

PARHAM/ ST. CLAIR USA PROJECT

Written by

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February 8, 2013

COLD OPEN

INT. SHANGHAI CONFERENCE - FRIDAY 4PM

EMMA (aka Jessica, 35 - Type A, killer pencil skirt) presents to a group of Chinese businessmen. Emma's boss, GRAHAM (50's, salt & pepper, British) sits beside her.

EMMA

With a casino complex of this magnitude, I'm not gonna tell you there's no risk. But with gambling revenue expected to increase 35 percent next year, this is absolutely the right time to strike. Or as they say in Macau, (in perfect Mandarin) "Talk doesn't cook rice."

The room erupts in laughter. She's killing it.

GRAHAM

Thank you, Emma.

EMMA

My pleasure. Now I should get out of here before you find out those are the only 4 words of Mandarin I know. Just kidding... (quickly, in Mandarin) I'm fluent in both Mandarin and Cantonese.

Emma stands. They bow to her. She bows back.

INT. SHANGHAI OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emma closes the door. Her phone rings. She picks up.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NURSERY, COASTAL NEW ENGLAND - 3 AM

Maggie (aka Lennon, 35 - 8 months pregnant) builds a crib.

MAGGIE

Where are you? Do not lie to me.

EMMA
 (running down the hallway)
 I'm at the airport.
 (to imaginary stewardess)
 Yes, I *would* like some more nuts.

MAGGIE
 You're still at the office?

EMMA
 I'm leaving right now!

INT. EMMA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Emma furiously throws files into her briefcase.

MAGGIE
 I swear to god, if my own best
 friend is not at my baby shower --

EMMA
 I WILL BE THERE. I promise!

Emma hears the sound of LOUD DRILLING.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 What is that drilling?

MAGGIE
 Just doing some minor crib work.

EMMA
 It's 3 AM in Connecticut? Put the
 drill down, you're 8 months
 pregnant.

MAGGIE
 It's pointed away from my belly.

EMMA
 Go to bed! I'll see you and that
 baby you're cookin' in 19 hours.

MAGGIE (ON PHONE)
 I better, cause if you miss your
 flight, the things I'm gonna do to
 you with this drill --

EMMA
 That's very disturbing. And
 slightly sexual.

MAGGIE
It's gonna be like Saw 7: Best
Friend Edition.

Maggie maniacally runs the drill next to the phone.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. MAGGIE'S JETTA HATCHBACK - THE NEXT MORNING

Emma and Maggie drive into town.

MAGGIE

I can't believe you're in my car
right now. It's been 3 years.

EMMA

I can't believe what a stunning
pregnant woman you are.

MAGGIE

Please, I'm huge.

EMMA

I'll tell you what's huge is these
mammer-jammers.
(points to M's boobs)
They go all night!

MAGGIE

They do. They really do.

EMMA

They're the boobs of our dreams.
May I feel them?

MAGGIE

Of course you can feel them.

Emma reaches out and gently cups Maggie's right boob.

EMMA

Oh, wow. You know, I thought they'd
be soft, but they're actually quite
firm to the touch.

MAGGIE

(matter of factly)
Well, they're filling with milk.

Maggie turns onto their picturesque Main Street.

EMMA

Oh, no, no, no. Mags, we can't go
down Main street.

MAGGIE

I just want you to see what's changed!

EMMA

Nothing's changed.

MAGGIE

They planted dogwoods... and a nice Pakistani family took over the Main drugs.

A PAKISTANI MAN waves from in front of the drugstore.

EMMA

Why is everyone waving at us?

Maggie starts to play Kenny Loggins' "Celebrate Me Home." (To fully enjoy the Loggins experience, play the song from 2:33)

MAGGIE

(begins singing along)
Please celebrate me home...
Gimme a number...

EMMA

Ugh, this is why I hate this place. Everyone is in everyone's business.

MAGGIE

Please celebrate me home...
Play me one more song!

The song segues into a soft piano break...

EMMA

Great. Now my mom's gonna know I'm home. She's gonna wanna bitch about my father and his Brazilian girlfriend, who's preggers by the way. Which means his dick still works. Gross.

MAGGIE

Oooh, we got a new slide!

Maggie begins singing with the female gospel chorus.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I just never fit in here,
that's the God's honest
truth.

MAGGIE

(softly)
Celebrate, celebrate,
celebrate me home...

Emma can't help herself, this shit is too good. She joins in. The girls sing in a round.

EMMA
*Celebrate, celebrate,
 celebrate me home, come on
 daddy!*

MAGGIE
 (in a deep man's voice)
*Well, I'm finally here,
 But I'm bound to roam,
 Come on, celebrate me home!*

As the song reaches it's crescendo, Emma uses Maggie's boob as a microphone. Maggie sings into the other one.

EMMA AND MAGGIE
 (singing to boobs wildly)
*Please, celebrate me home! Gimme a
 number. Please, celebrate me home!*

A cop pulls up next to them. This is MARK RODRIGUEZ (35, ruggedly handsome.) Maggie sees him and stops singing, but Emma continues...

MAGGIE
 Emma. Emma. Emma, stop!

EMMA
*Come on, daddy! Come on,
 mama! Celebrate your boobs!!*

Finally Emma turns to see the cop staring at them.

EMMA
 Oh, my god, Mark!

MARK
 Hey, Em. You guys just feeling each other up at the stop sign? You've been parked here for 5 minutes.

EMMA
 (flustered)
 No, I was just using her boob as a microphone...

MARK
 Sure. Oh Mags, Tina's not feeling well, so she's not gonna be able to make it to the shower.

MAGGIE
 Oh, we'll save her a cupcake.

EMMA
 Who's Tina?

MARK
 My wife.

EMMA

Oh, you're married? Cool. Kewl.
It's not Tina Steigerwalt from the
drill team, who was like --
(does a high weird voice)
-- I broke my arm again cause I
have the bones of a bird.

Mark is silent.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(realizing)
Yes! That same Tina! Oh, she was so
nice! Congratulations!

MARK

Okay, well, good to see you, Em.

EMMA

And a good day to you, sir.

Emma tips an imaginary cap to him, making a clicking noise.
He nods and drives off. A beat.

MAGGIE

Well, I think that went great.

EMMA

Really? I just tipped an invisible
cap to the man I lost my virginity
to. Why didn't you tell me he was
married to Bird Bones?

MAGGIE

You told me never to speak of him
again.

EMMA

I told you never to speak of that
night. Ugh, I still feel so guilty
about how I handled that. I just
got on a plane and never called him
again. But I was 23... who proposes
to someone when they're 23?

MAGGIE

Well, if you're in love... but you
weren't, so...

EMMA

Right. I wasn't. So just drive me
home.

MAGGIE

Yes ma'am.

Maggie tips an invisible cap and makes a clicking noise. Emma shoots her a look.

EXT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Maggie and Emma arrive in front of Maggie's house, a charming Cape Cod that's clearly been well-loved. They get out.

EMMA

Oh, Mags, the house looks exactly the same! I love it!

Maggie's husband, BRUCE (37, blue collar, Rhode Island) comes out.

BRUCE

Hey, Shanghai! Get over here.

EMMA

Bruce!

Bruce gives Emma a bear hug.

BRUCE

Are they not feeding you in China, you skinny-marink? You know what it is, they have different sauces over there. It's hell on the plumbing.

MAGGIE

Babe, can we not?

BRUCE

(leaning in to Emma)
But tell me the truth, did those sauces take your butt by storm?

MAGGIE

Enough!

EMMA

He's actually right. They did take my butt by storm.

BRUCE

I knew it!

MAGGIE

Bruce, did you finish the crib? I wanna show Emma the nursery.

BRUCE

Busted. I forgot.

MAGGIE

I woulda done it myself, I'm just not supposed to lift those big pieces.

BRUCE

Tell you what, I'll finish it up in the man cave while you ladies are doing your party. Now, get in there and see what your weird brother did with the place.

The girls enter the house to find...

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is decked out in a "Woodland Animals" theme for the shower. Maggie's brother, ZACH (30, beanpole thin) stands on a stepladder arranging a garland of pinecone shaped pom-poms.

EMMA

Oh. My. God. What is this Woodland Wonderland I've stumbled upon?

MAGGIE

Do you like it?

Emma picks up a cupcake from the beautiful dessert spread.

EMMA

Is this a hedgehog cupcake?! I'm going to punch you in the face!

MAGGIE

We got the idea from this woman, "Martie with the Party" from the Food Network.

ZACH

(from atop the stepladder)
She's all about fun, flavorful, fearless entertainin'.

EMMA

If you didn't sexually harass me all through high school, I would assume you were a stone cold gay man.

ZACH
I'll take that as a compliment.

Emma's phone buzzes. She checks it. Her face falls.

MAGGIE
What's wrong?

EMMA
Nothing. It's just work. They moved this big presentation up, so I'm gonna have to Skype in for it tonight.

MAGGIE
This is the first weekend you've had off in three years!

EMMA
I know, but it's fine. You're not even gonna notice --

MAGGIE
I'm noticing right now.

EMMA
-- cause I'm gonna do it at night while you're snuggled up like a bug in a rug growing this human.

Maggie sighs and heads into the kitchen. The moment she's out of earshot, Emma aggressively whispers to Zach.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, Martie with the Party, get off that step stool. I gotta talk to you.

ZACH
(still atop the stepstool)
Sure. I just need to ask you one question... Do you notice anything?

EMMA
No.

ZACH
I gained 15 pounds since last we met.

EMMA
Doesn't show.

ZACH
It's all in my thighs.

EMMA
That's where a woman gains weight,
just FYI.

ZACH
Just FYI, that's where I gain
weight too.

EMMA
I don't have time for this. Did you
finish the video?

ZACH
Yeah, I just have to Ken Burns-it.

EMMA
The shower's in 2 hours!

ZACH
Hey, settle down. They have Apple
TV. All I do is connect my laptop
to their WiFi. Although, I would
feel more comfortable if we had a
code word for when to start.

EMMA
Fine. What do you want the code
word to be?

ZACH
Tornado.

Emma rolls her eyes and goes into the kitchen.

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER

The baby shower is in full swing. QUICK MONTAGE of people enjoying the party. It's a small group including Bruce's mother, MARY PAT CARNEGIE (68, think Rhode Island Shoebox Greetings woman), MARIE (Bruce's manly sister), Zach, Emma, Maggie and two of Maggie's girlfriends.

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The party guests are seated like an All-You-Can-Eat competition. In front of them, they have what looks to be dirty diapers. Mary Pat addresses the group.

MARY PAT

As the grandmother of 14 beautiful Carnegie babies and the proud mother of Bruce, I would like to welcome you all to the 15th annual Carnegie Diaper Derby!

MARIE

YEEEEAAAAHHHHHH!

MARY PAT

In front of you, you will find diapers full of melted chocolate simulating poop. Sniff it, lick it, whatever you want. Then scream out what kind of chocolate it is.

EMMA

Now, Mary Pat, are these all in the Hersheys family?

MARY PAT

It goes everywhere from Zagnuts to Whatchamacallits! Start sniffing!

Everyone starts furiously licking diapers and screaming out different chocolates. We stay with Maggie and Emma. Maggie goes face-first into a diaper and comes up with a Tom Selleck-sized chocolate mustache.

MAGGIE

Mr. Goodbar!! Is it a Mr. Goodbar?

Emma starts laughing uncontrollably.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

BE SERIOUS! Get your face in there!

Emma starts to dive into the diaper, but her phone rings.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Don't you dare answer that phone.

EMMA

I'll be right back. Keep sniffing, Tom Selleck, you're doing great!

Emma takes the call. Zach dives into a diaper and comes out with chocolate covering his entire mouth.

ZACH

Oh, my god, this is real poop!

(a beat)

(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D)
Just kidding, you guys. It's an
Almond Joy.

MARY PAT
5 more seconds, ladies!

MAGGIE
(panicking)
Payday? Hershey's Dark? Emma!

Marie grabs the diaper out of Maggie's hand and licks it.

MARIE
It's a NUT-RAGEOUS!!!

MARY PAT
Correct! Diapers down, hands up.
With a record-breaking total of 9
diapers, the winner is... ZACH!

Marie punches a pillow as Zach triumphantly raises two
diapers over his head. Emma rejoins Maggie.

EMMA
I'm sorry.

MAGGIE
It's fine. There'll be other Diaper
Derbies. Maybe not my own...

EMMA
I know what's gonna turn that frown
upside-down.
(standing)
If I could have everyone's
attention...
(to Zach, quietly)
Tornado...

Zach makes no movement.

EMMA (CONT'D)
We have a little something special
planned...
(to Zach, louder)
Zach, tornado.

ZACH
Why do you just keep saying
tornado?
(a beat)
Oh, right, sorry.

He scrambles up, grabs his laptop and starts the video.

VIDEO: It starts with a close-up of Zach playing Chuck Mangione's "Feels So Good" on his trumpet.

EMMA
What the hell is this?

ZACH
You told me to score it.

VIDEO: Zach's head spirals into the corner as baby photos of Maggie and Bruce begin. One of Maggie with her parents plays.

MAGGIE
(tearing up)
Emma, where did you find that?

Emma smiles. Mary Pat leans over and grabs Maggie's hand.

MARY PAT
You're the spitting image of your mother. She woulda been so proud.

VIDEO: All of a sudden, the video goes to black and is replaced with a CLOSE UP OF A WOMAN'S BUTT CHEEKS.

EMMA
Whose butt is that?

BRUCE (IN SKYPE)
Yeah, show me that juicy ass. What are you gonna put up there for Daddy?

VIDEO: An inset of Bruce's face in the lower corner. This is a live web chat between Bruce and a muscular GERMAN WOMAN (SCREENNAME: LUMBERJACK 47).

GERMAN WOMAN (IN SKYPE)
(thick accent, deep voice)
Bruce, what about this biscuit can?

BRUCE (IN SKYPE)
We don't call it that in America, we call it a cookie tin, but okay. Put that up there.

MAGGIE
Wait, what's happening?

ZACH
It's the Apple TV. I think Bruce's laptop is overriding mine from the basement.

EMMA

Oh my God.

GERMAN WOMAN (IN SKYPE)

And what are you going to put up
there for me, Daddy?

BRUCE (IN SKYPE)

Let me show you, sweet Mommy.

As he starts to get up, Maggie screams.

MAGGIE

BRUCE?!!

Bruce, hearing Maggie's voice from upstairs, looks up from
his man cave. He's caught.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MAGGIE'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The shower guests watch in shock as Maggie and Bruce fight.

MAGGIE (ON TV)
Who is Lumberjack 47?!

BRUCE (ON TV)
I don't know -- she just popped up
on my screen!

MAGGIE (ON TV)
Oh come on, she calls you Daddy!

Just then, another MUSCULAR GERMAN WOMAN appears on screen.

GERMAN WOMAN 2 (ON SKYPE)
Hallo, Bruce. Are you available for
backdoor pleasure?

MARY PAT
Oh god, there's more than one.

EMMA
Okay, this is over. Zach, how do I
turn this off?

Zach jumps up. Emma grabs a remote, but only makes it louder.

GERMAN WOMAN 2
(loudly)
BRUCE, I BROUGHT A POPSICLE!

EMMA
Why is it louder?!

ZACH
Here, I'll try this --

TV: The camera zooms in on the new German woman's chest.

ZACH (CONT'D)
Oh, no, why?!

EMMA
Tornado, Zach. TORNADOOOOOO!

Zach turns to the shower guests, blocking the TV.

ZACH
 Alright, EVERYBODY OUT! Nothing to
 see here! Move along, ladies!

Emma and Zach usher the guests out the door quickly.

MARY PAT
 The Carnegie men have always been
 anally fixated. I don't know why.

She wipes a smear of chocolate off the side of her mouth.

MARY PAT (CONT'D)
 Oh, there was the Zagnut.

EMMA
 Goodbye, Mary Pat.

EXT. MAGGIE'S BACKYARD - A LITTLE LATER

Emma walks out the back door looking for Maggie.

EMMA
 Maggie? Mags! Oh no...

She sees that Maggie has crammed her pregnant self into their
 childhood playhouse, a miniature replica of Maggie's house.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 (knocks on the tiny door)
 Mags?

MAGGIE
 Who is it?

EMMA
 It's your old pal, Emma. How's it
 going in there?

MAGGIE
 Pretty terrible.

EMMA
 Do you maybe wanna come out?

MAGGIE
 (through sniffles)
 Can you come in?

Emma squats down, opens the tiny door and peeks in.

EMMA

Okay, it's been a while. I don't know how much space there really is in here.

MAGGIE

(starting to cry)
I know, I'm huge!

EMMA

No, no, no! I'll figure it out.

INT. TINY PLAYHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Emma starts to back into the tiny house. To fit she has to wrap her legs around Maggie - scissor style. Maggie takes one look at her and begins to cry.

EMMA

Okay, okay. Why don't you tell me what happened down there.

MAGGIE

Well, apparently there's a whole community of women who specialize in putting things up their butts.

EMMA

And are they all German?

MAGGIE

They're not all German, but he prefers the Germans, I guess because of their husky nature.

EMMA

And does he see them in person?

MAGGIE

No. But there's one main girl, you know, Lumberjack 47?

EMMA

Right.

MAGGIE

He's putting her through nursing school.

EMMA

Nursing school?! With what money?

MAGGIE

Our savings.

EMMA

I'm gonna kill him.

MAGGIE

I really shouldn't be surprised.
Things have been pretty awful with
us for a while.

EMMA

Mags, you never told me any of
this!

MAGGIE

I didn't wanna bother you. You're
so busy at work.

EMMA

You're not bothering me. I always
have time for you.

MAGGIE

It's just embarrassing. You're over
there hob-knobbin' with Asian high
rollers, trading diamonds for
briefcases of money --

EMMA

What are you talking about?

MAGGIE

I don't know, that's what happened
in Skyfall.

EMMA

My life is nothing like Skyfall,
okay? Daniel Craig is not my
boyfriend. I don't have a
boyfriend. In fact, I have no
friends, except my assistant
Ryuchi, who probably only goes to
karaoke with me cause he has to...
or because I do a phenomenal
Mandarin version of "I Don't Think
You're Ready For This Jelly."

Maggie smiles and then breaks down again.

MAGGIE

I just really wanted to make the
right choice.

EMMA

You did. You made the right choice for when you were 25. I mean, you'd just lost both your parents, you wanted someone safe.

MAGGIE

But how am I gonna do this alone?

EMMA

Hey, we're gonna figure it out. But we don't have to figure it out tonight. Tonight, we just need to get ourselves out of this house.

MAGGIE

Can you just stay for one extra day? I know you have work.

EMMA

Of course I can stay for one-- Hey, I'm gonna stay for an extra week!

Maggie hugs Emma. Emma notices something in the corner.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Now, I don't want to alarm you, but there's a rustling behind you.

MAGGIE

Oh yeah, there's a raccoon family that's been nesting in here.

EMMA

Then why are we in here?

MAGGIE

They're friendly. We only need to worry if they make the sound...

(making raccoon sound)

Eh eh eh eh...

From the back of the playhouse, they hear that exact sound.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Oh no! He thought I was being aggressive when I went...

(making raccoon sound)

Eh eh eh eh!

EMMA

Then stop doing it!

As the raccoon's cries escalate, the girls scramble out.

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM - 2:56 AM

An exhausted Emma tucks in a sleeping Maggie. We see on the clock it's 2:56 am. She shuts the door softly.

INT. MAGGIE'S GUEST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Emma comes into her room to find 6 missed calls from work.

EMMA

Oh my god, the meeting!

She starts rushing around the room, throwing clothes, searching for something to wear.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Where the hell's my blazer?

She finds it crumpled, throws it on over her pajamas, grabs a folder, opens her laptop and Skypes in.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SHANGHAI CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME (4 PM MONDAY)

MR. ZHANG (62, stern) and the Chinese businessmen from earlier sit around a conference table. Graham, Emma's boss, leads the meeting. Emma's Skype feed pops up on a huge screen in front of them.

GRAHAM

...the right time to strike with a casino complex of this magnitude.

EMMA

I'm so sorry to have been delayed. There were technical difficulties.

GRAHAM

(glaring at her)

Emma, excellent. Mr. Zhang, this is our Senior Analyst, Emma Cranston. She will finish taking you through the specifications of the facility.

EMMA

Absolutely, so what we're looking at, Mr. Zhang, um... is... hold on one second, I'm sorry... Okay, here we go. With 557 gaming tables, 805 slot machines, and that's all in addition to the 1.2 million...

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 Wait, is that right?

MR. ZHANG
 If I may... interrupt...

Mr. Zhang speaks very slowly, as if he's telling a fable.

MR. ZHANG (CONT'D)
 When my father started this company
 in the early twenties... he was...
 a shoe salesman... not even a shoe
 salesman, he just made the soles...
 of shoes...

We see that Emma is having a hard time keeping her eyes open.

MR. ZHANG (CONT'D)
 And now this company is a multi-
 billion dollar corporation and I...
 am responsible not only for the
 financial welfare of many people,
 but also... for the integrity of my
 father's name --

Cut to Emma on the big video screen. She is asleep.

MR. ZHANG (CONT'D)
 Is she sleeping?
 (yelling in Mandarin)
 I have never been so disrespected!

The sound of Mr. Zhang's screaming wakes Emma.

EMMA
 Mr. Zhang, I'm so sorry...

MR. ZHANG
 (to Graham)
 This deal is off.

The Zhang clan exits, leaving Graham alone with Emma.

EMMA
 Graham, I am so sorry --

GRAHAM
 What was that? I have never seen a
 display like that ever from you.

EMMA
 I know. I've been up for 48 hours
 and my best friend's husband left
 her and --

GRAHAM

I don't honestly care. I just need you on a plane to Shanghai to fix this. NOW.

EMMA

Graham, she's falling apart.

GRAHAM

You may have just lost us our biggest client and nothing else is more important than fixing that.

EMMA

This is the only weekend I've asked off in three years!

GRAHAM

Emma, you are either on that plane or you are gone. Understood?

EXT. MAGGIE'S FRONT PORCH - A LITTLE LATER

Emma sits on the front porch swing sadly rocking. A flashlight suddenly shines in her face.

MARK

Stonington Police! Please state your name --

EMMA

Oh my god!

MARK

Emma?

EMMA

Mark! Why are you creeping around Maggie's front yard?

MARK

Mrs. Johanssen from across the street called and said there was a broad-shouldered, blazered man sitting on Maggie's front porch.

EMMA

Can you get that flashlight out of my face?

MARK

Sorry. What are you doing out here at 3 AM?

Emma looks at him for a moment. Should she open up?

EMMA

I just messed up something huge at work and now I have to tell Maggie that I can't stay like I promised and I feel like a terrible person.

A beat.

MARK

Well, you kind of are.

EMMA

Excuse me?

MARK

I mean, you should stay. Your friend's life is falling apart.

EMMA

I can't stay. They'll fire me.

MARK

So get another job.

EMMA

I just spent the past 11 years working day and night for this company --

MARK

And they can't give you a couple days off? Screw them.

EMMA

Okay, it's a little more complicated than spending your Saturday night trying to figure out who threw lawn furniture into the Rivera's pool.

MARK

I don't know why you're making this personal. And I cracked that case thanks to a little piece of red t-shirt fabric belonging to Joffrey Davidson. His parents had just gotten a divorce, he was acting out. So don't tell me about complicated.

Emma rolls her eyes.

MARK (CONT'D)

You know what? Do whatever you want. You always have. No matter how it affects other people.

EMMA

What is that supposed to mean?

MARK

I'll see you later. I'm gonna go tell Mrs. Johanssen she has everything to fear.

EXT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Establishing shot, the sun rising on the beautiful house.

INT. MAGGIE'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Maggie comes into the kitchen to find Emma cooking breakfast.

EMMA

Morning, sleepyhead! Pop a squat! I'm firin' up the flapjacks, cause guess what? I'm unemployed! That's right, I told Graham I needed a couple personal days and he said no, so I said "Qin wode pigu!" which means "Kiss my ass" in Mandarin. So guess who's gonna move in here and help you take care of that baby? Me! Cause sisters are doing it for themselves!

Before Maggie can say anything, Bruce ambles in.

BRUCE

Great! The more the merrier!

Bruce chomps on bacon, as Emma looks at Maggie in disbelief.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. MAGGIE'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie and Emma walk into the backyard towards the tiny playhouse.

EMMA

What is Bruce doing here?

MAGGIE

(defensive)

He came over really early and he was crying and saying how he couldn't live without me and I don't know, I mean, I'm about to have a baby. I have to try and work it out.

EMMA

Well, is that what you want? Cause last night you said you weren't in love with him anymore.

MAGGIE

That's not what I said.

EMMA

That *is* what you said.

MAGGIE

I never said those words.

EMMA

You said you didn't make a right choice.

MAGGIE

And then you said that was FINE!

EMMA

I said that was fine for then, but don't make the same mistake now cause you're afraid!

MAGGIE

You know, I don't have a lot of choices here --

EMMA

You do have a choice! I said I would move here! I will help you!

MAGGIE

You can't move here. You couldn't even drive down Main Street without having a nervous breakdown!

EMMA

So I'll take the side streets, what's your point?

MAGGIE

Will you keep your voice down? You're gonna wake up those raccoons!

EMMA

Good! If they're in there screwing their raccoon brains out, they need to know that life doesn't always work out like you planned and when that happens, you have to let your friend help you!

MAGGIE

That sounds great, unless your friend has a history of jumping trash can to trash can.

EMMA

When have I ever jumped trash cans on you?

MAGGIE

Well, not with me, but with Mark and your mom... you just bail when things get hard. It's not your fault. Your dad left, you don't know any better.

This hits Jessica hard.

EMMA

Fine. If you're too chickenshit to take a leap, then enjoy your life in this stupid trash can with Bruce and Lumberjack 47! Hope you all get butt rabies.

Emma walks into the house, leaving Maggie in the yard alone.

EXT. MAGGIE'S FRONT PORCH - AN HOUR LATER

Maggie watches sadly from the front porch as Emma gets into a cab and drives away.

INT. MAGGIE'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Maggie walks towards her bedroom and notices the door to the nursery is ajar. She opens the door to find...

INT. THE NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

The nursery has been completely put together. It looks beautiful. The curtains are hung, the crib is finished, the photo of Maggie with her parents (from the video) hangs above it. Her eyes well up and she heads downstairs.

INT. BRUCE'S MAN CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie comes in to find Bruce standing next to his desk.

MAGGIE

Babe... the crib.

BRUCE

Oh, damnit! I'll do it later today, I promise.

MAGGIE

No, the whole nursery's done. You didn't do it?

BRUCE

No.

MAGGIE

(realizing)

Emma.

BRUCE

Emma did it! What a friend. Alright, mystery solved. Better get back to --

MAGGIE

Why are you acting so weird? Are you still talking to her?

BRUCE

Babe, no!

Maggie opens his laptop, but it's on ESPN.com.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Mags, I know it's hard, but if we're gonna get through this, you have to try and trust me --

All of a sudden, a Skype window pops up with Lumberjack 47.

LUMBERJACK 47 (ON SKYPE)
Bruce, I'm back. My mom said she'll watch the twins this weekend so I can come visit you! Shall I bring my biscuit can?

Bruce is frozen.

MAGGIE
(stone cold)
Get out of my house.

BRUCE
Okay, I'll just take my computer --

MAGGIE
No, you will not! ABSOLUTELY NOT!

Maggie slaps Bruce's hands off the laptop and gets in Lumberjack 47's face.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(into computer)
And FYI, we call it a COOKIE TIN!

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Emma's town car has been pulled over by Mark. He stands behind the car writing a ticket.

EMMA
What did we do?

MARK
You didn't do anything. Your driver has an expired registration.

EMMA
You have to do this right now?

MARK
Yeah, it's the one thing I have to do, cause, you know, my job is so uncomplicated.

EMMA
I know what's going on. What's this called? When you police follow people, like a gay person, and then bash them. You're setting me up!

MARK

You think I'm gay bashing you?

EMMA

You know what I'm saying.

MARK

Get back in the car.

EMMA

Just so you know, I took your stupid advice and Maggie doesn't want me here. So can you just let me leave this stupid town?!

Townspeople have begun to gather to watch the excitement.
MRS. JOHANSSSEN (80's, housecoat) shouts out.

MRS. JOHANSSSEN

Mark, should I call for back-up? Is that man bothering you?

EMMA

Mrs. Johanssen, it's Emma Cranston!
You know me.

MRS. JOHANSSSEN

Oh, well, then you should cinch your waist, cause no one can tell you're a woman!

MARK

Mrs. Johanssen, everything's fine.

EMMA

Everything is NOT fine! You're clearly still mad at me. Well, I get it. I'm a bad person, everyone hates me, so I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Mark. I'm sorry Pakistani man, for whatever I may have done to you.

The Pakistani man from the Main Drugs steps forward.

PAKISTANI MAN

Transfer your prescriptions, we have no trouble.

Just then, Maggie, out of breath, comes running up.

MAGGIE

Thank you, Mark.

EMMA

Wait a second, did you ask him to pull me over?

He tips an imaginary cap at Emma and makes a clicking noise.

MAGGIE

(leaning on her knees)
Can you just give me a second, cause I am sure enough out of breath.

EMMA

Okay, you guys are both gonna be held in contempt... of something as soon as I figure out --

MAGGIE

Will you shut up and let me talk for a second? I love you, okay? And I want you to stay here and help me raise this baby.

PAKISTANI MAN

Oh, this is different.

EMMA

What about all the stuff you said about how I couldn't do it?

MAGGIE

I don't know if you can do it. I don't honestly know if I can do it. But I do know that you're the only one that I want with me.

Zach runs up to join them, also out of breath.

ZACH

Sorry I'm late. Man, you'd think I'd have more cardiovascular strength what with all the trumpeting I'm doing. What'd I miss?

MRS. JOHANSEN

Maggie just asked this gentleman to stay with her.

EMMA

Is it the blazer?

MAGGIE

So, Emma, what do you say? Will you stay with me in this stupid trash can?

EMMA

(tearing up)

Yes. I'll stay with you in your stupid trash can.

The crowd cheers. Maggie goes to Emma to hug her.

PAKISTANI MAN

Kiss her! KISS! HER!

EMMA

It's not like that, sir, we're just very good friends.

PAKISTANI MAN

I don't care, after all that *somebody* has to kiss!

Mrs. Johanssen grabs Zach and kisses him passionately.

EMMA

Mrs. Johanssen!

A beat. He shrugs.

ZACH

Give the people what they want.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. THE NURSERY

Emma struts around the nursery, showing off her handiwork.

EMMA

I don't know why it took you so long to put this crib together. It's pretty intuitive.

MAGGIE

Wait, did you not follow the directions?

EMMA

No, I just did it by feel.

MAGGIE

I'm not putting my baby in that.

EMMA

Mags, this thing is sturdy. Watch, I'll get into it.

MAGGIE

Emma, please don't.

She crawls into the crib delicately and lays down.

EMMA

Wahhh. I'm a baby and I love my awesome crib.

She pulls herself up on the railing.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Do you want to apologize?

Suddenly, the crib collapses on top of her, burying her in pieces of wood.