

Inconceivable - NBC

MARISSA

I've thought it all out. I can cut back, get rid of cable, stop getting highlights, my bedroom becomes his nursery. I'll sleep on a pull-out sofa in the living room - it's a little Mary Tyler Moore, but who cares -- I already looked into day care --

RACHEL

Marissa, you can't be serious.

MARISSA

I am, Rachel. I put this packet together so you could write me a letter of recommendation. I figured you being a lawyer --

RACHEL

Do you have any idea of what kind of commitment you're talking about?

MARISSA

I haven't slept for two days.

RACHEL

You adopt that child, you're not sleeping for the next eighteen years. I understand how much you feel for this baby, but this is not a good idea --

MARISSA

Rachel, I didn't come in here to ask your permission. I just want the letter.

SCENE 12

INT. MALCOLM'S LIVING ROOM. HOLLYWOOD HILLS. NIGHT.

WINE POURS into a goblet. Patrice studies the city lights below. This isn't her first glass. A DOOR OPENS O.S.: An exhausted Malcolm enters. Freezes. Surprised to see her.

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STREET

PATRICE

Hi. I let myself in.
(turns back to the view)
What was the name of the actress who threw herself off the Hollywood sign? Back in the '30s... '40s...?

MALCOLM

I don't know. "Splat"?

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PATRICE

I'm serious, Malcolm. She had a name. She was a person.

MALCOLM

What's your point?

PATRICE

You used to have a book about old Hollywood. It was on this table.

MALCOLM

I'll leave a note for the maid to find it. I don't think I'm up for company tonight. I need some sleep.

PATRICE

I need an answer. What happened? Somewhere between breakfast and lunch you decided it was time to move on. And notified me while I was standing in the lingerie department.

MALCOLM

The clinic's under siege at the moment. Wouldn't hurt if we cooled off for a bit.

PATRICE

This isn't cooling off, Malcolm. This is being dumped. Sorry. It's a new experience for me. I'm usually the one standing over there.

(facing him squarely)

What happened?

MALCOLM

Patrice, you knew what this was. We wanted to have some fun and we did.

PATRICE

Yeah, we did. But this time it felt different.

MALCOLM

(gentle, but firm)

Not for me. Everything's got an expiration date.

This hurts Patrice much more than she's willing to let on. She rises, grabs her purse, trying to hold her dignity intact.

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PATRICE

So. Are you going to have a hard time still working together?

MALCOLM

(shakes his head, then:)

Are you?

PATRICE

Relax. You're not the first co-worker I've ever had some "fun" with.

(sets down his key)

Her name was Peg Something. The actress. She didn't kill herself over a man. I remember that.

Patrice steadies herself and starts down the long hall.

PATRICE (CONT'D)

See you at the office, Dr. Bowers.

INT. JUDGE GRUBER'S CHAMBERS. DAY. (D4)

Seated at a round table, Rachel and Scott listen to the Lindstroms' slick attorney, HANK GEROUX. Tom and Adrienne keep their eyes trained on the documents. JUDGE IRA GRUBER, 60-ish, soft-spoken and genteel, presides.

GEROUX

... we ask that the binding agreement for arbitration be nullified so my clients may have the option to present the case before a jury.

JUDGE GRUBER

Where is the child?

(off GEROUX's look)

The child she gave birth to?

RACHEL

Hospital, your Honor. But a potential adoptive parent has expressed interest.

ADRIENNE LOOKS OVER AT RACHEL, the first she's heard this.

INT. MALCOLM'S OFFICE. DUSK.

A nervous Ellen Gilley sits in the empty office, cutting a tag off a small teddy bear. Malcolm enters, holding a folder and closes the door behind him.

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