

WILLIAM
12.

HEATHER

He's ten. And he's a freak. It would be social suicide.

Oliver watches silently as they talk. He can't hear what they're saying, but he's hopeful. Finally, Patrick returns.

PATRICK

She has a boyfriend.

Oliver sighs, then hands Patrick his homework. They begin into class. Patrick sweetly puts his arm around his brother.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Don't worry, squirt -- we'll find you somebody.

INT. BOB'S OB/GYN OFFICE -- DAY

A generous BLOB of KY Jelly is squeezed on a woman's hugely pregnant belly. Bob, now in his white lab coat with DR. BOB FITZPAYNE embroidered on it, finishes lubing up his patient's abdomen and grabs his ultrasound wand. The stomach belongs to CONNIE WANG -- in her late-thirties and meticulously put together. So is WILLIAM, her husband who stands behind her.

START —

WILLIAM

Where is Dr. Fitzpayne?

BOB

For the record, I'm Dr. Fitzpayne, too. My father had an emergency, he asked me to fill in.

CONNIE

(quickly)

No problem, ~~I'm sorry I can't help you~~
~~with you~~

William all but rolls his eyes at how instantly his wife is besotted, Bob can only smile. As Bob checks their file --

BOB

The baby's gender isn't in here.

CONNIE

We don't know it yet. Scotch said it's always turned the wrong way.

Bob starts the ultrasound. The almost fully formed baby appears on the black and white screen.

BOB

So it is. Someone is a little shy.

"PRETTY HANDSOME"

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WILLIAM
Or terrified.

CONNIE
I've been trying to give him a son
for eight years.

WILLIAM
Four girls. In my family, not
having a son is a sign of weakness.

~~CONNIE
Or a bad daughter.~~

BOB
Has Scotch ever tried the "Bob
method?"

William and Connie look at each other. Bob grins devilishly
as he rolls his stool over to a side table and pulls an iPod
and headphones out of the drawer. He wheels back.

~~BOB (CONT'D)
Hold the headphones against your
wife's abdomen and press play.~~

The Wangs are dubious, but they give it a try. Springsteen's
"Born in the U.S.A." begins to play. Bob finds the baby
again with the ultrasound wand and checks the screen. The
baby suddenly ROTATES towards the music.

~~BOB (CONT'D)
Some people think that the fetus is
responding to the drumbeat, but I
like to think that all babies just
love The Boss.~~

He freezes the image, points to an image on the screen.

~~BOB (CONT'D)
That Mr. and Mrs. Wang, is a penis.~~

Bob smiles proudly as an overjoyed Mr. and Mrs. Wang hug.

EXT. OFFICE -- DAY (LATER)

The FITZPAYNE AND FITZPAYNE -- OB/GYN doors SWING OPEN and a
pair of Gucci loafers stride confidently into the lobby.
REVEAL DR. SCOTT "SCOTCH" FITZPAYNE -- Bob's father. Scotch
nods a sexy hello to ladies in the waiting room and heads to
the reception desk where REGINA, the firm's black, forty-year
old receptionist and an angry Bob are waiting.

— STOP

2/7

He types -- "Sorry I'm late." Tatiana sends a smiley faced emoticon with its tongue out -- "I started without you."

Oliver is overwhelmed. Tatiana continues: "Why don't we meet up somewhere private?"

Oliver takes a beat: "Can't. Homework." He regrets the entry as soon as he sends it. She sends an emoticon with a grin -- "Not tonight, silly boy. Thursday. Do you know the Crescent Motel? It's on Ledge over by the highway. I stole my dad's credit card -- no one will bug us there. We can party."

Oliver doesn't know what to say. He's compelled...drawn in by the promise of someone seeing him as more than just a pubeless freak. He types -- "Thursday is Halloween." Tatiana responds -- "Were you planning on going trick or treating?" That's enough to send Oliver over the edge.

He types: "I'll be there at eight."

INT. HOSPITAL -- OR -- NIGHT

Bob gloves up. A table of instruments is wheeled over to the prepped abdomen of CONNIE WANG. The OR is abuzz with activity in preparation for Connie's emergency C-Section. William compulsively strokes his wife's hair. Re: the baby --

WILLIAM

Is he going to be all right?
Where's Dr. Fitzguyne?

BOB

My father and I were both paged, I
just happened to get here first.

CONNIE

I don't understand -- I had all of
my girls vaginally.

BOB

When I checked your cervix I felt a
foot. The baby is breached.

(off their concern)

He's going to be fine. You know
boys -- they're troublemakers.

They smile. He's not their doctor, but they've liked him ever since he gave them the good news about having a son. Bob gets a nod from the anesthesiologist. A NURSE hands Bob a scalpel but just as he's about to make the first incision, Scotch strolls in like he's walking into the country club.

SCOTCH

Look up your daughters and your
liquor, the doctor is in.

Everybody laughs. He goes to Connie.

SCOTCH (CONT'D)

A breach, huh?

Connie nods. He puts his calming hand on William's shoulder
before he's gloved up. He then gets in position to operate.
Scotch takes the scalpel without asking and begins to cut.

BOB

I had this, Dad.

SCOTCH

I was four shots back with two to
play against that prick Feldman.
That page saved me four hundred
bucks -- and you know how they are
about collecting.

Bob can't believe he's related to this man. Sotto voce --

BOB

Have you told mom?

SCOTCH

About the Jews?

BOB

About Regina. Because if you don't,
I will.

SCOTCH

Suction.

(then)

Mr. Honesty all of the sudden.

BOB

What's that supposed to mean?

SCOTCH

If a fly farts in my office, I know
about it. Which is why you're going
to cancel your little clandestine
surgery with that shemale.

BOB

He's a human being, dad.

SCOTCH

She's bad for business. Sponge.

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Bob soaks up some blood. Scotch takes a beat, then --

SCOTCH (CONT'D)

Here's the story, Bobby -- I don't love your mother, I haven't for years -- but I do love Regina. You have no idea what it's like to be married to someone who refuses to accept you for who you are. Regina sees me. I've slept in the same bed with your mother for four decades and I don't think she knows what my favorite flavor of ice cream is.

BOB

You're lactose intolerant.

SCOTCH

Then why does she buy me the same goddamn Carvel ice cream cake for my birthday every year?

Bob is stung by his father's words -- even though Elizabeth is loving, he knows exactly how his dad feels. He takes a beat, then back on track --

BOB

You tell Mom tonight, Dad. It's not right to keep a secret like that from someone who loves you, trusts you.

(voice breaking)

It's not right, goddamnit.

Scotch looks at his son, shocked by his unusual show of emotion. But before he can respond --

START —

SCOTCH

She's out!

WILLIAM

You mean "he."

SCOTCH

No, most definitely a she.

Scotch immediately goes to work on the baby. SLO MO, Bob's head cocks like a dogs as he takes in the baby girl. There is no sound. He feels like he's having a nervous breakdown.

WILLIAM

(to Bob, furious)

A goddamned girl? How could you do this? Give us hope?

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You're a gynecologist -- don't you know the difference between a penis and a vagina?

BOB

It must have been a shadow. I've never misread a sonogram before.

WILLIAM

Five girls. Jesus Christ, my mother is going to kill herself.

All of the fighting has masked an eerie silence in the room. Something is missing. Connie picks up on it.

CONNIE

Why isn't the baby crying?

Bob and William look over to see Scotch cutting the umbilical cord from around the baby's neck.

SCOTCH

The cord wrapped around her throat. She's not breathing.

WILLIAM

(panicked)

Is she okay? Is she going to die?

SCOTCH
Only if you keep distracting me with questions.

Scotch tries to intubate the baby. He needs to get the fluid out of her lungs. He can't get the tube in.

BOB

Dad, let me.

SCOTCH

I've got it.

BOB

(forcefully)

Dad.

Scotch and Bob lock eyes. Scotch knows his son is the better doctor. He hands over the baby.

QUICK CUTS: with masterful precision and great concentration, Bob intubates the infant. He still can't get a pulse, so he uses his fingers to gently beat the baby's heart.

BOB (CONT'D)

Oxygen.

Scotch puts on a tiny O2 mask to breathe for her as Bob continues heart massage.

CONNIE

Please make her okay. I swear I don't care what she is, just make her okay...

— STOP

A few tense moments during which William and Connie squeeze each other's hands until their fingers turn white. Then -- the loud wail of a newborn and everyone exhales. Bob did it.

SCOTCH

(proud and respectful)

Good job, doctor.

Bob hands the wrapped baby to Connie. William -- now crying -- kneels down so they can hold their baby together. She's perfect. Bob is almost brought to tears by the sight of this happy couple who, at the end of the day, are satisfied with their healthy child -- regardless of its gender.

Bob takes a beat, then barely holding it together snaps off his gloves. He looks at his father defiantly.

BOB

I'm doing the surgery on Mario Wallace, dad.

Bob quickly exits the room.

INT. FITZPAYNE WALK-IN CLOSET -- NIGHT

Elizabeth, wearing only her bra and panties now, examines her body in a large mirror. Every angle is scrutinized. Is she still attractive? Does she still have it?

She pinches a tiny bit of back fat and sighs. Her face suddenly reads determination. She can change this. She will.

Elizabeth takes a sip of her Merlot, then begins the task at hand: finding an outfit for the upcoming Halloween party.

Casually, buzzed from her second glass of the night, Elizabeth chuckles as she finds one of Bob's old stethoscopes and slings it around her neck. Her doctors drag has begun.

Elizabeth slips into a pair of Bob's trousers, belts it at the waist. Hm. Something is missing.

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