

# Three Men and a Baby

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## THREE MEN AND A BABY

FADE IN:

1 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY 1

On a chartered plane flying from Miami to Newark Airport.

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

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

The plane is flying over the coastline.

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

JACK

(to Paul)

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

(miming a heart  
attack)

Paul, I've just fallen madly in love with the most beautiful woman in the world...

PAUL

(totally  
uninterested)

Oh yeah? Which one?

JACK

(as though about  
to keel over)

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

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.

2 INT. NEWARK AIRPORT - PASSENGER TERMINAL - DAY 2

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

Jack and Paul walk toward the exit.

JACK  
God, what a woman!

Paul is nervous, glancing uneasily from car to car.

JACK  
Wanna share a cab?

Paul  
Yeah, sure!

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

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

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

GRATON  
They're slowing down. Take a picture.

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

PAUL  
Listen, I need a favor, I got

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.

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

JACK

(whispering  
passionately)

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

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

SOPHIA

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

MICHAEL

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

JACK

(whispering  
in Michael's  
ear)

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

MICHAEL

(very interested)

Oh yeah, who?

JACK

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

MICHAEL

And the other one?

JACK

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

He moves away towards the den.

MICHAEL

(to Sophia)

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

Michael walks off in the direction of Rosalie.

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

NICOLE

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

Peter isn't paying attention.

NICOLE

Isn't it a killer?

PETER

What?...

PETER (CONT'D)

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

Nicole laughs.

PAUL

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

PETER

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

(to Nicole)

Excuse me for a minute.

They move away.

PETER

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

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

PAUL  
Wait -- What about Jack?

PETER  
(in a hurry)  
He's around somewhere. Check  
under all the couches.

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

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

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

PETER  
Deep? Hell no, we were just  
talking shop.

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

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

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

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

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

NATALIE  
Their project is really incredible.

PETER  
Oh really? You've seen it?

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.

4 INT. APARTMENT - FEW HOURS LATER - NIGHT

4

The guests are leaving. Commotion in the hall, people are saying goodbye to Peter and Michael.

Natalie is about to walk out.

PETER

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

NATALIE

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

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.

5 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

5

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

PETER

Where's Jack? Did he leave?

MICHAEL

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

PETER

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

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...

6 INT. APARTMENT - DAWN 6

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

7 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF APARTMENT - DAWN 7

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

8 EXT./INT. NEWARK AIRPORT - PLANE 8

Jack is in the cockpit with his copilot, RON. The ENGINES are REVVING. Jack is checking gauges. He looks out the window idly and sees:

The crew of another plane walking across the tarmac. Paul is one of the crew. Paul sees Jack and begins to gesture wildly, but his voice is drowned out by the noise of the ENGINES.

Just seeing Paul is enough to remind Jack about his package.

JACK

Damn! I forgot to tell them about the package!

(to Ron)

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

RON

(knowingly)

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

JACK

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

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

9 INT. ARCHITECTURE OFFICE - DAY

9

In the architecture firm of which Peter is one of three partners. The whole staff, about 15 people in all, is gathered around a large model, the project for a big amusement park. They all seem worried about something. JERRY, one of Peter's partners, seems particularly angry.

JERRY

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

JAY

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

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

10

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

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

PETER

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

MICHAEL

(opening one eye)  
What time is it?

PETER

Eleven-thirty.

MICHAEL

A.M. or P.M.?

PETER

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

MICHAEL

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

PETER

Did you finish?

MICHAEL

Nah, I didn't get anywhere.

PETER

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

MICHAEL

Six, six!

He buries his head under the pillow.

11 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

11

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

PETER

(to himself)

You gotta be kidding!

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

PETER

Michael! Michael!

MICHAEL

(still groggy)

What?

PETER

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

(mutters)

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

They run to the front door.

MICHAEL

What is it?

PETER

Look for yourself.

MICHAEL

It's a basket with a baby in it.

PETER

No shit.

(reads Michael the  
letter)

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

MICHAEL

What are we going to do with it?

PETER

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

MICHAEL

But it says she went to Europe.

PETER

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

MICHAEL

Whose phone number?

SYLVIA

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

MICHAEL

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

PETER

You mean you don't know who she  
is?

MICHAEL

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

PETER

Well, what are we gonna do?

MICHAEL

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

PETER

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

MICHAEL

Uh-oh, now she's really crying!

PETER  
What's her problem?

MICHAEL  
Maybe she's hungry?

PETER  
Well, what are we s'posed to do?

MICHAEL  
Feed her, I guess...

PETER  
Yeah, but what?

MICHAEL  
Soft stuff... I guess.

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

MICHAEL  
Really? Jack said that?

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

MICHAEL  
Oh, so he told you about this?

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

MICHAEL  
(very angrily)  
Boy, he's got a helluva nerve!

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

MICHAEL  
(brilliant idea)  
Let's call Jack's mother!

PETER

She lives in Miami for Christ's sake.  
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 12

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

PETER  
 What aisle's baby food on?

CLERK  
 Down there by the meat section.

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

13 INT. APARTMENT - DAY 13

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

MICHAEL  
 Okay, okay, don't cry like that...  
 I'll hold you, I'll hold you.

He tries rather unsuccessfully to wrap the towel around  
 the child. Obviously Michael is very put off by the  
 smell coming from Mary.

14 INT. SAFEWAY - DAY 14

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

PETER  
 So what's the best brand?

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.

15 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

15

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

MICHAEL

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

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

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

MARY only SCREAMS LOUDER.

16 INT. SAFEWAY - DAY

16

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

WOMAN #1

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

PETER

I haven't looked.

STORE CLERK

(coolly 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

17

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

MICHAEL

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

The DOORBELL RINGS.

MICHAEL

Well, it's about goddamn time!

He hurries towards the door, grabs the knob and throws it open.

MICHAEL

Where the hell have you been?

He stops. Before him stands the apartment MANAGER, Mrs. Razzolini, a squat little woman with a moustache.

MICHAEL

Oh -- Hi, Mrs. Razzolini!

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

18

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

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.

19 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

19

Peter comes in with bags in his arms.

Michael, holding the baby, dashes toward him, extremely pissed off.

MICHAEL

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

PETER

(flabbergasted)

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

MICHAEL

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

PETER

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

MICHAEL

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

PETER

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

MICHAEL

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

PETER

Hey, asshole, I'm the one who found

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

19A

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

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

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

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

STORE CLERK  
 (suspiciously)  
 Depends how much your baby weighs.

MICHAEL  
 Oh right, how much she weighs...

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

Michael grabs just any box of diapers.

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

Michael takes off very, very quickly.

20 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

20

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

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

21 INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

21

Peter and Michael have laid Mary down on the couch, taking care to place several towels between her bottom and the immaculate velvet. Mary is squirming, laughing, feeling great. They have already gone through half a box of cotton in their attempts to clean up the crap. But it's still all over, on their hands, on the baby's feet and legs, on the towels, etc.

PETER

Hold her. Hold her, goddamn it!

MICHAEL

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

PETER

Just gimme the cotton.

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

PETER

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

MICHAEL

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

Peter grabs a huge wad of cotton.

PETER

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

MICHAEL

But the couch'll get dirty!

PETER

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

MICHAEL

How 'bout after-shave?

PETER

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

MICHAEL

Okay, let's just put the diaper

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 23

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

24 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 24

Michael is throwing a heap of used cotton and dirty diapers into the garbage can. He's rather disgusted by them.

25 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 25

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

26 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 26

Michael is washing out a bottle.

27 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 27

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

28 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 28

Michael is washing Mary's clothes.

29 INT. PETER'S ROOM - DAY 29

PETER

(on the phone)

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

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

Peter hangs up.

30 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 30

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

31 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 31

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

PETER  
Maybe she's allergic to something?

MICHAEL  
Or maybe she's hungry again.

PETER  
Already?

32 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 32

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 33

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

34 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 34

Michael is washing out the bottle.

35 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 35

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 36

Michael is rinsing out Peter's sweater.

37 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 37

On the couch, Peter is struggling with the diapers.

38 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 38

Michael has set the basket on a serving cart. He pushes it back and forth until MARY STOPS CRYING.

39 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 39

Mary is sleeping like an angel.

40 INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - DUSK 40

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

44

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

PETER

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

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

PETER

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

(furious)

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

45 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

45

Peter and Michael are silently eating sandwiches at a  
corner of the kitchen table. Peter is fuming. Michael  
glances at him out of the corner of his eye.

46 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

46

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

47 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

47

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

goes back to sleep on the couch.

48 INT. PETER'S ROOM - DAY

48

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

PETER

(on the phone)

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

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

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

(shouting to drown  
out Jerry shouting)

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

49 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

49

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

50 INT. PETER'S ROOM - DAY

50

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

51 INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - DAY

51

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

MICHAEL

(on the phone)

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

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

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

MICHAEL

(into phone)

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

(shouting on the other end)

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

(an audible click)

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

52 INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK 52

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

53 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 53

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

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

Mary looks at them and smiles.

54 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 54

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

55 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 55

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

basket is on one of the couches. Mary is asleep.

On the basket are warm clothes for outdoors, a bonnet and a coat, a full bottle, cans of formula, toilet articles, and a pile of diapers.

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

MICHAEL

He didn't say what time?

PETER

All he said was Thursday.

MICHAEL

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

PETER

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

MICHAEL

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

PETER

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

MICHAEL

(angrily)

Damn right!

(beat softer)

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

PETER

Oh hell!

56 EXT. STREET - DAY

56

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

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

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

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

57 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

57

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

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

PUNK #1

Jack Collins live here?

MICHAEL

Yes, he does.

PUNK #1

We came for the package.

PETER

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

PUNK #1

Sylvia?

PETER

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

PUNK #1

(nervously)  
Problems? Did you guys have trouble?

MICHAEL

(sarcastically)

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.

58

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - DAY

58

PETER  
 (holding the package)  
 What the hell is this?

MICHAEL  
 Well, a package, I guess.

PETER  
 Was this package delivered to  
 you?

MICHAEL  
 Yeah, why?

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

PETER  
 When the hell did this package  
 arrive?

MICHAEL  
 Will you quit shouting!

PETER  
 (screaming even  
 louder)  
 When did this fucking package  
 fucking arrive, Michael?

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

PETER  
 Holy shit!

MICHAEL  
 What's the matter?

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

MICHAEL  
 Hey, asshole yourself!... Oh shit!

Peter nods and begins to bark orders.

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

catch up with them...

Michael runs to the window.

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

PETER

Goddamit!

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

PETER

What the hell is this?

He picks up a few packets and examines them.

PETER

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

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

59 EXT. STREET - DAY

59

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

PUNK #2

We'd be better off taking the subway.

PUNK #1

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

PUNK #2

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

PUNK #1

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

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, showing 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.

60 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

60

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

PETER  
(key in hand)  
This is it. Please come in...  
can I get you a cup of coffee or  
something?

COP #2  
No thanks. I'll just wait out  
here.

Peter enters the apartment and calmly crosses through  
the house, carrying the basket.

As soon as he's out of the cop's sight, he starts running  
like a madman down the corridor. He runs into Michael  
who was just coming to meet him.

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

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

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

MICHAEL  
Yeah? What?

PETER  
There's a cop on the doorstep...  
He didn't see you... He mustn't  
see you... We're in deep  
trouble, Michael...

MICHAEL  
Tell me what...

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

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!

61 INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY 61

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

62 EXT. PARK - DAY 62

Michael is sitting on a bench facing the grass, with his back to us, he seems quite busy.

As we CLOSE IN, we discover that he has opened the box of diapers and that he's holding one of them; its plastic has been carefully cut out with scissors.

Casually, glancing right and left, he takes the individual packets of white powder out of his pocket and shoves them into a little plastic bag from the supermarket. Then he carefully tapes the bag so it's well-sealed and flattened out, and he inserts it into the diaper, between the plastic and the absorbent fabric.

Next, the diaper is taped up, folded back up and put back in the box, neatly packed between the other ones. Michael closes the box again and glues it together so it looks as if it's never been opened. He throws all the other stuff away in a trash can and grabs hold of his brand-new box of diapers. He walks away.

63 INT. APARTMENT - DAY 63

Michael comes into the living room with his box of diapers and a bag of groceries.

In addition to the two cops there are now THREE NARCOTIC AGENTS who are interrogating Peter. He is holding Mary. The basket is on an armchair.

MICHAEL

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

PETER

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

MICHAEL

Did you give her the 5:30 bottle?

PETER

Yeah, I just gave it to her.

MICHAEL  
Did you change her?

PETER  
No, she's soaking wet.

MICHAEL  
Okay, I'll do it.

Michael puts down his bag of groceries, takes Mary from Peter and disappears with the box of diapers.

In his room, he lays Mary down on his bed and starts undressing her.

64 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

64

AGENT #1  
And who's he?

PETER  
He's my roommate.

AGENT #1  
(raising an eyebrow)  
Oh, I see, I see...

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

AGENT #1  
Oh, three, huh? A regular 'mirage a trois'!

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

AGENT #1  
Uh-huh, so what's your friend do?

PETER  
He's a cartoonist.

AGENT #1  
What about the other guy?

PETER  
He's a pilot.

AGENT #1  
Ah-hah... Now that's interesting...  
(to his colleague)

... Get me those photographs,  
the ones taken at Newark Airport.

Agent #1 looks in his attache case.

AGENT #1  
So does this friend of yours ever  
fly to South America?

PETER  
No. Never. Only North America.

The PHONE RINGS.

AGENT #1  
Would you object if I answered it  
for you?

PETER  
Not at all, go right ahead. I've  
got nothing to hide.

Agent #1 picks up the phone and listens.

AGENT #1  
It's a collect call from a Jack  
Collins in La Paz, Bolivia. That  
wouldn't happen to be your pilot  
friend, would it? The one who  
never goes to South America?

PETER  
Yes, it is him.

Agent #1 hands him the phone.

PETER  
Hello, yes, operator, I accept the  
charges.

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

AGENT #1  
Would you mind very much if I  
listened?

PETER  
Please, go right ahead.

Agent #1 picks up the other telephone.

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

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. Every-  
thing appears normal. However, a trained eye might be  
very surprised by the enormous thickness of the diaper  
covering the young lady's backside. But a narcotics  
agent is not necessarily the most qualified person to  
notice something odd like this.

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

MICHAEL

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

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

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

AGENT #1

Do you recognize anyone in this picture?

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

PETER

(pointing)

Sure. This is Jack Collins.

AGENT #1

Oh yeah? Now that's interesting.

Michael has laid Mary down for a nap in her basket, observed by the five cops. He now sits down, cheerful and bubbling over with enthusiasm.

MICHAEL

So! Can I get you something to drink?

Agent #1 totally ignores him.

AGENT #1

So, who's the baby belong to?

PETER

It's Jack's daughter.

AGENT #1

And why are you two taking care of her?

PETER

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

MICHAEL

Yeah, Peter and I just love kids!

AGENT #1

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

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

66

Hidden within a parked car, three men are keeping a close watch on the entrance to Peter, Michael and Jack's building. The two uniformed cops emerge, get in their car, and pull away.

67 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

67

PETER

(on the phone; things are heating up)

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

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

PETER (CONT'D)

(yells)

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

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

MICHAEL

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

PETER

You're going now?

MICHAEL

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

PETER

Terrific, just terrific! Jerry just called: I have to go to the office right now.

MICHAEL

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

PETER

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

MICHAEL

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

PETER

Oh shit, I can't take this anymore!

MICHAEL

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

PETER

Good idea! Let's go.

68 INT. BUILDING - DUSK

68

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

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.

69 EXT. STREET - DUSK

69

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

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

70 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

70

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

PETER

Michael? Michael, are you here?

No answer.

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

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

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

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

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

Just then, Michael appears in the corridor, silent and

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

71 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 71

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

72 INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT 72

Peter is in bed, completely out of it.

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

Once he's alone, Peter leans over the basket. Mary and he stare at each other intently and seriously. Peter switches off the light.

73 INT. APARTMENT - DAWN 73

The DOORBELL RINGS.

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

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

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

MICHAEL

Morning, officers. Can I help you?

AGENT #1

(holding out a piece  
of paper to him)

Search warrant.

MICHAEL

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

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

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

AGENT #1  
(looking at the  
devastation)  
Oh, really? Well, if I were you  
I'd get myself some new friends!

Peter comes in, in his bathrobe, furious.

PETER  
What the hell are you guys looking  
for, anyway?

AGENT #1  
Probably the same things your  
friends were looking for last  
night! Didn't Mrs. Razzolini  
bring you a package last Sunday?

PETER  
You mean the chocolate Easter  
bunnies? We ate them already.

He starts to walk away.

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

AGENT #1  
Maybe we can help.  
(to his colleagues)  
Let's get to work!

All the cops enter the apartment.

74 INT. PETER'S ROOM - DAY

74

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

AGENT  
Would you mind if I look in your

bed?

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

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

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

PETER  
 Be my guest.

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

AGENT  
 Thank you very much, sorry about  
 this...

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

75 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

75

The cops are leaving.

AGENT #1  
 Well, there's obviously been a  
 mistake. As far as you're  
 concerned this investigation is  
 closed. We apologize again.

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

AGENT #1  
 (looking straight  
 at him)  
 So do we.

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

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

PETER  
Bullshit, it's a trick.

MICHAEL  
You think so? Really?

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

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

MICHAEL  
But he said the investigation was closed.

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

76 EXT. STREET - DAY

76

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

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

It is Graton.

77 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

77

PETER  
(entering)  
So? Was I right?

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

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

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

MICHAEL

I have the feeling they'll come  
to us.

PETER

We'll have to be very careful.

78 EXT. STREET - NIGHTFALL

78

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

PUNK

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

MICHAEL

What do you guys want?

PUNK

We want the dope. Tomorrow.

MICHAEL

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

PUNK

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

(he quickly stabs  
the grocery bags  
three times)

We'll call you tonight.

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

79 INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

79

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

GRATON

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

80 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

80

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

They are sitting silently, not moving.

Mary is playing in her basket.

The PHONE RINGS. Peter and Michael both jump three feet in the air.

Michael picks up the phone.

MICHAEL

Hello? Who? Goddamn it, where are you?...

(to Peter)

... It's Jack. He just landed in Newark. He came back early.

PETER

Gimme that.

(he grabs the receiver out of Michael's hand)

Jack? What the hell are you doing?

(listens to a long explanation)

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

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

MICHAEL

(in a low tone)

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

PETER

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

He hangs up.

PETER

(in a furious temper)

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

The PHONE interrupts. Michael leaps up and answers it.

MICHAEL

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

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

MICHAEL

... That was it.

PETER

(equally drained)

All we can do now is hope our plan works.

MICHAEL

You think the cops have our phone bugged?

PETER

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

80A EXT. STREET - NIGHT

80A

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

GRATON

(very excited)

We got 'em, Chief. Five o'clock

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

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

81 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

81

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

JACK  
(opening the door)  
Yoo-hoo, guys! I'm home! I've got presents for you... so where's that wonderful fantastic babe...

He enters and sees the state the apartment is in.

JACK  
... What the hell happened here?

He walks into the apartment, shocked and overwhelmed.

JACK  
Peter! Michael! Are you here?

He goes into the living room -- No one's there. Into Michael's room. No one's there. He goes into his own room, where the destruction is even 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.

82 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

82

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

MICHAEL

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

JACK

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

PETER

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

MICHAEL

Yeah, we take goddam care of it.

PETER

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

MICHAEL

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

JACK

What?

PETER

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

MICHAEL

And diapers. Have you ever tried to do diapers?

PETER

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

MICHAEL

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

PETER

(cutting him off;  
embarrassed)

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

JACK

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

PETER

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

JACK

What??

MICHAEL

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

Peter and Michael exit, slamming the door.

83 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

83

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

84 INT. APARTMENT - MICHAEL'S ROOM - DAY

84

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

85 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

85

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

JACK

It's ridiculous. I look ridiculous.

PETER

You look completely ridiculous -- so what?

86 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

86

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

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

87 EXT. STREET - DAY

87

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

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

GRATON

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

88 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

88

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

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

Michael glances at his watch, then at the passersby.

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

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

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

The two punks immediately take off with the package.

Graton leaps up, shouts "let's get 'em" and takes off after the punks, followed by about 10 other plainclothes detectives, who'd been hiding all around.

Michael quickly gets up, picks Mary up and discreetly deposits the dope-filled diaper in a trash can, giving the punk on the bench an intent look. Then he goes off in the direction of the cops.

The punk calmly goes over to the trash can, takes out the diaper, which he stuffs into his girl friend's purse, and goes off in the opposite direction.

The cops have meanwhile arrested Peter and Jack, who put up no resistance whatsoever. Michael now joins them.

MICHAEL

What's going on?

GRATON

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

MICHAEL

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

GRATON

(to one of the cops)

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

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

MICHAEL

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

Peter and Jack take off their glasses.

GRATON

Oh, it's you guys!

PETER  
What's the problem?

GRATON  
You guys must think you're pretty  
smart, don't ya?  
(suddenly freezes)  
Holy shit! The diaper!

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

GRATON  
The goddam diaper! What a jerk,  
what a goddam schmuck I am!

Peter, Michael, Jack and the 10 plainclothes detectives watch Graton going bananas.

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

JACK  
He should try South America.

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

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

89

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

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

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

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

GRATON  
I'm sure the dope was in the diaper.

CHIEF

Case closed.

GRATON

I'm sure the dope was in the diaper.

CHIEF

(screaming)

Did you hear me, Graton? Case closed.

GRATON

I'm sure the d...

CUT TO:

90 INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - EVENING

90

In the devastated living room Peter, still disguised as a punk, and Michael, both very high, are dancing around in circles with each other and laughing. They are singing a lullaby at the top of their lungs, and 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?

91 EXT. EAST RIVER - EVENING

91

A broadly smiling Jack arrives at the riverside. Paul is sitting on a bench. When he sees Jack, he gets up and comes to greet him, smiling and extending his hand.

Without warning, Jack suddenly jumps him and sends him with a forceful shove flying into the water. Paul lands on his back with a big splash, and comes back up to the surface totally dumbfounded. Jack leans over the water and yells at him, like a madman, still a bit drunk.

JACK

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

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

Jack turns his back on Paul and staggers off.

PAUL

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

JACK

Crawl.

92 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

92

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

JACK

(very aggravated)

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

JACK (CONT'D)

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

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

MICHAEL

Why don't you call her back?

JACK

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

to call back!

The PHONE RINGS. Michael answers it.

MICHAEL

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

He hangs up.

JACK

Who was that?

MICHAEL

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

JACK

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

MICHAEL

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

JACK

You jerk! You should've said she was terrible, sick as hell! Practically on death's door!  
(exits, furious)  
What a jerk, what a pain in the ass you can be sometimes...

MICHAEL

(to himself)  
What's with him? The kid's doing really great!

93 INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

93

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

JACK

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

SCREAMING coming over the phone.

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

SCREAMING coming over the phone.

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

He hangs up gleefully, rubbing his hands together.

94 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

94

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

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

JACK  
Okay...

MICHAEL  
Tell her to make sure Mary gets plenty of sleep.

JACK  
I'll tell her.

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

JACK  
Right. Full of shit.

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

JACK  
(nodding)  
Bottle of water, white as snow...

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

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.

96

EXT. HOUSE (MIAMI) - DAY

96

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

JACK

Hey, Mom!

MARGIE

(hits Steve)

Hey, he finally made it!

MARGIE (CONT'D)

(to Jack)

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

JACK

But, Mom, I missed the plane.

MARGIE

Yeah, but now I have to go.

JACK

Where are you going?

MARGIE

On a cruise around the world.

JACK

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

MARGIE

Because you never would've come. Now let me see her.

(she grabs Mary and covers her with kisses)

Oh, my little strudle!

STEVE

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

MARGIE

Bye-bye, sweetie love... I'll  
bring you back presents from all  
over the world.

(to Jack, giving  
back Mary)

Four o'clock.

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

JACK

(holding Mary)

'Bye!

97 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

97

Jack comes in with the basket; he's in a vile mood.  
He's got a bottle ready in his hand.

Peter, who had been working in his room, rushes to the  
hall.

PETER

You're bringing her back?

JACK

Yeah... she's starving. I gotta  
heat this bottle up right away.

They go into the kitchen together. Peter immediately  
gets busy; he heats the bottle up quickly while Jack  
soothes the hungry Mary by carrying her in his arms.

PETER

So what happened? Did you two  
have a fight?

JACK

(grim)

Goddamn cruises...

PETER

Didn't she want to take her?

JACK

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

PETER

The apple doesn't fall far from  
the tree.

JACK

What?

98 INT. APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

98

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Jack goes to the door.

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

MRS. BRETSAWS

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

JACK

(very eager,  
very gracious)

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

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

PETER

Who is it?

MICHAEL

Must be some nanny he found through  
an agency.

Peter shrugs and walks away.

Jack comes out of the living room.

JACK

(softly, to Michael)  
She wants to see Mary.

MICHAEL

She's asleep.

JACK

Well, she wants to see her anyway!

He heads toward Peter's room.

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. Brestshow.

MRS. BRETSAWS  
Bretsaws.

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

100 INT. HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON 100

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

101 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 101

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

102

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

103

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. Goddamit, she's your daughter. Are you that horny?

JACK

(extremely pissed off)

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

He exits, furious.

104 INT. CHARTER COMPANY - DAY

104

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

PAUL

(shyly)

Hi, Jack, something wrong?

JACK  
 (who hadn't  
 noticed him)  
 Oh, hi... Nah, nothing's wrong.

PAUL  
 What were you doing in the boss's  
 office?

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

PAUL  
 Oh, and he said 'no,' huh?

JACK  
 (barking)  
 As a matter of fact, he said  
 'yes.'

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

105 INT. JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

105

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

106 INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - MORNING

106

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

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

We hear MARY CRYING.

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

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

PETER

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

JACK

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

PETER

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

JACK

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

PETER

(in a state of shock)

I never let her scream for hours!

JACK

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

PETER

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

JACK

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

MICHAEL

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

(to Jack)

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

(to Peter)

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

He pushes them both out.

1076 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

107

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

MICHAEL

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

Peter comes rushing into the apartment and runs toward his room. He stops short in the corridor -- he hears Mary's laughter and Michael's coochie-coo's.

Noiselessly he tiptoes over to the living room door and listens, troubled. Then he walks away and shouts, as though he were just coming out of his room.

PETER

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

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

PETER

Everything okay?

MICHAEL

(without looking  
at him)

Yeah, okay.

Silence.

PETER

(not moving)

Well, I guess I'll be going now.

MICHAEL

(not moving either)

Yeah...

They're both uneasy.

PETER

The baby okay?

MICHAEL

(not budging  
an inch)

Yeah, okay.

Peter exits.

108 INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

108

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

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

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

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

109 SAME SCENE - MONTHS LATER 109

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

110 INT. JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT 110

Although it is dark, we can distinguish in Jack's bed a rather bulky shape, which is moving around under the comforter and doesn't exactly seem to be sleeping...

Suddenly, from the direction of the living room, we can hear MARY CRYING. Jack emerges from under the comforter and switches on the light: he has a female guest in his bed, a pretty BRUNETTE this time.

JACK  
(to himself)  
Shit, she's crying...

BRUNETTE  
What?

JACK  
Nothing, nothing. I'll be right back.

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

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

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

Mary cries again.

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

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

PETER  
(in a soft voice)  
She's crying.

JACK  
(hushed voice)  
Yeah, every time I try to put  
her back to bed...

MICHAEL  
(hushed voice)  
Maybe she's thirsty?

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

JACK  
What should I do?

MICHAEL  
I've bought some stuff for her  
gums.

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

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

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

111 INT. JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

111

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

BRUNETTE  
This guy's totally whacko.

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

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.

112 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

112

Peter, Michael and Jack have guests over for dinner.

CLASSICAL MUSIC, a very fancy table, candles: they're  
at the tail-end of the dinner, before dessert. Everyone  
is very fashionably dressed.

Natalie is sitting between Peter and Carl. Jay and  
Jerry, Peter's partners, are also there with their wives.

Michael and Sophia are having a vehement discussion as  
usual, Jack is between two gorgeous models: CHRISTIE  
and CAROLINE.

CARL

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

PETER

No, I haven't had the time lately.

CARL

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

JERRY

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

NATALIE

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

CARL

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

Natalie bursts out laughing. Peter's about to respond,  
but stops himself suddenly. In the b.g., a BABY can be

heard CRYING.

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

PETER  
 (whispering to  
 Natalie)  
 Why do you always have to bring  
 Carl along with you?

NATALIE  
 Don't you like him?

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

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

PETER  
 Well, we'll see about that.

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

MICHAEL  
 (in a low tone,  
 to Jack)  
 Did you give her something to  
 drink?

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

JACK  
 (in a low tone, to  
 Michael)  
 I tried, but she doesn't want  
 anything --

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

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

EVERYONE

Oh! Wow!

CHRISTIE  
(greedily)  
I love three-tiered cakes!

JAY'S WIFE  
So what's it made of?

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

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

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

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

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

He gets up and goes out. Jack watches him.

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

JACK  
(his mind elsewhere)  
Well, actually... uh, lately I've  
been to Washington a lot... and  
uh... I'll be right back.

He gets up and goes out.

113 INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

113

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

PETER  
Try and put her back to bed...

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

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

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

CHRISTIE (O.S.)  
Yoo-hoo! What are you guys doing  
in there? It's fucking boring  
without you...

MICHAEL  
Oh shit -- the guests...

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

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

MICHAEL  
And the hell with it.

114 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

114

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

GUESTS  
Oh, it's a baby!

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

JACK  
Ladies and gentlemen, I would like  
you to meet my daughter, Mary.

PETER  
(muttering)  
Your daughter... your daughter...

GUESTS  
You're kidding! Congratulations!  
She's adorable! She looks just  
like you... Oh, what a cute little  
girl!

Overwhelmed by all the people, MARY bursts out CRYING.

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

115

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

116 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

116

Mary is in her playpen, playing with a SQUEAKY rubber  
giraffe.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

Peter opens it: standing there before him is a very,  
very, young, gorgeous girl.

SYLVIA

(bursting with joy)  
Hello... I'm Sylvia, Mary's  
mother. I've come to get her...

PETER

(completely dazed)  
Oh, it's you... Wait, I'll go

get Jack...

He stands there, frozen.

SYLVIA  
How's Mary doing?

PETER  
(as if he were  
dreaming)  
Fine, fine, she's doing great...  
She's getting her back teeth  
in lately, it's been a bit rough...

SYLVIA  
Can I see her?

PETER  
Oh, yeah, sure, she's in there...

They both enter the living room. Mary stares at Sylvia. When she spots Mary, Sylvia suddenly breaks down in tears. Peter is dumbfounded.

SYLVIA  
I don't believe how much she's  
grown!

Recovering, wiping away her tears, she walks over to the playpen.

SYLVIA  
Hello, Mary, hello my darling...

She picks her up, hugs her tightly, showers kisses on her. MARY LAUGHS. Sylvia starts crying again.

SYLVIA  
How beautiful she is... Her hair  
has grown... Look how much she  
changed, I missed it all. I  
missed her so much!

Peter, in a kind of daze, stares at Sylvia. Without looking at Peter, she dries her eyes and tries to stop crying.

SYLVIA  
I wanted to make life difficult  
for Jack but I never thought I'd  
miss her so much...

PETER  
(still in a fog)  
Oh, yeah... make life difficult  
for Jack...

SYLVIA  
Is he here?

PETER  
What?

SYLVIA  
Is Jack here?

PETER  
(snapping out of it)  
Oh, yeah, yeah, I'll go get him...

He exits like a sleepwalker and goes straight into Michael's room. The latter is asleep.

Peter sits down on the edge of Michael's bed and gently shakes him.

PETER  
Michael, Michael... Sylvia's here.

Michael wakes up and looks at Peter.

PETER  
Mary's leaving.

117 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

117

Peter's giving Mary her bottle, Jack is carefully putting all her stuff into a bag -- bottles, nipples, cereals, etc.

In the doorway Sylvia, with reddened eyes, silently watches them.

JACK  
(to himself)  
Let's see, the five bottles,  
the little bottles for water,  
the strainer for her cereal...  
(to Sylvia)  
... Do you have a blender?

SYLVIA  
A blender?

JACK  
For bananas and carrots and stuff.  
It's time for her to start eating  
them...

SYLVIA  
No, I don't have a blender.

JACK

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...

118 EXT. STREET - DAY

118

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.

119 EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - DAY 119

Jack takes a running jump and does a cannonball into the pool of a luxury hotel somewhere in the world. He splashes two girls who find it very funny...

120 EXT. STREET - DAY 120

Peter, with a bouquet of flowers, runs like mad down a street.

121 INT. ART GALLERY - DAY 121

Michael and Sophia are having a big discussion about contemporary art in the midst of a sophisticated crowd at an opening. Michael is vehement, gesturing wildly, and so is Sophia. They're both talking at once, not listening to each other, and enjoying it immensely.

122 INT. OFFICE - DAY 122

Peter, all out of breath, comes rushing into the office where Natalie works. She is very surprised. He puts the flowers down on her desk.

PETER

These are for you... I'm not supposed to leave the office.

PETER (CONT'D)

They think I'm in the bathroom. So I can't stay. 'Bye.

He dashes back out. Natalie cracks up, laughing.

123 EXT. AIRPORT - DAY 123

Jack is running on the tarmac; he quickly mounts the stairs to his plane as he waves a heartrending goodbye to a young woman he's left behind in the airport. At the top step, he bumps into another young woman: it's

love at first sight.

124 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

124

Michael is in bed. It's noon, the sun's shining brightly, and a BLONDE is asleep beside him. Michael is on the phone.

MICHAEL

Peter? Yeah? What? Yow-ee!  
Hooray! Terrific! That's  
fantastic! I'll call Jack --  
We're gonna celebrate tonight!

He hangs up. The Blonde is now awake.

MICHAEL

They won! They won!

BLONDE

Who won?

MICHAEL

Peter. He won the competition!

BLONDE

Great! Who's Peter?

125 INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

125

Peter enters the apartment with Natalie.

A bunch of crepe paper streamers are hanging in the hall, as well as posters with various things written on them: PETER'S #1! CONGRATULATIONS, PETER! HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY!

Jack comes running in with a bottle of champagne, he POPS the CORK.

Jack hugs Peter tightly as Michael comes in with glasses and tries to catch the champagne that's flowing all over. They all shout and go bananas celebrating.

126 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

126

Peter has his arm around Natalie's waist. She's a little drunk. He kisses her and leads her into his room, closing the door behind him. Michael and Jack, who were spying on them, tiptoe over to the door. They are silently exulting over Peter's second victory.

127 INT. LOBBY OF OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

127

Michael enters a fancy building on 5th Avenue. He's carrying a big portfolio and is full of beans.

In the lobby, he pushes the button for the elevator and looks around absentmindedly.

His gaze suddenly freezes on something.

By the guard's desk he notices a stroller. Inside, looking pretty bored, is MARY. Michael is overwhelmed.

He walks toward Mary and through the sea of people -- they exchange an intense look.

He looks around and suddenly sees Sylvia and two men deep in discussion coming out of an elevator. Michael, startled, runs and hides behind one of the elevators, staring out wide-eyed.

Sylvia is dressed in a very chic, tight black suit, with a veiled little black hat and spiked heels. One of the men is carrying a bunch of cameras. They walk out toward the front door, and Sylvia suddenly stops. She seems to have forgotten something. She kisses them goodbye and heads toward the elevator. Once she's out of their sight, she turns and waits for them to leave. When they're gone for sure, she rushes toward Mary and showers her with kisses.

SYLVIA

Here you are, my angel... Are you okay, honey? Mommy's finished now, you've been a very, very good girl.

(to Guard)

Thanks a lot for looking after her.

GUARD

Oh, she's been great!

She wheels the stroller over to the door and quickly takes off her high heels, and her hat, and stuffs them into a big bag. She takes out a pair of old shoes and a comfortable jacket, and slips them on. She removes the pins from her hair -- she looks like her normal self again.

She leaves, pushing the stroller out the door.

Michael stands frozen.

128 INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

128

Jack, in the corridor of a large modern hotel somewhere

in the world. He is full of energy and playful excitement. He's with a few of his colleagues, both men and women. They say good night to each other.

Everyone goes into his or her own room.

Jack's the last one, he goes into his room alone. His smile drops. For a moment he stands there just looking. He sits down on the bed: on the pillow is a little chocolate Santa Claus with a card that reads "Merry Christmas. The Marriott Hotels." Jack contemplates it forlornly.

129 INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

129

Michael and Sophia, both in kimonos, are sitting in front of the last bits of an elegant midnight supper, in Michael's room. The bed is unmade.

Sophia, a glass of champagne in her hand, is yakking away nonstop, like a real motor-mouth.

Michael, silent, is doodling on a paper napkin.

His pen is making little squares and circles; the circles come together and start looking like a baby lying in a crib.

Sophia is absorbed in her monologue.

Suddenly Michael realizes what he has drawn. He crumples the napkin and throws it in the wastebasket. Sophia hasn't noticed anything. Michael is bored stiff.

130 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

130

Peter comes home with Natalie. They take off their coats. They look tired.

NATALIE  
(in a bad mood)  
Oh, my feet are killing me!

She takes off her shoes and collapses in the armchair in the hall. There is a LOUD SQUEAKING noise.

She reaches underneath her and brings out a rubber giraffe.

NATALIE  
What the hell is this? Oh, it's  
a giraffe...  
(tosses it away  
and walks off)  
... Oh, by the way, have you

heard anything about that kid,  
you know, the one you had here  
for a while?

Peter stares at the giraffe, horrified. He feels the  
tears coming to his eyes. Grabbing the giraffe, he  
hurls it with all his might against the wall.

131 INT. PLANE - DAY

131

Jack's in his plane, at the controls, waiting for  
takeoff. He's daydreaming. His CO-PILOT comes in and  
joins him.

CO-PILOT  
Hey, what's the matter with you?

JACK  
Whadda you mean, what's the matter  
with me?

CO-PILOT  
Are you sick?

JACK  
Me? No. I'm fine.

CO-PILOT  
C'mon, Jack! Didn't you see  
who we've got on board today?

JACK  
Sure I did, why?

CO-PILOT  
Well... look...

JACK  
(turning around  
to look)  
So it's the Rockettes, so what?

CO-PILOT  
And you're just sitting there  
like that?

JACK  
Whaddaya mean, sitting there?  
I happen to be getting ready to  
fly this airplane.

CO-PILOT  
Okay, forget it.

132 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

132

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?

133 EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

133

Graton and Jack are sitting on a bench beside the East River. Jack, still pregnant, has brought along his bottle of scotch, and he takes a swig from it 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...

134 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

134

Jack and Michael, slumped in their chairs, are having breakfast. It's a gray day. It's POURING out.

Peter, bending over a bowl of steaming water, with a towel over his head, is inhaling the steam. When he looks up to speak, we see his swollen tear-streaked

face.

JACK  
 (extremely, in  
 fact, too playful)  
 Tomorrow, San Francisco!

MICHAEL  
 (grim)  
 Say hello to the Pacific for me.

JACK  
 (even more playful)  
 I'll be back the day after tomorrow.

PETER  
 (emerging from the  
 bowl, congested)  
 You'll be id a foul bood -- jet  
 lag really wipes out you dow.

JACK  
 (annoyed)  
 Whaddya mean, now?

PETER  
 Yeah: you didd't used to give a  
 shit before, but dow it docks  
 you out.

JACK  
 (very hostile)  
 Before what?

PETER  
 (putting his head  
 back over the  
 bowl)  
 How would I dow? 'Before,'  
 that's all.

JACK  
 (on edge)  
 It doesn't knock me out at all...

MICHAEL  
 Is there any jam left?

PETER  
 Do.

Silence.

PETER  
 You eatig here todight?

JACK

(playful again)  
 No, I'm going to the movies  
 tonight with, uh... damn, I can't  
 remember her name...

MICHAEL  
 Y'mean the Japanese one?

JACK  
 (suddenly very  
 weary)  
 No, she's from Finland. Oh damn  
 it. What the hell's her name?  
 They've got such weird names...  
 Magdalena... no, Marianna... no  
 ... oh, I can't remember -- anyway  
 it's Ma-something or other...

MICHAEL  
 Mary?

A sudden, weighty silence ensues.

PETER  
 This fuckig cold! I look like  
 I'b cryig all the tibe but I'b  
 dot -- it's just this dab cold.

He gets up and goes out.

135 INT. SYLVIA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

135

Jack, holding a bouquet of flowers and Graton's rabbit,  
 rings the doorbell of an apartment. On the door a card  
 reads "SYLVIA AND MARY."

A chubby YOUNG MAN with thick glasses opens the door.

JACK  
 Hi. Is Sylvia in?

YOUNG MAN  
 No, she'll be back in a couple  
 of hours -- around midnight, she  
 said...

JACK  
 (disappointed)  
 Oh.

YOUNG MAN  
 Wanna come in and wait for her?

JACK  
 Sure... Why not?

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

136

Jack, in his pilot's uniform, is sitting on the living room couch. Michael is standing before him.

MICHAEL

You want me to call them?

JACK

No.

MICHAEL

But you've got to let them know!

JACK

No, I'm not going anywhere anymore, I've had it with traveling. I quit.

MICHAEL

C'mon, I'll call you a cab, you've still got time.

JACK

Don't you call anybody.

MICHAEL

But the plane's s'posed to take off in half an hour -- They won't have time to replace you. This is serious -- you'll lose your job and you won't be able to pay your share of the apartment anymore... you...

Jack takes off his pilot's jacket and throws it aside.

JACK

I'll be a dishwasher, I'll live in a flophouse.

MICHAEL

What the hell happened?

JACK

I'm not going, I told you; I'm not going ever again. I'm sick and tired of traveling, sick and tired of broads. They all have the same asses and I can't seem to love them anyway. I can't take another hotel room, and swimming pools and trendy restaurants! I want to know

what my life's all about. Do you know what your life's about, Michael?

Michael has no answer to these questions. He leaves.

137 INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

137

Michael, wearing an apron and holding a wooden spoon, goes into Jack's room. The latter, lying on his bed, is smoking and staring at the ceiling.

MICHAEL

Come on, I made us a good dinner. I bought some filet mignon and Haagen-Dazs butter pecan. When Peter comes back he'll cheer you up...

JACK

He's been here all day.

MICHAEL

He has? I didn't hear him...

JACK

He's in his room.

MICHAEL

What?

Michael heads towards Peter's room. Jack feebly gets up and follows him.

Michael knocks on the door. No answer.

MICHAEL

Peter! Dinner's ready!

Still no answer. Michael opens the door: Peter's lying face-down on his bed.

He's holding the rubber giraffe and sobbing. Michael and Jack, dismayed, stare at him. Peter hides his face in his arm.

Jack and Michael go to the kitchen and sit down to their steaks, totally depressed.

138 INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

138

The DOORBELL RINGS. A bare-chested Michael, in jeans, drags himself over to the front door and opens it. There stands Sylvia with Mary in her stroller.

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...

SYLVIA

(very awake)

So, I'll take the ten A.M. to three P.M. shift... And I'll take every other night... plus the walk in the park in the afternoon before I go to work... and we split the rent equally... and I'll just be 'one of the guys'... deal?

PETER, MICHAEL, AND JACK

(smiling broadly)

Deal.

Mary suddenly comes in from the kitchen, walking unsteadily but determinedly. She's dragging Graton's rabbit by its ear. She looks at the four of them and laughs her head off.

FREEZE FRAME.

END!