

Three Men and a Baby

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THREE MEN AND A BABY

FADE IN:

1 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

1

On a chartered plane flying from Miami to Newark Airport. JACK is the captain. His copilot PAUL is seated beside him. In the passenger cabin, a female gymnastics team is celebrating a hard-won, glorious victory over the Miami team. They are singing, dancing in the aisles and drinking champagne.

In the rear of the cabin, there are three regular passengers: a teenager, his mother, and a man who appears to be a BUSINESSMAN.

The plane is flying over the coastline.

The partition between the cockpit and the passenger cabin is open. Jack is very excited. He can't stop turning around to look at the passengers.

JACK

(to Paul)

Oh my God! I can't believe my eyes! Look at these women! Will you look at the gorgeous calves on them?! I'm telling you, give me an athlete any day... Oh God! Look at that redhead over there, and look at that one! Christ,

I hadn't noticed her.
(miming a heart
attack)
Paul, I've just fallen madly in
love with the most beautiful
woman in the world...

PAUL

(totally
uninterested)
Oh yeah? Which one?

JACK

(as though about
to keel over)
The blonde over there, she's too
gorgeous for words. Just look at
those eyes, look at those
shoulders and the way she moves.
I'm in love. Here, take over,
I'll be right back.

3.

Jack gets up and Paul takes his place at the controls.
Jack makes his way up the aisle, through the girls who
are blocking the way, to the object of his affections.
She is sitting in one of the aisle seats and singing
her head off. Jack leans over and whispers, quickly and
intensely, to her.

JACK

Hello. I'm the captain of this
plane. May I ask your name?

GIRL

Sure, my name is Jane. Why?

JACK

Listen, Jane, I've seen many
beautiful women in my life but I
swear to you, I've never, ever
met a woman as exquisite as you
are.

Jack kneels down before her, and the Girl looks at him,
amused. He takes her hand and places it over his heart.

JACK

Jane, can you feel my heart? It's
pounding. This is horrible, I
think I'm gonna faint. Listen: I'm
madly in love with you, I'm single
and here's my phone number.

He hands her his business card.

JACK

I'm putting my fate in your hands.
If you don't call me, you'll make

me the most miserable man on earth.
This is no line and I'm not trying
to get you into bed. This is
something completely different. I
love you Jane and if you call me I'll
be the happiest man in the entire
universe -- this is 'love at first
sight.' Out of all these beautiful
women I noticed only you, and...

The Girl laughs as Jack goes on. Meanwhile, the Businessman who was seated in the rear of the plane has gotten up and walked over to Jack.

BUSINESSMAN

Are you Paul?

JACK

No, I'm not.

(to Jane)

4.

My name's Jack and I live in a
fabulous apartment in Manhattan
overlooking the park and...

BUSINESSMAN

But you're the pilot, aren't you?

JACK

Yes, I'm the pilot...

(to Jane)

... I'm not even asking for your
phone number...

BUSINESSMAN

Isn't there a pilot whose name is
Paul?

JACK

(annoyed)

Yeah, the copilot -- he's up
front...

The Businessman disappears in the direction of the cockpit.

JACK

(back to Jane)

I'm leaving it all up to you,
Jane, but if you do give me
your phone number, then Jane,
then...

The Businessman has reached the cockpit.

BUSINESSMAN

(in a low tone)

Are you Paul?

PAUL

(turning around
nervously)
Yeah... Are you Jim?

BUSINESSMAN

Yeah.

He hands Paul a man's purse.

BUSINESSMAN

Here's your cash.

PAUL

What about the stuff?

BUSINESSMAN

I don't have it. We've got
problems. Too much heat. Too

5.

risky. We think the cops are
on to us.

PAUL

Whadda ya mean us? You mean me?

BUSINESSMAN

I mean shut up and listen. Two
guys will be waiting for you in
a black T-Bird, expecting the
dope. Just ignore them. It'll
be delivered to you on Sunday
and picked up the following
Thursday, okay?

PAUL

But I won't be home, I'll be in
the air for two weeks.

BUSINESSMAN

That's your problem. Make
arrangements, a deal's a deal.
Got it!?

PAUL

Got it.

Jack returns.

JACK

(bursting with
excitement)

I got her phone number! She gave
me her phone number!

BUSINESSMAN

That's some magnificent view,
isn't it?

JACK

It's wonderful -- Life is
wonderful!

The Businessman goes back to his seat and Jack grabs
hold of the microphone.

JACK

This is your captain speaking. In honor of your victory, in honor of your beauty, and in honor of Jane, the most beautiful gymnast I have ever met. I'm going to give you a little demonstration of aviation gymnastics -- reserved only for the most important guest, hip, hip...

Everyone shouts "HOORAY!" except for Paul and the

6.

Businessman, who remain grim.

Jack dips the plane very low over the water and skims the cliffs along the coast. It is a beautiful, impressive stunt. There are gleeful shouts in the cabin among the passengers.

2 INT. NEWARK AIRPORT - PASSENGER TERMINAL - DAY

2

Jack is saying an emotional goodbye to Jane as she leaves with her teammates. Jane finds it all very funny, but Jack looks totally wretched seeing her go. Jack and Paul walk toward the exit.

JACK

God, what a woman!

Paul is nervous, glancing uneasily from car to car.

JACK

Wanna share a cab?

Paul

Yeah, sure!

A black Ford pulls up in front of them and its driver looks at Paul who immediately turns his back on him.

JACK

She's so beautiful! I've never been so in love before. Can you believe she gave me her phone number... Oh, Christ -- where is it?... Oh, no, don't tell me I lost it... It's a matter of life and death... Oh here it is -- thank God!

All the while Jack has been rambling on, a beige car on the other side of the street has slowed down. Paul notices it. In the beige car, a narcotics agent, GRATON, is behind the wheel with one of his colleagues sitting beside him.

GRATON

They're slowing down. Take a picture.

The colleague snaps a picture of everyone who happens to be standing near the black Ford, including Jack and Paul. The black Ford pulls out. The beige car follows it. Paul observes all this out of the corner of his eye.

PAUL

Listen, I need a favor, I got

7.

a little problem.

JACK

Yeah, sure... Hey, look, will you
-- look at that sparkling beauty.

A very beautiful woman is coming down the walkway with cart overflowing with luggage. One of them falls off.

PAUL

Yeah... I mean, it's like...
There's this little package...

JACK

She'll never make it with all that luggage she's got. I gotta give her a hand. Look at the colors in her hair! Christ, I've never seen a woman like her before...

He's about to walk off when Paul grabs him by the arm.

PAUL

Jack, listen, can I...

JACK

Sure you can, no problem...
Listen, I gotta go now, I'm gonna see if she'll share a cab with me. You take the shuttle, okay?

PAUL

But I gotta explain to you about...

JACK

Come over to my place tonight. We're having a huge party. Come around 9, okay? See ya later.

Jack races toward the woman and begins to help her with the fallen luggage. We see him talking to her and we can hear a little of what he's saying.

JACK

As exquisite as you are...

I think I'm gonna faint.

He kneels, takes her hand and puts it over his heart.

The young woman is flabbergasted.

A lonely-looking Paul hails the shuttle bus.

3 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**3**

A large, stylishly decorated apartment in Manhattan. A tremendous living room. A party's going on. Very LOUD JAZZ is PLAYING. The lights are dim. There are about 30 guests. Lots of young pretty women. Gourmet buffet. People are sitting on couches talking, others are eating, drinking or dancing. In a dimly-lit corner, Jack is kneeling before a girl sitting in an armchair. She is laughing as she listens to him.

JACK

(whispering
passionately)

This is no line and I'm not trying to get you into bed. This is something completely different. This is 'love at first sight.' Oh, I'm so happy... Let me go get you a glass of champagne. I'll be right back.

Jack gets up and goes over to the buffet. As soon as he's out of the girl's line of sight, he starts running toward the other end of the apartment. On the way he passes MICHAEL, who's deeply engrossed in a vehement conversation about modern art with a girl called SOPHIA. They're fighting like cats and dogs but seem to be enjoying it.

SOPHIA

Are you saying that's art, are you really saying that's art? Well then you explain why.

MICHAEL

It goes back to prehistoric man. They had comic strips on their walls, for God's sake.

JACK

(whispering
in Michael's
ear)

I'm having a hard time. I'm working on two at once.

MICHAEL

(very interested)

Oh yeah, who?

JACK

The brunette in the armchair in the living room -- her name's Rosalie...

MICHAEL

And the other one?

JACK

Clementine -- she's waiting for me in the den.

He moves away towards the den.

MICHAEL

(to Sophia)

Wait one second for me, I'll be right back.

Michael walks off in the direction of Rosalie. Paul is wandering among the guests, trying to find Jack, he sees PETER who is talking with another young woman, NICOLE. Peter is nodding, idly looking around, completely uninterested in the conversation.

NICOLE

You guys have a beautiful place here. But the rent must be a killer.

Peter isn't paying attention.

NICOLE

Isn't it a killer?

PETER

What?...

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, the rent... yeah, it's high but split between the three of us it isn't that bad, as long as we don't eat.

Nicole laughs.

PAUL

Hi Peter, I'm looking for Jack, have you seen him?

PETER

Oh hi, Paul, how are you doing? Yeah, sure, I'll take you to Jack.

(to Nicole)

Excuse me for a minute.

They move away.

PETER

You're a lifesaver, I've been trying to get away from that woman

for 20 minutes. That sonofabitch Carl is moving in on my Natalie. Gotta go... bye.

PAUL

Wait -- What about Jack?

PETER

(in a hurry)

He's around somewhere. Check
under all the couches.

Paul walks off in Jack's direction. We STAY WITH Peter,
who reaches Natalie. She is talking with a very styl-
ishly-dressed, tall, young man, CARL.

PETER

Oh Natalie, I've been looking
for you all night.

CARL

All night? I just saw you deep
in conversation with Nicole!

PETER

Deep? Hell no, we were just
talking shop.

NATALIE

Oh come on Peter, we all know
what a ladies' man you are.

PETER

Who, me? Jack's the ladies' man,
not me. You're the only lady I'm
after.

CARL

(interrupting)

So tell me, how's your project
coming along? I heard you're not
ready yet.

PETER

We've still got two weeks left
before the semi-finals. We'll
be ready.

CARL

We've been ready for three days
now. We're gonna kick your ass.

NATALIE

Their project is really incredible.

PETER

Oh really? You've seen it?

11.

NATALIE

(smiling broadly
at Carl)

No, it's top secret but he's been
telling me about it...

PETER

(in a bad mood)
Ours is incredible too.

CARL

If you ever get it finished.
Paul comes up to Jack, who is kneeling before Clementine, whispering passionate sweet nothings in her ear. It appears he's gotten beyond the "This is love at first sight" stage. He's getting down to the nitty-gritty now. Clementine is thrilled. Paul taps Jack on the shoulder.

PAUL

Jack, can I talk to you for a second?

JACK

Oh, hi, Paul, yeah sure...

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Clementine)

... Please darling, don't move...
I'll be right back, okay? I'll
bring us back some champagne...

He disappears with Paul.

JACK

You're a lifesaver, Paul. I
thought I'd never get away.
Rosalie's waiting for me in the
living room. Isn't she
terrific?

PAUL

Who? Rosalie?

JACK

Clementine.

PAUL

Oh yeah, for sure, I dunno.
Listen, can you do me a favor?

With some difficulty, Paul follows Jack as he picks his way through the people dancing, heading in Rosalie's direction.

12.

JACK

Yeah... What kind of favor?
Damn, I've got to get her
a glass of champagne.

PAUL

Listen, I've got a little problem.
I'm having a valuable package
delivered to me on Sunday, but I'm
not going to be home. I've got to
do the Hawaii-Tahiti-Australia
route, so can I have the package

delivered here instead?

JACK

(filling a glass
with champagne)

Yeah, sure, of course.

(he stops,
thinking)

No, wait, I'm leaving for South
America tomorrow. I'll be gone
for three weeks.

JACK (CONT'D)

But it's okay. Peter and Michael
will be here. They'll take care
of it.

PAUL

Will you be sure to tell them
about it?

JACK

Absolutely. Don't worry about
a thing.

PAUL

It'll be delivered Sunday and
picked up next Thursday, okay?

JACK

Delivered Sunday picked up
Thursday. Got it. No problem.

PAUL

This is a very delicate matter,
Jack. It's very important they
don't tell anybody about this
package. It could be very... uh,
embarrassing for me, you know
what I'm saying?

JACK

Sure. You got it. I'll see you
later...

13.

Jack is about to rejoin Rosalie. Paul grabs his arm.

PAUL

Not to anyone at all. Tell
them that, okay?

JACK

Okay, sure, not to anyone at
all... Look, I'm sorry Paul, but
I gotta get back to Rosalie. Now
go have a good time. I'll take
care of everything.

PAUL

Bye and thanks a lot.

JACK

Don't mention it.

Paul leaves.

Jack finally reaches the armchair where Rosalie is sitting. He stops short, obviously disappointed.

JACK

Uh-oh. Too late.

Michael is sitting next to Rosalie, right next to her. They get up to dance. As he passes Jack, Michael smiles broadly.

MICHAEL

All's fair, old buddy...

Jack watches a moment, then breaks into a wide smile.

JACK

(singing)

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
oh my darling Clementine.

Jack whirls around and heads back towards Clementine.

4 INT. APARTMENT - FEW HOURS LATER - NIGHT

4

The guests are leaving. Commotion in the hall, people are saying goodbye to Peter and Michael. Natalie is about to walk out.

PETER

Natalie, why don't you stay for a nightcap?

NATALIE

No, I've gotta get up early...

14.

CARL

(to Natalie)

Do you care to share a cab?

NATALIE

Oh yes, thanks -- that's really nice of you...

CARL

(smiling
triumphantly;
to Peter)

Good night, Peter.

PETER

(with a forced
smile)

Good night, Carl... I'll call
you Sunday, Natalie.

She has already left. The door closes on the last of the departing guests.

MICHAEL

So you struck out again with Natalie, huh? That Carl is a real smooth operator.

PETER

He's an asshole!

(mimicking Carl)

'I heard you're not ready yet.'
'We're gonna kick your ass.' Well, we may be behind schedule, but we're still going to beat that sonofabitch and maybe I haven't scored with Natalie yet, but neither has he. She's not an easy lay, that's what I like about her. You know what they say: it ain't over till it's over.

Peter and Michael go into the living room. Peter is picking up glasses. Michael is emptying ashtrays into the wastebasket.

MICHAEL

Well, I didn't do so well either -- I blew it with Rosalie. I don't even know how...

PETER

Who's Rosalie?

MICHAEL

That beauty I managed to swipe

15.

from Jack. I was about to ask her to stay the night when...

PETER

Your old friend Sophia appeared and got you involved in a thrilling conversation about modern art, and meanwhile Rosalie...

MICHAEL

How could you know that?

PETER

Michael, all you want to do is steal Jack's girl friends. You don't give a shit about the women themselves...

MICHAEL

That's not true. It's just that Sophia drives me crazy. She knows all the right buttons to push to make me mad.

PETER

(going into the kitchen)

Anyway, it was a great party,
everyone had a good time...

MICHAEL

(still in the living
room, shouting to
Peter)

Terrific... time.

He, too, leaves the living room and runs into Jack, who has his arm around Clementine's waist as he heads toward his bedroom with her.

5 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

5

In the kitchen Peter is straightening up. Michael joins him, dumping the ashes. Peter begins washing the glasses.

PETER

Where's Jack? Did he leave?

MICHAEL

No, he's cuddling up with a blonde
named Clementine...

PETER

That's not Clementine. I saw him
doing his famous routine with
Christie...

16.

MICHAEL

No, it is Clementine, the one with
the tits this big...

PETER

Christie's got tits that big,
too...

MICHAEL

Yeah, but he was with Christie at
the beginning of the evening --
after that he was with Rosalie
and then with Clementine. And
since I stole Rosalie away from
him... Are you following this?

PETER

I'm not.

Jack enters the kitchen in very high spirits, singing.

JACK

Nice work if you can get it, and
you can get it if you try... Any
scotch left?

PETER

Yeah, here, I just put it away.

JACK

Sorry I can't give you guys a

hand, but I've got something cooking.

PETER

I thought you were leaving at dawn for South America?

JACK

I am, the night's still young!... It's gonna be a lively one. I'm gonna make us a little snack.

He makes up a tray with sandwiches.

MICHAEL

So, who is it anyway -- Christie or Clementine?

JACK

Maxine. Beautiful, enchanting Maxine.

Peter and Michael look at one another surprised, mouthing silently, "Maxine?"

17.

JACK

Hey, Michael -- how'd it go with Rosalie?

MICHAEL

Well, things were going great until...

JACK

Your old friend Sophia appeared and dragged you into a thrilling conversation about modern art and in the meantime Rosalie took off with someone else.

MICHAEL

How did you know?

JACK

I dunno -- lucky guess...

MICHAEL

Well, I don't give a damn anyway, I have 24 drawings to hand in to my editor three days from now and I gotta work all night anyway... So it was all for the best. But you better not leave that Maxine's phone number lying around because when I'm done...

JACK

Don't worry, I'll leave you her phone number on the hall table. If she's really terrific I'll put a big 'X' next to it. 'Bye, guys

-- love ya. I won't wake you tomorrow morning. See you in three weeks...

6 INT. APARTMENT - DAWN 6
Jack and Maxine noiselessly exit the apartment. Jack is wearing his pilot's uniform. Maxine pushes the button for the elevator. Jack sneaks back into the apartment and leaves a note on the hall table that says: "Maxine 227-2013." Next to the number Jack has put a big "X."

7 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF APARTMENT - DAWN 7
Jack and Maxine exchange a brief kiss and go their separate ways.

8 EXT./INT. NEWARK AIRPORT - PLANE 8

18.

Jack is in the cockpit with his copilot, RON. The ENGINES are REVVING. Jack is checking gauges. He looks out the window idly and sees:
The crew of another plane walking across the tarmac. Paul is one of the crew. Paul sees Jack and begins to gesture wildly, but his voice is drowned out by the noise of the ENGINES.
Just seeing Paul is enough to remind Jack about his package.

JACK

Damn! I forgot to tell them about the package!

(to Ron)

I gotta make a quick phone call. I'll be right back.

RON

(knowingly)

Jack, there'll be plenty of girls where we're going.

JACK

Oh, c'mon, I've really got to make a phone call! What do you think I'm going to do, pick up one of the New Jersey delegates to the I.B.M. convention?

Jack walks back towards the phone. As he walks we see that the plane is filled with ugly, boring businessmen.

9 INT. ARCHITECTURE OFFICE - DAY 9
In the architecture firm of which Peter is one of three partners. The whole staff, about 15 people in all, is gathered around a large model, the project for a big

amusement park. They all seem worried about something.
JERRY, one of Peter's partners, seems particularly angry.

JERRY

The model's not finished, the blueprints are a mess and you may as well forget the specs, they're a disaster! I know we're talented. I know we're good. Then why is it we can never get organized? Why is it we're always behind schedule?

JAY

Look, Jerry, architects since Leonardo have always been behind schedule. It's a tradition, for

19.

God's sake. Why break with tradition?

JERRY

Because this is the chance of a lifetime for our company, and there happens to be a deadline. There are millions of dollars at stake here. And our main competition had their project in three days ago!

PETER

Yeah, but word around town is their project's a piece of shit!

JERRY

Of course, it's a piece of shit, but it's a ready piece of shit.

JAY

We're just going to have to buckle down, that's all.

JERRY

You're damn right we are. Starting now, everybody works around the clock! Everybody! We have two weeks to be ready for the semi-final selection. And we will be ready. And we will win. You want to know why we'll win?

JAY

Because we're gonna cheat.

PETER

I'll go bribe the judges!

JERRY

I don't think this is a joking

matter, gentlemen.

PETER

Come on, Jerry...

A SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY

There's an urgent call for you,
Peter.

PETER

I'm not in.

20.

SECRETARY

It's Jack -- he says it's 'super
important...'

Peter picks up the phone.

PETER

Hi... yeah... listen, make it
quick, I'm in a meeting here...
yeah, a package... okay...
someone'll drop it off Sunday
and pick it up Thursday...
No problem ... yeah... we'll
put it aside, okay... no, no,
we won't tell anybody about it...
Is that it?... Right, we won't
tell anyone... Hey -- love 'n'
kisses to the Brazilian girls,
vaya con dios, old buddy.

Peter hangs up, laughing. Jerry gives him a dirty look.

PETER

What?

10 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

10

Peter, dressed in casual clothes, knocks on the door of
Michael's room, and peeks in.

Michael is asleep fully clothed on his bed. His drawing
table is strewn with papers, overflowing ashtrays and
empty coffee cups. The lamp is still on.

PETER

I'm going out for bagels -- how
many you want, three or four?

MICHAEL

(opening one eye)

What time is it?

PETER

Eleven-thirty.

MICHAEL

A.M. or P.M.?

PETER

A.M. C'mon, up 'n' at 'em.

MICHAEL

Up 'n' at 'em yourself, asshole
-- I just went to bed.

PETER

21.

Did you finish?

MICHAEL

Nah, I didn't get anywhere.

PETER

Well then... nap time's over.
Back to work. So how many bagels,
three or four?

MICHAEL

Six, six!

He buries his head under the pillow.

11 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

11

Peter opens the front door, he stumbles over an object, looks down; at his feet he sees a wicker basket lined with pretty pink-and-white checked gingham. In the basket a tiny baby lies fast asleep, her head gently resting on a lace pillow. Peter looks at this object in amazement. There is an envelope pinned to the basket with the words, "FOR JACK" written on it. Peter picks up the letter -- he opens it and reads.

PETER

(to himself)

You gotta be kidding!

Abruptly he turns and races back to Michael's room.

PETER

Michael! Michael!

MICHAEL

(still groggy)

What?

PETER

Get your ass out here and see
what's on the doorstep.

(mutters)

This has gotta be somebody's idea
of a joke!

They run to the front door.

MICHAEL

What is it?

PETER

Look for yourself.

MICHAEL

It's a basket with a baby in it.

PETER

No shit.

(reads Michael the
letter)

'Dearest Jack, here is the fruit
of our love. Take good care of
her. I have to go to Europe and
Japan for six months, her name is
Mary. Good luck, Love, Sylvia.'

MICHAEL

What are we going to do with it?

PETER

Give it back to her mother, that's
what.

MICHAEL

But it says she went to Europe.

PETER

Well, we'll see about that, d'you
have her phone number?

MICHAEL

Whose phone number?

SYLVIA

The girl's... Sylvia's...

MICHAEL

Why the hell would I have her
number? I've never even heard
of this chick!

PETER

You mean you don't know who she
is?

MICHAEL

No way. If I had to keep track
of all Jack's girlfriends, I'd
have to be a full-time secretary.

PETER

Well, what are we gonna do?

MICHAEL

Hey, look, she's waking up...

Hey, look, she's crying...

PETER

Oh no, this can't be happening!
She's not gonna start to cry now?!

MICHAEL

Uh-oh, now she's really crying!

PETER

What's her problem?

MICHAEL

Maybe she's hungry?

PETER

Well, what are we s'posed to do?

MICHAEL

Feed her, I guess...

PETER

Yeah, but what?

MICHAEL

Soft stuff... I guess.

PETER

(exploding)

Oh no, I swear to God this is unreal! Can you believe that bastard Jack?! 'A little package,' he tells me on the phone, 'just put it aside till Thursday.' Put it aside -- can you believe him!?

MICHAEL

Really? Jack said that?

PETER

Yeah and he also said 'don't tell anyone about it -- anyone at all.'

MICHAEL

Oh, so he told you about this?

PETER

Yeah, he told me a package would be coming today, but he didn't say it'd be this!

MICHAEL

(very angrily)

Boy, he's got a helluva nerve!

PETER

Just listen to the racket she's making! What are we s'posed to do?

MICHAEL

(brilliant idea)

Let's call Jack's mother!

24.

PETER

She lives in Miami for Christsake. She can't stop the baby crying from Miami.

MICHAEL

Well, just to ask her advice...

PETER

No, he said not to tell anyone...

MICHAEL

But this is an emergency!

PETER

No! No way! You know what a pain that woman is -- she'll be on the next plane here to move in with us...

MICHAEL

Maybe I should call my mother...

PETER

No, please -- leave the mothers out of this, okay?! It's only four days. We should be able to handle that, besides you know the rule around here: it's fine to have a woman over once in a while, but...

Michael finishes the sentence in unison with him.

PETER AND MICHAEL

... never for more than one night at a time!

PETER

And that includes mothers!

Peter steps over the basket and heads towards the elevator.

MICHAEL

Where are you going?!

PETER

I'm going to the store to buy some baby food.

MICHAEL

What am I supposed to do while you're gone?

PETER

Pick her up and hold her.

25.

MICHAEL

(panic-stricken)

Whaddya mean, pick her up? I've never held a baby -- I'll drop her!

Peter is already gone.

12 **INT. SAFEWAY - DAY**

12

Peter enters the store and rushes right over to a store **CLERK.**

PETER

What aisle's baby food on?

CLERK

Down there by the meat section.
Peter heads for it purposefully. When he gets to the
right aisle, he stops short, taken aback: a vast range
of products extends before him. He starts examining the
baby food jars and cans of formulas, going from one to
the next, not knowing where to begin.

13 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

13

Michael is still in the hall holding Mary very clumsily
in his arms. He is anxious. He realizes she's soaked.
This disgusts him. He holds her at arm's length; she
squirms. He goes and gets a towel from the bathroom,
spreads it out on the living room couch and lays the
baby down on it. MARY SCREAMS -- she much prefers
Michael's arms to the couch. A panicky Michael picks her
up again, grumbling.

MICHAEL

Okay, okay, don't cry like that...
I'll hold you, I'll hold you.
He tries rather unsuccessfully to wrap the towel around
the child. Obviously Michael is very put off by the
smell coming from Mary.

14 INT. SAFEWAY - DAY

14

Peter is talking with a Safeway CLERK, a woman in her
50's, who is tall and heavy, somewhat gruff and masculine
in appearance, and wearing slacks and a smock.

PETER

So what's the best brand?

26.

STORE CLERK

Depends on what your pediatrician
recommends.

PETER

Oh right, the pediatrician...
But which one sells the most?

STORE CLERK

(pointing to a
can)

This kind.

PETER

Oh, so this is the best kind?

STORE CLERK

It's the cheapest.

PETER

Then it's the worst kind?

STORE CLERK

They're all good, sir.

PETER

(pointing to another
can)

Oh, okay, then I can take this
kind.

STORE CLERK

It's got iron in it.

PETER

Oh. Is that good or bad?

STORE CLERK

It's very good.

PETER

Well, why don't they all have
iron in them?

STORE CLERK

Some babies are allergic to iron.

PETER

(pointing to yet
another can)

Oh, okay, well I'll take this
kind then.

STORE CLERK

That kind doesn't have any milk
in it.

27.

PETER

Oh, I see, there's milk with no
milk in it?

STORE CLERK

Some babies are allergic to milk.

PETER

So what's the stuff that no
babies are allergic to?

STORE CLERK

Soy formula.

PETER

Oh, okay, I'll take the soy formula.

He takes a can.

STORE CLERK

That one's Advance.

PETER

Oh really? What's Advance?

STORE CLERK

How old's your baby?

PETER

(Peter tries to
estimate Mary's
size)

Uh... about this old.

15 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

15

MARY is SCREAMING in Michael's arms as he walks her up and down the whole apartment. Now there are three towels wrapped around her. Michael is exasperated. He angrily sings her a lullaby.

MICHAEL

Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Stop crying now; c'mon, stop...
quit it, will you?... When the wind
blows, the cradle will rock...
What is that jerk doing? Milking
the cows or something?... When
the bough breaks the cradle will
fall...

MARY only SCREAMS LOUDER.

28.

16 INT. SAFEWAY - DAY

16

Now Peter is surrounded by three women arguing: The Store Clerk standing with her arms crossed and haughtily looking down on everyone; an efficient, practical sort of young woman (WOMAN #1); and another thin, pale woman whose baby is lying in a baby carrier in her shopping cart and who seems very nervous (WOMAN #2).

WOMAN #1

Does she have any teeth yet or
not? That would give us a clue
as to how old she is.

PETER

I haven't looked.

STORE CLERK

(coolly disagree-
ing; to Woman #1)
My grandson's only five months old
and he already has two teeth.
But my daughter didn't have a
single one at seven months -- so,
y'know, how many teeth they have...
doesn't mean a thing.

WOMAN #2

But didn't those friends of yours
tell you what formula they usually
give the baby?

PETER

(embarrassed)
No, actually they had to leave

unexpectedly. They had to catch a plane...

WOMAN #1

(to Peter)

Is she teething?

PETER

Teething?

WOMAN #1

Does she drool? Does she cry all night long? Does she chew on her fists? Does she put everything into her mouth?

She acts out her words.

PETER

I know she can't talk.

WOMAN #2

29.

But didn't those friends of yours tell you how old she was?

PETER

(as Woman #2 is starting to get on his nerves)

I told you they had to leave unexpectedly.

WOMAN #1

Or else you could weigh her; that would tell you how old she is.

STORE CLERK

See, my five-month-old grandson weighs more than my neighbor's grandson and he's nine months old. So, y'know, how much they weigh... doesn't mean a thing.

PETER

So what about me? What should I buy?

WOMAN #2

Didn't they even tell you the pediatrician's name?

PETER

(still calm)

No. They didn't.

WOMAN #2

You sure have weird friends.

PETER

You have no idea how weird.

WOMAN #1

Or else her hair. Does she have lots of hair?

STORE CLERK

My grandson, y'know, he has so much hair you can make a ponytail with it! And I know some kids who are totally bald at a year-and-a-half. So, y'know, how much hair they have... doesn't mean a thing...

WOMAN #1

(sarcastic)

Gee, he's really something, your grandson -- is he good at math too?

30.

Peter starts to pick cans off the shelf.

PETER

Look, ladies, thanks for all the advice. But I think I'll just take one of each. To be on the safe side.

STOCK CLERK

(to Peter)

Don't forget -- if the baby's less than three months old, you have to be sure to sterilize the bottles.

Peter stops and turns back.

PETER

What bottles?

WOMAN #2

You know what? This must be a kidnapping.

17 **INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

17

Michael is rapidly pacing up and down the apartment, vigorously rocking Mary. As soon as he sits down anywhere to rest, MARY SCREAMS, so Michael pops back up and begins the marathon all over again.

MICHAEL

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb, if that jerk isn't back in three seconds I swear I'll throw her down the garbage chute... Mary had a little lamb, little lamb...

The DOORBELL RINGS.

MICHAEL

Well, it's about goddamn time!
He hurries towards the door, grabs the knob and throws it open.

MICHAEL

Where the hell have you been?
He stops. Before him stands the apartment MANAGER, Mrs. Razzolini, a squat little woman with a moustache.

MICHAEL

Oh -- Hi, Mrs. Razzolini!

31.

MANAGER

This package came for you...
Oh! What a cute little baby!
Is it yours?

MICHAEL

No, it's not me, I mean she's
not mine...

MANAGER

Oh, so it's Peter's?

MICHAEL

No, no, it's Jack's, I mean it's
not Jack's, it's... someone loaned
it to us, I mean someone...

MANAGER

And what's the little girl's name?

MICHAEL

Mary.

MANAGER

Ooh, what a pwetty wittle name,
Mary! I didn't know you had a
baby...

MICHAEL

Yeah, well, I have to put her to
bed now.

MANAGER

You have to put her to bed? Where's
Mary's mommy?

MICHAEL

She's... she's not here. She'll
be back soon.

Michael starts to close the door. She pushes it back
open and holds out the package.

MANAGER

Oh here, this just came for you.
They just dropped it off. Can
I hold her for a second?

MICHAEL

Well, like, y'see... she doesn't

like to be held by strangers...
The apartment Manager has already given Michael the package and grabbed Mary. She covers her with kisses. Mary smiles. Michael absent-mindedly looks at the package.

32.

MANAGER

She loves to be held by strangers!
Hey, she's soaking wet hmm, no
I think it's number 2. Want me
to give you a hand changing her?

MICHAEL

Oh no, don't worry, I'm used
to it.
(faking a smile)
Well, so long, Mrs. Razzolini.

MANAGER

'Bye, Mary, I'll come back to
visit.

Mrs. Razzolini regretfully hands the baby back. No sooner is MARY back in Michael's arms than she SCREAMS her head off.

He closes the door; his smile instantly fades.

MICHAEL

What a leech! And that other
idiot isn't back yet!
He throws the package onto an armchair in the hall.

MICHAEL

So you love to be held by
strangers, do you?

18 INT. SAFEWAY - DAY

18

In the baby food aisle there are now five women arguing. Peter, his arms still laden with cans, looks uncomfortable.

WOMAN #2

This guy doesn't even know how old
his baby is and you don't find
that strange?

WOMAN #1

This guy asked for advice, I'm
giving him advice, Okay? If you're
so paranoid, why don't you run
home and chain your kid to his
crib?

WOMAN #2

Anyway, I think someone should call the cops.

WOMAN #1

33.

The cops, the cops -- I bet you call the cops every time your cat pisses on the carpet.
Peter slips away.

19 **INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

19

Peter comes in with bags in his arms.
Michael, holding the baby, dashes toward him, extremely pissed off.

MICHAEL

What the hell were you doing?
You've been gone for hours! This damn kid's been crying the whole time. I've got a lot better things to do with my time! You're a real pain in the ass!

PETER

(flabbergasted)
Hey, how dare you speak to me like that! You've never spoken to me like that before...

MICHAEL

Well, what the hell took you so long? What'd you do, go out for breakfast or something? I didn't even have time for a cup of coffee, for chrissakes.

PETER

Will you please cut it out for a second, huh? I didn't have any coffee either, it took me forever at the goddamn Safeway.

MICHAEL

Okay, well, here -- take the kid, I've got work to do.

PETER

Whaddaya mean, take the kid? I can't hold her and make her bottle at the same time. And why should I be the one to hold her?

MICHAEL

'Cause, it's your problem. You found this kid.

PETER

Hey, asshole, I'm the one who found

34.

her because I'm the one who was gonna get you some bagels for your breakfast, and...

MICHAEL

Jesus, there she goes again! We gotta feed her something.

PETER

Yeah, well you just don't feed a baby. First you gotta look and see if she has any teeth or not.

MICHAEL

Why?

PETER

To figure out how old she is so we know what to feed her, that's why.

Peter attempts to look into Mary's mouth but she squirms.

MICHAEL

Do you look on top or bottom?

PETER

How do I know?

MICHAEL

Try feeling with your finger.

Peter slides his finger over Mary's gums.

PETER

I can't feel anything -- I'll give her the stuff for newborns and hope she's not allergic to it.

Peter starts off toward the kitchen, Michael follows.

PETER

And then we'll have to see if she's allergic to iron, to soy or to milk -- you can't imagine how much stuff they can be allergic to!

MICHAEL

She's soaking wet -- did you buy any diapers?

PETER

Diapers?

MICHAEL

35.

(furious)

Figures. I'll take care of
this, it'll save time.
He sticks Mary in Peter's arms, right on top of the bags,
and storms out.

19A INT. SAFEWAY - DAY

19A

Michael rushes in and stops short in front of the moun-
tains of diaper boxes that he starts examining in bewil-
derment. Finally, he approaches the Store Clerk.

MICHAEL

Excuse me, miss, could you tell
me which diapers are the most
absorbent?

STORE CLERK

I would suggest the ones that say
'ultra-absorbent.'

MICHAEL

Yeah, but which are better: 20-35
pounds or 12-24 pounds?

STORE CLERK

(suspiciously)

Depends how much your baby weighs.

MICHAEL

Oh right, how much she weighs...

STORE CLERK

(threateningly)

You wouldn't happen to have a
friend who came in here a little
while ago, would you?

Michael grabs just any box of diapers.

MICHAEL

I have no idea what you're talking
about! He's no friend of mine.

Michael takes off very, very quickly.

20 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

20

Mary, in Peter's arms, is devouring her bottle.

PETER

Oh shit, my slacks! Goddamn
her, she took a crap!

36.

21 INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

21

Peter and Michael have laid Mary down on the couch,
taking care to place several towels between her bottom
and the immaculate velvet. Mary is squirming, laughing,
feeling great. They have already gone through half
a box of cotton in their attempts to clean up the

crap. But it's still all over, on their hands, on the baby's feet and legs, on the towels, etc.

PETER

Hold her. Hold her, goddamn it!

MICHAEL

I can't hold her. This kid's out of control here!

PETER

Just gimme the cotton.

Michael lets go of Mary's feet and she sticks them back in the crap.

PETER

Oh for chrissake, don't just let go of her!

MICHAEL

Then get the cotton yourself if you don't want me to let go of her!

Peter grabs a huge wad of cotton.

PETER

Take the towels off -- They're full of shit.

MICHAEL

But the couch'll get dirty!

PETER

Yeah, but she keeps getting it all over herself. Man, this shit is sticky!... We need cleaning fluid or something to get it off...

MICHAEL

How 'bout after-shave?

PETER

Are you kidding?! Waste our Saint Laurent on babyshit?

MICHAEL

Okay, let's just put the diaper

37.

on and the hell with it.

PETER

Right.

Michael hands him a diaper. Peter tries to figure out how it goes on.

PETER

These tape things -- do they go on the front or the back?

MICHAEL

How am I supposed to know...?

Peter tries to slide the diaper under Mary's backside but she squirms and kicks it off with her feet.

PETER

Hold her under her arms -- I'm
gonna try it this way.

Michael holds Mary under her armpits. Peter tries to put
the diaper on her. It's hard. What's more, it would
seem that Michael didn't buy the right size -- The
diaper comes all the way up to Mary's chin.

PETER

What the hell kind of lousy
stinking diapers did you get?
They're way too big!

MICHAEL

I don't think they're too big --
They're ultra-absorbent. That's
all. The more absorbent the
better.

Peter has more or less managed to adjust the diaper.

PETER

How the hell do these tape
things work? Hold her for
chrissakes!

MICHAEL

My arms are getting tired.

PETER

There. I got it.

He tapes the diaper closed.

PETER

Damn it. I didn't make it tight
enough.

38.

He tapes the other side: the diaper gapes and sags.

MICHAEL

It's not working... What about
laying her down?

PETER

Go ahead... No, not on the towels,
they're all covered with crap...

Michael lays Mary down right on the couch. Peter vigor-
ously undoes the tape, and the whole PLASTIC lining RIPS
apart.

PETER

... What the hell is this friggin'
mess? Oh, man, this is
unbelievable! To think, they
bombard us day and night with
their goddamn TV commercials! And
will you look at this junk? This
stuff is pure shit -- You tape it
closed, it sags, you undo the tape:

bingo -- the whole goddamn thing
falls apart!

MICHAEL

(taking another diaper)
Well, whaddya expect, if you pull
on it like an ape, it's gonna rip!

PETER

Michael, will you give me a break,
will you please?

Peter takes the torn diaper off. MARY utters a TINY CRY
and pees copiously all over the velvet couch.

PETER

(exploding)
Oh shit! Now she's pissing. Look
at the couch. The sneaky little
bitch was just waiting for me to
get the diaper off, then whammo...
Mary gives them a big smile.

PETER

I happen to like my furniture.
I'm going out to get some real
diapers. You can clean the couch
up in the meantime.
He exits, slamming the door.

22	INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY	22
39.		
	Michael is cleaning the couch with Mary in his arms.	
23	INT. PETER'S ROOM - DAY	23
	Mary is wearing only a diaper. Peter wraps her in one of his sweaters.	
24	INT. KITCHEN - DAY	24
	Michael is throwing a heap of used cotton and dirty diapers into the garbage can. He's rather disgusted by them.	
25	INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY	25
	Peter is cutting apart a plastic bag and lining the bottom of the basket with it as a protective sheet.	
26	INT. KITCHEN - DAY	26
	Michael is washing out a bottle.	
27	INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY	27

Peter is rocking the basket by its handles to put Mary to sleep.

28 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 28

Michael is washing Mary's clothes.

29 INT. PETER'S ROOM - DAY 29

PETER

(on the phone)

I need to reach Jack Collins, he's one of your pilots... No, I don't know exactly where he is, but he was supposed to be flying the Miami-Caracas-Rio route... The guy who proposed to you?... Oh, did he?... Well, congratulations. Please... listen to me... you must contact him and tell him he's got to call home immediately. Okay? It's an emergency, a family problem... No, don't worry, he's not married to someone else. It's another kind of family

40.

problem... Of course he still loves you. But he's been really busy lately. So anyway, please try to get in touch with him, it's real important... I can count on you then?... Good. Thanks. Goodbye!... Right, see you at the wedding.

Peter hangs up.

30 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 30

Michael and Peter are finally drinking a cup of coffee at the kitchen table. In silence.

31 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 31

Peter and Michael are standing beside the basket. MARY is SCREAMING; they are bewildered.

PETER

Maybe she's allergic to something?

MICHAEL

Or maybe she's hungry again.

PETER

Already?

been after her for months already.

MICHAEL

So what! If you leave me alone with this kid, I swear I'll pack up and be outta here by morning.

PETER

You're a real drag, y'know? Tonight was gonna be my big night! Now I bet it's gonna be Carl's big night.

42.

He exits, violently slamming the door behind him. Michael sits back down, grumbling.

44 INT. PETER'S ROOM - DUSK

44

Peter is making a phone call. He has Mary in his arms. He's in a foul mood.

PETER

Hello, Natalie? It's Peter. Listen, I'm really screwed. Jerry just called and we've run into a snag with the blueprints for the competition, it's an emergency. I've gotta go over to the office right away, I think it's gonna be an all-nighter... Of course I didn't know about this yesterday -- he just called me.

Mary reaches out and begins to jab the buttons on the phone. Peter pulls her back.

PETER

Hello? Hello?... No, I'm not trying to hang up on you. We're having some problems with the phone, that's all... No, Natalie, there's no one else here! You're the only woman I... I swear I'm not lying to you... What? You're going to call Carl?

(furious)

Okay, go ahead, call him if you want. I don't give a shit... Of course I'm not jealous. What makes you think I'm jealous?

45 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

45

Peter and Michael are silently eating sandwiches at a

corner of the kitchen table. Peter is fuming. Michael glances at him out of the corner of his eye.

46 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 46

Michael, completely zonked, is changing Mary as best he can. Peter sits, waiting, on the couch.

47 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 47

Peter is rocking the basket, as if in a trance. Michael

43.

goes back to sleep on the couch.

48 INT. PETER'S ROOM - DAY 48

Peter is talking on the phone. He has Mary in his arms.

PETER

(on the phone)

Jerry, hi, it's Peter. Listen, I've run into some problems, I can't make it today...

(holding the receiver at arm's length from his ear)

... Hey, take it easy, will you... I'm sick. Seriously ill. I'm burning up... The doctor had to come, I've gotta stay in bed till Friday.

(shouting to drown out Jerry shouting)

Hey, hey, hey, I'll work round the clock all weekend long... I swear, Jerry, I am not lying to you...

49 INT. APARTMENT - DAY 49

Peter, wearing a coat, enters carrying packages that he puts down in the living room, now transformed into a nursery. A makeshift changing table, rubber wash basin, baby clothes, baby lotion, talcum powder, soap and baby shampoo, etc. are all over the place. He drops all his purchases on the floor, sits down on the couch and picks up a book, in which he's instantly absorbed: we see from the cover that it's a book on children.

50 INT. PETER'S ROOM - DAY 50

Peter is lying on his bed now surrounded by dozens of baby-care books. Many of which are open. He's reading them with great passion, and making notes.

51 INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - DAY

51

Michael is sitting on the floor surrounded by his drawings. Mary is lying next to him.

MICHAEL

(on the phone)

I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Oxman,
but I've run into a few problems,
I won't be able to bring you the
drawings tomorrow morning as I

44.

promised. In fact, it won't be
until the day after tomorrow at
the soonest.

Michael sees Mary kick over a bottle of india ink over his drawings. He winces.

MICHAEL

(into phone)

On second thought, Mr. Oxman...
uh, better make that the end of
next week.

(shouting on the
other end)

Please don't get upset, Mr. Oxman.
I'll do everything possible to
get them to you sooner... You have
my word... I apologize again,
Mr. Oxman... Thank you again,
Mr. Oxman. Goodb...

(an audible
click)

... Mr. Oxman? Hello, Mr. Oxman?

52 INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

52

The living room is a total mess. A harrassed Peter, lying on the floor, dreamily watches Mary who is lying on her tummy in a sheet, playing with a SQUEAKY RUBBER GIRAFFE. They look at each other, as sober as judges.

53 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

53

Peter and Michael are asleep in their bathrobes on the living room couches.

Peter has a child care book over his face. MARY, in her basket, wakes up and utters a FEW LITTLE NOISES. The two men jump up and go over to her basket like robots. Mary looks at them and smiles.

54 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

54

Michael is giving her night feeding. Mary is falling

asleep in his arms; the nipple falls out of her mouth, which goes on sucking anyway. Michael is falling asleep, too, his head lolling over to one side.

55 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

55

The living room is back to normal, spic 'n' span. They've gotten rid of all the baby paraphernalia. The

45.

basket is on one of the couches. Mary is asleep. On the basket are warm clothes for outdoors, a bonnet and a coat, a full bottle, cans of formula, toilet articles, and a pile of diapers.

Seated on the couches facing each other, Peter and Michael are waiting for something.

MICHAEL

He didn't say what time?

PETER

All he said was Thursday.

MICHAEL

Terrific! -- We could rot here till eight o'clock tonight.

PETER

Well, I'm prepared to rot here till midnight if I have to, as long as we get rid of her.

MICHAEL

Jack really could have called. He has to have gotten our message by now.

PETER

Well, when he does call, I'm gonna let him have it! That sonofabitch is on the beaches of Brazil proposing to the whole goddamn world. And we're here living in hell! He's gonna get his ass on the next plane back here. Vacation's over, Jack-baby, you better believe it.

MICHAEL

(angrily)

Damn right!

(beat softer)

It's almost time for her bottle, you know.

PETER

Oh hell!

56 EXT. STREET - DAY

56

On the street two men drive by on a motorcycle looking at the numbers on the apartment buildings. They stop a few yards from the entrance to Peter, Michael and Jack's building.

46.

They are being followed by the beige Chevy that pulls ahead of them and parks just beyond them. In this car we recognize Graton sitting with a partner.

The two men, who look like young tough guys (punks), get off their motorcycle and disappear into the lobby of the building.

Graton gets out of his car and heads for the building. He glances into the lobby, then goes in. He watches the elevator floor indicator, notes the floor it stops on, then calmly returns to his car.

57 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

57

Peter and Michael are still sitting on the living room couches. The DOORBELL RINGS. Michael springs up and runs to open the door. Peter follows him.

On the doorstep stand the TWO PUNKS. One of them is short and speaks with a heavy Brooklyn accent. The other, tall, thin and creepy-looking, stands behind his buddy and doesn't speak.

PUNK #1

Jack Collins live here?

MICHAEL

Yes, he does.

PUNK #1

We came for the package.

PETER

Package? Oh that's cute, referring to her as a package! Anyway, you can tell Sylvia she's a lousy stinking bitch.

PUNK #1

Sylvia?

PETER

Yeah, Sylvia! You can tell her she's got a hell of a nerve dumping her problems into our laps!

PUNK #1

(nervously)

Problems? Did you guys have trouble?

MICHAEL

(sarcastically)

47.

He wants to know if we had trouble!

PETER

Do you have any idea what it's been like around here for the past four days?

MICHAEL

She could have at least given us a phone number or the name of someone to contact...

PUNK #1

(surprised)

I don't get it. Didn't they tell you we were gonna be here today?

MICHAEL

Sure they told us! So what? That doesn't make the last four days any less hellish than they were!

PETER

Well, anyway, they're here now, that's all that matters!

Peter turns and walks toward the basket.

PETER

The next bottle's in 45 minutes. I made it already. It's in the basket.

PUNK #1

Bottle? Whadda ya mean, bottle?

MICHAEL

About an hour after her bottle, she starts yawning. Put her to bed right away or it's pure hell for the next three hours, at least that's what we've noticed.

Peter has returned with the basket. The Punks look at the baby, their eyes wide with disbelief.

PUNK #1

What the hell is that? A baby?

PETER

(sarcastic)

No, it's a very short teenager. Of course it's a baby! Now listen carefully: I'm giving you a can of the milk she's been getting. She loves it, and more importantly,

she's not allergic to it. I even
put a can of the same brand in
here for you, but in powdered form,
understand?

Punk #1 hears "powder" and catches on.

PUNK #1

Oh! I get it! Powdered milk!
Very clever!

PETER

Yeah, right... real clever...
Okay, here. She's all yours.
Good luck.

He hands them the basket. Punk #1 grabs the handles.

PUNK #1

Okay, I got it. You can take her
out now.

PETER

Take what out? I'm not taking
anything out.

PUNK #1

Wait a minute, I don't get it!
We take the basket and the milk,
that's all. We ain't gonna take
the... what's inside.

PETER

Whadda ya mean, what's inside?

MICHAEL

You take it all, man! It's a
package deal!

PUNK #1

But what are we s'posed to do
with it?

MICHAEL

How do I know? You take it
where they told you to take it.

PUNK #1

Y'mean, I take it to the
connection?

MICHAEL

Yeah, whatever you want to call
it.

PUNK #1

Are you sure that's the plan?

MICHAEL

You bet that's the plan! We're not keeping her one more second.

PUNK #1

Okay, if that's the plan...

He passes the basket to Punk #2

PUNK #1

... Here, hold this. Okay, so long!

They start to leave, pressing the elevator button.

PETER

(suddenly a little worried)

Uh... listen... maybe you could leave us the address or the phone number just in case. So we can find out how she's doing?

The Punks exchange a puzzled glance.

PUNK #1

Oh, yeah, sure, the address.

(feebly searching his pockets)

Oh shit, I don't have it on me...

But I'll call you. Okay, so long!

PETER & MICHAEL

So long!

The elevator has arrived. The Punks quickly slip inside it with the basket.

Michael closes the door.

Peter plops down in the armchair by the front door.

PETER

Aah, relief at last! Good riddance!

MICHAEL

You said it! Now maybe I can get some work done.

He disappears in the direction of his room.

Peter is sitting on something hard. He pulls it out from under him, it's a package. He looks at it, casually reading: "Care of Jack Collins." He tosses it to the side. Suddenly, it dawns on him. He leaps up, grabs the package and runs into Michael's room.

50.

58 INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - DAY

58

PETER

(holding the package)

What the hell is this?

MICHAEL

Well, a package, I guess.

PETER

Was this package delivered to you?

MICHAEL

Yeah, why?

Peter raises his voice, exasperated by Michael's calm attitude.

PETER

When the hell did this package arrive?

MICHAEL

Will you quit shouting!

PETER

(screaming even louder)

When did this fucking package fucking arrive, Michael?

MICHAEL

I don't know... Oh yeah, Sunday -- Mrs. Razzolini brought it up...

PETER

Holy shit!

MICHAEL

What's the matter?

PETER

This is the package those guys came for, not the baby, you asshole.

MICHAEL

Hey, asshole yourself!... Oh shit!

Peter nods and begins to bark orders.

PETER

Look out the window and see if you see them, I'm gonna try to

51.

catch up with them...

Michael runs to the window.

Peter runs like a madman through the apartment out the front door. He presses the button for the elevator. It's in use.

PETER

Goddamit!

He opens the door leading to the stairs and races down them, holding on to the bannister. He flies, overwhelmed by anxiety. Suddenly he trips, loses his balance and makes a spectacular crash landing. The package gets a bit crushed, and little individual packets of white powder spill out of it. Peter stares at them in horror.

PETER

What the hell is this?
He picks up a few packets and examines them.

PETER

Oh, God, no... dope! That's all
we need!

He starts to tremble with fear. He picks the packets up
as fast as he can and hastily puts them back into what's
left of the package; then shoves it all into his pocket
and continues racing down the stairs.

59 EXT. STREET - DAY

59

Punk #1 is attempting to strap the basket onto the
motorcycle with a bungee cord. Punk #2 watches him
coolly.

PUNK #2

We'd be better off taking the
subway.

PUNK #1

You want to ride the subway with
a hundred grand in uncut dope,
go ahead.

PUNK #2

Well we can't ride around
carrying this baby basket. We'll
get stopped by the cops.

PUNK #1

So go ahead, take the subway and
stop bothering me. I'm going to
hook this onto the back seat.

52.

PUNK #2

It'll never hold, man.

PUNK #1

(desperately going
at the hook and
the basket)

Goddamn hook! Christ, what a
stupid idea hiding the shit with
this kid. It's ridiculous!

Peter comes rushing out of the building.

PETER

(huffing and puffing)
Oh, thank God, you're still here!
There's been a terrible mistake.
That wasn't the package you
were s'posed to take. It was
another one. I have it right
here.

PUNK #1

What do you mean? What other package?

PETER

I'll take the basket back and give you the other package, here. No mistake.

Peter takes the package from his pocket and is about to grab the basket. Punk #1 pushes him back violently.

PUNK #1

You ain't takin' nothin' back, man.

PETER

But I'm tellin you it was a mistake...

PUNK #1

(in a low but very aggressive tone)

You tryin' to double-cross us or something? Beat it before I get pissed, man.

PETER

(panic-stricken, in an equally low tone)

But I'm telling you, I've got your package right here. There's been a mistake...

53.

PUNK #1

A mistake my ass! Now get outa here, man, or I'm gonna stick this right in your gut.

He discreetly reveals a switchblade knife he's carrying.

PUNK #1

(to Punk #2)

Start the bike.

Punk #2 is about to get on the motorcycle. Peter stops him.

PETER

But I'm telling you, I've got the real package in my pocket.

PUNK #2

(to Punk #1)

Watch it, the cops!

Peter quickly puts back the package in his pocket. A patrol car comes up next to them, right beside the car in which Graton is sitting, taking in every bit of the action.

GRATON

(to his partner)

Terrific! I bet these morons
screw up everything.

One of the COPS gets out of his car and comes over to the
Punks and Peter. Peter is scared stiff.

PUNK #1

(whispering)

If you called the cops on us,
pal, you're a dead man.

COP #1

All right, what's that doing on
the back of the bike?

No one answers.

COP #1

You wouldn't by any chance be
intending to drive with a baby
basket on your motorcycle, would
you?

PUNK #1

Of course not, Officer. We'd
never do something like that.

54.

COP #1

So why did you strap it on in
the first place if you had no
intention of driving with it?

PUNK #2

So it wouldn't fall off.

COP #1

Very funny.

As he speaks, Peter undoes the bungee cord from around
the basket and takes it off the motorcycle.

PETER

No, really, Officer, they weren't
gonna drive off with it -- They
were just watching it for me while
I was doing a quick errand.

(to the Punks)

Thanks, guys.

Punk #1 gives him a dirty look.

COP #1

All right, let's see some
identification, everybody.

The punks exchange a glance. Suddenly Punk #1 shouts:

PUNK #1

Go!

They take off running in different directions. Cop #1
charges after Punk #1 and yells to his partner who's
still in the car:

COP #1

Watch the guy with the basket!
Cop #2 leaps out of the car, gun in hand.
Peter stiffens with fear.

COP #2

Freeze! All right, asshole, let's
see some I.D.

PETER

(urbanely)
Listen, Officer, let's stay calm
now. I haven't the slightest
intention of running. I am not
a criminal. I'm an architect.

COP #2

(calming down

55.

a little)
Your I.D., let's see it.

PETER

I'm terribly sorry, Officer, but
I don't have any identification
on me. I just came down with my
baby to run a quick errand. I
haven't committed any crime.

COP #2

All right, let's go, in the car.
I'm taking you down to the
station.

PETER

Oh, c'mon, that's impossible --
you see I have a baby. I have
to give her a bottle in fifteen
minutes, I can't go anywhere.
I live right in this building --
let me go up to my apartment
and I'll get you my license
immediately... You can even
come with me if you like...

COP #2

All right, lead the way.
They disappear inside the building. Peter is carrying
the basket in his left hand; his right hand is clenched
on the horrible package hidden in his pocket.
Just then Cop #1 comes running back, empty-handed.
Graton gets out of his car and comes up to Cop #1, show-
ing him his badge.

GRATON

(angry)
Inspector Graton, Narcotics. It
just so happens I was tailing

those two guys and now because
of you clowns I lost them,
probably forever. Thanks a lot!

COP #1

How could we know?

GRATON

Forget it. Listen, your partner
went in here with the guy and the
baby. He lives up on the tenth
floor. I can't go in because if
he sees me, my cover is blown. So
could you please try not to lose
this one, okay? He's someone who's

56.

gotta be watched very closely.
I've called for backup and it's on
its way.

60 **INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

60

The elevator doors open, Peter and Cop #2 exit.

PETER

(key in hand)

This is it. Please come in...
can I get you a cup of coffee or
something?

COP #2

No thanks. I'll just wait out
here.

Peter enters the apartment and calmly crosses through
the house, carrying the basket.
As soon as he's out of the cop's sight, he starts running
like a madman down the corridor. He runs into Michael
who was just coming to meet him.

MICHAEL

Hey, what's happening? What
were those cops doing...

Peter shuts him up, grabs him roughly under the arm and
leads him into his room, closing the door behind them.
Peter speaks softly but he's totally freaking out, he
can hardly breathe.

PETER

Michael... Michael... we're in
deep trouble. The package...
The package...

MICHAEL

Yeah? What?

PETER

There's a cop on the doorstep...

He didn't see you... He mustn't see you... We're in deep trouble, Michael...

MICHAEL

Tell me what...

PETER

The package they came for wasn't the baby, it was dope, drugs, a shitload of dope! We were stopped by some cops down on the street.

57.

MICHAEL

But did the cops see the dope?

PETER

No, it's right here.

He takes out the package.

MICHAEL

Shit!

PETER

We'll get twenty years if the cops find this on us! Climb down the fire escape and hide it... anywhere!

Michael takes the package, opens the window and starts to climb out it when Peter stops him.

PETER

Hey, whatever you do, don't lose the goddamn dope, we gotta be able to return it to those dealers or we're dead. Those guys are serious.

MICHAEL

Don't worry.

He starts down the fire escape, then stops and turns back.

MICHAEL

Oh, by the way, I put some water up to boil for her bottle.

Michael disappears. Peter picks up Mary, grabs his wallet and leaves the room. When he gets to the hall, he discovers that Cop #1 has joined Cop #2, to whom he is whispering something. Peter holds his license out for them to see.

PETER

Here's my license.

COP #1

I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to remain in the apartment. The narcotics squad will be

arriving any moment now. They want to ask you a few questions.

PETER

Narcotics squad? What do they want with me? I don't even use aspirin!

58.

61 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

61

Michael is buying a pair of scissors, glue and a roll of Scotch tape. Then he buys a box of large diapers -- he chooses the ones that come in a box. Michael leaves the supermarket, whistling.

62 EXT. PARK - DAY

62

Michael is sitting on a bench facing the grass, with his back to us, he seems quite busy. As we CLOSE IN, we discover that he has opened the box of diapers and that he's holding one of them; its plastic has been carefully cut out with scissors. Casually, glancing right and left, he takes the individual packets of white powder out of his pocket and shoves them into a little plastic bag from the supermarket. Then he carefully tapes the bag so it's well-sealed and flattened out, and he inserts it into the diaper, between the plastic and the absorbent fabric. Next, the diaper is taped up, folded back up and put back in the box, neatly packed between the other ones. Michael closes the box again and glues it together so it looks as if it's never been opened. He throws all the other stuff away in a trash can and grabs hold of his brand-new box of diapers. He walks away.

63 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

63

Michael comes into the living room with his box of diapers and a bag of groceries. In addition to the two cops there are now THREE NARCOTIC AGENTS who are interrogating Peter. He is holding Mary. The basket is on an armchair.

MICHAEL

Hello, Officers... What's going on?

PETER

Don't worry, Michael, it's nothing serious, just a little misunderstanding.

MICHAEL

Did you give her the 5:30 bottle?

PETER

Yeah, I just gave it to her.

59.

MICHAEL

Did you change her?

PETER

No, she's soaking wet.

MICHAEL

Okay, I'll do it.

Michael puts down his bag of groceries, takes Mary from Peter and disappears with the box of diapers. In his room, he lays Mary down on his bed and starts undressing her.

64 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

64

AGENT #1

And who's he?

PETER

He's my roommate.

AGENT #1

(raising an eyebrow)

Oh, I see, I see...

PETER

No, you don't see. There are three of us sharing this place.

AGENT #1

Oh, three, huh? A regular 'mirage a trois'!

PETER

It's 'menage'... and it's not. We all have lots of girlfriends, thank you.

AGENT #1

Uh-huh, so what's your friend do?

PETER

He's a cartoonist.

AGENT #1

What about the other guy?

PETER

He's a pilot.

AGENT #1

Ah-hah... Now that's interesting...
(to his colleague)

60.

... Get me those photographs,
the ones taken at Newark Airport.
Agent #1 looks in his attache case.

AGENT #1

So does this friend of yours ever
fly to South America?

PETER

No. Never. Only North America.
The PHONE RINGS.

AGENT #1

Would you object if I answered it
for you?

PETER

Not at all, go right ahead. I've
got nothing to hide.
Agent #1 picks up the phone and listens.

AGENT #1

It's a collect call from a Jack
Collins in La Paz, Bolivia. That
wouldn't happen to be your pilot
friend, would it? The one who
never goes to South America?

PETER

Yes, it is him.
Agent #1 hands him the phone.

PETER

Hello, yes, operator, I accept the
charges.

Agent #1 gestures to Agent #3 to take a look around the
apartment. Agent #3 slips away.

AGENT #1

Would you mind very much if I
listened?

PETER

Please, go right ahead.
Agent #1 picks up the other telephone.

PETER

Hello, Jack? Fine, yeah. How're
you? Yeah, he's fine, too.
Yeah, we left a message for you,
right... No, it was nothing

61.

special, it was just, I mean...
to see how you were doing and all
... No, no emergency. Everything's
fine.

PETER (CONT'D)

(loud)
I said everything's fine! The

what?... I don't know what you're talking about... Oh yeah, the package! Yeah, yeah, it got here ... and was picked up, uh-huh. Hey! Why didn't you call sooner? Huh? 'Cause what?... Oh, you're onto something hot -- well, aren't you the lucky one!... So when are you getting married?... Forget it, I was just kidding... Well, everything's fine up here. So have a good time. See you in a couple of weeks. 'Bye.

Peter hangs up. So does Agent #1.

AGENT #1

Now that's interesting. So you wanna tell me about this package and the hot something-or-other your friend lucked onto... in La Paz... Bolivia... South America?

Peter sits down, stunned.

65 INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - DAY

65

Mary is lying on Michael's bed. He has just finished putting a regular diaper on her. Then Michael looks for the tampered-with diaper in the box. He finds it, checks that it is well-sealed, and places it under Mary's bottom.

Just then Agent #3 appears in the doorway. Michael calmly finishes putting the dope-filled diaper on the baby on top of the other one. MARY is COOING. Everything appears normal. However, a trained eye might be very surprised by the enormous thickness of the diaper covering the young lady's backside. But a narcotics agent is not necessarily the most qualified person to notice something odd like this.

Agent #3 silently observes Michael, who gives him a big smile as he slips on Mary's pajama bottoms. Michael picks Mary up and for the first time talks to her in the kind of silly babytalk used by adoring parents.

62.

MICHAEL

Okey-dokey, honeybunch, it's time to go beddy-bye now... We're gonna take a nice long nappy-wappy...

He goes back to the living room, followed by Agent #3.

Agent #1 is in the process of showing Peter a photograph.

AGENT #1

Do you recognize anyone in this

picture?

Peter looks: it's the photo of Jack and Paul that was taken at the beginning of the movie.

PETER

(pointing)

Sure. This is Jack Collins.

AGENT #1

Oh yeah? Now that's interesting. Michael has laid Mary down for a nap in her basket, observed by the five cops. He now sits down, cheerful and bubbling over with enthusiasm.

MICHAEL

So! Can I get you something to drink?

Agent #1 totally ignores him.

AGENT #1

So, who's the baby belong to?

PETER

It's Jack's daughter.

AGENT #1

And why are you two taking care of her?

PETER

Because her mother's in Europe for six months, and since Jack had to be away for two weeks, I took my vacation to take care of her, I love kids.

MICHAEL

Yeah, Peter and I just love kids!

AGENT #1

Now that's interesting. Well, we'll be seeing each other again soon, in fact very soon. In the

63.

meantime, I'd appreciate it if you didn't leave New York in the next few days.

All the cops head for the door. Michael accompanies them, putting on a very urbane act.

MICHAEL

Come back anytime, gentlemen. You're always welcome here. We have no particular plans to leave New York in the near future, so don't worry about us now. 'Bye now.

Once the cops are gone, Michael races back to the living room. Peter has collapsed into his armchair.

PETER

(in a low tone)
Christ, what a mess! They'll be on
our tails around the clock! How
the hell are we gonna get rid of
the goddamn dope?! By the way,
where is it?

MICHAEL

(also speaking in
a low tone)
It's cool, don't worry, I got it
stashed.

PETER

Where?
Michael points to Mary's bottom.

PETER

Huh?

MICHAEL

This way it's close at hand!

PETER

Are you out of your mind??

MICHAEL

Relax, will you.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I diapered the dope on her right
in front of the cop and he never
noticed a thing!

PETER

I told the cops we were taking
care of her. You realize we're
now stuck with the kid till Jack

64.

comes back. There ain't nobody
coming to pick her up, and I have
to go back to the office today!

MICHAEL

Wait a minute. You're not gonna
stick me with this kid! Tell
them you need a maternity leave,
tell them anything, but we've got
to go 50-50 on this!

PETER

And that's not all -- we haven't
heard from the punks yet either!

66 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

66

Hidden within a parked car, three men are keeping a close

watch on the entrance to Peter, Michael and Jack's building. The two uniformed cops emerge, get in their car, and pull away.

67 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

67

PETER

(on the phone; things
are heating up)

That's right, you heard right:
I'm not coming in to work for two
weeks... No, I can't explain why...

(in a louder tone)

... Because I can't, that's all!...
NO, this has nothing to do with
chasing ass! Jerry... Jerry!
Will you stop screaming for a
minute and listen? I'm in trouble,
you understand? Deep trouble... I
know... I know...

PETER (CONT'D)

(yells)

... Goddammit, Jerry, of course
winning the competition is
important to me! The firm's my
whole life if you must know. No,
no, please -- don't send anyone
over here... Don't you come either.
No, Jerry... Okay, listen, I'll be
there in a half-hour, but I can't
stay long. No! Don't come here!
I'll be right over.

He hangs up. Michael enters the room, with his coat on.

MICHAEL

65.

I gotta go over to Mr. Oxman's --
he just called and he's freaking
out. He says if I don't bring
some cartoons over now, the deal's
off.

PETER

You're going now?

MICHAEL

Yeah, but don't worry about it,
I'll be back before it's time
for her next bottle. She's asleep
now.

PETER

Terrific, just terrific! Jerry
just called: I have to go to the

office right now.

MICHAEL

Well, call him back. Tell him you'll come later.

PETER

There's no way. I can't, he's suicidal. Why don't you call Oxman and tell him you'll be there in a few hours.

MICHAEL

You're crazy. Oxman is leaving in an hour. If I don't meet him before then, I blow my 15,000 dollar contract.

PETER

Oh shit, I can't take this anymore!

MICHAEL

Look, maybe we could pawn her off on Mrs. Razzolini, just for a couple of hours -- she's crazy about her!

PETER

Good idea! Let's go.

68 INT. BUILDING - DUSK

68

Peter and Michael get out of the elevator on Mrs. Razzolini's floor. They each are holding one of the handles on the basket. They are walking quickly. Suddenly Michael stops Peter.

66.

MICHAEL

Wait -- I hear someone... I'll go see...

Peter waits with the basket. Michael tiptoes to the corner of the corridor.

At the very end of the corridor, on Mrs. Razzolini's doorstep, he sees the three narcotics Agents talking with Mrs. Razzolini. We can hear snippets of their conversation.

RAZZOLINI

Yes, I brought a package up to them... I think it was last Sunday...

AGENT #1

What are these people like? What kind of lifestyle do they have?

Michael hastily returns to Peter, still on tiptoes. He

leads him back to the elevator and pushes the elevator button.

MICHAEL

(whispering)
Just as I thought -- the goddamn cops are grilling Mrs. Razzolini.

PETER

Oh shit! We sure as hell can't hand her the baby with an ass full of dope... right in front of the narcs!

The elevator has arrived meanwhile.

PETER

(breaking down)
What should we do? I really gotta go...

MICHAEL

Listen, she's just had her bottle. She's sleeping like a log. Let's just leave her in the apartment. What can possibly happen to her? She's as regular as clockwork. She won't wake up till 8:30 and we'll easily be back by then...

PETER

Yeah, you're right, we won't be long.

They rush into the elevator.

67.

69 **EXT. STREET - DUSK**

69

The three men, slumped in their car, are watching the door of the apartment building.

The three narcotics Agents emerge from the building and walk away. A short time goes by. Peter and Michael emerge from the building and quickly walk away. The three men get out of their car, cross the street and enter the building.

70 **INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

70

Peter comes out of the elevator, key in hand. He's about to put it in the lock on the door, but stops short -- the door is already open.

PETER

Michael? Michael, are you here?
No answer.

Peter pushes the door open. The sight that greets his eyes is very dismaying. It looks like a tornado has hit the house. Everything's on the floor, it's all been smashed, it's all been ripped apart. Gone is the beautiful apartment that had been so lovingly decorated. In its place, utter devastation and shambles.

Peter stands there speechless for a moment, then an awful thought crosses his mind. He runs like crazy into his room -- the basket's not there. Stepping over the debris and all the things strewn over the floor, he rushes into the living room, then into Michael's room. The basket's nowhere to be seen.

Peter falls apart; without even realizing it, he's moaning and muttering distractedly. He runs into Jack's room, into the kitchen, into the bathroom. The basket is nowhere to be seen. Peter runs all over, back and forth ten times in all the rooms. Tears are flowing from his eyes.

Suddenly, he hears FAINT CRIES. They're coming from the back bathroom. Peter rushes to it, practically ripping the door from its hinges. There on the toilet is the basket, and on it there's a note written in big messy printing which says: "NEXT TIME WE TAKE HER."

Mary looks at Peter and smiles; she seems in great shape. A distraught Peter picks her up, hugs her tightly and kisses her all over as he takes her into his room.

Just then, Michael appears in the corridor, silent and

68.

overwhelmed. He comes to the door to Peter's room and looks at him. Peter, mortified to have been caught kissing Mary, hastily distances himself from her, holding her at arm's length. He puts her down on his bed and exits the room.

71 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

71

The debris has been shoved up against the walls. Peter and Michael, in their pajamas and dead tired, are slumped over the table. Peter is giving Mary her bottle. Michael is looking at Mary as though he were seeing her for the first time.

72 INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

72

Peter is in bed, completely out of it. Michael is changing Mary very carefully. He puts one diaper on her, then the second one, full of dope. He lays Mary down in her basket, then places the basket on the bed, nestled between the wall and Peter's body.

Michael, holding the soiled diaper, silently goes out. Once he's alone, Peter leans over the basket. Mary and he stare at each other intently and seriously. Peter switches off the light.

73 **INT. APARTMENT - DAWN**

73

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Michael, asleep on his mattress on the floor in the middle of his wrecked bedroom, emerges from sleep and glances at his clock: it's 6:10 AM. He staggers to the front door and opens it. The door is being held together with a string.

Agents #1, #2, and #3 are at the door, with four other cops backing them up.

Mrs. Razzolini is standing behind them and staring, wide-eyed, a look of horror on her face.

MICHAEL

Morning, officers. Can I help you?

AGENT #1

(holding out a piece of paper to him)

Search warrant.

MICHAEL

69.

(playing the gentleman, waving away the paper)
I believe you, officer. Go ahead, we have nothing to hide. Hello, Mrs. Razzolini!

Mrs. Razzolini turns her back on him and hurries away. The cops enter the apartment.

MICHAEL

You'll have to excuse the mess... We had a few friends over last night...

AGENT #1

(looking at the devastation)

Oh, really? Well, if I were you I'd get myself some new friends!

Peter comes in, in his bathrobe, furious.

PETER

What the hell are you guys looking for, anyway?

AGENT #1

Probably the same things your friends were looking for last night! Didn't Mrs. Razzolini bring you a package last Sunday?

PETER

You mean the chocolate Easter bunnies? We ate them already.
He starts to walk away.

PETER

Anyway, you have no idea how many packages we've been getting lately. It's hard to keep track of them.

AGENT #1

Maybe we can help.
(to his colleagues)
Let's get to work!

All the cops enter the apartment.

74 INT. PETER'S ROOM - DAY

74

Peter is in bed, with the basket beside him. A narcotics AGENT is rummaging through his scattered belongings.

AGENT

Would you mind if I look in your

70.

bed?

PETER

(big smile)
My pleasure. Try not to make a mess.

Peter gets up, takes the basket off the bed and keeps it in his hands. The Agent searches the bed.

AGENT

I'll look in the basket, if you don't mind...

PETER

Be my guest.

He picks up Mary with her huge diaper. The Agent searches the whole basket.

AGENT

Thank you very much, sorry about this...

He goes out. Peter, undaunted, pats Mary's big behind.

75 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

75

The cops are leaving.

AGENT #1

Well, there's obviously been a mistake. As far as you're concerned this investigation is closed. We apologize again.

MICHAEL

(big smile)
Oh, don't mention it! It was a
pleasure having you here! I hope
you'll find what you're looking
for very soon!

AGENT #1

(looking straight
at him)

So do we.

Michael closes the door and races into the living room
where he discovers Peter putting on his jacket.

MICHAEL

(softly)
Did you hear that? He said
there'd been a mistake and they
weren't going to bother us anymore.

71.

PETER

Bullshit, it's a trick.

MICHAEL

You think so? Really?

PETER

They just said that to put us off
guard. They saw the condition
this apartment's in.

PETER (CONT'D)

They know the punks were here
looking for the dope and that they
probably didn't find it. So that
means we've still got it.

MICHAEL

But he said the investigation was
closed.

PETER

Okay, let's just see how closed
it is. I'll go downstairs. You
watch out the window and see if
I'm being tailed.

76 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

76

Michael is peeking out at the street from the window
above. Peter comes out of the building and turns left,
walking very quickly.

Suddenly, Peter stops, turns around and retraces his
steps. We can clearly see a man, who was walking about
six yards behind Peter on the opposite side of the
street, also turn around and retrace his steps.

It is Graton.

77 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

77

PETER

(entering)

So? Was I right?

MICHAEL

There's one guy for sure! A
redhead, kind of young, disguised
sort of like a college student.

PETER

I knew it. They're going to be
watching us around the clock.

72.

How are we going to get the dope
back to the punks?

MICHAEL

I have the feeling they'll come
to us.

PETER

We'll have to be very careful.

78 EXT. STREET - NIGHTFALL

78

Michael is walking on the street carrying two bags of
groceries. Suddenly, a guy walks up to him and elbows
him sharply.

PUNK

Hi! Doin' a little shopping, huh?
How's your place -- not too much
damage, I hope.

MICHAEL

What do you guys want?

PUNK

We want the dope. Tomorrow.

MICHAEL

And we want to give it to you.
But the cops are tailing us
nonstop. Matter of fact, there's
one right behind us now...

PUNK

That's your problem, man. Figure
out a way to shake 'em. Either we
safely get the dope tomorrow, or
you, your friend and the kid'll
get this.

(he quickly stabs
the grocery bags

three times)
We'll call you tonight.
He runs off, disappearing into the darkness. From the slit-open grocery bag milk flows out onto the sidewalk. Michael is shaking all over. Standing about twenty yards away, Graton hasn't missed a thing.

79 INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

79

Not far from Peter, Michael and Jack's building, Graton, in his car, is talking into the microphone of his police radio.

73.

GRATON

... My snitch told me the gang hasn't gotten the dope back yet, but they will soon. They made contact with the two guys tonight ... No, no, they don't know I'm tailing them. These jerks are going to fall right into my hands...

80 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

80

Peter and Michael are seated in the living room, which is still an utter wreck. They can't take their eyes off the phone that's between the two of them.

They are sitting silently, not moving.
Mary is playing in her basket.
The PHONE RINGS. Peter and Michael both jump three feet in the air.
Michael picks up the phone.

MICHAEL

Hello? Who? Goddamn it, where are you?...
(to Peter)
... It's Jack. He just landed in Newark. He came back early.

PETER

Gimme that.
(he grabs the receiver out of Michael's hand)
Jack? What the hell are you doing?
(listens to a long explanation)
Yeah... yeah... oh yeah? Well, listen very carefully, Jack.

That wonderful, fantastic babe
you brought back from Bolivia?
The one you're gonna marry
tomorrow? Well, you're not going
to bring her here!... You are
going to say 'goodbye' to her very
nicely and put her in a cab back
to Bolivia... Why? Because there's
another wonderful, fantastic babe
waiting for you right here at home
... Who is she? Oh, that's a
surprise! You'll see when you
get here. But believe me, she's

74.

out of this world. You're going
to be up all night with this babe.
She's crazy about you.

MICHAEL

(in a low tone)

Make it quick, the punks may be
trying to call...

PETER

So hurry home, Jack, this little
doll can't wait to see you. 'Bye.

He hangs up.

PETER

(in a furious temper)

That goddamn mother fuckin' jerk
of an asshole! I swear when he
comes through the door I'll kill
him! I'll...

The PHONE interrupts. Michael leaps up and answers it.

MICHAEL

Hello? Listen, tomorrow, Central
Park at the fountain near the
merry-go-round, five o'clock. Be
there, but...

They've hung up on the other end. Michael hangs up
and sits down, drained.

MICHAEL

... That was it.

PETER

(equally drained)

All we can do now is hope our
plan works.

MICHAEL

You think the cops have our phone
bugged?

PETER

I don't think that's legal, is it?

80A EXT. STREET - NIGHT

80A

Graton is speaking into the microphone of his radio. Next to him sits a cop with phone-tapping equipment.

GRATON

(very excited)

We got 'em, Chief. Five o'clock

75.

tomorrow at the fountain near the merry-go-round! I'll arrange for back-up... Hold it, someone's going into their building...

We see Jack getting out of a taxi with his luggage and going into the building.

81 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

81

Jack emerges from the elevator happy as a lark and feeling frisky.

JACK

(opening the door)

Yoo-hoo, guys! I'm home! I've got presents for you... so where's that wonderful fantastic babe...

He enters and sees the state the apartment is in.

JACK

... What the hell happened here?

He walks into the apartment, shocked and overwhelmed.

JACK

Peter! Michael! Are you here?
He goes into the living room -- No one's there. Into Michael's room. No one's there. He goes into his own room, where the destruction is even moreshocking than elsewhere since nothing has been touched in there.

JACK

Oh, my God! My beautiful room!

My beautiful, beautiful room!

(very angry)

Michael!... Peter -- where the hell are you, for Chrissakes?

He runs like a madman into Peter's room and stops short on the threshold. Michael and Peter are each holding a handle of the basket as they rock it gently.

JACK

(furious)

What the hell is going on around here? What happened to this place?

What happened to my room?

Peter and Michael look him right in the eye, still

rocking the basket.

JACK

And anyway, what the hell are you

76.

swinging that thing for?

(silence)

Answer me for God's sake!

(looking in)

Oh my God, there's a kid in there!

Have you've gone bananas!? There's
a Goddamn kid in there!

(silence)

JACK

Oh, I get it. The 'silent' treatment!
Okay, if you won't talk to me, you can
talk to my lawyer! This is grounds for
divorce! You're in big trouble, the
both of you.

He leaves. A second later, he comes back.

JACK

I paid to have this place decorated,
too, you know. I'm not going to let
you get away with this.

He leaves; a second later, he comes back.

JACK

It's too late to try and talk me
out of it. I'm history. I'm gone.
I'm outa here.

He leaves. A second later, he comes back.

JACK

I'm giving you one more chance to...

PETER

(very calmly)

Would it be asking too much of you
to shut your big mouth for a few
seconds? There is a child here
who's trying to sleep.

JACK

And that's another thing! I will
not have a baby in this house!
Babies are not part of our agreement!

PETER

(softly)

Michael, please hold me back... or
I'll kill him.

Michael takes the basket handle from Peter's hand, places
the basket carefully on the bed, and walks without a word
towards Jack, who he takes by the arm and steers into the
living room. Peter softly shuts the door behind them and

follows.

77.

82 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

82

Michael sits Jack down in an armchair. He speaks with forced calm.

MICHAEL

All right, Jack. Why don't we start at the very beginning. The very day you left for your vacation...

JACK

Hey, will you please stop talking like Mr. Rogers? It's getting on my nerves.

PETER

(his fuse has blown,
laughing hysterically)
His nerves! Ha. Ha. Ha. His nerves! Michael, his nerves! You wanna talk about nerves! Then just shut up and listen. It so happens we don't want a kid here either, but when someone dumps one on us, we take goddamn care of it.

MICHAEL

Yeah, we take goddam care of it.

PETER

We haven't had a decent night's sleep in two weeks. Michael's probably going to lose a \$15,000 contract...

MICHAEL

Peter couldn't leave. Jerry almost jumped out the window. It's lucky they even made it to the finals!

JACK

What?

PETER

First, we've got the narcs on our ass, then there's the drug gang threatening to carve us up. Then bottles... bottles... every three hours, bottles.

MICHAEL

And diapers. Have you ever tried to do diapers?

PETER

'La Paz, Bolivia...' He calls from ... 'I'm onto something hot.' He says. 'Did the package get there?' He says. You asshole!

MICHAEL

And the day they wrecked the apartment, Peter came home and couldn't find Mary. I've never seen him in tears like that bef...

PETER

(cutting him off;
embarrassed)

Never mind about that. Look, Jack, you got us into this mess, and you're going to help us get out of it.

JACK

What are you guys talking about? What narcs? What gang? And who's that fucking baby?

PETER

For your information, the 'fucking' baby's name is Mary. And if I were you, I'd watch what I said about her... because she just so happens to be your daughter!

JACK

What??

MICHAEL

And it just so happens, we've got a lot better things to do with our lives than wipe a baby's ass, even if she's yours!

Peter and Michael exit, slamming the door.

83 INT. BATHROOM - DAY**83**

Peter is slicking his hair back with Brylcream. Jack is sitting on the edge of the bathtub, with his arms crossed. He observes Peter silently.

84 INT. APARTMENT - MICHAEL'S ROOM - DAY**84**

Mary is lying on the bed and Michael is putting the dope-filled diaper on her.

85 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 85

Peter is giving a tousled-looking punk hairstyle to Jack, who is looking at himself in the mirror.

JACK

It's ridiculous. I look ridiculous.

PETER

You look completely ridiculous -- so what?

86 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 86

MARY, wearing a bonnet and coat, is lying on one of the couches, CHIRPING merrily. Next to her, also in his coat, Michael is just finishing wrapping a brown package which he puts in a plastic bag, along with a book, a baby rattle, and a clean diaper.

Peter and Jack, disguised as punks, each with punk hairstyles and wearing black sunglasses, are climbing out the window leading to the fire escape.

87 EXT. STREET - DAY 87

Michael exits the building. Mary, wrapped in a little woolen blanket, is in his arms. Michael is also carrying his plastic bag.

Graton, in his car, is speaking into the radio mike.

GRATON

Okay, he's coming out alone. I'll follow him. Someone else stay here to keep an eye on the other guys.

88 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY 88

Michael is lying on the grass near the fountain with Mary on her blanket near him.

Graton is nearby, also lying casually on the grass, watching them out of the corner of his eye.

Michael glances at his watch, then at the passersby. The punk from the day before walks by with his arm around a girl. He strolls by casually. He spots Michael and their eyes meet. The couple sit down on a bench a few yards away and they begin "making out."

80.

Michael leans over Mary, coochie-coos her and surreptitiously takes off her diaper, which he puts down beside him. He puts the clean diaper on her.

Graton, nervous and wary, watches Michael and the passersby. Just then, two punks (Peter and Jack) come running up to Michael. He ostensibly takes the brown package out of his plastic bag and gives it to them.

The two punks immediately take off with the package. Graton leaps up, shouts "let's get 'em" and takes off after the punks, followed by about 10 other plainclothes detectives, who'd been hiding all around. Michael quickly gets up, picks Mary up and discreetly deposits the dope-filled diaper in a trash can, giving the punk on the bench an intent look. Then he goes off in the direction of the cops. The punk calmly goes over to the trash can, takes out the diaper, which he stuffs into his girl friend's purse, and goes off in the opposite direction. The cops have meanwhile arrested Peter and Jack, who put up no resistance whatsoever. Michael now joins them.

MICHAEL

What's going on?

GRATON

Inspector Graton, Narcotics. Do you admit you gave these men this package?

MICHAEL

Sure. I gave it to them, just a moment ago.

GRATON

(to one of the cops)

Officer, will you please open this package in front of these witnesses?

The cop opens the package: it's a box of chocolate Easter bunnies. Graton is mortified. He crushes all the bunnies -- there's absolutely nothing but chocolate inside them.

MICHAEL

Is it against the law to give a box of candy to my friends?

Peter and Jack take off their glasses.

GRATON

Oh, it's you guys!

81.

PETER

What's the problem?

GRATON

You guys must think you're pretty smart, don't ya?

(suddenly freezes)

Holy shit! The diaper!

Graton starts running like crazy back to the fountain. He rummages like a sick dog all around the spot where Michael had been lying. Suddenly he dashes toward the trash can and dumps out its contents, throwing the

garbage around like a lunatic.

GRATON

The goddam diaper! What a jerk,
what a goddam schmuck I am!
Peter, Michael, Jack and the 10 plainclothes detectives
watch Graton going bananas.

MICHAEL

(to the cops)
I think that guy needs a vacation.

JACK

He should try South America.

PETER

Yeah, I hear it's nice there this
time of year.

89 INT. GRATON'S BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

89

The Chief is standing behind his desk, red-faced with
anger, and Graton sheepishly faces him.

CHIEF

Let's face it... Graton... You've
got shit for brains.

GRATON

I'm sure the dope was in the
diaper. Can I go on tailing them?

CHIEF

Forget it. I have solid information
your three suspects never had anything
to do with the dealers or the dope.

GRATON

I'm sure the dope was in the diaper.

CHIEF

82.

Case closed.

GRATON

I'm sure the dope was in the diaper.

CHIEF

(screaming)

Did you hear me, Graton? Case closed.

GRATON

I'm sure the d...

CUT TO:

90 INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - EVENING

90

In the devastated living room Peter, still disguised as
a punk, and Michael, both very high, are dancing around
in circles with each other and laughing. They are
singing a lullaby at the top of their lungs, and har-
monizing. Peter is holding Mary close, and Michael,
holding a near-empty bottle of liquor, staggers over to

him and starts turning around in circles with him. MARY, snuggled up warmly between Peter and Michael, is LAUGHING her head off. In the b.g., in the hall, Jack, also still in his punk getup, is on the phone. He's got a glass in his hand and is a little smashed.

JACK

Paul, hi, it's Jack! Hey, listen, I brought you back a little present from South America. Can I see you right away so I can give it to you? ... Yeah, the sooner the better! I can't wait to let you have it. How about 67th and East River?

91 EXT. EAST RIVER - EVENING

91

A broadly smiling Jack arrives at the riverside. Paul is sitting on a bench. When he sees Jack, he gets up and comes to greet him, smiling and extending his hand. Without warning, Jack suddenly jumps him and sends him with a forceful shove flying into the water. Paul lands on his back with a big splash, and comes back up to the surface totally dumbfounded. Jack leans over the water and yells at him, like a madman, still a bit drunk.

JACK

That was for your 'little' package, and consider yourself lucky I didn't turn you in to the cops! And get one thing into your thick skull: I have never touched dope,

83.

and I never will. You and your shit-dealing, you can go straight to hell, and you can take the money you make from it and stick it up your ass! So long.

Jack turns his back on Paul and staggers off.

PAUL

Hey, come back! -- how'm I gonna get out of here?

JACK

Crawl.

92 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

92

In the living room, Michael is sitting in front of the TV. He's not really watching -- he's eavesdropping on Jack's phone conversation.

JACK

(very aggravated)

Listen, Sylvia, you've got to come back. I travel, I can't take care of her... Yeah, but you're her mother... I'm her father -- what makes you so sure I'm the father!? The dates coincide! Big deal! That doesn't prove a thing... But she's still your kid, so do me a favor, get your ass back here immediately and take her off our hands... 'Cause we've got a lot better things to do with our lives than wipe a baby's ass, okay? Sylvia?... Hello! Hello! Sylvia, goddam it!

JACK (CONT'D)

(he slams the receiver down like he was hammering a nail)

Shit! That bitch hung up on me! Women! I could kill them!

MICHAEL

Why don't you call her back?

JACK

I don't have the number. I got a message to her through her agency, they won't tell me where she is. I don't even know where she was calling from. And you better believe she's not going

84.

to call back!

The PHONE RINGS. Michael answers it.

MICHAEL

Hello?... No, it's Michael... How are you?... Oh, she's doing just fine, she's in great shape. We're taking very good care of her, you have nothing to worry about.

'Bye.

He hangs up.

JACK

Who was that?

MICHAEL

Sylvia -- She wanted to know how Mary was doing.

JACK

What? Jesus Christ, Michael, why didn't you let me talk to her!?

MICHAEL

She would have just hung up on you again. The important thing is she knows Mary's fine.

JACK

You jerk! You should've said she was terrible, sick as hell! Practically on death's door!

(exits, furious)

What a jerk, what a pain in the ass you can be sometimes...

MICHAEL

(to himself)

What's with him? The kid's doing really great!

93 INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

93

Jack is on the phone in his room, which is looking a little more normal again.

JACK

Mom? Hi, how are you?... Yes, I'm fine. Yes, I'm eating well. Mom, how would you feel if I told you you were a grandma?...

SCREAMING coming over the phone.

85.

JACK

... Yeah... A little girl, Mary...

SCREAMING coming over the phone.

JACK

... I'd love you to see her. In fact, I was gonna bring her down tomorrow... today?... Great, I think there's a flight in three hours. I'll be at your place by two. See you real soon!

He hangs up gleefully, rubbing his hands together.

94 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

94

Michael and Jack are in the kitchen. Michael is making some bottles. Jack is watching him do it.

MICHAEL

You'll have four already made, this'll hold till Miami.

JACK

Okay...

MICHAEL

Tell her to make sure Mary gets plenty of sleep.

JACK

I'll tell her.

MICHAEL

If her ass gets red, tell her not to listen to any pediatricians -- they're full of shit.

JACK

Right. Full of shit.

MICHAEL

Then she should give her a bottle of water instead of the regular bottle. Works like a charm: Her ass will be white as snow in three hours.

JACK

(nodding)

Bottle of water, white as snow...

MICHAEL

Peter says her clothes should be washed by hand...

86.

JACK

Really, by hand?

MICHAEL

(nodding)

And only in soap flakes without any artificial color or scent. And then rinsed three times in very hot water.

JACK

(docile)

Rinse three times.

MICHAEL

To put her to sleep we sing in harmony -- it always works.

JACK

My mother lives alone.

MICHAEL

Solo works just as well.

JACK

Okay.

MICHAEL

Now, as for the nipples, you've got to be very, very, very careful.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

As soon as the hole gets too big she's gotta throw them out -- This is extra, extra, extra-specially

important -- 'cause if the hole's too big, the milk comes out too fast and it's bad for her digest...

JACK

(politely, but a little in a hurry)
I gotta get going, I'll miss my plane...

95 **INT. APARTMENT - DAY**

95

Peter is returning from work.

PETER

Anyone home?
Michael is in the living room, eating a sandwich, while looking through a magazine.

87.

MICHAEL

I am!

PETER

How 'bout Jack?

MICHAEL

On his way to Miami.

PETER

Oh, yeah. He's got a lot of nerve! Leaving us with the kid again...

MICHAEL

No, he took Mary to his mother's, she couldn't wait to see her. He's gonna try to unload her on her till Sylvia gets back. I made her four bott...

PETER

(furious)
You're kidding! That son-of-a-bitch!

MICHAEL

Don't worry, I told him everything he had to know, and I made her four bott...

PETER

Oh, I'm telling you, that guy is really starting to get on my nerves!

MICHAEL

Why?

PETER

Goddamn him! He really could have called me!

MICHAEL

Are you pissed off 'cause she's gone?

PETER

(exasperated)

Of course not! What, are you crazy? I'm relieved! Thank God she's out of here!

MICHAEL

I made her four bott...

PETER

88.

That idiot! He could at least have told me.

(exits, cursing)

I can't believe this... That jackass... That jerk... There are such things as phones!

MICHAEL

(to himself)

Four bottles for the goddam trip. There, I finally got it out.

96 **EXT. HOUSE (MIAMI) - DAY**

96

A cab slowly pulls up in front of Jack's mother's house. There is a big red convertible filled with four jovial senior citizens. Jack comes out of the cab with the basket and stares at his mother, MARGIE, who's just locking her door. Next to her, holding her luggage is Steve (a man in his sixties). They head toward the trunk of the car.

JACK

Hey, Mom!

MARGIE

(hits Steve)

Hey, he finally made it!

MARGIE (CONT'D)

(to Jack)

Do you have any idea what time it is? It's four. You said two.

JACK

But, Mom, I missed the plane.

MARGIE

Yeah, but now I have to go.

JACK

Where are you going?

MARGIE

On a cruise around the world.

JACK

But why didn't you say so on the phone?

MARGIE

Because you never would've come.
Now let me see her.
(she grabs Mary and
covers her with kisses)
Oh, my little strudle!

STEVE

89.

Hey, Margie. We're a little late...

MARGIE

Bye-bye, sweetie love... I'll
bring you back presents from all
over the world.
(to Jack, giving
back Mary)

Four o'clock.

She runs into the car and they pull away. Everyone
waving goodbye.

JACK

(holding Mary)

'Bye!

97 **INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

97

Jack comes in with the basket; he's in a vile mood.
He's got a bottle ready in his hand.
Peter, who had been working in his room, rushes to the
hall.

PETER

You're bringing her back?

JACK

Yeah... she's starving. I gotta
heat this bottle up right away.
They go into the kitchen together. Peter immediately
gets busy; he heats the bottle up quickly while Jack
soothes the hungry Mary by carrying her in his arms.

PETER

So what happened? Did you two
have a fight?

JACK

(grim)
Goddamn cruises...

PETER

Didn't she want to take her?

JACK

Sure she did, but she was just
leaving for some stupid cruise
around the world. The entire
fucking world! With some bimbo
boyfriend of her's... and a bunch

of retired bozos.

PETER

90.

The apple doesn't fall far from
the tree.

JACK

What?

98 **INT. APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON**

98

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Jack goes to the door.

At the door stands a rather distinguished-looking woman,
with her hair tied back very properly, a suitcase in her
hand. It is MRS. BRETSAWS, who speaks with a British
accent.

MRS. BRETSAWS

Good afternoon. I'm Mathilda
Bretsaws, from The Second Mommy
agency.

JACK

(very eager,
very gracious)

Oh, yes, I was expecting you.
Won't you come in...

They disappear into the living room. Jack shuts the door
behind him. Michael peeks into the hall, then goes and
looks into the living room through the crack in the door.
Peter, too, peeks in.

PETER

Who is it?

MICHAEL

Must be some nanny he found through
an agency.

Peter shrugs and walks away.

Jack comes out of the living room.

JACK

(softly, to Michael)

She wants to see Mary.

MICHAEL

She's asleep.

JACK

Well, she wants to see her anyway!
He heads toward Peter's room.

91.

PETER

(returning from
the kitchen)
What do you want?

JACK

Nothing, nothing.

PETER

Don't go into my room, she's
asleep.

JACK

Yeah, but the nanny, Mrs. Bretsaws,
she wants to see her.

PETER

No, damn it, no! You're gonna
wake her up! It already took me
an hour to sing her to sleep...

JACK

Yeah, but she wants to see her.

PETER

All right, I'll go explain the
situation.

JACK

(holding him back
with both hands)

No, no, Peter, please, really,
don't go, don't bother, I'll go
explain it to her myself...

PETER

It's no bother, Jack. I'll be
glad to do it.

He rushes toward the living room.

JACK

(sighing, to Michael)

Wanna bet she's out of here in
ten minutes slamming the door
behind her?

They tiptoe over to the living room door and eavesdrop.

99 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

99

PETER

... A sleeping child should not be
awakened. If you don't know that,
then you're not fit to be a nanny.

92.

MRS. BRETSAWS

(tense, but still
calm)

I never said that I wanted the
child to be awakened, sir. I only

Brainsore...

MRS. BRETSAWS

Bretsaws, Mrs. Bretsaws.

PETER

Right... Bratsnot, lemme tell you something. With a child you always know who the mother is, but the father -- that's another kettle of fish. So don't give me that bullshit, okay?

MRS. BRETSAWS

Very well. I won't discuss it any further with you. Will you please show me where the kitchen and the bathroom are?

PETER

What for?

MRS. BRETSAWS

So I can make you a list of the things we need.

PETER

What do you mean, make you a list? -- Don't you do the shopping yourself?

MRS. BRETSAWS

No shopping or laundry or housekeeping. I am a professional nanny.

PETER

We have plenty of everything.

MRS. BRETSAWS

Do you have a sufficient amount of fruit and vegetables for the child?

PETER

She only eats milk and cereal.

94 .

MRS. BRETSAWS

That's not enough, sir. From the age of three months children should be started on a normal, varied diet.

PETER

Oh that's bullshit. You don't feed a baby like an adult.

MRS. BRETSAWS

(mockingly)

Oh, really? And how would you know?

PETER

I've read plenty of books. The diet recommended by those quack pediatricians today is way too rich. I'm in favor of natural methods, Mrs. Breathmint.

MRS. BRETSAWS

Bretsaws, Mrs. Bretsaws.

PETER

For instance, if a child is having trouble getting to sleep, what would you do?

MRS. BRETSAWS

Depends, if it was a continuing problem, I might recommend a mild sedative...

PETER

(exploding,
triumphantly)

I knew you'd say something like that, you jerk!

MRS. BRETSAWS

Fine. Anything you say, sir. Let me just remind you that I have my diploma and that medicine is a serious matter.

PETER

Do you know the song that goes 'Medicine's a whore and the pharmacist is her pimp'?

MRS. BRETSAWS

No, I don't. We must listen to different music. Personally I'm very fond of opera.

95.

PETER

Mrs. Breakballs, if you don't get out of here right this minute I'm gonna punch you in the nose! This is my home, now get out!

MRS. BRETSAWS

The name's Bretsaws. I am blessed with infinite patience when it comes to children, sir, but I'm not qualified to deal with lunatics. Goodbye and good luck!

Mrs. Bretsaws grabs her suitcase and exits, dignified

for five months, on account of serious personal problems.

JACK

What? Never! I'd rather be a subway conductor.

PETER

(barking)

Then dump her in an orphanage, 'cause there's no way we're gonna take care of her all by ourselves anymore!

MICHAEL

Come on, stop arguing, you two! Jack, you're going to have to ask to do the New York-Washington shu...

JACK

(stubborn, yelling)

No! Never.

MICHAEL

(unruffled)

That way, you can do the 6-10 A.M. shift. That amounts to two bottles and two diaper changes. You do the shopping when you get home in the evening and that's all. Peter, you'll take the 6-10 P.M. shift. That's two bottles and two diaper changes, her bath and her laundry. Since I work at home I'll take the longest shift from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. I'll take her to the park for an hour, but that's it. No shopping, no cooking, no cleaning.

PETER

What if she gets up at night?

97.

Whose shift is that?

MICHAEL

Well... I thought you might do it...

PETER

Not a chance! I'm not doing the night shift. I absolutely refuse. I have too much work to catch up on for the competition.

JACK

Well, needless to say I refuse, too!

MICHAEL

Listen to me, you selfish bastards!
My shift is eight hours in a row.
No way I'm gonna do nights too.
After 6 P.M. she can scream all
she wants, I don't give a shit.

PETER

You know, Jack, you're a real
slime ball! We give you the
easiest shift: the morning. She's
always in great shape in the morning,
isn't she? We've got to work like
crazy to save our jobs and you
have the nerve to refuse nights.
Goddamit, she's your daughter.
Are you that horny?

JACK

(extremely pissed
off)

Hey, horny yourself! I don't
give a shit. I don't need you
guys. I'll find some other way
to do it. And I won't take the
New York-Washington shuttle!

He exits, furious.

104 INT. CHARTER COMPANY - DAY

104

Jack is coming out of an office that says "EXECUTIVE
OFFICES." He is grim and sullen-looking. He runs into
his friend Paul, who jumps three feet away to avoid a
potential mishap with Jack.

PAUL

(shyly)

Hi, Jack, something wrong?

98.

JACK

(who hadn't
noticed him)

Oh, hi... Nah, nothing's wrong.

PAUL

What were you doing in the boss's
office?

JACK

I was asking to do the New York-
Washington shuttle for a few
months.

PAUL

Oh, and he said 'no,' huh?

JACK

(barking)

As a matter of fact, he said
'yes.'

Paul backs up against the wall, protecting his face with his arms. Jack leaves, disgusted. Paul watches him go, totally confused.

105 INT. JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

105

Jack is sitting on his bed, wearing a dressing gown. He's got a sleeping Mary in his arms. The basket is on the floor beside the bed. Jack attempts to put Mary back in her basket but she shudders and he immediately sits back down again and doesn't move. Mary falls back asleep. Jack looks at her skin, her hands. Very gently, he kisses her forehead. Mary smiles in her sleep.

106 INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - MORNING

106

Michael is working at his drafting table. Jack rushes in, wearing his uniform, ready to go out.

JACK

Okay, I'm off. She's well fed
and she's sleeping now.

We hear MARY CRYING.

JACK

Shit, she's crying. I'll go
pick her up...

Peter passes him in the corridor. He, too, is ready to go out to his office.

PETER

99.

Let her cry, she's just trying to get to sleep, she'll stop in a couple of minutes.

JACK

No, she needs to burp -- I've gotta rock her for a little...

PETER

I'm telling you, the more you pick her up, the longer it'll take her to get to sleep.

JACK

Thanks for the advice -- now why don't you just shove it? I know you let her scream for hours but I can't.

PETER

(in a state of

shock)

I never let her scream for hours!

JACK

You'd resort to any theory to not take care of her. Just because you've read some books...

PETER

Can you believe what he just said to me... I read those books bec...

JACK

It's not your shift, anyway. Piss off, will ya?

MICHAEL

Come on, guys, cool it! It's my shift now.

(to Jack)

I'll rock her for a few minutes...

(to Peter)

... and then I'll put her right to bed. So off to work, both of you.

He pushes them both out.

1076 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

107

It's noon, the sun is shining brightly. Michael is diapering Mary on her changing table. She's naked. He tickles her, bites her toes, neck and ears; she bursts out laughing. Michael is totally gaga over her.

100.

MICHAEL

Coochie, coochie, coo... woo, woo, woo... bippity, boppity boo...

Peter comes rushing into the apartment and runs toward his room. He stops short in the corridor -- he hears Mary's laughter and Michael's coochie-coo's. Noiselessly he tiptoes over to the living room door and listens, troubled. Then he walks away and shouts, as though he were just coming out of his room.

PETER

Hi, Michael, I just came back to get a file I forgot...

Michael stops his baby-talk immediately, as though suddenly paralyzed, embarrassed, guilty. Peter enters the room.

PETER

Everything okay?

MICHAEL

(without looking
at him)

Yeah, okay.

Silence.

PETER

(not moving)

Well, I guess I'll be going now.

MICHAEL

(not moving either)

Yeah...

They're both uneasy.

PETER

The baby okay?

MICHAEL

(not budging
an inch)

Yeah, okay.

Peter exits.

108 INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

108

Peter enters the bathroom. He's carrying Mary, who's naked and wrapped in a towel.

101.

Peter carefully locks the door behind him. He removes Mary's towel and sits her in her little tub, filled with warm water.

Mary quivers as she comes in contact with the water. Peter kneels down and very gently pours glasses of water on her shoulders and head. The water streams down her face. She blinks and laughs. Peter whispers lovingly to her in a barely audible, very low voice. Mary stares at him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

109 SAME SCENE - MONTHS LATER

109

Peter is wearing a different suit and Mary is almost one-year-old, with a lot more hair on her head, and able to sit up a lot better.

110 INT. JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

110

Although it is dark, we can distinguish in Jack's bed a rather bulky shape, which is moving around under the comforter and doesn't exactly seem to be sleeping... Suddenly, from the direction of the living room, we can hear MARY CRYING. Jack emerges from under the comforter and switches on the light: he has a female guest in his bed, a pretty BRUNETTE this time.

JACK

(to himself)

Shit, she's crying...

BRUNETTE

What?

JACK

Nothing, nothing. I'll be right back.

He gets up, slips on a bathrobe and goes out of the bedroom, carefully closing the door behind him. He goes into the living room, picks Mary up, and showers her with kisses.

Mary stops crying immediately and lays her head on Jack's shoulder, sucking her thumb. Jack rocks her for a moment then puts her back to bed.

Mary instantly starts crying again. Jack very quickly picks her up again and kisses her. Mary is delighted by his tenderness. Jack puts her back to bed again.

102.

Mary cries again.

JACK

It' beddy-bye time now, honey,
beddy-bye, don't cry, sweetheart...

Mary keeps crying, Jack picks her up again. Peter and Michael in their pajamas, their faces swollen with sleep, enter the living room.

PETER

(in a soft voice)

She's crying.

JACK

(hushed voice)

Yeah, every time I try to put
her back to bed...

MICHAEL

(hushed voice)

Maybe she's thirsty?

PETER

No, her back teeth must be
starting to bother her...

JACK

What should I do?

MICHAEL

I've bought some stuff for her
gums.

He rubs some of the medication on Mary's gums.

PETER

Try and put her back to bed;
we'll sing.

Jack puts Mary back to bed. Michael, as a routine, sings a major chord, giving each of them their notes. They start singing a lullabye in three-part harmony, as they lean over the crib. Mary is in seventh heaven. She looks up at them, she stops crying, she sucks her thumb.

111 INT. JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

111

The Brunette is listening to the male chorus, totally amazed.

BRUNETTE

This guy's totally whacko.

She gets up, slips on a T-shirt, and exits the bedroom.

103.

She stops at the door to the living room and contemplates the three men who are singing earnestly around the crib.

BRUNETTE

(in a loud voice)

Hey, choir boys, you gonna keep it up all night?

Peter and Michael stare at her, scandalized. Jack gestures wildly to her to shut up and go away.

BRUNETTE

Oh my God! There's a baby in there! I'm sorry...

She goes back to Jack's room.

PETER

(hissing)

Who the hell's that broad?

JACK

Watch your mouth, will you? I'm in love with that young lady.

PETER

Can't she speak softly like everyone else?

JACK

(getting angry)

Listen, at night I'm in charge. So get off my back, will you?

MICHAEL

(exasperated)

Will you quit fighting all the time? She just fell asleep, for Chrissake.

JACK

Oh, Michael, go to hell! I'm sick and tired of your little 'Father Knows Best' number!

PETER

Yeah, you're right, I'm fed up
with it, too!

MICHAEL

(terribly upset)
Okay, that's it. Into the
kitchen.

He exits, furious. Peter and Jack follow after him.
Fuming, they file one after the other down the corridor
past the stunned Brunette in her T-shirt who was waiting

104.

for Jack by the door to his room. The three guys close
the kitchen door and start yelling at each other. They
all talk at once.

MICHAEL

I've had it with you assholes! I
won't be the buffer between you
two anymore...

JACK

I didn't ask you to get up, I know
what I have to do.

PETER

I don't mind getting up, that's
not the point...

MICHAEL

I'm not a punching bag! You
assholes!

JACK

If I can't bring a girl back here
anymore, just say so. And I'm gone.
I'm outta here. With Mary.

PETER

You can bring whoever you want as
long as they speak softly like
everyone else!

MICHAEL

One thing I know: I can't goddamn
wait till Sylvia gets back!

PETER

Yeah, you can say that again!

JACK

And again, and again, and again...
Meanwhile, the Brunette has put her clothes back on and
gathered up her belongings. Now she enters the kitchen.

BRUNETTE

Sorry to disturb you guys, but
I'm splitting. I didn't come
here to be a bedwarmer. 'Bye.

JACK

(running after her)

No! Wait, please don't go... it's all over now, I'm coming back to bed...

BRUNETTE

(at the front door)

105.

You're very nice, but I don't feel like it anymore now. Some other time, okay? 'Bye.
She kisses him goodbye and leaves.

Jack is very depressed.

112 **INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT**

112

Peter, Michael and Jack have guests over for dinner. CLASSICAL MUSIC, a very fancy table, candles: they're at the tail-end of the dinner, before dessert. Everyone is very fashionably dressed.

Natalie is sitting between Peter and Carl. Jay and Jerry, Peter's partners, are also there with their wives. Michael and Sophia are having a vehement discussion as usual, Jack is between two gorgeous models: CHRISTIE and CAROLINE.

CARL

Have you seen the latest bi-annual at the Whitney? Incredible! Have you seen it, Peter?

PETER

No, I haven't had the time lately.

CARL

Ah... working hard on the competition, are you? You may as well throw in the T-square, old friend, you haven't got a chance.

JERRY

(somewhat harshly)

I only wish he was working hard on the competition, but unfortunately, that's not the case...

NATALIE

Really? What's he doing then? He's always so busy.

CARL

Maybe he's working hard on women! Some people have to work really hard to get anything!

Natalie bursts out laughing. Peter's about to respond,

but stops himself suddenly. In the b.g., a BABY can be

106.

heard CRYING.

Peter, Jack, and Michael exchange glances. Jack rushes out. The guests haven't heard anything.

PETER

(whispering to
Natalie)

Why do you always have to bring
Carl along with you?

NATALIE

Don't you like him?

PETER

Oh, c'mon -- I love him! Only,
I'd like to see you alone for
once, that's all.

NATALIE

He's extremely talented -- in
fact, I hate to tell you this,
but I think he and his group are
gonna win the competition.

PETER

Well, we'll see about that.

Jack returns to the table. Peter's eyes follow him
nervously.

MICHAEL

(in a low tone,
to Jack)

Did you give her something to
drink?

CHRISTIE

(drunkenly)

Oh, cut it out! No more for me!
I've had eight glasses!

JACK

(in a low tone, to
Michael)

I tried, but she doesn't want
anything --

CHRISTIE

I do so want some, but if I have
anymore I'll pass out!

PETER

Save room for dessert -- it's a
three-tiered cake from Balducci's!

EVERYONE

107.

Oh! Wow!

CHRISTIE

(greedily)

I love three-tiered cakes!

JAY'S WIFE

So what's it made of?

In the b.g., the BABY starts CRYING again.

PETER

Umm, it's made with whipped cream
and loads of nipples on top --
I mean, loads of... raspberries
... I'll be right back...

Peter rushes out of the room. Michael and Jack exchange
glances. The CRYING CONTINUES.

SOPHIA

Are you saying that's not art? Are
you really saying that's not art?
Well, then, you explain what it is.

MICHAEL

Well, it's... art. I'll be right
back.

He gets up and goes out. Jack watches him.

CAROLINE

Jack, tell me about those exotic
places, what is Caracas like?

JACK

(his mind elsewhere)

Well, actually... uh, lately I've
been to Washington a lot... and
uh... I'll be right back.

He gets up and goes out.

113 INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

113

The three men are talking. Jack is holding Mary, whose
eyes are swollen with tears.

PETER

Try and put her back to bed...

JACK

I'm warning you, she'll scream...

PETER

I'm sure she's cutting a tooth...

108.

From the living room, Christie's voice can be heard.

CHRISTIE (O.S.)

Yoo-hoo! What are you guys doing
in there? It's fucking boring
without you...

MICHAEL

Oh shit -- the guests...

PETER

You two go... I'm staying with her. It can't be worse than listening to Carl.

JACK

That's not fair -- let's take Mary out there...

MICHAEL

And the hell with it.

114 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

114

The three men enter the living room; Jack is carrying Mary.

GUESTS

Oh, it's a baby!

GUESTS (CONT'D)

Where the hell did that come from? Wow! Is it a boy or a girl? Who does it belong to? So you've got a kid now? Incredible! Does that come from Balducci's? No kidding, whose baby is that?

JACK

Ladies and gentlemen, I would like you to meet my daughter, Mary.

PETER

(muttering)

Your daughter... your daughter...

GUESTS

You're kidding! Congratulations! She's adorable! She looks just like you... Oh, what a cute little girl!

Overwhelmed by all the people, MARY bursts out CRYING.

109.

JACK

(walking her back and forth)

Don't cry, Mary, don't cry...

PETER

There's too much noise.

He shuts the MUSIC OFF. MARY keeps on SCREAMING.

PETER

(to everyone)

She's teething, that's why she's cranky.

(to Jack)

Give her to me, I'll try and calm
her down.

Peter takes MARY on his lap. The SCREAMING CONTINUES.

MICHAEL

(very tense)

Don't sit down -- it'll get worse.

You have to walk around.

Peter gets up and walks around. Jack and Michael,
standing, watch him walk.

MARY SCREAMS even LOUDER as Peter walks back and forth
in the room with her. The guests watch in uncomfortable
silence.

NATALIE

How long have you had this kid?

JACK

A few months...

NATALIE

(somewhat sharply)

Who's her mother, anyway?

PETER

She's in Europe, she'll be back
in a few days.

CARL

Does she always cry like that?

MICHAEL

No, it's only because she's
teething, she's usually very
sweet...

The guests remain silent.

CAROLINE

110.

(to break the silence)

You'd never think something so
small could make a noise so big.

MARY'S CRYING fills the room.

JERRY

What if you just put her back to
bed?

NATALIE

Right -- she's just throwing a
temper tantrum, put her to bed...

PETER

We already tried...

JACK

It's her teeth...

NATALIE

(to Jerry)

Do you have any kids?

JERRY'S WIFE

Yeah, but they're grown up now,
thank God!

CHRISTIE

(to Jay)
And do you have kids, too?

JAY

What?

CHRISTIE

I said... and do you have kids,
too?

JAY

No, we both have careers.
The guests remain silent, MARY CONTINUES to CRY.

CARL

So, do you think we'll get to
taste that three-tiered cake
tonight?

PETER

What?

CARL

(to Natalie,
sarcastically)
Oh, nothing, nothing -- I was
just trying to liven up the

111.

conversation...

PETER

What?

CHRISTIE

Gosh, my ears are ringing, I
can't hear anybody.

CAROLINE

I must say, a crying kid is kind
of hard to take...

PETER

What?

CARL

(loudly)
We were just saying that this
baby's conversation is actually
rather limited... and a touch
annoying. Don't you think?

PETER

Well, she's not the only one
with a limited conversation.
At least she has an excuse, she's
a baby! What's yours?

CARL

I frankly don't know what you mean.

PETER

I mean, I've been listening to your pompous drivel about the latest trends for the last two hours, and frankly, it's a crock of horseshit.

JERRY

Come on, Peter, be nice...

JAY

Listen, go put the baby to bed and you guys cool it, will you?

CARL

It's okay. I'm used to it. Peter's always been a sore loser.

PETER

(totally out
of control)

You motherfucker, get out of here! Get out of my house right now or I'll kick the shit out

112.

of you! You snobbish scum-sucking snake!

JERRY

Peter, cut it out!

JACK

Stop it, Peter. Give her to me, I'll put her to bed...

PETER

(beside himself)

No, I'll go.

(to all the
guests)

And you can all go fuck yourselves! Go back to your asinine conversations!

He exits with Mary. Jack, embarrassed, follows him.

MICHAEL

(trying to recover)

Well... umm... How 'bout if I get the cake now, okay?

He exits.

CARL

Well. It seems our beloved hosts are going to be busy playing mother for a while, so if you'll excuse me, I'll just slip away...

(to Natalie)
... Natalie, may I invite you to
spend the rest of the evening in
a more hospitable place?

NATALIE

Gladly.
(to the guests)
Goodbye.

They exit.

JAY

(to Jerry and
his wife)
Is he out of his mind or what?

JERRY

He was absolutely obnoxious.

CHRISTIE

(drunk, getting
up and tottering)
Hey, Caroline, I think we should

113.

go, too. I don't feel so good...
I think I'm gonna barf...

CAROLINE

(running to
help her)
Oh, God, no! Hold it back!

CHRISTIE

(starting to cry)
I wanna go home...

CAROLINE

Okay, we're going...
(to the others)
Sorry... say goodbye to Jack
for us...

They exit. Christie is hanging on to Caroline.

JAY

(to Jerry)
Look, there's no point in our
staying any longer. I think
it's best we leave.

JAY'S WIFE

(to Jerry)
Tell Peter if was a wonderful
party.

JERRY

(sad)
Okay... 'Bye...

SOPHIA

Can you drop me off near Soho
by any chance?

JAY

Sure.

SOPHIA

Thanks!

(to Jerry and
his Wife)

'Bye... Say goodbye to them
for me...

Sophia, Jay and his Wife exit.

JERRY'S WIFE

Well, we might as well go, too.

I think the evening's over.

She gets up, so does Jerry.

114.

Michael, very playful, comes back in carrying an enormous three-tiered cake.

MICHAEL

Ta-da! Will you look at this?
Is this a cake or what? Can
someone make a little room on
the table so I can... Are you
guys leaving?

JERRY

Yeah, we're beat.

MICHAEL

Hey, where is everybody?

JERRY'S WIFE

Well, the atmosphere wasn't
exactly festive...

JERRY

Sorry about the cake, Mike...
It looks great!

MICHAEL

Oh, never mind, don't worry...
Good night...

Jerry and his Wife exit. Michael is left standing there with his cake. Jack comes in, full of beans.

JACK

Well, she's asleep at last! We
sang in har... Hey, where is
everybody?

MICHAEL

Gone. Can you make a little room
for me on the table to put the...

JACK

You mean they're all gone?

MICHAEL

Yeah, all of 'em, hey, can you
make a little room for me to...

JACK

(going back out,
furious)

Peter! Peter, goddamit, get out
here!

Peter comes back in with Jack.

JACK

They're all gone!

115.

PETER

Who gives a shit, they're all
jerks anyway.

MICHAEL

Hey, could you make a little
room for me on the table so
I can...

JACK

It's because of the kid. They
can't stand kids.

PETER

I can't stand kids either but
that's not a reason to leave!
Dipshits, they're all a bunch
of dipshits, every one of 'em.

MICHAEL

Oh, fuck it -- I'm sitting down.
He sits down on a chair with the cake on his lap.

JACK

And did you hear Natalie: 'She's
throwing a temper tantrum, just
put her to bed.' What a pain-in-
the-ass that broad is!

PETER

(pissed off)

Hey, you're the pain-in-the-ass!
First you dump a baby on us, then
you scare everyone away from the
party, then...

JACK

I scared everyone aw... Just
cut the crap, will you? My whole
life is diapers, shuttles and
bottles. I do the graveyard shift,
I'm the one who never gets any
sleep. I...

PETER

Listen, we all have two full-time
jobs! That's for sure!

MICHAEL

And what about me? I'm a prisoner in this house all day long, forget about chasing ass, I haven't gotten laid in six months. When the hell is your friggin' Sylvia gonna come back?

116.

JACK

She's been gone for six months and four days.

PETER

If she's not back by the end of next week, I'm kicking her kid out!

MICHAEL

You better give your goddam Sylvia hell for this!

JACK

Don't worry, she's gonna get it but good!

PETER

And you can tell her we have a lot better things to do with our lives than wipe a baby's ass, goddamn it!

He exits. So does Jack. Michael is buried under the three-tiered cake, unable to see around it.

MICHAEL

Do you guys want some cake?
(beat)
Guys?

115 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

115

In her crib Mary is sleeping. She's beautiful, she looks happy.

116 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

116

Mary is in her playpen, playing with a SQUEAKY rubber giraffe.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Peter opens it: standing there before him is a very, very, young, gorgeous girl.

SYLVIA

(bursting with joy)
Hello... I'm Sylvia, Mary's mother. I've come to get her...

PETER

(completely dazed)
Oh, it's you... Wait, I'll go

get Jack...
He stands there, frozen.

SYLVIA

How's Mary doing?

PETER

(as if he were
dreaming)

Fine, fine, she's doing great...
She's getting her back teeth
in lately, it's been a bit rough...

SYLVIA

Can I see her?

PETER

Oh, yeah, sure, she's in there...

They both enter the living room. Mary stares at Sylvia.
When she spots Mary, Sylvia suddenly breaks down in tears.
Peter is dumbfounded.

SYLVIA

I don't believe how much she's
grown!

Recovering, wiping away her tears, she walks over to the
playpen.

SYLVIA

Hello, Mary, hello my darling...
She picks her up, hugs her tightly, showers kisses on
her. MARY LAUGHS. Sylvia starts crying again.

SYLVIA

How beautiful she is... Her hair
has grown... Look how much she
changed, I missed it all. I
missed her so much!

Peter, in a kind of daze, stares at Sylvia. Without
looking at Peter, she dries her eyes and tries to stop
crying.

SYLVIA

I wanted to make life difficult
for Jack but I never thought I'd
miss her so much...

PETER

(still in a fog)

Oh, yeah... make life difficult
for Jack...

SYLVIA

Is he here?

PETER

What?

SYLVIA

Is Jack here?

PETER

(snapping out of it)

Oh, yeah, yeah, I'll go get him...

He exits like a sleepwalker and goes straight into Michael's room. The latter is asleep.

Peter sits down on the edge of Michael's bed and gently shakes him.

PETER

Michael, Michael... Sylvia's here.

Michael wakes up and looks at Peter.

PETER

Mary's leaving.

117 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

117

Peter's giving Mary her bottle, Jack is carefully putting all her stuff into a bag -- bottles, nipples, cereals, etc.

In the doorway Sylvia, with reddened eyes, silently watches them.

JACK

(to himself)

Let's see, the five bottles,
the little bottles for water,
the strainer for her cereal...

(to Sylvia)

... Do you have a blender?

SYLVIA

A blender?

JACK

For bananas and carrots and stuff.
It's time for her to start eating
them...

SYLVIA

No, I don't have a blender.

JACK

119.

Okay, you can have ours.
He stuffs the blender into the bag.
Mary has now finished her bottle.

SYLVIA

(to Peter)

Do you want me to take her?

PETER

No, I have to burp her first.
With dexterity, he places Mary face down on his shoulder
and walks around in the kitchen, patting her on the back.

JACK

(to Sylvia)

Here, could you give these to
Michael so he can pack them
with the clothes?

He hands two bibs to Sylvia.

Sylvia walks through the apartment, and stops in front
of Michael's room, where she looks strangely at the
changing table with its mattress, its pretty sheet, and
the baby's toilet articles.

Sylvia enters the living room.

Michael has spread all of Mary's clothes, neatly folded
and ironed on the couch. He is packing them in a big
bag.

SYLVIA

Here are the bibs. Jack told me
to give them...

MICHAEL

(taking the bibs)

Thanks... I put the woolen things
on the bottom and the diapers
and lighter things on top,
because you'll need those first...

SYLVIA

(her mind is
elsewhere)

Yeah, sure...

Michael bustles about. Sylvia's gaze comes to rest on
the crib which stands imposingly in the middle of the
living room. Music boxes, little booties and stuffed
animals are hanging from the bars, and a pretty white
tulle frames the crib.

120.

MICHAEL

You'll have to come back and
get the crib later.

SYLVIA

Yeah...

118 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

A taxi is there. Behind the wheel the driver sits
waiting. Sylvia is sitting in the back, on the side
nearest the sidewalk, and on her lap is Mary, whom
she's gently fondling.

118

On the sidewalk, beside the open trunk of the cab, are all Mary's belongings: some bags, the playpen, a stroller, the baby bathtub, the changing table, etc. Peter is attempting to pack it all in the trunk. Michael is handing the things to him.

PETER

(tense)

Give me the playpen first...

MICHAEL

(equally tense)

Then where are you gonna put the tub?

PETER

(annoyed)

Just give me the playpen.

CAB DRIVER

Need some help?

PETER

No, no thanks... I'd rather do it myself...

Jack is standing beside the back door of the cab, leaning over toward Sylvia, who is holding Mary. He is trying unsuccessfully to sound angry.

JACK

You really screwed us over but good -- you know that...

SYLVIA

I know, I'm sorry.

JACK

Really. Our lives have been out of control for the past six months.

121.

SYLVIA

Yeah, I bet... Actually, that was kind of the point... But I'm the one who really got screwed...

She starts to cry again.

JACK

Don't cry, c'mon... you're taking her back now, it's great...

SYLVIA

(wiping her eyes)

Yeah, it's great...

JACK

D'you have enough money? Can you manage all right?

SYLVIA

Yeah, sure... I'm not loaded, but

it's okay -- I'm working, I've got modeling jobs lined up...

JACK

Do you have a boyfriend?

SYLVIA

No. That's the last thing I need. I've got my work. And now I've got her.

She rubs noses with Mary.

Peter and Michael approach.

PETER

That's it, we fit it all in...

JACK

Okay, then... well, 'bye...

The three men are lined up on the sidewalk. Mary stares at them, looking a little lost. They wave their hands and:

PETER, MICHAEL AND JACK

'Bye, Mary!

MARY LAUGHS and waves.

SYLVIA

(with a big, sad smile)

Okay, well, thanks again -- 'Bye!

PETER, MICHAEL AND JACK

122.

'Bye!

The CAR STARTS up, pulls away, and disappears FROM VIEW.

JACK

(playfully)

Well, that's that!

MICHAEL

Yeah...

PETER

Right... That's that.

They head back to their apartment building.

PETER

Oh shit -- I forgot to explain about the cereal!

JACK

She'll figure it out by herself...

MICHAEL

Yeah, she'll manage...

JACK

Now it's back to the good life for us!

MICHAEL

Sleeping late! Different women every night! I can't wait!

JACK

Forget about the New York-Washington shuttle! I'm off to Caracas!

PETER

And I'm gonna be able to get back to work, so Carl better watch it -- I'm gonna slaughter that son-of-a-bitch! First with this goddam competition... and then with Natalie.

MICHAEL

And I've got six months' worth of sex to catch up on with Cathy, Nora, Frances, Susan, Barbra...

They have entered the elevator. The doors close. They come out of the elevator, in front of their apartment.

MICHAEL

...Christie, Paula, Sheila, Lisa, Kimberly, Rhonda, Rebecca, Louisa...

123.

But not necessarily in that order!
They enter the apartment and Peter walks on something that lets out a TERRIBLE SQUEAK.

PETER

Oh, she forgot her squeaky giraffe.
He picks it up and throws it onto an armchair.

119 **EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - DAY**

119

Jack takes a running jump and does a cannonball into the pool of a luxury hotel somewhere in the world. He splashes two girls who find it very funny...

120 **EXT. STREET - DAY**

120

Peter, with a bouquet of flowers, runs like mad down a street.

121 **INT. ART GALLERY - DAY**

121

Michael and Sophia are having a big discussion about contemporary art in the midst of a sophisticated crowd at an opening. Michael is vehement, gesturing wildly, and so is Sophia. They're both talking at once, not listening to each other, and enjoying it immensely.

122 **INT. OFFICE - DAY**

122

Peter, all out of breath, comes rushing into the office

where Natalie works. She is very surprised. He puts the flowers down on her desk.

PETER

These are for you... I'm not supposed to leave the office.

PETER (CONT'D)

They think I'm in the bathroom. So I can't stay. 'Bye.

He dashes back out. Natalie cracks up, laughing.

123 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

123

Jack is running on the tarmac; he quickly mounts the stairs to his plane as he waves a heartrending goodbye to a young woman he's left behind in the airport. At the top step, he bumps into another young woman: it's

124.

love at first sight.

124 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

124

Michael is in bed. It's noon, the sun's shining brightly, and a BLONDE is asleep beside him. Michael is on the phone.

MICHAEL

Peter? Yeah? What? Yow-ee!
Hooray! Terrific! That's fantastic! I'll call Jack --
We're gonna celebrate tonight!

He hangs up. The Blonde is now awake.

MICHAEL

They won! They won!

BLONDE

Who won?

MICHAEL

Peter. He won the competition!

BLONDE

Great! Who's Peter?

125 INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

125

Peter enters the apartment with Natalie.

A bunch of crepe paper streamers are hanging in the hall, as well as posters with various things written on them:

PETER'S #1! CONGRATULATIONS, PETER! HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY!

Jack comes running in with a bottle of champagne, he POPS the CORK.

Jack hugs Peter tightly as Michael comes in with glasses and tries to catch the champagne that's flowing all over. They all shout and go bananas celebrating.

126 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

126

Peter has his arm around Natalie's waist. She's a little drunk. He kisses her and leads her into his room, closing the door behind him. Michael and Jack, who were spying on them, tiptoe over to the door. They are silently exulting over Peter's second victory.

127 INT. LOBBY OF OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

127

125.

Michael enters a fancy building on 5th Avenue. He's carrying a big portfolio and is full of beans. In the lobby, he pushes the button for the elevator and looks around absentmindedly.

His gaze suddenly freezes on something. By the guard's desk he notices a stroller. Inside, looking pretty bored, is MARY. Michael is overwhelmed. He walks toward Mary and through the sea of people -- they exchange an intense look. He looks around and suddenly sees Sylvia and two men deep in discussion coming out of an elevator. Michael, startled, runs and hides behind one of the elevators, staring out wide-eyed. Sylvia is dressed in a very chic, tight black suit, with a veiled little black hat and spiked heels. One of the men is carrying a bunch of cameras. They walk out toward the front door, and Sylvia suddenly stops. She seems to have forgotten something. She kisses them goodbye and heads toward the elevator. Once she's out of their sight, she turns and waits for them to leave. When they're gone for sure, she rushes toward Mary and showers her with kisses.

SYLVIA

Here you are, my angel... Are you okay, honey? Mommy's finished now, you've been a very, very good girl.

(to Guard)

Thanks a lot for looking after her.

GUARD

Oh, she's been great!

She wheels the stroller over to the door and quickly takes off her high heels, and her hat, and stuffs them into a big bag. She takes out a pair of old shoes and a comfortable jacket, and slips them on. She removes the pins from her hair -- she looks like her normal self

again.
She leaves, pushing the stroller out the door.
Michael stands frozen.

128 INT. HOTEL - NIGHT 128
Jack, in the corridor of a large modern hotel somewhere

126.

in the world. He is full of energy and playful excitement. He's with a few of his colleagues, both men and women. They say good night to each other. Everyone goes into his or her own room.

Jack's the last one, he goes into his room alone. His smile drops. For a moment he stands there just looking. He sits down on the bed: on the pillow is a little chocolate Santa Claus with a card that reads "Merry Christmas. The Marriott Hotels." Jack contemplates it forlornly.

129 INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT 129

Michael and Sophia, both in kimonos, are sitting in front of the last bits of an elegant midnight supper, in Michael's room. The bed is unmade. Sophia, a glass of champagne in her hand, is yakking away nonstop, like a real motor-mouth. Michael, silent, is doodling on a paper napkin. His pen is making little squares and circles; the circles come together and start looking like a baby lying in a crib. Sophia is absorbed in her monologue. Suddenly Michael realizes what he has drawn. He crumples the napkin and throws it in the wastebasket. Sophia hasn't noticed anything. Michael is bored stiff.

130 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 130
Peter comes home with Natalie. They take off their coats. They look tired.

NATALIE

(in a bad mood)

Oh, my feet are killing me!

She takes off her shoes and collapses in the armchair in the hall. There is a LOUD SQUEAKING noise. She reaches underneath her and brings out a rubber giraffe.

NATALIE

What the hell is this? Oh, it's a giraffe...

(tosses it away)

and walks off)
... Oh, by the way, have you

127.

heard anything about that kid,
you know, the one you had here
for a while?

Peter stares at the giraffe, horrified. He feels the
tears coming to his eyes. Grabbing the giraffe, he
hurls it with all his might against the wall.

131 INT. PLANE - DAY

131

Jack's in his plane, at the controls, waiting for
takeoff. He's daydreaming. His CO-PILOT comes in and
joins him.

CO-PILOT

Hey, what's the matter with you?

JACK

Whadda you mean, what's the matter
with me?

CO-PILOT

Are you sick?

JACK

Me? No. I'm fine.

CO-PILOT

C'mon, Jack! Didn't you see
who we've got on board today?

JACK

Sure I did, why?

CO-PILOT

Well... look...

JACK

(turning around
to look)

So it's the Rockettes, so what?

CO-PILOT

And you're just sitting there
like that?

JACK

Whaddaya mean, sitting there?
I happen to be getting ready to
fly this airplane.

CO-PILOT

Okay, forget it.

132 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

132

128.

Jack, alone in his room, with his back to us, is facing his full-length mirror. He's looking at himself, with one fist on his hip and the other hand clutching a half-empty bottle of scotch. He observes himself and slowly turns around -- we can now see him in profile. His hair is disheveled, he's unshaven, and he's put a pillow underneath his sweater. He's pregnant. He takes a big swig of scotch. The DOORBELL RINGS. Jack walks away from the mirror. He staggers dead drunk. But dignified, pregnant. Jack opens the door. Standing there is Graton holding a stuffed animal, a rabbit.

GRATON

Hi...

JACK

(out of it)

Hi?

GRATON

Don't you recognize me?

JACK

(in a total fog)

Wait... uh, no...

GRATON

I'm the one who was tailing you...

Remember, in the park...

JACK

Oh, yeah, the park... the diaper and all...

GRATON

That's it, the diaper... But don't worry. This isn't an investigation, I left the force four months ago, and anyway, they've arrested the whole gang since then... I just wanted to ask you something...

JACK

Have you noticed? I'm pregnant.

GRATON

(neutrally)

Oh yeah, I see...

JACK

So, shall we go for a walk?

129.

133 **EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY**

133

Graton and Jack are sitting on a bench beside the East River. Jack, still pregnant, has brought along his bottle of scotch, and he takes a swig from it occasion-

ally. Graton has brought along his rabbit.

GRATON

There's something I have to know...

JACK

Wouldn't you like to be pregnant?

GRATON

What? Oh sure... maybe... no...

I dunno... Look, there's been something bothering me for a long time.

JACK

You see, if I was God, and I could create the world all over again, here's what I would do: I would create Adam from Eve's rib, not the other way around.

GRATON

(having trouble following)

Really?

GRATON (CONT'D)

That's an interesting idea... Actually, I just wanted to ask you...

JACK

At least that way things would have been clearer to begin with, y'see. They wouldn't have made us believe that somebody could come out of our rib, y'know? 'Cause nothing ever comes out of our rib, y'know? Ever. Only out of our prick, and even then ... Everything still has to be done after that.

GRATON

(very unsure)

That's for sure...

JACK

What we men know how to make is planes, buildings, cars, and all that stuff... It's useful, mind

130.

you...

GRATON

It's driving me crazy! This thing keeps going around and around in my head...

JACK

And you know what, it's not even like they wanted us to believe it -- it might have been us who wanted to believe it... But let's face it, nobody comes out of our rib...

GRATON

(dives right in)

Was the dope in the diaper, yes or no?

JACK

Still, that's hard to take, goddam it!

GRATON

Was it in the diaper, or not?

JACK

The dope? It was in the diaper, why?

GRATON

(getting up)

Oh, thanks a lot. I feel so much better now. Here, this is a rabbit for your baby.

(shakes both Jack's hands)

Thanks again, 'bye, I'm so happy.

Graton goes off, floating on cloud nine.

JACK

(reaching out toward him with the rabbit)

But wait -- the baby's gone...

134 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

134

Jack and Michael, slumped in their chairs, are having breakfast. It's a gray day. It's POURING out. Peter, bending over a bowl of steaming water, with a towel over his head, is inhaling the steam. When he looks up to speak, we see his swollen tear-streaked

131.

face.

JACK

(extremely, in fact, too playful)

Tomorrow, San Francisco!

MICHAEL

(grim)

Say hello to the Pacific for me.

JACK

(even more playful)
I'll be back the day after tomorrow.

PETER

(emerging from the
bowl, congested)
You'll be id a foul bood -- jet
lag really wipes out you dow.

JACK

(annoyed)
Whaddy mean, now?

PETER

Yeah: you didd't used to give a
shit before, but dow it docks
you out.

JACK

(very hostile)
Before what?

PETER

(putting his head
back over the
bowl)
How would I dow? 'Before,'
that's all.

JACK

(on edge)
It doesn't knock me out at all...

MICHAEL

Is there any jam left?

PETER

Do.

Silence.

PETER

You eatig here todight?

JACK

132.

(playful again)
No, I'm going to the movies
tonight with, uh... damn, I can't
remember her name...

MICHAEL

Y'mean the Japanese one?

JACK

(suddenly very
weary)
No, she's from Finland. Oh damn
it. What the hell's her name?
They've got such weird names...
Magdalena... no, Marianna... no

... oh, I can't remember -- anyway
it's Ma-something or other...

MICHAEL

Mary?

A sudden, weighty silence ensues.

PETER

This fuckig cold! I look like
I'b cryig all the tibe but I'b
dot -- it's just this dab cold.

He gets up and goes out.

135 INT. SYLVIA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

135

Jack, holding a bouquet of flowers and Graton's rabbit,
rings the doorbell of an apartment. On the door a card
reads "SYLVIA AND MARY."

A chubby YOUNG MAN with thick glasses opens the door.

JACK

Hi. Is Sylvia in?

YOUNG MAN

No, she'll be back in a couple
of hours -- around midnight, she
said...

JACK

(disappointed)

Oh.

YOUNG MAN

Wanna come in and wait for her?

JACK

Sure... Why not?

133.

He follows the Young Man in Sylvia's studio. It's very
messy. On the table there's a big heap of books and
papers. Mary, sitting on the floor, is wearing a diaper
and a sweater, but her legs are bare. She's playing
with an empty pack of cigarettes. She looks at Jack
with a serious, unruffled expression.

JACK

Sylvia doing okay?

YOUNG MAN

I don't know -- I'm a med student.
I'm just babysitting. I only met
her a couple hours ago.

JACK

Oh, I see...

Silence. The Young Man sits down at the table and
immerses himself in his books.

Mary doesn't look up from her pack of cigarettes anymore.

JACK

Listen, on second thought, I

don't think I'll wait for her.
Just give her this when she gets
back, okay? And this is for the
baby.

Jack hands the bouquet and the rabbit to the Young Man,
who plops them down on a chair.

YOUNG MAN

Sure, no problem.
He immerses himself again in his books.
Jack heads toward the door, then turns around.

JACK

Shouldn't the baby be in bed by
now?

YOUNG MAN

Yeah... I don't know... When I
put her to bed she cries so I
just let her stay up...

JACK

Don't you have any tights to put
on her legs?

YOUNG MAN

Tights?... Well, it's pretty hot
in here anyway...

134.

Jack gets out of there in a hurry.

136 **INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

136

Jack, in his pilot's uniform, is sitting on the living
room couch. Michael is standing before him.

MICHAEL

You want me to call them?

JACK

No.

MICHAEL

But you've got to let them know!

JACK

No, I'm not going anywhere anymore,
I've had it with traveling. I
quit.

MICHAEL

C'mon, I'll call you a cab, you've
still got time.

JACK

Don't you call anybody.

MICHAEL

But the plane's s'posed to take
off in half an hour -- They won't
have time to replace you. This
is serious -- you'll lose your

job and you won't be able to pay
your share of the apartment
anymore... you...

Jack takes off his pilot's jacket and throws it aside.

JACK

I'll be a dishwasher, I'll live
in a flophouse.

MICHAEL

What the hell happened?

JACK

I'm not going, I told you; I'm
not going ever again. I'm sick
and tired of traveling, sick and
tired of broads. They all have
the same asses and I can't seem
to love them anyway. I can't
take another hotel room, and
swimming pools and trendy
restaurants! I want to know

135.

what my life's all about. Do
you know what your life's about,
Michael?

Michael has no answer to these questions. He leaves.

137 **INT. APARTMENT - EVENING**

137

Michael, wearing an apron and holding a wooden spoon,
goes into Jack's room. The latter, lying on his bed,
is smoking and staring at the ceiling.

MICHAEL

Come on, I made us a good dinner.
I bought some filet mignon and
Haagen-Dazs butter pecan. When
Peter comes back he'll cheer you
up...

JACK

He's been here all day.

MICHAEL

He has? I didn't hear him...

JACK

He's in his room.

MICHAEL

What?

Michael heads towards Peter's room. Jack feebly gets
up and follows him.

Michael knocks on the door. No answer.

MICHAEL

Peter! Dinner's ready!

Still no answer. Michael opens the door: Peter's lying face-down on his bed.

He's holding the rubber giraffe and sobbing. Michael and Jack, dismayed, stare at him. Peter hides his face in his arm.

Jack and Michael go to the kitchen and sit down to their steaks, totally depressed.

138 INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

138

The DOORBELL RINGS. A bare-chested Michael, in jeans, drags himself over to the front door and opens it. There stands Sylvia with Mary in her stroller.

136.

Sylvia is a disheveled mess.

SYLVIA

Is Jack here? 'Cause I'm a mess.
I can't handle it, I'm all alone...

MICHAEL

(shouting towards
Jack's room)

Jack! Jack, c'mere for Chrissake!

SYLVIA

'Cause my place is tiny, y'know,
and my schedule's insane -- and I
just finished four days of posing
and we ended up every day at...

Jack, bare-chested, comes in pulling on his jeans. He stops short at the front door. Sylvia is about to cry.

SYLVIA

(to Jack)

Yeah, y'see, Jack, I just did
four days of posing...

JACK

Yeah...

SYLVIA

And every day we finished at
three in the morning and since
Mary always gets up around 5:30...

JACK

Yeah...

SYLVIA

Well, you can imagine how much
sleep I've gotten...

JACK

Yeah, of course, 'cause after
the 5:30 bottle it starts all
over again around nine...

SYLVIA

And by the time I change her
and play with her a little, it's
already eight o'clock...

JACK

And then that's it -- you get
only an hour of sleep.

SYLVIA

And the babysitters till three
A.M. -- all my money is sucked

137.

down the tubes!

JACK

Plus they don't put the kids to
bed, they let them lie around
half-naked...

SYLVIA

Oh, so the flowers and the
rabbit were from you...

JACK

I could have strangled that guy...

SYLVIA

I mean it, I can't cope anymore.
My parents and I don't talk to
each other and anyway they live
in Texas, and the baby needs to
get out to the park...

MICHAEL

Yeah, tell me about it! Finding
time to take her to the park
every day is a real bitch!

SYLVIA

And I have to work, I need the
money to survive and anyway I
love my job...

A distraught Peter, bare-chested and in jeans, comes
running in from his room.

SYLVIA

But to work I've gotta have
a babysitter, and to have a
babysitter I need to work,
so I run around all day...

(she sobs)

... and I'm not sure I'm
taking good care of her...

PETER

Of course you're taking good
care of her -- we know what it's
like, don't cry, she looks great...

SYLVIA

(sobbing)
It's just 'cause I haven't slept
in four nights -- she must be
teething or something, I don't
know but I can't manage...

PETER

Don't worry, it's nothing, she's

138.

cutting a tooth -- you just have
to put some stuff on her gums...

MICHAEL

She pulled the same thing on us.
We lost all our friends in one
night -- on account of one tooth!

SYLVIA

And just look at my face!
Nobody's going to want me to
model for them with the way my
face looks... And what'll happen
to me if they don't want me
anymore?

MICHAEL

But you're beautiful -- At your
age all you need is a good night's
sleep and you'll look like new.

SYLVIA

Right, a good night's sleep --
but when?

PETER

Well, why don't you leave the
baby with us for a few days,
till you recuperate... I mean,
if you want.

MICHAEL

We're old pros -- it's not a
big deal for us...

SYLVIA

(blowing her nose,
wiping her eyes)

Really? I can leave her with
you for a little while?

JACK

Of course. Leave her with us.
Come back whenever you want.
Get some rest.

Sylvia, between two sobs, picks up a big bag beside her
on the doorstep.

SYLVIA

I brought a couple of things

for her, just for a few days...
Michael eagerly takes the bag from her. It's followed by
a second, and then a third.

PETER

139.

(taking Mary
in his arms)
Is she hungry?

SYLVIA

Yeah, it's time for her bottle
-- it's all ready in the bag...

JACK

I'll go heat up some water right
away. Would you like a cup of
coffee?

SYLVIA

Oh, okay, thanks...

Peter, carrying Mary towards the kitchen, is followed by
Jack and Michael with the bags.

Sylvia blows her nose and walks around aimlessly in the
hall.

In the kitchen the three men bustle about with the bags,
the bottle, the saucepan... They've swallowed all their
pride and are kissing Mary all over, on her neck, her
hands, her tummy. They're deliriously happy. Michael
takes some sheets out of the bag.

MICHAEL

I'll go make up her bed!

He exits, and, once in the corridor, prances around,
leaping and dancing... He gets to the living room and
goes over to the crib: suddenly, he recoils and freezes,
a fearful expression on his face. Then he turns and
races back to the kitchen.

MICHAEL

(floored)

Hey, you guys -- come and see,
come and see!

PETER

What?

MICHAEL

Come see, I said.

Jack and Peter nervously follow Michael into the living
room. They stop short in front of the crib: There is
Sylvia, curled up in a fetal position, sucking her thumb
and sleeping like an angel.

MICHAEL

The poor thing, she's really
wiped out.

JACK

She'll need two or three months to recover, at least... Maybe more!

PETER

We could set up a room for her here...

MICHAEL

A room for her and a room for Mary...

JACK

Then we could have four shifts instead of three!

PETER

Yeah, but I don't think she'll agree. She's got her own life to live.

MICHAEL

Yeah, she probably wouldn't want to move here. She'd think we'd jump on her any chance we could...

JACK

But we'd make a rule, she'd just be 'one of the guys!'

MICHAEL

She'll never want to...

SYLVIA

(very awake)

So, I'll take the ten A.M. to three P.M. shift... And I'll take every other night... plus the walk in the park in the afternoon before I go to work... and we split the rent equally... and I'll just be 'one of the guys'... deal?

PETER, MICHAEL, AND JACK

(smiling broadly)

Deal.

Mary suddenly comes in from the kitchen, walking unsteadily but determinedly. She's dragging Graton's rabbit by its ear. She looks at the four of them and laughs her head off.

FREEZE FRAME.

END!