

INT. BECKETT'S HOUSE -- MEDIA ROOM -- DAY

A cavernous cold McMansion built with hedge fund money. Patrick and Cassie cuddle on a couch while Beckett lights up a joint, takes a drag and blows a smoke ring in their direction. Cassie immediately waves the smoke away.

START

CASSIE  
Are you insane?

BECKETT  
What's the big deal? You're not keeping it.

CASSIE  
But somebody is.

BECKETT  
No offense, but I've never heard of a girl who didn't know she was pregnant for *five months*.

CASSIE  
My bulimia messed with my cycle -- I hadn't had a normal period in a year and a half. Why don't you just come out and say it, Beckett? You think I hid this on purpose.

PATRICK  
Stop fighting. We need to be a team. This plan is gonna work.

"20/20"

~~BECKETT  
This plan is nuts.~~

~~PATRICK  
We have everything we need here -- privacy...good towels...~~

~~BECKETT  
(to Cassie)  
You should just tell your father you're eight months pruggers and deal with the inevitable black eye.~~

~~PATRICK  
He's old school, he'll make her keep the baby and then what? Our lives are ruined.~~

Patrick grabs some pamphlets out of his gym bag.

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PATRICK (CONT'D)

I got these over at that Planned Parenthood office -- it's a list of all of the "safe drop off" locations. No questions asked.

CASSIE

What about the delivery?

PATRICK

(pulls out a notebook)

Took care of that, too. I told my dad last week I wanted to use the act of delivering a baby as a metaphor for graduating from high school for my Yale essay.

INT. BOB'S OFFICE -- FLASHBACK

Bob looks directly into the camera and holds up a plastic model of a woman's special parts.

BOB

This is a vagina. I know it seems small, but you'd be shocked at how elastic it is.

A nervous overwhelmed Patrick dutifully takes notes.

PATRICK

What kind of equipment do you need?

BOB

We use all kinds of toys to help the process along -- epidurals, heart monitors -- but you don't really need anything but these.

He holds up his strong masculine hands. Patrick is relieved.

BOB (CONT'D)

Here's the basics -- gently place your hands on the baby's head when it crowns, guide it out. Skin to skin contact is vital...makes the newborn feel safe.

INT. BECKETT'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

BECKETT

There is no way in *hell* you're going to be able to do that. What if she starts to bleed out?

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Cassie starts crying.

PATRICK

It's gonna be okay. Trust me.

CASSIE

It's not just the birth I'm afraid of, Patrick. It's different for me, I can feel him inside. How can I just give him up?

PATRICK

Do you love me...my potential? Do you love your own?

She hesitates, but then nods. Softly --

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Then there's your answer.

— STOP

~~EXT. CONNECTICUT COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY~~

~~A stunning late October day. Sunshine dapples through a canopy of gold and scarlet leaves. PANNING down to find Bob's Prius, driving down a backwoods road.~~

~~INT. SMALL HOUSE -- DAY~~

~~TIGHT ON A KNIFE...surgically, with great care, slicing into orange flesh. PULL BACK to reveal Christina, carving an intricate jack-o'-lantern while following a pattern in *Martha Stewart Living*. Mario blankly watches a Mets game.~~

~~CHRISTINA~~

~~I despise Martha Stewart. Pre Martha, you could carve a simple pumpkin, and no one would judge you. Shit, I broke a nail.~~

~~MARIO~~

~~Don't knock yourself out, babe. No one's gonna see it but us. The kids aren't coming over this year.~~

~~Christina looks at Mario with concern. There is the sound of a CAR crunching down the isolated road to their house.~~

~~EXT. MARIO AND CHRISTINA'S HOUSE -- SIMULTANEOUS~~

~~Bob checks this address. His POV: the house is small, cabin-like. Inside, Mario and Christina watch at the window.~~

~~MARIO~~

~~What the hell is he doing here?~~

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She falls into his arms. He strokes her hair. His eyes fill with tears she cannot see.

BOB (CONT'D)

I would never cheat on you, Elizabeth. That is never going to happen. I love you. So much it almost kills me.

Elizabeth is overcome by relief. But in her eyes, we can tell she isn't 100 percent convinced. Suddenly, Bob's BEEPER goes off. ~~There's an emergency~~

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD -- NIGHT

Patrick, Beckett and the rest of the team are running drills under bright lights when Beckett notices Cassie standing by the bleachers. He nudges Patrick who looks to see Cassie calling him over. Patrick runs out of line and goes to her.

START -

PATRICK

What's wrong?

CASSIE

I think it's coming.

PATRICK

(worried)

Did your water break? Are you having contractions?

CASSIE

No. I'm feeling little ones, though.

PATRICK

It's just those Braxton Hicks we were reading about. Relax.

Suddenly, she flinches, then grins. ANGLE: Cassie puts Patrick's hand on her belly. His eyes grow wide, as if he just felt a miracle. He did. Their baby is kicking.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Is that him?

Both of them are emotional.

CASSIE

Patrick? What if we had a life different from what we imagined? Would that be so awful?

- STOP  
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Beckett runs over in time to notice the intimate moment. His judgmental stare makes Patrick pull his hand away.

BECKETT  
Scrimmage is starting.

PATRICK  
(to Cassie)  
I'll call you later.

They share a smile and he and Beckett run off.

BECKETT  
What was that?

PATRICK  
What?

BECKETT  
Don't give me that shit, proud papa  
-- no way in hell you're keeping  
that little bastard.

PATRICK  
And what would be the big deal if I  
did? So I go to UConn so I can be  
closer to home. I love her.

COACH  
Fitzpayne! Bramley! Stop jerking  
each other off and line up!

The team takes positions. Beckett and Patrick, at center, hunch down across from each other to face off. The coach releases the ball between them and Beckett explodes forward, violently tackling Patrick.

BECKETT  
(on top of Patrick)  
You will not throw away our future.

Patrick shoves him off. The coach grabs Beckett, who shakes him off and storms off the field. Off Patrick, who watches his exit with quiet concern --

INT. OLIVER'S ROOM -- NIGHT

QUICK CUTS: Oliver's computer ritual. His tiny finger locks the door, the computer is turned on, [www.teenheat.com](http://www.teenheat.com) is typed into the search engine.

Oliver goes right to the chat room -- Tatiana's online.

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