THE NEW NORMAL

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RYAN MURPHY TELEVISION

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INT. BRYAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

BRYAN BUCKLEY, (30's, handsome, vivid, impatient) sits behind his desk. The phone RINGS. He ignores it, repeatedly PUSHES a button on his computer. A bad bing! sound occurs every time he does this. On bookshelves, there are various shiny entertainment awards, posters, photos and gold records for Sing!

ROCKY (O.S., INTERCOM)

Are you pushing it? Push it.

BRYAN

(calls out)

I have fingers! It just goes bing!

ROCKY ENTERS, (25-60). She is Bryan's no-nonsense six-foot blonde assistant, seen it all/won't discuss it, Nordic blood keeps her icy cool and unflappable.

ROCKY

Is it bing or bing?

BRYAN

I don't know! Bing! Bing! A bad bing! It makes the sound of terminal cancer or my mother pressing me for an intimate lunch.

She plays with a few keys. No more bing.

ROCKY

Got it.

Bryan adores Rocky, isn't great at showing it.

BRYAN

This video thingy gonna work now? It's important.

(then, re: pie on desk)
Are these my only cobbler choices?
They're both berry, they stain my caps.

ROCKY

I'll look into removing the color from berries.

BRYAN

You say that sarcastically and now that's all I want you to do.

COMPUTER CAMERA'S POV -- BRYAN. Not framed quite right. This annoys him as he adjusts himself into frame rather than move his monitor. Takes a deep breath, begins:

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Wow. This is scarier than I thought it would be. I'm normally behind the camera. But I look kinda great!

(deep breath)

Okay. Hi. It's me. Bryan Buckley. But you won't know me as that. You'll know me as...dad. Maybe even daddy.

(teary thinking about it)

God, I'd just die if you call me daddy. (gets it together)

This video is to show you how desperately you were wanted. How much we love you.

(then)

You're our baby. You're already part of our family. Who will you be? We are just so excited to meet you...

He pauses the video, too emotional to continue. Dabs at his tears as Rocky ENTERS with a plate:

ROCKY

Stop crying. I found peach cobbler.

EXT. BRYAN AND DAVID'S HOUSE -- ESTABLISHING

A nice car pulls up to a nice home, Bryan gets out, Barney's bags in hand, WALKS to the front door.

BRYAN (V.O.)

But I'm getting ahead of myself here. I should go back to the beginning...

INT. BRYAN AND DAVID'S HOUSE -- DEN

DAVID MURRAY (30's, quietly sexy, grounded, patient -- he'd have to be) is on the couch, watching a football game.

An enormous Bernese mountain dog, SMELLY, sits in a furry mass next to him. They share a sandwich until David spies Bryan ENTERING carrying shopping bags.

DAVID

Hey, babe.

BRYAN

No people food for Smelly. I have to tell you something.

DAVID

Can it wait until half-time? 49ers are driving.

A rhetorical look from Bryan as David reluctantly pauses his game. Bryan excitedly begins his story:

BRYAN

Okay, so I was shopping ...

INT. BARNEYS -- EARLIER THAT DAY

Bryan's in a private dressing room, with his buyer, AUBREY. Bryan looks at himself in the mirror, modeling a pair of capri pants. He's undecided, kinda bored.

BRYAN

You sure I don't look like Mary Tyler Moore in these?

AUBREY

Do you want to look like Mary Tyler Moore?

BRYAN

Yes. Not the hair obviously, but yes, I do.

AUBREY

You're so skinny, Bryan. You'd blow away if a big, fat person sneezed next to you.

BRYAN

I'd kill myself if a big fat person sneezed next to me. I'll take them.

INT. BRYAN AND DAVID'S HOUSE -- DEN

David can't believe he has to hear the minutia of this story, loses patience with Bryan.

DAVID

Come on! The Niners are in the red zone!

BRYAN

You have a pause button on your game, David. I don't have one on my story.

David inhales, editing whatever he really wanted to say:

INT. BARNEYS -- EARLIER THAT DAY

BRYAN

I need more black sweaters. But like, Djimon Hounsou black. Any new, good ones come in?

AUBREY

I'll take a little looksy.

INT. BRYAN AND DAVID'S HOUSE -- DEN

DAVID

(impatient from story)

God! Seriously?

BRYAN

Fine, fine, I'll hurry it up, but I was trying to paint you a picture!

INT. BARNEYS -- EARLIER THAT DAY

Now Bryan HURRIES his story as we SEE a DVR-style FAST-FORWARD through a series of him admiring himself as he tries on different outfits until finally: he looks in the mirror, now SEEING something exceptional in the reflection. He turns.

BRYAN

Omigod. <u>That</u> is the cutest thing I have ever seen. I <u>must</u> have it.

As we REVEAL what he's talking about: A SMILING ONE-YEAR-OLD BABY in a stroller wearing a perfect, cashmere sweater. As he touches the baby's sweater, the baby GIGGLES. One of those infectious, adorable, perfect sounds.

Bryan is struck by this sound, can't help it, returns his own giggle. And suddenly these two are laughing together as one, practically in SOFT FOCUS. This is a dawning moment in Bryan's life. HE COCKS HIS HEAD in slow-mo as he looks at this little person. Everything just clicked into place for him. If he owned ovaries, they'd be throbbing.

INT. BRYAN AND DAVID'S HOUSE -- DEN

David is confused as Bryan holds up the tiny cashmere sweater for him to admire.

DAVID

Uhm, are you gonna be dieting soon?

Bryan sits down next to David, takes his hand.

BRYAN

Honey, when I saw that miniature person — whose skin was *flawless* by the way — I really got it. I have all the sweaters I'll ever need. There's nothing left for me to buy. I want us to have baby clothes. And a baby to wear them.

Now Bryan's got his full attention.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

The reason I keep buying all this crap is because I'm desperately trying to fill a hole inside me. Please jog past your desire to make a crass sex joke right now.

DAVID

I will sprint past it.

BRYAN

Look, I'm a whiny, spoiled, narcissist given to temper tantrums if I'm not fed every two hours. Let's face it, I am a one-hundred and forty-nine-ish pound baby. And you're the nicest, kindest, most patient man I've ever had the pleasure to love. You'll be an amazing dad. You'll ground the child and teach him and feed him and bathe him and care for him in the middle of the night when he has rubella or anything else contagious.

DAVID

And what will you do?

BRYAN

Me? I'm the fun dad.

Off of David, gob-smacked and speechless --

EXT. COLDWATER PARK PLAYGROUND -- DAY

David and Bryan sit on a bench.

DAVID

I don't know, Bryan. My <u>one</u> dad screwed me up pretty good. What would having <u>two</u> dads do to a kid?

They look at all the kids playing.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Do you really think it's fair to the kid to bring him or her into the world with such a nontraditional family?

BRYAN

Sweetie, I know someone else from a "nontraditional family." A Halfrican American, raised by a grandma -- and that person seems to be doing just fine.

DAVID

Oh, yeah, Barack Obama.

BRYAN

No. Mariah Carey. But your example works, too. Look around -- your definition of traditional may need a refresh.

He points to a FIFTY-SOMETHING WOMAN, overwhelmed by her TRIPLETS in the sandbox. They shove her, playing too hard.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

She's old enough to be their grandmother. But she wanted them so badly, she dusted off her dinosaur eggs.

All action around the 50-Something Woman FREEZES as she turns to CAMERA ala "Annie Hall."

FIFTY-SOMETHING WOMAN

I was a whore for a long time. I mean, I slept with everyone. I acted like a kid for too long, just wasn't ready to have one. By the time I was, I couldn't find the right man. When I gave up looking for him...I found me.

(re: her triplets, proud)
...And then, with the help of a
loooocotta drugs...them.

ANGLE: TWO DEAF PARENTS having a heated sign-language fight behind their oblivious, screaming kids. The deaf dad turns to CAMERA:

DEAF DAD (IN SIGN)

Think I wanted to fall in love with a deaf woman? Used to be they didn't even want to let us have kids.

DEAF MOM (IN SIGN)

It all worked out. Kids can't hear us fighting and we can't hear them whining.

As we SEE a SIX-YEAR OLD GIRL push someone who looks like another LITTLE GIRL on a swing. As we SEE the "girl" get off the swing and trade places with the other girl.

Now we REALIZE the girl from the swing was actually a LITTLE PERSON MOM. All action around her suddenly FREEZES as the Little Person Mom turns to CAMERA:

LITTLE PERSON MOM

My husband is regular sized, so there was a fifty percent chance my daughter would be a part-time Christmas elf like me. I told my husband we didn't have to have kids, didn't have to risk it. My husband was insulted. Said he loves me, why wouldn't she be loved in this world?

(looks at her kid adoringly)
She's gonna be taller than me this year.

UNFREEZE as mother and daughter jump into a PINK PLASTIC DRIVABLE BARBIE CORVETTE and take off. RESUME: David and Bryan on their bench.

BRYAN

Face it, honey. Abnormal \underline{is} the new normal.

EXT./INT. CUTLASS SUPREME -- TRAVELLING -- DAY

GOLDIE CLEMMONS, (25, face of an angel, personality to match) is in the passenger seat of her grandma's car. She wears a waitress uniform.

JANE FORREST (Goldie's glamorous grandma, who makes 68 hot) is driving. Jane has six opinions on everything and most of them are fucked-up. As they drive, we establish where they are as they pull past a sign: Bowling Green, Ohio. As they approach a red light, Jane looks over and SEES:

TWO OVERWEIGHT PEOPLE wearing plaid and of the SAME GENDER. They walk with their arms around each other, pushing a baby stroller. They seem happy and in love.

JANE

Sweet Jesus. Will you look at that? Strutting down Buck Eye Road in broad daylight, proud as gay peacocks.

GOLDIE

Why shouldn't they be, Nana?

JANE

Don't call me that. I don't look old enough to be a grandmother.

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)

Great grandmother.

ANGLE: the backseat where we REVEAL SHANIA CLEMMONS, 8. She is in her own world, on her iPhone.

JANE

Shania dear, you're in this car as a quest.

(then, back to Goldie)
Listen, I love the gays. They invented
nail polish and the Sistine Chapel and
lord knows I couldn't get my hair to look
this good without them. And whatever
consenting adults do in the privacy of
their bedrooms or flower shops or smart,
little creperies is okay by me. But now
they want families and marriage, it's
outrageous. It's like they're waving
their sore anuses right in our faces.

GOLDIE

Seems like they love each other is all.

JANE

Nobody who is married loves each other. But we do it to reproduce like God told us to -- missionary position, four times a year, birthdays included.

SHANIA

Courtney Love's tweets are cray-cray.

Jane rolls her eyes at her great-granddaughter, she'll never get her. Then, OUT THE WINDOW, one of the "guys" puts "his" arm around "his" partner which sets off Jane.

JANE

Did you see that? Those sloppy butt buddies have some nerve.

Goldie fights laughter as she looks at the couple.

GOLDIE

Nana. Those are lesbians.

JANE

Those are ugly men.

GOLDIE

Then that ugly man is nursing his baby with his flabby chest muscle.

As we realize these are TWO WOMEN as one of them is on a bench, nursing their child.

Jane sees it, believes. Goldie is quietly pleased by her triumph. As the light finally turns green, Jane FLOORS IT as fast as a '92 Cutlass Supreme will go. Goldie looks through her purse, dammit, she's forgotten something.

JANE

What now? What did you forget this time?

GOLDIE

My name tag. I need it for work.

JANE

Goldie, a job that requires a name tag is for the blacks or your better Hispanics. You were always so pretty, almost as pretty as I was at your age. And you pissed it all away by getting knocked up? I'll never understand. You wasted your life.

GOLDIE

Thanks for the pep talk, Nana. You were a year older than me when you had my mom.

JANE

It's not the same thing at all! I was married! I thought your mother was a fibroid tumor and by the time I figured it out, she already had a face and I was screwed.

SHANIA

So if I actually plan to have a baby someday -- that'd be a family first?

INT. SMALL HOUSE -- CLAY AND GOLDIE'S BEDROOM -- SAME

CLAY CLEMMONS (same age as Goldie, dangerously sexy, entitled, peaked in high school) noisily humps TABITHA, a skinny Vietnamese girl with giant, fake boobs.

CLAY

Say it.

TABITHA

(reluctant)

The United States is the most powerful country on earth.

This was all he needed and, as he begins to culminate their sex act, the DOOR OPENS quickly as Goldie RUNS in to grab her name tag off the dresser.

They are caught. It takes a beat for everyone to digest what's just transpired. Goldie stands there, too calm.

CLAY

Goldie! I can explain. It's not what it looks like.

GOLDIE

I was gone six minutes. Six. How is this even possible? Was she hiding in the bushes when I left?

CLAY

Tool shed.

GOLDIE

Clay. If you were as dedicated to getting a job as you are to getting sex off of strangers, we'd be rich.

CLAY

This wouldn't of had to happen if you were taking care of it yourself.

GOLDIE

It's my fault?

CLAY

It's like a pimple, it needs to be popped.

Goldie realizes her move. Turns to Tabitha.

GOLDIE

May I speak to you for a second in private, please?

INT./EXT. SMALL HOUSE/CUTLASS SUPREME -- SAME

As they wait, Jane attempts conversation.

JANE

So, you thinking about joining the Brownies this year? Did you know, I set my troop record for cookie sales? In spite of Mindy Goldfarb trying to Jew down my customers.

Shania looks up from her iPhone.

SHANIA

Nana, you're a bigot. I'm un-friending you right now.

JANE

Me? I'm extremely tolerant of people. When we got the Chipotle here, I was the first of my friends to try it and that's Spanish food.

SHANIA

You're like Martin Luther King.

JANE

Now you listen to me, little girl. When your mom got pregnant, I didn't boot her ass out, I charged her the same rent as before. And I didn't even care that your daddy has some Cherokee blood because some of their bead work is so lovely. But how much am I supposed to take in this one lifetime, huh? How much?

SHANIA

(weighs it, then:)

Still. Un-friended.

INT. SMALL HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Tabitha and Goldie are near the washer and dryer.

TABITHA

If you're gonna hit me, not the face. Or the chest. They're not paid off yet.

GOLDIE

You're good. Just want to talk to you about a couple of things.

(pointing)

Okay. Over here is the Clorox.

(MORE)

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

I buy it in bulk. You'll need it for Clay's tighty-whities. Let's just say the man's not real detail orientated about his clean-ups back there.

Tabitha doesn't quite get what's going on here.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

Also, how do you feel about Manheim Steamroller? Cause he loves it. And how about a grown man who poses in front of a mirror and says 'I've still got it'? When, let us be clear, he never did.

Tabitha is trying to digest all of this.

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

I know you've already sampled his love making that can last up to two whole minutes, but my advice is -- hunker down and make those minutes work for you.

Goldie turns to go. Then, on second thought:

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

Oh and one last thing: I'd kinda given up on my life. Was just going through the days, like on auto-pilot. Just thought, this is what it is, what it's always gonna be. I forgot to dream. I forgot I want it all. Every last drop. And you were the last push I needed to remember that. So. Thank you.

She grabs Tabitha, hugs her a beat too long:

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

(re: Tabitha's chest)

Huh, those do feel pretty real.

(then)

Congratulations, he's all yours.

As she EXITS, we remain with Tabitha who is blown away.

TABITHA

She so courageous.

INT./EXT. SMALL HOUSE/CUTLASS SUPREME -- SAME

Goldie EXITS the house, runs to Jane's side of the car.

JANE

You get your name tag?

GOLDIE

Yeah. But you may want to go inside for a second.

JANE

I'm positive I do not.

GOLDIE

Then I guess you're cool with not meeting Mitt Romney. He was canvassing the neighborhood. With his five handsome sons. They're all in there. Mitt asked me who made the banana bread. You may want to go in and brag on it yourself.

As Jane starts adjusting her hair:

JANE

Wish I had a gay with me right now to fix this mess on my head.

As Jane gets out and runs into the house, Goldie hops into the driver's seat, turns to her daughter.

GOLDIE

Hey, baby? You ever think about going someplace amazing? Somewhere you've never ever been before?

SHANIA

Every single day.

GOLDIE

Like where?

SHANIA

I want to drive to Hawaii.

GOLDIE

Think we can make it to Honolulu on half a tank?

As Goldie shifts into gear and presses the pedal to the medal, she takes off with her daughter, leaving the small house and its small dreams behind them, as we:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BRYAN AND DAVID'S KITCHEN -- DAY

A nervous Bryan and David sit across from GARY, 40s.

DAVID

Thank you so much for coming over to the house...

GARY

That's just one of the many benefits of being a Platinum member of Expanding Families. Well, that and the stunning models I've put in your VIP egg file.

BRYAN

(brightening)

Models?

GARY

How to say this...one of our recent clients, a very famous designer who I am wearing but cannot reveal, wanted to make sure his egg donor was NOT a fattie. We did a worldwide search and I threw some of his sloppy seconds your way...

DAVID

(concerned)

What about intelligence? Or athletic ability? Musicality? Things that, you know, matter...

BRYAN

I'd really LOVE to have a skinny blonde child who doesn't cry. Is this extra?

GARY

Not for our Platinum members. Here's how it works: you click through the egg donor files, find your match, create the perfect embryo then implant it in a surrogate. She's just like an Easy Bake oven, except with no legal rights to the cupcake. Now...who's going to be the bio dad?

BRYAN/DAVID

I am.

They look at each other, this is news.

INT. BRYAN AND DAVID'S BEDROOM -- DAY (LATER)

Bryan and David sit crosslegged on the bed, the computer before them. It's time to pick an egg.

BRYAN

I'm kinda nervous, babe. This is a big deal. We're shopping for the biological mother of our child.

DAVID

I'm really excited.

Bryan smiles at him. This is the first time David has shown enthusiasm.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Okay, here we go...

They click on the EGG FILES. Graphics come up, it's like a dating service.

BRYAN

Ooooh, they all have videos. This is like E-Harmony or J-Date, except with a lot less fuglies and you can't dump 'em if it doesn't work out.

They beging scrolling.

DAVID

Wow, we have eighty choices. First up...Sally. She's 23, IQ score of 132 so she's smart....

BRYAN

She doesn't have a jawline. Next.

And we begin A PARADE OF EGG DONOR MOMMAS, telling us about their lives.

MARILYN

Hi, my name is Marilyn. I enjoy napping...

SHERYL

Hundred pounds gone! Hundred pounds to go.

HEATHER

I'm really into sci-fi.

(insane)

But not the Green Goblin!

MICHELLE

Trust me I recognize the irony. Nine abortions and here I am...

The boys click repeatedly on the NO BOX. Until a VISION appears on the screen. Someone who looks an awful lot like Gwyneth Paltrow.

ERICA

People tell me I look a lot like Gwyneth Paltrow.

The boys pause it. Look at each other. A beat, then Bryan scrambles for his phone.

DAVID

Hurryhurryhurryhurry...

BRYAN

(on phone)

Pick up pick up what if someone chose her already pick up...

(the phone picks up)

Gary! Bryan and David. All cash, we'll pay all cash for Erica...unless you tell us she has no legs, we want her.

EXT. BEACH -- DAY

Grainy and sun splashed. Almost feels like an old home movie on film. On this amazing sand, with the waves crashing around them, Shania and Goldie DANCE THE HULA surrounded by the seemingly endless expanse. An indelible moment.

Shania wears a grass skirt mismatched with a hammer & sickle knit skull cap. They fall into the warm sand, laughing and spent.

GOLDIE

This is as far West as we could go without driving into the water. I'm sorry we couldn't get all the way to Hawaii.

SHANIA

Mom. I was being hyperbolic.
(off Goldie's unsure look)
Exaggerating to make my point.

Goldie nods, ah. She could've guessed that.

SHANIA (CONT'D)

Mom, what were your dreams before you and daddy accidentally had me?

GOLDIE

Best accident ever.

SHANIA

You don't have to say that every time. I get it. No one plans to have a kid when they're fifteen. Unless they're in an extremist Christian cult.

GOLDIE

Baby, even if I didn't plan you, the only good thing I ever did was you.

SHANTA

Mom, just tell me.

Goldie is a little shy here, forced into being practical too soon in life. She's unused to sharing what feels like a fantasy, a life un-lived.

GOLDIE

I wanted to be a lawyer. An independent woman who didn't need a man. I'd wear these incredibly expensive suits with too-high heels. I'd be confident and strong and when I talked, everyone would be waiting for me to say something cool and smart that solved their problems. Then we'd go celebrate and people would toast me with fancy cocktails and the boys would all be too intimidated to ask me out.

SHANIA

So why can't that still be your dream?

Goldie looks at her daughter. Touches her sweet, sandy cheek.

GOLDIE

Cause today my dream is...wishing I didn't have to tell you that the last three days are all I can afford. And I have to get back to work. And you have to get back to school.

(then, breaking)

I can't do this by myself, sweetheart. I wish I could. I want to give you everything I never had.

(MORE)

GOLDIE (CONT'D)

But I just can't do it alone. I'm sorry.

SHANIA

You don't ever have to say that to me. (then, gently)
Say it to yourself.

And then, Goldie's PHONE RINGS. INSERT CALLER ID. It's JANE.

Shania nods at Goldie, like its okay, take it. In this moment, Goldie can't help but feel like picking up is also like giving up. But what choice does she have? As she hits the SPEAKERPHONE:

GOLDIE (INTO PHONE)

Hi.

INT. NICELY APPOINTED OHIO HOME -- SAME

Jane is at work, she is a real estate agent in the middle of an open house. She paces in front of a refrigerator.

JANE (INTO PHONE)

So you're finally taking my calls. Is it because the cops picked you up?

GOLDIE (INTO PHONE)

You called the police?

JANE (INTO PHONE)

You stole my car.

PROSPECTIVE BUYERS approach.

LADY BUYER

I'm sorry, but does the washer dryer unit come with the house?

JANE

If it's not on the flyer nobody knows. Make an offer.

The couple keeps exploring. Jane walks to a more private location.

JANE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
You are a selfish, spoiled child. You
have no idea what I have to do to make
ends meet. And this is my thank you? You
go on a three-day joyride to God knows
where?

Goldie looks at Shania. Swallows her pride, sucks it up.

GOLDIE (INTO PHONE)

You're right. I'm sorry. Thank you, Nana.

JANE (INTO PHONE)

Don't call me that! You are a quitter! You quit your life and who do you think is left holding your sack of horse dookie? It's me! I had to ride the bus today! The bus! I sat next to a man with no arms drinking a thermos-full of mushroom soup from the little stublets coming out of his shoulders! It was like watching Flipper try to drink a beer. Here I am again, the only responsible person in this family. Why must I spend my life paying for everyone else's mistakes?

Shania can hear every word of this. Goldie is ashamed, can't take it anymore. Not in front of her daughter. A quiet strength builds:

GOLDIE (INTO PHONE)

You don't. Not anymore.

Shania looks at her mom quizzically. Something dawning.

GOLDIE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

I keep staying with you thinking things will change for me and my daughter.

(drawing courage from her

daughter's face)

But, thing is -- if I don't change, nothing ever will. We're not coming home, Nana.

Shania looks shocked and elated. As she begins her celebratory hula, Goldie hangs up.

JANE (INTO PHONE)

Wait. What the hell are you --

As that screen goes black, we REMAIN here at the beach as Shania dances around. Is this really happening?!

As Goldie CHUCKS her PHONE into the ocean, she can't keep her smile in check. A BEACH-GOER shoots her a dirty look: litterer! But she doesn't care. Not now.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- PATIO -- DAY

Bryan, David and MELISSA, (early 30's, plain, sweet-seeming) their surrogate, sit at a table. They toast with bottled water.

BRYAN

Isn't technology amazing? We created a fully formed embryo with Gwyneth Paltrow's twin and just plopped it into you to grow. I wish this could be champagne but...to the immaculate conception! And to you, Melissa...our caring and nurturing surrogate.

They toast.

DAVID

Our lil swimmers are probably duking it out as we speak. May the best sperm win, right?

BRYAN

Fingers crossed!

(then, realizing)

Omigod, we could already be daddies!

Bryan and David squeeze each others' hands, look at each other adoringly, this is really happening.

MELISSA

That process was shorter than many of the first dates I've been on. Plus I'm not ashamed of myself for putting out so quickly.

As David and Bryan exchange a laugh, they made the right choice --

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Let me assure you guys that I'll do everything in my power to take care of myself and, in turn, be a loving host to your blessed child.

BRYAN

And we want you to know, we're here for you during every step of this pregnancy. If there is anything you ever need, please let us know.

MELISSA

Thank you. You are so sweet.

(then, flatly)

I need a BMW.

BRYAN

DAVID

Sorry...?

I don't understand.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Let me help you.

(to a passing waitress)

Excuse me?

The WAITRESS approaches.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I'll have a Makers Mark and ginger ale.

BRYAN

Makers Mark. That's alcohol. You can't drink if you're pregnant.

MELISSA

I'll also have the yellowtail carpaccio to start.

DAVID

But... that's raw. There could be parasites. Think of the baby...?

WAITRESS

Anything else?

MELISSA

Just an ashtray. Thank you.

The boys exchange panicked looks as the waitress leaves. Melissa pulls out a cigarette, holds a lit match up.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Also, I'm going to need a power boat. And one of those massage chairs from Brookstone.

BRYAN

That's not in the surrogate agreement.

MELISSA

(mimicking a gay voice)

"That's not in the surrogate agreement."
Riiight. Technically it's not. But you
guys should think of the good of your
baby. And the stranger who is schlepping
it around for nine months.

(MORE)

MELISSA (CONT'D)

So, a power boat by close of business tomorrow or I light up. Got it?

BRYAN

This is uterine blackmail.

MELISSA

Great idea, right?

(then)

See, I don't really want this cigarette. What I really want is the coke in my bra.

Off Bryan and David's panic, what the hell are they going to do?

EXT. COLDWATER PARK -- DAY

Bryan and David push a stroller past all the abnormally normal families. In this moment, we may believe that the pregnancy took, that they somehow survived the crazy surrogate. The portrait of new family. Smelly walks with them loyally.

BRYAN

(re: stroller occupant)

He's making that face like he needs to go potty. David that's you.

DAVID

Didn't he just go?

David stoops and picks up the baby inside the stroller: REVEALING an EIGHT WEEK BERNESE MOUNTAIN PUPPY. As he puts him down to go Bryan's CELLPHONE RINGS. Some GAY RINGTONE.

BRYAN (INTO PHONE)

Yes?

It's Gary from Expanding Families. We INTERCUT:

INT. EXPANDING FAMILIES -- SAME

Sitting at his desk.

GARY (INTO PHONE)

We want to apologize again for the incident that occurred with your previous surrogate choice. We had no idea, Camille Grammar gave her a great reference.

BRYAN

We dropped the litigation when we found out the womb terrorist wasn't pregnant.

GARY

We have a new surrogate and I'm confident she'd be perfect for your needs.

Bryan looks at David, unsure.

BRYAN

I -- I don't think we can go through this
again. We have this puppy now...

GARY

Why don't you just come in and meet her? Please?

INT. EXPANDING FAMILIES -- OFFICE -- DAY

A resistant David and Bryan sit with a nervous but confident Goldie as Gary facilitates.

GOLDIE

I'm great at being pregnant. I had tons of energy and no morning sickness. And popping my daughter out was easier than opening the lid on a stuck pickle jar --

BRYAN

Exceedingly colorful.

GOLDIE

Having Shania is the most successful thing I've done in my life, so far.

DAVID

And how old is the child?

GOLDIE

Older than any of us. But in real life, eight.

DAVID

Family history of cancer?

GOLDIE

No.

DAVID

Prone to addiction?

GOLDIE

Not me, but my soon to be ex-husband, likes to drink --

BRYAN

Irrelevant! She's the carrier, not the donor!

David skewers him with a look, "whose side are you on?"

BRYAN (CONT'D)

(to Goldie, bragging)

He's a doctor. For lady bits. A gay-necologist.

GOLDIE

(to Bryan, re: David)

Good for you.

DAVID

Syphilis? Gonorrhea? Chlamydia?

GARY

Not even HPV, and you can throw a cat and hit a girl with that. Everything checks out beautifully.

DAVID

(suspicious)

So why does a beautiful, healthy, seemingly same person want to gestate someone else's child?

GOLDIE

(embarrassed but...)

35,000 dollars is a huge chunk of money.

BRYAN

Why not just write a spec episode of "The Mentalist"?

DAVID

(leaning in, whispering)

No one gets your references.

GOLDIE

I don't have any other options. I need a way to change my daughter's life.

(scary but says it aloud)

I want to go to law school some day.

They don't laugh at her at all, they nod. Makes sense.

DAVID

And you don't care you'd be doing this for two men? You don't have a moral issue with that?

GOLDIE

I requested a gay couple.

EXT./INT. CUTLASS SUPREME -- OHIO -- FLASHBACK

Goldie, in the car with Jane, from Act One.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

I was driving with my nana and we saw this couple with a baby. Two women. She had lots of not-so-nice things to say about them.

Goldie SEES the lesbian couple from earlier. As Jane's homophobic rant sounds off, diffused, in BG, we stay with Goldie's POV: WATCHING the couple push a baby stroller. Happy and in love.

GOLDIE (V.O.)

But all I could think about was, a family is a family.

The couple looks up and catches Goldie watching and appreciating them. We see now what we did not see before as they exchange a tiny wave, a sweet smile.

INT. EXPANDING FAMILIES -- OFFICE -- PRESENT

GOLDIE

And love is love.

As Bryan looks at David, "she's the one!" Off David, less convinced, we --

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BRYAN AND DAVID'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

David is in bed, reading a medical journal. Bryan does his exhaustive night-time ritual, applies Rogaine, rubs lotion, flosses.

BRYAN

I love that Goldie.

DAVID

I don't know.

BRYAN

What's not to know? She's like a perfect stork but without filthy feathers and that droopy, wrinkled neck skin.

DAVID

Bryan. You won't borrow someone else's pen at the bank because you're afraid you'll get cholera but you want to lease a stranger's uterus for nine months?

BRYAN

I don't have my own pen! This pen can carry our baby!

DAVID

It's just a very big leap of faith.

BRYAN

Doesn't feel that way to me. Goldie reminds me of me when I first came to LA to make it— armed with nothing more than a dream, a hot bod and raw talent.

DAVID

Oh, yeah? What's her talent?

BRYAN

Being extremely nice. Which is more than I can say for me.

David shrugs, very good point.

DAVID

I did like that daughter of hers.

BRYAN

I'm less sold on her.

Bryan cozies up to David. Takes the journal out of his hands, holds them. Intimate moment here.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Honey. I want us to have a baby and dreams will only get us so far. At some point we just have to move past the setbacks. What's stopping you?

DAVID

(a beat, admitting)

I'm afraid to start hoping. Cause the more I think about our family, the more I want it. And...what if it doesn't happen?

So sweet. Bryan is moved, holds his boyfriend close. Looks in his eyes.

BRYAN

I want our baby to have these eyes, your eyes. And your heart, this heart I can't get enough of.

(off David's confused look)
I don't want our sperm to be competitive.
I don't want our sperm to do some crazy,
genetic race cause mine would totally win
and then you'd feel like a punk ass
bitch.

DAVID

Wait. So we'd just use mine? Why?

BRYAN

I have four masculine brothers and one masculine sister and you're an only child. It's more important for you to create something that's biologically yours to know on this earth. Not being our baby's bio-dad doesn't make me any less a dad.

This gesture moves David beyond.

DAVID

You'd...do that for me?

BRYAN

No. For me. We need more people like you walking around in the world.

(then)

Plus, I'll get to lord it over you forever.

They kiss, chaste, but meaningful. Very romantic.

DAVID

Thank you.

(then)

I love you.

BRYAN

I love you, too. Now go make me macaroni and cheese so we can get started on my foot rub.

INT. EXPANDING FAMILIES -- WAITING ROOM -- DAY

Bryan and David are here. Goldie is there, Shania plays on her phone. Gary explains the next step.

GARY

Your embryos are ready for implantation. As a doctor, David has indicated he'd like to witness the procedure if that's okay, Goldie.

GOLDIE

Sure. He'll be more actively involved than the dad was the last time I got pregnant.

DAVID

Thanks.

GOLDIE

I'd love you to be there too, Bryan.

BRYAN

Me? I faint at the sight of vagina. They look like tarantula faces.

GARY

Okay, it should last about an hour and then, as the anesthesia wears off, Goldie may be slightly groggy --

GOLDIE

Shania, can you come here, please?

Shania approaches, SNAPS Bryan's photo with her phone intrusively.

SHANIA

(can this wait?)

I'm tweeting. How do I say I'm hanging with a dude who is wearing Gwen Stefani's pants in less than 140 characters?

BRYAN

(sotto)

I'd kill to fit in Gwen Stefani's pants.

GOLDIE

Can my daughter stay with me? I don't have anyone to watch her --

BRYAN

Oh, I'll do it. I'm marvelous with kids.

SHANIA

Sure. Me and lady-pants will chill out.

Bryan hugs Shania quasi-insincerely.

BRYAN

Listen, don't you worry about anything. I'll handle your cutie here. You just go get yourself knocked-up.

As David, Goldie and Gary WALK towards the procedure room, Bryan calls out:

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Do everything I wouldn't do!

EXT. EXPANDING FAMILIES OFFICE BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

A bench where office workers might eat their lunches. Bryan sits on it next to Shania.

BRYAN

Does this top make me look fat?

SHANIA

No, but it makes you look gay.

Bryan pulls out a pack of cigarettes, lights one up.

BRYAN

I'm just so nervous about this baby thing. I want it to happen so badly.

SHANIA

So what? Are you, like, the girl?

BRYAN

It doesn't work like that.

(then, insecure)

Do you think I'll make a good mom?

As Shania considers her answer, she regards his cigarettes.

SHANIA

Can I bum one of those?

BRYAN

(correcting)

May I bum one of those?

Bryan holds out the pack to a surprised Shania.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Knock yourself out, criminal.

He lights her up with the snap of his Hermes lighter. She takes a semi-practiced puff. Think Tatum O'Neal in Paper Moon. As she takes a drag:

SHANIA

How come you're letting me smoke?

BRYAN

Your parents tell you not to?

SHANIA

Well, yeah.

BRYAN

But you still want to?

SHANIA

Right.

BRYAN

And you know they're no good for you? Make your lungs look like they belong to an eleven-year-old's?

(she nods between puffs)

Well, there you go. No one can ever make you do something you don't want to do. Make your own damn choices. Your life is up to you.

SHANIA

You're cool.

Bryan takes a fancy drag off his cigarette.

BRYAN

You just getting that?

Shania puffs a beat more, then:

SHANIA

I don't feel so good.

BRYAN

Honey, just breathe through it.

As Shania stamps out the cigarette, she decides:

SHANIA

(pronounces it Bree-anne)

Bryan?

(off his annoyed look)

I think you'll make a real good mom.

Small, shy smiles exchanged here.

INT. EXPANDING FAMILIES -- MEDICAL ROOM -- SAME

Goldie's in a gown, getting prepped on the table. David's with her. More intimate than someone's second meeting should ever be. Goldie exhales.

DAVID

You okay?

GOLDIE

Sure. Yeah. Just a little nervous.

DAVID

Any second thoughts?

GOLDIE

I've rounded the bases on second thoughts and I'm back home again. I'm good. This is good.

DAVID

(asking for himself)

How do you know? How can you be so sure you're ready to have a kid?

GOLDIE

Last time I got pregnant was in a Rite-Aid bathroom. Had to borrow twenty-five cents to get into the stall.

DAVID

Almost as romantic as this place.

They share a small laugh.

GOLDIE

Wasn't ready at all. But Shania is the best thing that's ever happened to me. Used to think she was what was stopping my dreams from coming true but she's the key to all of them. I wouldn't have had the courage to leave my life now without her. You gotta do <u>better</u> when you're someone's parent, you just got no other choice.

As these words sink in:

DAVID

Anyone ever tell you you're wise?

GOLDIE

Not 'til right now.

And they share a sweet look, bond forming, as the DOCTOR proffers the anaesthesia:

DAVID

Ready?

GOLDIE

Yeah, this time I am.

She nods and the mask descends. A NURSE ENTERS, interrupting:

NURSE

Excuse me? Someone is here for you. Claims not to be your nana.

Off Goldie's WTF look, we:

INT. EXPANDING FAMILIES -- WAITING ROOM -- SAME

Bryan and Shania are there, as is Jane. She paces like a caged tiger until David and Goldie ENTER. As she spies her grandmother:

GOLDIE

How...? How'd you find me?

JANE

Been hot on your trail for days. Your daughter led me straight to you --

INT. SMALL HOUSE -- FLASHBACK

Tabitha helps Jane on their out-of-date computer, open to a Twitter page as Clay listens to Manheim Steamroller in BG as he loiters on the couch, sucking on a beer.

TABITHA

They're in Venice Beach, California. Twitter stamped their location.

JANE

(impressed)

You people are so darned good with computers. And thank you for helping build the railroads...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. EXPANDING FAMILIES -- WAITING ROOM -- SAME

TANE

But who cares how? There is a giant, homosexual elephant in the room!

(to Goldie, pointing at Bryan)

Is it true what this lady told me?

DAVID

Listen, I know it's a lot to digest but my partner and I aren't able to have a child the traditional way and your daughter --

GOLDIE

JANE

Granddaughter.

Quiet!

DAVID (CONT'D)

She wants to carry ours for us.

JANE

(to Goldie)

What is wrong with you? You're out of my house three days and these fairies already got you in their cult?! You've lost your damned mind!

GOLDIE

I'm thinking clearly for the first time.

JANE

Goldie, what you're doing, helping these salami smokers -- its just wrong.

DAVID

BRYAN

Hey!

Oo, good one, that's new.

JANE (CONT'D)

It's not normal!

GOLDIE

The baby I want to carry for David and Bryan will have two loving parents who desperately want a child. Who are you to say that's not normal?

JANE

I know it's not because I <u>lived</u> it! (then)

Your grandpa had a friend who worked for him at the pet store for many years. Leon.

GOLDIE

Uncle Leon with all the puffy hair?

Bryan nods to David, get it? As it dawns on David:

JANE

Never did like going into that store. Told myself it was cause the stink of rabbit pee made my eyes burn, but that wasn't the only reason.

(then)

Shoulda seen the signs. Leon gave every hamster some queer name from a Broadway musical. It was always, "Look at Perchik running on the wheel" or "Uh-oh, Rum Tum Tugger just chewed off Auntie Mame's tail."

(then)

I looked the other way a lot. Made up little excuses for strange behavior. But, one day, my old Chrysler leaked oil all over the driveway. Went down to the store to grab a sack of kitty litter to soak it up, you know. Walked in on them in the back. I saw them <u>together</u>. Can't un-see something like that. Burned my eyes worse than rabbit piss ever could.

GOLDIE

Oh, Nana --

JANE

Your grandpa said sorry a hundred times. Cried and cried as Leon stood there with his private parts dangling for all the parakeets to laugh at. Admitted he'd been doing it for years, the whole time we were married. Said he couldn't help himself. This man never loved <u>me</u>! The man loved a man!

DAVID

(empathetic)

So what did you do?

JANE

Nothing. I stayed with him twenty more years, I'm a good Christian woman.

(then, vulnerable)

So, please, Goldie, I can't take one more crazy thing. I am begging you. Take your daughter and go get back in the car.

A beat here as we wonder what Goldie will do. She looks at Shania who nods small encouragement to her mom.

GOLDIE

I'm sorry, Nana. We're staying. I need to help these guys. And myself.

Goldie heads back in the direction of the room. David follows.

Jane is alone with Bryan and Shania. A long beat, then --

BRYAN

(offering pack to Jane)

You need a smoke, sweetie?

Jane takes the pack and his Hermes lighter and walks outside as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRYAN AND DAVID'S HOUSE -- DAY -- PRESENT

CHYRON: TEN DAYS LATER

Bryan. Behind a desk. LAPTOP COMPUTER CAMERA'S POV:

BRYAN (TO CAMERA)

Okay, we're here, waiting to find out if we made you! Are you nervous? Because I am dying! I'm so excited, I haven't eaten in two days.

(boasting, to camera)
(MORE)

BRYAN (TO CAMERA)

Thanks to you, I'm wearing my skinny jeans!

As Bryan TURNS THE COMPUTER:

CAMERA PANS the room, catches Shania on his couch with her shoes on, playing with her phone. CAMERA FINDS David. He's waiting outside the bathroom, impatient, nervous.

DAVID

(to Goldie, behind the door) What does it say? Remember: one line, not pregnant. Two lines pregnant.

GOLDIE (O.S.)

I just went...

BRYAN (O.S.)

Say something to the baby, Daddy David!

DAVID (TO CAMERA)

Please! We don't know anything yet!

As Goldie comes out of the bathroom, clutching a pregnancy pee stick, nervous. CAMERA BLINKS as Bryan introduces Goldie to the VIDEO-BLOG:

BRYAN (O.S.)

And that's the lady who made you possible. In fact, she <u>made</u> you. Without Goldie, there wouldn't be a <u>you</u>.

GOLDIE

(re: pee stick)

This is the longest three minutes of my life!

BRYAN

Wait, wait, omigod, now is the perfect time for the thing!

He looks to Shania, it's time. She excitedly hands a tell-tale black Barneys box to Goldie.

She's surprised, is this for her? The boys both nod encouragement. She sets the pee stick down, opens the box. Pulls out a lawyerly business suit, just like the one she described to Shania earlier. Goldie looks up, stunned and emotional. Why...?

SHANIA

It's your lawyer suit. I helped pick it.

BRYAN

And then I re-picked it with far fewer feathers and bangles.

DAVID

We want to help make your dreams come true.

BRYAN

Cause you're going to help us with ours.

GOLDIE

But... what if it doesn't work? What if that stick says I'm not pregnant?

DAVID

Who cares what it says. We know we want to do this with you.

(off Goldie's look, why?)
This whole thing only started feeling
real after we met you. You... gave us...
you gave me... hope. Now I know I'm going
to be a dad. It's just a question of
when.

Bryan squeezes David, loves this. Goldie is unused to people believing in her, shows it.

BRYAN

Sweetie, have a little faith in yourself. If I gave up every time I didn't create a hit, I wouldn't have all this.

Goldie looks at her excited daughter then back to the boys. She nods as she digests the reality of their faith. Then, with that out of the way:

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Now, what the hell does the stick <u>say</u>?
Tell me! Omigod, <u>no</u>, <u>don't</u> tell me! Yes!
Tell me! Tell me <u>right now</u>!

And Goldie looks down at the pregnancy stick.

Though we don't actually see the results of the test: what we do see is her eyes, shining oh-so-positively, as we:

END PILOT