

The Babymoon

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FADE IN:

EXT. HILLS OF SAN FRANCISCO - AFTERNOON

A HAPPY YOUNG COUPLE takes advantage of the sunny day to take a walk along the tree-lined street, hand-in-hand, wheeling their BABY in a stroller. The picture of family bliss. They begin to cross the street, barely noticing...

The PRIUS out of nowhere, racing down on them at 90 mph, horn BLARING. The couple jumps out of the way just in time.

PHIL'S VOICE (O.S.)
I hate it when you speed! You'll
get into an accident.

INT. PRIUS - SAME TIME

It's a mess of papers and old water bottles. At the wheel is LAURIE ZELLER, 34, strong, no-nonsense, slightly scatter-brained workaholic. She talks to her husband on BLUETOOTH.

LAURIE
I'm not speeding.

PHIL (O.S.)
I heard pedestrians screaming.

LAURIE
They weren't screaming. They
were... cheering for me.

PHIL (O.S.)
Baby, let's just do it tonight.

LAURIE
No, I'm working late tonight and I
have a full hour for lunch today,
so take off your pants cause I'm
gonna rock your world.

PHIL (O.S.)
(a little sexy)
Oh yeah? What are you gonna do?

LAURIE
Well first, I'm gonna--

IN HER REARVIEW MIRROR - Laurie sees a police car, sirens on.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Um, hold please.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The POLICEMAN approaches the car, leans into Laurie's open window. Laurie thrusts out her hand, sighs.

LAURIE
Just give it to me.

PHIL (O.S.)
Oh I'm gonna give it to you so hard-

Laurie quickly turns off speakerphone.

POLICEMAN
I'm gonna need your license and registration, and I'm gonna need you to step out of the vehicle.

LAURIE
(changing tactics - sweet)
Oh no really? 'Cause you could also just give me the ticket and let me go. I wouldn't ask, but it's super important --

POLICEMAN
Catching a flight? Late for a big work meeting? I've pretty much heard it all.

LAURIE
I'm ovulating.

POLICEMAN
License and registration.

LAURIE
Today. The egg is literally dropping right now, my vaginal mucus is at an all time thin, and this cervix is falling-off-the vine RIPE. And I am on the wrong side of thirty here, so I'm sure as hell not gonna waste what could be my LAST egg getting a speeding ticket from some uptight glorified meter maid. So here's what's going to happen, Officer - I'm gonna go home now and have sex with my husband. If you want to call your deputy and get all your little soldiers out here to chase me, go right ahead. But I am not coming in without a fight.

(MORE)

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Either I'll make it home to my husband, or you'll have to explain to your captain why you were on the six o'clock news dragging a poor crying woman who only wanted a baby down to the slammer. Either way, one of us is getting fucked today.

Off the stunned Policeman...

CUT TO:

EXT. ZELLER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Laurie's Prius SQUEALS into the driveway and screeches to a halt. Laurie flies out of the car and runs into the house, unbuttoning her pants and pulling off her shirt as she runs.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Laurie bursts in, dropping clothes on the floor of the otherwise immaculate house as she goes. The Zellers' two ferocious looking PIT BULLS greet Laurie happily.

LAURIE

Hi, sweeties, hi little girls...
(then, calling upstairs)
I'M HOME!

PHIL (O.S.)

Up here!

Laurie bounds up the stairs and into the bedroom, a romantic scene of lit candles and champagne on ice. Her husband, PHIL ZELLER, lies naked on the bed. Phil's 36, although he's the type of uptight guy who's been an adult since birth.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I tried to set the mood.

LAURIE

Aw, baby, that's so sweet.

Laurie quickly blows out the candles, takes a giant swig of champagne straight out of the bottle, and leaps onto Phil.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

I have six minutes. Let's do this thing.

AS WE MOVE away from Laurie and Phil, past a HAPPY WEDDING PHOTO on the bedside table, we...

BEGIN CREDIT MONTAGE TO Prince's *Let's Have a Baby*.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Phil and Laurie have quick, missionary, babymaking sex. As soon as Phil finishes, Laurie lies back, holding her legs up.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Laurie swipes a giant armful of pregnancy tests into a cart.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Phil and Laurie have more sex, this time with Laurie hanging over the bed upside down.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Laurie sits on the toilet, pants around her ankles, and Phil leans over her, as they excitedly wait for the results of a pregnancy test, holding hands in anticipation. Her expression shows it's negative. She chuckles it in the trash.

EXT. ZELLER HOUSE - DAY

Phil pulls up in his car. He runs inside. We slowly pan 360° around to see the rest of the quiet neighborhood. By the time we get back to the front door, Laurie is running out the door, fumbling to button her shirt.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

More negative pregnancy stick hit the wastebasket, which is beginning to fill up.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Phil runs into the kitchen in his bathrobe. He dumps an "Ensure" nutrition shake and a Red Bull into a blender, then gulps it down thirstily as Laurie runs in in her bathrobe and drags him back to the bedroom.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Start on a book - "YOU'RE NOT CONCEIVING. NOW WHAT?" Pull back to reveal Laurie's reading it intently, highlighting large portions, a look of grim determination on her face. Pull back further to reveal Phil fucking her from behind, a look of grim determination on his face. She turns the page.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Another negative pregnancy test hits the overflowing trash can, then falls to the floor. The pit bulls immediately pounce on it, start fighting over it violently.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. OB/GYN EXAM ROOM - DAY

Laurie sits on the exam table in a gown. Phil sits nearby. The kindly, old fashioned but potty-mouthed OB/GYN looks over Laurie's labs.

OB/GYN

Thyroid's fine, no pituitary problems, testosterone's good... Fuck if I know, there's no reason why you shouldn't be conceiving.

Laurie and Phil look disappointed. A beat, then --

LAURIE

Okay, what about IVF? Or artificial insemination?

PHIL

Hormone shots? Clomid for her, gonadotropin for me?

LAURIE

Intracytoplasmic sperm injection?

PHIL

Zygote intrafallopian transfer -

OB/GYN

Whoa, whoa -- let's slow this shit down. Come on, guys. Are we making babies here or cyborgs?

Phil and Laurie look at him blankly. Then...

PHIL

Intrauterine subcutaneous hyper-stimulation vitrification --

OB/GYN

You ever play Space Invaders?

PHIL

Space Invaders?

OB/GYN

Yeah, you know, little ship - you move left, right, shoot the aliens. Her eggs are the aliens and your dick is the spaceship. It's easy to hit 'em at first, when you're young, cause there's aliens everywhere. But then you get older. Which for Laurie means...?

PHIL

Diminished ovarian reserve.

OB/GYN

Fewer invaders, exactly. And they're not those nice fat bitches at the bottom anymore, they're the tiny little evil jellyfish motherfuckers from the top, and they're moving fast.

Laurie and Phil exchange an alarmed look.

OB/GYN (CONT'D)

So now you're getting nervous about how you can't hit them like you used to, your bodies start making mistakes, which makes them even harder to hit, so you get more nervous, and pretty soon... Game over.

Laurie and Phil take this in.

OB/GYN (CONT'D)

Look, you guys don't need any hi-tech, fancy procedure shit yet, you just need to stop worrying about it. Stressing about conceiving stops you from conceiving.

LAURIE

So we should just...

OB/GYN
Chill the fuck out. And keep playing.

The OB winks and leaves. Laurie and Phil look at each other, smile. Then Phil unbuckles his pants and Laurie puts her feet in the stirrups. As they start to do it on the exam table, giggling...

INT. NICE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The DOORBELL RINGS. A CUTE GIRL (14) opens the door to GENE, a sketchy-looking man in his 40s. He eyes her lasciviously.

CUTE GIRL
Yay! You made it.

GENE
Yeah. You look hot.

CUTE GIRL
Thanks. So do you. Did you bring the condoms?

GENE
Yeah.

CUTE GIRL
Awesome. I'm gonna go change. You should get comfy.

She runs off. Gene takes off his shirt. This does not make him more attractive. A pitcher of lemonade is on the counter.

CUTE GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You can have lemonade if you want.

GENE
Maybe I can lick some off your nipples.

GAIUS WITHERS (40), good-looking, cocky, affected, preppie anchorman type, walks in.

GAIUS
Maybe you can lick some off my nipples.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NICE HOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Laurie, wearing a headset, sits with several other people in this bedroom which has been outfitted as a makeshift control room. She watches the scene play out on hidden cameras on a series of monitors. We realize that she's the producer of this *To Catch a Predator*-like show.

LAURIE
(to Gaius over headset)
Nice one.

GAIUS
What were you planning on doing here, Gene?

GENE
Just wanted to talk to this girl.

BACK ON - Laurie as her ASSISTANT PRODUCER RON, who sits next to her, turns to her.

RON
"Thought she was eighteen."

LAURIE
Nope. "Warn her about online creeps."

THEY WATCH ON MONITOR --

GENE
I was just coming over to warn her to watch out for weird guys on the internet.

RON
Damn!

He hands a five-dollar bill to Laurie, who smiles.

LAURIE
Don't mess with the master.

On LAURIE'S MONITOR, we see Gaius pull out a COMPUTER PRINTOUT of a web chat.

GAIUS
Funny. Cause you said some pretty racy things in your web chat. You wrote "I want to suck the tips of your nips. LOL.
(MORE)

GAIUS (CONT'D)
BTW, I'm not that big down there but
I got huge balls." And you attached
some very graphic photos...

Ron and Laurie barely pay attention as he goes on and on.

LAURIE
Hey, I'm not going to make it back
to edit tonight - I have to cut out
early for my birthday dinner.

RON
Oooh, slacker. Working less than a
17 hour day.
(then)
Doesn't Phil get pissed you're
never home?

LAURIE
No, Phil couldn't be more
supportive of my career, even since
the day we met. I smashed up his
fender in the Starbucks parking lot-

RON
Let me guess -- speeding to work.

LAURIE
He just gets how lucky I am to love
what I do.

GAIUS
(continuing in B.G.)
...are you saying these aren't your
penis and balls, Gene?...

RON
Living the dream, Zeller.

LAURIE
(smiling sadly)
Yeah...almost.

INT. MEDICAL PRACTICE - PHIL'S OFFICE - DAY

A sterile, meticulously neat doctor's office. The walls are bare except for Phil's UCSF MEDICAL DEGREE and a depressing Edward Hopper painting. Two magazines with alarmist front pages like "SUPER GERMS - THE NEXT THREAT TO THE HUMAN RACE?" are arranged perfectly on a coffee table. A solemn Phil, in a WHITE COAT, sits at his desk facing a PATIENT WE CAN'T SEE.

PHIL

Look, I think you're gonna be fine, but I don't believe in sugarcoating things. There can always be complications: rheumatic fever, kidney inflammation, heart damage, coma, even death. Is there anyone you'd like me to talk to?

REVEAL Phil's talking to a terrified TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY on the verge of tears. Phil shifts uncomfortably.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Your...mommy and daddy, maybe?

The boy nods, tears beginning to fall.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, I'll talk to your parents. Look, strep throat isn't a death sentence, I've had a lot of success treating it, so...oh boy.

The boy is sobbing outright now. Phil has no idea how to handle it. He pushes a box of tissues across the desk.

INT. MEDICAL PRACTICE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Phil's door opens and the boy runs out, past Phil's longtime RECEPTIONIST into the waiting room.

LITTLE BOY

(crying)

Mommmmmmyyyyy....

Phil follows. The receptionist gives him a look.

RECEPTIONIST

A lollipop and a funny face go a long way, you know.

PHIL

I'm a doctor, not a clown. When you treat kids like idiots, they act like idiots.

RECEPTIONIST

Uh-huh. You and Laurie still trying for one of your own?

PHIL

Yeah, it's taking longer than we planned.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Which is hard when you feel like
you have so much love to give a
child, you know?

The Receptionist bites her tongue. Phil notices a DEAD POTTED PLANT on the desk. He picks it up.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You need to be a damned
horticulturist to keep these exotic
plants alive.

RECEPTIONIST

That was a house fern.

Phil throws the plant into the trash, heads through the door to the waiting room.

INT. MEDICAL PRACTICE - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PHIL

Who's next?

REVEAL all the CHILDREN in the waiting room look terrified of Phil. As a few begin to openly SOB...

INT. NICE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM / BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gaius is wrapping up. Gene looks ashamed.

GAIUS

Well this may not be the blow you
came for, but I'm about to blow your
mind... cause I'm Gaius Withers, and
you're on "Catch That Perv!"

Several CAMERAMEN with handheld cameras move in.

GENE

I know. I watch the show. There's
cops outside, right?

GAIUS

(a beat, then)

When you say you watch the show,
you mean you'll watch if it happens
to be on, or it's more appointment
viewing, Tivo Season Pass type
thing?

BACK ON Laurie and Ron roll their eyes as Gaius sits at the bar and pours lemonade for Gene.

LAURIE

Gaius, come on, kick him out
already.

GAIUS

Let's say I were hosting a series
of hidden camera shows, covering
everything from elder abuse to
political corruption on a state
level, is that something you would
be Strongly Likely, Likely, or Not
At All Likely to watch?

GENE

I don't know. I don't watch that
much TV. I'm mostly on my computer.

Gaius takes away the lemonade.

GAIUS

I think you should go now.

EXT. NICE HOUSE - DAY

Gaius wraps up the show outside the house. Laurie stands
beside the cameraman taping him. In the B.G., WE SEE GENE
BEING HANDCUFFED NEXT TO A SQUAD CAR.

GAIUS

Once again, we have exposed the
dark underbelly of the internet.
Behind every innocent message
board, in every web chat room or
celebrity blog, there is a pervert,
waiting to diddle your child. I'm
Gaius Withers, warning you to love
your children, or someone else
will. God speed and good night.

LAURIE

And cu--

Gaius solemnly holds out one finger, to give him a moment of
reflection. Then nods. Laurie sighs.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

Cut.

GAIUS

That went pretty well, I think.

LAURIE

Yeah. Maybe don't pitch the new show to the perverts.

GAIUS

Do you know what networks call sex predators? Viewers.

(changing subject)

So, do you have birthday plans?

LAURIE

Our families are coming to the house for dinner. A whole evening of "Why aren't you pregnant?" "This is how I got pregnant," "Here's some stupid African tribal charm to make you preg..."

She trails off as Gaius takes out a small STATUE of a MAN WITH AN ENORMOUS ERECT PENIS.

GAIUS

It's Priapus, ancient Greek god of fertility. Legend says that if you rub his member, you'll have a baby within a year. Happy birthday.

Laurie takes the statue. Tries to be heartfelt.

LAURIE

Thank you.

Gaius nods encouragingly - rub the statue. Laurie self-consciously STROKES THE STATUE PENIS. In the background, we see Gene staring at this in disbelief AS THE POLICE PUT HIM IN THE SQUAD CAR.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - ENTRY FOYER - NIGHT

Laurie and Phil open the door for Laurie's father WYATT and two older brothers, DARRYL (38) and RUSSELL (35). All three are big, athletic bone-heads. Wyatt hugs his daughter.

WYATT

Happy birthday, baby.

LAURIE

Thanks, daddy.

PHIL

(indicating Wyatt's gift)
I'll take that, Wyatt.

WYATT
Go long, doc.

Phil freezes awkwardly as Wyatt TOSSES THE GIFT at him. It hits him in the face and falls to the floor.

PHIL
Oops. Fumble.

Wyatt looks at him, gives a disappointed sigh, and moves on. Phil looks to Darryl's gift.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Can I take that?

DARRYL
(disgusted)
I got it, twinkle toes.

They move into the dining room as Phil's parents, GEIR and MIRA, enter. They speak with heavy Polish accents. Mira is critical, while Geir is more reserved. They carry CASSEROLE DISHES AND BASKETS OF FOOD. Phil hugs them.

PHIL
Dobry wieczór, Tata, Mama.

They hug Laurie.

MIRA
Happy birthday Laurie.

LAURIE
Thanks Mira. You didn't need to bring anything. I ordered like ten pizzas.

MIRA
It's nothing. For if maybe your guests are hungry for real food.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone sits around the dining room table, which is now completely loaded with casserole dishes. Mira scoops big mounds of food onto people's dishes. Several pizza boxes lie untouched except for the one slice Laurie is eating.

RUSSELL
Jackson is all finesse. Whenever anyone plays him bump and run, he can't get off the line.

LAURIE

That 4-2 40 speed is just being wasted.

WYATT

When I played for the 49ers, I always kept the D honest.

LAURIE

Yeah you did, Daddy.

Laurie, Russell, Wyatt and Darryl CLINK BEER BOTTLES, swig.

PHIL

Did you know the 49ers were named after the California gold rush of 1849?

They all stop at his pathetic attempt to be involved.

WYATT

Yeah, interesting stuff. How's the medical game, doc?

PHIL

Good. Obviously, dealing with HMOs can be frustrating when they deny procedures you think are necessary.

RUSSELL

I see the same thing in tourism. I booked this couple a honeymoon in Asia, and I'm like, you've gotta see Phuket. They've got the hottest chicks there, it's in the name. And they're like, no, we want to see temples and crap. Really frustrating.

PHIL

Yeah, so you get it.

MIRA

Laurie, how are the rapists?

LAURIE

Perverts. We're talking about spinning off another hidden camera show. Mechanics who lie about oil changes, stuff like that.

MIRA

You work too hard. Like a man.
This maybe is why you don't get
pregnant.

Laurie and Phil exchange a look: here we go.

PHIL

We've been over this, Mama. We're
both healthy and fertile, there is
no physical reason we're not
getting pregnant.

DARRYL

You know what you're doing, right
Philly?

LAURIE

Darryl!

DARRYL

I just mean, there's an art to it
maybe they don't teach in medical
school. It's not just sperm meets
egg and boom.

PHIL

It is that, actually.

GEIR

You must do sex like priest do sex.

There's general shock and surprise at this.

WYATT

Now what the hell is that supposed
to mean, Geir?

GEIR

No, I mis-speak. I mean, priest
always have sex on top.

WYATT

Hey, my mother was a Catholic, are
you demeaning my mother!?

Wyatt stands up. There's a lot of commotion as Phil gets up
to restrain him.

GEIR

*Nie. Co to jest slowo?
Czlowiek na gorze kobieta.*

MIRA

*Nie wiem. Sa one gorszy.
Uhhhh..... Top!*

GEIR

Top! Man on top of woman.

PHIL

Missionary, Dad. You mean
missionary. He means missionary!

WYATT

(sitting back down)

Oh. All right.

GEIR

Missionary. If you are fighting
gravity, you will always lose.

DARRYL

And don't douche with vodka. My ex
used to do that after sex and never
got pregnant once. And she was
boning lots of dudes, not just me.

LAURIE

Thanks, Darryl. Good to know.

MIRA

My mother was a grandmother by the
time she was thirty-five.

PHIL

That's Poland. There's nothing to
do there but have sex and wait in
lines.

MIRA

(in Polish, subtitled)

[All she does is work. She's 35 -
she is dry and barren like desert.]

LAURIE

What was that?

PHIL

She has faith it'll work out.

MIRA

[And she talks so loud.]

PHIL

Let's open some presents.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

In a series of jump cuts, we see Laurie opening up GIFTS. She unwraps some OLD, THICK "HOW TO GET PREGNANT"-TYPE BOOKS.

LAURIE
Wow, these are...
(DUE DATE CARD falls out)
...from the library.

GEIR
You will not to read them more than one time.

LAURIE
No, once is enough, thank you Geir.
I'll read them right away.

GEIR
Yes, within three weeks or late charge.

CUT TO:

Laurie unwraps a DVD OF A PORN MOVIE. Looks to Darryl.

DARRYL
It's educational, for Phil. Just follow what they do.

PHIL
Will do. Thank you.

DARRYL
(points to part of DVD)
Except this, not this. That doesn't get anyone pregnant. If I hear you did this to my little sister, so help me god--

CUT TO:

She pulls a TYPED SHEET OF PAPER out of a LARGE COOKING POT.

LAURIE
(reading)
"Fifty cooking classes."

MIRA
You can't feed baby pizza for always.

LAURIE
 (scared to ask)
 What cooking school is this to?

MIRA
 School of Mira. I teach you.

CUT TO:

Laurie holds up a TEE-SHIRT with a drawing of Wallace Shawn's character from *Princess Bride*, saying "I'm Conceivable!" She smiles at Wyatt, who is laughing his ass off.

CUT TO:

Finally, Laurie opens an envelope. Inside is a BROCHURE featuring A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND RESORT.

LAURIE
 (reading)
 La Tortuga Fertil.

RUSSELL
 It's this amazing resort on this island off the coast of Mexico. They've got this babymoon package for couples. You just lie by the pool, relax, they give you healthy fertility drinks and stuff. I set up two of my clients with it, they both got knocked up.

LAURIE (truly touched)	PHIL (also surprised)
Russell, thank you so much.	That is really generous.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
 You're welcome. And if you want to book it this month, I can get you an off-season discount.

LAURIE
 Oh, you're selling us the trip.

RUSSELL
 Yeah. The gift was the idea.
 (off everyone's stares)
 What - they wouldn't have thought of it without me.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - BATHROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laurie PEES ON A STICK in the bathroom. Phil tidies up and puts the presents away in the bedroom. He hangs his key chain on the penis of Gaius's Priapus statue.

PHIL

This is great. I finally have a place to keep my keys.

LAURIE

Most useful gift of the day.

PHIL

You're forgetting my dad's library books from the '70s. Did you know pregnant women aren't supposed to smoke more than one pack a day?

LAURIE

Hey, we're gonna be better parents than our parents, right? Promise me we're at least going to be better parents than that.

PHIL

We're definitely going to be better parents than that.

Phil enters the bathroom, where Laurie is looking at the STICK - NEGATIVE. AGAIN. She looks up at him, tears of frustration welling. He pulls her close.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Hey, c'mon...I love you. It'll happen for us.

LAURIE

When? I'm thirty-five. I feel like we're running out of time.

Phil throws the stick in the trash.

PHIL

What do you think of that place?
La Tortuga Fertil?

LAURIE

You want to go to a place called the Fertile Turtle?

PHIL

Is that what it means? Sounds better in Spanish.

LAURIE

I'd have to miss my first cooking class. Your mom was going to teach me how to make fermented cabbage with pig knuckles.

PHIL

I'm serious. The doctor said we need to relax. And it'd be nice to get away from everybody.

LAURIE

Honey, I'm so crazy at work. I just don't think a baby is possible right now.

PHIL

You mean vacation.

LAURIE

That's what I said.

PHIL

No you said baby. You said you don't think...a baby is possible.

A long beat as they look at each other.

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE UP of Phil's hands, very neatly packing a Tumi suitcase with perfectly folded stacks of Hawaiian shirts.

CLOSE UP of Laurie's hands, stuffing a duffel bag full of wadded up sundresses and bathing suits.

CLOSE UP of Phil's hands, carefully placing five bottles of sunblock, along with antihistamines, antidiarrheals, etc.

CLOSE UP of Laurie's hands, tossing in a blackberry charger, laptop, cables and work files. And one last bathing suit.

EXT. AIRPORT - A FEW DAYS LATER

Phil and Laurie's PLANE takes off to the Caribbean.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Laurie sits in the aisle seat while Phil has the middle, next to a NINE-YEAR-OLD BOY at the window. Phil, SWEATING AND GRIPPING THE ARM RESTS FOR DEAR LIFE, leans over to Laurie.

PHIL

What parent lets their child fly
alone?

LAURIE

I'd let our kids fly alone.

PHIL

No way. What if he's scared? You
have to be there to comfort him,
you have to be the strong one.

LAURIE

You're gonna be such a sweet Daddy.

She snuggles up to him, closes her eyes.

BOY

Are you afraid of flying?

PHIL

Crashing. I'm afraid of crashing.

BOY

My mommy says you're more likely to
die in a car than a plane.

PHIL

That statistic is crap. Sure, if
you drive drunk or recklessly,
fine, stay out of cars. I'm a
safe, defensive driver. All of
which means nothing if some idiot
decides to fly us into a mountain.

The boy looks nervous. Laurie opens her eyes.

LAURIE

Phil.

(to boy)

There's lots of things worse than
flying. Cooties. Homework.

The boy starts to smile. Phil catches on.

PHIL

Yes. Throw up. Getting sick in
general. Septicemia. Hemorrhagic
fever, blood clots, which
ironically, you get from flying--

LAURIE

Okay, why don't we switch seats?

As she unbuckles and starts to crawl over Phil.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

Phil now sits in the aisle and Laurie in the middle - buffer. She's fast asleep. Phil is deep in conversation with the boy, talking over her.

PHIL

You do the math. 6.7 billion people on the planet. Figure maybe a third of them are Christians, about a fifth of those are children, so we're talking what, like 450 million Christian kids? Even if you had five kids living per household, that's 90 million homes, which means he would have to hit over a thousand chimneys per second. It doesn't add up.

BOY

And no tooth fairies or Easter bunnies either?

Phil shakes his head. The boy thinks, then brightens.

BOY (CONT'D)

What about the bogeyman?

PHIL

(trying to comfort him)
Oh no. Not in a traditional sense. The bogeyman's more a metaphor for any criminal that breaks into your house - burglars, rapists, kidnappers. So the bogeyman, *per se*, is one thing you don't have to worry about.

The boy looks worried anyway. There's a DING from the plane speakers. Laurie stirs, puts her hand on Phil's.

LAURIE

How are you doing?

PHIL

Good. Zach here's been keeping me company, flight flew by.

Phil starts to buckle up.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Honey, put on your seatbelt. Fifty percent of airplane fatalities occur on the landing.

A concerned Laurie looks over at the boy who looks terrified.

EXT. ISLAND AIRSTRIP - ESTABLISHING

The airplane lands on a dirt runway at a tiny airport. Palm trees, balmy skies. A tropical paradise.

EXT. LA TORTUGA FERTIL RESORT - ESTABLISHING

A beautiful five-star resort sitting on magnificent bluffs overlooking the sea. Private bungalows dot the landscape. Pristine infinity pools. SERVANTS in white waiting to cater to your every need.

INT. LA TORTUGA FERTIL - LOBBY - DAY

Laurie and Phil step up to the front desk, where an American CONCIERGE, mid-40's, crazy eyes, is KNITTING A PAIR OF BABY BOOTIES.

LAURIE
Aw, those are so sweet.

CONCIERGE
Yeah. They're for little Gracie.

PHIL
Is that your daughter?

CONCIERGE
Gracie's my "someday daughter."
Can't wait to meet her - some day!

The Concierge laughs bitterly and throws the booties into a HUGE BAG OF KNIT BABY CLOTHES. Phil and Laurie look a little creeped out.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
Welcome to La Tortuga Fertil. Are you checking in?

PHIL
Um... yes, Zeller --

CONCIERGE

(typing into her computer)
Zeller, Phil and Laurie. I have
you down for four nights in an
Ocean View-- Oh my god, Babymoon!
You're here to create a new life?!

LAURIE

That's the plan.

CONCIERGE

That's beautiful! That's just
so... aaaaaahhhhhhhh! Baby!

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

(super enthusiastic)
AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

PHIL/LAURIE

(half-heartedly)

Aaaahhh...

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

Well, this is the place to do it.
As you can see, we've had quite a
few success stories.

The Concierge indicates a WALL COVERED WITH PHOTOS OF
ADORABLE BABIES. Phil and Laurie walk over to it.

LAURIE

Wow, all of them were conceived
here?

Laurie takes Phil's hand, they look at each other hopefully.

CONCIERGE

Yep. That's m' wall o'babies. I
just love their chunky little legs,
the way their heads smell, I just
wanna grrrab 'em and never let go.

(getting a faraway look)

And a baby will always love you. A
baby will never abandon you for a
younger, prettier mother.

LAURIE

Uh-huh.

CONCIERGE

AAHH! - I'm so jealous of you guys.
Anyway, Raul has some delicious
drinks for you. Raul!

RAUL, the 19-year-old bellboy, approaches with two weird
looking drinks.

RAUL

Buenos días. For la señora, sweet
acai sea moss nectar, ancient
island fertility drink. And live
conch in squid ink soup for señor.
(winks at Phil)
Island viagra.

Laurie drinks her delightfully appetizing drink with relish.

LAURIE

Mmmm.

Phil looks down at his drink - revolting yellow chunks floating in black goo.

PHIL

How exactly does this work,
medicinally? Because I'm a doctor
and if I haven't heard about it...

Raul and the Concierge wait for him. He looks at Laurie, who smiles back at him. Finally he gives up and downs it, trying not to gag. He smiles, revealing black teeth.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Mmmm.

RAUL

Follow me please to your room.

As they follow Raul out, the Concierge turns back to her wall of photos, sadly caresses one of the babies with her pinkie.

EXT. LA TORTUGA FERTIL - DAY

Laurie and Phil are in a golf cart driven by Raul.

RAUL

Down that path you will find our renowned fertility doctor. A consultation is included in your package. We also offer a guided meditation class to enhance fertility and a visit to our natural hot springs. Island legend says a dip in the waters can fill a woman's womb with child.

PHIL

Do you have any kids, Raul?

RAUL

Yes. There's Maria and little
Tito....

LAURIE

Aw, cute.

RAUL

...and Pia and Alejandro and Ramon
and Rosa and Arturro and Carlos and
Juan....

PHIL

Wow. You've been busy.

RAUL

Kidding! I'm nineteen, I don't
have any kids. Americans are so
hilarious, you all think we breed
like rabbits here.

LAURIE

Oh no, we didn't mean...

RAUL

I do have fourteen brothers and
sisters though.

LAURIE

That must be...fun.

RAUL

Not! Only child.

(beat, then)

I did have a sister once. She
died.

PHIL

Oh. I'm sorry.

RAUL

Simple headcold. It would have
been prevented with eight dollars
worth of American Sudafed. Our
witch doctors could do nothing.

Phil and Laurie remain silent. Finally, Raul laughs.

RAUL (CONT'D)

Gotcha!

Phil and Laurie force laughs. Then --

RAUL (CONT'D)
She died of AIDS.
(then, cheerfully)
Look, we're here!

Raul stops the golf cart in front of a bungalow and hops out.

INT. PHIL AND LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

It's decked out in full romantic babymaking mode: big bed, rose petals everywhere, champagne chilling, etc. Phil hands Raul a few bills. Raul gasps, delighted.

RAUL
Oooh, six dollars!! This will feed
my family for a month.
(then)
Kidding. Please enjoy.

Raul bows and backs out of the room. Phil turns to Laurie, who's DUMPING A BUNCH OF PREGNANCY TEST STICKS FROM HER PURSE INTO A BOWL ON THE COFFEE TABLE.

PHIL
You planning to take all of those?

LAURIE
It's kinda Pavlovian at this point.
Can't pee if I don't see a stick.
(then)
So, what should we do first?

INT. PHIL AND LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - SECONDS LATER

Phil and Laurie are in bed, making out. Phil starts to mount her for their usual, stick-it-in babymaking sex.

LAURIE
Wait.

PHIL
What?

LAURIE
Well, we're on a tropical island,
away from work, away from our
families, there's nowhere we need
to be... I thought we could slow
it down a little.

PHIL
You mean, like, foreplay?

LAURIE
Crazy, right?

PHIL
I've heard of this "foreplay" you speak of.

They laugh. Phil jumps out of bed, pulls up his pants.

LAURIE
Where are you going?

PHIL
One second.

He runs to the door, grabs the DO NOT DISTURB sign, opens it.

EXT. PHIL & LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

As he hangs the sign on the door, he nods to a MAID, who is just beginning to sweep some leaves off the path in front.

PHIL
Hola.

MAID
Hola.

He smiles at her and goes back inside.

INT. PHIL & LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Laurie, now naked, lies seductively in bed, smiling.

LAURIE
Buenos días, señor.

PHIL
¡Ay, caramba!

She laughs as he jumps into bed and quickly removes his clothes. They begin to kiss. It's nice and playful. Laurie rolls on top of him. She reaches her hand down, down, beneath the covers, as she kisses his neck.

LAURIE
Does that feel good?

PHIL
Uh-huh.

LAURIE

'Cause it's been awhile, my
technique's probably pretty
rusty...you sure?

PHIL

No, you're good. Keep going,
please keep go...

Suddenly, Phil's eyes pop open.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Stop stop stop stop stop stop --

They both look down. Phil looks embarrassed. A beat.

LAURIE

Not gonna get pregnant like that.

PHIL

I'm sorry. I'm just not used to it
lasting more than thirty seconds
from clothes off to clothes on.

LAURIE

Right, of course. You've grown
very efficient.

PHIL

I see nipples and...it's Pavlovian.

Laurie smiles and kisses him.

LAURIE

Don't worry, sweetie. We have four
whole days to make a baby.

PHIL

Yeah.

They lie there for a beat.

LAURIE

So, what should we do second?

EXT. PHIL & LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - MOMENTS LATER

Phil and Laurie exit the bungalow, wearing swimsuits and holding towels. The maid, who hasn't made much progress sweeping in the two minutes since Phil saw her, looks at them quizzically. Phil flips the sign to "MAID SERVICE PLEASE".

PHIL

Hola.

MAID

Hola.

EXT. LA TORTUGA FERTIL - POOL - LATER

Laurie and Phil put their towels down on lounge chairs next to a YOUNG, CORNFED LOOKING COUPLE, early 20s. The woman lies on a chair while the man stands and holds a BABY'S hands, helping him try to walk.

LAURIE

He's adorable.

BRENDA

Yeah, he was president of his frat.

LAURIE

No, I meant...

Brenda laughs as she realizes she meant her baby.

BRENDA

Oh, right. Thanks. Yeah, he's a trip. Brenda Lundgren. And that's my husband Scott and my son Carter.

They all ad-lib introductions.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Do you folks have kids?

Phil and Laurie exchange a smile.

LAURIE

Well, that's sort of why we're here actually. We're doing the get-ya-pregnant package.

BRENDA

Oh my god you guys, so are we! It's like, making the first three was a breeze, Scott looked at me and I was knocked up. But we're really working up a sweat trying for number four.

PHIL

You have three kids already?

SCOTT

Yeah, we left the other two at home
with gram and gramps.

(fist bumps Brenda)

Score.

(fist bumps with Carter)

Score.

LAURIE

Wow. You guys are so young.

BRENDA

Nuh-uh, I'm twenty-two already. I
don't want to be one of those sad
old mommies, going to soccer games
at 45.

Laurie reacts. Brenda notices.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

I don't mean... There's good stuff
about being older too. You have
generations of knowledge to pass
on, rich oral traditions...

A number of kids play in the pool. One of them accidentally
splashes Scott. He looks up, smiles.

SCOTT

Oh no. You're gonna get it now.
Watch out.

(handing baby to Brenda)
Here, watch him for a sec.

He pulls off his shirt and dives into the pool, starts
splashing around with the kids. They laugh and splash back.

Brenda beams as she watches him, the young, muscled, PICTURE
OF PERFECT FATHERHOOD.

LAURIE

He's great with kids.

BRENDA

Oh yeah. He grew up in a family of
twelve. He was born to be a Dad.

Now Scott's GENTLY WRESTLING WITH THE KIDS, tossing them
around the pool. One kid jumps on his shoulders.

Phil looks at Scott - it's almost intimidating how good he is
with kids. Laurie squeezes Phil's hand.

LAURIE

I can't wait to see you in the
backyard, tossing a football, rough-
housing with our kids.

PHIL

Why wait? I think I'll take a dip.

He stands, takes off his shirt, revealing a much less muscled physique than Scott. Then he steps gingerly down the stairs into the pool, trying to get adjusted to the cold water.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Who wants to play?

The kids all gather around him: "Me" "I do". He throws a couple of them - it takes a little more effort for him than for Scott, and they don't go as far. But they're having fun.

ON LAURIE - watching Phil, a proud smile on her face.

BRENDA

Aww, he's gonna be a great father.

LAURIE

Yeah. He didn't grow up with brothers or sisters, so he loves playing with kids.

Phil and Scott are laughing and tossing the kids to each other. One particularly FAT BOY approaches Phil.

FAT BOY

Throw me.

PHIL

(eyeing his heft)

Um... maybe it's more fun to jump
off the side.

The boy looks at him sadly. Phil glances at Laurie, who's smiling at him.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Okay.

He gathers him up, getting ready to try to heave him out of the water.

PHIL (CONT'D)

On one... on two... on three!!

He throws him with all his might. Too much might. The boy sails out past the edge of the pool, onto the pavement.

FAT BOY
Owww owww owww owww owww!!!!

The boy's FRANTIC MOTHER gasps and rushes over to him.

BOY'S MOTHER
Topher!! Is there a doctor here?

From the pool, Phil slowly raises his hand. Off Laurie, horrified...

INT. RESORT MEDICAL CLINIC - EXAM ROOM - DAY

Phil, Laurie, and the mother look on as DR. AMAROSA (48), kindly, native to the island, finishes stitching up a cut on the boy's leg. Dr. Amarosa is a natural with kids.

DR. AMAROSA
I think these stitches are going to heal fine, but just to be safe, do you know what these are?

He holds up a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE. The boy shakes his head.

DR. AMAROSA	PHIL
Magic pills.	Amoxicillin.

The doctor glances at Phil, then continues.

DR. AMAROSA (CONT'D)
Now you're going to take one magic pill every day for a week. And you have to finish all of them, even when you're feeling better.

FAT BOY
Why?

Phil kneels down, tries to talk in a kid-friendly voice.

PHIL
Well Topher, the pathogens in your body develop something called "antimicrobial resistance"--

DR. AMAROSA
Because otherwise, the magic spell won't work. Now... pick a hand.

He holds out two fists. The boy chooses, and the doctor opens his hand, revealing a PACK OF GUM.

DR. AMAROSA (CONT'D)
Bubblegum! Yay!!

The boy grins and takes it. The mother smiles to the doctor.

BOY'S MOTHER
Thank you so much.

PHIL
He's gonna be fine. If you want me
to check on him later...

She glares at Phil as she leaves with her son.

DR. AMAROSA
Some people don't feel comfortable
going to a doctor who's already
hurt their child. So, you guys
have the conception package?

LAURIE
We'll be more careful when we have
one of our own.

DR. AMAROSA
No, I just meant the package comes
with a complimentary island
fertility treatment. It's a
beautiful and ancient Aztec ritual.

LAURIE
Wow. That sounds great. PHIL
No thanks, we're good.

LAURIE
Honey, this stuff is why we're here.

PHIL
I'm just really not into the island
voodoo thing.

He realizes how elitist this sounds and tries to backtrack,
digging himself deeper. Laurie just stares at him.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Not that what you do is voodoo, I'm
sure it's much more beautiful and
quaint than-- Not quaint, just,
I'm a cynical, western medicine
guy. Not that that's better than,
I mean, you obviously went to a
great-- do they call it medical
school here? Madrasa?

DR. AMAROSA
SUNY, Syracuse.

He indicates the medical school diploma framed on his wall.

PHIL
Uh-huh. Yeah, let's do the ritual.

He nods enthusiastically.

INT. NATIVE TEMPLE - DAY

Phil, Laurie, and Dr. Amarosa sit on the stone floor of a small but pretty native temple. Several ISLANDERS sit with them to aid in the ceremony. Phil, Laurie, and the Doctor wear LONG GARLANDS OF FLOWERS and BEADS around their necks, wrists, and ankles. The Doctor smiles as he lights a candle.

DR. AMAROSA
*Xipe totec, father of fertility,
please feel the love of these two
beautiful people and help them
share that love with a third.*

Phil and Laurie smile at each other, this is kind of nice.

DR. AMAROSA (CONT'D)
Now you say, "techteteochihua".

PHIL & LAURIE
Techteteochihua.

DR. AMAROSA
Now, we bathe ourselves in the
sweet milk of crushed almonds...

Islanders guide Phil and Laurie to lie down as they pour almond milk over them and massage it in. It's heavenly.

DR. AMAROSA (CONT'D)
...to remind us that the journey
into this world should be filled
with joy. *Techteteochihua.*

PHIL & LAURIE
Techteteochihua.

DR. AMAROSA
And these small pearls remind us
that each new life is a precious
gem that must be treasured.

The Islanders sprinkle the small pearls over them.

PHIL & LAURIE
Techteteochihua.

DR. AMAROSA
The warm salt water reminds us to
surround your child with love, as
the seas protect the land.

They pour warm, relaxing salt water over them.

PHIL & LAURIE
Techteteochihua.

DR. AMAROSA
The blood of a sheep reminds us
that birth is messy and bloody.

Phil and Laurie open their eyes as the Islanders trickle BLOOD from a sheep's bladder all over them.

PHIL LAURIE
Hold on-- Um--

DR. AMAROSA (CONT'D)
Techteteochihua.

PHIL & LAURIE
(reluctantly)
...techteteochihua.

DR. AMAROSA
Birth is also painful, like the
excruciating bite of the Chichoo
spider.

One of the Islanders opens a small box and a BIG, HAIRY SPIDER crawls out. As it starts heading towards Phil and Laurie...

PHIL

Okay, that's probably enough. We
should get going...

They start to stand up, but the Islanders hold them down by the garlands of beads and flowers, like chains.

DR. AMAROSA
And the garlands of beads remind us
of the chains that bind you to your
child. *Techteteochihua.*

ISLANDERS
(chanting)
Techteteochihua...techteteochihua.

The Doctor uses the candle to light a wick in front of a LARGE STATUE. The flame quickly spreads along the perimeter of the statue, illuminating it - it's a frightening man wearing a coat of human skin. Its eyes now BLAZE WITH FIRE. Phil and Laurie look on with horror - it's like the ceremony from *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*.

DR. AMAROSA

Xipe Totec, what will it take for you to give these people a child?
(after a beat)

Yes! We will sacrifice for you.
Yes, we will wear the flayed skin
of an innocent for twenty days in
your honor.

He takes out a JEWELED CEREMONIAL DAGGER, as a SOLEMN ISLAND BOY STEPS FORWARD HOLDING A SMALL BOX. The Boy bows his head as if he's ready to be sacrificed.

LAURIE

No no, oh god, stop! Please don't do this!

PHIL

Seriously, we can't be wearing skin anyway, we have jobs, it would smell... We don't even wear fur.

Then the Boy takes a ROOSTER from the box and holds it over his head. The Doctor SLITS ITS THROAT.

In the spider's GIANT BLACK EYES, we see the reflection of the boy holding the twitching, bleeding rooster over his head in front of the flaming statue, as the chanting continues.

ISLANDERS

*Techteteochihua...techteteochihua..
.techteteochihua...*

EXT. LA TORTUGA FERTIL - LATE AFTERNOON

Phil and Laurie limp back to their room in shell-shocked silence, covered in blood and smashed flowers, traumatized.

INT. PHIL AND LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - LATE AFTERNOON

Phil and Laurie open the door and limp inside. They see that the room has been turned down for a romantic night: candles, scattered rose petals, romantic music.

PHIL

I don't think I can.

LAURIE

Yeah. I think I'd start equating sex with death.

PHIL

I need a drink. Do you wanna go get a drink?

Phil goes into the bathroom to wash up at the sink. Laurie picks up the phone, dials.

LAURIE

I'm just gonna check in with work before they go home for the day.

PHIL

Well, they're gonna have to start learning to get on without you when--

Phil walks out, patting his face dry. Laurie holds up a finger to wait, someone's picked up.

LAURIE

Hey, it's Laurie. Just checking in. How's 509?

(then)

What? No, the minute we do product placement, we lose all credibility. What idiots want to see their products on a show about perverts?

She covers the phone, looks at Phil apologetically.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I've got to handle this. Go without me?

PHIL

Okay, but--

LAURIE

(back on phone)

Yeah, I get we're being paid to say it, but what we're saying is - if your daughter uses Axe body spray, strangers will molest her. In your Sears outfitted kitchen.

Phil leaves as Laurie continues talking.

EXT. HOTEL BAR - EVENING

Phil walks in to the open-air bar on the beach. He passes the Concierge, who is sitting alone, drinking and slightly weeping as she stares at a HAPPY COUPLE PLAYING WITH THEIR BABY on the beach. She notices Phil, tries to smile.

CONCIERGE

Oh, hi Mr. Zeller. Are you enjoying your stay?

PHIL

Yeah. Great. Thanks.

CONCIERGE

Let me know if you need anything.

Phil sits down to the bar. WINSTON, the tall, good-looking, super-cool bartender, comes up to him.

PHIL

Scotch.

Winston pours him a gigantic, triple pour.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Whoa, not that much.

WINSTON

A man needs a drink after seeing the fertility doc.

PHIL

How did you know that?

WINSTON

You've got that hollow, terrified look in your eyes. And you've got some rooster blood on your neck.

Phil rubs it off his with a napkin. Looks at the drink.

PHIL

It's just, too much alcohol can impair potency.

Winston laughs, shakes his head.

WINSTON

I've gotten twelve different women pregnant, and I was drunk for all of them. Some of them was because I was drunk.

PHIL

You've had twelve kids? What's
your secret?

WINSTON

You want to know what my secret is?
Come closer.

(Phil leans in)

Closer.

(Phil leans in more)

I fucked 'em. I fucked 'em all.
Fucked 'em good, fucked 'em hard,
fucked 'em frequent. All this
other stuff here, it's bullshit.

PHIL

Well, there is evidence that
reducing stress increases fertility.

WINSTON

Yeah, you know what reduces stress?
Fucking.

(then)

Excuse me for a second.

He grabs a bottle and goes to refill the Concierge's glass as Phil downs the entire scotch.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Hey, don't cry so much. You'll
ruin those lovely eyes.

She touches her eyes, then looks up at him gratefully.

CONCIERGE

Do you want to come home with me?

WINSTON

Nawwwwww...

He walks back to Phil, refills his glass to the brim.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

What was I saying?

PHIL

Fucking.

WINSTON

Right, yeah, fucking. Look,
there's like a hundred billion
people on the planet. And we
started with two. That's the power
of fucking.

PHIL
It's not that simple.

WINSTON
You love your wife?

PHIL
Yeah.

WINSTON
You attracted to your wife?

PHIL
Yes, of course.

WINSTON
Then why are you down here talking
to me instead of in your room,
fucking your wife?

Phil considers this. Then he stands up.

PHIL
You're right. I'm gonna go. I'm
gonna go fuck my wife.

WINSTON
Fuck her.

PHIL
(slamming his drink)
I'm going to fuck her.

WINSTON
Sing it from the rooftops, baby.

Phil stumbles off, screaming, as everyone stares.

PHIL
I'm gonna go fuck my wife! I'm
gonna go fuck my wife!

WINSTON
Yeah, there you go.

He goes to refill the Concierge's glass again.

CONCIERGE
Hey, speaking of fu--

WINSTON
Nope.

INT. PHIL AND LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Phil stumbles in the door. He sees Laurie has fallen asleep on the bed, surrounded by papers. He nudges her. She stirs.

PHIL
Hey. Heeeeyyyyy.

LAURIE
(still half-asleep)
Hey. I'm sorry, I feel asleep.

PHIL
S'ok. Let's make a baby. Baby,
let's make a baby, baby.

LAURIE
Baby, I'm asleep. Let's do it
tomorrow.

PHIL
Can you really wait until tomorrow
for all... this?

He drops his pants to the floor, trying to make her laugh. Then he looks down. She's completely asleep again.

He sighs. He moves the papers off the bed and covers her sweetly with the blankets. Then he climbs into bed, kisses her on the head and drifts off to sleep.

INT. PHIL & LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - MORNING

Laurie gently shakes Phil awake. She holds a steaming MUG of something.

LAURIE
Honey? Time to wake up. I thought
we could go into town today.

With great effort, Phil opens his eyes. He's pretty hungover. He moans a little.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Here. They dropped this off for
you.

Laurie hands him the mug and heads into the bathroom. Phil takes a big swig of the liquid, then gags, now fully awake.

PHIL
Oh god! What is this?! It's
moving!

LAURIE (O.S.)
They said caffeine impairs your fertility. This has live algae for sperm beauty or luster or something.

PHIL
Sperm luster?

Phil pushes the mug away, shuddering. Laurie comes out of the bathroom, holding a PREGNANCY TEST she just took.

LAURIE
I don't know. Pretty sperm. Don't you want pretty sperm, baby?

She sits down next to Phil and they both look at the test - as another NEGATIVE SIGN APPEARS. Phil smiles comfortingly.

PHIL
It takes days to get a positive - even when you're pregnant.

Laurie nods, but she's clearly crestfallen. Phil sighs, picks up the mug and supportively takes a GIANT SWIG.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(gagging)
It's not so bad.

Off a grateful Laurie...

INT. LA TORTUGA FERTIL - LOBBY - DAY

Phil and Laurie walk up to the Concierge, who is busy fiddling with something at her desk.

LAURIE
Hi, do we need to sign up for the trip into town?

CONCIERGE
You can just catch the bus down in the car park.

They notice what she's fiddling with - she's POKING HOLES INTO WRAPPED CONDOMS with a small pin.

PHIL
You know, those condoms won't be effective if you put holes in them.

CONCIERGE

Oh really? I definitely won't use them then. Thanks for your help.

They walk on as she continues poking holes.

I/E. BUS - DAY

Raul drives the small beat-up bus along a dusty dirt road. He talks to the passengers over a BULLHORN, which is way too loud for the tiny bus.

RAUL

The village of Huitlacoche is named after Juan Huitlacoche, who brought higher education to our country.
Second grade. Just a joke.

The bus is full of VARIOUS HOTEL GUESTS. Phil and Laurie sit together near Scott, Brenda, and their baby.

BRENDA

I love seeing the local culture.
You can buy Christmas ornaments and such for next to nothing in their little shops.

SCOTT

We'll stock up, babe.
(to Phil and Laurie)
Do you guys do a real tree or plastic?

BRENDA

Scott! That's personal.
(to Laurie)
Sorry.

LAURIE

No, it's okay. We don't celebrate Christmas. I mean, I do, but Phil grew up Jewish and now is sort of...

PHIL

A devout believer of nothing.

Phil and Laurie laugh. Brenda and Scott don't.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Basically, we have our own personal beliefs but we don't feel the need to formally practice the rituals.

BRENDA
(horrified)
So your children won't celebrate
anything?

LAURIE
Well, obviously we'll still buy
them gifts in December.

PHIL
Sure, obviously.

LAURIE
Santa will fill their stockings...

PHIL
Um... not Santa. That would be
celebrating Christmas.

LAURIE
Honey, Santa's completely secular.
He's a fat guy who brings toys.

PHIL
In honor of Jesus Christ your lord
and saviour's birthday.

LAURIE
Jesus was a historical figure. You
want to pretend he never existed?

PHIL
No, I want them to know that he was
an ordinary guy, not the son of God.

LAURIE
You can't tell them that he for
sure wasn't the son of God. That's
raising them Jewish.

PHIL
That's not raising them Jewish,
it's raising them... nothing.

LAURIE
So you're saying you'd rather have
your children believe in nothing
than have the comfort of knowing
there's something out there!?

PHIL
I'm saying I don't want to
indoctrinate them with outdated
beliefs and superstitions.

LAURIE

Fine! But as long as we're ruling out anything even tangentially related to religion, let's skip circumcision too!

PHIL

(beat, takes breath)

How about we expose them to all of it? When they're old enough they can decide what they want to believe or not believe. Fair?

LAURIE

...Fair.

PHIL

Okay.

They smile, hold hands. Problem solved. Until --

BRENDA

So where you gonna tell them their pets go when they die?

Phil and Laurie's smiles fade. Silence.

EXT. TOWN OF HUITLACOCHE - DAY

A typical, third world kind of touristy village. They all file off the bus, past Raul.

RAUL

Welcome to Huitlacoche. The residents here are very friendly. And the best part is, if you kill one, it's only a twelve dollar fine. Kidding.

(then)

But seriously, your embassy would probably take care of it.

Laurie's reading from a guidebook.

LAURIE

Ooh, it says this village has some of the oldest known indigenous art -

SCOTT

Oh snap, bungee jumping! I always wanted us to do that.

Scott's spotted some sketchy looking TOUR GUIDES in a pick-up truck. A shitty handmade wooden sign offering bungee jumping is tied to the side of the truck by a few ROPES.

BRENDA
I don't know, is it safe?

TOUR GUIDE
Oh, si. Safest way to travel.

SCOTT
See? We'll do it together if you're scared.

BRENDA
What about the baby?

Scott turns to Phil and Laurie.

SCOTT
You guys mind? Just for a few hours.

PHIL LAURIE
Oh, we were gonna shop Yes!! Let us babysit!!
around, so...

LAURIE
Come on, honey. It'll be fun. And we'll need the practice...

PHIL
Okay.
(to Brenda and Scott)
Just... be careful.

Brenda and Scott climb into the back of the truck with a few other TOURISTS.

SCOTT
You don't have to worry about us.

Scott slaps the side of the truck, and one of the ROPES holding the BUNGEE SIGN SNAPS. Phil and Laurie look alarmed.

TOUR GUIDE
Oh that happens all the time.

EXT. TOWN OF HUITLACOCHE - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Laurie's holding the baby, cooing as they stroll through town.

LAURIE

Oh, hello, hello... you are just

precious, aren't you?

(then)

Oh look - native masks.

As Laurie bends down to look at the street vendor's MASKS spread out on a blanket, she shifts the baby under her arm, holding it like a football.

PHIL

Honey, you need to support the head.

LAURIE

Phil, I know how to hold a baby. I had dolls when I was a kid.

Laurie re-adjusts the baby to another terrible position. The baby's head lolls off her shoulder dangerously. Phil winces. Laurie barely notices, she's TRYING ON A MASK.

PHIL

Okay, but more important than actually holding the baby is focusing on the baby. You can't get distracted when you're with a baby, you have to pay attention.

Laurie turns around, wearing a WEIRD LOOKING AZTEC MASK.

LAURIE

Hmmmm?

PHIL

Nothing.

Phil takes the baby from her and puts it in the stroller. As they continue walking...

PHIL (CONT'D)

So... You wouldn't really not want to circumcise our child, would you? I mean, our son - I wouldn't want to circumcise a girl or anything.

LAURIE

Cutting a little baby's penis? It's barbaric. And just... unnecessary. Is it really that important to you?

PHIL

I don't know. I guess I'm just surprised. I didn't know you felt so strongly about it.

LAURIE

Look, we're not gonna see eye to eye on every little thing. But if we're just honest with each other, we can work things out.

PHIL

Right. You're right.

They kiss sweetly.

LAURIE

Like vaccines. I mean, I know you give them all the time, but...

PHIL

But what?

LAURIE

Well, honey, they're poison. And no one gets polio anymore.

Laurie heads into a store. As Phil, taken aback, starts to follow her in...

PHIL

That's why no one gets polio anymore.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Phil and Laurie (and the baby) browse, trying on native HATS.

PHIL

I loved going to private school.

LAURIE

The tuition's outrageous, the kids are snobby, there's no diversity...no one gets life experience in private school.

PHIL

No one gets shanked either.

EXT. FLAVORED ICE VENDOR - DAY

Phil and Laurie (and the baby) eat ICES at an OUTDOOR STAND.

LAURIE

It's good for children to grow up
with dogs. Then they're not
afraid.

PHIL

They should be afraid. Those dogs
are seventy-five pounds of muscle
and teeth. They're not animals,
they're weapons.

EXT. QUAINT STONE WALKWAY - DAY

PHIL

But breast milk is full of
antibodies and nutrients, it's a
time for you to bond with the baby -

LAURIE

I'll bond when I get home. I'm not
whipping out a boob at work for all
the sex offenders to see.

INT. SOUVENIR STAND - DAY

Phil and Laurie pick out POSTCARDS at a TOURIST TRAP.

LAURIE

Child abuse leads to them becoming
abusers. 70% of violent criminals--

PHIL

I'm not talking about a steel pipe
here. A light hand spanking, only
when nothing else works.

LAURIE

Hitler's dad spanked him.

PHIL

Oh, come on--

LAURIE

Hitler, Phil. Adolf Hitler.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY

They stare at an artsy painting of a WOMAN BREASTFEEDING AN INFANT. The women's breasts are SAGGING DOWN TO HER NAVEL. They don't speak for a long, tense beat, then finally --

PHIL
It's still the healthiest--

LAURIE
No. Uh-uh.

EXT. TOWN OF HUITLACOCHE - STREET - DAY

Phil and Laurie (and the baby) walk in silence for a beat, a little exhausted by all the discussion. Laurie spots a storefront with a sign reading "ACCESO A INTERNET".

LAURIE
Oh hey, internet café! You mind if I run in quick? My blackberry's still not getting service.

PHIL
Okay. I'll be around.

Laurie heads off with the baby in the stroller into --

INT. INTERNET BAR - DAY

Laurie is surprised to see it's more of a grungy, run down bar than a café. A few SEEDY LOOKING MEN sit at the bar drinking and smoking. Laurie approaches the BARTENDER.

LAURIE
Con permiso, um, this is café?
Internet café?

BARTENDER
Si, internet.

He points to a dark corner, where there is one computer that looks like it's from 1991.

LAURIE
Gracias.

Laurie parks the stroller next to the computer, dumps a mound of cigarette butts off the keyboard, and sits down.

ON COMPUTER: It reads "Bienvenido a Mexico En Linea". She clicks "Signo En". We hear the sound of a SLOW DIAL-UP CONNECTION. She glances back at the BARTENDER.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Dial-up? Really?

The Bartender gives her a surly look. Laurie sighs, waits.

EXT. STREET VENDOR STALLS - DAY

Phil browses tables of street merchandise: statues, tintures, jewelry, all labelled *FERTILDAD*, claiming to have fertility powers. The VENDOR sees Phil pick up a bracelet.

VENDOR

This is only eighty dollars.

PHIL

For a plastic bracelet?

VENDOR

Is made with ash from our sacred volcano. Proven to make a woman with baby.

PHIL

(crabby)

Really? Proven? So they've done a double blind study with controls that account for environmental bias and placebo effect?

The vendor just stares at him deadpanned - give me a break, asshole. Phil manages a smile and takes out his wallet.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Then again, sacred ash... How do you put a price on...? Thank you.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFÉ - DAY

Laurie tracks down Phil, who sits drinking a soda. She sits down with him.

LAURIE

I'm so sorry. I had like a hundred emails from work - standards is now saying we can't use the word "scumbag" -- did you know it means a used condom?

PHIL

What are they gonna do without you when the baby comes?

LAURIE

I never said I was going to stop working.

PHIL

Not stop stop, just cut back -

LAURIE

We're trying to launch a new show.
Why don't you cut back your hours?

PHIL

I can't. It's a partnership, I
have to bring in a certain number
of patients each month --

LAURIE

Well, we'll just have to find a
good daycare then.

PHIL

Those places are cesspools of
germs. I'd rather you bring it to
work.

LAURIE

With the child molesters? That'll
be a great influence on our young,
nubile youth.

Phil suddenly realizes Laurie doesn't have the stroller.

PHIL

Laurie. Where's the baby?

LAURIE

What?

PHIL

THE BABY. WHERE IS THE BABY!?

As Laurie's eyes widen in alarm....

INT. INTERNET BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Laurie and Phil run in, freaking out. Laurie rushes over to
the computer she was using. There's a GUY on the internet,
buying assault weapons.

LAURIE

I left his stroller right here. It
was right here!

PHIL

Well, it's not here now!

LAURIE

Oh god. Oh my god...

Laurie turns to the bartender.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Hi, I left a baby in here?!
(off his blank stare)
Um... ¿Cómo estás? Uno bambino,
por favor.

PHIL
Okay, now you're ordering a baby.
(he announces to bar)
Does anybody here speak English? I
need someone who hablas inglés.

One SEEDY MAN raises his hand.

SEEDY MAN #1
I speak a little English.

PHIL
Okay, great. We left a baby in
here. A baby... how you say...
poquito hombre, cheeks chubio.

He holds his hands to show size, then pinches his cheeks.

SEEDY MAN #1
Yeah, I know what a baby is. You
left a baby alone in a bar? Who
does that?

Laurie looks down, ashamed.

PHIL
Yes, but have you seen it?

SEEDY MAN #1
(shrugging)
You could check the lost and found.

A different SEEDY MAN next to him looks up from his drink,
scowls at them.

SEEDY MAN #2
I saw Miguel with a baby. I don't
know if it was your baby. Lots of
people leave babies in here.

LAURIE
(hopeful)
Really?

SEEDY MAN #2
No. It's a bar.

PHIL

Okay... Where can we find Miguel?

EXT. TOWN OF HUITLACOCHE - MOMENTS LATER

Laurie and Phil sprint through the town, knocking over tourists and townspeople.

PHIL

How do you leave a baby in a bar?

LAURIE

It's not a bar, it's a café - an internet café.

PHIL

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE!?

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - DAY

The last place you'd ever want to bring a baby. Sharp ends of car parts sticking out, oil slicks on the floor, sparks flying everywhere. Phil and Laurie talk to MIGUEL, who's welding something.

MIGUEL

I thought someone abandoned it. A baby never should've been in a bar in the first place. There's glass, secondhand smoke -

LAURIE

Okay, can we have him back now?

MIGUEL

You think I'd bring a baby here, to my work, where I couldn't be one hundred percent attentive to its needs? I gave it to Carlos.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

Where CARLOS is tattooing a vagina on a SCARY GUY's chest.

CARLOS

Yeah, Miguel gave it to me, he said he found it alone in a bar.

LAURIE

Internet café.

SCARY GUY GETTING VAGINA TATTOO
That's even worse. There's online predators in there.

The men glare at Laurie, disgusted.

PHIL
Can we just have the baby please?

CARLOS
I gave it to my sister. It
wouldn't be responsible to bring it
here, there's hep C all over this
place.

The Guy getting the tattoo nods like, so true.

EXT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

A bedraggled, barefoot PREGNANT TEEN, with several children hanging on to her dress, yells in Spanish at Laurie and Phil, who stare at her blankly.

PREGNANT TEEN
Los americanos son los peores
madres: Britney Spears, Joan
Crawford, Octomom. El burro sabe
mas que tu. Chinga usted! Chinga
tu madre!

Finally, seeing they don't understand, she gives an exasperated sigh and points around the corner of the house.

PREGNANT TEEN (CONT'D)
Está en el patio trasero.

LAURIE PHIL
Gracias. Thank you, gracias.

As they hurry around the house, she calls after them:

PREGNANT TEEN (CONT'D)
Mantenga las piernas cerradas, que
puta estúpida!

EXT. RUN DOWN HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

A few CHICKENS running around. A GRANDMOTHER with large, saggy boobs is breastfeeding Carter. Laurie and Phil stop and stare at the sight for a long moment.

LAURIE
Can we take that?

The Grandmother just shakes her head judgmentally.

GRANDMOTHER
Stupid bitch.

EXT. TOWN OF HUITLACOCHE - DAY

An exhausted Laurie and Phil stand by the bus with Carter in his stroller. The pick-up truck pulls up and Scott and Brenda jump out. Scott looks to Phil and Laurie.

SCOTT
Guys, that was awesome! You have to do it.

Scott turns to a WOMAN in the truck, one of the other tourists, whose face is wet with tears.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry for your loss.
(then, to tour guide)
Gracias.

He waves to them as they drive away. Brenda scoops up Carter, covers his face with kisses.

BRENDA
Hey! There's my monkey, there he is...my big boy...

SCOTT
I hope he wasn't too much trouble.

PHIL LAURIE
Nope. God no, not at all.

I/E. BUS - DAY

Phil and Laurie ride in silence. Brenda's trying to breastfeed Carter. He's unusually fussy and not latching on.

BRENDA
That's weird. He's never not hungry.

PHIL
Traveling can mess with a baby's center of...appetite. I'm a pediatrician so I know.

SCOTT

No kidding.

(then)

Hey, is it true that if you fart
and sneeze at the same time, you'll
lose all your air and suffocate?

PHIL

(beat, then)

Yup.

Scott turns to Brenda.

SCOTT

And you called me stupid.

INT. PHIL & LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - EVENING

We SEE the room again has been set up for babymaking: petals all over the bed, champagne chilling, etc. Phil lies on the bed, fully dressed, staring at a MEXICAN COMMERCIAL on the TELEVISION. Laurie comes out of the bathroom, climbs in bed.

PHIL

Do you want to...?

LAURIE

I'm a little...

PHIL

Tired? Yeah, me too. Big day.

LAURIE

Big day.

(then, after a beat)

I'm sorry, about the whole...losing
the baby thing.

PHIL

No, no. Don't worry about it.

Happens to everyone.

Another beat. They both look extremely troubled.

PHIL (CONT'D)

So I'm gonna hit the bar...

LAURIE

Oh, okay. I'll probably just stay
here. Watch the show.

She indicates the TV, where she now notices the VERY GORY BULLFIGHT being aired. Phil is surprised.

PHIL
You like bullfighting?

LAURIE
Yeah. It's so... cultural. But
you should go.

PHIL
No, that's okay.

LAURIE
Seriously. I'm just gonna watch
this til, you know... the bull's
dead or whatever.

PHIL
You sure?

LAURIE
Go. I'll see you in the morning.

He kisses her on the cheek.

PHIL
Okay. Love you.

LAURIE
Love you.

Phil leaves. Laurie turns back to the screen, troubled and
wincing as the MATADOR STABS THE BULL REPEATEDLY.

EXT. HOTEL BAR - EVENING

Phil sits at the bar with Winston and the Concierge. All
three are drinking together and a little tipsy. Phil's
upset.

PHIL
I just want my son's penis to look
like mine. What's wrong with that?

WINSTON
Nothing's wrong. A man's dick
should look like his father's.

PHIL
It's a good dick. It doesn't need
to wear a turtleneck.

CONCIERGE

I bet it's a beautiful dick.
(glancing at Winston)
Both of them, I bet.

She self-consciously takes a long drink.

PHIL

Thank you. Did I mention she left
the baby in a bar?

WINSTON

Yeah, you said.

PHIL

She's not gonna cut back on work,
not that it matters since
apparently Jesus will be raising
our child.

CONCIERGE

It's not right. I know women who
would literally kill to be a
mother. Cut the baby out of a
pregnant woman, hide it in a
suitcase, and fly to a country that
doesn't allow extradition like
Venezuela or Andorra or Madagascar.
I know women like that.

WINSTON

You ever hear the theory that all
women are either mothers or whores?
Maybe your lady just isn't the
mother type.

PHIL

So you're saying my wife's a whore?

WINSTON

(shrugs)
I don't know your life.

He turns around to get another bottle. The Concierge quickly takes a VIAL out of her cleavage and dumps some POWDER into both Winston's drink and her own. She looks at Phil as she mixes it in with her pinky, then puts a finger to her lips - don't say anything. Winston turns back.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

All I'm saying is, a person is who
she is. Not much you can do to
change them.

CONCIERGE

There, that's it. Poetry. Makes
my eyes water. My lovely eyes,
remember when you said... last
night you said...

WINSTON

(picking up his drink)

Hmm?

CONCIERGE

Nothing.

Phil looks at Winston with alarm as he and the Concierge both drink long swigs.

PHIL

Um...

CONCIERGE

(looking at her watch)

Oh, look at that, it's getting
late. Your wife'll be wondering
where you are.

PHIL

(hesitantly)

Yeah, I guess I should be getting
back.

CONCIERGE

Those eggs aren't gonna fertilize
themselves. Go on now. Enjoy.

Phil slowly walks away, leaving Winston and the Concierge to drink together.

WINSTON

Feeling a little dizzy.

CONCIERGE

Oh no. Drink up.

INT. PHIL AND LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Phil walks in quietly. The TV and lights are now off. Laurie is in bed, her back to him, seemingly asleep.

PHIL

(whispers)

Laurie? Hey, Laurie?

She doesn't stir. Phil tiptoes to bed, slips in quietly beside her, and goes to sleep.

REVEAL: Laurie from the other side. She's wide awake.

INT. LA TORTUGA FERTIL - LOBBY - THE NEXT DAY

Laurie and Phil cross the lobby. Laurie reads from their hotel itinerary.

LAURIE

We are going to be "using guided meditation to ask the universe for fertility and happiness."

PHIL

Damn, I knew we should have made an appointment with the universe first.

They both force laughs, still troubled by the events of the day before. At the front desk, a YOUNG COUPLE is checking out. The Concierge is giving their BABY raspberries on his tummy. The baby is giggling.

YOUNG MOTHER

Oh, he likes you. Maybe we should leave him here with you.

CONCIERGE

(cackling weirdly)

You should! You should leave him here with me!

She sees Phil and Laurie. Phil tries to look away, but she runs over to them.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

Mr. and Mrs. Zeller! I wanted to tell you that you can expect maid service today at the normal time.

LAURIE

Great. Thank you.

CONCIERGE

Um, also, little news: I have taken a lover, and we're getting married.

LAURIE

(bemused)
Wow, congratulations.

PHIL

(totally weirded out)
...gratulations...

CONCIERGE

Thanks. I'd almost given up on ever having a family, but maybe we'll both be getting pregnant this week. Anyway, just wanted to let you know about the maid thing.

LAURIE

Okay, thanks.

Phil and Laurie walk away. Laurie leans in to Phil.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

She seems...happy.

PHIL

Yeah. She roofied him.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - DAY

Laurie and Phil and a bunch of other COUPLES sit on mats across from each other, holding hands. A condescending FEMALE MEDITATION GUIDE leads the class while a FAT, HAIRY MUSICIAN plays soothing music on a steel island HANG DRUM.

GUIDE

...let your mind's eye bring your unborn child to you. He already exists. Just open your consciousness, and you can see him.

Laurie and Phil force smiles at each other.

PHIL

Can you see him yet? Because I can't... Oh, wait, there he is. Oh my god! This baby is half black. Who have you been with?

Laurie genuinely laughs, finally breaking the tension between them.

GUIDE

Something funny?

PHIL

Our unborn child told us a joke.

GUIDE

Uh-huh.

PHIL
I'm just not laughing because I've
heard it before.

The musician stops playing.

MUSICIAN
Hey! That's rude. Respect those around you by either taking this seriously, or if you're unable to, sitting back quietly and enjoying the music. Don't be a dick. Okay?

Phil nods, chastened. The music resumes. Phil and Laurie close their eyes, now serious.

GUIDE
Now, look into your wombs. Each part of your baby's body being perfectly formed.

We MOVE in closer on Phil's closed eyes.

GUIDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Experience the miracle of birth...

And closer, and closer, until we're...

INT. HOSPITAL - PHIL'S FANTASY

Minutes after the birth. Their OB/Gyn gives the BABY to a sweaty, exhilarated Laurie and an excited Phil. As they both begin to cry tears of joy...

INT. YOGA STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Phil smiles. He gives Laurie's hands a squeeze.

GUIDE (O.S.)
...The joy you'll feel when you bring your baby home...

We MOVE in on Laurie's closed eyes. Closer and closer...

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - LAURIE'S FANTASY

Phil and Laurie spoonfeed a REALLY ADORABLE 9 month old BABY in a highchair. The baby throws BABY FOOD all over Phil and Laurie. It's so adorable they can't help but laugh. A perfect family. As they laugh and laugh...we're back in --

INT. YOGA STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

And on Laurie's eyes as she grins widely.

GUIDE (O.S.)
...Imagine time passing, your
infant becoming a child...

On Phil's eyes...

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - PHIL'S FANTASY

Phil enters through the front door.

PHIL
Hello? Anyone home?

Phil hears some CLANGING. He walks into the kitchen to find - THE HOUSE IS A HORRIFYING MESS. In the middle of it, A CUTE LITTLE TODDLER (3) happily plays with HUGE KITCHEN KNIVES, MATCHES AND PLASTIC BAGS. Nearby, the PIT BULLS stare at the kid, drooling like he's a piece of meat.

PHIL (CONT'D)
What are you doing here alone?
Where's your mother?

3-YEAR-OLD BOY
Work! Mama at work!

As the dogs lick their chops and advance on the boy...

INT. YOGA STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Back on Phil's closed eyes as they flicker nervously.

GUIDE (O.S.)
...learning and growing,...

On Laurie's eyes...

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - LAURIE'S FANTASY

Phil nods along encouragingly as a YOUNG BOY (9) reads ELIE WIESEL'S *NIGHT* out loud, sounding out the words.

9-YEAR-OLD BOY
*Never shall I forget the little
faces of the children, whose bodies
I saw turned into wreaths of smoke
beneath a silent blue sky.*

PHIL

Very good. You earned a snack.

The boy leans over, revealing Laurie sitting on the other side of him. The boy pulls up her shirt and begins to SUCKLE FROM HER BREAST. Laurie, unhappy, reluctantly pats his head.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Back on Laurie's closed eyes as she flinches a little.

GUIDE (O.S.)

...maturing with your loving care...

On Phil...

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - PHIL'S FANTASY

Phil, now in his 60's, brings a fork of food to his mouth.

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Father, shall we say grace first?

Reveal the voice coming from a YOUNG MAN in PRIEST VESTMENTS. The priest sits at the table, along with Laurie, also in her 60's. The table is set for a CHRISTMAS FEAST, and the room is elaborately decorated with a tree, tinsel, and angels.

PHIL

Right.

They all hold hands and bow their heads.

YOUNG PRIEST

Dear Jesus. My lord, my savior,
whose magnificence I worship, we
thank you for this bounty, and look
forward to meeting you in heaven...

(side glance to Phil)
...at least, those of us who are
true believers.

Phil adjusts his chair. The priest looks up.

YOUNG PRIEST (CONT'D)

Um, Father? Your chair's on my
foreskin.

Phil looks down, his chair on the FORESKIN which snakes out from the bottom of the priest's robe and all along the floor.

INT. YOGA STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Back on Phil's closed eyes as he grimaces in horror...

GUIDE (O.S.)
...into the wonderful adult they'll
become.

On Laurie...

INT. NICE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LAURIE'S FANTASY

Gaius confronts another PREDATOR (30s) - tightly wound, shirt buttoned all the way up, not a hair out of place. We see this from the show's CAMERA POV.

GAIUS
You said you wanted to bend a
thirteen-year-old girl over and
spank her.

PREDATOR
My daddy spanked me all the time.

GAIUS
Your father really messed you up.

PREDATOR
He never treated me like a child, so
I turned to the online community.
There I can be a child forever.
(looking into camera)
Are you happy now, Daddy? Is this
what you wanted?

GAIUS
Surely, the public schools would
have cured you of this.

PREDATOR
(breaking down)
They sent me to private school.

EXT. YOGA STUDIO - LATER

Phil and Laurie, now looking visibly shaken, exit the class with the other couples.

GUIDE

Goddesses, remember that you can use the color green to wash out your uteruses and reline them with warmth.

MUSICIAN

And you can pick up my CD at the hotel gift shop or check us out on iTunes. Thank you.

They see Brenda sitting on a nearby bench, struggling to breastfeed Carter, who's screaming and fighting her. Brenda notices them.

BRENDA

Hey guys.

LAURIE

Hey. Is he alright?

BRENDA

Oh yeah, he's just hungry. It's the strangest thing: ever since we went into town, he is just not taking the boob anymore.

Phil and Laurie look uncomfortable. Brenda suddenly gets an idea, looks at Laurie.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Oh hey, I was just about to hit the spa, get one of those fertility massages. You want to come with?

Phil and Laurie look at each other, both wanting Laurie to go but neither wanting to say it.

LAURIE

PHIL

Um, I don't... now isn't... You can if you want, or...

BRENDA (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Oh, sorry, you all probably want to go get back to the actual baby-making, right?

LAURIE

(blurts)

Actually, a massage sounds great.

(to Phil)

If you don't --

PHIL
(quickly)
Go. I'll hit the pool.

LAURIE
Great. See ya' later.

PHIL
Have fun!

Phil walks one way while Laurie and Brenda start to walk the other way together. They pass a heavyset, BIG-BREASTED MEXICAN HOUSEKEEPING MAID. Carter wails and reaches out for her, grabbing her breast. Brenda shakes her head.

BRENDA
I do not know what's gotten into him lately.

INT. SPA - DAY

Brenda and Laurie get massages. Baby Carter sleeps in a carrier nearby. Laurie's passive-aggressive, too gentle MASSEUR gives her one of those annoyingly light, barely-touching-her massages. He WHISPERS even though Laurie and Brenda talk in normal voices.

MASSEUR
How does this feel?

LAURIE
You can definitely go harder than that.

MASSEUR
(passive-aggressive)
More pressure? Really. Okay...

Laurie tries to relax for a beat. Then:

LAURIE
Scott's a great dad. He's really good with kids.

BRENDA
Mmm-hmm.

LAURIE
Was he like that right away, or was there kind of a learning curve?

BRENDA

Scott's a natural. He just has a magic touch. If they're fussy or crying, Scott just sings rap to them and they stop.

LAURIE

He raps to them? Aren't those songs a little too "I'm gonna rape you, bitch"...

BRENDA

Oh, no, no. He just raps, like --
(bad rap imitation)
"It-it-it-it Itsty Bitsy Spider crawled up your fat ass water spout." It's cute.
(then)
Scott's a perfect daddy.

Laurie takes this in. Her Masseur's still barely touching her.

LAURIE

You know, I'm not made of glass.
You can put some bicep into it.

MASSEUR

Really? Wow...
(then, mutters)
It's your body.

EXT. POOL - DAY

Phil gets in the pool, amidst lots of KIDS playing and screaming. He finds a part of the wall to lean against and realizes he's next to the FAT KID he injured the first day.

PHIL

Oh, hey. How's your leg feeling?

But before the boy can answer, his mom is poolside, staring daggers at Phil.

BOY'S MOTHER

Topher! Get out of the pool! Now!

She quickly pulls him out of the water, safely far away from the menace. Other MOTHERS recognize Phil and quickly begin to follow suit like he's a killer shark in the ocean.

VARIOUS MOTHERS
Wesley! / Cadence, come here! /
Zooey, out of the pool! / Ashton! /
Peyton! / Skylar, get out now!

Phil sighs sadly as he's left completely alone in the pool.
He climbs out, grabs a towel, and heads to the bathrooms.

INT. POOL BATHROOM - DAY

Phil enters the seemingly empty bathroom and opens the door to one of the stalls.

We see SCOTT, sitting with his legs in the air, SOAKING HIS BALLS IN A MUG OF COFFEE he holds between his legs.

PHIL
What the--!?

SCOTT
AAAAHHHH - CLOSE THE DOOR!

Phil slams the door shut.

PHIL
Are you soaking your balls in a cup of coffee!?

SCOTT
No.

Phil opens the stall door again, sees the same sight.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Okay, okay! I read that it lowers your sperm count.

Off Phil's thoughtful expression...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HOT TUB - DAY

Phil and Scott sit in the hot tub.

SCOTT
Don't get me wrong, I love my kids, I just can't have another one.

PHIL
Why don't you say that to Brenda?

SCOTT

She wants a big family. I can't tell her I'm crushing her dreams.

PHIL

So you'd rather soak your testicles in hot liquids every day?

SCOTT

Not just that. I wear crazy tight underwear, I bike fifteen miles to work every day. I jerk off constantly. I try to imagine my sperm are little swimming Iraqi soldiers and I'm the U.S. Air Force laying shock 'n awe on their ass.

Phil double-takes at his metaphor.

PHIL

Well, the not sleeping, the diapers, the mess...it's hard.

SCOTT

Are you kidding? That's the easy stuff. It's the pressure, man.

PHIL

The pressure?

SCOTT

Little kids, all they do is watch you and copy you. No matter what dumbass shit you do, they think that's the way you're supposed to do it, cause you and your wife are their only example of what a human's supposed to be. You curse, they curse. You smoke one cigarette, bam, you just made them a smoker for life.

PHIL

They're not robots, they don't remember every little thing.

SCOTT

Yeah, but you don't know what they're going to remember and what they're not. The human brain's like a Super Soaker.

PHIL

A sponge, right.

SCOTT

So you've got to be perfect every single moment of every day. And even if you think you can do that, can your wife? Cause if either of you messes up, just makes the tiniest little mistake, you coulda just ruined your child's life.

(shudders, then)

You can fuck a kid up, man. You can fuck a kid up.

Phil thinks about this. A GUY approaches, starts to get into the hot tub with them. Phil stops him.

PHIL

I'd walk away. It's gonna get crazy up in here.

Phil looks to Scott, who nods solemnly - do it. As Phil JACKS up the temperature dial...

INT. SPA - CONTINUOUS

Laurie is getting more and more agitated while Brenda is completely relaxed. Laurie's Masseur is sweating as he kneads, elbows, and pummels her as hard as he can.

LAURIE

We're never around kids, so I never noticed how completely incapable Phil is of talking to them or playing with them or dealing with..
(realizing)
Phil's terrible with kids.

BRENDA

He's just not used to them yet.

LAURIE

He's a pediatrician. He spends every second of every day with them.

BRENDA

Yeah, but not his kids. He'll love his kids.

LAURIE

So that means he acts like a freak around other people's kids because they're not his? What kind of person does that?

BRENDA
That's not what--

LAURIE
Did I mention he wants to send them
to some militant private school?
So they can be as tightly wound and
repressed as he is? And if that
doesn't do it, the nightly beatings
and bedtime lectures about the
inexistence of god definitely will.
(then, off the massage)
Goddamnit!

Exasperated, Laurie sits up.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Okay, Tinkerbell. Really get in
there. Like this.

Laurie kneads her fist into the Masseur's shoulder. He
whimpers and crumples in pain.

MASSEUR
Aah!

SCOTT (PRE-LAP)
Motherfucker!!

EXT. HOT TUB - DAY

Phil and Scott are red-faced and sweating profusely, a little
delirious from the heat. They pace and splash around the hot
tub as they try to withstand the burning.

SCOTT
Shit, it's hot!

PHIL
And it's not like it's her fault.
Her mom died when she was a baby,
she has these Neanderthal older
brothers, she never had a maternal
figure to learn from... I think my
skin is melting off.

SCOTT
That sucks, but it doesn't mean she
has to keep the fucking dogs in the
house! Those dogs'll eat your
baby's face! Kill those fucking
dogs!

PHIL

It's like everything I love about Laurie, all the reasons I married her -- she's tough and opinionated and laser focused on her career--

SCOTT

(off the heat)

Goddamn it!

PHIL

-- Laurie's the woman of my dreams.

SCOTT

Fuck me! Fuck my balls!

PHIL

She's just not the woman I dream of being the mother of my children.

INT. SPA - CONTINUOUS

Laurie's Masseur kneels on the floor, clutching his shoulder in pain. Laurie is sitting up, staring ahead, as the realization hits her.

LAURIE

I can't have a baby with him.

INT. HOT TUB - CONTINUOUS

PHIL

I don't wanna have a baby with her.

A BIRD lands on top of the water and INSTANTLY DIES with a SQUAWK. Phil and Scott watch it slowly sink into the water.

PHIL (CONT'D)

We should probably get out of here.

SCOTT

That's fucked up.

As they scramble out of the hot tub...

INT. PHIL AND LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

A red-faced, sweaty Phil, with first-degree burns, enters the room, which again has been set up with rose petals, candles, soft music, etc. He glances around, panicked.

Quickly, he scoops the petals off the bed, musses up the sheets, blows out the candles, and turns the soft music to something loud and distracting.

Laurie enters, forcing cheerfulness.

LAURIE

Hi. How are you? How was the pool? Did you have fun?

PHIL

Yeah, just hung out with Scott. Relaxed. Chillaxed. You?

LAURIE

Same. GREAT massage. So relaxing.

(then)

What happened in here?

PHIL

Housekeeping sucks...is what happened. We're supposed to make a baby in this den of filth.

LAURIE

Oh, now? Right now? You wanted to have sex now?

PHIL

(quickly)

No, no, no, no, we don't have to if you don't want to.

LAURIE

(even quicker)

No, no, no, I want to, I want to. Of course I want to. I mean, if you want to.

PHIL

(forced enthusiasm)

Yeah! I want to.

LAURIE

Great! Let's make a baby.

PHIL

Let's do it.

They take off their clothes and get under the covers, forced bright smiles on their faces, both trying to hide their apprehension. Phil gets on top of Laurie.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Feel okay?

LAURIE
(fake turned on)
Mmm. Mmm-hmm.

Three seconds go by. Then Phil makes a lame sound like he's just quenched deep thirst with an ice cold Coke.

PHIL
Aaaaaaahhhh.

And quickly rolls off her. Laurie looks a little surprised.

LAURIE
That was fast.

PHIL
It just felt so good. You're so good.

Phil gets up to go to the bathroom. Laurie does the usual routine of putting her legs up in the air.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I'm just gonna go...

LAURIE
Take your time. I'll be here.

Phil disappears into the bathroom. As soon as he's gone, Laurie immediately puts her legs down and stands on the bed, wiggles, trying to get the sperm out.

INT. PHIL AND LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phil raises the toilet seat. He looks down and starts VIGOROUSLY MASTURBATING into the toilet.

INT. PHIL AND LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Laurie's JUMPING UP AND DOWN ON THE BED, looking down and frantically worrying that nothing's coming out.

She jumps off the bed, runs to the MINIBAR, and digs through.

LAURIE
Gin, scotch, whiskey, where are you...VODKA!

She triumphantly pulls out two small bottles of VODKA.

INT. PHIL AND LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Phil joylessly jerks off into the toilet, just trying to get it over with.

PHIL
C'mon. C'mon!

INT. PHIL AND LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Laurie sits on the bed with the vodka, working up the courage to do it. Finally, she unscrews one bottle and gulps it down. Then she unscrews the second bottle, lies back, and dumps the vodka between her legs. She grimaces in pain.

LAURIE
Owwwww...!

INT. PHIL AND LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see Phil's face as he finally ejaculates.

PHIL
Aaahhhhhh...!

INT. PHIL AND LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Phil comes out of the bathroom and Laurie's lying in the position he left her in, legs in the air. He gets in bed next to her, they smile at each other, kiss quickly.

PHIL
Good night.

LAURIE
Night.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - MORNING

Phil and Laurie read newspapers and eat breakfast silently. The concierge approaches them with a clipboard. She's obviously been crying and seems angry.

CONCIERGE
Mr. and Mrs. Zeller, should I put you down for the feast tonight?

PHIL
What feast?

CONCIERGE

We watch the sea turtles swim up
the shore to mate under the
moonlight. It's romantic, which
I've learned means very different
things to different people.

She glances angrily towards the bar, at Winston.

LAURIE

Turtle porn. I don't see how we
can skip that.

CONCIERGE

If you say you're coming, you have
to come. You can't just go making
promises about things to people and
then breaking those promises after
you get what you want.

She looks at Winston again. Laurie smiles wanly.

LAURIE

We'll be there.

The concierge makes a note on her clipboard.

CONCIERGE

Also, today is a good day for a dip
in the fertility springs.

LAURIE

Oh, we'll probably pass on that.

CONCIERGE

(stopping short)

But that's... crazy, you're being
crazy. Everyone who swims in the
fertility springs gets pregnant.
Everyone does.

PHIL

Okay, well maybe--

CONCIERGE

(increasingly hysterical)

God already has a baby in mind for
you, and if you don't soak in the
fertility springs, then you can't
have that baby. That's like you're
killing the baby. You're killing
God's little baby!

As she gets louder, people start to look at them. Phil looks around, embarrassed. He quickly shushes her.

PHIL

Okay okay, we'll go to the springs.

CONCIERGE

(suddenly calm again)

Well, whatever. You can if you want to. We also have a sea shell painting class for guests, so either one would be fun.

EXT. FERTILITY SPRINGS - DAY

A beautiful series of crystal clear lakes and waterfalls on a secluded bluff overlooking the ocean. An ENTHUSIASTIC COUPLE climbs out of the springs and hops down the path.

EXT. HILLY PATH - CONTINUOUS

The couple turns right at a hill and playfully chases each other up it. They nod to Phil and Laurie, who are in bathing suits, walking down slowly, not looking nearly as excited.

LAURIE

Fertility springs?

ENTHUSIASTIC MAN

They're amazing! Really beautiful.

ENTHUSIASTIC WOMAN

Honestly, I already feel pregnant.

ENTHUSIASTIC MAN

You're about to be.

He grabs her and they start making out in the middle of the narrow path. Phil and Laurie wait an awkward beat. Finally...

PHIL

Sorry, just... 'xcuse us.

They squeeze past them and continue down the hill to where it FORKS. There's a SMALL, INCONSPICUOUS SIGN reading FERTILITY SPRINGS with an arrow pointing LEFT. Phil and Laurie both SEE it, but BOTH PRETEND NOT TO. Phil casually stands in front of the sign, acting lost.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I'm not sure where it is.

LAURIE
(also acting confused)
Hmm. I don't know. I feel like...

She pretends to think. So does Phil. Finally, he shrugs his shoulders and points right.

PHIL
That way?

LAURIE
I was just gonna say that.

EXT. DISGUSTING SWAMP - DAY

Laurie and Phil are now both neck deep in a revolting, brackish, polluted pond. They're each grossed out and each trying to hide it.

LAURIE
It looks different than you'd think it would. You can really smell the sulfur.

PHIL
Yeah. But, um, it makes sense. There's probably lots of mineral-rich muds that, um, you know...

LAURIE
Sure, this is where all the cosmetics come from. Women pay \$150 for a tiny jar of this stuff.

PHIL
It burns a little bit. In a good way, like it's working.

Behind them, a CLUMP OF TANGLED USED CONDOMS floats past.

PHIL (CONT'D)
But you know, we need to be ready in case... It's not gonna be the end of the world if this doesn't work, right?

LAURIE
Oh, I know, no. Obviously, we'd both be disappointed...

PHIL
Really disappointed.

LAURIE

But, it's not like we're not
totally happy now, without
children. Things are good. Things
are...perfect.

PHIL

Exactly. I love just being married
to you, even if we never had a kid.
I feel fulfilled.

LAURIE

Completely fulfilled.

They both stand there, in the water, silently contemplating.

Behind some rocks, obscured to them, we see a large SEWAGE PIPE emptying into the pond. We hear the sound of a FAINT FLUSH as some more brown sludge trickles out.

INT. PHIL AND LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Phil and Laurie lie on top of the covers in bed. They are both covered in HIDEOUS RED BUMPY RASHES.

LAURIE

I'm debating between facing the
burning agony of peeing again or
throwing myself out the window.

PHIL

We're on the ground floor.

LAURIE

Damn.

There's a knock at the door.

LAURIE (CONT'D)

That must be the skin cream. Will
you get it?

She limps into the bathroom. Phil gingerly gets up and goes to the door. He opens it to Raul, who holds a tube of cream.

RAUL

You called for-- whoa. Are you
okay, senor?

PHIL

Yeah. A little rashy, no big deal.

We hear a faint trickling from the bathroom.

LAURIE (O.S.)
AAAAAAHHHHH, IT BURNS LIKE A BITCH!!

RAUL
You don't need skin cream, you need
new skin.

PHIL
Ha. Right.

RAUL
Luckily, for thirty American
dollars, I can bring you the skin
of any native of your choosing.
It's easier to keep clean than a
mink. Impress all your friends.

PHIL
You know, your little passive-
aggressive jokes get a bit thin.

RAUL
You're right, I'm sorry about that.
(a beat, then)
It's not personal or anything. It
just gets frustrating seeing rich
American tourists traveling here
all the time. You swim in our
waters, rub our ancient statues,
like this place will solve all your
problems, get you pregnant or
whatever. But this is our home,
not the Mayo clinic. And anyway,
sometimes what's really wrong with
a couple can't be fixed by four
days at a resort, you know?

PHIL
Yeah. Yeah, I know.

Phil hands Raul a dollar, starts to shut the door.

RAUL
Ah, a whole dollar. For life-
changing wisdom. You are too kind.

INT. PHIL AND LAURIE'S BUNGALOW - BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Laurie gingerly SPLASHES her face with cold water, wincing at
the pain. As she dabs her face dry with a washcloth, she
happens to glance at the PREGNANCY STICK on the counter.
Laurie holds it up for a closer look. It's POSITIVE.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A romantic FERTILITY FEAST by the water. Couples sit variously around the torch-lit beach, cuddling and watching GIGANTIC SEA TURTLES mating in tide pools.

A small island band, led by the hang drum Musician from the meditation class, plays a strange, islandy rendition of *Purple Rain* by Prince.

MUSICIAN

*...I only wanted to see you
laughing in the purple rain.
Purple rain, purple rain...*

Winston has his arms around a GORGEOUS YOUNG ISLAND WOMAN. The Concierge stares at them and fumes, then returns to explaining the mating process to a rapt Brenda and Scott.

CONCIERGE

The male turtle is using the claws on his fore flippers to hang onto the female for deeper penetration. That's how she likes it.

BRENDA

And you can tell that because of the position of her shell?

CONCIERGE

(loudly so Winston hears)

No. It's just clear these two have a sexual relationship that's built on open communication. He's not the type of turtle who finishes first and doesn't care about her climax. He never leaves her alone after sex 'cause he "has shit to take care of".

BRENDA

And I heard they can have over 300 babies!

(to Scott)

Isn't that amazing?

Scott nods, a little pained, and when Brenda turns back to the Concierge, he KNEELS DOWN NEXT TO THE MALE TURTLE, WHO'S MOUNTED ON THE FEMALE, whispers --

SCOTT

Pull out. Pull out now.

We FIND Laurie and Phil, sitting on the beach, a few feet over. Both watch the turtle orgy, lost in thought.

LAURIE

What do you think of the name
Robin?

PHIL

Huh?

LAURIE

If we ever do get pregnant. Robin
works for a boy or girl.

PHIL

Robin sounds like a gay superhero
or something. Robin Hood. Batman
& Robin.

LAURIE

There's Robin Williams, Robin
Leach, Robin Gibb of the Bee
Gees...

PHIL

Not really helping your case.

LAURIE

Phil, there's something --

PHIL

How about Jim? Or Jenny. Plain
but solid...

LAURIE

Boring. But I guess we could have
fun with the spelling. Like Jenny
spelled "G-Y-N-N-Y-E," or--

PHIL

(abruptly)

I don't think we should have kids.

She looks at him, shocked.

LAURIE

What?

PHIL

We gave it our best shot, and...
Honestly, did we ever really even
want kids, or were we just doing
what society said we were supposed
to do?

LAURIE

I can't-- I don't even know --
(standing up)
You know what? Good. Great!
That's perfect!

She storms away down the beach. Phil scrambles to follow her.

PHIL

It's not personal. Think of it this way. Maybe all this trouble we've been having getting pregnant is nature's way of telling us something.

LAURIE

Yeah? What's that?

PHIL

That we shouldn't be carrying on the human race together. We shouldn't feel bad, it's just natural selection, and we're not selected.

Laurie whirls on him, enraged.

LAURIE

You'd be a terrible father anyway!

PHIL

Laurie, c'mon, there's no need to...

LAURIE

You're terrible with kids! You don't know how to talk to them, you don't know how to play with them. No wonder your patients hate you.

PHIL

They don't hate me. Kids don't like going to the doctor.

LAURIE

Yeah, but they really hate going to you. You're mean and you're insensitive, and you terrify children. Have you seen your waiting room? It's like the line into Treblinka!

PHIL

Well okay, maybe I'm not Doctor Fun Guy, but at least I'm responsible! I can hold a baby without breaking its neck! I'm not a pathological workaholic! And I would never ever EVER leave a baby -

LAURIE

Oh, don't even go there --

PHIL

IN A BAAAAAR!

LAURIE

IT WAS AN INTERNET CAFÉ!

PHIL

JUST CAUSE A BAR HAS AN INTERNET CONNECTION DOESN'T MAKE IT A CAFÉ!

CONCIERGE (O.S.)

Where the hell do you think you're going!!

THEY BOTH FREEZE, turn around to see the Concierge screaming at some turtles as a male turtle dismounts the female and begins trudging back into the ocean.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

No! You can't just screw her and leave. You have to stay with her. You have to stay with her forever!

The turtle keeps walking. She screams and runs over to it, grabbing it and trying to keep it from getting away.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)

You have to stay! Come back here!
No! No! You stay! NO!

Laurie turns back to Phil, the fight drained out of her. She just looks...sad.

LAURIE

Just be honest. Do you really not want to have kids? Or do you just not want to have kids with me?

PHIL

(a beat, then)

I don't want to have kids with you.

Laurie swallows.

PHIL (CONT'D)

And you don't want to have kids
with me either. So isn't it better
that we realize it now, before we
get stuck taking care of one
together for the next 18 years?

LAURIE

Yeah.

She turns. As she walks away from him...

LAURIE (CONT'D)

At least we're not stuck.

We hear the Musician start to sing his version of another SLOW SONG. The song transitions into the actual artist singing the song, as we...

BEGIN OUR SAD BREAKING UP MONTAGE.

INT. LA TORTUGA FERTIL - LOBBY - NEXT MORNING

The Concierge, COVERED IN TURTLE SCRATCHES, prints out Phil and Laurie's final bill as she checks them out of the hotel.

CONCIERGE

...and that includes room taxes,
foreign occupancy fee, energy
surcharge, housekeeping fee, in
room safe surcharge, resort amenity
fee, tourism promotion fee, mini
bar restocking fee, room service
delivery fee, room service
surcharge, and early checkout fee.

She hands Phil a ten page bill that makes absolutely no sense. Then he and Laurie turn and walk out numbly past the WALL OF BABY PHOTOS, both consciously not looking at it.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

Phil and Laurie sit next to each other silently, as they fly back to San Francisco. They sadly watch an EXTREMELY HAPPY COUPLE happily co-parent their EXTREMELY HAPPY CHILD.

EXT. ZELLER HOUSE - DAY

Phil watches as Laurie puts THE LAST OF HER STUFF IN HER CAR and drives away. The PIT BULLS stare at him from the back seat.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - DAY

Wyatt helps Laurie move back into her CHILDHOOD BEDROOM. She sits down on the bed and takes in her surroundings.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Phil eats dinner in an empty house. He looks at Laurie's vacant seat at the table. He looks down at the pit bulls' EMPTY DOG BOWLS, even missing them a little.

INT. OBGYN'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

A bunch of HAPPY PREGNANT WOMEN sit waiting for their appointments. They ALL HAVE DOTING HUSBANDS who are nuzzling them, rubbing their growing bellies, etc. Laurie SITS ALONE. She flips through a baby MAGAZINE. The cover says "THE GREAT DIVIDE: HOW PARENTING DIFFERENCES CREATE PROBLEM CHILDREN."

NURSE
Zeller?

People eye her as she gets up ALONE.

INT. OB/GYN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Laurie gets an ultrasound. The OB/Gyn points to the screen.

OB/GYN
...and right there, that white
shit, that's the embryo...

Laurie forces a smile.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - NIGHT

A lonely Phil leaves a message for Laurie.

PHIL
Me again. Leaving you yet another
message. Just saying hi... in case
you didn't get my other hi's...

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

On a now VISIBLY PREGNANT Laurie, standing by the phone, listening to Phil leave the message.

PHIL (O.S.)
Um, seeing what's new in your life.
So, y'know, if you want, you can
call me back. Okay...bye.

Laurie impulsively GRABS THE PHONE.

LAURIE
Phil?

But it's too late, he's already hung up. As Laurie slowly puts the phone back down...

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - SAME TIME

Phil sadly replaces the phone on the base.

INT. TV STATION - LAURIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Laurie, now visibly MORE PREGNANT, types on her computer, ichatting with an online PERVERT. Gaius appears behind her, reads the chat.

ON THE COMPUTER WE SEE:

16andHorny: My parents are gone all weekend. We could hottub!!

JonasBrother: Or I could just fuck you in the ass.

BACK TO Gauis and Laurie. Gauis nods approvingly, PATS HER BELLY, LIKE, WELL DONE. Laurie sighs, shifts her belly around, then TURNS BACK TO HER COMPUTER AND TYPES --

16andHorny: :)

INT. MEDICAL PRACTICE - PHIL'S OFFICE - DAY

Phil tries to talk down a CRYING CHILD.

PHIL
It's not that serious... If you'd
look at this logically... Just...
(finally, giving up)
How about a lollipop!?

The child abruptly STOPS CRYING, nods sweetly. Phil's shocked at how easy that was. He quickly pulls open a desk drawer, but he's only got an ENERGY BAR AND A COUGH DROP. The child IMMEDIATELY STARTS CRYING AGAIN.

QUICK INSERTS --

-PHIL FILLS HIS DRAWERS WITH LOLLIPOPS.

-PHIL REPLACES THE STAID PAPERWEIGHTS ON HIS DESK WITH TOYS.

-PHIL TAKES DOWN HIS MEDICAL DEGREES AND HOPPER PAINTINGS, REPLACES THEM WITH CLOWN PICTURES, RAINBOWS, ETC.

-FINALLY, WE SEE THE NEW OFFICE, WHICH NOW LOOKS MORE LIKE A TOY STORE. PHIL LOOKS AROUND, CONTEMPLATING WHETHER HE'S SOLD OUT.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - NURSERY - DAY

Laurie puts together a crib in a tiny room she's making into a temporary nursery. She's surrounded by boxes and toys.

She hears GROWLING and looks up to see the PIT BULLS RIPPING A BABY DOLL TO SHREDS.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WYATT'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - ANOTHER DAY

Laurie is giving away the dogs to a KIND-LOOKING COUPLE. She hands them boxes filled with toys and dog food.

INT. ZELLER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Phil sits alone on the couch, staring dully at the TV.

ANGLE ON TELEVISION: Playing a STUPID COMEDY.

We PULL BACK from the television to reveal...

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Laurie, now even more pregnant, sits SQUISHED on the couch between her BROTHERS and WYATT, who are laughing hysterically at the same show, spilling splashes of their beers on her. She stares into space, their company making her feel even more alone.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

A NOW SIX-MONTHS PREGNANT, miserable Laurie sits in the stands, watching a game with Wyatt. Laurie eats everything in sight: hot dogs, nachos, etc. A LITTLE KID approaches Wyatt shyly, holding a FOOTBALL for him to sign.

LITTLE KID

Mr. Harper, will you sign this for
my dad?

He glances over at the father, who's nodding encouragingly.

WYATT

Sure thing. He a fan?

LITTLE KID

No, he says you're the loser who
blew my college fund when you
fumbled against Tampa in '79. But
he says people will buy anything on
eBay.

Wyatt smiles pleasantly as he signs the football "Go Fuck Yourself". He hands it to the kid.

WYATT

Here you go. Stay in school.

Laurie reaches for Wyatt's food as she wistfully watches the boy run back to his proud father, her eyes tearing up.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Aw, come on, don't do that, don't
cry, we came to have fun...

LAURIE

(sobbing)

I'm not crying. The hormones are
crying. I'm having fun. So much
fun.

WYATT

You don't have to do this alone,
you know. You have a husband - who
deserves to know he's gonna be a
Daddy.

LAURIE

I'm gonna tell him, I am. I
just...need to figure stuff out
first.

WYATT

Look, I'm not gonna pretend I was over the moon when you picked Phil. I always pictured my girl with someone more... not-faggy.

LAURIE

(with her mouth full)
-e's -ot -aggy! He's a good man. He's funny and smart and kind to animals even though he hates them...he's my best friend. Was.

WYATT

So you had a little disagreement about how to raise kids...

LAURIE

A little disagreement? He doesn't want to have this baby with me! And I don't blame him. We have completely opposite ideas of how to parent a child. And trying to make that work means fighting for the next eighteen years. I don't want to do that to a kid. I don't want to do that to us.

WYATT

Well, you're both gonna be parents whether you like it or not.

LAURIE

Yeah.

(then)

But maybe we'll be better as separate ones.

WYATT

Y'know, your mother and I were terrible parents.

LAURIE

No you weren't.

WYATT

Oh we were. I was on the road most of the time, and your mother - god bless her soul in heaven - was off fucking her astrologer. We left you at home with your brothers, who would drop you on your head pretty much every day. Not accidentally, either. They'd spike you.

LAURIE

I guess that's why my head is flat
in back.

Wyatt smiles at her.

WYATT

Fighting's good. Fighting means
you both care.

Off Laurie, thinking about it...

INT. PHIL'S PARENTS HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A despondent Phil sits with Mira and Geir at the table in their kitchen, which is filled to the brim with POLISH TCHOTCHKES. Mira cheerfully serves up large portions of Polish food, happier than we've ever seen her.

MIRA

Have some flaki.

PHIL

No thanks, Mama.

She spoons some into his bowl anyway.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I don't want any fucking flaki!
(she's taken aback)

Sorry, I just, I'm not sleeping. I
can't stop thinking that I might
have screwed up the best thing that
ever happened to me.

MIRA

And what was that?

PHIL

(beat, then)

Laurie. Laurie, Mom.

MIRA

(surprised)

Oh.

PHIL

Should I have just overlooked
everything? Just not mentioned
that I didn't want our child raised
in a germ-ridden daycare center,
literally praying to Jesus he
doesn't get mumps or Rubella?

MIRA

Nie. You are much better off now.

PHIL

I mean, a father's supposed to protect his child. How do you do that when the child's own mother won't breastfeed, or vaccinate, or send it to private school--

GEIR

Enough!

(they look at him)

You think you can break a child so easy? My father grew up with pogroms and Cossacks. My brother survived the Nazis. I survived the Communists. So maybe your kid can survive a few years in the public school system.

PHIL

Yeah, but what kind of person will he grow up to be?

MIRA

I read, child of working mother ten times more likely to be rapist.

Geir shoots Mira a sharp look.

GEIR

A child will turn out the way he's going to turn out, no matter what you do. Look at you. We fed you Polish food your whole life. Still, you hate Polish food.

PHIL

I'm just not the biggest fan of tripe. Or ketchup on pizza.

GEIR

The only important thing for a child is that his parents love each other. Do you love Laurie?

PHIL

Obviously I... I mean, love isn't... When we can't even agree--

GEIR

Do you love her?!

PHIL
Yes! More than anything.

MIRA
(can't help herself)
Why?

Geir shoots her another stern look, then turns back to Phil.

GEIR
Then stop bitching and tell her
this.

Phil takes this in.

EXT. NICE HOUSE - DAY

LEE, 35, preppie, approaches the front door holding a bouquet of flowers. He looks like a man on a first date. He nervously checks his breath, then rings the doorbell.

INT. NICE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

A PRETTY GIRL (14) opens the door and lets him in.

PRETTY GIRL
Hi! Come in.

LEE
Thanks. These are for you.

PRETTY GIRL
Oh my god. They smell so good. Do you think I smell good?

LEE
Definitely.

PRETTY GIRL
Do you want to know why?

LEE
Um, okay, why?

GAIUS (O.S.)
Because she used Axe body spray.

Gaius steps out, holding a bottle of AXE BODY SPRAY.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NICE HOUSE - BEDROOM

Laurie, now NINE-MONTHS PREGNANT, rolls her eyes as she watches the monitor. She turns to Ron.

LAURIE
That's not too obvious, right?

RON
No. Totally natural.

They look to the monitors as Gaius places the body spray prominently in front of camera, label out, like an ad. The label reads "BUBBLE GUM FLAVOR".

GAIUS
It's irresistible, and now comes in a number of delicious scents.

Laurie makes a face and grabs her very pregnant belly.

LAURIE
Ooooh.

BACK ON --

GAIUS
Why were you visiting a thirteen year old girl?

LEE
I just wanted to talk to her.

GAIUS
Really? Is that why you sent her this picture of your penis?

He holds up a PIXILATED PHOTO OF A PENIS. Laurie grabs her BELLY.

LAURIE
Ohhhhhh...

RON
I know. Looks like a mushroom cap.

She shakes her head, looks at him anxiously.

LAURIE
No, not that.

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

LEE
I know the law, this is entrap...

He sees, behind Gaius, Ron helping Laurie walk out into the living room.

LEE (CONT'D)
...What's going on?

GAIUS
What's going on is, I'm Gaius Withers, and you're on--

LEE
No, with her.

Gaius turns, sees Laurie. He runs to help Ron sit her down.

LAURIE
Sorry to interrupt, Gaius, but I think I'm in labor.

RON
I'll go see if one of the police guys can drive you to the hospital.

He runs out the front door.

LEE
(nervously)
Why would the police be here? I didn't do anything illegal. I was gonna warn her about online sickos.

GAIUS
(ignoring him)
Has your water broken?

LAURIE
No.

GAIUS
Okay, good, plenty of time.

LEE
Not necessarily. Not everyone's water breaks. The doctor might need to break the bag at the hospital.
(off their looks)
I'm a licensed doula.

LAURIE
Gross.

Ron runs back in.

RON

Okay, don't panic. The police had to leave for some high speed chase.

GAIUS

They're a sex crimes unit.

RON

Police get hard-ons for car chases.

LAURIE

One of the crew guys can drive me.

RON

Basecamp's five miles away. It'd probably take them at least ten minutes to get up here.

LAURIE

Well how the hell am I supposed to get to the hospital?

There's a long beat. Finally...

LEE

I have a van.

EXT. HILLS OF SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

A PLAIN WHITE VAN takes the hill at 75 mph. As it reaches the crest, it momentarily loses contact with the road before hitting it again on the way down.

LAURIE (O.S.)

Ow! Be careful!

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

LEE

Sorry.

Lee drives. Gaius sits with Laurie, who lies down in the cargo area in back. She breathes heavily through her labor.

LAURIE

It's going straight to voice mail.

GAIUS

Does he have an office phone?

LAURIE
(scrolling menu)
It's somewhere in here-e-owwwwww!

She moans as a contraction hits, dropping the blackberry.
Gaius picks it up.

GAIUS
I'll handle it.

Lee turns around, offers her a lollipop.

LEE
Here, you can bite down on this. I
have a bunch of them.

LAURIE
Thanks.

She takes it and sticks it in her mouth. Then she sees, not
only are there boxes of LOLLIPOPS everywhere, but the van is
covered in HIGH SCHOOL MUSICAL and JONAS BROTHERS POSTERS.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
(realizing)
Oh, gross!

GAIUS
(finding the number)
Okay, here it is!

INT. MEDICAL PRACTICE - PHIL'S EXAM ROOM - DAY

Phil holds up a hypodermic needle in front of a very
frightened looking boy.

PHIL
Believe me, I don't like giving
shots. But it has to be done,
alright?

The boy sadly nods, holding back tears. Phil starts to bring
the needle to the boy's arm, then stops, as if his hand has
met an invisible force field.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Wait, what's going on.

He starts to turn the needle around towards himself.

PHIL (CONT'D)
What are you doing? No, wait!

He pretends he's trying to fight off the hand with the needle. He uses his other hand to push it away from himself, while the hand with the needle pushes towards him.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Stop. What kind of phantom Jedi
magic is this? Can't... fight...
much... longer!

He falls back on the floor, fighting for dear life. The boy slowly smiles, then starts to laugh, as Phil's receptionist walks in. She notes him wriggling around on the floor.

RECEPTIONIST
Dr. Zeller, could I speak to--

Phil rolls around, pinning the hand down.

PHIL
Aha!
(the hand rolls him back)
Argh!

RECEPTIONIST
Dr. Zeller, you're gonna want to
take this.

PHIL
Who's Dr. Zeller? I don't know a
Dr. Zeller.
(makes a funny face at the boy)
My name is Dr. Ziggidedoo!!

RECEPTIONIST
Hey, Patch Adams! Your wife's on
the phone.

Phil suddenly stops, sits up.

PHIL
Holy shit.

INT. MEDICAL PRACTICE - PHIL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Phil speaks on the phone at his desk.

PHIL
Laurie, thank god. I've been
calling you for months, I've been
so worried about you.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

As Gaius and Lee help Laurie out of the van and into a wheelchair, pushing her across the parking lot. She tries to make her voice sound normal.

LAURIE

Yeah, I'm sorry about that. Things have just been a little... hectic.

PHIL

You sound out of breath. Are you at the gym?

LAURIE

No, not the gym. Um, listen, I have to tell you something and I probably should have done it a long time ago --

PHIL

I know. Me too. Laurie, I miss you. I miss you so much. And if you miss me, even a little, then I think we should --

LAURIE

Phil, I miss you too.

(then)

And the other thing is, I'm pregnant.

PHIL

You...what? But...whose...

LAURIE

Yours. I found out at the resort. It must have happened at home, before we even went. I should have told you sooner--

PHIL

Sooner?! Yes, you should have told me, like, nine months sooner!

LAURIE

I'm so sorry. You know I always put things off.

PHIL

No, no, you "put off" having your oil changed, you "put off" doing the dishes.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

You don't put off telling your husband you're pregnant with his child.

LAURIE

You want to argue, or you want to be there for the delivery?

Phil is momentarily flustered, then gives in.

PHIL

I want to be there for the delivery. When's the due date?

LAURIE

Oh, I don't know -- forty-five minutes?

INT. MEDICAL PRACTICE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Phil's office door opens and Phil, looking stunned, slowly walks out. His receptionist is waiting for him.

PHIL

I'm gonna be a dad.

(then, smiling)

I've gotta go. Reschedule my appointments. I'm gonna be a dad.

He starts to run off. As he passes the reception desk, he stops and points to the THRIVING GREEN PLANT.

PHIL (CONT'D)

It's alive! I AM A GIVER OF LIFE!

He runs out the door.

RECEPTIONIST

(to herself)

It's plastic, jackass.

INT. HOSPITAL - LOBBY - DAY

Lee flags down a NURSE.

LEE

Nurse! This woman needs to get into a delivery room right away! Her contractions are four minutes.

As the Nurse and Gaius start to wheel Laurie away, Laurie takes Lee's hand.

LAURIE

I want you to know how much I
appreciate everything you've done.

LEE

Just remember to breathe into your
spine. And good luck.

LAURIE

Same to you.

As Laurie passes the Security Guard, in a low voice --

LAURIE (CONT'D)

We just caught that man in a child
molestation sting. Arrest him.

(calls back to Lee)
Thanks again!

EXT. STREET - DAY

A WHITE SEDAN FLIES past us, followed a beat later by TWENTY COP CARS, lights flashing, and several HELICOPTERS. A full-fledged car chase.

THEY PASS A CAR driving in the OPPOSITE DIRECTION about 5 miles over the speed limit. Looks slow in comparison.

INT. PHIL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Phil's looking out his window as the car chase passes by.

PHIL

Jesus! Maniac!

Then he notice, in his rearview mirror, another POLICE CAR, sirens on, chasing him. As he pulls his car over...

PHIL (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The SAME POLICEMAN WHO PULLED LAURIE OVER IN THE FIRST SCENE approaches Phil's window.

POLICEMAN

Do you know how fast you were going?

PHIL

I don't know, three, five miles
over?

(pointing the other way)

That guy was doing at least ninety!
You're missing all the fun, all
your friends went that way!

POLICEMAN

(staring for a beat)

License and registration, sir.

Phil hands him the paperwork. Waits for a long beat as he looks over it.

PHIL

How long is this gonna take?

POLICEMAN

It takes what it takes.

PHIL

That's helpful. Thank you. It's just... my wife is in labor.

POLICEMAN

Wow! Congratulations! You figured out the number one excuse I get from douchebag speed-demons. It's amazing how many wives are in labor on just the day I pull them over.

The policeman begins writing a ticket, VERY SLOWLY.

PHIL

Look, Officer, I know you have a job to do, and I can respect that. But my wife is about to have a baby, right now! I missed the whole pregnancy because... I couldn't deal with the fact that she might not be the exact kind of mother I always imagined. I missed the ultrasounds, and feeling the first kick, and running to the grocery store at three in the morning because she was craving pickles. I missed it all. But I am not going to miss this.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)
So you can either give me the ticket and let me go, or you can put me in jail, but I am not waiting here another second.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The Policeman handcuffs Phil over the hood of his car.

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

Laurie's in bed, sweating, breathing hard. Her OB/Gyn is between her legs.

OB/GYN
Fucking-A, you're close. When I say so, you need to push while I count to ten.

LAURIE
No, I'm not ready to push. I want to wait until Phil gets here.

Laurie suddenly notices Gaius, WHO'S GOT HIS IPHONE TRAINED ON HER CROTCH, FILMING THE ACTION.

LAURIE (CONT'D)
Are you filming this!?

GAIUS
I want to do an investigative report on hospital error during delivery. Just in case...

OB/GYN
I knew you were the guy from "Catch that Perv!" Big big fan.

LAURIE
Where's my husband?!

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Phil sits at a desk. The policeman gives him the phone.

POLICEMAN
You have five minutes.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - SAME TIME

OB/GYN

Okay, Laurie, you're fully dilated.
I'm gonna need you to push like
you're taking a giant shit.

LAURIE

Could you not use that language
right now? I'm alone here and I'm
trying my best to make this a...
beautiful experience.

OB/GYN

I'm sorry, I just want you to be
prepared. You're going to push
like you're having an enormous
bowel movement. And you probably
will empty your bowels. And then
you'll pass a large amount of
bloody mucus and fluid with an odor
that's been described as "pungently
rancid" or "goaty." And then, as
the baby crowns, I'll perform an
episiotomy, which is just a fancy
way of saying I'll use a large
scissors to snip from your vaginal
opening to your anus. And then,
after all that, we'll clean the
blood, mucus, and feces off your
baby's face and you'll have your
beautiful experience. Okay?

Laurie and Gaius look at him, horrified. Gaius slowly stops
filming and lowers his iPhone.

Then Laurie's phone rings. She grabs it.

LAURIE

Where the fuck are you?!

PHIL

You know how they changed some of
the speed limits on the highways,
but not all of them... long story.
I don't think I'm going to be able
to make it.

LAURIE

No, no, no, no, I need you to be
here and hold my hand, Phil! I
can't do this alone!

PHIL

You're not alone, baby. You're not alone. I know I can't hold your hand right now, but I promise I will hold your hand for the rest of our lives. Laurie, I love you.

LAURIE

I love you too.

PHIL

Then that's all that matters. The rest we'll figure out as we go, together. We're not gonna be perfect parents, we're gonna make mistakes...

LAURIE

I won't be so stubborn. I can cut down on work.

PHIL

No, no, I don't want you to do that. Ever. We'll find a good day care. And I'm okay with keeping the pit bulls, I'll just teach them to be...gentle.

LAURIE

I gave the dogs away.

PHIL

Oh thank god!

The policeman taps his watch. Phil looks around at the police and various prisoners sitting around him, staring at him.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Honey, I should probably go, it's sort of a bad time...

OB/GYN

Holy shit, I see the cocksucker's head. One more biiiiig push.

LAURIE

Phil, don't hang up, the baby's coming! Oh god, it really really hurts, I can't do this!

PHIL

Laurie, you can do this, push!!

Laurie screams at the top of her lungs. Phil screams with her. On Phil's end, we see EVERYONE STARING AT HIM.

OB/GYN
Congratulations, you have a boy!

LAURIE
Oh my god. Phil, it's a...

Before she can tell him, the policeman presses the receiver.

POLICEMAN
Time's up. C'mon.

Phil sighs as he stands and follows him off.

Back at the hospital, Laurie realizes Phil has been disconnected.

LAURIE
Phil? Phil? Phil!
(looking up)
I lost him.

She sees the OB/Gyn in the corner, weighing and cleaning the baby. Gaius is talking to him.

OB/GYN
I loved the one where the perv got totally naked with a hard on and you said--

GAIUS
"Don't point it's rude."

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY / BABY NURSERY - THE NEXT DAY

PAN ACROSS rows of BABIES in cribs, all labeled with their names: "Baby Boy: Zachary Berman", "Baby Girl: Alexandra Shader". LAND ON the last baby: "Baby Boy: TBD ZELLER."

We find Wyatt, Darryl, Russell, Geir, and Mira crowded on the opposite side of the window glass, ogling the baby.

RUSSELL
Hey, baby. Yo, look over here.

DARRYL
He doesn't speak English yet,
idiot. He speaks baby.

GEIR
He is cute like my butt.

WYATT

What kind of messed up thing is
that to say about my grandson?

GEIR

Nie, co oznacza? Butt... button.
Cute like button.

WYATT

Oh, yeah. He's cute as a button.

MIRA

Yes.

(she shrugs, sighs)

He has mother's eyebrows.

We FIND Laurie and Phil together a little further down, also gazing at the baby.

LAURIE

TBD Zeller. It's not terrible.

PHIL

How about Jamey? After your
mother, but it works for a boy.

LAURIE

Yeah, I like that. Jamey Zeller.

(then, smiles)

Wow. Look at us. You say tomato,
I also say tomato.

PHIL

I guess we're growing. How boring
is that!

There's a beat.

LAURIE

If it's really important to you, we
can have him circumcised.

PHIL

You're too late. I slipped the
nurse a twenty, she did it with a
nail clippers in the on-call room
while you were asleep.

LAURIE

(laughs)

Smooth.

PHIL

But thanks. That means a lot.

They share a sweet smile.

LAURIE

So Jamey... Izaak Zeller, for your uncle? That would sound classy.

PHIL

Oh yeah, very classy. His initials would be jiz.

LAURIE

Okay, so what do you want?

PHIL

I've always liked Xavier.

LAURIE

Jamey X. He'll be the first white Black Panther...

As they continue to bicker about names, we...

FADE OUT.

INT. STORE - DAY

Over credits, we see a store featuring a large display of AXE BODY SPRAYS, in Bubble Gum, Cotton Candy, Blue Razzberry, and Root Beer flavors.

The display is mobbed by SKETCHY-LOOKING OLDER MEN, different versions of child molesters (one in a trench coat, one in an Elmo tee-shirt, etc.), self-consciously slipping bottles into their shopping baskets...

THE END