

Donor Daddy

By

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FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

A DOCTOR stands poised between a woman's stirrups feet. Sweat dots his brow and a surgical mask conceals all but his unusual gray eyes.

SCREAMS OF AGONY can be heard from the LABORING MOTHER.

DOCTOR

C'mon, Jamie. One more push and you'll meet your baby!

LABORING MOTHER (O.S.)

I. Can't. Do it!

DOCTOR

Yes, you can. Concentrate.

LABORING MOTHER (O.S.)

It hurts!

DOCTOR

Use that pain, Jamie. C'mon. Push. You're almost there.

The Doctor's hands disappear between the woman's legs.

WE PAN TO MOTHER'S FACE

and meet JAMIE SHAY (30s), face beet red and wrinkled in agony, auburn hair matted to the sides of her face, in the throes of a hard push.

Her HUSBAND (30s), right off the cover of GQ, coaches her. He dabs at her sweaty forehead with a cloth.

HUSBAND

You can do it, honey. I'm so proud of you. I love you so much.

JAMIE

Touch me again and I will rip your nuts off and shove them down your throat... and then I'll kill you.

DOCTOR

We've got a death threat. We're getting close. Nurse.

A pretty blond NURSE wearing a slutty nurses outfit jumps to attention, hurrying to his side.

The Doctor pokes his head up from between Jamie's legs to offer one final encouraging comment.

DOCTOR
This is it, Jamie. Push. Push.
Push!

Jamie bears down and pushes with all the strength she can muster. Her loud GRUNTING gives way to the sound of silence that should be filled with the shrill cries of a newborn.

The Doctor holds a small form wrapped in a white blanket, staring down at it with a smile.

DOCTOR
Congratulations, Jamie. He's
beautiful.

The Doctor places the bundle into Jamie's outstretched arms. A Pomeranian leaps out of the blanket and licks her all over her face.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

An alarm goes off on a nightstand beside a queen sized bed. In the bed, Jamie lies sound asleep while a Pomeranian lathers her face with slobber.

She jumps up suddenly, sending the fluffy dog sailing across the bed with a YELP.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

The beeping of the alarm morphs into a female voice, but with the same high pitch.

FEMALE VOICE(V.O.)
You're 35. You're old. You're not
married. You have no kids.

Jamie picks up a magazine off the nightstand, rolls it into a tube and beats the alarm with it.

JAMIE
I know. I know. I know!

The alarm continues to mock her with its dying breath.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
(distorted)
You have no boyfriend. No life.
You sleep with your dog.

JAMIE
I know!

She delivers one, last, fatal blow and the alarm dies an untimely death.

The magazine falls to the floor, revealing a half-naked man on the cover that looks exactly like the husband in Jamie's dream.

EXT. JAMIE'S FRONT YARD - DAY

A beautiful, picturesque day. Sun shining. Birds chirping.

A MAIL TRUCK slows to a stop in front of Jamie's house. The MAILMAN, a husky man in his 50s, extends an arm just enough to open the mailbox and slide in a stack of envelopes.

He looks oddly familiar. The same eyes that stared out from above the surgical mask. The Doctor from Jamie's dream. Eyes that are now drawn to a house next to Jamie's.

A woman bends to fasten the strap of her heels, her perfectly round buttocks gently pressing against the confines of her tight mini skirt.

JAMIE (O.S.)
Morning, Ted.

Jamie walks down the driveway in a pink terry robe. With no make-up on, she has a natural, subtle beauty. Not enough to attract the mailman's attention.

She looks in the direction of his stare. Sees the someone, or something, that holds his attention.

JAMIE
I hear aliens are taking over the world later today.

No response from the mailman.

She waves a hand in front of his eyes.

JAMIE

I'm completely naked under this robe.

Mailman doesn't even blink.

She gets her mail out of the mailbox and SLAMS the metal door shut. The mailman starts, as if shocked back to life.

MAILMAN

Jamie, good mornin'.

JAMIE

It is lovely, isn't it?

The mailman averts his eyes back to the woman next door.

As she straightens up and walks to her car, we see that she looks just like the slutty nurse from Jamie's dream.

MAILMAN

Sure is.

Once again, the mailman stares, practically drooling, like a teen boy getting his first glance of a Playboy magazine.

JAMIE

How's the wife?

MAILMAN

Alive, last I checked. Your neighbor's got some ass on 'er.

JAMIE

Nice talking with you, Ted.

She walks back up the driveway and disappears into her home.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - LATER

Despite the sexy black dress and heels that Jamie wears, she fails to hold the attention of the three BUSINESSMEN in the elevator with her.

They ogle at the BLOND WOMAN that stands confidently beside Jamie, knowing she looks as hot as she thinks she does.

Jamie sighs loudly, pushing the sixth floor button repeatedly. The elevator doors open to --

A LAW FIRM

and she steps out, letting the door shut on her feelings of inadequacy.

She takes a deep, intrepid breath, straightens her clothing and proceeds into the office.

The RECEPTIONIST (20s), baby-faced with springy red curls, looks up when she sees her coming, putting down her phone.

Above her head is a giant logo that reads: "LAW OFFICE OF BRENTWOOD, FARMER, McCALL AND SHAY".

RECEPTIONIST
Morning, Ms. Shay.

JAMIE
Morning.

Jamie continues toward her office. The receptionist gets back to her phone call.

RECEPTIONIST
She's coming!

Jamie stops at a door with: "JAMIE M. SHAY" engraved on it. She practices several surprised faces before entering --

INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

to find it bursting at the seams with COLLEAGUES, all dressed in designer suits. They shout in unison --

ALL
Surprise!

One of Jamie's rehearsed expressions lights up her face. Only a trained eye could differentiate it from genuine surprise.

JAMIE
You guys!

A tall, slender, smoking-hot brunette, TIFFANY (late 30s), breaks free of the crowd, throwing her arms around Jamie.

TIFFANY
Happy Birthday!
(whispers in her ear)
Who told you?

JAMIE
I'm psychic.

Tiffany pushes her away at arms length to get a better look.

TIFFANY
Well, you look damn good for 35.

JAMIE
If that had come from anyone else,
I would take it as a compliment.

BRENTWOOD (50s), overweight and balding, steps out of the crowd and puts an arm around Jamie. Too close for comfort.

BRENTWOOD
I hope you won't be too distracted today. I'm putting one of my biggest clients into your more than capable hands.

JAMIE
I'll do my best, sir.

BRENTWOOD
You always do.

Jamie smiles politely, then waits for him to release her. When he doesn't, Tiffany comes to her rescue.

TIFFANY
Sorry we didn't have time for decorations and all that, but we did get you a cake.

Tiffany takes Jamie by the hand and leads her to her desk where a full sheet cake awaits.

INSERT - CAKE

The words: "Hasn't had sex in over a year" is written in hot pink icing.

BACK TO SCENE

Jamie gasps. Looks over her shoulder to find everyone watching. Mortified, she turns back around.

INSERT - CAKE

It now reads: "Happy 35th Birthday Jamie!"

BACK TO SCENE

Tiffany plunks one candle down in the middle and lights it.

TIFFANY

You don't mind, do you? I don't
want the fire sprinklers going off
and drowning the cake.

Jamie chuckles wryly.

TIFFANY

On three. One, two, three...

ALL

Happy birthday to you. Happy
birthday to you. Happy birthday
dear Jamie...

CLOSE ON JAMIE'S FACE

She looks like she is going to throw up.

INT. JAMIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Still on Jamie's nauseated expression.

ALL

Happy birthday to you.

WE PULL BACK to reveal --

a decorated living room with 50 guests squeezed in, adults
and children, casually dressed.

With all the balloons and crepe paper, it looks more like a
child's party than a grown woman's.

A large, garish banner hangs above the fireplace. It
reads: "Hasn't held on to a relationship for longer than a
month".

Jamie takes a deep breath then attempts to exhale it all
over the lit candles that mostly conceal the cake below.

VIRGINIA

Wait, wait, wait!

VIRGINIA, a 55-year-old version of Jamie, urges 4 small
children in Jamie's direction.

The CHILDREN gather around the cake.

VIRGINIA

Thought you could use some help
with all those candles.

Jamie shoots her a dagger, but no one seems to notice.

JAMIE

How considerate, mom.

The children and Jamie suck in a deep breath and together they blow out the candles. A round of APPLAUSE echoes through the room.

EXT. JAMIE'S HOME - DECK - NIGHT

GOSSIPING WOMEN congregate around a patio table and chairs while a handful of MANLY MEN work the barbecue grill. A group of CHILDREN run around the table.

Jamie sits on a swing, rocking the BABY in her arms. She stares down at the pink bundle, beaming with maternal joy.

Tiffany flops onto the swing next to her, rocking it violently. The baby stirs. Jamie shoots her a hard look.

TIFFANY

Sorry. Geez.

Jamie soothes the baby back into a deep, peaceful sleep.

TIFFANY

You look like you know what you're doing.

JAMIE

My brothers and sisters have nine kids between them.

TIFFANY

Wow. Quite a fertile bunch. What's wrong with you?

JAMIE

Nothing is wrong with me.

TIFFANY

What are you waiting for, then? Your eggs have an expiration date, y'know.

JAMIE

Hmmm...

(pretends to think)

A man.

TIFFANY

Who says you need a man to have a baby?

JAMIE

Biology.

TIFFANY

You don't need a whole man -- just a microscopic part of one.

The baby wakes, SCREAMING her head off. The MOTHER comes running.

MOTHER

I'll take her. She's probably hungry.

The mother has her out of Jamie's arms before she can reply.

JAMIE

What are you suggesting, that I go to a... a...

(like it's a dirty word)

... sperm bank?

TIFFANY

Actually I thought we would start with a real live man first. But that's always an option, too.

JAMIE

I'm not even dating anyone.

TIFFANY

Who cares? Find a hot guy, ask him out for a few drinks and bring him back to your place. I think you can figure out the rest.

JAMIE

If I were to do it, and I'm not saying I am, I would be up front from the very beginning. I would let him know that I wasn't in it for love or marriage, that I just wanted to have a baby and that as soon as the task was complete, he

(MORE)

JAMIE (cont'd)
would be released from all
responsibility, with a signed legal
document, of course.

Tiffany reels.

TIFFANY
Oooh, sexy. Guys love it when you
talk babies and legal agreements on
the first date.

JAMIE
What do you know? You're older
than me and just as single.

TIFFANY
But I like being single.

JAMIE
So do I.

TIFFANY
And I don't have the mommy itch.

Jamie stays quiet.

TIFFANY
If your plan has even a small
chance of working, there's gotta be
something in it for them.

JAMIE
(outraged)
Are you suggesting that I...
(whispering)
pay a man for sex?

TIFFANY
No, I'm suggesting you pay a man
for...
(whispers, mocking)
his sperm.

JAMIE
That's ridiculous. I know my ass
may not be as tight as it used to
be and my boobs may not be up under
my throat, but I am not going to
pay someone to reproduce with me.

Tiffany chuckles heartily, a good belly laugh.

JAMIE

What?

TIFFANY

If I had a penis, it would totally
be hard right now.

Jamie shoves her, almost hard enough to knock her off the swing.

TIFFANY

I'm serious. Good luck with that.
And hey, if all else fails, I'm
sure Brentwood would be more than
happy to accommodate you.

Jamie fake wretches, much to Tiffany's amusement.

INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jamie pulls out her little black book. Picks up the phone and dials the first number, a confident smile on her face.

LATER

JAMIE

Married? Wow, I didn't know.
Congratulations.

She crosses a name off in her book. Her smile fades ever so slightly.

LATER

JAMIE

Oh, so you're a priest now? That's
so... interesting.

She crosses off another name, so repetitively that she rips the paper. Not many left.

LATER

JAMIE

You're a... woman... now?

One more name scratched out. She frowns. Sighs.

LATER

Jamie moves the receiver away from her ear as a WOMAN'S VOICE screams at her in JAPANESE.

JAMIE
Sorry, wrong number.

She hangs up the phone. Crosses off the last name in her book. Bangs her head against her desk.

BEEP.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Ms. Shay, you have a call holding
on line three.

Jamie hits the intercom button.

JAMIE
Thank you, Candy.

She regains her composure. Puts the call on speaker.

JAMIE
This is Jamie Shay.

SPENCER (V.O.)
Jamie, hi. It's Spencer.

Jamie's face lights up with new found hope.

JAMIE
Spencer! How are you? How was
your vacation?

SPENCER (V.O.)
Good. Great, in fact. How's the
firm?

JAMIE
Busy. Never a shortage of
miserable married people. Are you
back in town?

SPENCER (V.O.)
Yeah, listen, that's why I'm
calling. Can you sneak off for a
quick lunch? I need to talk to you
about something. Really important.

JAMIE
Sure. Of course. Anything for an
old friend.

SPENCER (V.O.)
Excellent. How's 12:30 at Pablo's?

JAMIE

Perfect!

INT. LAW FIRM - DAY

Jamie prances through the lobby, practically floating on air. Pauses at the receptionist's desk.

JAMIE

Candy, hold all my calls. I'm taking a long lunch.

RECEPTIONIST

Outside of your office? Is everything all right, Ms. Shay?

JAMIE

Everything is perfect.

INT. PABLO'S RESTAURANT - LATER

Jamie enters with the same lively demeanor. Glances around the room. Walks over to a table occupied by a lone patron.

SPENCER (30s), handsome and sophisticated, sincere blue eyes, every strand of hair in place.

He rises to his feet upon seeing Jamie approach. They hug. The happy reunion of old friends -- or something more.

SPENCER

God, you look great.

JAMIE

Not too shabby yourself.

SPENCER

Have a seat.

They both sit, sizing each other up.

SPENCER

Look at you!

JAMIE

Stop! You're giving me a complex.

SPENCER

It's pronounced com-*pli*-ment.

JAMIE

So, what have you been up to?

SPENCER

I've been doing a lot of soul searching lately. I mean, look at me. I'm 37, single, making a great living... but really haven't lived yet, know what I mean?

Jamie leans in, interested.

JAMIE

I know exactly what you mean.

SPENCER

So I started thinking, I have to get moving, make things happen, take charge of my future. We're not getting any younger.

JAMIE

It's like you're reading my mind. As-a-matter-of-fact, I have something I'd like to ask you, too.

SPENCER

Let me go first. This is really important.

Both continue on, neither listening to the other.

JAMIE

We've known each other for so long and I've always felt close to you...

SPENCER

I've always thought of you as one of my closest friends...

JAMIE

I know this isn't something just any man would agree to. But that's the great thing about you, you're not like any man I've ever known...

SPENCER

We've shared our hopes and dreams, our ups and downs, and through it all my respect for you has grown immeasurably...

JAMIE
That's why I feel comfortable
asking you this...

SPENCER
Which brings me to my question...

JAMIE
(overlapping)
Will you father my child?

SPENCER
(overlapping)
Will you be my best man?

JAMIE & SPENCER
Your what?

SPENCER
You want to have a baby with me?

JAMIE
You want me to be your best man?
I'm not even a man. How could I
possibly be your "best" man?

SPENCER
This is embarrassing.

JAMIE
You're telling me?

Jamie tries in vain to rub the flush from her cheeks.
Spencer just sits dumbfounded.

JAMIE
I didn't even know you were
engaged.

SPENCER
I met her in Mexico.

JAMIE
Most people just bring back a
sombrero or some maracas.

SPENCER
She's the most beautiful woman I've
ever laid eyes on.

JAMIE
You're marrying her after a month?

SPENCER

I know it seems sudden, but --

JAMIE

I feel compelled to inform you that 90 percent of all marriages not preceded by at least a year of dating end in divorce.

SPENCER

Well, we're not getting married right away. She has to finish her internship and then we want to --

JAMIE

A doctor? You're marrying a doctor? A doctor and a lawyer. That's cute.

She grabs her purse and heads for the exit. Spencer gives chase.

EXT. PABLO'S RESTAURANT / SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer jogs to catch up with Jamie as she speed walks.

SPENCER

Where's the fire?

JAMIE

I just remembered, I have a client.

SPENCER

What's the sudden urgency to have a baby?

JAMIE

We're not getting any younger. You said so yourself.

SPENCER

But what about love, marriage, partnership...

JAMIE

That's for other people. I don't have the time. I just want to be a mother.

Jamie stops at a tiny, two-passenger sports car. Unlocks the door.

SPENCER

I really wish I could help you. I do. If I wasn't engaged...

JAMIE

Don't worry about it. I'll just ask someone else. No big deal.

SPENCER

No hard feelings, then?

He stretches his arms out to her. She hesitates, then hugs him. Gets in her car.

SPENCER

Just so we're clear, that's a no about being my best man?

She SLAMS the door in his face and peels off.

INT. JAMIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jamie fills her dog's bowl with gourmet dog food, then removes the layer of old newspaper from a dog bed.

JAMIE

I cannot wait until your "digestive issues" are over. This is getting old.

She picks up a newspaper and prepares to line the dog bed with the want ads. Looks down at the numerous entries. Smiles triumphantly.

INT. LAW FIRM - DAY

A group of PARALEGALS gathers around one of the desks, laughing amongst themselves.

Jamie walks up with her coffee in one hand and briefcase in the other.

JAMIE

What's going on?

The crowd parts just enough for Jamie to see what they're all looking at -- a newspaper turned to the want ads.

PARALEGAL 1

Rich bitch seeking a baby daddy.

PARALEGAL 2

(reading)

Successful businesswoman seeks handsome, intelligent man to father her child. No commitment. No strings. Five thousand dollars awarded to chosen applicant.

They hoot and holler amongst themselves.

PARALEGAL 1

You know what that means, right?

ALL

Fugly.

They roar with laughter and high fives abound.

JAMIE

Or maybe she's a beautiful, intelligent woman that doesn't want to sift through all the assholes in the world just to have a baby.

They ponder this, then continue laughing.

Jamie walks away shaking her head.

INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jamie enters as a cell phone RINGS from within her purse.

She sets down her coffee and briefcase on her desk and pulls out her regular cell and a pay-as-you-go phone out of her purse. It is the latter that is ringing. She answers.

JAMIE

Hello?

TIFFANY (V.O.)

(deep tone)

Hello, I'm calling about the donor daddy position. Is it still available?

INTERCUT - JAMIE'S OFFICE / COURTHOUSE

Jamie instantly recognizes the voice. Disappointment sets in as she slouches into her chair.

Tiffany, dressed in a professional yet sexy skirt suit, stands in a hallway outside a courtroom.

JAMIE

Tiff. How did you know it was me?

TIFFANY

C'mon, that ad was screaming your name. Everyone's talking about it. You're famous. Any prospects?

JAMIE

Just you so far.

TIFFANY

Trust me, if I could produce sperm, I'd give it all to you.

JAMIE

Comforting. Thanks.

TIFFANY

Give it time. It's only eight.

JAMIE

Wanna have lunch later?

TIFFANY

I can't. I'm in court all day. Maybe tomorrow.

JAMIE

I thought Brentwood and Farmer were in court today.

TIFFANY

Apparently there was some emergency and they asked me to fill in.

JAMIE

Tee time or hot interns?

A BAILIFF opens the courtroom doors and motions the people in the hall to enter.

TIFFANY

Probably both. I gotta run. At least he's losing interest in you.

JAMIE

Small relief. I'll see ya.

Jamie ends the call. It immediately RINGS again. She answers.

JAMIE

Hello... no, this isn't a prank...
yes, I'm very serious... no, I'm
not ugly or fat... well, why don't
you see for yourself... six o'clock
at Mabel's Diner.

EXT. MABEL'S DINER - EVENING

Jamie walks up to the entrance to find --

Men of varying ages and body types billowing out of the
diner entrance, forming a line that nearly wraps around the
building.

Jamie darts to the back of the building before she can be
seen. She quickly gets her cell phone out and dials.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Jamie?

INTERCUT - OUTSIDE DINER / MASSAGE PARLOR

Tiffany sits on a massage table with her phone to her ear,
naked from the waist up. A MASSEUSE stares like a horny
teenager.

She motions him out of the room with a flick of her
wrist. He exits, begrudgingly.

JAMIE

There's a million guys here. How
the hell did this happen?

TIFFANY

You put an ad in the paper offering
money and sex. What did you
expect?

JAMIE

But I only got eight calls. Only
eight men were supposed to know
where to meet me.

TIFFANY

I guess good news travels fast.

A CREEPY GUY approaches Jamie wearing a T-shirt that reads:
"Chick Magnet" with a picture of a baby chick alongside it.

CREEPY GUY

Hey, are you that girl that wants a
baby daddy?

JAMIE

(to Tiffany)

Hold on a minute.

(to guy)

Yes... I am, but I've --

Creepy Guy looks toward the diner entrance and yells out --

CREEPY GUY

She's over here!

Within seconds, a HOARD OF MEN rush in Jamie's direction.

Jamie takes off running for her car.

JAMIE

(on phone)

Oh shit! Help!

Tiffany's eyes fill with alarm.

TIFFANY

Jamie? What's going on?

JAMIE

They're attacking!

She gets to her car and struggles to get her keys out of her
purse while holding the phone with the other hand.

TIFFANY

What do you mean?

JAMIE

I'm gonna have to call you back.

BACK TO SCENE

Jamie drops the phone into her purse, then desperately
searches through the clutter for her keys.

She glances over her shoulder to find the hoard of men
gaining on her.

JAMIE

Shit!

The men are upon her in seconds, all shouting out at the
same time. HOT GUY, body and face of a male model, bullies
his way to the front.

HOT GUY

With your brains and my looks, our kid'll be the shit.

FERTILE GUY pipes up from beside him.

FERTILE GUY

I'm really fertile. I already got six kids at home. Plus my girlfriend and me could use the money.

A tall, muscular MILITARY GUY, dressed in fatigues, shoves his way out of the crowd, stands at attention. Speaks like he would to a drill sergeant --

MILITARY GUY

I'd like to be the father of your baby, Ma'am.

FERTILE GUY

But I have super sperm. We'd only have to do it one time.

Military Guy grabs Fertile Guy by the shirt, throws him to the ground and puts his face right against his, so close that spit flies when he yells --

MILITARY GUY

Can't you see I'm talking to the lady, maggot!

Jamie is totally freaked out now and starts to back away from the increasingly hostile mob.

JAMIE

I really appreciate all of you coming by, but the truth is... I've already found someone.

HOT GUY

Yeah... but is he hotter than me?

The ROAR of an ENGINE is heard behind Jamie. She turns to find a FORD F-150 with a head stuck out of the driver's window.

This is SHAWN REYNOLDS (30s), crystal blue eyes, messy brown hair. A whole different league than the others.

SHAWN

You ready to do this?

She takes a step in his direction.

JAMIE
Do what?

He REVS his engine again.

SHAWN
Get in.

JAMIE
Why?

SHAWN
I'm trying to help you.

JAMIE
Who says I need your help?

SHAWN
Fine, suit yourself.

He starts to pull away and the hoard, once again, close in on her.

A DUMB JOCK wearing a jersey with the sleeves cut off and a backwards baseball cap approaches her.

DUMB JOCK
I've got more than enough of what
you need.

He cups his crotch with his right hand and smiles.

Jamie runs after the truck.

JAMIE
(yelling)
Wait!

The truck SQUEALS to a stop and the passenger door flies opens. She leaps inside, narrowly avoiding being grabbed by Dumb Jock.

The truck races out of the parking lot before the door is closed.

INT. SHAWN'S TRUCK (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Jamie sits in shock for a second, then glances over at Shawn who has a triumphant smile on his handsome face.

JAMIE
What just happened?

SHAWN
Have we learned our lesson?

She folds her arms across her chest like a child that's getting a scolding.

JAMIE
What lesson would that be?

SHAWN
I would think that would be fairly obvious.

She spots a folded newspaper on the dashboard and picks it up for a closer look. Unfolds it to find an ad circled in red. Her ad.

JAMIE
So you're one of them?

He glances at her, amused, then focuses back on the road.

SHAWN
One of who?

JAMIE
Stop the truck.

SHAWN
Why?

JAMIE
Stop the truck!

He slams on the brakes, bringing the truck to an abrupt halt. Jamie lurches forward, bouncing off the dashboard.

JAMIE
Are you insane? You could've killed me!

SHAWN
You said stop. I stopped. Are you getting out?

Jamie looks out her window.

JAMIE'S POV

They are in the middle of a busy four lane street. Cars fly past them at high speeds, HONKING.

She sighs loudly, then fastens her seat belt.

JAMIE
Just drive.

INT. SHAWN'S TRUCK (STOPPED) - NIGHT

Shawn reclines back in his seat, feet up on the steering wheel, eating a fast food burger and fries.

SHAWN
What do you want to know?

JAMIE
Your name is a good place to start.

SHAWN
Shawn Reynolds.

He extends a greasy hand to her. She grabs him by the wrist and shakes his arm. He chuckles at her, then goes back to eating.

SHAWN
And you are?

JAMIE
Jamie Shay.

SHAWN
Sounds like a romance novelist.

JAMIE
I assure you I'm not.

SHAWN
So what makes one uniquely qualified to be a baby daddy?

JAMIE
Why does everyone say it like that, like it's a bad thing?

SHAWN
Why are you so defensive?

JAMIE
Maybe because I'm tired of defending my desire to be a mother to a bunch of strangers.

SHAWN
I didn't ask you to.

She studies his expression.

JAMIE
You seriously want to do this?

SHAWN
Sure, why not?

She rapidly fires off questions, each one answered by Shawn without hesitation.

JAMIE
What do you do for a living?

SHAWN
Architect slash contractor.

JAMIE
What's your IQ?

SHAWN
115.

JAMIE
Are you married?

SHAWN
No.

JAMIE
Divorced?

SHAWN
No.

JAMIE
Kids?

SHAWN
No.

JAMIE
Drugs?

SHAWN
No.

JAMIE
Arrests or convictions?

SHAWN
No.

JAMIE
STD's?

SHAWN
No.

JAMIE
Mental illness?

SHAWN
No.

JAMIE
Addictions?

SHAWN
No.

JAMIE
Bad habits?

SHAWN
Some.

JAMIE
Like?

SHAWN
Nail biting, knuckle cracking and a chronic tendency to leave the toilet seat up... none of which I believe are genetic.

She shakes her head, then consults her list of questions.

SHAWN
Did I pass?

She looks up from her list after mentally checking everything off.

JAMIE
So what's wrong with you?

SHAWN
Nothing... that I know of.

JAMIE
Why do you want to do this?

SHAWN

Maybe I should be asking you some questions. After all, you're gonna be raising my kid.

JAMIE

I have this pet peeve...

SHAWN

Only one? I haven't known you that long, but it seems like you could fill up a medical journal.

Jamie continues on as if he hadn't interrupted.

JAMIE

I hate it when people refer to a child as a "kid".

SHAWN

You know what mine is? Women that over-analyze everything.

JAMIE

Sounds like we're incompatible.

SHAWN

Well, we're not getting married, just having sex.

JAMIE

I haven't decided that yet.

SHAWN

What else do you need, a credit check?

JAMIE

Maybe.

SHAWN

So when are we gonna do this? Are you ovulating?

Jamie sucks in a shocked gasp.

JAMIE

That's none of your business.

Shawn smiles with one side of his mouth. Takes a huge bite of his hamburger.

SHAWN
 (mouth full)
 It kind of is.

JAMIE
 Would you like to know how long my
 cycles are, too?

SHAWN
 Not while I'm eating.

JAMIE
 I'll leave you to it, then.

She slides her purse straps over her shoulder and tries to open her door. It doesn't budge.

SHAWN
 Where're you going? I was gonna
 share my fries with you.

Continuing to struggle with the door --

JAMIE
 I don't eat fried foods. Does this
 thing open? What's the magic word?

SHAWN
 I don't know. Try abracadabra.

She gives him a sharp look, then gets to work on the door again, tugging on the handle with all her might.

JAMIE
 I'll be in contact.

SHAWN
 You didn't even ask for my number.

JAMIE
 I was... going to.

Shawn sits up, tossing the rest of his food into a fast food bag. He retrieves a pen and paper from his glove box. Jots down his number. Hands it to her.

Jamie stuffs it into her purse, then concentrates on the door again. Flips a couple switches, ends up rolling down the window.

SHAWN
 Where are you off to in such a
 hurry? Gonna get you some of those
 ovulation tests.

JAMIE

I find it more than moderately alarming that you know about that.

SHAWN

I find it more than moderately alarming that you didn't until I mentioned it.

She stares at him disapprovingly, not accepting that answer.

SHAWN

I have a sister, okay. Sometimes she tells me things I don't wanna know.

Jamie gives the door handle one last tug, exhausted from her efforts.

SHAWN

C'mon, you're gonna break my truck.

He flips a switch on his side and the door locks pop up. He then leans across her lap and opens the door.

EXT. MABEL'S DINER - NIGHT

Jamie hops out of the car, adjusts her skirt, then saunters away toward her car.

A group of TEENAGE BOYS stand next to a muscle car, smoking.

SHAWN (O.S.)

(calling out)

Do you think you could ovulate on the sixteenth? I'm free that whole day.

The boys stare and laugh amongst themselves. Jamie fumes as she climbs into her car.

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Jamie stares at an array of ovulation and pregnancy tests, as confused as a man in the tampon aisle. She picks up a box. Reads the back. Picks up another. And another. Studies each.

Finally she tosses them all in her basket along with two of everything else.

LATER

At the checkout, she dumps the entire basket over onto the conveyor belt. The friendly female CASHIER (40s) perks up.

CASHIER

Ooh! Someone's tryin' to make a baby! You and your hubby must be so excited.

JAMIE

I don't have one of those.

CASHIER

Well then your boyfriend.

JAMIE

Nope.

The woman smiles politely, trying to make sense of it.

Suddenly an arm is draped around Jamie's shoulder. She looks over to find Shawn's smiling face.

SHAWN

There you are, baby. I told you not to be too long. You know how I hate being away from you.

CASHIER

I knew there had to be a young man. A girl as pretty as you...

JAMIE

I'm in a hurry. If you could...

The cashier flashes Jamie and Shawn a knowing smirk, then slowly scans her purchases. Jamie turns to Shawn, a fire in her eye. Keeps her voice down --

JAMIE

Did you follow me?

SHAWN

A little. I had to make sure you bought the right thing. Wouldn't want you peeing in vain on Popsicle sticks.

CASHIER

Oops. You got a pregnancy test in here, hon.

She holds the box above her head.

CASHIER

Ron, can you switch this pregnancy test for an ovulation test.

The dorky teenage BAGGER looks befuddled.

BAGGER

A what?

SHAWN

That's okay. If all goes well tonight, we'll be needing one of those, too.

He pulls Jamie tighter against him while she subtly pushes him away.

Cashier slowly resumes the scanning.

CASHIER

Y'know, I had a girl that used to come in every day for one o' these. And I mean every single day, like clock work. So one day I asked her, I said "Sweetheart, what are you doin' with all these tests?" And you know what she said to me?

Jamie waits for the punch line, but it doesn't come.

JAMIE

What?

CASHIER

She looked at me all serious like and said "I keep gettin' broken ones. I get 'em outta the box and unwrap 'em and check the window, but they never change color.

She bursts into laughter along with Shawn while Jamie is unamused.

CASHIER

So then, y'know what I said?

JAMIE

I can't imagine.

CASHIER

I said "Hon, you gotta pee on 'em first". And you know what happened

(MORE)

CASHIER (cont'd)
 after that? She never came back
 for another box o' these.

SHAWN
 That is a great story. I feel
 inspired, don't you, pumpkin?

Jamie shoots him an evil look that the cashier fails to see
 as she scans the last box and slides it to the bagger.

CASHIER
 Not really. She died. Got hit in
 the crosswalk right down the
 street.

The bagger adds the box to an already overflowing brown
 paper bag.

BAGGER
 I don't get it.

Jamie hands the cashier some money. Takes the bag. Shawn
 pats him sympathetically on the back as he passes.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - LATER

Jamie scurries through the parking lot carrying her grocery
 bag. Shawn trails behind, trying to keep up.

SHAWN
 Are you training for a marathon or
 something?

JAMIE
 I'm in a hurry.

SHAWN
 I couldn't tell.

She stops at her car, unlocks the door.

SHAWN
 You gotta get a new car.

JAMIE
 What's wrong with my car? I like
 my car.

SHAWN
 You can't drive this after the baby
 comes. Where are you gonna put the
 carseat?

JAMIE
I'll cross that bridge when I get
to it.

She tosses the bag into the passenger seat and gets in.

SHAWN
Want me to come with you?

JAMIE
What? No!

SHAWN
What if it's pink, or blue, or
whatever it's supposed to be.

JAMIE
It won't be.

SHAWN
How do you know?

JAMIE
What are the odds of it being
positive the first time I take it?

SHAWN
Mathematically speaking, less than
ten percent. Are you feeling
lucky?

INT. JAMIE'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jamie stares in disbelief at a test stick with two equally
pink lines. She looks at the instructions, then back at the
stick.

JAMIE
Oh. My. God.

She throws the test down and runs out of the room.

LATER

Jamie shaves her legs while listening to numerous RINGS on
her cell phone, sandwiched between her ear and shoulder.

JAMIE
Please be there. Please be there.
Please be there.

SHAWN (V.O.)
Hello?

JAMIE
It's time.

SHAWN (V.O.)
Hello, Jamie. Nice to hear from
you on this pleasant evening.

JAMIE
I don't have time for small talk.
Get over here.

SHAWN (V.O.)
I'm sorry, I can't tonight.

Jamie tries to switch legs, loses her balance, falls over.
Cell phone lands in the toilet with a PLOP.

JAMIE
Shit! Shit shit shit!

She fishes it out and dries it off on her shirt before
putting it to her ear.

JAMIE
Hello?

Nothing.

JAMIE
Shit!

With shaving cream all over one of her legs, she races into
her --

BEDROOM

and dials the house phone.

SHAWN (V.O.)
Hello?

JAMIE
We had a deal.

SHAWN (V.O.)
This is a different number.

JAMIE
I dropped my cell phone.

SHAWN (V.O.)
Did you try picking it up?

JAMIE
So are you coming?

SHAWN (V.O.)
Is this your home number?

JAMIE
Yes. Are you coming?

SHAWN (V.O.)
Hold on. I'm programming it into
my speed dial.

Jamie looks outraged.

SHAWN (V.O.)
Kidding. So what time?

JAMIE
Now!
(less desperate)
Now would be good.

SHAWN (V.O.)
And your address is?

She hesitates. Bites her bottom lip while she thinks.

JAMIE
Wait. Maybe I should come over
there.

SHAWN (V.O.)
You can't. My wife is home.

JAMIE
But you said --

SHAWN (V.O.)
I hope our kid inherits my sense of
humor.

JAMIE
Right. Okay. It's 69 Suncrest
Lane.

SHAWN (V.O.)
69?

JAMIE

Why don't you enjoy the irony of it while you drive over.

SHAWN (V.O.)

I'm walking out the door. Stay on the line in case I get lost.

JAMIE

I can't. I have to...

She looks down at her shaving-cream smeared leg.

SHAWN (V.O.)

Don't tidy up on my account. I like it messy.

JAMIE

Then let's hope our child has my organizational skills.

SHAWN (V.O.)

You're catching on.

EXT. JAMIE'S HOME - NIGHT

Shawn's truck pulls up in the driveway. He steps out moments later, looks around, impressed by what he sees.

A grand two-story model home stands before him. Beautiful, contemporary architecture. Immaculate landscaping. The porch light comes on and the front door opens. Jamie peeks her head out.

JAMIE

Could you take the tour later?

SHAWN

Humorless, uptight and impatient. This should be fun.

He purposely takes his time joining her at the front door. She walks away, leaving him stranded at the threshold.

SHAWN

Aren't you gonna invite me in?

JAMIE

Are you a vampire?

SHAWN

I was taught not to enter into a woman's home uninvited.

She comes back to the door. Tries to conceal the fact that she's impressed.

JAMIE

Manners. Who would've thought. Please do come in.

SHAWN

Why, thank you, ma'am.

As he enters, he tips an imaginary hat.

INT. JAMIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shawn looks around at the contemporary furnishings and expertly designed appointments. He bends over to stroke the plush white rug under her glass coffee table.

SHAWN

Furry.

Jamie thrusts a document at him. He takes it for a closer look, straightening up.

JAMIE

It's a legal agreement. You can read it if you want but it basically states that you give up all legal rights to any child we conceive tonight. Furthermore, I agree to indemnify you of visitation, child support and all other obligation.

SHAWN

You really put a lot of thought into this, haven't you?

He sits on the sofa and reads.

JAMIE

It's all in order, I assure you.

She thrusts a pen at him. He ignores it.

SHAWN

This is impressive. Did you write this yourself?

JAMIE
Yes. If you would just --

SHAWN
Where did you learn to talk with
all these fancy words?

JAMIE
Law school. Sign it!

Shawn looks up, his face twisted with disgust.

SHAWN
No way. Deal's off. I cannot
procreate with a lawyer. I do have
some morals.

Jamie looks as if she is going to cry. Shawn is only able
to keep up the stern expression for a few seconds.

SHAWN
Just messin' with ya. Where do I
sign?

INT. JAMIE'S HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

Shawn lies flat on his back in bed while Jamie straddles
him. She kisses his neck and undoes the buttons of his
shirt. She trails hurried, sloppy kisses down his chest and
stomach, pausing at his pants. Starts to unzip him.

All very mechanical and unromantic.

SHAWN
Wait, wait, wait.

JAMIE
What?

SHAWN
It's not working.

JAMIE
What isn't working?

He points to his crotch.

SHAWN
It... isn't working.

JAMIE

What? Why? I thought it always worked.

SHAWN

No two "its" are alike. Mine needs to be warmed up first.

JAMIE

I was getting to that.

She unzips his pants. He pulls her hands away.

SHAWN

Not like that. I think it's the suit. I... we don't respond to suits. What do you have on under that?

JAMIE

A camisole and panties.

SHAWN

Great. Let's see it.

Jamie dutifully unfastens a few buttons on her blouse.

SHAWN

Not like that. Stand up.

JAMIE

On the bed?

SHAWN

Sure, why not.

JAMIE

You're messing with me again, aren't you?

SHAWN

I'm completely serious. Unless you want to try again next month.

Jamie exhales noisily, pulls up to her feet. Towers over him. Unsteady.

Shawn puts his arms behind his head, gets comfortable.

Rolling her eyes, Jamie slowly unbuttons her blouse the rest of the way to reveal a black lace camisole underneath.

Shawn smiles triumphantly as she unzips her skirt and shimmies it down her legs. Getting into it, she seductively pulls off her camisole and tosses it into Shawn's face.

He quickly removes it, anxious to see more. Her bra lands on his face a second later. He grabs her by the backs of her knees and pulls her down on him.

SHAWN

Now that's sexy.

He kisses her hard, catching her off guard. Rolls her onto her back. Positions himself on top.

SHAWN

I'll take it from here.

WE PAN to the alarm clock beside the bed --

8:35 - MOANING is heard in the background.

9:07 - MOANING continues.

9:25 - More MOANING.

9:58 - MOANING reaches a crescendo, then silence.

LATER

Jamie and Shawn lie side by side in bed looking exhausted.

JAMIE

Do you want to shower first or should I?

SHAWN

You can't shower.

He gets to his knees and yanks the pillows out from under her head. She yelps softly as her head goes flying.

SHAWN

You have to lay in bed with your hips elevated.

He tucks the pillows under Jamie's hips, raising her bottom half to what appears to be an uncomfortable angle.

JAMIE

Is it supposed to hurt?

SHAWN
No pain, no gain.

He hops out of bed, buck naked. Jamie struggles to see over her elevated hips.

JAMIE
Where are you going?

SHAWN
Vigorous sex always makes me hungry.

He heads for the door.

JAMIE
Shawn?

SHAWN
Don't worry. I'll bring you back something.

He leaves.

JAMIE
(yelling)
How long do I have to stay like this?

EXT. JAMIE'S HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

Tiffany carries an armload of books and folders. Juggles it on one knee to free up a hand and knocks. No answer. She knocks again.

The door opens and Shawn stands on the other side in all his naked glory.

Tiffany drops every last one of her books.

SHAWN
Hey.

She kneels to pick them up, struggling to keep her eyes on his face.

TIFFANY
Hi. Is... Jamie home?

SHAWN
Sure is. C'mon in.

He walks off, leaving Tiffany flabbergasted.

INT. JAMIE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tiffany stares, mouth agape, as Shawn walks into the kitchen.

SHAWN
I'm Shawn, by the way.

TIFFANY
Uh huh.

SHAWN
And you are?

TIFFANY
Oh... Tiffany.

She's transfixed, stares at his perfectly rock hard buttocks as he stands in front of the refrigerator.

SHAWN
Jamie is in bed with her hips up in the air. We just had hot baby sex. You can go on up if you want.

TIFFANY
Maybe you should tell her I'm here.

He steps up to the island with a head of lettuce and a tomato.

SHAWN
Okay.
(yelling)
Jamie, Tiffany's here. I'm sending her up.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie leaps from her bed and puts on the first article of clothing she can find -- Shawn's shirt.

The door opens and Shawn enters, still naked, carrying Tiffany's stack of books.

Tiffany reluctantly enters a second later carrying a tray of sandwiches. Exchanges an uncomfortable look with Jamie.

Shawn puts the books down then flops onto the bed with the remote in hand.

SHAWN

I'm just gonna watch some TV. Let me know when you're ready for more.

JAMIE

Actually, we're gonna be at it all night so you should probably...

SHAWN

Oh, okay. Well, I'll let you ladies get to... work. I've got an early day tomorrow anyway.

He grabs his pants and slips into them. Heads for the door.

JAMIE

Wait, your shirt.

SHAWN

Keep it. It looks good on you.
Nice meeting you, Tiffany.
(to Jamie)
I'll call you.

Tiffany looks at Jamie, an eyebrow raised. Shawn exits.

TIFFANY

He's gonna call you?

JAMIE

He was kidding. He's not gonna call me.

TIFFANY

It didn't look like he was kidding.

JAMIE

I'll be right back.

Jamie rushes out. Chases Shawn down the spiral staircase.

JAMIE

Shawn, hold on.

He continues on.

SHAWN

I totally get it now.

JAMIE

Get what?

He breezes through the living room and into the foyer.

SHAWN

Why you needed a baby daddy. You and your girlfriend want to have a kid together.

Jamie pauses, outraged.

JAMIE

My what?

SHAWN

It's okay. You don't have to be embarrassed. I think it's hot.

He opens the front door and continues out.

EXT. JAMIE' S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Jamie follows him out.

JAMIE

Tiffany is not my girlfriend. I'm not a lesbian.

Shawn slips on his shoes, jogs down the steps, heads for the driveway.

SHAWN

The more you deny it, the more I know it's true.

JAMIE

It's not... she's not... I'm not --

SHAWN

Jamie and Tiffany sitting in a tree...

JAMIE

Stop that!

Shouting into the sky --

SHAWN

K-I-S-S-I-N-G...

JAMIE

She's a lawyer. We work at the same law firm.

SHAWN

Which one?

JAMIE

Brentwood, Farmer, McCall and Shay.

SHAWN

Which one is she?

JAMIE

McCall.

SHAWN

Why are you at the end?

JAMIE

It's alphabetical.

SHAWN

Are you sure it's not cause they
like you the least?

JAMIE

What?

SHAWN

The first two are men, aren't they?

JAMIE

Would you stop changing the
subject!

SHAWN

It's good that working together
hasn't ruined your relationship.

Shawn unlocks his truck but Jamie stops him from getting in.

JAMIE

We don't have a "relationship".

SHAWN

Why do you care what I think?

JAMIE

I don't.

SHAWN

Then why are you standing out in
the cold wearing nothing but a
shirt -- that you look really sexy
in, by the way -- trying to
convince me you don't dig chicks.

JAMIE
I don't know. I just... am.

SHAWN
Okay, you're not a lesbian. Can I go now?

JAMIE
Yeah, sure.

She lets go of the door but he doesn't get in.

SHAWN
What happens now?

JAMIE
Shit. I forgot to write your check.

SHAWN
Keep it.

JAMIE
You don't want the money?

SHAWN
Don't over-analyze. Just say thanks.

JAMIE
Thanks.

SHAWN
Do I get to know if it works or not?

JAMIE
I think it's better if you don't.

SHAWN
Okay. Take care.

He gets into his truck and drives away.

START MONTAGE - TWO WEEK WAIT

- A) Jamie talks to a client over coffee.
- B) Jamie represents a client in court.
- C) Jamie crosses a day off her calendar.
- D) Jamie glances at the napkin with Shawn's number, dials the phone, then slams it down.

- E) Jamie breaks up a fight between a husband and wife.
- F) Jamie crosses another day off, closer to a circled date.
- G) Jamie eats Chinese take-out while doing paperwork.
- H) Jamie sits in her office on her computer.
- I) Jamie crosses off the last day on her calendar.

END MONTAGE

INT. LAW FIRM - DAY

The elevator DINGS open and Jamie walks out with a bounce to her step. Sachets past the receptionist's desk.

JAMIE
Good morning, Candy.

RECEPTIONIST
Morning, Ms. Shay. You have a
delivery in your office.

INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jamie walks in to find a giant assortment of roses accompanied by a small, rectangular, wrapped box. She reads the card aloud.

JAMIE
Today's the day.

She smiles, despite herself.

BRENTWOOD (O.S.)
Looks like you got someone a great
settlement.

She starts. Turns to find Brentwood in the doorway.

JAMIE
Something like that.

BRENTWOOD
What's in the box?

She picks up the box, runs her fingers along the neat gift wrap. Opens the lid to find a pregnancy test nestled among the tissue paper.

Brentwood cranes his neck to see inside.

She quickly snaps it shut.

JAMIE

It's a pen.

BRENTWOOD

Listen, Jamie, a few of us are going for drinks after work. You should join us.

JAMIE

I'd love to but I can't. Prior commitment.

He steps in closer -- close enough to whisper in her ear.

BRENTWOOD

Y'know, Jamie, it wouldn't hurt if you showed a little more...

His eyes avert to the high neckline of her blouse.

BRENTWOOD

... team spirit. I really like you. I like working with you. But I have to feel like you're dedicated.

JAMIE

I am.

BRENTWOOD

I need to know that you'll do whatever it takes to "fit in".

JAMIE

I understand.

BRENTWOOD

Good.

He taps her on the ass on his way out.

INT. LAW OFFICE - BATHROOM - DAY

Jamie's feet can be seen under one of the stall doors. Long silence. Then a FLUSH. A wastebasket lid SLAMS shut.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jamie sits alone at a booth in the back, nursing a mixed drink. She picks up her cell and dials. After numerous RINGS, a machine picks up.

SHAWN (V.O.)

Hey, this is Shawn. Leave a message. Or call back. Or both. Or just be lame and hang up.

BEEP.

Jamie hangs up. Walks over to the bar. Notices a guy sitting alone at the opposite end, brooding.

FLETCHER (late 30s), dirty blond hair and a few days worth of stubble.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Another daiquiri?

She looks up to find the BARTENDER in front of her.

JAMIE

In your educated opinion, what's the fastest way to get drunk?

BARTENDER

Bad day?

JAMIE

Unbelievable. First I was felt up by a senior citizen and then I find out that I'm not --

FLETCHER (O.S.)

Tequila.

Jamie glances over at the voice. The loner stares down into his shot glass, then throws it back.

BARTENDER

I'll set you up.

Bartender grabs a bottle of Tequila and a shot glass.

Fletcher holds up two fingers.

Bartender fills another. Sets them in front of Fletcher.

Fletcher slides one over to the empty stool next to him.

FLETCHER

Think you can handle it?

Jamie smiles coyly. Moves next to him.

JAMIE

I think I can.

Fletcher chuckles.

FLETCHER

We shall see.

He picks up his shot glass and motions Jamie to do the same. They move the glasses to their lips in unison and swallow the contents.

Jamie chokes and sputters, but quickly regains her composure.

Fletcher SLAMS his glass down.

Jamie mimics.

FLETCHER

You okay?

She nods.

Fletcher signals for another round.

INT. JAMIE'S HOME - FOYER - LATER

Fletcher and Jamie stagger through the front door going at it. They make out for a bit before heading up the stairs, dropping clothes as they go.

INT. JAMIE'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

The alarm blares.

Jamie surfaces from under the covers, hair disheveled, bleary-eyed.

The bed next to her is empty.

INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jamie and Tiffany mull over a plethora of paperwork strewn across the desk.

JAMIE

Didn't she say she wanted all the wedding gifts and the china?

TIFFANY

Are you sure it was negative?

JAMIE

I hope he doesn't fight her on the furniture. She has her heart set on that awful sofa that looks like the inside of a dirty diaper.

TIFFANY

Speaking of diapers, did you wait the whole ten minutes?

JAMIE

She said he could have the plasma TV. What more could a man want?

TIFFANY

Did you try a digital one? Those are supposed to be really accurate.

JAMIE

Would you quit already. It was negative. I'm not pregnant.

TIFFANY

What if it was too early?

JAMIE

It's been two weeks since I took that test. If I was pregnant don't you think I'd have symptoms by now?

TIFFANY

Not everyone has symptoms. I knew a girl in college that didn't find out until she went into labor.

JAMIE

The giant stomach wasn't a tip off?

TIFFANY

She ate a lot. We all just thought she was getting fat.

JAMIE
This isn't helping.

TIFFANY
Can't you try again? Call him.

JAMIE
I'm not gonna call him. We had a deal. It was a one shot thing.

TIFFANY
For five grand there should have been a second chance clause.

JAMIE
He didn't take the money.

TIFFANY
What? Why the heck did he do it?

JAMIE
Thanks a lot.

TIFFANY
I'm just going on record. You should try again.

JAMIE
Duly noted. Can we focus? We have this mediation in an hour.

Jamie closes one book and opens another, nose buried in it.

Tiffany closes her book, pushes it as far away as possible.

TIFFANY
Doesn't it piss you off that we're in here slaving away while Brentwood and Farmer are probably getting laid?

JAMIE
I try not to think about it.

TIFFANY
We should quit. I wonder if Spencer is hiring?

JAMIE
I like my job.

TIFFANY

You like getting hit on by a guy older than Jesus and doing all the hard work while he gets all the glory?

JAMIE

I like parts of my job.

INT. LAW FIRM - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Jamie, Tiffany and their clients sit around the table.

The WIFE sits with her arms folded stubbornly across her chest. The HUSBAND sits on the other side of the table as far away from her as possible.

TIFFANY

Because you have no children and are pretty much in agreement about division of assets, we can hopefully keep this out of court.

JAMIE

Who will be living in the home?

HUSBAND & WIFE

I will.

They look at each other for the first time.

HUSBAND & WIFE

What?

WIFE

You agreed to give me all the furniture --

HUSBAND

That's why I'm giving you all the furniture. So I can finally furnish my home the way I want.

WIFE

Your home? I remember signing the mortgage, too.

HUSBAND

Who do you think pays 80 percent of that mortgage? Do you actually think you could afford it on your own?

WIFE

I won't be on my own for long.
You're not that hard to replace.

HUSBAND

And you think you are? I've
already replaced you -- with my
right hand. And you know what? It
does a much better job than you
ever did.

TIFFANY

Oh-kay. Why don't we break for
lunch.

LATER

Tiffany, Wife and Husband eat while Jamie stares at the food
on her plate. No one seems to notice until --

Jamie suddenly goes pale and her cheeks puff out like a
chipmunk.

Tiffany, Husband and Wife watch in horror as Jamie leaps out
of her seat and vomits into a trash can.

INT. JAMIE'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jamie stares in disbelief at a wide assortment of positive
home pregnancy tests.

Tiffany sits nearby on the toilet, just as shocked.

TIFFANY

Told you so.

JAMIE

It can't be. I have to try again.

She grabs a new test but Tiffany rips it away and replaces
it with a digital test that clearly reads: "PREGNANT".

TIFFANY

I think that one says it all.

JAMIE

It's impossible. It was stark
white.

TIFFANY

It was probably too soon.

JAMIE
It was two weeks after.

TIFFANY
Maybe it takes longer.

JAMIE
The box says two weeks.

TIFFANY
It's a box. What does it know?

Jamie flashes her a look.

TIFFANY
Was that the last time you...

JAMIE
Yes.

Realization sets in. She practically turns green.

JAMIE
Oh, God!

TIFFANY
What?

JAMIE
Get off the toilet!

Tiffany jumps off.

Jamie has just enough time to lift the seat before she starts vomiting.

LATER

Jamie clings to the toilet bowl while Tiffany kneels behind her, holding her hair.

TIFFANY
But that's a good thing. You don't know him. He doesn't know you. You couldn't have asked for a more ideal situation.

JAMIE
I know how this ends. He finds out about it and all hell breaks loose.

TIFFANY

How?

JAMIE

I don't know how they do it. But they always do. Don't you watch soap operas?

TIFFANY

This isn't a soap opera.

JAMIE

What if he sues me for custody?

TIFFANY

He would have to find out first.

JAMIE

I'm assuming he does. Catch up!

TIFFANY

You're a brilliant lawyer and the mother. You would win. But that's not gonna happen. The only thing that could ruin this for you is if you had a thing for Shawn.

Tiffany snickers then notices the look on Jamie's face.

TIFFANY

Oh no.

JAMIE

What?

TIFFANY

I know that look. That's the same look you had when you fell for that geek in college.

JAMIE

Toby was not a geek. He had an astigmatism and was allergic to contacts.

TIFFANY

Are you in love with Shawn?

JAMIE

I barely know him. I slept with him once. You can't fall for someone after one night.

TIFFANY
This is bad. This is really bad.

JAMIE
I'm not in love with him.

TIFFANY
You so are. Look at you, you're blushing.

JAMIE
Am not!

Jamie stumbles to her feet and checks her reflection. Her cheeks have a definite pink glow to them.

JAMIE
I always turn red when I puke.

TIFFANY
And when you're in denial.

JAMIE
I'm Jamie Shay. The lawyer. The single lawyer. I don't fall in love. Love is dangerous. Love makes people do stupid things. Love ruins lives.

TIFFANY
You don't really believe all that. That's just what you've programmed into your brain to allow yourself to become the jaded, bitter, loveless zombie that is Jamie Shay.

Jamie teeters into the --

BEDROOM

and collapses onto the bed.

JAMIE
Why do I feel so awful? Is it too late to change my mind?

Tiffany sits beside her, smooths her hair.

TIFFANY
What're you gonna do about Shawn?

JAMIE
Absolutely nothing.

TIFFANY
That's unacceptable.

JAMIE
What would you have me do? Call him up, tell him that I got knocked up by some other guy?

TIFFANY
That's a start. But then I would follow it closely with: "I think I love you" and "Lets have dinner".

Jamie bolts upright. Tiffany ducks.

TIFFANY
Not on me!

JAMIE
I'm not gonna puke. I'm... hungry.

TIFFANY
What do you feel like eating?

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tiffany stares in disbelief as Jamie squeezes a mound of ketchup onto an overflowing plate of fries.

TIFFANY
Want some fries with your ketchup?

Jamie stuffs her mouth with the ketchup soaked fries.

JAMIE
(mouth full)
Want some?

TIFFANY
No, thanks. You're having enough for all three of us.

JAMIE
I'm sure it'll even out with all the barfing.

Tiffany flips through a phone book.

TIFFANY

Okay, what about this one, Dr. Roberto.

JAMIE

Too close to Roboto. Then I would always have that song in my head. Domo arigato Mr. Roboto.

Tiffany scans the phone book again.

TIFFANY

Okay, what about Dr. Maloney?

JAMIE

Sounds like bologna. I don't want Dr. Bologna delivering my baby.

TIFFANY

Is this a mood swing?

JAMIE

Just keep looking.

Tiffany consults the phone book once again.

TIFFANY

I got it. Dr. Davis.

JAMIE

It's very alliterative. I bet his first name is David. Doctor David Davis. I like it.

Tiffany scribbles down a number and slides it to Jamie.

TIFFANY

Make the appointment after five so I can go with you.

JAMIE

I have to do this on my own.

INT. OBGYN - WAITING ROOM - DAY

A small room filled to capacity with hugely pregnant women.

Jamie sits among them, odd one out and very aware of it. She fills out a stack of paperwork on a clipboard.

Turns to the woman next to her, PREGGO 1, petite in every way except for her stomach.

JAMIE

Do they always ask this many questions or am I just special?

PREGGO 1

You think that's bad, wait 'til you have to register at the hospital for the birth. It's like a Stephen King novel.

JAMIE

How far along are you?

PREGGO 1

Seven months.

JAMIE

You're gonna get bigger?

PREGGO 1

With my first I got so big I couldn't fit into public bathroom stalls. I had to start using the handicapped ones.

PREGGO 2, equally enormous stomach, chimes in.

PREGGO 2

I got so big my husband couldn't fit in our bed with me. He spent the last two months on the couch.

From across the room, PREGGO 3 --

PREGGO 3

That's nothing. I got so big I had to stop driving cause I didn't fit behind the wheel.

A woman on the other side of Jamie, PREGGO 4 --

PREGGO 4

Would you guys stop. You're terrifying her.

(to Jamie)

You'll be fine. As long as you don't give in to that french fry and ketchup craving.

Jamie smiles sheepishly as OB NURSE walks into the room carrying a clipboard. Reads a name off.

OB NURSE
Jamie Shay.

JAMIE
Yes.

OB NURSE
The doctor will see you now.

Various "good lucks" are muttered by the preggos.

Jamie follows the nurse into an --

EXAM ROOM

with a scale, blood pressure machine and exam table.

OB NURSE
Go ahead and step on the scale.

JAMIE
I'd rather not.

The nurse chuckles to herself.

OB NURSE
You'll be weighed at each
appointment so Dr. Davis can track
your weight gain.

JAMIE
(mock enthusiasm)
Oh great!

Jamie reluctantly steps on the scale. Closes her eyes so she can't see the number. OB Nurse logs it.

OB NURSE
Okay, now your blood pressure.

Jamie sits on the exam table, pushes up the sleeve of her shirt and offers her arm.

OB Nurse attaches the blood pressure cuff and pumps it up.

OB NURSE
Is this your first?

JAMIE
Does it show?

OB NURSE
Don't worry, Dr. Davis will take
excellent care of you. He's an
amazing doctor.

The way her eyes twinkle when she says his name raises
Jamie's eyebrow.

JAMIE
He's not hot is he? I don't want a
hot doctor feeling me up.

OB NURSE
You'll have to decide for yourself.
But between you and I, he could
feel me up any time.

Now Jamie really looks uncomfortable.

OB NURSE
143 over 85.

She deflates the cuff, then pulls it off. Logs the info.

JAMIE
Is that bad?

OB NURSE
Do you normally have high blood
pressure?

JAMIE
Not that I'm aware of.

OB NURSE
It's probably just nerves. You can
discuss it with Dr. Davis if you're
worried.

She goes into a cabinet and takes out a hospital
gown. Hands it to Jamie.

OB NURSE
Go ahead and get undressed and into
this gown. The doctor will be
right in.

Jamie holds it up for inspection.

JAMIE
Is this all of it?

INT. OBGYN OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - LATER

Jamie tugs self-consciously at her skimpy gown as a KNOCK is heard on the door.

The door opens and in walks Dr. Davis who we know better as Fletcher.

Jamie tries desperately to conceal her look of panic. She hops off the exam table and heads toward the door, shielding her face from Fletcher.

JAMIE

Sorry. Wrong room.

He stares at her as she nears the door, narrowing his eyes, deep in thought.

FLETCHER

I know you.

JAMIE

No, you don't.

He consults the chart in his hand.

FLETCHER

(thinking)

Jamie? Jamie Shay?

(realization)

The tequila girl?

He sinks onto a stool, flabbergasted. Jamie whips around to face him, insulted by his categorization.

JAMIE

The tequila girl. My mother would be so proud.

FLETCHER

But she wouldn't mind that you were impregnated by a guy in a bar?

JAMIE

I wasn't. It's not yours.

Fletcher checks her chart again.

FLETCHER

Are you sure you're pregnant? Women your age miss periods occasionally.

JAMIE
(fuming)
Women my age?

She scoffs loudly, pulls the door open.

FLETCHER
Would you close the door? We're
not done here.

JAMIE
Trust me, we're done.

He walks over and closes the door.

FLETCHER
How can you be sure it's not mine?

JAMIE
I have to get going. Wish I could
say it was nice seeing you again...

She opens the door, slips out.

FLETCHER
I know where you live.

She sticks her head back in.

JAMIE
It was the middle of the night and
you were drunk. I seriously doubt
you could --

Fletcher holds up her chart as evidence. Exhibit A.

She comes back in, tries to snatch the chart away. He
raises it high above his head. She reaches in vain.

JAMIE
Give it to me.

FLETCHER
No.

JAMIE
Give. It. To. Me.

OB NURSE (O.S.)
Everything all right in here?

They turn to find OB Nurse standing in the doorway.

FLETCHER
Just some new mom jitters. Nothing
I can't handle.

Jamie smiles innocently until the nurse walks away, then turns to Fletcher with renewed conviction.

JAMIE
Don't make this difficult.

FLETCHER
There's a simple way to clear up
any uncertainty.

He closes the door, then goes to a large closet, pulls open the double doors and wheels out an ultrasound machine.

FLETCHER
There won't be much to see yet, but
an ultrasound should be able to
tell us how far along you are.

He pushes it to the bed and begins gooping up the transvaginal wand.

Jamie's eyes go wide with alarm.

JAMIE
Where are you planing on putting
that?

FLETCHER
Where do you think?

She shakes her head vehemently.

JAMIE
No ultrasound.

FLETCHER
It's standard procedure.

JAMIE
I know my rights. And I'm
declining.

FLETCHER
Are you going to be this difficult
the whole nine months?

JAMIE
Probably. Why put yourself through
that?

FLETCHER

Okay, I'll make a deal with you.
Explain, to my satisfaction, why
you think this baby isn't mine and
I'll release you to the care of
another poor, unsuspecting, O.B.

Jamie hops up on the exam table, making sure no parts of her
are exposed.

JAMIE

Simple. I was already pregnant
when we met.

FLETCHER

You were doing tequila shots.

JAMIE

Well, I obviously didn't know. My
boyfriend and I --

FLETCHER

Your boyfriend?

JAMIE

Do you want to hear this or not?

Fletcher pulls up a stool and sits.

JAMIE

My boyfriend and I had been trying
for a while and I took the test and
it was negative. We fought, I left
and I ended up at the bar. That's
how I met you and got drunk and...
well, you know the rest.

FLETCHER

It was negative?

JAMIE

I'm not done. So after we...
y'know... and you deserted me...

She pauses for a sign of remorse but receives none.

JAMIE

I started feeling sick. So I took
another test and it was positive.

FLETCHER

And you waited all this time to see
a doctor?

JAMIE
I was in shock. We had been trying
for so long.

FLETCHER
How long?

JAMIE
Years.

FLETCHER
How many?

JAMIE
Three.

FLETCHER
Under whose care?

JAMIE
Why does it matter?

FLETCHER
I'd like to know the name of the
doctor that would let a patient try
to conceive for three years without
intervening.

JAMIE
We didn't want help. We're old
fashioned.

Jamie jumps off the table.

JAMIE
And there you have it. Can I go?

FLETCHER
No.

JAMIE
We had a deal.

FLETCHER
I said to my satisfaction.

JAMIE
It's not my job to satisfy
you. Don't you have a wife for
that?

FLETCHER
 Would I have slept with you if I
 did?

JAMIE
 I don't know. You tell me.

FLETCHER
 Unlike you, I've never cheated on
 anyone I've dated.

Angry, she opens her mouth to retort, then realizes she has
 lied herself into a corner.

Fletcher smiles, enjoying her obvious discomfort.

FLETCHER
 As fun as this has been, I have a
 room full of irritable pregnant
 woman that actually want me as
 their doctor. So why don't you get
 dressed and make an appointment
 with my nurse for next month.

He heads for the door.

JAMIE
 I'm not coming back.

FLETCHER
 Oh, you'll be back.

He exits, closing the door behind him.

JAMIE
 (yelling)
 I'm not coming back!

INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jamie sits in complete and utter shock, staring at a paper
 in her hands.

JAMIE
 He can't do this.

TIFFANY (O.S.)
 Apparently he can. And he did.

Tiffany sits on a corner of Jamie's desk.

JAMIE

We spent an hour together. How does that give him the right to force an invasive prenatal test on me and my unborn child? I already told him the baby isn't his.

TIFFANY

But you lied.

JAMIE

He doesn't know that.

TIFFANY

I'm pretty sure he's calling your bluff.

JAMIE

Didn't I tell you this would happen?

Tiffany hands her a liter of bottled water.

TIFFANY

Drink this. You don't look so hot.

Jamie takes the bottle and chugs the whole thing.

TIFFANY

Lemme see that. Who's representing him? Maybe we know him.

Tiffany takes the subpoena and scans it. An "oh shit!" look washes over her face.

INT. SPENCER' S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON a plaque that reads: "Spencer Newman, Family Law".

PAN TO Spencer, hard at work.

BEEP.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Mr. Newman, there's someone here to see you.

Spencer hits the intercom button.

SPENCER

I'm not expecting anyone, Yvonne.

SECRETARY (V.O.)

She said it was extremely urgent
and she seems quite agitated.

Spencer smirks.

SPENCER

Send Ms. Shay in.

He walks to the door just as Jamie comes barreling through.

JAMIE

How could you?!

He takes her by the shoulders and looks her over.

SPENCER

Yep, you definitely have that glow.

JAMIE

How could you represent that
asshole? You're my friend. Is
this because I wouldn't be your
best man?

SPENCER

Fletcher and I go way back. I had
already agreed to help him before I
knew it was you.

JAMIE

Tell him you changed your mind.

Spencer hits the intercom button.

SPENCER

Yvonne, could I get a bottle of
water for Ms. Shay?

JAMIE

I don't want water. Why is
everyone trying to drown me? I'm
pregnant, I'm not in the desert.

SPENCER

I would offer you some Tequila...

Jamie flops down into a chair.

JAMIE

How much did he tell you?

SPENCER

All of it, I'm pretty sure.

She rolls her head back, staring up at the ceiling.

SPENCER

I gotta be honest with you, Jamie. You sure picked the wrong guy. In the 20 years that I've known Fletcher he's never lost anything. If he wants a paternity test, he's gonna get it, one way or another.

JAMIE

He's not the father.

SPENCER

Yeah, he told me your story. Who is this mystery man you've been trying to conceive with for the last three years? And if you're in such a serious relationship, why did you ask me, of all people, to father your child?

JAMIE

You didn't tell him that, did you?

SPENCER

Do you have to ask?

JAMIE

I don't know. You are representing him against me.

SPENCER

Your vehement refusal proves, at the very least, that you suspect he could be the father.

JAMIE

Give it to me straight. How bad could this get?

SPENCER

Best case scenario, he's not the father and you're home free. Worst case, he is and he sues you for custody.

JAMIE
Don't hold back now.

SPENCER
Go talk to him. He's not the
monster you make him out to
be. Maybe you can work something
out.

INT. OBGYN - FLETCHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Fletcher sits at his desk dictating into a tape recorder.

FLETCHER
Ultrasound showed an abrupted
placenta. Patient was given --

A KNOCK interrupts.

He turns to see Jamie standing in the doorway. He shuts off
the recorder.

FLETCHER
Didn't I say you'd be back?

JAMIE
May I come in?

FLETCHER
Sure. Sit down.

She enters, sits on the only flat surface that isn't covered
with medical books or paperwork.

FLETCHER
Can I get you some water?

JAMIE
What do you want?

FLETCHER
You came to see me, remember?

JAMIE
If the baby is yours, what do you
want? Visitation? Weekends and
holidays? What?

FLETCHER
I want you to start coming in for
regular appointments.

JAMIE

And?

FLETCHER

And I want you to take your
prenatals.

JAMIE

And?

FLETCHER

And get lots of sleep, eat lots of
fresh fruits and veggies, drink at
least 64 ounces of water a day and
put your feet up whenever possible.

JAMIE

And?

FLETCHER

And stay away from fried foods,
caffeine, drugs, alcohol and cut
down on sugar.

Getting annoyed --

JAMIE

And?

FLETCHER

And that's it.

JAMIE

What about weekends and holidays?

FLETCHER

I don't even know you. What makes
you think I want to parent a child
with you?

JAMIE

Perhaps it was the paternity test.

FLETCHER

Don't I have a right to know if the
child you're carrying is mine?

JAMIE

Why would you want to know if you
don't plan to be in its life?

FLETCHER
That's what you wanted, isn't it?

JAMIE
Yes, but --

He picks up his recorder, finger hovers over the record button.

FLETCHER
Can you shut the door on your way out? I'm busy.

Jamie notices a picture on his desk. Picks it up for a closer look.

INSERT - PICTURE

Fletcher and an attractive woman locked in an embrace. He's actually smiling.

BACK TO SCENE

JAMIE
Who's that?

He rips it out of her hand and places it back on his desk.

FLETCHER
None of your business.

JAMIE
You said there was no wife.

FLETCHER
We're not together any more.

He hits the record button and picks up where he left off.

FLETCHER
Patient was given a spinal block
and prepped for surgery.

INT. BABY BOUTIQUE - DAY

Tiffany and Jamie stand among the maze of baby clothes racks. Tiffany drapes one pink outfit after another over her left arm.

JAMIE
Who wouldn't want to raise a baby
with me? Was that an insult?

Jamie browses the clothes half-heartedly.

TIFFANY

What are you doing?

JAMIE

What?

TIFFANY

You didn't want him involved. He doesn't want to be involved. You're getting exactly what you wanted and you're still complaining.

JAMIE

I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop.

TIFFANY

You don't believe him?

JAMIE

He's playing some sick game of reverse psychology. I'm certain of it.

TIFFANY

Are you sure that's the only thing bothering you?

JAMIE

What else is there?

TIFFANY

I'll give you a hint. It rhymes with yawn.

JAMIE

Stop it.

TIFFANY

What?

JAMIE

From this day forward we don't speak his name. Got it?

TIFFANY

Fine. As long as you realize you're in denial.

Jamie glowers at her.

TIFFANY
Just sayin'

JAMIE
If I wanted to be psycho-analyzed,
I would go see a professional.

TIFFANY
But I'm offering my services for
free.

Jamie finally notices what Tiffany is doing.

JAMIE
What if it's a boy?

TIFFANY
I'm sure you'll love him just as
much.

JAMIE
But he'll look ridiculous in those
dresses.

TIFFANY
You're right.

She turns to a rack of boy clothes and piles blue outfits on
top of the pink ones.

TIFFANY
When do you want your shower? I'm
thinking around March, that way you
won't be too hideously pregnant.

JAMIE
You're assuming I'll make it to
March. Do you know that I threw up
ten times just at work. I even
threw up water. And I'm...
(inaudible)

TIFFANY
What?

JAMIE
(whispers)
Constipated.

TIFFANY
What?

JAMIE
Constipated!

Several people stop to stare.

TIFFANY
Geez, keep that shit to yourself.

Jamie turns to the onlookers.

JAMIE
What? Like you've never been
constipated before?

INT. JAMIE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie lies in bed on her back, her stomach noticeably round, probably four months along.

Tiffany lies next to her as they watch a very graphic birthing video.

Jamie stares stoney-faced while Tiffany shrieks and shields her eyes with a pillow as if watching a horror movie.

TIFFANY
So, tomorrow is the big day? Are
you worried?

JAMIE
No, because I have a theory.

Tiffany lunges for the remote and clicks off the TV.

TIFFANY
Let's hear it.

JAMIE
It has to be Sh --

TIFFANY
I thought we weren't saying his
name.

JAMIE
It has to belong to the individual
who shall remain
nameless. Remember the ovulation
test?

TIFFANY

Do you have any more of those?

JAMIE

In the medicine cabinet. Why?

Tiffany leaps out of bed and disappears into the bathroom.

WE HEAR the TOILET FLUSH after a minute and Tiffany's voice comes from behind the closed door.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Looks like I'm ovulating, too.

JAMIE

That's just a coincidence.

INT. JAMIE'S BATHROOM - SAME

Tiffany unwraps another ovulation test and runs it under the sink. Almost immediately two dark pink lines appear. She opens the door and sticks the test out for Jamie to see.

TIFFANY

Wanna see if your kitchen sink is ovulating, too?

JAMIE

That's impossible.

TIFFANY

The stick don't lie. Well, in this case, I guess it does.

JAMIE

So I'm right back where I started.

TIFFANY

Basically, sweetie. So let's hope Fletcher meant what he said.

Jamie rubs her stomach affectionately, deep in thought.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jamie lies in bed, wide awake. She tosses and turns, watching the time tick by.

INT. LAW FIRM - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

LAWYERS and PARALEGALS are gathered around the large table as a meeting goes on.

WE MOVE from one face to another, finally arriving at Jamie who is asleep, snoring loudly and drooling on the paperwork that she uses as a pillow.

INT. LAW FIRM - JAMIE'S OFFICE - LATER

Jamie packs up several files into her briefcase then zips it and heads for the door.

A KNOCK and then Brentwood peaks his head in.

BRENTWOOD

Going to lunch?

JAMIE

Actually I'm leaving for the day. I have an appointment.

BRENTWOOD

Prenatal appointment?

Jamie subconsciously rubs her stomach where her over-sized suit has cleverly concealed her new shape.

JAMIE

Who told you?

BRENTWOOD

Jamie, you slept through our meeting today.

JAMIE

I'm so sorry about that. I swear it will never happen again.

BRENTWOOD

Do you know why I made you and Tiffany partners?

JAMIE

We're excellent lawyers.

BRENTWOOD

And do you know what makes you excellent lawyers?

Jamie inadvertently glances at her watch.

JAMIE
Harvard law school.

BRENTWOOD
I was hesitant at first to add two women to my law firm. Women have been known to crack under pressure. They're moody, irrational, emotional, and they have a tendency to become heartbroken, depressed and pregnant.

JAMIE
That's possibly the most sexist thing I've ever heard.

BRENTWOOD
It is what it is. But you and Tiffany were different. Career-oriented, ambitious, independent, responsible, trustworthy, hard-working, and most of all, single.

JAMIE
I'm still all of those things.

BRENTWOOD
In the last three months you've missed four meetings, been late for two, vomited in one and slept through another. We've had numerous complaints from clients. That's not how I do business.

Jamie checks her watch again.

BRENTWOOD
Let's do this later when I have your undivided attention.

JAMIE
Are you firing me?

BRENTWOOD
No, of course not. I just need --

JAMIE
I quit.

Jamie is just as shocked at her outburst as Brentwood is.

BRENTWOOD

What?

JAMIE

(more confident)

I quit.

With that, she walks out with her head held high.

INT. OBGYN - EXAM ROOM - LATER

Jamie lies on the exam table, in position for the amnio. A RUDE DOCTOR enters, approaches her. OB Nurse stands nearby.

RUDE DOCTOR

I'm Dr. Bellows. I'll be performing your amnio.

JAMIE

I thought my doctor was doing it.

The Rude Doctor and OB Nurse exchange a look.

RUDE DOCTOR

Your doctor asked me to do it. I assure you, I've done this procedure hundreds of times. It's relatively non-invasive which should involve only minimum --

JAMIE

Whoa, what do you mean by "relatively" non-invasive?

INT. OBGYN - FLETCHER'S OFFICE - LATER

A LAB TECH swabs the inside of Fletcher's cheek. Puts the swab into a vial and seals it tight.

LAB TECH

We should have the results within five days.

FLETCHER

Thank you.

LAB TECH

Good luck.

Lab Tech packs up his supplies and exits the room.

Fletcher makes a funny face (reacting to the cotton swab) and reaches for a cup of coffee on his desk. Takes a sip.

An urgent KNOCK is followed by --

OB NURSE (O.S.)
Dr. Davis, we need your help in
exam four.

Fletcher rushes out of his office and into --

INT. OBGYN OFFICE - EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fletcher finds Jamie passed out cold on the bed. Rude Doctor stands at her side. He rushes over and scoops her into his arms.

FLETCHER
What happened?

RUDE DOCTOR
She was combative, refusing the
test, so I had the nurse restrain
her and then --

FLETCHER
You restrained a pregnant
woman. Are you insane?

RUDE DOCTOR
When there is a court order for a
paternity test --

FLETCHER
Just get out.

Fletcher pulls up a stool and sits, smoothing back her hair.

LATER

Jamie comes to, Fletcher's face being the first thing she sees clearly.

FLETCHER
Hey, you had us worried. How do
you feel?

The rest of the room comes out of the fog and she realizes that she is still in the exam room.

Fletcher sits on the same stool right by her side.

JAMIE

Us?

FLETCHER

Y'know, me and Jr.

JAMIE

Jr.?

FLETCHER

Yeah, it's got a nice ring to it. I think he likes it, too.

She sits up alertly, terrified.

JAMIE

How do you know it's a he? Did you do the --

FLETCHER

I canceled the amnio.

She eases up, but just a bit.

JAMIE

Just like that?

FLETCHER

We could still do the ultrasound, if you want.

JAMIE

Really?

Fletcher pulls the ultrasound machine closer and applies gel to the transducer. Pulls back her gown, fingers brushing gently against her stomach.

He switches on the monitor, then presses the transducer against her lower abdomen. Almost immediately an image pops up on the screen.

FLETCHER

Oh my God. There's three of them!

She bolts upright.

JAMIE

What?

FLETCHER

Kidding. Lay back down.

He pushes her back into position.

JAMIE
I didn't know you had a sense of
humor.

FLETCHER
There's a lot you don't know. Not
just about me, but in general.

He moves the transducer to a different location. Points to
the screen.

FLETCHER
There's your baby.

Jamie leans toward the screen, enthralled. In love. A tear
trickles down her cheek.

JAMIE
Oh my God. It's beautiful!

He turns a knob, filling the room with a WOOSH WOOSH sound.

JAMIE
Is that... ?

FLETCHER
The heartbeat.

Jamie is overcome with emotions.

FLETCHER
Ready for the gender?

JAMIE
Sure.

FLETCHER
I hope you like pink.

Her face lights up.

JAMIE
A girl?

He nods to confirm. They both watch the screen in awe.

JAMIE
Isabella.

FLETCHER
Isabella Olivia.

She looks at the smile on his face. Enjoys it for a second
before it disappears.

He shuts the ultrasound machine off. Cleans the gel off Jamie's stomach.

JAMIE
Isabella Olivia. It's perfect.

FLETCHER
I got carried away. You don't have to humor me.

JAMIE
No, I love it. She does, too. She's kicking.

FLETCHER
It's too early for kicking. It's probably gas.

She grabs his hand and puts it on her stomach. The look on his face confirms it.

FLETCHER
Wow.

Then reality sets in and he pulls back. Covers her stomach. The moment is over.

INT. FLETCHER'S CAR - NIGHT

Fletcher and Jamie ride in silence until --

JAMIE
You didn't have to do this. I'm okay to drive.

FLETCHER
What happened? I thought you were set on the DNA test.

Long pause, then --

JAMIE
I panicked.

FLETCHER
For a lawyer, you're not very good at lying. You were upset when you came in.

JAMIE
(pointing)
Stop here.

FLETCHER

Why?

JAMIE

I have no food in the house.

Fletcher navigates into a parking lot and pulls into a stall. Puts the car in park.

FLETCHER

What do you need? I'll go.

JAMIE

I fainted. I wasn't in a coma.

She unbuckles. He does the same.

JAMIE

Stay here. I'll be right back.

INT. SUPERMARKET - LATER

Jamie wheels a shopping cart down an aisle, taking an item off the shelves here and there and dropping it in. Turns a corner and collides with another cart.

JAMIE

I'm so sorry.

SHAWN (O.S.)

No, it was my fault.

They both look up at the same time. Shawn is the driver of the other cart.

SHAWN

Hi.

She glances down at her stomach nervously. Moves farther behind her cart.

JAMIE

Hi.

SHAWN

Did you get those flowers?

JAMIE

I did. They were beautiful.

SHAWN
I probably shouldn't have...

JAMIE
No, I loved it.

Awkward pause.

He tries to steal a peak at her stomach but she moves behind her cart even more.

JAMIE
I don't want to be rude but I have to go.

SHAWN
Okay. Sorry.

JAMIE
Don't be. If I had more time --

SHAWN
I get it.

But he doesn't walk away. Neither does she.

JAMIE
I'll see you around.

SHAWN
Yeah.

A stand off.

SHAWN
I thought you were in a hurry.

JAMIE
I am.

SHAWN
You better get going.

There's no avoiding it. She walks past him. He satisfies his curiosity with a quick peak.

JAMIE
I was gonna tell you.

SHAWN
We agreed not to.

JAMIE
I know, but... it's not y--

SHAWN
Are you happy?

She thinks for a moment -- then lies.

JAMIE
Yes. Very.

SHAWN
That's all that matters.

He starts off in the opposite direction.

Jamie stands frozen in place. Remorseful.

INT. JAMIE'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jamie and Fletcher work together preparing dinner. She adds spices to a pot. He chops veggies. Then she goes to the refrigerator and he moves to the stove.

They work in silence until the phone RINGS.

FLETCHER
Are you gonna get that?

She shakes her head, no. They continue cooking as the machine picks up in the b.g.

TIFFANY (V.O.)
Jamie, it's Tiff, are you
okay? I'm worried about you.

Panic washes over Jamie's face. She rushes toward the phone but arrives too late.

TIFFANY (V.O.)
I'm so sorry about your job.
Brentwood is a sexually harassing
piece of shit. You and your baby
are better off. We'll find you
something better. Call me.

The message clicks off.

Jamie stands there with her back turned to Fletcher.

FLETCHER
What happened?

She slowly makes her way back, keeping her eyes off of him.

JAMIE
Can you pass the salt? It's in
that cabinet right there.

He hands her the salt. Still waiting for an answer.

FLETCHER
Did you get fired?

JAMIE
Can you chop up more basil?

FLETCHER
You were being sexually harassed by
your boss?

Jamie SLAMS down the lid on the pot, turns to him, furious.

JAMIE
I quit. Okay? Can we finish?

FLETCHER
Why?

JAMIE
I'm hungry.

FLETCHER
Why did you quit?

JAMIE
I felt like it.

FLETCHER
So you just woke up this morning
and thought: "I have a baby on the
way. I'm going to quit my job"?

JAMIE
Don't worry, I won't be asking you
to pay my rent or anything.

FLETCHER
It's not about the money,
Jamie. You don't quit when you're
being sexually harassed. You sue
the son-of-a-bitch. You're a
lawyer.

JAMIE

Correction, I'm a pregnant,
unemployed, ex-lawyer.

FLETCHER

Why didn't you tell me?

JAMIE

What would you have done? Come
down to my office? Smack him
around a little bit? What?

She picks up a knife and begins chopping basil leaves.

FLETCHER

Why are you being so hostile? Is
this the way you always react when
someone tries to help you?

JAMIE

You're not just "someone". You're
the man that threatened to get a
DNA test to prove he's the father
of a child he doesn't even want
just to stick it to me.

She turns and jabs the knife out in front of her as she says
"stick it to me". Fletcher has to lunge back to avoid
getting stabbed in the gut.

JAMIE

Sorry.

She tries to go back to chopping. He takes the knife out of
her hand, then turns her around roughly.

FLETCHER

That's what you think of me?

JAMIE

I don't know you, Fletcher. And
what I've seen of you so far hasn't
been all that flattering. One
minute you're suing me and the next
you're so tender and sincere you
could almost pass for human. What
kind of power trip are you on?

FLETCHER

This coming from the woman that has
been spewing nothing but lies ever
since we met.

JAMIE

You want to know the truth? The whole ugly truth? Okay, here we go. I woke up one day and I was 35 and alone. My biological clock was ticking so loud that I could hear it in my dreams. So I decided to have a baby. Unfortunately you need a man for that. So I went out and found one, a good one, possibly one of the best ones I've ever met, but it didn't work out. I didn't get pregnant. So I had a few tequila shots and jumped into bed with the first guy that showed interest. And wouldn't you know, I wound up pregnant... with the wrong man's baby. You feel better now?

FLETCHER

Do you?

She tries to push past him, but he corners her.

JAMIE

What else would you like me to say? I don't want you around. I don't need your help. You obviously don't want to be a father and that's just the way I want it.

He gets closer, right in her face.

FLETCHER

I don't know who the guy was that made you feel like you needed to take on the whole wide world all by yourself, but I'm not him.

He strokes her face, draws her near. Lips almost touching.

Then the DOORBELL breaks their stride.

FLETCHER

Don't get that.

JAMIE

It's probably Tiffany.

FLETCHER

She'll go away.

JAMIE
You don't know Tiffany.

She manages to get around him and enter the --

LIVING ROOM

on her way to the --

FOYER

She opens the front door to find Shawn standing there.

JAMIE
Shawn?!

SHAWN
Before you slam the door in my
face, I just wanted to apologize
for earlier.

JAMIE
You have nothing to apologize for.

SHAWN
It's not like I didn't know it
could happen. I signed that paper.
And I know you had your heart set
on going at it alone, but I got to
thinking --

FLETCHER (O.S.)
Jamie, why don't you invite her in.
We have more than enough for three.

Shawn raises an eyebrow at Jamie who looks like she's about
to faint.

Fletcher appears at her side, puts an arm around her that
she promptly slides off.

The three stare at each other for a beat.

SHAWN
I see now why you were in such a
hurry. Sorry to interrupt.

JAMIE
You didn't interrupt anything.

Shawn sticks his hand out.

SHAWN
Hi, I'm Shawn. The father.

Fletcher doesn't accept the hand shake. Turns to Jamie.

FLETCHER
You wanna tell him, or should I?

SHAWN
Tell me what?

FLETCHER
I'm Fletcher. The father.

Shawn looks into Jamie's eyes. Sees the truth looking back at him.

SHAWN
Is that right?

She can barely look him in the eye.

JAMIE
I was gonna tell you.

SHAWN
No, it's okay. I'm actually relieved. I don't think I could have gone through with it. It takes a real piece of shit to walk away from a great woman and a kid. Turns out I'm not that guy.

He turns to leave, then turns back. Hands her a large envelope.

SHAWN
Here. You might as well have this.

She takes it. He walks away.

FLETCHER
Bye, Shawn. Better luck next time.

Jamie turns to him, having reached her boiling point.

JAMIE
I should have stabbed you when I had the chance. I know a really good criminal defense attorney. I could plead pregnancy hormones.

FLETCHER

I take it that's the one that got away?

JAMIE

You were intentionally cruel. For no good reason.

FLETCHER

I had a reason. A damn good one.

JAMIE

Let's hear it.

FLETCHER

I wanted him out of the way. So I can have you all to myself.

Jamie can do little more than stare.

FLETCHER

That's what you wanted to hear, isn't it?

She hits him repeatedly with the envelope.

JAMIE

You're a bastard.

FLETCHER

So they tell me.

JAMIE

From now on I'm your patient and that's it. We don't see each other outside of your office.

FLETCHER

(remorseful)

Jamie...

JAMIE

Get out!

Fletcher sighs loudly, then walks out onto the porch. Turns back to her.

She SLAMS the door in his face.

INT. JAMIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jamie packs the last of her belongings into a box.

INT. LAW FIRM - LATER

Jamie exits her office to find the entire office (lawyers, paralegals and administrative execs) all whispering and staring.

She walks toward the elevator with all eyes still trained on her. Stops to address them.

JAMIE

I'm sure you've all heard the rumors, so let me clear up a few things. Yes, I'm knocked up.

She presses her shirt flat against her stomach to emphasize her new shape.

JAMIE

That want ad that you all found so amusing? Me. I've been called a lot of things, but "fugly" has never been one of them until now.

The paralegals involved exchange guilty glances.

JAMIE

And no, I wasn't fired like I'm sure you've been told. I quit. Not because I'm pregnant or can't handle the stress, but because I got tired of having my ass squeezed by my boss.

All eyes avert to Brentwood who hangs his head in embarrassment.

JAMIE

Brentwood, just for the record, whenever I think of all those lies I told you to boost your ego, I throw up in my mouth and then I need a breath mint. You don't look great for your age. In fact, my great-grandfather has more sex appeal than you -- and he's dead.

She hits the down button on the elevator.

Tiffany applauds her and everyone slowly joins in.

TIFFANY

I quit, too.

She joins Jamie at the elevator and loops their arms together.

The elevator DINGS open and the two women step inside, smiling, empowered.

ELEVATOR

Their triumphant smiles quickly fade as the doors shut.

JAMIE

What the hell are we doing?

TIFFANY

I have no idea.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator opens and the women walk out.

Spencer stands there waiting to get in.

SPENCER

Hey, Jamie, you okay? I heard.

TIFFANY

I gotta go. I need to polish my resume.

She walks off.

JAMIE

Bye. Thank you.

(to Spencer)

Let me guess. Fletcher?

SPENCER

He's worried about you.

JAMIE

I can take care of myself.

Spencer gives her a look. She sinks onto a bench, silently admitting defeat. He sits next to her. Puts his arms around her. Pulls her against him.

JAMIE

I have no idea what I'm doing. I lost everything in my life that

(MORE)

JAMIE (cont'd)
meant something to me. My job, my
integrity, my self-respect --

SPENCER
You haven't lost Fletcher.

She rolls her eyes.

SPENCER
He calls me every day to ask if
I've heard from you.

JAMIE
He's worried about his baby. He
doesn't give a damn about me.

SPENCER
He cares more than he lets
on. He's had a rough couple of
years.

JAMIE
It doesn't matter. I'm done with
men... for real this time.

SPENCER
At least you still have me. And
it's worth mentioning that I'm
single again.

She searches his face but finds it humorless.

JAMIE
I'm sorry.

SPENCER
You were right.

JAMIE
As much as I love being right, I
wish I had been wrong this one
time.

SPENCER
I'm not husband material anyway. I
don't know what I was thinking.

JAMIE
Love is evil.

He chuckles, bumps into her. She bumps back.

SPENCER
Speaking of evil, I have a meeting
with Brentwood.

She contorts her facial expression into a look of nausea.

JAMIE
It's a good thing you don't have
boobs.

SPENCER
Let's have lunch sometime.

JAMIE
Sure. Lets.

SPENCER
And if there's ever anything you
need -- birth coach, babysitter, a
best man -- don't hesitate.

He kisses her on the forehead and steps into an open
elevator.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - DAY

Jamie stuffs an entire slice of pizza into her mouth while
looking through job listings in the paper.

Tiffany sits across from her, nibbling a slice of vegetarian
pizza and sipping purified water.

TIFFANY
It's been four months. You're
fixing to explode and you still
haven't found anything. Nothing
worthy of you, anyway.

JAMIE
That's not true. I'm making
excellent progress. I have an
interview for an administrative
assistant position at an investment
broker tomorrow.

TIFFANY
Yawn.

JAMIE
Brentwood picked me up right out of
law school. I have no references
besides him and I highly doubt he
(MORE)

JAMIE (cont'd)
would give me a glowing review. I have no choice but to start at the bottom and work my way back up.

TIFFANY
Or... you could stop being such a stubborn ass and go see Spencer like I did. But in order to do that you would have to admit to the whole world, and yourself, that you don't have all the answers and you can't do everything on your own.

JAMIE
Stop shrinking me. Spencer wouldn't help me conceive a child, he wouldn't stop representing his sleazy friend against me and I'm quite certain he wouldn't hire me.

TIFFANY
He hired me.

JAMIE
Yes, but you're sleeping with him. I can't tell you enough how creepy that is, by the way. I slept with him in college. Now you've slept with me.

Jamie shudders while Tiffany shrugs it off.

Jamie goes back to her job ads.

A BEEP comes from a cell that sits on the table.

Tiffany hurriedly checks her text message. Gathers her belongings.

TIFFANY
I've gotta run. We're meeting for drinks and hopefully dessert. Want me to put in a good word for you after I get him in the mood?

JAMIE
No, I do not want you speaking my name as you and my best guy friend bask in your afterglow.

TIFFANY

Would you stop before you puke up
your pizza.

Tiffany leans over to rub Jamie's much larger tummy and
whisper a message to the baby.

TIFFANY

Take care of your mommy,
Izzie. And convince her to call
Uncle Spencer.

She kisses the belly.

TIFFANY

And since you'll already be eating
crow, why not patch things up with
Shawn. You look so damn miserable.

Tiffany hugs her, then hurries off.

Jamie sits there for a second, rubbing her tummy.

JAMIE

Stop kicking me.
(beat)
I know. But I don't want to!

She picks up her phone, contemplates.

JAMIE

Okay, I'm calling! Lay off the
karate.

She dials. Waits.

JAMIE

Hey, Spence, it's Jamie... yeah,
she's fine. Listen, you wouldn't
happen to have room in your firm
for an obscenely pregnant woman,
would you?

She holds her breath in anticipation. Then releases it
noisily and smiles.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Shawn measures a bare wall.
- B) He cuts a piece of wood with a power saw.
- C) He nails a piece of moldings in place.

- D) He paints the walls a sweet shade of pale pink.
- E) He assembles a beautiful cherry wood sleigh crib.
- F) He hangs some shelves.
- G) He paints a mural on the wall.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. NURSERY - DAY

Shawn tightens a screw on a rocking chair, turns it upright and sits. Feels the arms, admiring his craftsmanship. But then it becomes something more. Longing.

JAMIE (O.S)
You do good work.

Shawn gets to his feet, surprised to see Jamie standing in the doorway.

SHAWN
What're you doing here?

JAMIE
I can't reveal my sources.

SHAWN
Well, congrats. You found me.

Shawn gets back to work as if she's not there.

Jamie takes a better look at the room. It is absolutely stunning, with its soft pink walls and fairytale castle mural behind the crib.

A chandelier hangs in the center of the room. A white tulle canopy enshrouds the crib. Girly yet elegant.

She goes into her purse and gets out the envelope Shawn gave her. There are two sets of drawings. One is boy themed and the other is an exact replica of the room.

She holds up the drawing for comparison.

JAMIE
So this is what it would've looked like.

Shawn goes to the crib, his back to Jamie, staring inside.

SHAWN

I was almost a dad once... before you. My fiance.... she miscarried about a month in.

Jamie goes to him, placing her hands on his shoulders.

JAMIE

I'm so sorry.

He moves away, walks across the room.

SHAWN

That day in the diner, you asked me why I wanted to help you. I saw the look on her face when she found out she was pregnant. I wanted that for you. I don't know why... just seemed like you deserved it.

He straightens some stuffed animals on a shelf.

JAMIE

Thank you.

SHAWN

So, your boyfriend...

JAMIE

We're not together.

SHAWN

Anymore?

JAMIE

We were never together.

SHAWN

You must've been... at least once.

JAMIE

I wanted it to be yours.

SHAWN

I gotta get back to work.

He heads out of the room.

Jamie follows.

EXT. CLIENT'S HOUSE - LATER

Shawn walks out the front door closely followed by Jamie. He grabs a bottle of water, drinks half and pours the other half over his head.

JAMIE

... so then I went to this bar and
I met Fletcher there and --

SHAWN

I don't need the details.

He grabs a piece of wood and turns on the jigsaw. Begins carving out an intricate pattern.

Jamie flinches at the unexpected noise, then trudges on. She says something but we can't hear it over the saw.

SHAWN

What?

She repeats but we still can't make it out.

SHAWN

I can't hear you.

JAMIE

I want you back.

SHAWN

What was that?

JAMIE

(yelling)

I want you back!

Halfway through, Shawn turns off the saw, making her proclamation that much louder.

He stares at her, dumbfounded.

JAMIE

I suppose I can't have you "back"
since I technically never had you
to begin with. I should have just
said I want you.

SHAWN

You want me -- to watch you and
Fletcher raise your kid and remind
myself on a daily basis where I
place in your life.

JAMIE

I didn't know you wanted a place in my life.

SHAWN

I wasn't sure myself until I saw you with him...

JAMIE

So it was just jealousy. It wasn't anything sincere, like --

SHAWN

Like what? Love? You think I'm gonna stand here and pour my heart out to you only to have it stomped on and handed back to me?

JAMIE

I would never do that to you.

SHAWN

You already have. What is it with you women? You think you're the only ones that have feelings. Just because we don't want to sit around all day and talk about them over lattes and lemon bars, doesn't mean they don't exist.

JAMIE

So that's it, then? You don't even wanna try? You're just gonna stay single and close yourself off to something that has the potential to be really amazing just because you're afraid of getting hurt?

Shawn remains silent, giving it a moment to sink in.

Jamie shakes her head, walking away. Stops suddenly. Turns back around.

JAMIE

Oh, I get it. You're trying to reverse psychology me. You think that's what I've been doing?

SHAWN

If the shoe fits, buy it in every color.

JAMIE

I have a valid reason for being the way I am. My parents are divorced. Two of my sisters and one of my brothers are divorced. Three of my aunts on my mother's side are divorced. My best friend is divorced. I work with divorced people for a living. I've seen the bitterness and resentment that comes when the "happily ever after" fades away. I've seen first-hand the destruction that love leaves in its wake. And still, I'm willing to give it a try because I've finally found a guy worth risking everything for.

Shawn remains sullen. Jamie waits stubbornly for a reply. Finally, a smile forms across his face.

SHAWN

That was beautiful. Are you sure you're not a romance novelist?

Jamie can't help but chuckle.

Shawn goes to her, takes her face in his hands, pulls her in for a kiss. Their lips meet for a brief moment before both go rigid.

They look down to find Jamie standing in a puddle of water, her pant legs soaked.

SHAWN

I've never had that effect on a woman before.

JAMIE

What do we do now?

Jamie stands in shock. He gets his cell out, ready to dial.

SHAWN

What's Fletcher's number?

JAMIE

Forget Fletcher. I need to get to the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - LABOR AND DELIVERY - LATER

Shawn rushes into the ward carrying Jamie. An occasional grimace proves she is in moderate discomfort.

SHAWN

I need some help over here.

An L&D NURSE rushes over with a wheelchair.

Shawn sits Jamie down in it.

SHAWN

Her water broke. She's only 32 weeks.

L&D NURSE

Who's her doctor?

JAMIE

Don't call him. Any ol' doctor is fine.

L&D NURSE

Let's get her into an exam room so we can determine if her water actually broke.

SHAWN

Trust me, it broke. A lot.

The nurse laughs to herself.

L&D NURSE

This must be your first.

She replaces Shawn behind the wheelchair and pushes Jamie away.

Shawn hangs back but Jamie grabs his arm.

JAMIE

Come with me.

(to nurse)

He can come with me, right?

L&D NURSE

Of course.

INT. HOSPITAL - LABOR AND DELIVERY ROOM - LATER

Jamie, dressed in a hospital gown, lies on the bed as the L&D Nurse places fetal monitors on her stomach.

Shawn stands beside the bed, holding her hand.

JAMIE

You guys have to stop this. I'm not having this baby today. I don't have a crib or a carseat or one of those donut pillow things... I haven't even started childbirth classes yet.

The nurse gets the monitor running. The baby's HEARTBEAT can be heard in the b.g.

L&D NURSE

When Dr. Davis gets here, he'll do a quick exam and --

JAMIE

No. I told you not to call him!

SHAWN

What do you have against your O.B.?

As if on cue, Fletcher rushes in looking frazzled.

FLETCHER

I got here as soon as I could.

She rolls her head back, waits for the shit to hit the fan.

FLETCHER

Have we confirmed her water broke?

L&D NURSE

We were waiting on you, doctor.

She hands him a pair of gloves. He hurriedly slides them on.

SHAWN

He's your doctor? You got knocked up by your O.B.?

L&D Nurse searches the faces of the men and Jamie.

L&D NURSE

I'll wait outside.

Fletcher positions Jamie's legs in the stirrups.

FLETCHER
(to Shawn)
You can wait outside, too.

Shawn makes a move for the door. Jamie grabs him.

JAMIE
No, stay.

SHAWN
I don't mind.

JAMIE
C'mon. It's nothing you haven't
seen before.

SHAWN
If there's a baby coming out of it,
I've never seen it before.

FLETCHER
He shouldn't be in here.

JAMIE
I want him here.
(to Shawn)
You're staying.

Shawn positions himself at her head while Fletcher performs a quick exam. He pulls off his gloves and tosses them into the trash.

FLETCHER
Your water broke.

JAMIE
For lack of a better word... duh.

FLETCHER
You're only one centimeter dilated
with no effacement.

SHAWN
That's good right. So he's not
coming.

FLETCHER
It's a girl.
(to Jamie)
Why is he here?

JAMIE

So everything's okay. I can go home?

FLETCHER

Once your water breaks, it opens up a whole can of worms.

JAMIE

I haven't gotten to the "what can go horribly wrong" chapter in my baby book so break it down for me.

FLETCHER

We basically have two options. Leave the baby in, administer steroids to help develop her lungs and antibiotics to ward off infection... or we deliver.

JAMIE

We're not delivering.

FLETCHER

We'll need to do an ultrasound to check for fetal weight, presentation and fluid level before we can make that decision.

JAMIE

Fine. Do it.

FLETCHER

All right.
(to Shawn)
Can I speak to you outside?

Shawn pulls away from Jamie. She waits until he's out of the room, then --

JAMIE

Fletcher, I swear to God --

FLETCHER

I just want to ask him a few questions. Relax. Keep that blood pressure down.

Fletcher walks into the --

HALLWAY

and signals over the L&D Nurse.

FLETCHER
We've got PROM. I need an
ultrasound machine right away.

L&D NURSE
Yes, Doctor.

She hurries off to fulfill the request.

Fletcher now turns his attention to Shawn.

SHAWN
What can I do for you, Doc?

FLETCHER
What're you doing with her?

SHAWN
Meaning? Wait, did you just ask me
what my intentions are? I thought
you were the baby's father, not
Jamie's.

FLETCHER
You're what... 25, 26?

Shawn scoffs loudly.

SHAWN
28.

The nurse interrupts, pushing the ultrasound machine in
front of her.

L&D NURSE
Should I set up?

FLETCHER
Yeah. I'll be right there.

The nurse continues into the room.

FLETCHER
And you're ready to be tied down to
a woman with a baby?

SHAWN
That's the difference between
us. You see it as being "tied
down". I see it as the coolest
thing I'll probably ever get the
chance to experience.

Fletcher takes a step toward Shawn, backing him against a wall. Intimidating, but he doesn't back down.

SHAWN

I get that you have a thing for her. Not that I blame you. You can throw your hat into the ring, but just so you know, I'm gonna win.

FLETCHER

That's the difference between us. I care enough to let her go.

Fletcher walks into the L&D room.

INT. HOSPITAL - LABOR AND DELIVERY ROOM - LATER

Fletcher moves an ultrasound transducer across Jamie's abdomen. Shawn sits on the other side of the bed, holding her hand.

By the look on Fletcher's face, he doesn't like what he sees on the screen. He turns the machine off, then pulls Jamie's hospital gown over her stomach.

FLETCHER

She's still breech, her fluid level is decreasing and your blood pressure is increasing. We're gonna prep you for surgery.

JAMIE

No, we're not.

There isn't much room for negotiation in her tone, yet Fletcher continues on, undaunted.

FLETCHER

I respected your decision to wait, but it's putting yours and the baby's life at risk.

JAMIE

I'm waiting.

FLETCHER

Well, I'm not.

JAMIE

You can't perform a surgical procedure without my consent.

FLETCHER

Watch me.

Fletcher picks up the phone.

FLETCHER

I need an OR prepped immediately.
Room 12 is delivering by c-section.

JAMIE

Oh no, room 12 is not!

FLETCHER

Jamie, listen to me very carefully.
Two years ago I lost a patient and
her baby because I couldn't talk
her out of waiting. I'm not about
to make that mistake again.

Jamie doesn't seem effected by the news.

JAMIE

You can't compare me to some random
pregnant lady. Maybe she didn't
take care of her--

FLETCHER

She was my wife.

Now Fletcher has her attention. She sits stunned.

FLETCHER

That night... in the bar. It was
the anniversary of her death. The
anniversary of one of the worst
decisions of my entire medical
career.

Everyone in the room is silent. You could hear a pin drop.

FLETCHER

Now... are we gonna do this or am I
gonna have to put you out?

She turns to Shawn for his opinion. He exchanges a look
with Fletcher, then back to Jamie. He nods. She turns to
Fletcher and nods.

INT. HOSPITAL - LABOR AND DELIVERY ROOM - LATER

Fletcher and a team of nurses wheel Jamie out on a gurney. She looks terrified.

WE HEAR NOTHING but a deafening silence as Shawn struggles to keep up. He is ultimately left behind and their hands pulled apart as Jamie is wheeled through swinging doors.

Jamie and the others fade down the hallway as the doors stop swinging.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

The room slowly comes into focus as Jamie comes to.

Shawn sits on her left looking like he hasn't slept in days.

She searches his face for clues, receives nothing but a stoic expression.

SHAWN

I have bad news.

Jamie looks destroyed, but Shawn doesn't leave her hanging too long.

SHAWN

She snores. I mean, really loud.

Jamie is so relieved, she almost laughs.

SHAWN

And, as if that weren't bad enough, she has Fletcher's temper. The girl hasn't stopped screaming since she came out. She's already pulled her monitors off twice and peed on every member of the NICU staff.

She beams with pride and love.

JAMIE

Tell me more.

Shawn continues with his story, his face lit up with excitement.

SHAWN

Well, she's got the most beautiful, silky hair. This tiny, little, squishy nose, gorgeous dimples, 10 perfect little toes and 11 little fingers.

Jamie gives him a look, mildly amused.

SHAWN

Okay... she's got 11 toes, too.

His voice fades out as WE PAN out of the room and into the hallway.

WE FOLLOW Fletcher down the hall. He stops outside of the -
NICU

A large observation window allows him a view of all the babies. One baby in particular holds his attention.

INT. NEONATAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - DAY

A NICU NURSE looks up promptly as Fletcher walks in.

NICU NURSE

Do you want to hold her?

She smiles sweetly.

FLETCHER

Sure.

He takes a seat in a rocking chair while the nurse gingerly removes the baby from her isolette and places her into his arms.

FADE OUT

As credits roll:

FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Jamie stands at the back of the church, all eyes on her. She nervously glances toward the altar where Spencer and Shawn stand, equally anxious.

She takes a deep breath, then proceeds down the aisle while ORGAN MUSIC serenades the room full of family and friends.

She passes a pew where Fletcher and their daughter, now 8 months, sit. OB Nurse sits beside him with her arm looped around his. They exchange smiles.

Jamie finally arrives at the altar. She pauses beside Shawn, then continues on to the opposite side of the altar.

The WEDDING MARCH begins and all heads turn as Tiffany saunters down the aisle. The "real" bride.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Tiffany, Spencer and Jamie sit on one side of the courtroom while Brentwood and his entourage of LAWYERS sit on the other.

Behind Tiffany, Spencer and Jamie are at least five rows full of angry, young, attractive women, all dressed in a professional manner. Scorned ex-employees.

A female JUDGE sits before the room full of people looking like a bear awoken from hibernation.

JUDGE

The defendant, Charles Brentwood, is charged with 27 counts of sexual harassment. How does the defense plea?

The man sitting next to Brentwood, FARMER, rises to his feet.

FARMER

Not guilty, your honor.

JUDGE

Very well. Let's proceed.

INT. BIRTHDAY PARTY - NIGHT

Fletcher holds an awe-struck 2-year-old ISABELLA in front of her lit birthday cake as the room breaks into song. OB Nurse stands beside them, holding a newborn baby.

ALL

Happy Birthday to you. Happy Birthday to you.

Spencer and Tiffany stand nearby, hand in hand, smiling at the sight.

ALL
Happy Birthday dear
Isabella. Happy Birthday to you.

Shawn and Jamie look on as Fletcher helps Isabella to blow out her two candles. Shawn's hands move down to gingerly rub Jamie's noticeably pregnant belly.

Her hands come down to rest on top of his. Neither of them have a wedding ring on their fingers.

FADE OUT