

PRECONCEPTION

Written by

Jake Morse & Scott Wolman

Josh Goldenberg  
Kaplan/Perrone  
310-285-0116  
[goldenberg@kaplanperrone.com](mailto:goldenberg@kaplanperrone.com)

FADE IN:

A BEAUTIFUL BABY

Six-months. Cooing. Giggling. Big, brown eyes.

EMMA (early 30's, intelligent, driven, organized) leans in and INHALES.

EMMA

God, I love baby-smell.

She hands the baby to her husband, BEN (early 30's, self-effacing, charming, nebbish).

EMMA (CONT'D)

Ben, I need you to whiff this.

He brings the baby to his face and BREATHES DEEPLY. His eyes glaze over like he's high.

BEN

He does smell fresh...

Ben HUFFS again.

BEN (CONT'D)

Like Subway bread.

Ben goes in for one final SNIFF -- he RECOILS in disgust-

BEN (CONT'D)

Ugh!

The baby SLIPS out of his grasp...

BEN (CONT'D)

Shit!

He catches it before it drops.

BEN (CONT'D)

I got him. He's okay.

As the baby BAWLS...

REVEAL Ben and Emma are in a FERTILITY CLINIC WAITING ROOM. A WASPY-looking couple next to them looks on, UTTERLY APPALLED.

WASP-Y WIFE

Can we please have our baby back?!

Ben holds the wailing baby out at arm's length.

BEN  
Here, take him.

EMMA  
I think someone needs a nap.

BEN  
And a diaper change.

WASP-Y HUSBAND  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah, you guys are ready.

NURSE (O.S.)  
Ben and Emma Kaplan?

Ben and Emma turn toward a NURSE.

EMMA  
That's us.

BEN  
(deep breath)  
Why do I feel so nervous?

EMMA  
Relax. We got this.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - SPERM TESTING - DAY

Ben walks up to a DESK where a GROUP OF NURSES loudly converse. He awkwardly clears his throat, interrupting.

BEN  
Hi. I'm here to get my, uh... stuff tested? Baby stuff?

She hands Ben a cup.

NURSE  
Return the deposit here after you finish. Use the hallway bathroom.

Ben turns down the hallway, takes TWO STEPS-

And reaches the MEN'S ROOM. He looks back -- he's literally THREE FEET from the Nurse's Desk.

BEN  
This bathroom right here?

NURSE  
Correct. The hallway bathroom.

He walks in...

INT. HALLWAY BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ben closes the door. He can still CLEARLY HEAR the nurses CHATTING LOUDLY. He swallows hard and unzips his pants.

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

Emma lies back, talking on her cell phone.

EMMA

Mom, they want to screw us-

She involuntarily GASPS. Once she relaxes:

EMMA (CONT'D)

Why do you think I've been working  
sixteen-hour days? Our company is  
my total focus-

Her breath catches again.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What? No, I'm just in traffic.  
Someone swerved in front of me.

PAN OUT to reveal a DOCTOR swabbing between Emma's propped-up legs, taking a Pap smear.

She puts her hand over her phone, whispering:

EMMA (CONT'D)

Really sorry about this, Doc.  
You're doing great.  
(into her phone)  
Of course I'm here, mom.

The Doctor dives back in. Emma gasps sharply.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Sorry, this guy's a crazy driver.

INT. HALLWAY BATHROOM - DAY

Ben tugs away, biting his lip, sweating like crazy. Asian porno plays on the TV. The water faucet runs at full blast.

BEN

Come on...

He hears the Nurses LAUGHING. He stops and stares at himself in the mirror.

BEN (CONT'D)  
You can do this.

A Nurse calls from off screen.

NURSE (O.S.)  
Everything all right in there?

Ben FUMBLES the TV remote, JACKING up the volume -- wait, no, that's worse -- before turning it down.

BEN  
Yes! I'm fine!

NURSE (O.S.)  
You find the visual aids?

BEN  
Yep. All set.

Ben begins again. Much more quietly.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Emma zips up her pants. Ben walks in, sweaty and exhausted.

EMMA  
Are you all right?

He furiously pumps hand sanitizer.

BEN  
Great.

The DOCTOR enters, holding a clipboard.

DOCTOR  
Ben. Emma. I have the results of your tests-

EMMA  
Are we looking good? We feel fertile. Right, Ben?

BEN  
Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

The Doctor takes a seat on the stool.

DOCTOR

Emma, your eggs are viable. Ben,  
your sperm look fantastic.

BEN

Really? Fantastic?

DOCTOR

Motility, shape, volume:  
remarkable.

BEN

Well, I've never ridden a bicycle.

The Doctor checks information on his clipboard.

DOCTOR

You mentioned you were hoping to  
wait to have a child?

EMMA

At some point, we do want a baby.

BEN

We married late for the same  
reason, to make sure we had that  
rock-solid foundation.

EMMA

But my career isn't quite where I  
need it to be.

BEN

We're here for some preliminary  
intel. Really see what we're  
dealing with, equipment-wise.

DOCTOR

So you want a baby in...

EMMA

Two, three years?

BEN

Maybe four?

EMMA

Or five is nice and round.

DOCTOR

Here's the thing. You're turning  
thirty-five soon. Your window...

The Doctor forms a vagina with his hands and CLAPS them shut-

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
...is closing.

EMMA  
I hear you on my "window", but work  
is pretty crazy right now.

DOCTOR  
There are options. IVF. Egg  
freezing.

BEN  
We can't afford that.

DOCTOR  
Then your options are limited. If  
you want a baby, stop waiting.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: A STACK OF CONTRACEPTIVES IN A TRASH BIN

Mounds and mounds of regular condoms, flavored condoms,  
ribbed condoms...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Emma and Ben survey the stack of contraceptives in the bin.

BEN  
Maybe we should donate these? For  
the write-off?

EMMA  
Ben. Goodwill wouldn't even take  
our couch.

She unearths an old MAGNUM condom and unfurls it.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Whoa. This thing's a tube sock.

BEN  
That was a gag gift from David.

EMMA  
Maybe we can use it for groceries.

BEN  
Gimme that!

She slips away from him, into the...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma slides the condom onto her arm like a glove.

EMMA

Look, I'm Audrey Hepburn!

Ben tackles her onto the bed, yanking the condom off. He slips it onto himself, and looks down.

BEN

Wow. I actually got it all the way over my balls.

EMMA

(suggestively)

Maybe you should... take it off?

BEN

Maybe I should.

He WRIGGLES it off, and crawls on top of Emma.

BEN (CONT'D)

Can't remember the last time I went in raw.

EMMA

Wait.

She squirms out from under him. Puts a finger to his lips.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

Emma disappears into the bathroom. After a moment:

BEN

What are you doing in there?

EMMA

Just a minute!

BEN

We're gonna be late-

EMMA

Hold on for one second!

Ben hops out of bed and opens the door to find...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Emma sitting on the toilet, a thermometer sticking out from between her legs.

BEN

Jesus! Are you sick?

EMMA

No. I have to check my temperature to make sure I'm at peak fertility.

BEN

So this is our new foreplay.

BEEP-BEEP -- she removes it, examining the side.

EMMA

It's a little chilly right now. Can we try again after the bris?

BEN

Can we do some sex now?

EMMA

We need to be practical, Ben. We can't waste the sperm.

BEN

But I have so much to give.

She gets up, pulls him into a sexy embrace.

EMMA

Don't worry, we'll have fun later.

She leaves the bathroom. Ben looks down at his protruding ERECTION and sighs.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY

As the ceremony begins, Ben and Emma shuffle down the front row to their seats, whispering.

BEN

What if there's splash-back?

EMMA

It's a bris, not a Gallagher show.

Ben and Emma take their seats in between their couple-friends: LYDIA & MATTHEW (uptight) and JEN & DAVID (free spirits). Jen breastfeeds her BABY under a Hooter-Hider.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Hey, Lydia. Where are the kids?

LYDIA  
(whispers)  
Junior congregation. They have that great young rabbi who snipped Walter's penis.

Matthew leans over.

MATTHEW  
If you keep telling everyone about our son's penis, you'll traumatize him forever.

BEN  
(chiming in)  
Parenting 101, am I right?

The others look at him with blank stares...

Jen GASPS sharply, looking at the baby on her breast.

JEN  
This child's wrecking my nipples.

LYDIA  
I had the same thing.

DAVID  
Clamping phase?

MATTHEW  
Nightmare.

JEN / DAVID  
Oh, my god! / Totally!

EMMA  
(interrupting)  
I've heard pumping works?

LYDIA  
That made me feel like a dairy cow.

BEN  
Must be better than those rock-hard gums? Right?

LYDIA  
Sorry, but you gotta experience it to get it.

The conversation continues, MUTED, leaving Ben and Emma to watch the conversation like tennis-match spectators.  
Desperate to be included, Ben blurts out-

BEN  
We're trying to get pregnant.

EMMA  
Ben!

The others stare at Ben, stunned. SNIP -- a baby BAWLS as the whole crowd yells, "MAZEL TOV!"

Emma gives Ben a bemused look -- he shrugs, with an infectious half-smile. They hold hands, excited.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Emma, Jen and Lydia stand in a line to greet the PARENTS of the newborn baby.

JEN  
I cannot believe it.

LYDIA  
We never thought it would happen for you guys.

EMMA  
Why, do I look barren or something?

LYDIA  
It's not that.

JEN  
We didn't think you'd want to give up your career.

EMMA  
I'm not planning to.

JEN  
...Oh.

EMMA  
You think I'll have to quit work?

LYDIA / JEN  
No, no... / Of course not!

JEN  
You can just take a few months off, then hire a nanny.

LYDIA  
For, what, five hundred a day?

EMMA  
Five hundred?!

LYDIA  
Don't cheap out. You'll end up with  
a pervert. That's why Jen and I  
went the stay-home route.

JEN  
That, and wanting to spend every  
precious second with the baby.

LYDIA  
It goes by so fast... it just *feels*  
like an eternity.

JEN  
But it's totally worth it.

Emma nods, not convinced.

LYDIA  
I barely even NEED sleep anymore.

ON BEN AND THE HUSBANDS

Sipping whiskey next to a mound of bagels and cured fish.

BEN  
That's insane.

DAVID  
No, sleep is for the weak.

MATTHEW  
I feel like I've evolved to  
function without it.

BEN  
This sounds very unhealthy.

MATTHEW  
It's the best thing that's ever  
happened to us, dude.

DAVID  
I mean, it is a change.

MATTHEW  
And the first six months are...  
rough.

DAVID

The kid's screaming all the time,  
you fall out of contact with your  
friends, your wife constantly calls  
you a worthless piece of shit.

BEN

How is this the best thing that  
ever happened to you?

DAVID

When you hold this thing you made-

He chokes up, can't finish. Matthew comforts him.

MATTHEW

You learn not to need the stuff you  
thought you needed.

BEN

How?

MATTHEW

You know your brain's Pleasure  
Center? Power it down.

Ben looks over at Emma, talking with the ladies.

BEN

...what about sex?

ON EMMA

With her friends, standing in the buffet line.

LYDIA

What about sex?

EMMA

You guys still do it regularly?

LYDIA

New Year's, birthdays, anniversary,  
Valentine's.

JEN

It's not easy to get your juices  
flowing after baby paws your tits  
for two hours.

LYDIA

But honestly, it's worth it.

JEN

Totally!

EMMA

Hm. So, no regrets?

EXT. SYNAGOGUE - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Ben watches Matthew and David take huge rips from a joint.

MATTHEW

Ummmm... I miss vacations.

DAVID

Aw, shit yeah! And vacation sex?

MATTHEW

Yes. Check in, bags down, sixty-nine.

DAVID

SO much sixty-nine. That was before baby. Now I avoid travel at all costs.

MATTHEW

The amount of luggage these kids require is astonishing.

DAVID

Like preparing for a lunar launch.

MATTHEW

And forget about a road trip. Twelve hours of the soundtrack to FROZEN.

Beat. Ben swallows a rising tide of nausea.

DAVID

But dude. It's totally worth it.

MATTHEW

Totally.

Matthew RIPS the joint extra-hard.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Emma and Ben cheek-kiss their couple-friends goodbye.

LYDIA  
So happy for you.

BEN  
Thanks, Lydia.

LYDIA  
It's totally worth it.

JEN  
Totally.

Ben's smile drops. That phrase again.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ben flips through his Facebook feed -- lots of babies. He lands on a picture of Matthew with his kids at Disneyland. Ben ZOOMS IN on Matthew's eyes, which SCREAM in silent PANIC.

Emma slinks into bed. She sends a last EMAIL.

EMMA  
Was that weird today? With our friends?

BEN  
No way. Why, was it weird for you?

EMMA  
No. C'mon, we're nothing like them as a couple, we'll be nothing like them as parents.

She moves in close, still all business-

BEN  
Have you checked your temperature?

EMMA  
Mm-hm. We're good.

BEN  
Cool... cool. Hey, those lox were fresh today, right?

Emma puts a finger to his lips.

EMMA  
Let's get to work.

She grabs a tube of lube and squeezes a dollop on his crotch.

BEN  
What's that, KY?

EMMA  
Better. It helps with fertility.  
It's called "Pre-Seed".

BEN  
So graphic.

EMMA  
Focus on the mission.

She hops on top and pulls him into her.

BEN  
It's so slippery. I can't get any traction.

Emma clamps a hand over his mouth as she swivels her hips.

EMMA  
There you go. Fill me to the brim.

Ben stops moving, pulling her hand off.

BEN  
Okay, this is weird.

EMMA  
Why?

BEN  
I've spent my whole life trying not to finish inside. It's like telling a dog to take a piss on the carpet.

EMMA  
You're over-thinking this.

BEN  
Maybe if we switch it up?

EMMA  
Fine.

She flips around and backs into him.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Just get in there and come.

BEN  
Okay. Here we go.

He moves back in, finding a rhythm with Emma.

EMMA  
Mmmm... good....

BEN  
I'm feeling it... I'm feeling it...

EMMA  
You gonna come?

BEN  
I think I'm gonna...

EMMA  
Do it, Daddy!

BEN  
What?

EMMA  
Shit. I dunno why I just said that.

A BABY cries next door. Ben panics.

BEN  
Whose baby is that?!

EMMA  
Next door, just ignore it-

BEN  
I'm gonna pull out.

EMMA  
No! Stay in!

BEN  
I can't! I can't!

She grabs back and forces him to stay in.

EMMA  
Don't you waste it!

BEN  
Oh, god -- I -- CAN'T!

Ben YANKS out, flying backwards off the bed and BLOWING his load INTO THE AIR...

THWACK! It splashes down ON HIS FACE. He jumps up, eyes Basted SHUT.

BEN (CONT'D)  
My eyes! I came in my eyes!

EMMA  
Wash it out.

Ben blindly stumbles into the bathroom.

BEN (O.S.)  
It burns so bad.

Emma shakes her head.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma stands behind Ben, who dabs his BLOODSHOT eyes.

EMMA  
Do you even want to have a baby?

BEN  
Of course!

EMMA  
Then why won't you ejaculate in me?

BEN  
Gross.

EMMA  
Ben!

BEN  
You know I want the family -- the swim lessons, the car trips, Chuck E. Cheese...

EMMA  
...But?

BEN  
Our parent friends are so miserable. They don't sleep, they don't vacation, they never, ever have sex. They probably don't even have genitals anymore.

EMMA  
You think I haven't noticed all of this? According to them, I'm committing to a half-decade of joblessness and chafing nipples.

BEN

Why did they wait until now to tell us this?

EMMA

It doesn't matter. We'll be different. We'll be fun.

BEN

You're right. We're fun people.  
(beat)  
Remember my birthday last year?

EMMA

(skeptical)

...At Benihana?

BEN

I wore that crazy paper hat?

Emma buries her face in her hands.

EMMA

Benihana can't be our pre-baby life's great adventure.

(beat)

Let's go out. Right now.

BEN

On a work night?

EMMA

We need to be more spontaneous.  
Before...

She claps her hands shut like a vagina.

BEN

Fine. You're right. Let's just get in the car and find some fun.

EMMA

Yes! Spontaneous fun.

BEN

Okay! Lemme just grab a sweater.

INT. BEN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Ben drives; Emma gazes out the window, yawning.

BEN  
 (pointing)  
 How about that?

EMMA  
 A fondue place? Come on.

BEN  
 We've been driving for an hour. I  
 don't know this area at all.

EMMA  
 I'm not giving up.  
 (beat)  
 There!

She points off the side of the road at a neon sign for a skeezy looking nightclub called DIGNITY.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
 Let's go get drinks.

Ben nods, worried.

EXT. DIGNITY CLUB - NIGHT

Ben and Emma stroll to the entrance of the club. A huge DOORMAN stop them.

DOORMAN  
 Cover's twenty bucks for men, free  
 for women.

Ben takes out his wallet.

BEN  
 Must be ladies' night.

Emma shrugs. They open the door, walking oblivious past the silhouette of HUGGING WOMEN painted into the building facade. Cue "A Milli" by Li'l Wayne...

INT. DIGNITY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

In SLO-MO, Ben and Emma make their entrance: they bob with the music, feeling the vibe... until they're pulled out of slo-mo by Emma GRIMACING.

EMMA  
 Smells a little musty in here.

Ben notices the all-male crowd leering at Emma.

BEN  
Lotta dudes for a Ladies' Night...

DJ (O.S.)  
(over PA)  
Allllright, coming up next on the  
main stage, give it up for Jasmine.

BEN  
Oh, shit.

A busted-looking STRIPPER in six-inch heels shuffles onstage.

EMMA  
This is definitely a strip club.

BEN  
You wanna go? We can go.

Emma notices a PARTY-GIRL PATRON taking shots with her MALE BUDDIES. They laugh, having fun.

EMMA  
I don't want to be us tonight, Ben.  
I want to be them.

Ben nods as the onstage Stripper bounces her naked ass.

BEN  
I did already pay the cover...

AT THE BAR

Ben protectively ushers Emma up. He waves over the BARTENDER, who slides up with a cocktail menu.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Barkeep, what do you recommend --  
the Blow Job or the Pussy Fart?

BARTENDER  
They're all really good.

EMMA  
One of each, please.

Emma winks at Ben.

QUICK CUTS: the Bartender brings over cocktail after cocktail; Ben and Emma toast and drink; Emma rowdily sings along with the ass-shakin' music.

Ben delicately places bills on the stage as a dancer acrobatically scales a pole.

Emma walks up to him, smiling, with two STRIPPERS on her arms: MERCEDES (busty) and HONDA (busted).

BEN

Oh, hello.

EMMA

Ben, exciting news. Mercedes and Honda have invited us to the champagne room.

BEN

Um, I think we're fine here.

MERCEDES

Come on, you'll love it.

Mercedes licks and nibbles sexily on her lips.

HONDA

You'll be VIPs.

Honda licks her teeth; Ben cringes at her MISSING INCISOR.

EMMA

VIPs, Ben! Come on.

The strippers escort Ben and Emma to the entrance of...

INT. DIGNITY STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The strippers lead Ben and Emma through the dank corridor of private rooms.

Ben and Emma notice a door slightly ajar, with FIVE YOUNG CHILDREN playing with blocks and coloring books.

EMMA

That's a day-care?

BEN

Is it for dancers or patrons?

MERCEDES

Don't worry about that, baby.

They pull Ben and Emma into a...

PRIVATE ROOM

One Stripper mounts Ben; the other straddles Emma.

HONDA  
I'm a work that dick, daddy.

Ben looks at Emma awkwardly.

BEN  
My wife usually handles all of my  
dick work.

MERCEDES  
She don't mind. She's busy.

EMMA  
I'm busy, Ben!

Mercedes leans over and stuffs boobs in Emma's face. Ben nods his consent, awkwardly crossing his arms.

HONDA  
You need to relax, baby.

BEN  
I'm trying, Honda. We have a lot on  
our minds.

HONDA  
What y'all worried about?

Emma pops her head out from under Mercedes, now full-on "drunk honest".

EMMA  
What if I have a baby and I'm never  
sexy again?

MERCEDES  
Girl, that's crazy! I got two kids,  
I can still turn it up.

EMMA  
Really? You're a mom?

MERCEDES  
Honda got five kids, she fine as  
hell.

HONDA  
(whisper-licking Ben's  
ear)  
Actually got six.

MERCEDES  
Hey, mommies gotta fuck, too.

BEN  
That is a refreshing attitude.

Emma sits up, now curious and attentive.

EMMA  
How is your work-life balance?

MERCEDES  
Shhhh...

She leans Emma against the wall as Honda moves in on Ben.

HONDA  
Mama gonna show you this pussy-

Suddenly, the lights turn up, jarringly bright. Ben blinks hard, adjusting. Emma doesn't stir. Two kids run down the hall laughing.

MERCEDES  
Damn kids fuckin' with the lights again.

HONDA  
They'll fix it. Let's keep goin'.

Teaming up, Mercedes and Honda move in on Ben. He blinks, rubs his eyes.

BEN'S POV: focused on the strippers' STRETCH MARKS, NIPPLES pocked by BABY-TEETH BITE MARKS, C-SECTION SCARS and EPISIOTOMY SCARS...

BEN  
Good god.

HONDA  
Put your face there, baby.

Honda twerks her scarred nether region towards BEN'S HEAD. He scoots back, grimacing.

HONDA (CONT'D)  
Taste it, baby.

Honda THRUSTS back, and Ben RECOILS, hitting his head. Blinded with pain, he FLIES BACKWARDS into Honda and Mercedes, all three tumbling into a pile on the floor.

MOANING with pain, Ben shoves off the strippers, accidentally putting a stabilizing hand on Honda's crotch-

Just as a HUGE BOUNCER runs in to see Ben writhing on top of the ladies.

BOUNCER  
Hey! Ain't no fuckin' in here, bro.

The noise rouses Emma, who jumps up drunkenly.

EMMA  
Who's trying to fuck my man?

Both Emma and the Bouncer jump into the fray, pulling Ben and the strippers apart. The group of KIDS run into the room, cheering the fight.

KID #1  
Go, Mommy, go!

EXT. DIGNITY STRIP CLUB - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Ben and Emma are thrown out of the club. The door slams. Emma helps up a COUGHING Ben.

EMMA  
You okay?

BEN  
Yeah, I have something-

Ben COUGHS hard and pulls a CURLY PUBIC HAIR from his mouth.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Oh, god.

Emma LAUGHS.

BEN (CONT'D)  
I probably have mouth-herpes!

She laughs HARDER. Ben can't help but smile. He pulls her into an embrace.

BEN (CONT'D)  
It's been a long time since you laughed like that.

EMMA  
I think we needed to get some of the crazy out of our systems.

BEN  
For the sake of the baby.

Emma nods, the spell broken.

EMMA  
It's late. We should head home.

INT. EMMA'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma sits at her desk surrounded by mementos of her FATHER and his business.

She scrolls through her CALENDAR, trying to find a place for a new entry titled "BABY?..." But her days are too filled with WORK PROJECTS and MEETINGS.

She sighs.

She opens a webpage and Googles, "Crazy things to do", pulling up results with titles like "1,001 Things to See Before You Die", and "What to Do Before You Kick the Bucket".

CINDY (O.S.)  
Are you dying?

Emma's looks up to see her mom, CINDY FRIEDMAN-WAGNER (50's, intense) dropping off files and peering at the screen.

EMMA  
No, mom.

Cindy eyes Emma suspiciously.

CINDY  
Because we're in the middle of our biggest account negotiation-

EMMA  
I'm not dying!

CINDY  
Okay.  
(Beat)  
You're doing great.

EMMA  
Am I?

CINDY  
I wish at your age I had half your dedication.

EMMA  
What do you mean? You gave up everything for your career.

CINDY  
 Most everything. There were  
 compromises.

Cindy tucks Emma's hair behind her ear.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
 Never make sacrifices for anyone,  
 sweetheart.

Cindy gives Emma a thumbs-up as she leaves.

Emma glances back at her computer screen, at the search results... Her eyes go wide. A lightbulb moment.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ben, wearing a custom ink t-shirt for his tutoring company, walks an undersized 10-year old (MIKEY) to the door.

BEN  
 Keep drilling that vocab, Mikey.  
 SAT's are only six years away.

MIKEY  
 I will.

Mikey stops.

MIKEY (CONT'D)  
 Um... can I ask you a question?

BEN  
 That's what I'm here for.

MIKEY  
 I heard my mom and dad fighting last night. And she said he was a "closet monster who has to bang tranny hookers to come." What does that mean?

BEN  
 Whoa, time's up! Vocab. Bye!

MIKEY  
 But-

Ben slams the door on him. He rubs his temples.

EMMA (O.S.)  
 Hun?!

Emma runs in from the backdoor, throwing down her bags.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
We need to talk.

BEN  
What's the best age to tell a child  
his father's gay?

EMMA  
Thirty? How great was last night?

BEN  
Gave Benihana a run for its money.

EMMA  
You know what I'm thinking? Let's  
keep the crazy going.

BEN  
Yesterday, you were on fire about a  
baby. Now, you want more strip  
clubs?

EMMA  
I want BOTH, Ben. We can do this  
FOR the baby! We'll make a pre-baby  
Bucket List.

She takes out her laptop, showing him the "1,001 Crazy Things  
to Do Before You Die" website.

BEN  
You're comparing having a baby to  
dying of cancer?

EMMA  
You heard our friends yesterday.

BEN  
I thought you couldn't wait.

EMMA  
We'll give ourselves a time limit.  
One month to get the crazy out of  
our systems.

A beat as Ben considers.

BEN  
What if it were eight months?

EMMA  
Two months.

BEN

Four months.

EMMA

Deal. Three months.

BEN

Fine. So, we make this list, we do everything on it, and then we march into parenthood with no regrets?

EMMA

We'll beat the system, baby. We'll actually be happy parents.

BEN

Okay. Where do we start?

EMMA

We gather list ideas.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Emma takes notes while Jen changes out of her yoga outfit, her baby in the car seat at her feet.

JEN

My honest opinion? Look.

Jen yanks open her pants so that she and Emma can both look down at her crotch. Emma GASPS-

JEN (CONT'D)

That's an episiotomy scar. They cut me open during the birth, vagina to butthole.

EMMA

Oh, my god...

Jen lets her pants snap back into place.

JEN

God can't help you. Give your husband one last face-time before babies turn your goods into Frankenstein.

Emma writes down, "Final Cunnilingus?"

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - DAY

In hockey gear, Ben awkwardly skates around the crowded rink side-by-side with his more agile dad, ALAN KAPLAN (late 50's, fit, strapping).

ALAN

I know what I WISH I'd'a done.

BEN

Besides abort me and pursue your career in the NHL?

ALAN

Stop with that. No, I had tickets to Woodstock. Didn't go.

BEN

Really? Why not?

ALAN

I got sick. Back then, we called it "the clap".

BEN

Okay, I think I'm good.

ALAN

It felt like peeing fire.

BEN

Jesus, dad.

ALAN

I always regret not going to Woodstock. I was really looking forward to dropping acid. Can't do that with kids in the picture.

BEN

Good point, I guess.

Ben writes down, "Music festival??? Hard drugs???"

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A PRINTER delivers THE LIST into Ben and Emma's eager hands.

MOMENTS LATER

They peruse the list, sipping wine on the couch.

BEN

So what order do we go in?  
Chronologically? Geographically?

EMMA

What does the order matter?

BEN

We can't just move randomly through  
a list. The whole thing will feel  
arbitrary and redundant.

EMMA

Ben. You're being anal. Don't  
overthink it. This will be fun, so  
let's have a good time with it.

BEN

Okay. Well-argued. You pick first.

INSERT: THE PRE-BABY BUCKET LIST, "3. Skydiving"

EXT. OUTBACK JACK & SONS' SKYDIVING - DAY

A modest airplane hanger in a tiny airfield.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(Australian accent)

If ya don't mind, we'll go over  
some brief safety instructions.

INT. OUTBACK JACK & SONS' SKYDIVING - CLASSROOM - SAME

Emma and Ben stand wearing head to toe SKYDIVING outfits --  
goggles, bodysuits, and helmets with go-cameras on top.

Ben nervously bounces his leg as he and Emma are addressed by  
OUTBACK JACK, JR., a tanned Australian.

OUTBACK JACK, JR.

Once we get up to jump altitude,  
there's no time to muck about.

A biplane screams overhead. Ben ducks. His glasses fog with  
sweat. He leans over to Emma, whispering.

BEN

This isn't safe. You hear that  
accent?

EMMA

It's perfectly safe-

BEN  
His ancestors were convicts!

Outback Jack, Jr. stops in front of them.

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
Everything all right, folks?

BEN  
We're thinking we'll save this for  
another day.

EMMA  
We don't HAVE another day.

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
Crikey, another cancer patient?

EMMA  
No, we're discussing pregnancy.

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
All the more reason to do this. You  
should embrace life's challenges as  
a family! My late father always  
used to say, "Wallabee's stay joey  
if you hold 'em in the sack."

BEN  
Late father? He didn't die  
skydiving, did he?

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
No, no; snake bite...

EMMA  
See? Totally unrelated-

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
...after his chute failed.

EMMA  
Oy.

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
He hits the ground, WHAM, his  
spinal cord, T-3 through T-9, it's  
jelly. So when the rattler set upon  
his paralyzed body, Dad couldn't  
defend himself. You never see these  
things coming.

He points at Ben.

OUTBACK JACK, JR. (CONT'D)  
Actually, you're wearing his old  
rig. Cleaned up, of course.

BEN  
Yep, we're leaving.

Ben jumps up, trying to unbuckle his suit. Unbeknownst to him, he hits the "Record" button on his camera. Jack grabs Ben in an embrace.

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
Relax, mate. This is a tandem jump.  
We'll do this together.

Jack lets Ben go and embraces Emma from behind.

OUTBACK JACK, JR. (CONT'D)  
Of course, for size reasons, I'll  
be strapped to the lass.

He pulls her in close, tightening the straps. Emma giggles.

EMMA  
That's so tight.

BEN  
What about me? I'm not going solo.

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
Never! You'll be with my little  
brother, Caliban.

A large figure slides from underneath their airplane. This is CALIBAN -- a physically massive man-child with a big grin and a dead-eyed stare. Like "Hodor" with a tan.

BEN  
You two are related?

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
After Dad passed, Mom hit the meth  
pretty hard. Say "hi," Caliban.

Ben reaches out to shake his hand. Caliban slaps it away, swinging his arms wildly.

OUTBACK JACK, JR. (CONT'D)  
Easy, Caliban. Easy.

BEN  
What'd I do?

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
It's all right. He doesn't like  
sudden movements.

BEN  
Isn't ALL of skydiving a sudden  
movement?

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
He's first-rate trained, Ben. I  
certified him myself.

As Caliban calms down, Emma's pulled in tighter by Jack.

EMMA  
Oh, my god, what is that?

Jack looks down.

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
That's a boner. Once the  
adrenaline's going, it's perfectly  
normal to crack a fat.

EMMA  
But we're on the ground.

Outback Jack covertly sniffs Emma's hair and smiles.

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
Sense memory. Your turn, Benny-boy.

Caliban LIFTS Ben with both hands and straps him to his front. Ben's feet dangle from the harness.

EMMA  
Look, hun. You can see everything  
daddy sees.

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
He does look like a baby!

They both laugh. Caliban joins in, grinning wide.

BEN  
Oh, God, I think he's cracking a  
fat. Unhook me, unhook me!

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
It's perfectly normal.

EMMA  
Just relax, babe...

BEN  
I can feel it! It's awful!

Ben writhes, desperately trying to escape.

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
No sudden movements, Ben!

BEN  
I! Can't! Take! This!

Caliban SCREAMS, going BERSERK.

OUTBACK JACK, JR.  
Caliban, no!

Outback Jack DIVES clear as Caliban runs around the hanger, slapping himself in the face, SMASHING Ben into walls.

MATCH CUT TO:

BEN'S HEADCAM POV

OVER FOOTAGE of Caliban smashing Ben around, Emma LAUGHS O.S.  
PULL BACK to REVEAL the footage playing on a LAPTOP...

INT. EEMMA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Emma video-chats with Lydia, sharing the footage -- the POV CAM SLAMS into a garage door, then cuts to black.

EMMA  
That's where we lost him.

LYDIA  
What were you doing the whole time?

EMMA  
Dry humping an Aussie. More or less.

Emma looks up -- Cindy stands in the doorway, arms crossed.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Shit. We'll chat later, okay?

Emma disconnects the chat.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Mom! Hey. Just doing some thinking on the business.

CINDY  
Did you make progress?

EMMA  
Yep. Tons-

Emma bumps the mouse, restarting the headcam video.

VIDEO (O.S.)  
"Oh, my god, what is that?!"  
"That's a boner!"

Emma quickly closes the video, too late.

CINDY  
This company meant everything to  
your father.

EMMA  
It means a lot to me, too.

CINDY  
Then get it together.

Cindy walks off. Emma sighs... a BUZZ alerts her to a text from Ben -- "Wine tour tomorrow!" She smiles, comforted.

INSERT: THE PRE-BABY BUCKET LIST, "23. Wine Tour"

EXT. WINE TOUR PARKING LOT - DAY

Ben and Emma walk up to a private COACH BUS, handing a TOUR LEADER a check.

EMMA  
It's all you can drink, right?

GROUP LEADER  
Some wineries will allow re-tastes.

EMMA  
All you can drink!

She grabs Ben's hand as they bound onto the bus.

INT. WINE TOUR BUS - CONTINUOUS

Ben and Emma stop short -- all of the other passengers are OLDER RETIRED COUPLES.

EMMA  
 (aside)  
 What is this?

BEN  
 (whispering)  
 They look like our parents.

A couple in matching TOMMY BAHAMA shirts pushes past.

INT. WINE TASTING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON the SMALLEST POUR OF WINE IMAGINABLE in a glass,  
 being SLURPED by Ben.

EMMA  
 How the hell did this make the cut?

BEN  
 We can't go day-drinking when we  
 have kids.

EMMA  
 Those people have kids with them.

She gestures to a family in the corner tasting, the kids  
 BORED out of their minds.

BEN  
 I'm sure that's illegal.

Emma notices a COUPLE that looks disturbingly like her and  
 Ben, thirty years from now. She slams a shot of wine.

The TOMMY BAHAMA COUPLE walks over to the counter.

TOMMY BAHAMA HUSBAND  
 You know, it works better if you  
 savor it?

EMMA  
 Yeah... but sometimes you just  
 wanna get drunk.

TOMMY BAHAMA WIFE  
 That sounds like something our kids  
 would say.

BEN  
 Are they alcoholics, too?

Emma gives Ben an elbow.

TOMMY BAHAMA HUSBAND  
No, they're college students.

TOMMY BAHAMA WIFE  
Fiiiiinally all out of the house.

TOMMY BAHAMA HUSBAND  
Twenty years of parenthood. We're  
reclaiming our lives.

The older couple toasts.

TOMMY BAHAMA HUSBAND (CONT'D)  
We sometimes get jealous of you non-  
birthers. Free as birds.

BEN  
Oh, no. We actually are birthers.

EMMA  
Well, not yet.

BEN  
We're pre-birthers.

TOMMY BAHAMA HUSBAND  
Ah. See you in two decades.

TOMMY BAHAMA WIFE  
Here, have some wine, on us.

BEN It's really okay...	EMMA We'd love some.
----------------------------	-------------------------

The Couple hands Ben and Emma topped off glasses.

TOMMY BAHAMA HUSBAND To freedom!	TOMMY BAHAMA WIFE To freedom!
-------------------------------------	----------------------------------

Ben and Emma raise their glasses.

EMMA  
To freedom!

A DESPERATE HOUSEWIFE leans in, glass raised.

DESPERATE HOUSEWIFE  
I'll drink to that.

Her RED-FACED DESPERATE HUSBAND stumbles over.

DESPERATE HUSBAND  
Fuck, yeah!

Ben and Emma SIP as the others SLUG.

DESPERATE HOUSEWIFE  
Whooo!

She pulls out an old SALT PACKET from her purse and SPRINKLES it on her chest.

DESPERATE HOUSEWIFE (CONT'D)  
Who's doing body shots?!

The whole WINE GROUP gives a collective CHEER.

BEN  
What in the hell just happened?

EMMA  
Freedom?

"Margaritaville" by Jimmy Buffet cues up over the...

"OLD PEOPLE DRINKING" MONTAGE:

-- At WINERY after WINERY, Ben and Emma watch in shocked admiration as all the OLDER FOLKS get shit-faced.

-- The DESPERATE HOUSEWIFE pushes the bottom of Ben's glass up, forcing him to keep chugging as the crowd cheers.

-- Emma dances on the bar like she's Coyote Ugly. A FAT MOM joins her, lumbering awkwardly onto the bar.

-- EMPTY-NESTERS twerk and soul-train; a blackout-drunk FAT DAD stuffs cheese cubes into his mouth; Ben and Emma play another COUPLE in Wine-Pong with glassware and golfballs; a HOUSEWIFE flirts with the BARTENDER, licking a couple of olives like they're testicles.

Ben stumbles over to Emma.

BEN  
Can you believe this?

EMMA  
It's like they all just got released from prison.

TOMMY BAHAMA HUSBAND (O.S.)  
Heyyy, buddy-

Ben and Emma turn to see the TOMMY BAHAMA COUPLE drunk-Facetiming their college-age SON.

TOMMY BAHAMA WIFE  
It's Mommy and Pop-Pop.

EMMA  
(to Ben)  
Are they drunk-dialing?

On the Couple, holding up two hands.

TOMMY BAHAMA HUSBAND  
Mommy had seven wines!

TOMMY BAHAMA WIFE  
I had nine!

EMMA	BEN
Yep.	Yep.

The Tommy Bahama couple makes kissy-faces at the camera.

TOMMY BAHAMA COUPLE  
WE MISS YOU SO MUCH!

Emma and Ben look around the winery -- all of the older folks are drunk-dialing, -texting and -Facetiming their children.

BEN  
I'm doing it, too.

Ben takes out his phone. Dials... Matthew picks up on Facetime.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Heyyyyyy!

MATTHEW  
Why are you face-timing me, dude?

EMMA  
We're drinkiiing.

Lydia pops on the screen, frantic.

LYDIA  
Yeah? Well, I'm dealing with a fuckin' diaper blowout. It's a goddamn warzone!

The call disconnects.

EMMA  
She used to be fun.

Ben looks around the Tasting Room at all the fulfilled, emotionally invested parents.

BEN

Maybe these people have it all figured out.

EMMA

Hey! Focus. We're listing. Right?

BEN

Right.

CUT TO:

-- INSERT: THE PRE-BABY BUCKET LIST, "9. Gambling"

EXT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

Cue Frank Sinatra's "Come Fly with Me" as Emma pulls up in SLO-MO to the glitzy lighting of a CASINO. They emerge from the car like high-rollers dressed to the nines.

Emma tosses the keys O.S. to the VALET -- they clatter to the ground, uncaught. REVEAL that this is not Vegas but rather...

EXT. INDIAN CASINO - SAME

The life-hating VALET grabs the keys off the pavement, and hands Emma a ticket.

VALET

Parking's a buck an hour, ten bucks a day. Good luck.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - CHANGING WINDOW - NIGHT

Ben and Emma walk up to the CASHIER, arm in arm, glitzy-cool, all smiles. Ben slides over some cash.

BEN

Five hundred, please.

Emma chimes in, sliding over her own cash.

EMMA

Make that a thousand.

BEN

Easy, Crazy Horse. We still have to save for the future.

EMMA  
You can't win if you don't play.

CUT TO:

THE CRAPS TABLE

Ben hovers over Emma's shoulder as she takes the dice.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
I got the gist of this when my  
sorority co-hosted a casino night.  
Keep it simple, work the pass line,  
blow.

Ben dutifully blows on the dice in Emma's hand. She rolls-

CROUPIER  
Lucky seven, winner!

The table cheers.

BEN  
Okay, let's cash out.

EMMA  
Yeah, right. Let it ride.

Emma rolls. More cheers!

DEALER (O.S.)  
Another winner!

BEN  
This is making me nervous. I gotta  
pee.

She rakes up a MASSIVE stack of chips.

BEN (CONT'D)  
You okay here by yourself?

EMMA  
I dunno, let's see.

She blows her own dice and rolls. More cheers! She slaps him  
on the ass as he walks off. She throws down more chips...

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO HALLWAY - NIGHT

Looking for a bathroom, Ben passes a HIGH ROLLER'S ONLY ROOM, dripping with opulent luxury. He casually glances around, and makes his way towards a GILDED MEN'S ROOM DOOR.

INT. LUXURY BATHROOM STALL - NIGHT

He takes in the luxury, noticing the exotic JAPANESE TOILET with heated seats. He lays down seat covers and sits. To pee.

While he tinkles, he channel surfs on the TV screen built into the stall door.

BEN

This is incredible.

He finishes, zips, and opens the stall door smack into a HUGE bathroom attendant -- JEFFREY STRONGBOW on his name-tag.

BEN (CONT'D)

Whoa!

JEFFREY STRONGBOW

Are you a member of the High  
Roller's club?

Ben immediately sweats.

BEN

I... don't...

JEFFREY STRONGBOW

This is an exclusive facility.

BEN

I'm sorry, Jeffrey... Mr.  
Strongbow. I'm in a delicate place  
right now.

JEFFREY STRONGBOW

Are you crying?

Ben sniffles, stifling tears.

BEN

Have you ever seen a guy try to  
change a diaper in a public  
restroom? Or escort his daughter  
into a men's room so he can keep an  
eye on her while taking a piss?  
Praying she doesn't see grown-up  
dicks and ask tough questions?

Strongbow nods.

BEN (CONT'D)  
 That's on my horizon, Jeff. I know  
 I'm not a member of this fancy-  
 bathroom club. But dammit, I just  
 wanted a taste. Before it's too  
 late?

A tear rolls down Jeffrey's cheek. He grabs Ben's hands.

JEFFREY STRONGBOW  
 I have four children. Let me help.

INT. CASINO CRAPS AREA - SAME TIME

Emma blows on a handful of dice and rolls.

DEALER  
 Snake eyes.

EMMA  
 That's okay, just a bump. Let's  
 keep going.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Jeffrey guides Ben's hands under the water, vigorously  
 scrubbing and drying.

BEN  
 Well, thanks a lot-

JEFFREY STRONGBOW  
 Shirt tuck?

BEN  
 Huh?

Jeffrey tucks Ben's shirt in, really getting in there.

BEN (CONT'D)  
 Thanks. But I should really be  
 getting back to my-

JEFFREY STRONGBOW  
 Lint roll?

BEN  
 I guess I do have some-

Jeffrey lint-rolls Ben's jacket, then offers:

JEFFREY STRONGBOW  
Breath mint?

BEN  
I'm worried my wife has been by  
herself for-

JEFFREY STRONGBOW  
Fresh part?

BEN  
Of what?

Jeffrey combs Ben's hair, using scissors to snip off an errant piece. Then he gets to work on the neck massage.

#### THE CRAPS TABLE

Ben walks up -- Emma places action all over the table.

EMMA  
Give me twenty on six the hard way,  
and ten to lay against the four.

BEN  
What are you doing?

EMMA  
We hit a bit of a rough patch.

BEN  
How rough?

EMMA  
I lost the grand.

BEN  
...Okay. That stings a little, but  
we'll be fine.

EMMA  
And... I kinda took out more money  
from the wedding gifts account.

BEN  
Yeah, but not all of it.

EMMA  
Yeah.

BEN  
THERE WAS TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND  
DOLLARS IN THAT ACCOUNT!

She breaks down in tears.

EMMA

I was feeling so confident, and I  
didn't know where you were... did  
you get a haircut?

BEN

No! It's a fresh part.

She holds up a \$100 chip.

EMMA

I still have this. One more roll,  
we double it up and-

Ben snatches her arm and pulls her away from the table.

BEN

You gambled away our kid's tuition.  
Do you have any idea what happens  
to a Jewish kid at a public school?  
He'll end up getting shoved in a  
locker every day. Or dealing weed.

EMMA

It's not that bad.

BEN

Oh, it is. It is definitely that-

Ben stops in his tracks, distracted by the CLICK-CLACK-SLAP  
of TILES on table coming from O.S.

EMMA

We can figure something out... Ben?

She follows his gaze to the far corner of the casino, where  
CHINESE GANGSTERS and DRAGON LADIES are gathered around a  
fast-paced, high-stakes game of MAHJONG.

Like a man possessed, Ben stares, wide-eyed, as a mahjong  
tile SLAMS onto the table in SLO-MO -- ZOOM in on Ben,  
entering a...

*FLASHBACK*

*YOUNG BEN (8) returns home from school, the sound of tiles  
drawing him to the KITCHEN where-*

*He watches curiously as his GRANDMA and her FRIENDS play  
mahjong; the women LAUGH and GOSSIP and DRINK WHITE WINE and  
call their plays -- "Two bam," "Three crack," "Dragons!"*

*The sights and sounds blend together, forming connections in Ben's brain, a la BEAUTIFUL MIND, as he studies the game.*

BACK TO PRESENT

Emma looks at Ben, worried.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Are you okay? Are you freaking out?

BEN  
You have that last chip?

She hands it to him. He pushes through the crowd.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Follow my lead. These guys are  
probably Triad.

EMMA  
They look like dentists.

Heads turn as Ben slides into the chair, tossing the chip onto the table.

BEN  
Deal me in?

The CHINESE DEALER hesitates.

CHINESE DEALER  
This a private table-

WONG, a CHINESE GANGSTER, looks up from the brim of a fedora.

WONG  
White boy wants to lose his money,  
we'll let him.

The Dealer nods and hands out tiles.

Wong smiles as he coolly picks his teeth with a COKE NAIL.  
Ben pulls out Purell, sanitizing.

Wong opens play with...

WONG (CONT'D)  
Six dot.

PLAYER 2  
Two crack.

PLAYER 3  
Five bam.

Ben hesitates, measuring his move, drawing eye-rolls...

BEN  
Mahjong.

He drops his tiles on the table. The other players emit a stream of Chinese curses.

WONG  
Beginner luck.

EMMA  
You just won?

Ben gathers up his earnings.

BEN  
Be a doll and grab me a glass of Zin'. Bubelleh's about to run this shit.

**MAHJONG MONTAGE:**

-- Ben slaps down tiles, calling out his plays with gusto. His pile of chips grows.

-- Ben gulps down white wine, gossiping to his neighbors.

-- Emma and the Chinese ON-LOOKERS follow Ben's moves, impressed; he's winning them over.

BEN (CONT'D)  
I think it's time to send you home,  
Wong.

WONG  
I think it's time to send you home.

He pushes the rest of his chips in. The crowd gasps.

EMMA  
How much is that?

BEN  
Twenty grand. We barely have half of that.

WONG  
Maybe you be more comfortable at Bingo auditorium?

EMMA  
You're sure you can win, baby?

BEN

I watched my grandma destroy Mimi Greenberg with this very hand.

Emma looks over at Wong, coyly seductive.

EMMA

Maybe we can match the bet with... something other than money.

She puts her hotel room key on top of Ben's stack of chips, sliding it all in.

WONG

You making Indecent Proposal?

EMMA

I am.

WONG

I accept.

BEN

Jesus Christ, Emma, what if I lose?

EMMA

It'll make a great story at our son Chong's Bar Mitzvah.

Ben swallows, nodding at the Dealer -- he's ready.

The tiles are dealt -- the play begins, rapid fire; Wong smiles confidently, taking the lead.

Sweat beads on Ben's face.

WONG

(pleased with himself)

Oops.

BEN

Nice play...

The on-lookers murmur -- is this it? Ben lays down a tile-

BEN (CONT'D)

...But mine's better.

Wong curses as the spectators erupt! Pandemonium! Ben has done it! Ben scoops up his chips.

BEN (CONT'D)

Let's get the fuck outta here.

INT. CASINO BUFFET - DAY

Emma dives into a plate piled with Crab Legs. Ben eats chicken, lost in his thoughts.

EMMA

We should hit Vegas next.

BEN

Emma, we're supposed to be building  
a solid foundation for a family.  
Not gambling with our privates.

EMMA

Ben. RELAX.

(holding up a crab leg)  
Enjoy the good life.

BEN

I don't eat crab leg.

She waves the leg in his face.

EMMA

Come onnnnn. These are delicious.

BEN

Please! Get that out of my face.

EMMA

What's your problem with crab legs?

BEN

You want to know my problem?  
They're PACKED with bacteria. Do  
you WANT diarrhea?

EMMA

So, what, I'm supposed to never eat  
crab legs? Stick to chicken?

BEN

Chicken is delicious! And safe!

EMMA

Chicken is boring! You're going to  
miss out on what could be the most  
incredible food in the whole world  
because you're afraid to get sick?

BEN

It's not worth it! And it's not on  
the list!

Emma pulls the list and a pen out of her purse and scrawls "CRAB LEGS" in big letters. She shows it to him.

EMMA  
Don't be afraid of crab legs.

Ben looks down at his plain, old chicken. He reaches for a crab leg, but Emma pulls it back.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
I don't want to force you-

BEN  
Just gimme the damn crab leg.

He snatches it. Cracks it open. Takes a bite. Chews slowly.

EMMA  
So?

His eyes close as he savors it.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
The world's our buffet, Ben.

#### PRE-BABY BUCKET LIST MONTAGE:

-- INSERT: THE PRE-BABY BUCKET LIST, "9. Run a Half-Marathon"

-- An energized Emma crosses the finish line, arms raised victoriously! From behind, a pale-faced Ben hobbles slowly, blood stains on his shirt from his chafing nipples.

-- INSERT: THE PRE-BABY BUCKET LIST, "21. Bottle Service"

-- At a trendy NIGHTCLUB, Emma dances hard while Ben pours from an embarrassingly huge bottle of champagne. A PACK of anorexic CLUB WHORES joins them. Emma snatches a drink from their hands and shoos them away.

-- INSERT: THE PRE-BABY BUCKET LIST, "38. Binge Watch TV"

-- Emma and Ben watch "Game of Thrones". Inspired, Emma reaches for Ben's crotch. He SLAPS her hand away, gesturing at the TV -- "I'm watching!"

-- INSERT: THE PRE-BABY BUCKET LIST, "57. Simply Ballroom"

-- The DANCE INSTRUCTOR corrects Emma and Ben's positioning. Ben reaches to grab Emma's ass, but she SLAPS his hand away -- "I'm dancing!"

-- INSERT: THE PRE-BABY BUCKET LIST, "20. Streaking"

-- In a crowded IKEA, Ben and Emma disrobe. They SPRINT exuberantly through various departments... but then slow down, looking around, lost. Cupping his weiner, Ben asks an EMPLOYEE for directions, while Emma hides under a display bed, laughing.

-- Emma shows Ben the marked-off bucket list; they're nearly finished!

-- INSERT: THE PRE-BABY BUCKET LIST, "43. Drive a Dream Car"

-- Behind the wheel of a FERRARI, top down, Ben slides on his shades. He smiles at Emma... and herky-jerkily pulls out of the CAR RENTAL lot, grinding gears. The car stalls.

-- Emma now sits behind the wheel, Ben sitting shotgun. She cranks up the music and TEARS out of the lot, ripping down the HIGHWAY. She reaches over and caresses his thigh.

BEN

Mmm, that's kinda turning me on.

EMMA

Yeah?

She gently guides his head down into her crotch.

BEN

(fake gasp)

While you're driving?

EMMA

That's why they call it "road head".

Ben dives in.

BEN

(muffled)

These pants are so tight.

Emma reaches down with one hand, makes an adjustment.

EMMA

Better?

BEN

(muffled)

Mmm-hmm...

STAY ON Emma as she drives, the back of Ben's head bobbing into frame. Emma moans.

EMMA  
...ohhhh... where did you learn  
that, baby?

Ben's head pops up.

BEN  
"Game of Thrones".

EMMA  
Keep going.

She shoves him back down.

Ben gets into a rhythm, and Emma's breathing quickens --  
she's getting close. She takes one hand off the wheel,  
grabbing her headrest.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Don't stop! Don't stop!

As she CLIMAXES, Emma looks to her left -- a SCHOOL BUS FULL  
OF BUG-EYED CHILDREN passes!

EMMA (CONT'D)  
OH, FUCK!

She snaps her legs shut on Ben's head! He jerks up and  
SMASHES his head on the steering wheel.

BEN  
OW!

Ben drops, PINNING Emma's foot down onto the gas pedal.

EMMA  
Okay, get up! Get up!

BEN  
I'm stuck! Why'd you make me do  
that?

EMMA  
I thought you liked it!

BEN  
Get me outta here!

They veer toward a ravine.

EMMA  
Shit! Brace yourself!

Ben shoves his head deeper into her crotch as they FLY OFF THE ROAD and SMASH down onto the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - AFTERNOON

Ben and Emma watch as a tow truck hoists up the wrecked Ferrari. Emma holds an icepack to her inner thigh.

BEN  
That's a \$150,000 car.

EMMA  
Are we too reckless for kids?

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out some documents.

BEN  
I don't think so.

EMMA  
What is this?

BEN  
Insurance. The premium package.

EMMA  
What? When did you buy this?

BEN  
After the casino incident, I got tired of gambling.

She hugs him tight.

EMMA  
That's Dad-level planning.

He smiles.

BEN  
Good. So we're ready to call this?

EMMA  
Ben! We can't quit now. We have one last list item.

BEN  
This list is going to kill us!  
(sighs)  
All right. One more?

EMMA

Then a baby.

She smiles as she walks away texting.

-- INSERT: THE PRE-BABY BUCKET LIST, "92. Hard Drugs"

INT. EMMA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Ben and Emma speed through the empty desert. Emma refreshes her Email to no avail while Ben drives, focused.

BEN

Yeesh, where are we?

EMMA

No reception out here.

He grabs her phone and throws it in the backseat.

BEN

No work allowed. This weekend's about love, art, and music.

They pass a group of MAD MAX-LOOKING HIPPIES driving a SPACE BUGGY flashing peace signs.

EMMA

And drugs.

BEN

And drugs.

They drive through a gated entrance. A massive neon sign blinks -- "BURNING MAN".

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - DAY

CHAOS. EDM-punks dancing; stilt-walkers, fire-jugglers; naked women in body-paint. And...

Emma and Ben. Emma in a sundress and cardigan, Ben in head-to-toe R.E.I. DESERT GEAR and a garish fanny pack.

Emma flags down a WHITE RASTA puffing a huge spliff.

EMMA

Pardon me. Do you happen to know where we could buy drugs?

WHITE RASTA

Buy?

Ben reaches in his fanny pack and pulls out his wallet.

BEN  
Yeah, like, a hundred bucks worth?

EMMA  
(aside to Ben)  
Are you factoring in a tip?

WHITE RASTA  
This is a bartering community. Nice try, you fuckin' narcs!

EMMA  
Whaaat? Us? No. No way. Man.

BEN  
We're just two festival-goers looking to score drugs.

EMMA  
Hard drugs.

BEN  
Not too hard. Like medium, medium-soft?

WHITE RASTA  
NARCS! NARCS! NARCS!

Heads turn as the crowd notices, joining in the chant -- "NARCS! NARCS! NARCS!"

The crowd departs, leaving Ben and Emma alone.

BEN  
I'm feeling very judged.

EMMA  
Gimme your fanny pack.

Emma rummages through the pack and pulls out a Ziplock full of baby carrots.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
In this family, we are NOT quitters.

She storms over to a PSYCHEDELIC SCHOOL BUS and pounds the door. A hippie, JETHRO (40's), opens up.

JETHRO  
Greetings...?

EMMA  
I have carrots. You have drugs.  
Let's barter.

Jethro smiles.

JETHRO  
Enter.

INT. PSYCHEDELIC SCHOOL BUS - CONTINUOUS

Jethro munches on carrots as he leads Ben and Emma into the dilapidated bus, where they're greeted by a topless hippie, TELLULAH (40's), with two TODDLERS suckling her breasts.

JETHRO  
Name's Jethro. This is my life  
partner, Tellulah, and our  
offspring, Prana and Nug.

TELLULAH  
Namaste, friends.

Ben desperately avoids eye-to-tits contact.

BEN  
Hello.

TELLULAH  
Say hi to our blessed guests, boys.

PRANA and NUG mumble through mouthfuls of boob.

JETHRO  
Feedin' time. You want a dribble?

EMMA  
No, thanks. I'm full.

JETHRO  
Maybe later. Hun, let's prepare  
some tea for our guests.

Tellulah bends over a small stove.

EMMA  
So, Jethro. We noticed you brought  
your children to a drug-fest?

BEN  
Art and drug fest.

JETHRO

Yeah, they LOVE Burning Man!

BEN

Is it safe to expose them to this?

TELLULAH

When Jethro and I bore our child-fruit, we vowed to share our lives with them. Our passions, our beliefs, our bed.

JETHRO

We didn't want to change for them. You dig?

EMMA

I actually do dig. Family and wild fun, together.

BEN

Seems like two things best enjoyed separately. Like Kim and Kanye.

JETHRO

Maybe you just need a change in perception.

He hand Ben and Emma cups of a THICK BREW.

EMMA

What is this?

BEN

It smells like a foot. Were your feet in this?

JETHRO

It's ayahuasca. All natural.

Ben and Emma shrug and pound it.

TELLULAH

A decade of psychotherapy in a cup. Native Americans used it to purge negativity.

JETHRO

And trip balls.

BEN

Is it safe? For a woman soon to be with child?

TELLULAH  
Our boys came out just fine.

JETHRO  
They were both anal births.

Ben raises his head, his eyes now half-lidded and red.

BEN  
They... they came from your butt?

EMMA  
Ben... you sound like you're  
high... high... high...

Her voice ECHOES in her own head. Tears begin rolling down Ben's cheek.

BEN  
So many feelings... purging...

BLLAAARRGGH! Ben VOMITS all over the floor.

EMMA  
I'm... feeling them too...

BLLAAARRGGH! She barfs. Jethro smiles.

JETHRO  
It has begun.

EXT. BURNING MAN - AFTERNOON

Ben and Emma stumble into the festival, tripping balls. A SKRILLEX-style EDM DJ takes the stage.

BEN  
So many humans.

Emma sticks out her tongue.

EMMA  
I can taste the music...

Ben wags his tongue in the air, unknowingly licking a FAT SWEATY DUDE'S BACK.

BEN  
Me, too... Like onions.

Emma turns her head and DOUBLE TAKES as a BABY IN DIAPERS jumps onto the stage.

EMMA

Ben!

BEN

Yessssss.....

EMMA

Someone put a baby on the stage...  
We gotta help it!

BEN

Emma.... Look...

ANOTHER BABY walks through the crowds, nodding "sup?" and toasting with his beer can.

A BABY DJ takes the stage... and DROPS THE BEAT!

BEN (CONT'D)

They're... everywhere...

Ben and Emma stumble through CROWDS OF BABIES:

-- BABIES in a circle passing a joint.

-- BABIES stage diving into a BABY MOSH PIT.

-- BABIES making out.

Ben tackles a pack of babies, play-wrestling with them like they're a litter of puppies.

BEN (CONT'D)

Emma! They're so cuddly!

The music turns DARK as Emma is suddenly OVERWHELMED.

Babies CRAWL up her legs, SWARMING HER, TACKLING her to the ground. An EVIL BABY gives Emma a TITTY TWISTER.

EMMA

OW! Leave them alone.

The EVIL BABIES swarm onto Emma...

EVIL BABIES

CHANGE US! CHANGE US! CHANGE US!

EMMA

No! NO! NO!!!!

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BEN AND EMMA'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma bolts up, grabbing her breasts in pain. Ben leans over.

BEN

Emma! Are you okay?

EMMA

Ugh... I had a baby nightmare...

BEN

That wasn't a nightmare... look at  
your stomach!

Emma looks down at her swollen belly.

BEN (CONT'D)

You ARE pregnant!

She notices Ben's BELLY is FULL-TERM SWOLLEN.

EMMA

Oh, my god, Ben! You are, too!

BEN

I'm dilating... it's time.

EMMA

(moaning)

I think for me, too.

BEN

Okay, baby. You gotta push.

EMMA

I'm not ready yet.

BEN

Yes, you are. Push like me.

Ben GRUNTS AND MOANS as he flexes and pushes.

BEN (CONT'D)

Now you, baby!

Emma SCREAMS as she SQUEEZES.

BEN (CONT'D)

There it is! It's crowning!

EMMA

It's tearing me apart!

BEN  
One more big one!

EMMA  
I CAN'T! HYAAAAAAHHHH!

BEN  
III'M REEEAAADYYY!

HARD CUT TO:

A CROWD OF BURNING MAN FESTIVAL-GOERS

Recoiling in horror as they watch Ben and Emma rolling on the ground, SHITTING THEIR PANTS.

BEN  
Pushhhhh!

EMMA  
I ammm....

Tellulah and Jethro push through and see Ben and Emma.

JETHRO  
They purged. Gross.

Jethro shakes his head and takes a drink of milk.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

Ben and Emma dump huge bottles of water on each other.

EMMA  
Am I clean?

BEN  
You have a.... corn in your hair.

Emma gags as she DUMPS more water.

As Ben scrubs her, he sees Jethro in the distance, holding his sons up to see the sunrise. Ben smiles.

INT. BEN AND EMMA'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Ben walks in to see Emma cooking pancakes.

BEN  
Don't you have work?

EMMA  
I'll get to the office eventually.

Ben smiles big and embraces Emma from behind.

BEN  
Wow. Maybe the trip did affect us.

Emma looks out the window and sees a neighborhood Mom cursing as she wrestles her kids into a minivan.

EMMA  
I think you're right.

EXT. EMMA AND BEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Emma stands by Ben's car in the driveway.

BEN  
(seductive)  
Baby-making tonight...

EMMA  
I'll be ready!

Ben pulls out, waving. Emma waves back. Once he's gone...

She runs inside and throws off her robe, revealing a SLUTTY-ASS outfit. She ain't going to no work; she going out.

"Wild Emma" Montage:

-- Emma takes pen to paper, crafting a NEW LIST.

-- INSERT: PRE-BABY BUCKET LIST, #179. Sake Bombs

-- A headband wearing Emma yells "Ich, ni, san" and drops a sake bomb. Pounding it, she raises her hands and howls victoriously. REVEAL the UPSCALE PATRONS looking annoyed.

-- INSERT: PRE-BABY BUCKET LIST, #104. Get a Tattoo

-- A Hispanic TATTOO ARTIST draws a butterfly on Emma's exposed butt cheek. Emma winces, takes a swig of malt liquor.

-- Meanwhile... A CAR SALESMAN demonstrates to Ben how a third row of seats fold up in a minivan. Ben smiles.

-- INSERT: PRE-BABY BUCKET LIST, #111. Petty Larceny

-- A buzzed-Emma lowers a ski mask and runs into an Anthropologie store. A moment later, she SPRINTS OUT, arms full of dishware, a fat SECURITY GUARD in hot pursuit.

-- At EMMA'S OFFICE, Ben drops by with take-out. Emma's nowhere to be found. He shrugs.

-- Emma HOWLS with laughter as she watches an R-rated comedy at a theater. It's like a scene from CAPE FEAR.

-- In his KITCHEN, Ben sits at the table; he stares out at the minivan in the driveway.

INT. EMMA AND BEN'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emma sneaks in through the side door, finding Ben sitting at the table, waiting up for her.

EMMA

Ben, some asshole parked their shitty van in our driveway.

BEN

That's my new car. Traded in the old Volvo for it, straight up.

EMMA

What?

He pulls her in, sniffing her neck.

BEN

You taste like malt liquor.

EMMA

New perfume.

BEN

Mmmm... I like it.

He touches her newly-tattooed ass. She yelps.

BEN (CONT'D)

What was that?

EMMA

Nothing. We're just... I don't want to rush.

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)  
I don't know if my temperature is  
right. Let's go out to eat first.

BEN  
Okay. Maybe that fondue place?

EMMA  
Two minutes.

She limps away.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As Emma puts on makeup, she gets an email. Titled "SECRET PARTY -- TONIGHT". She opens it, pulling up an address.

INT. EMMA'S CAR / EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Emma leads Ben to the front door of a gorgeous suburban house. Kids' stuff (bikes, balls) strewn across the lawn. Ben tugs on his tie.

BEN  
I thought we were going to fondue?

EMMA  
I wanted our last big outing to be  
extra adventurous.

She rings the doorbell.

BEN  
(to himself)  
Fondue is adventurous.

ZACK and ELLIE answer the door.

ZACK  
Are you here for the get-together?

BEN  
I honestly don't know.

EMMA  
We're the Kaplans. We RSVP'd...

ELLIE  
Of course! You look so different  
from your photos. Better, I mean.

ZACK  
Much more muscular.

Zack winks at Ben.

ELLIE  
Come on in, you two.

BEN  
(whispering)  
Are we joining a cult?

EMMA  
(whispering)  
No! This is a group of like-minded  
people I found online-... WHOA!

They see a COUPLE in masquerade masks FURIOUSLY FUCKING in the corner.

BEN  
What the shit is this shit?!

ELLIE  
Oh, don't mind the Greenbergs.  
(loudly teasing)  
Somebody can't help starting early.

LATER

Zack and Ellie show an intrigued Emma and horrified Ben around. Zack points out-

ZACK  
Over there's Maria and Chuck.

A LATINA MOM gets ORAL from a BALDING DAD. Her BACK TATTOO of a BABY GIRL and the words "MI AMORE" undulates.

ELLIE  
Chuck has an endless appetite for  
eating you-know-what. Right, Chuck?

Face down, Chuck waves. Emma and Ben meekly wave back.

ZACK  
Wait a darn second. No wonder you  
look shocked. We haven't offer hors  
d'oeuvres yet!

ELLIE  
Awful. Can you imagine what my mom  
would say if she knew?

Ellie points at an URN on a side-table with a picture of an OLD WOMAN. It ROCKS as a couple FUCKS on the couch. With Zack and Ellie distracted, Ben pulls Emma aside.

BEN  
(whispering)  
This is an orgy!

EMMA  
(whispering)  
It's not quite what I expected.

BEN  
(whispering)  
I expected fondue, Emma. Fondue!

Zack returns with glasses of wine. Ellie holds a tray of cheeses shaped like little dicks.

ELLIE  
Who wants cheese?

EMMA  
Ben?

ELLIE  
Allow me.

Ellie rubs a penis-cheese along Ben's lips.

BEN  
Really, I'm good-

Ellie SHOVES the dick down Ben's throat. He GAGS.

ELLIE  
Oopsy. Too much.

BEN  
Need some water...

Ben stumbles down the hallway lined with FRAMED PHOTOS of Ellie and Zack with their KIDS. He stumbles into a DARK BEDROOM and SLAMS the DOOR shut.

Emma walks over, knocks on the door, trying the handle.

EMMA  
Ben, what are you doing?

Ben opens the door, letting her in.

BEN  
This is just-... I just-... I got mouth-sexed by cheese.

EMMA

Why are you so shocked? We agreed to this item on the list.

BEN

We were wrong. This is wrong.

EMMA

How are you going to be a dad if you're more neurotic than ever?

BEN

Is this your passive-aggressive way of telling me we're done?

EMMA

I'm doing this for the baby!

BEN

What a fun bedtime story. "Son, your mom was once fellatioed by a contractor named Chuck."

EMMA

You haven't had one goddamn experience in life. What are you going to teach our kid?

BEN

At least I would BE there. You love your work more than anything, except maybe this stupid list.

EMMA

You're wrong. And I'm not having this kid until you learn to LIVE.

BEN

You're never going to be ready.

EMMA

I don't think you will either.

A loaded beat. They've grown so far apart.

A LITTLE GIRL (5) sits up in the bed, wiping away the sleep.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy, is that you?

BEN

Okay, I'm done with this.

Ben storms down the hallway. Runs into Zack.

ZACK

There you are! Everyone wants to  
see what you're packing down there,  
Tiger.

Ben pushes past Zack but TRIPS over Ellie getting EATEN by CHUCK on a giant Twister mat.

ELLIE

Okay, Ben -- right hand, my  
asshole!

BEN

Ahhhh!

Ben leaps up, slipping on a puddle of lube. He runs out of the house, disappearing down the street.

EMMA

Wait! Ben! ...Dammit.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Shivering, Ben sits outside a 7-11, dipping pre-cut apples into nacho cheese and drinking from a six-pack.

A MINIVAN pulls up. Honks. Ben opens the door, revealing Matthew. Matthew turns down the FROZEN soundtrack.

MATTHEW

You okay?

BEN

Yeah. Thanks for coming.

EXT. BEN AND EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma awkwardly JERKS the cumbersome car into the driveway. She stares up at her DARK house with a sigh.

INT. MATTHEW'S VAN - NIGHT

Ben stares out the window.

MATTHEW

I know you need a distraction right now. So. Wifey gave me permission to take you to a... strip club!

BEN

Can we just go to your place?

MATTHEW  
Dude.

INT. BEN AND EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma lies in bed. Her phone BINGS -- a work email. She THROWS the phone across the room.

INT. KID'S ROOM AT MATTHEW AND LYDIA'S - NIGHT

Matthew and Lydia walk Ben into a bright pink room.

LYDIA  
Welcome to the former guest room.

MATTHEW  
You can take either bunk.

BEN  
I promise it's only temporary.

LYDIA  
Don't even worry about it.

MATTHEW  
The kids love bunking with us.

RACHEL (4, bubbly girly-girl) sprints by, underwear on head, swinging a pillow.

RACHEL  
SLEEPOVER! SLEEPOVER!

WALTER (7, awkward, earbuds jammed in) chases after.

WALTER  
Gimme back my underwear!

Matthew and Lydia chase after her, leaving Ben all alone. He reaches in his bag and cracks another beer.

INT. CINDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Emma sits before her Mom's desk, ashamed and embarrassed.

EMMA  
I know I slipped these past few weeks. I promise it's all over.

CINDY  
Home life can be distracting.

EMMA

You are correct.

CINDY

"Set your boundaries and don't ever compromise." Sun Tzu. Clear?

Emma opens her mouth to respond -- gag burps.

EMMA

Excuse me. Thank you, mom. For understanding and for still believing in m-

Emma gags again, a wave of nausea rising.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'll--... be right--... back.

Emma runs out.

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma sprints into the closest stall and BARFS her guts out.

A HAND slides under her door holding a wad of toilet paper.

CINDY (O.S.)

Not feeling so hot?

Emma yelps as Mom's head pokes out under the stall.

CINDY (CONT'D)

You can tell me if the pressure is too much.

EMMA

It's just food poisoning.

CINDY

I get it. Your father and I had bad Tom Kum Gai in Samui that nearly cost me my rectum.

Emma HEAVES again.

EMMA

(weakly)

I think that's the last of it.

As Mom exits...

CINDY (O.S.)  
Good. I'm just relieved you're not  
pregnant.

Emma looks up as the door closes -- uh-oh.

INT. EMMA AND BEN'S HOME - BATHROOM - LATER

Emma sits on the toilet, peeing onto a pregnancy test stick.

EMMA  
(whispering)  
Oh-fuck-oh-fuck-oh-fuck-oh-fuck...

Emma stares at the stick, waiting for the results.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Oh-fuck-oh-fuck-oh-fuck-oh-fuck...

A picture materializes -- a PINK PLUS SIGN.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
OH, FUCK!

She collapses onto the sink for support, overwhelmed.

INT. CHUCK E. CHEESE - DAY

Ben floats in the BALL PIT, lifting his arm out of the balls  
to swig from a bottle of beer. This is rock bottom.

Some KIDS wade nearby.

CURIOSUS TODDLER  
Mister? Are you all right?

Ben "splashes" him with balls.

BEN  
Leave me.

An EMPLOYEE approaches-

EMPLOYEE  
Sir, we don't allow adults in the  
ball pit. Or beer.

BEN  
Really? What about urination?

Ben reaches under the surface of the balls.

EMPLOYEE

What? No!

BEN

Ahh... Too late.

The Employee walks away.

EMPLOYEE

Fuck this job.

Ben finishes his beer and throws the bottle. He takes a deep breath, and sinks... falling deeper and deeper... IMPOSSIBLY DEEP, like he's sinking to the bottom of a ball pit ocean.

HANDS PLUNGE in the balls and PULL him to the surface.

He GASPS as his eyes focus on EMMA.

BEN

How did you find me?!

EMMA

Matthew told me you were coming here. Alone.

BEN

I always thought I'd take my kid here. Oh, well.

He sinks again, but she grabs him.

BEN (CONT'D)

Let me go!

EMMA

Listen to me! I'm pregnant.

BEN

What?

EMMA

Three weeks.

Ben sits up more fully, stunned.

BEN

The fucking Pre-Seed Night...

EMMA

You don't have to say or do anything. I'm taking care of it.

BEN

Taking care-... WAIT, you're  
aborting him? Her, whatever?

EMMA

It's a burden we don't need.

BEN

Let's think carefully about this-

EMMA

We've thought about this ever since  
we got married. You know we'll  
never be ready.

BEN

Why would you say that?

EMMA

Look at us!

Emma gestures to Ben -- covered in his own piss in a Chuck E. Cheese ball pit.

BEN

We can handle this together.

EMMA

No. You were right. I can't  
sacrifice me for something else.  
That's just who I am. And this...  
(gesturing at him)  
This is who you are.

BEN

I don't want to give up.

EMMA

It was never going to work, Ben.  
I'm sorry.

As Ben watches her go, he notices...

... PARENTS and CHILDREN together. Moments of affection and  
frustration, pain and happiness. None of it will ever be his.

Ben sinks down, letting himself drown in the ball pit.

INT. EMMA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Emma speaks on the phone.

EMMA

Yes... July 23rd... two weeks.  
Thanks.

She hangs up and puts an appointment in her computer. She sighs away tears before diving back into work.

INT. HOCKEY RINK - DAY

Ben stumbles to avoid a collision and trips over his own skates. He lies in a heap while the opposing team scores. Alan watches his son with concern.

LATER

Ben and Alan pack up their gear after the loss.

ALAN

What happened out there?

BEN

I know! I cost you the game-

ALAN

I don't give two shits about the game. I want to know what happened out there to you. My son.

BEN

So you really care?

ALAN

Of course. Don't you know that?

BEN

I'm not sure I know anything.

ALAN

Ben... when your mother passed, I was devastated. I had just been drafted to the Kings. Suddenly, the Doctor tells me the love of my life is gone and hands me this newborn. And I'm thinking, "This isn't how it was supposed to go." I was afraid.

BEN

You were?

ALAN

There were ten million ways I could have ruined you.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

And I thought about every one of them. But then, you smiled. And nothing else mattered to me. I'd bear all that pain and sacrifice again and again to see you smile. Trust me, Ben. It was worth it.

EXT. STARBUCKS - AFTERNOON

Emma fake smiles at her girlfriends playing with their kids. She pulls out her Blackberry, distracting herself with work.

EXT. HOCKEY RINK - PARKING LOT - DAY

Ben hurls his hockey equipment into his car when he sees- A YOUNG DAD teaching his SON (4) to ride a bike. The bike teeters. Young Dad comforts his frightened son with a hug.

YOUNG DAD

It's okay if you fall. Just get back up and see it through.

Ben's face lights up. Inspiration strikes!

BEN

Yes!

Young Dad notices Ben staring and ushers his son away.

Ben waves apologetically and jumps in the car.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

In the glass-walled conference room, an exhausted-looking Emma and Cindy sit at the head of a table of BOARD MEMBERS.

EMMA

I'm not ready to give up on this deal.

WHINY BOARD MEMBER

It's 9PM.

CINDY

You have a date?

WHINY BOARD MEMBER

Just hoping to tuck my kids in.

EMMA

We all have to make sacrifices.

CINDY

Love that fire. Emma, why don't you take us through the deal points?

EMMA

As I was saying-

HONK-HONK! Heads turn OUTSIDE, where Ben stands next to his Minivan, holding two giant to-go bags.

BEN

Crab legs!

Emma looks mortified.

CINDY

Is that your husband?

EMMA

I think it's a vagrant.

BEN

Emma!!! EMMMAAA!

CINDY

He's saying, "Emma".

EMMA

I heard "Mecca". Could be a call to worship. Let's push through-

BEN

Emma Kaplan! Em! Ma! Kap! Lan!

Emma lowers her head.

EMMA

Excuse me.

Cindy is NOT amused.

EXT. OFFICE - EVENING

Emma storms out. Ben drops the bag of crab.

EMMA

I'm in the middle of the most important meeting of my life!

BEN  
Is it done?! Am I too late?!

EMMA  
We started hours ago...

BEN  
Not the meeting! Your-... Our baby.  
(whispering)  
THE ABORTION.

EMMA  
No. Not yet.

Ben pulls her into a hug.

BEN  
Thank you! Thank you.

Emma sees Cindy watching through the conference room window, frustrated.

EMMA  
I have to go.

BEN  
Wait. Please.

EMMA  
Ben. This isn't going to work.

BEN  
Just hear me out.

EMMA  
We're not meant for this-

BEN  
I have a way to fix everything-

EMMA  
What is there to say?

BEN  
A lot, if you just LISTEN! PLEASE!

Emma stops. Whoa. Ben has grown a pair.

EMMA  
Okay. Two minutes.

BEN  
Okay.  
(clears his throat)  
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

Okay. We tried riding a bike, right? Metaphorically. And we fell off and skinned our knees up pretty bad. But we can't just quit bikes. Then what? Ride the bus? How does that even fit into the metaphor? It doesn't. What we have to do is take off the training wheels and ride like big boys. Metaphorically.

Emma looks baffled. Ben unfolds a piece of paper.

BEN (CONT'D)

Read this.

EMMA

"CPR"..."Get our finances in order"..."What is this?

BEN

This is the list we should have been making.

EMMA

None of this will prove we're ready.

BEN

I know. So at the end of this list, we'll give ourselves a final test: sacrificing a weekend to babysit Matthew and Lydia's kids.

EMMA

Whoa.

BEN

We've fought strippers, we've taken drugs, we've pooped on each other; we can do this.

Emma thinks it over, torn but not fully convinced.

EMMA

I have my appointment in two weeks. Everything's timed out with work-

BEN

We don't quit in this family.

He offers Emma a crab leg. She considers it... and grabs the leg. CRACKS it in half.

EMMA

EXT. MATTHEW AND LYDIA'S HOME - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Emma helps Ben carry his bag to the front door, Lydia and Matthew watching.

BEN

LYDIA  
Maybe Matthew and I can get back to  
some much needed special time.

EMMA  
(suggestively)  
Oh, yeah?

MATTHEW LYDIA  
She means doing the laundry. I mean doing the laundry.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
We got you something to say thanks  
for letting Ben stay here.

She hands Lydia a GIFT CARD.

BEN  
That's a gift card for a spa weekend at the Ritz downtown.

LYDIA  
Is this supposed to be some kind of  
sick joke?

MATTHEW  
(sotto)  
Oh shit.

LYDIA  
I mean, how clueless can you be?  
Unlike you, we can't just trek off  
onto some whimsical adventure! You  
think we can lock our kids in the  
house with a working toilet and  
pizza money?!

MATTHEW  
I left them alone for five minutes  
yesterday so I could dump.  
They broke her menorah.

LYDIA

A Jonathan Adler! So thanks a lot  
for bringing your bucket of fried  
chicken to the set of "Biggest  
Loser," but go fuck yourself!

BEN

Guys! Relax! We're gonna watch your  
kids over the weekend while you go.

LYDIA

Are you serious?

MATTHEW

Three kids, dude. The difficulty  
increases exponentially.

LYDIA

You think you're ready for that?

EMMA

No.

Ben holds up the list.

BEN

But we will be.

INSERT: PARENTHOOD PREP LIST, 1. Baby CPR

-- Emma and Ben stand amongst PREGNANT COUPLES in a COMMUNITY CENTER CONFERENCE ROOM. The enthusiastic male INSTRUCTOR guides Emma's hand as she sweeps her fingers inside the mouth of a baby-sized CPR DUMMY.

-- The sweep-move isn't working! Ben grabs the baby, performing the compressions as the Instructor screams...

-- A sweating Ben performs CPR on the baby, bringing it back to life.

-- The Instructor smiles and places a "CPR CERTIFIED" sticker on Ben's shirt. Emma beams.

INSERT: PARENTHOOD PREP LIST, 2. Baby-Proof the House

Ben and Emma look at a baby-proofing website.

EMMA

We really have to do this?

Ben shows her a horrifying picture of babies gauging eyeballs on sharp corners. He lowers the tablet revealing their home is IDENTICAL to the Dangerous House.

BEN

Our house is a deathtrap.

EMMA

Maybe we can change a few things.

-- Emma shoves a styrofoam corner onto a coffee table.

-- Ben latches a safety-lock onto the toilet lid.

-- Emma installs a baby-gate at the top of the staircase; Ben installs one at the bottom.

-- Ben moves her meticulously arranged topiary of cactus plants into their STORAGE ROOM. Emma stews.

-- Emma boxes up Ben's violent video games. He stew.

-- Emma shake her head as Ben moves her standing mirror.

-- Ben watches somberly as Emma pulls down a vintage poster of Claudia Schiffer. He rolls it up reverently.

BEN

Goodbye, Claudia.

-- They slide the poster into a packed storage room.

-- Ben shuts the door and Emma padlocks it. They look around at the baby-proofed house.

EMMA

It's kinda empty.

BEN

Let's fill it.

He holds up a brand new COSTCO card. Gold Club.

INSERT: PARENTHOOD PREP LIST, 3. Gear Up

-- COSTCO doors open in SLO-MO, cueing "A Milli" by Li'l Wayne. Ben and Emma flash their Gold Card at the BOUNCER and make their entrance.

-- Emma makes it rain BABY WIPES into the cart.

-- Ben slam dunks plastic tubs of cheese sticks and apple sauce into the cart. Celebration dance.

-- Ben grabs Emma's cell phone away and hands her a CHEESE & CRACKER sample.

-- Emma tosses baby Tylenol and baby cough medicine in the cart. Ben lugs over a "Home Defibrillator Kit". Emma shakes her head "no".

-- The CASHIER rings them up. \$700 bucks! Ben points at their savings of \$63. They fist-bump.

-- Emma and Ben push the cart outside while DOUBLE-FISTING pizza and hot dogs.

The music cue abruptly FADES as they STOP and look around.

EMMA  
You remember where we parked?

Ben hits the PANIC button on his keys. In the distance, their MINIVAN beeps. Music cues BACK UP in as they PIMP WALK away.

INT. BEN AND EMMA'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The doorbell rings -- DING-DONG. Ben and Emma are already at the door, staring through the peep hole.

EMMA  
Look at all of them.

DING-DONG. DING-DONG. DING-DONG!

LYDIA (O.S.)  
(outside)  
Rachel! Knock it off.

BEN  
Do it fast. Like a Band-Aid.

Emma nods and rips open the door, revealing-

Lydia and Matthew with their children: Walter, Rachel and baby BECCA (1, precious bundle of joy).

LYDIA  
Look at your place.

EMMA  
Look at all of you.

BEN  
High-fives!

He raises his hand. Rachel jumps back, hiding.

RACHEL  
Mommy!

MATTHEW  
They just need to warm up.

BEN  
(re: his high-five)  
Putting this away. Into the pocket.

LYDIA  
Walt, go with Rachel in the house  
while we unload.

Walt GROANS as he runs after his screaming sister.

MATTHEW  
And don't let her lick the wall  
sockets.

BEN  
She does that?

MATTHEW  
Rarely.

EXT. BEN AND EMMA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Ben and Matthew haul luggage, loaded up like suburban Sherpas. Lydia guides Emma through an itemized BINDER of materials.

LYDIA  
Here are their weekend activities.

EMMA  
This looks like Obama's day  
planner.

LYDIA  
They crave order.

MATTHEW  
And sugar.

LYDIA  
But NEVER give Rachel sugar.

BEN  
Not even a little?

MATTHEW  
It's like feeding a Gremlin after  
midnight.

EMMA

It says here bedtime is at 8PM?

LYDIA

You really should start the  
brushing and combing around 7,  
though. Because of the wrangling.

EMMA

No sugar; 8PM. We got this.

LYDIA

You guys are the best.

BEN

It's just a weekend.

Matthew pulls Ben into a tight hug, whispering in his ear.

MATTHEW

Thank you.

LYDIA

Okay, Becca, here you go.

Lydia hands her to Emma. Becca EXPLODES into tears.

EMMA

Oh, my god. I should get her  
something, right?

LYDIA

No-no-no. Let her cry it out.

Lydia and Matthew lean in the front door.

MATTHEW

Rachel, Walt, we're leaving.

LYDIA

Behave, goddammit!

Lydia and Matthew exit. The door SLAMS shut, the sound  
echoing with finality.

INT. BEN AND EMMA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma turns off the TV and collapses on the couch next to a  
passed out Walt and Rachel. Ben tiptoes downstairs and joins  
her. Their house is now a disaster area.

BEN

All right, Becca's finally asleep.

EMMA

I don't know how we'll make it  
through tomorrow.

BEN

We will. Look how cute they are.

Ben and Emma take in the kids, sleeping peacefully. Until-

RACHEL BOLTS UPRIGHT, SCREAMING!

Ben and Emma LEAP back, screaming!

RACHEL

THERE'S A MONSTER!

BEN

Where?

EMMA

I don't know! I don't know!

Rachel SCREAMS again! Then PASSES OUT.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What. The FUCK was that?

BEN

I don't want to panic you. But I  
think she's possessed.

EMMA

Hang on.

Emma flips through the binder... finding:

EMMA (CONT'D)

She gets night terrors.

BEN

Should we tie her down?

From upstairs, the sound of BAWLING.

BEN (CONT'D)

Dammit.

INT. BEN AND EMMA'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma rocks a WAILING Becca. Ben paces.

EMMA

What are we doing?

BEN  
Pull it together.

EMMA  
She won't stop, and I have to work!

BEN  
Let me try something.

Ben gently takes Becca, gliding her into his arms with proper, baby-class technique. But then he stalls out.

BEN (CONT'D)  
I don't know any lullabies.

EMMA  
ABC's? Twinkle-Twinkle... did you  
not have a childhood?!

BEN  
I'm under pressure here!

EMMA  
Just sing a song with "baby" in it.

BEN  
Ummmm... okay. Got one.  
(singing softly)  
YOU KNOW YOU LOVE ME  
I KNOW YOU CARE  
JUST SHOUT WHENEVER  
AND I'LL BE THERE

Becca calms.

BEN (CONT'D)  
...It's working.

EMMA  
(joining in softly)  
YOU ARE MY LOVE  
YOU ARE MY HEART  
AND WE WILL NEVER, EVER, EVER  
BE APART. AND I WAS LIKE-

BEN / EMMA  
(in harmony)  
BABY, BABY, BABY, OHHH  
BABY, BABY, BABY, NO  
BABY, BABY, BABY, OHHH  
I THOUGHT YOU'D ALWAYS BE MINE...

Becca's fallen fast asleep on Ben's shoulder.

BEN  
(whispering)  
Look what we did.

EMMA  
How can something so annoying be so cute?

BEN  
Evolutionary tactic. Thanks for the assist.

It's a tender moment... until Walt walks past the door.

WALTER  
Lame.

BEN  
(whisper shouts)  
Go to bed!

INT. BEN AND EMMA'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

The alarm BLARES -- 6:00am.

Ben and Emma roll out of bed and check on Becca in her crib -- they recoil and cover their faces.

BEN  
She exploded.

EMMA  
It's like a Venezuelan mudslide.

BEN  
Nothing we haven't dealt with before.

EXT. BEN AND EMMA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Ben and Emma SPRAY Becca off with a HOSE.

BEN  
And lift.

They flip Becca with coordination.

EMMA  
There's still some in her hair.

More spraying as BECCA giggles.

INT. BEN AND EMMA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Walter sulks in and joins Ben at the breakfast table.

BEN  
I'll make you some cereal.

WALTER  
I got it.

Ben watches as Walter clumsily dumps a Costco-size box of Cheerios all over the table.

BEN  
Maybe I can help with the milk?

WALTER  
I'm not a baby.

BEN  
I understand. Sometimes, we need to take on new challenges...

Ben trails off as Walter tips the heavy gallon jug into his overflowing bowl. Milk pours everywhere.

BEN (CONT'D)  
That's okay. Nothing to cry over...

Walter puts in his headphones and eats.

Ben sighs and eats his cereal DRY.

Emma RUSHES IN, clapping with enthusiasm.

EMMA  
Kids are up, van's packed.  
Everything's running on time.

BEN  
Wait -- where's Rachel?

EMMA  
Rachel? She was right-...

Emma's eyes go wide.

INT. BEN AND EMMA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Ben and Emma frantically search the house.

BEN/EMMA  
Rachel!

BEN

What if she was taken? I have to  
find her, I have to save her!

EMMA

Who are you, Liam Neeson?

Emma hears GIGGLING from the closet. She signals Ben. They silently approach the closet...

BEN

Rachel... ?

Doors BURST open! Rachel CHARGES out laughing and RAMS herself into Ben's nuts.

Ben flies back and SLAMS his head on a coffee table as Rachel TEARS out of the room.

EMMA

Are you concussed?

Ben points at the styrofoam corner.

BEN

(with wonder)

The baby-proofing saved me.

EMMA

Good. Hold these.

Emma throws Ben her shoes and BOLTS out of the room.

INT. VAN - PARKED - DAY

Emma throws a KICKING Rachel into the van. She LOCKS her into her seat with the safety belt.

EMMA

(out of breath)

I ran a half-marathon in under two hours; you ain't there yet.

Emma SLAMS the door.

MOMENTS LATER

Ben hops into the driver's seat, and adjusts the mirror to address Emma and the kids.

BEN

Ladies and gentleman, this is your Captain speaking.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

We have a tight schedule and strong headwinds, so we need to move fast today. If anyone needs to use the restroom, the seats are water-proof.

Walter groans.

EMMA

Dad-jokes?

BEN

Getting into character.

He slides on a pair of BLUEBLOCKER sunglasses and backs out of the driveway SLOWLY.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Emma SCREAM-CHEERS like a maniac as Rachel KICKS a goal.

LATER

Ben hands out orange slices and Capri Suns.

INT. GYMBOREE - DAY

Ben and Emma sit in a circle with the kids, playing maracas and singing "Let It Go".

LATER

Exiting, Ben and Emma run into orgy-hosts Zack and Ellie.

ZACK/ELLIE

Hey!

ZACK

You come here, too? How funny. You know, we should do a playdate.

BEN/EMMA

NO.

EXT. TOYS-R-US - DAY

The group walks in, Emma checking her shopping list.

LATER

Rachel SPRINTS out the front door -- escape attempt! -- THWAP! She's SNAPPED back to Ben's wrist by a backpack LEASH.

INT. MINIVAN - PARKED - DAY

Emma packs up the Toys-R-Us purchases, while Ben hunches over Rachel, applying sunscreen.

Ben finishes and joins Emma up front.

EMMA

All set?

BEN

No way that kid's getting skin cancer.

Emma looks back -- Rachel's face DRIPS with sunscreen.

RACHEL

I'm covered in mayonnaise.

EMMA

Let's get to that pool party.

She jacks up the radio, and smiles at Ben.

Ben reaches for her hand-

Emma's phone RINGS -- incoming from "MOM".

EMMA (CONT'D)

I gotta take this.

BEN

She can't. It's Sunday.

EMMA

She wouldn't call unless it was important.

RACHEL

Are we going soon?

BEN

Just a minute, sweetie. (To Emma)  
More important than this?

EMMA

Maybe.

Emma picks up the phone. Intercut with her Mom, frantically exiting an airplane.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Hello?

CINDY

Airport in fifteen minutes.

EMMA

What?

CINDY

Client wants us in an hour. I just landed. We can prep in the car.

EMMA

Today is really not a good day.

CINDY

The client thinks it's a good day. It's a good day.

EMMA

But-

CINDY

There's nothing you and Ben can't do another day. Make the right choice.

The call disconnects.

EMMA

She needs me right now.

BEN

We need you right now.

RACHEL

Auntie Emma, can we go in the big pool together?

Emma's phone beeps -- a text from MOM: "u coming???" Emma looks up at the kids, all expectation... but...

EMMA

I'll be quick.

Emma hops out and slams the door.

WALTER

Can we just go? We're late.

RACHEL

Let's go! Let's go!

Becca cries.

BEN  
(to himself)  
Be strong.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS COUNTRY CLUB - VALET STAND - DAY

The Minivan SCREECHES to a stop in front of a TEENAGED VALET.

Ben OPENS the door. We hear POUNDING, and CHANTING-

WALTER/RACHEL  
Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!

And Becca CRYING over it all. The chaos is too much.

PUSH IN on Ben's face -- like Mark Wahlberg in that crazy cocaine scene in BOOGIE NIGHTS.

HONK! A tanned MIDDLE-AGED BACHELOR in a JET BLACK TESLA yanks Ben back to reality.

BACHELOR  
You gonna move?

BEN  
I have kids here, asshole!

Bachelor jumps out of his car.

BACHELOR  
What'd you say to me, you Manny?

BEN  
Nothing! Kids, come on!

INT. BEVERLY HILLS COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Ben lugs the gear, kids following. Walter carries a big wrapped gift.

BEN  
Please let me help you with that.

WALTER  
I got it.

Walt trips and DROPS the gift. Something SHATTERS.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Oops.

Ben picks up the present.

BEN  
Walt, sometimes you need help from someone capable-

RACHEL  
Sneak attack hug!

Rachel ROCKETS into Ben's balls. He flies backward and LANDS on the gift, SMASHING it again.

The kids stand over a moaning Ben.

BEN  
Go... to the pool.

RACHEL  
(lips quivering)  
Are you mad?

She bursts into tears. Ben slowly closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. EMMA'S CAR / EXT. LAX - DAY

Cindy jumps into Emma's car, tossing bags in the back.

CINDY  
I just spent six hours next to a kid with asthma.

EMMA  
Poor guy.

CINDY  
Poor me! He spent the entire flight wheezing.

EMMA  
Maybe we should reschedule this meeting?

CINDY  
You going soft?

EMMA  
No, it's-

CINDY  
Good. Drive.

Emma puts the car in gear.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
Stay hard, Emma.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - POOL - DAY

Ben plays with Becca in the baby pool -- Rachel rocketing back and forth on her leash. A sullen Walter sits nearby. A group of his CLASSMATES point and snicker.

WALTER  
(to Ben)  
I want to go to the big pool.

BEN  
The binder says you can't swim. I'm not letting you die on my watch.

WALTER  
This is so stupid!

BEN  
You know what? You're right! This is stupid! Why the FUCK would anyone force a bunch of people to give up their Sunday to bathe in a giant vat of chlorinated piss?!

WALTER  
You're a dick.

BEN  
You're not so pleasant yourself!

RACHEL  
Marco.

Rachel slips out of her harness and disappears in the crowd.

BEN  
Get back here! Polo! Polo!

Walter notices his friends by the high-dive. He sneaks away.

CUT TO:

INT. EMMA'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Emma drives while her Mom drones on.

CINDY  
 We can close this if you're totally  
 focused. Understand?

Emma's phone chirps -- a text from Ben: "We need u here."

CINDY (CONT'D)  
 Emma?

EMMA  
 Total focus. Got it.

Emma's phone BUZZES with another text from Ben -- "Becca just pooped the pool. Do I tell someone?"

CINDY  
 Are you listening to me? Red light.

EMMA  
 What?

CINDY  
 (pointing at the...)  
 Red light!

Emma slams the brakes, her face sweaty and pale.

EMMA  
 Mom, you ever wish you'd let dad's  
 company go?

CINDY  
 I wasn't going to be some useless  
 house-mom. I needed a purpose.

EMMA  
 Couldn't you do both? Career woman  
 and mother?

CINDY  
 In this life, you have to make  
 choices.

The light turns green, but Emma is frozen.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
 What're you waiting for?

A beat, as Emma ponders...

EMMA  
 You're right.

Emma SLAMS the gas and SQUEALS across traffic!

CINDY  
What the fuck?!

EMMA  
Change of plans. We're going to a  
pool party.

CINDY  
What?!

Emma steps on the gas, hauling ass back to the country club.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - POOL - DAY

Ben finally gets Rachel back in her harness as the guests sing "Happy Birthday" around a Minecraft cake.

Rachel eyes the cake lustily. Checking that Ben is distracted by Becca, Rachel slips back out of her restraints.

BEHIND THE CAKE TABLE

Rachel sneaks up to the cake. She LICKS the frosting. Her eyes pop open.

RACHEL  
Oooooh...

She runs both hands along the side of the cake, shaping the frosting like Swayze in GHOST. SLOM-MO as Rachel SHOVES a handful into her mouth.

IN FRONT OF THE CAKE TABLE

HUNTER, the snotty Birthday Boy, throws a gift aside.

HUNTER  
Next.

Ben reaches down and pulls out the big box.

BEN  
Here's a little something from  
Walter.

HUNTER  
That geek?

HUNTER'S MOM  
Hunter!

HUNTER  
Sorry.

BEN  
He's not a geek. Just a late  
bloomer. Right, Walter? Walter?

Ben looks around -- no Walter.

HUNTER  
My cake!

Everyone turns to see RACHEL covered in frosting, her eyes POPPED WIDE like a crack addict.

BEN  
(sotto voce)  
Dear God...  
(then)  
Rachel, honey, did you eat that?

RACHEL  
It's MINE!

She grabs a huge chunk and SPRINTS away. Before Ben can chase-

HUNTER  
Hey, look. It's the geek.

Everyone turns to see Walter on top of the high-dive platform, tentatively scooting towards the edge.

BEN  
Walter! You can't swim!

WALTER  
Yes, I can!

Walter scoots closer... and tumbles.

BEN  
Walter!

Walter screams as his bathing suit catches on the edge. He dangles by his shorts.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Don't move, Walter! I'm coming!

Ben sprints and GRABS Rachel, lassoing her to a fence with the leash. She gnarls like a caged animal.

BEN (CONT'D)  
STAY! PUT!

Ben runs toward the high dive.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - VALET STAND - DAY

Emma screeches to a stop in front. She jumps out.

CINDY  
Don't fuck your future.

EMMA  
I promise, I'm not.

She flicks the CHILD-SAFETY lock, trapping Cindy in the car.

CINDY  
Emma!

Emma runs inside.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - POOL - DAY

Ben scales the ladder up the high-dive.

BEN  
Jesus, this is endless.

Riiip -- Walter's shorts tear precariously.

WALTER  
Help me!

BEN  
I'm coming. Just don't look down.

WALTER  
I already did. It's so high.

BEN  
Is it?

WALTER  
Yes.

Ben pauses. Looks down. Freezes.

BEN  
Oh, fuck, it's like a million feet!

WALTER  
I know.

Ben gags with vertigo.

BEN

Okay. I'm gonna puke real quick and  
then save you.

Riiiiiip.

WALTER

Help!

BEN

(gagging)

Okay, almost there.

Ben shimmies over the top, sweating hard.

BEN (CONT'D)

Here I come-

Walter's shorts RIP.

Time SLOWS DOWN as Ben LUNGES...

And GRABS Walter's waist band, giving Walt the world's worst wedgie. The crowd moans.

BEN (CONT'D)

I gotcha, buddy. Now we just head  
back down...

Ben looks down again. Blanches. Hugs the board.

BEN (CONT'D)

I can't do this.

EMMA (O.S.)

Yes, you can, you pussy.

Ben cranes his head to find Emma crawling up behind him.

BEN

You're here!

EMMA

I told you I would be.

WALTER

(whimpering)

It hurts...

EMMA

We gotta save Walt's asshole! We  
have to jump.

BEN  
I don't jump!

EMMA  
We'll do it tandem style. Gimme  
your hand.

BEN  
I can't let go.

EMMA  
Yes, you can, Ben. I'm right here  
with you.

Ben nods, and reaches out... Fingers locking with Emma's.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
On the count of three, we're gonna  
jump. Ready? One... two...

BEN  
Oh, my god, the adrenaline... I  
think I'm cracking a fat.

EMMA  
Perfectly normal. Three!

Ben PUSHES off the edge.

He, Walt, and Emma FREE-FALL! Their bodies tumble toward the water, Walter accidentally flipping into a half-gainer.

They SPLASH into the pool, DOUSING the guests.

Ben pops up, gasping -- Emma pulls him from the water. Walt is already out of the pool, his friends gathered around him, cheering and patting him on the back.

HUNTER  
Dude, that shit was sick.

HUNTER'S MOM  
Hunter!

BEN  
Walt, you okay?

WALTER  
(big smile)  
Fuck yes.

BEN/EMMA  
Walter!

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Cindy pounds the window with her shoe until a VALET notices and opens the door. Cindy shoves past him, storming inside.

A familiar car pulls up -- Matthew and Lydia emerge.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Ben towels Emma off.

EMMA

So, I guess I didn't miss anything?

BEN

Nah. Just me ruining the kids.

EMMA

They look alright to me.

Emma nods to indicate: Walt hanging with his buddies, Rachel passed out peacefully against a fence, Becca sucking happily on Emma's cell phone.

BEN

What about your job?

EMMA

Mom will get over it.

CINDY (O.S.)

HEY!

Cindy SHOVES through the crowd, fuming.

CINDY (CONT'D)

You gave up on your father's legacy  
for a fucking birthday party!

EMMA

It's a Minecraft party, mom. It's  
kind of a big deal.

CINDY

You're not thinking clearly.

EMMA

I've never thought more clearly in  
my life.

CINDY

Sweetheart, I'm trying to save you  
from yourself. You need to-

BEN  
HEY!

Cindy stops. All heads turn to him.

BEN (CONT'D)  
That was your choice, Cindy, and that's fine. But we want this. All of this. And if you want to be a part of it, then you better SHAPE UP! Got it?!

Cindy nods, stunned.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

EMMA  
(whispering)  
What was that?

BEN  
(whispering)  
I don't know. Was that too-

Emma pulls Ben into a huge kiss.

WALTER/RACHEL  
Mom! Dad!

Matthew and Lydia run out and embrace their children.

EMMA  
You're early.

MATTHEW  
We missed the kids.

LYDIA  
Plus, we "woo-hoo'ed" right when we got there, so we're covered for another three months. Did Walter swim in the pool?

BEN  
I can explain-

EMMA  
It's my fault-

MATTHEW  
What's to explain? I've never seen them happier.

LYDIA

Whatever you did, keep doing it.  
You'll be parents of the year.

Ben and Emma look at each other.

BEN

You think we're ready?

EMMA

Yeah. We're ready.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: Eight months later...

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

The DOCTOR and NURSES attend to Emma as she screams from the delivery bed.

DOCTOR

I can see the head.

Ben leans in. FLASH! He takes a selfie next to the crowning.

EMMA

What are you doing?!

BEN

Savoring every moment.

EMMA

Stop savoring! Get the FUCK in there and pull it out!

DOCTOR

One more push!

Emma screams! Ben screams! As the noise and chaos crescendos-

HARD CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER

The still aftermath. The BABY rests in Emma and Ben's arms, cooing.

Emma and Ben look up at each other, tears in their eyes.

EMMA  
It was worth it.

BEN  
Totally.

Cue up "Baby" by Justin Bieber.

FADE TO BLACK.

\*

THE END.