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NIP / TUCK

#177603

Episode #203

“Many Mabika”

Written by

Lyn Greene & Richard Levine

Directed by

Elodie Keene

Pages: 17, 17A

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NIP/TUCK

"Manya Mabika"

CAST LIST

Sean McNamara

Christian Troy

Julia McNamara

Liz Cruz

Gina Russo

Baby Wilber

Erica Noughton

Manya Mabika

Elias Perri

Ava Moore

Mitzi

Sal

Sweaty Guy

Gil (non-speaking) **

Attorney Jeremy Saddler

Nurse Linda (non-speaking)

James Sutherland

**** CHANGES AS OF THIS DRAFT**

SET / LOCATION LIST

INTERIORS:

McNamara/Troy Office

- Sean's Office
- Break Room
- Scrub Room
- Surgery Suite
- Recovery / Spa
- Lobby / Reception Area
- Hallway
- Exam Room

McNamara House

- Kitchen
- Julia's and Sean's Bedroom
- Entertainment Room

Christian's Apartment

- Bedroom
- Bathroom
- Living Room
- Kitchen
- Hallway Outside Christian's Apartment

Gina's Condominium

- Inside Front Door
- Hallway Outside of Front Door
- Living Room
- Bedroom

Day Spa / Jacuzzi

EXTERIORS

Harbor Walkway – Day **

Country Club / Poolside – Day **

**** NEW AS OF THIS DRAFT**

SEAN and CHRISTIAN sit opposite MANYA MABIKA, 23, an exquisite Somali model. She radiates both strength and sadness.

SEAN

Ms. Mabika, tell me what you don't like about yourself. *

MANYA

My clitoris.

Sean and Christian avoid each other's eyes. This is a first.

CHRISTIAN

And the problem with it is?

MANYA

It was cut out of me when I was seven years old.

SEAN

You were circumcised?

MANYA

I was a victim of female genital mutilation.

Silence. She looks at them for a beat, full of emotion.

CHRISTIAN

If this is too painful--

MANYA

No. I have to say it. Out loud.
(remembering with difficulty)

They dragged me from my bed in the middle of the night. The Daja...midwife, said I was the worst girl she ever cut. Because of all the screaming.

CLOSE ON Sean and Christian, moved by the horror of her story.

MANYA (CONT'D)

My mother had to sit on me and hold my legs open while the witch sliced my clitoris off with a sharp piece of glass. Then she used it to tear out the folds surrounding it.

(with difficulty)

Then they stitched my...labia closed with thorns. That way my future husband could slice it open-- proof that I was a virgin. *

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

I didn't think this sort of thing
still went on.

MANYA

In Somalia over ninety per cent of
the women have it done. It's a
Fatwa -- one of the ten obligations
a woman must adhere to if she
wishes to attain perfection.

SEAN

And if you refuse?

MANYA

An uncut woman cannot marry. She's
considered masculine...unclean.
Sexual urges belong only to the
male.

*

CHRISTIAN

Ms. Mabika, are you saying you want
a...clitoralplasty?

MANYA

I want an orgasm.

(then)

In America, on my modeling shoots,
I meet women who enjoy having sex.
Sex, sex, sex all the time.

*

CHRISTIAN

Well, they do take breaks every now
and then.

MANYA

So, I am asking -- can you give me
an orgasm?

Sean shoots Christian a "watch it" look.

*

SEAN

That may not be possible.

MANYA

This is America. Anything is
possible.

SEAN

Anything but not everything. We can
certainly reconstruct your pudenda,
but as for rebuilding a clitoris,
restoring sensation--

1 CONTINUED:

1

CHRISTIAN

There *is* an experimental procedure, something called a "free flap transfer," where we'd take the tip from one of your toes and attach it to the clitoral area.

*

SEAN

(countering)

But it's only been tried a few times. The chances for a successful graft aren't optimum.

Christian looks at him, not happy at being usurped.

MANYA

If there's even a little chance...please, Dr. McNamara. What have I got to lose?

Sean and Christian stare, moved by her plight.

2 INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

2

CLOSE ON a STRAWBERRY as it's whacked in half.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Christian popping half of it into his mouth and offering the other half to Sean, who declines.

CHRISTIAN

I came up with the idea, I'm doing it. You can assist.

SEAN

We're talking about microsurgical free-tissue replantation. It can't just look pretty. It's got to work.

CHRISTIAN

Hey, you may be more adept at nerve reattachment, Sean, but I'm a goddamn genius when it comes to pussy. If I build it, she will come.

LIZ enters, and heads for the fridge as she examines a patient CHART.

SEAN

Well then, maybe we should let Liz operate. She knows more about the clitoris than either of us.

(to Liz)

I apologize, Liz. I meant because you're a woman, not because you're a...

(CONTINUED)

LIZ
 I know what you meant.
 (outraged, waving the
 chart)
 How can you read this and remain
 unaffected? Manya Mabika's been
 hideously disfigured so a man could
 use her as a blow-up doll. You
 think you can chuck your male egos
 for a sec and pick the best surgeon
 for the job?

Sean and Christian exchange a look.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 Right. What am I thinking?

She pulls out a coin and tosses it.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 Call it.

CHRISTIAN
 Tails.

She catches it and flips it over.

LIZ
 (to Sean)
 Congratulations. Anything you want
 to know, I'm here for you.

Off Sean's triumph and Christian's disappointment, we...

SMASH TO TITLES

*

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

*

Christian's leaving his apartment. As he opens the door, a frantic Gina sweeps inside, carrying Wilber in his snuggly.

GINA
 Shit emergency.

CHRISTIAN
 Good morning to you, too.

INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - DAY

Gina's at the sink, washing a stain out of her blouse.

GINA
 (calling out to Christian)
 I was a block away having breakfast
 with my sponsor when I ran out of
 diapers. Kid's a feces factory.
 (MORE)

4 CONTINUED: 4

GINA (CONT'D)

He's covered in shit up to his neck.

(smelling her blouse)

Phew! If this stink doesn't make you think twice before having sex, nothing will.

5 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 5

Christian puts a naked Wilber in the sink.

CHRISTIAN

You hear that, Wilber? Mommy says you smell so bad, she's closing down Fort Bushy. Good job!

He playfully starts to clean Wilber.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I know, it's not as much fun as sitting in your own poop, but someday, you can pay a pretty lady to do this to you all day.

(then)

One, two, three -- and over!

Wilber shrieks with delight as Christian lifts him in the air and puts him down on the counter. REVEAL Gina, watching, impressed by their easy rapport. Christian stands Wilber up and has him imitate Rocky's "victory dance."

GINA

You're good. I'm always so nervous when I give him a bath.

CHRISTIAN

If you relax, he'll relax.

GINA

(laughing)

I can't believe we're doing this.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah, and he's still alive.

Christian lays Wilber down and lifts his butt as Gina slips a diaper under him. They're close. It's teamwork. After a beat, Christian picks Wilber up and takes him out of the kitchen, towards his bedroom. Gina's moved-- should she say it?

GINA

(calling out)

Maybe we should have another one. One that's both of ours.

She waits for his response. Maybe he didn't hear her. Maybe it's better that way.

6 INT. CHRISTIAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 6

TIGHT ON Christian...should he respond or play deaf? Deaf it is.

CHRISTIAN
(overly-bright to Wilber)
So, Monsieur, shall we go with Baby
Versace or Osh Kosh B'gosh?

He listens for a beat. She's dropped it. Minefield avoided.

7 OMITTED 7

8 INT. MCNAMARA BEDROOM - DAY 8

Sean and Julia are in the throes of lovemaking. They're trying to keep quiet as they head towards the big finish.

Done. Sean rolls off, spent, trying to catch his breath.

SEAN
That was great, morning's are the
best.
(then)
How soon does Annie go to college?

He and Julia laugh. It's a nice way to start the day.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I should shower and get going.
(kissing her)
I love you.

JULIA
I love you too.

Sean disappears into the bathroom. Julia waits until she hears the WATER running, then puts her hand under the covers and starts masturbating. Her eyes close, her breathing quickens.

CLOSE ON Sean, re-entering, shocked to see what she's doing. Not wanting to interfere, he tries to leave quietly, but makes a noise. *

Julia, about to climax, looks up, caught. There's an awkward moment between them. *

SEAN
I hope you're at least fantasizing
about me. *

JULIA
(making light of it) *

Yes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIA (CONT'D)

Except you were taller, younger and
looked a lot like Jude Law.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

Well...if you'll excuse me, I'll leave the two of you alone.

*
*
*

JULIA

Honey...I was just...helping myself to seconds. I couldn't get enough the first time around.

(off his look)

What?

*
*
*
*
*

SEAN

Nothing.

(then)

You didn't come with me, did you?

*
*
*
*

Julia looks at him, her smile's an effort to maintain. She's not quite sure of how honest she should be. She decides to come clean.

*
*
*

JULIA

I'm just not...having orgasms that easily right now. It has nothing to do with you.

*
*
*
*

SEAN

What about that night in the car, after karaoke?

JULIA

(after a beat, confessing)

I've been like this for a few months.

SEAN

Wow. I had no idea you were such a good actress.

JULIA

I wasn't acting. It all felt good.

SEAN

Just not good enough.

JULIA

I'm sorry. Maybe I should've told you, it's just...I'm off. I'm sure it's just a phase or something.

SEAN

Maybe you should see someone?

JULIA

I already have one therapist under my roof. I don't need another one.

(then, gently)

Look, I'm just feeling...blocked, that's all. I'll be fine.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

Sean looks at her for a beat, then goes into the bathroom. We LINGER ON Julia, wishing she had handled this better.

9 INT. SURGERY/SCRUB ROOM - DAY

9

TIGHT ON a "TOECLIT." PULL BACK to see it's Manya's foot, exposed as she lies draped on the table. NURSE LINDA is washing it with betadine.

PULL BACK FURTHER and we're in the SCRUB ROOM; Sean's watching through the window as Liz readies a tray of instruments.

Christian enters, in high spirits. He starts to scrub up.

CHRISTIAN

Sorry I'm late. My son dropped the motherload. Then he had an urge to fingerprint with it.

LIZ

He sounds very special.

(then)

I'd love to stay and hear more about your child's bowel movements, but the patient's been ready for twenty minutes.

She leaves. Sean joins Christian and scrubs up, preoccupied, but Christian's too high to notice.

CHRISTIAN

It's like I'm addicted to him or something. He forces me to be in the moment, you know? I mean, when the shit literally starts flying, you don't have any choice.

(drying his hands)

Suddenly you're on your hands and knees trying to get the stains out of your hand-woven Chinese rug and the little bastard starts to laugh. And that makes you laugh. And then it dawns on you: you're happy. Something matters. Wilber matters -- the little bit of the future you're leaving to the world.

SEAN

I don't want to do it.

Christian looks at him as if he's just woken up.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I can't make her come.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Yes, you can. C'mon, it's a new procedure for us, it's natural to be nervous.

SEAN

I'm talking about Julia.
(drying his hands)
I went down on her this morning. I could've sworn I was in the zone.

CHRISTIAN

And what? She fell asleep?

SEAN

I caught her finishing what I'd started. She said she'd been faking it for months.

CHRISTIAN

She on anti-depressants? Hormones? Anything that could affect her ability to be aroused?

SEAN

When I came out of the shower her libido appeared to be in fine shape. So you can understand how I might be a tad hesitant to reconstruct Ms. Mabika's genitalia when I have no idea how my own wife's operates.

He goes over to organize the utensil tray; Christian wipes up.

CHRISTIAN

You try doing the alphabet?
(off his look)
With your tongue.

SEAN

What are you, twelve?

CHRISTIAN

Women are right brain. They're intuitive, instinctual and above all...verbal. You want to be a successful lover, work on your language skills. Just find the trigger, and trace each letter with the tip of your tongue. She'll be screaming her guts out by the letter O...for Orgasm.

Sean goes to the window and looks at Manya on the OR table.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

They're a mystery, you know?

(then)

I can reconstitute her external parts, maybe even revitalize dying tissue, but pleasure, release, ecstasy--

*
*
*

CHRISTIAN

All we're doing is maximizing her potential.

(then)

She just wants a fighting chance. To feel, or at the very least, to look like the woman she might have been if she lived in this country instead of in a place where men are such pussies they have to neuter their women in order to get a hard-on.

Sean looks at Christian. After a beat...

SEAN

(buoyed)

Let's go build a clitoris.

SMASH CUT TO:

10

INT. SURGERY SUITE - DAY

10

Liz goes to the Bang and Olufsen and waves. As eerie African tribal drum MUSIC plays, Sean, wearing a magnifying LOOP, holds a knife, and slices into the tip of Manya's middle toe. He cuts the tissue from the bone, as Christian quickly wraps the nerve, artery and vein, with pieces of colored tape.

Sean takes the bone-cutter, cuts through the bone, and removes the portion of toe. As Christian sews the sides of the toe closed...

Sean, holding the toe tentatively, takes a scalpel, and whittles the toe into a more clitoral-like shape until it's picture perfect and ready for attachment.

Christian undrapes Manya's pubic area. Sean takes the "ToeClit," and begins attaching it off camera as the SURGERY MONTAGE ENDS.

11

EXT. HARBOR WALKWAY - DAY

11

PAN DOWN from a cloudless sunny sky, to WAVES crashing in the distance...to a PLAYGROUND, overlooking the water. CHILDREN are playing as PARENTS sit on benches, watching. MOVE IN on Christian and a gleeful Wilber, playing.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

You ready?

He throws him in the air. Wilber's ecstatic. REVEAL Gina, drinking a latte. *

GINA

I think he's had enough.

CHRISTIAN

Oh, c'mon mom, five more minutes.

She hands Christian her coffee and takes Wilber out of the swing and puts him in the stroller.

GINA

If he doesn't nap he'll be up all night. And so will I. And if I don't sleep, I'm not my usual sunny self.

As they walk, Christian lovingly adjusts Wilber's blanket.

GINA (CONT'D)

You're a great dad. Wilber adores you.

Christian looks hard at Wilber, wrestling with a huge internal decision. He turns to Gina.

CHRISTIAN

I want to adopt him. I want to be his father legally.

Gina impulsively throws her arms around him, and kisses him.

GINA

Let's do it. Tomorrow. Check with a lawyer, see how long it takes for all the paperwork to become official. It's perfect. This way you'll be the father of both our kids. It'll be better for Wilber and better for us.

CHRISTIAN

I didn't say anything about another kid.

GINA

(starting to panic)
I know. But you implied--

CHRISTIAN

Wilber. I didn't say anything about having another child.

(CONTINUED)

GINA

With me, you mean. You don't want another kid with me.

Gina's agitation is building. She grabs the stroller and starts walking angrily ahead, causing PASSERSBY to move out of the way.

CHRISTIAN

(quietly, calmly)

Two's a lot more work than one. I don't think it would be the best thing for you, either. Not in your state.

GINA

My state? What are you now? A goddamn shrink?

CHRISTIAN

Will you calm down?

(catching up to her)

The only reason you want another baby is to fill up that void inside you. One isn't quite doing it, maybe two will. You're an addict, Gina. Only this time, instead of craving sex or drugs, you're trying to fill up your bottomless void with babies.

Gina stops. She turns to him with a fury. *

GINA

Listen, asshole! You don't want to have another kid with me? Fine. There are thousands of guys who'd make better fathers than you. I can get better spunk from a shit-stained urinal at a strip joint.

Gina takes the stroller and starts to walk away furiously.

CHRISTIAN

Where the hell are you going?

GINA

You can forget about being a father! There's no way in hell I'm going to let you adopt my baby!

She keeps moving at a frantic pace. As a desolate Christian watches Wilber disappear, we...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

12 INT. MCNAMARA/TROY HALLWAY (LEADING TO RECOVERY) - DAY 12

Christian, on his cell, turns a corner, full of controlled rage.

CHRISTIAN

(into phone)

Gina, this is my fourth message.
Don't make me leave a fifth.

He slams it shut and puts it away. He takes a moment to compose himself then knocks and enters.

13 INT. RECOVERY - CONTINUOUS 13

Manya, almost fully recovered, lies in bed, reading a letter.

CHRISTIAN

Good morning, Ms. Mabika. How are you today?

MANYA

Well, according to my mother, I am immoral and unclean, and have made myself...

(reading)

..."vulnerable to disease, drug use and promiscuity."

CHRISTIAN

I got the same letter when I went away to college.

She laughs. There's an easy warmth between them.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I thought I'd have a look, if that's all right with you?

Manya nods and puts the letter down. As Christian lifts the sheets and starts his examination, Manya submits herself to his probing with openness and interest.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to stimulate the clitoris to check the blood flow. Stop me if you feel any discomfort.

He examines her. Her eyes express hope and curiosity.

MANYA

It doesn't hurt.

CHRISTIAN

Good. You can sit up. It's healing very nicely.

*

(CONTINUED)

MANYA

Can I have sex soon?

CHRISTIAN

Whoa! What's your hurry?

MANYA

Hurry? I've been waiting ten years.
That's very patient.

CHRISTIAN

You might want to take it slow. Not
have too many...expectations. I'd
hate to see you disappointed.

MANYA

I know what to expect, doctor. A
man who's lost his sight is not
without vision. He's lost the use
of his eyes, but he distinguishes
shapes and distances in his own
way.

(slightly flirtatious)

It's the same with one's genitalia.
I have never climaxed, that's true,
but my body still tingles when I
run my fingers lightly up and down
my arm.

She seductively grazes her arm with her fingers.

MANYA (CONT'D)

Or when I caress my breasts.

(suggestively touching
them)

And nipples. I too have "vision."

CHRISTIAN

(trying to stay
professional)

Well, like they say --what one can
imagine, one can achieve.

MANYA

The mind has greater healing powers
than physicians dare admit. Dr.
McNamara's a great doctor...but
you, Dr. Troy, I sense in you a
true healer.

She takes his hand and sensuously places it on her breast.

MANYA (CONT'D)

Are you a true healer, Dr. Troy?
Will you heal me?

OFF CHRISTIAN...what's a doctor to do?

14

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

14

Sean's behind his desk, a FACIAL/BODY DIAGRAM in front of him.

AVA'S VOICE

You can't run away, Elias. You have to run toward.

*

WE PAN ACROSS and see ELIAS PERRI, mid-30's, macho but shy. Sitting next to him is AVA MOORE. Ava's professional, intelligent and intense, despite her obvious beauty and warmth.

*

*

ELIAS

I'm sorry. I changed my mind.

*

SEAN

That's okay, Mr. Perri. Come back when you're ready.

(to Ava)

Mrs. Perri...

AVA

I'm not Elias's wife, Dr. McNamara. I'm his life coach. We're working together to overcome self-defeating patterns that keep him from experiencing self-fulfillment.

*

A beat on Elias as this lands. Decisively, he removes his hair piece and tosses it onto Sean's desk.

*

AVA (CONT'D)

That's it, Elias! Way to go!

*

SEAN

(holding the toupee)

I don't want to minimize the trauma of male pattern baldness...

Elias removes an eyebrow.

*

SEAN (CONT'D)

(chagrined)

Forgive me, Mr. Perri, I didn't realize...

Then the other eyebrow. Sean makes a note on the diagram.

CLOSE ON diagram: "ALOPECIA UNIVERSALIS?"

SEAN (CONT'D)

Were you born with this condition or was it acquired through an illness?

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS

(removing his shirt)

This is the way God made me.
Rugged, huh?

*

He lifts up his arms. There's no hair.

ELIAS (CONT'D)

The only girl who ever slept with
me more than once said that
touching me made her realize she
was into girls.

*

He grabs his waistband and pulls his pants down. Sean's
startled.

ELIAS (CONT'D)

Smooth as a baby's bottom all over.

*

SEAN

Mr. Perri, with alopecia
universalis, there are no live hair
follicles to graft and transplant.

ELIAS

I knew it. There's nothing anyone
can do.

*

SEAN

But we could have the lab match you
with a donor and do a follicular
graft in the pubic and underarm
areas, and hope the match isn't
rejected.

ELIAS

What happens if it is?

*

SEAN

It'll fall out.

ELIAS

Great. How can I get hard if I'm
thinking about the hair on my balls
falling out?

*

AVA

Then don't think about it. At least
you'll have tried. You didn't just
sit back and wait for change to
happen, you demanded it. Which
brings you one step closer to your
goal -- having more pleasure in
life.

Elias looks at her. What she's saying makes sense. It's clear
from the way Sean's looking at her that he's affected as
well.

*

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS
(to Sean)
When's your next opening?

*

AVA
Congratulations, Elias.

*

*

SEAN
Why don't you see our receptionist
and she'll check on our
availability?

*

*

*

*

Ava and Elias get up to leave.

*

SEAN (CONT'D)
Excuse me, Ms. Moore. Do you have
a minute?

*

*

*

AVA
(to Elias)
I'll be with you in a sec.

*

*

*

Elias leaves.

*

SEAN
This is kind of awkward. Especially
considering I'd never heard of a
"Life Coach" before you walked in
here today.

*

*

*

*

*

AVA
It's a growing alternative, a good
one, I think, for those of us who
spent too many years on a couch and
still aren't happy.

*

*

*

*

*

SEAN
I was wondering if you had any
openings in your schedule.

*

*

*

Ava looks at him with curiosity. She takes out her Palm
Pilot.

*

*

AVA
I could see you on--

*

*

SEAN
It's not for me.
(sheepishly)
I'd like you to talk to my wife.

*

*

*

*

On Ava, even more intrigued...

*

16

INT. GINA'S CONDO - DAY

16

CLOSE ON Gina, lighting a cigarette.

SFX: A POUNDING on the door. She opens it just enough to see who it is, then quickly tries to close it. Christian barges in.

CHRISTIAN

You're not going to keep him from me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

I know you're pissed I won't have another baby with you, but you're not going to take it out on Wilber.

GINA

You're right. I'm taking it out on you.

CHRISTIAN

Don't test me, Gina. You'll regret it.

(approaching her angrily)

You think you can do this on your own?

GINA

I don't need your filthy money. I can get work.

CHRISTIAN

What kind? You never finished college, you've got no references and your only discernible skill is giving blow jobs.

(in her face)

You want me out of the picture, sweetheart? Just say the word and go back to your shitty houseboat.

There's a tense beat as Gina decides how to proceed.

GINA

(coolly)

Fine. You can have him this Friday, from six to nine. Take it or leave it.

CHRISTIAN

(suspiciously)

You got a hot date?

Gina looks at him. Her face betrays nothing.

GINA

You might say that.

She walks away from him; on her face, a sly hint of victory.

17

INT. MCNAMARA KITCHEN - DAY

17

Ava sits with a reluctant Julia, going over a questionnaire while Erica puts ingredients into a blender nearby.

AVA

(reading)

"I tend to be optimistic."

(then)

Accurate, somewhat accurate or inaccurate?

(CONTINUED)

JULIA

Somewhat accurate.

ERICA

I think I took this test the last time I had my roots done.

AVA

(ignoring her)

"I am physically affectionate."

JULIA

(uncomfortably)

Well, I've never been much of a "hugger."

ERICA

She had acute Haphephobia till she was eleven. You know...the fear of being touched? Or didn't they cover that at Life Coach U?

*

JULIA

Mother, please...

ERICA

Ava doesn't mind a few questions. After all, if she's trying to become your therapist--

AVA

I'm not trying to become a therapist. As a matter of fact I don't believe in it. It focuses on the imaginary wounds that keep people from progressing because they're so busy picking at them.

Julia gets out of the line of fire by getting a refill.

ERICA

As a practicing therapist with a Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology from Columbia, let me assure you, the wounds are real. And if you slap a bandage on them and pretend they don't exist, you'll just wind up with a case of pus-oozing gangrene.

A beat. Julia starts to clear the coffee cups.

JULIA

Look, it's getting late and...

AVA

There's no pus.

(CONTINUED)

ERICA

Sorry?

AVA

Gangrene occurs from a lack of blood supply to the tissues. It's anaerobic, so there's no pus.

(pointedly)

Or didn't they cover that at Columbia?

Julia hides a smile; her mother is so rarely wrong.

ERICA

(feigning nonchalance)

Well...I guess that took the wind out of my sails.

(then)

I'll go study up on pus and let you girls finish your...quiz.

She exits. Julia laughs. She genuinely enjoyed that.

AVA

Your mother's a bitch.

JULIA

I'm sorry. She's worse when you get to know her.

AVA

When's she leaving?

JULIA

She's having a rough time. My father...

AVA

Blah blah blah get rid of her! She's a vampire. She's attached herself to your neck and is sucking the lifeblood out of you.

(off Julia)

Listen, I know it's weird my being introduced by your husband, and it's fine if you don't want a life coach -- but I can't leave till you promise to send her packing. She's not your friend.

JULIA

I'm her daughter.

AVA

You're her *blood supply*. It's her or you and she's had her turn.

(extending her hand)

Take care of yourself.

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

They shake. She starts to leave. Julia stops her.

JULIA

Ava, Sean told me how impressed he was with the way you helped one of his patients. I know he's just trying to help me, and...I'm willing to give it a chance.

*

Ava looks at her. They smile.

AVA

You're going to get more from life than you ever dreamed.

(then)

And we're going to start with that sexual problem of yours.

JULIA

(stunned)

What are you talking about?

AVA

Sean told me you couldn't come when he went down on you.

On Julia's shocked expression...

18

INT. CHRISTIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

18

As Marvin Gaye's, "SEXUAL HEALING," plays, the camera PANS Christian's bedroom. Candles are lit, giving the room a soft romantic glow. The camera travels to Christian's bed.

CLOSE ON Manya, apprehensive. As Christian's face moves into frame, he gently kisses her. Manya closes her eyes. It feels good. Christian's hand moves down and out of frame. He continues to kiss her, while watching her face for a reaction. There is none. Christian's puzzled. On Manya's closed eyes, we...

INTERCUT WITH:

19

INT. SEAN AND JULIA'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

19

...PULL BACK from closed eyes, only now they're Julia's. Keep pulling back and see Sean, kissing her, the two of them naked in bed. As their passion escalates, Sean travels down below her belly and gets to work.

CLOSE ON Julia. She opens her eyes. The pressure to come is killing her. As the camera pans down, a head emerges from under the sheet...

20 INT. CHRISTIAN'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS 20

It's Christian's. Exhausted. He's been at it, and nothing's happening. Something's wrong. He collapses next to Manya, and lies beside her. Manya turns away, trying not to cry.

CHRISTIAN
(gently)
It doesn't mean the surgery wasn't successful. It's still too early to tell.

Manya focuses on the candle light flickering on the wall...

21 INT. SEAN AND JULIA'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS 21

...the flickering continues as we now see it's Julia watching the dancing shadows, deciding how to best proceed.

JULIA
(tentatively)
Sean...

We hear Sean MOAN.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Honey...I think we should stop. It just...isn't working.

Sean picks his head up, breathless.

SEAN
I don't care how long it takes.

He dives back in. Julia turns away.

22 INT. CHRISTIAN'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS 22

Manya turns and faces Christian, full of emotion.

MANYA
Thank you for trying. You were very gentle.
(sadly)
Perhaps some things can never be repaired.

She looks at him for a beat, then gets out of bed and goes into the bathroom. CLOSE ON Christian, helpless. The camera follows his gaze to the ceiling...

23 INT. SEAN AND JULIA'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS 23

...and back down to Julia, looking up, about to burst. She looks at Sean, who's still at it and doing his damndest.

(CONTINUED)

JULIA

Sean. Sean.

(stopping him)

It's too much. I just feel like
we're both trying too hard.

Sean looks at her for a beat, then defeated, lies next to
her.

JULIA (CONT'D)

It's not that what you were doing
didn't feel good. It felt great.
It's just...you can't solve it for
me.

(delicately)

And a life coach can't solve it for
me. It's not a problem you can fix.

SEAN

I could if you let me.

JULIA

If I could let you it wouldn't be a
problem.

They look at each other. Sean, at a loss, turns away from
Julia onto his side. After a beat, Julia turns on her side.
As they lay back to back, eyes open...

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

24

INT. SCRUB ROOM - DAY

24

Sean is washing up, lost in his own world, as Christian enters.

CHRISTIAN

I hope you didn't make lunch plans. I'm squeezing Manya Mabika in at one and I thought we should both be there.

SEAN

You said she was healing nicely.

CHRISTIAN

I...did a follow up. I think she should be experiencing greater sensitivity by now. Maybe the coaptation failed. We need to explore it.

*
*
*

SEAN

She was released less than forty-eight hours ago. When did you do this follow-up?

CHRISTIAN

Yesterday...

Sean looks at him. There's no use lying.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Night.

(off his look)

She asked me to.

SEAN

To what -- be an asshole?

CHRISTIAN

Look -- the point is, it isn't working, okay? I spent a good thirty minutes down there doing the entire Gettysburg address.

SEAN

In Somali?

CHRISTIAN

The procedure's rare. This has nothing to do with your competence as a surgeon --

*
*

SEAN

Or your technique as a lover --

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Which has a success rate of one hundred per cent.

SEAN

Try ninety.

(then)

It didn't work with Julia. I went through the goddamn alphabet three times.

CHRISTIAN

All I can say is it's always worked for me.

SEAN

Till Manya Mabika.

(then)

Besides, what makes you so sure the others weren't faking? Julia had me fooled.

CHRISTIAN

I can tell the difference.

SEAN

No you can't. No man can tell. We'll never really know what gets them off. Just like they'll never know what it's like to have a hard on. It's like trying to describe the sky to a blind man. We're just groping in the dark.

He exits into the OR...

...and starts suiting up. Christian follows.

Elias's out on the table, with an IV attached. Liz is finishing intubating him, as Nurse Linda arranges both his arms out to the side, attached to boards.

*

LIZ

(to Sean)

The pubic and axilla areas are prepped and ready to mark. I wasn't sure how low you wanted to graft.

*

She undrapes Elias's genital area.

*

SEAN

Mr. Perri, I can't tell you how happy I am that you're a man. At least I know my way around a penis.

*

(off Liz's look)

Hit it.

Liz puts the music on. QUICK CUTS: Christian draws the shape of an eyeball under each armpit, as Sean marks a line leading down from Elias's belly into a SEMI-CIRCLE right above his pubic bone.

They then select individual HAIRS from a sterile TRAY, and in DOUBLE-TIME CUTS, sew dozens of them under Elias's arms and down from his belly as a BOVIE MACHINE sucks up excess BLOOD.

They step back to view the finished results -- hair under each arm is now visible. We ZOOM to the naval, and follow a delicate trail of hairs until they fan out right above Elias's genitals. For the first time ever, Elias has a TREASURE TRAIL.

Posh, upscale. Julia and Ava sit naked in a JACUZZI along with a few other WOMEN. ATTENDANTS in the b.g.

AVA

A little pampering once a week.
It's not easy juggling a family and pre-med. You owe it to yourself.
And to Sean. It'll be good for both of you.

JULIA

In theory, but after a difficult day, it'll be hard to explain how my luxuriating in a jacuzzi has somehow enhanced *his* life.

AVA

(slyly)
Maybe. Maybe not.
(confidentially)
Are you sitting by a jet?

JULIA

Hmm. It's lovely.

AVA

Turn around and face it.

Julia does.

AVA (CONT'D)

Now bend your knees.

*

She does. It feels great.

JULIA

I miss Pilates. I definitely need some sort of exercise plan.

AVA

Close your eyes...and open wide. *

JULIA

Excuse me? *

AVA

Aim so the jet stream hits your
little man in the boat and sinks
him.

MITZI, a middle-aged suburban woman soaking nearby, overhears and is riveted. Julia suddenly realizes what Ava's talking about, and flustered, starts getting out.

JULIA

All right, that's enough. Really. I
don't need a sex therapist.

AVA

That's just your fear talking.

JULIA

No, actually, I'm doing something
nice for myself.
(grabbing a towel)
See? I'm setting up boundaries and
respecting them.

She heads for the shower.

AVA

Look, if I went too far, I'm sorry.
I didn't mean to push.

Julia stops. She softens.

JULIA

I don't want a life coach, Ava. If
you want to be friends, that'd be
great. But you have to respect my
privacy.

AVA

Deal. But, as a friend, Julia, I
beg you...don't kick the lover out
of your bed so the devil can move
into your guest room.
(off Julia's confusion)
No one can orgasm if mommy's in the
house.

Julia looks at Ava -- maybe she's right. As she exits to the showers, we hear MOANING from the jacuzzi. Ava turns and sees Mitzi, by the jets, blissful and fully spent.

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

MITZI
(breathless, to Ava)
Do you have a card?

27

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

27

CLOSE ON Manya's face, puzzled and tentative.

SEAN'S VOICE
There's no evidence of fibrosis on
the smooth muscle tissue of the
clitoris or the vaginal wall.

WIDEN to reveal Sean and Christian doing a post-operative
examination on Manya as Liz looks on.

SEAN
(to Manya)
Let us know as soon as you feel
something. If it's too intense...

CHRISTIAN
(examining)
Do you feel that?

MANYA
A little. The way you feel your
tooth after the dentist gives you
novocaine.

SEAN
(trying a new spot)
How about now?

Manya shakes her head. Liz smiles at her, sadly. It didn't
work.

CHRISTIAN
She may not be ready yet.

SEAN
We should be seeing some signs by
now -- vaginal lubrication,
clitoral and labial engorgement...

Manya, feeling ignored and disappointed, tries not to cry.

LIZ
Excuse me, doctors...but there's a
patient at the other end of that
speculum.

Sean, chastised, shows her a piece of equipment.

SEAN
Manya, this is called a
biothesiometer;
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (CONT'D)

it measures the sensitivity of the skin to high and low frequency vibration. We use it to determine the sensitivity of the clitoris...

LIZ

(fed up)

Oh, for God's sake. Listen, you think Manya and I could have a minute to confer?

SEAN/CHRISTIAN

(embarrassed and relieved)

Absolutely.

They start to leave.

*

LIZ

Speculum?

*

*

Sean, embarrassed, retrieves the forgotten speculum. He and Christian exit. Liz sits next to Manya. A beat, then gently--

*

*

LIZ (CONT'D)

You know, cells have memories. And when we've had a trauma, our nerves shut down to protect us from re-experiencing that pain.

*

MANYA

So you think my body is protecting me from pleasure as well?

LIZ

Before we can let someone touch us there...

(indicating her genitalia)

...we have to let them touch us...

(touching Manya's heart)

...here.

MANYA

I guess I'm more afraid than I thought.

LIZ

You won't be when you find the right lover.

Liz picks up a mirror from the examining tray.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(holding it up to Manya)

Meet Ms. Right.

MANYA

(looking at her reflection)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MANYA (CONT'D)

This girl? No. She knows nothing
about making love.

LIZ

She knows you. What you like. How
it feels to run your fingertips
across your belly...

(CONTINUED)

She takes Manya's hand and leads it under the sheet, then steps aside and coaches from the sidelines.

LIZ (CONT'D)
...around your thighs, and into your sacred center. Feel the energy pulsing through you as you touch and tease yourself back and forth. Faster and slower. Harder and softer.

As Manya becomes more aroused, Liz backs up to give her space.

LIZ (CONT'D)
I think I'll leave you two alone.

CLOSE ON Manya's face as her pleasure increases.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Sean and Christian are poring over Manya's post-op MRI. *

SEAN
We have to remember we're treating a human being, not just a vagina.

CHRISTIAN
You're right. It's easy to forget after a year with Vagina-Gina.

Liz enters.

LIZ
Houston, we have lift off. She rubbed her magic lantern and set the genie free.
(to Sean)
Congratulations, doctor.

SEAN
Wow. I feel like I should be congratulating you.

LIZ
You connected the circuitry. I just helped her turn it on.
(then)
She's waiting for you. She wants to say thanks.

Sean exits.

LIZ (CONT'D)
(off Christian's silence)
Don't let this crush your ego. You can't win them all.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LIZ (CONT'D)

(then)

She told me you tried. I was appalled till she told me she asked.

CHRISTIAN

Well, I didn't know she was gay.

LIZ

Oh. Because you didn't get her off she must be gay? You really have no idea what goes on inside women.

CHRISTIAN

(smugly)

I think I've been inside enough of them to have some idea.

LIZ

God, evolve a little, why don't you? Conquering a woman and dragging her home to your cave doesn't mean shit. It takes more guts to love someone than it does to dominate them. More balls to bring life into the world than to annihilate it. Woman yield, submit, and the next generation is born. That's how we fulfill our purpose here: to preserve the race in spite of the big bad boys who keep trying to obliterate it. You want to get inside a woman? Stop thinking like a dick.

*

Liz exits. Christian looks after -- she's got a point.

28A

INT. HALLWAY/MANYA'S RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

28A

*

Sean, outside Manya's room, confidently knocks and enters. He stops, surprised, when he sees Manya crying quietly in her bed.

*
*
*

SEAN

I'm sorry, I...Liz told me everything was...

(then)

I can come back another time.

*
*
*
*
*

MANYA

No, please stay.

(then)

I...it was so...beautiful.

*
*
*
*

SEAN

Well, I'm glad you're...

(off her crying)

...happy.

(uncomfortable, then)

(MORE)

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (CONT'D)

It's natural to feel emotional
after experiencing a release--

MANYA

Release, yes. It was as if God was
waking up inside me.

SEAN

(moved)

I've never heard it described quite
like that.

MANYA

At first I was afraid. Like Liz
said, I've been protecting myself.
But then...such joy!

SEAN

The body's incredibly resilient.

MANYA

It's nothing compared to the soul.
I'm not broken anymore. Now,
anything's possible. Even...

(sobbing)

I forgive them, Dr. McNamara. I
forgive them all. I'm whole now.
I'm free.

Sean looks at her, moved. He can't help but think of Julia.

INT. HALLWAY (GINA'S CONDO) - NIGHT

Christian rounds a corner with Wilber in his stroller. Wilber
holds a STUFFED DINOSAUR, Christian, a bouquet of FLOWERS.
They head towards Gina's door.

CHRISTIAN

Now watch mommy's face. Flowers are
magic. As soon as a woman sees
them, she forgets all about how
angry she is.

Wilber smiles as SAL comes out of Gina's apartment, clearly
drunk. Christian stiffens -- what the hell is going on?

*

*

SAL

(to Christian, re: Wilber)

Smart, start'em young.

(baby talk to Wilber)

Gonna watch daddy park the pink bus
in the fur garage?

He cracks himself up as he disappears around the corner.
Christian, alarmed, opens the door to Gina's condo...

*

*

30

INT. GINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

30

...and looks around. The place is eerie, vacant; littered with remnants of a small gathering. Christian looks around for Gina -- she's nowhere to be seen.

A SWEATY GUY comes from the back, holding his shoes, his shirt -- zipping up his pants.

SWEATY GUY

She is one cranky hot bitch.

He sits down to put on his shoes as Christian walks to the back as if in some kind of trance. He comes to Gina's bedroom. The door's partly open. Apprehensively, he moves towards it and opens it further. He sees...

31

INT GINA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

31

...Gina on her back, eyes closed, being serviced vigorously by GIL, late 20's; a good-looking guy who's naked from the waist down.

Christian parks Wilber and enters.

CHRISTIAN

(with barely controlled rage)

What the hell are you doing?

Gina opens her eyes and casually looks at him. She checks her watch.

GINA

You're early. I thought you were taking Wilber to the zoo and then to dinner.

Gil moans, on the verge.

GINA (CONT'D)

Come already.

And he does. Christian grabs him.

CHRISTIAN

Get the hell out of here.

(pulling him off)

Get your shit and get out.

Gil grabs his pants, his shoes and leaves. Gina holds her legs up in the air.

GINA

(calling after him)

Thanks for your deposit, Gil.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

(turning on her)

What are you, on drugs? You've organized your own gang bang?!

*
*
*
*

GINA

They were my gang, asshole, from Sexaholics Anonymous. It's a good cause. They volunteered.

*
*
*
*

CHRISTIAN

To do what? Jump off the wagon and onto you?

*
*
*

GINA

It's called "hetero-spermic-insemination." It's the surest way a girl can get pregnant. The more partners, the more sperm. The more sperm, the more competitive the little bastards are to come in first. Wilber's going to have a brother with or without you.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Christian grabs a gym bag...

*

CHRISTIAN

You are so goddamned sick.

*
*

GINA

What's your problem? They've all been tested. Not so much as a herpes in the bunch.

*
*
*
*

She sees Christian stuffing Wilber's diapers and onesies into his bag.

GINA (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing?

CHRISTIAN

I'm taking Wilber out of here.

GINA

You have no rights, asshole. There's no biological or legal connection between the two of you. And in case you've forgotten, there's no law against having sex with multiple partners. Or you'd be on death row.

CHRISTIAN

(done packing)

Right. Well, when I sue you for custody, you be sure to say that.

He leaves Gina, her legs still in the air, and walks out the door with Wilber as we...

END ACT THREE

*

ACT FOUR

32

INT. MCNAMARA ENTERTAINMENT ROOM - DAY

32

CLOSE ON Wilber's face, a bottle in his mouth.

PULL BACK, reveal Julia, holding him. She looks at him lovingly as he feeds. Christian stands, nearby, watching.

CHRISTIAN

He's blissed out.

(to Wilber)

Great, huh, buddy? It's what's called maternal instinct.

(pauses, then emotionally)

I wasn't sure where else to go.

JULIA

It's been a long time since I've held a baby like this. Brings back all those nights with Matt and Annie.

(looking at Wilber)

Hours just sitting and looking into each other's eyes...this silent communication. So... uncomplicated. So intimate.

(a little sadly)

It sometimes felt more intimate than...anything else.

CHRISTIAN

Maybe you could help me with him.

Julia looks up. It's suddenly getting complicated.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Just until this thing with Gina's resolved. Until I win custody.

JULIA

What if you don't?

CHRISTIAN

I will. No judge is going to deem her competent.

(then)

I just think it would be great for Wilber to have someone like you in his life, someone so... nurturing.

Julia looks at him, touched. Then at Wilber, torn.

JULIA

I don't know. Whenever I'm out and see parents my age with babies, I just feel relief. It's too much work. I've already done it twice.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

Not with me.

They're close now. Julia's desire is at an all time high.

CHRISTIAN (CONT'D)

Could be fun. Raising a baby together.

JULIA

(softening)

What about Sean?

CHRISTIAN

You mean *Uncle Sean*? He'll be part of the family, too.

Julia laughs. Her attraction to him is electric.

ERICA'S VOICE

I thought I heard a baby. Isn't he adorable.

REVEAL Erica at the doorway, dressed to the nines.

ERICA

Darling, I hope you don't mind my borrowing your sweater. I needed something to accent the face. My editor's taking me to lunch.

(to Christian)

I didn't realize doctors still made housecalls. How nice of you, Christian.

CHRISTIAN

(formally)

Hello, Erica. How are you healing?

She looks at him. It's clear that what was between them is over.

ERICA

Beautifully. It's like it never happened.

(To Christian, re: Wilber)

This must be Wilber. Your girlfriend's baby.

CHRISTIAN

He's mine.

ERICA

Yes, I can see the resemblance.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

ERICA (CONT'D)

You really shouldn't let him fall asleep with a pacifier in his mouth. He'll start depending on it. It's a tough habit to break.

JULIA

Maybe he finds it comforting.

ERICA

He'll grow up to be more self-reliant if he understands he's capable of meeting his own needs without using a crutch.

Julia looks at her mother, realizing this is how she was brought up. With little warmth and no nurturing. She turns to Christian.

JULIA

You know what? I'd be happy to help you. Call whenever you need me.

Christian looks at her, moved.

ERICA

Help him what?

CHRISTIAN

I asked Julia to help me take care of Wilber.

ERICA

Isn't that nice, sweetheart.
(re: Julia's parenting)
It'll be like giving it another shot.

She exits. Christian and Julia exchange looks-- how did she survive?

33

INT. TROY/MCNAMARA-HALLWAY - DAY

33

Liz catches up with Sean and Christian.

LIZ

We've got a hair emergency.

CHRISTIAN

Have you tried washing it?

LIZ

It's Mr. Perri, our alopecia transplant. Evidently he took a shower and...

SEAN

It's falling out?

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

LIZ

Curling up. He's very upset.

*

Off Sean and Christian's look...

34

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

34

Christian and Sean examine a naked Elias Perri.

*

ELIAS

I've got an afro under each arm.
And one around my dick.

*

*

Sean and Christian look at each other. Who's going to tell him?

SEAN

(coming clean)

Mr. Perri, I just talked to the lab
and...the grafts they returned to
us were not, I'm sorry to say,
yours.

ELIAS

So...my body's rejecting it?

*

SEAN

No. Not yet, that's the good news.
It's just...
(delicately)
...if you want straight hair,
you'll have to straighten it.

CHRISTIAN

There are several good hair
relaxers out there.

ELIAS

Relaxers?
(then, figuring it out--)
You bastards gave me nigger hair?

*

Silence. Sean and Christian are shocked and outraged, but try to remain professional.

SEAN

It belonged to an African American,
yes.

ELIAS

Screw your pc bullshit. What am I
supposed to do?
(re: pubes)
Cornroll these?

*

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN
(with barely subdued rage)
My son is African American, Mr.
Perri. I won't allow you to talk
like that.

Elias looks at him.

ELIAS
Hey -- if women rejected me without
hair, what'll they do when they see
this?

*

SEAN
(pointedly)
I don't think hair is your problem,
Mr. Perri.

CHRISTIAN
But if you're that uncomfortable,
we can remove the hair with
electrolysis. Free of charge.

ELIAS
Electrolysis...does that hurt?

Christian smiles benignly.

SMASH CUT TO:

Elias on the gurney reacts as Sean places a PROBE on one of
his pubes and Christian turns the short wave on HIGH.

ELIAS
(shuddering in pain)
Sonofabitch.

CHRISTIAN
It's worth it, Mr. Perri. You don't
want all those hot babes to see you
with African American pubes.

SEAN
Actually, have you considered a
penis enlargement?

ELIAS
You guys do that sort of thing?

SEAN
All the time.
(then, pointedly)
But not for you.

As he burns off another hair, Elias winces in pain.

36

INT. MCNAMARA KITCHEN - DAY

36

Julia gently picks up some of Annie's stuffed animals she'd brought out for Wilber as an exuberant Erica enters.

*
*

ERICA

Frances gave the galleys of my new book to the New York Times. Apparently they loved it.

Julia doesn't answer. She continues straightening.

*

ERICA (CONT'D)

You're pouting. Are you angry because I think you're making a mistake?

JULIA

Which mistake am I making this time, mother? I'll add it to the list.

ERICA

The one where you insist on putting everyone else's needs ahead of your own. Aren't you getting bored with it?

JULIA

I don't do that.

ERICA

Volunteering to take care of Christian's child...

JULIA

I happen to have the time.

Erica looks at her.

ERICA

No you don't, Julia. Not at forty. When are you going to step it up, darling? Do you think sacrificing your potential for Christian's bastard is in your best interest?

JULIA

You don't give a shit about my best interest. All you care about is yourself.

(off Erica)

And don't give me that patronizing look. I'm not one of your patients.

(CONTINUED)

ERICA

And I'm not to blame for the way
your life has turned out.

JULIA

You never wanted me to succeed, did
you? Too much competition.

ERICA

Is that why I pushed you to have a
career? To put off marriage until
you'd established yourself? Because
I was competitive?

JULIA

Is that the only thing that matters
to you? How big my career is? God,
mother, when you look at me, is
that all you see? What I'm not?

ERICA

You disappoint me, "Julia.

JULIA

Consistency's what counts.

ERICA

I raised you to confront your
feelings honestly -- to tell the
truth about yourself to yourself.

JULIA

(fiercely)

The truth according to you, mother.
You want my truth? You can't let me
succeed if you haven't. I can't be
in a loving relationship when yours
failed so miserably. I can't
possibly raise children who love me
when yours can't stand you!

Erica looks at Julia, shocked by the extent of her rage.

ERICA

Is that why you're in love with
Christian? Because your marriage is
succeeding so brilliantly?

JULIA

(taken aback)

What?

ERICA

Oh come on, Julia. I saw how you
looked at him. Why else would you
want to raise his child? Because
you loved mothering the first time
around?

(CONTINUED)

JULIA

He's been my closest friend for over twenty years.

ERICA

And you've been in love with him for all this time.

SEAN

(entering)

Hey.

He kisses Julia, and goes to the fridge, oblivious.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Did Christian call you? He had some question he wanted to ask about Wilber. I don't know how he's going to manage on his own.

Sean closes the fridge and looks at Julia. Then Erica.

SEAN (CONT'D)

What's going on?

JULIA

Nothing. Except my mother's leaving. Tonight.

SEAN

(to Erica)

Are you sure you--

JULIA

She doesn't have a say in the matter, Sean. I want her out!

Sean looks at Julia. Her strength with Erica is new; impressive.

ERICA

I think it's for the best. Unless Sean would like to hear what we're talking about? I'm sure he'd be interested.

Julia looks stricken.

SEAN

I'm not. Whatever problems Julia's having with you are hers to solve. All I can do is support her and drive you to the airport.

Julia looks at Sean, gratefully. His allegiance is clear. Erica gives Julia a look, then smiles.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

36

They'll continue this at another time. As she heads defiantly towards her bedroom...

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EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

37

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Sitting poolside is lawyer JEREMY SADDLER, who's busy playing with his Blackberry and sipping iced tea. A concerned Christian faces him.

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CHRISTIAN

I support her. I stop over before work, sometimes during lunch, and on my way home. I spend at least one day every weekend with him, and when his mother's hung over, it's even more than that.

JEREMY SADDLER

I see.

CHRISTIAN

I was also planning on adopting him, I just hadn't had a chance to fill out all the paperwork.

Mr. Saddler puts his pen down and looks at him.

JEREMY SADDLER

So you're not his biological father?

Christian fights the feeling of being on a sinking ship.

CHRISTIAN

He doesn't have my DNA. No. But he's still mine.

JEREMY SADDLER

And the father? Where is he?

CHRISTIAN

She's a sex addict, I told you. Who the hell knows.

JEREMY SADDLER

And what about the mother's other relatives? Siblings? Parents? The courts do tend to award custody to blood relatives over nonbiological partners.

CHRISTIAN

She has no siblings, her father's dead and she doesn't speak to her mother. Should we move on to second and third cousins?

JEREMY SADDLER

I'm simply telling you--

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTIAN

She's psychotic and a danger to this child. She'll screw anything in sight, just like she did when she was pregnant, and you're asking me about relatives?

(then)

Look, if you can't help me, fine. I'll find someone who can.

JEREMY SADDLER

If I can't help you, Dr. Troy, no one can.

Christian looks at him. The air is charged. After a beat, Jeremy starts surfing the internet...

CHRISTIAN

Just because Wilber and I don't have the same DNA doesn't mean he's not my son. He'll always be my son. No matter what.

(then, starting to leave)

Thanks for your time.

JEREMY SADDLER

(reading)

"In New Mexico earlier this year a trial judge awarded a stepmother full custody of the biological children of her ex-husband." Because of child abuse.

Christian looks at him, guarded and tentative.

JEREMY SADDLER (CONT'D)

So how exactly did she endanger Wilber while pregnant? The more graphic the better.

Christian smiles. He's armed and ready to win this fight.

From the darkness we see Julia in the midst of passionate sex... with Christian. He's on top, thrusting in and out, kissing her neck, her breasts...they look at each other, totally connected -- Julia's breathing quickens, she's building to a mind-blowing orgasm. She closes her eyes, and lets it out vocally as they climax together.

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SEAN'S VOICE

No faking it that time, huh?

Julia, shocked, opens her eyes to see a triumphant Sean, staring down at her. She smiles weakly, trying to cover her guilt.

JULIA

No. That was...extraordinary.
Ava was right. I came when my
mother went.

Sean rolls off and lies down by her side. He feels great.

SEAN

Boy, it's like something inside you
just woke up. I've never heard you
so...
(remembering Manya)
...free.

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*

He takes her hand, and closes his eyes, truly content. CLOSE ON JULIA, disturbed by yet another lie as we SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

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*

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INT. CHRISTIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

39

CLOSE ON Christian's face...looking down, full of love. REVEAL it's Wilber he's looking at.

As Christian feeds him, they stare at each other, sharing a profound connection, too deep for words. The moment is broken as the DOORBELL RINGS. Christian goes to the door, looks out the peephole, then reluctantly opens it revealing --

GINA

(to Wilber)
There he is. Mommy misses you.
Mommy loves you.

CHRISTIAN

(keeping him close)
What the hell do you want?

GINA

There's someone I thought you
should meet.

JAMES SUTHERLAND, an African American MAN, 60's, dignified, joins her in the doorway.

GINA (CONT'D)

Christian Troy. James Sutherland.
Wilber's father.
(defiantly)
His real one.

Off Christian's shock, we...SMASH TO BLACK.

*

END OF EPISODE