Three Men and a Baby

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FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY
THREE MEN AND A BABY

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

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.
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)
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
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
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.

INT. NEWARK AIRPORT - PASSENGER TERMINAL - DAY

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
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.
INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

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 stylishly-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?
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.
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...
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.

INT. APARTMENT - FEW HOURS LATER - NIGHT

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...
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
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.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

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...
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?"
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...

INT. APARTMENT - DAWN

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."

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF APARTMENT - DAWN

Jack and Maxine exchange a brief kiss and go their separate ways.

EXT./INT. NEWARK AIRPORT - PLANE
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.

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**INT. ARCHITECTURE OFFICE - DAY**

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
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.
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

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
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.

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INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

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!
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.
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

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

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 unsuccessfullly to wrap the towel around the child. Obviously Michael is very put off by the smell coming from Mary.

14 INT. SAFEWAY - DAY

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?
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.
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.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

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.
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 disagreeing; 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
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?
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

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!
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.
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

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

Peter slips away.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

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
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
(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

Michael rushes in and stops short in front of the mountains of diaper boxes that he starts examining in bewilderment. 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

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

PETER
Oh shit, my slacks! Goddamn her, she took a crap!
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
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.
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 vigorously 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.
Michael is cleaning the couch with Mary in his arms.

23 INT. PETER'S ROOM - DAY

Mary is wearing only a diaper. Peter wraps her in one of his sweaters.

24 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

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

Peter is cutting apart a plastic bag and lining the bottom of the basket with it as a protective sheet.

26 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Michael is washing out a bottle.

27 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

28 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Michael is washing Mary's clothes.

29 INT. PETER'S ROOM - DAY

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
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

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

31  INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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?

32  INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Peter is making the bottle, Michael is holding MARY, who is CRYING.

    MICHAEL
    Make it snappy, will ya, she's famished.

33  INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mary is in Peter's arms voraciously sucking her bottle. He watches her.

34  INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Michael is washing out the bottle.

35  INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Peter is about to lay Mary down in her bed. He puts his
hand on her backside, then picks her up again.

PETER
Oh shit, she's soaking wet again.

36
**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**
Michael is rinsing out Peter's sweater.

37
**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**
On the couch, Peter is struggling with the diapers.

38
**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**
Michael has set the basket on a serving cart. He pushes it back and forth until MARY STOPS CRYING.

39
**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**
Mary is sleeping like an angel.

40
**INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - DUSK**
Michael and Peter are in the doorway. A stormy argument is going on.

MICHAEL
Oh no you're not, you're not gonna leave me alone with her.

PETER
I told you -- I have a date.

MICHAEL
You rotten bastard -- do you see me going out on any dates?

PETER
Look, it's with Natalie -- I've 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.
He exits, violently slamming the door behind him. 
Michael sits back down, grumbling.

44 INT. PETER'S ROOM - DUSK

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

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

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

47 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter is rocking the basket, as if in a trance. Michael
goes back to sleep on the couch.

INT. PETER’S ROOM – DAY

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...

INT. APARTMENT – DAY

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.

INT. PETER’S ROOM – DAY

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.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM – DAY

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
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. Goodbye...
(an audible click)
... Mr. Oxman? Hello, Mr. Oxman?

52 INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK

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

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

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

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

EXT. STREET - DAY

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.
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.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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)
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.
INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - DAY

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
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.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Punk #1 is attempting to strap the basket onto the motorcycle with a bungie 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.
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...
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.
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 bungie 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
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
gotta be watched very closely.
I've called for backup and it's on its way.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

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.
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!
INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

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.

EXT. PARK - DAY

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.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

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.
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

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)
... 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

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
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 babtalk used by adoring parents.
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
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
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
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

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
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.

INT. BUILDING - DUSK

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.
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.
EXT. STREET - DUSK

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.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

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
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
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
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
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
(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

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
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.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

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.
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.

EXT. STREET - DAY
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.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY
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.
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.

EXT. STREET - NIGHTFALL

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.

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

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

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

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
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

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
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

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 more shocking 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
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.
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

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

Mary is lying on the bed and Michael is putting the dope-
filled diaper on her.
85 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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."
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 deposit 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!
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
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
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:

**INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

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 harmonizing. 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?

**EXT. EAST RIVER - EVENING**

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,
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

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
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

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.
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

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...
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.
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
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.

EXT. HOUSE (MIAMI) – DAY

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
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!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

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
The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

JACK

What?

INT. APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

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.
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.
MRS. BRETSAWS
(tense, but still calm)
I never said that I wanted the child to be awakened, sir. I only asked to see her. If I'm going to be taking care of the child on a round-the-clock basis, then...

PETER
'Round-the-clock'? Whaddya mean 'round the clock'? Are you intending to sleep here?

MRS. BRETSAWS
Absolutely, sir. A second mommy is a second mommy.

PETER
And where are you going to sleep?

MRS. BRETSAWS
Well, I expect you to show me to my quarters.

PETER
Well, I don't know where Jack intends to stick you... That's his problem... Maybe in his room... But I'm warning you, Mrs. Bretshow.

MRS. BRETSAWS
Bretsaws.

PETER
There are three of us sharing this place and we're all real studs.

INT. HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Behind the door, Jack rolls his eyes, Michael empathizes with him. They head back to the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

MRS. BRETSAWS
... And as for screwing, I have all I need at home, thank you very much. With a few days off every month, I'm sure I'll be fine. The only thing I'm interested in is the care of the child and I can tell she needs some.
PETER
Oh, yeah? How do you figure that?

MRS. BRETSAWS
Shouldn't I be discussing all this with the father?

PETER
Well, listen, Mrs. Fretsaw, umm... 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.
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.
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
and stiff as a broom, slamming the door behind her.

102 INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON
Michael and Jack are sitting at the table.

JACK
(looking at
his watch)
What did I tell you? Ten
minutes to the second!

103 INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

JACK
Okay, listen, you guys... I've
tried everything and nothing's working: my mother's off on a
cruise; Mrs. Razzolini won't
speak to us ever since the whole
business with the cops -- we don't
want to involve any of our
girlfriends; Sylvia's taking it
easy in Europe and there's no
way she's gonna come back now
that Michael went and told her
everything's just fine and dandy.
Peter did a terrific job getting
rid of Mrs. Bretsaws, and all
that's left are the daycare
centers, but Peter's positive
they're a breeding pit for A.I.D.S.
So you tell me: What are we
suppose to do? You want me to
split with the kid? Or dump her
in an orphanage?

PETER
(pretending to
play the violin)
Here we go.

MICHAEL
Look, her mother'll be back in less than five months. Let's not waste a shitload of time looking for a solution for such a short time. Let's get organized.

JACK
What do you mean, organized?

PETER
Well, you'll have to ask to fly the New York-Washington shuttle 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?
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. Goddammit, she's your daughter. Are you that horny?

JACK
(exremely 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

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?
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
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
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
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

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.
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.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

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

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

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.
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**

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.
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
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)
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.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

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
heard CRYING.


    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
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

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...
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

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.
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
(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
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
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
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.
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!
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?
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

In her crib Mary is sleeping. She's beautiful, she looks happy.

116  INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

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
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.
MICHAEL
You'll have to come back and get the crib later.

SYLVIA
Yeah...

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.

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.
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
'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...
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.

EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - DAY
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...

EXT. STREET - DAY
Peter, with a bouquet of flowers, runs like mad down a street.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY
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.

INT. OFFICE - DAY
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.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY
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
love at first sight.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

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?

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

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.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

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.

INT. LOBBY OF OFFICE BUILDING - DAY
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.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Jack, in the corridor of a large modern hotel somewhere
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

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

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
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.

INT. PLANE - DAY

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.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY
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?
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 occasionally. 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
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...

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

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
JACK
(exremely, 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)
Whaddya mean, now?

PETER
Yeah: you didn'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
(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.

INT. SYLVIA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

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?
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...
Jack gets out of there in a hurry.

136 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

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
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

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

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.
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
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
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
(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...

SYLVDIA
(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 unstead-
ily 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!