

TARIK, 33, biracial, somewhat impulsive and chivalrous, paces on the front porch, mustering the courage to knock.

CHYRON: Portland, Oregon

He's about to do it, when he bails at the last second and descends the steps back onto the front lawn. He paces.

The front door swings open to reveal BILLIE, 29, white, pregnant, sarcastic and blunt. Tarik stops pacing and looks at Billie. *Caught.*

BILLIE

You've been deciding whether or not you should knock on my door for the last 15 minutes.

(beat)

Everything okay, Tarik?

He hurries back up the porch steps and takes Billie's hand.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

You're giving off pretty intense manic vibes right now.

TARIK

Billie. I'm sorry about yesterday. The way I acted was not cool.

BILLIE

No, it wasn't. But, it's all good dude. I get it.

TARIK

You don't.

(then)

Listen, growing up my dad wasn't around that much and once I was old enough to notice, it was shitty, and I don't want my kid to feel that way. Ever.

BILLIE

(touched)

Well, like I said yesterday, ya know, I want you to be as involved as you'd like to be.

Tarik beams and then gets down on one knee. Billie's jaw goes slack, and she looks back at the windows to her place, suddenly self-conscious.

BILLIE (CONT'D)
Tarik... what are you doing?

He pulls a ring box from his pocket and flips it open to REVEAL a cheap engagement ring.

TARIK
Billie, will you marry me?

Billie stares down at Tarik like he's delusional. Then she starts cracking up. He stares at her for an awkward beat.

BILLIE
(catching her breath)
Dude. Seriously?

TARIK
Uh... what do you mean? I'm trying to be a stand up guy. Taking responsibility? Doing what's right?

Tarik stands looking dejected as Billie continues to howl.

BILLIE
I need you to stop being a crazy person.

TARIK
It's crazy to marry the mother of your child?!

BILLIE
Tarik, we've fucked a grand total of four times, and prior to yesterday, we hadn't so much as exchanged a text in three months, since the last time whichever of us was feeling horny and lonely enough for a late night visit.

TARIK
Yeah, but now we're having a baby, who deserves to have a home with their parents. Together. Happy.

Billie just keeps laughing.

BILLIE
You are being the worst right now, man.

As Billie tries to contain herself, the front door swings open to reveal NOLAN, early 30s, white, a sensitive hipster.

NOLAN
 (to Billie)
 What's the racket, boo thing?
 (re: Tarik)
 This the guy?

BILLIE
 Yeah, this is Tarik. Tarik, this is
 my boyfriend, Nolan.

TARIK
 (stunned)
 You... you have a boyfriend?

NOLAN
 Hey man, weird sitch, I know, but
 still, it's a pleasure to meet ya.

Nolan extends his hand to shake, but Tarik just stares back.
 After a long beat Nolan notices the ring box in Tarik's hand.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
 O-M-F-G. Were you going to propose?

BILLIE
 He actually did propose.

Nolan makes an exaggerated face and bursts into hysterical
 laughter. Billie joins in. Tarik stands there crawling out of
 his skin.

7 INT. BILLIE'S PRIUS - MOMENTS LATER 7

Tarik rubs Billie's shoulder, trying to comfort her.

BILLIE
 I... can't... stop... crying.

TARIK
 What happened Billie?

BILLIE
 Nothing. I just got an ultrasound
 and it was beautiful.

Tarik sits back relieved.

TARIK
 You scared me there for a sec.

BILLIE
 I'm sorry, I just... I can't drive
 and I didn't know who else to call.

TARIK
Well, you can always call me.
(then)
Where's Nolan?

Billie looks off, a bit bothered.

BILLIE
I don't know. You know how bad he
is with his phone.

Tarik just nods and Billie avoids his gaze.

TARIK
Well, let me load up my bike and
we'll get you home.

Billie looks at him.

BILLIE
Thank you Tarik.

TARIK
What are baby daddy's for?

She chuckles and wipes away a bunch of snot from her nose.
She leans over and gives Tarik a hug, squeezing him tight.
Over her shoulder Tarik stares out the window, contemplating.