
Hey babe.

She nudges him gently and he stirs.

AMY (CONT'D)
It's three and I can't sleep.

Grant seems used to this, not annoyed, and just wants to help.

GRANT
Would you like me to sing you some
MatchBox 20?

AMY
You know that won't help.

GRANT
(moderately on tune)
She says it's cold outside and she
hands me my raincoat.

AMY
I told you about my Rob Thomas
crush in confidence.

GRANT
(more on key)
She's always worried about things
like that.

AMY
This is serious.
(then)
What if it doesn't take?

GRANT
(perfect pitch)
She says it's all gonna end and it
might as well be my fault.

AMY

What if the embryo doesn't want to stick to my hostile uterus?

GRANT

And she only sleeps when it's raining, and she screams and her voice is straining and she says...

AMY

Baby.

(then)

Seriously. What if I'm so old it thinks I'm its grandmother and just like takes a Werther's Original and leaves?

GRANT

Have you been keeping delicious caramel candy in your vagina and not telling me?

Grant halts his silliness, turns to Amy, and makes eye contact by the light of the muted TV.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Babe, you're thirty-five. That's only considered old if you were a Grizzly Bear...or a pop star.

AMY

Then why is it called a geriatric pregnancy?

GRANT

Cause medicine is stupid and our society is ageist. But you aren't old. I promise. Sometimes I look at you and think, "Damn, how did that young co-ed get into my home?"

Grant grabs the remote and hands it to Amy.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Now please turn off the infomercial for regenerative cream and roll over so we can spoon.

Amy takes a deep breath and smiles at this adorable man in front of her. She clicks off the TV and turns around. Grant comes in for the cuddle.

AMY

It's actually a serum. I might have purchased it last week while you were sleep----

GRANT

(belting)

It's 3am, I must be lonely...

Amy giggles. Grant holds her tighter.

INT. KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

From an open concept kitchen we can see into a living room and dining room, both full of half unpacked boxes. Amy shuffles back and forth from the fridge to a marble island. Grant puts a kettle on.

AMY

My mom is going to have a field day with the lack of unpacking since she came over last.

(impersonating her mother)

What's the baby going to sleep in?
A U-Haul box marked fragile?

GRANT

No, Nancy, the baby will probably just entirely sleep on you because I don't see anyway we're going to get you to stop forcing yourself into our lives.

AMY

Babe.

Grant knows that this means "Stop, she's my mother and only I can say things like this." He does. Then walks over to Amy and puts his arms around her.

GRANT

We're fine. I think two months is the perfect time to start unpacking. I mean, we don't wanna look all eager and shit in front of our new home.

Amy puts the finishing touches on her decidedly weird breakfast. Two slices of toast. Cream cheese and jelly on one, avocado and mayo on the other. She begins to chow down. Grant watches in disgust. Amy senses his eyes on her.

AMY

What?

GRANT

Would you like some ketchup, or perhaps some fish sauc--

Before he can even get the last syllable out, he stops, pinches his nose, and takes a step back.

AMY

Dude. It's the hormones. They make me eat like Shrek.

(then)

Wait, since when do you have a sensitive stomach? One time you ate a sushi doggie bag you left in the car while we went to see Boyhood.

Grant walks to the stove and removes a near whistling kettle. He pours hot water into a mug and squeezes in some fresh lemon.

GRANT

Richard Linklater is a visionary.

AMY

It was easily three hours long.

GRANT

It was only a California roll.

Grant takes a sip of the hot lemon water and inhales its citrus-y goodness.

AMY

Aww. Maybe your nausea is sympathy pains. But can you save that for when I'm crowning. Or my labia is tearing. That's when I'll really need ya.

The bad smells have run their course and Grant seems better.

GRANT

Absolutely.

AMY

You nervous about your interview? You sure it's not too soon after your surgery?

GRANT

Nah babe, I'm all healed. It was just a simple hernia procedure. Doesn't even really count as surgery. Plus, Peter gave me a really good recommendation. And it's a much smaller team than I'm used to leading. I got this.

(then)

You nervous about our post-embryo transplant appointment on Friday? Think you can wait, or do you want me to buy some at home pregnancy tests? Dr. S. said it would be totally--

AMY

Nah. The last embryo gave me a great recommendation.

GRANT

Look at us. Having minor surgical procedures and taking over the world.

They start laughing. Cracking each other up is in no short supply in the Fairbanks household, unpacked or not. But as the laughter starts to fade we go CLOSE ON: Amy first and then Grant, both of whom hide some worry right below the surface.

INT. PHARMACY - A LITTLE LATER

Amy is behind two other people in line for the register. In her hands are several pregnancy tests. She seems calm. Then, all of a sudden, she turns around.

AMY

(sotto)

No, you know what, I can wait.

She walks back to the aisle marked Family Planning where she seems to have another change of heart.

AMY (CONT'D)

I mean, whatever, I might as well.

She turns on a dime and walks back to the register, where there is now just one person in line before her. She retakes her place and stands firm. The CHECK OUT GIRL takes her good old time.

AMY (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Wait, did I get the right one?

Amy nervously heads back to the aisle she just came from and reads from a box.

AMY (CONT'D)

Early pregnancy test. Can detect pregnancy up to a week before your missed period. Yeah, no that's right.

She starts to walk back to the line counting the tests in her arms.

AMY (CONT'D)

One, two, three.

Suddenly, she turns back around and in one motion grabs four more and heads back to the register.

EXT. AMY AND GRANT'S DRIVEWAY - MID MORNING

Grant stands at the end of his driveway and puts some broken down boxes into the recycling bin on the curb. A GROUP OF STAY-AT-HOME MOMS walk by. Each of them pushes a stroller, some of them also walk dogs. One has a stroller, a dog, and a toddler in one of those fake wagon cars. They wave hello, then approach.

MOM #1

Morning, Grant. We see you're finally settling in.

MOM #2

Must be hard with Amy at work so much. If you ever need any decorating advic--

MOM #3

(interrupting)

Don't let her fool you, she didn't even so much as pick a couch for her house. But if you want her decorator's Instagram account, I can DM you. What's your handle?

That's not information he has any intention of giving her. The dog pees on Grant's recycling bin. Its owner does not notice that, nor that her toddler is definitely picking his nose and eating it. Grant should feel like he has nothing to prove to this bunch, but yet...

GRANT

Actually, Amy is the one with the eye in the family. Plus, I have an interview today. Big advertising job. I was a regular Don Draper back in New York.

They are half-listening. Mom #1 squeaks a Sofie The Giraffe in the face of her infant. Mom #2 fusses with the muslin blanket placed over the stroller as a sun protector.

MOM #1

Ooo, did you see that paparazzi photo of Jon Hamm, I mean talk about baby arm...

MOM #2

I hope my little Jameson is gonna have a normal size penis. It's so hard to tell now, ya know?

MOM #1

I think they say penis size comes from the mother's side. What's your dad packing?

Grant is done with them. He's had to put up with them for too many mornings and they seem to know too much about his life. He closes the recycling bin lid and plans his exit.

GRANT

Well, I gotta go shower and shave and put on a suit. Bring home the bacon. Let my mother-in-law fry it up. Okay. Bye.

He scurries back up the driveway as fast as he can in slippers.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Amy sits in a male-dominated conference room full of SUITS listening to the last bits of a firm-wide meeting, lead by CHAD ROWLING, (40s) buff with a designer suit and an expensive haircut.

CHAD

So, to recap, what's the number one priority here at Rowling, Rowling, and Potter?

He doesn't wait for anyone to answer.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Keeping our clients happy.

(then)

Kristen will be passing out a list of hip restaurants, bars, cigar clubs, vape clubs, strip clubs, speakeasies, cereal bars, massage parlors, "massage parlors", goat yogas, goat sacrifices...and even spas.

(out of the side of his mouth)

For the lady clients.

(then)

Learn them. Live them. Love them.

Chad glances at his Apple Watch.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Okay, I gotta go or I'll be late for the lunch buffet at Tramps. If you have any questions please inbox me.

Chad fist bumps the two suits sitting closest to him. As he looks out over the table, he spots Amy and it seems to have jogged some memory in him.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Oh shit man, I almost forgot. This is our first firm-wide meeting since she started six weeks ago, so allow me to formally introduce Amy Fairbanks. Though she was Amy Price when I first met her in college. She comes all the way from Wachtell, Liptin, Rosen and Katz. And is already well on her way to being our first female partner.

A suit from the crowd interjects inappropriately.

SUIT #1

Something tells me you've had hundreds of female partners, Chad.

SUIT #2

He means sex partners!

SUIT #3

(using his hands to make a megaphone)

Boss man fuckssss.

CHAD

Calm down. Calm down. Or we'll have to have one of those seminars again.

(then)

Anyway, please welcome Amy. We'll try to tone it down for her and tell the custodian to keep some tampons in the bathroom.

Amy takes a deep breath, nods, and waves. As Chad gets up to leave, all the men follow and form a pack, chatting, and high fiving as they leave.

Amy remains seated at the table. Chad's assistant, KRISTEN, young and eager, hands her the list of recommendations. Amy folds it and puts in her satchel.

AMY

Do you have any hand outs on maternity leave?

EXT. CAFE - LUNCHTIME

Amy sits at a table across from an empty seat. She pours sparkling water into two glasses. From across the restaurant approaches REBECCA (30) dressed like a Gap ad, with the exact same beautiful color hair as Amy. When Amy spots her she gets up, excitedly.

AMY

Ahhh. I missed you.

They hug.

REBECCA

It's been two days.

AMY

What? Can't I still miss you?

(then)

Fuck, your hair smells so good.

Amy steps out from the hug and pulls the sides of Rebecca's jacket out so she can see her stomach.

AMY (CONT'D)

I feel like your belly popped this week. Are you seeing what I'm seeing? Have people noticed? Have they said anything?

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

Who said something--I'll kill them--
you look fantastic. Omg. Sit down.
I got you Perrier.

They sit and clasp hands from across the table.

REBECCA

How's work? How's Grant? Did he get
a job yet? Has mom been at your
house non-stop? I hate to say it,
but ever since you moved, it's been
kinda nice to have her a little
less up in my grill.

AMY

Glad to be of service. Work is the
same. It's like being trapped
inside a mergers and acquisitions
edition of an Andrew Dice Clay
album. Grant has not gotten a job
yet. I mean, he's been freelancing
and stuff, but has a big interview
today. I'm trying not to push. Who
cares, my life is boring. You're
the one growing the life inside
you. Tell me everything. You're
four months! Have you felt it kick?
Are you sure you don't wanna know
the gender? I promise I'll stop
asking, but one last time, have you
considered leaving it in for a few
extra months so we can deliver
together?

The WAITER comes before Rebecca can answer any of these
pressing questions.

WAITER

Are you ready to order or do you
need another minute?

REBECCA

I'm ready.

(then)

I'll just have a chicken salad
sandwich with a side of fries and a
chocolate malted milkshake. And
then just another chicken salad
sandwich wrapped up. Also, I
wouldn't be mad if there was also
another milkshake and fries with
the to-go order.

Amy watches Rebecca in awe as the waiter writes this down.

AMY

Oh that sounds good. Just one of each though, but with a side of ranch, please.

The waiter collects the menus and leaves. Rebecca is back to gushing over her pregnancy.

REBECCA

Amy, I can't wait for you to experience this. It's like a perfect little alien taking over your body. Sometimes my car just pulls into parking lots before I even know why and then I look up and see a Yogurtland, and it all makes sense.

(then)

Have you taken a test yet?

Amy sips some of her bubbly water.

AMY

(reserved)

We go to the doctor on Friday.

(like a child talking about Christmas)

But I might have stopped at CVS this morning and bought a few EPTs.

Rebecca gets a look on her face. Amy recognizes it from childhood.

REBECCA

(whispers like she is talking about crack or something)

Do you have any in your purse right now?

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

It's a single person restroom, but that doesn't stop Amy from sitting on the toilet while Rebecca plays with her hair in the mirror. All of a sudden an iPhone alarm goes off. Amy looks down at the pee stick in her lap. WE SEE what she sees: NOT PREGNANT. She holds it up for Rebecca.

REBECCA

It's too early.

(then)

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 Maybe the bubbly water is messing
 up your pee-pee.

This does nothing to un-bum Amy.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
 You can have my second milkshake.

Amy cracks a smile.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Grant sits across from PETER (late 30s) who is behind the desk in a pretty big office decorated with a slew of awards and Princeton paraphernalia. Peter plays with a small rubber ball as Grant looks through the picture frames on the desk.

GRANT
 Man, it's been years, hasn't it?

Peter's ball hits the floor and then bounces back to his arms.

PETER
 Since the wedding.

GRANT
 Yours or mine?

PETER
 My second. Man, when did we get so -

GRANT
 Don't say old. We'd only be old if
 we were buffalo...or Olympic
 gymnasts.

PETER
 We are old.

GRANT
 Speak for yourself. I'm a wild,
 carefree, East Coast transplant
 with a-- just kidding I have a very
 large mortgage now. Please hire me.

PETER
 (mimes takings notes)
 Interviewee is desperate. Lowball
 salary offer.

Peter stops bouncing the ball.

PETER (CONT'D)

Shall we talk shop?

Grant sits up in his chair in an attempt to look professional.

GRANT

I really appreciate you doing this for me. As you can see on my resume, I spent the last six years at the same agency, and while I did spend most of that on the digital side, the team I pointed was nominated for an ADDY each and every year. I know your company mostly works with broadcast ads but a solid campaign is a solid campaign and I really think--

PETER

Grant, you don't have to convince me. As far as I'm concerned the job is yours.

GRANT

Oh my God, thank you so much. Go Tigers.

Grant musters up a cheering motion. And let's out a little growl/purr, which he almost immediately regrets.

PETER

It's yours as far as I'm concerned. You still have to meet with my boss. And man is he a prick. I'll get something on the schedule ASAP.

Peter places a folder in front of him from across the desk.

PETER (CONT'D)

This will give you a leg up. It's information about our latest potential client. Robert really wants to land them. It's all he talks about. So work your magic or whatever and you might just be his new golden boy.

Peter throws the ball for Grant to catch. He doesn't even come remotely close to doing so.

INT. DARK BAR - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Amy sits at a table in what appears to be a dimly lit restaurant. We pan out a little to see she is surrounded by SUITS. Some we recognize from the conference room, some are brand new, and of course, Chad, her boss is there. Loud music is playing. Amy leans in toward a Brooks Brother.

AMY

Hey, so like, how often does this happen?

The MAN IN SUIT seems to be preoccupied with something in the distance.

SUIT #1

Some would say just the right amount.

We PAN OUT to see they are at a gentleman's club. WOMEN are dancing on stage, and in some far corner's of the club, they are dancing a lot closer to clients.

SUIT #1 (CONT'D)

But if you ask me, nowhere near often enough.

Amy is unamused. She whistles to get the attention of the rest of the men at her table then passes out papers.

AMY

This is just a standard retainer. It says that we're your primary counsel that will handle all your merger and acquisition needs. Blah, blah, blah, for the measly fee of nine hundred and fifty dollars an hour. We round up. Blah, blah, blah. Business.

The men start signing the contract without so much as a light perusal. Then, a dancer walks up to Amy, flirtatiously and seems to want to solicit a private performance. She gets intimately close. A beat.

AMY (CONT'D)

I really like your glitter.

INT. AMY AND GRANT'S GUEST ROOM CLOSET - EARLY EVENING

Amy sits on the floor of the closet with her back against the door. She holds up a cute pink infant onesie with a glittery cupcake on it. It's so small and it makes her so happy.

AMY

You can even be a stripper if you want to. I don't care. It's fine.

Just above Amy is an entire rack of hanging clothes. They are organized by color and size - from pink and purple to blue and yellow.

AMY (CONT'D)

I know it's a lot, but I just really like clothes. I promise I won't have a gender reveal party or anything. And you can wear whatever you want when you grow up. Please just not a suit.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Amy takes entrees from takeout containers and places them into pots and pans on the stove. Grant carefully hides the containers in the bottom of the trash can.

AMY

What about-- Comcore: internet so fast you can stalk your ex more efficiently!

GRANT

People don't do that.

AMY

Oh so who is using your account to like your high school girlfriend Megan Cannon's Instagram posts?

GRANT

Perhaps the same person who double taps every Hemsworth brother pic on your account.

AMY

Never once Luke.

(then)

What about the emotional angle? Tug at the heart strings of parents who just want to stay in touch with a deployed child. You did cry at that Amazon commercial with the dog who ordered the fake mane last week.

GRANT

(getting emotional)

He wanted to be a lion.

Grant stirs one of the pots.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Think this old trick will work in a neighborhood where she knows all the restaurants?

AMY

Ugh who cares, I had a long day at work and I don't know how to cook.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Amy and Grant are seated around their dining room table. Joining them are Amy's mother, NANCY, and her step-father DENNIS. On the table are several pots and pans acting as serving dishes.

NANCY

And I mean, that's their choice, but I told Becca that a kiddie pool isn't the proper place to give birth.

AMY

I'm sure it's just a phase, I'll talk to her.

(trying to change the subject from babies)

Grant had a really promising job interview today.

Grant swallows the food in his mouth.

GRANT

I did. I have a follow up interview tomorrow. So it's not a done deal or anything. But it's an alumni who recommended me, so.

NANCY

Did Dennis tell you he almost went to Princeton?

DENNIS

It's true.

Dennis lets out a little growl/purr. Is this a thing?

AMY

Be careful, Grant has a soft spot for anything that wants to be a big cat. He might cry.

GRANT

Yes, Nancy, you have mentioned that before.

AMY

Yeah, mom, I feel like you mentioned it once or twice.

NANCY

I remember the good old days when people were proud of their alma maters.

AMY

Mom, it's not his alma mater since he just "almost went there". But, also, he ended up going to Stanford, so like, maybe just lead with that?

Dennis sits quietly and eats his chicken. He seems very used to being talked about like he isn't in the room.

NANCY

Did we tell you we're going on a cruise?

GRANT

Ooo. I heard about one of those on Dateline.

AMY

When?

NANCY

In a few weeks.

AMY

Are you gonna be back before Rebecca delivers?

NANCY

Of course. We're not explorers. It just goes around a couple islands and maybe stops so we can buy a doohickey or two.

AMY

You mean souvenirs.

Nancy does not appreciate her daughter's tone.

NANCY

Yeah. I guess I meant souvenir. So sue me. Why are you always so hard on me? I only gave you life and all. But, yes, so sorry I don't have all the words.

GRANT

Mom, we think a cruise sounds wonderful. What's the point of retirement if you can't enjoy it?

NANCY

Grant, it's fine you don't have to be the mediator. Oh, look, I knew that word. Amy is probably just hormonal and all from the IVF. Let's not fight. You ordered such a nice dinner.

Nancy shoots a look to Amy that says "I'm onto your takeout swap game."

NANCY (CONT'D)

And you're making me grandkids. What more could we ask? Right, Dennis?

Dennis has tuned out, and in fact, is half asleep, since Nancy very rarely requires him to chime in.

DENNIS

(waking up)
Right, dear.

AMY

I'm gonna go get dessert.

Amy gets up and heads to the kitchen. Grant smiles at Nancy, who smiles back. Dennis has nodded off again.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amy and Grant are about ready for bed. Amy performs some sort of lotion ritual and Grant is looking through the file Peter gave him earlier. Amy, slippery, slides over to Grant and gets right in his face in a cute, loving, and particularly intimate way.

AMY

Hi.

GRANT

Why, hello.

AMY

Aren't you so glad we moved closer to my parents?

GRANT

I mean, they'll still be less passive aggressive than a sixteen year old goth baby sitter who eats all our Pirate's Booty.

AMY

Babe you eat all our Pirate's Booty twenty five minutes after we get home from Whole Foods.

Amy runs out of lotion and struggles to pump more out with her slippery hands. This alone is enough to make her quickly slide back into worry.

AMY (CONT'D)

What if they really like cruises and become cruise people who only wear boat shoes and shirts that say "It's 5 o'clock somewhere" or "Wasting away in Margaritaville"?

GRANT

That's not gonna happen. Dennis will definitely get some inner ear imbalance and they'll turn the first boat around. Besides, I might not even have a job by then so you can hire me as a nanny.

They trade turns worrying like a tag team.

AMY

You're gonna get this job. And we can stay up all night and brainstorm if you want. But honestly, Grant, even something you think of on the spot in your interview tomorrow would be a million times better than what any other asshole of a candidate could think up in an entire year.

Grant pulls her in closer.

GRANT

Your encouragement, though greatly hyperbolized, is very sweet. And sexy. I think I know what could get some of my creative juices flowing.

He grabs her ass and starts kissing her neck.

AMY

Babe, I'm all lotion-y

GRANT

I know. I like it. Don't interfere with my creative process.

She pulls away, a little, but is very soft handed with her rejection.

AMY

Tomorrow, after the appointment?
I'm just a little freaked out about I dunno, like knocking the baby out of there or something?

GRANT

I'm flattered that you think I could do that.

(then)

Do you think the Dusseldorf twins are going to be there?

AMY

They're not twins. They're married. They just look alike. I mean they're having kids together. They aren't related.

GRANT

Tell that to their identical cleft chins.

AMY

They might come in handy, I think they are on the exact same cycle as us.

Grant, still with his hands on Amy's butt, looks a little sad.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I know it's been awhile and all with all the procedures and stuff.

GRANT

Don't you dare apologize. It's weird that my sex drive is so high. I will gladly wait till I have enthusiastic consent again.

AMY

Do you wanna masturbate to me putting lotion on the rest of my body? I've got arms and tits left. You like those.

Grant thinks about it for a minute. It would be very understandable to say no.

GRANT

Okay, yeah. Thank you.

Amy grabs her lotion bottle, but Grant snatches it from her first. He squeezes some into his palm before giving it back to her.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Grant applies a glob of moisturizer from his hand to his freshly shaven face. He looks in the mirror and focuses in on the bags under his eyes then roots around on Amy's side for a remedy. He finds a serum and starts dabbing it on them.

GRANT

(sotto)

Where has the time gone?

He starts to tear up a little. It must be the new product? He looks down at its label. It's just a regular "moisturizing eye gel". But the brand is called Drunk Elephant. He turns back to his own reflection and tears up even more.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Can you imagine an intoxicated elephant? That would be so silly. But also so sad. Who would give alcohol to a majestic Serengeti creature?

Tears stream down the sides of his face.

INT. ROWLING ROWLING AND POTTER - AMY'S OFFICE - MID MORNING

Amy sits at her desk, highlighting parts of a contract.
Kristen, Chad's assistant walks in.

KRISTEN
(without actually
knocking)
Knock, knock.

Amy looks up. Unsure if she should say "who's there?" or just smile. She picks the latter.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
Sorry to interrupt, but Chad wanted
me to let you know that he
rescheduled tomorrow's client
meeting to today, at 4pm. At the
Vape Bar on La Cienega.

Amy doesn't even look at her calendar. She knows her schedule.

AMY
(rather firmly)
I can't make that.

KRISTEN
Do you want me to tell Chad that,
or like can I add a reason or
something. He likes reasons.

AMY
You can just tell him I have a
conflict. An appointment. A
personal appointment. A doctor's
appointment.

KRISTEN
Does this have anything to do with
your maternity leave packet?

AMY
What? No. Women go to other doctors
besides the OBGYN. We have eyes and
stomachs and stuff.
(then)
Sorry. I didn't mean to snap. It's
fine. I'll tell him myself. Thank
you.

Kristen hangs in the doorway as if waiting for more information or a dismissal.

KRISTEN

Well...are you gonna tell him?

AMY

When's his next meeting, Kristen?

KRISTEN

Eleven. In house.

AMY

Okay, thanks, Kristen. I will tell him before then.

Amy looks back down at her papers and continues highlighting. Kristen lingers till it gets awkward and then backs out of the room miming a pregnancy bump with her hands.

INT. OPEN OFFICE AREA - LATER THAT MORNING

Grant sits in a chair outside of a corner office next to an ASSISTANT'S desk. He fumbles over notecards he has written himself. He wipes his sweaty brow with one.

ASSISTANT

Mr. Sutcliffe will see you now.

Grant nervously pops up with a jerking motion. He puts the notecards in his pants pocket. He looks at the closed door, then back at the assistant.

GRANT

(pointing to the door)
Should I?

She clocks his nerves.

ASSISTANT

You can go in.

Grant tries not to fumble too much as he opens the door and walks in.

INT. CHAD'S CORNER OFFICE - LATER THAT MORNING

Chad sits on the couch in his beautiful and spacious office. He speaks into a headset with a video game controller at his side. He could be taking a conference call, or he could be playing Fortnite. Amy walks in.

AMY

Hey, so I can't make the four o'clock.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

I'd be more than happy to go through the contracts with them. I can bring them by the office early next week.

Amy is proud of herself. She successfully just made a boundary with her new boss to create a healthy work/life balance. Chad says nothing, as if he didn't even hear her.

AMY (CONT'D)

(slightly more apologetically)

Oh, I'm sorry.

(pointing to his headset)

Are you on a call?

He shakes his head, no.

AMY (CONT'D)

Okay. Well, then I guess just let me know how you want to proceed. I have a doctor's appointment, otherwise I would.

CHAD

See you at four.

AMY

Oh, no. I just said I can't make it. I--

CHAD

Amy, I need you there. Clients love you. It's not up for discussion. I need those contracts signed today so they can be processed over the weekend.

Amy is at a loss. How do you win a battle when someone wants what he wants and also pays your salary?

AMY

Yes, of course.

She walks out, with her head down.

INT. ROBERT'S CORNER OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Grant sits rather stiffly in a chair across from a large desk. He faces a beautiful view from crystal clear floor to ceiling windows.

Across a desk from him is ROBERT (60ish) quite the boss man, in a crisp blue suit and a full grey head of hair. The kind of guy who thinks he has a sense of humor, but doesn't.

GRANT

Thank you so much for meeting with me. Peter has said such great things about you.

ROBERT

(putting him on the spot)
Oh really, like what?

Grant tenses up even more. Searching for words.

GRANT

Oh, just that--

Before he can find something to say Robert jumps in.

ROBERT

Ahhh. I'm just messing with you.
(then)
Peter told me you went to Princeton too.

GRANT

Class of 2003.

ROBERT

1981.
(then)
You play lacrosse with old Petey?

GRANT

I didn't. Funny story, actually, my roommate's gir--

ROBERT

Eh, it doesn't matter. What does concern me, however, is that you don't have much experience with tv spots.

GRANT

It's true that I've been focused more on print and digital campaigns, but I think you'll find that--

ROBERT

In one sentence, why should I hire you? Go.

Grant pauses, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out his notecards, but they are very soggy.

GRANT

See, my wife and I--
 (take two)
 I want to pull at the heart st--
 (let's try this again)
 I just want to make America cry and
 then buy.

Grant stares at his interviewer, unsure if he has just made the biggest mistake possible. A beat. Robert starts to laugh.

ROBERT

That's funny. You're funny. Most of our client's target demographics are women between the ages of thirty-five and fifty. And, well, we could really use someone like you on our team. You know, someone who is in touch with their emotional side but not like all the time. A girl's guy.

Grant is unsure whether or not he should be flattered or insulted.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

The job is yours. My assistant can get you set up with a HR packet and offer letter. You start Monday.

GRANT

Thank you so much. You have no idea how much this means to me. I will not disappoint you.

Grant gets up to shake Robert's hand, but his own is sweaty as fuck. He wipes it on his pants, hoping his new boss won't notice and proceeds with his firmest handshake.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

Grant stands beside his car shirtless, ringing sweat out of the button down he was just wearing. Several women who appear to be getting back from their lunch break, fresh Starbucks in hand, pass by. He quickly tries to find a new shirt from inside his car in time. He can't, so he waves.

GRANT

I normally wear shirts. See you Monday!

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - MID AFTERNOON

Amy sits on the floor, with her back up against her closed office door. She's on the phone.

AMY

It's like he took some sort of class on how to just completely bulldoze through what you're saying till he gets his way.

Rebecca, her sister, is on the other line.

INT. CLOSET - SAME TIME

Rebecca sits against the closed door of a small closet, filled with art supplies and tiny little children's coats. An iPhone pressed against one ear, the other ear to the door, listening.

REBECCA

I think that's just what they teach boys in sixth grade while we are in the other room getting the period talk.

WE CUT back and forth to them as needed.

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

AMY

You sure the kids are okay? I'm sorry to call you in the middle of class.

REBECCA

Yeah, it's fine. Half of them have aides anyway. It's not like they are alone in a room with scissors.

AMY

So, legitimately, what do I do?

REBECCA

I mean, you have to go to this appointment. At home tests are not as reliable. And also if you skip it this time it sets precedence. Isn't that what lawyers call it? It's like with kids.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

If they do something wrong and you punish them but then you don't follow through cause feel bad, they will forever know they can get away with that behavior.

AMY

You're right. You're literally always right. Oh except don't give birth in your bathtub. But, yeah, okay. So, I'm just gonna go to that appointment and if Chad wants to know where I was after he can take it up with HR. I mean I have personal days and there are for sure workplace rules against asking about medical appointments. Thanks, little sis. Now go back to your students before it becomes a Lord Of The Flies type situation. That's how Chads are formed. Love you, byeeeeee.

Amy hangs up. She takes a deep breath and places a hand on her diaphragm or perhaps her womb, as if to draw courage from her future offspring.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM

Grant sits in the waiting room, without Amy. He thumbs through a magazine. Across from him is a very tall, fit, young blonde couple with matching chins. RENEE and SAM. They look like the kind of couple that works out together, kisses between each sit up, and then posts an Instagram video of it. Grant can't help but stare and wonder things like, "Do they speak German?" "How are they not concerned about inbreeding?" Grant decides to introduce himself.

GRANT

Hey, I'm Grant. My wife Amy and I see you around here a lot. We must be on the same IVF cycle or something. Anyway, I'm Grant. Did I say that? Amy isn't here yet. But I just wanted to introduce myself.

Just as Grant feels like he has dug himself a hole from which he cannot get out, much to his surprise--

RENEE

(in a completely normal
and non-German accent)

(MORE)

RENEE (CONT'D)

I'm Renee. It's so nice to meet you.

SAM

(also in a completely normal yet distinct and not at all twin-like way)

I'm Sam.

Sam extends his hand for a fist bump. Grant obliges, albeit a little awkwardly. He uses this small male bonding signal to ask a burning question. He tries to side bar it as much as possible and lowers his voice.

GRANT

Hey man, have you been experiencing any, I dunno, side effects of the IVF?

SAM

Dude, I didn't get IVF, man. My wife did.

GRANT

Yeah, yeah, obviously, I didn't mean side effects I meant more like sympathy pains, or nausea, or heightened emotions?

Sam looks back at Grant, like he might be a little "off".

SAM

Nah, man.

A beat.

SAM (CONT'D)

Have you tried CrossFit?

Just then, a NURSE enters the waiting room.

NURSE

Fairbanks?

That's Grant and Amy's last name.

GRANT

(to the nurse)

That's me. My wife's not here yet. She will be soon. Should I--

The nurse points through the open door with her clipboard. Grant gets up.

GRANT (CONT'D)

(to Renee)

It was so nice to meet you. Good luck. Or congratulations. Or whatever is most appropriate for where you are in your reproductive journey.

Did Grant just get so flustered he said "reproductive journey?"

GRANT (CONT'D)

(to Sam)

Sorry, bro.

(then)

Maybe I'll check out CrossFit.

The nurse clears her throat. Grant waves to them and ducks through the door into the back part of the office.

EXT. FERTILITY CLINIC PARKING LOT - 4:05

Amy gets out of her car, she's late and doing double time. As she nears the clinic entrance her phone rings. She checks it, expecting it to be Grant. It's MOM. She debates but then picks up.

AMY

Hi Mom. I can't really talk right now. Can I call you after my appointment?

WE HEAR and perhaps even cut away to Nancy as needed.

NANCY

Oh, that's now?

AMY

Yes, mom, it's now. Don't pretend you didn't know that. You made me share my Google calendar with you when I moved.

Amy lingers at the front door, anxious to get inside.

NANCY

Okay, well don't forget to ask them about birth plans and breastfeeding brochures.

AMY

There will be so many appointments to do that.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

First we gotta see if I'm even pregnant. But seriously mom, I'm late, Grant's inside, I really gotta go.

NANCY

Okay, just don't forget to call your mother with the news.

AMY

Mom, this isn't an episode of Seinfeld? I will call you as soon as we leave.

(then)

And thanks for checking in. I have a good feeling about this one.

Amy hangs up and heads inside.

INT. EXAM ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Grant sits in one of the chairs beside the exam table. He nervously bounces his knee. Just then, Amy rushes in, still in a jacket and briefcase.

AMY

What did I miss?

GRANT

They're not German.

AMY

(shocked)

I told you.

GRANT

They're actually surprisingly nice. But they one hundred percent should still order a twenty three and me kit.

AMY

Oh shit, I should go pee, shouldn't I? Did you tell the nurse I was coming?

Grant's knee is back to shaking. Sweat starts to bead.

AMY (CONT'D)

Babe, are you nervous? It's okay to be nervous. Oh no, how was the interview? Did you not get it? It's okay if you didn't get it.

GRANT

No. I got it. I should have led with that. I just didn't want to steal your thunder. I got the job. And it pays well. Like really well. I've just been a little under the weather today.

He wipes his upper lip with his t-shirt.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Or I am the weather.

Amy is not at all bothered by his perspiration. In fact, she barely notices.

AMY

(elated)

Oh my God, Grant that is so amazing. I am so happy for you. For us.

Then, Amy's eyes start to well up. She is about to emotionally explode.

AMY (CONT'D)

This is fantastic. I didn't wanna say anything till after you got a job, but I've been like so stressed at work. My boss is a goober. And I've just been feeling so emotional and so maternal. And I know that's a side effect of the drugs. But also, I'm about to have a little human inside me and I can't expose him or her to a vape bar.

Grant has no idea what that means. But he listens.

AMY (CONT'D)

I shouldn't say him or her I should say them. Oh yeah, sorry, but I moved all of your workout stuff to the garage and filled the entire guest room closet with baby clothes. I buy them secretly on my lunch hour sometimes. And, also, I know I said I didn't wanna take any home pregnancy tests while we waited, but I bought like a dozen. And they all came back negative and I wasn't keeping it from you.

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

I just didn't want you to see me as some psycho woman who just wants to be a mom. But, oh my God, I just want to be a mom. I don't even care if it sets feminism back a hundred years. I want all of your babies inside of me and I want to stay at home and raise them. And I just have a really really good feeling about this cycle. Don't you? I even stayed up late unpacking boxes after you fell asleep cause I just want everything to be perfect. And I promise I won't let my mom decide anything for us. It'll be you and me, as a team. We'll be so much better than our parents or any one in the waiting room. I'm sorry do I sound crazy?

(in her best Joan Crawford voice)

No...wire...hangers.

Amy waits for Grant to laugh. Or say something. Anything. Instead, he faints, landing hard on the floor of the exam room.

INT. BLOOD/URINE LAB - A LITTLE LATER

Grant is laid out on a cot behind several blood draw stations. Amy sits at his side stroking his hair and tending to him with a cold compress. He opens his eyes.

AMY

It's okay. You fainted. But you're okay. It's gonna be okay. It's probably just nerves or low blood sugar. They are running some labs just to be sure. Oh, that reminds me, I still didn't pee in a cup.

Grant tries to speak but his mouth is super dry.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'll get you some orange juice.

INT. DR. SCARAMANGAS' PERSONAL OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Amy and Grant sit next to each other in arm chairs across from a desk. The walls are decorated with diploma after diploma and dozens of awards.

AMY

Do you wanna talk about it?

GRANT

Fainting at a lady doctor's? No, literally never again ever.

AMY

I mean the whole hormonal induced diatribe I slipped into.

GRANT

Babe. We want the exact same thing. That speech was sexy, af. I promise I just have the flu or something. But now that the interview process is over and I know where my workout gear is I can get back to normal.

(then)

Like, how many baby outfits we talking here?

AMY

Kim Kardashian would be proud.

(then)

I feel like we've been waiting a really long time, have we been waiting like six hours?

GRANT

I think it's been like fifteen minutes, but I hear you. I'll pop my head out or something, squeaky wheel and all.

Grant walks to the door and peaks his head out. He expects to see no one, but instead--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HE SEES two NURSES, a MALE DOCTOR Grant has never seen before, and Dr. SCARAMANGAS, their OBGYN, a posh woman in a dress, white coat, and heels. Even from a distance, she is the epitome of a badass modern day woman. If she had theme music it would definitely be GIRLS by Beyonce. They confer with one another in hushed whispers.

NURSE

What? No.

MALE DOCTOR

I mean...

DR. SCARAMANGAS
 (to the second nurse)
 And you're sure?

They are too busy to notice Grant. Just then, yet another DOCTOR Grant doesn't recognize joins them. Grant slips his head back into the office.

INT. DR. SCARAMANGAS' PERSONAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Grant walks back in, casual, as if none of that just happened.

GRANT
 Hey, how many doctors are in this practice?

AMY
 Just Dr. S. that's why I wanted to go with her. It seemed so personal. And you can't argue with her track record. Why?

GRANT
 No reason.

On his walk back, Grant stops along a wall of infant photos, presumably all the ones Dr. Scaramangas has helped bring into the world. He scans them for birth defects.

AMY
 Babe, don't be weird, you already fainted.

GRANT
 And you feel okay, right?

AMY
 I'm fine. Did you hit your head?

Just then, in walks Dr. Scaramangas. Several doctors shuffle in behind her.

DR. SCARAMANGAS
 Amy. Grant. It's so nice to see you again. Please don't mind my colleagues, they're just observing. Of course, I can ask them to leave if that makes you more comfortable.

AMY
 No, no, it's fine. We're just anxious to get the results.

DR. SCARAMANGAS

I understand.

Amy suddenly feels the weight of the added doctors. Grant's face isn't helping.

AMY

Is something wrong with me? Is something wrong with the baby? It's the geriatric thing isn't it? Damn it. I wish there was a regenerative womb serum.

DR. SCARAMANGAS

There's nothing wrong with the baby.

Amy almost jumps out of her seat in excitement.

AMY

Oh my God. So there is a baby. I'm finally pregnant?

She looks at Grant in elation. Dr. Scaramangas ignores her question.

DR. SCARAMANGAS

Grant have you been feeling okay lately? Any signs of nausea? Fatigue? Excessive emotionality or perspiration? Increased sex drive?

Grant and Amy look at each other. And both nod yes, confused.

AMY

Wait, why are you asking about Grant?

Dr. Scaramangas shifts in her chair. Her colleagues are visibly nervous as well.

DR. SCARAMANGAS

Okay, guys, well I'm just gonna get this out there. Rip the Band-Aid off, if you will.

They won't.

DR. SCARAMANGAS (CONT'D)

So, as I'm sure you remember, Amy underwent an IVF treatment back in NYC with Dr. Wishingrad at Mount Sinai, and this is her second cycle with me here as well.

(MORE)

DR. SCARAMANGAS (CONT'D)
 With each cycle, the chance of a
 successful implantation diminishes
 greatly. As you know, and--

GRANT
 (protective)
 This is a really great synopsis.
 We'll be sure to keep you in mind
 when we need to write a book
 jacket. But as you can see, you are
 making my wife very anxious and I
 don't like that. So can you please
 get to the point?

Dr. Scaramangas looks at the other doctors then back at Amy
 and Grant.

DR. SCARAMANGAS
 And I mean, look at that beautiful
 wall of babies over there.

She points to the wall. They don't bother to glance.

DR. SCARAMANGAS (CONT'D)
 Right, yes. The point.
 (then)
 The chances of Amy getting pregnant
 became almost negligible given the
 frequency of the rounds plus some
 extenuating circumstances that
 we've previously discussed. And I
 could see how much you wanted to be
 a family and your commitment to
 doing it biologically. And my heart
 just broke.
 (then)
 I've been working on a very
 experimental, but promising study
 in which an embryo is implanted and
 gestated inside the peritoneal
 abdominal cavity of any human
 being, regardless of gender.
 (then)
 In this case, a cis gender man.
 (then)
 You, Grant. I implanted Amy and
 your embryo into you, and the blood
 test indicates that it took.
 (then)
 You're pregnant.

OFF Amy's look of terror and Grant's dropped jaw.

INT. EXAM ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

They are still very much in the WTF phase. Amy holds Grant's hand as he sits on the exam table in nothing but a paper gown. Dr. Scaramangas stands by him next to an ultrasound machine.

GRANT

Someone needs to tell me what the fuck is happening.

(then)

You can't just impregnate someone against their will. You're a doctor. Didn't you take an oath to "do no harm"?

AMY

Babe.

Amy is very much trying to keep it together for the two of them.

DR. SCARAMANGAS

No, Amy, it's fine. Grant has a valid point. Technically what I did was not very Hippocratic. But Hippocrates died in 375 BCE and to my knowledge they did not have IVF back then.

GRANT

Cool, so on top of being a great dust cover writer, you are also a historian.

(loudly)

Can I get a doctor in here?

She takes the ultrasound wand out of its holder and grabs a squeeze bottle of gel.

DR. SCARAMANGAS

But what I did was not technically illegal. We harvested biological material from Amy and added it to the biological material that you yourself freely donated. Mixing the two together to create an embryo that is equal parts both of you.

(then)

Oh and then, also, I snuck a bunch of legal jargon into the agreement you signed that said it did not matter which one of you the embryo was implanted into.

Grant listens, in shock. As he gets fidgety and aggravated, his gown crinkles with each movement.

GRANT

Babe, you're literally a contract lawyer. Did we not read the contracts?

AMY

I read mine.

GRANT

But, how? When? When did you put it in me?

DR. SCARAMANGAS

When you had your hernia surgery last month.

GRANT

But you said that was necessary and that it would help my sperm count if we ever needed more. So if I didn't really have a hernia then that has to be illegal.

DR. SCARAMANGAS

Again, yes, it totally would be, had you not signed similar documents before that procedure, saying I could henceforth in perpetuity implant your biological embryo inside you whenever I wanted.

Grant is angry and scared and confused, but doesn't know what else to say. He looks to Amy. She is still holding that brave face, though is eerily silent.

GRANT

Well, I guess we've all learned a valuable lesson. That we should all read things before we sign them. So that's a great thing moving forward.

(then)

Wait. No. This is insane. You can't. I can't.

A beat.

GRANT (CONT'D)

Am I the only man you've done this to?

DR. SCARAMANGAS

Yes.

You can see the solemn honesty in her eyes.

DR. SCARAMANGAS (CONT'D)

Do you want to see your baby?

Before Grant can answer--

AMY

Yes.

Dr. Scaramangas squeezes gel onto Grant's abdomen then lays the wand on his belly and moves it around for a few seconds. WE HEAR: a whooshing noise, almost like running water. Then a rhythmic noise. It's fast. It's familiar. It's a heartbeat.

CLOSE ON Grant, terrified. This is impossible. This is not an episode of Black Mirror. CLOSE ON Amy, those words "you're pregnant", that heartbeat, is exactly what she has been longing for for months. But the wand is not on her belly. She is not the one in the crinkly robe. She musters up all the courage and composure she can for the two of them, and through choked backed tears and a mouth that just wants to scream THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE ME --

AMY (CONT'D)

Babe, we're pregnant.

END OF EPISODE