

THE BROTHERS SOLOMON

by
Will Forte

OVER CREDITS: Hot water pours out of a shower head. A razor is dragged across a cheek. Teeth are flossed. A band-aid is applied to a scab. A shirt is buttoned. A shoe is tied.

CU -- A note tacked to a wall: "Patricia 8:00, 2984 Patterson Lane." A hand grabs it. Pan over to a framed photo of two young boys hanging on the wall.

DEAN (O.S.)
I'm leaving.

JOHN (O.S.)
Good luck on your date!

DEAN (O.S.)
Good luck on your date! I love you!

JOHN (O.S.)
I love you too!

ART CARD: Dean Solomon

EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

An average looking man, DEAN, 27, stands at the front door with flowers. He takes a deep breath and nervously knocks on the door. PATRICIA, 27, pretty, answers it.

PATRICIA
Hi. Dean?

DEAN
Hi. Nice to meet you.

They awkwardly shake hands. He hands her the flowers.

PATRICIA
Oh, how sweet. Come in.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Dean waits nervously in the foyer. Patricia enters with her father, DONALD, 65.

PATRICIA
Dean, I'd like you to meet my Dad.

Donald extends his hand to Dean.

Slo-mo: Dean's head arches in toward Donald's.

Shot of Donald, frozen in his tracks.

CU slo-mo: Dean's head, eyes closed, continuing to move toward Donald.

Shot of Donald, frozen.

Slo-mo shot of Dean's head as it inches closer.

Shot of Patricia, jaw dropped.

CU -- Donald's face, still frozen. Dean's face moves into frame and delivers a soft peck on the Donald's lips. As Dean pulls back, a tiny strand of saliva unites their mouths. They stand in silence for a while.

DEAN
Nice to meet you sir.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

A beautiful FEMALE SHOPPER stands at the cash register as a CHECKER rings up the last of her groceries.

FEMALE SHOPPER
Can I write a check?

CHECKER
That won't be necessary ma'am.

FEMALE SHOPPER
What do you mean?

CHECKER
They've already been taken care of.

FEMALE SHOPPER
Taken care of? By who?

The checker motions to JOHN SOLOMON -- 29, average looking, Dean's brother. John leans coolly against a Doritos display.

CU -- John's face with a sultry smile. He gives an ultra-cool-guy nod to the shopper.

ART CARD: John Solomon

John slowly saunters over to the counter.

JOHN
I watched you at work in here and I
must say I'm more than impressed.
(extending his hand)
John.

FEMALE SHOPPER

Thank you, but I can't accept this.

JOHN

Can't accept what? Your own groceries? These are yours. I don't own them. The only thing I own right now is the good fortune of coming in contact with such an obviously well rounded and fun person. Can I walk you to your car?

FEMALE SHOPPER

No. Thank you.

JOHN

Can I get that phone number?

FEMALE SHOPPER

No.

JOHN

I don't mean to be rude but I just bought your frigging groceries.

FEMALE SHOPPER

I don't care what you did. You cannot have my phone number.

JOHN

You know what? Request withdrawn. Will you give me your address so I can meet you at your house?

FEMALE SHOPPER

Look, if you don't leave me alone, I'm gonna call security and have them kick you out of here.

JOHN

That'll be pretty hard to do because I'm a taxpayer and therefore I can stand wherever I want. Taxpayers have a right to stand wherever they want.

FEMALE SHOPPER

Security!

JOHN

I'm telling you you're making a big deal out of nothing.

(MORE)

JOHN(cont'd)

They'll come over, ask me if I'm a taxpayer, I'll say yes, end of story.

INT. GROCERY STORE SECURITY STATION -- NIGHT

There is a door marked "Vons Security Headquarters." A tiny square window looks into the small, spare room. Through the window, we see John sitting there, detained.

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

John sits on the couch watching TV. Their 2-bedroom place is large but full of unrealized potential. Dean enters.

JOHN

How was your date?

DEAN

Not so great.

JOHN

Ooooooh, come here.

John opens his arms in a hug invitation. Dean accepts.

JOHN (cont'd)

Wanna talk about it?

DEAN

Well, everything seemed to be going great. And then when I went in for the kiss, he got very stand-offish. Very cold.

JOHN

Oh, I'm sorry.

DEAN

Do you think I did something wrong?

JOHN

Wrong? By expressing the greatest respect you could show a woman's father? No, that could never be wrong. Hey, what's up with you?

DEAN

I don't know. It's just I look around at people our age and everyone's all successful and married and having kids and... when's it our turn?

JOHN
Dean, our time will come.

DEAN
Yeah, I guess. So did you go to the store?

JOHN
Yeah, spent like two hundred bucks.

DEAN
And? Get any numbers?

JOHN
No, but I did get thrown in store jail.

DEAN
What?

JOHN
Apparently in the store's eyes, I was "bothering" the customers.

DEAN
Did they know you're current on your taxes?

JOHN
Oh, they knew.

DEAN
And they still locked you up? Well, I'm sorry.

JOHN
There's nothing to be sorry about. I did the best job I could of being me today. And that's all I can do.

DEAN
I love learning from you.

JOHN
I love teaching you.

Dean goes to the answering machine and presses play.

ANSWERING MACHINE
You have two new messages. First message. Sent today at 18:43.

JOHN
18:43? What the hell's that?

DEAN
I switched it to military time.

JOHN
Aaah, you know I'm an am/pm guy.

VIDEO STORE CLERK (V.O.)
This is Jim from Henderson Video
calling to remind you that you
still owe us twenty-three dollars
in late charges for "Ulee's Gold."

JOHN
I thought you paid that.

DEAN
I did.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)
Second message.

JOHN
Well, now the video store's all
pissed. We can't have that.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)
Sent today at 20:43 pm.

JOHN
(shaking his head)
20:43. Jesus Christ.

DEAN
Ah, open your mind.

JOHN
I can't. It's too busy computing
what the goddamn time is!

DAD (V.O.)
Dean, John, this is your father.
I'm down at Fair Oaks Hospital...

Suddenly they get very interested in the message.

DAD (V.O.) (cont'd)
I was feeling sick so I came in for
a few tests and I'm afraid I have
some bad news. Devastating news
actually. I'm uh...
(MORE)

DAD(cont'd)

well, this is something I'd rather
tell you in person. Please come as
soon as you possibly can. (beep)

JOHN

Oh my God.

Dean and John rush out of the apartment.

EXT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT COMPLEX -- NIGHT

The brothers race from the parking garage in their '93 Supra.

INT. VIDEO STORE -- NIGHT

Dean and John rush to the rental line. A VIDEO STORE CLERK is
busy with a CUSTOMER and there's a FEMALE CUSTOMER in front
of them in line. They shift impatiently as they wait.

JOHN

(exasperated)

Excuse me, ma'am. We just found out
our father is dealing with some
heavy medical issues -- possibly
dying --so we need to dispute this
late charge as quickly as possible.
Would you mind?

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Go ahead.

JOHN/DEAN

Thank you./Thanks.

They switch places and shift impatiently. When the clerk is
finally available, they rush to the counter.

DEAN

Hi, we just got a call about some
late charges for "Ulee's Gold" but
we paid the charges already.

VIDEO STORE CLERK

Okay, what's your last name?

JOHN

Look, we don't have time for this.
Our father is... Solomon. SOLOMON!

As they shift impatiently, the clerk clicks at a keyboard.

VIDEO STORE CLERK

Computer shows you're all paid up.

JOHN
Okay, thank you, thanks.

VIDEO STORE CLERK
...in fact, says here you actually
have a credit for one movie.

John and Dean look to one another, intrigued.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

The brothers squeal into a parking place and race inside.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

ED SOLOMON -- 60s -- lies in bed, comatose. Dean and John
hover over him as they listen to DR. WONG.

DR. WONG
He seemed to be doing fine and then
like ten minutes ago he lapsed into
the coma.

Dean and John look to each other, guilty.

DR. WONG (cont'd)
Not even ten minutes -- more like
seven. Or even six.

JOHN
Well, we got here as soon as we
could.

Dean hides a copy of "Oxford Blues" behind his back.

DEAN
How long does he have?

DR. WONG
Normally, a man in his condition,
three to six months. But you just
never know.

JOHN
Man. How was he coping with it?

DR. WONG
Like most, he was lamenting some of
the things he never got a chance to
see and do in his lifetime.

DEAN
Like what?

DR. WONG
Climbing Mt. Everest. Taking flying lessons. Other things.

JOHN
What things?

DR. WONG
Oh, some things he wanted to do to the nursing staff that I'm not comfortable getting into.

DEAN/JOHN
Dad!/We're so sorry.

DR. WONG
It's okay, they're very attractive. Well, one of them. Anyway the thing your father kept coming back to -- his biggest regret by far -- was that neither of you ever made him a grandchild.

JOHN
We're a little behind on that one.

DEAN
Was he mad at us?

DR. WONG
More disappointed than mad.

JOHN
Well, that's not a huge surprise. We've always been disappointments. See our Dad's always had this weird obsession with accomplishments and following through on tasks and it never really rubbed off on us. So in his eyes, we're kind of losers.

DR. WONG
He mentioned that.

DEAN
He did?

DR. WONG
Yeah, but in a nice way. Like, uh, I forget how he put it exactly. You know, if you'd been here even just like five minutes earlier, you could've heard it with your own...

JOHN

Yes, we're aware of the timeline.
Thank you.

DOCTOR WONG

I'll give you some time alone.

Dr. Wong leaves. John and Dean go to their father's bedside.

DEAN

Hi Dad. How you feeling? You're
lookin' good. If I didn't already
know you were in a coma, I'd think
you were just a healthy guy in a
sound sleep. Don't you think, John?

JOHN

Yeah, sure.

John kisses his father and then walks to the window.

DEAN

Too bad there aren't like coma
pageants. Right, John? John?

JOHN

Sorry, I'm just thinking about what
Dr. Wong said.

DEAN

John, Dad would have wanted us to
dispute that charge. Right Dad?

JOHN

Not that. The grandchild thing.

DEAN

Yeah, it's too bad.

JOHN

It's not too bad. It's great.

DEAN

Dad's gonna dirt nap with a huge
regret and you think it's great?

JOHN

Don't you see? We know his dying
wish and we have a shot to make it
come true while he's still alive.

DEAN

But he only has like six months left.

JOHN

No, Dr. Wong said that you never know. And if we give Dad something to live for, who knows how long he'll last? Look, we have a chance here to accomplish something important for once. A chance to finally prove to Dad -- hell, prove to ourselves -- that we're not just a couple of losers. And all we have to do is make him a baby.

DEAN

That's it, we just make him a baby?

JOHN

Make him a baby. Piece of cake.

DEAN

Can I play devil's advocate here for a sec? Basically my entire adult life has been an attempt to have sex and over that span, I've been successful twice. Twice! And one I had to pay for. And the other technically I didn't pay for, but it definitely involved a transfer of goods. Whatever. All I'm saying is I don't think we can do this.

JOHN

And I know that we can. This is different.

DEAN

Why?

JOHN

Because before, we were entering women for ourselves. This time, we're entering them for Dad. Hands in!

John puts his hand out. Won over, Dean puts his hand on it. John grabs Dad's hand and puts it on top, but it immediately slides off. John grabs it again and holds it there.

JOHN (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Make a baby for Dad on 3. 1 2 3...

JOHN/DEAN
Make a baby for Dad!

They throw their hands up. Dad's hand falls to the bed.

JOHN/DEAN (cont'd)
Let's go./Let's do it!

John and Dean race out.

MUSIC IN: "ST. ELMO'S FIRE" BY JOHN PARR

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Quick shots of John and Dean going through their pre-date rituals. John shaving. Dean brushing his teeth. John trimming nose hairs. Dean shampooing his hair. John rinsing off in the shower. Dean finally ready to rinse, he moves toward the shower head to reveal he's in the same shower as John -- he nudges in and they split the water stream. John combing his hair. Dean buttoning his shirt. John looking in the mirror. He's ready. Dean looking in the mirror. He's ready.

"ST. ELMO'S FIRE" OUT.

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

John walks out. Dean is sitting on the couch.

DEAN
You look great. She's gonna love you.

JOHN
You don't look so bad yourself. Why are you all spiffed up anyway?

DEAN
Because we're doing this thing together. So when you're on a date, even though I'm not there physically, I'm on that date too. And I want to look presentable.

JOHN
That's a great mindset.

DEAN
Well, feel free to borrow it.

JOHN
I might just take you up on that. Okay, wish me luck.

DEAN
I would, but from where I'm
sitting, looks like you won't need
luck. You go bring us back a baby.

JOHN
(cocky smile)
I'll do my best.

INT. DINER -- NIGHT

John sits across from MICHELE -- 20s, pretty face. There's an awkward silence. John smiles at her. Michele forces a smile back. John smiles again. Michele looks at her watch.

JOHN
So do you like TV?

MICHELE
No.

JOHN
(sexy)
Hm. Against the grain. Jah-jah
likes that.

MICHELE
Who's Jah-jah?

JOHN
Me. John.
(very long awkward beat)
You got a little something right...

John reaches across and softly picks something off her lip.

JOHN (cont'd)
... here. Got it.

John brings his finger back and sensually licks it.

JOHN (cont'd)
Mm. Little piece of chicken.

He smiles seductively. Another awkward silence.

JOHN (cont'd)
You've got a nice face.

MICHELE
Thanks.

JOHN
Makes up for that bod.

MICHELE
What?

JOHN
No no no no. I'm just saying...your
face...makes...up for...your body.
(long awkward beat)
You wouldn't happen to be ovulating
right now, would you?

MICHELE
That's none of your business.

JOHN
I'm about to make it my business.

John gets down on one knee and produces a ring.

JOHN (cont'd)
Michele, make me the happiest man
in the world and marry me.

MICHELE
Are you joking?

JOHN
I know, isn't it great?

MICHELE
No.

JOHN
Then make me the happiest man in
the world and let me put a baby
inside of you.

Michele throws her napkin down and stomps out.

JOHN (cont'd)
Yeah, good idea. Take some time and
let it sink in. I love you.

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dean watches TV as John comes back from his date.

DEAN
So how'd it go?

JOHN

Not great. But not horrible. It was
a good learning experience.

DEAN

(fake nonchalance)

So any advice I can use on my...

(genuine excitement)

...date tomorrow night?

JOHN

No way! You frigging tiger. How'd
you meet her?

DEAN

Cold call.

JOHN

Cold call?

DEAN

Just dialed until I found a taker.
But she sounds real hot. Real hot.

JOHN

She has to be! Nicely done broham.
And yes, I do have some advice --
skip the marriage proposal and go
straight to the baby.

DEAN

You sure?

JOHN

Positive. To women, proposing
marriage is like proposing to jail
them. They want freedom. And what
says freedom better than bringing a
child into the world with a
stranger? It's every woman's dream!
A no-strings-attached paradise.

DEAN

How the hell do you know women so
well? You're like a human
Cosmopolitan magazine.

JOHN

Thank you. Any word from Dr. Wong?

DEAN

No, he hasn't called back yet.

JOHN

I don't know. I just don't have a good feeling about that hospital.

DEAN

I know. Dad deserves better than that crappy little shithole.

JOHN

Hey, what if we use some money from Mom's fund to move him out of that shithole?

DEAN

Do we have enough left in there?

JOHN

I bet so. I mean, we're not talking about the Ritz, just a nice, clean place a little closer to us where we know he'd be cared for properly.

DEAN

Like where?

JOHN

Look, don't you worry about a thing. I'll deal with it tomorrow.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Dean opens the door to find a DELIVERY GUY. A patch on his uniform says: "Med-Equip - the Hi-Tech Home Care Specialists"

MED-EQUIP GUY

Yeah, delivery for John Solomon.

DEAN

He's not here right now.

MED-EQUIP GUY

I'm gonna need you to sign here.

Dean signs his name on the clipboard.

MED-EQUIP GUY (cont'd)

Okay, bring it on in.

Med-Equip WORKERS start lugging in various medical machines.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Pan the room to see all kinds of medical equipment.

MED-EQUIP GUY
And this is a dialysis machine.
You know, for the kidney.

DEAN
Mm hm.

MED-EQUIP GUY
And defibrillator paddles in case
the EKG shows a flatline.

DEAN
Mm hm.

MED-EQUIP GUY
You've seen guys use 'em on TV.
(demonstrating on Dean)
Just rub 'em together, press 'em
against the guy's chest and whammo -
- the heart should get going again.

DEAN
Mm hm.

MED-EQUIP GUY
There's more stuff to know for
that. You should probably take a
class.

DEAN
M'kay.

MED-EQUIP GUY
And here are some coagulants, some
anticoagulants, couple bedpans.
And, of course, one Mr. Ed Solomon.

Reveal a MED-EQUIP MOVER rolling comatose Dad in on a gurney.

DEAN
M'kay.

MED-EQUIP GUY
And here's a ventilator, oxy tank,
couple intubation trays -- your
nurse can hook those up if you need
'em. You do have a nurse, right?

DEAN
(dazed)
M'kay.

Dean stands there overwhelmed as the Med-Equip guy goes on.

MED-EQUIP GUY

Hm... okay. Well, over here you got
your sterile needles, pulse
oximeter, blood pressure cuff...

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT LOBBY -- DAY

John runs to catch the elevator as the doors are closing.
He's carrying a Barnes and Noble bag and a big mylar balloon
that says: "Welcome Home Dad."

JOHN

Hold the elevator please.

The door opens. John enters to find the most beautiful woman
he's ever seen. He smiles and then reaches for the "12"
button but sees it's already lit.

JOHN (cont'd)

Oh, are you visiting someone on 12?

WOMAN

No.

JOHN

Just gonna check it out, stroll it?

WOMAN

No, I live there.

JOHN

You do not. You absolutely do not.
Where on 12?

WOMAN

12G.

JOHN

I'm 12H. That's great! You're right
across the hall from me. And here
we are meeting on the elevator.
That's really something.

WOMAN

Yeah.

JOHN

Ever like to go have drinks to
unwind after a long day?

WOMAN

No.

JOHN

Nor do I.

They stand in silence until the door opens and they exit.

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

As they walk to their doors which are only about three feet apart, John notices a cacophony of mechanical beeps and chirps coming from his apartment. As he opens the door, the beeps pour into the hallway. It's like the Star Trek bridge.

JOHN

There usually are a lot less
beeping noises coming from my
apartment.

The woman nods politely and goes inside.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

John enters to see his dad surrounded by blinking machinery. Dean is in the kitchen pouring a can of soup into a bowl.

JOHN

He's here!

DEAN

Yeah. Thanks for telling me.

JOHN

I thought it would be a nice
surprise. God, why do I even try?

DEAN

It is a nice surprise. But I have
some medical and fiscal concerns.

JOHN

What? What could be better than
having Dad right here in the bosom
of his family?

DEAN

Oh, I dunno, maybe having him at a
place with a trained medical staff?

JOHN

You think so inside the box. Dad'll
get so much more attention and care
here than at some medical shithole.

DEAN

You think?

JOHN

I more than think. I really think.
This is state of the art equipment.
Yes it came out of the factory with
a few kinks. But in the world of
medical machinery, kinks equal
savings.

DEAN

But don't kinks also equal machines
that don't work?

JOHN

Why are you so negative? Look,
they've all been repaired so
they're good as new... for the most
part. And they're all still under
warranty... for the most part. I
also got tons of medical books
highly recommended by Dr. Wang.

DEAN

You mean, Dr. Wong.

JOHN

No, Dr. Wang, this dentist I met at
Barnes and Noble. He really knows
his shit.

DEAN

Okay, medically, you got me. I'm on
board. Hit me fiscally.

JOHN

Okay, fiscally. So I had a little
talk with Mr. Hefflin today...

DEAN

Our accountant, yes, go on.

JOHN

And he said that financially we can
handle it. Although it'll deplete
our trust fund to the extent that
at some point in the future, we may
be looking at getting some jobs.

Dean stares at John. They ponder this for a beat.

JOHN (cont'd)

Buck up, cowboy. We'll cross that bridge when we get to it.

(changing the subject)

Oh God, I have something so exciting to tell you about.

(motioning to their Dad)

Wait, is there any way to turn him down or anything?

DEAN

I tried earlier, but there doesn't seem to be any volume switch on him. At least that I can find.

JOHN

Did they leave any instruction manuals or anything?

DEAN

I looked in there, but there was nothing having to do with volume. It was mainly like emergency crap.

JOHN

Well, it's very distracting. Anyway I just met the most beautiful woman I've ever seen and you won't believe where she lives. 12G!

DEAN

12G? No way!

JOHN

You gotta see her. She's amazing. Tall, buxom, infectious spirit...

Dean places the soup bowl in the microwave and hits the power button. Suddenly the lights go out. The machines whir to a stop.

DEAN

Oh crap! You go hit the circuit breaker. I'll revive Dad.

Complete darkness. We hear movement. Soon thereafter, the lights turn on and the machines come to life. Dean hits his Dad with the defibrillator paddles until he gets a heartbeat.

DEAN (cont'd)

I got him back.

JOHN

Nice job. I guess we were using too much power. Maybe we should turn off some lights.

Dean and John go around the room turning off lights.

JOHN (cont'd)

We should be fine now.

John switches on the TV. Dean returns to the kitchen.

DEAN

Think it's safe to use the microwa--

Again the lights go out and the machines whir to a stop.

DEAN (cont'd)

My bad. I got the circuit breaker!

Again, we hear movement in the dark until the power comes back on. This time, John revives Dad with the paddles.

JOHN

We're gonna have to do something about this. I mean, at some point, we're gonna be in a situation where it's imperative to heat up soup and watch TV at the same time.

DEAN

Yeah. Okay, I gotta get ready for my date. Oh hey, any luck today?

JOHN

No. But I think my luck might have just changed in that elevator.

DEAN

12G? Are you gonna ask her out?

JOHN

You worry about you, I'll worry about me. Now let's go get this guy a baby!

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Dean sits at a candlelit table.

DEAN

I gotta be honest, I'm really feeling a connection here Erica.

(MORE)

DEAN(cont'd)

I mean, you're beautiful.
Impeccable dresser. Great
personality. Nice hair. Fat. Great
smile. Smell good.

Reveal ERICA, 20s, quite large. She's not sure how to feel.

DEAN (cont'd)

Have you ever heard of the phrase
"more cushion for the pushin'?"

ERICA

Yeah. Why?

DEAN

Because you've got it lady. Here,
lift up your napkin for a sec.

Erica reluctantly lifts her napkin to expose her lap area.

DEAN (cont'd)

Yep, you've got it. There it is.
What do you say we get the hell out
of here and I go put a baby in you?

ERICA

Well...

DEAN

No strings attached.

ERICA

Oh, okay.

DEAN

HIV status?

ERICA

Negative.

DEAN

Check please!

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

An romantic picnic dinner is spread out between 12G and 12H.
John lights a candle, grabs a rose and knocks on 12G.

12G WOMAN (O.S.)

Be right there.

As John waits for her to answer the door, another guy walks
up to the door and knocks on it. John looks over to the guy.

JOHN

Hi.

The guy nods hello. The door opens. The woman sees the guy.

12G WOMAN

Ken! Hi.

(to John, less excited)

Hi. Can I help you?

JOHN

Well, just thought I'd invite you
to a little romantic hallway
dinner. This is for you.

He hands her the rose. She's weirded out.

12G WOMAN

Well, we have dinner reservations.

JOHN

Oh. Okay. Well, I do this all the
time. So... the next one.

12G WOMAN

Yeah. Okay, we should go.

The woman and Ken walk to the elevator and wait for it to
arrive. There's an uncomfortable silence.

JOHN

I'm sorry, do you mind if I start?
I am so hungry.

12G WOMAN

Go ahead.

JOHN

Thank you.

John sits down Indian-style and unfolds his napkin.

JOHN (cont'd)

So where are you guys going?

KEN

Madame Wu's.

JOHN

Oh, by the car wash, right?

John nonchalantly pops open a bottle of champagne.

KEN

Yeah.

John pours a glass of champagne and raises it for a toast.

JOHN

Well, have a great time.

John takes a sip as they smile fakely. The elevator still hasn't come. Another sip. Still no elevator. John lifts the bottle and reads the label. Finally the elevator comes.

JOHN (cont'd)

Good night.

They fake smile. The elevator closes. John takes another sip.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Dean and Erica walk down the street.

ERICA

You have no idea how long I've been wanting to have a baby like this. I mean, this is a dream-come-true -- a no-strings-attached situation in which I can carry a baby to term, have it and then give it to a pair of wonderful people. Awesome. Oh, I'm gonna deliver this baby to you on a silver platter. One hundred percent sterling silv--

Suddenly, Erica is FLATTENED BY A PASSING BUS.

DEAN

Noooooooooooooooooooooo!

EXT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

John and Dean dangle their legs in the rooftop spa.

JOHN

She got hit by a bus? Poor girl.

DEAN

Yeah, the bus took a pretty serious hit too. I mean, she was a large girl. Comfortably in the 200's.

JOHN

Oh my God, that's horrible.

DEAN

Not really. She carried it well.
It was evenly distributed over...

JOHN

No, I'm talking about her dying.

DEAN

Yeah... it was awful. So then we went together to the hospital where they confirmed it and then to the morgue and that's where I'd say the date "officially" ended. That was like our doorstep moment. And no, there was no good night kiss. So how was your night? I saw the makings of a very romantic dinner.

JOHN

Unfortunately I dined solo. But I'm not giving up just yet. There's a lot more fight in this old bulldog.

DEAN

That's the spirit. God, this thing is gonna be harder than we thought.

JOHN

Unfortunately, you might be right. Maybe it's time we broaden the search to include less conventional methods of having a baby.

DEAN

Like anal?

JOHN

Well, I was thinking more along the lines of adoption.

DEAN

Isn't adoption kind of cheating?

JOHN

Have you seen Dad lately? He doesn't look so good.

DEAN

Yeah.

JOHN

We just gotta step it up. And that means exploring every possibility.

DEAN
So I guess anal's still in the mix.

JOHN
Whatever it takes.

INT. ADOPTION AGENCY -- DAY

Dean and John sit in a couple of chairs. A representative of the adoption agency, JIM TREACHER, sits behind the desk.

JIM TREACHER
Adoption is a huge committment.

JOHN
Oh, we're ready.

JIM TREACHER
So are you married or just a long-term couple?

JOHN
Oh we're not gay. We're brothers.
(to Dean)
I told you not to wear that blouse.

DEAN
It's not a blouse, it's a shirt.

JOHN
It gives off a blousy impression.

JIM TREACHER
And who will have custody?

JOHN
We're gonna tag team it.

JIM TREACHER
I'm afraid that's not an option.
Unless you're married, only one of you can have legal custody.

JOHN
I guess that would be Dean then.
(immediately to Dean)
Burn.

DEAN
Wait, can we have a moment?

JIM TREACHER
Sure.

Dean leads John to the corner of the room. They whisper so loudly that Treacher can hear every word.

DEAN
Well thanks a lot.

JOHN
You're welcome.

DEAN
I was being facetious. I do not want this responsibility. You'd be so much better at this than me.

JOHN
What? I'm gonna be a horrible father. Much worse than you. Come on, what are you so nervous about?

DEAN
What happens if the kid just sucks?

JOHN
We return it.

DEAN
Really?

JOHN
Yes. Don't worry, it's not gonna be a lot of responsibility. He has to say that to cover his ass.

DEAN
If that's the case, then why don't you just do it?

JOHN
I have bad credit.

DEAN
So?

JOHN
So that's one of the main criteria for adoption.

DEAN
Bullshit.

JOHN
Ask him.

DEAN
Fine I will.

Dean walks over to Treacher.

DEAN (cont'd)
Two questions. One: what is your
return policy? And two: will bad
credit fuck our chances to adopt?

JIM TREACHER
There is no return policy. And your
financial situation is of paramount
importance.

Dean nods politely and returns to John.

JOHN
Ha! Told you so.

DEAN
I don't care. I'm not gonna do it.

JOHN
Then I guess we have a stalemate.
Looks like we'll 1 2 3 NOT IT!

DEAN
NOT IT. Damn!

The brothers return to their seats.

DEAN (cont'd)
(forced enthusiasm)
So I will be adopting the child.
And I am very excited about it.
It's been my lifelong dream to be
an adoptive parent.

JOHN
You got any pictures of the kids?

John sees a picture of a baby boy on Jim Treacher's desk.

JOHN (cont'd)
Oo, how 'bout that one, Dean?

DEAN
Ew, no. He's got like Bell's Palsy
or something.

JIM TREACHER
That's my son.

DEAN

Oh, I'm so sorry. Bell's Palsy is the clinical name, right?

JIM TREACHER

He's not handicapped.

JOHN

That's right, it's handi-capable.

JIM TREACHER

No, he's...

DEAN

Disabled?

EXT. ADOPTION AGENCY -- DAY

A SECURITY GUARD throws John and Dean out of the building.

INT. MAKE-A-WISH FOUNDATION -- DAY

HAL MARSH, 57, sits at a desk, a Make-A-Wish sign behind him.

HAL

I'm afraid I can't help you. See, we don't run a prostitution ring. We can't procure women for sex.

JOHN

This has nothing to do with procuring a woman for sex. This is about procuring a woman for sex which would produce a baby.

HAL

The fact that sex is involved in any kind of way is a problem.

DEAN

You know, you should change your name to the Make-A-Wish-and-if-it's-not-too-much-trouble-for-us-we'll-consider-it-as-long-as-it-doesn't-go-against-company-policy-or-cause-us-to-do-any-work Foundation.

HAL

There's nothing I can do for you.

JOHN

Oh, this isn't for us. This is for our... dying father.

John removes a picture from his pants pocket and holds it up.

HAL
Your father is Kirk Douglas?

John flips the pic over. Reveal that it is Kirk Douglas.

JOHN
Uh... no.

DEAN
Oh, that's mine. Sorry, I borrowed
your pants.

EXT. MAKE-A-WISH FOUNDATION -- DAY

Dean and John are escorted out by ANOTHER SECURITY GUARD.

INT. BIG BROTHERS OF AMERICA CORPORATE OFFICE -- DAY

John and Dean sit next to a "Big Brothers of America" sign.

JOHN
So let me tell you what we're
looking for in a little brother.
From most desired to least desired.
Number one: a white of any variety.
Two: an albino black or albino
latino. Three: a lightskinned black
or latino. Four: regular latino.
Five: dark skinned latino. Six:
regular black. Seven: dark skinned
black. Actually a dark skinned
black is not gonna work for us in
any way. I notice you're not
writing any of this down...

Reveal an older black man, DONALD, sitting across from them.

DONALD
I think I'll be able to remember.

DEAN
Okay, well, when in doubt,
remember, the lighter, the better.

JOHN
And the younger, the better.
Preferably a baby. You don't
harvest fetuses, do you?

Donald gets up from his chair and walks out of the room.

DEAN
I think this is going very very
very very very very very...

EXT. BIG BROTHERS OF AMERICA -- MOMENTS LATER

The brothers are again escorted out by a SECURITY GUARD.

DEAN
That's odd. I thought that was
going very very very very very...

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The brothers arrive at their door to find a package for Dean.

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

John watches TV. Dean enters in a full-body sequin suit.

JOHN
Wow, you look like the real deal.

DEAN
Thank you.

JOHN
Wasn't a compliment. So why'd you
get that thing anyway?

DEAN
I don't know. I saw it on Craig's
List and I thought what the hell?

JOHN
Craig's List? What's Craig's List?

DEAN
Oh, it's great! It's this website
that has like everything: jobs,
pets, cars, ice dancing suits. I
mean, you can find anything there.

JOHN
Anything?

Dean and John look at each other. Their eyes widen.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

John sits at the computer. Dean stands behind him.

JOHN
You're the Craig's List guy. What
should we put?

DEAN
Two brothers looking to have baby--

John types it in and waits for more. He looks to Dean.

DEAN (cont'd)
--thank you.

JOHN
Hm, kind of bare bones, but if you
like it, I can get behind it.
(typing it in)
Thank you. And send.

DEAN
So what do we do now?

JOHN
Now we just sit here and wait.

They wait for a few beats looking at each other, nodding.

DEAN
Is right now an appropriate time
for internet porn?

JOHN
It's certainly not an inappropriate
time for...

Suddenly, the power goes out.

JOHN (cont'd)
MOTHERFU--

EXT. GENERATOR STORE -- DAY

John lugs a generator out of the store.

INT. APARTMENT ELEVATOR -- DAY

John lugs the generator into the elevator to find the woman
from 12G.

JOHN
We gotta stop meeting like this.
People are starting to talk.
(smarmy laugh)
I'm just kidding.

The woman hits the "door open" button. The door opens.

12G WOMAN
I, uh... forgot my mail.

JOHN
Oh, I'll hold the elevator for you.

12G WOMAN
Please don't.

The door closes. John looks down at the button panel.

CU -- the "door open" button

CU -- John's eyes. They narrow seductively.

John leans down, puts his nose up to the button and takes a deep whiff. He's in ecstasy.

JOHN
Mmmmmmm.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

John lugs the generator inside.

DEAN (O.S.)
John, is that you! Hurry! Get in here! Craig's List came through!

INT. DEAN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

John runs in to find Dean at the computer.

JOHN
We got a response?

DEAN
Yeah, her name is Janine and she totally wants to do it. I mean, there's one little catch.

JOHN
I knew it. What's the catch?

DEAN
She wants ten thousand dollars.

JOHN
Ten thousand dollars?

DEAN

There's a huge demand for babies
right now. It's a seller's market.

JOHN

Okay. But why buy the cow when you
can get the milk for free?...
across the hall.

DEAN

No way!

JOHN

Yes way! There's something there. I
don't know if it's love or just a
really deep spiritual connection,
but if you give me a little time...

DEAN

A little time? Dad needs this now.

JOHN

You're right. Okay, let's call her.
But I may try a little negotiation.

John grabs the phone and dials.

JOHN (cont'd)

Hello, Janine?... Hi, it's John and
Dean from Craig's List... No, the
baby. (to Dean) She bought a grill
on there too. (into phone) So we're
very excited to have a baby with
you... Well, we were thinking
somewhere more in the twenty dollar
range... Won't budge off ten thou?
What if I were to offer you eleven
thou?... Ha, I knew it!... No no,
we do not have a deal at eleven
thou. I was merely making the point
that you would budge from ten thou.
So your case is shot... You're
holding firm at eleven now? Then I
counter with twenty-five dollars...
Forty dollars... Fifty... Deal.
Twelve thousand dollars it is...
Okay great... bye.

John hangs up the phone.

DEAN

Twelve thousand dollars?

JOHN
She brought her A-game. But who
cares? Don't you see what this
means?

DEAN/JOHN
We're gonna have a baby!

John and Dean jump up and down in celebration.

JOHN
She wants to meet us tonight so
we better get someone to watch Dad.

DEAN
Oh, I have just the guy.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dean shows the video store clerk around the apartment.

DEAN
And this is a dialysis machine. You
know, for the kidney.

VIDEO STORE CLERK
M'kay.

DEAN
And this is the... oh, I forget the
name. The main thing is just make
sure everything's making noise at
all times. If stuff's not making
noise, we got problems. Oh, and if
you want to watch TV or something--

Dean powers up the generator and shouts over it's noisy buzz.

DEAN (cont'd)
-- JUST THROW ON THE GENERATOR AND
YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF POWER.

JOHN
CRAP, DEAN! WE'RE SUPER LATE! COME
ON!

Dean and John race out.

EXT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The Supra squeals out of the garage and speeds away.

INT. VIDEO STORE -- NIGHT

John and Dean race inside.

JOHN
Okay, you check comedy and drama,
I'll hit action and foreign.

They split off and head for their respective assignments.

EXT. JANINE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dean and John race to Janine's door. They collect themselves.
John raises his hand to knock on the door.

JOHN
All right, here goes nothing.

DEAN
You certainly sunk your talons into
the knocking duties pretty quickly.

JOHN
What? You want to knock?

DEAN
Yeah, I do.

JOHN
Looks like we have a stalemate
then. And I think the only fair
SHOTGUN! Looks like I'm knocking.

DEAN
Shotgun is for cars!

JOHN
Oh, so now you're a shotgun expert?

DEAN
I'm not claiming to be a shotgun
expert. I've just never heard of
using shotgun in a non-vehicular
situation.

JOHN
Oh, so since you've never heard of
it, it can't exist? Tell me, have
you ever heard of Anwar Sadat?

DEAN
No.

JOHN

Oh, so I guess he didn't exist. I guess Egypt didn't have anyone ruling them from 1970 to 1981.

DEAN

Do not use Egyptian history as a weapon! It belittles me and...

JOHN

I'm knocking!

JANINE

Door's open.

Dean and John turn to see JANINE -- attractive, late 20s.

DEAN/JOHN

Oh, okay./Thank you.

The brothers enter the apartment.

INT. JANINE'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Dean, John and Janine sit on the couch in silence. They smile at each other.

JOHN

Let me just start by saying how thrilled we are to be...

JANINE

You got the money?

JOHN

Yeah, sure. Here you go.

John hands her the check. More silence. Then John stands up.

JOHN (cont'd)

Okay, so I guess I'll go first.

DEAN

Wait, I want to go first.

JOHN

Look, relax. We're both gonna get multiple shots here.

JANINE

Uh, can I interrupt?

JOHN
Oh sure, Janine. I'm so SHOTGUN!

DEAN
Damn it!

JANINE
What do you mean by multiple shots?

JOHN
Well, egg fertilization is a quantity game. So our plan is to literally blanket your ovarian walls with sperm.

DEAN
We'll each make love to you until one of our seed sticks.

JOHN
Not at the same time, of course. Taking turns.

JANINE
Uh, guys?

DEAN
Yeah, John then me then John then me then John then me...

JANINE
Guys.

JOHN
I literally cannot wait to feel myself inside of you.

JANINE
GUYS!

Dean and John immediately shut up and look to her.

JANINE (cont'd)
Okay, the only thing you're gonna feel yourself inside of is a cold dixie cup.

DEAN
Well, that certainly doesn't make your vagina sound very appealing.

JANINE

I'm not talking about my vagina,
I'm talking about artificial
insemination.

DEAN

Oh, I see. So a scientist gets to
do all the fun stuff and we get
stuck with the frigging bill. Hm,
that sounds fair.

JOHN

Yeah, Janine. We're paying a lot of
money here. Don't we at least get a
little something out of it?

JANINE

Uh, yeah, you get a baby out of it.

JOHN

That's a good point.

DEAN

I, uh... okay, okay. Yeah.

JANINE

So I made an appointment at the
sperm bank for tomorrow at 3:00.

JOHN/DEAN

Awesome!/Good times.

Suddenly, there's a loud knock on the door.

DEEP ANGRY VOICE (O.S.)

Janine, what the hell's going on in
there? I heard guys.

JOHN

Who's that?

JANINE

It's my ex-boyfriend, James.
(calling out)
James, I'm busy with friends.

JOHN

(calling out)
Hi James, I'm John.

DEAN

(calling out)
And I'm Dean. Nice to meet you.

JAMES (O.S.)

Nice to meet you. What the hell are you assholes doing in there?

JOHN

Uh, we were just, uh... working out the details of a plan in which Janine is gonna have our baby.

DEAN

Uh, yeah. We're all very excited.

JAMES (O.S.)

I'm excited just hearing about it. Hey, maybe sometime the three of us could get together and I'll beat the living shit out of you guys.

JANINE

James, what are you doing here? This is none of your business.

JAMES (O.S.)

I was walking the neighborhood, saw some lights on. Come on, let me in baby. We need to talk. Please!

JANINE

Fine.

Janine goes to the door.

JOHN

Okay, wait, can we vote on this?

DEAN

I vote no.

JOHN

No here too. Hm, the no's have it.

John grabs a fireplace poker for protection. Dean grabs a magazine and rolls it into a hard cone. Janine opens the door to reveal JAMES -- large, black, early 50s. He's wearing a janitor jumpsuit and has clearly been crying.

JANINE

James, have you been crying? Poor thing. Let me get you some tissue.

Janine exits, leaving the three men alone.

JAMES
So which one of you assholes is
having a baby with my girl?

DEAN/JOHN
I am./I am.

Dean and John look at each other and laugh.

JOHN
Funny you should ask because we
were just having a somewhat heated
discussion about that.

DEAN
Heated is a bit of an
understatement. More like World War
3.

The brothers laugh again. James glares them into silence.

DEAN (cont'd)
So you're a janitor?

JAMES
Oh, so since I'm a black man, I
must be a janitor? Goddamn racist
stereotypers.

DEAN
No, it's just... you're wearing a
janitor outfit.

JAMES
Oh, so a black man can't walk into
a thrift store and buy a janitor
outfit that he finds comfortable?

DEAN
No, he can. Especially a black man.

Uncomfortable silence.

JOHN
So what do you do?

JAMES
I'm a janitor.

Janine enters with some tissue and gives them to James.

JAMES (cont'd)
Janine, why are you doing this?

JANINE

I need the money, these guys need a baby. It's as simple as that.

JAMES

Baby, you're breaking my heart.
Please don't do this.

James breaks down sobbing. Janine cradles him in her arms.

JANINE

Oh James.

DEAN

(to John)

We should give them some space.

JOHN

Yeah, good call.

(to James and Janine)

We're gonna leave. You two deserve privacy. And we've got a big day ahead of us at the sperm bank.

DEAN

Yeah, we're gonna need all our energy for that trip to the...

JAMES

Don't you say sperm bank!

DEAN

...fluid... depository.

JANINE

James, I think you should leave too. I need some time to think.

JAMES

Fine, but please think about what you're doing. For me. For us.

DEAN

James, can we drop you off somewhere on our way home?

JAMES

Oh, just because I'm a black man, I automatically don't have a car?

DEAN

No. It's just that you said...
Nothing. Sorry. Goodnight Janine.

Dean and John head sheepishly for the door.

JAMES
Hey assholes, I'll take that ride.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

John drives, Dean sits shotgun, James is in back, crying. The brothers use nods as code for selected taboo phrases.

DEAN
The more I think about our trip to
the... (slow hinting nod) ...the
more excited I get. I mean, I am so
excited for... (slow nod) ...to
have our... (nod)

JOHN
Dean, I need you to promise me
there'll be no hanky panky tonight.
We're gonna need every drop of...
(nod) ...we can muster for
tomorrow's trip to the... (nod)

JAMES
If you guys don't shut the hell up,
I'm gonna beat the everliving...
(nod) ...out of your goddamn...
(nod). That's my place right there.

DEAN
That's your house? It's beautiful.

JAMES
That surprises you, huh? I should
live in the ghetto, right?

JOHN
I think what Dean's saying is that
he's surprised you have such a nice
house because you're a janitor.

DEAN
Bingo.

JAMES
But you wouldn't be as surprised if
I was a white janitor.

DEAN
Not as surp...

John slams on the brakes hard.

JOHN
Ah, I think I just nailed a cat.
(looking out window)
Yep, nailed it. Well James, great
to meet you.

DEAN
Certainly was.

James takes one last angry look at them and exits the car.

JOHN
Anyone wanna help clean up some
deceased cat?

DEAN
I thought you'd never ask.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Dean and John walk out of the elevator. John's sleeves are
rolled up and his hands are covered in cat blood.

JOHN
I'll be in in a second. I got a
little business to attend to.

John nods his head in the direction of 12G.

DEAN
What are you gonna do?

JOHN
Ask if she wants to go in the spa.

DEAN
The spa? You do know what hot spa
water does to your sperm count?

JOHN
Fine, so I'll ask her if she wants
to go near the spa.

DEAN
There you go. Good luck!

As Dean enters the apartment, we hear the usual beeps plus
the generator and blaring TV. John takes a deep breath and
knocks on 12G.

12G WOMAN (O.S.)
Just a minute.

John notices that his bloody hands have left red splotches on the door. He wipes the door with his sleeve, but this creates more of a mess. As he works hard to clean the stain, another hand enters frame and knocks on the door. John looks over to see another guy, BRAD.

JOHN

Hi.

Brad nods. John furiously wipes some more. The door opens.

12G WOMAN

Brad!

(seeing John, unenthused)

What can I do for you?

JOHN

Sorry, got a little cat blood on your door -- would you like to go near the spa with me?

12G WOMAN

Brad and I already have plans.

JOHN

What happened to Ken?

12G WOMAN

(embarrassed)

Come in, Brad.

JOHN

Okay, good...

(door closes in face)

...night.

John turns to his door and then turns back and knocks again at 12G. In the process, he creates another little bloody area. He starts rubbing at that as the door opens.

12G WOMAN

Yeah?

JOHN

I just realized that I've never gotten your name.

12G WOMAN

Tara.

JOHN

John. Nice to officially meet you.

John extends his hand but remembering the blood, extends his elbow. Tara shuts the door. John is ecstatic.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

John enters to find Dean showing the video store clerk how to give a shot. The TV is on and the generator is buzzing.

DEAN
NOW LOCATE A GOOD VEIN AND JUST
THROW IT IN THERE.

The video store clerk focuses intensely and moves his needle toward the arm when just as he's about to plunge it in...

JOHN
HEY GUYS!

... he looks up, veering off course, stabbing Dad's arm.

DEAN
WHOA WHOA WHOA, GOTTA KEEP YOUR EYE
ON IT. NOW GO AGAIN.
(to John)
HOW'D IT GO WITH 12G?

JOHN
WHO? 12G? I DON'T KNOW ANYONE BY
THAT NAME.

DEAN
DON'T BE COY WITH ME.

JOHN
OH, YOU MEAN, TARA?

DEAN
YOU GOT HER NAME? THAT'S HUGE! SO
YOU GUYS GOING NEAR THE SPA?

JOHN
SHE'S HAVING DINNER WITH SOME DUDE.

DEAN
WELL, AT LEAST YOU GOT HER NAME.

JOHN
YEAH, ONE STEP AT A TIME.
(to clerk)
POTENTIAL GIRLFRIEND STUFF.
(then, to both)
HEY, EITHER OF YOU HAVE ANY IDEA
HOW TO REMOVE CAT BLOOD STAINS?

VIDEO STORE CLERK
YEAH. BAKING SODA. IT'LL REMOVE THE
SHIT OUT OF THAT THING.

JOHN
BAKING SODA ON TOUGH STAINS? I
NEVER KNEW THAT.

VIDEO STORE CLERK
YEAH, MOST PEOPLE DON'T. SEE, THE
BAKING SODA PEOPLE LIKE TO FLY
UNDER THE RADAR. BUT IT'S SO
AMAZING. IT'S GOT SO MANY USES --
BAKING OBVIOUSLY, ODOR EATING,
TOOTH CLEANING, BLOOD REMOVING,
ETCETERA. BUT FOR ONCE, HERE'S A
PRODUCT THAT DOESN'T HAVE TO BRAG
ABOUT IT'S USEFULNESS. THEY HAVE
THE CONFIDENCE TO SAY, "HEY, HERE
WE ARE, BAKING SODA. DO WE CLAIM TO
DO OTHER STUFF? SURE... IF YOU ASK
US. BUT ARE WE GONNA SHOVE IT IN
YOUR FACE? NO, WE'RE NOT."

JOHN
THINK IT WOULD WORK ON A DOOR?

VIDEO STORE CLERK
OH YEAH. WELL, I BETTER GO. MIND IF
I TAKE THE NEEDLE HOME TO PRACTICE?

JOHN/DEAN
NO PROBLEM./TAKE A BUNCH.

The clerk leaves. John and Dean go to their father's bedside.

DEAN
SHOULD WE TELL DAD THE GOOD NEWS?

JOHN
NOT YET. I MEAN, HOW MANY TIMES
HAVE WE TOLD HIM ABOUT ONE OF OUR
LITTLE PLANS AND THEN HAD TO COME
BACK AND TELL HIM WE BLEW IT.

DEAN
BUT WE'RE GONNA COME THROUGH ON
THIS ONE.

JOHN
YEAH, WE ARE. BUT STILL, WE SHOULD
WAIT. I JUST DON'T WANNA JINX IT.

DEAN
MAN, HE'S GONNA BE SO EXCITED.

John nods. They gaze reflectively at their Dad for a while.

JOHN
OKAY, OFF TO BED. AND REMEMBER,
HANDS ABOVE THE COVERS!

DEAN
GOT IT.

INT. FERTILIZATION CLINIC -- DAY

A female CLINIC WORKER stands behind a counter.

CLINIC WORKER
And when you're done, leave the
cups in the room and an attendant
will be by to collect them.

Dean and John inspect their cups. They seem pretty large.

DEAN
We're not expected to fill the
whole thing, right?

CLINIC WORKER
No, just do whatever you can do.

DEAN
Good. I had kind of a big morning.

JOHN
Dean! I thought we agreed to hold
off until this afternoon.

DEAN
I'm sorry. I found myself in a
scenario in which sexy literature
was present and I was weak.

JOHN
Well, I hope for your sake that
you're multi-orgasmic.

DEAN
I am. I swear. I am like the semen
equivalent of the Energizer bunny.
I mean, I can have so many...

JANINE
We get it.

DEAN
Okay... okay.

INT. FERTILIZATION CLINIC HALLWAY -- DAY

*****This entire scene takes place from the POV of the magazine rack*****

The clinic worker leads the brothers by two doors in the background.

CLINIC WORKER
These are your rooms.
(motioning to camera)
And over there is our selection of
magazines. I'll leave you two alone
to make your decision.

She exits. The brothers approach camera and inspect the
magazines on the rack.

JOHN
So what do we got? Looks like a
breast theme there... and looks
like kind of a general focus on the
vagina in that one.

DEAN
But there's vaginal stuff in the
breast one, right?

JOHN
Sure, there's a lot of crossover.
Don't worry, none of these are
gonna give short shrift to the
vagina. So where were we?

DEAN
Uh, Jugg Junkies.

JOHN
So breast, vaginal, teen vaginal,
housewife anal, seniors vaginal...
(far right of rack)
Hm. Manhole magazine.

John and Dean look at each other and laugh.

JOHN (cont'd)
You go ahead and take first pick.

DEAN
Thanks, I'm gonna go with this one.

Dean grabs the Manhole magazine.

JOHN
Dean going with Manhole.

DEAN
Gotcha! JK. I know that you
probably want that one.

Dean puts Manhole back and grabs another magazine.

JOHN
Manhole is back in play. And as
tempted as I am to take it, I'm
gonna go with... this one.

John grabs a magazine from the left side of the rack.

JOHN (cont'd)
All right, bomb's away.

Still from the POV of the magazine rack:

The brothers go to their respective rooms in the background and shut their doors. Twenty seconds later, one of the doors opens just a crack. Dean pokes his head out and slowly opens the door. He quietly tiptoes back to the magazine rack, grabs the copy of Manhole and tiptoe-runs back to his room. Ten seconds later, the other door opens a crack. John pokes his head out, then slowly tiptoes to the magazine rack only to find that Manhole is gone.

JOHN (cont'd)
(whispering)
Shit!

John slinks back to his room.

INT. FERTILIZATION CLINIC LOBBY -- DAY

Dean and Janine read magazines. John enters.

JANINE
Finally! What took you so long?
Dean was done like a half hour ago.

JOHN
A half hour?

DEAN
I guess I was in the zone.

JOHN
You're so much more efficient than
I am.

DEAN
That's not true. You're incredibly
efficient.

JOHN
I appreciate that.

DEAN
I appreciate you.

Janine shakes her head.

INT. DR. SPENCER'S OFFICE -- DAY

CHYRON: 3 Days Later

Dean and John sit reading magazines. Dr. Spencer enters.

DR. SPENCER
Well, we finished the procedure.
Janine is fine. And in about a
week, we'll know if it worked.

JOHN
So whose sperm was used?

DR. SPENCER
We went in with your specimen,
John...

JOHN
(to Dean, super cocky)
Oh really.

DR. SPENCER
...but unfortunately there was no
motility in your sperm.

JOHN
I'm sterile?

DR. SPENCER
Basically.

DEAN
Burn.

DR. SPENCER
So we went with Dean's sperm.

DEAN

Ha ha!

JOHN

We'll see who's laughing when they spend zero dollars at the condom store.

DEAN

Oh so I guess herpes and gonorrhea and AIDS aren't a problem for you?

JOHN

Ah, suck it.

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S CAR / EXT. JANINE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dean and John drive Janine home.

JOHN

No smoking, no caffeine, no intake of alcohol, no huffing glue, no sushi, no roller coasters, no springboard diving, no contact sports, no scary movies, no hanging around gas stations for too long...

JANINE

What are you, the surgeon general?

JOHN

I'm the guy who owns the baby that might be inside you and I'm just trying to protect my investment.

JANINE

If I didn't need this money so bad, I'd...

JOHN

You'd what?

JANINE

Nothing.

JOHN

So just be careful and know that at any time, we could be watching you.

JANINE

(sarcastic)

Wow, you're gonna be a great Dad.

JOHN
Yeah, I am.

They pull up to Janine's apartment to find James leaning against a parked car with a bouquet of flowers.

DEAN
Oh crap, is that James?

JANINE
Relax, he's not here for you. We're trying to work things out.

JOHN
You are?

JANINE
Don't worry, it won't have any effect on your investment.

JOHN
Promise?

JANINE
Promise. God.

Janine gets out of the car and walks to James who hands her the flowers and gives her a hug. Dean and John drive away.

DEAN
Don't you think you were a little hard on her?

JOHN
We don't have the luxury of being soft right now. The stakes are too high. By the way, you said hard-on.

DEAN
Good catch.

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT HALLWAY -- NIGHT

CU -- Hallway carpet. We hear the sounds of abrasive scrubbing and heavy breathing as we pan across a box of baking soda and a bag of brillo pads and land on John's feet. Various sizes of paint scraps rain down on top of his shoes. John takes a step back to admire his work.

JOHN
Hm.

Reveal that the door is a tattered mess. The blood stains are gone, but so is forty percent of the door paint.

EXT. JANINE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

John and Dean knock on Janine's door. James opens it.

JOHN
Hey, James. Where's Janine?

JAMES
She's at Lake Go Fuck Yourself. You should grab your swim trunks and go check it out.

James starts to shut the door. Just then, Janine walks out from her bedroom.

JANINE
Oh, hey guys.

JAMES
Well, lookee there. Guess she's back from the lake. You still might want to check it out.

JANINE
I'll call you after the appointment, honey.

Janine gives James a hug and steps outside with the brothers.

JOHN
Janine, can I say something before we leave? Look, I just want to apologize. I know I was a little hard on...

CU -- Dean's face. He smiles.

JOHN (cont'd)
...you the other day. We're just a little wound up. This is a big deal for us. It's our first baby.

JANINE
Well, it's my first baby too.

JOHN
You're right. I'm sorry.

JANINE

Look, I'm sorry too. I'm sure
you're gonna be a great father.

JOHN

Yeah, you told me that already.

JANINE

Yeah, but I was... never mind.

JOHN

Anyway, I got you a little token of
our appreciation.

JANINE

Oh, you didn't have to do that.

John hands her a little wrapped present. She opens it to
reveal a laminated list of his pregnancy do's and don'ts: No
Smoking, No Caffeine, No Alcohol, No Glue Huffing, etc.

JOHN

It's a laminated list of pregnancy
do's and don'ts. Do you like it?

JANINE

(unexcited)
Yeah. Thanks.

DEAN

Well, shall we?

John, Dean and Janine leave for their appointment.

INT. DR. SPENCER'S OFFICE -- DAY

John, Dean and Janine wait patiently. Finally, Dr. Spencer
walks in with a folder and sits at his desk.

DR. SPENCER

Well, I got your results and it
looks like...

EXT. HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

From outside of Dr. Spencer's ground floor office, we see a
chair fly through the window. Glass flies everywhere.

DEAN (O.S.)

Aaaaaaaaaah!

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The brothers walk to their door.

DEAN
I guess you just never know how
you're gonna react in that
situation. I just got so excited.
I mean, we're gonna be Dads!

The brothers get to their door and hear no noise from inside.

JOHN
Wait, why the hell is it so quiet?

Their eyes widen. They burst into the apartment.

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

They run in.

JOHN
You get the circuit breaker!

Dean heads for the circuit breaker. John grabs the paddles and gives a jolt to their father. He then notices something strange: the EKG still functioning at a much lower volume.

JOHN (cont'd)
Hey, I think this thing's still on.
(inspecting machines)
Wait, looks like they're all on,
but they're not making any noise.

DEAN
What the hell?

SFX: toilet flush.

John's bedroom door opens and out walks Tara.

TARA
Oh, hey.

DEAN/JOHN
(stunned)
Hi./Hey.

TARA
Your friend had to go back to the
video store so he asked me to watch
your Dad. I hope you don't mind, I
turned down the machines.

DEAN
They have volume switches?

TARA
Inside the back-plates.

DEAN
Oh.

SFX: Microwave beeps.

DEAN (cont'd)
Oh crap, is the generator on? The
microwave shorts out the...

TARA
It's fine. I rerouted the
electricity.

DEAN
Oh.

TARA
Sorry, I kind of helped myself to
some of your chili.

JOHN
(super-serious)
Tara... our chili... is your chili.
I mean that.

TARA
Uh, thanks. Look, I hope you don't
take this the wrong way because I
actually think it's kind of sweet
that you're doing this. But do you
guys know anything about vascular
pumps or EKG's or any of the
equipment in here?

DEAN/JOHN
Oh much, much./Yes much, very much.

TARA
Hm, okay. Well, let me know if you
ever need me to watch him again.
I'm actually in a nursing program
so it's good practice.

JOHN
We might just take you up on that.
I mean that.

TARA

Is it okay if I take the chili with me and bring back the bowl later?

DEAN

Ah, just keep the bowl.

JOHN

No, that bowl is ours. And you will bring it back. Understood?

TARA

Uh... okay. Bye.

Tara grabs the bowl from the microwave and leaves.

JOHN/DEAN

(whispering)

Ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod!/
Yes yes yes yes yes yes yes yes!

DEAN

So what was with your bowl thing?

JOHN

Why take away a reason for her to come over to our apartment? If she falls in love with this place, it's only a matter of time before she falls in love with...

(motions to his face)

...this place. And...

(motions to his heart)

...this place.

DEAN

Brilliant. Of course she should return the chili bowl.

JOHN

So what do you say? Wanna tell Dad the good news?

Dean nods excitedly. They go to their father's bedside.

DEAN

Dad, we have some incredible news. You sitting down? Just kidding. Dad, you've always given us everything we ever wanted and in return, we've given you only disappointment and failure.

(MORE)

DEAN(cont'd)

That is, until today. Dad, you're gonna be a grandfather!

CU -- Dad's emotionless comatose face.

JOHN

So if you can just hang on for nine more months, we promise to make you as proud of us as we've always been of you. Hands in.

With some assistance for Dad, they all put their hands in.

JOHN (cont'd)

Baby on 3. 1 2 3...

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Dean, John and Janine break from their own "hands in."

JOHN/DEAN/JANINE

...BABY!

DEAN

Oh, Janine, I wish you had seen his face. It was priceless.

JANINE

It must be pretty hard to watch him go through this.

DEAN

Yeah, it's tough. We're not used to seeing him so helpless. He was much more in control before the coma.

JOHN

Yeah, he was a bona fide control freak. After our Mom died, he kept a pretty tight leash on us. But it's understandable. We were all he had left. So we were home-schooled and kept out of sports and stuff. But it was a really healthy experience for both of us.

DEAN

Yeah, I mean, without that upbringing, we wouldn't be who we are today.

JANINE

(that explains it!)
Yeah.

JOHN
Hey, anybody wanna dart it up?

JANINE
You guys go ahead. I have to go to
the ladies room.

Janine heads to the bathroom. The guys head to the dartboard.

CUT TO:

Janine comes out of the restroom to see the table empty. She then sees something that makes her eyes widen. Reveal Dean standing in profile, his head against a dartboard. John flings a dart that lands about four inches from Dean's nose.

JOHN
You owe me five dollars!

Dean uses his fingers to measure the space between the dart and his nose.

DEAN
What? That's not two inches! That's
like four!

JANINE
What the hell are you doing?

JOHN
Nothing. Waiting for you.

JANINE
Really? It looked to me like you
were throwing darts at Dean's face.

JOHN
No no. I was specifically trying to
miss Dean's face. If I'd hit Dean's
face, I would owe him five dollars.

DEAN
You still owe me five dollars. That
was not within two inches of my
nose.

JOHN
That was definitely within...

JANINE
Wait, hold on. You guys don't see
anything wrong with this?

Dean and John look at each other and shrug.

JANINE (cont'd)

Hey, in nine months you're gonna be responsible for a little human. And it's up to you to set an example.

JOHN/DEAN

Fine, no darts./Jeez louise.

JANINE

You don't get it. It's not the darts, it's everything. Look, I know how badly you want this, but wanting it badly isn't enough. I mean, do you guys even know the first thing about raising a child? Have you ever read any books or done any research?

JOHN

No. But I mean, did the cavemen read any books?

DEAN

He's got a point.

JANINE

The infant mortality rate back then was like eighty percent.

DEAN

That's pretty good.

JANINE

That means eighty percent died.

DEAN

Oh. I went the other way with it.

JANINE

This isn't a joke.

DEAN

I'm not joking. I seriously went the other way with it.

JANINE

If you guys wanna succeed, you have to stop making decisions, say, a head trauma patient would make, and start making decisions a parent would make.

JOHN
We'll take that into consideration.

JANINE
That's not good enough.

DEAN
We'll heavily consider it.

JANINE
You know what? This baby is inside
of me. And that means I have some
say in this. And if I don't feel
like you guys can handle it, I
swear to God, you'll never lay eyes
on this child. Got it?

John and Dean nod, freaked out. Janine leaves. They stare at
the floor. Slowly, a look of determination comes across their
faces. They look at each other -- they're on the same page.
John sticks his hand out. Dean puts his on top.

JOHN
Become kick-ass Dads on 3. 1 2 3...

JOHN/DEAN
BECOME KICK-ASS DADS!

Art Card: Month 1

EXT. PARK -- DAY

John and Dean check out children playing at a playground.

DEAN
Oh, I just want to hug them all to
death. I just wanna squeeze the
life out of them.

JOHN
Yeah, you're gonna have to control
that.

DEAN
Oh, okay.

A ball rolls toward them. A little girl, JENNY, chases it.

JOHN
Hello young lady, wanna go get some
ice cream?

JENNY

Yeah!

JOHN

Great. Let's go!

The three of them start for the car. JENNY'S MOM runs up.

JENNY'S MOM

Excuse me, what are you doing?

DEAN

Getting ice cream. Wanna join?

JENNY'S MOM

No. And my daughter doesn't want to join either.

DEAN

Actually she does want to join.

JENNY

Mommy, I want ice cream!

JOHN

(to mother)

Are we done here?

JENNY'S MOM

Jenny, come with Mommy.

Jenny's Mom leads her away.

JENNY

(pouting)

I want ice cream!

DEAN

(calling after her)

Jenny, if you change your mind,
we'll be in that car over there.

They turn to a little boy.

JOHN

Hey Sport, ice cream?

The little boy's mother sweeps in and carries him away.

EXT. CAR -- DAY

John and Dean watch the kids on the playground.

JOHN
Can you believe the tits on that
one?

DEAN
Yeah, he needs to lose a few
pounds. Did you know childhood
obesity is the number one...

COP (O.S.)
Gentlemen?

They look over to find a COP at their driver side window.

JOHN
Oh hello officer.

COP
We've had a few complaints. Can I
ask what you're doing here today?

JOHN
We're trying to coax that little
girl into our car, but her Mom's
being a real pain in the ass. So
we're just waiting for an opening.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

FLASH: Freeze frame on a mug shot of Dean.

FLASH: Freeze frame on a mug shot of John.

CU -- a hand staples the mug shots to a report, drops it in a
file, and places the file in a cabinet. The cabinet door
closes to reveal it's marked: SEX OFFENDER WATCH LIST.

CUT TO:

Janine waits as John and Dean are led out by a COP.

JOHN
And what is your badge number?

John looks at the cop's badge and writes the number down.

JOHN (cont'd)
248726. Great, see you in court. Or
should I say sue you in court. And
please give that message to...
(reading off the paper)
216328, 267331, 270914, and 255438.
(to Janine)
(MORE)

JOHN(cont'd)

Janine, thanks for picking us up.
We called the guy at the video
store, but he's on a double shift.

JANINE

Glad you took what I said to heart.

JOHN

We did! We took it very to heart!

DEAN

Extremely to heart!

JANINE

Okay, but you guys can't just
practice on someone else's kid.

JOHN

How're we supposed to prepare then?
We need vital, hands-on parenting
practice and we need it now!

DEAN

We've only got nine months left on
this thing!

JANINE

I don't know. Get a doll or
something.

Dean and John look to each other -- not a bad idea.

Art Card: Month 2

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

John holds a baby doll.

JOHN

Okay, close your eyes. No peeking.

Dean shuts his eyes. John takes the doll into his room and
soon reappears without the doll. He takes out a stopwatch.

JOHN (cont'd)

Okay, ready, set...Oh my God, Dean,
where's the baby? GO GO GO GO GO!

John starts the stopwatch. Dean furiously searches the room --
under the couch, behind curtains, around Dad's machines.

JOHN (cont'd)

Fifteen seconds!

Dean searches the kitchen -- cabinets, fridge, oven.

JOHN (cont'd)
Thirty seconds!

Dean searches John's bedroom -- closet, laundry hamper, bed.

JOHN (cont'd)
Forty-five seconds! Come on GO GO!

Dean searches the bathroom -- tub, sink, toilet. He lifts the toilet reservoir tank to find Frannie submerged in water.

DEAN
How'd you get in here, lil' rascal?

Dean cradles the dripping doll lovingly in his arms.

JOHN
Fifty-four seconds.

DEAN
Nice!

JOHN
No, I think it died.

DEAN
Crap.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

John and Dean, holding tools, admire something offscreen.

JOHN
Now that's what I call a crib.

Reveal the crib: basically a small coffin-like box with a few airholes drilled into the sides and a heavy wooden lid.

DEAN
It's beautiful. But does it work?

JOHN
I don't know, wanna try it out?

CUT TO:

JOHN (cont'd)
Earthquake!

John and Dean throw a seemingly endless barrage of glass items at the crib: empty bottles, glass figurines, ashtrays, vases, etc. They cap it off with a bowling ball. Once out of items, they remove the lid to find the doll safely inside.

DEAN
Oh, baby survived it's first
natural disaster!

Dean notices something in the crib: a shard of glass.

DEAN (cont'd)
Well, back to the drawing board.

JOHN
Not completely back to the drawing
board. I think we'll be fine if we
just seal up a few of the airholes.

DEAN
Damn, you're good.

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

John enters to find Tara tending to Dad. He watches her longingly as she empties Dad's bedpan.

JOHN
Hey Tara, what are you up to?

TARA
Just changing your Dad's bedpan.

JOHN
Good deal... you hungry at all?

TARA
Starving.

JOHN
Wanna go get some food?

TARA
No.

JOHN
You and your flirtatious no's.
Here, let me get that for you.

John reaches for the bedpan and his hand brushes against hers. The touch is magical... for him. Tara hurries out. When she's safely gone, John locks the door, lifts the bedpan to his nose and takes a big whiff.

JOHN (cont'd)
 (in heaven, breathy)
 Tara...
 (whiff, expression sours)
 ...and Dad.

Art Card: Month 3

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL -- DAY

Dean catches the doll and cradles it lovingly. He looks up to John who stands on the floor above.

JOHN
 Okay, good catch but more neck support this time. And let it know that what it did was wrong. Teach. We're teachers. Again.

Dean cradles the doll and runs it up the stairs.

DEAN
 (to doll)
 No. Bad. Bad. No falling.

He hands it to John and runs back down to his position below.

JOHN
 Hey, what time is it?

As Dean checks his watch, the doll whizzes by him in a blur. Dean is oblivious.

DEAN
 14:38. Oh sorry, I mean 2:38 pm.

Dean looks up to see John, disappointed. Dean looks down and sees the doll sprawled out eleven floors below.

JOHN
 It's not always gonna tell us when it's gonna jump. Think about that on the retrieve. Hop to.

DEAN
 There you go again making me a better person.

JOHN
 Well, there you go again being open to improvement. You're gonna be a great Dad.

DEAN
You are too. I love you.

JOHN
I love you too.

Dean starts down the stairs.

EXT. APARTMENT -- DAY

Several quick cuts of John dropping the doll from the roof.
All of Dean's attempts to catch it are unsuccessful.

INT. JANINE'S APARTMENT/JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Intercut between Janine and John as they talk on the phone

JOHN
Hi Janine, we're in the process of
installing some baby doors and we
were wondering if you had any sense
of the eventual size of the baby.

JANINE
Baby doors?

JOHN
Okay, well technically they're dog
doors. But we have three different
size choices: Dachshund, Spaniel
and Shepherd. What do you think?

JANINE
I don't think you want the baby to
have open access to the hallway.

JOHN
No, this would be on the back door
which leads to the fire escape --
you know, just in case there's a
fire and we're not around.

JANINE
I'd say go with no doors and keep
the baby with you at all times.

JOHN
Okay. Say hi to James for us.

JANINE
James, hi from John and Dean.

Behind Janine, James makes a "jerking off" gesture.

JANINE (cont'd)
James says hello.

JOHN
Call you tomorrow.

Art Card: Month 4

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

John holds the doll. There's a diaper on it.

JOHN
Uh-oh looks like someone's diaper's full. Dean, wanna do the honors?

DEAN
(bummed)
Okay. I knew we'd have to cover this at some point.

Dean lays the football down, unwraps the diaper and grimaces as he inspects the contents. He then looks up excitedly.

DEAN (cont'd)
Oh my God. It crapped out like five dollars in quarters! What the hell?

JOHN
I thought it would be a good idea to condition our brains to view the diaper changing process as a positive experience.

DEAN
Brilliant.

CUT TO:

John removes a diaper to find:

JOHN
A friendship bracelet!

CUT TO:

Dean removes a diaper to find:

DEAN
A picture of Mom!

CUT TO:

John removes a diaper to find:

JOHN
Chicken McNuggets!

John dips the McNugget in a brown-yellow pile on the diaper.

JOHN (cont'd)
And hot mustard sauce!

CUT TO:

Dean removes a diaper to find:

DEAN
Popcorn!

JOHN
That's not all.

Dean sifts through the popcorn to make a horrific discovery.

DEAN
Aah!

Dean jumps and the diaper goes flying.

CU -- a dead bird on the carpet with popcorn all around it.

DEAN (cont'd)
What the hell? I was just starting
to get comfortable with it.

JOHN
Yeah, I noticed.

DEAN
What's that supposed to mean?

JOHN
It's important to be comfortable,
but not too comfortable.

DEAN
(offended)
Oh, so I'm too comfortable now?

JOHN
Look Dean, this is not a game!
We're gonna see some shit the likes
of which we've never seen.
(MORE)

JOHN(cont'd)

Odd combinations that'll make
popcorn and a dead bird look like
sugar and spice. Just don't get too
close.

DEAN

Fine.

CUT TO:

A still hurt Dean removes a diaper to find a note. He opens
it and reads -- a tender smile comes across his face.

DEAN (cont'd)

I love you too. Apology accepted.

The brothers hug.

INT. APARTMENT ELEVATOR

John gets in carrying the doll in a Baby Bjorn to find Tara.

JOHN

(whispering)

Sorry, I have to be very quiet
right now. It's sleeping. Hi.

Tara rolls her eyes. They ride on in silence.

Art Card: Month 5

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dean has his eyes closed.

JOHN

Okay, react to the situation!

Dean opens his eyes to find the doll holding an axe. In
addition, it's surrounded by knives, scissors, etc.

DEAN

No! Bad! No!

CUT TO:

Dean's eyes are closed.

JOHN

React to the situation!

Dean opens his eyes. The doll holds a sign that reads: "I'm
hungry. Feed me from this stainless steel bottle."

DEAN
Oh, poor little thing. Are you
hungry? Well, then let's feed you.

Dean grabs the bottle and starts feeding the doll.

JOHN
Hey Dean, have you seen any
sulfuric acid around here?

DEAN
No.

JOHN
Hm. Because I was just using some
to clean the driveway and I had
some extra so I put it...

SFX: Sizzling sound.

Reveal the doll's face melting together in a big facial soup.

JOHN (cont'd)
...IN ONE OF THE BABY BOTTLES! Oh
my God, you're feeding the baby
sulfuric acid. React! React!

DEAN
Bad baby! No!

Dean grabs a cup of water and pours it over the doll's face.

JOHN
Water won't help! It's an acid! You
need a base! Get a base!

DEAN
Baking soda?

JOHN
Are you asking me or telling me?

DEAN
I need baking soda!

JOHN
GO GO GO!

Dean runs into the kitchen and hurries back with baking soda.
He pours it over the doll's face and into it's mouth.

CUT TO:

CU -- the doll's melted face. Reveal Janine is examining her.

JANINE
So, uh... sulfuric acid?

JOHN
Just a little sulfuric acid.

JANINE
Hm.

DEAN
So how are we doing, Janine?

JANINE
How do you think you're doing?

JOHN
Admittedly we've made a few mistakes.

DEAN
People make mistakes with babies all the time.

JANINE
Yeah. Not mistakes that melt their faces off.

JOHN/DEAN
Yeah./Got a point.

JANINE
Look, the goal of parenting is not to get as little sulfuric acid on the baby's face as possible. It's to get...

DEAN
Wait, I got this. It's to get no sulfuric acid on the baby's face?

JANINE/JOHN
That's right./Nice get, Dean.

Janine notices the crib with glass shards all around it.

JANINE
What's that?

JOHN
Oh, we made that. It's a crib. And
right above it is our glass
figurine collection.

Reveal several glass figurines perched on shoddily
constructed shelves right above the crib.

DEAN
Don't worry, the crib has a roof.

He holds up the roof. A few nails poke through the underside.

JOHN
So what do you think?

JANINE
You guys are hopeless.

Janine leaves. Dean and John look at each other, worried.

DEAN
What's do we do now?

JOHN
There's only one thing we can do.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

John pours out a bunch of pregnancy-themed books onto the
couch as Dean watches, overwhelmed.

JOHN
Hands in. Read all this shit on 3.
1 2 3...

JOHN/DEAN
Read all this shit!

John and Dean reluctantly start reading the books.

Art Card: Month 6

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Janine is lying on the floor surrounded by four boomboxes,
each playing a different classical tune.

JANINE
So why are we doing this again?

JOHN

In one of our books, it says that playing classical music to the womb helps with the baby's cognitive what-not.

DEAN

And obviously, four times the classical music, four times the cognitive what-not.

JANINE

You've been doing research, huh?

JOHN

Oh yeah. Every night we read different pregnancy books. Well, I read them to Dean. He gets a little freaked out by some of those pictures. And I'm kinda into them.

DEAN

Kinda way into them.

Janine sees a soiled diaper on the table. She picks it up.

JANINE

Doing some diaper training, I see.

DEAN

Yeah, that's Snickers.

JANINE

It doesn't smell like Snickers.

DEAN

No. Snickers is the name of our neighbor's dog.

Janine, disgusted, drops the diaper and looks at the crib.

JANINE

You moved the glass collection?

JOHN

Yep. Right over there.

Reveal the collection now directly above their father's bed -- same shoddy shelves. There's a safety net above his head.

JOHN (cont'd)

And that's not all. We've been researching safety ratings on baby toys, interviewing lactation consultants, greasing the admissions dude at the local preschool -- we're on a roll. And check this out.

(to Dean)

Hey Dean, throw a dart at my face.

DEAN

No!

JOHN

Pretty good, huh?

JANINE

There may be hope for you guys yet.

JOHN/DEAN

Really?/You think?

JANINE

Yeah, not a lot of hope. Like a small window of hope. Very small. And it's closing a little bit every second. Oh, it just closed. Sorry, I guess there's no hope for you.

JOHN/DEAN

Oh./Hm.

JANINE

I'm kidding. No, I think you're headed in the right direction. Just keep doing what you're doing.

JOHN/DEAN

All right!/Woo!

John and Dean engage in a spirited high five celebration.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

CU -- Ultrasound image on a video monitor.

Dean, John and Janine watch the image as Dr. Spencer moves the ultrasound device around Janine's belly.

DR. SPENCER

And that's the nose and mouth. And there's an eye right there.

JOHN/DEAN/JANINE
It's beautiful!/No way./Wow.

They move over to the doctor's desk and take seats.

DEAN
Now should we be concerned at all
that we only saw one eye?

DR. SPENCER
No. I'm sure the other eye's fine.

DEAN
How sure? 100 percent?

DR. SPENCER
I suppose anything's possible...

DEAN
So there's at least a small chance
that we're dealing with a cyclops?

DR. SPENCER
Well, a cyclops is a mythical
creature. So no.

DEAN
Oh, thank God.

Reveal John moving the ultrasound device over his stomach.

JOHN
Check it out! I think I'm giving
birth to a burrito. Oo, I felt it
kick.

Janine shakes her head. She can't help but laugh a little.

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

John and Janine enter to find Tara. John has a baby monitor.

JOHN
(into monitor)
I'm walking into the apartment now.

DEAN (V.O.)
(through monitor)
I can still hear you! Great!

JOHN
Hey Tara.

DEAN (V.O.)
(through monitor)
Hi from the car, Tara!

JOHN
Tara, great news: the ultrasound went great so we're gonna go to a celebration movie. And here's more great news: Janine's offered to watch Dad so you can come with us!

TARA
No thanks. I have a book I want to finish.

JOHN
Oh, then I'll stay here with you and help you finish your book.

TARA
No, please, go see the movie.

JOHN
You sure? I'll hold your hand on the way to, and during the movie?

TARA
No, you... just go.

JOHN
Okay, Janine, looks like you're back in. Shall we?

JANINE
Uh, I have to use the restroom. I'll meet you down in the car.

JOHN
Oh okay. Goodbye Tara.

Tara forces a smile. John exits.

JANINE
You know, it would really mean a lot to him if you went to the movie. I can stay here for you.

TARA
Uh, no thanks.

JANINE
Look, I know you probably think they're just a couple of losers.
(MORE)

JANINE(cont'd)

I mean, I thought so too at first.
But once you get to know them,
they're really pretty good guys.
And sure they do some weird stuff
sometimes. Actually, all the time.
But their hearts are in the right
place. So what do you say?

TARA

You know, you're right.

JANINE

You'll go to the movie?

TARA

No, I think they're just a couple
of losers.

JANINE

Oh... okay. Enjoy your book.

CU -- the baby monitor. It's still on.

INT. SUPRA -- NIGHT

Dean sits there, eyes wide. He turns the monitor off.

Art Card: Month 7

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

John, Dean, Janine and James stand at Dad's bedside.

JOHN

Dad, this is James -- the man we
keep telling you about. You know,
the one that we kind of had trouble
getting to know at first but that
we now feel very deep feelings of
affection for and are starting to
feel like those feelings are
reciprocated? You know, that guy?

James gives them a look.

JOHN (cont'd)

Your visit is a wonderful surprise
to him, James.

DEAN

I have a little surprise too. As
you know, the past months have been
very emotional and I've been filled
with an abnormal amount of song.

(MORE)

DEAN(cont'd)

So I got out the old guitar and
well, this is for you, Dad. It's
called "Cradle of Joy."

John looks excitedly at Janine and James. A song! Dean grabs
a guitar and strums a long acoustic intro.

DEAN (cont'd)

(singing)

*Craaaaaaadle of joy/Cradle of
joooooooooooooy/Cradle.*

Dean strums a long guitar outro and it's over.

JOHN

Well, uh, that was... nice.

DEAN

I haven't finished it yet.

JANINE

Well, it sure is headed in a
fruitful direction. Don't you
think, James?

JAMES

Hell yeah. There is definitely a
fruit involved in that song.

DEAN

Thank you. Since you liked that one
so much I actually have a few more.
Bear with me, these are a little
less developed. This first one's
called "Caring Hands of Love."

Dean starts a very long acoustic intro. Pan across John very
excited, Janine feigning interest and James hating life.

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Dean lifts a shirt from a huge shirt pile and sews a strip of
velcro onto it with a sewing machine. John walks out of his
room with his shirt hanging open and his pants unbuttoned.

DEAN

Good morning.

JOHN

So what can you tell me about this?

John tries to button his shirt but can't -- no buttons.

DEAN

Yeah, all of our buttons are in a padlocked container in the closet. Don't worry, you'll have access. I'm getting a key made for you.

JOHN

And why are our buttons in lock-up?

DEAN

John, stray buttons are just as dangerous as a loaded gun. But instead of firing bullets, they fire choking hazard.

JOHN

And our shoelaces?

DEAN

Where do I start? Hanging hazard. Autoerotic asphyxiation risk -- unlikely with an infant, but better safe than sorry. And Velcro eliminates that risk.

JOHN

Smart. That's thinking like a Dad.

Dean notices something on John's chest.

DEAN

What is that?

John opens his shirt to reveal a large flowery "Tara" tattoo.

JOHN

Got this a couple months ago. It's one of those temporary ones. It comes off after a few laser sessions.

DEAN

John, about Tara...

JOHN

Oh, things are going so great with us. Can you believe how much time she's been spending over here?

DEAN

Yeah, but most of the time, you're not even here.

JOHN

But my stuff is. Look, it's a real old fashioned courtship. I don't expect you to understand.

DEAN

I need to tell you something.

JOHN

What?

DEAN

Oh... nothing. Wanna help me finish baby-proofing the house?

JOHN

Let's do it.

MUSIC IN: "ST. ELMO'S FIRE" BY JOHN PARR

Quick shots of John and Dean putting combination locks on doors, cabinets, drawers, trash compactor, fridge, laundry hamper, toilet seat, closets, etc. When they're done, they stand in the center of the room -- everywhere you look, there is a combination lock -- they nod approvingly to one another.

"ST. ELMO'S FIRE" OUT.

Art Card: Month 8

INT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Dean's eyes are closed. He hums.

JOHN (O.S.)

Dean, where's the baby? GO!

Dean opens his eyes. He gets up and walks straight into John's room, opens the hamper, removes a towel, lifts the baby and cradles it. John stops the stopwatch and looks up as if he's seen a ghost.

JOHN (cont'd)

5 Seconds!

EXT. APARTMENT -- DAY

Quick cuts of John dropping the doll from the roof. Dean catches it -- each time in increasingly spectacular fashion. Dean looks up to John and nods coolly. John nods coolly back. They're ready.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Janine holds Dad's hand to her belly.

JANINE
Did you feel that?
(to her belly)
Come on, do it again for Grandpa.

DEAN/JOHN
Surprise!

Dean and John give Janine a wrapped present.

JANINE
Oh, you didn't have to do this.

Janine unwraps it to find a framed picture of the ultrasound.

JANINE (cont'd)
Thank you. That's very sweet.

JOHN
No, thank you. To do what you've done for us is just amazing. I mean, we're already so attached to this baby. And here you've had it inside of you for eight months. I can't imagine how attached you must be at this point. This thing is a part of you. And the fact that in like two weeks, it's gonna come out of you and immediately be placed in our arms for the rest of it's life almost doesn't seem fair. I can see now why so many surrogates want to keep the babies after going through this process. Anyway thanks.

DEAN
And I just want to add that you're very brave. Because you could, and this would be unlikely, but you could stop creating eggs or something. And knowing there's even a chance that this could be your only child and you're giving it to us? Well, it takes a very strong, very special person to give that gift. A framed picture of the thing you're giving up is the least we could do. Thanks.

JANINE
(hopeful)
Well, I'm happy to come by if you
ever need any help or anything.

JOHN
(not getting it)
That's a generous offer but you've
done more than enough. We'll take
it from here. Group hug?

The three of them hug. Janine looks devastated. As soon as
she's out of sight, her mind starts to race.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Dean walks out of his room, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.
He goes to a cabinet, dials in the numbers to the combination
lock, opens the cabinet and grabs a bowl. He then moves a few
cabinets over and goes through the same process with another
lock. Once opened, he grabs a cereal box. Then he goes to the
lock on the utensils drawer, opens it and gets a spoon. Then
he goes to the fridge, dials the combo, but it won't open.

DEAN
John, what's the combination to the
fridge?

JOHN (O.S.)
34 left, 12 right, 18 left.

Dean dials the combo, opens the lock, removes the chain
looped around the handles, finally gets the door open and
grabs some milk. He then brings all the items to the table
and fixes a bowl of cereal. As he's doing this, he sees a
note shoved under the front door. He unfolds it to find
Janine's check inside -- the word "VOID" is written on it.

DEAN
John? You better come out here!

John enters. Dean hands him the check and the note.

JOHN
Dear John and Dean, I guess I
should start by saying what great
fathers I think you're gonna be. I
never thought I'd say that and mean
it. But after months of seeing your
hard work and dedication, I
realized just how badly you want
it.

(MORE)

JOHN(cont'd)

Unfortunately, last night, you made me realize just how badly I want it too. It kills me to write this, but I've decided to keep the baby. I hope one day you'll forgive me. Janine... Oh my God.

Dean and John look to one another and then race for the door.

MUSIC IN: "ST. ELMO'S FIRE" BY JOHN PARR

DEAN

Wait a minute. Hold up.

"ST. ELMO'S FIRE" OUT.

DEAN (cont'd)

We should probably get Tara to watch Dad.

JOHN

Good call.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The brothers pound on 12G. Tara opens the door in a bathrobe.

JOHN

Well hello there. Showering, huh?

TARA

Uh, yeah.

JOHN

Awesome. How was it?

TARA

Fine.

JOHN

Awesome.

Dean gives John a look.

DEAN

Tara, could you watch our Dad for a while? Janine took off.

TARA

Oh sure, I'll go right over.

JOHN
Looks like someone just earned
herself a coupon for a "thank you
massage." Wanna redeem it tonight?

TARA
No.

JOHN
Wanna nail down another night?

DEAN
John, come on!

JOHN
Let's go!

MUSIC IN: "ST. ELMO'S FIRE" BY JOHN PARR

John and Dean sprint down the hall.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The Supra races down the street.

EXT. JANINE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The brothers race to Janine's door and knock. No answer. They
look in the window. Everything's gone. They run off.

EXT. JAMES' HOUSE -- DAY

The Supra pulls up and the brothers run to the house. Again,
everything's gone. They get back in the car and drive away.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The brothers enter, depressed.

DEAN
So what do we do now?

SFX: toilet flush

Tara walks out of the bathroom.

TARA
Hey. Did you find her?

JOHN
No. But that is so thoughtful of
you to ask. Isn't it, Dean?

DEAN

Sure.

JOHN

So very thoughtful. You know, if that thoughtful attitude you just displayed was the attitude of the world, there'd be no war.

TARA

Okay. Well I gotta go.

JOHN

Well, you have yourself a fantastic whatever-you're-doing and a great whatever-you're-doing-after-that.

Tara nods and leaves.

DEAN

How can you be so nonchalant about this?

JOHN

Because I know this is gonna work out. And I know that if it doesn't, we still have other options.

DEAN

We have dick!

JOHN

No, we do not have dick. We have Tara! Well, I have Tara.

DEAN

Tara?

JOHN

That's right. It's about time I took this thing with Tara to the next level.

DEAN

John...

JOHN

Maybe we could adopt or I could go back to the fertility clinic and...

DEAN

John, stop.

JOHN

Miracles are happening every day in the field of fertility and all Tara and I need to do is train my sperm to...

DEAN

She's not into you, John. Can't you see that?

JOHN

You are so jealous of what we have.

DEAN

Jealous of what you have? I already have what you have: no relationship.

JOHN

(condescending)

I have a tattoo of her name on my chest -- oh, I think there's a relationship.

DEAN

She thinks you're a loser John!

JOHN

Oh really? And how did you come up with your expert analysis? From your combined total of five hours of relationship experience?

DEAN

Because I heard her say it!

JOHN

(a long beat)

What?

DEAN

I overheard Tara talking to Janine. She thinks you're a loser. She thinks we're both losers. And you know what, maybe she's right. Maybe they're all right. We're both friggin' losers. And that's the way it's always been and that's the way it's always gonna be.

JOHN

Oh yeah, I've always been such a loser.

(MORE)

JOHN(cont'd)

What a huge loser I was when I was
voted our school's goddamn
homecoming king!

DEAN

We were homeschooled!

JOHN

Oh, you're just upset because I
beat you!

DEAN

You tied me!

JOHN

And I won the tiebreaker!

DEAN

Under protest! That's the first
time I'd ever touched a Rubix Cube!

JOHN

The point is, I won.

DEAN

Fine. You won. You're less of a
loser than me. But you're still a
loser!

JOHN

Well, if I'm such a loser, maybe
you'd be better off without me.

DEAN

Yeah, maybe I would.

JOHN

Good. I could find her faster on my
own anyway.

DEAN

I certainly wouldn't want to slow
you down.

JOHN

Then maybe I should get the hell
out of here.

DEAN

Yeah, maybe you should.

JOHN

Have a nice life.

John storms out.

EXT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The Supra pulls out of the garage and onto the street.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dean watches brokenhearted as the Supra drives off.

INT. SUPRA -- NIGHT

John drives in anger. He punches at the steering wheel.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Dean grabs a bottle of tequila from the cabinet and downs it.

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER -- NIGHT

The Supra pulls over and skids to a halt. John gets out, opens his wallet, takes out a picture of Dean, looks at it forlornly and then tears it to pieces.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Quick cuts of Dean grabbing all of John's earthly belongings: clothes, posters, trophies, skis, high school diploma.

Dean putting glass items from their glass collection into a bag. The unstable shelving collapses and hundreds of glass items fall into the safety net above their father's head.

DEAN

Goddamn you, John! Are you trying
to kill him?

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER -- NIGHT

CU -- The torn pieces of Dean's picture. A stream of urine blasts it away. Widen to see John pissing on the picture.

EXT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT COURTYARD -- NIGHT

Dean pours lighter fluid on John's stuff and lights it on fire. As it burns, Dean guzzles tequila.

INT. SUPRA -- NIGHT

John screams angrily at the night.

EXT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT COURTYARD-- NIGHT

CU -- Dean's eyes: the fire burning in their reflection.

Dean staggers around and then stumbles to the ground and drunkenly watches the blaze.

INT. SUPRA -- MORNING

John wakes up and squints at the sunlight. He fires up the Supra and gets back on the road.

EXT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT COURTYARD-- MORNING

Dean wakes up to find an old woman picking through John's burnt belongings.

OLD WOMAN

I assume you're giving this shirt away. It's partially burnt. I wanna use the fabric to make a purse.

Dean nods. She picks up a burnt picture of Dean and John.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

Who's this? Your brother?

DEAN

(melodramatic)

I don't have a brother.

Dean gets up and stumbles toward his apartment.

INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

John -- mussed hair, five o'clock shadow -- talks to a NURSE.

NURSE

Sorry sir, nobody's checked in under the names Janine or Rice.

JOHN

Damn it!

NURSE

You checked Queensburg Hospital?

JOHN

Queensburg, Mount Freeman, Olympia, I've checked everywhere. Look, can you get me a list of addresses for all the women who have come in here in the past few days?

NURSE
That's confidential information.

JOHN
Oh, I see. Then... 1 2 3 SHOTGUN!
Looks like you're getting that
list.

NURSE
I'm sorry?

JOHN
I called shotgun.

NURSE
Sir, I'm very busy here. If you
could just step aside. Thank you.

John walks away dejectedly.

INT. DR. SPENCER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Dr. Spencer consults with a husband and wife.

DR. SPENCER
Sorry. I'm afraid you're looking at
a little Down's Syndrome action.

The wife tears up. The husband picks up a chair and throws it
through the window in frustration. Dean pops his head in.

DEAN
Sorry to barge in. You haven't seen
Janine around, have you?

Dr. Spencer shakes his head.

DEAN (cont'd)
Damn.
(noticing broken window,
to husband and wife)
Congratulations.

Dean ducks out. The husband consoles his wife.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Dean walks down the hallway, stops, sticks his hand out and
places his other hand on top of it.

DEAN
Keep focussed and don't worry about
the dead end on 3.
(MORE)

DEAN(cont'd)

1 2 3 keep focussed and don't worry
about the dead end!

Dean throws his hands in the air.

DEAN (cont'd)

It's not the same.

Dean walks by and pauses when he sees the entrance to the hospital's baby nursery.

INT. HOSPITAL BABY NURSERY -- DAY

John stands with his face pressed against the window. The babies are so cute, he can't help but smile.

DEAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

John?

JOHN

(immediately)

Dean?

He turns to see an OLDER GENTLEMAN coming to visit a NEW DAD. The older gentleman's voice is eerily similar to Dean's.

NEW DAD

Dad!

OLDER GENTLEMAN

Congratulations!

John watches the men hug. A single tear rolls down his cheek.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- DAY

Dean walks out the exit of the hospital. A moment later, John walks out of the baby nursery and out the same exit -- neither is aware of the other.

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Dean wails uncontrollably. After a while, his sobs start to taper off. After a final plaintive sigh, he looks to the sky.

DEAN

Please God, what am I supposed to
do? Just give me a sign!

Nothing happens. Dean lets out a few more sobs and then looks to his left.

DEAN (cont'd)

Hi.

Reveal a slightly freaked out couple on the bench. They nod politely. Dean gets up and dejectedly walks away.

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER -- DAY

CU -- the torn up picture of Dean, painstakingly taped back together. Widen to reveal John admiring it with tears in his eyes. John looks over the railing at the scattered garbage below when his eyes stop on something: an old doll head.

JOHN
(whispering to himself)
Dean.

John jumps into the Supra and peels out.

EXT. SIDEWALK -- DAY

Dean mopes along when he suddenly comes upon a dead bird surrounded by popcorn.

DEAN
(whispering to himself)
John.

Dean shakes his head and heads for home.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT

Dean enters and goes to his Dad. As he stands over him, he notices a weird sound -- a running shower.

INT. BATHROOM

Dean walks into the bathroom.

DEAN
That's strange, my shower's
running. It's strange because I
live alone.

Reveal John on the other side of the shower curtain. He shuts his eyes and smiles. He can't believe it's really happening.

Intercut between John in the shower and Dean outside it.

DEAN (cont'd)
Can I ask what you're doing here?

JOHN

I saw a sign out front that said
"room for rent: wanted, one bull-
headed brother who sometimes sticks
his foot in his mouth."

DEAN

Well, sorry to say, someone already
came in here who fits that bill.

JOHN

Who's that?

DEAN

You're talking to him.

JOHN

That's too bad. Think there might
be enough room for me to crash here
until I find another place?

DEAN

I don't know. How long we talking?

JOHN

Oh, the rest of my life.

DEAN

How much you willing to pay?

JOHN

All the money in the world. Come
here you.

John gets out of the shower and gives Dean a big hug.

JOHN (cont'd)

Oh my God, I missed you so much.

DEAN

I missed you too!

(beat, still hugging)

Hey, could I get you to throw on a
towel or something?

JOHN

Oh yeah, sure.

John puts on a towel.

JOHN (cont'd)

How's this?

DEAN
Great. Thank you.

They hug again.

JOHN
Oh, I will never ever let you out
of my sight again.

DEAN
I burned all your shit.

JOHN
I'll buy more shit.

DEAN
You know, you're pretty amazing.

JOHN
I'm amazing? Take a look in the
mirror. There's not a man on this
earth I'd rather have a baby with.

DEAN
Yeah, well, maybe one day.

JOHN
No... maybe now.

DEAN
What do you mean?

JOHN
Our baby is out there and we still
have a chance to get it. Now are we
just gonna sit here or are we gonna
do something about it?

DEAN
We're gonna do something about it!

JOHN
Hands in. Quickly towel off, get
dressed and come up with a plan to
find Janine on 3. 1 2 3...

JOHN/DEAN
Quickly towel off, get dressed and
come up with a plan to find Janine!

They throw their hands in the air.

MUSIC IN: "ST. ELMO'S FIRE" BY JOHN PARR

They run out of the room and into their respective bedrooms. Quick shots of the following: John toweling off. Dean toweling off his fully clothed body. John throwing on a pair of pants. Dean removing his pants and then putting them back on. They run out of their respective rooms at exactly the same time and then head for the door.

JOHN
Wait a minute. Hold up.

"ST. ELMO'S FIRE" OUT.

JOHN (cont'd)
We need to get Tara to watch Dad.

DEAN
Oh yeah. Look, I'll do it.

JOHN
No. This is something I have to do.

DEAN
Are you sure?

JOHN
Yeah. I'm sure.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY -- DAY

Dean walks down the hall. John waits until Dean's in the elevator and then knocks on Tara's door -- she answers it.

JOHN
Tara, can you watch our Dad for us?

TARA
Yeah, I guess.

JOHN
Great, thanks!

John turns to go.

TARA
Wait, that's it?

JOHN
Yeah. Why?

TARA
You're not gonna ask me to dinner or anything?

John thinks for a long beat.

JOHN
Well, dinner does sound good... but
no. Oh, and also, I'm over you.
Burn! Facial! Suck it!
(immediately considerate)
Thanks for watching Dad!

MUSIC IN: "ST. ELMO'S FIRE" BY JOHN PARR

John races down the hall triumphantly.

"ST. ELMO'S FIRE" OUT

EXT. DEAN AND JOHN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

John runs out to find Dean waiting for him by the Supra. Dean looks to John. John gives him an assured nod -- he's fine.

DEAN
I'm proud of you.

JOHN
That pride is my lifeblood.
(beat)
So let's gameplan.

DEAN
Well, between the two of us, we've
already searched like every place
she would logically be.

JOHN
She could be anywhere. God, I just
wish there was some way we could
communicate with her and say
exactly what we wanted to say in a
way in which she wouldn't feel
threatened.

DEAN
Fortune cookies?

JOHN
Interesting idea, but...

DEAN
Flyers?

JOHN
You're on the right track. But I
don't think we've hit it yet.

Suddenly, in the background, a plane flies through the sky towing a banner: "Eat At Luigi's -- Fine Italian Cuisine"

Dean and John look at each other.

JOHN/DEAN
Oh my God!/Let's go!

EXT. LUIGI'S -- DAY

Dean and John walk out rubbing their bellies.

DEAN
What a great and delicious idea!

JOHN
Well, your engine can't run at optimum capability if there's no gas in the tank.
(then)
So where were we? There must be some way to relay our message to her. But how?

Another plane flies in the background towing a banner: "Your Ad Here." They look up to the plane and then to each other.

JOHN/DEAN
Oh my god!/I got it!

JOHN
It was right in front of our faces the whole time!

DEAN
Yep! I got there a fraction of a second after you. It's so obvious.

JOHN
Let's go!

MUSIC IN: "ST. ELMO'S FIRE" BY JOHN PARR

They immediately race out of frame in different directions. A moment later, they re-enter frame.

"ST. ELMO'S FIRE" OUT.

JOHN (cont'd)
Where are you going?

DEAN
The apple orchard is this way.

JOHN
What the hell does an apple orchard
have to do with anything?

DEAN
Wait, what were you thinking?

JOHN
I'll explain on the way. Let's go!

MUSIC IN: "ST. ELMO'S FIRE" BY JOHN PARR

Dean follows John out of frame.

"ST. ELMO'S FIRE" OUT.

INT. ADVERTISING OFFICE - DAY

The brothers stand at a counter with an AD GUY. Behind him is
a picture of a plane towing a banner: "Your Ad Here"

JOHN
So how many people will be able to
see this thing?

AD GUY
If we run it over a crowded beach
on a nice day -- fifty, sixty thou.

JOHN
Great! So how much is this gonna
run us?

AD GUY
Fifty per letter.

JOHN
Cents?

AD GUY
Dollars.

DEAN
Jesus Christ. That's pretty steep.
Can we afford to do this?

JOHN
Can we afford not to? Hands in.
Spend all our money on a sign on
three. 1 2 3...

JOHN/DEAN
Spend all our money on a sign!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The brothers stand on the beach and look to the sky. It's a beautiful day. The beach is crowded.

DEAN

Oh my God, I think I see it.

JOHN

Cross your fingers.

EXT. SKY -- DAY

A plane flies through the frame trailing a banner. We stay on this shot as one continuous banner flies across the screen. The message reads:

(**BOLD INDICATES RED LETTERS, NON-BOLD IS GREEN LETTERS**)

HI. MY NAME IS JOHN. AND I AM HIS BROTHER, DEAN. HI. WE HAVE A LITTLE SITUATION ON OUR HANDS AND BOY COULD WE USE YOUR HELP. I MEAN, THIS IS A HUGE PICKLE. HOW CAN YOU HELP? WELL, SIT BACK AND RELAX, WE'RE ABOUT TO TELL YOU. YOU CAN START BY GRABBING A PEN AND PAPER TO WRITE DOWN SOME INFORMATION. WE'LL GIVE YOU A MOMENT TO GRAB THAT PEN AND PAPER. (about two sentences worth of blank space on the banner and then the message continues) **OKAY, GREAT, NOW YOU HAVE YOUR PEN AND PAPER AND ARE READY FOR THE INFORMATION PHASE. WE'RE SORRY IF WE DIDN'T GIVE YOU ENOUGH TIME TO GET THE NECESSARY WRITING IMPLEMENTS, BUT WE ARE UNDER SERIOUS SPACE CONSTRAINTS WITH THIS SKY BANNER. WE ARE LOOKING FOR A WOMAN NAMED JANINE RICE. SHE IS FIVE FOOT SIX, BROWN HAIR, AND BROWN EYES. OH, THAT REALLY NARROWS IT DOWN. FINE DEAN, THEN HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE HER?** WELL, SHE JUST LOOKS LIKE A NORMAL PRETTY AMERICAN WOMAN. **OH, THAT'S MUCH BETTER.** EXCUSE ME, I WASN'T FINISHED. SHE'S LIKE -- GOD, IT'S SO HARD TO DESCRIBE PEOPLE. I GUESS SHE'S LIKE A ROCKY-ERA TALIA SHIRE...

INT. PARK -- DAY

Janine sits by a pond writing in her journal. We see the sky banner in the reflection of the pond but Janine is oblivious to it. She pauses for a beat and then continues writing.

MORE SKY BANNER:

...ANYWAY, JANINE IS EIGHT AND A HALF MONTHS PREGNANT WITH OUR BABY. WELL, FINE, DEAN'S. I HAVE A PROBLEM WITH SPERM MOTILITY -- A SUBJECT DEAN LIKES TO RUB IN MY FACE. OKAY, LET ME GET IN HERE FOR A SECOND. YOU MAKE ONE LITTLE JOKE ABOUT A GUY'S INFERTILITY AND SUDDENLY YOU DESERVE TO BE LABELED A JERK ON A SKY BANNER THAT COULD POTENTIALLY BE SEEN BY 50,000 PEOPLE? THAT'S BULLSHI--

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

A woman covers her young son's eyes.

EXT. SKY -- DAY

The banner continues.

--T. DEAN, NONE OF THAT MATTERS RIGHT NOW. WHAT MATTERS MOST IS FOR JANINE TO SEE THIS MESSAGE. ESPECIALLY THIS NEXT PART. SO FOR THOSE OF YOU READING THIS, WE NEED TO ASK YOU FOR JUST ONE MORE FAVOR. JUST IN CASE JANINE HAS HER BACK TURNED OR SOMETHING AND CAN'T SEE THE SIGN, IT WOULD REALLY BE A BIG HELP IF WE COULD GET YOU TO YELL OUT "JANINE, LOOK IN THE SKY!"...

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

John and Dean watch the sky banner.

GUY ON THE BEACH
Janine, look in the sky!

They locate the yeller: some GUY ON THE BEACH who's reading the sky banner. Then from a different direction, they hear:

WOMAN ON THE BEACH
Janine, look in the sky!

They locate the second yeller: some WOMAN ON THE BEACH reading the banner. They scan the beach and make a discovery that blows them away: every man, woman and child on the beach is looking skyward. Soon, from all around them:

BEACH-GOERS
Janine, look in the sky!

Dean and John look to each other. Maybe it's working.

EXT. GAS STATION -- DAY

The Video Store Clerk looks in the sky as he gasses his car.

VIDEO STORE CLERK
Janine, look in the sky!

EXT. GOLF COURSE -- DAY

Dr. Wong looks in the sky.

DR. WONG
Janine, look in the sky!

EXT. SIDEWALK -- DAY

An ASIAN MAN looks into the sky.

DR. WANG
Janine, look in the sky!

Subtitle: Dr. Wang -- the guy from the Barnes and Noble

Another subtitle: You know, the dentist who suggested all the medical books

Another subtitle: He really knows his shit

EXT. PARK -- DAY

Janine sits writing in her journal. There's nobody else around. Complete silence, until:

MAN'S VOICE
(very faintly)
Janine, look in the sky!

Janine looks around. Did someone say her name? She must have been mistaken. She goes back to her writing. Then again:

MAN'S VOICE (cont'd)
(a little louder)
Janine, look in the sky!

She looks around again, sees nobody and continues writing

MAN'S VOICE (cont'd)
(pretty loud)
Janine, look in the sky!

Janine turns to see a man rounding the corner on a bike. As he rides along, he continues his chant.

BIKER
Janine, look in the sky!

A confused Janine watches as the biker rides away. She puts her journal down, stands and looks to the sky.

JANINE
Oh my God.

MORE SKY BANNER:

JANINE, HOPEFULLY YOU'RE READING THIS RIGHT NOW. THERE'S SO MUCH WE NEED TO TELL YOU. WE'D NEVER WANT TO COME BETWEEN YOU AND THE BABY. SO WE WANT YOU TO KEEP THE BABY.

BUT WE WANT YOU TO KEEP US TOO. MAYBE IF WE HAD TOLD YOU THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU'D NEVER HAVE LEFT. HOPEFULLY WE'RE NOT TOO LATE. OH MY GOD, JOHN ARE YOU CRYING? NO, I HAVE SOMETHING IN MY EYE. ANYWAY... SO PLEASE, IF ANYONE HAS ANY INFORMATION, WE'RE OFFERING A REWARD OF 500 DOLL-HAIRS -- JUST KIDDING, DOLLARS. NICE. THANK YOU. YOU CAN REACH US AT OUR HOME TELEPHONE NUMBER WHICH IS AREA CODE 555-555-55

The banner ends.

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

John and Dean on the sand.

JOHN
What the hell? They cut off our...

DEAN
Wait, look!

Dean points to the sky.

EXT. SKY -- DAY

Another plane flies across towing another banner which reads:

56

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

JOHN
Well, it's out of our hands now.
We should get home.

INT. JOHN AND DEAN'S APARTMENT -- LATE AFTERNOON

John and Dean hurry to the answering machine. It's blinking. They share a look -- this could be it -- John presses play.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)
You have one new message. Message
sent at 14:43.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Hey, my name's Matt and I'm calling
about the sky banner.

Dean and John engage in a high five celebration.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.) (cont'd)
I want to propose to my girlfriend
and I need the phone number of the
banner place. I'm at 555-1824.
(beep)

This kills the celebration. Dean and John stand there, numb.

SFX: toilet flush

JOHN
(calling out)
Hi Tara, we're back.
(to Dean)
She loves that bathroom.

Dean and John go to their father. Behind them, we see the bathroom door open. It's Janine. The guys are oblivious.

DEAN
Well, we did our best.

JOHN
Yep. And Dad knows that. We have
nothing to be ashamed of. Hands in.

Dean puts his hand over John's.

JOHN (cont'd)
Let's see, what should we do on
this one? I gotta be honest, I'm
kind of stumped. I thought
something would come to me. Hm.

JANINE
How about Janine's behind us on 3?

JOHN/DEAN
Oh my God./Janine!

JANINE
Sorry, I used your bathroom. But I
didn't think you'd mind. After all,
I'm peeing for four now. That is,
if the offer still stands.

JOHN
Oh my God, do you mean it?

Janine nods. They all come together for a hug.

DEAN
Hey, I have a little something I've
been saving for a special occasion.
And this seems like the perfect
time to crack it open because it
doesn't get more special than this.

Dean goes to a kitchen cabinet and opens it to reveal some bottles of champagne. He starts fishing around the bottles.

DEAN (cont'd)
Let's see, where is it? I know it's
in here somewhere.

John leans down near Janine's belly.

JOHN
Hi there little one! How are you?
We've missed you so much.

DEAN (O.C.)
Oh, here it is.

SFX: INSANELY LOUD AIRHORN!

Reveal Dean holding an airhorn. Janine bolts upright.

CU -- Janine's legs and feet. Water splashes down.

JANINE
Oh my God, my water broke!

DEAN
Awesome! We're having a baby!

Dean lets out a few more celebratory airhorn blasts.

SFX: AIRHORN!

JOHN
Dean, put the damn airhorn down. We
got a baby to birth. Let's go!

DEAN
Wait, what about Dad? How are we
gonna get him to the hospital?

JOHN
We'll brainstorm on the way. Right
now, Janine is our first priority!

MUSIC IN "ST. ELMO'S FIRE" BY JOHN PAAR

John and Dean help Janine out the door.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

The Supra flies through intersections, stop signs, goes right
by Henderson Video.

"ST. ELMO'S FIRE" OUT.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY -- DAY

The brothers help Janine into the lobby. They're met by James.

JAMES
Let me help you, baby.

Dean stops at the front desk manned by a NURSE.

DEAN
Can I borrow your phone please?

The nurse hands Dean the phone. He calmly dials.

DEAN (cont'd)
(frantic)
911? My father's dying. Please go
get him at 555555556 Bluebird
Street Apartment 12H. And hurry!
(calmly, to nurse)
Thank you.

He hangs up the phone and leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Janine lies down with her legs in the stirrups as John and James stand by her side. Dr. Spencer tends to her.

DR. SPENCER
Her cervix is fully dilated. We
can't hold off much longer.

JOHN
Please just wait one more minute.
Come on, Janine, do not push. Pull.
Come on pull for me. Hold your
breath. Suck it in. Come on, let's
hold our breaths together.

Janine tries to hold her breath. John tries too. Finally Dean enters with two ORDERLIES who wheel his Dad in on a gurney.

DEAN
We got here as soon as we could.

DR. SPENCER
Okay, let's get this thing going!

JOHN

Wait. Can we position our father so
he can view the birth?

DR. SPENCER

Janine?

JANINE

That's fine. Hurry.

DR. SPENCER

Okay, let's move him around.

POV -- between Janine's legs. The orderlies position their
father so he's got the best seat in the house.

Dr. Spencer lifts the sheet covering Janine's spread legs.

CU -- father's face. There is a very subtle change in his
expression. He's clearly into it in a comatose way.

DOCTOR

Okay, let's do this thing.

MUSIC IN: "ST. ELMO'S FIRE" BY JOHN PARR

Intercut between the following: John, Dean and James coaching
Janine to breathe. Dr. Spencer manning the vagina. Janine
straining and grimacing. Dad "watching."

DR. SPENCER

He's crowning. Push Janine!

JAMES/JOHN/DEAN

Come on baby!/You can do it!/Push!

Janine grunts, grimaces and pushes hard.

DR. SPENCER

The heads out. Hm, interesting.

The doctor looks to them quizzically, then goes back to work.

DR. SPENCER (cont'd)

Okay, one more big push, Janine.

JAMES/JOHN/DEAN

Come on, one more!/Push!/Breathe!

Janine gives one final push.

JANINE

Aaaaargh!

DR. SPENCER
There you go. You did it!

Janine collapses in glorious exhaustion. John and Dean hug. They turn to James who gives in and hugs them too.

DR. SPENCER (cont'd)
Congratulations! It's a boy!

JOHN/DEAN/JANINE/JAMES
A boy!/Woooooo!/Oh my God!/Shee-it!

James, John and Dean crowd around Janine. A nurse wraps the baby in a towel and brings it to her. They all see the baby and share looks.

JAMES
Now that's a beautiful baby.

JOHN
Can I bring him to Dad for a second?

Janine hands him to John who confidently but carefully picks him up and brings him to his father's gurney.

JOHN (cont'd)
Dad, we'd like to introduce you to your grandson.

Reveal that the baby is extremely black. They place the baby on their father's chest and wrap his arms around the baby so that he's holding the baby.

CU -- father's face. Nothing.

DEAN
Dad, he's got your eyes.

Dean and John look at each other and smile. They've done it.

DR. SPENCER
Let's get a picture of the happy family.

John grabs the baby. Dean and James move Dad's gurney by Janine and they all squeeze together for a photo.

DR. SPENCER (cont'd)
Okay, one two three!

Freeze frame on the photo of the happy group.

Music: Beautiful Piano version of "St. Elmo's Fire"

The photo morphs into a Christmas Card with the message:
Happy Holidays 2005 -- The Solomon Family

EXT. STRIP MALL -- DAY

Amid a row of yogurt shops, shoe stores, and mini-marts is a store with a sign which reads: Solomon Family Baby Proofing.

INT. SOLOMON FAMILY BABY PROOFING

John leads a man with a grocery bag to the door.

JOHN

Thanks very much for your business.
 Have a good day.

John turns the sign from OPEN to CLOSED.

JOHN (cont'd)

Congratulations! Another successful
 day in the business world, Dean.

Dean enters with now one year old, JAMES IV, in a baby bjorn.

DEAN

Fantastic! Can you believe it? Our
 one year anniversary of being in
 the baby-proofing business -- who
 knew it would be so fulfilling,
 mentally challenging and
 financially lucrative. Yep, our
 lives have really turned around for
 the better. We live with Janine and
 James in a surprisingly non-
 dysfunctional family, our son James
 Worthington the fourth ranked in
 the 97th percentile for cognitive
 whatnot, our financial status
 improves daily, and our love for
 each other has never been stronger.
 If not for the passing of Dad, this
 would have been the best year ever.

JOHN

Yep. Looks like we're gonna be just
 fine.

DEAN

I got you a little present.

Dean reaches behind his back and pulls out a "Manhole" magazine. John smiles.

JOHN
Oh my God! You did not have to do that! Thank you!

DEAN
Twelve more coming.

JOHN
You got me a subscription? Is this a present for me or for you?

They laugh. John gives Dean a lighthearted noogie. As they walk into the back room, arms around each other:

JOHN (cont'd)
Oh God, I love you.

DEAN
I love you too.

JOHN
Not as much as I love you.

DEAN
I'd be willing to bet you on that.

JOHN
Dean, I love you more. Let it go.

DEAN
But can I...

JOHN
No. One more word and I'm gonna come beat the hell out of you.

DEAN
(long beat, then quickly)
I love you.

JOHN
Son of a bitch! You asked for it!

John runs after Dean.

THE END