

PRECONCEPTION

Written by

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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 obliviously 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)
Alllllright, 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	EMMA
It's really okay...	We'd love some.

The Couple hands Ben and Emma topped off glasses.

TOMMY BAHAMA HUSBAND	TOMMY BAHAMA WIFE
To freedom!	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.

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 snuffles, 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

Yesssssss.....

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 ammmm....

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.

CURIOUS 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!!! EMMMMAAA!

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

I'm in. Where do we start?

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

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

BEN

Your house is yours again.

LYDIA

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

EMMA

(suggestively)

Oh, yeah?

MATTHEW

She means doing the laundry.

LYDIA

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 stews.
- 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
Ooooooh...

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.

Riiiiiiip.

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.