

(throws arm around him, hugs
him close)
I really love you, you know.

MAC
Hey, I'm happy for you, buddy. Anything
I can do.

JOE
(lets go of Mac)
God, I really need to jump about a bit.
(begins jumping)
How's your film going?

CAL
It's going. It's going.

JOE
And how's the diva doing?

MAC
Well, you know...good days, bad days.

JOE
I meant Sally.

MAC
I meant Sally.

JOE
(stops jumping, studies him)
Oh. You're serious.

MAC
(throws and arm around him)
No. No.
(a beat)
Let me tell you something. Directing's
the best preparation possible for
fatherhood. The sleep depravation alone.

JOE
Oh don't. Everyone says that.

INT. MUSIC LIBRARY

Sally's taken Gina's photograph of them from the mantelpiece
in the living room, and looks for a spot for it on the CD
shelves. Sophia is studying the CDs very intently. They are
both bopping to the music.

SALLY
(re: the photograph)
Isn't this a fabulous picture?

SOPHIA
Yes.

SALLY
She's such a great photographer.

SOPHIA
Hm.

SALLY

START

So where should I put it?

SOPHIA

I thought it was okay where it was.

SALLY

It's much more personal in here.

SOPHIA

A notch above the storage room.

SALLY

We're always in here.

(regards the photo)

She really gets him, doesn't she?

SOPHIA

The both of you.

SALLY

But she really gets to the heart of Joe, doesn't she? She's a genius.

SOPHIA

So how much do you hate her?

SALLY

Big time.

They both laugh, then...

SOPHIA

Well, I don't trust her. I never have.

SALLY

She took our wedding photos, for chrissakes. You don't trust anyone.

SOPHIA

(a moment simply)

I trust you.

SALLY

Oh Soph...

SOPHIA

You'll hate it in London. It's wet and miserable. A medical hellhole Sally. It's socialized. Beds in the corridors. Terrible plumbing.

SALLY

And the food sucks, I know.

SOPHIA

You are not having your baby in London. You're going to have your baby at Cedars in Beverly Hills, America, delivered by Dr. Milton Cohen. Period. And you're getting that epidural right away, don't let anyone talk you into any of that Lamase bullshit. There's no excuse for pain like that.

SALLY

Sophia! I'm not even pregnant!

SOPHIA

Well good. Thank God.

SALLY

Let's go in the kitchen and spy on everyone.

SOPHIA

Oh honey, let's.

They've started to walk through the house.

SALLY

(stops short; turns to her)
What do you mean, thank God?

SOPHIA

Well, are you sure about this baby thing?
It's not the ticking clock shit, is it?

SALLY

No, no, not at all... I mean I've still got plenty of time. Don't I? I mean I still have a good six years, whatever. We could have three kids yet, if we wanted. And I know I've always said I never wanted kids, and I didn't... but this year, I really, truly, feel ready...

SOPHIA

Honey, I'm not worried about you. You are going to be a fantastic mom. Not an issue. I pressed you, remember? Joe, on the other hand, is a different story.

SALLY

(laughs)
Oh Soph, Joe loves kids. Joe wants kids. Joe thinks he needs kids.

SOPHIA

He wants playmates. Oh he's a sweetheart, Sal, you know I love him. But he's not going to be a good father. He's just not parenting material.

SALLY

Hey, let's sit down. I bet the rug feels really nice against your skin.

Sally drops out of frame.

SOPHIA

Don't try and change the subject.
(sitting, joining Sally)
Oh God, it feels great! He's just a little narcissistic, irresponsible and unreliable.

SALLY

And Cal's this massive adult?

SOPHIA

Cal knows who he is. Did you notice how happy Joe was when the drugs came out tonight?

SALLY

You weren't exactly horrified.

SOPHIA

(laughing)

I don't have a drug problem.

SALLY

Neither does Joe.

SOPHIA

His sister does. Big time. And the New York Times says addiction is genetic -- I'll e-mail you the article.

Sally stares at her friend suddenly mute, eyes wide.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

You don't have kids to keep a marriage together, Sally. It's only five months since Joe came back.

SALLY

(getting up)

We're fine. We're great. We're having a baby and we're moving to London.

SOPHIA

(following her)

Well, you weren't fine last summer when you went Sylvia Plath on me in Connecticut.

SALLY

Not nice. Not kind.

SOPHIA

Ha! Not half so not kind as your husband was in his portrayal of you in his novel.

SALLY

Why are you doing this?

SOPHIA

His image of you is a possessive, fragile neurotic.

SALLY

(tearing up)

But I am a possessive, fragile neurotic.

SOPHIA

(also tearing up)

No you are not. You're Sally Nash. Listen to me, you're Sally Nash. You're my best friend and I love you more than anyone, and you're not going to move to London to have the offspring of a sexually ambivalent man-child. "Oh now I'm a novelist, oh now I'm a director..." English prick bastard Joe Therrian who's

probably going to leave you for Skye
Davidson anyway.

They hug a bit weepy.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

He's always one step removed, always
looking over his shoulder always looking
for something else, something more
intoxicating, and I don't mean drugs. I
love him, Sal, but he's a child. He's
not ready.

(a choked sob, tears well and
fall)

Oh God, you're so lucky you don't have
kids. You can't stick your head in the
oven. You can't take a handful of
Percoden if you want to, or slit your
wrists. You can't do yourself in. Kids
rob you of that option. Trust me.

(a beat)

Oh my God, this ecstasy must be really
good.

EXT. POOL SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Cal sit by the edge of the pool watching Skye dance
by herself at the far end. Joe has his hand on Cal's chest.
Cal is stroking Joe's hair.

JOE

Isn't Skye amazing?

CAL

She's got great tits.

JOE

She's a constant surprise.

CAL

And you've only just met.

JOE

Yeah, I know... But she's only twenty
seven and...

(taps his head)

The wisdom. She's an old soul. She knew
that Shostakovich thing. Did you notice?

CAL

Absolutely. And she's got great tits.

JOE

Yeah, God she really does have great
tits, great tits. i can't wait to work
with her.

CAL

The camera loves her. A great actress.

JOE

With great tits. I'm going to ask her if
I can touch them.

He gets up to go towards Skye, is stopped by...