

# **SEED**

**PILOT**

**Written by**

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01/15/2024

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## TEASER

### **INT. LIVING ROOM, EVENING**

MEERA (28, South Asian, butch, short) and CALEB (27, white, big, gay, southern) in front of PowerPoint projected on wall.

MEERA

We call it Patriot Plant.

She clicks to a slide with a coat-of-arms logo: a bald eagle clutching weed in one talon and an AK-47 in the other.

CALEB

Weed for Republicans.

Pan to ROB (28, white, beard) and LESLIE (50, Black, imposing) sitting on the couch opposite, confused.

LESLIE

You brought a projector for this?

ROB

We could've come to yours.

CALEB AND MEERA

We need Whit.

Suddenly, the front door swings open and our protagonist WHIT (28, Black, business attire) bursts into frame. Phone in left hand, keys in right, CVS bag clutched between her teeth. These are our 5 friends in New York.

MEERA

Perfect timing--

Whit peels left into the bathroom and locks door behind her.

MEERA (CONT'D)

What the hell?

CALEB

Let's just wait for her.

LESLIE

Please no. The girl has IBS. We'll be here for hours.

ROB

FaceTime!

**INT. BATHROOM, EVENING**

Whit races to sink. She's on mute with Julia, her boss.  
Declines Rob's call. Takes nausea relief pills from CVS bag.

JULIA (O.S.)  
Nobody's working. It makes me sick.

WHIT  
(gagging)  
Tell me about it.

Whit takes two pills and chugs water from the faucet.

JULIA (O.S.)  
Close one fund and everyone thinks  
they can go hogwild. It's  
irresponsible.

Whit takes a PREGNANCY TEST out of the bag.

WHIT  
Preaching to the choir.

**INT. BEDROOM, EVENING**

ROB  
(looking at rejected call)  
I always FaceTime her when I poo...

LESLIE  
(to Meera)  
Just project. The vents pick up  
everything.

ROB  
Everything?

Leslie gives him a look. Meera flips to a slide with stats.

MEERA  
Cannabis is a 50 billion dollar  
industry. But for years, it's been  
dominated by one demographic...

Flip to collage of "Democrats": hippies, skateboarders...and  
Leslie asleep with a bag of chips on her stomach.

LESLIE  
What the hell? I don't even smoke--

CALEB  
At the expense of another...

Slide flips to collage of "Republicans": soldiers, coal miners...and Rob reading Ayn Rand.

ROB  
Oh come on, I'm not a Republican.

CALEB  
Sure you aren't, sweetie.

**INT. BATHROOM, EVENING**

JULIA (O.S.)  
For Christ's sake, I found a used condom in the lactation room today.

WHIT  
Sounds like someone learned their lesson?

Whit shimmies out of her slacks and sits on the toilet.

JULIA (O.S.)  
Very funny.

WHIT  
Why were you in the lactation room?

JULIA (O.S.)  
It's time to stop fucking around.

Whit starts peeing on the test.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, DAY**

Slide shows a young Caleb on a farm.

CALEB  
Growing up in the South, I learned to fight for our freedoms.

LESLIE  
Did you now...

CALEB  
What? Too confederate-y?

MEERA  
At Patriot Plant, we believe the government should keep their hands off our gospels, off our guns, and most importantly, *off our ganga*.

ROB  
Did you say guns?

MEERA  
Grow up, Rob. Business is business.  
(pause, listening to Whit)  
Is she talking to Julia?

**INT. BATHROOM, EVENING**

JULIA (O.S.)  
Time is of the essence.

Whit clenches to get out the last of her pee. Starts a timer.

JULIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'll explain more tomorrow. In the  
meantime, send me that deck.

WHIT  
Now?

JULIA (O.S.)  
(sarcastic)  
No, take your time. In fact, can I  
get you anything?

Frazzled Whit puts pregnancy test between her teeth so she  
can type with both hands. Mutes herself. Knock at the door.

MEERA (O.S.)  
Everything okay in there?

Whit responds unintelligibly with test in her mouth.

**INT. OUTSIDE BATHROOM, EVENING**

Meera is pressed up to the door listening.

MEERA  
She's grunting.

LESLIE  
That's normal. If anything, it's  
quieter than usual.

CALEB  
Oh god, what if she's overdosing?  
(to Rob)  
Where's your Narcan?

ROB  
We don't have any Narcan.

CALEB  
(exasperated)  
And you say you're not a  
Republican.

MEERA  
She could get us a meeting with  
Julia...

**INT. BATHROOM, EVENING**

Whit frantically typing.

JULIA (O.S.)  
Am I interrupting something? Don't  
tell me you're in the lactation  
room...

**INT. OUTSIDE BATHROOM, EVENING**

MEERA  
Whit. You're missing a once-in-a-  
lifetime pitch out here.  
Generational disruptor in the  
wellness-slash-civil-liberties  
space. And queer-owned--

CALEB  
We don't care what you took, we  
just want to help.  
(off Whit grunting)  
That's it. I'm going in.

Caleb tries the doorknob but it's locked.

**INT. BATHROOM, EVENING**

Whit frantically typing. Sends email. Beat, then.

JULIA (O.S.)  
Great. See you tomorrow sunshine.

Julia hangs up. Whit sighs in semi-relief. Moment of peace.  
Then, Caleb knocks down the door. All of Whit's friends look  
at her with the pregnancy test in her mouth. She looks back  
in panic. Ringing sound in her ears. Title card: "**SEED.**"

ACT 1**INT. LIVING ROOM, EVENING**

Timer goes off. Pregnancy test on carpet in living room. Positive. All five sitting around it. Everyone staring at it except Whit, who's on her computer reviewing comments on her deck from Julia. Awkward silence. Finally...

CALEB

What happened to your IUD?

WHIT

It expired. I took it out.

CALEB

(hurt)

Without me?

ROB

(beat, then)

It's not mine is it?

WHIT

How would it possibly be yours?

ROB

That sperm I donated in college.

WHIT

Right. I went to New Haven and impregnated myself with your sperm.

ROB

I guess I'm just in denial. I always thought I'd sire your first.

WHIT

Jesus Christ.

MEERA

So who?

WHIT

(putting down computer,  
rubbing eyes)

Paul. Of the "paul out" method.

LESLIE

The old guy?

(off looks)

Watch it.

MEERA  
What ever happened to him?

WHIT  
He's circumnavigating the globe.

They all look at her, confused.

**INT. BEDROOM, FLASHBACK**

Whit having sex with PAUL (40, white). Paul panting loudly.

PAUL  
I'm going to circumnavigate the  
globe.  
(beat, then frantic)  
Paul out! Paul out!

He pulls out, comes.

**INT. KITCHEN, EVENING**

Whit now looking at a satellite phone.

WHIT  
He gave me this satellite phone...

Beat, then Whit dials number. Ringing.

**EXT. OCEAN, DAY**

Paul trying to control sailboat in a torrential storm. Phone vibrates. He goes to grab it but fumbles it overboard.

**INT. KITCHEN, EVENING**

Dial tone. Whit puts her head in her hands.

LESLIE  
What are you going to do?

MEERA  
What do you thinks she's going to  
do? She's a teen mom!

WHIT  
I'm 28.

MEERA  
*Abortion.*



CALEB  
(to Whit, gently)  
What's your mom going to say?

MEERA  
She'll never know.

Whit looks at phone background: her and her mom, who's white, at Whit's college graduation. Both a bit stoic.

WHIT  
I can't think about this right now.  
Work's crazy. Julia's riding me for  
a new deal.

MEERA  
Speaking of, did you hear our new  
pitch?

Whit gives her a look. Meera starts presentation. Eagle logo.

MEERA (CONT'D)  
We call it Patriot Plant.

WHIT  
Time for bed.

CALEB  
(ashamed)  
Weed for Republicans.

Whit goes to her bedroom and closes door behind her.

ROB  
I actually think it's a great idea.

MEERA  
(exasperated)  
Why does that make me feel worse?  
(getting up to leave)  
Caleb, projector.

Caleb bear hugs projector and follows Meera out the door.

#### **INT. SUBWAY, MORNING**

Exhausted Whit on her computer, working on packed subway. Crying baby in a stroller across from her, but when Whit looks, baby suddenly quiets. Looks away, baby starts crying again. Whit looks at baby again, quiet. Whit perks up, looks around to see if anyone else notices this.

**INT. COFFEE SHOP, DAY**

Leslie working as a barista at a trendy Bushwick café. Meera and Caleb showing her Patriot Plant products.

MEERA

It's just a few samples. We've got hard candies for the geriatrics.

(flag-colored lollipops:

"SOCIALIST SUCKERS")

Communion wafers for the Christians.

(sleeve of wafers: "PRAISE

AND BLAZE")

And a dry rub for barbecue.

Container of spice rub with camouflage label that reads "HERO HERB." Caleb looking at his phone, concerned.

CALEB

Has anyone heard from Whit?

LESLIE

(to Meera)

Tell me something. Does this look like your demographic?

Pan to café: septum piercings, tableside pourover, exposed brick with a neon sign that says "Exposed BRICK!"

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Those couches seat six. They're designed for polycules.

MEERA

That's the beauty of Patriot Plant. Republicans will love it earnestly. Democrats will love it ironically. And people like Rob will love it so ironically it becomes earnest.

CALEB

Speaking of, where is he?

Rob's voice comes in loudly through the vent behind Leslie.

ROB (O.S.)

I'm coming, I'm just taking a piss. And I want a soy cap. Bone dry.

Rob, Leslie, and Whit live above the coffee shop. Quiet grunting from the vent. Caleb, Meera, Leslie look horrified.

ROB (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Come on Robby, you've got this.

A plop. A sigh. A flush. Leslie looks defeated.

LESLIE  
I hear everything.

**INT. OFFICE, DAY**

Whit across from her boss JULIA (41, any race, intense) in office as Julia reviews her printed deck.

JULIA  
Don't we already do microloans in Sudan?

WHIT  
This would be South Sudan.

JULIA  
What's the difference?

WHIT  
One has microloans, the other doesn't.

JULIA  
Good girl.  
(barks out door)  
CASSIDY. WATER.

Terrified CASSIDY (26, white, androgynous) comes with water.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
I need 10 of these for the board.

Cassidy takes deck and leaves. Whit sips water.

WHIT  
What happened to Margaret--

JULIA  
I'm pregnant.

Whit chokes on water.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
That's why I was in the lactation room yesterday. Scoping it out.

Julia looks out at office. Everyone averts their eyes.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll just do it in here. Make everyone watch.

WHIT

I thought you didn't want kids.

JULIA

It's not that I didn't want kids. I just wanted this more.

Whit looks at wall: Julia's diplomas, pictures of her with powerful people. Jamie Dimon. Mark Zuckerberg. Malala.

JULIA (CONT'D)

But then you get to the top of the mountain, and it's like, "Well that would've been more fun with a little succulent bjorned to my tits."

(Whit looks at her boobs)

They're huge, right?

(sighs)

If anything, I wish I'd done it sooner. But I seem to have a predilection for impotent men.

WHIT

So whose is it?

JULIA

Mr. Sperm Bank.

WHIT

(blanching)

Where?

JULIA

Boundaries, Whitney.

(off Whitney dejected)

What? Are you sterile or something?

Whit gets a FaceTime from her mom. Panics, dismisses. Julia gives her a weird look, then chugs her water in one go.

JULIA (CONT'D)

So here's the deal. Before I leave, I want to do another fund. Work nonstop for the next 7, 8 months. I'm talking as balls to the wall as I can without miscarrying. And then I go on maternity leave for half a year, and you take a break. Travel. Fuck. Whatever.

(MORE)

JULIA (CONT'D)

(beat)

As long as you don't get knocked  
up. Need one of us fresh.

Whit speechless. Ringing in her ears. Snaps back.

JULIA (CONT'D)

What? Was it my boobs again?

**INT. COFFEE SHOP, DAY**

Rob, Meera and Caleb sitting on the polycule couch, squeezed in with another group of three who are getting handsy. Rob journaling. Caleb on his computer googling: "*How to help a friend who won't help herself.*" Meera looking with unnecessary binoculars at the Patriot Plant display on the coffee counter. Burly guy in a trucker hat approaches.

MEERA

Here we go. Incoming.

GUY IN TRUCKER HAT

(effeminate to Leslie)

Can I get a soy cap?

MEERA

(puts down binoculars)

I hate Bushwick.

ROB

(loud to trucker hat guy)

Bone dry. You'll thank me later.

MEERA

(to Caleb)

I'm worried about you as the  
spokesperson.

CALEB

I'm worried about Whit.

MEERA

Maybe we need a man's man. Like a  
coal miner. Or a veteran.

ROB

Is it even good weed?

MEERA

Of course it's good weed.

Meera and Rob look at each other knowingly, then look at Caleb suggestively.

CALEB

Fine. But only because I need to  
calm down.

**INT. OFFICE, DAY**

Dumbfounded Whit exits Julia's office, approaches nearby  
JULIO (35, Latino, queer) at his desk.

JULIO

You must be Whitney.

WHIT

(confused)

Are you the new HR guy?

JULIO

I don't like to think of it that  
way. But sure.

WHIT

I have to talk to you about  
something private.

JULIO

Ah ah ah-- Let's go to the  
lactation room. It's soundproof.  
(whispered too loudly)  
I've been having sex in there.

He walks towards lactation room. Whit looks at him befuddled.

**INT. LACTATION ROOM, DAY**

Julio and Whit enter the lactation room to find a  
breastfeeding woman in an armchair. Standoff. Eventually,  
breastfeeding woman gives them a weird look, leaves.

JULIO

God bless you. And your child.

Whit sits in chair, him on floor. He looks at her intensely.

JULIO (CONT'D)

(gasps)

Oh my god. You're pregnant.

WHIT

What-- How did you--

JULIO

Am I the first to know?

WHIT  
I told my roommates.

JULIO  
Roommates? But you work in VC.

WHIT  
(quieter)  
I send money home.

JULIO  
(grimaces, then recovers)  
How old are you?

WHIT  
28.

JULIO  
(gasps again)  
You're a teen mom. And yet you look  
so wizened.  
(reflective)  
I suppose that's the nature of it.

WHIT  
They can't fire me for being  
pregnant, right?

JULIO  
Listen, I'm no lawyer. But my  
instinct is yes, they definitely  
can. Business is business.

Whit puts her head in her hands.

JULIO (CONT'D)  
Let me double check though. In the  
meantime, I know a great OB-GYN.  
Does everything.

Julio hands her a business card for an OB-GYN.

WHIT  
Why do you have these?

JULIO  
I told you. He does *everything*.  
(beat, then whispered)  
We fucked on the armchair.

Julio hugs her, leaves. Whit shudders on armchair, gets up.

**INT. CAFE, DAY**

Rob, Meera and Caleb at a table now, high out of their minds.  
Leslie approaches with a croissant.

LESLIE

Did you guys Doordash a croissant?  
(off them nodding abashed)  
You need to get jobs.

CALEB

I'm remote.

ROB

I'm a Task Rabbit.

MEERA

Trust fund.  
(quieter)  
But I still want to make my parents  
proud.

CALEB

(lights up with an idea)  
We should throw Whit a shower.

MEERA

She's not going to keep it.

ROB

I wouldn't be so sure.

Meera and Leslie look at him like "do you know something?"

CALEB

I didn't say a *baby* shower.

They all look at Caleb, curious.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, DAY**

Whit walks in to find friends and a banner: "~~Baby~~ We Support  
You No Matter What Shower." Caleb pops black confetti canon.  
Leslie pulls a string and reveals another line of the banner:  
"It's a ~~boy~~ complex decision!"

MEERA

The piñata's full of birth control.

ROB

We're really high.

Whit smiles. Cut to later in the party. Caleb, Meera and  
Leslie playing "Pin the Condom on Paul." A human-shaped  
target with a suction cup dildo on its groin. Caleb  
blindfolded with a condom fumbling around.



LESLIE  
 (about target, to Meera)  
 Where'd you get this?

MEERA  
 It came with the gun.  
 (off Leslie's look)  
*Kidding.*

CALEB  
 (whispering into target's  
 ear, as if to Paul)  
 You're a dead man.

Caleb rips the suction cup dildo off and starts thrashing it against the target. *"You son of a bitch."* Meera and Leslie pull him away. On other side of room, Rob and Whit are on the couch, Whit working on her computer, Rob drinking.

ROB  
 He's taking it pretty hard.

WHIT  
 He's just protective.  
 (reflective)  
 In third grade he...

WHIT (CONT'D)	ROB
Checked all my Valentines for Anthrax.	Checked all your Valentines for Anthrax.

ROB (CONT'D)  
 You told me.

WHIT  
 (looks wistfully at Caleb)  
*"Trust no man."*

ROB  
 Remember when he visited freshman  
 year? He knew my credit score.

Whit looks at Rob, smiles. Puts her computer on the table and lays in his lap. Covers herself with blanket. Rob strokes her head. Silence. Tender moment.

ROB (CONT'D)  
 (whispered)  
 You want to keep it, don't you?

WHIT  
 (beat, then)  
 I want to grow something inside me.  
 I want to know what that's like.

ROB  
You always have.  
(quieter)  
But why now?

WHIT  
I just want something bigger...

Rob stops stroking her head, a bit hurt. Then continues.

ROB  
I'll help you raise it.

WHIT  
Sweet boy.

She squeezes his cheeks, turns, yawns. Lets something slip:

WHIT (CONT'D)  
We already tried this, didn't we?

ROB  
What do you mean?

WHIT  
(beat, then pivoting)  
The ficus.

ROB  
That wasn't my fault.

WHIT  
(murmured)  
You overwatered it.

ROB  
(quiet, to himself)  
I drowned it with my love.

He looks down at her, but she's already asleep. A few seconds later, she's snoring. Everyone looks at her. Then, Meera notices she left her computer open.

MEERA  
(whispered)  
Is that her computer?

Everyone looks at Meera. She has an idea.

**END OF ACT 1**

**ACT 2****INT. LIVING ROOM, MORNING**

Whit wakes up with morning light. Sits up, steps on something: birth control pills spilling out of a beaten piñata. Sighs. Notices computer closed on table. Strange. Then goes to bathroom, finds Rob in a towel, almost done shaving. Suddenly handsome. She watches him.

WHIT  
You look nice.

ROB  
(notices her, smiles)  
Fresh start.

Whit looks confused: "what does that mean?"

**INT. CAFE, MORNING**

Leslie working. Meera spread out at the counter, in a suit, working furiously on a computer. She reaches over, unplugs the espresso machine to plug in her laptop.

LESLIE  
You have to order something.

CALEB (O.S.)  
(annoyed)  
Iced coffee. Hold the coffee.

Pan to Caleb with a black eye, glaring at Meera. Leslie hands him a cup of ice, which he puts on the wound.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, FLASHBACK**

The night before. Meera silently lunging for Whit's computer as Caleb wrestles her back. She elbows him in the eye.

**INT. CAFE, MORNING**

MEERA  
I said I was sorry.

CALEB  
And yet you wouldn't take me to  
urgent care.

MEERA

It's a black eye. Not a U.T.I.

Meera puts out fist for Leslie to bump, but Leslie just shakes her head. Caleb looks at what Meera's typing.

CALEB

You're going to get her *fired*.

MEERA

Caleb. Caleb. *Caleb*. How long have we known each other?

CALEB

Since we were freshmen.

MEERA

10 years. We've known each other 10 years. Lived in sin for 8.

LESLIE

Don't say lived in sin. That means something different.

MEERA

(to Caleb)

And in that time, have I ever, ever steered you wrong?

#### **INT. DORM ROOM, FLASHBACK**

Meera and Caleb completely naked, standing face to face in their dorm room.

MEERA

This does *nothing* for you?

CALEB

We are *gay*.

#### **INT. CAFE, MORNING**

CALEB

Yes. Countless times.

MEERA

Exactly. And you're still in one piece, aren't you?

CALEB

(to Leslie)

Is this Munchausen by proxy?

MEERA

Now we just need a veteran.

Caleb takes ice cup off eye. Looks even more grotesque, red.

MEERA (CONT'D)

And an eyepatch.

**INT. OFFICE, DAY**

Julia flipping through a new deck as exhausted Whit watches.

JULIA

These are just random deals. We  
need a theme. Something hot.

WHIT

Blockchain?

JULIA

Boring.

WHIT

Fintech?  
(off Julia like "really?")  
Sustainability?

Julia suddenly picks up trash pail and vomits.

JULIA

Please. I'm already nauseous.

Whit smells vomit, gets nauseous. Beat, then grabs trash can  
and vomits into it herself.

JULIA (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?

WHIT

Vomit makes me vomit.

JULIA

(gives her a look, then)  
CASSIDY!

Cassidy comes running in.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Take that out.

Cassidy picks up bucket, catches a whiff, vomits. Julia  
stares at her.

CASSIDY

I'm sorry.  
(quieter)  
I'm pregnant.

JULIA

Well that's great timing, isn't it.

Ashamed Cassidy walks out. Whit has a lightbulb moment.

WHIT

What about women's health?

JULIA

(looking at Cassidy)  
That's not a woman. That's a stick  
insect.

WHIT

I mean for the fund.  
(off Julia's interest)  
Good optics. Social impact.

JULIA

Fuck the impact. It's a goddamn  
goldmine. Women are always sick.

WHIT

You sound like an incel.

JULIA

And I fight like one too.  
(spinning in her chair)  
I like this.

Whit gets a FaceTime from her mom. Ignores it.

# **INT. CAFE, DAY**

Crude "VETERANS WANTED, Stock Options Available!" sign hung  
in window. Meera at counter, watching it with binoculars.  
Caleb with his head in his hands, wearing an eye patch.

LESLIE

(looking at sign)  
Now it looks like we're hiring  
veterans.

MEERA

God forbid. There's something wrong  
with this generation.

CALEB  
You sound like Rob.

They all look at vent, but no sound.

MEERA  
He's probably rabbiting.

Meanwhile, VETERAN (37, any race, mesh baby tee, choker necklace) looks at sign, enters. Meera looks confused.

VETERAN  
I saw the sign out front?

MEERA  
You're a veteran?

VETERAN  
2 tours in Iraq.

Meera looks at his choker: "CUM SLUT"

MEERA  
(beat, then)  
Did it fuck you up or something?

CALEB  
*Meera.*

MEERA  
What? It's not everyday someone goes from Fallujah to fellatio.

Meera puts out fist for Leslie to bump.

LESLIE  
You've got problems.

VETERAN  
I wear my dog tags down here.

Veteran is wearing his dog tags like belly beads, tags tucked into crotch of lowrise jeans. He pulls them out. Meera looks at him, thinking, until she has an idea.

MEERA  
We can make this work.

She takes eyepatch off Caleb ("Hey!") and puts it on Veteran.

MEERA (CONT'D)  
Now we're cooking with gas.  
(to Caleb)  
Back to Party City.

Takes Veteran's hand and leaves. Caleb reluctantly follows.

**INT. OFFICE, DAY**

Julia pacing around excitedly, writing on whiteboard wall.

JULIA  
We'll do it all. Pregnancy.  
Menstruation. Anxiety.

WHIT  
Men have anxiety too.

JULIA  
Please. About what?  
(man's voice)  
Dick no big! Dick no hard!  
(keeps writing)  
Birth control. Menopause.

WHIT  
Abortion?

JULIA  
*No politics.*

Out of the corner of her eye Whit sees Cassidy leading Meera, Caleb (bearhugging projector) and Veteran (in combat costume) to a seating area. Julia gets a calendar "ding!"

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Speaking of, what's this pitch you  
put on my calendar? "Weed for  
Republicans."

WHIT  
(panicked)  
Ignore that.

JULIA  
Well now I'm interested.

WHIT  
Give me a second.

Whit rushes out. Cut to seating area: Meera applying makeup to conceal Caleb's black eye. Whit confronts them.

WHIT (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?

MEERA  
We can explain--



CALEB  
I tried to stop her, Whit.  
(whispered, towards Meera)  
But I'm worried she has a gun.

VETERAN  
Relax. I have a license.

They all look at Veteran like "what?"

WHIT  
Who the fuck is this?

VETERAN  
(putting out hand)  
Dakota. COO.

WHIT  
(exasperated, to Meera)  
It's a women's health fund.

MEERA  
A what?

WHIT  
She's only looking at women's  
health startups.

MEERA  
(long beat, then)  
I can fix this.

Meera opens computer, works frantically. Whit slams it shut.

MEERA (CONT'D)  
Whit. Please. I need this.  
(quieter)  
My parents are cutting me off.

CALEB  
They are?

Whit looks over her shoulder. Julia's already headed to the conference room. Whit's phone buzzes: another FaceTime from her mom. Declines. Ringing sound in her ears. Overwhelmed.

WHIT  
I've got to get out of here.

Whit leaves. Resolved Meera turns to Caleb and Veteran.

MEERA  
Here's what we're going to do...

Whit races out past Julio, who "psst's" at her until she comes back. He's reading off a notepad.

JULIO

I talked to a lawyer. They can't  
fire you for being pregnant, but  
they can fire you for being Black.  
(doubletaking at notepad)  
Wait, that can't be right...

Whit shakes her head, rushes out.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, DAY**

Julia looking at watch when Meera, Caleb and Veteran finally come into conference room. Veteran still wearing eye patch, but back in mesh now with choker. Caleb wearing too-small combat costume. Caleb plugs in projector as Meera clears throats and shakes off nerves. Once everyone is settled...

MEERA

We call it Pregnancy Plant.

Click to slide with logo: a stork clutching a baby in one hand and weed in another.

CALEB

CBD-infused prenatal vitamins.

VETERAN

My stoner mom forgot to take her  
supplements. That's why I was born  
without an eye.

CALEB

And I'm from the South.

JULIA

(long silence, then)  
How about this. You leave right now  
and we pretend this never happened.

MEERA

Is that your best offer?

Julia gives them a look like "get out right now."

**INT. BACK OF CAR, DAY**

Whit in the back of a car. Looks at missed calls from her mom. Deep breath, then FaceTimes her back. WHIT'S MOM (68, White, southern) appears on the screen, too close to camera.

WHIT'S MOM  
There's my baby girl.

WHIT  
Hi mama.

WHIT'S MOM  
Are you in a limo?

WHIT  
Just an Uber.

WHIT'S MOM  
Fancy lady.

WHIT  
How are you doing?

WHIT'S MOM  
I'm doing good. Rick just did a great reading of Leviticus.

WHIT  
God bless him.

WHIT'S MOM  
He's got this great idea to build a solarium. For the rectory.

WHIT  
Solarium?

WHIT'S MOM  
You know, a sunroom. Big windows. Lots of light. But money's tight.

Long, awkward silence.

WHIT  
Mama.

WHIT'S MOM  
What?

WHIT  
You're not seriously thinking of giving him more money, are you?

WHIT'S MOM  
You don't understand, Whitney. The man's not getting enough Vitamin D. A solarium could save his life.

WHIT

A Vitamin D deficiency isn't fatal.  
They make a pill for it.

WHIT'S MOM

Oh please. You think they sell the  
light of God at CVS? Where? Next to  
the birth control?

WHIT

(quieter)

You're barely making rent, mama.

WHIT'S MOM

I know, it's just-- You know how  
much the church has done for me.  
For us.

(off Whit's silence)

But you're right. I'm sorry. You  
know how I get swept up in things.

Silence as they both consider this.

WHIT

I just want you to be happy, mama.

WHIT'S MOM

I'm only happy when you're home.  
Why don't you come home.

WHIT

Things are crazy here.

WHIT'S MOM

You work too hard. You've always  
worked too hard.

WHIT

I should go, mama.

WHIT'S MOM

I love you baby.

WHIT

I love you too.

Whit hangs up. Takes deep breaths so she doesn't cry.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, DAY**

Whit barges in to find Rob making out with a GIRL (27, any  
race, pretty) on the couch. He looks up.

ROB

Whit--

WHIT

So that's why you shaved.

ROB

Whit, Sophie. Sophie, Whit. Whit, college. Sophie, high school--

WHIT

I can't have a baby.

Girl looks at Rob.

ROB

Don't worry. It's not mine.

(to Whit)

It's definitely not mine, right?

WHIT

I don't want to end up like my mom.

(quieter)

Like my *moms*.

ROB

I thought you wanted something bigger.

WHIT

I do, I just--

(tearing up again)

I don't want to fuck it up.

Rob looks at her, unsure of how to help. She wipes her eyes.

WHIT (CONT'D)

I need to see an OB-GYN.

ROB

Okay...

(turning to girl)

Do you happen to know of any OB-GYN's--

WHIT

I know someone.

(beat)

He closes at 6.

Rob looks at her. Nods.

**END OF ACT 2**

**ACT 3****INT. OB-GYN WAITING ROOM, EVENING**

Rob, Caleb, Meera, Whit sitting with other patients.

WHIT  
(to Caleb)  
Thank you for coming.

CALEB  
My purpose in life is to take care  
of you. And Meera. But mostly you.

Whit smiles at him. Meera leans over to a pregnant woman.

MEERA  
Would you be into, like, a prenatal  
barbecue rub?

Nurse comes into waiting room.

NURSE  
Whitney Carter?

Whit gets up. Deep breath.

**INT. OB-GYN CONSULT ROOM, EVENING**

Nurse leads Whit into consult room where Julio is waiting.

JULIO  
Surprise!

Julio gives Whit a big hug.

WHIT  
What are you doing here?

JULIO  
I'm training to be a doula!

WHIT  
A doula?

JULIO  
I just wanted something bigger, you  
know?  
(off Whit dumbstruck)  
Don't tell Julia.

A woman GYNECOLOGIST (45, any race, maternal) comes in.

GYNECOLOGIST  
Hi Whitney. I'm Dr. Cottle.

JULIO  
(whispered)  
If that's the gynecologist, then  
who did I fuck?  
(beat, then laughs)  
I'm just kidding. The one I fucked  
comes on Tuesdays.

GYNECOLOGIST  
(to Whit)  
Have a seat.

Whit sits on doctor's chair.

GYNECOLOGIST (CONT'D)  
Why don't you tell us why you came  
in today?

WHIT  
I think I'm pregnant.

JULIO  
Don't be modest. You're a thousand  
percent pregnant.  
(off looks)  
Just look at her. She's *radiant*.

GYNECOLOGIST  
Let's take a test to make sure.

Whit nods, nervous.

**INT. OB-GYN BATHROOM, EVENING**

Whit peeing in a cup. Overhears Meera pitching to mothers.

MEERA (O.S.)  
I invented the diva cup *years ago*.  
And *mine* was microwave safe.

Whit gets a call from Julia but she declines it.

**INT. OB-GYN CONSULT ROOM, EVENING**

Whit, Julio and Gynecologist looking at positive test.

JULIO

Told you.

WHIT

I don't know what I want to do yet.

(quieter)

I had an abortion.

**INT. OB-GYN WAITING ROOM, EVENING**

Shot of Rob reading People magazine.

WHIT (O.S.)

A couple years ago. I didn't tell anyone.

**INT. OB-GYN CONSULT ROOM, EVENING**

Whit rubs her eyes.

JULIO

Should I write that down?

(off looks)

You know what, I'll remember.

Gynecologist smiles gently at Whit.

GYNECOLOGIST

We're not going to do an ultrasound. But based on the date of conception, it sounds like you're about 6 to 7 weeks pregnant.

(off Whit's nod)

Which means you have plenty of time to make a decision. Up to 11 weeks, you can get a medication abortion. And up to 24 weeks, you can get a procedural abortion in New York.

JULIO

Amen. God Bless Cuomo.

(off looks)

What? Someone's got to stand up for him.

GYNECOLOGIST

In the meantime, we're here for you. Whatever you decide.

Gynecologist smiles. Whit smiles. Tender moment.



JULIO  
(lights up with an idea)  
Do you want to see the pictures of  
what it'll look like each month?  
They're *disgusting*.

Whit exhales, exhausted.

**INT. SUBWAY, EVENING**

Rob, Caleb, Meera, and Whit on packed subway. Meera on Caleb's lap to save space. Another baby crying. Whit avoids eye contact. Avoids eye contact. Avoids eye contact. Then finally looks and baby quiets. How strange. Whit puts her head on Rob's shoulder, exhausted.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, EVENING**

Rob, Caleb, Meera and Whit come into apartment. Whit beelines for the bathroom.

CALEB  
You okay?

WHIT  
I just need to shit.

Whit shuts the door behind her.

MEERA  
Forget the gyno. The girl needs a  
gastro.

She puts out a fist to no one in particular. Looks around.

MEERA (CONT'D)  
Where's Leslie?

**INT. BATHROOM, EVENING**

Whit drops pants, gets on toilet, diarrhea. Starts crying softly. A voice responds from the vent.

LESLIE  
You okay, baby girl?

**INT. CAFE, EVENING**

Leslie closing up in the cafe. She's talking into the vent.

## INTERCUT LESLIE / WHIT

WHIT

I'm sorry.

LESLIE

Been there.

Whit uses a bidet. Starts to wipe.

WHIT

How can I have a kid? I can barely  
take care of myself.

LESLIE

You'd figure it out. You're smart.  
And you've got good people.

WHIT

(beat, registering)  
Did you ever think about it?

LESLIE

I did. But I got caught up in my  
career.

WHIT

Your career?

LESLIE

It's not important.  
(beat, off Whit's silence)  
I was a day trader. Credit Suisse.  
25 years.

Long beat as Whit processes this.

WHIT

But you have roommates. You work at  
the café...

LESLIE

I own the whole building. I just  
get lonely.  
(looking at "Exposed  
BRICK!" sign)  
And I like being around young  
people.

Whit flushes, stunned.

WHIT

You're our *landlord*?

LESLIE  
Don't be weird about it. You're  
getting a great deal.  
(shushing her)  
And don't tell the others.

Whit lowers herself off the toilet, stunned. Lies on bathroom floor, exhausted. Tiles help cool her down.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
Life's weird, isn't it?

Whit drapes arm over her face to block the light.

LESLIE (CONT'D)  
Just relax, baby girl. Everything's  
going to work out for you. You just  
have to follow your gut.

WHIT  
(murmured)  
Thanks Les.

LESLIE  
I'll come up in a bit, okay?

But Whit has already drifted to sleep. Sound of Leslie cleaning in the cafe. Whit snoring. Cut to later. Totally dark. A call from Julia. Whit startles awake, answers.

JULIA  
Finally. Did you get the Amber  
Alert?

WHIT  
I'm sorry.

JULIA  
Exciting day here.

WHIT  
Listen, about my friends--

JULIA (O.S.)  
The board loves women's health.

WHIT  
They do?

JULIA  
For the fund at least. Listen, I  
need you by my side on this. Balls  
to the wall for 7 months.

WHIT  
(beat, then)  
And then we take a break?

JULIA  
And then we take a break.

Whit sighs. She can't see anything but her phone in the dark.

WHIT  
Okay. Okay.

JULIA  
Good girl.

Julia hangs up. Whit takes a deep breath.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, NIGHT**

Whit emerges to find Rob, Meera, and Caleb asleep in the living room. She clears her throat. They startle awake.

WHIT  
For the record, I don't take that  
long to shit.

MEERA  
Sure you don't.

CALEB  
Feeling any better?

She nods. Long silence as she looks at them. Deep breath.

WHIT  
I'm going to keep it.  
(quieter)  
I'm going to keep it.

Whit nods, resolute, keeping herself from crying. Caleb gets up to hug her. Rob and Meera join. Group hug. Leslie comes in the front door to find group hug. Looks at Whit, smiles sympathetically. Whit smiles back.

**END OF PILOT**